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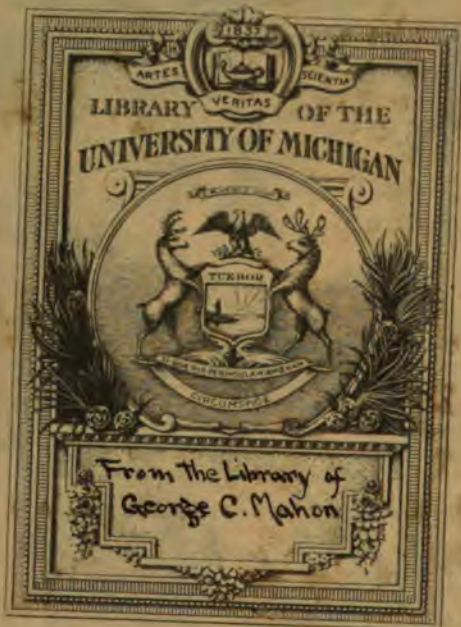
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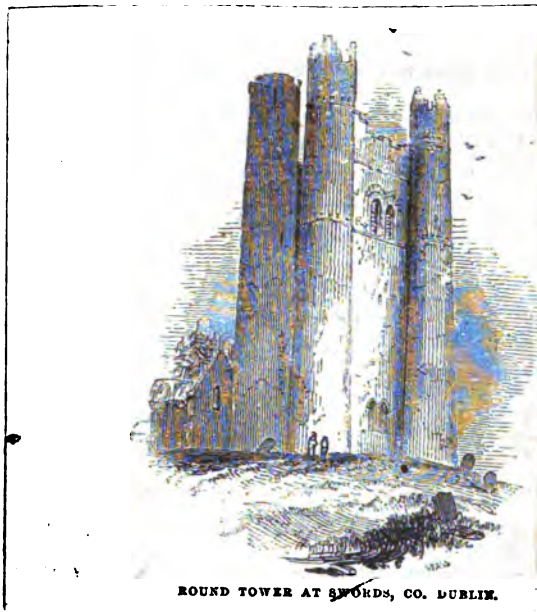




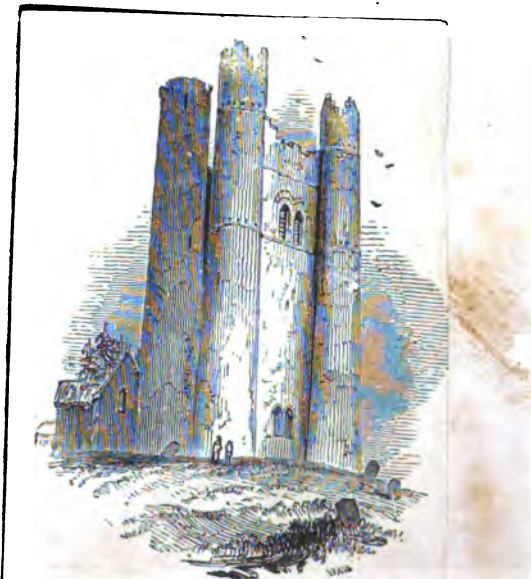


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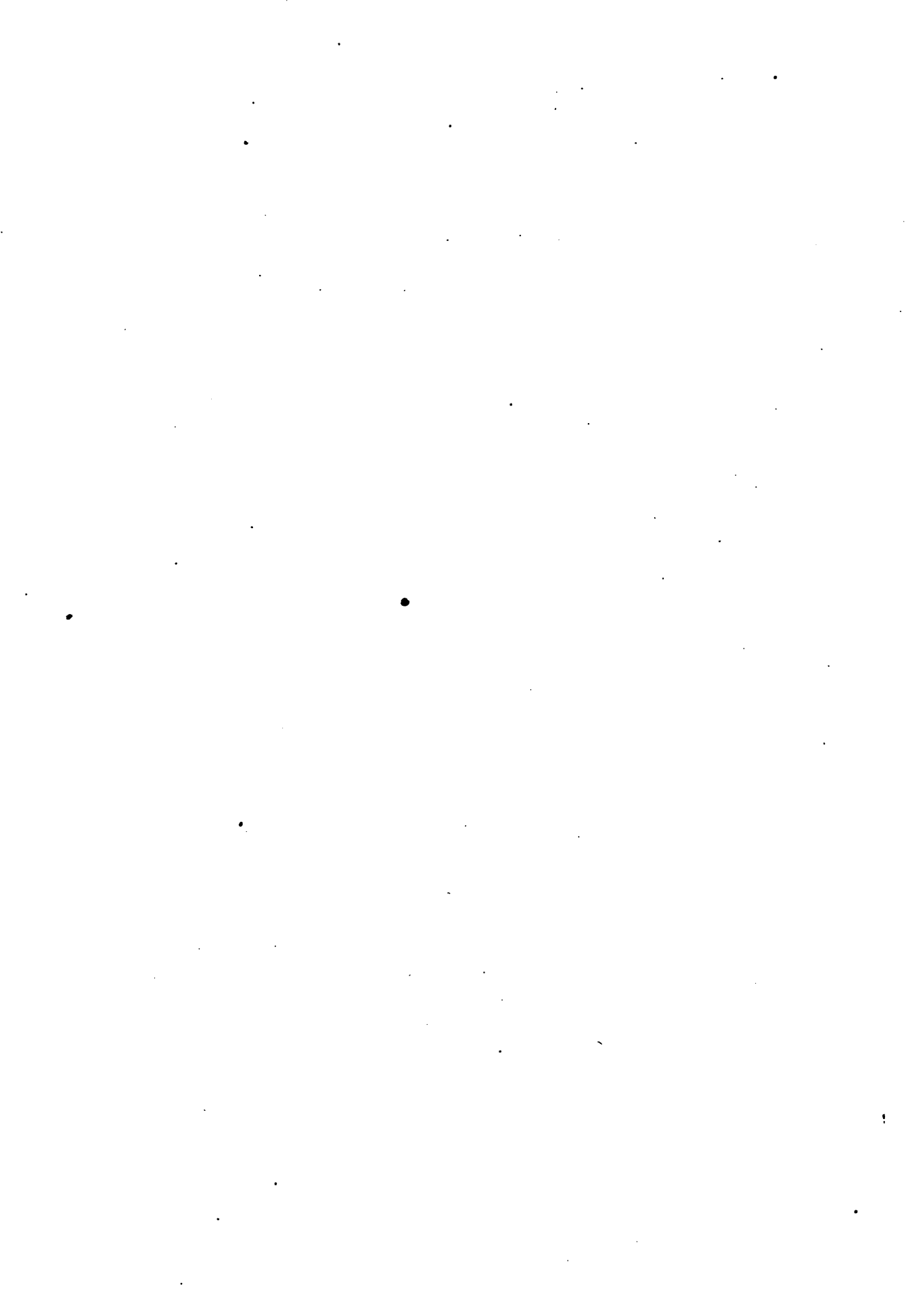


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THE  
**IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.**

CONTAINING  
ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

BY  
SEVERAL OF THE MOST EMINENT IRISH WRITERS.

1840-41.

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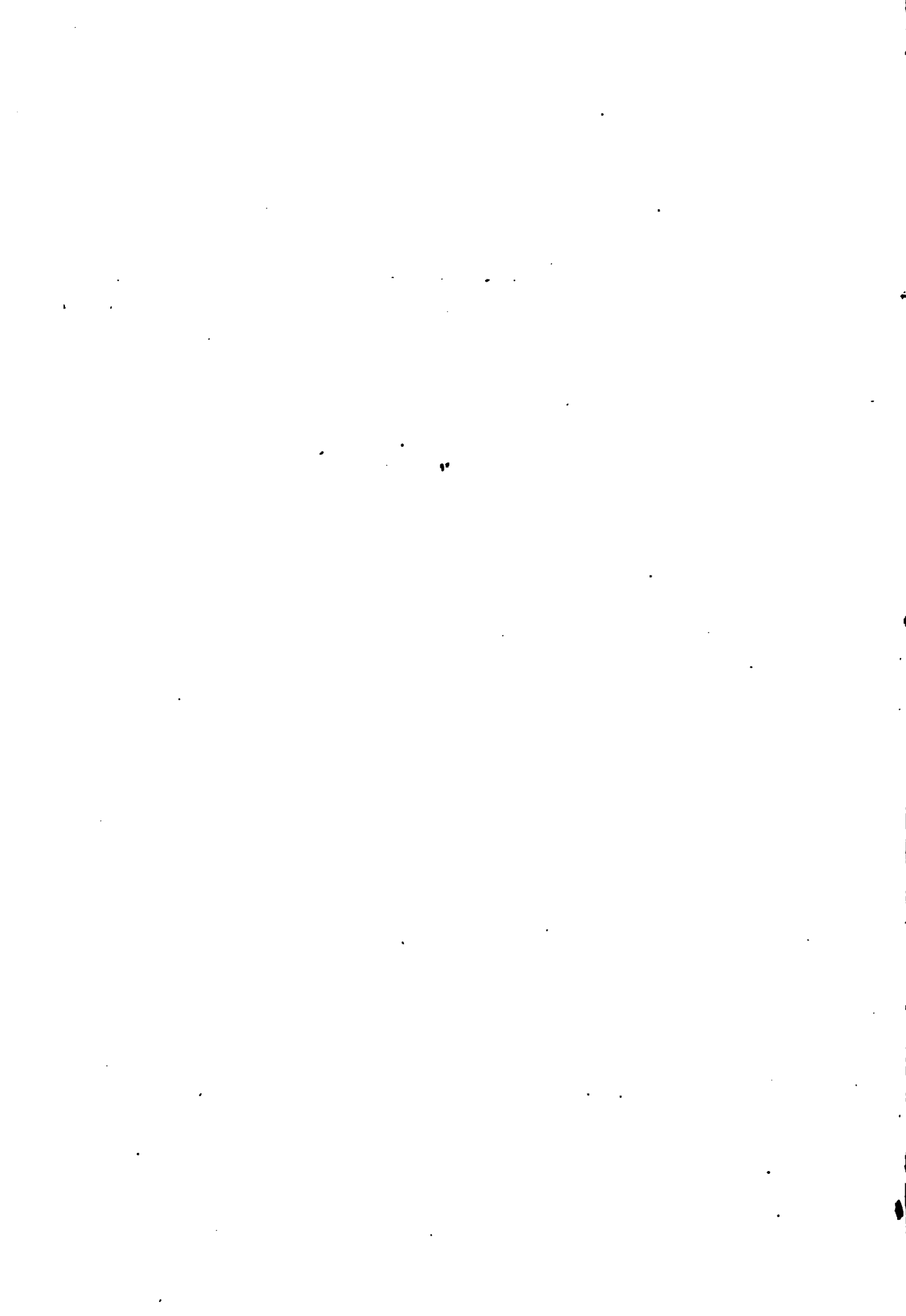
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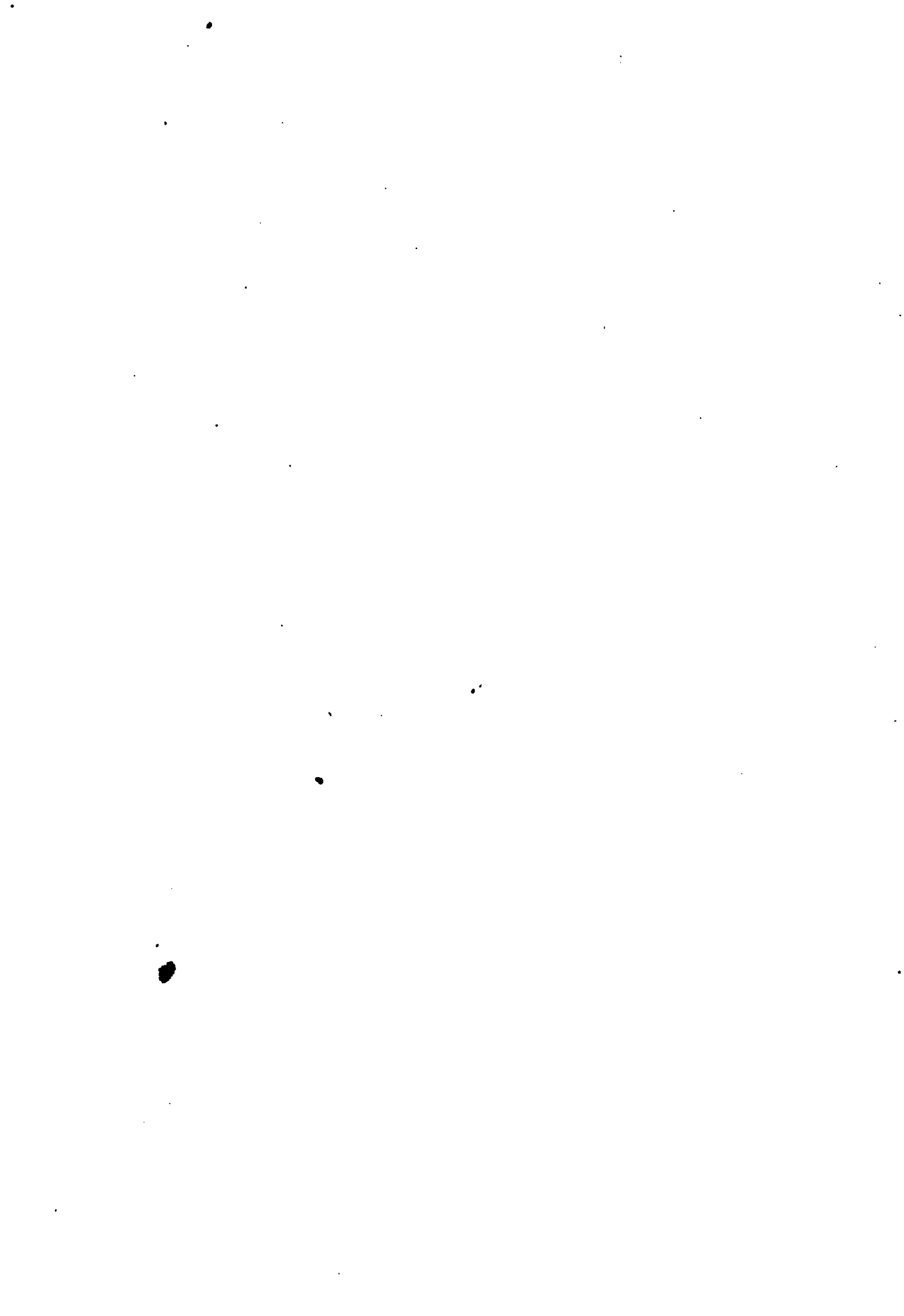
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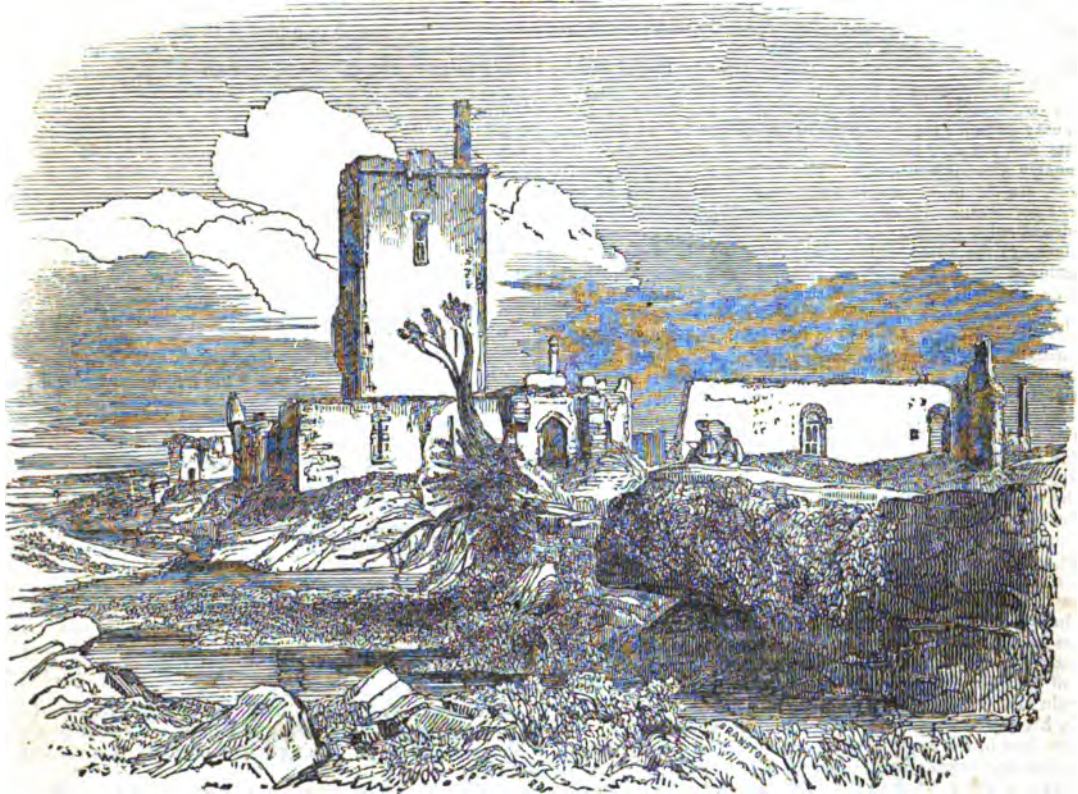
# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.

## THE CASTLE OF AUGHNANURE.



### THE CASTLE OF AUGHNANURE, COUNTY OF GALWAY.

NOT many years since there was an extensive district in the west of Ireland, which, except to those inhabiting it, was a sort of terra incognita, or unknown region, to the people of the British isles. It had no carriage roads, no inns or hotels, no towns; and the only notion popularly formed of it was that of an inhospitable desert—the refugium of malefactors and Irish savages, who set all law at defiance, and into which it would be an act of madness for any civilized man to venture. This district was popularly called the Kingdom of Connemara, a name applied to that great tract extending from the town of Galway to the Killery harbour, bounded on the east by the great lakes called Lough Corrib and Lough Mask, and on the west by the Atlantic Ocean, and comprising within it the baronies of Moycullen and Ballinahinch, and the half barony of Ross. It is not an unknown region now. It has two prosperous towns and several villages, good roads, and comfortable hotels. “The Queen’s writ will run in it;” and the inhabitants are remarkable for their intelligence, quietness, honesty, hospitality, and many other good qualities; and in the summer months it is the favourite resort of the artist, antiquary, geologist, botanist, ornithologist, sportsman—in short, of pleasure tourists of all descriptions, and from every quarter of the British empire; for it is a district singularly rich in its attractions to all those who look for health and pleasure from a summer’s ramble, combined with excitable occupation. Of its picturesque beauties much has already

been written. They have been sketched by the practised hand of Inglis, and by the more graphic pencil of Cæsar Otway; but its history and more important antiquities have been as yet but little noticed, and, consequently, generally passed by without attracting the attention or exciting any interest in the mind of the traveller. We propose to ourselves to supply this defect to some extent, and have consequently chosen as the subject of our first illustration the ancient castle, of which we have presented our readers with a view, and which is the most picturesque, and, indeed, important remain of antiquity within the district which we have described.

Journeying along the great road from Galway to Oughterard, and at the distance of about two miles from the latter, the attention of the traveller will most probably be attracted by a beautiful little river, over which, on a natural bridge of limestone rock, the road passes; and looking to the right, towards the wide expanse of the waters of Lough Corrib, he will perceive the grey tower or keep of an extensive castle, once the chief seat or fortress of the O’Flaherties, the hereditary lords of West Connaught, or Connemara. This castle is called the Castle of Aughnanure, or, properly, *Achaidh-na-n-Jubhar*, *Acha-na-n-ure*, or the field of the yews—an appellation derived from the number of ancient trees of that description which grew around it, but of which only a single tree now survives. This vestige is, however, the most ancient and interesting ruin of the locality. Its antiquity must be great indeed—more than a thousand years; and, growing as it does out of a huge ledge of limestone rock, and throwing its withered and nearly leafless branches in fantastic forms across

de Blain, Foster, and ...

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the little river which divides it from the castle, the picturesque of its situation is such as the painter must look at with feelings of admiration and delight. It has also its historical legend to give it additional interest; and unfortunately this legend, though quite in harmony with the lone and melancholy features of the scene, is but too characteristic of the unhappy social and political state of Ireland at the period to which it relates—the most unfortunate period, as it may be emphatically called, of Ireland's history—that of the civil wars in the middle of the seventeenth century. The principle, however, which we propose to ourselves in the conducting of our publication, will not permit us to give this legend a place in its pages; it may be learned on the spot; and we have only alluded to it here, in order to state that it is to the religious veneration kept alive by this tradition that the yew tree of Aughnanure owes its preservation from the fate which has overtaken all its original companions.

The Castle of Aughnanure, though greatly dilapidated by time, and probably still more so by the great hurricane of last year, is still in sufficient preservation to convey to those who may examine its ruins a vivid impression of the domestic habits and peculiar household economy of an old Irish chief of nearly the highest rank. His house, a strong and lofty tower, stands in an ample court-yard, surrounded by out-works perforated with shot-holes, and only accessible through its drawbridge gateway-tower. The river, which conveyed his boats to the adjacent lake, and supplied his table with the luxuries of trout and salmon, washes the rock on which its walls are raised, and forms a little harbour within them. Cellars, bake-houses, and houses for the accommodation of his numerous followers, are also to be seen; and an appendage not usually found in connection with such fortresses also appears, namely, a spacious banqueting-hall for the revels of peaceful times, the ample windows of which exhibit a style of architecture of no small elegance of design and execution.

We shall probably in some early number of our Journal give a genealogical account of the noble family to whom this castle belonged; but in the mean time it may be satisfactory to the reader to give him an idea of the class of persons by whom the chief was attended, and who occasionally required accommodation in his mansion. They are thus enumerated in an ancient manuscript preserved in the College Library:—O'Canavan, his physician; Mac Gillegannan, chief of the horse; O'Colgan, his standard-bearer; Mac Kinnon and O'Mulavill, his brehons, or judges; the O'Duvans, his attendants on ordinary visitings; Mac Gille-Kelly, his ollave in genealogy and poetry; Mac Boalain, his keeper of the black bell of St Patrick; O'Donnell, his master of revels; O'Kicherain and O'Conlachtsna, the keepers of his bees; O'Mur-gaile, his chief steward, or collector of his revenues.

The date of the erection of this castle is not exactly known, though it was originally inscribed on a stone over its entrance gateway, which existed in the last century. From the style of its architecture, however, it may be assigned with sufficient certainty to the middle of the sixteenth century, with the exception, perhaps, of the banqueting-hall, which appears to be of a somewhat later age.

While the town of Galway was besieged in 1651 by the parliamentary forces under the command of Sir Charles Coote, the Castle of Aughnanure afforded protection to the Lord Deputy the Marquess of Clanricarde, until the successes of his adversaries forced him and many other nobles to seek safety in the more distant wilds of Connemara. This event is thus stated by the learned Roderick O'Flaherty in 1683:—

“Anno 1651.—Among the many strange and rare vicissitudes of our own present age, the Marquis of Clanricarde, Lord Deputy of Ireland, the Earl of Castlehaven, and Earl of Clancarty, driven out of the rest of Ireland, were entertained, as they landed on the west shore of this lake for a night's lodging, under the mean roof of Mortough Boy Branagh, an honest farmer's house, the same year wherein the most potent monarch of Great Britain, our present sovereign, bowed his imperial triple crown under the boughs of an oak tree, where his life depended on the shade of the tree leaves.”

There are several of the official letters of the Marquis preserved in his Memoirs, dated from Aughnanure, and written during the stormy period of which we have made mention.

The Castle of Aughnanure has passed from the family to whom it originally belonged; but the representative and the chief of his name, Henry Parker O'Flaherty, Esq. of Lemonfield, a descendant in the female line from the celebrated Granda Wails, still possesses a good estate in its vicinity. P.

## THE IRISH IN ENGLAND.

NO. I.—THE WASHERWOMAN.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

THE only regular washerwomen extant in England at this present moment, are natives of the Emerald Isle.

We have—I pray you observe the distinction, gentle reader—laundresses in abundance. But washerwomen!—all the washerwomen are Irish.

The Irish Washerwoman promises to wash the muslin curtains as white as a hound's tooth, and as sweet as “new mown hay;” and she tells the truth. But when she promises to “get them up” as clear as a kitten's eyes, she tells a story. In nine cases out of ten, the Irish Washerwoman mars her own admirable washing by a carelessness in the “getting up.” She makes her starch in a hurry, though it requires the most patient blending, the most incessant stirring, the most constant boiling, and the cleanest of all skills; and she will not understand the superiority of powder over stone blue, but snatches the blue-bag (originally compounded from the “heel” or “toe” of a stocking) out of the half-broken tea-cup, where it lay companioning a lump of yellow soap since last wash—squeezes it into the starch (which, *perhaps*, she has been heedless enough to stir with a dirty spoon), and then there is no possibility of clear curtains, clear point, clear any thing.

“Biddy, these curtains were as white as snow before you starched them.”

“Thru for ye, ma'am dear.”

“They are *blue* now, Biddy.”

“Not all out.”

“No, Biddy, not all over—only *here* and *there*.”

“Ah, lave off, ma'am, honey, will ye?—'tisn't that I mane; but there's a hole worked in the blue-rag, bad luck to it, and more blue nor is wanting gets out; and the weary's in the starch, it got lumpy.”

“It could not have got ‘lumpy’ if it had been well blended.”

“It was blended like butther; but I just left off stirring one minute to look at the soldiers.”

“Ah, Biddy, an English laundress would not ‘run after the soldiers!’”

Such an observation is sure to offend Biddy's propriety, and she goes off in a “huff,” muttering that if they didn't go “look after them, they'd *skulk* after them; it's the London Blacks does the mischief, and the mistress *ought* to know that herself. English laundresses indeed! they haven't power in their elbow to wash white.”

Biddy says all this, and more, for she is a stickler for the honour of her country, and wonders that I should prefer any thing English to every thing Irish. But the fact remains the same.

The actual labour necessary at the wash-tub is far better performed by the Irish than the English; but the order, neatness, and exactness required in “the getting up,” is better accomplished by the English than the Irish. This is perfectly consistent with the national character of both countries.

Biddy Mahony is without exception the most useful person I know, and *she* knows it also; and yet it never makes her presuming. It is not only as a washerwoman that her talent shines forth: she gets through as much hard work as two women, though, as she says herself, “the mistress always finds fault with her *finishing touches*.” There she stands, a fine-looking woman still, though not young; her large mouth ever ready with its smile; her features expressive of shrewd good humour; and her keen grey eyes alive and about, not resting for a moment, and withal cunning, if not keen; the borders of her cap are twice as deep as they need be, and flap untidily about her face; she wears a coloured handkerchief inside a dark blue spotted cotton gown, which wraps loosely in front, where it is confined by the string of her apron; her hands and wrists have a half-boiled appearance, which it is painful to look at—not that she uses as much soda as an English laundress, but she does not spare her personal exertions, and rubs most unmercifully. One bitter frosty day last winter, I saw Biddy standing near the laundry window, stitching away with great industry.

“What are you doing, Biddy?” “Oh, never heed me, ma'am, honey.”

“Why, Biddy, what a state your left wrist is in!—it is positively bleeding; you have rubbed all the skin off.” “And

ain't I going to put a skin on it?" she said, smiling through the tears which positive pain had drawn from her eyes, in spite of her efforts to conceal them, and showing me a double piece of wash leather which she was sewing together so as to cover the torn flesh. Now, was not that heroism? But Biddy is a heroine, without knowing it.

And in common with many others of her sex and country, her heroism is of that patient, self-denying character which "passeth show." She is uniformly patient—can bear an extraordinary quantity of abuse and unkindness, and knows quite well that to a certain degree she is in an enemy's country. Half the bad opinion of the "low Irish," as they are often insultingly termed, arises from old national prejudices; the other half is created by themselves, for many of them are provokingly uproarious, and altogether heedless of the manners and opinions of those among whom they live. This is not the case with Biddy; she has a great deal of what we are apt to call "cunning" in the poor, but which we genteelly denominate "tact" in the rich. While you imagine she is only pulling out the strings of her apron, she is all eye, ear, and understanding; she is watchful as a cat; and if she indulges in an *aside* jest, which sometimes never finds words, on the peculiarities of her employers, there is nothing very atrocious in the fact. Poor Biddy's betters do the same, and term it "badinage." It is not always that we judge the poor and rich by the same law.

With young servants the Irish Washerwoman is always a favourite: she is cheerful, tosses a cup to read a fortune in perfection, and not unfrequently, I am sorry to say, has half of a dirty torn pack of cards in her pocket for the same purpose. She sings at her work, and through the wreath of curling steam that winds from the upraised skylight of the laundry, comes some old time-honoured melody, that in an instant brings the scenes and sounds of Ireland around us. She will read our hearts with the "Cruskeen laun," or "Gramachree," and then strike into "Garryowen" or "St Patrick's Day," with the ready transition of interest and feeling that belongs only to her country.

Old English servants regard the Irish Washerwoman with suspicion; they think she does too much for the money, that she gives "Missus" a bad habit; and yet they are ready enough to put their own "clothes" into the month's wash, and expect Biddy to "pass them through the tub;" a favour she is too wise to refuse.

Happily for the *menage* of our English houses, the temptation to thievery which must exist where, as in Dublin, servants are allowed what is termed "breakfast money," which means that they are not to eat of their employers' bread, but "find themselves," and which restriction, all who understand human nature know is the greatest possible inducement to picking and stealing; happily, I say, English servants have no temptation to steal the *necessaries* of life; they are fed and treated as human beings; and consequently there is not a tittle of the extravagance, the waste, the pilfering, which is to be met with in Irish kitchens.

For all this I blame the system rather than the servant; and it is quite odd how Biddy accommodates herself to every modification of system in every house she goes to. The only thing she cannot bear is to hear her country abused; even a jest at its expense will send the blood mounting to her cheek; and some years ago (for Biddy and I are old acquaintances) I used to tease her most unmercifully on that head. There is nothing elevates the Irish peasant so highly in my esteem as his earnest love for his country when absent from it. Your well-bred Irishman, in nine cases out of ten, looks disconcerted when you allude to his country, and with either a *brogue* or a *tone*, an oily, easy, musical swing of the voice, which is never lost, begs to inquire "how you knew he was Irish?" and has sometimes the audacity to remark, "that people cannot help their misfortunes."

But the peasant-born have none of this painful affectation. Hear Biddy when challenged as to her country: the questioner is a lady.

"Thrus for ye, madam, I am Irish, sure, and my people before me, God be praised for it! I'd be long sorry to disgrace my country, my lady. Fine men and women stays in it and comes out of it, the more's the pity—that last, I mane; it's well enough for the likes of me to lave it; I could do it no good. But, as to the gentry, the *sod* keeps them, and *sure* they might keep on the *sod*! Ye needn't be afraid of me, my lady; I scorn to disgrace my country; I'm not afraid of my

character, or work—it's all I have to be proud of in the wide world."

How much more respect does this beget in every right-thinking mind, than the mean attempt to conceal a fact of which we all, as well as poor Biddy, have a right to be proud! The greatest hero in the world was unfortunate, but he was not less a hero; the most highly favoured country in the world has been in the same predicament, but it is not less a great country.

Biddy's reply, however, to any one in an inferior grade of society, is very different.

"Is it Irish?—to be sure I am. Do ye think I'm going to deny my country, God bless it! Throth and it's myself that is, and proud of that same. Irish! what else would I be, I wonder?"

Poor Biddy! her life has been one long-drawn scene of incessant, almost heart-rending labour. From the time she was eight years old, she earned her own bread; and any, ignorant of the wild spirit-springing outbursts of glee, that might almost be termed "the Irish epidemic," would wonder how it was that Biddy retained her habitual cheerfulness, to say nothing of the hearty laughter she indulges in of an evening, and the Irish jig she treats the servants to at the kitchen Christmas merry-making.

Last Christmas, indeed, Biddy was not so gay as usual. Our pretty housemaid had for two or three years made it a regular request that Biddy should put *her own* wedding ring in the kitchen pudding—I do not know why, for Jessie never had the luck to find it in her division. But so it was. A merry night is Christmas eve in our cheerful English homes—The cook puffed out with additional importance, weighing her ingredients according to rule, for "a one-pound or two-pound pudding;" surveying her larded turkey, and pronouncing upon the relative merits of the sirlain which is to be "roast for the parlour," and "the ribs" that are destined for the kitchen; although she has a great deal to do, like all English cooks she is in a most sweet temper, because there is a great deal to eat; and she exults over the "dozens" of mince pies, the soup, the savoury fish, the huge bundles of celery, and the rotund barrel of oysters, in a manner that must be seen to be understood. The housemaid is equally busy in *her* department. The groom smuggles in the mistletoe, which the old butler slyly suspends from one of the bacon hooks in the ceiling, and then kisses the cook beneath. The green-grocer's boy gets well rated for not bringing "red berries on all the holly." The evening is wound up with potatoes, "pottle deep," of ale and hot elderberry wine, and a loud cheer echoes through the house when the clock strikes twelve. Poor must the family be, who have not a few pounds of meat, a few loaves of bread, and a few shillings, to distribute amongst some old pensioners on Christmas eve.

In our small household, Biddy has been a positive necessary for many Christmas days, and as many Christmas eves: she was never told to come—it was an understood thing. Biddy rang the gate bell every twenty-fourth of December, at six o'clock, and even the English cook returned her national salutation of "God save all here," with cordiality.

Jessie, as I have said, is her great ally; I am sure she has found her at least a score of husbands, in *the tea cups*, in as many months.

The morning of last Christmas eve, however, Biddy came not. Six o'clock, seven o'clock, eight o'clock, and the maids were not up.

"How did they know the hour?—Biddy never rang." The house was in a state of commotion. The cook declaring, bit by bit, "that she knew how it would *hend*!—it was *halways* the way with them *Hirish*. Oh, dirty, ungrateful!—very pretty! Who was to eat the copper, or boil the *am*, or see after the *sallery*, or butter the tins, or *old* the pudding cloth?"—while Jessie whimpered, "or drop the ring in the kitchen pudding!"

Instead of the clattering domestic bustle of old Christmas, every one looked sulky, and, as usual when a household is not astir in the early morning, every thing went wrong. I got out of temper myself, and, resolved if possible never to speak to a servant when angry, I put on my furs, and set forth to see what had become of my poor industrious country-woman.

She lived at the corner of Gore Lane!—the St Giles's of our respectable parish of Kensington; and when I entered her little room—which, by the way, though never orderly, was always clean—Biddy, who had been sitting over the embers



of the fire, instead of sending the beams of her countenance to greet me, turned away, and burst into tears.

This was unexpected, and the ire which had in some degree arisen at the disappointment that had disturbed the house, vanished altogether. I forgot to say that Biddy had been happily relieved from the blight of a drunken husband about six years ago, and laboured to support three little children without ever having entertained the remotest idea of sending them to the parish.

She had "her families," for whom she washed at their own houses, and at over hours "took in" work at her small cottage.

To assist in this, and also from motives of charity, she employed a young girl distinguished by the name of Louisa, whom she preserved from worse than death. This creature she found *starving*; and although she brought fever amongst her children, and her preserver lost much employment in consequence, Biddy "saw her through the sickness, and, by the goodness of Almighty God, would be nothing the worse or the poorer for having befriended a motherless child."

Those who bestow from the treasures of their abundance, deserve praise; but those who, like the poor Irish Washerwoman, bestow half of their daily bread, and suffer the needy to shelter beneath their roof, deserve blessings.

The cause of Biddy's absence, and the cause of Biddy's tears, I will endeavour to repeat in her own words:—

"I come home last night, as usual, more dead than alive, until I got sitting down with the childre; for, having put two or three potatoes, as usual, my lady, to heat, just on the bar, I thought, tired as I was, I'd iron out the few small things 'Loo' had put in blue, particularly a clane cap and handkercher, and the aprons for to-day, as yer honor likes to see me nice; and the boy got a prize at school; for, let me do as I would, I took care they should have the *education* that makes the poor rich. Well, I noticed that Loo's hair was hanging in ringlets down her face, and I says to her, 'My honey, I says, 'if Annie was you, and she's my own, I'd make her put up her hair plain; the way her Majesty wears it is good enough, I should think, for such as you, Louisa;' and with that she says, 'It might do for Annie; but for her part, her mother was a tradeswoman.' Well, I bit my tongue to hinder myself from hurting her feelings by telling her *what* her mother was, for the *blush of shame is the only one that misbecomes a woman's cheek*.

But I waited till our work was over, and, *picking her out the two mealy potatoes*, and sharing, as I always did, my half pint of beer with her, when I had it, I reasoned with her, as I often did before; and looking to where my three sleeping childre lay, little Jemmy's cheek *blooming like a rose*, on his prize book, which he took into bed with him, I called God to witness, that though nature, like, would draw my heart more to my own flesh and blood, yet I'd see to her as I would to them.

She made me no answer, but put the potatoes aside, and said, 'Mother, go to bed.' I let her call me mother,' continued Biddy, 'it's such a sweet sound, and hinders one, *when one has it to call*, from feeling lonesome in the world; it's the shelter for many a breaking heart, and the home of many a wild one;ould as I am, I miss my mother still! 'Louisa,' I says, 'I've heard my own childre their prayers—kneel down, a'anna, there, and get over them.'

'My throat's so sore,' she says, 'I can't say 'em out. Don't ye see I could not eat the potatoes?' This was about half past twelve, and I had spoke to the po-lis to give me a call at five. But when I woke, the grey of the morning was in the room with me; and knowing where I ought to have been, I hustled on my things, and hearing a po-lis below the window (we know them by the steady tramp they have, as if they'd rather go slow than fast), I says, 'If you please, what's the clock, and why didn't you call me?' 'It's half past seven,' he says; 'and sure the girl, when she went out at half past five, said you war up.'

'My God!—what girl?' I says, turning all over like a *corpse*; and then I missed my bonnet and shawl, and saw my box empty; she had even taken the book from under the child's cheek. But that wasn't all. I'd have forgiven her for the loss of the clothes, and the tears she forced from the eyes of my innocent child; I'd forgive her for making my heart grow older in half an hour, than it had grown in its whole life before; *but my wedding ring*, ma'am!—her head had often this shoulder for its pillow, and I'd throw this arm over her, so. Oh, ma'am darlint, could you believe it?—she stole my

wedding ring aff my hand—the hand that had saved and slaved for her! The ring! oh, many's the tear I've shed on it; and many a time, when I've been next to starving, and it has glittered in my eyes, I've been tempted to part with it, but I couldn't. It had grown thin, *like myself*, with the hardship of the world; and yet when I'd look at it twisting on my poor wrinkled finger, I'd think of the times gone by, of him who had put it on, and *would* have kept his promise but for the temptation of drink, and what it lades to; and those times, when trouble would be crushing me into the earth, I'd think of what I heard onct—that a ring was a thing like *eternity*, having no beginning nor end; and I'd turn it, and turn it, and turn it! and find comfort in *believing* that the little penance here was nothing in comparison to that without a beginning or an end that we war to go to hereafter—it might be in heaven, or it might (God save us!) be in the other place; and," said poor Biddy, "I drew a dale of consolation from *that*, and she knew it—she, the sarpint, that I shared my children's food with—she knew it, and, while I slept *the heavy sleep of hard labour*, she had the heart to rob me!—to rob me of the only treasure (barring the childre) I had in the world! I'm a great sinner; I can't say, God forgive her; nor I can't work; and it's put me apast doing my duty; and Jessie, the craythur, laid ever so much store by it, on account of the little innocent charrums; and, altogether, it's the sorest Christmas day that ever came to me. Oh, sure, I wouldn't have that girl's heart in my breast for a golden crown—the ingratitude of her bates the world!"

It really was a case of the most hardened ingratitude I had ever known—the little wretch! to rob the only friend she ever had, while sleeping in the very bed where she had been tended, and tendered, and cared for, so unceasingly. "She might take all I had in the world, if she had only left me *that*," she repeated continually, while rocking herself backwards and forwards over the fire, after the fashion of her country; "the thrife of money, the *rags*, and the child's book—all—and I'd have had a *clane breast*. I could forgive her from my heart, but I can't forgive her for taking my ring—for taking my wedding ring!"

This was not all. The girl was traced and captured; and the same day Biddy was told she must go to Queen-square to identify the prisoner.

"Me," she exclaimed, "who never was in the place of the law before, what can I say but that she tuck it?"

An Irish cause always creates a sensation in a police-office. The magistrates smile at each other, the reporter cuts his pencil and arranges his note-book, and the clerk covers the lower part of his face with his hand, to conceal the expression that plays around his mouth.

Biddy's curtesy—a genuine Irish dip—and her opening speech, which she commenced by wishing their honours a merry Christmas and plenty of them, and that they might have the power of doing good to the end of their days, and never meet with ingratitude for that same," was the only absurdity connected with her deposition.

When she saw the creature with whom her heart had dwelt so long, in the custody of the police, she was completely overcome, and intermingled her evidence with so many entreaties that mercy should be shown the hardened delinquent, that the magistrate was sensibly affected. Short as was the time that had elapsed between Louisa's elopement and discovery, she had spent the money and pawned the ring; and twenty hands at least were extended to the Irish Washerwoman with money to redeem the pledge.

Poor Biddy had never been so rich before in all her life; but that did not console her for the sentence passed upon her protegé, and it was a long time before she was restored to her usual spirits. She flagged and pined; and when the spring began to advance a little, and the sun to shine, her misery became quite troublesome, her continual wail being "for the poor sinful craythur who was shut up among stone walls, and would be sure to come out worse than she went in!"

The old cook lived to grow thoroughly ashamed of the reproaches she cast on Biddy, and Jessie shows her off on all occasions as a specimen of an Irish Washerwoman.

**QUICK SENSES OF THE ARAB.**—Their eyesight is peculiarly sharp and keen. Almost before I could on the horizon discern more than a moving speck, my guides would detect a stranger, and distinguish upon a little nearer approach, by his garb and appearance, the tribe to which he belonged.—*Wellsted's City of the Caliphs.*

## THE IRISH IN 1644: X

AS DESCRIBED BY A FRENCHMAN OF THAT PERIOD.

We are indebted to our talented countryman, Crofton Croker, for the translation of the tour of a French traveller, M. de la Boullaye Le Gouz, in Ireland in 1644. Its author journeyed from Dublin to the principal cities and towns in Ireland, and sketches what he saw in a very amusing manner. The value of the publication, however, is greatly enhanced by the interesting notes appended to it by Mr Croker and some of his friends; and as the work is less known in Ireland than it should be, we extract from it the Frenchman's sketch of the habits and customs of the Irish people as they prevailed two centuries back, in the belief that they will be acceptable to our readers.

"Ireland, or Hibernia, has always been called the Island of Saints, owing to the number of great men who have been born there. The natives are known to the English under the name of Iriche, to the French under that of Hibernois, which they take from the Latin, or of Irois, from the English, or Irlandois from the name of the island, because land signifies ground. They call themselves Ayrenake, in their own language, a tongue which you must learn by practice, because they do not write it; they learn Latin in English characters, with which characters they also write their own language; and so I have seen a monk write, but in such a way as no one but himself could read it.

Saint Patrick was the apostle of this island, who according to the natives blessed the land, and gave his malediction to all venomous things; and it cannot be denied that the earth and the timber of Ireland, being transported, will contain neither serpents, worms, spiders, nor rats, as one sees in the west of England and in Scotland, where all particular persons have their trunks and the boards of their floors of Irish wood; and in all Ireland there is not to be found a serpent or toad.

The Irish of the southern and eastern coasts follow the customs of the English; those of the north, the Scotch. The others are not very polished, and are called by the English savages. The English colonists were of the English church, and the Scotch were Calvinists, but at present they are all Puritans. The native Irish are very good Catholics, though knowing little of their religion; those of the Hebrides and of the North acknowledge only Jesus and St Colombe [*Columhill*], but their faith is great in the church of Rome. Before the English revolution, when an Irish gentleman died, his Britannic majesty became seized of the property and tutelage of the children of the deceased, whom they usually brought up in the English Protestant religion. Lord Insequin [*Inchiquin*] was educated in this manner, to whom the Irish have given the name of plague or pest of his country.

The Irish gentlemen eat a great deal of meat and butter, and but little bread. They drink milk, and beer, into which they put laurel leaves, and eat bread baked in the English manner. The poor grind barley and peas between two stones, and make it into bread, which they cook upon a small iron table heated on a tripod; they put into it some oats, and this bread, which in the form of cakes they call haraan, they eat with great draughts of buttermilk. Their beer is very good, and the eau de vie, which they call brandovin [*brandy*] excellent. The butter, the beef, and the mutton, are better than in England.

The towns are built in the English fashion, but the houses in the country are in this manner:—Two stakes are fixed in the ground, across which is a transverse pole to support two rows of rafters on the two sides, which are covered with leaves and straw. The cabins are of another fashion. There are four walls the height of a man, supporting rafters over which they thatch with straw and leaves. They are without chimneys, and make the fire in the middle of the hut, which greatly incommodes those who are not fond of smoke. The castles or houses of the nobility consist of four walls extremely high, thatched with straw; but, to tell the truth, they are nothing but square towers without windows, or at least having such small apertures as to give no more light than there is in a prison. They have little furniture, and cover their rooms with rushes, of which they make their beds in summer, and of straw in winter. They put the rushes a foot

deep on their floors, and on their windows, and many of them ornament the ceilings with branches.

They are fond of the harp, on which nearly all play, as the English do on the fiddle, the French on the lute, the Italians on the guitar, the Spaniards on the castanets, the Scotch on the bagpipe, the Swiss on the fife, the Germans on the trumpet, the Dutch on the tambourine, and the Turks on the flageolet.

The Irish carry a scouine [*skein*] or Turkish dagger, which they dart very adroitly at fifteen paces distance; and have this advantage, that if they remain masters of the field of battle, there remains no enemy; and if they are routed, they fly in such a manner that it is impossible to catch them. I have seen an Irishman with ease accomplish twenty-five leagues a day. They march to battle with the bagpipes instead of fifes; but they have few drums, and they use the musket and cannon as we do. They are better soldiers abroad than at home.

The red-haired are considered the most handsome in Ireland. The women have hanging breasts; and those who are freckled, like a trout, are esteemed the most beautiful.

The trade of Ireland consists in salmon and herrings, which they take in great numbers. You have one hundred and twenty herrings for an English penny, equal to a carolus of France, in the fishing time. They import wine and salt from France, and sell there strong frize cloths at good prices.

The Irish are fond of strangers, and it costs little to travel amongst them. When a traveller of good address enters their houses with assurance, he has but to draw a box of sinisine, or snuff, and offer it to them; then these people receive him with admiration, and give him the best they have to eat. They love the Spaniards as their brothers, the French as their friends, the Italians as their allies, the Germans as their relatives, the English and Scotch as their irreconcilable enemies. I was surrounded on my journey from Kilkinik [*Kilkenny*] to Cachel [*Cashel*] by a detachment of twenty Irish soldiers; and when they learned I was a Frankard (it is thus they call us), they did not molest me in the least, but made me offers of service, seeing that I was neither Sazanach [*Saxon*] nor English.

The Irish, whom the English call savages, have for their head-dress a little blue bonnet, raised two fingers-breadth in front, and behind covering their head and ears. Their doublet has a long body and four skirts; and their breeches are a pantaloon of white frize, which they call trousers. Their shoes, which are pointed, they call brogues, with a single sole. They often told me of a proverb in English, 'Airische brogues for English dogues' [*Irish brogues for English dogs*] 'the shoes of Ireland for the dogs of England,' meaning that their shoes are worth more than the English.

For cloaks they have five or six yards of frize drawn round the neck, the body, and over the head, and they never quit this mantle, either in sleeping, working, or eating. The generality of them have no shirts, and about as many lice as hairs on their heads, which they kill before each other without any ceremony.

The northern Irish have for their only dress a breeches, and a covering for the back, without bonnets, shoes, or stockings. The women of the north have a double rug, girded round their middle and fastened to the throat. Those bordering on Scotland have not more clothing. The girls of Ireland, even those living in towns, have for their head-dress only a ribbon, and if married, they have a napkin on the head in the manner of the Egyptians. The body of their gowns comes only to their breasts, and when they are engaged in work, they gird their petticoat with their sash about the abdomen. They wear a hat and mantle very large, of a brown colour [*couleur minime*] of which the cape is of coarse woollen frize, in the fashion of the women of Lower Normandy."

## BARBARIETY OF THE LAW IN IRELAND A CENTURY AGO.

"LAST week, at the assizes of Kilkenny, a fellow who was to be tried for robbery, not pleading, a jury was appointed to try whether he was wilfully mute, or by the hands of God; and they giving a verdict that he was wilfully mute, he was condemned to be pressed to death. He accordingly suffered on Wednesday, pursuant to his sentence, which was as follows:—That the criminal shall be confined in some low dark room, where he shall be laid on his back, with no covering except round his loins, and shall have as much weight laid upon him as he can bear, and more; that he shall have no-

thing to live upon but the worst bread and water; and the day that he eats he shall not drink, nor the day that he drinks he shall not eat; and so shall continue till he dies."—*Reilly's Dublin News Letter, August 9, 1740.*

## WHIPS FOR A PENNY.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

"Whips for a Penny!" This cry attracted my attention; I looked about, and saw a stout young man with a bundle of children's whips under his arm, standing on a flagway in Ludgate-street, in the centre of a group of little boys, who if not wealthy enough to buy from his stock, were at least unambiguously disposed to do so. The whips, considering the price, were very neatly made, and cracked melodiously, as the man took frequent opportunities of proving, for the cadences of his almost continuously repeated cry "Whips for a penny, whips for a penny!" were emphatically marked by a time-keeping "crack, crack," to the delight of the juvenile auditors.

Curious to ascertain if this person would meet such a demand for these Lilliputian whips as would afford him the means of living with reasonable comfort, I watched his movements for nearly an hour, during which period he disposed of five or six of them. One of the purchasers was a good-natured looking woman, with a male child about two years old, to whom she presented the admired object. The infant, with instinctive perception of its proper use, grasped the handle with his tiny fingers, and promptly commenced a smart but not very effective course of flagellation on the bosom from which he had derived his earlier aliment, to the infinite delight of the doting mother. A fine boy, strutting about in frock and trousers, was next introduced by his nurse to the vender of thongs, and the first application of his lash was made to an unfortunate little dog which had been separated from his owner, and was at this time roaming about in solicitude and terror, and probably with an empty stomach, when Master Jack added a fresh pang to his miseries.

A harder customer came next, and flourished his whip the moment he bought it, at some weary and frightened lambs which a butcher's boy was urging forward through every obstacle, with a bludgeon, towards their slaughter-house. A half-starved kitten, which had ventured within the threshold of a shop, where in piteous posture it seemed to crave protection and a drop of milk, caught the quick eye of a fourthurchin, just as he had untwisted his lash, and was immediately started from its momentary place of refuge by the pursuing limp. A fifth came up, a big, knowing-looking chap, about twelve years old, who, after a slight and contemptuous examination of them, loudly remarked to their owner, "Vy, these ere whips a'n't no good to urt no vun—I'm blowed hif they his." You young tyrant! I thought I to myself. I was moving off in disgust, when a benevolent-looking gentleman came up and was about to buy one for the happy, open-countenanced boy, who called him uncle, when I took the liberty of putting one of my forefingers to my nose, as the most ready but quiet method of indicating my desire to prevent the completion of his purpose. The gentleman took my hint at once, supposing in all probability that there was some mystery in the matter—perhaps that I wished to save him from the awkward consequences of purchasing stolen goods, and walked away. I followed him, and overtaking him, touched the rim of my beaver, as nearly as I could imitate the London mode, and at once said, "My dear sir, excuse me for obtruding my advice upon you, but as you have the organ of benevolence strongly developed, and your little nephew has already indication of its future prominence, if duly exercised, I thought it better that you should not put a whip into his hands, lest his better feelings should be counter-influenced. Look there," continued I, as we reached the steep part of Holborn-hill, "see that pair of miserable horses endeavouring to keep their footing on the steep and slippery pavement; hear the constant reverberations of the driver's whip, which he applies so unmercifully to keep them from falling, by the most forced and unnatural efforts; see them straining every muscle to drag along their burden, while they pant from pain, terror, and exhaustion; look at the frequent welts on their poor skins. Depend upon it, the fellow who drives had a penny whip for his first plaything!" The gentleman looked rather earnestly at me, "You are right, sir," said he; "early initia-

tion in the modes of cruelty"—"Precisely," said I. "The boy-child is taught to terrify any animal that comes within his reach, as soon as he is able to do so; his parents, sponsors, nurses, friends, are severally disposed to give him for his first present a toy whip, and he soon acquires dexterity in using it. Man, naturally overbearing and cruel, is rendered infinitely more so by education. He first flogs his wooden horse (the little boy pricked up his ears, and I hope will retain the impression of what passed), and then his living pony or donkey, as the case may be; he whips every thing that crosses his way; and even at the little birds, which are happily beyond the reach of his lash, he flings stones, or he robs them of their young, for the mere satisfaction of rendering them miserable."

"Ay, sir," said the gentleman, "and he becomes a sportsman in course of time, and flogs his pointers, setters, and hounds, for pursuing their instincts—he becomes their tyrant. He goes to one of our universities, perhaps, and drives gigs, tandems, and even stage-coaches, without knowing how to handle the reins; he blunders, turns corners too sharply, pulls the wrong rein, diverts the well-trained horses from their proper course, which they would have critically pursued but for his interference, nearly oversets the vehicle by his awkwardness, and then, as if to persuade the lookers on that the fault was not his, he belabours the poor brutes to the utmost of his power; or it may be, lays on the thong merely for practice until he is proficient enough to apply it *knowingly*. Are the horses tired," continued he, "worn out in service?—he flogs to keep them alive, and makes a boast of his ingenuity in forcing a jaded set to their journey's end, by establishing a 'raw,' and torturing them there."

"Depend upon it," said I, "such a chap had 'whips for a penny' when he was a child." "Quite so," said my companion; "you have put this matter before me in a new point of view." Here we were startled by the familiar sound of the coach whip, and saw a stage-driver flogging in the severest style four heated, panting, and overpowered horses, coming in with a heavily laden coach; the lash was perpetually laid on; even the keenest at the draught were flogged, that they might pull on the rest, and the less powerful were flogged to keep up with them. The coachman, no doubt, when a child, had his share of 'whips for a penny.' When he grew up and entered upon his vocation, he perhaps at first compassionated the horses which he was obliged to force to their stages in a given time; he might have had his favourites among them too, and yet often and severely tested their powers of speed or endurance; and at length, as they became diseased and stiff in the limbs, and broken-winded from overwork, he may have satisfied himself with the reflection, that the fault was not his, that his employer ought to have given him a better team, and that it was a shame for him to ask any coachman to drive such "rum uns." Habit renders him callous; he does not now *feel* for the sufferings of the wretched animals he guides and punishes; nay, he often coolly takes from the boot-box the short-handled *Tommy*, which is merely the well-grown and severer whip of the species which his employer and himself had used in childhood, when they both bought "whips for a penny," and lays it as heavily as his vigorous arm empowers him, on one of the worn-out wheelers, which unhappily for themselves are within range of its infliction. The hackney-coachmen and cabmen, too,

"Though oft I've heard good judges say,

It costs them more for whips than hay,"

are not much worse than their more consequential brethren of the whip; all of them consider the noble creature, subjugated by their power, and abused most criminally through their cruelty, as a mere piece of machinery, to be flogged along like a top as long as it can be kept going.

We reached the upper end of one of the numerous lanes leading from the Thames; five splendid horses were endeavouring to draw up a heavy waggon-load of coals; but as the two first turned into the street at right angles to the others, they were not aiding those behind them. Being stopped in their progress for some time, by a crowd of coaches, chaises, cabs, carts, and omnibuses, the labour of keeping the waggon on the spot it had already attained, and which was steep and slippery, rested upon the three hinder horses. At length the team was put in motion, all the leading ones being useless in succession as they turned to the angle of the street; and just at the critical point, when the whole enormous draught rested on the shaft horse, the waggoner, taxing its strength beyond its capability, struck it with the whip. The noble brute made

one desperate plunge to execute his tyrant's will, and fell—dead upon the pavement. "I think," said my companion, "that we have had a good lesson upon whips to-day; I should prefer any other gift for my little boy here; for though it may be urged that he, like the rest of his sex at the same age, would merely make a noise with a whip, and would inflict no serious pain, I am bound to bear in mind the actual fact, that with the very sound of a whip is associated in the imagination of all domesticated animals, the apprehension of pain; that they are *terrorized* when they hear that sound, even through a child's hand, and I must therefore conclude that this symbol of cruelty should not be his plaything." I agreed with him fully, and as our business lay in different directions, we parted at Blackfriar's Bridge, not, however, until my companion of the hour had handed me his card of address. This was an act of unexpected compliment which I could not return exactly in the same way; I told him that I had never written my name on a visiting card in my life, but that I was Martin Doyle, at his service, and a contributor to the new *Irish Penny Journal*, just started in Dublin. "Is not Dublin," said he, "in Ireland?" I stared. "I believe," added he, "that Ireland is a pretty place." I wished the geographical gentleman a rather hasty farewell.

As I walked on, I pondered on the many other instances in which the whip is an instrument of terror or tyranny. First, I thought of the Russian bride meekly offering a horsewhip to her lord, as the token of her submission to the infliction of his blows, whenever it might suit his temper to bestow such proofs of tenderness upon her, and of the perpetual system of flagellation, which, as we are told by travellers, is exercised in the dominions of the great autocrat upon wives, children, servants, and cattle. I thought of French postillions—flagellators of the first order, at least as far as "cracking" without intermission testifies; and, finally, of the British horse-racer.

Horses high in mettle, ardent in the course, without a stimulus of any kind, struggle neck and neck for victory; they approach the winning post; one jockey flogs more powerfully than his compeers; the agonized horse, in his fearful efforts, is lifted as it were from the ground, by two or three desperate twinings (the stabbing at the sides is but a variety of the torture) of the cutting whalebone round his flanks; and at the critical instant, making a bound, as it were, to escape from his half-flayed skin, throws his head forward in his effort, half a yard beyond that of his rival, who has had his share of torture too, and is declared the winner—of what?—a gold-handled prize-whip, which is borne away in triumph by the owner of the winning horse! To be sure, he pockets some of that which is so truly designated "the root of all evil;" but the acquisition of the whip is the distinguishing honour.

And how does this whip in reality differ from any of the whips for a penny? It is of pure gold and whalebone; the others are but of painted stick and the cheapest leather; yet they are both but *playthings*—the one in the hand of a man who has spent, it may be, half his patrimony, and as much of his time in the endeavour to win it, while he attaches no real or intrinsic value to it afterwards; the other in the hand of the child, to whom it appears a real and substantial prize. The jockeyman is not a whit more rational in this respect than the boy who bestrides his hobby-horse, and flourishes his penny whip.

Then succeeded to my imagination a far more brutal scene, the steeple-chase. A horse is overpowered in a deep and heavy fallow; he is flogged to press him through it; he reaches a break-neck wall; a desperate cut of the whip sends him flying over it; again and again he puts forth his strength and speed, and falls, and rises again at the instigation of the whip. He comes to a brook; it is too wide for his falling powers, and there is a rotten and precipitous bank at the other side; he shudders, and recoils a moment, but a tremendous lash, worse than the dread of drowning, and the goading of the spur, force him in desperation to the leap; his hind feet give way at the landing side; he falls backward; his spine is broken, and at length a pistol bullet ends his miseries.

In a word, the donation of "whips for a penny" to any child, fairly starts him on the first stage of cruelty; and if, from peculiarity of temperament or the restraining influence of the beneficent Creator (who, though he has allowed man to have dominion, and has put under his feet all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field, has withheld from him the authority to abuse his privilege), the child grows into the man who is merciful to his beast, the merit is not due to the injudicious person who first presents him with his mimic whip in infancy.

## THE WORLD'S CHANGES.

"Contarini Fleming wrote merely, *Times*."—

*D'Israeli the Younger.*

The Solemn Shadow that bears in his hands  
The conquering Scythe and the Glass of Sands,  
Paused once on his flight where the sunrise shone  
On a warlike city's towers of stone;  
And he asked of a panoplied soldier near,  
"How long has this fortified city been here?"  
And the man looked up, Man's pride on his brow—  
"The city stands here from the ages of old."  
And as it was then, and as it is now,  
So will it endure till the funeral knell'  
Of the world be knolled,  
As Eternity's annals shall tell."

And after a thousand years were o'er,  
The Shadow paused over the spot once more.

And vestige was none of a city there,  
But lakes lay blue, and plains lay bare,  
And the marshalled corn stood high and pale,  
And a Shepherd piped of love in a vale.  
"How!" spake the Shadow, "can temple and tower  
Thus fleet, like mist, from the morning hour?"  
But the Shepherd shook the long locks from his brow—  
"The world is filled with sheep and corn;  
Thus was it of old, thus is it now,  
Thus, too, will it be while moon and sun  
Rule night and morn,  
For Nature and Life are one."

And after a thousand years were o'er,  
The Shadow paused over the spot once more.

And lo! in the room of the meadow-lands  
A sea foamed far over saffron sands,  
And flashed in the noontide bright and dark,  
And a fisher was casting his nets from a bark;  
How marvelled the Shadow! "Where then is the plain?  
And where be the acres of golden grain?"  
But the fisher dashed off the salt spray from his brow—  
"The waters begirdle the earth alway,  
The sea ever rolled as it rolleth now:  
What babblest thou about grain and fields?  
By night and day  
Man looks for what Ocean yields."

And after a thousand years were o'er,  
The Shadow paused over the spot once more.

And the ruddy rays of the eventide  
Were gilding the skirts of a forest wide;  
The moss of the trees looked old, so old!  
And valley and hill, the ancient mould  
Was robed in sward, an evergreen cloak;  
And a woodman sang as he felled an oak.  
Him asked the Shadow—"Rememberest thou  
Any trace of a Sea where wave those trees?"  
But the woodman laughed: Said he, "I trow,  
If oaks and pines do flourish and fall,  
It is not amid seas;—  
The earth is one forest all."

And after a thousand years were o'er,  
The Shadow paused over the spot once more.

And what saw the Shadow? A city agen,  
But peopled by pale mechanical men,  
With workhouses filled, and prisons, and marts,  
And faces that spake exanimate hearts.  
Strange picture and sad! was the Shadow's thought;  
And, turning to one of the Ghastly, he sought  
For a clue in words to the When and the How  
Of the ominous Change he now beheld;  
But the man uplifted his care-worn brow—  
"Change? What was Life ever but Conflict and Change?  
From the ages of old  
Hath affliction been widening its range."  
Enough! said the Shadow, and passed from the spot:—  
At last it is vanished, the beautiful Youth  
Of the earth, to return with no To-morrow;  
All changes have chequered Mortality's lot;  
But this is the darkest—for Knowledge and Truth  
Are but golden gates to the Temple of Sorrow! M.

## ANCIENT MUSIC OF IRELAND.

A GREAT and truly national work—the Ancient Music of Ireland—collected and arranged for the piano-forte by Edward Bunting, has just issued from the Dublin press; and whether we consider its intrinsic merits, the beauty of its typography and binding, or the liberal and enterprising spirit of its publishers, they are all equally deserving of the highest approbation. This is indeed a work of which Ireland may feel truly proud, for, though in every respect Irish, we believe nothing equal to it in its way has hitherto appeared in the British empire, and we trust that all the parties concerned in its production will receive the rewards to which they are so justly entitled. To all lovers of national melody this work will give the most intense pleasure; while by those who think there is no melody so sweet and touching as that of Ireland, it will be welcomed with feelings of delight which no words could adequately express. It is a work which assuredly will never die. To its venerable Editor, Ireland owes a deep feeling of gratitude, as the zealous and enthusiastic collector and preserver of her music in all its characteristic beauty; for though our national poet, Moore, has contributed by the peculiar charm of his verses to extend the fame of our music over the civilized world, it should never be forgotten that it is to Bunting that is due the merit of having originally rescued from obscurity those touching strains of melody, the effect of which, even upon the hearts of those most indifferent to Irish interests generally, Moore has so feelingly depicted in his well-known lines:—

“The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;  
The sighs of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep;  
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,  
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep.”

The merits of this work are, however, of a vastly higher order than those of either of the former collections which Mr Bunting gave to the world; for, while the melodies are of equal beauty, they are arranged with such exquisite musical feeling and skill as to enhance that beauty greatly; and we do not hesitate to express our conviction that there is not any musician living who could have harmonized them with greater judgment or feeling. This volume contains above one hundred and sixty melodies, and of these only a few have been previously made known to the public. It also contains an interesting preface, and a most valuable dissertation on the ancient music of Ireland, in which its characteristic peculiarities are admirably analysed; and on the method of playing the Harp; the Musical Vocabulary of the old Irish Harpers; a Treatise on the Antiquity of the Harp and Bagpipe in Ireland by Samuel Ferguson, Esq., M.R.I.A., full of curious antiquarian lore, and in which is comprised an account of the various efforts made to revive the Irish Harp; a dissertation by Mr Petrie on the true age of the Harp, popularly called the Harp of Brian Boru; and, lastly, anecdotes of the most distinguished Irish Harpers of the last two centuries, collected by the Editor himself. To these are added, Remarks on the Antiquity and Authors of the Tunes when ascertained, with copious indices, giving their original Irish names, as well as the names and localities of the persons from whom they were obtained. The work is illustrated with numerous wood-cuts, as well as with copperplate engravings of the ancient Irish Harp above alluded to. This slight notice will, it is hoped, give our readers for the present some idea of the value and importance of this delightful work; but we shall return to it again and again, for we consider it is no less than our duty to make its merits familiar to our readers, as our music is a treasure of which all classes of our countrymen should feel equally proud, and in the honour of extending the celebrity of which they should all feel equally desirous to participate. P.

## SIMPLICITY OF CHARACTER.

Dr Barrett having on a certain occasion detected a student walking in the Fellows' Garden, Trinity College, Dublin, asked him how he had obtained admission. “I jumped over the library, sir,” said the student. “D'ye see me now, sir?—you are telling me an infernal lie, sir!” exclaimed the Vice-Provost. “Lie, sir!” echoed the student; “I'll do it again!” and forthwith proceeded to button his coat, in apparent preparation for the feat; when the worthy doctor, seizing his arm, prevented him, exclaiming with horror, “Stop, stop—you'll break your bones if you attempt it!”

## TO OUR READERS.

THE want of a cheap literary publication for the great body of the people of this country, suited to their tastes and habits, combining instruction with amusement, avoiding the exciting and profitless discussion of political or polemical questions, and placed within the reach of their humble means, has long been matter of regret to those reflecting and benevolent minds who are anxious for the advancement and civilization of Ireland—and the reflection has been rather a humiliating one, that while England and Scotland abound with such cheap publications—for in London alone there are upwards of twenty weekly periodicals sold at one penny each—Ireland, with a population so extensive, and so strongly characterised by a thirst for knowledge, has not even one work of this class. It is impossible to believe that such an anomaly can have originated in any other cause than the want of spirit and enterprise on the part of those who ought to have the patriotism to endeavour to enlighten their countrymen, and thereby elevate their condition, even although the effort should be attended with risk, and trouble to themselves.

It may be objected that some of the cheap publications already for some years in existence, though in all respects fitted for the instruction of the people, and enjoying such an extensive circulation in the Sister Islands as they justly deserve, have never obtained that proportionate share of popularity here which would indicate a conviction of their usefulness or excellence on the part of the Irish people. But the obvious reply to this objection is, that, undeniable as the merits of many of these publications must be allowed to be, none of them were adapted to the intellectual wants of a people, distinguished, as the Irish are, by strong peculiarities of mind and temperament, as well as by marked national predilections—and who, being more circumscribed in their means than the inhabitants of the Sister Countries, necessarily required a stimulus more powerful to excite them. A work of a more amusing character, and more essentially Irish, was therefore necessary; and such a work it is now intended to offer to the Public.

THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL will be in a great degree devoted to subjects connected with the history, literature, antiquities, and general condition of Ireland, but it will not be devoted to such subjects exclusively; it will contain, in a fair proportion, articles on home and foreign manufactures, information on the arts and sciences, and useful knowledge generally.

All subjects tending in the remotest degree to irritate or offend political or religious feelings will be rigidly abstained from, and every endeavour will be made to diffuse sentiments of benevolence and mutual good-will through all classes of the community.

The matter will also be, to a considerable extent, original—and to render it so, contributions will be obtained from a great number of the most eminent literary and scientific writers of whom Ireland can boast.

A publication thus conducted, and, as may be confidently anticipated, displaying merits of a very superior order, while it will effect its primary object of conveying instruction to the people generally, will at the same time, it is hoped, be found not undeserving of the support of the higher and more educated classes; while to the inhabitants of Great Britain it will be found extremely interesting, as embodying a large amount of information respecting Ireland, and the manners of her people as they really exist, and not as they have been hitherto too frequently misrepresented and caricatured.

To give to such a work a reasonable prospect of success, it is indeed essential that it should be patronised by all classes; and an appeal is therefore confidently made to the high-minded and patriotic people of Ireland in its behalf, as without a very extensive circulation it could not be given at so low a price as would bring it within the reach of the poorer classes of the country, whose limited means would preclude the possibility of purchasing a dearer publication.

On their own parts, the Proprietors of the IRISH PENNY JOURNAL have only to observe, that no efforts shall be spared to render their Work deserving of general support; and that as their expectations of immediate success are not extravagant, they will not be deterred, by temporary discouragements in the commencement of their undertaking, from persevering in their exertions to establish, upon a firm basis of popularity, a publication of such merit in itself, and so essential, as they conceive, to the improvement and advantage of the people of Ireland.

THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL will be published every Saturday morning at the Office of the GENERAL ADVERTISER, Church-lane, College-green. It will be printed upon fine paper, and each Number will be embellished with at least one Wood-cut Illustration of high character as a work of art; and in point of quality as well as quantity of letter-press, it will be inferior to no Publication of the kind that has hitherto appeared.



# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.

ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT CAVE OF KISH-CORRAN, AS SEEN FROM THE INTERIOR.



## THE CAVES OF KISH-CORRAN.

Among the many wonders of Ireland, as yet undescribed and little known, even to Irishmen, beyond their immediate localities, the subject of our prefixed illustration has every claim to find a place, and to attract our attention as a subject equally interesting to the geologist, artist, and historian. That it should have hitherto remained unnoticed, as we think it has, while objects of the same description in other localities less remarkable and interesting have been repeatedly described, may be attributed chiefly to the circumstance of its situation being remote from any leading road, and in a wild and rarely visited district of country, namely, the barony of Corran, in the county of Sligo. Of this barony, the mountain called Ceis or Kish-Corran, is the most striking geographical feature. It is composed of tabular limestone; has a flat outline at top, but is precipitous on its sides, and rises to an altitude of upwards of a thousand feet. To the traveller journeying from Boyle to Sligo it must be a familiar and pleasing object, as, after passing the little town of Ballinadfad, it offers, for some miles of the road towards the west and south-west, the charms of a mountain boundary in contrast to the rich woods of Hollybrook, and the delightful vistas of the water of Lough Arrow, or Arva, which skirt the road along the east. But the most precipitous and noble point of Kish-Corran is presented to the west, and is not seen by the traveller on this road, which must for a time be abandoned to enable him to see it, as well as the wonderful caves which open on its face, and to which we have now to call the attention of our readers. On this western side, the mountain, to within a hundred feet or two of its summit, pre-

sents a green but boldly sloping grassy face, formed of the debris of the rocks above, which rise perpendicularly, and look more like a wall—lichen-stained and ivy-decked—formed by the Cyclops or giants of old, than creations of nature's hand. And such impression is increased in no small degree by the lofty and magnificent caves, which present themselves like doorways, and lead into the inmost recesses of the mountain. It is of one of these entrances, and the most remarkable for grandeur, that our illustration attempts to give an idea. Its height is no less than twenty feet. How far the caves extend, we are unable to speak with certainty; they are undoubtedly of great extent, and, if the local accounts are to be trusted, reach even to the opposite or eastern side of the mountain, and contain lakes of unfathomable depth, and spars of unimaginable beauty.

A spot so striking to the imagination could not be, in Ireland, without its legends of a romantic and singular character; and some of these are of a most remote antiquity, and connected with the earliest legendary history of our country. In the ancient topographical tract called the Dinnseanchus, which gives the origin, according to the poets, of the names of the most remarkable mountains, lakes, rivers, caves, forts, &c. in Ireland, we are told that Corran received its name from the harper of Diancecht, to whom that magical race, called the Tuatha de Danann, gave the territory as a reward for his musical skill; and popular tradition still points to the cave of Kish-Corran as his residence, according to the ancient form quoted in the Dinnseanchus:—

“Here used to dwell the gentle Corann, whose hand was skilled in playing on the harp; Corann was the only ollave of

Drancich (with whom he lived), in free and peaceable security.

To Corann of the soft music, the Tuátha De gave with great honour a free territory for his skilful playing, his knowledge, and his astrology. Here was he, this generous man, not without literature or in a churlish fortress, but in a place where the stranger was at liberty to a free sojournment with him, this liberal prosperous man."

The same authority accounts for the prefix *Ceis*, or, as it is pronounced, *Kish*, which is applied to the mountain by a very singular legend, according to which it would appear that it was originally the name of a lady, who with five others were, by a charm compounded with the nut-fruit, metamorphosed into pigs, the unhappy *Ceis* herself being here subsequently slain. However this may be, there is nothing improbable in the supposition that the caves of Kish-Corran were in former times the favourite dens of the wild boar, the wolf, and many other animals now extinct; they furnish a secure retreat to the fox and many other wild animals at the present day. P.

### ON BENEVOLENCE OF CHARACTER.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

If it be afflictive, on one side, to reflect upon the deeds of cruelty and oppression which prevail upon earth, through the instrumentality of man, it is delightful, on the other, to perceive that human reason, instead of being abused and perverted into a source of tyrannical oppression, is occasionally exercised, as it ought to be, in promoting happiness and social harmony, even among brutes; in producing that degree of peaceful concord, which it has been proved may exist among animals whose natural antipathies are the most violent imaginable—that feeling which disarms the strong among them of all desire to tyrannise over and destroy the weak, and is brought into exercise by a steady and persevering system of early training (and consequent acquirement of abiding habits), directly opposed to that which prompts us to place a whip in the hand of a child.

I have been led into this train of contemplation, from having recently witnessed a practical illustration of the wonderful effects producible by what may fairly be termed a benevolent system, for there is no degree whatever of harsh discipline connected with it—no starvation, no blows, nothing of that "reign of terror," under the influence of which Van Amburgh has doubtless effected his dominion over the most ferocious of beasts; the exhibition of which power, while it surprises, does not please us; for, though, by an effort of the imagination, the mind may be led for a moment to the anticipation of the scene in which "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid," it quickly considers this surprising display of human power with painful sensations, from the conviction that extreme severity of discipline alone has enabled man in this instance to attain his despotic sovereignty, and that the unnatural results which he beholds are an evidence that the legitimate dominion granted to man "over every thing that moveth upon the earth," has in this case, as in ten thousand others, been overstrained and abused.

While animals of prey are in a state of nature, they either avoid each other, or meet in deadly contest, according to the degree of their antipathies; and until He who has impressed their dispositions upon them shall bid them lie down together in peace, no efforts of puny man can avail in changing their habits, except under such rare circumstances as confirm the general law of instinct which leads them to destroy each other. But the dislike which many of the domesticated animals entertain for each other, is greatly increased by the encouragement which they receive from man. The dog, which under other treatment would be familiar with the cat or the hog, is taught from his puppyhood to pursue and worry each of them; the cat instinctively defends herself with those claws which are her natural weapons, and she scratches her opponent's face, and through their after life they are never thoroughly reconciled to each other, but live proverbially as "cat and dog." The hog cannot defend himself from the teeth of the dog; his ears are torn by them; he cannot retaliate, but he lives ever afterwards in dread of the whole canine race. Dogs, which otherwise would live in harmony together, are taught to fight; their natural jealousy is encouraged, and they are rendered bullies by profession.

That the dread of man is in a certain degree naturally upon every beast of the field and bird of the air, cannot be disputed; but this feeling is increased considerably by the expe-

rience which many brutes have of man's caprice or tyranny, and this dread is transmissible (as may be justly inferred from cases which are perfectly analogous, such as the acquired habit of pointing at game) to their posterity.

A benevolent man, living, as we read of Robinson Crusoe, among his goats, ceases to be an object of apprehension to the animals around him; even birds, habituated to his kindness and protection, would become divested of the dread of man; and each successive generation of those familiarized birds would probably become more and more disposed to associate with him, if he were systematically kind and encouraging in his manner. Such experiments with the brute kind, it is true, can be but extremely partial, and are unattended with any very practically useful results in themselves; but, as respects the education of children, they are of extreme utility in exciting tender and benevolent feelings, and awakening the intellectual faculties from subjects merely sensual or idly amusing; they teach us "to look from Nature up to Nature's God."

There never was a better founded observation than that of the late Mr Cobbett, that no one should be entrusted with the care of the nobler animals who had not been habituated to treat the lesser ones with kindness.

I love to see a child feeding his rabbits or pigeons, and familiarly playing with them, consulting their tastes, and contributing to their comforts by every means within his power. Surely such a pursuit should not be rudely discouraged; how much more humanizing than the desire to possess "whips for a penny," to which I have recently adverted! It tends to render a child compassionate in his disposition to all God's creatures, and unwilling to hurt, for the sake of inflicting pain, or from thoughtless mischief.

And I am just enough of a phrenologist to be of opinion that, if there be any remarkable development of the organ of destructiveness, this may be sufficiently counteracted by the exercise of feelings which have connection with the faculty of benevolence, and so modified, by avoiding all pursuits of a cruel nature, as to constitute, with God's blessing, a benevolent character, which, by the indulgence of the inherent inclination to cruel sports, would become of the opposite nature; for there is unquestionably an adaptation of the mind, as well as the body, to the circumstances under which individuals are placed. It is with the faculties of the human mind as with the habits of brutes; when exercised, they acquire strength, and gradually become more developed and confirmed; ay, and become hereditary too in proportion to their original or gradually progressing degree of development. How important, then, that the higher faculties, on which depends the elevation of the moral character, should be strengthened by use and exercise! But I have digressed far from the illustration which I was about to give at the beginning, of a practically benevolent system of brute education.

There stands on every fine day, near one of the great London bridges, a mild, cheerful looking man, who exhibits to the passers by an assemblage of animals of the most decided antipathies by nature, who live together in the same large cage in perfect harmony. The notion of collecting into one family such apparently discordant members, originated, I believe, with a gentleman who has long made the brute animal economy the subject of his investigations, and who suggested to John Austin the harmlessness, at least, of earning the means of his support by the novel and interesting exhibition of a cat, rats, mice, Guinea pigs, hawks, pigeons, owls, and starlings, and, I believe, another bird, under the same limited roof, and with perfect freedom of access from one to another. One of the pigeons is now hatching, without any cause of alarm from the hawk for the safety of her anticipated offspring; for that bird is so far from being of a destructive temper, that he frequently feeds a young starling with meat from his own bill, and apparently of his own impulse; nor do any of the birds manifest apprehension from the cat, which has been almost born in their company, and although frequently permitted to go outside the cage and take the air without restraint, returns soon again, without having had her disposition corrupted by intercourse with bad company, takes up her favourite position in a corner, where the rats most affectionately run up to her for warmth and concealment from the public gaze, behind her furry and comfortable back. The pigeons are also allowed their liberty occasionally, but they soon return to their quarters, which habit has rendered pleasant to them.

Now, I by no means recommend to parents, for their chil-

dren, the establishment of a *domestic menagerie*, for the care of this would be extremely troublesome, and occupy time which should be spent to far better purpose; nor do I recommend the keeping of useless pets of any kind, my object being merely to point out, by actual exemplification, what the benevolent *principle*, systematically exercised, can produce even under the most adverse circumstances. On what are called pets, such as lapdogs and parrots, much warm, kind feeling is often unprofitably bestowed. When PONTIC dies of plethora, or POLL from cold or infirmity, sensibilities are sometimes called forth, which would not flow from the contemplation of human sufferings. The servant who is daily employed to wash and comb the dog, is perhaps never sent upon an errand of mercy to any of the distressed families around the mistress, and a wayworn group of children may unavailingly solicit the luxurious food which is placed before the pampered *pet*, without shame or scruple.

I do not intend to maintain the pet *system* in general; it is the principle of humanity which I seek, not that mawkish sensibility which causes so many to weep at the dramatic exhibition of fictitious woe, who would not drop one tear of sympathy for real misery, divested, as in the scenes of every-day life, of the embellishments and romantic adjuncts which false sentiment delights in. We all, it is true, require some especial objects of endearment, something on which the feelings of the heart may find expansion, else we become cold, selfish, and very disagreeable to every one. In childhood, therefore, the disposition to love even the domestic animals born for our use, should be sedulously fostered, but not to such excess as to weaken the affection for parents, brothers, sisters, or friends. The principle should only be checked, however, in its exuberance, never crushed. In mature years the affections should have the highest objects, and in those instances in which the Creator has denied the gift of offspring to us, I would respectfully suggest to those who desire pets, the adoption of an orphan or two, whom they may train both for earth and heaven, in preference to any other perishable idols.

#### LAGHT-E-OURIA.

"The longest way round is often the shortest way home."—*Old Proverb.*

I WAS not more than eight or nine years old when the following anecdote was related to me by the actor or sufferer, whichever he might be called, himself. He was a fine stately old gentleman. His family had once been powerful; but in the troubles with which the page of Ireland's history is filled and darkened, they had been reduced, and he, fleeced by a treacherous guardian of the last remnant of the property, had been compelled to accept the influence of friends in procuring him a commission in the civil service (for in war he would not serve them) of a government which he loathed.

He was of a stern and rather gloomy disposition, and rarely condescended to social or pleasant conversation, much less to notice children; but sometimes the genial fire within would thaw the icy surface, and diffuse life and light around. The bow could not be kept ever bent: the garrison was too feeble to keep constant watch and ward, and a view would be sometimes gained, through an open door, of a heart fitted by nature to give and receive all sublunary happiness. I heard his history long after his career had closed. But it has nothing to do with the present story—another time for it.

I had been playing marbles with my cousin and playfellows; we quarrelled, and were proceeding to blows, when Mr M——, who was sitting, unobserved by us, on a stone bench, and had witnessed our dispute, called to us both to approach him. He took one on each knee, and looking alternately at us, said, in a tone so mild and different from his usual harsh commanding voice, that we could scarcely think it was the same man who spoke, "Boys, beware of sudden ungovernable passion; under its influence you might commit, in one moment, an act which would embitter, with remorse and vain regret, all your subsequent life.

When a young man, I once suffered so keenly the consequence of my ungovernable temper, that were I to live a thousand years, I could not forget it. I see that your curiosity is excited, and you would like to hear the circumstance; but it is connected with a ghost story, and I must tell you all." "Oh! do, Mr M——," said I, "for papa says there are no such things as ghosts or fairies, and nurse says there are; and nurse never tells lies, and certainly papa would not, and I do not know

what to think between them." "Well," said he, "I shall tell you the story, and it will help you to form your judgment.

From the high road between Cork and Cloyne, and about three miles from the latter, a small by-road, or 'borheen,' branches off. It is of very ancient date, belonging to times when men were guided by the position of the sun during the day, and the stars at night, and when, consequently, their track lay over mountain and hollow, through wood and bog, as the avoidance of impediments (except to a very short distance) would have thrown them quite out of their reckoning, and toil was much less regarded than in these degenerate days. The road by Laght-e-Ouria is decidedly a shorter way to Cloyne than the high road from which it diverges; but a saying has arisen since it was made, 'the longest way round is the shortest way home,' that has been so often used as a conclusion to a debate upon 'which of the roads should be taken,' that the wisdom of our ancestors is voted folly, and their ways are no longer trodden.

Other reasons than the unevenness of its surface are however not wanting, and many a headstrong drunken farmer, upon whom all other argument had been tried in vain, has been induced to turn his horse's head to the new road, by the soft voice of the 'Vanitha' whispering in his ear that 'it would be midnight ere they passed Laght-e-Ouria.'

Laght, in Irish, signifies a heap of stones, and it is customary in Ireland, wherever a murder has been committed, for every passer-by to throw a stone upon the spot. A heap, or 'laght,' is thus soon formed, and it receives the cognomen of the unfortunate individual whose untimely end it commemorates.

In the beginning of the month of October 1775, when residing in Cork, I received a note from the Earl of Inchiquin, desiring me to meet him at Cloyne between five and six o'clock on the following morning, on most pressing and important business. I immediately ordered my horse, determining to dine with a particular friend who resided about half way, to jog quietly on in the evening, and have, what I always relished, a night's repose on the spot where my morning's business awaited me.

Mr Ahern was one of a class well known in the south as 'gentlemen farmers,' being mostly reduced gentlemen who farmed a portion of the grounds that once belonged to their ancestors, in many instances to themselves.

Hospitality, the virtue they most prided themselves upon, they carried to a fault; and my friend Ahern, in common with the rest, made it a rule, without an exception, that a bottle either of wine or whisky once opened, should be finished on the spot. Upon this occasion, however, I felt it necessary to demur. The last bottle of whisky having been opened without my consent, and feeling that, although I was still capable of proceeding on my journey, the half of what remained would put it completely out of the question, I positively refused to take another drop except the 'Dhuch-an-dhurriah,' or parting glass, and resisting all his importunities to stay the night, not relishing a ride of a dark morning, I took my departure about an hour before midnight.

I never was a believer in ghosts or fairies, or any class of idle, mischievous, disembodied creatures; but upon this occasion, whether from melancholy or loneliness, or the darkness, which was so intense as to force me to proceed very slowly, or from my friend's stirrup-cup having slightly unobscured my reasoning faculties without producing the usual valour, I know not. Certain it is, I did not feel comfortable, and wished most fervently for just as much light as would enable me to urge my horse forward at a quicker pace, but the more I wished for light the darker it became, until my eyes ached in endeavouring to penetrate the gloom.

A row of tall trees ran along at each side of the road, and nearly met at top, and the fitful breeze just agitating the leaves, or occasionally moving the branches so as to cause a low, moaning, creaking noise, jarred my nerves, and made me feel still more and more unpleasant. At length, when I had arrived at an intolerable pitch of nervous excitement, the darkness became less intense, and I could just distinguish a breach in the row of trees upon the right, which marked the locality of the 'laght.' Taking advantage of the opportunity, I pressed my horse. He seemed to have become as nervous as myself, for he answered to the slight touch of the spur with a loud snort and a violent spring, which I considered so totally uncalled for, as to give me a very fair excuse for being in a passion, and venting my irritability, which I proceeded to do with my whip, as giving my muscles more action than



the spur; but instead of plunging along at a mad gallop, as I expected, my horse reared, and turning sharply round, attempted a flight back. Again and again I turned his head to the road, but onward he would not go; this was very strange, for he never shied or started. At length I tried the soothing system; for I must confess that the general belief that horses see what is hidden from the eyes of man, occurred to me, and I coaxed and patted him, and spoke gently and encouragingly to him, but he kept sidling, and tramping, attempting to turn, and answering every word or pat with a long snore, whilst I could perceive by his forward pricked ears and the direction of his head, that his eyes were riveted upon the heap of stones. Whilst thus engaged, and having somewhat quieted his terror, I heard a sound like the rattling of chains. Round and away with Rainbow. I brought him up again nearer than before. Again the chains clanked, and I could distinctly hear that they were chains, ere my horse bolted and ran again. 'The third time,' said I, 'contains a charm, they say; and, man or devil, ghost or fairy, I'll overhaul you. Who's there?' No answer. 'Who's there?' Clank, clank, went the chains. I could see nothing. The perspiration was running down my face, but I was furious. 'By the hand of my grandfather, if you do not answer me, I'll go to you, and whilst sinew and whalebone last, you shall feel the butt of a loaded whip. Who are you?' Again the chains clanked, and my horse would not consent to keep such company any longer. I dismounted, and, taking him a few paces back, tied him to a tree, and returned on foot to the spot.

Behind the trees was a deep trench partly filled with water; a hawthorn hedge grew at the farther side, and threw its branches nearly across. As I approached the 'laght,' the rattling of the chains again rose, accompanied by a plashing, scrambling noise, as of something breaking through the hedge and trench. I sprang forward, striking with the heavy handle of my whip, having twisted the thong firmly round my hand and wrist. I had only beaten air, but the violence of the blow and weight of the whip carried me forward; and, missing my footing in the darkness, I fell against, or rather upon, the monster of the chains; and having made a furious grasp to save myself, judge what was my horror at catching a handful of hair, such as might be expected to be felt upon an arctic bear! The creature slipped from me, and with a tremendous plunge and frightful rattling of its chains, gained the road, overwhelming me completely in the muddy ditch.

Just at that instant the whole truth flashed across my mind; and with a vengeful rage that I am ashamed to confess, I sprang up, and pursuing my unfortunate victim, a jackass, who could make but little exertion to escape, being spangled with a piece of an iron chain, I kept my oath, by belabouring poor Neddy until I could strike no more from exhaustion. I then turned to remount my horse; but he was gone, having left the principal portion of his bridle hanging on the bough for a keepsake. Nothing saved Neddy from a second edition, with considerable additions, but the recollection of the hour, the necessity of catching my horse, and the confounded distance I should have to travel afterwards, for he was, of course, gone the wrong way.

I ran as fast as I could, but was soon obliged to pull up. I found that I was carrying weight, and no light weight, for my clothes were saturated with water, and covered thickly with mud. Having scraped off as much as I could of the latter, I got along, and about two o'clock reached my friend's house again, entertaining a faint hope that Rainbow had returned to the last stall he had occupied; and so he had.

Not finding the gate open, he had jumped the road fence, and was quietly grazing with two or three other horses. There was now light enough to distinguish objects at a hundred yards; and I could see his saddle, but how to catch him was now the question, for he had at all times a propensity to keep his liberty when he had got it; and to think of catching him without help was idle. I approached the house, but just then recollected that my friend had a couple of dangerous mastiff dogs, of extraordinary size and ferocity; and as the entrance to the front of the house lay through the farm-yard, in which they were kept, it would be as much as my life was worth to approach it. My only chance was to get at the rear; and having made the circuit of a few fields, I reached it, and, selecting a window likely to belong to some sleeping apartment on the ground floor, I tapped at it with the butt of my whip. Receiving no answer, I repeated the knock, and placing my head close, heard a female voice exclaim, 'Marcy save us, it's the boys;' and the speaker hurried barefooted

from the room. I knew that the only female inmate of the house was the daughter of an old follower of the family, now called 'the servant man;' for Pat or Paddy fulfilled the manifold duties of butler, footman, gardener, and valet, besides taking a hand at every thing about the farm in turn.

Whilst considering whether or not I should knock again, I had the satisfaction to see, by the still increasing light, that the shutter of an upper window was cautiously opened; then the window was gently raised; and I waited for the appearance of a head to announce myself, when a bright flash issued forth, accompanied by a tremendous report. Away went my hat; and at the same instant the dogs opened, not barking, but with yells upon yells, as if Pandemonium was let loose. 'Ahern! Ahern!' I roared out, 'what are you at?' 'Tis I—don't you know me?—M—— My horse has run away; he's in your field, and I want help to catch him.' I bellowed this at the top of my voice, in the vain endeavour to drown the 'bow-wow-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo' of the dogs. The answer I received was, 'You to (hiccup) blazes (hiccup); here's at you again, you villains.' I threw myself down as my quondam kind host discharged a second blunderbuss at me; but was instantly on my legs again, as the roaring of the dogs announced their rapid approach. They had in some manner got out of the yard. I glanced hurriedly round for some place of shelter. A large arbutus tree was the nearest object, and into it I scrambled, just as the dogs appeared in full career upon the field.

They made repeated springs at me, for I was not above eight feet from the ground, but I contrived, by well-aimed kicks in the jaws, to keep them at bay for a while. I was thus pleasantly engaged for about five minutes, when Ahern and four or five men made their appearance. He carried a blunderbuss in his hand, another tucked under his arm, and a brace of holster pistols stuck in his waistband. His old servant had the master's fowling-piece, and the rest, who were farm servants, had pitchforks.

As soon as I espied them, I roared out, 'Call off the dogs, I'm M——, you stupid drunken rascal.' 'Ho! ho! he's—hic—up in the arbutus.' 'Blur-an-agers, tare-an-taffy, sir, you'll shoot the dogs!' said old Paddy, knocking up the levelled blunderbuss. 'It's Mr M——; don't ye know his voice? Down, Fin—down, Oscar—down with ye,' and with persuasive words, and still more persuasive blows of the fowling-piece, Pat drew off the dogs, and took them away. I came down in a state of indescribable rage. Nothing vexes a man so much as the consciousness of being an object of mirth or ridicule.

Having paused awhile for words, I poured forth a torrent of abuse on Ahern. He hiccupped once or twice, looked with the most stupid astonishment at me, and, when I paused for breath, 'damned me but it would have been due to me to be shot; firstly, for leaving a Christian habitation at the dead hour of the night; secondly, for going at that hour by a haunted road; and, thirdly, for attempting to get in at a back window of his house, when I well knew that I had only to raise the latch, and walk in at the front door.'

'How the d—— could I get past your infernal dogs?' said I. 'Good dogs always know friends from foes,' he replied; 'but—hic—it was just one of your tricks—you wanted to frighten me, and—ha! ha! ha!—you got frightened yourself, and the devil's cure to you!—hic.' I was beginning again, when he stopped me by saying, 'that if I thought he had taken any advantage of me, matters could be made even; and he produced the holster pistols, saying 'that they were both double loaded; he had charged them himself, and I might have my choice.' In a minute the ground was measured; the men were ordered not to interfere, but stand aside; and Ahern himself asked me if I was ready, and immediately said 'fire!'

Well might he say 'the pistols were double charged;' they were trebly charged—loaded to the muzzles. In fact, it was safer to stand before than behind them. I was stunned by the report, and remained standing, until roused by one of the men asking me 'was I shot?' adding, that 'I had killed the master.' In an instant the whole impropriety of my conduct flashed before me, and I ran to my poor unfortunate friend, who lay motionless. I knelt down by his side, and never shall I forget the piercing anguish that at that moment penetrated my soul. All his virtues—his amiable qualities—his kind-heartedness—every good action of his life with which I was acquainted, and they were numerous, appeared in order before my mental vision; and then conscience,



shaking the ægis, on which appeared, not the Gorgon's, but my poor friend's blackened countenance, before me, and asking, 'Why did you do this?' froze up my faculties, and converted my outward seeming into stone; but within, there was a foretaste of the eternal torments.

Involuntarily I called upon his name; the sound of my own voice started me, arousing me to a sense of keener anguish; and I was about to break forth into some violent extravagance, when my unfortunate friend opened his eyes, and, looking at me with kindness, said, 'M—, you did not do it; my pistol burst and has hurt me—take me into the house—I'm sober enough now.'

Upon examination it was discovered that a piece of the pistol barrel had hit him above the forehead, cutting a path through his scalp; one of his fingers was broken, and his hand and arm were severely contused, but he seemed to think nothing of it, but desired one of the men to go for old Biddy Hoologhan, a celebrated doctress, and the rest of them to catch Rainbow. I refused to leave him in his then present condition, of which I was the unlucky cause, but he would not hear of my stopping. 'No, no,' said he, 'your business cannot be neglected; and as to fault, we may divide the matter between us, and bear each his own share. If I did not make the ridiculous rule, that a bottle of whisky once opened should be finished at once, I would not have drunk after you left me, but have gone to bed at once; in which case I'd have known your voice, and all would have been right. And if you were not so lazy as to object to a morning ride (which you must take after all), you'd have staid where you were, and saved all the mischief. But, at all events, remember for the rest of your days that 'the longest way round is often the shortest way home.'

Rainbow was caught at length. Ahern lent me a bridle, and at four o'clock I faced the road again, and arrived at Cloyne, without further adventure, at five, thoroughly soaked with the rain, which commenced heavily soon after my second departure, and for which I was thankful, as it partially cleansed me from the ditch mud, and accounted for my dripping and soiled state when I made my appearance before the earl, which I was obliged to do, without changing my dress, at half past five." NAISL

#### CHARACTER OF O'DONNELL, PRINCE OF TYRCONNELL IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(From the MS. Annals of the Four Masters, translated by Mr O'DONOVAN.)

A.D. 1537. In this year died O'Donnell (Hugh, son of Hugh Roe, who was son of Niall Garve, who was son of Torlogh of the Wine), Lord of Tyreconnell, Inishowen, Kinel-Moen, Fermanagh, and Lower Connaught; a man to whom rents and tributes had been paid by the people of other territories over which he had acquired dominion and jurisdiction, such as Moylorg, Machaire-Chonnacht, Clann-Conway, Costello, Gallen, Tirawly, and Conmaicne-Cuille, to the west, and Oireacht-ú-Chathain (the patrimony of O'Kane), the Route, and Clannaboy, to the east; for of all these there was not one territory that had not given him pledges for the payment of his tribute of protection. It was this man who had compelled the four lords who ruled Tyrone in his lifetime, to give him new charters of Inishowen, Kinel-Moen, and Fermanagh, by way of confirmations of the ancient charters which his ancestors had held in proof of their right to govern these countries; and this he had done, in order that he might peaceably enjoy jurisdiction over them, and have authority to summon their forces into the field when he wanted them. Neither in all this is there anything to be wondered at, for never had victory been seen with his enemies—never had he retreated one foot from any army, whether small or numerous; he had been distinguished as an abolisher of evil customs, and a restrainer of evil deeds, a destroyer and banisher of rebels and plunderers, and a rigid enforcer of the Irish laws and ordinances after the strictest and most upright manner; he was a man in whose reign the seasons had been favourable, so that both sea and land had been profusely productive while he continued on the throne; † a man

who had established every person in his country in his rightful hereditary possessions, to the end that no one of them might bear enmity to another; a man who had not suffered the power of the English to come into his country, for he had formed a league of peace and amity with the King of England so soon as he saw that the Irish would not yield the superiority to any one chief or lord among themselves, but that friends and blood relations fiercely contended against one another; and a man who had carefully protected from harm or violation the Termon-lands (or sanctuaries) belonging to the friars, churchmen, poets, and ollavies.

This O'Donnell (Hugh, son of Hugh Roe) died on the 5th of July, in the year of salvation 1537, being Wednesday, in the monastery of Donegall, having first taken upon him the habit of St Francis, having bewailed his crimes and iniquities, and done penance for his sins and transgressions. He was buried in the same monastery, with all the honour and solemnity which were his due; and Magnus O'Donnell was nominated to succeed him in his place by the successors of St Columbkille [viz. the Abbots of Kilmacrenan, Raphoe, and Derry], with the permission and by the advice of the nobles of Tyrconnell, both lay and ecclesiastical.

#### THE HARP.

THE harp was the favourite musical instrument, not only of the Irish, but of the Britons and other northern nations, during the middle ages, as is evident from their laws, and from every passage in their history in which there is the least allusion to music. By the laws of Wales, the possession of a harp was one of the three things that were necessary to constitute a gentleman, that is, a freeman; and no person could pretend to that title, unless he had one of those favourite instruments, and could play upon it.

In the same laws, to prevent slaves from pretending to be gentlemen, it was expressly forbidden to teach or to permit them to play upon the harp; and none but the king's musicians, and gentlemen, were allowed to have harps in their possession. A gentleman's harp was not liable to be seized for debt, because the want of it would have degraded him from his rank, and reduced him to a slave.

The harp was in no less estimation and universal use among the Saxons and Danes; those who played upon this instrument were declared gentlemen by law; their persons were esteemed inviolable, and secured from injuries by very severe penalties; they were readily admitted into the highest company, and treated with distinguished marks of respect wherever they appeared.

ANECDOTE OF JEROME DUIGENAN, A HARPER.—Some curious tales are told of Jerome Duigenan, a Leitrim harper, born in the year 1710. One is of so extraordinary a character, that, were it not for the particularity of the details, which savour strongly of an origin in fact, the editor would hesitate to give it publicity. He is, however, persuaded that he has it as it was communicated to O'Neill, between whose time and that of Duigenan there was scarcely room for the invention of a story not substantially true. It is as follows:—"There was a harper," says O'Neill, "before my time, named Jerome Duigenan, not blind, an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, and a charming performer. I have heard numerous anecdotes of him. The one that pleased me most was this. He lived with a Colonel Jones, of Drumshambo, who was one of the representatives in parliament for the county of Leitrim. The colonel, being in Dublin, at the meeting of parliament, met with an English nobleman who had brought over a Welsh harper. When the Welshman had played some tunes before the colonel, which he did very well, the nobleman asked him, had he ever heard so sweet a finger? 'Yes,' replied Jones, 'and that by a man who never wears either linen or woollen.' 'I bet you a hundred guineas,' says the nobleman, 'you can't produce any one to excel my Welshman.' The bet was accordingly made, and Duigenan was written to, to come immediately to Dublin, and bring his harp and dress of *Cautack* with him; that is, a dress made of beaten rushes, with something like a caddy or plaid of the same stuff. On Duigenan's arrival in Dublin, the colonel acquainted the members with the nature of his bet, and they requested that it might be decided in the House of Commons, before business commenced. The two harpers performed before all the members accordingly, and it was unanimously decided in favour of

\* Now the barony of Raphoe.

† Cormac, in his instructions to his son Cartry, tells him that "when a worthy prince reigns, the great God sends favourable seasons." It is worthy of remark that, among the oriental nations, the same notion prevails to the present day; and the poets of the East frequently express their anticipations of favourable weather and abundant harvests upon the accession of a peaceable monarch to the throne.

Compare with (what?) ...  
Hugh Roe) d. 1602 - in ...

Duigenan, who wore his full *Cauthack* dress, and a cap of the same stuff, shaped like a sugar loaf, with many tassels; he was a tall, handsome man, and looked very well in it."—*Bunting's Ancient Music of Ireland.*

### THE MOUNTAIN WALK.

BY J. U. U.

From the haunts of busy life,  
Homes of care, and paths of strife,  
Up the breezy mountain way,  
'Mid the upper fields of day,  
Let me wander, far and lonely,  
Without guide, save nature only;  
And still ever as I go,  
Lose all thought of things below,  
Cast all sorrow to the wind,  
While the low vales sink behind:  
Fetterless and spirit free  
As the merry mountain bee.  
Like a spirit, thought and eye  
Buoyant between earth and sky.  
There to bask in free pure light  
On the joyous mountain height;  
Dallying with the breeze and shower,  
Claiming kin with every flower,  
Catching iris dreams that glance  
On the breath of circumstance.  
Changing with the changeful scene—  
Solemn, sombre, gay, serene:  
As each change fresh wonders bring,  
Weaving thought from every thing.

Oft let shadowy hollows fall,  
And grey cliffs' embattled wall  
Crown the gloom with hoary height,  
Where the raven wheels his flight.  
Or green vale unfolding soft,  
In the lonesome crags aloft  
Shut the far down world from view.  
There, long up ether's darkening blue,  
The eye may gaze for worlds unseen,  
In the skyey void serene,  
And weave visions strange and fair,  
Of the starry empires there—  
Spirits changeless, pure, and bright,  
In their glorious vales of light;  
Till some wild note break the spell  
From sequester'd rural dell  
Where the mountain goatherds dwell:  
So to break the wild fond dream,  
And to man bring down the theme;  
For all earthly things impart  
Thoughts of Man to human heart.

Then from towery crag on high,  
If far city win the eye,  
Glittering through the misty air,  
'Twere a prospect meet and fair  
For the lone sequestered gaze  
O'er its wide uncertain maze.  
Then to muse on wealth and fame,  
And on every specious name  
That gilds the dross of earth below,  
Till, from reflection, wisdom grow.  
Wisdom:—not that sense which cleaveth  
To the world where all deceiveth;  
Not grave prudence, hard, yet hollow—  
In the beaten round to follow  
Lengthened aims, in life's short day,  
While the ages glide away:—  
But that moral, old and sage,  
Said and sung in every age;  
Old as man—yet ever new,  
Heard by all, and known to few;  
Murmur of Being's wave, that still,  
Unheeded as the babbling rill,  
In the world's noise, makes music only  
'Midst the hush of deserts lonely.

Last, from o'er the seaward steep,  
Let me view the spacious deep,  
While the billows break and flow  
In the caverned gloom below.

There let cloud and sunbeam flee  
O'er the sunned and shadowy sea—  
Light and dark in fleeting strife,  
Like the vanities of life;  
So to dream of joy and woe,  
Imaged in the gliding show,  
As they come, and as they fly,  
To the verge of sea and sky;  
So our joys and sorrows flee,  
Onward to eternity.  
Then away in spirit wrought  
By the voluntary thought,  
Where the heath is freshly springing,  
Where the sky-borne lark is clinging  
On mid air with lively song,  
Which the echoing cliffs prolong;  
O'er wild steep and dreamy hollow,  
On, still onward let me follow.  
While the airy morn is bright,  
While rich noon is at its height,  
Till eve falls with sober grey,  
Freely let me roam away.

### APOLOGUES AND FABLES,

IN PROSE AND VERSE, FROM THE GERMAN AND OTHER  
LANGUAGES.

(Translated for the Irish Penny Journal.)

#### No. I.—THE DISCONTENTED STONES.

A MASON was one day at work, building a stout wall to protect a garden; nigh him lay a piled-up heap of stones, which he took into his hands in succession, one by one, according as he wanted them. The stones on their part submitted with exemplary quietness to be handled and introduced into their appropriate places; for they were fully aware that the mason's object was to erect a wall, and they knew equally well that that object could not be attained, if they took it into their thick heads to rebel against the principle upon which he was proceeding. At last, however, somewhat to the mason's amusement, it did so happen, after he had accomplished a considerable portion of his task, that one contumacious fellow, upon being laid hold of, began to talk very big upon the rights of stones, and the tyranny of coercing stonekind in general, declaring, that for himself, whether in a wall or out of a wall, he was determined to enjoy that liberty which was the birthright of every stone upon the earth, and that he would sooner be trodden into powder than surrender it.

"I tell you plumply and plainly, Master Mason," said he, "that I will not be subjected to restraint. I must have scope for my energies. I must have room to look about me, and be able to roll to the left side or to the right, as I think proper, like a free agent!"

The mason, on hearing this, could not refrain from laughing. "Truly," said he, "I have lighted here on an eccentric specimen of the stony tribe. So, my good friend, you wish to have room to roll about in—eh?"

"Precisely," returned the other.

"Did you ever hear of the adage, 'a rolling stone gathers no moss?'"

"Yes, and despise it," answered the Stone; "a moss is a token of antiquity; and antiquity and absurdity are synonymous terms in my vocabulary. May heaven defend me from ever gathering moss!"

"Whew!" whistled the mason, in a manner to indicate mingled surprise and contempt. "Pray, what do you take yourself to be?"

"What do I take myself to be! Just a stone—a wall stone—neither more nor less."

"And are you content that I should allot you a position in the wall?"

"Certainly I am."

"And yet," said the mason, "you declare you will not be satisfied to remain under constraint? You must have room forsooth for your energies! Really your inconsistency is most ridiculous. Come; I have no time to lose; tell me at once what you would be at. Will you go into the wall, or shall I deposit you again on the ground?"

"I have made up my mind to oblige you by going into the wall," replied the Stone, with a patronizing air; "but I will

not be swindled out of my natural rights! Liberty is the first of these—and I must have liberty, even in a wall."

"So you shall," said the man; "your liberty will be that of obtaining your just position in the wall, and of maintaining it undisturbedly."

"Bah! what stupid, sneaking notions you have of liberty, surely! I tell you again that I must have space to expand and expatiate in. Do you think that I can stoop to fill the office of a mere wedge?"

"You tire out my patience, friend," said the mason: "there is no use in arguing the matter further. I see I cannot get you to take up your lodging in the wall: I see I must throw you on the earth again."

"Very well; be it so," returned the Stone: "liberty before all things! Pitch me to a respectable distance from the other stones, that I may feel myself unshackled and independent. I have the same right to be a free-stone that you have to be a free-mason."

"There, then," said the mason, and with the words he cast the Stone from him into the middle of the highway.

The Stone was now in the full enjoyment of its darling liberty. Exceedingly did it congratulate itself. For a time also everything went well with it. The summer was a mild one; the skies were bright, and the foot of the passenger was continually transferring it to a new locality, and showing it daily more and more of the ways of the world. But, alas! the summer could not last for ever: autumn came, and brought with it clouds of dust and showers of yellow leaves; and when the wind-gusts had subsided, there fell on the earth heavy torrents of rain; and the highway was covered with mire, and the measure of the isolated stone was forthwith taken for a surtout of mud; and there it lay, fallen from its high estate, and completely confounded by the passing eye with the vilest of the rubbish in its vicinity.

But this was not the worst: in the course of a few weeks, the rains continuing still to fall, and the mire to accumulate, the earth gave way under it, and it became, as it were, imbedded in a hole produced by the force of its own pressure on the soft soil, till at last no part of it remained above ground except the upper surface. Unfortunately, too, there was no longer a possibility of retracing its steps, for the wall was now erected and the mason was far away. Nothing remained for it but to sink deeper and deeper into the earth, until not a vestige of it remained visible to the eye. Alas! for our poor Stone! Oh, Liberty! Oh, Independence! ye are indeed desirable objects of attainment; but surely they who seek ye at the expense of the great combining principle of social order, commit a senseless and irremediable blunder.

In the spring following, the mason was employed in building another wall. He hoped that his work would be suffered to proceed without interruption on this occasion at least, but he was speedily undeceived; for one of the stones, just as in the previous year, began to grumble, and protest against the treatment to which it was about to be subjected. The mason, recollecting the former scene, was on the point of flinging it away at once; but second thoughts suggested to him the eligibility of first trying the effect of a little reasoning and remonstrance, "for, after all," said he, aloud, "no two stones are alike, and though I have met with one that was proof against argument, another may be less intractable in my hands."

"There it is!" cried the Stone impatiently; "no two stones alike!—that's your foolish mistake, your ignorance. I tell you that there is no difference between one stone and another: I am just as good as any stone in the wall, and I insist on my prerogatives."

"Hoity-toity!" exclaimed the mason, "but you are a sturdy beggar! Will you be condescending enough to define your prerogatives? I will thank you to tell me briefly how you would have me dispose of you."

"I want to be a corner-stone, then," said the rebel, "and a corner-stone I will be. I stand on my rights: all stones are equal; so, quick!—let me occupy a position in the corner."

"That you cannot do, my friend," returned the mason:—"don't you see that the corner-stones are already in their places?"

"I see that well enough," said the Stone; "but you can take one of them out, and install me in its place. I have as clear a right to be there as any of them: equality is the badge of us all: every one of us is from a common quarry: we are all stones alike. Take one of them out, and put me in."

"Now, see how grossly inconsistent you are!" urged the

workman: "all stones, you assert, are equal, and have the same rights: yet you would have me rudely displace and downgrade one of them for your pleasure, though, according to your own acknowledgment, you are not a bit better than he! Upon my word, but you have enlightened conceptions of what constitutes equality. But I cannot stand here arguing the question with you all day; my time is precious; I beg you will decide whether you are satisfied to form part of the wall or not."

"Assuredly I am," said the other, "but only as a corner stone. How can you be so blind as not to see that we are all stones alike, and all therefore equal?"

"You are all stones alike," replied the mason, "and so far equal, in a certain sense; but your equality consists merely in your being all liable to serve as wall-stones, not in your being all qualified for the place of corner-stones."

"A truce with your slavish doctrines!" cried the malcontent; "either make of me a corner-stone, or build your wall without me."

"Is that your final decision?" asked the mason. "I warn you not to trifle with me, for I cannot let my work wait for you any longer."

"I have said it," said the Stone. "I would see your wall trampled into dust, and the whole universe along with it, before I would surrender my great principle. Do what you please."

"Go, then, refractory wronghead," exclaimed the mason, "go and enjoy your equality where none will be likely to dispute it!" And so saying, he cast the Stone from him with a vigorous jerk; and the Stone, after it had completed its journey through the air, fell down, and from the force of its own gravitation sank several feet low into the bottom of a deep and slimy pool.

This was, for all historical purposes, the termination of its existence. What became of it in the pool ultimately, it is impossible to conjecture, for half a century has elapsed since; but as a total extinguisher was put upon its aspirations after notoriety by the accident, it is highly probable that if not worn quite away by the friction of the surrounding mud and water, it was at least gnawed to the core, in a moral sense, by its regrets for the folly of its past misconduct—regrets which we may suppose to have been shared in a pretty equal degree by its twin-brother of the preceding year, which had stirkled so stoutly in its colloquy with the mason for its favourite theory of liberty and independence.

#### THE AIR WE BREATHE.

THE objects which come every day before our eyes, the offices which involuntarily and almost unconsciously we at each moment must perform in order that we may live, are precisely the subjects concerning which the mass of mankind are least curious, and of the true nature and utility of which they are the most completely ignorant. It is thus with the air we breathe. There is no person but is aware of the necessity of breathing, and of the motion of the air caused by winds; but how few have asked themselves, What is air? How much is there of it? Could the same air be always used for breathing? How do fishes manage living in water in place of air? Yet the information thus obtainable might be the means of saving the lives of hundreds, as certainly the ignorance on these points has been the source of death, by painful and lingering torture, in many cases. We purpose, therefore, now to give some information about air, to show the importance of it to mankind, and to indicate how much we owe to the Omnipotent Providence that has given to air the properties that we find it to possess.

Although "trifles light as air" has become a proverb, yet air is positively heavy. A hog'shead of air weighs about ten ounces; this is heavier than the gas which is burned in the streets and shops, of which a hog'shead would weigh only seven ounces; and very much heavier than hydrogen gas, with which balloons were formerly filled, a hog'shead of hydrogen gas weighing only two-thirds of an ounce. A balloon filled with hydrogen, or even with coal gas, rises into the air, as oil or a cork rises up through water. The air being thus heavy, presses upon the earth; and by measuring the degree of pressure we can tell how much air there is. This is done by an instrument termed a barometer—a glass tube closed at one end, and which, having been filled with quicksilver, is turned upside down in a cup containing quicksilver also. The tube being shut at the top, the air does not press on the

quicksilver inside, but presses upon that in the basin; the quicksilver in the tube, which tends naturally to fall down into the basin, is thus forced to remain up in the tube by the pressure of external air; and it rises so high that the pressure inside, of the quicksilver, and outside, of the air, is equal. If the pressure of the air diminishes, the quicksilver falls; if the pressure of the air increases, the quicksilver rises: and as all great changes of the air are connected with changes of the weather, the barometer is generally known and consulted as a sort of weather-glass.

Every space of an inch square supports fifteen pounds weight of air; at the rate of ten ounces to a hogshead, the depth of the air would therefore be about five miles. But it is much deeper, for air is what is termed compressible—that is to say, it may by pressure be squeezed into a smaller bulk; and hence the air next the ground, being compressed by the portions above it, is much the heaviest portion. At three miles high a hogshead of air weighs only five ounces, and at eight miles high only two ounces; hence the limits of the air are much farther removed, and it is known to extend to at least forty miles.

The office of the air is to support animal life: no animal can live without air: even fishes require air. The water in which they swim contains air mixed with it, and this water washing the gills, which are their lungs, serves to them as the air directly acts on us. If we boil water until the air is expelled from it, and let it cool in a close vessel, we may drown a fish by putting it into such water, as easily as a land animal; it could not breathe. It is thus that in the lakes on the tops of very high mountains there are no fish. The heights are deserted by land and by water animals, in consequence of the air being too thin to support life. The way in which the air acts upon the body is very interesting. The most abundant element of our food is what the chemists term carbon, of which, in a gross manner, charcoal may serve as an example. Now, we eat much more of this than we require for the supply of our bodies, and it must be got rid of. This is done by its uniting in the body with a substance termed oxygen, and forming carbonic acid, the sort of air which boils up in soda water and ginger beer. This dissolves in the blood, colouring it a deep purple, and escapes from it when by the action of the heart the black blood is exposed to the action of the air on the surface of the lungs. Now, the office of the air is to supply this oxygen which removes the carbon from the blood. But the air is not pure oxygen. If it were, it would act too violently. An animal which breathes pure oxygen, becomes flushed, pants violently, and, if not choked, dies of inflammation of the lungs, produced by the intense action. In the air we breathe, the oxygen gas is diluted to the proper degree by another gas, termed nitrogen, which is totally destitute of power; it does of itself no good and no harm; it is the only substance that could be mixed in the air we breathe, without interfering in any way. When thus the blood loses, by exposure to the air in the lungs, its carbonic acid, it takes oxygen in its place; from dark purple it becomes bright red, and is then proper to take up a fresh quantity of carbon, and to sustain the body in health by its removal.

When anything burns in the air, it is the oxygen which is active. The nitrogen dilutes here also the oxygen, and keeps its activity down to the degree most suitable to our wants. If the air were pure oxygen, all our domestic fires would be violent conflagrations; our iron pokers and tongs, if heated red hot, would take fire and burn like squibs; no comfort, no safety for society could exist. But in burning, this oxygen is destroyed. If a candle be placed lighted under a glass bell, it will, after a little, go out. The air will become unfit to support combustion. Here also, as well as in the burning of coals, coke, gas, oil, charcoal, &c. the oxygen is changed into carbonic acid, and precisely as a fresh supply of oxygen is necessary for the continuance of life, so is it for combustion.

The air contains about one part in five of oxygen, and, as has been seen, this oxygen is liable to continual destruction by the breathing of animals and the burning of fuel and of lights. An ordinary man spoils in twenty-four hours 720 cubic feet of air, that is, a mass of air 11 feet 6 inches square and 6 feet thick. The burning of three ounces of charcoal, or of a mould candle of six to the pound, produces the same effect. It is not unusual in a factory to burn ten tons of coal a-day, which spoils 3,185,760 cubic feet of air, a mass of a quarter of a mile square and six feet thick. If we multiply these numbers by the number of inhabitants, of man and of

all other animals upon the earth, and also by the quantity of fuel burned all over the globe, it will be evident that without some regulating power superior to all that mere human means could devise, the air might ultimately become unfit to be the sustenance of living beings, and all the numerous tribes of animated nature which now adorn its surface, would be destroyed.

By the all-wise arrangement of Providence, however, the animals, in thus converting the oxygen of the air into carbonic acid, become the means of supplying nourishment to another class of beings equally interesting and numerous. All vegetables breathe; but as animals take in too much carbon with their solid food, so do plants obtain too little from the substances that give nourishment to their roots. The animal breathes to give off carbon, the vegetable breathes to take it up. The two great divisions of living nature thus act in contrary ways upon the air; the oxygen consumed by the animal or by combustion, is given out again by the carbon of the carbonic acid becoming fixed in the plant of which it forms the woody mass; and thus the composition of the air is kept balanced at its proper point, and provision for the due nutrition of animals and vegetables is secured.

The air we breathe serves, however, for other important uses. Without the air, the fresh breezes which moderate the heats of summer could not exist, and there would prevail in nature an eternal silence, for it is by means of air that we not only breathe, but hear. The variety of aspect given to the sky by the formation and rapid change of clouds, arises from the mixture of warm and of cold damp air. If there was no air, there might be dew, but there could never be a cloud.

Without the air we could not have the bright blue sky which gives to our fine season its greatest charm. The heavens would be a vault of intense black, in which the sun would appear alone a glaring ball of fire, whose rays, unmitigated by the air which now absorbs them in their passage through its mass, would be a continual source of ill. The blue sky, the bright white clouds, arise from the sun's rays being partly stopped, and turned from one object to another. The sun's rays really consist of light of all the colours of the rainbow; of these the red portion is lost in passing through the air, and the blue remains, giving the colour we observe. Without the air, a place shaded from the sun would be in absolute darkness; as it now exists, a quantity of light is scattered about in every way by the different portions of the air, and thus an agreeable shade provided in place of the total absence of all light. On very elevated tops of mountains, where the traveller is placed above the greater portion of the air, all these effects of its absence which we have noticed, are found to exist. On the summit of Mont Blanc, a pistol discharged is scarcely heard, and a companion once out of sight, may be lost; for neither can he produce any noise by his own exertions, nor could his voice reach his friends, even if he could speak; the sky is deep indigo-coloured, or nearly black; and those objects on which the sun's light does not directly fall, are seen with difficulty.

Such are the uses of the common air we breathe. Such are the benefits we derive from a blessing, of whose existence when at rest we are almost unconscious.

**ABSENCE OF MIND.**—A well-known gentleman of Magdalen College, Cambridge, had taken his watch from his pocket, to mark the time he intended to boil an egg for his breakfast, when a friend entering the room, found him absorbed in some abstruse calculation, with the egg in his hand, upon which he was intently looking, and the watch supplying its place in the saucepan of boiling water.

**EARLY RISING.**—Six or seven hours' sleep is certainly sufficient, and no one ought to exceed eight. To make sleep refreshing, the following things are requisite:—To take sufficient exercise in the open air; to avoid strong tea or coffee; to eat a light supper; and to lie down with a mind as cheerful and serene as possible. We hardly ever knew an early riser who did not enjoy a good state of health. It consists with observation, that all very old men have been early risers. This is the only circumstance attending longevity, to which we never knew an exception.

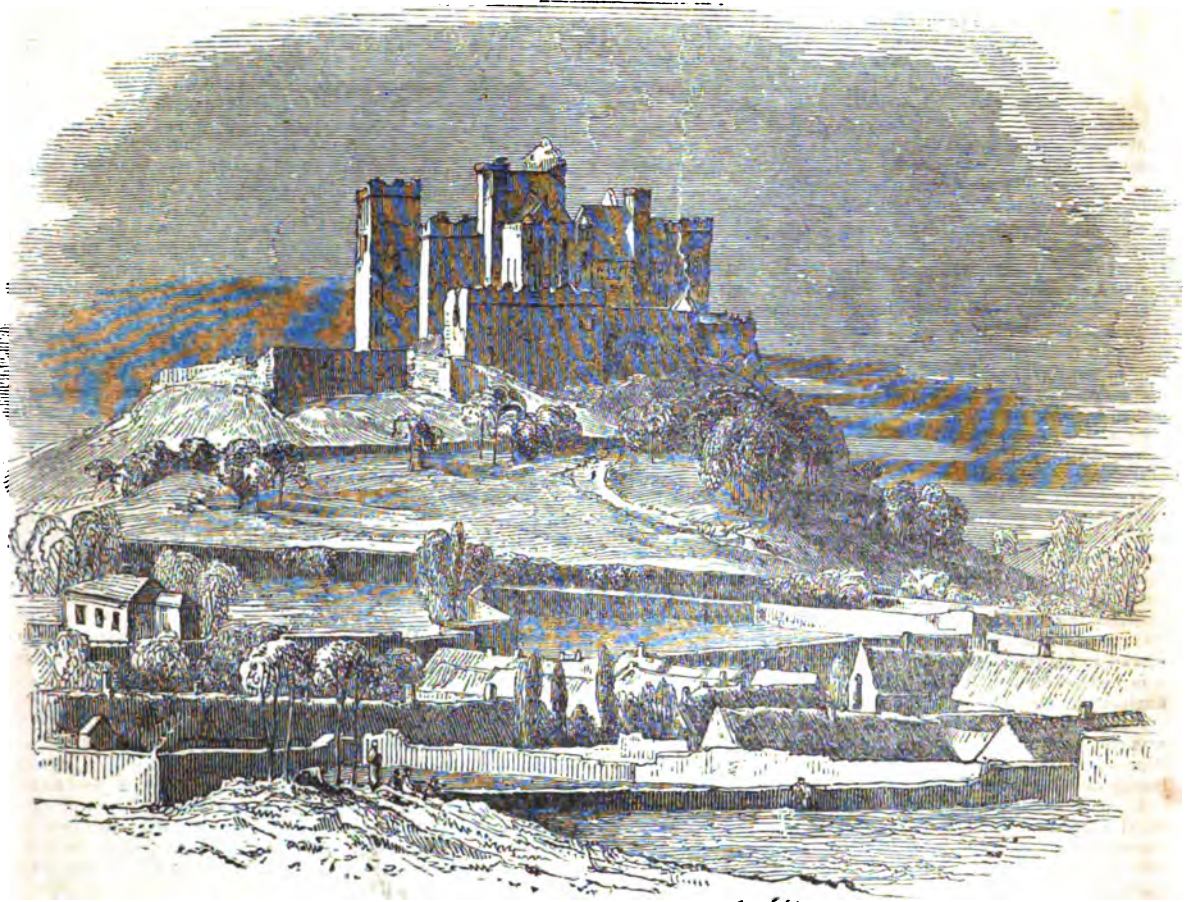


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



THE ROCK OF CASHEL, AS SEEN FROM THE SOUTH.

To such of our readers as have not had the good fortune to see the ancient metropolis of Munster, our prefixed illustration will, it is hoped, give some general idea of the situation and grandeur of a group of ruins, which on various accounts claim to rank as the most interesting in the British islands. Ancient buildings of greater extent and higher architectural splendour may indeed be found elsewhere; but in no other spot in the empire can there be seen congregated together so many structures of such different characters and uses, and of such separate and remote ages; their imposing effect being strikingly heightened by the singularity and grandeur of their situation, and the absence from about them of any objects that might destroy the associations they are so well calculated to excite. To give an adequate idea, however, of this magnificent architectural assemblage, would require not one, but a series of views, from its various surrounding sides. These we shall probably furnish in the course of our future numbers; and in the mean time we may state, that the buildings of which it is composed are the following:—

1st, An Ecclesiastical Round Tower, in perfect preservation.

2d, Cormac's Chapel, a small stone-roofed church, with

two side-towers, in the Norman style of the eleventh and twelfth centuries—also in good preservation.

3d, A Cathedral, with nave, choir, and transepts, in the pointed style of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, now in ruins, but which was originally only second in extent and the magnificence of its architecture to the cathedrals in our own metropolis.

4th, A strong Castle, which served as the palace of the Archbishops of Cashel.

5th, The Vicar's Hall, and the mansions of the inferior ecclesiastical officers of the Cathedral, which are also in ruins.

If, then, the reader will picture to himself such a group of buildings, standing in solitary grandeur on a lofty, isolated, and on some sides precipitous rock, in the midst of the green luxuriant plains of "the Golden Vale," he may be able to form some idea of the various aspects of sublimity and picturesqueness which it is so well calculated to assume, and of the exciting interest it must necessarily create even in minds of the lowest degree of intellectuality. Viewed from any point, it is, indeed, such a scene as, once beheld, would impress itself on the memory for ever.

It would appear from our ancient histories that the Rock

of Cashel was the site of the regal fortress of the Kings of Munster, from ages anterior to the preaching of the gospel in Ireland; and it is stated in the ancient lives of our patron Saint, that the monarch Ængus, the son of Nathfraoich, was here converted, with his family, and the nobles of Munster, by St Patrick in the fifth century. It would appear also from the same authorities, that at this period there was a Pagan temple within the fortress, which the Irish apostle destroyed; and though it is nowhere distinctly stated, as far as we are able to discover, that a Christian church was founded on its site in that age, the fact that it was so, may fairly be inferred from the statement in the Tripartite Life of the Saint, in which it is stated that no less than seventeen kings, descended from Ængus and his brother Oilíoll, being ordained monks, reigned at Cashel, from the time of St Patrick to the reign of Cinnegeoghan, who, according to the Annals of Innisfallen, was deposed in the year 901, Cormac MacCuilleanan being set up in his place. However this may be, it can hardly admit of doubt that a church was erected, if not at that time, at least some centuries afterwards, as appears from the existing round tower, which is unquestionably of an age considerably anterior to any of the other structures now remaining. It is said, indeed, and popularly believed, that a cathedral church was erected here in the ninth century by the King-Bishop Cormac MacCuilleanan; and if we had historical authority for this supposition, we might conclude, with every probability, that the round tower was of that age. But no such evidence has been found, and Cashel is only noticed in our annals as a regal residence of the Munster kings, till the beginning of the twelfth century, when, at the year 1101, it is stated in the Annals of the Four Masters, that "a convocation of the people of Leath Mogha, or the southern half of Ireland, was held at Cashel, at which Murtough O'Brien, with the nobles of the laity and clergy, and O'Dunan, the illustrious bishop and chief senior of Ireland, attended, and on which occasion Murtough O'Brien made such an offering as king never made before him, namely, Cashel of the Kings, which he bestowed on the devout, without the intervention of a laic or an ecclesiastic, but for the use of the religious of Ireland in general." The successor of this monarch, Cormac MacCarthy, being deposed in 1127, as stated in the Annals of Innisfallen, commenced the erection of the church, now popularly called "Cormac's Chapel." He was, however, soon afterwards restored to his throne, and on the completion of this church it was consecrated in 1134. This event is recorded by all our ancient annalists in nearly the following words:—

"1134. The church built by Cormac MacCarthy at Cashel was consecrated this year by the archbishop and bishops of Munster, at which ceremony the nobility of Ireland, both clergy and laity, were present."

It can scarcely be doubted that this was the finest architectural work hitherto erected in Ireland, but its proportions were small; and when, in 1152, the archbishopric of Munster was fixed at Cashel by Cardinal John Paparo, the papal legate, it became necessary to provide a church of greater amplitude. The present cathedral was in consequence erected by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, and endowed with ample provisions in lands, and the older church was converted into a chapel, or chapter-house.

But though the present ruined cathedral claims this very early antiquity, its existing architectural features chiefly belong to a later age—namely, the commencement of the fifteenth century, when, as appears from Wares's Antiquities, the cathedral was rebuilt by the archbishop, Richard O'Hedian, or at least repaired, from a very ruinous condition in which it then was. The Vicar's Hall, &c. was also erected by this prelate; and it is not improbable that the castle was erected, or at least re-edified, at the same period. It would appear, however, to have been repaired as late as the sixteenth century, from the shields bearing the arms of Fitzgerald and Butler, which are sculptured on it—prelates of these names having governed the see in succession in the early half of that century.

The interior of the cathedral is crowded with monuments of considerable antiquity; and the tomb of Cormac MacCarthy is to be seen on one side of the north porch, at the entrance to his chapel. It was opened above a century since, and a pastoral staff, of exquisite beauty, and corresponding in style with the ornaments of the chapel, was extracted from it. It is now in the possession of Mr Petrie. The cemetery contains no monument of any considerable age; but on the south side there is a splendid but greatly dilapidated stone cross, which, there can be no doubt, belongs to the twelfth century.

To give any detailed description of the architectural features of these various edifices, would extend beyond the space prescribed by the limits of our little Journal for a single paper; yet, as some description will be expected of us, we shall briefly state a few particulars.

The round tower—the more ancient remain upon the Rock—is fifty-six feet in circumference and ninety feet in height; it contains five stories, has four apertures at top, and has its doorway twelve feet from the ground.

Cormac's Chapel consists of a nave and choir, but has neither transepts nor lateral aisles. It is richly decorated in the Norman style of the time, both exteriorly and interiorly; and the entire length of the building is fifty-three feet. There are crypts between the arches of the choir and nave and the stone roof; and there is a square tower on each side of the building, at the junction of the nave and choir. Taken as a whole, there is no specimen of its kind in the British empire so perfect or curious.

The cathedral, as already stated, consists of a choir, nave, and transepts, with a square tower in the centre. The greatest length, from east to west, is about two hundred and ten feet, and the breadth in the transepts is about a hundred and seventy feet. There are no side aisles, and the windows are of the lancet form, usual in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. A century has not yet elapsed since this magnificent pile was doomed to destruction, and that by one who should have been its most zealous preserver. Archbishop Price, who succeeded to this see in 1744, and died in 1752, not being able, as tradition states, to drive in his carriage up the steep ascent to the church door, procured an act of parliament to remove the cathedral from the Rock of Cashel into the town, on which the roof was taken off for the value of the lead, and the venerable pile was abandoned to ruin!

Of the remarkable historical events connected with these ruins, our space will only permit us to state, that in 1495 the cathedral was burned by Gerald, the eighth Earl of Kildare; for which act, being accused before the king, his excuse was, that it was true, but that he would not have done so but that he had supposed the archbishop was in it; and his candour was rewarded with the chief governorship of Ireland!

In 1647, the cathedral—being filled with a vast number of persons, many of whom were ecclesiastics, who had fled thither for refuge and protection, a strong garrison having been placed in it by Lord Taaffe—was taken by storm by the Lord Inchiquin, with a considerable slaughter of the garrison and citizens, including twenty ecclesiastics. It was again taken by Cromwell in the year 1649.

In conclusion, we shall only remark, that the venerable group of ruins of which we have attempted this slight sketch, considered as an object of interest to pleasure tourists, and those of our own country in particular, have not as yet been sufficiently appreciated; and that, as Sir Walter Scott truly remarked, though the scenery of our lakes and mountains may be rivalled in many parts of the sister islands, there is nothing of their class, viewed as a whole, comparable in interest with the ruins on the Rock of Cashel. P.

**POETICAL PROPHECY OF BISHOP BERKELEY.**—To our illustrious countryman, Bishop Berkeley, may be with justice applied what he himself says of his favourite, Plato, that "he has joined with an imagination the most splendid and magnificent, an intellect fully as deep and clear." A morsel of poetry from such a writer ought to be preserved as a literary curiosity, and as a proof of the great variety of his talents; but when we consider that the following was written almost in a prophetic spirit, more than a century ago, and consequently long before the events to which he seems to allude could well have been anticipated, it has an additional claim upon our notice.

"AMERICA, 1730.

There shall be sung another golden age,  
The rise of empires and of arts.  
The good and great inspiring epic rage,  
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as EUROPE breeds in her decay;  
Such as she bred when fresh and young,  
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,  
By future poets shall be sung.

*Westward the course of empire bends its way—*

The four first acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama and the day;  
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

THE SCENERY AND ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND  
ILLUSTRATED,

BY BARTLETT AND WILLIS.

"Know thyself," was the wise advice of the ancient Greek philosopher; and it is certainly desirable that we should know ourselves, and take every pains in our power to acquire self-knowledge. But the task is by no means an easy one; and hence the poet Burns well exclaims,

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gi'e us,  
To see ourself as others see us;  
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,  
And foolish notion.  
What airs in dress and gait wad lea' us,  
And e'en devotion!"

Determined, however, as we for our own part always are, to acquire a knowledge of ourselves, we felt no small gratification at the opportunity which, we presumed, would be amply afforded us by the work of Messrs Bartlett and Willis, the first an English artist, and the second an American *litterateur*, who have left their homes, in a most commendable spirit of philanthropy, to depict our scenery and antiquities, and to tell us all that it behoves us to know about them and ourselves. We accordingly lost not a moment in possessing ourselves of the precious treasure that would, as we hoped, "the giftie gi'e us, to see ourself as others see us;" and verily we must acknowledge that our wonderment during its perusal has been excessive, and that it has convinced us that we never knew ourselves before, or ever saw any thing about us with proper eyes. Henceforward we shall be cautious how we trust to the evidence of our senses for any thing we may see, for it is pretty plain that hitherto they have been of no manner of use to us. They have deceived and bamboozled us our whole lives long; and from the present moment we will trust to none save those of Messrs Bartlett and Willis—at least we will never trust to our own.

The very vignette on the title-page gave us some startling notification of the fearful discovery that awaited us. We had flattered ourselves that we were quite familiar with all the remarkable features of Irish scenery, and should not fail at a glance to identify any delineation of them, inasmuch as there is not a river or lake in Ireland of any extent that we have not sailed on, not a mountain that we have not climbed, not a headland or island on our coast that we have not visited. But here was a subject of a striking and most remarkable character that appeared quite new to us, nor should we ever have been able to guess at it, if a friend to whom we applied for information had not assured us, to our utter astonishment, that he was informed it was nothing less than our old acquaintance the Giants' Causeway! The wonder at our blindness, however, in some degree diminished when we perceived—if we can guess at the only point from which such a view could be obtained—that the ingenious artist had represented the sun setting in the north; for as often as we had been at the Causeway, we never had the observation or good fortune to witness such a sight. We must confess, moreover, that our feelings of mortification at our ignorance were partly soothed, when we turned over to the next vignette, which we at once recognised by its bridge to have been intended for Poul-a-phuca, or, as Messrs Bartlett and Willis name it, more correctly we presume, Phoula Phuca! We cannot, however, state the impression left on our minds by each of the prints in succession; but we shall take a glance at two or three of them; and when we have pointed out the particulars that most confounded us in each, we can have little doubt that such of our readers as have never seen the places they are intended to represent, will concur in the conviction that has been forced upon us by our inspection of them.

The first of them that astounded us beyond measure was that called "Ancient Cross, Clonmacnoise." At this place we had erewhile spent some of our happiest hours, meditating among its tombs, and admiring alike its various ancient architectural remains, and the sublimely desolate but appropriate character of its natural scenery. So familiar had we grown with this most exciting scene, that we thought that we should have been able to identify every stone in it blindfold; but that was all a mistake: we had only a dim and erroneous vision of its features; we saw nothing accurately. For instance, the stone cross which forms the principal object in the foreground, and which gives name to this subject—this cross, which we had often drawn and measured,

and found to be just fifteen feet in height, as Harris the antiquary had supposed before us, here appears to be more than twenty feet! while the base of it, which to our eyes always presented the appearance of a surface covered with a sculptural design of a deer-hunt, by men, dogs, chariots, and horses, is here an unadorned blank! The small round tower in the middle ground, which, as we believed, stood on the very shore, nearly level with the Shannon, has in this view mounted up the side of the hill. But what struck us as furnishing the most remarkable proofs of our defect of vision is, that the doorway of the great round tower, called O'Rourke's Tower, which, according to our measurement, was five feet six inches in height, and placed at the distance of eight feet from the ground, is here represented as at least twenty feet from it; and the stone wall of the cemetery, which, as it seemed to our perception, ran nearly from the doorway of the tower to within a few yards of the cross, has no existence whatever in the print, its place being occupied by some huge Druidical monument which we never were able to see. The perspective in this view is also of a novel kind, and well worthy of the attention of the Irish artists, and all those in Ireland who may hitherto have supposed that they knew something of this science. They will see that the level lines, or courses, on circular buildings, instead of ascending to the horizontal line when below it, descend to some horizontal line of their own; and that in fact there is not one horizontal line only in the picture, but perhaps a dozen, which fully proves that our previous notions on this point were wholly erroneous.

But we must hurry on. What have we got next? "Clew Bay from West Port," or "Baie De Clew, vue de West Port." Well, we believe this is intended for the beautiful Bay of Westport, called Clew Bay; but, if so, what has become of the beautiful country of Murisk, renowned in Irish song, which used to be situated at the base of Croagh Phadruig, or Croagh Patric? And is this the noble Reek itself? Good heavens! but it must have suffered from some strange convulsion since we saw it; it has been actually torn into a perpendicular cliff from its very summit to its base. But what are we thinking of? It was, we suppose, always so; and our not having observed it, is only a proof that we were never able to look at it correctly—and we should know better in future.

One peep more, and we shall have done. What is this? Scene from Cloonacartin Hill, Connemara. Ay, that's a scene we have looked at for many an hour. That group of jagged and pointed mountains to the left is the glorious Twelve Pins of Binnabeola. We never indeed saw them grouped so closely together, or standing so upright; but no matter: the hurricane of last year perhaps has blown them together, and carried away their sloping bases. But what do we see in the middle ground? The two lakes of Derry Clare and Lough Ina joined in one; and the rapid and unnavigable river which united them, or which we thought we saw there—where is it? *Non est inventus*: alas! alas! it is not to be found. Most wonderful! Lough Ina, with its three little wooded islands, no longer exists as a separate lake. It has, however, now got ten islands instead of three; but, then, they are all bare—all, all!—and the ancient ones have lost their wood. In like manner the flat heathy grounds between the mountains and the lakes to the right, have wholly disappeared, and nothing but water is to be seen in their place.

But our limits will not permit us to notice any more of Mr Bartlett's innumerable discoveries, which are equally remarkable in all his other views; so, after making him our grateful bow, we turn to the labours of his coadjutor, the celebrated author of "Pencilings by the Way," &c., little doubting that by his lucubrations we shall be equally edified and astonished. Mr Willis does not attempt a description of the scenes depicted by his co-labourer—it would, perhaps, be a difficult task for him, as in the instance of the view from Cloonacartin Hill, which we have noticed. But instead thereof, he treats us to pencilings of his own of a very graphic character, and usually as little like nature, as we had supposed it in Ireland, as even the drawings of Mr Bartlett. The chief difference between them is, that while the sketches of the one are landscape, those of the other are generally in the figure line; and after the model of the Dutch masters, mostly consisting of hackney-car drivers, waiters, chamber-maids, and, what his principal forte lies in, beggars! In his sketches of the latter he beats Callot himself; they are evidently drawn for love of the thing. After witnessing "the



splendid failure at Eglintoun Castle," Mr Willis embarks at Port-Patrick, and lands at Donaghadee. This he tells us he did in imitation of St Patrick, "who evidently," like Mr Willis, "knew enough of geography to decide which point of Scotland was nearest to the opposite shore." This was new to us; but it should be noted in chronicles. He then travels on an Irish car to Belfast, and, like more of our modern visitors who favour us with their lucubrations, gives us a sketch of the said car, horse, and its driver, which, of course, are all singular things in their way. The pencilling, however, is a pleasant one enough, as it shows us that the car-driver very soon smoked the character of the travellers he had to take care of, and quizzed accordingly in a very proper and creditable Irish style. After a dangerous journey Mr Willis arrives safely in Belfast, and proceeds to give us his sketch of its inhabitants in the following words:—

"It was market-day at Belfast, and the streets were thronged with the country people, the most inactive crowd of human beings, it struck me, that I had ever seen. The women were all crouching under their grey cloaks, or squatting upon the thills of the potato-carts, or upon steps or curbstones; and the men were leaning where there was any thing to lean against, or dragging their feet heavily after them, in a listless lounge along the pavement. It was difficult to remember that this was the most energetic and mercurial population in the world; yet a second thought tells one that there is an analogy in this to the habits of the most powerful of the animal creation—the lion and the leopard, when not excited, taking their ease like the Irishman."

Men of Belfast, what think you of that? But hear him out—

"I had thought, among a people so imaginative as the Irish, to have seen some touch of fancy in dress, if ever so poor—a bit of ribbon on the women's caps, or a jaunty cock of the 'boy's' tile, or his jacket or coat worn shapely and with an air. But dirty cloaks, ribbonless caps, uncombed hair, and not even a little straw taken from the cart and put under them when they sat on the dirty side-walk, were universal symptoms that left no room for belief in the existence of any vanity whatsoever in the women; many of them of an age, too, when such fancies are supposed to be universal to the sex. The men could scarce be less ornamental in their exteriors; but the dirty sugar-loaf hat, with a shapeless rim, and a twine around it to hold a pipe; the coat thrown over the shoulders, with the sleeves hanging behind; the shoes mended by a wisp of straw stuffed into the holes, and their faces and bare breasts nearly as dirty as their feet, were alike the uniform of old and young. Still those who were not bargaining were laughing, and even in our flourishing canter through the market I had time to make up my mind, that if they had taken a farewell of vanity, they had not of fun."

Again we say, men of Belfast, what think you of that? Did you ever see yourselves in this manner? If so, we must say that it is more than we ever did, though we have spent many a gay week in your noble, thriving, and most industrious town. "Neither a bit of ribbon on the women's caps, nor a jaunty cock of the boy's tile;" no, "but the dirty sugar-loaf hat, with a shapeless rim, and a twine round it to hold a pipe; and the shoes mended by a wisp of straw stuffed into the holes," &c. This certainly fogs; and we must look more attentively to the Belfastians in future.

Mr Willis proceeds to the hotel called the Donegal Arms, which he allows is a handsome house, in a broad and handsome street; and then he adds, "But I could not help pointing out to my companion the line of soiled polish at the height of a man's shoulder on every wall and doorstep within sight, showing, with the plainness of a high-water mark, the average height as well as the prevailing habit of the people. We certainly have not yet found time to acquire that polish in America [most civilized people!]; and if we must wait till the working classes find time to lean, it will be a century or two at least before we can show as polished an hotel as the Donegal Arms at Belfast, or (at that particular line above the side walk) as polished a city altogether." Such is Mr Willis's description of the Gresham's Hotel of Belfast, a house which we had foolishly thought was remarkable for its cleanliness, order, and good accommodation. Of course he got a miserable dinner of "unornamented chops and potatoes," after which he proceeded to visit the lions of Belfast. But we cannot follow him in all his wanderings, though he tells us many things that are not a little amusing, as, for instance, that the houses have a noseless and flattened aspect; that he saw Du-

bue's pictures of Adam and Eve, and sagaciously remarks how curious it is to observe how particularly clean they are (that is, Adam and Eve) before they sinned, and how very dingy after—being dirtied by their fall; and, what was very agreeable to him, the exhibitor of the pictures actually called him by name, having remembered seeing the great penciller in America! After having read the advertisements stuck on every wall, of "vessels bound to New York," and having "done that end of the town," he returned towards the inn. He then sallied out again to do the other end, and tells us with great satisfaction of a successful petty larceny of a very sentimental kind which he achieved in the Botanical Gardens—namely, plucking a *heart's-ease*, as an expressive remembrance of his visit—"in spite of a cautionary placard, and the keeper standing under the porch and looking on." After this feat he returned to the inn, and very wisely went to bed. "A bare-footed damsel, with very pink heels"—recollect, reader, that this was in the Donegal Arms—"was

'My grim chamberlain,

Who lighted me to bed;

and in some fear of oversleeping the hour for the coach in the morning, I reiterated, and 'sealed with a silver token,' my request to be waked at six. Fortunately for a person who possesses Sancho's 'alacrity at sleep,' the noise of a coach rattling over the pavement woke me just in time to save my coffee and my place. I returned to my chamber the moment before mounting the coach for something I had forgotten, and as the clock was striking eight, the faithful damsel knocked at my door and informed me that it was *past six*."

Mr Willis is a fortunate traveller. Often as we have stopped at the Donegal Arms, we never had the good fortune to see the pink heels or bare legs of a chambermaid; and the moral economy of the house must be greatly changed also, when they allow the gentlemen to be called by the said bare-legged damsels; a duty which, in our visits at it and all other respectable hotels, always devolved on that useful personage called Boots. We do not think, however, that this change of the system—leaving the calling of the gentlemen to the chambermaids—would work well, except in the case of American travellers. Still, however, as he says, he was in time, and started off—no longer in St Patrick's track, but on King William's route to the battle of the Boyne—and arrives in Drogheda to dinner. He tells us that the country is very bare of wood, and then proceeds in the following words to describe the habitations.

"But what shall I say of the *human habitations* in this (so called) most thriving and best-conditioned quarter of Ireland? If I had not seen every second face at a hovel-door with a smile on it, and heard laughing and begging in the same breath everywhere, I should think here were human beings abandoned by their Maker. Many of the dwellings I saw upon the roadside looked to me like the abodes of extinguished hope—forgotten instincts—grovelling, despairing, nay, almost idiotic wretchedness. I did not know there were such sights in the world. I did not know that men and women, upright, and made in God's image, could live in styes, like swine, with swine—sitting, lying down, cooking and eating in such filth as all brute animals, save the one 'unclean,' revolt from and avoid. The extraordinary part of it, too, is, that it seems almost altogether the result of choice. I scarce saw one hovel, the mud-floor of which was not excavated several inches below the ground-level without; and as there is no sill, or raised threshold, there is no bar, I will not say to the water, but to the liquid filth that oozes to its lower reservoir within. A few miles from Drogheda, I pointed out to my companions a woman sitting in a hovel at work, with the muddy water up to her ankles, and an enormous hog scratching himself against her knee. These disgusting animals were everywhere walking in and out of the hovels at pleasure, jostling aside the half-naked children, or wallowing in the wash, outside or in—the best-conditioned and most privileged inmates, indeed, of every habitation. All this, of course, is matter of choice, and so is the offal-heap, situated, in almost every instance, directly before the door, and draining its putrid mass into the hollow, under the peasant's table. Yet mirth *does* live in these places—people *do* smile on you from these squalid abodes of wretchedness—the rose of health *does* show itself upon the cheeks of children, whose cradle is a dung-heap, and whose play-fellows are hogs! And of the beings who live thus, courage, wit, and quenchless love of liberty, are the undenied and universal characteristics. Truly, that mysterious law of nature by which corruption paints the rose and feeds the fragrant cup of the lily, is not without its similitude! Who shall say what is



clean, when the back of the most loathsome of reptiles turns out, on examination, more beautiful than the butterfly? Who shall say what extremes may not meet, when, amid the filth of an Irish hovel, spring, like flowers, out of ordure, the graces of a prince in his palace?"

All this, the reader will remark, was seen from the top of a stage-coach on a drenching wet day! What wonderful powers of observation he must have! The penciller next treats us to a song, descriptive of an Irish cabin, which he tells us was sung for him by one of the most beautiful women he saw in Ireland. His memorable arrival in Drogheda is thus described:—

"As we drove into Drogheda, we entered a crowd, which I can only describe as suggesting the idea of a miraculous advent of rags. It was market-day, and the streets were so thronged that you could scarce see the pavement, except under the feet of the horses; and the public square was a sea of tatters. Here and all over Ireland I could but wonder where and how these rent and frittered habiliments had gone through the preparatory stages of wear and tear. There were no degrees—nothing above rags to be seen in coat or petticoat, waistcoat or breeches, cloak or shirt. Even the hats and shoes were in rags; not a whole covering, even of the coarsest material, was to be detected on a thousand backs about us: nothing shabby, nothing threadbare, nothing mended, except here and there a hole in a beggar's coat, stuffed with straw. Who can give me the genealogy of Irish rags? Who took the gloss from these coats, once broadcloth? who wore them? who tore them? who sold them to the Jews? (for, by the way, Irish rags are fine rags, seldom frieze or fustian). How came the tatters of the entire world, in short, assembled in Ireland? for if, as it would seem, they have all descended from the backs of gentlemen, the entire world must contribute to maintain the supply."

Readers, such of you as have been in Drogheda, did you ever see any thing like this? People of Drogheda, do you recognise yourselves in this picture here drawn of you? We are sure you cannot. But he is not done with you yet. He had been rather unlucky in the pursuit of his favourite subjects for study in Belfast—namely, the beggars; but this disappointment was atoned for in Drogheda. He describes them thus:—

"I had been rather surprised at the scarcity of beggars in Belfast, but the beggary of Drogheda fully came up to the travellers' descriptions. They were of every possible variety. At the first turn the coach made in the town, we were very near running over a blind man, who knelt in the liquid mud of the gutter (the calves of his legs quite covered by the pool, and only his heels appearing above), and held up in his hands the naked and footless stumps of a boy's legs. The child sat in a wooden box, with his back against the man's breast, and ate away very unconcernedly at a loaf of bread, while the blind exhibitor turned his face up to the sky, and, waving the stumps slightly from side to side, kept up a vociferation for charity that was heard above all the turmoil of the market place. When we stopped to change horses, the entire population, as deep as they could stand, at least with any chance of being heard, held out their hands, and in every conceivable tone and mode of arresting the attention, implored charity. The sight was awful: old age in shapes so hideous, I should think the most horrible nightmare never had conceived. The rain poured down upon their tangled and uncovered heads, seaming, with its cleansing torrents, faces so hollow, so degraded in expression, and, withal, so clogged with filth and neglect, that they seemed like features of which the very owners had long lost, not only care, but consciousness and remembrance; as if, in the horrors of want and idiocy, they had anticipated the corrupting apathy of the grave, and abandoned every thing except the hunger which gnawed them into memory of existence. The feeble blows and palsied fighting of these hag-like spectres for the pence thrown to them from the coach, and the howling, harsh, and unnatural voices in which they imprecated curses on each other in the fury of the struggle, have left a remembrance in my mind, which deepens immeasurably my fancied *admir* of human abandonment and degradation. God's image so blasted, so defiled, so sunk below the 'beasts that perish,' I would not have believed was to be found in the same world with *hope*."

But we, and our readers too, have probably had enough of Mr Willis's "Pencilings by the Way" in Ireland—pencilings which would seem to have been sketched with a material to which he is apparently very partial, namely, dirt. And now,

in return for the favour which this gentleman and his coadjutor have conferred upon us, by their exertions to enable us to improve our acquaintance with ourselves, we shall communicate our own opinion of them, and hope they will be equally benefited by the knowledge. We think, then, that they are a pair of gentlemen who must have a wonderfully good opinion of themselves, and that not altogether without reason, inasmuch as they possess in common one quality, which shall be nameless, but in which not even we, natives of the Emerald Isle as we are, can pretend to compete with them. We do not think that there are any two Irishmen living, who would travel into a foreign country to represent its scenery like the one, or sketch the manners and characteristics of its inhabitants like the other, and expect that they should be rewarded by the purchase of their works by that people or in that country. Mr Bartlett is but an indifferent artist, unacquainted even with some of the rudiments of his art, who has acquired the trade-knack of making pretty pictures by imitating the works of others, and by a total disregard of the real features of the scenes which he undertakes to depict. Mr Willis is a more accomplished sketcher in his line; and his delineations might be of value, if his conceited ambition to produce effect did not continually mar whatever intrinsic worth they might otherwise possess; but as it is, he is little better than a pert and flippant caricaturist. Neither one nor the other of these gentlemen, in short, would seem qualified for the task which they have so daringly undertaken; and we think it would have been well, if, before they resolved upon going through with it, they had been mindful of the Eastern proverb, "A lie, though it promise good, will do thee harm, and truth will do thee good at the last." Applying this to ourselves as critics, we feel in conclusion bound to acknowledge that the prints in this work, considered as engravings, are deserving of the highest praise. X. Y.

#### SUNRISE.

The night is past,  
And the mists are fast  
Receding before the morning blast;  
But still the light  
Of the Moon is bright,  
As reluctant she yields to the Sun his right;  
And the morning star  
Appears, afar,  
To announce the approach of Aurora's car.  
The silver sea  
Yet seems to be  
As calm as the rest of infancy;  
And the mountain steep  
Is still in the deep  
Profound repose of a giant's sleep;  
And the gurgling rill,  
That is never still,  
Seems to double its noise to arouse the hill.  
The Moon in the west  
Now sinks to rest,  
And the night-bird withdraws to its ivied nest  
In yon antique tower,  
Which shows how the power  
And pride of man pass away in an hour:  
And the carol—hark!  
Of the early lark,  
Proclaims the Sun to the dell still dark.  
A yellow ray,  
As if from the spray  
Of the ocean, springs with the stars to play;  
But they shrink away,  
As afraid to stay,  
And leave the rude beam to disport as it may;  
And, one by one,  
They all have gone,  
And the sky is bright where they lately shone.  
The surges roar  
On the sounding shore,  
As if to awaken the mountain hoar;  
But the morning light  
Has just touched the height  
Of his topmost crag, and awaked his sight,

And twitched away,  
In mirthful play,  
His dew-soaked nightcap of misty grey.  
See yon green wood  
That o'erhangs the flood  
Of that beautiful river; it seems as it would  
Fain stoop to greet  
The water sweet,  
Which coquettishly glides away, as fleet  
As a mountain fay,  
In fairy play,  
And to the great ocean runs away.  
Now the zenith is white  
With a doubtful light,  
That is dulled with the dregs of the recent night;  
But 'tis fast giving way  
To the saffron ray,  
That can only be seen at dawn of day;  
And this is pushed on  
By the golden one  
Which precedes the car of the glorious Sun.  
Now, the fearful pride  
Of the mountain's side,  
Rocks and chasms and cliffs one by one are descried;  
And the brightening light  
Descends the height,  
With majestic step, to the plain now bright;  
And the golden vest  
Which adorns the east,  
Sends its searching rays to the dark, sullen west.  
The carpet of gold  
O'er his path's now unrolled,  
And all Nature's expectant its king to behold—  
And see! the first gem,  
The most brilliant of them  
That flash in the front of his diadem;  
And—majestic—slow,  
He uprises now,  
O'er rejoicing worlds, his radiant brow!

#### OLD PROVERBS.

"THERE'S LUCK IN LEISURE."

"DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS."

"JAMES SCANLAN wants to see you, sir. I told him you were hardly done dinner, but he begged me to let you know he is waiting."

"Dear me," said my father, "what can he want? Show him in, Carey.—Well, James, what is the matter?"

"Oh! your honour, sir, won't you come see my poor father? He'll speak to you, but we can't get a word from him. He's dying of grief, my mother is so bad."

"Your mother, James!—what has happened her?"

"She took a heavy cold, sir, on Friday last, from a wetting she got going to Cashel; and when she came home, she took to her bed, and it's worse and worse she has got ever since, and at last she began to rave this morning; and as Dr M'Carthy was going past to the dispensary, Pat called him in; and when he looked at her, he just shook his head and said he'd send her something, but that we must be prepared for any thing that might happen. Well, sir, when my father heard that, he went and sat down by the bedside, and taking my mother's hand in his, says he, 'Ah, then, Mary, a-cushlamachree, am I going to lose you? Are you going from me? Did I ever think I'd see this day? Ah, Mary, avourneen, sure you won't leave me?' And from that to this he has never stirred, nor spoken, nor taken the least notice of any one—not even of me—not even of me."

The poor fellow burst into a flood of tears.

In a few minutes I was standing with my father by the bedside of Mrs Scanlan. She was quite unconscious of what was passing around. Her husband, who was my father's principal tenant, and a substantial farmer, sat as his eldest and favourite son had described; and although the object of my father's visit was to rouse him from his lethargy, it was long ere he addressed himself to the task. It seemed almost sacrilegious to disturb such hallowed grief.

At length he laid his hand upon Scanlan's shoulder. "Come, James," said he, "look up, man; don't be so utterly cast down. You know the old saying, 'Whilst there's life, there's hope.'"

"It's kind of your honour to try and comfort me; but yours was always the good heart, and the kind one, and you never made the sight of your sunny face a compliment. But it's no use—there's no hope. The death's on her handsome countenance."

He groaned deeply, and rocked himself backwards and forwards.

"James," said my father, "we must be resigned to the will of God, but we need not make ourselves miserable by anticipating evils."

"Your honour was but a slip of a gossoon when you danced at the bright girl's wedding, and you're come now in time to see the last of the old woman—the old woman, the old woman," repeated he, as if something struck him in the sound of the words as strange. "Two-and-forty is not old, but they called her 'the old woman' since the boys began to grow up. But she never grew old to me; she's the same now that she was the first evening I told her, that she was the only treasure on the face of the earth that my heart coveted. Only, much as I loved her then, I love her more now. Oh! Mary, Mary, pulse of my heart, would to God I could die before you!"

The younger son Pat, his mother's favourite, now entered the room in a state of pitiable excitement. He had been at the dispensary to procure the medicine prescribed by the doctor, and to his imagination every person and every thing seemed to have conspired to delay him, whilst the lookers on deemed his haste almost superhuman.

He immediately attempted to administer the draught he had brought, but his mother could not be made to understand what was wanted of her; and at length, as if teased by his importunities, she suddenly dashed the cup of medicine from her.

The look of unutterable anguish with which he regarded her, as she rejected and destroyed that upon the taking of which depended the last hope, was indescribable.

The almost fierceness of his haste, which he now saw had been utterly useless, had flushed his cheek and lighted up his countenance, and he stood with his hands clasped, and raised as if in prayer, with firmly shut lips, and his eyes, in which you could view the transition from eager hope to utter despair, fixed upon her face, like a being that was changing into stone.

At the other side of the bed was his father, who had resumed his former attitude, and beside him stood his eldest son, whose utterly wretched countenance, alternating from one parent to the other, showed that he suffered that lowest state of misery, which anticipates still further and greater woe as a consequence from that which overwhelms at present.

My father left the room. I looked upon the group one instant. I felt that I could have resigned the possession of worlds to be permitted the luxury of raising the load of grief from those afflicted hearts; but it could not be, and I retired to relieve my surcharged feelings in solitude.

Ere morning dawned, nature had received another instalment of her debt.

My father and I attended the funeral, and were surprised at the apparent fortitude of Mr Scanlan. We wished to bring him with us to the Hall after the sad ceremony, but he would not come. We then accompanied him to his own house. As we entered, I glanced at him: he was ghastly pale. He looked slowly round, fixed his eyes one moment on the countenance of his younger son, another on the elder, and sank upon a chair.

Since the period of which I now write, I have often witnessed the closing scene of mortality, and various are the opinions I have heard, as to which point of time, between the moment of death and the first appearance abroad of the survivors in their mourning apparel, is the saddest, the most afflicting, or the most trying—whether the moment of dissolution, the first appearance of the undertaker, the laying out in the apparel of death, the bringing of the coffin, the last frantic kiss and look, the screwing down, the carrying out, the dull thud of the clay upon the coffin lid. Oh! think not that I am coolly writing this, that I am probing with the surgeon's calmness the deep, the sensitive (with many bleeding) wounds that death has given.

I am but a young man, yet my brain reels, and my eyes burn, and my heart swells to my throat, as memory holds the mirror to my view, and I see depicted in it the scenes, and feel again the feelings, that have been more than once or twice excited at the stages which I have just recounted in order. But of all the stabs thus given to the heart, of all those moments of anguish, the keenest is that felt when the survivor re-enters the house, where the form and the voice and the

cheerful laugh of the departed one had made his home a little paradise, and feels that that home is now for ever desolate! Is there a desert so deserted?

"James," said Mr Scanlan, after he had looked steadfastly at him for some time, "you were the first she brought me; and when you came into the world, I was almost beside myself with joy; and when I was allowed to enter the room where she was sitting up in bed, with you in her arms, I almost smothered you both with kisses; and I cried, and laughed, and danced about as if I was mad. Sure I needn't be ashamed to own it, now that she's gone. And when I told her that they said you were the image of me, she answered me, 'So he ought, for sure you were always before my eyes;' and when I said that I couldn't be 'always,' she said that 'twas the eyes of her heart she meant. So, Pat, avourneen (addressing the younger, who had been all this time crying bitterly), though you're the living image of her that's dead, and though father couldn't love son more than I do you, you're not surprised that I gave James the preference sometimes, though I never loved you the less."

"Father dear," said Pat, "I was never jealous of Jem, nor he of me; we both knew that our faces and tempers and dispositions took after you both—Jem's after you, and mine after my mother. Oh! mother dear! mother dear!" He burst into a paroxysm of grief, ran wildly into his mother's room, and threw himself across the bed, roaring in a frenzied manner, "James, honey, isn't the house terrible lonesome?" and a violent shudder ran through poor Scanlan's frame. "Isn't there a great echo in it? It's very chilly; I believe I had better go and lie down on the bed."

He stood up, and, continuing the forward movement of his body after he had risen to a standing position, would have fallen, extended on his face, but that I caught him just as his watchful son had sprung to save him.

Poor Pat now mastered his feelings in some degree, and turned his entire attention to assist his surviving parent. He was laid on the bed, and shortly recovered himself, and addressed my father. "I know your honour feels for my trouble, and will excuse the boys and me for not showing the attention we ought to show for your goodness."

"Say nothing about attention to me, James; I am sorry for your trouble, and, God knows, I wish I knew how to relieve and comfort you."

"I'm sure you do, sir.—Boys, I won't be long with you. The pulse of my heart is gone. Look up to his honour, and never forget, that, though there's no clanship in these times, and though many a shoneen holds a higher head than his in the country now, you still owe him your love and fealty, for he's one of the real old stock; and your forefathers followed his forefathers in war and peace, when, if you stood on the highest crag of the Bogaragh, you couldn't see to the bounds of their wide domains. And while his honour is present, and I have my senses clear about me, I'll lay my commands on you both, boys; and if ever you break through them (though I am sure you never will), let his honour, and the young master here bear witness against you."

He then delivered what was simply a verbal will, directing how they should dispose of and divide his property and effects, and concluded as follows:—

"When your mother and I were married, we were both of us full of old sayings and proverbs, and we thought, like most others, that their meaning should be taken in the plainest and fullest signification; and as most of them are universally allowed to contain a great deal of wisdom and good sense, we thought that whoever regulated his or her conduct strictly according to their rule, would of necessity be the wisest person in the world.

One of these sayings, that I had been taught to believe was one of the wisest ever pronounced by man, was, 'there's luck in leisure,' and this was my most favourite maxim; but when I got married, I found that your mother—that your mother had a favourite one also—'delays are dangerous.'

Well, the first year, when the corn was coming up, a corn factor came to this part of the country, and offered a middling fair price for an average crop. Mary bade me take it, as I'd have that much money certain, and if the season should turn out bad, the factor would be the sufferer, and I'd be safe. 'Take it at once,' said she; 'you know "delays are dangerous."'

I began to consider that if the season should be only middling, inclining to bad, I might get as much money still, as the factor offered; and if it should turn out fine, the crop

would produce a great deal more, whilst it would be only in the event of a bad season that I'd be apt to lose. 'There's luck in leisure,' said I; 'I'll wait.'

Well, the season was dreadful; most of the crops were totally destroyed, and we suffered more than almost any of the neighbours. I was afraid to look Mary in the face, when I had made out the extent of my loss, but she only said, 'Come, Jemmy, it can't be helped; the worse luck now, the better another time. You'll attend more to wise old sayings for the future; they were made out of wiser heads than yours.'

'Ah, but, Mary, a-cushla, it was following an old saying that I was; sure you have often heard say, "there's luck in leisure."' 'Poh,' said she, 'that's only a foolish saying, take my word for it.'

Next year the sky-farmer came again. He had lost nothing, for no one would deal with him, on his terms, the year before; and to hear how heartlessly he'd jeer and jibe them that had the sore hearts in their bosoms, and calculate up for them how much they had lost, and then he'd say, he supposed they wouldn't refuse a good offer another time. Well, I asked him was he going to make me a good offer, and he said he wouldn't care if he did, and he offered as much as would hardly pay the rent, letting alone seed and labour. 'Why,' said I, 'you'll give as much as you offered last year.' 'Not I indeed,' said he; 'I bought experience instead of corn last year, and you paid for it; and he laughed, and shook himself with glee, and chuckled, and jingled the guineas in his pockets, until I was hardly able to keep from knocking him down.

Well, I higgled and bargained, and tried to raise him, but not another penny would he give; and at last he said that he was going away in the morning, and so I might take it or leave it, as I liked—he wouldn't force his money on any man, not he. 'Delays are dangerous,' thought I; and, though it was a certain loss, I agreed.

A finer season than that, never came from the heavens. The factor came to see the crops, and such crops as they were! Several others had done like me; and if he laughed at us the year before, he laughed ten times more now. The year before he had lost nothing; this year he had made a fortune. He had laughed at our losses before, but he now laughed over his own gains. 'They may laugh who win.'

If he had taken it quieter, he might have done the same thing again; but by acting as he did, he set every one against him, and he never after could buy up growing crops here.

'Mary, my darling,' said I, 'we're almost ruined, in the second year, by following old sayings. I'll never believe in them again.' 'Jemmy, dear,' said she, 'I have been thinking the matter over, and I believe it's not the sayings that are wrong, but the wrong use that's made of them; for if we had said them the other way, we'd have made money instead of losing it; and for the future we'll try to use the sense that God has given us, and the acquisitions such as they are that He has enabled us to obtain, in directing us to the proper use and timely application of those proverbs that are really wise and useful when properly applied.'

As it was the will of the Almighty, boys, that your dear mother should not have had her senses about her when departing, and it's likely that these are the last of her sensible words that I'll ever be able to tell you, I'd have you take them, and think upon them as if they were her last addressed to you, and let neither proverbs, however apparently wise in themselves, nor superstitious remarks, ever guide your actions or sway your conduct until you have applied to them the touchstone of your own common sense.

May God bless and guide you, my darling boys; and now I have done with the world and its affairs."

That day fortnight the funeral of James Scanlan was attended by

NAISI.

**IRISH BULLS.**—On the first appearance of Miss Edgeworth's admirable "Essay on Irish Bulls," the secretary of a celebrated agricultural society in Ireland received orders from its committee to procure several copies of the book, for the use of the members in their labours for improving *the breed of cattle*.

**AN AMBITIOUS HORSE AND ACCOMMODATING RIDER.**—An Irishman was riding through a bog, when his horse sank deeply into the mud, and in his efforts to extricate himself, Bob got his foot into the stirrup. "Arrah, musha!" exclaimed the rider, "if you are going to get up, it is time for me to get down!" and he forthwith proceeded to dismount with all reasonable speed.

NOVEL AND SINGULAR MODE OF RELIEVING-  
NERVOUS COMPLAINTS.

In a London medical work entitled *The Doctor*, are given the particulars of an interesting case of neuralgia, or *tic douloureux*, which, it appears, after having been treated with the usual medicines for more than two years, with little or no remission of the painful symptoms attending it, yielded at length to a new and extraordinary remedy, in the shape of a *metal magnet*. The experiments tried upon the occasion promise results of such considerable interest and practical importance to the health perhaps of thousands, that we shall offer no apology to our readers for copying the history of the cure and the accompanying details into our columns, premising only, that while we individually place every reliance on the good faith of the witnesses who attest the facts recorded, we do not consider ourselves bound to vouch for their statement authoritatively to others, or draw any inference of a positive kind with respect to a remedy, of the nature and effects of which, after all, it is properly the province of the faculty alone to form a judgment.

“Our readers (observes the writer) will remember the interesting case of neuralgia of the finger, at St Thomas's Hospital, upon which Dr Elliotson stated, in a clinical lecture, that he had exhausted his store of remedial agents, without developing a shade of improvement. [The remedies resorted to primarily were, carbonate of iron, cyanuret of potass, strychnine, croton oil, hydrocyanic acid, and extract of belladonna.] A more severe case, probably, was never subjected to treatment. The man left the hospital for a time, totally unrelieved, but soon afterwards returned, when, in accordance with a suggestion, as Dr Elliotson has since observed, of a correspondent of our own, the *colchicum autumnale* was tried in the case, without, however, the slightest benefit being derived therefrom. The sedative powers of the *lobelia inflata* then suggested to Dr Elliotson the propriety of giving the patient the chance of that medicine. The grounds on which it was employed proved to be in some measure correctly founded. The man took the *lobelia*, in increasing doses, every hour, beginning with seven drops of the tincture, and adding a drop to each progressive dose, until as large a quantity had been reached as could be taken without deranging the functions of the stomach. Some amelioration of the affection followed this treatment. The patient, who was before unable even to cross the ward, or bear without excruciating agony the slightest contact with his finger-nails, and had become emaciated to the extremest degree, from pain and sleeplessness, was now enabled to walk a little way and enjoy intervals of rest, partly recovered his good looks, and became comparatively cheerful.

The relief, however, was very far from being either perfect or permanent. In fact, the continued exhibition of the medicine was demanded to secure any portion of rest.

A short time since, however, a new remedial agent presented itself, in the form of the *magnet*. The hospital was visited, first by Dr Kyle, and subsequently by Dr Blundell, who followed up the application begun by Dr Kyle. The *lobelia inflata* was allowed by Dr Elliotson to be suspended, and the effect of the magnet tried. That effect was, to the surprise of all who witnessed it, a most decided one; the pain was, on every application of the instrument, removed, and continued absent for several hours.

On Tuesday last [in June 1833], Dr Blundell attended the hospital at the hour of Dr Elliotson's visit, when, in the presence of the pupils and our reporter, he drew forth the magnet, and commenced its application to the patient's finger.

The instrument is of the horse-shoe form, about ten inches in its long axis, and five in its short, composed of five layers of metal, the central being the longest, and the whole bound with stout ribbon. The patient was at the time apparently suffering considerable pain, and unable to use his hand. The north pole of the magnet was gently passed five or six times down the sides and back of the middle finger, and then rested on the central joint. The result was such an immediate cessation of suffering, that he could gnash his fingers into the palm of his hand with ease and comfort, and he declared himself to be entirely relieved. The power of the instrument, however, did not cease here. Dr Blundell showed that it possessed the means of reproducing the pain in the most intense form. The south pole of the magnet was directed along the finger. At the third pass the patient began to bite his lip and close his eyes with an expression of pain. At a few

passes more his chin was spasmodically buried in his breast, and his wrinkled features expressed the acutest suffering. This was allowed to continue for a few seconds, when the north pole was again presented to the finger, and the agony speedily subsided. The spectators then left the man lying with a countenance perfectly tranquil.

At the extremity of the ward lay an elderly lady, a martyr to *tic douloureux* in the lower jaw, extending to the ear, and affecting a large portion of the head. The disease, she stated, was of more than nine years' duration, and had never ceased to afflict her for a day during that period, up to her entrance into the hospital. Her appearance was proportionably miserable. The magnet had also been applied in her case, and with similar advantage, as she stated. On the present occasion it was found, on approaching her bed, that she was in consequence free from pain on that morning, and the further aid of the magnet was not needed. ‘But cannot you show its power by producing the pain?’ inquired a bystander. The suggestion was acted on. The south pole of the magnet was passed from the centre of the chin along the lower jawbone up to the ear. At the third pass the poor woman indicated that the *tic* was commencing, and in a few seconds more the affection was experienced intensely. The process was then stopped, as the experiment had been carried far enough to satisfy all present of its consummation; and after a brief space the presentation of the north pole wholly freed the sufferer from pain. The operator subsequently stated, that by continuing the passes he could have carried the pain on to the production of delirium.

There is a female patient in another ward, who had suffered intense toothache for three months, when, a fortnight since, according to her own evidence, which we have no reason to doubt, it was instantly cured by one application of the magnet, through the medium of a key, and had not returned in the slightest degree up to the period of the visit of which we have given the details.

These are very interesting facts. We submit them to our readers unaccompanied by comment. The specific name given to his instrument by Dr Blundell, is that of ‘mineral magnet.’ How far its application to disease admits of extension, we are at present ignorant.”

**A SOLVENT BANK.**—The best bank ever yet known is a bank of earth; it never refuses to discount to honest labour; and the best shares is the plough-share, on which dividends are always liberal.

**AN IRISH BULL OF 1630.**—Nowe that Ireland doth give birthe to strange sortes of men, whose too greate quicknesse of thoughte doth impeede theyre judgmente, this storve whiche I have heard, will shewe. A wealthie lord of the countie of Corke there had a goodlie faire house new-built, but the broken bricke, tiles, sande, lime, stones, and such rubbish, as are commonlie the remnantes of such buildinges, lay confusedlie in heapes, ande scattered here ande there; the lord therefore demanded of his surveyor, wherefore the rubbish was not conveyed awaie; the surveyor said, that hee proposed to hyre an hundred carts for the purpose. The lord replied, that the charge of carts might be saved, for a pit might be digged in the grounde, and soe burie it. “Then, my lord,” said the surveyor, “I pray you what will wee doe with the earth which wee digge out of the said pitt?” “Why, you coxcombe,” said the lord, “canst thou not digge the pitt deepe enough to hold rubbish and all together?”—From the works of Taylor, the Water Poet.

**CAROLAN'S LIBERALITY.**—Carolan never prostituted his muse to party politics or religious bigotry, though attachment to the ancient faith and families of Ireland was the ruling principle of his heart; yet he could discern the virtues and celebrate the praises of those who dissented from the one, or claimed no connection with the other.—Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy.

**FULLER.**—The well-known author of “British Worthies” wrote his own epitaph, as it appears in Westminster Abbey. It consists of only four words, but it speaks volumes, namely, “Here lies Fuller's earth.”

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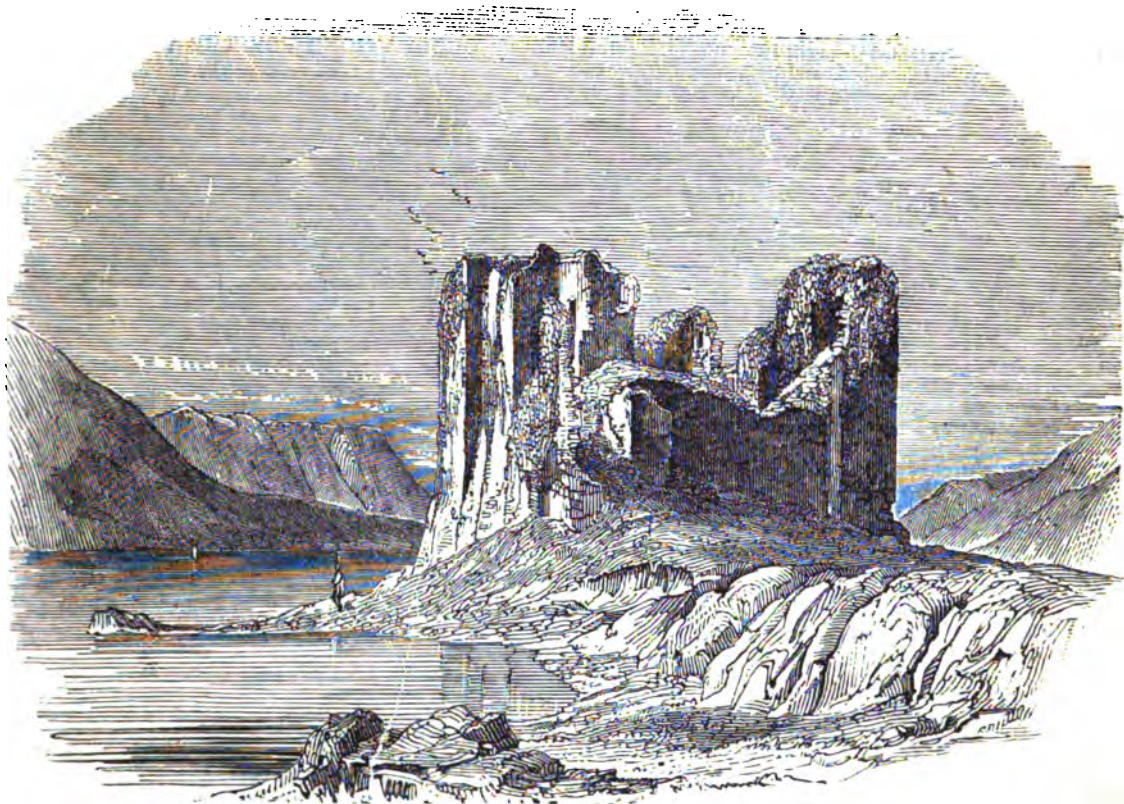


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



## CAISLEAN-NA-CIRCE, OR THE HEN'S CASTLE.

Our prefixed illustration gives a near view of one of the most interesting ruins now remaining in the romantic region of Connemara, or the Irish Highlands, and which is no less remarkable for its great antiquity than for the singularly wild and picturesque character of its situation, and that of its surrounding scenery. It is the feature that gives poetic interest to the most beautiful portion of Lough Corrib—its upper extremity—where a portion of the lake, about three miles in length, is apparently surrounded and shut in by the rocky and precipitous mountains of Connemara and the Joyce country, which it reflects upon its surface, without any object to break their shadows, or excite a feeling of human interest, but the one little lonely Island-Castle of the Hen. That an object thus situated—having no accompaniments around but those in keeping with it—should, in the fanciful traditions of an imaginative people, be deemed to have had a supernatural origin, is only what might have been naturally expected; and such, indeed, is the popular belief. If we inquire of the peasantry its origin, or the origin of its name, the ready answer is given, that it was built by enchantment in one night by a cock and a hen grouse, who had been an Irish prince and princess!

There is, indeed, among some of the people of the district a dim tradition of its having been erected as a fastness by an

O'Connor, King of Connaught, and some venture to conjecture that this king was no other than the unfortunate Roderick, the last King of Ireland; and that the castle was intended by him to serve as a place of refuge and safety, to which he could retire by boat, if necessity required, from the neighbouring monastery of Cong, in which he spent the last few years of his life: and it is only by this supposition that they can account for the circumstance of a castle being erected by the O'Conors in the very heart of a district which they believe to have been in the possession of the O'Flahertys from time immemorial. But this conjecture is wholly erroneous, and the true founders and age of this castle are to be found in our authentic but as yet unpublished Annals, from which it appears certain that the Hen's Castle was one of several fortresses erected, with the assistance of Richard de Burgo, Lord of Connaught, and Lord Justice of Ireland, by the sons of Roderick, the last monarch of the kingdom. It is stated in the Annals of Connaught, and in the Annals of the Four Masters, at the year 1225, that Hugh O'Connor (son of Cathal Crovedearg), King of Connaught, and the Lord Justice of Ireland, Richard De Burgo, arriving with their English at the Port of Inis Creamha, on the east side of Lough Corrib, caused Hugh O'Flaherty, the Lord of West Connaught, to surrender the island of Inis Creamha, Oilen-na-Circe, or the Hen's Island,

and all the vessels of the lake, into Hugh O'Connor's hands, for assurance of his fidelity.

From this entry it would appear that the Hen's Island, as well as the island called *Inis Creamha*, had each a castle on it previously; and this conclusion is strengthened by a subsequent entry in the same Annals, at the year 1233, from which it appears that this castle, as well as others, had been erected by the sons of Roderick, who had been long in contention for the government with Cathal Crovedearg, and his sons Hugh and Felim, and had, during these troubles, possessed themselves of O'Flaherty's country. On the death of Hugh O'Connor, who was treacherously slain by Geoffry De Mares, or De Marisco, in 1228, they appear to have again seized on the strongholds of the country, that of the Hen's Castle among the rest, and to have retained them till 1233, when their rival Felim O'Connor finally triumphed, and broke down their castles. This event is thus narrated in the Annals of the Four Masters:—

"1233. Felim, the son of Charles the Red-handed, led an army into Connaught. Cormac, the son of Tomaltagh (Lord of Moylurg), went to meet him, and brought him to Moylurg, where they erected a camp at *Druim Greagraighe*, and were joined by Cormac, by Conor his son, the inhabitants of the three Tuathas, and by the two sons of Mortogh Mac Dermot, Donogh and Mortogh. They here consulted with each other, and resolved upon going in pursuit of Hugh (King of Connaught) and the other sons of Roderic. After overtaking them, they defeated Hugh, slew himself, his brother, Hugh Muimhneach his son, and Donogh More, the son of Dermot, who was the son of Roderic, and many others besides. There were also slain Raghallach O'Flanigan, Thomas Bais, Constable of Ireland, his relative John Guer, and many other Englishmen. This was after the bells and crossiers had been rung against them, after they had been cursed and excommunicated by the clergy of Connaught; for Hugh Muimhneach had violated and plundered Tibohine and many other churches, so that he and his adherents fell in revenge of their dishonour to the saints whose churches they had violated. The kingdom and sovereignty of Connaught were wrested from the sons of Roderic, the son of Torlogh, on that day. Felim, the son of Charles the Red-handed, then assumed the government of Connaught, and demolished the castles which had been erected by the power of the sons of Roderic O'Connor and Mac William Burke, namely, the Castle of Bon Gaillimhe, *Caisleanna-Circe*, *Caisleanna-Caillighe*, and the Castle of Dunamon.

In subsequent times the Hen's Castle reverted to the O'Flahertys, and was repaired and garrisoned by them till the time of Cromwell, when, as we are informed by Roderick O'Flaherty, it was finally dismantled and left to decay. Still, however, enough remains to exhibit its original plan, which was that of an Anglo-Norman castle or keep, in the form of a parallelogram, with three projecting towers on its two longest sides; and the architectural features of the thirteenth century are also visible in some of its beautifully executed windows and doorways.

The Hen's Castle is not without its legendary traditions connected with its history anterior to its dilapidation; and the following outline of one of these—and the latest—as told at the cottage residences around Lough Corrib, may be worth preserving as having a probable foundation in truth.

It is said that during the troubled reign of Queen Elizabeth, a lady of the O'Flahertys, who was an heiress and a widow, with an only child, a daughter, to preserve her property from the grasp of her own family and that of the De Burgos or Burkes, shut herself up with her child in the Hen's Castle, attended by twenty faithful followers, of tried courage and devotion to her service, of her own and her husband's family. As such a step was, however, pregnant with danger to herself, by exciting the attention and alarm of the government and local authorities, and furnishing her enemies with an excuse for aggression, she felt it necessary to obtain the queen's sanction to her proceedings; and accordingly she addressed a letter to her majesty, requesting her permission to arm her followers, and alleging as a reason for it, the disaffected state of the country, and her ardent desire to preserve its peace for her majesty. The letter, after the fashion of the times, was not signed by the lady in her acquired matron's name, but in her maiden one, of which no doubt she was more proud: it was Bivian or Bevinda O'Flaherty. The queen received it graciously; but not being particularly well acquainted with the gender of Irish Christian names, and never suspecting, from the style or matter of the epistle, that it had emanated from

one of her own sex, she returned an answer, written with her own hand, authorising her good friend "Captain Bivian O'Flaherty" to retain twenty men at her majesty's expense, for the preservation of the peace of the country; and they were maintained accordingly, till the infant heiress, becoming adult, was united to Thomas Blake, the ancestor of the present Sir John Blake of Menlo Castle, and proprietor of the Castle of the Hen.

To these brief notices of an ancient castle, not hitherto described, or its age ascertained, we shall only add, that there are few military structures of lime and stone now remaining in Ireland that can boast an equal antiquity. P.

## OCCUPATIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

HABIT is said to be a second nature, and it is often stronger than the first. At first we easily take the bend from the hand of the master, but the second nature, which is of our own making, is frequently proof against any alteration. How important, then, is education, which gives the turn and moulding to the mind while it is flexible, fixes the habits, and forms the character! The discipline of the mind, with respect to its natural bias, is either misdirected or misunderstood in nine cases out of ten, and latent talents or tendencies, which by proper culture might be rendered sources of enjoyment to the possessor, and useful to the community, are restrained, if not too powerful for suppression, from their proper development, by absurd and artificial treatment.

In the upper classes, a parent, perhaps, incapable of estimating the capacity of his son, determines with himself that the profession, suppose of divinity, of law, or of medicine, is the most lucrative, gentlemanlike, or otherwise eligible, and that the boy shall be educated accordingly.

The unfortunate youth who has no talent for the acquisition of languages, and cannot comprehend the simplest proposition in geometry, is condemned to pursue a prescribed routine, and to pass many of the most precious years of his life in the unavailing effort to learn, through the drudgery of a classical school, what is repugnant to his taste, and beyond his powers of comprehension; and all this time, from being constantly engaged in thumbing the elementary books of the dead languages (which are never at his finger ends, in the acceptation of the common phrase), he grows up shamefully ignorant of his vernacular tongue, in which he can neither read with fluency nor spell with correctness.

The schoolmaster, however, is expected to prepare him for the university within a given time, and he must be made up for entrance accordingly. If the parents are told that Young Hopeful has no turn for a literary life, no capacity for learning what is required, they doubt the judgment of the informant, who tells them the truth; for the acknowledgment of this would be an indirect admission of their own incapacity; and in proportion to their ignorance and dullness, is their self assurance that their booby has excellent abilities. The youth is therefore forced forward in spite of his natural repugnance to books; and if afterwards smuggled through the university into a profession which may give him place or emolument, without ability or exertion on his part, he disgraces his station by general ignorance and unfitnes; and if he be admitted into a profession which yields honour or emolument only in proportion to talents and industry, he totally fails of the object, and it is discovered too late that the selection of his avocation was in some way unlucky.

Now, it is very probable that if such an every-day boy had been permitted to pursue some track for which his inclinations qualified him, instead of being limited to a course of unsuitable and distasteful occupations, he might have acquired useful knowledge of some sort. For example, supposing him to stumble at metrical "longs and shorts," or to be stuck between the horns of a dilemma, or be lost amidst the mazes of metaphysics, he might have that peculiar turn which would render him a good farmer, an excellent judge of "long and short wools" or of "long and short horns," or that shrewdness which would render him a clever tradesman, a man

"Who knows what's what, and that's as high  
As metaphysic wit doth fly."

And so certain am I that many young men who enter our university would prefer and far better comprehend the plain and practical lecture of a professor of agriculture, surrounded by models of machinery and plates of cattle, &c., than lee-

tures of a far more pretending character, that I cannot avoid lamenting the deficiency in the department of agriculture which Socrates designated "the nurse and mother of all the arts," and Gibbon "the foundation of all manufactures."

The example afforded in this respect by the University of Edinburgh is worthy of the imitation of Trinity College. To afford at least the opportunities of gaining such information on this subject as the mind may be capable of receiving or predisposed to receive, cannot but be deemed judicious. And the theoretical knowledge of husbandry is incalculably more needed by the gentry and middle classes of Ireland than by those of the same grades in Scotland, where almost every land-proprietor and farmer understands the subject more or less.

Far be it from me to decry the advantages of what is called learning, but I would have a more diversified course, both in our schools of every class, and in the universities, so as to comprehend those useful branches of information, to which the student, if denied by Providence the faculties requisite for the attainment of others, may apply himself with pleasure or advantage.

I have met with many young persons of exceeding dullness in book learning, of decided distaste to the pursuits of literature, who have manifested a quick apprehension of mechanical contrivances, practically exhibited a love of natural history, of gardening, of agriculture, of something, in short, of a utilitarian character. If these tendencies had been duly cultivated, the results would have been favourable to the individuals themselves, and probably to the public also.

I have often been puzzled to account for the pre-eminence of the Scotch as a clever and a thinking people: it cannot be from atmospheric influence; and I am disposed to question the correctness of the assertion of a grave Caledonian, that the fine spirit of philosophical inquiry which distinguishes his countrymen is mainly attributable to their use of oatmeal porridge; it must rather be from well-directed education, from the early acquired habit of thinking for one's self, and of giving a reason for every thing as far as they can, that the Scotch are so intelligent and so fitted for their respective stations in the social circle.

My own countrymen are naturally as shrewd and intellectual as the Scotch, but their minds are too generally ill disciplined, and school education, for all classes, is too generally defective every where. Several hours of the day are passed in wearisome restraint within the walls of a schoolroom, in learning words without ideas, sounds without sense; the mind being seldom engaged in the tasks with either pleasure or profit.

And besides the impediments which obstruct the progress of useful occupation, arising from the blindness of parents, the unfitness of teachers, and the incapacity of pupils, there are to be encountered in all schools the natural preference of idleness to any kind of systematic occupation, the love of mischief and freaks, which prevail among combinations of boys, and the difficulty of analysing character and dispositions in crowded seminaries.

But in schools for the poor, where order and discipline are easily enforced; in places of private education, and under the paternal roof, where by far the greatest degree of happiness and simplicity of character are enjoyed and preserved—in such cases, in which instructors and parents are qualified to educate, a system of literary instruction, combining with it relaxation of a useful kind, may be pursued.

Among the latter I would place gardening and botany foremost among the out-of-door occupations, and these pursuits apply to both sexes, and to the humblest of the peasantry, as well as to the nobles of the land, for with the idea of a garden is connected every association that is pure and heaven-born. I myself even now look back upon those of my childish hours which were employed in the garden, with unmixed pleasure, and the first early crop of radishes which I raised with my own hands in a garden border, afforded me more innocent pride than any far more valuable crop that I have subsequently raised upon my farm. The care of flowers and shrubs, and the absence of corrupting influences, during the indulgence of this pursuit, render it a subject of extreme interest in the formation of individual and national character.

Those of the poor who are disposed to take a real interest in their gardens, as is the case of thousands of the English peasantry, instead of finding their summer evening occupations in their allotments wearisome after their day of other

toil, seem to find relaxation in the comparatively light work which they thus perform for themselves; and in the pleasurable contemplation of their own flowers, though they be but common beauties, and of their own tiny crops, they feel that calmness and tranquillity, that quiet satisfaction, which lay the passions at rest, and therefore indispose for the boisterous mirth and the ungodly society of the frequenters of the beer-house or the gin-shop.

Poultry, pigeons, and rabbits, may be reared by young people, both for amusement and profit. The child who understands much of the natural history of domestic animals from practical observation, and perceives the force of those influences which unite the parent and the offspring, will so far sympathize with, and apprehend the nature of, those influences, as to feel pain at the thought of wantonly dissociating that connection, and would be far less likely "to rob the poor birds of their young," than the child who had not been familiarized with the nature and habits of the feathered race.

Children who have watched over a brood of chickens from the moment of their first disengagement from the shell, and witnessed the instinct with which the Creator causes them to come at the call of their mother, and contemplate the love with which "the hen gathers her chickens under her wings," will take no pleasure in destroying that life of which they had anxiously traced the progress from the hour in which the first sign of developed animation appeared. It is improbable that the boy (and far more so that the girl, who is naturally kind) to whose hand the birds have fearlessly looked for food, while they clamorously delighted in his presence, could in his manhood witness any torturing of the feathered race, such as the diabolical barbarity of throwing at cocks on Shrove Tuesday, which used to disgrace Great Britain; or take pleasure in the barbarities of a cock-fight\* or a gander-fight.†

For those who are excluded from the enjoyments of rural life, and those occupations to which I have referred, there remain other pursuits of extreme interest, according to their respective tastes—geology, chemistry, mechanics, which employ both the head and the hand. Many a youth may be taught "sermons in stones," &c.—see the quotation in Shakspeare, *As You Like It*—and be kept from bad company, by having access to a lathe, and becoming practically "a tool-making animal," who, from his distaste to books, would be otherwise miserably destitute of rational employment. I do not wish to see either young or old persons too much

"Agog for novelty where'er it lies,  
In mosses, fleas, or cockleshells, or flies"—

But natural history, to a reasonable extent, is surely a useful and improving study for both rich and poor; it leads them to look from the creature to the Creator; to contemplate His works, His glories, and His beneficent designs, both in the material and the spiritual world. In short, I would supply the mind and body with those occupations which best harmonise together, and most powerfully tend to overcome the degrading and demoralising effects of ignorance, which is confessedly the greatest enemy to religion, to peace, good order, and social happiness.

\* We learn from a German writer the origin of this cruel custom. When the Danes ruled in England, the native inhabitants of some town formed a conspiracy to regain possession of it by murdering the Danish usurpers. Their design, however, was defeated by the crowing of some cocks. When the English afterwards regained authority, they instituted the barbarous and childishly resentful practice of throwing at cocks tied to a stake on the commemoration day of their disappointment through the vigilance of the cocks.

† "At St Petersburg, in Russia (says Dr Granville), they have no cock-fights; but they have a goose-pit, where in the spring they fight ganders trained to the sport, and to peck at each other's shoulders till they draw blood. These ganders have been sold as high as five hundred roubles each; and the sport prevails to a degree of enthusiasm among the hemp-merchants. Strange that the vicious and inhuman curiosity of man can delight to arouse and stimulate the principles of enmity and cruelty in these apparently peaceful and sociable birds!

The barbarities of which the human character is capable from habitual indulgence in such brutal sports are almost incalculable. Every one has heard the horrible story of Ardesolf of Tottenham, who, about forty years since, being disappointed by a famous game-cock refusing to fight, was incited by his savage passion to roast the animal alive whilst entertaining his friends. The company, alarmed by the dreadful shrieks of the victim, interfered, but were resisted by Ardesolf, who threatened death to any who should oppose him; and in a storm of raging and vindictive delirium, and uttering the most horrid imprecations, he dropped down dead. I had hoped to find this one among the thousand fanatical lies which have been coined in the insane expectation that truth can be advanced by the propagation of falsehood; but to my sorrowful disappointment, on a late inquiry among the friends of the deceased miscreant, I found the truth of the horrible story but too probable."—*Monday's Traveller on Poultry.*

## ALEXANDER AND THE TREE.

"From this tree it was that the Voice came which spake of old to Iskander (Alexander the Great), saying, as an oracle, 'Iskander indeed cometh into India, but goeth from thence into the Land of Darkness.'"—*Apocryphal History of Alexander the Great.*

The sun is bright, the air is bland,  
The heavens wear that stainless blue  
Which only in an Orient land  
The eye of man may view;  
And lo! around, and all abroad,  
A glittering host, a mighty horde—  
And at their head a demigod  
Who slays with lightning-sword!

The bright noon burns, but idly now  
Those warriors rest by copse and hill,  
And shadows on their Leader's brow  
Seem ominous of ill:

Spell-bound, he stands beside a tree,  
And well he may, for through its leaves  
Unstirred by wind, come brokenly  
Moans, as of one that grieves!

How strange! he thought;—Life is a boon  
Given, and resumed—but *how?* and *when?*  
But now I asked myself how soon  
I should go home again!  
How soon I might once more behold  
My mourning mother's tearful face;  
How soon my kindred might enfold  
Me in their dear embrace!

There was an Indian Magian there—  
And, stepping forth, he bent his knee:  
"Oh, king!" he said, "be wise!—beware  
This too prophetic tree!"  
"Ha!" cried the king, "thou knowest, then, Seer,  
What yon strange oracle reveals?"  
"Alas!" the Magian said, "I hear  
Deep words, like thunder-peals!

"I hear the groans of more than Man,  
Hear tones that warn, denounce, beseech;  
Hear—woe is me!—how darkly ran  
That stream of thrilling speech!  
'Oh, king,' it spake, 'all-trampling king!  
Thou leadest legions from afar—  
But Battle droops his clotted wing!  
Night menaces thy star!

"Fond visions of thy boyhood's years  
Dawn like dim light upon thy soul;  
Thou seest again thy mother's tears  
Which Love could not control!  
Ah! thy career in sooth is run!  
Ah! thou indeed returnest home!  
The Mother waits to clasp her son  
Low in her lampless dome!

"Yet go, rejoicing! He who reigns  
O'er Earth alone leaves worlds unscanned;  
Life binds the spirit as with chains;  
Seek thou the Phantom-land!  
Leave Conquest all it looks for here—  
Leave willing slaves a bloody throne—  
Thine henceforth is another sphere,  
Death's realm, the dark Unknown!"

The Magian paused; the leaves were hushed,  
But wailings broke from all around,  
Until the Chief, whose red blood flushed  
His cheek with hotter bound,  
Asked, in the tones of one with whom  
Fear never yet had been a guest—  
"And when doth Fate achieve my doom?  
And where shall be my rest?"

"Oh, noble heart!" the Magian said,  
And tears unbidden filled his eyes,  
"We should not weep for thee!—the Dead  
Change but their home and skies:  
The moon shall beam, the myrtles bloom  
For thee no more—yet sorrow not!  
The immortal pomp of Hades' gloom  
Best consecrates thy lot."

In June, in June, in laughing June,  
And where the dells show deepest green,  
Pavilioned overhead, at noon,  
With gold and silken sheen—  
These be for thee—the place, the time;  
Trust not thy heart, trust not thine eyes,  
Behind the Mount thy warm hopes climb,  
The Land of Darkness lies!"

Unblenching at the fateful words,  
The Hero turned around in haste—  
"On! on!" he cried, "ye million swords,  
Your course, like mine, is traced;  
Let me but close Life's narrow span  
Where weapons clash and banners wave;  
I would not live to mourn that Man  
But conquers for a grave!"

M.

## APOLOGUES AND FABLES,

IN PROSE AND VERSE, FROM THE GERMAN AND OTHER  
LANGUAGES.

(Translated for the Irish Penny Journal.)

## No. II.—THE THREE RINGS.

In the reign of the Sultan Sal-ad-Deen there lived in the city of Damascus a Jew called Nathaniel, who was pre-eminently distinguished among his fellow-citizens for his wisdom, his liberality of mind, the goodness of his disposition, and the urbanity of his manners, so that he had acquired the esteem even of those among the Mooslem who were accounted the strictest adherents to the exclusive tenets of the Mahomedan creed. From being generally talked of by the common people, he came gradually to attract the notice of the higher classes, until the sultan himself, hearing so much of the man, became curious to learn how it was that so excellent and intelligent a person could reconcile it with his conscience to live and die in the errors of Judaism. With the view of satisfying himself on the subject, he at length resolved on condescending to a personal interview with the Jew, and accordingly one day ordered him to be summoned before him.

The Jew, in obedience to the imperial mandate, presented himself at the palace gates, and was forthwith ushered, amid guards and slaves innumerable, into the presence of the august Sal-ad-Deen, Light of the World, Protector of the Universe, and Keeper of the Portals of Paradise; who, however, being graciously determined that the lightning of his glances should not annihilate the Israelite, had caused his face to be covered on the occasion with a magnificent veil, through the golden gauze-work of which he could carry on at his ease his own examination of his visitor's features.

"Men talk highly of thee, Nathaniel," said the sultan, after he had commanded the Jew to seat himself on the carpet; "they praise thy virtue, thy integrity, thy understanding, beyond those of the sons of Adam. Yet thou professest a false religion, and showest no sign of a disposition to embrace the true one. How is this obstinacy of thine reconcilable with the wisdom and moderation for which the true believers give thee credit?"

"If I profess a false religion, your highness," returned the Jew modestly, "it is because I have never been able to distinguish infallibly between false religions and true. I adhere to the faith of my fathers."

"The idolaters do so no less than thou," said Sal-ad-Deen, "but their blindness is wilful, and so is thine. Dost thou mean to say that all religions are upon the same level in the sight of the God of Truth?"

"Not so, assuredly," answered Nathaniel: "Truth is but one; and there can be but one true religion. That is a simple and obvious axiom, the correctness of which I have never sought to controvert."

"Spoken like a wise man!" cried the sultan;—"that is," he added, "if the religion to which thou alludest be Islamism, as it must be of course. Come: I know thou art favourably inclined towards the truth; thou hast an honest countenance: declare openly the conviction at which thou must have long since arrived, that they who believe in the Koran are the sole inheritors of Paradise. Is not that thy unhesitating persuasion?"

"Will your highness pardon me," said the Jew, "if, instead of answering you directly, I narrate to you a parable



bearing upon this subject, and leave you to draw from it such inferences as may please you?"

"I am satisfied to hear thee," said the sultan after a pause; "only let there be no sophistry in the argument of thy narrative. Make the story short also, for I hate long tales about nothing."

The Jew, thus licensed, began:—"May it please your highness," said he, "there lived in Assyria, in one of the ages of old, a certain man who had received from a venerated hand a beautiful and valuable ring, the stone of which was an opal, and sparkled in the sunlight with ever-varying hues. This ring, moreover, was a talisman, and had the secret power of rendering him who wore it with a sincere desire of benefiting by it, acceptable and amiable in the eyes of both God and man. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that the owner continually wore it during his lifetime, never taking it off his finger for an instant, or that, when dying, he should adopt precautions to secure it to his lineal descendants for ever. He bequeathed it accordingly first to the most beloved of his sons, ordaining that by him it should be again bequeathed to the dearest of his offspring, and so down from generation to generation, no one having a claim in right of priority of birth, but preference being given to the favourite son, who, by virtue of the ring, should rule unconstrained as lord of the house and head of the family. Your highness listens?"

"I listen: I understand: proceed," said the sultan.

The Jew resumed:—"Well: from son to son this ring at length descended to a father who had three sons, all of them alike remarkable for their goodness of disposition, all equally prompt in anticipating his wishes, all equally loving and virtuous, and between whom, therefore, he found it difficult to make any distinction in the paternal affection he bore them. Sometimes he thought the eldest the most deserving; anon his predilections varied in favour of the second; and by and bye his heart was drawn towards the youngest:—in short, he could make no choice. What added to his embarrassment was, that, yielding to a good-natured weakness, he had privately promised each of the youths to leave the ring to him, and him only; and how to keep his promise, he did not know. Matters, however, went on smoothly enough for a season; but at last death approached, and the worthy father became painfully perplexed. What was to be done? Loving his sons, as he did, all alike, could he inflict so bitter a disappointment upon two of them as the loss of the ring would certainly prove to them? He was unable to bear the reflection. After long pondering, a plan occurred to him, the anticipated good effects of which would, he trusted, more than compensate for the deceit connected with it. He sent secretly for a clever jeweller; and, showing him the ring, he desired him to make two other rings on the same model, and to spare neither pains nor cost to render the three exactly alike. The jeweller promised, and kept his promise: the rings were finished, and in so perfect a manner that even the father's eye could not distinguish between them as far as mere external appearance went. Overjoyed beyond expression at this unlooked-for consummation of his wishes, he summoned his three sons in succession into his presence, and from his deathbed bestowed upon each, apart from the other two, his last blessing and one of the rings; after which, being at his own desire left once more alone, he resigned his spirit tranquilly into the hands of its eternal Author. Is your highness attentive?"

"I am," said Sal-ad-Deen, "but to very little purpose, it would seem. Make an end of thy story quickly, that I may see the drift of it."

"It is soon ended, most powerful sultan," said Nathaniel, "for all that remains to be told is what doubtless your highness already half conjectures—the result, namely, of this good-natured deception. Scarce was the old man laid in his grave, when each of the sons produced his ring, and claimed the right of being sole master and lord of the house. Questions, wranglings, complaints, accusations, succeeded—all to no end, however; for the difficulty of discovering which was the true ring was as great then as that of discovering which is the true faith now."

"How!" interrupted the sultan indignantly, "this to me? Dost thou tell me that the faith of the Mooslem is not acknowledged by all right-thinking persons to be the true one?"

"May it please your highness," said the Jew, calmly, "I am here at your own command, and I answer your questions according to the best of my poor ability. If the allegory I relate be objectionable, it is for the sultan to find fault with it

alone, and not with the reflections which it must necessarily suggest."

"And dost thou mean, then, that thy paltry tale shall serve as a full answer to my query?" demanded Sal-ad-Deen.

"No, your highness," said Nathaniel, "but I would have it serve as my apology for not giving such an answer. The father of these youths caused the three rings to be made expressly that no examination might be able to detect any dissimilarity between them; and I will venture to assert, that not even the Sublimest of Mankind, the Sultan Sal-ad-Deen himself, could, unless by accident, have placed his hand on the true one."

"Thou triflest with me, Nathaniel," said the sultan; "a ring is not a religion. There are, it is true, many modes of worship on the earth: but has not Islamism always remained a distinct system of faith from the false creeds? Look at its dogmas, its ceremonies, the modes of prayer, the habits, yea, the very food and raiment of its professors! What sayest thou of these?"

"Simply," returned the Jew, "that none of them are proofs of the truth of Islamism. Nay, be not wroth with me, your highness, for what I say of your religion I say equally of all others. There is one true religion, as there was one true ring in my parable; but you must have perceived that all men are not alike capable of discovering the truth by their own unassisted efforts, and that a certain degree of trust in the good faith of others as teachers is therefore essential to the reception of religious belief at all. In whom, then, I would ask, is it most natural for us to place our trust? Surely in our own people—in those of whose blood we are—who have been about us from our childhood, and given us unnumbered proofs of love—and who have never been guilty of intentionally practising deception upon us. How can I ask of you to abandon the prepossessions of your fathers before you, and in which, true or false, you have been nurtured? Or how can you expect, that, in order to yield to your teachers the praise belonging solely to the truth, I should virtually declare my ancestors fools or hypocrites?"

"Sophistical declamation!" said the sultan, "which will avail thee little on the Judgment Day. Is thy parable ended?"

"In point of instruction it is," replied Nathaniel, "but I shall briefly relate the conclusion to which the disputes among the brothers conducted. When they found agreement impossible, they mutually cited one another before the tribunal of the law. Each of them solemnly swore that he had received a ring immediately from his father's hand—as was the fact—after having obtained his father's promise to bestow it on him, as was also the fact. Each of them indignantly repudiated the supposition that such a father could have deceived him; and each declared, that, unwilling as he was to think uncharitably of his own brethren, he had no alternative left but that of branding them as impostors, forgers, and swindlers."

"And what said the judge?" demanded Sal-ad-Deen; "I presume the final decision of the question hung upon his arbitration?"

"Your highness is correct: the judge at once pronounced his award, which was definitive. 'You want,' said he, 'a satisfactory adjudication on this question, which you have contested among yourselves so long and so fruitlessly. Summon then your father before me: call him from the dead and let him speak; it is otherwise impracticable for me to come at the knowledge of his intentions. Do you think that I sit here for the purpose of expounding riddles and reconciling contradictions? Or do you, perhaps, expect that the true ring will by some miracle be compelled to bear oral testimony here in court to its own genuineness? But hold: I understand that the ring is endowed with the occult power of rendering its wearer amiable and faultless in the eyes of men. By that test I am willing to try it, and so to pronounce judgment. Which of you three, then, is the greatest object of love to the other two? You are silent. What! does this ring, which should awaken love in all, act with an inward influence only, not an outward? Does each of you love only himself? Oh, go! you are all alike deceivers or deceived: none of your rings is the true one. The true ring is probably lost; and to supply its place your father ordered three spurious ones for common use among you. If you will abide by a piece of advice instead of a formal decision, here is my counsel to you: leave the matter where it stands. If each of you has had a ring presented to him by his father, let each believe his own to be the real ring. Possibly your father might have grown disinclined to tolerate

any longer the exclusiveness implied in the possession of a single ring by one member of a family; and, certainly, as he loved you all with the same affection, it could not gratify him to appear the oppressor of two by favouring one in particular. Let each of you therefore feel honoured by this all-embracing generosity of your parent; let each of you endeavour to outshine his brothers in the cultivation of every virtue which the ring is presumed to confer—assisting the mysterious influence supposed to reside in it by habits of gentleness, benevolence, and mutual tolerance, and by resignation in all things to the will of God; and if the virtues of the ring continue to manifest themselves in your children, and your children's children, and their descendants to the hundredth generation, then, after the lapse of thousands of years, appear again and for the last time before this judgment seat! A Greater than I will then occupy it, and He will decide this controversy for ever.' So spake the upright judge, and broke up the court. Your highness now, I trust, thoroughly comprehends my reason for not answering your question in a direct manner?"

"Is that the end of thy story?" asked Sal-ad-Deen.

"If it please your highness," said the Jew, who had by this time arisen, and was gradually, though respectfully, proceeding to accomplish his retreat.

"By my beard," said the sultan, after a considerable pause, "it is an ingenious apologue that of thine, and there may be something in it too; but still it does not persuade me that thou art excusable in thy pertinacious rejection of Islamism. I own I tremble for thee after all. Go thy ways, however, for the present, with this purse of tomana, by way of premium for thy mother-wit; but I shall shortly send for thee again; and as I do not much fancy remaining in any man's debt, thou shalt then, as a wholesome counterpoise to thy sophistry, obtain from me in reply either a parable of my own, or one from the Koran, upon which I will argue with thee to thy signal confusion!" M.

#### ANECDOTES OF MACKLIN, THE IRISH COMEDIAN.

MACKLIN was exceedingly quick at a reply, especially in a dispute. One day Doctor Johnson was contending some dramatical question, and quoted a passage from a Greek poet in support of his opinion. "I don't understand Greek though, Doctor," said Macklin. "Sir," said Johnson, pompously, "a man who undertakes to argue, should understand all languages." "Oh, very well," returned Macklin; "how will you answer this argument?" and immediately treated him to a long quotation in Irish.

One night, sitting at the back of the front boxes with a gentleman of his acquaintance, one of the underbred box-lobby loungers of the day stood up immediately before him, and being rather large in person, covered the sight of the stage from him. Every body expected that Macklin would have knocked the fellow down notwithstanding his size, but he managed the matter in another temper. Patting him gently on the shoulder with his cane, he requested of him with much apparent politeness, "that when he saw or heard any thing very entertaining on the stage, he would be pleased to turn round and let him and the gentleman beside him know of it; "for you see, my dear sir," added the veteran, "that at present we must totally depend upon you as a telegraph." This had the desired effect, and the loungee walked off.

Talking of the caution necessary to be used in conversation amongst a mixed company, Macklin observed, "Sir, I have experienced to my cost that a man in any situation of life should never be off his guard. It is the fault of the Irish that they are too ready to 'commit' themselves. Now, this never happens with the Scotch:—a Scotchman is always on the look-out; he never lives a moment *extempore*, and that is one great reason why he is so successful in life as we see."

Macklin was very intimate with Frank Hayman (at that time one of our best historical painters), and happening to call on him one morning soon after the death of the painter's wife, with whom he (Frank) had lived but on indifferent terms, he found him wrangling with the undertaker about his high charge for the funeral expenses. Macklin listened to the altercation for some time; at last, going up to Hayman—"Come, come, Frank," said he, "this bill is to be sure a little extravagant, but you should pay it, if it were only on account of the respect you owe your wife's memory; for I am sure," he added with the greatest gravity, "she would have paid

twice as much for your burial with the greatest gladness, if she had had the opportunity."

A notorious egotist one day in a large company, indirectly praising himself for a number of good qualities which it was well known he did not possess, asked Macklin the reason why he should have the singular propensity of interfering in the concerns of others for their benefit, when he so often met with unsuitable returns. "I could tell you, sir," said Macklin. "Ah! well do, then, my good fellow; you are a man of some observation; and—I—should be glad of your—a—definition." "Why, then, sir," replied Macklin, "the cause is *impudence*—nothing but stark staring *impudence*!"

A gentleman at a public dinner asking him, rather inconsiderately, whether he remembered Mrs Barry the celebrated Irish actress, who died about the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, he stared him in the face with considerable ferocity, and bawled out, "No, sir, nor Harry the Eighth neither!"

An Irish dignitary of the church, not remarkable for his veracity, complaining that a tradesman of his parish had called him a liar, Macklin asked what reply he had made him. "I told him," said the bishop, "that a lie was among those things that I *dared* not commit." "And why, doctor," returned Macklin, with an indescribable sort of comic frown, "why did you give the rascal so *erroneous* a notion of your courage?"

One of the band of the Covent-Garden theatre, who played the French horn, was telling some anecdotes of Garrick's curiosity, and withal praising the great actor incessantly. Macklin, who heard him from the lower end of the table, and who always fired up like lighted straw at the praises of Garrick, exclaimed aloud, "I believe, sir, you are a trumpeter." "Well," said the band-man, "and what if I am?" "Nothing more, sir," vociferated Macklin, "than this, that, being a trumpeter, you are by profession a dealer in *puffs*!"

#### BAD AIR AND GOOD AIR.

In a former number we directed attention to the many remarkable properties of the air we breathe, and pointed out how dependent we are for comfort and even existence on the maintenance of the air in a state fit for respiration. The difference between good air and bad air can be easily collected from that article; but as the peculiar conditions of the air which are capable of affecting health deserve very careful consideration, we are tempted to resume the subject.

The even balance which, as was explained, is struck between the two sorts of breathing, that of the animal which gives out carbonic acid, and that of the vegetable which takes it in, is capable of maintaining the air upon the large scale always in the proper state. But in order that the people may be benefited by this wise arrangement, it is necessary that they should be living abroad in the open air and in the fields; that a man, in proportion as he destroys the oxygen of the air, should have around him plants to give out an equal quantity in its place; that, in fact, mankind, in order to avail themselves of the providential security for breathing permanently good air, should live out of doors, engaged, at least principally, in agricultural employments, as was the condition of society in the early ages, and in some portions of the globe to a certain extent is so still.

But in countries like ours, where vast numbers of families are collected in cities, with narrow streets and lanes; where an open place like Stephen's Green or Merrion Square is anxiously sought after, and disproportionate rents paid for the houses which are around it, this immediate restoration of the injury done to the air by breathing, and the burning of lights and fuel, cannot occur. The air is vitiated permanently, and those resident in towns require for their health's sake to understand how the evil may be rendered as small as possible. Even in a town, the total quantity of air is so great, that if it all come into play, it can be but slightly injured. But such is often not the case. How often, when there is a fine healthful breeze outside the town, do we find, on entering a narrow street, the mass of air perfectly motionless, and all the mischievous vapours which are produced, collecting until they become almost irrespirable. This is a great source of disease in towns; and to prevent or remedy it, requires but frequent change of the air which a room or a street contains: it requires but ventilation.

It is by means of a fireplace that a room is generally ventilated. The air which has served for the burning of the fuel is thereby made very hot, and hot air, being much lighter than cold air, rises up the chimney, generally mixed with

soot, and is then called smoke. According as the hot air leaves the room, cold air enters to supply its place through the open doors or windows, or, if these be closed, through every little crevice which can give it passage. There is thus produced a rapid current of air, or draught, as it is termed. The air vitiated by the breathing of persons in the room is carried away along with that vitiated by the fire, and at any one moment the air in the room is found to be almost completely pure. It is therefore to proper ventilation that the inhabitants of towns must look for the maintenance of health. Disregard to this precaution has been the means of increasing to a frightful extent the mortality of large cities, and instances have been given, where an infectious disease, which had ravaged a number of low and confined streets in a large English town, stopped suddenly, and avoided a street otherwise no better than the rest, but which had been kept clean, and the rooms ventilated, by the exertions of some well-informed persons. For the preservation of the health of the poorer classes in large towns, medicine is of far less importance than cleanliness and ventilation.

We are sure, however, that many of our intelligent readers are ready now to start an objection to the account just given of the cause of bad air in cities. If the air of a city be injured by the large quantity of carbonic acid which is formed, a city should be the best place possible for the health of vegetables. If the air which is bad for man be good for plants, the vegetation in a confined street should surpass, in brilliancy and verdure, that of the most open and best attended gardens. It is true, unfortunately, that the only produce of our once industrious Liberty is now the grass which is growing in the seats of former bustle; but we have not even the satisfaction of knowing that that flourishes. It is pale, sickly, and stunted; for the air of the city is vitiated by causes different from that which alone has hitherto occupied us, and these causes are as injurious to plants as to man. The carbon of our fuel produces, in burning, carbonic acid, but carbon is not the only substance in ordinary fuel. Most coals contain sulphur, and in burning, this body produces sulphurous acid, also a gas, which is highly irritating and poisonous, particularly to plants, and which, mixing with the air, renders the city as injurious to the organization of a plant as the carbonic acid to the respiration of an animal.

To render air fit for respiration, it is necessary to do more than keep the proper quantity of oxygen in it; the carbonic acid must be taken away. Plants, our readers have already remarked, do both, and hence the admirable fitness of external nature to the objects for which the Creator has designed it. If the carbonic acid were not taken away, all animals would be poisoned, even if the proper quantity of oxygen remained, for carbonic acid is a positive poison, which kills by acting on the brain like opium. A person can live, breathing with only one lung; in the disease of consumption, an individual may live for months with only one lung, or even only part of a lung, remaining fit for use; but if perfectly good air be breathed with one lung, and carbonic acid with the other, the person will be poisoned after a very short time; consequently, it is of great importance to prevent the accumulation of carbonic acid, even where it is not produced at the expense of the oxygen of the air.

Carbonic acid is indeed produced in a great variety of ways, besides by animals in breathing, and fuel in burning. It is remarkable that it is only the green parts of plants which breathe as has been described; the leaves and stems giving out oxygen, and absorbing carbonic acid. The flowers and the ripe fruits of plants act on the air in the same way as animals, and hence deteriorate it; and the rooms where stores of fruit are kept, are known to be very unwholesome, and persons have been suffocated by sleeping in a room where there was a very great quantity of flowers. Oils, particularly drying oil, and spirit of turpentine, act on air also, absorbing oxygen and giving out carbonic acid; and the air of a newly painted house, if the doors and windows are kept close, is consequently found to be very unfit for respiration. In many countries, particularly where there are burning mountains, carbonic acid is given off from the ground, and it collects in every hollow or cave, in consequence of being much heavier than the air. There is a cave in Italy, called the Dog's Grotto, because a dog on entering it is instantly suffocated, though a man may walk in without injury. The cause is, that the cave is filled up by carbonic acid to about four feet deep; a dog, or any animal that holds its head lower than that height, breathes carbonic acid and is choked, and a man breathes the pure air

which is above it, and escapes. In deep dry wells which have been neglected, carbonic acid accumulates, and workmen who go down to clean the pit are sometimes suffocated. In such cases a candle should first be let down, and if it burns, the air is fit to breathe. If the candle be extinguished, it is unsafe for an individual to descend.

In the Island of Java, however, perhaps the most remarkable collection of carbonic acid is to be found. On the summit of the highest mountain there is a circular valley of considerable depth, and presenting to the eye a spectacle combining the utmost beauty and horror. The sides of the valley are clothed with the richest perennial verdure of the tropics; all the plants which grow on that fine island are there found of surpassing magnitude and beauty, but intermixed with the skeletons of tigers, wolves, and men. There is no living animal. The greatest development of vegetable life goes hand in hand with absolute destruction to all animal existence. The natives call this place the *Valley of Death*. It is the crater of an extinct volcano. From its bottom issue perpetually watery vapour and carbonic acid, the elements which clothe its sides with vegetable riches; but the whole being an invisible lake of carbonic acid, proves instant destruction to the unwary animal that passes over its brink. Some deserters from an English regiment concealed themselves in it, and their bodies, seen through the transparent but deadly gas by which they were surrounded, verified a fact which had been previously suspected to be a fable of the natives.

In the fermentation of corn, for making malt liquors or ardent spirits, a large quantity of carbonic acid is generated, and workmen who heedlessly descend into the vats to cleanse them, are very often suffocated. The trial by a lighted candle should never in such cases be omitted. In the burning of lime there is a very large proportion of carbonic acid set free; and poor persons who are tempted to sleep on the platform of a lime-kiln for the sake of the warmth it affords, are sometimes suffocated by the vitiated air they breathe.

The air, so far as regards its influence on health, is modified in a very important manner by causes which are not so positively known and measured as those we have hitherto examined. The spreading of odours through the air, whether they be the "spicy gales of Araby the blest," or the more unwelcome indications of putrescent matter, takes place by means of quantities of substances so small as to defy the powers of detection we possess. Many diseases, it is well established, arise from the formation and diffusion through the air of peculiar poisons in amazingly small quantity. Thus ague is produced by a specific poison generated in marshes. These poisons resemble other ordinary poisons, inasmuch as we can decompose them, and thus destroy their power. The chemical substance chlorine decomposes almost every vegetable or animal material that it touches. Thus it destroys all colours, and is hence of the greatest use in bleaching; it also destroys all atmospheric poisons, and, consequently, in hospitals and in private houses it is used to disinfect or prevent the spreading of disease, by decomposing the material which conveys it through the air.

For change of air we therefore, with reason, go to the country when we can; but whether to the sea side or to the interior, to Enniskerry or Kingstown, is not dependent on the nature of the air. Wherever the invalid finds most amusement, and agreeable occupation which does not fatigue; wherever the beauty of scenery, and the society of those to whom the heart is bound in ties of mutual esteem and love, present to the mind of one harassed by intense exertion of thought, or broken down by disease of body, a relief in admiration of the wisdom and goodness of his Creator, and in sympathy and kindness towards his fellow men, the atmosphere is clearest; the bracing, enlivening influence of the pure country air is the most sensible, and the mind and body are most effectually restored to the condition of perfect health.

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IRELAND FOR EVER! AND KILMAINHAM TO THE DEVIL!  
—Mr Egan, better known as "Bully Egan," held the chairmanship of Kilmainham at the time that the government were using their utmost endeavours to pass the Act of Union, and, of course, expected to be deprived of his office if he should oppose it. However, when the time for the division had arrived, his love of country preponderating over his love of self, he voted against the measure, exultingly exclaiming, "Ireland for ever! and Kilmainham to the devil!"

## PERSEVERANCE.

PERSEVERANCE in the steady pursuit of a laudable and lawful object, is almost a sure path to eminence. It is a thing which seems to be inherent in some, but it may be cultivated in all. Even those children who seem to be either indolent like the sloth, or changeable as the butterfly, by the skilful training of a watchful parent, may be endowed with the habit of perseverance. The following anecdotes may aid in illustrating to youth the nature and value of this virtue. The celebrated Timour the Tartar, after a series of the most brilliant victories, was at length conquered and made captive. Though confined in a prison, whose massive walls and thick iron bars discouraged every attempt to escape, he still strove at each chink and crevice to find some way of deliverance. At length, weary and dispirited, he sat down in a corner of his gloomy prison, and gave himself up to despair. While brooding over his sorrows, an ant, with a piece of wood thrice as large as itself, attracted his attention. The insect seemed desirous to ascend the perpendicular face of the wall, and made several attempts to effect it. But after reaching a little elevation, it came to a jutting angle of the stone, and fell backward to the floor. But again, again, and again the attempt was renewed. The monarch watched the struggles of the insect, and in the interest thus excited forgot his own condition. The ant persevered, and at the sixtieth trial surmounted the obstacle. Timour sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "I will never despair—perseverance conquers all things!"

A similar anecdote is told of Robert Bruce, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy. Being out on an expedition to reconnoitre the enemy, he had occasion to sleep at night in a barn. In the morning, still reclining his head on a pillow of straw, he beheld a spider climbing up a beam of the roof. The insect fell to the ground, but immediately made a second essay to ascend. This attracted the notice of the hero, who with regret saw the spider fall a second time from the same eminence. It made a third unsuccessful attempt. Not without a mixture of concern and curiosity, the monarch twelve times beheld the insect baffled in its aim; but the thirteenth essay was crowned with success. It gained the summit of the barn; and the king, starting from his couch, exclaimed, "This despicable insect has taught me perseverance! I will follow its example. Have I not been twelve times defeated by the enemy's superior force? On one fight more hangs the independence of my country!" In a few days his anticipations were fully realised, by the glorious result, to Scotland, of the battle of Bannockburn.

A few years since, while travelling in an adjacent state, I came to a little valley, surrounded by rocky and precipitous hills. In that valley was a single house. It was old, and, by its irregularity of form, seemed to have been built at various periods. It was, however, in good condition, and bespoke thrift and comfort. Not a shingle was missing from the roof, no dangling clapboards disfigured its sides, no unHINGED blinds swung idly in the wind, no old hats were thrust through the windows. All around was tidy and well-conditioned. The woodhouse was stored with tall ranges of hickory, the barns were ample, and stacks of hay without declared that it was full within. The soil around, as I have said, was rocky, but cultivation had rendered it fertile. Thriving orchards, rich pastures and prolific meadows, occupied the bed of the valley and the rugged sides of the hills. I was struck with the scene, and when I reached a village at the distance of two or three miles, I made some inquiries, where I learnt the story of the proprietor. He was originally a poor boy, and wholly dependent upon his own exertions. He was brought up as a farmer, and began life as a day labourer. In childhood he had read that "procrastination is the thief of time." He did not at first understand its meaning, and pondered long upon this desperate thief who bore the formidable title of PROCRASTINATION. It was at length explained to him; but the struggles he had made to comprehend the adage fixed it deep in his mind. He often thought of it, and, feeling its force, it became the ruling maxim of his life. Following its dictates with inflexible perseverance, he at length became proprietor of the little valley I have described. Year by year it improved under his care, and at the period of which I am speaking, he was supposed to be worth at least twenty thousand dollars.

Such is the force of perseverance. It gives power to weakness, and opens to poverty the world's wealth. It spreads fertility over the barren landscape, and bids the choicest fruits and flowers spring up and flourish in the desert abode of thorns

and briars. Look at Boston! Where are the three hills which first met the view of the pilgrims as they sailed up its bay? Their tops are shorn down by man's perseverance. Look at the granite hills of Quincy? Proudly anchored in the bosom of the earth, they seem to defy the puny efforts of man, but they are yielding to man's perseverance. Forbidden and hopeless as they would appear to the eye of indolence and weakness, they are better than the treasures of Peru and the gem-strewn mountains of Brasil, to a people endowed with the hardy spirit of perseverance! They are better, for, while they enable them to command the precious metals yielded by other climes, they cherish a spirit and a power which all the gold of Golconda could not purchase.—*Freside Education, by S. G. Goodrich.*

## LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

"Look before you leap," is an advice applicable to many circumstances of human life, besides the mere examination of the locality in which, on which, or over which, you are about to exhibit your own or your horse's agility in the performance of a saltation. Such was the course of meditation that suggested itself to my mind, as I beheld an old woman step slowly and deliberately off the foot-path of Carlisle Bridge, and, without looking right or left, walk directly across the path of the Kilkenny mail-coach, that was just then coming in, the driver, of course, making his cattle do the thing handsomely, as they were so near home. Before he could pull up, the leaders had upset her, and the coroner had tenpence of his shilling surely counted, when a tall, athletic-looking gentleman, stooping suddenly, seized her by the legs, and dragged her from under the horse's feet, somewhat to the disarrangement of her attire. "Look before you leap," said he, giving her a smart shake; "did you never hear that adage, you stupid creature?"

"Arrah!" said she, with the most perfect innocence, "sure I was'n't goin' to jump. Such a sayin' was'n't made for the likes iv me." "Poh! you stupid being," said he, and walked on.

I followed, making the above reflection, when, about half way over, the actively benevolent gentleman saw a little boy about nine or ten years old put his hand into a gentleman's pocket; he instantly, with a promptitude similar to what he had just exhibited, dealt him a blow that nearly knocked the breath out of him.

The proprietor of the pocket, startled by the "*Hagh*" that announced the sudden and almost total expulsion of the sufferer's breath, turned sharply round, and, as the boy staggered over against the balustrades, fiercely asked, "Who did that?"

"That young rascal, sir, had his hand in your pocket," said the striker.

"Well, sir, and what if he had?—He's my son."

"Your son! Sir, I beg a thousand pardons. I—I—I—"

There is nothing I hate more than to see an unfortunate individual in an awkward dilemma. Maybe it is from having so often suffered, that I have a sort of fellow feeling. So, merely repeating to the recent promulgator of the old adage his own words, "Look before you leap," I passed on. N.

EPITAPHES.—The shortest, plainest, and truest, are the best. I say the *shortest*, for when a passenger sees a chronicle written upon a tomb, he takes it on trust that some great man lies there buried, without taking pains to examine who it is. Mr Cambden, in his "*Remains*," presents us with examples of great men who had little epitaphs. And when once a witty gentleman was asked, what epitaph was fittest to be written on Cambden's tomb, "let it be," said he, "Cambden's remains." I say also the *plainest*, for except the sense lie above ground, few will trouble themselves to dig for it. Lastly, it must be *true*; not as in some monuments, where the red veins in the marble may seem to blush at the falsehoods written on it. He was a witty man who first taught a stone to speak, but he was a wicked man who first taught it to lie. A good memory is the best monument; others are subject to casualty and time; and we know that the Pyramids themselves, dotting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.—*Scrap Book.*

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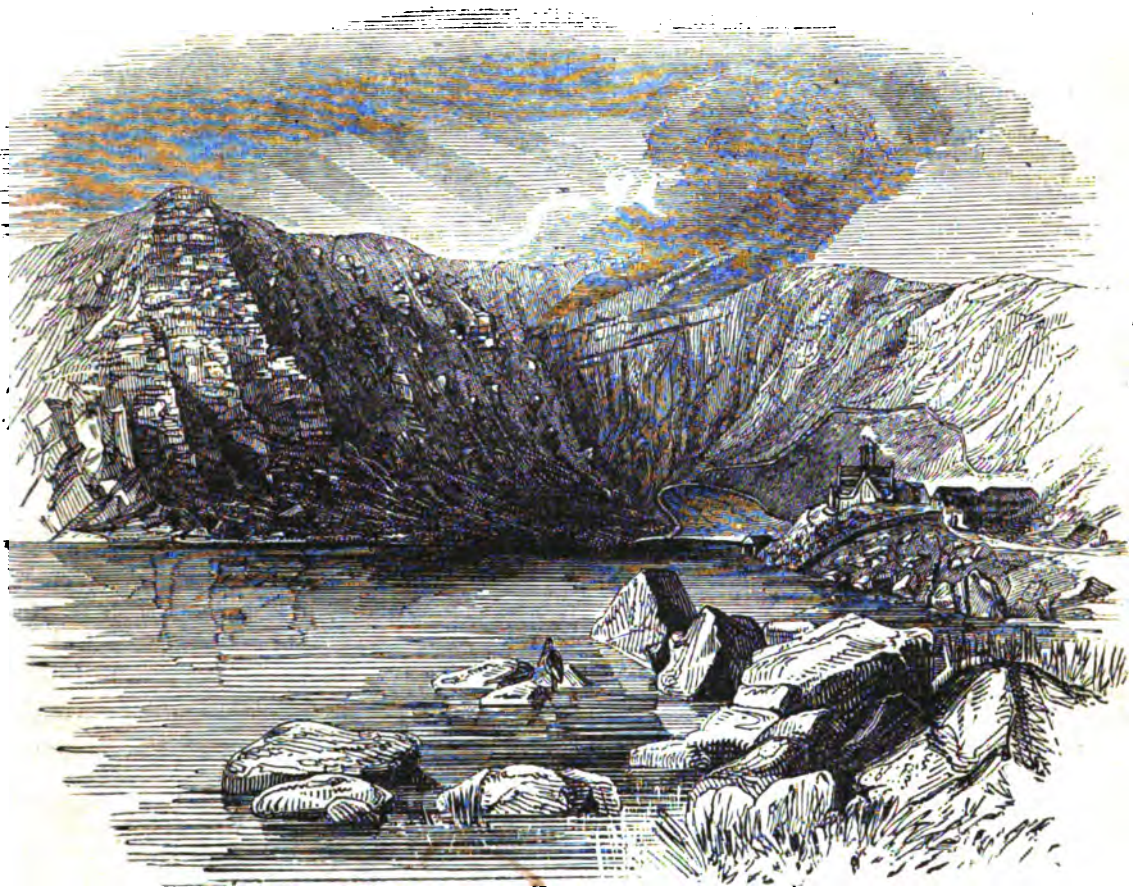


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VOLUME I.



LOUGH BRAY.

If the citizens of our capital have to acknowledge, and perhaps lament, that they are unable to compete with some other cities of the empire in the extent of their commerce, the number of their manufactories, the wealth of their resident aristocracy, or, in short, any of the various results which a long and uninterrupted course of artificial prosperity is certain to bestow, they may still console themselves with the reflection, that in the singularly varied beauties of scenery with which their city is surrounded they possess riches of greater value, and enjoyments of a higher nature, of which they cannot be deprived by any circumstance, and in which no other city can ever hope to rival them. And although to the mere grovelling pursuer of gain, who is incapable of a single elevated or ennobling feeling, such a consideration may seem a matter of trivial importance, to those of wiser, better, and more happily constituted minds, it will always be a source of self-gratulation, as affording pleasures easily procured, and which they would not exchange for any of a grosser kind. It is, indeed, beyond a question, that there is no city in the British empire exhibiting around it such a variety of picturesque beauties as our own dear Dublin. We have the villa-studded, pastoral plain—the spacious bay, with all its variety of coast, from the sandy beach to the bluff sea-promontory—the

richly-wooded valley with its limpid river—the lonely mountain glen with its cataracts and tiny trout-streams—the purple heath and the solitary tarn, or pool—the rural village and the gay watering-place; while in addition to all these, the interest imparted to natural scenery, by remains of ancient times, is every where present. In short, there is no class of scenery which the poet, the painter, the geologist, the botanist, or the mere man of pleasure, could desire, that may not be reached in a drive of an hour or two from any part of our city. Nature has showered on us, with a generous hand, her various riches—the riches derived from her and our Creator. It must, however, be confessed that, as yet, we have not learned sufficiently to appreciate these gifts, and, consequently, do not sufficiently enjoy them. “The world is too much with us”—and there are many scenes of striking interest within our reach, which are more frequently seen by the stranger visitant than by ourselves. Of these, one of the most remarkable is the mountain lake called Lough Bray, of which we give a sketch in our present number. How many thousands are there of the citizens of Dublin who have never seen, perhaps never heard of, this little mountain pool; and yet it is one of the most perfect examples of scenery of its kind in Ireland—one of those spots in which nature appears in her most stern and

rugged aspect; solitary, gloomy, and unfit for the companionship of man. Still it is not wholly a desert. The eagles which build in its cliffs have seen a man of a kindred lofty spirit—an eagle among men—build himself a nest amongst these solitudes; and they have been often startled from their eyry by the sounds of aristocratic joy and merriment, when the shores of the dark lake have been enlivened by the presence of the most distinguished in beauty and rank in Ireland.

It is perhaps of all situations a spot in which we should least expect to find a gentleman's villa; yet this innovation is not materially injurious to the prevailing sentiment of the scene. The house is in the Old English style of architecture, highly picturesque, and in all respects worthy of the refined taste of the late Mr William Morrison, the distinguished architect by whom it was erected, and whose early death was an event which may justly be regarded in the light of a national loss. It was erected for Sir Philip Crampton, at the expense of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, who, while Viceroy of Ireland, had spent some happy days with Sir Philip in this romantic spot, in a cottage of humbler pretensions, which had occupied its site, and was accidentally burned. The gift was one equally worthy of the illustrious donor, and the talented and estimable receiver; and there are few if any of our readers who will not join us in the wish that he may long live to enjoy it.

Lough Bray is situated near the head of the beautiful vale called Glen Cree, in the county of Wicklow, into which it sends a stream, which, subsequently uniting with the Glenisloreane river, is called the Dargle and Bray river, and falls into the sea to the north of Bray Head. Though the name is generally used in the singular number, Lough Bray properly consists of two lakes, called Upper and Lower; but the lower is the principal one, both in point of beauty and grandeur of scenery, as well as in extent of surface, its area occupying a space of thirty-seven acres. It is nearly surrounded by mountain precipices, in which eagles are wont to build, and has very much the character of the crater of an extinct volcano.

Lough Bray is most easily visited from Dublin by the Military Road, by which route the distance is little more than ten Irish miles. P.

### THE SOD PARTY.

Of all the pleasant interludes in the drama of life, a sod party, where every thing goes right, is one of the pleasantest. What talking! what fuss! what discussions! what direfully important arrangements for a week before-hand! what a puzzle how to divide the various necessaries into such relatively fair proportions that no individual should feel more burdened than another. I do not mean one of those parties where all the trouble and expense fall upon one unfortunate individual, who, consequently, can derive no pleasure from the affair, except that of seeing others enjoying themselves—a very great pleasure, doubtless, considered abstractedly, but rather too refined for every-day mortals—no; but a regular pic-nic, where lots are drawn, and each supplies whatever may be written on the slip that she or he holds, and furnishes a quota of the trouble, as well as of the provisions; one individual, nevertheless, being the director.

What a hurry-skurry on the morning of the eventful day! Then the assembling of the carriages and other vehicles at the place of rendezvous.

"Dear me," said Mrs Harvey, on the morning of the day appointed for her pic-nic, having consulted her watch for the twentieth time; "dear me, where is Mr Sharpe? What can possibly delay Mrs Molloy? Well, well, how hard it is to get people to be punctual!"

"Oh, mamma, maybe they'll meet us at Howth; we had better set off. If they come here, they can be directed to follow us, you know. Do, pray, mamma, let us move."

"Oh, my dear, we must send a messenger to Mr Sharpe. If he missed us, or took huff at our going without him (and you know he's very tetchy), it would be such a dreadful inconvenience, for he has to supply the knives and forks, spoons and glasses, and he would think nothing of leaving us in the lurch, if he took it into his head; and Mrs Molloy is so forgetful, that she might come without the roast beef, and never think of it until it would be missed at table. George, dear, will you desire John to step over to Mr Sharpe's, and tell him that the company is assembled. And, Mr O'Brien, will you permit me to send your servant to Mrs Molloy with a similar message?"

"Certainly, madam, with the greatest pleasure."

And now the little annoyances inseparable from all sublimar enjoyments, begin.

"John has received a severe hurt, my dear. In packing some bottles, one of them broke, and a piece of it has cut his wrist. I have sent him to the apothecary's to get it dressed."

"Mercy on us! I hope he's not seriously injured. He won't be obliged to stay at home surely?"

"I am afraid he must, my dear."

"If he does, every thing will go wrong, he is such a careful creature, and so completely up to every thing on a sod party, and has every thing so orderly and regular, and all without fuss or hurry. Oh, dear! we shall be sadly off without him."

Mr Sharpe was announced, and a slight, small, dapper little personage made his appearance. A physiognomist of the very least discernment must at once have pronounced him to be a satirical, irritable, genuine lover of mischief, for mischief's sake—mirthful after his own fashion, and as merry as a grig upon a gridiron, when every face about him should be drawn to a half yard in length by some unforeseen annoyance, or petty disaster. He rubbed his hands, congratulating the ladies on the fineness of the day. "Heavenly morning—fine road—Bay of Dublin will be seen to such advantage—sea so smooth—coast of Wicklow splendid—Killiney will look so bold"—talk—talk—talk; he stunned every person with his extraordinary volubility.

Mr O'Brien's servant entered. "Please, ma'am, Mrs Molloy is coming." Scarcely was the message delivered when the lady made her appearance.

"Oh, my dear Mrs Harvey, I hope I haven't kept you waiting long. I totally forgot that this was the day appointed for your party, until Sparks reminded me of it by calling me up."

"Make no apologies, my dear madam; we haven't waited at all. Mr Sharpe has but just arrived, and our number is now complete. Have you every thing packed?"

"Packed! Why, do you think we'll have rain?—had I better get my cloak and umbrella? But, sure, I can go in your carriage, and as I shan't be exposed on an outside car, I won't want them."

"My dear Mrs Molloy, it is the beef I allude to. Is it packed?"

"The beef! What beef?"

"Why, dear me, you surely haven't forgotten that a six-rib piece of roast beef was to be supplied by you?"

"I declare—I never—once—thought—of it. Well, now, that's very odd."

Mr Sharpe's countenance fell. The discovery had been made too timely to please him.

"What's best to be done now? I can purchase beef somewhere as we go along, and we'll get it dressed at Howth, in some cabin or another."

"Phwee—oo" whistled Mr Robert O'Gorman, "what the deuce would we do with ourselves for five or six hours, at the least, that such a piece would take to roast, without any thing to keep its back warm in an open cabin? I'll tell you what, ma'am: give me the money, and I'll get as much cold roast beef as you like, from Mulholland."

"Who is Mulholland?"

"Oh, 'tis no matter; I'll get the meat, if you want it."

"Very well, Mr O'Gorman, do so, and you'll oblige me; here is a guinea. But why not tell who Mulholland is?"

Mr O'Gorman bolted, without making any reply.

Now, the fact of the matter was simply this, that Mulholland was a sort of second-hand caterer, who purchased the meat that was sent unused from the dining-hall of Trinity College, and supplied it again to such students as felt too economically inclined to attend commons, and thus save money from the parental allowances, for other, and better (?) uses. To this class did Mr O'Gorman sometimes belong.

In a very short time he re-appeared.

"You were not long, Mr O'Gorman; did you succeed in getting a suitable piece?"

"Suitable? If sixteen pounds will suit you, I have got that; and I gave him the change of the guinea," addressing Mrs Molloy, "for himself, ma'am, for his trouble in packing it, and the loan of the basket, which of course he can't expect in reason ever to see again. Nobody would bring home an empty basket."

"The change of the guinea for himself! Why, Mr O'Gorman, instead of giving him more than he asked, you should have cut him down in his price. The change of the guinea

for himself! Oh! gracious! did any one ever hear of the like? Oh! dear me! the change for himself! Oh! dear!" and in a gentle repetition or two, in an under-tone, Mrs Molloy's surprise died away, like a retiring echo; for the bustle of departure claimed all attention now.

It has been but too frequently remarked, that a party of pleasure is seldom wholly unembittered by pain, and our party was doomed not to be an exception to the rule; although the point had been mooted, and the question discussed, at the first meeting (an evening party at Mrs Harvey's), where the preliminaries were arranged, and it had been voted unanimously that our party should be pleasant, and agreeable, and happy, from the start to the return; and, further, that nothing should go astray; and that if any person should be disagreeable, he or she should be voted out; with fifty other resolutions, that the secretary was unable to record, in consequence of the movers and seconders, the president and audience, secretary and all, talking rapidly and vehemently together, until order was suddenly restored by Mr O'Gorman (who had the loudest voice, and the knack of making himself heard above any uproar, acquired by a long and regular course of practice in the upper gallery of Crow-street theatre) shouting out, "Order-r-r-r, ladies and gentlemen, order-r-r-r!" The rule of this society is, that not more than six shall speak at a time; and I feel it to be my duty, madam, to call upon you, for the sake of regularity, to preserve this rule inviolate. This party of pleasure, madam, is to be a party of pleasure unlike all the parties of pleasure that have gone before it. Pleasure, madam, is to be the beginning, pleasure the middle, and pleasure the end of it; and I shall conclude, madam, by saying, that I have the pleasure of wishing that it may be so."

Mr O'Gorman unfortunately had not the celebrated wishing-cap on his head at the time.

Mr, Mrs, and Miss Harvey, a maiden sister of Mr Harvey, Mrs Molloy, Mr Sharpe, Mr O'Brien, his mother and three sisters, Mr O'Donnell and his daughter, O'Gorman, Fitzgerald, Sweeny, Costello, and two or three more College men, completed the muster roll of the party. The vehicles consisted of Mr Harvey's and Mr O'Brien's carriages, Mr O'Donnell's jaunting-car, an outside jarvey that O'Gorman had brought, and Mr Sharpe's gig.

Poor John's wrist had been so sadly hurt that he could not attend, and the gentlemen gave every assurance to Mrs Harvey that he would not be missed by her, they would make themselves so useful.

Every thing was at length announced to be ready. A basket, covered with oiled silk, swinging conspicuously from the axle-tree of the gig, rendered it unnecessary to ask Mr Sharpe if he had all the requisites prepared; and Mrs Harvey, having cast the last scrutinizing glance around, gave the long-wished-for word to "take places."

Now, all this time there were four hearts bent upon one object, and four heads at work planning how to attain it. The youngest of the Misses O'Brien was the sprightliest girl of the party; and although Miss O'Donnell might dispute the prize for beauty with her, the former was the most admired by the young men upon the present occasion, and Messrs O'Gorman, Fitzgerald, Sweeny, and Costello, had each resolved to attach himself to her, if possible.

The first mentioned, who was a general favourite, had contrived most successfully to keep near her during breakfast, and pretty nearly to engross her attention during the subsequent time that had elapsed previously to the discovery of Mrs Molloy's forgetfulness, by telling her tales of College life, and adventures replete with wonders, that might have caused the renowned Sinbad the sailor himself, or the equally celebrated Baron Munchausen, to stare, and bite the bitter nail of envy, while they could not withhold their meed of applause from one who was their master at the marvellous, and could give them lessons in the sublime art of invention.

It was Bob's anxiety to get on the road that made him tender his services in the supplying of the beef; and the certainty that he had completely ingratiated himself with the young lady, by his stories, at which she had laughed most heartily, made him feel very little uneasiness at the prospect of a few minutes' separation, especially when she knew that he had only absented himself for the purpose of expediting the arrangements that were to give him an opportunity of catering for her amusement for the remainder of the day. When he returned, and saw her surrounded by the other three, he resolved to let them go quietly, and trusted to snatch her from them by some stratagem, just at the last moment.

Now, it must be confessed that Miss Kate would have much preferred the rattling, noisy, lying, merry, mischievous scamp, as her companion, to any other, because she loved laughing, and he supplied her plentifully with food for mirth; and she was very well inclined, and quite resolved within herself, to second any bold attempt that he might make to rescue her from the trio by which she was surrounded. Great was her chagrin to see that he took no manner of trouble about the matter, but apparently occupied himself with the elder Miss Harvey. What a taste he must have! thought she, to attach himself to the old maid of the party; and it was with something of pettishness that she stood, or rather jumped up, when the order to move was given. Her glove fell. Fitzgerald and Costello stooped, or rather dashed themselves down from opposite sides at the same instant to secure the prize; their heads came in contact, with a crash resembling that caused by two cracked pitchers being jolted together, and so loud as to astonish the hearers; and they recoiled from the collision into a sitting posture, one under the table, and the other under the piano.

When Xantippe, the wife of that great philosopher Socrates, had failed in her efforts to vex him by abuse, her last resource was to break some article of crockery upon his head: it is recorded that he coolly wiped his face, which had been deluged by the contents, merely saying, "After thunder comes rain." Now, I'd be bound that if we could ascertain what Socrates said to himself at the time, we should find that for all his smooth face and soft words he inwardly took some desperate liberties with the heathen deities, and pitched Xantippe, crockery, and all the makers of it, to Pluto, and all the infernal gods, in a hurry. However, he kept his countenance, which is more than can be said of Frank Costello, or Dick Fitzgerald, or of Mr Sharpe, who nearly went into convulsions with laughter; indeed, to do him justice, his was not the only laughter, for no one could resist the excitement to risibility contained in the picture before them. At the first moment each of the gentlemen had uttered a loud exclamation savouring strongly of impiety; then, immediately recollecting the presence of ladies, they muttered what might have been supposed by the charitable to be half-suppressed prayers, but that their countenances were strangely discordant with pious thoughts, for each with his hand on his head, his teeth set, his lips apart and tightly drawn, and his eyes glaring with pain and vexation, sat looking, or rather grinning, like a hyena, at the other. That keen sense of the ridiculous which always comes upon us so inopportunely, made them at length get up, and the condolences offered on all sides, in the most tender inflections of voice, but with countenances which but too plainly showed how great was the effort to suppress laughter, excited their anger against one another most terribly; nor was it likely to be the more readily allayed by seeing Dan Sweeny walking off with the prize, the contention for which had caused their misfortune. It was with difficulty they could be kept from fighting. Leaving them to settle the matter as they pleased, Sweeny conducted the lady to her carriage, close to which a new scene awaited them.

On the step of the hackney jaunting-car sat O'Gorman, with his left foot upon his right knee, alternately rubbing his shin very gently, and hugging the leg as if it was a baby, groaning, and screwing his face into the most hideous grimaces. After the scene they had just witnessed, this was irresistible, and Miss Kate laughed long and heartily. Bob looked at her, made a more hideous grimace than before, groaned, rubbed more violently, and then giving himself a most ludicrous twist, grinned, rubbed, and groaned again.

"Why—ha—ha—ha!—Mr O'Gorman, what ha—ha—ha!—has happened you?"

"Oh! ah! oh! may the d—— I beg your pardon. But, oh! hif! to the—och, I mean bad luck to all wood and iron! Hif! oh! I attempted to jump up on this rascally step, when my foot slipped off, and down I came, scraping all the skin off my shin bone. Oh! bad luck to it—to the step, I mean."

The manner in which he said this, made all who heard him laugh more, but he did not seem to be in the least degree disconcerted; and as to being angry, there was not a trace of it on his countenance.

Sweeny, who prided himself upon being quite a ladies' man, and who was just then immensely elated at having distanced all his competitors, but especially O'Gorman, whose retirement from the competition he considered to be a tacit acknowledgment of inferiority, offered a jesting sort of condolence to him, and recommended him strongly to rub the injured part



with vinegar, or whisky, or salt and water; it might smart a little at first, to be sure, and make him grin and roar somewhat, but it would be well in no time! But in the midst of his badinage, Miss O'Brien missed her parasol, and he was obliged to run back to the drawing-room to look for it.

As soon as he had disappeared within the hall door, O'Gorman sprang to his feet, and, drawing the parasol from the breast of his coat, tendered it, and his arm, to the young lady, saying, with the greatest exultation, "Hoaxed, by jingo! alas! poor Sweeny. Come, Miss Kate, your brother is so taken up with Miss O'Donnell, that he can't attend to any thing, or any body. Never mind your mother; she can't bawl out at us, you know; and if she attempted to scold, she'd be voted out. I've got Sharpe's gig—come, jump up, and we'll have such a day! Oh! but havn't I done them all brown! Hurrah for Howth, and the sky over it! Oh! you little darling," added he, restraining himself with considerable difficulty from giving her a hug and a kiss, as she laughingly complied with his invitation, and seated herself with him in the gig, just as Sweeny returned, protesting himself unable to find the parasol, "oh, it got tired waiting for you, and came of itself. But I say, Sweeny, capital receipt that of yours for sore shins; quite cured mine in a moment—first application. Hello! here, you will probably want a pocket handkerchief during the day; I'll lend you one;" and Bob threw him his own. "I picked his pocket in the drawing-room," said he, turning to his delighted companion; "I was determined that he should go back for something; and here's yours, which I secured also. Now, then, if we follow those rumbling machines, we shall be smothered with dust, so we had better show them the way." Chick, chick—and poor Mrs O'Brien could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw her daughter whirl past her in a gig with one of the most incorrigible scapegraces in the University.

He took good care that they should not be recalled, for he was out of sight in a twinkling; nor did the party get a view of him again until they had passed Clontarf, when they found him walking the horse quietly, in order that they might overtake him.

But I must postpone detailing the subsequent events of that memorable day until the next number, having already occupied more than my share of space.

NAISL.

## SUMMER FLOWERS,

A CITIZEN'S SONNET.

Away with summer flow'rs,  
Twine with the wreath for me,  
Unbind the myrtle from the rose,  
And pansy, emblem of repose,  
Far let them scattered be;  
The best, the loveliest, let them part,  
Their very sweetness breaks my heart.

Away with summer flow'rs,  
Let sunshine cease to glow,  
Bring back the days of sombre hue,  
And heav'n without a glimpse of blue,  
And earth in vest of snow.  
Then weave the green perfum'd bough  
In fadeless verdure for my brow.

To see the length'ning days,  
To feel the glowing hours,  
As step by step, the smiling spring  
Steals on her bright and glorious wing,  
And strews our path with flow'rs;  
This may be joy, but me it sends  
Warnings of banishment to friends.

Soon as the rose's bloom  
Breaks up the social tie,  
And those whom winter gather'd round  
The cheering hearth, no more are found,  
But east and west they fly;  
Some roam the mountain, some the deep,  
But, ah! leave those at home to weep.

'Midst winter's sullen blast,  
How many a friendly hand  
Cheered the dark moments as they passed,  
And bid me think they fled too fast  
While circled hand in hand;  
But summer breaks the charming spell,  
And, makes me feel, I lov'd too well!

Now, 'midst the fairest glow,  
The scene with clouds is drear,  
And empty mansions crowd the street,  
No hand to beckon, eye to greet,  
Or friendly voice to cheer;  
The colony of love is shaken,  
And summer leaves our hall forsaken!

Away, then, summer flowers!  
Thou glowing rose, away!  
Come let me wreath the gloomy bowers  
With cypress bathed in stormy showers,  
Where sunbeams never stray;  
But let the flow'r of snowy crest  
Impart its chillness to my breast.

## EQUIVOCAL GENTLEMEN.

**EQUIVOCAL GENTLEMEN!** Pray, who are they? Why, they are rather a curious class of persons. But if you are in the habit of noting character, we rather think you must know them. They are to be seen in every city, and almost in every town.

The equivocal gentleman has, in general manner and bearing, and, as far as a very limited exchequer will allow, in dress also, a curious smack of the real gentleman about him, of whom he is, altogether, a sort of amusing caricature. His pretensions are high, very high, and, conscious of the doubtfulness of his claims, always noisy and obtrusive. He endeavours to bully the world into respect for him. But it won't do. When he turns his back, the world winks one of its eyes, and says, with a knowing smile, "that's a queer sort of chap." It does'nt, in fact, know what to make of him—how to class him. It has, however, a pretty good notion that, with all the equivocal gentleman's pretension, he has by no means an unlimited command of the circulating medium.

And this is not an incorrect notion. Scarcity of funds is, in truth, at the bottom of all the equivocal gentleman's difficulties, as, indeed, it is of almost all those of every body else. He, however, may be emphatically said to be born of a warfare between his poverty and "gentility."

It is, of course, in the matter of dress that the equivocal gentleman is most anxious to establish his claim to be considered a genuine article; and it is in this matter, too, that his peculiar position in the world is made most manifest; dress being in his particular case, as it is less or more in all others, a strongly marked and faithful expression of character.

The struggle here, then, to keep matters right, is dreadful. None but himself knows how dreadful—none but himself knows the thousand shifts and expedients he is compelled to have recourse to, to maintain appearances in this most important and most troublesome department.

First, of the hat. It is a merciless and unfeeling hat; for it is obstinately hastening to decay, though it well knows that its sorely perplexed owner does not know where on earth to get another. See what a watching and tending it requires to keep it from becoming absolutely unfit for the public eye, as the headpiece of a gentleman! Why, the watching and tending of a new-born infant is nothing to it.

Consider how carefully it must be examined round and round every morning, that no new outward symptom of decay has made itself manifest. Consider the brushing, the smoothing down, the inking of corners and rims, the coaxing and wheedling, by softly squeezing it this way, and gently pulling it that, to induce it to keep as near as possible to its original shape. Nay, desperate attempts may sometimes be detected to make it assume yet a smarter form, in defiance of decay and dilapidation.

Then, there is the stock. Stitching and inking again, with careful daily supervision. Then there is— But we need enlarge no further on this part of our subject.

But, mark, reader! every thing about the equivocal gentleman is not in this state of seediness. He would not be the equivocal gentleman at all, if this were the case. Some of the particulars of his outward man are good—in fact, stylish—and it is this incongruity that makes him out, that makes him what he is, and which so much puzzles you to class him when you see him.

The equivocal gentleman *always* manages to have one or two of the component parts of his dress of unimpeachable quality, but *never* can manage to have the whole in this palmy state. There is always something wrong—something below



par; and, we may add, generally something outré, absurd, or extravagant. Perfect consistency and propriety in dress he never can attain, and perhaps would not, if he could; for one of the most marked features of his character is a craving after singularity, in the art and fashion of his habiliments.

Overlooking himself what partial deficiencies there may be in this department of his entire man, and thinking that the world will overlook them too, the equivocal gentleman affects the "bang up." He is not content with desiring to impress beholders with the idea of his being merely a respectable sort of person: he desires much more than this. They must take him, if not certainly for a lord, at least for some great personage—for a—a—he does not himself, in fact, well know what—for a mysterious, indeterminate somebody, of mysterious and indeterminate consequence.

There are two or three points in which the equivocal gentleman displays a very remarkable degree of ingenuity. One of these consists in the dexterity with which he not only conceals defects of dress, but converts them into positive elegancies. Thus, if he have to button up for want of a clean shirt, he contrives, by the very smart way in which he does it, to make it appear not only to be matter of mere choice or fancy, but, in fact, by much the genteeler thing.

But it is in the enacting of character that the equivocal gentleman particularly shines.

Not having either the cash or the credit necessary to enable him to adapt his dress to his identity, he is compelled to adapt his identity to his dress. In other words, placing, for the reason alluded to, little or no influence over the shape, fashion, or quality of his clothes, but being obliged to conform to circumstances in this matter to a most unpleasant extent—to wear, in short, whatever he can most conveniently get—he is driven to the expedient of adapting his character to the particular description of dress he may be wearing at the time. Thus, if it is a short coat, he probably enacts the country gentleman, or sporting character; if a braided surtout, then he is a military man; if he is driven to hide the deficiencies of his other garments by a cloak, he adds a cloth cap with tassels, frizzles up his whiskers, and comes forth a Polish count; and so on of other varieties of dress.

In person the equivocal gentleman is stout and robust, his age somewhere about forty. He is bushy-whiskered, and affects a swaggering, bold, off-hand manner, talks large to waiters, and looks with edifying ferocity on every body.

This rabidness of disposition on the part of the equivocal gentleman proceeds partly from his habit of attempting to bully the world into a high opinion of his consequence, and partly from the irritation produced by a constant dread that the world suspects the true state of his case. It is thus partly affected, partly real.

Being always miserably short of funds, the equivocal gentleman is necessarily much circumscribed in his enjoyments; and this is particularly unfortunate, for he has a very keen relish for the good things of this life. He likes good living, good drinking, good every thing; but cruel fate has denied them to him, except in very limited quantities, and on very rare occasions. If he even gets them at all, it is by mere chance, mere casual accident. Occasionally it is by an effort of ingenuity, through which he has contrived, by some mysterious means or other, to get possession of a little of the circulating medium.

And pray, then, what is the equivocal gentleman? What is he in reality, and what does he do? How does he support himself? Why, friend, these questions are a vast deal easier put than answered.

Just now, the equivocal gentleman is doing nothing—literally and absolutely nothing. He was something or other at one time; but at this moment, and for many years past, he has pursued no calling whatever. The equivocal gentleman, in short, is a gentleman of shifts and expedients. He has a little world of his own, in which he manoeuvres for a living. Being rather respectably connected, his friends occasionally remit him small sums, and these god-sends, few and far between, and his own ingenuity, are all he has to depend upon.

The equivocal gentleman, notwithstanding the dashy appearance he aims at, and the large style in which he speaks, is, we are sorry to say it, a bit of a rogue in grain, and a good deal of one in practice: he is, in short, somewhat of a scamp, partly from circumstances, and partly from the natural bent of his genius, which is ever urging him to take the shortest cuts towards the objects he desires to possess. He is, in truth, a sort of human bird of prey; tailors, bootmakers,

and lodging-house keepers, being his favourite quarries, and the class who, therefore, suffer most from his non-paying propensities. On one or other of these he is ever and anon pouncing, and woe be to them if he once gets them within his clutches: he will leave his mark, be sure, if he does.

The tailor, the bootmaker, and the lodging-house keeper, again, knowing that he is their natural enemy—and as well do they know him for this, as the small bird does the hawk—stand in great awe of him; they have an instinctive dread of him, and put themselves in a posture of defence the moment they see him.

Our equivocal gentleman, in truth, lives in a constant state of warfare similar to this with the whole world—not open hostility, perhaps, but lurking, secret aversion. The world looks shyly and doubtfully on him, and he looks fiercely and angrily on the world in return.

Amongst the two or three little foibles by which the equivocal gentleman is distinguished, is a rather urgent propensity to strong drink. He is, in fact, pretty considerably dissipated, as the florid or brick-red face on which his luxuriant whiskers vegetate, but too plainly indicates. He is not, indeed, always drunk; for his very limited command of means keeps him, on the whole, pretty sober; but he gets drunk when he can, and no gentleman can do more, nor can more be reasonably expected of him.

The equivocal gentleman is a man of refined tastes, and hence it is that he patronizes the drama. He is a great playgoer. On such occasions he figures in the sixpenny gallery; and here he has a difficult part to play, as difficult as any on the stage. He has to make it appear to the gods, who wonder to see so fine a gentleman amongst them, why he has come to such a place, and at the same time to parody the very natural conclusion, that it proceeds from a limited exchequer, which he must on no account permit to be presumed for a moment.

The way he manages this very ticklish point is this:—he assumes a look at once dignified and supercilious, which look is meant to impress you with the belief that his being in the shilling gallery, which he generally enters at the half-price, is a mere freak, a whim of one who could have gone to the boxes had he chosen—that he has come where he is, just to see what sort of a place it is, what effect the actors and the scenery have when seen from such a distance.

To confirm this impression, the equivocal gentleman never sits down in the gallery: this would look like premeditated economy. He stands, therefore, during the whole time of the performance, and stands aloof, too, from the ragamuffin audience, with his arms folded on his breast, and an expression of awful majesty on his brow.

Reader, do you know the equivocal gentleman now? We are sure you do. That's he there! see—that odd-looking personage with the battered drab hat, the flashy surtout, the shabby stock, the fashionable vest crossed by a German silver chain, the questionable small-clothes, and the large patch on his left boot.

#### IRISH PROVERBS.

THE proverbs and moral sayings of a nation have always been considered to possess a remarkable interest, not only on account of the practical wisdom embodied in them, but for the insight which to a great extent they afford into the peculiar character and habits of thought of the people to whom they belong. Wisdom, it is true, is essentially the same in all countries, but the expression of it must vary according to the temperament and modes of thinking which are found to characterise the people of different nations; and hence the proverbs of every people have been deemed worthy of preservation, as well for purposes of comparison as for their own intrinsic value. If, however, there be any nation the proverbs of which remain almost wholly unknown to the people of the British islands generally, it is the Irish, of whose popular sayings no specimens have ever been given in an English dress, except a collection of about eighty, which were contributed to the first volume of the *Dublin Penny Journal* by our able and estimable friend Mr O'Donovan, who well observes, that "a perfect list of the proverbs of any people is, as it were, an index to the national character, or the elements of the moral notions, customs, and manners of a people." A vast body of such characteristic popular wisdom still remains hidden in the obscurity of its original vernacular form, and we trust that we shall render our readers an acceptable service in present-

ing them from time to time with translated portions, accompanied by the original Irish, which we are equally anxious to preserve.

1.

ƒeapn nme na bunbe moƒ  
ƒeapn cojn na dul cum oljse  
ƒeapn teac beaz n ƒeapn lojn  
na teac moƒ n beazan bjo  
Gentleness is better than violent anger.  
Compromising is better than going to law.  
A small house and a plentiful store  
Are better than a large house and little food.

2.

Jomao zlojn az neac  
co bejn ƒn nejhon aƒa cel  
ceƒneah ƒuƒe le hjomao zlojn  
Spaƒean ton cojn ƒeƒn  
Too much talkativeness in a man  
Brings his good sense into disrepute;  
Because a man by a superfluity of words  
Only detracts from the force of truth.

3.

n ƒnojmede an loe an eala  
n ƒnojmede an teac a ƒnjan  
n ƒnojmede an eaona a holan  
ƒn ƒnojmede an colan cjal  
The lake is not incumbered by the swan,  
The steed is not incumbered by its bridle,  
The sheep is not incumbered by its wool,  
Nor is the body incumbered by good sense.

4.

njn ƒlojn zac ƒn  
az a mjo cojn azur ƒpnejo  
Seapn ƒlojn an ce bjo lojn  
bunorcojn co labran ƒe  
Sweet is the voice of every man  
Who possesses means and affluence;  
But harsh is the voice of the indigent man;  
His language seems topsy-turvy.

5.

nae buaybeapna bjo na taojne an unpeapnao lojn  
ƒan azj da hjonao ojb zo mejn ƒan lo  
n luajce ton cil an ƒoacal ƒunjoce ceƒeoil  
na an luajceapn ƒnoice no an naojcean lejn bjo  
015

How much do people sorrow for their want of possessions,  
And the grave meanwhile filled with them often in the day!  
Not sooner to the cemetery goes the emaciated invalid  
Than the robust and brave man, or the new-born infant.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

THE following account of an extraordinary criminal trial which took place in Hertfordshire in the year 1628, we have extracted from *Reilly's Dublin News Letter* of the 16th of August 1740. It was published for the first time in London in the preceding year (1739) by Dr Rawlinson, who had discovered it among the papers of the eminent lawyer, Sir John Maynard, formerly one of the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal of England.

"The case, or rather history of a case, that happened in the county of Hertford, I thought good to report here, though it happened in the fourth year of King Charles the First, that the memory of it may not be lost by miscarriage of my papers, or otherwise. I wrote the evidence that was given, which I and others did hear; and I wrote it exactly according to what was deposed at the trial, at the bar of the King's Bench, namely,

Johan Norkott, wife of Arthur Norkott, being murdered, the question was, How she came by her death? The coroner's inquest on view of the body, and depositions of Mary Norkott, John Okeman, and Agnes his wife, inclined to find Johan Norkott *felo de se*; for they informed the coro-

ner and jury that she was found dead in her bed, the knife sticking in the floor, and her throat cut: That the night before she went to bed with her child, her husband being absent, and that no other person after such time as she was gone to bed came into the house, the examnants lying in the outer room, and they must needs have seen or known if any stranger had come in. Whereupon the jury gave up to the coroner their verdict, that she was *felo de se*; but afterwards, upon rumour among the neighbourhood, and their observation of divers circumstances, which manifested that she did not, nor, according to those circumstances, could possibly murder herself, thereupon the jury, whose verdict was not yet drawn into form by the coroner, desired the coroner that the body, which was buried, might be taken up out of the grave, which the coroner assented to; and thirty days after her death, she was taken up in the presence of the jury and a great number of the people: whereupon the jury changed their verdict. The persons being tried at Hertford assizes, were acquitted; but so much against the evidence, that Judge Hervey let fall his opinion that it were better an appeal were brought, than so foul a murder escape unpunished. And Pascha 4 Car., they were tried on the appeal, which was brought by the young child, against his father, grandmother, and aunt, and her husband Okeman. And because the evidence was so strange, I took exact and particular notice, and it was as follows:—

After the manner above mentioned related, an ancient and grave person, minister to the parish where the fact was committed (being sworn to give evidence according to custom), deposed, that the body being taken up out of the grave thirty days after the party's death, and lying on the grass, and the four defendants present, they were required each of them to touch the dead body. Okeman's wife fell upon her knees, and prayed God to show a token of her innocency, or to some such purpose; her very words I have forgot. The appellees did touch the dead body; whereupon the brow of the dead, which was before a livid and carrion colour (that was the verbal expression *interminus* of the witness), began to have a dew or gentle sweat arise on it, which increased by degrees till the sweat ran down in drops on the face; the brow turned and changed to a lively and fresh colour, and the dead opened one of her eyes and shut it again; and this opening of the eye was done three several times. She likewise thrust out the ring or marriage finger three times, and pulled it in again, and the finger dropped blood from it on the grass.

Sir Nicholas Hide, Chief Justice, seeming to doubt the evidence, asked the witness, Who saw this besides you?

Witness—I cannot swear what others saw; but, my Lord, (said he) I do believe the whole company saw it; and if it had been thought a doubt, proof would have been made of it, and many would have attested with me.

Then the witness observing some admiration in the auditors, he spoke further. My Lord, I am minister of the parish, and have long known all the parties, but never had any occasion of displeasure against any of them, nor had to do with them, or they with me, but as I was minister. The thing was wonderful to me; but I have no interest in the matter but as called upon to testify the truth I have done.

This witness was a very reverend person, and, as I guessed, was about seventy years of age; his testimony was delivered gravely and temperately, but to the great admiration of the auditory. Whereupon applying himself to the Chief Justice, he said:—

My Lord, my brother, here present, is minister of the next parish adjacent, and I am assured saw all done that I have affirmed.

Therefore that person was also sworn to give evidence, and did depose in every point—to the sweating of the brow, the change of its colour, opening of the eye, and the thrice motion of the finger, and drawing it in again. Only the first witness added, that he himself dipped his finger in the blood which came from the dead body, to examine it, and he swore he believed it was blood.

I conferred afterwards with Sir Edmund Powell, barrister-at-law, and others, who all concurred in the observation. For myself, if I were upon oath, I can depose that these depositions, especially of the first witness, are truly reported in substance.

The other evidence was given against the prisoners, namely, the grandmother of the plaintiff, and against Okeman and his wife; that they confessed that they lay in the next room to the dead person that night, and that none came into the

house till they found her dead the next morning; therefore, if she did not murder herself, they must be the murderers. To that end further proof was made.

First—That she lay in a composed manner in her bed, the bed-clothes nothing at all disturbed, and her child by her in bed.

Secondly—Her throat cut from ear to ear, and her neck broken; and if she first cut her throat, she could not break her neck in the bed, nor *contra*.

Thirdly—There was no blood in the bed, saving there was a tincture of blood on the bolster whereon her head lay; but no substance of blood at all.

Fourthly—From the bed's head there was a stream of blood on the floor, which ran along till it ponded in the bendings of the floor to a very great quantity; and there was also another stream of blood on the floor at the bed's feet, which ponded also on the floor to another great quantity, but no continuance or communication of blood of either of these two places from one to the other, neither upon the bed; so that she bled in two places severally. And it was deposed, turning up the mat of the bed, there were clots of congealed blood in the straw of the mat underneath.

Fifthly—The bloody knife was found in the morning sticking in the floor a good distance from the bed; but the point of the knife as it stuck was towards the bed, and the haft from the bed.

Lastly—There was a print of the thumb and four fingers of the left hand.

Sir Nicholas Hide, Chief Justice, said to the witness—How can you know the print of a left hand from the print of a right hand in such a case?

Witness—My Lord, it is hard to describe; but if it please that honourable judge to put his left hand upon your left hand, you cannot possibly place your right hand in the same posture. Which being done, and appearing so, the defendants had time to make their defence, but gave no evidences to any purpose.

The jury departed from the bar, and, returning, acquitted Okeman, and found the other three guilty; who being severally demanded what they could say why judgment should not be pronounced, said, 'Nothing'; but each of them said, 'I did not do it, I did not do it.'

Judgment was given, and the grandmother and the husband executed; but the aunt had the privilege to be spared execution, being with child.

I inquired, did they confess any thing at their execution; but they did not, as I was told."

### JACK JOHNSTONE.

THE times are sadly changed in Ireland as regards the drama, and the enjoyments of its lovers, since the days when Jack Johnstone used to delight his thousands of hearers, in old "Crow street," with his melodious warblings of Irish melodies, and his never-to-be-equalled touches of Irish humour and merriment. It can never be questioned that he was the truest painter of Irish character that ever lived. There was no trait to be found throughout its extensive range, from the accomplished gentleman to the unlettered peasant, that he was not equally master of, and which he did not depict with equal spirit and vividness; and this always in such a way as to make us pleased with the picture of ourselves, and acknowledge its truth, while we laughed at its strange and often ludicrous peculiarities. There was nothing in Jack Johnstone's personation that Irishmen would ever feel ashamed of, or that they would not willingly allow to go forth to the world at large as faithful delineations of their eccentricities and faults, as well as of their drolleries and virtues; and hence not only is the memory of this genuine Irish comedian honoured by those of the last generation, who were his cotemporaries, but his reputation as an actor has even descended with lustre to our own times. So should it for ever live; and in this desire of contributing our humble assistance towards perpetuating his memory, we are induced to present our readers with a short biographical notice of his career, which we are sure will not be displeasing to the young, while it will hardly fail to revive joyous recollections of happy days in the minds of our readers of more advanced years.

Mr John Henry Johnstone was born at Tipperary in 1750, and was the son of a small but respectable farmer, having a large family. At the early age of 18 he enlisted into a regiment of Irish dragoons, then stationed at Clonmel, commanded

by Colonel Brown. Being smitten with the charms of a neighbouring farmer's daughter, Johnstone used to scale the barrack-wall after his comrades had retired to their quarters, for the purpose of serenading his mistress, having a remarkably sweet and flexible voice. He always returned, however, and was ready at parade the following morning. He was much esteemed throughout the regiment for a native lively turn of mind, and peculiarly companionable qualities. Two of his comrades (who had found out the secret of his nocturnal visitations) scaled the wall after him, and discovered him on his knee singing a plaintive Irish ditty beneath the window of his innamorata. They instantly returned to quarters, and were quickly followed by Johnstone. The serjeant of the company to which he belonged eventually became acquainted with the circumstance, but never apprised the colonel of the fact. Shortly after, Colonel Brown had a party of particular friends dining with him, whom he was most anxious to entertain: he inquired what soldier throughout the regiment had the best voice, and the palm of merit was awarded by the serjeant-major to Johnstone. The colonel sent for him, and he attended the summons, overwhelmed with apprehension that his absence from quarters had reached his commander's ears. He was soon relieved, however, on this point, and attended the party at the time appointed. The first song he sang was a hunting one, which obtained much applause, although he laboured under great trepidation. The colonel said that he had heard he excelled in Irish melodies, and bade Johnstone sing one of his favourite *love* songs. His embarrassment increased at this order; but after taking some refreshment, he sang the identical ditty with which he had so often serenaded his mistress, in such a style of pathos, feeling, and taste, as perfectly enraptured his auditors. Having completely regained his self-possession, he delighted the company with several other songs, which all received unqualified approbation.

The next day Colonel Brown sent for him and sounded his inclination for the stage. Johnstone expressed his wishes favourably on the point, but hinted the extreme improbability of his success, from want of experience and musical knowledge. The colonel overcame his objections, and granted him his discharge, with a highly recommendatory letter to his particular friend Mr Ryder, then manager of the Dublin theatre, who engaged Johnstone at two guineas a-week for three years, which, after his first appearance in *Lionel*, was immediately raised to four (a high salary at that time in Dublin). His fame as a vocalist gathered like a snow-ball, and he performed the whole range of young singing lovers with pre-eminence and eclat.

Our hero next formed a matrimonial alliance with a Miss Pottier, daughter of Colonel Pottier, who had then the command of the military dépôt at Kilmainham gaol. This lady being highly accomplished, and possessing a profound knowledge of music, imparted to her husband the secrets of the science, and made him a finished singer.

Macklin having the highest opinion of Johnstone's talent, advised him to try the metropolitan boards, and wrote a letter to Mr Thomas Harris, of Covent-garden, who, on the arrival of Johnstone and his wife, immediately engaged them for three years, at a weekly salary of £14, £16, and £18. Johnstone made his first appearance in London on the 3d October 1783, in his old character of *Lionel*, and made a complete hit, fully sustaining the ten years' reputation he had acquired on the Dublin stage. After remaining several years at Covent-garden, and finding his voice not improving with time, he formed the admirable policy of taking to Irish parts, which were then but very inadequately filled. His success was beyond example; his native humour, rich brogue, and fine voice for Irish ditties, carried all before him. In fact, he was the only actor who could personate with the utmost effect both the patrician and plebeian Irishman. He next performed at the Haymarket, being one of those who remonstrated with the proprietors of Covent-garden in 1801, against their new regulations. In 1803, he visited his friends in Dublin, where martial law being then in force, on account of Emmett's rebellion, the company performed in the day-time. On his return to London his wife died, and he afterwards married Miss Boulton, the daughter of a wine-merchant, by whom he had Mrs Wallack, who with her children succeeded to the bulk of his large property. In the records of the stage no actor ever approached Johnstone in Irish characters. Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Callaghan O'Brallaghan, Major O'Flaherty, Teague, Tully (the Irish gardener), and Dennis Brulgruddery, were portrayed by him in the most exquisite colours. In fact, they stood alone for felicity of nature and original merit.

Mr Johnstone died in his house in Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, on the 26th December 1829, at the advanced age of seventy-eight years, and his remains were interred in a vault under the church of St Paul, Covent-garden, near the eastern angle of the church. His will was proved in Doctors'-Commons, and probate granted under £12,000 personal property. Rumour gave Johnstone the credit of being worth £40,000 or £50,000. He left a gold snuff-box and a ring to each of his executors, Mr George Robins and Mr O'Reilly; a ring to his friend Mr Jobling, of the Adelphi; and a ring to Mr Dunn, the treasurer of Drury-lane; and as the latter gentleman was a staunch disciple of Isaac Walton, Johnstone left him all his fishing-tackle. To a female servant who nursed him during the last eight or ten years of his life, he bequeathed an annuity of £50 a-year. The remainder, with the exception of a legacy of £500 to Mrs Vining, was left to the children of his daughter, Mrs Wallack.

#### AMUSEMENTS.—MUSIC.

In every community there *must* be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent ones are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Man was made to enjoy as well as to labour; and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature. France, especially before the revolution, has been represented as a singularly temperate country; a fact to be explained, at least in part, by the constitutional cheerfulness of that people, and by the prevalence of simple and innocent gratifications, especially among the peasantry. Men drink to excess very often to shake off depression, or to satisfy the restless thirst for agreeable excitement, and these motives are excluded in a cheerful community. A gloomy state of society, in which there are few innocent recreations, may be expected to abound in drunkenness, if opportunities are afforded. The savage drinks to excess because his hours of sobriety are dull and unvaried; because, in losing the consciousness of his condition and his existence, he loses little which he wishes to retain. The labouring classes are most exposed to intemperance, because they have at present few other pleasurable excitements. A man who, after toil, has resources of blameless recreation, is less tempted than other men to seek self-oblivion. He has too many of the pleasures of a man to take up with those of a brute. Thus the encouragement of simple, innocent enjoyments, is an important means of temperance.

These remarks show the importance of encouraging the efforts which have commenced among us, for spreading the accomplishment of music through our whole community. It is now proposed that this shall be made a regular branch in our schools; and every friend of the people must wish success to the experiment. I am not now called to speak of all the good influences of music, particularly of the strength which it may and ought to give to the religious sentiment, and to all pure and generous emotions. Regarded merely as a refined pleasure, it has a favourable bearing on public morals. Let taste and skill in this beautiful art be spread among us, and every family will have a new resource. Home will gain a new attraction. Social intercourse will be more cheerful, and an innocent public amusement will be furnished to the community. Public amusements, bringing multitudes together to kindle with one emotion, to share the same innocent joy, have a humanizing influence; and among these bonds of society perhaps no one produces so much unmixed good as music. What a fulness of enjoyment has our Creator placed within our reach, by surrounding us with an atmosphere which may be shaped into sweet sounds! And yet this goodness is almost lost upon us, through want of culture of the organ by which this provision is to be enjoyed.—*Dr Channing's Address on Temperance.*

**CHURCHYARDS.**—Formerly (says Captain Grose) few persons chose to be buried on the north side of a church; the original reason was this: in the times when the Roman Catholic religion prevailed, it was customary, on seeing the tombstone or grave of a friend or acquaintance, to put up a prayer for their soul, which was held to be very efficacious. As the common entrance into most churches was either at the west end or on the south side of the church, persons buried on the north side escaped the notice of their friends, and thereby lost the benefit of their prayers. This becoming a kind of refuse spot, only very poor, or persons guilty of some offence, were

buried there: persons who, actuated by lunacy, had destroyed themselves, were buried on this side, and sometimes out of the east and west directions of the other graves. This is said to be alluded to in Hamlet, where he bids the grave-digger cut Ophelia's grave straight. The same was observed with respect to persons who were executed. Observe the yew-tree; in many churchyards they are of a prodigious size. Some have supposed that yew-trees were planted in churchyards in order to supply the parish with bow staves, but more probably it was from the yew being an evergreen, and conveying an allusion to the immortality of the soul, and therefore considered as a funereal plant. This reason is likewise given for the use of rosemary and rue; but, probably, these were carried to prevent any infection from the open grave on a near approach to the coffin.

**ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.**—William, the second Viscount Ashbrook, when very young, and residing with his family in the county of Kilkenny, was captivated by the beauty of an Irish peasant girl, named Elizabeth Ridge, who was in the habit of punting a ferry-boat across a stream in the vicinity of Castle Durrow. The love-sick youth took every opportunity of enjoying the society of the fascinating water-nymph, but carefully concealed his passion from his parents. He held at that time an ensign's commission in a regiment which was quartered in the neighbourhood, but he was as yet too young to think of matrimony; nor was the object of his love either old enough, or sufficiently educated, to become his wife. She had been reared among the Irish peasants, had been unused to shoes or stockings, was scarcely acquainted with the English language, and was wholly uninformed in matters of the world; yet the young ensign fancied, that, notwithstanding these disadvantages, he could perceive in her an aptitude of mind, and soundness of intellect, united with great sweetness of temper, in addition to her personal attractions. Under these circumstances, he conceived the romantic idea of placing her under the superintendance of some respectable female, capable of rendering her, through the influence of education, a suitable associate. The lovely ferry-girl was accordingly removed to the house of a lady, where our hero, who had meantime been promoted to the rank of captain, occasionally visited her, and marked from time to time, with all the enthusiasm of a romantic lover, her rapid progress in various polite accomplishments. Elizabeth Ridge remained in this situation for three years, when the lapse of time, as well as some domestic occurrences, enabled Captain Flower, in 1766, to reap the reward of his constancy and honourable conduct. And thus the blushing daughter of the Emerald Isle became ultimately the Viscountess Ashbrook, and lady of that castle beneath whose walls her early charms had, like the rays of the rising sun, beamed for a time unnoticed, only to become more effulgent and more admired. By the Viscount she had several sons and daughters; among the former, the present Viscount; among the latter, the mother of the present Lady Wetherell.

The Irish in the reign of Queen Elizabeth are represented by many as *quite* ignorant and barbarous. Read the letters of their chiefs to the Spaniards in the *Pacata Hibernia*, and judge for yourself.—*Dr Browne, F.T.C.D.*

**IRISH VOLUBILITY.**—A conversation with a young Irishman, of good natural abilities (and among no race of men are those abilities more general), is like a forest walk; in which, while you are delighted with the healthy fresh air and the green unbroken turf, you must stop at every twentieth step to extricate yourself from a briar. You acknowledge that you have been amused, but that you rest willingly, and that you would rather not take the same walk on the morrow.—*Landon.*

No man is free from fear; he is not who says he never feels it; *he fears* to be thought a coward; and, whether we tremble before a sword or a supposition, it is alike fear!

The power of enjoying the harmless and reasonable pleasures of life is not only essential to a man's happiness, but an indication of several valuable qualities, both of the heart and the head, which can hardly exist without it.

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# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



## THE RED MEN OF AMERICA.—FIRST ARTICLE.

It is a melancholy truth that this most interesting portion of the human race is rapidly disappearing from the surface of the earth. War, its murderous effects centupled by the destructive weapons acquired from the white man—disease in new and terrible forms, to the treatment of which their simple skill, and materia medica, equally simple, are wholly incompetent—famine, the consequence of their sadly changed habits, of the intemperance and wastefulness, substituted by the insidious arts of the trader for the moderation and fore-

sight of their happier fathers—the vices, in short, and the encroachments of civilization, all and each in its turn are blotting out tribe after tribe from the records of humanity; and the time is fast approaching when no Red man will remain, to guard or to mourn over the tombs of his fathers.

The conviction of this truth is become so deeply felt, that more than one effort has been made, and is making, to preserve some memento of this ill-treated people. We are not so much raising our own feeble voice in the service, as attempt-

ing a record of what others have done; but so much has been effected, and so zealous have been the exertions made to rescue the memory, at least, of these dying nations from oblivion, that the space we have assigned to this notice will be taken up long before our materials are exhausted. The accuracy of the facts and statements we shall lay before our readers may in every case be relied on.

Among the most devoted and persevering explorers of the Red man's territory, is one from whose authority, and indeed from whose very lips, in many instances, we derive a great portion of the circumstances we are about to describe—we allude to the celebrated George Catlin, whose abode of seven years among the least known of their tribes, and whose earnest enthusiasm in the task of inquiry which formed the sole object of his visit, together with his entire success in the pursuit, have constituted him the very first authority of the day. We have, besides, consulted all the writers on this now engrossing subject, but in most cases have afterwards taken the highly competent opinion just quoted, as to the accuracy of their descriptions—an opinion that has always been given with evident care and consideration.

Mr Catlin has painted with his own hand, and from the life, no less than three hundred and ten portraits of chiefs, warriors, and other distinguished individuals of the various tribes (forty-eight in number) among whom he sojourned, with two hundred landscapes and other paintings descriptive of their country, their villages, religious ceremonies, customs, sports, and whatever else was most characteristic of Indian life in its primitive state; he has likewise collected numerous specimens of dresses, some fringed and garnished with scalp-locks from their enemies' heads; mantles and robes, on which are painted, in rude hieroglyphics, the battles and other prominent events of their owners' lives; head-dresses, formed of the raven's and war-eagle's feathers, the effect of which is strikingly warlike and imposing; spears, shields, war clubs, bows, musical instruments, domestic utensils, belts, pouches, necklaces of bears' claws, mocassins, strings of wampum, tobacco sacks; all, in short, that could in any way exemplify the habits and customs of the people whose memory he desired to perpetuate, have been brought together, at great cost and some hazard to life, by this indefatigable explorer—the whole forming a museum of surpassing interest, and which is daily attracting the people of London to the gallery wherein it is exhibited.

The most important of the North American tribes are the Camanchees, inhabiting the western parts of Texas, and numbering from 25,000 to 30,000 expert horsemen and bold lancers, but excessively wild, and continually at war; the Pawnee-Picts, neighbours to and in league with the Camanchees; the Kiowas, also in alliance with the two warlike tribes above named, whom they join alike in the battle or chase; the Sioux, numbering no less than 40,000, and inhabiting a vast tract on the upper waters of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. Next come the Pawnees, a tribe totally distinct both in language and customs from the Pawnee-Picts, whose hunting-grounds are a thousand miles distant from those of the Pawnees; this wild and very warlike tribe shave the head with the exception of the scalp-lock (which they would hold it cowardly and most unjust to their enemy to remove), as do the Osages, the Konzas, &c. The Pawnees lost half their numbers by small-pox in 1823, but are still very numerous; their seats are on the river Platte, from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains.

The Blackfeet, the Crows (their inveterate enemies), the Crees, the Assiniboins, occupying the country from the mouth of the Yellow Stone River to Lake Winnipeg, the Ojibbeways or Chippeways, holding the southern shores of Lake Superior, the Lake of the Woods, and the Athabasca; the Flatheads, on the head-waters of the Columbia; and the Cherokees, removed from Georgia to the upper waters of the Arkansas, are also important tribes; as are the Muskogee or Creek Indians, recently transplanted from Georgia and Alabama to the Arkansas, seven hundred miles west of the Mississippi.

The Seminoles are also in process of removal to the Arkansas, as are the Enchees, once a powerful tribe, but now merging into the above, and with them forming one people. Most of these tribes, as well as others that we have not room even to specify, have been reduced, by the different scourges before alluded to, in a manner frightful to contemplate. The Delawares, for example, have lost 10,000 by small-pox alone; and from a large and numerous tribe, now reckon 824 souls

only! The Senecas, Oneidas, and Tuskaroras, once forming part of that great compact known as the "Six Nations," are now a mere name. The Kaskaskias, the Peorias, and the Piankeshaws, have fallen victims to the practice of drinking spirits, and to the diseases this fearful habit engenders, so that all are now reduced to a few individuals. Some tribes are totally extinguished;—as, for example the hospitable and friendly Mandans, of whom even the traders themselves report that no one of them was ever known to destroy a white man. These afford a melancholy instance of the rapidity with which the extermination before alluded to is effected. In the year 1834, when Mr Catlin visited these warlike and spirited, yet kindly dwellers of the woods, their number was 2000; three years after, they were infected by the traders with small-pox; and this, with certain suicides committed by individuals who could not survive the loss of all they loved, destroyed the whole tribe, some forty excepted, who were afterwards cut off by their enemies of a neighbouring tribe, so that at this moment not a Mandan exists over the whole wide continent, where, before the baleful appearance of the white man, his free ancestors ranged so happily.

This is bad, but a still more melancholy element of decay is the habit of drinking spirituous liquors, which is daily gaining ground among these hapless Americans; this produces an amount of crime and suffering that, even in our own country, could find no parallel; not only is the excitable nature of the Red man stirred to actual madness by these atrocious poisons; but because, unlike his brother of civilized countries, he depends on his own unassisted physical powers for the most immediate and pressing wants of life—no grazier or butcher, no miller or baker, has he to provide for a time against providence on his part; from no accommodating "shop" can his wife gain credit for the moment—his family starves at once if his own resources are destroyed; and an eloquent writer of the day has well remarked, that "it is dreadful to reflect on the situation of a poor Indian hunter, when he finds, he knows not why, that his limbs are daily failing him in the chase, that his arrow ceases to go straight to the mark, and that his nerves tremble before the wild animals it was but lately his pride to encounter." We have been furnished by intelligent eye-witnesses with fearful instances of wrong and outrage committed by the unhappy Indians on each other while under the influence of the poison which we Christians—ah, woe for the profanation!—have bestowed on our Red brothers; but our limits do not permit their insertion.

We call the native American, "Indian," in compliance with established custom; but there is no propriety in the term as applied to these people, who call themselves "Red men," and nothing else. They are for the most part of robust make and of fair average size, except the Esquimaux inhabitants of the extreme north, who are dwarfish, and the Abipones, natives of the southern extremity of this vast continent, who are of great height; they have prominent features, high cheek-bones, and small deeply set black eyes; their complexion is a cinnamon colour, varying in its shades, and esteemed handsome among themselves in proportion as it is dark, but with a clear, warm, coppery hue, which last they esteem an evidence of the divine favour, for they believe that the Great Spirit loved his Red children better than their white brethren, and so breathed a more vivid life into their veins; a distinction of which the visible sign is the glowing complexion we have alluded to.

The meaner vices are held in especial contempt among the yet uncontaminated Indians: slanderers, cowards, liars, *misers*, and *debtors* who refuse to pay when the means are in their power, are shunned as persons in whose society no respectable man should be seen. On the subject of debt, in particular, Indian notions differ widely from ours. Should his debtor be unable to meet his engagements in consequence of illness or want of success in the chase, he scrupulously conceals the inconvenience this may occasion, and is careful never to name debt in the defaulter's presence.

But, on the other hand, should the inability of the debtor proceed from indolence or intemperance, or should he be indisposed to pay when his means permit, he is then characterised as a "bad man"—his friends gradually abandon him, he becomes an object of public contempt, and nothing could after this induce his creditor to accept from him even his just demand. He is no longer *permitted* to pay; he has forfeited the privilege of the upright man, and must remain in the contempt into which he has sunk; but such instances, it will be readily supposed, are extremely rare.

Cowardice is not punished by loss of reputation alone in some tribes; as, among the Kansas, if the coward be found incorrigible, he is destroyed. Te-pa-gee was a young warrior of this tribe, who had been more than once charged with this fatal defect. He returned on a certain occasion with his brethren from an expedition that had been eminently successful, but in which he had himself behaved disgracefully. The whole tribe, except those who had lost relations, were engaged the next day in the usual rejoicings; but Te-pa-gee, conscious that cold looks were upon him, had withdrawn from the public ceremonials, and seated himself sullenly on the trunk of a tree by the river side. Shortly after, the dances of the squaws and children having led them into his neighbourhood, the great mass of the tribe were again around him, when E-gron-ga-see, one of their wisest men and bravest warriors, came forth from the festive group, and the sports being suspended, he declared to the offender, in a voice audible to all, that his cowardice had forfeited his life. Te-pa-gee instantly bared his breast, and the avenger, drawing his knife from beneath his robe, plunged it deep into the culprit's bosom. Another warrior of equal authority then addressed the people, expatiating on the necessity of punishing such crimes as that committed by Te-pa-gee, who had meanwhile died before them almost without a groan. This fact is related by an eye-witness, who does not, however, tell us whether the unhappy man's constancy in death did not go far to convince his judges that his fault was rather a defect of nerve than the absence of power to endure.

It is the custom of Indians at war with each other to imitate the cries of various animals of the chase, for the purpose of luring unwary hunters into an ambush. Three young warriors of the Ottawas being thus decoyed into a wood, two of them were shot and scalped; the third ran for his life, without discharging his piece, setting up the yell of defeat as he ran. The men of his tribe were alarmed, and went instantly in pursuit of the enemy, whom they could not overtake; but on their return, they fell in with a hunting party of the same tribe, whom they fell upon by surprise and scalped. The usual rejoicings of the women and children took place on their return; they were seated under the shade of broad trees to smoke with the old men, and Shembagah, the one who had escaped by running, went towards them with looks congratulating their success; but no one deigned him a look, or a word of notice, and he had scarcely got among them before all rose and left the place. This punishment was too great for him to bear; he left his people without saying a word or taking leave of any one, and was never more heard of, while the relater of this anecdote remained with the tribe.

A girl of the Ottawas being taken prisoner by a party of the Kansas, was adopted into the family of a Kansas chief, and soon afterwards betrothed to his son, a youth named *Moi-bee-she-ga*, or the Sharp Knife. A few days before the espousals were to be solemnised, it happened that a party of the *Maha-ws* came and fell upon the horses of the Kansas, which were grazing in a neighbouring prairie, and which they succeeded in carrying off; they were detected in the act by some Kansas women who were gathering wood, and the warriors being apprised, set off in pursuit. The old chief, now laden with many snows, was unable to accompany his warriors, whom *Moi-bee-she-ga* ought to have headed, but this last chose to remain with his bride. This so enraged his father, that he seized the arms which the recreant son shrank from using, and destroyed them before his face, declaring that *Moi-bee-she-ga* had become a squaw, and needed no arms. The Ottawa girl, equally shocked by the dereliction of her lover, to whom she had been warmly attached, refused to fulfil her engagement of marriage; and the delinquent, abandoned on all hands, was driven in disgrace from his people, and joined a party of the wandering Pawnees.

The Indian is scrupulously exact in the performance of his engagements, and this the traders know so well, that they feel no apprehension, when, having delivered their goods to their Indian customer, they see him plunge into his trackless wilderness with his purchase, and disappear amid wilds into which no civilized foot could follow him. They know that his first care will be to secure the game whose skin is to assist in the redemption of his promise; and at the stipulated moment he is again seen to emerge from the forest, unconscious even that what we should call an unusual degree of confidence has been reposed in him, and guided only by his own pure and simple conviction, that a promise once given is a sacred thing, and to be redeemed at whatever cost.

Lying and treachery are held in profound abhorrence; we

could relate very many facts in support of this assertion, but will confine ourselves to the two following ones only:—A distinguished warrior of the Assiniboins accompanied Major Sanford to Washington in 1832, and being there, became acquainted with the more obvious details of every-day life among the civilized; these he described to his people on his return, and was listened to for some time with respectful attention; but at length the wonders he related surpassing their powers of belief, they decided that he had been taught by the white men to lie, and that in a manner so shameless as to make him a dangerous example to his younger hearers; they then, after much solemn deliberation, concluded that he was unworthy to live, and the unhappy man was put to death accordingly; his protestations of innocence being regarded but as a deeper plunging into crime.

Every thing connected with the dead is held sacred, but the mode of burial differs widely in different tribes. Some place the body dressed and armed with bow, quiver, tomahawk, &c, on the ground between flat stones set edge upwards, and cover it, first with similar stones, and afterwards with earth; others bury at about two feet below the earth. Among the Mandans it was customary (alas for the necessity of that "was") to lay their dead, well wrapped in skins, on high scaffolds, as practised by the Parsees of Asia. After a sufficient lapse of time, the bones were gathered, and buried with solemn ceremonies, the skulls excepted, which were ranged in a circle within a larger one formed of buffalo skulls, and thither the women belonging to the family of the deceased repair to soothe the departed with songs, to inform him how those he left behind are faring, and to feed him with their choicest dainties, dishes of which they leave behind at their departure.

Mourning for the dead is expressed by certain modes of paint, and among some tribes by cutting off locks of the hair. The sketch that accompanies this paper represents two warriors, and a woman of the Sacs and Foxes, mourning over the tomb of Black Hawk, the celebrated leader of the war known as the Black Hawk War.

A party of Ottawas and the Kansas having been at war, had met "to bury the tomahawk under the roots of the tree of friendship, and sit under its shadow to smoke the pipe of peace, and to hear the birds sing." Some traders passed through their hunting-grounds, from whom they purchased whisky, and, heated by this, an Ottawa quarrelled with a Kansas; but being reminded by their friends of the lately promised peace, they desisted from all hostility, and both, with the whole party, soon after fell asleep. The Ottawa, awaking first, stabbed his sleeping adversary to the heart, and fled into the forest. When the whole party awoke themselves, they perceived by the arms of the murdered man that he had been taken at advantage, and the brother of the offender, abhorrent of treachery, so foreign to Indian habits, at once declared his intention of pursuing the culprit. Nothing doubting his integrity, the aggrieved Kansas sat silently awaiting his return, which took place two hours after; he had secured and now delivered up the murderer, who was immediately put to death.

**DANCING.**—Dancing is an amusement which has been discouraged in our country by many of the best people, and not without reason. Dancing is associated in their minds with balls; and this is one of the worst forms of social pleasure. The time consumed in preparation for a ball, the waste of thought upon it, the extravagance of dress, the late hours, the exhaustion of strength, the exposure of health, and the languor of the succeeding day—these, and other evils connected with this amusement, are strong reasons for banishing it from the community. But dancing ought not therefore to be proscribed. On the contrary, balls should be discouraged for this, among other reasons, that dancing, instead of being a rare pleasure, requiring elaborate preparation, may become an every-day amusement, and may mix with our common intercourse. This exercise is among the most healthful. The body, as well as the mind, feels its gladdening influence. No amusement seems more to have a foundation in our nature. The animation of youth naturally overflows in harmonious movements. The true idea of dancing entitles it to favour. Its end is to realise perfect grace in motion; and who does not know that a sense of the graceful is one of the higher faculties of our nature? It is to be desired that dancing should become too common among us to be made the object of special preparation, as in the ball; that members of the same family, when confined by unfavourable weather,



should recur to it for exercise and exhilaration; that branches of the same family should enliven in this way their occasional meetings; that it should fill up an hour in all the assemblages for relaxation, in which the young form a part. It is to be desired that this accomplishment should be extended to the labouring classes of society, not only as an innocent pleasure, but as a means of improving the manners. Why shall not gracefulness be spread through the whole community? From the French nation we learn that a degree of grace and refinement of manners may pervade all classes. The philanthropist and Christian must desire to break down the partition walls between human beings in different conditions; and one means of doing this is to remove the conscious awkwardness which confinement to laborious occupations is apt to induce. An accomplishment, giving free and graceful movement, though a far weaker bond than intellectual or moral culture, still does something to bring those who partake it near each other.—*Dr Channing's Address on Temperance.*



#### SEAL OF WILLIAM, BISHOP OF KILDARE.

THE prefixed woodcut represents an impression from the seal of one of the bishops of Kildare anterior to the Reformation, the matrix of which is in the possession of a gentleman in Dublin.

The device exhibits three statues standing in canopied niches, of the florid Gothic or pointed style of architecture of the fifteenth century. The centre figure represents the Virgin and child, and the figures on each side appear intended to represent the patron saints of Ireland, Patrick and Brigid. Below the centre figure there is a smaller niche, containing a figure of another ecclesiastic, with his hands raised, in the attitude of prayer, and his arm supporting the pastoral staff. This figure, it is probable, is intended to represent St. Conleth, the first bishop of Kildare, who was cotemporary with St. Brigid, and said to have been the joint founder of that see. On each side of this figure is a shield, one of which bears the arms of France and England quarterly; the other, two keys in saltire, in chief a royal crown; a device which, it is worthy of remark, constitutes the arms anciently and still borne by the archbishops of York, and the appearance of which in this seal may therefore not be easy to account for. The inscription reads as follows:—

*"Sigillum Willim dei gracia Kyldarensis epi,"*

or, *Sigillum Willelmi dei gratia Kyldarensis Episcopus* (the seal of William, by the grace of God, Bishop of Kildare).

As among the bishops of Kildare two of the name of William occur in the fifteenth century, it may not be easy to determine with certainty to which of them this seal should be assigned; but there appears the greatest reason to ascribe it to the first, who, according to Ware, having been previously

archdeacon of Kildare, was appointed to this see by the provision of Pope Eugene IV, in 1432, and, having governed this see fourteen years, died in April 1446. P.

#### THE DESOLATION OF SCIO.

(1822.)

A deep, a broken note of woe  
Rose from the Archipelago.  
The seaman, passing Scio by,  
Stood out from shore: the wailful cry  
That reached him on the waters blue  
Was more than man could listen to;  
And when no more the death-cry came,  
The rising smoke, the sun-dimmed flame,  
The flashings of the scymitar,  
Told Scio's slaughter from afar!

What demon governed your debates,  
Ye mighty Christian potentates,  
That Greece, the land of light and song,  
Should feel the Paynim scourge so long?  
That Greece, for all the lore she gave,  
Should cry in vain, "Save, Europe, save!"

How could you let the gasping child  
Besmeared with gore the mother wild?  
How could ye let that wild one be  
The sport of wanton cruelty?  
Or Beauty, from Dishonour's bed,  
Swell reeking piles of kindred dead,  
Where mingled, in the corse-fed fires,  
The cindered bones of sons and sires!

But all is o'er—the storm hath passed,  
Nor oak, nor osier 'scaped the blast,  
Nor flow'ret of the loveliest dye—  
All, all in one black ruin lie!  
In one short day a People fall—  
Their mansions make their funeral pall—  
Their winding-sheets are sheets of flame—  
Their epitaphs, "Shame, Europe, shame!"

Inhuman deed! Oh, murdered race!  
To Turk, to Holy League disgrace!  
Blush, Christian princes!—heartless men  
Who rule the councils, ne'er again  
Look on the Cross!—you have its ban—  
You crowned it with the Alcoran!

T.

**PATRIOTISM.**—Patriotism, or love of country, is a sentiment which pervades almost every human breast, and induces each individual to prefer the land of his birth, not because it is better than another country, but merely because it is his country. This sentiment may be illustrated by a variety of anecdotes. Many of the Swiss, on account of the poverty of their country, are induced to seek military service in foreign lands. Yet, in their voluntary exile, so strong is their affection for their native hills, that whole regiments have been said to be on the point of desertion, in consequence of the vivid recollections excited by one of their national songs. A French writer informs us that a native of one of the Asiatic isles, amid the splendours of Paris, beholding a banana-tree in the Garden of Plants, bathed it with tears, and seemed for a moment to be transported to his own land. The Ethiopian imagines that God made his sands and deserts, while angels only were employed in forming the rest of the world. The Maltese, insulated on a rock, distinguished their island by the appellation of "The Flower of the World." The Javanese have such an affection for the place of their nativity, that no advantages can induce them, particularly the agricultural tribes, to quit the tombs of their fathers. The Norwegians, proud of their barren summits, inscribe upon their rix-dollars, "Spirit, loyalty, valour, and whatever is honourable, let the world learn among the rocks of Norway." The Esquimaux are no less attached to their frigid zone, esteeming the luxuries of blubber-oil for food, and an ice cabin for a habitation, above all the refinements of other countries.—*Fireside Education, by S. G. Goodrich.*

If a man be gracious and civil to a stranger, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.



## THE SOD PARTY.

## PART II.

In those days the favourite resort for parties of pleasure was the rocky shore of Howth, facing Killiney, and our party had selected a spot which was well known to two or three of them. It was a little hollow in the rocks, where the mould had collected, and was covered with a smooth close sod. Its form resembled a horse shoe, the open being to the sea; and the rock descended at that side perpendicularly six or seven feet to the water. There was just room enough for the party to seat themselves comfortably, so that every one could enjoy the seaward view. It was a considerable distance from the place where the vehicles should stop; indeed, the hill intervened and should be crossed, so that it was no trifling matter to carry a large basket or hamper to it.

O'Gorman resolved not to encumber himself with any thing that might divide his attention with his charming partner; and, accordingly, when they had pulled up, calling to the driver of the jarvey, "Here, Murphy," said he, "you'll take charge of the basket that's slung under the gig, and follow the rest when they're ready."

"Oh, to be sure, sir, sartinly," was the reply, and away went Bob to show the scenery to Miss Kate, from various points quite unknown to her before, leaving the remainder of the party to settle matters as they pleased.

Murphy's assistance was required by the servants who were unloading the carriages first; and each gentleman, taking a basket or bundle, and even the ladies charging themselves with some light articles, they set forward, leaving two or three heavy hampers to the servants' charge.

All having at length departed, except Mr O'Donnell's servant, who had been left in charge of the vehicles, and Murphy, who was to take the gig basket, the latter proceeded to unstrap it. As he shook it in opening the buckles, some broken glass fell upon the road.

"Oh! miallia murther! what's this? My sowl to glory, if half the bottom isn't out ov the bashket. Och hone, oh! Maather Bob, bud you are the raal clip. By gannies, he's dhruv till he's dhruv the knives and forks clane through; the dickens a one there's left; an' as for the glasses, be my sowl he'd be a handy fellow that ud put one together. Oh! marcy sa' me! here's a purty mess. Musha! what's best to be done, at all at all?"

"Take it to them any how," answered his companion, "and show it to them."

"Arrah, what's the use of hawkin' it over the mountain? Can't I jist go an' tell what's happened?"

"Take care you wouldn't have to come back for it," said the other, "an' have two journeis instead of one. Maybe they wouldn't b'lieve you, thinkin' it was only a thrick that that limb o' th' ould boy put you up to."

The prospect of a second journey, on such a hot day, not being particularly agreeable, Murphy took up the shattered basket and proceeded.

Having yet two hours to spare, the party resolved to consume them by sauntering about until the hour appointed for dinner, which being come, and all having assembled at one point, near the Bailey, they proceeded together to the chosen spot, where they found Murphy awaiting them with a most rueful countenance. He had been vainly trying to invent some plausible excuse for his patron, as he dreaded that all the blame would be thrown upon Bob's hard driving at setting out.

"The bottom's fell out o' the blaggard rotten ould bashket, ma'am, an' the knives an' forks has fell an' the road."

"Oh, well," said Mr Sharpe (who did not seem to be either so astonished or angry as one might have expected), "give them a rub in a napkin; a little dust won't do them any harm."

"Why, thim, the sorra a one o' them there is to rub," said Murphy, "barrin' this one crakked ould fork."

Despite his loss, Mr Sharpe could not refrain from laughing when Murphy held up an article, which had certainly been packed for a joke, it was so distorted, one prong being tolerably straight, but the other sticking out as if it was going to march. However, collecting himself, he asked sternly, "Do you mean to tell me that all the knives and forks were lost upon the road?" "Jist so, sir," was the reply.

"The glass; is it safe?"

"Bruck, sir—all in smithereens; sorra as much ov id together as ud show what the pattern was."

"And the spoons," roared Mr Sharpe, as if the thought had only just struck him.

"Spoons! sir. Oh, be my sowl you'd better look for thim yourself; here's the bashket."

"This is a costly party to me," said Mr Sharpe, "but it can't be helped now; so don't let my loss cause any diminution of your pleasure or enjoyment."

Every one looked with perfect admiration at Mr Sharpe, surprised at his magnanimity, and Mrs Harvey thought that she must have altogether mistaken his character hitherto; but she would not have thought so, had she known that he had purposely procured a rotten basket, with the bottom partially broken, in which he had packed a quantity of broken glass, and in which he (of course) had not packed either spoons, knives, or forks, except the very one which Murphy had held up; and it was to prevent examination or inquiry that he had been so voluble upon his arrival in the morning. But had his loss been, as the company supposed, real instead of fictitious, he must have been gratified, nay delighted, at the dismay which gradually spread itself over almost every countenance, at the prospect of having to eat a dinner without knives, forks, or spoons, and to drink without glasses, or even cups.

"Gentlemen," said Mr Harvey, "have you got penknives with you? I have forgotten mine."

So had every one else except Mr Sharpe. He would willingly have kept it secret, but he knew that if he should attempt to use it himself, it would be seen; so he made a virtue of necessity, and lent it to Mr Harvey for the purpose of carving the roast beef!

The dinner was now nearly arranged, and the last basket, in which Mulholland had packed the roast beef, was opened. The remnant of an old college gown was first dragged forth, and Mr O'Brien's servant, to whom the task was assigned, looked in, tittered, looked again, and then drew forth two long large ribs, with a piece of meat about the size of a cricket ball attached to the ends of them. Having laid them on the dish, he dipped again, and produced, with another titter, a shapeless lump of meat without any bone—he would be a clever anatomist that could tell what part of the beast it had been). Another dip, and with a roar of laughter he raised and deposited on the dish four ribs, from which nearly every morsel of meat had been cut.

"What is the meaning of this, Mr O'Gorman?" said Mrs Harvey, who was quite disconcerted at the turn things had taken, and was now seriously disposed to be angry.

"My dear madam," said he, "it may look a little unsightly, but it is all prime meat, depend upon it. It was dressed yesterday for the College dining-hall."

"You don't mean, surely, to call bare bones meat, sir?"

"My dear madam," said Bob, "you will find that there is as much meat without bone as will compensate. Mulholland is a very honest fellow in that respect."

Some laughed, some were annoyed, some were disgusted; but by degrees hunger asserted its rights, and reconciled them a little, especially when O'Gorman pointed out how much easier it would be to carve the small pieces with a *penknife*, than if they had but one large one.

"Well," said Mrs Harvey, "I have long indulged the hope of having a *pic-nic* party so perfectly arranged that nothing should go astray; and so far have I been from succeeding, that I really do think there never was a more unfortunate, irregular affair. I really do not know what to say, and I feel quite incompetent to preside. Mr O'Gorman, as you have the happy knack of making the best of every thing, I believe you are the person best qualified in this company to make the most of the matter, and we must rely on your ingenuity."

"Thank you, ma'am. That is as much as to say, 'Bob, as you have treated us to broken meat, and lost the knives and forks, you will please to carve!' Well, nabocklish, this isn't a round table, like Prince Arthur's, for it's little more than half round, and we have old Howth at the head, and old Neptune at the foot of it; but, for the rest, we don't stand upon precedence, and therefore I need not change my place, to preside. Mr Harvey, I'll trouble you for the penknife—I beg pardon—the carver—hem! and that specimen of antediluvian cutlery, the '*crakked ould fork*.' Thank you—shove over the beef now. Ods marrow-bones and cleavers! what a heap! Gentlemen, you had better turn up your cuffs as a needful preliminary; and, perchance, an ablution may also be necessary—you can get down to the water here, at this side."

As soon as the party had re-assembled, after having washed their hands, he again addressed them.

"Mr Sharpe, and Mr Harvey, will you please to drag that turkey asunder? Mr O'Brien, will you tear a wing off that

fowl for Miss O'Donnell? Fitz, gnaw the cord off one of those ale bottles; draw the cork with your teeth, and send the bottle round. The corkscrew was with the knives."

"Draw my teeth with the cork, you mean; I had rather knock off the neck, thank you," said Fitz, about to suit the action to the word.

"No, no," cried Bob, "do you forget that we must drink out of the bottles? Do you want the ladies to cut their pretty lips with the broken glass, you Mohawk! Though, faith," said he, in an under-tone, to his fair companion, "I could almost wish such an accident to happen to some one that I know, that I might have an opportunity of exhibiting my courageous devotion, by sucking the wound."

"A prize! a prize!" cried he, jumping up and running a little distance. He returned with five or six large Malahide oyster shells, that had been bleaching on the cliff, where they had been thrown by some former party. Two of them were top shells. "Here," said he, throwing one to Sweeny, "is a carver for that ham; make haste and put an edge on it, on the rock. Ladies, here are primitive drinking goblets for you. Miss O'Brien, the pleasure of a shell of wine with you."

"I have put a very good edge on the shell," said Sweeny, "but I can't cut the ham with it, it slides about so."

"Psha! take a grip of it by the shank, can't you? What are you afraid of, you omedham? Hold it fast, and don't let it slide. Costello, break up that loaf and send it round. Mr O'Donnell, will you have the goodness to hold one of these ribs for me. Oh, faith, finger and thumb work won't do; you must take it in your fist, and hold it tight; now pull—bravo! Beau Brummell would be just in his element here. Be my sowl, as Paddy Murphy says, I think if he saw us, he'd jump into that element there to get away."

Mr Sharpe was now in his glory; he had, with Mr Harvey's assistance, torn up the turkey; and seeing that Bob had decidedly the worst job at the table, he asked him for beef. Mr Harvey joined in the joke, and put in also; but their man was too able for them.

"As you are in partnership in the turkey business, in which you have been so successful," said he, "you had better continue so, in the general provision line," handing them a piece sufficient to satisfy two, and prevent them from calling again.

"Bill" (to one of the college men), "here's a shell for you to cut the crust of that pie, and help it. Jem" (to another), Miss Kate O'Brien wishes for some of that chicken that you are trying to dislocate, as gently as if you were afraid of hurting it, or greasing your fingers." "What part?" said Jem.

"A little of the soul, if you please," said Kate, with a malicious demure face.

"Here it is for you, Miss Kate, soul and body;" and he handed it to her.

"The mirth and fun (now) grew fast and furious."

No water fit for drinking could be procured, and the consequence was, that the ale, porter, and wine, were swallowed too abundantly by the gentlemen. Songs were called for, and O'Gorman was in the midst of the "Groves of Blarney," when Costello shouted out, "A porpoise! a porpoise!"

Up jumped the whole party, and up also jumped the table-cloth, which Mr O'Donnell and Mr Sharpe had fastened to their coats or waistcoats.

They sat directly facing the opening to the water, with Mrs Harvey between them; so that when, by their sudden start up, they raised the cloth, it formed an inclined plane, down which dishes, plates, bottles, pies, bread, and meat, glided, not majestically, but too rapidly, into the sea. Then, oh! what a clamour!

Above the jingling of broken bottles and plates, the crash of dishes, and the exclamations of the gentlemen, arose the never-failing shriek of the ladies. And then came a pause, whilst they silently watched the last dish as it gracefully receded from their view.

"Oh! faith," said Mrs Harvey (surprised by her emotion into using a gentle oath), "I think it is time to go home now."

"Faith," said O'Gorman, "it is time to leave the dinner-table at all events, since the things have been removed; but as to going home, we have so little to carry, or look after, besides ourselves and—hic—the ladies, that I think, with all respect to Mrs Harvey, we may—hic—take it easy. I wish I could get a drink of water to cure this hic—hiccough; for I am certain, Miss O'Brien, I need not assure you—indeed I can appeal to you to bear witness—hic—that it was the want, not the quantity of liquid, that has brought it on."

The "want," however, had made Bob's eyes particularly and unusually luminous; nor did Kate take his proposition "to launch all the hampers and baskets, after their recent contents, into the sea," to be any additional proof of his self-possession; and when, with a caper and whoop, he sent Mulholland's basket to the fishes, her suspicions that he was slightly elevated became considerably strengthened.

"Mrs Harvey," said Mr Sharpe, "you think your party unfortunate. I have been upon a great many parties of this kind, and I assure you I have seen far more unpleasant affairs—(Gentlemen, here are a few bottles of wine that have escaped the watery fate of their unhappy companions). Now, the very last party that I was on last season, three or four of the gentlemen quarrelled (pass the wine if you please), and one of them, in the scrimmage, was knocked over the rocks into the sea."

"Mercy on us, Mr Sharpe! was he drowned?"

"Why, no, but his collar-bone was broken, and his shoulder dislocated. But a worse accident happened in coming home."

"What was it?"

"Poor Singleton had come, with his wife and two nieces, in a job carriage; the driver got drunk, and overturned the whole concern, just where the road branches off down to the strand; they rolled over the cliff, and fell about twenty feet; the horses were both killed, and the whole party dreadfully injured, barely escaping with life. Then, the quarrel after dinner (by which Jones got his collar-bone broken) led to a duel on the following morning, in which one of the parties, Edwards, fell; and his antagonist, young O'Neill, got a bullet in his knee, which has lamed and disfigured him for life. Pass the wine, gentlemen."

"No! no! no!" screamed Mrs Harvey, on whom the above delectable recital had had the desired effect, and who was worked into a desperate state of terror, "no more wine, gentlemen, if you please. Come, ladies, we must return at once, before evening closes in."

Each lady being perfectly satisfied that the gentleman who had fallen to her lot would keep sober, whatever others might do, demurred to the early retreat; but Mrs Harvey was too much frightened at the prospect of returning with gentlemen and drivers drunk, not to be determined; and, accordingly, with much growling, and the most general dissatisfaction, the party broke up.

"I am done with pic-nics—I'll never have any thing to say to one again," said the disappointed directress. "There never was any affair more perfectly arranged, never was so much care taken to have things regular. I never proposed to myself such enjoyment as I expected this day."

"My dear Mrs Harvey," said O'Gorman, to whose countenance the last four or five shells of wine had imparted an air of the most profound wisdom, "my dear Mrs Harvey, 'the whole art of happiness is contentment.' This is the great secret of enjoyment in this life—this is the talisman that clothes poverty in imperial robes, and imparts to the hovel a grandeur unknown to the halls of princes—this is the true philosopher's stone, for which alchemists so long have sought in vain, that converts all it touches into gold—this is the cosmetic that beautifies the ill-favoured wife, and the magic wand that bestows upon the frugal board the appearance of surpassing plenty—this is the shield of adamant proof, on which disappointment vainly showers its keenest darts—this is the impregnable fortress, ensconced in which, we may boldly bid defiance to the combined forces of salubrious illness—and whether it be announced from the pulpit or the cliff, by the dignified divine or the college scamp; be it soothingly whispered in the ear of the deposed and exiled monarch, or tendered as comfort to the discomfited authoress of a *pic-nic*, it still retains, in undiminished force, its universality of application."

Here Mr Sweeny facetiously gave him a slap on the crown of the hat, which drove it down, and stuck it gracefully over his eye, thereby breaking the thread of his discourse. He then addressed the fair Catherine; but all his eloquence and profundity were unavailing to induce her to return with him in the gig. She would listen to nothing but the carriage, and as room could not be made for him inside, he mounted the box, leaving the gig to any one that pleased to have it. Nor was it long untenanted. Frank Costello and Bill Nowlan mounted together, and were found in it next morning fast asleep, in the stable-lane behind Mr Sharpe's house, the horse having found his way home when left to his own guidance.

The remainder of the party arrived as safely, but somewhat more regularly, in the evening of their eventful day, and all dissatisfied except Mr O'Gorman, and

NAME.

### STREET TACTICS.

You, most respectable reader, who owe no man any thing that you are not able and willing to pay, may know nothing of the tactics alluded to in the title of this paper. But there is, you may depend upon it, a pretty numerous class of the community to whom these tactics are quite familiar, and who practise them to a greater or lesser extent every day of their lives.

Street tactics, let us define the term, is the art or science of avoiding all persons on the streets, and all places in the streets—shops, for instance—whom and which, for particular reasons of your own, you are desirous of eschewing.

The art is thus one of deep concernment to the whole of that numerous and respectable body known by the generic name of "gentlemen in difficulties." This term, however, is one of very extensive signification, and includes various descriptions of gentlemen as well as difficulties; but on the present occasion we mean to confine ourselves to one particular class—the gentlemen whose difficulties arise from their having more creditors than crowns—the gentlemen who have contrived to surround themselves with a large constituency of the former, and who cannot by any means contrive to get hold of an adequate supply of the latter—the gentlemen who are sufficiently respectable to get into debt, but not sufficiently wealthy to get out of it.

The reader can have no idea how difficult a matter it is for a gentleman of this description to work his way through the streets, so as to avoid all unpleasant encounters; how serious a matter it is for him to move from one point of the city to another. To him the streets are, in fact, as difficult and dangerous to traverse as if they were strewed with heated ploughshares, or lined with concealed pitfalls. He cannot move a hundred yards, unless he moves warily, without encountering somebody to whom he owes something, or passing some shop where his name is not in the most savoury odour.

It is, then, the manœuvring necessary to avoid these disagreeables that constitutes street tactics, and confers on the gentleman who practises them the character of what we would call a street tactician.

This person, as already hinted, when he moves at all, must move cautiously, and must consider well, before he starts, which is his safest course; which the course in which he is least likely to encounter an enemy in the shape of a creditor, and which will subject him to running the gauntlet of the fewest number of obnoxious shops. The amount of manœuvring required to accomplish this is amazing, and the ingenuity exhibited in it frequently very remarkable.

When on the move, the street tactician is obliged to be constantly on the alert, to have all his eyes about him, lest an enemy should come upon him unawares. This incessant vigilance keeps him always wide awake, always on the look-out, and makes him as sharp as a needle. Even while speaking to you, his keen and restless eye is roving up and down the street to see that no danger is approaching.

Like the training of the Indian, this incessant vigilance improves his physical faculties wonderfully, especially his vision, which it renders singularly acute. He can detect a creditor at a distance at which the nearest friend, the most intimate acquaintance of that person, could not recognise him: he can see him approaching in a crowded street, where no other eye but his own could possibly single him out.

Gifted with this remarkable power of vision, it is rare that the street tactician is taken by surprise, as it affords him time to plan and effect his escape, at both of which he is amazingly prompt and dexterous.

As the great object with the street tactician in moving from one point of the city to another is not the shortest but the safest course, he is necessarily subjected to a vast deal of traverse sailing, and thereby to enormous increases of distance, being frequently obliged to make the circuit of half the town to get at the next street. His way is thus most particularly devious, and to one who should watch his motions without knowing the principles on which he moves, would ap-

pear altogether incomprehensible. Here he crosses a street with a sudden dart, there he turns a corner with a slow and stealthy step; now he walks deliberately, now as if it were for a wager. Again he walks slowly; then comes a sudden brush: it is to clear some dangerous spot in which an enemy is lurking in ambush—the shop door of a creditor. Now he cuts down an alley; now hesitates before he emerges at the opposite end; now darts out of it as if he had been fired from it, like a shell from a mortar. And thus, and thus, and thus he finally completes his circuitous and perilous journey. It is fatiguing and laborious work, but it must be done if he would avoid being worried to death.

Besides that ever watchfulness, that sleepless vigilance that distinguishes the street tactician, there is about him a degree of presence of mind not less worthy of special notice. It is by this ready fortitude and coolness of temper that he is enabled, even when in what may be called the immediate presence of an enemy, to devise and execute with promptness and decision the most ingenious expedients for avoiding personal contact—that enables him, when within twenty yards of the foe (when so near that a less experienced hand, one of less steady nerve, would inevitably fall into the clutches of his dun, and who would at once be given up for lost by any on-looker) to effect a retreat, and thus avoid the crave personal—in so cool and masterly a way, that the enemy himself shall not know that he has been *shirked*, but shall be deceived into a belief that he has not been seen, and that the pretext, or pretexts, under cover of which the street tactician has evaded him, has or have been true and natural. This is a difficult point to manage; but old hands can do it admirably, and, when well done, is a very beautiful manœuvre.

The skilful street tactician never exhibits any flurry or agitation, however imminent his danger may be: it is only green-horns that do this. Neither does he hurry or run away from an enemy when he sees him. This would at once betray malice prepense, and excite the utmost wrath of the latter, who, the moment he got home, would put his claim into the hands of his lawyer; a proceeding which he must by no means be provoked into adopting.

The skilful street tactician takes care of this, then, and studies to effect his retreats in such a way as to excite no suspicion of design. He does, indeed, take some very sudden and abrupt turns down streets and up lanes when he sees an enemy approaching; but he does it with so unconscious a look, and with such a *bona fide* air, that neither you nor his creditor would for a moment suspect any thing else than that he was just going that way at any rate. This operation requires great command both of muscle and manner, and can be successfully performed only by a very superior practitioner.

To the street tactician, carts, carriages, and other large moving objects, are exceedingly useful auxiliaries as covers from the enemy, and the dexterity and tact with which he avails himself of their aid in effecting a "go-by," is amazing. By keeping the cart, carriage, or other body in a direct line between him and the foe, he effects many wonderful, many hair-breadth escapes. The chaise or cart is in this way, and for this purpose, a very good thing, but the waggon of hay, slow in its motion, and huge in its bulk, makes the best of all protecting covers.

With a waggon of hay moving along with him, and a very little manœuvring on his own part, the expert tactician could traverse the whole city without the risk of a single encounter. But his having such an accompaniment for any length of time, is of course out of the question. He must just be content to avail himself of it when chance throws it in his way, and be thankful for its protection throughout the length of a street.

We have heard experienced street tacticians, men on whose skill and judgment we would be disposed to place every reliance, say, that it is a very absurd practice to run across a street to avoid a shop, and to pass along on the opposite side. Such a proceeding, they say—and there is reason and common sense, as well as scientific knowledge, in the remark—only exposes you more to the enemy, by passing you through a larger space of his field of vision—by giving him, in short, a longer, a fuller, and a fairer view of you. Far better, they say, to walk close by his window at a smart pace, when the chances are greatly in favour of your passing unobserved.

This way of giving a shop the "go-by" requires, indeed, more courage, more resolution than the other, being, certainly, rather a daring exploit; but we are satisfied, that, like boldness of movement in the battle-field, it is, after all, the least dangerous.

### DEATH OF CATHAL, THE RED-HANDED O'CONNOR.

(As recorded in the Annals of the Four Masters, translated by Mr O'DONOVAN.)

A.D. 1224.—In the spring of this year, a heavy and an awful shower of strange rain fell on a part of Connaught, viz. Hy-Maine in Hy-Diarmada, and other places, which produced virulent infections and diseases amongst the cattle of these territories, as soon as they had eaten of the grass upon which the shower had fallen. The milk of these cattle, also, when partaken of by the inhabitants, caused various inward diseases among them. It was but natural that these ominous signs should appear this year in Connaught, for they were the foreboding heralds of a very great loss and calamity, which fell this year upon the Connacians, namely, the death of Cathal the Red-handed, son of Torlogh More O'Connor, and King of Connaught, who had been the chief scourge of the traitors and enemies of Ireland; who had contributed more than any other man to relieve the wants of the clergy, the poor, and the indigent, and into whose heart God had infused more goodness and greater virtues than adorned any other cotemporary Irish prince; for, from the time of his wife's death to the time of his own death, he had led a chaste and virtuous life. It was in his time, also, that tithes were first lawfully paid in Ireland. This honourable and upright king, this discreet, pious, just-judging warrior, died on the twenty-eighth day of summer, on Monday precisely, in the habit of a Grey Friar, in the monastery of Knockmoy; which monastery, together with its site and lands, he himself had previously granted to God and the monks; and was interred in that monastery with honour and respect.

### EELS.

THEIR snake-like aspect and other reptile attributes (observes Professor Wilson, in a work recently published, entitled "The Rod and the Gun"), no doubt tend to form and perpetuate the prejudice which many otherwise humane-minded men cherish towards these insidious fishes. They move on land with great facility, and with a motion resembling that of serpents. They have even been seen to leave fresh-water lakes during the night in considerable numbers, apparently for the purpose of preying on slugs and snails among the dewy herbage. They abound in many continental rivers, and are caught in immense numbers in those which empty themselves into the Baltic, where they form a considerable article of trade. It is stated that 2000 have been caught at a sweep in Jutland, and 60,000 have been taken in the Garonne by one net in a single day. The habits of these fishes in relation to breeding, migration, &c, are still but obscurely known. "That eels migrate towards brackish water," observes Mr Jesse, in his *Gleanings in Natural History*, "in order to deposit their ova, I have but little doubt, for the following reasons: From the month of November until the end of January, provided the frost is not very serious, eels migrate towards the sea. The Thames fishermen are so aware of this fact, that they invariably set their pots or baskets with their mouths up stream during those months, while later in spring and summer they are set down stream. The best time, however, for taking eels, is during their passage towards the sea. The eel-traps, also, which are set in three different streams near Hampton Court (the contents of which at different times I have had opportunities of examining), have invariably been supplied with eels sufficiently large to be breeders, during the months I have mentioned. This migratory disposition is not shown by small eels; and it may therefore be assumed that they remain nearly stationary till they are old enough to have spawn. I have also ascertained that eels are taken in greater or lesser numbers during the months of November or December, all the way down the river to the brackish water. From thence the young eels migrate, as soon as they are sufficiently large and strong to encounter the several currents of the river, and make their way to the different contributory streams. I have also been able to trace the procession of young eels, or, as it is here called, the *eel-fair*, from the neighbourhood of Blackfriars' Bridge, as far up the river as Chestrey, although they probably make their way as far, or farther than Oxford. So strong, indeed, is their migratory disposition, that it is well known few things will prevent their progress, as even at the locks at Teddington and Hampton the young eels have been seen to ascend the large posts of the flood-gates, in order to make their way, when the gates have been shut longer than

usual. Those which die stick to the posts; others, which get a little higher, meet with the same fate, until at last a sufficient layer of them is formed to enable the rest to overcome the difficulty of the passage. A curious instance of the means which young eels will have recourse to, in order to perform their migrations, is annually proved in the neighbourhood of Bristol. Near that city there is a large pond, immediately adjoining which is a stream; on the bank between these two waters a large tree grows, the branches of which hang into the pond. By means of these branches the young eels ascend into the tree, and from thence let themselves drop into the stream below, thus migrating to far distant waters, where they increase in size and become useful and beneficial to man. A friend of mine, who was a casual witness of this circumstance, informed me that the tree appeared to be quite alive with these little animals. The rapid and unsteady motion of the boughs did not appear to impede their progress."

### ANECDOTE OF SHERIDAN.

SHERIDAN and KELLY were one day in earnest conversation close to the gate of the path which was then open to the public, leading across the churchyard of St Paul's, Covent Garden, from King street to Henrietta street, when Mr Holloway, who was a creditor of Sheridan's to a considerable amount, came up to them on horseback, and accosted Sheridan in a tone of something more like anger than sorrow, and complained that he never could get admittance when he called, vowing vengeance against the infernal Swiss, Monsieur Francois, if he did not let him in the next time he went to Hertford street.

Holloway was really in a passion. Sheridan knew that he was vain of his judgment in horse-flesh, and without taking any notice of the violence of his manner, burst into an exclamation upon the beauty of the horse which he rode—he struck the right chord.

"Why," said Holloway, "I think I may say there never was a prettier creature than this. You were speaking to me, when I last saw you, about a horse for Mrs Sheridan; now, this would be a treasure for a lady."

"Does he canter well?" said Sheridan.

"Beautifully," replied Holloway.

"If that's the case, Holloway," said Sheridan, "I really should not mind stretching a point for him. Will you have the kindness to let me see his paces?"

"To be sure," said the lawyer; and putting himself into a graceful attitude, he threw his nag into a canter along the market.

The moment his back was turned, Sheridan wished Kelly good morning, and went off through the church-yard, where no horse could follow, into Bedford street, laughing immoderately, as indeed did several of the standers-by. The only person not entertained by this practical joke was Mr Holloway.—*Reminiscences of Michael Kelly.*

MAID-SERVANTS AND THEIR "FRIENDS."—Every master and mistress in the United Kingdom knows what a maid-servant's friend is. Sometimes he is a brother, sometimes a cousin (often a cousin), and sometimes a father, who really wears well, and carries his age amazingly! He comes down the area—in at the window—or through a door left ajar. Sometimes a maid-servant, like a hare, "has many friends." The master of the house, after washing his hands in the back kitchen, feels behind the door for a jack-towel, and lays hold of a "friend's" nose. "Friends" are shy: sometimes a footman breaks a friend's shins while plunging into the coal-cellar for a shovel of nubblys. We speak feelingly, our own abode having been once turned into a friend's meeting-house—a fact we became aware of through a smoky chimney; but a chimney will smoke when there is a journeyman baker up it.—*Kidd's Journal.*

Wisdom cannot be obtained without industry and labour. Can we hope to find gold upon the surface of the earth, when we dig almost to the centre of it to find lead and tin, and the baser metals!

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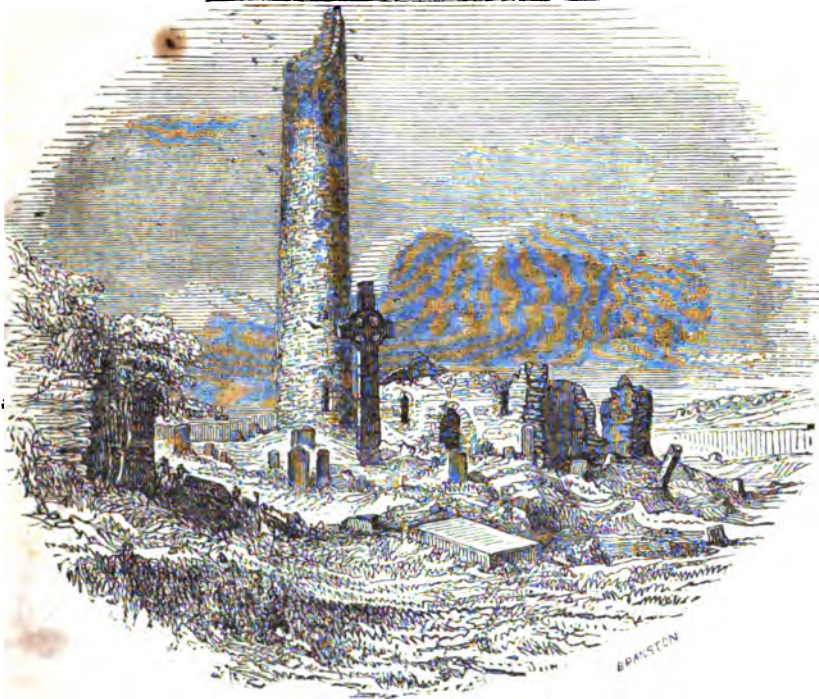


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



## REMAINS AT MONASTERBOICE, COUNTY LOUTH.

To the observing and imaginative traveller, our island must present a great number of peculiarities of aspect which will not fail to excite his notice, and impress themselves indelibly upon his mind. The scantiness of wood—for its natural timber has nearly all disappeared—and the abundance of water, are two of the characteristics that will most strike him; and, next to these, the great extent of prospect usually afforded to the eye in consequence of the undulating character of its surface. Sparkling streams are visible everywhere, and shining lakes and noble rivers come into view in rapid succession; while ranges of blue mountains are rarely wanting to bound the distant horizon. The colours with which Nature has painted the surface of our island are equally peculiar. There is no variety of green, whether of depth or vivid brightness, which is not to be found covering it; they are hues which can be seen nowhere else in equal force; and even our bogs, which are so numerous, with all their mutations of colour, now purple, and anon red, or brown, or black, by their vigorous contrasts give additional beauty and life to the landscape, and assist in imparting to it a sort of national individuality. Our very clouds have to a great degree a distinctive character—the result of the humidity of our climate; they have a grandeur of form and size, and a force of light and shadow, that are but rarely seen in other countries: they are *Irish clouds*—at one moment bright and sunny, and in the next flinging their dark shadows over the landscape, and involving it in gloomy grandeur. It is in this striking force of contrast in almost every thing that we look at, that the pecu-

liarity of our scenery chiefly consists; and it appears to have stamped the general character of our people with those contrasting lights and shades so well exhibited in our exquisite and strongly-marked national music, in which all varieties of sentiment are so deeply yet harmoniously blended as to produce on the mind effects perhaps in some degree saddening, but withal most delightfully sweet and soothing. A country marked with such peculiarities is not the legitimate abode of the refined sensualist of modern times, or the man of artificial pleasure and heartless pursuits, and all such naturally remain away from it, or visit it with reluctance; but it is the proper habitation of the poet, the painter, and, above all, the philanthropist; for nowhere else can the latter find so extensive a field for the exercise of the godlike feelings of benevolence and patriotism.

Yet the natural features of scenery and climate which we have pointed out, interesting as all must admit them to be, are not the only ones that confer upon our country the peculiar and impressive character which it possesses. The relics of past epochs of various classes; the monuments of its Pagan times, as revealed to us in its religious, military, and sepulchral remains; the ruins of its primitive Christian ages, as exemplified in its simple and generally unadorned churches, and slender round towers; the more splendid monastic edifices of later date, and the gloomy castles of still more recent times—these are everywhere present to bestow historic interest on the landscape, and bring the successive conditions and changes of society in bygone ages forcibly before the

mind; so that an additional interest, of a deep and poetical nature, is thus imparted to views in themselves impressive from their wild and picturesque appearance. So perfect, indeed, is this harmony of the natural and artificial characteristics of Irish scenery, so comprehensively do both tell the history of our country, to which Nature has been most bountiful, and in which, alas! man has not been happy, that if we were desirous of giving a stranger a true idea of Ireland, and one that would impress itself on his mind, we should conduct him to one of our green open landscapes, where the dark and ruined castle, seated on some rocky height, or the round tower, with its little parent church, in some sequestered valley, would be the only features to arrest his attention; and of such a scene we should say emphatically, This is Ireland! And such a scene is that which is presented by the ruins represented in our prefixed illustration.

Passing along the great northern road from Drogheda to Dundalk, and about four miles from the former, the traveller will find himself in an open pastoral country, finely undulating, thinly dotted with the cottages of the peasants, and but little adorned by art. On one side, to his left, he will see a little group of ruins, with a lofty but shattered round tower, giving index of their age and character. These are the ruins of the long since celebrated religious establishment of Monasterboice, one of the most interesting groups of their kind in Ireland. They consist of two small churches, a round tower, and three most gorgeously sculptured stone crosses, standing in the midst of a crowd of tombs and head-stones of various ages. Both the churches are of great antiquity, though, as their architectural features clearly show, of widely separated ages—the larger one exhibiting the peculiarities of the ecclesiastical structures of the twelfth century, and the smaller those of a much earlier date. Both are also simple oblongs, consisting of a nave and choir; and the round tower appears to be of coeval architecture with the earlier church.

The tower, which is of excellent construction, is built of the slaty limestone of the surrounding hills, and is divided into five stories by belts of stone slightly projecting. The upper story has four oblong apertures, and the lower ones are each lighted by an aperture having an angular top. The doorway, which faces the south-east, has a semicircular arch, and is constructed of chiselled freestone: it is of the usual height of five feet six inches, by one foot ten inches in breadth, and is six feet from the present surface of the ground. The circumference of the tower is fifty-one feet, and its height is one hundred and ten; but its original height was greater, as a considerable portion of its top has been destroyed by lightning.

In these churches and this tower Monasterboice has nothing which may not be found in many other early religious foundations in Ireland; but in the magnificence of its sculptured stone crosses it may be said to stand alone. They are the finest of their class in the country; but, as we shall make them the subjects of distinct notices, with illustrations, in our future numbers, it is not necessary for us to enter into a more particular description of them here.

Monasterboice, or, as it is called in the Irish language, *Mainistir-buite*—that is, the monastery of Buite, or Boetius—owes its origin to a celebrated bishop and abbot of this name who flourished about the close of the fifth century, and who is said to have been a disciple of St Patrick: according to our ancient annalists, he died on the 7th of December 522. Of its subsequent history but little is preserved, beyond a few scattered records of the deaths of several of its abbots and professors anterior to the twelfth century, of whom the celebrated poet, antiquary, and historian, Flann, was the most distinguished, and whose death is thus recorded in the Annals of the Four Masters:—

“1056. Flann of the Monastery, lecturer of Monasterboice, the last fountain of knowledge of the Irish, in history, poetry, eloquence, and general literature, died on the fourth of the calends of December (28th November), of whom it was said,

Flann of the great church of sweet Buite,

The piercing eyes of his smooth head were modest;

The godly man of Meath was he of whom we speak;

The last professor of the country of the three Finns was Flann.

A considerable number of historical poems by this distinguished man have descended to our times, of which a list is given in O'Reilly's Irish Writers; but his more valuable remains are his Synchronisms of the Irish Kings, with the Eastern and Roman Emperors, and of the Christian Provincial Kings of Ireland, and the Kings of Scotland of the Irish

race, with the Chief Monarchs of Ireland. Of these works, which are of inestimable value to the Irish and Scottish historian, perfect copies are preserved in the MS. Book of Deane, in the library of the Royal Irish Academy.

The notices in our Annals of the other distinguished men connected with Monasterboice are of little interest; but as they have never been properly collected together, we think them worthy of publication, for the use of the Irish topographical historian, to whom we trust our Journal will become a valuable repertory of authorities:

722. Ailchon, of Monasterboice, died.

769. Cormac, the son of Ailliolla, Abbot of Monasterboice, was drowned in the Boyne.

766. Dubdaimber, the son of Cormac, Abbot of Monasterboice, died.

800. Cuanna, Abbot of Monasterboice, died.

836. Flaithri, Abbot of Monasterboice, a Bishop and Anchorite, died.

844. Muireadhach, the son of Flann, Abbot of Monasterboice, died.

853. Radgus, the son of Maicniada, Abbot of Monasterboice, was drowned in the Boyne.

864. Colga and Aodh, two Abbots of Monasterboice, died this year

875. Maolpatrick, the son of Ceallach, Abbot of Monasterboice, died.

881. Dunadach, the son of Cormac, Abbot of Monasterboice, died.

887. Fothaidh, Abbot of Monasterboice, died.

922. Muireadhach, the son of Donall, Abbot of Monasterboice, chief beadsman to all the men of Bregia, youths, clerks, and the steward of Patrick's people, from Sliabh Fuaid (the Few's Mountain) to Leinster, died.

933. Maolbrigid, Abbot of Monasterboice, died.

965. Dubdaboirenn, Abbot of Monasterboice, died.

1004. Donall, the son of Maicniadha, Abbot of Monasterboice, a Bishop and Holy Senior, died.

1039. Macniadha, a Bishop, and Abbot of Monasterboice, died.

1059. Donall, the son of Eodhossa, Abbot of Monasterboice, died.

1067. Echtigern, the son of Flann, Airceineach of Monasterboice, died.

1117. Eogan, the son of Echtigern, Abbot of Monasterboice, died.

These notices, extracted from the Annals of Ulster, and of the Four Masters, will show the great antiquity of the Abbey of Monasterboice, as well as the distinguished rank which it held among the religious establishments of Ireland previous to the occupation of the ancient kingdom of Meath by the English, after which period it disappears from history.

The following records from the same authorities relate to its general history:—

968. Monasterboice and Lan Lere were plundered on the Danes by Donall, King of Ireland, and he burned three hundred and fifty of them in one house.

1097. The *Cloitheach* (viz. round tower belfry) of Monasterboice, containing books and several other valuables, was burned.

This last notice, and many others of the kind which occur in our Annals, are of great value in showing the original uses of our round towers, as set forth in Mr Petrie's Essay on the Round Towers of Ireland, now in course of publication.

In concluding these notices of a spot so long the abode of the piety, art, and learning of remote times, we may add, that in its present deserted and ruined state it is a scene of the deepest and most solemn interest; and the mind must indeed be dull and earthly in which it fails to awaken feelings of touching and permanent interest. Silence and solitude the most profound are impressed on all its time-worn features; we are among the dead only; and we are forced, as it were, to converse with the men of other days. In all our frequent visits to these ruins we never saw a living human being among them but once. It was during a terrific thunder-storm, which obliged us to seek shelter behind one of the stone crosses for an hour. The rain poured down in impetuous torrents, and the clouds were so black as to give day the appearance of night. It was at such an awful hour, that a woman of middle age, finely formed, and of a noble countenance, entered the cemetery, and, regardless of the storm raging around, flung herself down upon a grave, and commenced singing an Irish lamentation in tones of heart-rending melancholy and surpassing

beauty. This wail she carried on as long as we remained; and her voice coming on the ear between the thunder-peals, had an effect singularly wild and unearthly: it would be fruitless to attempt a description of it. The reader, if he know what an Irishwoman's song of sorrow is, must imagine the effect it would have at such a moment among those lightning-shattered ruins, and chanted by such a living vocal monument of human woe and desolation.

We subsequently learned on inquiry that this poor creature's history was a sad one; she was slightly crazed, in consequence of the death of her only son, who had been drowned; and her mania lay in a persuasion, which nothing could remove, that he was not lost, but would yet return to her to bless her, and close her long-weeping eyes in peace. P.

## THE RED MEN OF AMERICA.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

We could relate many instances of the gratitude with which Indians repay a kindness, and of their firmness in friendship, but our limits restrain us. We must besides admit, that they are equally resentful of injury as mindful of favours, and persecute an enemy with as much constancy as they cherish a friend. Mr Catlin has preserved the portrait of a Mandan chief, named Mah-to-tôh-pa, or the Four Bears, whose life affords many singular illustrations of the above truths. We have room for one only. His brother had been surprised while asleep by a Riccaree, who left the spear with which he had murdered the sleeping man in the wound, and boasted of what he had done. The Four Bears took possession of the spear, preserved it carefully, with the blood of his brother encrusted on its point, and swore to cover that stain with the heart's blood of the Riccaree. Many moons elapsed, many snows even went by, and the Four Bears had not yet found the much desired opportunity of revenge. At length the culpability of his enforced delay became too heavy a reproach, and he resolved on seeking the Riccaree in his distant home, to do which he had to steal his way through his enemy's country for hundreds of miles; a task, the difficulty of which can be appreciated only by those who know the watchfulness of Indian habits, and the vigilance of those whom he had to circumvent. But "when Greek meets Greek," we all know what "comes;" in this case, however, "diamond-cut-diamond" were perhaps the more appropriate metaphor: let our readers settle that point. The Four Bears accomplished his task; he had traversed many a weary plain, had threaded many a tangled forest, swam many a river; but at length he stood, famished and outworn, before the village of his enemy. This was surrounded by a stockade, but he overcame that with little difficulty. It was night, but the dwelling of the offender was known to him, and entering it, he sat down before the fire, over which hung a pot containing food, which the provident squaw had set to simmer through the night. The family were in their beds, which consist of skins stretched on low frames, and ranged around the walls of the hut. The Riccaree, the object of the Mandan's visit, was also on his couch, with his arms close beside him, as is the custom. But he was not asleep; the flame as it rose fitfully was reflected from his glittering eyes, which rested, but with no particular interest, on his visitor. The latter, conscious that his then exhausted strength was not equal to the duty he came to perform, sat collected within himself for a certain time; he then took part of the food that filled the pot, and ate in such measure as he thought advisable. This done, he lighted his pipe, and sat to smoke it. The squaw meanwhile had asked her husband what man it was who was reposing at their hearth. "He is a hungry man, for thou seest he is eating; what matter for the rest?" was her husband's reply, and the uninvited guest concluded his meal without interruption. Was the Mandan shaken by what we feel to be the most touching appeal of this deep confidence to his better sympathies? He scarcely felt that it was one. Among Indians, hospitality is neither offered nor accepted as a matter of favour, but of right, and of course; nor would he have replied to such an appeal could he have felt it. He believed himself to be in the performance of a most solemn duty, and would have scorned all vacillation as weakness. Nor shall we be just ourselves if we lose sight of this in our abhorrence of his deed.

The pipe of the Mandan exhausted, he adjusted his raiment for departure; he rose, collected his force, sprang on his un-

suspecting host, whom he stabbed to the heart with the spear already named, then scalped him, and, springing from the hut, was out of the village, and deep in a neighbouring water-course, by the time that his enemies' dogs were upon him; again, by many a night march and day of hunger and suffering, he arrived in his village, his conscience set at rest by the act at which we shudder.

Mr Catlin, who knew this chief intimately, relates many stories of his bravery and general elevation of character, but we have room for the tale of his death only. In the year 1837, Mr Catlin had left the friendly Mandans some three years, when the small-pox was carried among them by the traders; the whole family of the Four Bears perished by this disease: wife, child, not one was left him; he stood alone in his desolation, and gathering the corpses together, he covered all with skins, after the manner of his people; the songs for the dead then performed, he seated himself by the mound he had raised, which he addressed from time to time in the most touching terms of endearment, as each individual composing the mournful group rose to his memory. This continued through nine days and nights, during all which he took neither food nor sleep, and on the tenth he was himself a corpse.

The native American is deeply imbued with religious feeling; no Indian who maintains a fair character in his tribe is without some place of retirement for worship and meditation; a lonely tree, a nook in the bank of a stream, the hollow of a rock, are frequently selected for this purpose; nor is the habit confined to such tribes as have no fixed religious ceremonies; it was practised by the Mandans and others, many of whom possessed oratories such as we have just described, in addition to their "medicine" or "mystery lodges," which may be called their public temples. The Osages, Kansas, and other tribes west of the Mississippi, never fail to implore the blessing of the Great Spirit on breaking up their encampments, and they return thanks devoutly for the food they have found, and the preservation they have experienced, on arriving at the end of their journey. Thanks and praises are also publicly offered at every new moon, at the commencement of the buffalo hunts in spring, and at the ingathering of the corn; at which latter period a feast is held, called the corn feast: over this, among some tribes, the oldest woman presides. The Minatarrees boil a large kettle full of the new corn in presence of all the people, four medicine men, painted with white clay, dancing round the kettle until its contents are well boiled; these are next burnt to ashes as an offering to the Great Spirit; the fire is then extinguished; new fire is immediately created by rubbing two sticks together; with this they cook the corn for their own feast, and the remainder of the day is spent in festivity.

Dances are also performed to the Great Spirit on various occasions, as among the Ojibbeways on the first fall of snow; this is danced in snow-shoes. All believe in a future state of existence—in the reward of the good by an eternal residence in pleasant and plentifully supplied hunting grounds beyond the great waters—and in the punishment of the wicked by transformation into some loathsome beast, reptile, or insect, and by banishment to barren, parched, and desolate regions, the abodes of bad spirits, for a period proportionate to the enormity of their guilt. Prayers are also offered to the evil spirit in deprecation of his enmity, but on none of these ceremonies is attendance compelled; that Indian is, however, less respected, who is known constantly to absent himself from all.

The "medicine man" of the Indians is at once prophet, priest, and physician; he has sometimes great influence. The ceremony by which this dignity is attained among the Sioux, is one involving no little suffering. The candidate for this honour has innumerable splints of wood driven through the most sensitive parts of his flesh, and being suspended by some of these to a pole, with his medicine bag in his hand, he is expected to keep his eyes steadily fixed on the sun from its rising to its setting, when he is taken down, and entitled to be called a medicine or mystery man for the remainder of his life; but he has to make ceaseless efforts for the support of his character, since the failure of either his cures or his prophecies renders him liable to universal contempt.

Almost every family has its medicine or mystery bag, which consists of a beaver or otter skin curiously ornamented; this contains the medicinal stores and smaller consecrated articles of the family; it is considered a great disgrace to sell or otherwise part with an article once consecrated, and the medicine bag is always held sacred and inviolate to every hand but that of its owner. When a warrior of the Sac and Fox tribe falls

in battle, his widow suspends his mystery bag on the pole before his tent, and sits herself within the lodge; the warriors, returned from the battle, and adorned with the scalps they have taken from the enemy, then assemble before the lodge; they dance to the medicine bag of their lost brother, and throw presents to his widow, of such articles as they think may best console her for her loss.

The Indian dwelling is much varied in its form and manner among the various tribes; the Pawnees, for example, live in lodges thatched with prairie grass, and which are not unlike immense bee-hives.

The Sioux, the Camanches, the Crows, and others inhabiting a vast tract on the upper waters of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, and extending to the base of the Rocky Mountains, have moveable tents formed of buffalo skins richly ornamented, according to Indian notions of ornament, and fastened to poles sometimes twenty-five feet high; some of these tents will shelter eighty persons, and require from thirty to thirty-five buffalo skins to cover them.

The Riccares, Mandans, &c. are, or were, lodged in villages fortified by strong stockades eighteen feet high; their huts are formed of poles covered closely and smoothly with earth, and this in process of time becomes so compact and hard, that men, women, and children, recline and play on their tops.

It has been sometimes asserted that the Indian people have a common language, but this is not the case; scarcely any two of their nations between whom no intercourse exists, possess a language understood by both, but this inconvenience is obviated by a "language of signs," so effective and eloquent that by this every Indian is enabled to communicate with his brother of whatever nation or tribe, and hence perhaps has arisen the supposition that all speak a common language. The mode of writing among Indians is entirely hieroglyphic, and is of course liable to wide misconstruction; but they lay down maps with no mean degree of accuracy, and the chiefs wear the boundaries of their hunting-grounds traced on their robes; a counterpart being kept in the public lodge among such other records as the nation may possess, and these are referred to if any dispute arise among neighbouring tribes.

Their manufactures are of course few and simple. Stones are cut into pestles and mortars, tomahawks, knives, pipes, &c.; pottery is formed for domestic purposes from the clays furnished by all parts of their country; mats are woven from grass or rushes, and blankets from the hair of the buffalo. These articles are mostly the work of the women, who with the children plant, cultivate, and gather in the crops, collect wild rice and pash-e-quah, a large bulbous root, in form like the sweet potato and in taste like the chestnut, but more juicy. Nuts of many sorts, several kinds of plums, osage oranges, gooseberries, strawberries, and many sorts of grapes, are also collected in their season. Besides this, the women dress buffalo skins, procure wood and water, and in some tribes fetch home the game which the hunter, having tracked and killed, then leaves to their further disposal.

Beaver and other skins, belts of wampum, and coloured shells ground to an oval form, serve as coin; but the most important wealth of the Indian is in his horses and dogs, which assist him in the chase, and of which some possess great numbers. Many tribes of Indians are exceedingly bold and expert horsemen, the Camanches more particularly, many of whom perform feats of dexterity on their wild horses that would astonish our boldest equestrians. These men are often seen to throw themselves on one side of their horses, to avoid the arrows of an enemy or the attack of an enraged buffalo, in such a manner that the extremity of one foot only seems to hold by the animal, and that while he continues to move at full speed; nay, some have been even known to shoot arrows while in that position, the tenure of which is altogether inconceivable to the European rider.

Their weapons for hunting are lances five or six feet long, and tipped with stone or the bone of some animal, and bows with arrows similarly pointed. The buffalo is sometimes hunted by men who have partially concealed their persons in the skin of the white wolf, and who creep to within shot of their game by favour of this disguise; for the buffalo, accustomed to the white wolf, and safe from his attack unless, when, separated from the herd, he becomes the prey of a pack, permits the approach of the Indian thus masked, the latter being careful to keep to leeward of his game, whose scent is very acute.

Indians sometimes drive whole herds of buffalo, elk, and

deer, into impassable ravines or to the brink of precipices, when they slaughter as many as they may need; but none were ever destroyed wantonly before the introduction of whisky; whereas at this time whole herds are killed merely for their skins, the flesh being left to decay on the prairies; and this, by depopulating the hunting-grounds, induces famine, and is another cause of Indian suffering and final extinction.

Buffaloes are often destroyed by the panther; solitary individuals sometimes fall a prey to a pack of wolves; others perish in the burning prairies, that awfully peculiar feature of the American solitudes; a few are drowned every season in attempting to cross the ice of rivers not firmly frozen; but the principal element of their destruction is in the rapacity of the trader; and it has been calculated that the activity of this last-named agent will ensure the extermination of this most valuable creature within a very short period of time.

The education of the Indian child is an object of the most profound interest, not only to his own family but to the whole tribe. He is taught to love his country and tribe, to contemn falsehood, to reverence age, to be modest and silent; he is strictly enjoined to reward a kindness, but also to avenge an injury; to aid and guard a friend, but also to injure, by every means in his power, and relentlessly to persecute, an enemy; to abhor theft, unless it be practised on the property of an enemy, when it is called highly meritorious. The sports of youth are watched attentively by their elders, and all evidences of cowardice, meanness, &c., are followed by the needful discipline. The Indian usually retains his mother's name until he has entitled himself, by some remarkable act of prowess, endurance, &c., to choose one for himself, or been distinguished by some appellation bestowed by the tribe. Some of these "names" are sufficiently amusing, as, for example, "He who jumps over every one," "The very sweet man," "The man of good sense," "No fool," "The bird that goes to war," "He who strikes two at once," &c. The names of women are not always inelegant. Take as a specimen of Indian taste in this matter, "The bending willow," "The pure fountain," "The sweet-scented grass." Others are scarcely so complimentary, as, "The female bear," "The woman who lives in the bear's den," "The creature that creeps," &c.

The constancy with which an Indian endures tortures, is among the best known traits of his character, but his power of enduring labour has been less insisted on; nay, it has been denied by those who despair of the civilization of the race, or who believe that its destruction is a consequence inevitable to the white man's progress; but those who so judge know little of our Red brothers. We could adduce many facts in proof of this, were our space not wholly exhausted; but we must defer these, as well as the account we had purposed giving of the very extraordinary religious ceremonies practised among some of the tribes. We may, however, possibly return to the subject at some other time.

## THE IRISH FIDDLER,

BY W. CARLETON.

WHAT a host of light-hearted associations are revived by that living fountain of fun and frolic, an Irish fiddler! Every thing connected with him is agreeable, pleasant, jolly. All his anecdotes, songs, jokes, stories, and secrets, bring us back from the pressure and cares of life, to those happy days and nights when the heart was as light as the heel, and both beat time to the exhilarating sound of his fiddle.

The old harper was a character looked upon by the Irish rather as a musical curiosity, than a being specially created to contribute to their enjoyment. There was something about him which they did not feel to be in perfect sympathy with their habits and amusements. He was above them, not of them; and although they respected him, and treated him kindly, yet was he never received among them with that spontaneous ebullition of warmth and cordiality with which they welcomed their own musician, the fiddler. The harper, in fact, belonged to the gentry, and to the gentry they were willing to leave him. They listened to his music when he felt disposed to play for them, but it only gratified their curiosity, instead of enlivening their hearts—a fact sufficiently evident from the circumstance of their seldom attempting to dance to it. This preference, however, of the fiddle to the harp, is a feeling generated by change of times and circumstances, for it is well known that in days gone by, when Irish habits were purer,



older, and more hereditary than they are now, the harp was the favourite instrument of young and old, of high and low.

The only instrument that can be said to rival the fiddle, is the bagpipe; but every person knows that Ireland is a loving country, and that at our fairs, dances, weddings, and other places of amusement, Paddy and his sweetheart are in the habit of indulging in a certain quiet and affectionate kind of whisper, the creamy tones of which are sadly curdled by the sharp jar of the chanter. It is not, in fact, an instrument adapted for love-making. The drone is an enemy to sentiment, and it is an unpleasant thing for a pretty blushing girl to find herself put to the necessity of bawling out her consent at the top of her lungs, which she must do, or have the ecstatic words lost in its drowsy and monotonous murmur. The bagpipe might do for war, to which, with a slight variation, it has been applied; but in our opinion it is only fit to be danced to by an assembly of people who are hard of hearing. Indeed, we have little doubt but its cultivation might be introduced with good effect as a system of medical treatment, suitable to the pupils of a deaf and dumb institution; for if any thing could bring them to the use of their ears, its sharp and stiletto notes surely would effect that object.

The fiddle, however, is the instrument of all others most essential to the enjoyment of an Irishman. Dancing and love are very closely connected, and of course the fiddle is never thought of or heard, without awakening the tenderest and most agreeable emotions. Its music, soft, sweet, and cheerful, is just the thing for Paddy, who under its influence partakes of its spirit, and becomes soft, sweet, and cheerful himself. The very tones of it set like a charm upon him, and produce in his head such a bland and delightful intoxication, that he finds himself making love just as naturally as he would eat his meals. It opens all the sluices of his heart, puts mercury in his veins, gives honey to a tongue that was, Heaven knows, sufficiently sweet without it, and gifts him with a pair of feather heels that Mercury might envy; and to crown all, endows him, while pleading his cause in a quiet corner, with a fertility of invention, and an easy unembarrassed assurance, which nothing can surpass. In fact, with great respect for my friend Mr Bunting, the fiddle it is that *ought* to be our national instrument, as it is that which is most closely and agreeably associated with the best and happiest impulses of the Irish heart. The very language of the people themselves is a proof of this; for whilst neither harp nor bagpipe is ever introduced as illustrating peculiarities of feeling by any reference to their influence, the fiddle is an agreeable instrument in their hands, in more senses than one. Paddy's highest notion of flattery towards the other sex is boldly expressed by an image drawn from it, for when he boasts that he can, by honied words, impress such an agreeable delusion upon his sweetheart as to make her imagine "that there is a fiddler on every rib of the house," there can be no metaphor conceived more strongly or beautifully expressive of the charm which flows from the tones of that sweet instrument. Paddy, however, is very often hit by his own metaphor, at a time when he least expects it. When pleading his cause, for instance, and promising golden days to his fair one, he is not unfrequently met by, "Ay, ay, it's all very well now; you're sugary enough, of course; but wait till we'd be a year married, an' maybe, like so many others that promised what you do, you'd never come home to me widout 'hangin' up your fiddle behind the door;" by which she means to charge him with the probability of being agreeable when abroad, but morose in his own family.

Having thus shown that the fiddle and its music are mixed up so strongly with our language, feelings, and amusements, it is now time to say something of the fiddler. In Ireland it is impossible, on looking through all the classes of society, to find any individual so perfectly free from care, or, in stronger words, so completely happy, as the fiddler, especially if he be blind, which he generally is. His want of sight circumscribes his other wants, and, whilst it diminishes his enjoyments, not only renders him unconscious of their loss, but gives a greater zest to those that are left him, simple and innocent as they are. He is in truth a man whose lot in life is happily cast, and whose lines have fallen in pleasant places. The phase of life which is presented to him, and in which he moves, is one of innocent mirth and harmless enjoyment. Marriages, weddings, dances, and merry-makings of all descriptions, create the atmosphere of mirth and happiness which he ever breathes. With the dark designs, the crimes, and outrages of mankind, he has nothing to do, and his light spirit is never depressed

by their influence. Indeed, he may be said with truth to pass through none but the festivals of life, to hear nothing but mirth, to feel nothing but kindness, and to communicate nothing but happiness to all around him. He is at once the source and the centre of all good and friendly feelings. By him the aged man forgets his years, and is agreeably cheated back into youth; the labourer snatches a pleasant moment from his toil, and is happy; the care-worn ceases to remember the anxieties that press him down; the boy is enraptured with delight, and the child is charmed with a pleasure that he feels to be wonderful.

Scarcely such a man is important, as filling up with enjoyment so many of the painful pauses in human misery. He is a thousand times better than a politician, and is a true philosopher without knowing it. Every man is his friend, unless it be a rival fiddler, and he is the friend of every man, with the same exception. Every house, too, every heart, and every hand, is open to him; he never knows what it is to want a bed, a dinner, or a shilling. Good heavens! what more than this can the cravings of a human heart desire! For my part, I do not know what others might aim at; but I am of opinion that in such a world as this, the highest proof of a wise man would be, a wish to live and die an Irish fiddler.

And yet, alas! there is no condition of life without some remote or contingent sorrow. Many a scene have I witnessed connected with this very subject, that would wring the tears out of any eye, and find a tender pulse in the hardest heart. It is indeed a melancholy alternative that devotes the poor sightless lad to an employment that is ultimately productive of so much happiness to himself and others. This alternative is seldom resorted to, unless when some poor child—perhaps a favourite—is deprived of sight by the terrible ravages of the small-pox. In life there is scarcely any thing more touching than to witness in the innocent invalid the first effects, both upon himself and his parents, of this woeful privation. The utter helplessness of the pitiable darkling, and his total dependence upon those around him—his unacquaintance with the relative situation of all the places that were familiar to him—his tottering and timid step, and his affecting call of "Mammy, where are you?" joined to the bitter consciousness on her part that the light of affection and innocence will never sparkle in those beloved eyes again—all this constitutes a scene of deep and bitter sorrow. When, however, the sense of his bereavement passes away, and the cherished child grows up to the proper age, a fiddle is procured for him by his parents, if they are able, and if not, a subscription is made up among their friends and neighbours to buy him one. All the family, with tears in their eyes, then kiss and take leave of him; and his mother, taking him by the hand, leads him, as had been previously arranged, to the best fiddler in the neighbourhood, with whom he is left as an apprentice. There is generally no fee required, but he is engaged to hand his master all the money he can make at dances, from the time he is proficient enough to play at them. Such is the simple process of putting a blind boy in the way of becoming acquainted with the science of melody.

In my native parish there were four or five fiddlers—all good in their way; but the Paganini of the district was the far-famed Mickey M'Roey. Where Mickey properly lived, I never could actually discover, and for the best reason in the world—he was not at home once in twelve months. As Colley Cibber says in the play, he was "a kind of a here-and-therean—a stranger nowhere." This, however, mattered little; for though perpetually shifting day after day from place to place, yet it somehow happened that nobody ever was at a loss where to find him. The truth is, he never felt disposed to travel *incoy*, because he knew that his interest must suffer by doing so; the consequence was, that wherever he went, a little nucleus of local fame always attended him, which rendered it an easy matter to find his whereabouts.

Mickey was blind from his infancy, and, as usual, owed to the small-pox the loss of his eyesight. He was about the middle size, of rather a slender make, and possessed an intelligent countenance, on which beamed that singular expression of inward serenity so peculiar to the blind. His temper was sweet and even, but capable of rising through the buoyancy of his own humour to a high pitch of exhilaration and enjoyment. The dress he wore, as far as I can remember, was always the same in colour and fabric—to wit, a brown coat, a sober-tinted cotton waistcoat, grey stockings, and black corduroys. Poor Mickey! I think I see him before me, his head erect, as the heads of all blind men are, the fiddle-case under his left arm, and his hazel staff held out like a feeler, exploring with expe-

amental pokes the nature of the ground before him, even although some happy urchin leads him onward with an exulting eye; an honour of which he will boast to his companions for many a mortal month to come.

The first time I ever heard Mickey play was also the first I ever heard a fiddle. Well and distinctly do I remember the occasion. The season was summer—but summer *was* summer then—and a new house belonging to Frank Thomas had been finished, and was just ready to receive him and his family. The floors of Irish houses in the country generally consist at first of wet clay; and when this is sufficiently well smoothed and hardened, a dance is known to be an excellent thing to bind and prevent them from cracking. On this occasion the evening had been appointed, and the day was nearly half advanced, but no appearance of the fiddler. The state of excitement in which I found myself could not be described. The name of Mickey M'Rorey had been ringing in my ears for God knows how long, but I had never seen him, or even heard his fiddle. Every two minutes I was on the top of a little eminence looking out for him, my eyes straining out of their sockets, and my head dizzy with the prophetic expectation of rapture and delight. Human patience, however, could bear this painful suspense no longer, and I privately resolved to find Mickey, or perish. I accordingly proceeded across the hills, a distance of about three miles, to a place called Kilnabushogue, where I found him waiting for a guide. At this time I could not have been more than seven years of age; and how I wrought out my way over the lonely hills, or through what mysterious instinct I was led to him, and that by a path too over which I had never travelled before, must be left unrevealed, until it shall please that Power which guides the bee to its home, and the bird for thousands of miles through the air, to disclose the principle upon which it is accomplished.

On our return home I could see the young persons of both sexes flying out to the little eminence I spoke of, looking eagerly towards the point we travelled from, and immediately scampering in again, clapping their hands, and shouting with delight. Instantly the whole village was out, young and old, standing for a moment to satisfy themselves that the intelligence was correct; after which, about a dozen of the youngsters sprang forward, with the speed of so many antelopes, to meet us, whilst the elders returned with a soberer but not less satisfied manner into the houses. Then commenced the usual battle, as to who should be honoured by permission to carry the fiddle-case. Oh! that fiddle-case! For seven long years it was an honour exclusively allowed to myself, whenever Mickey attended a dance any where at all near us; and never was the Lord Chancellor's mace—to which, by the way, with great respect for his lordship, it bore a considerable resemblance—carried with a prouder heart or a more exulting eye. But so it is—

“These little things are great to little men.”

“Blood alive, Mickey, you're welcome!” “How is every bone of you, Mickey? Bedad we geve you up.” “No, we didn't give you up, Mickey; never heed him; sure we knew very well you'd not desert the Towny boys—whoo!—Fol de rol lol!” “Ah, Mickey, won't you sing ‘There was a wee devil come over the wall?’” “To be sure he will, but wait till he comes home and gets his dinner first. Is't off an empty stomach you'd have him to sing?” “Mickey, give me the fiddle-case, won't you, Mickey?” “No, to me, Mickey.” “Never heed them, Mickey: you promised it to me at the dance in Carntaul.”

“Aisy, boys, aisy. The truth is, none of yez can get the fiddle-case. Shibby, my fiddle, hasn't been well for the last day or two, and can't bear to be carried by any one barrin' myself.”

“Blood alive! sick is it, Mickey?—an' what ails her?” “Why, some o' the doctors says there's a frog in her, an' others that she has the cholick; but I'm goin' to give her a dose of balgriffans when I get up to the house above. Ould Harry Connolly says she's with fiddle; an' if that's true, boys, maybe some o' yez won't be in luck. I'll be able to spare a young fiddle or two among yez.”

Many a tiny hand was clapped, and many an eye was lit up with the hope of getting a young fiddle; for gospel itself was never looked upon to be more true than this assertion of Mickey's. And no wonder. The fact is, he used to amuse himself by making small fiddles of deal and horse-hair, which he carried about with him as presents for such youngsters as he took a fancy to. This he made a serious business of, and

carried it on with an importance becoming the intimation just given. Indeed, I remember the time when I watched one of them, which I was so happy as to receive from him, day and night, with the hope of being able to report that it was growing larger; for my firm belief was, that in due time it would reach the usual size.

As we went along, Mickey, with his usual tact, got out of us all the information respecting the several courtships of the neighbourhood that had reached us, and as much, too, of the village gossip and scandal as we knew.

Nothing can exceed the overflowing kindness and affection with which the Irish fiddler is received on the occasion of a dance or merry-making; and to do him justice he loses no opportunity of exaggerating his own importance. From habit, and his position among the people, his wit and power of repartee are necessarily cultivated and sharpened. Not one of his jokes ever fails—a circumstance which improves his humour mightily; for nothing on earth sustains it so much as knowing, that, whether good or bad, it will be laughed at. Mickey, by the way, was a bachelor, and, though blind, was able, as he himself used to say, to see through his ears better than another could through the eyes. He knew every voice at once, and every boy and girl in the parish by name, the moment he heard them speak.

On reaching the house he is bound for, he either partakes of, or at least is offered, refreshment, after which comes the ecstatic moment to the youngsters: but all this is done by due and solemn preparation. First he calls for a pair of scissors, with which he pares or seems to pare his nails; then asks for a piece of rosin, and in an instant half a dozen boys are off at a break-neck pace, to the next shoemaker's, to procure it; whilst in the meantime he deliberately pulls a piece out of his pocket and rosins his bow. But, heavens! what a ceremony the opening of that fiddle-case is! The manipulation of the blind man as he runs his hand down to the key-hole—the turning of the key—the taking out of the fiddle—the twang twang—and then the first ecstatic sound, as the bow is drawn across the strings; then comes a screwing; then a delicious saw or two; again another screwing—twang twang—and away he goes with the favourite tune of the good woman, for such is the etiquette upon these occasions. The house is immediately thronged with the neighbours, and a preliminary dance is taken, in which the old folks, with good-humoured violence, are literally dragged out, and forced to join. Then come the congratulations—“Ah, Jack, you could do it wanst,” says Mickey, “an' can still; you have a kick in you yet.” “Why, Mickey, I seen dancin' in my time,” the old man will reply, his brow relaxed by a remnant of his former pride, and the hilarity of the moment, “but you see the breath isn't what it used to be wid me, when I could dance the *Baltheorum Jig* on the bottom of a ten-gallon cask. But I think a glass o' whisky will do us no harm after that. Heighho!—well, well—I'm sure I thought my dancin' days wor over.”

“Bedad an' you wor matched any how,” rejoined the fiddler. “Molshy carried as light a heel as ever you did; sorra a woman of her years ever I seen could cut the buckle wid her. You would know the tune on her feet still.”

“Ah, Mickey, the thruth is,” the good woman would say, “we have no sich dancin' now as there was in my days. Thry that glass.”

“But as good fiddlers, Molshy, eh? Here's to you both, and long may ye live to shake the toe! Whoo! bedad that's great stuff. Come now, sit down, Jack, till I give you your ould favourite, ‘*Cannie Soogah*.’”

These were happy moments and happy times, which might well be looked upon as picturing the simple manners of country life with very little of moral shadow to obscure the cheerfulness which lit up the Irish heart and hearth into humble happiness. Mickey, with his usual good nature, never forgot the younger portion of his audience. After entertaining the old and full-grown, he would call for a key, one end of which he placed in his mouth, in order to make the fiddle sing for the children their favourite song, beginning with

“Oh! grand-mamma, will you squeeze my wig?”

This he did in such a manner, through the medium of the key, that the words seemed to be spoken by the instrument, and not by himself. After this was over, he would sing us, to his own accompaniment, another favourite, “There was a wee devil looked over the wall,” which generally closed that portion of the entertainment so kindly designed for us.

Upon those moments I have often witnessed marks of deep

and pious feeling, occasioned by some memory of the absent or the dead, that were as beautiful as they were affecting. If, for instance, a favourite son or daughter happened to be removed by death, the father or mother, remembering the air which was loved best by the departed, would pause a moment, and with a voice full of sorrow, say, "Mickey, there is *one tune* that I would like to hear; I love to think of it, and to hear it; I do, for the sake of them that's gone—my darlin' son that's lyin' low: it was he that loved it. His ear is closed against it now; but for *his sake*—ay, for your sake, avourneen machree—we will hear it wanst more."

Mickey always played such tunes in his best style, and amidst a silence that was only broken by sobs, suppressed moanings, and the other tokens of profound sorrow. These gushes, however, of natural feeling soon passed away. In a few minutes the smiles returned, the mirth broke out again, and the lively dance went on as if their hearts had been incapable of such affection for the dead—affection at once so deep and tender. But many a time the light of cheerfulness plays along the stream of Irish feeling, when cherished sorrow lies removed from the human eye far down from the surface.

These preliminary amusements being now over, Mickey is conducted to the dance-house, where he is carefully installed in the best chair, and immediately the dancing commences. It is not my purpose to describe an Irish dance here, having done it more than once elsewhere. It is enough to say that Mickey is now in his glory; and proud may the young man be who fills the honourable post of his companion, and sits next him. He is a living storehouse of intelligence, a travelling directory for the pariah—the lover's text-book—the young woman's best companion; for where is the courtship going on of which he is not cognizant? where is there a marriage on the tapis, with the particulars of which he is not acquainted? He is an authority whom nobody would think of questioning. It is now, too, that he scatters his jokes about; and so correct and well trained is his ear, that he can frequently name the young man who dances, by the peculiarity of his step.

"Ah ha! Paddy Brien, you're there? Sure I'd know the sound of your smoothin'-irons any where. Is it thrue, Paddy, that you wor sint for down to Errigle Keerogue, to kill the clocks for Dan M'Mahon? But, nabuklish! Paddy, what'll you have?"

"Is that Grace Reilly on the flure? Faix, avourneen, you can do it; devil o' your likes I see any where. I'll lay Shibby to a penny trump that you could dance your own namesake—the *Callen dhas dhun*, the bonny brown girl—upon a spider's cobweb, widout breakin' it. Don't be in a hurry, Grace dear, to tie the knot; I'll wait for you."

Several times in the course of the night a plate is brought round, and a collection made for the fiddler: this was the moment when Mickey used to let the jokes fly in every direction. The timid he shamed into liberality, the vain he praised, and the niggardly he assailed by open hardy satire; all managed, however, with such an under-current of good humour, that no one could take offence. No joke ever told better than that of the broken string. Whenever this happened at night, Mickey would call out to some soft fellow, "Blood alive, Ned Martin, will you bring me a candle?—I've broken a string." The unthinking young man, forgetting that he was blind, would take the candle in a hurry, and fetch it to him.

"Faix, Ned, I knew you wor jist fit for't; houldin' a candle to a dark man! Isn't he a beauty, boys?—look at him, girls—as cute as a pancake."

It is unnecessary to say, that the mirth on such occasions was convulsive. Another similar joke was also played off by him against such as he knew to be ungenerous at the collection.

"Paddy Smith, I want a word wid you. I'm goin' across the country as far as Ned Donnelly's, and I want you to help me along the road, as the night is dark."

"To be sure, Mickey. I'll bring you over as snug as if you wor on a clane plate, man alive!"

"Thank you, Paddy; throth you've the dacency in you; an' kind father for you, Paddy. Maybe I'll do as much for you some other time."

Mickey never spoke of this until the trick was played off, after which, he published it to the whole parish; and Paddy of course was made a standing jest for being so silly as to think that night or day had any difference to a man who could not see.

Thus passed the life of Mickey M'Rorey, and thus pass the lives of most of his class, serenely and happily. As the tailor to his ship, the sportsman to his gun, so is the fiddler attached

to his fiddle. His hopes and pleasures, though limited, are full. His heart is necessarily light, for he comes in contact with the best and brightest side of life and nature; and the consequence is, that their mild and mellow lights are reflected on and from himself. I am ignorant whether poor Mickey is dead or not; but I dare say he forgets the boy to whose young spirit he communicated so much delight, and who often danced with a buoyant and careless heart to the pleasant notes of his fiddle. Mickey M'Rorey, farewell! Whether living or dead, peace be with you!

There is another character in Ireland essentially different from the mere fiddler—I mean the country dancing-master. In a future number of the Journal I will give a sketch of one who was eminent in his line. Many will remember him when I name BUCKRAM-BACK.

## THE PASSING BELL.

BY J. U. U.

With its measured pause, and its long-drawn wail,  
The minster bell swings on the gale,  
And saddens the vale with its solemn toll,  
That passeth away like a passing soul—  
Pulse after pulse still diminishing on,  
Till another rings forth for the dead and gone.

The minute-sound of that mourning bell  
Is the lord's of the valley—the rich man's knell:  
While it swells o'er his lawns and his woodlands bright,  
He breathes not, hears not, nor sees the light:  
On the couch of his ease he lies stiff and wan—  
In the midst of his pomp he is dead and gone.

The pride hath passed from his haughty brow—  
Where are his plans and high projects now?  
Another lord in his state is crowned,  
To level his castles with the ground;  
Respect and terror pass reckless on—  
His frowns and favours are dead and gone.

Had he wisdom, and wealth, and fame,  
Mortal tongue shall forget his name:  
Other hands shall disperse his store—  
Earthly dream shall he dream no more:  
His chair is vacant—his way lies yon,  
To the formless cells of the dead and gone.

Passing bell, that dost sadly fling  
Thy wailing wave on the air of spring,  
There is no voice in thy long, wild moan,  
To tell where the parted soul is flown,  
To what far mansion it travels on—  
While thou tollest thus for the dead and gone.

Yet, bell of death, on the living air  
Thy tones come bound from the house of prayer—  
They speak of the Valley of Shadow, trod  
On a path once walked by the Son of God,  
Whose word of promise inviteth on,  
Through the gate unclosed for the dead and gone.

**CURRENT COIN OF CHINA.**—The only coin made in China is the tchen, or *cash*, as it is called in Canton. It is composed of base metal, having the date and reigning emperor's name stamped on it. According to Gutzlaff, they had coins of this description a thousand years before our era. It is nearly as large as an old shilling. There is a square hole in the centre, to admit of a number of them being strung on a bamboo. From seven to eight hundred of these, according to the exchange, may be had for a Spanish dollar. Silver is the commercial medium of barter; it is not coined, but passes by weight, after being purified, when it is called *sycee* silver. It is then cast into lumps of one tael, or Chinese ounce, each, the value of which in English money is about six shillings. When decimal parts are required, it is cut. Spanish dollars are current in Canton, and they are also cut when required for lesser portions. Whenever one of these gets into the possession of a Chinese, he stamps his name on it; hence in a short time the Spanish marks become quite obliterated, and then they are called *chop dollars*, and are melted into *sycee* silver. Gold is like any other article of trade, and is not used as a medium of barter.—*Dr Fulton's Travelling Sketches in Various Countries.*

## EXTRAORDINARY ANOMALY.

BERNARD CAVANAGH.

It is the hope that the narration of the following singular circumstances may attract the attention of medical and scientific men towards its extraordinary subject, we lay it before the readers of the *Irish Penny Journal* :—

Bernard Cavanagh is about twenty-four years of age, and now living with his parents at nearly a mile distant from the little town of Swineford, county Mayo. The parents are respectable, of reputable character, and in comfortable circumstances. They assert—indeed they have made affidavits before a magistrate of the county—that for nearly the last four years he has existed without tasting sustenance of any kind. They state also that from the 2d September 1836 to the 2d July 1840, he neither spoke nor rose from his bed except to allow it to be arranged, during which operation he never opened his mouth; and this portion of the statement is borne out to a considerable extent by the fact of his having been visited frequently, and at various periods, by persons of high respectability as well as of the lower class, on all which occasions he was observed invariably in the same position, with his hands on his breast and his eyes fixed on the window.

The night before he betook himself to bed, he knocked at the door of the priest's house, and stated that he wished to communicate something to him; but the reverend gentleman declined admitting him, in consequence of the lateness of the hour, saying that he could impart whatever he wished to state on the morrow.

"But I will not be here to-morrow," responded Cavanagh; and he was right: the next day he took to his bed.

In the interval between September 1836 and the present season, public attention on a limited scale was occasionally directed towards Cavanagh. But the report of his utter and continued abstinence from food was treated as a monstrous fable by every one at any distance from his immediate locality, and the extraordinary allegations respecting him were beginning to fade from general recollection, when, to the utter astonishment of every one in his neighbourhood, he arose from bed and recovered his speech and powers of moving about; since which time he continues, according to the accounts, without sustenance in any shape, and has been visited by thousands of persons from various quarters.

In boyhood, Cavanagh's education extended barely as far as the acquirement of reading and writing; but he constantly exhibited strong marks of religious enthusiasm, often proceeding to Meelick chapel (about three miles from his residence) to one mass, and then attending another at his own parish chapel of Swineford. It is said, too, that he at one time constructed a sort of rude building for his private devotion in the open fields, and repeatedly went to prayers at meal-times in his father's house, contenting himself with one meal in the day, as if preparing himself for his total fast. Accordingly, since resuming his speech and motion he haunts the chapel at all hours by day and night, continuing for hours together apparently in private prayer, and generally attended by a large concourse of the peasantry, whom he addresses by fits and starts, and many of whom are naturally, under the circumstances, beginning to deem him not a human being at all, but a shadow.

He seems not inclined to speak much, though he states he has had "high visions." His reply to the clergymen respecting his revelations and fasting, is, that he is fed by the Word; that he is not at liberty to detail his visions for the gratification of man; and that no one should judge lest he be judged.

Cavanagh is about the middle height, of a grave emaciated countenance; his motions are quite unembarrassed, and his voice is sonorous and distinct when he speaks, which is still but seldom, as he seems to utterly disregard his visitors, whatever their rank.

As we said before, he continues daily to draw thousands of the peasantry around him, who eagerly watch every word that falls from his lips, as they place implicit faith in the assertion that he has lived without any description of food for the last four years, and of course regard him as something entirely beyond the pale of ordinary humanity. We are, however, not so easy of belief in a case so much at variance with the ordinary regulations of nature; at the same time that we are free to admit that it is hard to conceive what motive the young man or his parents could have for carrying on such an imposition, as the latter endeavoured at first to conceal the matter altogether, and, in the next place, have repeatedly re-

fused money offered by their respectable visitors, though, in fact, their means are a good deal diminished by the hospitality extended to each successive guest; while a young sister, who has constantly attended Cavanagh since he has lain and fasted according to the statement, persists in declaring, with the strongest appearance of innocence and belief in the truth of her own assertion, that it was impossible he could have tasted any thing during any part of that time unknown to her, and that he never had.

That a person of narrow intellect and strong devotional propensities should be seized with a religious monomania, and that to a being of a weak mind and a debilitated frame strange visions should occur, is perfectly comprehensible; but that the frail materials of the human frame, which needs the nourishment of food as much as the flower requires sunshine and moisture, should endure for such a period without support, is so unprecedented in all the records of mankind, and so contradictory to the general laws of nature, that it would require the most powerful proofs indeed to convince the intelligent mind of its truth. We therefore again express our strong hope that this slight sketch may produce the effect of having Cavanagh's case submitted to the test of eminent medical skill—a test to which the parents profess their entire willingness to assent, and thus a case of the grossest imposition be detected, and thousands of simple beings disabused, or one of the most extraordinary of nature's anomalies be clearly ascertained and exhibited. A.

SCENE IN THE THEATRE AT LEGHORN.—My time passed delightfully while I remained in Leghorn. The Russian fleet was at anchor in the Bay, commanded by Admiral O'Dwyer, a distinguished seaman, and an Irishman by birth. The Storaces and myself often went on board his ship, and were delighted by hearing the Russians chaunt their evening hymn. The melody is beautifully simple, and was always sung completely in tune by this immense body of men. There was at the same time in the harbour a privateer from Dublin, called the Fame, Captain Moore: he and his first officer Campbell were Irishmen, and had a fine set of Irish lads under them. When Storace's benefit took place, the officers and crew who could be spared from their duty, to a man (and a famous sight it was) marched to the theatre, and almost filled the parterre. At the end of the opera, Storace sang the Irish ballad "Molly Astore," at the conclusion of which, the boatswain of the Fame gave a loud whistle, and the crew in a body rose and gave three cheers. The dismay of the Italian part of the audience was ludicrous in the extreme. The sailors then sang "God save the King" in full chorus, and when done, applauded themselves to the very skies: nothing could be more unanimous or louder than their self-approbation.—*Reminiscences of Michael Kelly.*

TRUTH.—Truth is the foundation of virtue. An habitual regard for it is absolutely necessary. He who walks by the light of it has the advantage of the mid-day sun; he who would spurn it, goes forth amid clouds and darkness. There is no way in which a man strengthens his own judgment, and acquires respect in society so surely, as by a scrupulous regard to truth. The course of such an individual is right on and straight on. He is no changeling, saying one thing to-day and another to-morrow. Truth to him is like a mountain landmark to the pilot: he fixes his eye upon a point that does not move, and he enters the harbour in safety. On the contrary, one who despises truth and loves falsehood is like a pilot who takes a piece of drift-wood for his landmark, which changes with every changing wave. On this he fixes his attention, and, being insensibly led from his course, strikes upon some hidden reef, and sinks to rise no more. Thus truth brings success; falsehood results in ruin and contempt.—*Dr Channing.*

GAMING.—I look upon every man as a suicide from the moment he takes the dice-box desperately in his hand; and all that follows in his fatal career from that fatal time is only sharpening the dagger before he strikes it to his heart.—*Cumberland.*

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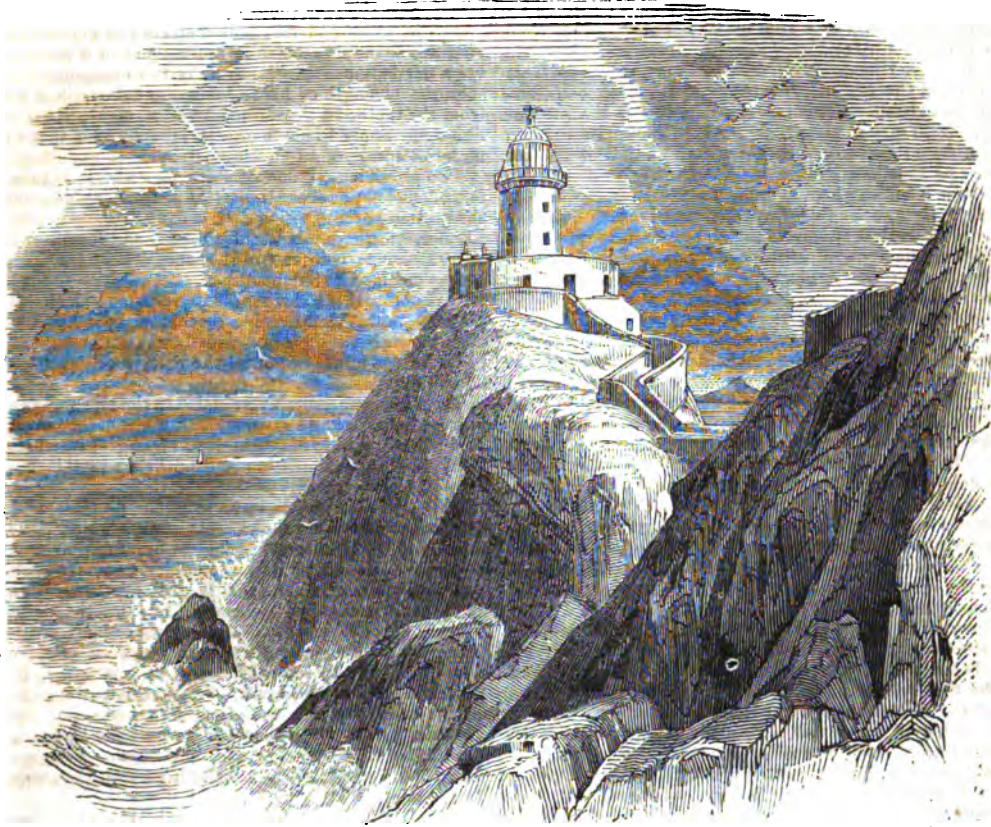


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



THE HOWTH LIGHTHOUSE.

THE bold and nearly insulated promontory called the Hill of Howth, which forms the north-eastern terminus of the Bay of Dublin, would in itself supply abundant materials for a topographical volume—and a most interesting work it might be made. For the geologist, botanist, and naturalist, it has an abundant store of attractions, while its various ancient monuments of every class and age, from the regal fortress, the sepulchral cairn, and the cromlech of Pagan times, to the early Christian oratory, the abbey and the baronial hall of later years, would supply an equally ample stock of materials for the antiquary and the historian. With all, or most of these features, we propose to make our readers somewhat familiar in our future numbers; but our present purpose is only to give some account of one of its most recently erected structures—the singularly picturesque and beautiful lighthouse, which we have attempted to depict in our prefixed illustration.

The Bally lighthouse, as it is popularly called, is situated at the eastern extremity of Howth, on a nearly perpendicular rock, whose vertex is elevated one hundred and ten feet above high-water mark. This rock, which is nearly insulated, is the terminus of a long and narrow peninsula of still higher altitude, which stretches out into the sea from the eastern end of the promontory, and whose cliffs are equally precipitous on both sides, so that the most striking and romantic views of the light-

house can be had from various points, in some commanding the horizon-bound sea, and in others the Bay of Dublin, with all its delightful sceneries of wooded country and mountain ranges. The view which we have chosen for our illustration is taken from the northern side of this peninsula, that presented from the other side having been already published in several popular works; but we trust that this view will not be deemed less striking or picturesque; and we are of opinion that a more romantic subject of its kind is not to be found in the empire.

The lighthouse is itself an object of great interest and beauty, and is constructed according to the most approved models of modern times. Its form is that of a frustrated cone, supporting a lantern which exhibits a fixed bright light. The illumination, according to the system now generally adopted by the Trinity-house, is produced by a set of reflectors ground to the parabolic form, in the foci of which twenty large oil lamps are placed: an outer gallery, lightly but securely railed, surrounds the dome. Connected with the building on its east side, there is a large room, which opens by folding doors on a platform, and where an excellent telescope is kept, by means of which the shoals which obstruct the entrance to the bay may be distinctly observed—namely, the great Kish, and the Bennet and Burford banks, which are links of the chain extending along the Wicklow and Wexford coasts, and called

the Irish grounds. These, though not visible, are distinctly marked in stormy weather by the surf, which breaks over them with uncommon violence, and form a dangerous obstruction to the approach to the bay.

The Baily lighthouse was erected by the Ballast Board of Dublin in 1814, previous to which time the Howth light, as it was commonly called, stood on a hill considerably more to the north, and at an elevation of more than three hundred feet above sea level. This circumstance of its great elevation, led, however, to its being abandoned, and the erection of the Baily lighthouse in its place, as it was found to be frequently involved in clouds and mist, while lower stations were clear and well defined.

The Baily lighthouse is a spot of no less antiquarian than picturesque interest. Its name, which is cognate with the Latin *ballium*, is derived from an ancient circular stone fortress which encircled the apex of the rock, and of which considerable remains existed previous to the erection of the present buildings. This great keep was fortified by three earthen walls, with deep intervening ditches placed at the entrance to the narrow peninsula, and by extending from one side of it to the other, cut it off completely from the promontory. These works still remain, though in a very ruinous state; yet they are sufficiently distinct to mark their purpose, and to convey a good idea of the style of military defensive works in use in extremely remote times. They will be found marked on the Ordnance map.

In the popular traditions of Howth, these works—like most others in Ireland, the real origin of which has been forgotten—are ascribed to the Danes, a remnant of whom, after the battle of Clontarf in 1014, were supposed to have fortified themselves in this peninsula, till they were carried off in their vessels. But such tradition is wholly opposed to history, and the works themselves exhibit sufficient evidences of its fallacy; they belong to a much earlier age, being nothing less than the remains of Dun-Criomthan (pronounced Dun-Criffan), the fortress of Criomthan Nia-nair, who, according to our ancient histories, ascended the throne of Ireland in the year 74, and who, after being dethroned, died in this fastness in the year 90, after a reign of sixteen years. His sepulchral cairn—crowning the summit of Sliabh-Martin, the highest pinnacle of the ancient Bin-edair—is still to be seen.

A century or two more will wholly obliterate these remains of the once powerful prince and warrior Criomthan; but his celebrity belongs to history, and will not thus pass away. It was in the third year of his reign that Agricola fortified the bounds of the Roman empire in Britain from the incursions of the Picts and Irish, the latter, it is said, led by the monarch Criomthan himself, who, according to our annalist, returned to Ireland, loaded with spoil, as thus stated in the record of his death in the Annals of the Four Masters:—

“Criomthan Nia-nair, sixteen years monarch of Ireland, died, after his illustrious foreign expedition. It was from that expedition he brought home the noble spoils; the golden chariot, the golden chess-board studded with three hundred sparkling gems, and the *ceth-criomthan*, which was a parti-coloured shirt, interwoven with gold. He also brought with him a battle-giving sword, having various figures of serpents engraved upon it, and inlaid with gold; a shield embossed with bright silver; a spear which gave an incurable wound; a sling from which no erring cast could be thrown; two hounds linked together by a chain of silver; together with many other valuable rarities.”

How long after this period Dun-Criomthan existed as a fortress, it would perhaps be impossible now to ascertain, but from the following record in the Annals above quoted, it would appear to have been preserved at least for six centuries:—

“A. C. 646. The battle of Dun-Criomthan was gained by Conall and Kellach (co-monarchs of Ireland), the two sons of Maolcobha, over Aongus, the son of Donall. Aongus was killed in this battle, as was also Cathasach, the son of Donall, his brother.”

These notices, which have not hitherto appeared in an English form, of a highly interesting historical remain, not previously identified by the antiquarian topographer, will, it is hoped, impart a new interest to the Baily of Howth; but, independently of such claims on our attention, its singular picturesque quality should have made it long since not only more familiarly known to the visitors of our capital, but also to ourselves.

P.

## JOHNNY HALFACRE; OR, THE VALUE OF TIME.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

STATESMEN and professional men, whether occupying stations of eminence, or struggling to attain them, duly estimate the importance of time: they know the value of an hour too well to mis-spend it. The lawyer of high practice, during the term season, steadily pursuing his laborious studies, and determined to overcome every difficulty in his pursuit of professional rank and wealth, rises early, and borrows from the night so many of those hours which are spent in rest and sleep by men of less mental activity, that he leaves himself but a very contracted measure of time for those essential purposes. As to dining out with friends at this period of care and labour, he rarely ventures to indulge in such a recreation; or if he does on some very particular occasion, such is the discipline of his mind, such the strength of his self-denying habits, that he can rise from the table at a prescribed moment, and with a cool lawyer-like head apply to his nocturnal labours as if there had been no interruption of an exciting nature.

The physician—I do not mean him who is regularly called out of church, or from the social party, by his servant, under the pretence of a pressing call, but the real and laborious practitioner, to whom minutes are money and fame—will not idle away an hour; neither will the sober steady shopkeeper, until he has realized an independence, absent himself from his counter as long as there is a reasonable chance of a customer dropping in; nor the operative mechanic, who has to finish his piece of work within a prescribed time, and who will contrive to do it even in despite of all the petty interruptions to which he is liable.

Time is proportionably valuable to the meanest peasant who possesses a cabbage garden, and if properly estimated and applied, will add to his comforts in a degree of which, he who is habitually uncalculating and unthrifty in this respect can have but little notion.

This I am anxious to impress upon the class of labourers, many of whom I hope can read what I write, for in them I take an especial interest, probably because they are the least cared for of any class in the community. Some of them perhaps will say, with a show of reality, “If our time were to bring us in such profits as the counsellor and the doctor make, we would be busy too, and no one would see us standing idle, sitting on a ditch side, or smoking and coshering by the fire-side, or talking to the neighbours, of a wet day, in a forge. If we could be coining guineas as easily as the likes of them makes the money, sitting in their soft chairs, and never doing a hand’s turn of work that would tire their limbs, we would; but what *could* we make, after our regular day’s work, if we can get that same, out of a bit of a garden, that would better us any thing to signify?”

Now, I shall show them by actual facts what they *could* in many cases do.

Johnny Halfacre is a little farmer, whom I occasionally see, and who, being in no way connected with me, nor even conscious that I am particularly observing him, goes on in his own way, without any hint or encouragement from me, or indeed from any one else, as far as I can perceive.

Johnny two years ago had not as much land as would correspond with his name, which is really genuine; he had for several previous years but a rood, including the site of his house, and a shed for a pig, and some poultry; but this rood produced more than half an acre usually does with many, and entirely by his good management and judicious application of time.

Johnny had exactly five shillings a-week, paid in full every Friday evening, from his employer, for Johnny never had time to be sick, far less to be drunk, and always avoided broken days, by contriving in-door work, at Mr B.’s, in wet weather; his wife, who had two children, washed occasionally for a neighbour’s family, thus adding two shillings and sixpence each week to their income, and the contribution of additional suds to the dunghill; but in other respects they had no advantage over other labourers. Their own little garden added greatly to the support of the family, by judicious cropping and excellent management. Johnny had every year some drills of very early ash-leaved potatoes put down in January, if possible, which he either sold at a very high price in summer at a neighbouring town, or consumed as he found most economical; and his early sowing of potatoes was far better than the more common practice of the Irish cottier, who leaves his garden uncropped with them until March or April, with

the view of obtaining a more abundant crop (but of inferior quality) at a late season, when they might be purchased at a mere trifle, and that, too, without the advantage of a second crop of any description to succeed them. Johnny had too much sense for this: he began to dig his dish of potatoes for dinner in the first or second week in July, when his neighbours were half starving, or paying exorbitantly for oatmeal and old potatoes; and as he dug out his crop, he either sowed turnips, with a little ashes and a sprinkling of dung, or planted borecols for the winter; generally he had some of both, for he found turnips good for his own table in winter, and profitable for the support of some poultry, of which I shall take notice soon. He had also every variety of common kitchen vegetables in small patches, continually changing places, and thus improving the soil; he had, besides, two hives of bees; and for the sake of the *straw*, as well as for rotation, and the support of his pig and poultry, a little rye, vetches, or clover.

Johnny, however, only worked in the garden in the evening, after his ordinary day's work, or, in summer, at sunrise; yet there never was a weed to be seen in it, for they never had time to grow: by using the hoe for a few moments now and then, they were always kept down, and every waste blade and briar and useless sod around the hedge which enclosed it, was carefully pared and burnt for manure.

He had worked in the large garden of a gentleman who kept an English gardener, who had taught Johnny the use of a *sprong* in preference to a spade for turning up the earth, especially when too hard for the latter implement; and though the handle was short, and, according to my own notion, fatiguing to the back, the fact was, that Johnny soon preferred it for dispatch and correctness of operation to the long-handled spade which all my other neighbours use. When he cut his own rye or other corn, the ground was usually so hard that a broad spade could not enter it: but Johnny quickly turned it up and broke it with his sprong, and then completely pulverized it with what the Englishman called a beek, a three-forked hoe, which, acting like the long tines of a harrow, loosened and rendered the whole perfectly fine, while it brought any latent roots of couch (or scutch grass) that might have escaped on former occasions, to the surface.

Johnny's various vegetables greatly assisted his house-keeping. He had often a good bowl of soup, flavoured with leeks, onions, carrots, &c, made with the least conceivable portion of meat, but thickened with barley, properly shelled, and prepared like French barley, but at only one-third of the price of that which is sold under such denomination in the shops; and his family always breakfasted on porridge, or coarse bread of their own baking, with or without milk, according to circumstances—for Johnny at this time had no cow—sometimes washed down with a cup of tea, and more generally in winter with a mug of light and good table beer, which the Englishman taught Johnny to brew at Mr B.'s brew-house. Half a bushel of malt, with a quarter of a pound of hops, produced ten gallons of *unadulterated* beer which could not be bought any where, and the grains (given to his pig) fully counterbalanced the cost of fuel. Even at this time he killed a pig every year, and never wanted a small supply of salt meat for his cabbage or beans, which with this combination of flesh went farther in this way towards the actual supply of his dinner, and sometimes of his supper too (for any remainder of the dinner was heated and peppered up for the supper, with the addition of a broken loaf, or a skillet full of potatoes), than can be imagined by the poor man who has never cultivated his garden in the same manner—whose cabbages are of little value from want of bacon, and whose allotment, producing but one crop instead of two each year, is thus of but half its proper value to him; besides, with him potatoes succeed potatoes continually, until the ground becomes sick of yielding them.

But, further, Johnny Halfacre's garden, in which he seldom ceased from doing something in the summer evenings as long as daylight lasted, greatly aided in supporting his pig at that time when food is so dear and scarce for swine. The tops of blossoming bean-stalks (by the plucking off of which the crop is improved) and other vegetable waste, besides vetches and rye—the latter both in the green and ripe state—gave him sufficient food to keep the pig in fair order, with a little help from other sources; and the pig, by being always well littered, and supplied with this food, gave a return in most excellent manure, which with other sources of a similar kind, and the economical distribution of crops, supplied the entire garden with fertilising matter.

What the other means of providing manure were, ought to be mentioned, for the man's system is of such easy application that it only requires to be stated in order to be followed.

For two or three evenings in the summer before last, I perceived Johnny Halfacre without his coat, rolling a wheelbarrow frequently from an adjacent common to a corner of his garden separated from the road by an old weather-beaten paling. When I had leisure to see what he had been doing at this time, I found that he had marked off an oblong space for four geese and a gander, which he had bought from Bridget Gozzard at rather a high price, partly for the sake of their powerful manure, which, combined with other substances, is good for stimulating the growth of vegetables, as well as for the profit which he expected to realize by rearing goslings for the market. Johnny was aware that fat green geese are worth from six to ten shillings each, in the very early season in the great English markets, and are also profitable if reared for the stubbles at Michaelmas; and he did not see why he and his industrious wife should not realise a profit as well as English housewives by the breeding of such poultry, when a steam-packet and a rail-road could take them off even to London in a few hours. Cocks and hens would ruin his own garden, and bring him into disputes with his neighbours—he had the advantage of a run on the common for geese—there was a pond of water near his house—and therefore he gave them and ducks the preference. He first built his back wall, two feet and a half high and ten feet in length, with the soda from the common, and then put down ten upright stakes in front, every pair answering for the jambs of each compartment, with a board stretching the whole length across, and which formed the front support of his rustic roof; from this board he laid rafters to the top of the back wall, and having first interwoven some small branches of a tree through these rafters, he laid as many scraws (thinly pared grassy soda) as secured the whole roof from rain. The jambs were then contracted to a narrow opening, for the sake of shelter and warmth, by more sods laid one over the other.

By this simple process of construction he formed a separate chamber for each bird, with a yard in front six feet broad and ten long, and with an opening through the paling at the road side, by which the inmates could go in and out at their pleasure. His rye assisted in feeding them, and he also cultivated grey peas for them, which are excellent for fattening; and with cabbage and lettuce leaves, the pods of beans, and other green food, he afterwards kept them in high condition; and in the succeeding year, when other young geese were dying of disease, occasioned by want of shelter, and from starvation, his were thriving.

And to the credit of this worthy man and his wife I must mention, that the feather-plucker was indignantly sent away from his door whenever he came round for the execrable purpose of plucking the geese alive. Johnny's wife would as soon have let him pull out the hairs of her own head, as give up one of her birds to his barbarous hands; and the consequence was, that while their neighbours' geese were miserably crawling about, with dragging and mutilated wings and smarting bodies, until many of them died, in their miseries invoking as it were in their dying screams shame and curses on their unfeeling owners, Johnny Halfacre's geese strutted about on the common, with an independent and unconstrained step, as if conscious of their security from the tortures to which their fellows had been doomed.

#### HOW JOHNNY HALFACRE BECAME A LITTLE FARMER.

If it be true, and it unquestionably is, that "he who despiseth small things, shall fall by little and little," the converse is, I think, no less so—that he who pays attention to little matters will rise by degrees.

Mr B. having narrowly observed Johnny's general good conduct and extreme industry as a common labourer, put him in possession, two years ago, of a field adjoining his cottage and garden, which contains about six statute acres, and which fortunately was in good condition.

Johnny at first was afraid to accept the tempting offer, at which any other labourer would have jumped, on the sincere and modest plea that he had no capital for such a weighty speculation. He did not wish to grasp at more than he could properly manage; but Mr B. set him at ease, by telling him that he considered health, industry, and skill, sufficient capital for Johnny to possess, as he himself would not only build a barn, cow-shed, ass-house, and pig-styes, but put the boundary fence into perfect order (according to the frequent

practice of *British* landlords), and lend Johnny a sum sufficient for the purchase of every thing necessary to give him a good start, charging him only five per cent on the advances. Mr B., who in riding over his property often "went by the field of the slothful," which "was all grown over with thorns and nettles that covered the face of it, and the stone wall whereof was broken down," wished to render Johnny an exemplar of superior management to other tenants.

I shall not trouble the reader with all the details of Johnny's management during the two last years, but shall very briefly notice those particulars of husbandry which are new to my countrymen of the same class. He has not subdivided the field, nor does he intend to do so, as he values every foot of it too much for such waste. He does not keep a horse, nor will he do so, unless his holding be increased; but he keeps a donkey and a well-constructed cart. As yet he has no cow, not having his land in sufficiently clean order for laying down any part of it with grasses; but he has two yards full of pigs, which he keeps for the sake of the rich manure they supply. I do not advocate his system altogether, but merely relate the most striking features of it. His pig-yards are very commodious, and well arranged for weaning, fattening, &c; and his stock now consists of a sow with ten young ones in one yard, and six store pigs in another. These are in fine condition—fed on vetches, rye (of which the grain is now, July 20, ripe), and wash, consisting of pollards and water; their food next week, and for some time after, will be beans, ripe and unripe, according to their successive stages. These pigs are now ten months old, and have never been outside their yard, nor do they seem to be (compared with pigs of the same age which have had the run of the common) injured by confinement. Being always highly littered in the yard, having the sleeping chamber kept perfectly clean, and being abundantly fed, they sport about the straw, and seem quite contented. But without such care and comfort young swine will certainly not thrive in imprisonment.

Johnny will fatten up these pigs in October for sale in November, with barley-meal, pollards, toppings, and potatoes; and judging from his success last year under similar circumstances, they will weigh (at the age of fourteen months) nearly two cwt. each. He does not intend to sell any of his ten young ones until they shall have been fattened in the same way; but their mother will be put up as soon as possible after they shall be weaned. He does not expect to realize any ready money by rearing and fattening them; when sold, his stock will merely pay for their keep—he considers the large quantity of valuable manure a sufficient return.

He has hired a labourer to work with him, and will incur but little expense for horse-labour, as he and his assistant together are able to dig an acre very deeply in ten days; and he considers one such digging equal to three light ploughings; and from his experience of the last year, he is of opinion that spade-husbandry is far cheaper than that which is effected by the plough. As he reaps his vetches and rye for the pigs, he cuts out the stubbles with a bean-hoe for litter; and for the perfect cleansing of the ground before he digs it up, he collects the stubbles and clears them from earth with a little harrow drawn by the ass, and will pursue the same plan with all his stubbles. Last year he cut and bound half an acre of wheat himself with a fagging-hook, which I have described in my *Cyclopaedia*, in one day; and he and his labourer intend to cut down an acre this year in the same way.

I could enumerate many other particulars of this man's excellent husbandry—such as burning the clay of headlands for manuring his turnip-crop and cabbage seedling beds—but I fear to be tedious, and therefore shall only add, that Johnny Halfacre is a true exemplification of the sacred proverb, that "the soul of the diligent shall be made fat." He is always diligent (not only in seed-time and harvest, but all the year round), but never so busy with his field or garden crops as to choke the seed of God's word in his heart, and render that unfruitful by sloth or negligence. As far as I can judge, he does not permit his worldly to supersede his eternal interests; and as he knows the value of the *present* TIME, so does he estimate aright the infinitely superior importance of that which is *future*.

**IDLNESS.**—The worst vices springing from the worst principles—the excesses of the libertine, and the outrages of the plunderer—usually take their rise from early and unsubdued idleness.—*Farr's Discourses on Education.*

## LIFE AND ITS ILLUSIONS.

"Lean not on Earth—'twill pierce thee to the heart—  
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear,  
On whose sharp point Peace bleeds, and Hope expires."

Young.

We are but Shadows! None of all those things,  
Formless and vague, that fit upon the wings  
Of wild Imagination round thy couch,  
When Slumber seals thine eyes, is clothed with such  
An unreality as Human Life,  
Cherished and clung to as it is; the fear,  
The thrilling hope, the agonizing strife,  
Are not more unavailing there than here.  
To him who reads what Nature would pourtray,  
What speaks the night? A comment on the day.  
Day dies—Night lives—and, as in dumb derision,  
Mocks the past phantom with her own vain vision!

Man shuts the Volume of the Past for aye—  
A blind slave to the all-absorbing Present,  
He courts debasement, and from day to day  
His wheel of toil revolves, revolves incessant;  
And well may earth-directed zeal be blighted!  
And well may Time laugh selfish hopes to scorn!  
He lives in vain whose reckless years have slighted  
The humbling truth which Penitence and grey  
Hairs teach the Wise, that such cold hopes are born  
Only to dupe and to be thus requited!  
How many such there be!—in whom the thorn  
Which Disappointment plants festers in vain,  
Save as the instrument of sleepless pain—  
Who bear about with them the burning feeling  
And fire of that intolerable word  
Which, inly searching, pierceth, like a sword,  
The breast whose wounds thenceforward know no healing!

Behold the overteeming globe! Its millions  
Bear mournful witness. Cycles, centuries roll,  
That Man may madly forfeit Heaven's pavilions,  
To hug his darling trammels:—Yet the soul,  
The startled soul, unpounding from the mire  
Of earthliness, and all alive with fears,  
Unsmothered by the lethargy of years  
Whose dates are blanks, at moments will inquire,  
"And whither tends this wasting struggle? Hath  
The living universe no loftier path  
Than that we toil on ever? Must the eye  
Of Hope but light a desert? Shall the high  
Spirit of Enterprise be chilled and bowed  
And grovel in darkness, reft of all its proud  
Prerogatives? Alas! and must Man barter  
The Eternal for the Perishing—but to be  
The world's applauded and degraded martyr,  
Unsouled, enthralled, and never to be free?"

Ancient of Days! First Cause! Adored! Unknown!  
Who wert, and art, and art to come! The heart  
Yearns, in its lucid moods, to Thee alone!  
Thy name is Love: thy word is Truth; thou art  
The fount of Happiness—the source of Glory—  
Eternity is in thy hands, and Power—  
Oh, from that sphere unrecognised by our  
Slow souls, look down upon a world which, hoary  
In Evil and in Error though it be,  
Retains even yet some trace of that primeval  
Beauty that bloomed upon its brow ere Evil  
And Error wiled it from Thy Love and Thee!  
Look down, and if, while human brows are brightening  
In godless triumph, angel eyes be weeping,  
Publish thy will in syllables of lightning  
And sentences of thunder to the Sleeping!  
Look down, and renovate the waning name  
Of Goodness, and return the waning light  
Of Truth and Purity!—that all may aim  
At one imperishable crown—the bright  
Guerdon which they who by untired and holy  
Exertion overcome the world, inherit—  
The Self-denying, the Peaceable, the Lowly,  
The truly Merciful, the Poor in spirit!

So shall the end of thine all-perfect plan  
At length be realised in erring Man.

M.



## DONNYBROOK.

VERILY, Donnybrook fair is, to all intents and purposes, "dead and gone;" for the modern wretched assemblage of hungry-looking cattle, dogs'-meat horses, measly swine, and forlorn-looking human creatures, obliged to content themselves with staring at the exterior of the show-booths, for want of the means to visit the interior, no more resembles the Donnybrook of the past, than a troop of the old "buklies," armed with their Arcadian crooks, and helmeted with their old woollen night-caps, resembled a squadron of lancers.

Alas! alas! how every thing is altered! No longer does the quiet citizen dread the approach of Trinity Sunday; no longer does he think it necessary to barricade his windows, and postpone exterior painting for a week or two, in order to save his glass and the decorator's labour from the nocturnal industry of the gentle College students.

The students never mustered in much force at Donnybrook, because it unluckily came during the long vacation; but there were enough at any time to kick up a shindy or scrimmage (by modern innovators called "a row"), for, between those who resided in town, and such as for various reasons kept the vacation within the College walls, a pretty decent muster could, upon an emergency, be called together.

It was upon the 26th of August—isn't it strange that I should recollect the day of the month, though I forget the year!—that Bob O'Gorman, Dan Sweeney, Dick Hall, and a few other under-graduates of T.C.D., resolved to go to the fair and have a spree.

Dick was a little, delicate, effeminate-looking "ould crab," and so smock-faced that he would easily pass for a girl, and a rather good-looking one, if dressed in female attire.

But Dick's effeminacy was confined to his looks, for his muscular power far exceeded that of any man an inch or two more in stature, or a stone more in weight. He was a perfect master of the small-sword, had no match at single-stick; and woe to the unhappy wretch who fell under the discipline of his little bony fists, for he was an accomplished amateur in the science of pugilism, then but little known and less practised than subsequently by gentlemen.

On the present occasion it was resolved that Dick should sustain the character of a girl, and much fun was anticipated from the punishment that the remainder of the party would inflict upon any presumptuous individual who should dare to molest the modest fair one.

At the end of the double range of tents called "Dame-street," was one called "the Larkers;" and as this was uniformly crowded by citizens of Dublin, it was scarcely possible for any one, residing but for a month in town, not to be recognised by some person present, who immediately passed the name of the new-comer round, and he was surprised (if a raw one) to hear himself addressed by name, by persons whom he never saw in his life before.

It was at the entrance of this tent that a countryman stood, attired in the usual large frieze over-coat (which, from its being worn in summer as well as winter, might lead a stranger to suppose that there seldom or never is a hot day in Ireland), and accompanied by a pretty, bashful-looking girl, apparently fresh from the "interior." After gaping for a considerable time, some gentlemen, amused by the wonderment that he exhibited, and probably somewhat touched by his companion's charms, called to him to "come in." With some reluctance he accepted the invitation, and, fearful of intruding upon the "gentlemin," seated himself awkwardly upon the end of a form; up it tilted, and down he went, to the great delight of the beholders. Having gathered himself up, he reseated himself more firmly, placing "Biddy" near him, she having declined all offers of other accommodation pressed on her by the company.

Paddy O'Neill (the name by which he announced himself), having been pretty well plied with punch, had grown very voluble, and seemed to be beginning to feel himself quite at home, had told many queer stories, and made his entertainers laugh very heartily, when two elderly gentlemen, closely muffled, entered rather stealthily, and sliding over, suddenly seated themselves behind Paddy. Biddy, who had been hitherto quite silent, answering every compliment or remark addressed to her only with a smile, gave Paddy a nudge, and whispered something into his ear, that caused him to turn and gaze at the new arrivals.

"Arrah, thin, Docthor M—, agrah, who'd ha' thought o' meetin' you here?" said he, addressing one of them, who

sprang at the mention of his name, as if he had sat on the point of a stray nail; he and his companion Dr H—, both senior fellows of Trinity College, having disguised themselves, as they thought effectually, for the purpose of seeing, for the first time in their lives, the fair, and the fun of it, without being recognised in such an uncanonical assemblage. With this object they had avoided exposing themselves to the risk of walking down the tent, but had merely slipped in to reconnoitre from behind the shelter of the frieze-coated customer, who now, so inopportunistly and innocently, had announced the name of one of them.

"Hold your tongue, sir!" said Dr M.; "you mistake me, sir."

"Arrah, docthor darlint, sure iv I mistake ye, ye need'nt get into sich a comfustration about id; bud sure I know ye too well to mistake ye. Sure, aint I the boy that had the misforthin to dhrop yer honor's riverince into the bog-hole, whin ye wint out to make believe ye were snipe shootin', down at Colonel Thrench's, last Candlemas was a twelmonth."

"I don't know you, sir!" roared the doctor in an agony, hoping by his ferocity to overawe the countryman into silence; but Paddy had taken too much punch to notice the tone, and seemed incapable of entertaining or following up more than one idea at a time, and the one now before him was that of forcing himself, will he nill he, upon the recollection of the worthy doctor.

"Ye don't know me!—well, listen to that!—ye don't know me!—oh, well, iv that does'nt flog! Arrah, thin, maybe ye don't recollect the bog-hole that ye wanted me to carry ye over, an' ye war so mortal heavy that my fut slipped, an' I had the luck to fall an my face, jist at the very edge iv the slush, an' ye pitched right over, head foremost, into the very middle iv id; an' iv id was'nt for the good luck that yer legs stuck out, jist the laste taste in life, by which I got a hould iv ye, sure would'nt ye be lost intirely? An' don't ye!"

"Hold your tongue, you infernal scoundrel!" roared the enraged doctor, who saw that every eye was fixed upon him, and every one's attention drawn to the spot, from the eagerness of manner and stentorian voice of Paddy, whose reminiscence had produced a roar of laughter. Escape, too, was utterly hopeless, for the tent had been filling, and the doorway was blocked up by those who were pressing forward from the outside to get a view of the speaker. "Hold your tongue, sirrah; you mistake me for some one else. I never was thrown into a bog-hole in my life."

"Oh! pillelieu! meellia murder! listen to that—as iv any one that iver seen Docthor M— or Thrinity College could iver mistake him agin; bud sure Docthor H— there 'ill may be help out yer mimory [Dr H— gave a writhe, for he had hoped to have escaped, at least]; sure he was at the colonel's whin ye war brought home in the muck."

This announcement of the names and address of both the unfortunate betrayed, was received with a shout, whilst Paddy's earnestness to free himself from the charge of having blundered, increased every moment, and reminiscence followed reminiscence, each in a louder tone than the preceding, until his argument became a perfect shout, whilst the unlucky S.F.T.C.D.'s strove to out-bellow him with their denials, and the audience laughed, shouted, and danced with glee at the fun.

"I protest," bawled Dr H—, "that I do not know Colonel Thrench. You mistake, my honest man; I never was at his place in my life. My friend here, Dr M—, knows him, and has been there often; but I have not, I assure you."

"Oh! you ass," bellowed Dr M—, "what do you acknowledge my name for? 'Tis no wonder they call you 'Leather-head H—'."

A renewed roar followed this piece of blundering recrimination.

"Never at Colonel Thrench's!—not you!—oh! ye desavin' ould villain!" screamed the hitherto silent Biddy. "Not you!—Do ye know me!—do ye!—do ye!!—Do-o-o-o-o ye!!!" every repetition of "do ye" being louder and longer than the last, until she finished in a terrific long shriek, squeezing her hands together upon her knees, and stamping alternately with her feet, with a rapidity that gave the effect of a shake to her voice.

"I do protest and declare," shouted the worthy doctor, "that I never, to my knowledge, saw your face before."

"Arrah, Biddy, avourneen, is this the ould Turk that ye tould me about, bud would'nt minton his name, that was so imperant to ye? Scaub his face, the ould thief! and let me

see iv he dar purvint ye, my darlin'. Tache him to behave himself to unpurlected faymales!"

Biddy, who seemed quite inclined to forestall her companion's orders, had sprung upon the unlucky doctor before the sentence was half finished. He strove in vain to shake her off; she clung to him like a wild-cat, screaming, shrieking, scolding, biting, scratching, and tearing, until at length she maddened him past all endurance by pulling two handfuls of hair successively out of the little that remained on his skull, for which he repaid her with two furious blows.

The spectators, who had hitherto looked on, and merely laughed at the entire affair as an excellent joke, had undergone a change of sentiment upon hearing the innuendo contained in Paddy's last speech; and, no longer considering the old gentlemen as a pair of innocents amusingly "blown," they now looked upon them as a pair of wicked old profligates, worse than young ones; and one, more zealous than the rest, shouting out "shame! to strike the girl," stretched Dr H— with a blow.

Dr M., irascible at all times, now lost all self-possession, and, unable to reach his friend's new assailant, turned furiously upon the cause of all his woe, and bestowed a shower of blows with his stick upon Paddy, before the latter had time to bring his cudgel to parry them. He soon recovered himself, however, and from defendant quickly became assailant.

Many of the bystanders indignantly called out, "Murder the coid villain—knock out his brains, Paddy. That's right, Biddy; slither him!" and several proceeded to give a helping hand to the good work; but others thought it was a shame for a whole lot of people to fall upon two, and in their love for justice they ranged themselves alongside the reverend doctors, shouting, "fair play's a jewel!" The fight thickened, volunteers joining either rank every moment, in the laudable endeavour to keep up the balance of power. Biddy had quitted her grip of the doctor, and was now, to the surprise of those who had time to look about them (and they were few), engaged in the endeavour to wrench a stick out of the hands of a huge hulk of an Englishman, who, having merely gone to see the fun at Donnybrook, without the most remote idea of joining in a fight, could not be persuaded of the necessity of giving his stick, as he did not intend to use it himself, to one who *did*, and that one "a female!" At first he laughed; but he was quickly obliged to put forth all his strength to retain it, and, whilst twisting about, he caught a stray blow that floored him; he fell against a table, which of course upset; the confusion increased, when a shout suddenly arose, "Hurrah for Dr M.—! Hurrah for Dr H.—! Colledge to the rescue!—Trinity!—Trinity!"

At the well-known war-cry of the students, several changed sides; those who had just been defending the doctors now turned upon them, whilst many of their late assailants ranged themselves on their side. The citizens, thinking that the number of students must be small, rushed to the spot, to pay off sundry old scores; but one would imagine that the cry of "Trinity! Trinity!" which resounded on all sides, was a sort of spell, or incantation, that raised spirits from the earth, so many voices responded to the call.

The unfortunate doctors, who had just expected nothing short of utter annihilation, felt their spirits rise at the prospect of aid and rescue, and bellowed with might and main, "Trinity! Trinity!" and in a few minutes they were the nucleus of a fight in which the whole fair had joined.

"The polis!—the polis!—here come the bloody polis!" was now the cry; and the horse police dashed into the mob with their customary ardour, their spurs fastened in their horses' flanks causing them to plunge, and bite, and kick most furiously, and laying about them with their swords, cutting at every thing and every one within their reach; luckily they did not know the sword exercise, and, therefore, when they struck with the edge, it was only by accident. In a jiffy, the reverend seniors, caught in the very act of shouting "Trinity!" were handcuffed, as were also the Englishman, who got a blow of a sabre from a policeman that nearly took off his ear, for attempting to expostulate; Paddy, who submitted quietly; and Biddy, after a severe tussle, in which she reaped one policeman's face, and nearly bit the thumb off another. They were all put together into a jingle, and conducted by a mounted escort to town; the police hurrying them for fear of a rescue, by keeping continually whaling the driver with the flats of their swords, and prodding the horse with the points, which so enraged the jarvy, that when he got near the corner of Leeson-street, Stephen's-green, where two

or three hundred of his brethren were assembled, having whipped his Rosinante into a gallop, he drove against a brewer's dray, by which his traces were smashed, his horse set free, the jingle locked fast, and he, springing off his perch, shouted out, "down with the bloody polis!"

In an instant the mob rushed upon them. Paddy and Biddy, with an alacrity and agility truly astonishing, sprang from the lofty vehicle, plunged into the crowd (where there were plenty of willing hands to free them from the handcuffs), and escaped. Nor were the worthy doctors slow in following their example, the only prisoner that remained being the bewildered Englishman, who suffered "only" a three montas' incarceration in his majesty's jail of Newgate for going to see Donnybrook, and the fun at it, his sentence having been mercifully mitigated, in consideration of its being his first offence!

"Well," said Dr H—, when he went with his head banded up, a shade over his right eye, and about twenty bits of sticking plaster stuck over his face, to visit Dr M— (who was unable to leave his bed for a week), "well, what a fool I was to be persuaded by you to go to Donnybrook fair! what a pretty exhibition we would have made at the police office this morning! Was it not most fortunate that we made our escape?"

"I have been thinking," said (or rather groaned) Dr M—, "who that soundly cuntry fellow could be. I never fell into a bog in my life—that was all a lie; and still the black-guard's face was familiar to me."

"I think he was very like that scapegrace Robert O'Gorman, only that he had light hair; and though I could take my oath I know nothing of that infamous little wretch that they called Biddy, yet I do think I have seen her face before—hum—"

"Could it have been that he disguised himself, eh! I'll inquire into it, and if he did, by"—

"I think," my dear M—, "you had better let it alone; the less we say about it the better. You know we really led the fight—that's a fact that can't be denied; though it surprises me how we were hooked into it."

A rustle at the door, followed by a loud knock, announced that the newspaper had been thrust into the letter-box, from which Dr H— immediately extracted it; and as he glanced over the page, the following paragraph met his eye. It was headed "Disgraceful and fatal riot at Donnybrook:—"

"It is with mingled feelings of indignation, horror, and contempt, that we feel bound, in discharge of our imperative, onerous, and painful duty to the public, to give publicity to one of the most astounding, frightful, and overwhelming facts which it has ever fallen to our lot, as faithful journalists, to record. The peaceable, gentle, and innoxious inhabitants of the village of Donnybrook, and the casual visitors who sought a little innocent recreation at the fair now being holden, were yesterday evening thrown into a state of the utmost alarm, confusion, and dismay, by a barefaced attempt to carry off by brutal force a young girl from the guardianship and protection of her brother. It appears that they had gone into a tent to rest and refresh themselves (having probably over-exerted their light fantastic toes), when their savage assailants (respecting whose rank and station various rumours are afloat, which for the present we forbear from mentioning) rushed upon them, and endeavoured to force her away. The indignant bystanders interfered to prevent the outrage, when—will it, can it be believed? our pen trembles, and a cold thrill runs through us as we write it!—the worse than Indian war-whoop, the yell of the collegians, was raised, and their numbers would in all human probability have succeeded, but for the timely interference of the police, to whose humanity, promptitude, and forbearance, upon the trying occasion, too much praise cannot be given. The riot was not quelled until the military were called out, and by three o'clock this morning all was again quiet. Up to the time of going to press we had only heard of sixteen lives being lost.

Second Edition.—We stop the press to announce that no lives have been lost; but Sir Patrick Dunn's, the Meath, and Mercer's hospitals, are crowded with wounded. N.B. The soldiers were not called out.

Third Edition.—Dr Fitzgerald has just informed us that there are no wounded in either Sir Patrick's, the Meath, or Mercer's."

"Well," said Dr H—, "if they are not there, we at least know where some of them are."

## WHAT IS THE USE OF WATER?

WHY is it that of the whole surface of this globe, we may consider that three-fourths are covered by water, and that only one-fourth is in a condition to be permanently inhabited by human beings? Is there any great object in nature served by this? Is there any law of nature which would prevent the proportion being one-fourth water to three-fourths land, or even less water? In fact, what after all is the great use of water upon the large scale in nature?

First of all, although three-fourths of the globe are now covered with water, there is no reason to suppose that it has been always so. On the contrary, it is quite certain that the proportion between land and water has changed very much and very frequently; that the whole continent of Europe was at one time the bed of an immense sea, when probably there was a great continent where the Pacific Ocean is now spread; that even Old Ireland was once not merely what Admiral Yorke wished her to be, forty-eight hours under water, but probably many thousand years in that condition; and that the great tract of limestone which occupies all the centre of the country, is nothing more than a collection of the skeletons of shell-fish, her first inhabitants, which by time and pressure have been converted into the hard material of which we build our houses, and which we burn into lime. There is thus no particular reason why there should be three times as much water at present as land, but it is easy to show that water on the great, as well as on the small scale, is of paramount importance in nature.

Water is a portion of the food of all living beings. In the case of animals, the bodies from whence they derive nutriment are so varied and so complex, that to illustrate the peculiar part which water plays in each, would occupy too much space. In all our drinks, even in ardent spirits, there is a very large quantity of water, and our solid food very seldom contains less than nine-tenths of its weight of water. The living body is even less solid. A man weighing 150 lbs. would, if perfectly dried, weigh not more than 10 lbs., the other 140 lbs. being water. It is to the existence of this quantity of water that we owe the elasticity, the softness, and pliability of the different portions of our frame, the animal tissues being, when dry, hard and brittle as dry glue.

The nutrition of vegetables furnishes a beautiful and simple example of the use of water in nature. The body of the vegetable, the proper wood, may be considered as being composed of water and of charcoal; and hence, when we heat a piece of wood until we decompose it, the water is expelled, and carbon or charcoal remains behind. In order to grow, a plant must therefore get water and charcoal in a form fit for its use, that is, in such a form as it can make food of, and digest them. For this, the carbon is supplied in the carbonic acid which the air contains, and the water in the state of vapour which the air contains also, and which is continually descending under the form of dew and rain to moisten the leaves and the roots of the plants, when it has been absorbed into the ground. All the water which is absorbed by plants is not assimilated, or digested; a great part is again thrown out by the surface of the leaves; for, precisely as the air which an animal expires from the lungs in breathing is loaded with vapour, so is there a process of perspiration from the surface of the leaves, which are the lungs of plants. For the formation of substances which are peculiar to certain plants, other substances are required as food: thus, most plants require nitrogen, which is accordingly furnished abundantly in atmospheric air; others must have access to sulphur, in order to flourish; but this depends, as it were, upon particular branches of manufacture in which the plant is engaged; for its own support, for making wood, and the tissue of its leaves and vessels, it uses only water and carbonic acid.

The conversion of water into steam or invisible vapour by boiling, is one of the best known facts in science; but by a little attention we can observe that this change takes place at almost all temperatures, although much less rapidly. Thus, if a little water be laid in a plate, it is soon dried up, and wet clothes, by being hung up in the air, are very soon completely dried. Even below the temperature at which water freezes, it still evaporates; and thus, when a fall of snow is succeeded by a continued frost, the snow gradually disappears from the fields without having melted, evaporating while yet solid. From the surface of all the water of the globe, therefore, there is continually ascending a stream of watery vapour; but as the proportion of sea is so much greater than that of land, we may

look upon the ocean as being the source of the watery vapour of the air upon the large scale.

Now, watery vapour is lighter than air, and hence the vapour, as soon as formed, ascends in the air like a balloon, until it arrives at a part of the air which is of its own specific gravity. The air in these higher regions is extremely cold, and the vapour can no longer maintain itself under the form of invisible steam: it is condensed, and would immediately fall back to its source as rain or hail, but for a singular property which it acquires at the moment of being vaporised. When water evaporates, it becomes highly electrified, and could attract a feather, or other light bodies, like a stick of sealing-wax which has been rubbed briskly on a woollen cloth. Now, the vapour which passes off is electrified also; and while in this state of electricity, it, on arriving at the colder regions of the air, cannot condense, to form liquid water. The minute particles of the water repel each other too violently, in virtue of their electricities, to form drops, but they constitute the great loose collections of clouds which diversify so much the appearance of our sky. The clouds being thus highly electrical, and being very light, are attracted by the tops of mountains and high lands, or by elevated buildings; and, giving off their electricity, the particles of water coalesce, to form drops which descend as rain. In this country the air is so damp that in general the discharge of the electricity of the clouds takes place quietly and silently; but in summer, and in dry climates, it produces the vivid flashings and injurious effects of the lightning, and the re-echoed rattle of the thunder-clap.

When water is cooled, it diminishes in bulk like other bodies; but at a particular temperature it deviates from the general law of contraction, and by doing so, becomes, perhaps, the most striking example of providential design that is to be met with in inorganic nature. Cold water is specifically heavier than warm water, in consequence of the contraction it has undergone, and hence will sink in it, as water would sink in oil. Now, if we consider the surface of a lake exposed to the cooling action of a wintry wind, the water which is first cooled becomes heavier, and, sinking to the bottom, is replaced by the warmer water, which floats up to the top; there is thus a current established of cold water descending and of warmer water rising up. This continues until all the water in the lake has been cooled down to the temperature at which its specific gravity is greatest, which is about 40 degrees, or about eight degrees above the point at which it begins to freeze. The action of the cold wind continuing, the water at the surface is still further cooled; but now, in place of contracting, it expands—instead of becoming heavier, it becomes lighter, and remains floating upon the surface. It is then still further cooled, and finally its temperature being reduced to 32 degrees, it freezes, and a layer of ice is formed on the surface of the lake. This ice, and the cold water next it, are impermeable to heat: it actually serves as a blanket to the water at 40 degrees which is below, preventing the escape of the heat, and retaining it at that temperature, sufficient for the purposes to which it is subservient; for at the temperature of 40 degrees, the life and enjoyments of all the various tribes of animals and vegetables which reside permanently under the surface of the water are perfectly secured, at least for a very considerable time; the water holding dissolved a quantity of oxygen for the animal respiration, and the vegetables living on the carbonic acid which is formed by the respiration of the fish. On the approach of spring, the warmer air, and the rays of the more elevated sun, act directly on the surface of the ice, and each portion of water formed by melting, becoming heavier, sinks, so as to expose the ice itself to the source of heat. Thus the ice is rapidly dissolved, and after a few days the lake throws off its wintry aspect altogether.

Now, if water did not possess this peculiarity of being heaviest at the particular temperature of 40 degrees—if it contracted according as it was cooled, up to the moment of freezing, as almost all other liquids do, what would be the result? The cold wind acting on the surface of the lake, and the water becoming heavier by being cooled, the circulation would continue until all the water had been cooled to the point at which it freezes. The ice would then form indifferently in all portions of it, at the bottom and in the centre, as well as on the surface; and by the continued action of the source of cold, the wind, the whole mass of water in the lake would be frozen into a solid block of ice. The watery sap in the vessels of the aquatic plants, the blood in fishes and other animals inhabiting the water, would be equally frozen, and all these living beings consequently killed. Further, on the approach of sub-

mer, by the first heating action of the air and sun, a layer of ice, of a few inches thick upon the surface, would be melted, but the water thus produced would, by being impenetrable to heat, prevent the great body of ice below from being affected. Just as, in reality, the cold water at the surface prevents the warmer water below from being cooled, so then it would prevent the colder ice below from being warmed; and hence the heats of summer passing over without the melting process extending beyond a few feet in depth, the first cold days of the next winter would solidify all again.

In every country, therefore, where at present water is frozen at all in winter, we should have there established the reign of perpetual frost. By the presence of such large masses of ice, the temperature of the ground would be so much reduced, that, in place of the rich herbage of our meadows, and the luxuriant produce of our corn-fields, we should have our country yielding a scanty support to wandering herds of deer, in the mosses and lichens that could be scraped up from beneath the snow. The oaks, the beeches, the horse-chesnuts, which give such beauty to our sylvan scenery, would disappear, and the monotony of wildernesses of the Scotch fir and of the spruce would be varied only by patches of stunted birch. The countries nearer the tropics would be gradually brought into the same condition, by the depression of their mean temperature; and thus, in a short time after water had ceased to possess this peculiar property, the whole surface of the globe would be reduced to the condition of which we now happily only read in the tales of the arctic voyagers; and all commerce, manufactures, and civilization, would be banished from the earth. Of such value is this little peculiarity of water!

A property of water, which, however, unlike the former, it shares with all other liquids, is, that when it freezes it gives out a large quantity of heat; and that conversely, in order that ice may melt, it must obtain, from some other source, a quantity equally considerable. Consequently, water freezes and ice melts very slowly; and that it should melt thus slowly, is of essential importance in animated nature. If in spring or summer, when vegetable life is in activity, when the development of leaves, of flowers, and fruit, is at its greatest energy, and all the vessels of the plant are distended with its nutritious juices, were it suddenly exposed to cold, the sap would be frozen, and by the expansion of the ice the vegetable tissues torn to pieces, and the plant killed. In the thin extremities, as in the leaves, such is the effect of the frost of a single night; but as the fluids, yielding but gradually up their latent heat, solidify very slowly, the injury does not extend so far as to be beyond the remedial powers of the plant itself. In another way, however, the peculiar latent heat of water is of still more importance. If there was no large collection of water on the globe, the change of seasons would be amazingly more rapid and more remarkable than they at present are. A change in the direction of the wind, the alteration which a few weeks should effect in the position of the sun, would transfer us from the depth of the severest colds of winter to the summer heats. These colds and heats would also be much greater than they at present are, and an approximation to this actually occurs in countries far distant from the sea. The central districts of Europe and of Asia have what are termed continental climates to distinguish them from ours, which is called insular. Their summers are hotter, their winters are much colder, and the spring and autumn seasons of passage, which with us might be said to occupy most of the year, are in those countries of only a few weeks, or even a few days, duration. In fact, when on the cessation of summer the first cold winds tend to bring on the winter, and to bind up our lakes in frost, the first portion of water frozen becomes, by giving up its latent heat, a source of warmth which tempers the chilly air, and retards its action on the remainder. The water freezes thus very slowly. The vegetables, and certain classes of animals, feeling the cold of winter thus gradually coming on, prepare to meet it without injury. The motion of the sap in the one, that of the blood in the other class of living beings, becomes slower, and, dropping its leaves and fruit, the tree retains but its firm trunk, within which its energies are preserved for the ensuing season; whilst the hedgehog, the viper, the frog, and other animals, retire to their hiding-places, and in a state of almost lifeless stupor remain until the warmth of the succeeding spring calls them to renewed existence.

In the formation of the insular climate which we possess, another power of water, however, equally or perhaps more influential, can be traced. There issues continually from the gopan at the equator, as the earth revolves, a current of water

considerably warmer than that which bathes our shores. This current becoming sensible first in the Gulf of Mexico, is called the Gulf Stream; it passes obliquely across the Atlantic, floating on the colder water of the ocean, which tends in a direction nearly opposite to replace it, and thus diffuses over the coasts of North America and Europe the heat which it had absorbed within the torrid zone. The northerly winds, which would bring down a sudden winter on us, are therefore tempered by passing over the warmer surface of the ocean; whilst the hot winds from the south, which on the approach of spring might make too premature a change, expend, in passing over the great expanse of sea, a portion of their heat; and thus the transition in both directions is rendered more gradual and harmless.

These are but a few of the important duties which are allotted to water in its place in nature. It in other respects presents an equally interesting subject of examination, and it is one to which we shall return. From its value as the great agent of nutrition to the vegetable world, and the necessity of a supply of it to animals; from its power in modifying the appearance and structure of a country, changing land into sea, and elevating banks where deep water had been before, the philosophers of old looked upon water as the origin of all earthly things, as being above all others the element of nature. It is not so: water is not an element. Among other wonders which chemistry has taught us, we have learned of what water is composed; and on another occasion we shall describe the way in which its elements may be obtained. K.

#### CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY IN NEW YORK.

—On this day, the anniversary of American independence, all creation appeared to be independent; some of the horses particularly so; for they would not troop "in no line not now." Some preferred going sideways, like crabs; others went backwards, some would not go at all, others went a great deal too fast, and not a few parted company with their riders, whom they kicked off just to show their independence. And the women were in the same predicament: they might dance right or dance left; it was only out of the frying-pan into the fire, for it was pop, pop; bang, bang; fiz, pop, bang; so that you literally trod upon gunpowder. The troops did not march in very good order, because, independently of their not knowing how, there was a good deal of independence to contend with. At one time an omnibus and four would drive in and cut off the general and his staff from his division; at another, a cart would roll in and insist upon following close upon the band of music; so that it was a mixed procession—generals, omnibus and four, music, cart-loads of bricks, troops, omnibus and pair, artillery, hackney-coach, &c. "Roast pig" is the favourite "independent" dish, and in New York on the above day are "six miles of roast pig," viz. three miles of booths on each side of Broadway, and roast pig in each booth! Rockets are fired in the streets, some running horizontally up the pavement, and sticking into the back of a passenger; and others mounting slanting-dicularly, and Paul-Frying into the bedroom windows on the third floor or attics, just to see how things are going on there. On this day, too, all America gets tipsy.—*Captain Marryatt's Diary in America.*

IRISH DRAMATIC TALENT.—Difference of taste makes it difficult, if not impossible, to say which is the best comedy in the English language. Many, however, are of opinion that there are three which more particularly dispute the palm—namely, "She Stoops to Conquer," "The School for Scandal," and "The Heiress;" and it is remarkable that the authors of these three beautiful productions were all Irishmen—Goldsmith, Sheridan, and Murphy.—*Literary World.*

THE MORNING.—The sweetness of the morning is perhaps its least charm. It is the renewed vigour it implants in all around that affects us—man, animals, birds, plants, vegetation, flowers. Refreshed and soothed with sleep, man opens his heart; he is alive to Nature, and Nature's God, and his mind is more intelligent, because more fresh. He seems to drink of the dew like the flowers, and feels the same reviving effect.—*Illustrations of Human Life.*

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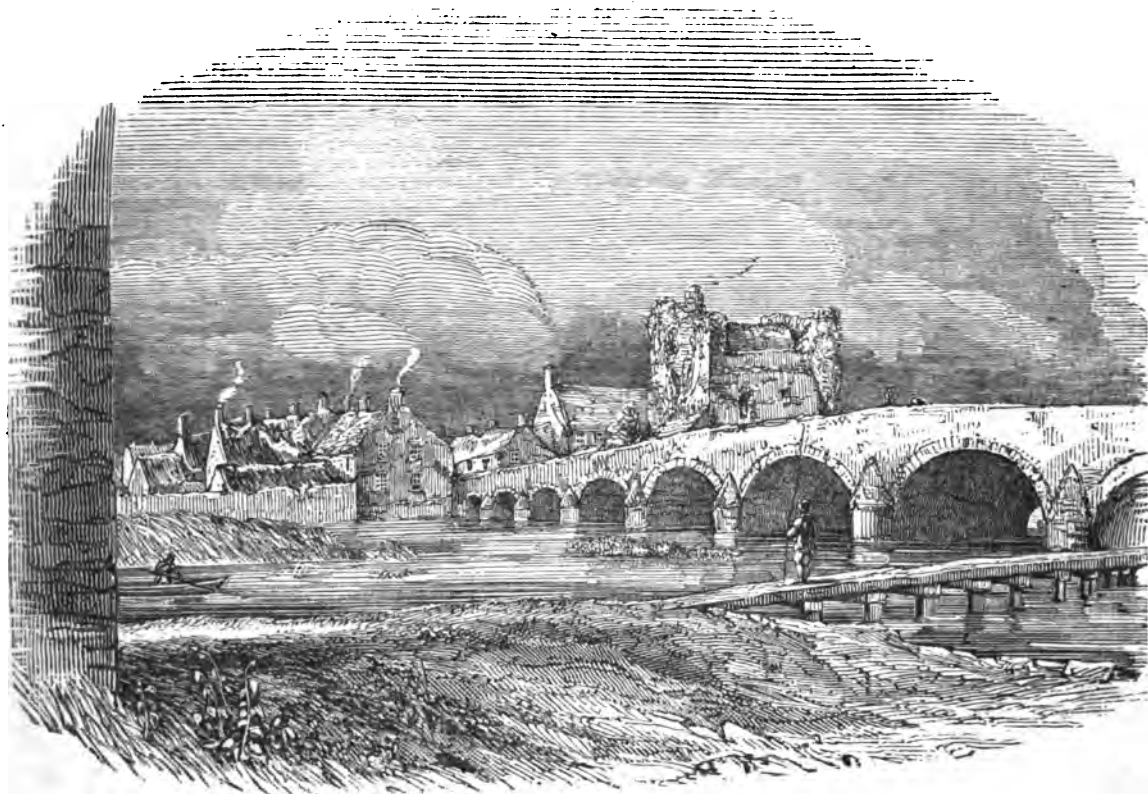


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VOLUME I.



LEIGHLIN-BRIDGE AND THE BLACK CASTLE.

THE ancient Bridge and Black Castle of Leighlin-Bridge, seated on "the goodly Barrow," must be familiar to such of our readers as have ever travelled on the mail-coach road between Carlow and Kilkenny, for it is a scene of much picturesque beauty, and of a character very likely to impress itself on the memory.

These are the most striking features of the town called Leighlin-Bridge, a market and post town, situated partly in the parish of Agha and barony of Idrone-East, and partly in the parish of Wells and barony of Idrone-West, in the county of Carlow, six miles south from the town of that name, and forty-five miles S.S.W. from Dublin. This town contains about 2000 inhabitants, and is seated on both sides of the Barrow; the bridge, which contains nine arches, dividing it into nearly equal portions: that on the east side consists of 178 houses, and that on the west of 191, being 369 houses in all. The parish church of Wells, the Roman Catholic chapel, and a national school-house, are on the Wells side of the river, as is also the ruined castle represented in our illustration.

To the erection of this castle the town owes its origin. As a position of great military importance to the interests of the first Anglo-Norman settlers in Ireland, it was erected in 1181, either by the renowned Hugh de Lacy himself, or by John de Bull, or De Claville, "to whom De Lacy gave the marriage of all Leinster, and the land between Aghavoe and

From a minute description of the remains of this castle given by Mr Ryan in his History and Antiquities of the County of Carlow, a work of much ability and research, it appears that it was constructed on the Norman plan, and consisted of a quadrangular enclosure, 315 feet in length and 234 feet in width, surrounded by a wall seven feet thick, with a fosse on the exterior of three sides of the enclosure, and the river on the fourth. Of this wall the western side only is now in existence. The keep or great tower of this fortress, represented in our sketch, is situated at the north-western angle of the square, and is of an oblong form, and about fifty feet in height. It is much dilapidated; but one floor, resting on an arch, remains, to which there is an ascent by stone steps, as there is to the top, which is completely covered over with ivy, planted by the present possessors of the castle. At the other, or south-west angle of the enclosure, are the remains of a lesser tower, which is of a rotund form and of great strength, the walls being ten feet thick. It is still more dilapidated than the great keep, and is only 24 feet high, having a flight of steps leading to its summit.

The present name of the town, however, is derived from the bridge, which was erected in 1320 to facilitate the intercourse between the religious houses of old and new Leighlin, by Maurice Jakis, a canon of the cathedral of Kildare, whose memory as a bridge-builder is deservedly preserved, having also erected the bridges of Kilcullen and St Woolstan's over the Liffey,

both of which still exist. Previously to the erection of this bridge, the town was called *New Leighlin*, in contradistinction to the original Leighlin, a town of more ancient and ecclesiastical origin, which was situated about two miles to the west, and which was afterwards known by the appellation of *Old Leighlin*. The erection of this bridge, by giving a new direction to the great southern road, led rapidly to the increase of the new town and the decay of the old one, whose site is only marked at present by the remains of its venerable cathedral church.

In addition to the Black Castle and the bridge already noticed, Leighlin-Bridge had formerly a second castle, as well as a monastery, of which there are at present no remains. The former, which was called the White Castle, was erected in 1406 by Gerald, the fifth Earl of Kildare: its site, we believe, is now unknown. The monastery was erected for Carmelite or White Friars, under the invocation of the Virgin Mary, by one of the Carews, in the reign of Henry III., and was situated at the south side of the Black Castle. After the suppression of religious houses, this monastery, being in the hands of government, was in 1547 surrounded with a wall, and converted into a fort, by Sir Edward Bellingham, Lord Deputy of Ireland, who also established within it a stable of twenty or thirty horses, of a superior breed to that commonly used in Ireland, for the use of his own household, and for the public service. The dispersed friars did not, however, remove far from their original mansion when dispossessed of their tenements; they withdrew to a house on the same side of the river, about two hundred yards from the castle; and an establishment of the order was preserved till about the year 1827, when it became extinct, on the death of the last friar of the community.

As the English settlement here became very insecure towards the close of the fourteenth century, and was peculiarly exposed to the hostile attacks of the native Irish, who continued powerful in its immediate vicinity, a grant of ten marks annually was made by King Edward III. in 1371, to the Prior of this monastery, for the repairing and rebuilding of the house, which grant was renewed six years afterwards; and in 1378, Richard II., in consideration of the great labour, burden, and expense which the Priors had in supporting their house, and the bridge contiguous to it, against the king's enemies, granted to the Priors an annual pension of twenty marks out of the rents of the town of Newcastle of Lyons, which grant he confirmed to them in 1394, and which was ratified by his successors Henry IV. and V. in the first years of their reigns (1399, 1412), the latter monarch ordering at the same time that all arrears of rent then due should be paid.

In the civil wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the possession of Leighlin-Bridge and its castle became an object of much importance to the combatants on both sides. In 1577, when the celebrated chieftain of Leix, Rory Oge O'More, rose in rebellion, among other depredations he burned a part of the town of Leighlin-Bridge, and endeavoured to get possession of its castle, which was then feebly garrisoned under the command of Sir George Carew, constable of the fort and town. With the slender force of seven horse, as it is stated by Hooker, but under the cover of night, Carew made a sally on his assailants, numbering two hundred and forty, who, being taken by surprise, lost many men, and the remainder for a time fled. Having soon however discovered the extremely small force by which they had been attacked, they rallied, and in turn became the assailants, pursuing Carew's party to the gate of Leighlin-Bridge Castle, and some of them even entering within its walls; but by the bravery of the garrison they were soon expelled. Carew had two men and one horse killed, and every man of his party was wounded. The rebels lost sixteen men, among whom was one of their leaders, which so discomfited them that they retired, leaving one-half of the town uninjured.

In the great rebellion of O'Neil, at the close of the reign of Elizabeth, the castle of Leighlin-Bridge was repaired and garrisoned for the Queen, though the surrounding country was laid waste by the Kavanaghs. In the beginning of the succeeding reign (1604), the site of the castle, together with that of the monastery, &c. &c. were granted by the king to George Tutchet, Lord Awdeley, to be held of the crown for ever in common socage.

In the great rebellion of 1641, the castle of Leighlin-Bridge was garrisoned for the confederate Catholics, in 1646, with one hundred men, under the command of Colonel Walter Bagnall; it was here also that in 1647 the Marquis of Ormond

assembled his forces, to attack the republicans, who had got possession of Dublin; and he rested his forces here in 1649. It was, however, surrendered to the parliamentary forces under Colonel Hewson in the following year, soon after which the main army under Ireton sojourned here for a time, and plundered the surrounding country. Since this period, Leighlin-Bridge has enjoyed the blessings of peace, and has made those advances in prosperity which follow in its train. Its market is on Monday and Saturday amply supplied with corn and butter, &c. and it has four well-attended fairs, on Easter Monday, May 14th, September 25th, and December 27th. Much beautiful scenery and many interesting remains of antiquity exist in its immediate vicinity. P.

#### IRISH MUSIC.

THE following song on the harp of our country has been sent to us by our friend Samuel Lover, the painter, poet, musician, dramatist, story-writer, and novelist of Ireland, for it is his pride to be in every thing Irish; and for this, no less than for his manly independence of character and sterling qualities of heart, we honour him. It cannot be said of him as of some of our countrymen at the other side of the water, that he is ashamed of us; and we are not, and we feel assured never shall be, ashamed of him.

We may remark that these verses owe their origin to an examination of Bunting's delightful "Ancient Music of Ireland"—a work of which we have already expressed our opinion in our first number—and are adapted to be sung to the first melody in that collection, "Sit down under my protection." We may also add, that it is the intention of the poet, when he prints the music and words together, to dedicate them to Mr Bunting, as a memorial of his gratitude for the services rendered to Ireland in the preservation of her national music—services which, as the author says, "will make his name be remembered amongst our bards."

#### SONG.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Oh, give me one strain  
Of that wild harp again,  
In melody proudly its own,  
Sweet harp of the days that are gone!  
Time's wide-wasting wing  
Its cold shadow may fling  
Where the light of the soul hath no part;  
The sceptre and sword  
Both decay with their lord,  
But the throne of the Bard is the heart!  
And hearts, while they beat  
To thy music so sweet,  
Thy glory shall ever prolong,  
Land of honour, and beauty, and song!  
The beauty whose sway  
Waked the bard's votive lay,  
Hath gone to eternity's shade;  
While, fresh in its fame,  
Lives the song to her name,  
Which the Minstrel immortal hath made!  
Proud harp, of wild string,  
Where thy sweetness did ring  
O'er the silence of other lands,  
By the magic of minstrel hands,  
Too oft did its wail  
Load with sorrow the gale  
O'er the land that was made to be free;  
But, Isle of the West,  
Raise thy emerald crest,  
Songs of triumph shall yet ring for thee.

**POVERTY.**—Poverty has in large cities very different appearances. It is often concealed in splendour, and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest. They support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost in contriving for to-morrow.

When you intend to marry, look first at the heart, next at the mind, then at the person.

Pride is a vice, which pride itself inclines every man to find in others and to overlook in himself.—*Johnson*.

## HUMBUG.

If the reader's attention is now called to it for the first time, he will be rather surprised, we dare say, to find how much humbug is incorporated with our social system. It will rather surprise him to find, as a little reflection will certainly enable him to do, that humbug forms, in fact, the cement by which society is held together; that it pervades every department of it, fills up all its crevices and crannies, and, in truth, permeates its very substance. We, in short, all humbug one another; that's beyond all manner of doubt.

Don't we every day write cards and letters beginning with "My dear, or My very dear sir," and ending with, "Yours sincerely, truly, &c. &c.," knowing, in our conscience, that in ninety-nine instances out of the hundred—always excepting cases where a man's interest is concerned—we do not care one straw for these very dear sirs—not one farthing although they were six feet below the ground to-morrow.

Suppose an intimation card of the death of one of these very dear sirs, or of some "good friend" or intimate acquaintance, waits us on our arrival home to dinner.

"Guess who's dead?" says some member of our family, running towards us with joyful anticipation of our perplexity.

"Can't say, indeed," reply we. "Who is it?"

"Mr O'Madigan."

"Ah, dear me, poor fellow, is he dead? Very sudden, very unexpected.—Is dinner ready?"

What is the civility of the landlord and his waiters but humbug? What the smirking, smiling, ducking and bowing of the shopkeeper, but humbug? What his sweet and gentle "yes, sirs," and "no, sirs," and "proud to serve you, sirs," but humbug? You are not goose enough to believe for a moment that he is serious, that he has either the least regard or respect for you. Not he; he would not care a twopence although you were hanged, drawn, and quartered before his shop-door to-morrow, except, perhaps, for the inconvenience of the thing.

What is the civility of the servant to his employer but humbug? Do you imagine for a moment that that man who, hat in hand, is looking up to you with such a respectful air—looking up to you as if you were a god—as if his very existence depended on your slightest breath—do you imagine for a moment, we ask, that he has in his heart that deference for you that he would make you believe? that he conceives you to be so very superior a being as his manner would imply? Not he, indeed. Depend upon it, it is all humbug; humbug all. And if you saw or heard him when he feels secure that you can do neither the one nor the other, you would speedily be convinced that it is.

But it is in the wheel-within-wheel of social life, the domestic circle, in what are called the friendly relations of life, that the system of humbug assumes, perhaps, its most deceptive character. See what a loving and friendly set of people are gathered together around that dinner table! See how blandly, how affectionately they look on each other! How delighted they are with one another—with mine host and hostess in particular! Why, they would die for them—die on the spot. They would go any length to serve one another. See that shake of the hand, how cordial it is! that smile, how affectionate! how winning! how full of kindly promise! Now, do these people in reality feel the smallest interest in each other's welfare? Would they make the slightest sacrifice to serve one another? Not they, indeed. If you doubt it, try any one of them next day; try any of your "dear friends" if they will lend you a pound or five, as the case may be. Until you do this, or something like it, depend upon it you don't know your men; no, nor your women either.

"Oh! but," says the moralist, "mere civility, my good sir, mere civility; absurd idea to suppose that every man to whom you are civil should have a claim also on your purse."

"But in the case of a 'dear friend,' Mr Moralist, or intimate acquaintance—eh?—for it is of them only that I speak. Surely they might do something for you."

"Oh! that as it may be. But as a general rule"—

"Then all this cordiality of greeting, this affectionate shaking of hands, these sweet smiles and sweeter words, are all to go for nothing? They are to be understood as meaning nothing."

"Certainly."

"Then we are perfectly agreed—it is all deception."

"Oh! you may call it what you please."

"Thank you. Then with your leave I shall call it humbug. It is not a very elegant word, but it is pretty expressive."

But, lo! here comes a funeral. See how grave and melancholy these sable-clad gentlemen look. Why, you would imagine that under that dismal pall lay all the earthly hopes of every individual present, that every heart in the solemn train was well-nigh broken. All this is very becoming no doubt, and it would scarcely be decorous to go either singing or laughing along the streets on such an occasion, when carrying the poor remains of mortality to its last resting-place. But it's humbug, nevertheless—humbug all! Not one of these sorrowing mourners, excepting perhaps one or two of the nearest relations, cares one twopenny piece for the defunct. Not one of them would have given him sixpence to keep him from starving.

Notwithstanding, however, the very general diffusion of humbug, it may be classed under regular heads, and we rather think this would not be a bad way of illustrating it. We shall try; beginning with

## THE MILITARY OR HEROIC HUMBUG.

My brave fellow soldiers, we are now on the eve of encountering the enemy. See, there he stands in hostile array against you. He thinks to terrify you by his formidable appearance. But you regard him with a steady and a fearless eye.

Soldiers! the world rings with the fame of your deeds. Your glory is imperishable: it will live for ever.

Regardless of wounds and death, you have ever been foremost where honour was to be won. Recollect, then, your ancient fame, and let your deeds this day show that you are still the same brave men who have so often chased your enemies from the field; the same brave men who have ever looked on death as a thing unworthy a moment's consideration—on dishonour as the greatest of all evils.

Band of heroes, advance! On, on to victory, death, wounds, glory, honour, and immortality! (Hurra, hurra, General Fudge for ever!—lead us on, general, lead us on!) Lead ye on, my brave fellows! Would to heaven my duties would permit me that enviable honour! But it would be too much for one so unworthy. Alas! I dare not. My duties call me to another part of the field. I obey the call with reluctance. But my confidence in your courage, my brave fellows, enables me to trust you to advance yourselves. On, then, on, my band of heroes, and fear nothing! (General raises his hat gracefully, bows politely to his "band of heroes," and rides off to a height at a safe distance, from which he views the battle comfortably through his telescope.)

## THE LITERARY HUMBUG—THE AUTHOR'S.

In putting this work into the hands of the public, the author has not been influenced by any of those motives that usually urge writers to publication. Neither vanity, nor the desire of gaining what is called a name, has had the slightest share in inducing him to take this step; still less has he been influenced by any sordid love of gain; he looks for neither praise nor profit. His sole motive for writing and publishing this book has been to promote the general good, by contributing his mite to the stock of general information.

The author is but too well aware that the merits of his work, if indeed it have any at all, are of a very humble order; that it has, in short, many defects: but a liberal, discerning, and indulgent public, will make every allowance for one who makes no pretension to literary excellence.

The author may add, that part of the blame of his now obstructing himself on the public rests on the urgent entreaties of some perhaps too partial friends.

## THE PUBLISHERS' HUMBUG.

The publishers of this new undertaking have long been of opinion that a new and more efficient course of moral instruction was wanted, to raise the bulk of mankind to that standard of perfection which every Christian, every good member of society, must be desirous of seeing attained.

It is with the most poignant regret they have marked the almost total failure of all preceding attempts of this kind. How much it has pained them—how much they have grieved to see the inadequacy of the supplies of knowledge to the increasing wants of the community, especially alluding to the working and lower classes generally, whose interests they have deeply at heart, they need not say: but they may say, that they anticipate the most triumphant success in their present efforts to supply the desideratum alluded to.

The publishers may add, that as regards the undertaking they are now about to commence, profit is with them but a secondary consideration. Their great object is to promote the

general good by a wide diffusion of knowledge, and a liberal infusion of sound and healthy principle. If they effect this, their end is gained. The work, on which no expense will be spared, will be sold at a price so low as to leave but a bare remuneration for workmanship and material—so low, indeed, that a very large demand only can protect the publishers from positive loss. But it is not the dread of even the result that can deter them from commencing and carrying on a work undertaken from the purest and most disinterested motives.

#### THE CRITICAL HUMBUG.

A more delightful work than this, a work more rich and racy, more brilliant in style or more graphic in delineation, it has rarely been our good fortune to meet with. Every page bears the stamp of a master-mind, every sentence the impress of genius.

What a flow of ideas! What an outpouring of eloquence! What a knowledge of the human heart with all its nicer intricacies! What an intimacy with the springs of human action! What a mastery over the human passions! Ay, this is indeed the triumph of genius.

The author of this exquisite production writes with the pen of a Junius, and thinks with the intellect of a Bacon or a Locke. His language is forcible and epigrammatic, his reasoning clear and profound; yet can nothing be more racy than his pleasantries when he condescends to be playful—nothing more delicately cutting than his irony when he chooses to be satirical—nothing more striking or impressive than his ratiocination when he prefers being philosophical.

We confidently predict a wide and lasting popularity for this extraordinary production. Indeed, if we are not greatly mistaken, it will create quite a sensation in the literary circles of Europe.

#### PATRIOTIC HUMBUG.

My country, oh! my country! it is for thee, for thee alone, I live; and for thee, my country, will I at any time cheerfully die—(Who's that calling out fudge?) Nearest my heart is the wish for thy welfare. To see thee happy is the one only desire of my soul, and that thou mayest be so, is my constant prayer.

Night and day dost thou engross my thoughts, and all, all would I sacrifice to thy welfare! My private interests are as dust in the balance—(Who's that again calling fudge?—turn him out, turn him out)—My private interests are as dust in the balance; and shame, shame, oh! eternal shame to the sordid wretch, unworthy to live, who should for a moment prefer his individual aggrandisement to his country's good. Perish his name—perish the name of the miserable miscreant!

Wealth! what is wealth to me, my country, compared to thy happiness? Station! what is station, unless thou, too, art advanced? Power! what is power, unless the power of doing thee good? Oh, my country! My country, oh!—(Oh! oh! oh! from various parts of the house.) The patriot sits down, wiping his patriotic forehead with a white handkerchief, amidst thunders of applause.

Before going farther with our Illustrations—indeed we don't know whether we shall go any farther with them at all or not, as we rather think we have given quite enough of them—before going farther, then, with any thing in the more direct course of our subject, we may pause a moment to remark how carefully every one who comes before the public to claim its patronage, conceals the real object of his doing so. How remote he keeps from this very delicate point! He never whispers its name—never breathes it. How cautiously he avoids all allusion to his own particular interest in the matter! From the unctious with which he speaks of the excellences of the thing he has to dispose of, be it what it may, a Dutch cheese or a treatise on philosophy, the enthusiasm with which he dwells on them, you would imagine that he spoke out of a pure feeling of admiration of these excellences. You would never dream—for this he carefully conceals from you—that his sole object is to get hold of as much of your cash as he can; the Dutch cheese or the treatise on philosophy being a mere instrument to accomplish the desired transfer.

It is rather a curious feature this in the social character: every thing offered for sale is so offered through a pure spirit of benevolence, either for the public good or individual benefit; nothing for the sake of mere filthy lucre, or the particular interest of the seller—not at all. He, good soul, has no such motive—not he, indeed.

We said a little while since that we doubted whether we would give any farther illustrations of the great science of

humbug. We have now made up our minds that we shall not. Although we could easily give fifty more, it is unnecessary.

We confess, however, to be under strong temptations to give "the candidate's humbug"—to exhibit that gentleman doing over the constituency, making them, whether he be whig or tory, swallow the grossest fudge that ever was thrust down an unsuspecting gullet; but we refrain. We refrain also, in the meantime, from giving what we would call "the liberty and equality humbug;" together with several other humbuds equally instructive and edifying.

And now we think we hear our readers exclaim of ourselves, what a humbug!

By no means, gentle readers; there are exceptions to every general rule. We have sketched the great mass of mankind, but we have no doubt that there are some truly sincere persons—few indeed—in all the classes we have sketched; and we trust that we ourselves shall be reckoned amongst the number. C.

### ANCIENT IRISH LITERATURE,

#### NUMBER I.

THE ancient literature of Ireland is as yet but little known to the world, or even to ourselves. Existing for the most part only in its original Celtic form, and in manuscripts accessible only to the Irish scholar resident in our metropolis, but few even of those capable of understanding it have the opportunity to become acquainted with it, and from all others it is necessarily hidden. We therefore propose to ourselves, as a pleasing task, to make our literature more familiar, not only to the Irish scholar, but to our readers generally who do not possess this species of knowledge, by presenting them from time to time with such short poems or prose articles, accompanied with translations, as from their brevity, or the nature of their subjects, will render them suitable to our limited and necessarily varied pages—our selections being made without regard to chronological order as to the ages of their composition, but rather with a view to give a general idea of the several kinds of literature in which our ancestors of various classes found entertainment.

The specimen which we have chosen to commence with is of a homely cast, and was intended as a rebuke to the saucy pride of a woman in humble life, who assumed airs of consequence from being the possessor of three cows. Its author's name is unknown, but its age may be determined, from its language, as belonging to the early part of the seventeenth century; and that it was formerly very popular in Munster, may be concluded from the fact, that the phrase, Easy, oh, woman of the three cows! [ḡo neíḡ a bhean na tríḡ mhó] has become a saying in that province, on any occasion upon which it is desirable to lower the pretensions of proud or boastful persons. P.

#### BEAN NA TRÍḡ MHO.

ḡo neíḡ a bean na tríḡ mhó  
Ar co bólaicht ná bí ceann  
Do conairc meirí, gan ḡo,  
Bean ír ba dá mó a beann.

Ní maireann raibḡrion ḡo gnáit  
Do neac ná tabair éair ḡo móḡ  
Chúḡat an téḡ ar ḡac taoḡ  
ḡo neíḡ a bean na tríḡ mhó.

Sliaḡt Eóḡain móir ra Múḡain  
A nimecaḡt vo ní clá doíḡ  
A reóla gur léigeḡar ríor  
ḡo neíḡ a bean na tríḡ mhó.

Clann ḡairce éirgearna an Chláir  
A nimecaḡt rín ba lá leóin  
ḡan rúil ne na tcaḡt ḡo bráḡ,  
ḡo neíḡ a bean na tríḡ mhó.

Dómnall ó Dún-buíḡe na long  
O'Súilleabáin nár éim ḡlḡ  
Féac gur éuit ran Spáin ne cloibeam  
ḡo neíḡ a bean na tríḡ mhó.



O'Ruarhc ir Maguoir do bi  
 Za i n-Eirinn na lan beoil  
 Feac fein gur imeig an oir,  
 Do reid a bean na tairi mbó.  
 Stol z Cearduill do bi ceann  
 Ze mbeiréi zac zeall ingled  
 Ní maireann aon oioð mo oic  
 Do reid a bean na tairi mbó.  
 O aon doin aiam do brieir  
 Ar mnaoi eile ir í a bó  
 Do rinniri iomorca aréir  
 Do reid a bean na tairi mbó.

An ceangal.

Óioð ar mfallaing a ainnir ar uairbreac znuir  
 Do bioz gan cearmas ceairnac buan ra eúire  
 Tria an raemur do glacair neò buaib ar eúir  
 Da bfaizairri reib a ceatair do buairinn eú.

C.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

O, Woman of Three Cows, agra! don't let your tongue thus rattle!  
 O, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle. I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.  
 Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,  
 For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser, And Death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows;  
 Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!  
 See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen More's descendants,  
 'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants!  
 If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows, Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows!  
 The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;  
 Mivrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning—  
 Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?  
 Yet you can give yourself these airs, O, Woman of Three Cows!  
 O, think of Donnell of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted—  
 See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted!  
 He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—  
 Then, ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!  
 O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story—  
 Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory—  
 Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs,  
 And so, for all your pride, will yours, O, Woman of Three Cows!  
 The O'Carrolls also, famed when Fame was only for the boldest,  
 Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;  
 Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?  
 Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows!  
 Your neighbour's poor, and you it seems are big with vain ideas, Because, *inagh!* you've got three cows, one more, I see, than *she* has,  
 That tongue of yours wags more at times than Charity allows, But, if you are strong, be merciful, great Woman of Three Cows!

\* Forgoth,

THE SUMMING UP.

Now, there you go! You still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,  
 And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,  
 If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,  
 I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows!

THE COUNTRY DANCING-MASTER,

AN IRISH SKETCH,

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

In those racy old times, when the manners and usages of Irishmen were more simple and pastoral than they are at present, dancing was cultivated as one of the chief amusements of life, and the dancing-master looked upon as a person essentially necessary to the proper enjoyment of our national recreation. Of all the amusements peculiar to our population, dancing is by far the most important, although certainly much less so now than it has been, even within our own memory. In Ireland it may be considered as a very just indication of the spirit and character of the people; so much so, that it would be extremely difficult to find any test so significant of the Irish heart, and its varied impulses, as the dance, when contemplated in its most comprehensive spirit. In the first place, no people dance so well as the Irish, and for the best reason in the world, as we shall show. Dancing, every one must admit, although a most delightful amusement, is not a simple, nor distinct, nor primary one. On the contrary, it is merely little else than a happy and agreeable method of enjoying music; and its whole spirit and character must necessarily depend upon the power of the heart to feel the melody to which the limbs and body move. Every nation, therefore, remarkable for a susceptibility of music, is also remarkable for a love of dancing, unless religion or some other adequate obstacle, arising from an anomalous condition of society, interposes to prevent it. Music and dancing being in fact as dependent the one on the other as cause and effect, it requires little argument to prove that the Irish, who are so sensitively alive to the one, should in a very high degree excel at the other; and accordingly it is so.

Nobody, unless one who has seen and also felt it, can conceive the incredible, nay, the inexplicable exhilaration of the heart, which a dance communicates to the peasantry of Ireland. Indeed, it resembles not so much enthusiasm as inspiration. Let a stranger take his place among those who are assembled at a dance in the country, and mark the change which takes place in Paddy's whole temperament, physical and moral. He first rises up rather indolently, selects his own sweetheart, and assuming such a station on the floor as renders it necessary that both should "face the fiddler," he commences. On the dance then goes, quietly at the outset; gradually he begins to move more sprightly; by and bye the right hand is up, and a crack of the fingers is heard; in a minute afterwards both hands are up and two cracks are heard, the hilarity and brightness of his eyes all the time keeping pace with the growing enthusiasm that is coming over him, and which eye, by the way, is most lovingly fixed upon, or, we should rather say, into, that of his modest partner. From that partner he never receives an open gaze in return, but in lieu of this an occasional glance, quick as thought and brilliant as a meteor, seems to pour into him a delicious fury that is made up of love—sometimes a little of whisky, kindness, pride of his activity, and a reckless force of momentary happiness that defies description. Now commences the dance in earnest. Up he bounds in a fling or a caper—crack go the fingers—cut and treble go the feet, heel and toe, right and left. Then he flings the right heel up to the ham, up again the left, the whole face in a furnace-heat of ecstatic delight. "Who! who! your sow! Move your elbow, Mickey (this to the fiddler). Quicker, quicker, man alive, or you'll lose sight of me. Who! Judy, that's the girl; handle your feet, avourneen; that's it, acushla! stand to me! Hurroo for our side of the house!" And thus does he proceed with a vigour, and an agility, and a truth of time, that are incredible, especially when we consider the whirlwind of enjoyment which he has to direct. The conduct of his partner, whose face is lit up

into a modest blush, is evidently tinged with his enthusiasm—for who could resist it?—but it is exhibited with great natural grace, joined to a delicate vivacity that is equally gentle and animated, and in our opinion precisely what dancing in a female ought to be—a blending of healthful exercise and innocent enjoyment.

I have seen not long since an Irish dance by our talented countryman Mr M'Clise, and it is very good, with the exception of the girl who is dancing. That, however, is a sad blot upon what is otherwise a good picture. Instead of dancing with the native modesty so peculiar to our countrywomen, she dances with the unseemly movements of a tipsy virago, or a trull in Donnybrook; whilst her face has a leer upon it that reminds one of some painted drab on the outside of a booth between the periods of performance. This must neither be given to us, nor taken as a specimen of what Irishwomen are—the chastest and modestest females on the earth.

There are a considerable variety of dances in Ireland, from the simple "reel of two" up to the country-dance, all of which are mirthful. There are, however, others which are serious, and may be looked upon as the exponents of the pathetic spirit of our country. Of the latter I fear several are altogether lost; and I question whether there be many persons now alive in Ireland who know much about the *Horo Lheig*, which, from the word it begins with, must necessarily have been danced only on mournful occasions. It is only at wakes and funeral customs in those remote parts of the country where old usages are most pertinaciously clung to, that any elucidation of the *Horo Lheig* and others of our forgotten dances could be obtained. At present, I believe, the only serious one we have is the *cotillon*, or, as they term it in the country, the *cut-a-long*. I myself have witnessed, when very young, a dance which, like the hornpipe, was performed but by one man. This, however, was the only point in which they bore to each other any resemblance. The one I allude to must in my opinion have been of Druidic or Magian descent. It was not necessarily performed to music, and could not be danced without the emblematic aids of a stick and handkerchief. It was addressed to an individual passion, and was unquestionably one of those symbolic dances that were used in pagan rites; and had the late Henry O'Brien seen it, there is no doubt but he would have seized upon it as a felicitous illustration of his system.

Having now said all we have to say here about Irish dances, it is time we should say something about the Irish dancing-master; and be it observed, that we mean him of the old school, and not the poor degenerate creature of the present day, who, unless in some remote parts of the country, is scarcely worth description, and has little of the national character about him.

Like most persons of the itinerant professions, the old Irish dancing-master was generally a bachelor, having no fixed residence, but living from place to place within *his own walk*, beyond which he seldom or never went. The farmers were his patrons, and his visits to their houses always brought a holiday spirit along with them. When he came, there was sure to be a dance in the evening after the hours of labour, he himself good-naturedly supplying them with the music. In return for this they would get up a little underhand collection for him, amounting probably to a couple of shillings or half-a-crown, which some of them, under pretence of taking the snuff-box out of his pocket to get a pinch, would delicately and ingeniously slip into it, lest he might feel the act as bringing down the dancing-master to the level of the mere fiddler. He on the other hand, not to be outdone in kindness, would at the conclusion of the little festivity desire them to lay down a door, on which he usually danced a few favourite hornpipes to the music of his own fiddle. This indeed was the great master-feat of his art, and was looked upon as such by himself as well as by the people.

Indeed, the old dancing-master had some very marked outlines of character peculiar to himself. His dress, for instance, was always far above the fiddler's, and this was the pride of his heart. He also made it a point to wear a castor or Caroline hat, be the same "shocking bad" or otherwise; but above all things, his soul within him was set upon a watch, and no one could gratify him more than by asking him before company what o'clock it was. He also contrived to carry an ornamental staff, made of ebony, hickory, mahogany, or some rare description of cane—which, if possible, had a silver head and a silk tassel. This the dancing-masters in general seemed to consider as a kind of baton or wand of office, without which I never yet knew one of them to

go. But of all the parts of dress used to discriminate them from the fiddler, we must place as standing far before the rest the dancing-master's pumps and stockings, for shoes he seldom wore. The utmost limit of their ambition appeared to be such a jaunty neatness about that part of them in which the genius of their business lay, as might indicate the extraordinary lightness and activity which were expected from them by the people, in whose opinion the finest stocking, the lightest shoe, and the most symmetrical leg, uniformly denoted the most accomplished teacher.

The Irish dancing-master was also a great hand at match-making, and indeed some of them were known to negotiate as such between families as well as individual lovers, with all the ability of a first-rate diplomatist. Unlike the fiddler, the dancing-master had fortunately the use of his eyes; and as there is scarcely any scene in which to a keen observer the symptoms of the passion—to wit, blushings, glances, squeezes of the hand, and stealthy whisperings—are more frequent or significant, so it is no wonder indeed that a sagacious looker-on, such as he generally was, knew how to avail himself of them, and to become in many instances a necessary party to their successful issue.

In the times of our fathers it pretty frequently happened that the dancing-master professed another accomplishment, which in Ireland, at least, where it is born with us, might appear to be a superfluous one; we mean, that of fencing, or, to speak more correctly, cudgel-playing. Fencing-schools of this class were nearly as common in these times as dancing-schools, and it was not at all unusual for one man to teach both.

I have already stated that the Irish dancing-master was for the most part a bachelor. This, however, was one of those general rules which have very little to boast of over their exceptions. I have known two or three married dancing-masters, and remember to have witnessed on one occasion a very affecting circumstance, which I shall briefly mention. Scarletina had been very rife and fatal during the spring of the year when this occurred, and the poor man was forced by the death of an only daughter, whom that treacherous disease had taken from him, to close his school during such a period as the natural sorrow for those whom we love usually requires. About a month had elapsed, and I happened to be present on the evening when he once more called his pupils together. His daughter had been a very handsome and interesting young creature of sixteen, and was, until cut down like a flower, attending her father's school at the period I allude to. The business of the school went on much in the usual way, until a young man who had generally been her partner got up to dance. The father played a little, but the music was unsteady and capricious; he paused, and made a strong effort to be firm; the dancing for a moment ceased, and he wiped away a few hot tears from his eyes. Again he resumed, but his eye rested upon the partner of that beloved daughter, as he stood with the hand of another girl in his. "Don't blame me," said the poor fellow meekly, at the same time laying aside his fiddle and bursting into tears; "she was all I had, and my heart was in her; sure you are all here but her, and she—Go home, boys and girls, oh, go home and pity me. You knew what she was. Give me another fortnight for Mary's sake, for, oh, I am her father! I will meet you all again; but never, never will I see you here without feeling that I have a breaking heart. I miss the light sound of her foot, the sweetness of her voice, and the smile of the eye that said to me, 'these are all your scholars, father, but I, sure I am your daughter.'" Although the occasion was joyous and mirthful, yet such is the sympathy with domestic sorrow entertained in Ireland, that there were few dry eyes present, and not a heart that did not feel deeply and sincerely for his melancholy and most afflicting loss.

After all, the old dancing-master, in spite of his most strenuous efforts to the contrary, bore, in simplicity of manners, in habits of life, and in the happy spirit which he received from and impressed upon society, a distant but not indistinct resemblance to the fiddler. Between these two, however, no good feeling subsisted. The one looked up at the other as a man who was unnecessarily and unjustly placed above him; whilst the other looked down upon him as a mere drudge, through whom those he taught practised their accomplishments. This petty rivalry was very amusing, and the "boys," to do them justice, left nothing undone to keep it up. The fiddler had certainly the best of the argument, whilst the other had the advantage of a higher professional position. The one

was more loved, the other more respected. Perhaps very few things in humble life could be so amusing to a speculative mind, or at the same time capable of affording a better lesson to human pride, than the almost miraculous skill with which the dancing-master contrived, when travelling, to carry his fiddle about him, so as that it might not be seen, and he himself mistaken for nothing but a fiddler. This was the sorest blow his vanity could receive, and a source of endless vexation to all his tribe. Our manners, however, are changed, and neither the fiddler nor the dancing-master possesses the fine mellow tints nor that depth of colouring which formerly brought them and their rich household associations home at once to the heart.

One of the most amusing specimens of the dancing-master that I ever met, was the person alluded to at the close of my paper on the Irish Fiddler, under the nickname of Buckram-Back. This man had been a drummer in the army for some time, where he had learned to play the fiddle; but it appears that he possessed no relish whatever for a military life, as his abandonment of it without even the usual forms of a discharge or furlough, together with a back that had become cartilaginous from frequent flogging, could abundantly testify. It was from the latter circumstance that he had received his nickname.

Buckram-Back was a dapper light little fellow, with a rich Tipperary brogue, crossed by a lofty strain of illegitimate English, which he picked up whilst in the army. His habiliments sat as tight upon him as he could readily wear them, and were all of the shabby-genteel class. His crimped black coat was a closely worn second-hand, and his crimped face quite as much of a second-hand as the coat. I think I see his little pumps, little white stockings, his coaxed drab breeches, his hat, smart in its cock but brushed to a polish and standing upon three hairs, together with his tight questionably coloured gloves, all before me. Certainly he was the jauntiest little cock living—quite a blood, ready to fight any man, and a great defender of the fair sex, whom he never addressed except in that highflown bombastic style so agreeable to most of them, called by their flatterers the complimentary, and by their friends the fulsome. He was in fact a public man, and up to every thing. You met him at every fair, where he only had time to give you a wink as he passed, being just then engaged in a very particular affair; but he would tell you again. At cockfights he was a very busy personage, and an angry better from half-a-crown downwards. At races he was a knowing fellow, always shook hands with the winning jockey, and then looked pompously about, that folks might see that he was hand and glove with those who knew something.

The house where Buckram-Back kept his school, which was open only after the hours of labour, was an uninhabited cabin, the roof of which, at a particular spot, was supported by a post that stood upright from the floor. It was built upon an elevated situation, and commanded a fine view of the whole country for miles about it. A pleasant sight it was to see the modest and pretty girls, dressed in their best frocks and ribbons, radiating in little groups from all directions, accompanied by their partners or lovers, making way through the fragrant summer fields of a calm cloudless evening, to this happy scene of innocent amusement.

And yet what an epitome of general life, with its passions, jealousies, plots, calumnies, and contentions, did this little segment of society present! There was the skrew, the slattern, the coquette, and the prude, as sharply marked within this their humble sphere, as if they appeared on the world's wider stage, with half its wealth and all its temptations to draw forth their prevailing foibles. There, too, was the bully, the rake, the liar, the coxcomb, and the coward, each as perfect and distinct in his kind as if he had run through a lengthened course of fashionable dissipation, or spent a fortune in acquiring his particular character. The elements of the human heart, however, and the passions that make up the general business of life, are the same in high and low, and exist with impulses as strong in the cabin as they have in the palace. The only difference is, that they have not equal room to play.

Buckram-Back's system, in originality of design, in comic conception of decorum, and in the easy practical assurance with which he wrought it out, was never equalled, much less surpassed. Had the impudent little rascal confined himself to dancing as usually taught, there would have been nothing so ludicrous or uncommon in it; but no: he was such a stickler for example in every thing, that no other mode of in-

struction would satisfy him. Dancing! Why, it was the least part of what he taught or professed to teach.

In the first place, he undertook to teach every one of us—for I had the honour of being his pupil—how to enter a drawing-room “in the most fashionable manner alive,” as he said himself.

Secondly. He was the only man, he said, who could in the most agreeable and polite style teach a gentleman how to salute, or, as he termed it, how to shilotee, a leedy. This he taught, he said, wid great success.

Thirdly. He could teach every leedy and gentleman how to make the most beautiful bow or curtsy on airth, by only imitating himself—one that would cause a thousand people, if they were all present, to think that it was particularly intended only for sich o' themselves!

Fourthly. He taught the whole art o' courtship wid all politeness and success, accordin' as it was practised in Paris durin' the last saison.

Fifthly. He could teach them how to write love-letters and valentines, accordin' to the Great Macademy of compliments, which was supposed to be invinted by Bonaparte when he was writing love-letters to both his wives.

Sixthly. He was the only person who could teach the famous dance called Sir Roger de Coverley, or the Helter-Skelter Drag, which comprehended widin itself all the advantages and beauties of his whole system—in which every gentleman was at liberty to pull every leedy where he pleased, and every leedy was at liberty to go wherever he pulled her.

With such advantages in prospect, and a method of instruction so agreeable, it is not to be wondered at that his establishment was always in a most flourishing condition. The truth is, he had it so contrived that every gentleman should salute his lady as often as possible, and for this purpose actually invented dances, in which not only should every gentleman salute every lady, but every lady, by way of returning the compliment, should render a similar kindness to every gentleman. Nor had his male pupils all this prodigality of salutation to themselves, for the amorous little rascal always commenced first and ended last, in order, he said, that they might *cotch* the manner from himself. “I do this, leedies and gentlemen, as your moral (model), and because it's part o' my system—ahem!”

And then he would perk up his little hard face, that was too barren to produce more than an abortive smile, and twirl like a wagtail over the floor, in a manner that he thought irresistible.

Whether Buckram-Back was the only man who tried to reduce kissing to a system of education in this country, I do not know. It is certainly true that many others of his stamp made a knowledge of the arts and modes of courtship, like him, a part of the course. The forms of love-letters, valentines, &c. were taught their pupils of both sexes, with many other polite particulars, which it is to be hoped have disappeared for ever.

One thing, however, to the honour of our countrywomen we are bound to observe, which is, that we do not remember a single result incompatible with virtue to follow from the little fellow's system, which by the way was in this respect peculiar only to himself, and not the general custom of the country. Several weddings, unquestionably, we had more than might otherwise have taken place, but in not one instance have we known any case in which a female was brought to unhappiness or shame.

We shall now give a brief sketch of Buckram-Back's manner of tuition, begging our readers at the same time to rest assured that any sketch we could give would fall far short of the original.

“Paddy Corcoran, walk out an' inther your drawin'-room; an' let Miss Judy Hanratty go out along wid you, an' come in as Mrs Corcoran.”

“Faith, I'm afeard, mather, I'll make a bad hand of it; but, sure, it's something to have Judy here to keep me in countenance.”

“Is that by way of compliment, Paddy? Mr Corcoran, you should ever an' always spaik to a leedy in an alyblasther tone; for that's the cut.” [Paddy and Judy retire.]

“Mickey Scanlan, come up here, now that we're brathin' a little; an' you, Miss Grauna Mulholland, come up along wid him. Miss Mulholland, you are mather of your five positions and your fifteen attitudes, I believe?” “Yes, sir.” “Very well, Miss. Mickey Scanlan—ahem!—Misther Scanlan, can you perform the positions also, Mickey?”

“Yes, sir; but you remember I stuck at the eleventh altitude.”

"Attitude, sir—no matter. Well, Mistor Scanlan, do you know how to shilooote a leedy, Mickey?"

"Faix, it's hard to say, sir, till we thry; but I'm very willin' to larn it. I'll do my best, an' the best can do no more."

"Very well—ahem! Now merk me, Mistor Scanlan; you approach your leedy in this style, bowin' politely, as I do. Miss Mulholland, will you allow me the honour of a heavenly shilooote? Don't bow, ma'am; you are to curchy, you know; a little lower eef you please. Now you say, 'Wid the greatest pleasure in life, sir, an' many thanks for the feevour.' (Smack.) There, now, you are to make another curchy politely, an' say, 'Thank you, kind sir, I owe you one.' Now, Mistor Scanlan, proceed."

"I'm to imitate you, mather, as well as I can, sir, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, you are to imiteet me. But hould, sir; did you see me lick my lips or pull up my breeches? Be gorra, that's shockin' unswintemintal. First make a curchy, a bow I mane, to Miss Grauma. Stop agin, sir; are you goin' to strangle the leedy? Why, one would think that it's about to teek laive of her for ever you are. Gently, Mistor Scanlan; gently, Mickey. There:—well, that's an improvement. Practice, Mistor Scanlan, practice will do all, Mickey; but don't smack so loud, though. Hilloo, gintlemen! where's our drawin'-room folk? Go out, one of you, for Mistor an' Mrs Paddy Corcoran."

Corcoran's face now appears peeping in at the door, lit up with a comic expression of genuine fun, from whatever cause it may have proceeded.

"Aisy, Mistor Corcoran; an' where's Mrs Corcoran, sir?"

"Are we both to come in together, mather?"

"Certainly. Turn out both your toeses—turn them out, I say."

"Faix, sir, it's aisier said than done wid some of us."

"I know that, Mistor Corcoran; but practice is every thing. The bow legs are strongly against you, I grant. Hut tut, Mistor Corcoran—why, if your toes wor where your heels is, you'd be exactly in the first position, Paddy. Well, both of you turn out your toeses; look street forward; clap your caubeen—hem!—your castor undher your ome (arm), an' walk into the middle of the flure, wid your head up. Stop, take care o' the post. Now, take your canbeen, castor I mane, in your right hand; give it a flourish. Aisy, Mrs Hanratty—Corcoran I mane—it's not you that's to flourish. Well, flourish your castor, Paddy, and thin make a graceful bow to the company. Leedies and gintlemen!"

"Leedies and gintlemen!"

"I'm your most obadient sarvint!"

"I'm your most obadient sarvint."

"Tuts, man alive! that's not a bow. Look at this: *there's* a bow for you. Why, instead of meeking a bow, you appear as if you wor goin' to sit down wid an embargo (lumbago) in your back. Well, practice is every thing; an' *there's* luck in leisure."

"Dick Doorish, will you come up, and thry if you can meek any thing of that threblin' step. You're a purty lad, Dick; you're a purty lad, Mistor Doorish, wid a pair o' left legs an you, to expect to larn to dance; but don't despeer, man alive. I'm not afeard but I'll meek a graceful slip o' you yet. Can you meek a curchy?"

"Not right, sir, I doubt."

"Well, sir, I know that; but, Mistor Doorish, you ought to know how to meek both a bow and a curchy. When you marry a wife, Mistor Doorish, it mightn't come wrong for you to know how to taich her a curchy. Have you the *gad* and *suggaun* wid you?" "Yes, sir." "Very well, on wid them; the *suggaun* on the right foot, or what ought to be the right foot, an' the *gad* upon what ought to be the left. Are you ready?" "Yes, sir." "Come, thin, do as I bid you—Rise upon *suggaun* an' sink upon *gad*; rise upon *suggaun* an' sink upon *gad*; rise upon—Hould, sir; you're sinkin' upon *suggaun* an' risin' upon *gad*, the very thing you ought *not* to do. But, God help you! sure you're left-legged! Ah, Mistor Doorish, it 'ud be long time before you'd be able to dance Jig Polthogue or the College Hornpipe upon a drum-head, as I often did. However, don't despeer, Mistor Doorish—if I could only get you to know your right leg—but, God help you! sure you hav'nt sich a thing—from your left, I'd make something of you yet, Dick."

The Irish dancing-masters were eternally at daggers-drawn among themselves; but as they seldom met, they were forced to abuse each other at a distance, which they did with a virulence

and scurrility proportioned to the space between them. Buckram-Back had a rival of this description, who was a sore thorn in his side. His name was Paddy Fitzpatrick, and from having been a horse-jockey, he gave up the turf, and took to the calling of a dancing-master. Buckram-Back sent a message to him to the effect that "if he could not dance Jig Polthogue on the drum-head, he had better hould his tongue for ever." To this Paddy replied, by asking if he was the man to dance the Connaught Jockey upon the saddle of a blood-horse, and the animal at a three-quarter gallop.

At length the friends on each side, from a natural love of fun, prevailed upon them to decide their claims as follows:—Each master, with twelve of his pupils, was to dance against his rival with twelve of his; the match to come off on the top of Mallybeny Hill, which commanded a view of the whole parish. I have already mentioned that in Buckram-Back's school there stood near the middle of the floor a post, which according to some new manœuvre of his own was very convenient as a guide to the dancers when going through the figure. Now, at the spot where this post stood it was necessary to make a curve, in order to form part of the figure of eight, which they were to follow; but as many of them were rather impenetrable to a due conception of the line of beauty, he forced them to turn round the post rather than make an acute angle of it, which several of them did. Having premised thus much, we proceed with our narrative.

At length they met, and it would have been a matter of much difficulty to determine their relative merits, each was such an admirable match for the other. When Buckram-Back's pupils, however, came to perform, they found that the absence of the post was their ruin. To the post they had been trained—accustomed;—with it they could dance; but wanting that, they were like so many ships at sea without rudders or compasses. Of course a scene of ludicrous confusion ensued, which turned the laugh against poor Buckram-Back, who stood likely to explode with shame and venom. In fact he was in an agony.

"Gintlemen, turn the post!" he shouted, stamping upon the ground, and clenching his little hands with fury; "leedies, remember the post! Oh, for the honour of Kilnashogue don't be bate. The post! gintlemen; leedies, the post if you love me! Murderer alive, the post!"

"Be gorra, mather, the jockey will distance us," replied Bob Magawly; "it's likely to be the *winnin'-post* to him anyhow."

"Any money," shouted the little fellow, "any money for long Sam Sallaghan; he'd do the post to the life. Mind it, boys dear, mind it or we're lost. Divil a bit they heed me; it's a flock o' bees or sheep they're like. Sam Sallaghan, where are you? The post, you blackguards!"

"Oh, mather dear, if we had even a fishin'-rod, or a crow-bar, or a poker, we might do yet. But, anyhow, we had better give in, for it's only worse we're gettin'."

At this stage of the proceedings Paddy came over to him, and making a low bow, asked him, "Arra, how do you feel, Mistor Dogherty?" for such was Buckram-Back's name.

"Sir," replied Buckram-Back, bowing low, however, in return, "I'll take the shine out o' you yet. Can you shilooote a leedy wid me?—that's the chat! Come, gintlemen, show them what's bether than fifty posts—shilooote your partners like Irishmen. Kilnashogue for ever!"

The scene that ensued baffles all description. The fact is, the little fellow had them trained as it were to kiss in platoons, and the spectators were literally convulsed with laughter at this most novel and ludicrous character which Buckram-Back gave to his defeat, and the ceremony which he introduced. The truth is, he turned the laugh completely against his rival, and swaggered off the ground in high spirits, exclaiming, "He know how to shilooote a leedy! Why, the poor spalpeen never kissed any woman but his mother, an' her only when she was dyin'. Hurra for Kilnashogue!"

Such, reader, is a slight and very imperfect sketch of an Irish dancing-master, which if it possesses any merit at all, is to be ascribed to the circumstance that it is drawn from life, and combines, however faintly, most of the points essential to our conception of the character.

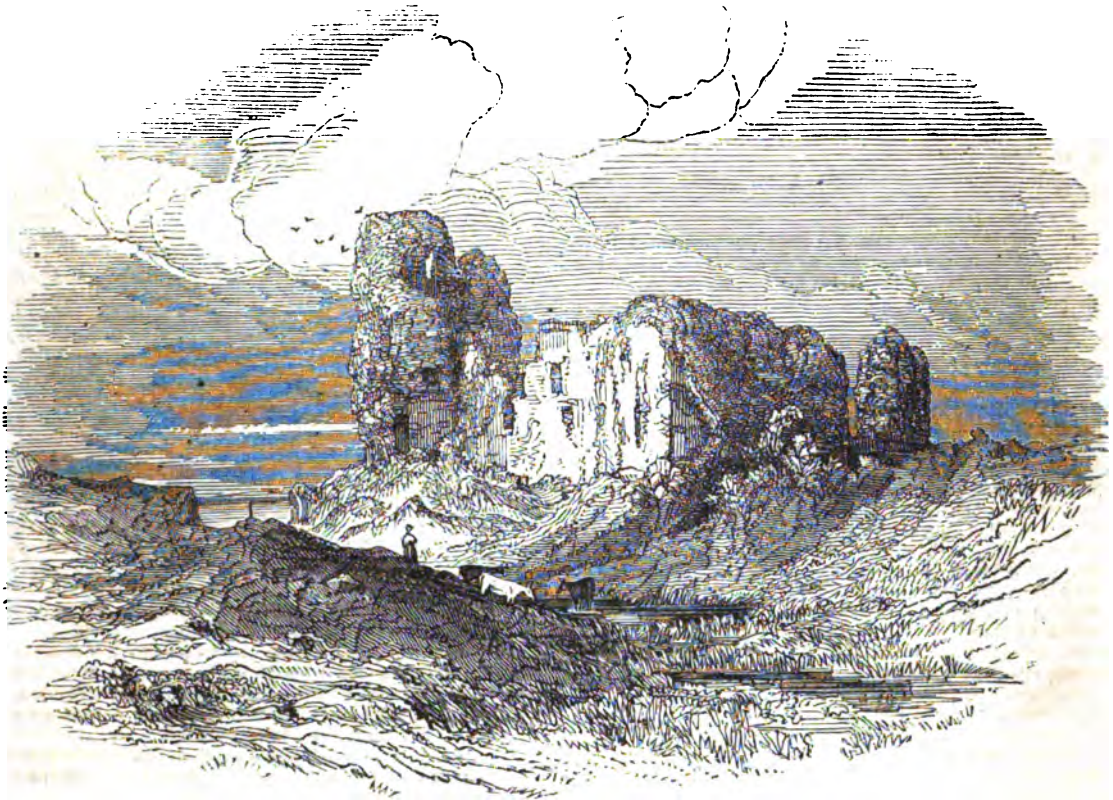


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



THE CASTLE OF RINN-DUIN, OR RANDOWN, COUNTY OF ROSCOMMON.

The mighty Shannon—the monarch of island rivers—in all its mazy wanderings almost from one extremity of Ireland to the other, presents upon its green and diversified banks but few features of greater natural beauty or historic interest than the point called Rinn-duin—a peninsula which stretches into that great expansion of its waters called Lough Ree, between the counties of Roscommon, Westmeath, and Longford. This peninsula, which is situated upon the Roscommon shore of the lake, about eight miles to the north of Athlone, is nearly a mile in length, and, at its widest part, a quarter of a mile in breadth; but it narrows gradually towards its extremity, and the lake nearly insulates a moiety of it at its centre. Its direction being southerly, the eastern side faces the expanse of the lake, and commands an extensive prospect of its islands and the opposite shores, while its western side, facing the land, forms a beautiful bay, fringed with green sloping declivities.

A spot so circumstanced must have struck the early inhabitants of the country as a sort of natural fortress, which could be easily strengthened by art; and that it was so strengthened and used as a fortress in the remotest historic times, may be inferred from its most ancient Celtic name—Rinn-duin, the point of the Dun or Fort, by which it is still known in the Irish language, though commonly anglicised Randown, and more generally called St John's. It is men-

tioned by this name in the following record in the Annals of the Four Masters at the year 1156:—

“There occurred a great fall of snow and a frost in the winter of this year, so that the lakes and rivers of Ireland were frozen over. The frost was so great that Roderick O’Conor was enabled to have his ships and boats carried on the ice from *Blein Gaille* on the Shannon (at Lough Ree) to RINN-DUIN.”

Of the earlier history of this fort, however, which was doubtless but an earthen one, no accounts are preserved, though it may be safely conjectured that it was seized on and used as a stronghold by the Danish King Turgesius in the ninth century, as it appears certain from our annals that he had a strong fastness and harbour for his ships upon Lough Ree. But, be this as it may, we learn from another record in the Annals above quoted, that Rinn-duin was used as a fastness by the first Anglo-Norman invaders of Ireland as early as the close of the twelfth century, when they were forced to seek safety in it after a defeat which they had sustained in a battle with Cathal Carrach O’Conor, the son of Roderick and King of Connaught. The passage is as follows:—

“A. D. 1199. John de Courcy, at the head of the English of the North, and the son of Hugh de Lacy, at the head of the English of Meath, marched to Kilmacduach to aid Cathal the Red-handed O’Conor. Cathal Carrach, at the head of

The castle of Rinn-duin, or Randown, County of Roscommon, is situated on the eastern shore of Lough Ree, about eight miles north of Athlone. It is a fine specimen of a natural fortress, and was used as a stronghold by the Danish King Turgesius in the ninth century. It was also used as a fastness by the first Anglo-Norman invaders of Ireland as early as the close of the twelfth century. The castle is now in ruins, and is a fine specimen of a natural fortress.

*of Leath Eoghain, in the Annals of the Four Masters, at the year 1156.*

the Connacians, gave them battle. The English of Ulidia and Meath were defeated with such slaughter, that of their five battalions only two survived, and these were pursued from the field of battle to RINN-DUIN on Lough Ree, in which place John was hemmed in. Many of his English were killed and others drowned, for they had no mode of effecting their escape but by crossing the lake in boats."

It was not, however, long after this event till the English, taking advantage of the civil wars which raged in Connaught between the sons of Roderick and the sons of Cathal the Red-handed, got the peninsula of Rinn-duin into their own hands, and, fortifying it in their own more skilful manner, erected the noble castle, the ruins of which still remain, and form the subject of our prefixed illustration. The erection of this castle is thus recorded in the Annals of the Four Masters:—

"A. D. 1227. Hugh, the son of Roderick O'Conor, and William de Burgo, marched with a great army to the north of Connaught, burned *Inis Meadhoín*, plundered the country as they passed along, and took hostages. Geoffrey Mares (or de Marisco), and Turlogh, the son of Roderick O'Conor, marched with an army into *Magh Aoi* (county of Roscommon), erected a castle at RINN-DUIN, and took the hostages of *Siol-Muireadhaigh*."

It was at this period also that the lower portion of the peninsula was artificially insulated as an additional protection to the castle, by a broad ditch, still to be seen, though no longer filled with water, and which is connected with a beautiful little harbour for boats, called Safe Harbour, immediately beneath the castle.

But though, as we have shown, the peninsula of Rinn-duin was thus fortified by the English, it was not till the power of the O'Conors was still more broken by their own divisions, that the former were able to keep permanent possession of it. From a subsequent record in the Annals of the Four Masters, we find it shortly after in the possession of Turlogh O'Conor, the son of Roderick, who had been set up by the English in opposition to his cousin and rival Felim, the son of Cathal the Red-handed, and by whom he was ultimately slain. This record gives a curious picture of the mode of warfare of the time, and is worth presenting to our readers in full:—

"A. D. 1236. Felim, the son of Cathal the Red-handed, returned to Connaught after his banishment, being invited thither by some of the Connacians, namely, by O'Kelly, O'Flynn, the son of Hugh, who was son of Cathal the Red-handed O'Conor, and the son of Art O'Melaghlin, all forming four equally strong battalions. They marched to RINN-DUIN, where Brian, the son of Turlogh (O'Conor), Owen O'Heyne, Conor Boy, the son of Turlogh, and Mac Costelloe, had all the cows of the country; and Felim's people got over the enclosures of the *Island*; and the leaders and subleaders of the army drove off each a proportionate number of the cows, as they found them on the way before them; and they then dispersed, carrying off their booty in different directions, and leaving only, of the four battalions, four horsemen with Felim. As Brian, the son of Turlogh, Owen O'Heyne, and their troops, perceived that Felim's army was scattered, they set out quickly and vigorously with a small party of horse, and many foot soldiers, to attack Felim and his few horsemen. Conor Boy, the son of Turlogh, came up with the son of Hugh, who was the son of Cathal the Red-handed, and with his party; and mistaking them for his own people, he fell by Roderick, the son of Hugh, who was the son of Cathal the Red-handed. Felim (the king) strained his voice calling loudly after his army, and ordering them to return to oppose their enemies. Many of the host were killed by Felim upon the island; and outside the island were slain many *bad subjects*, and perpetrators of evil, as they all were, excepting only Teige, son of Cormac, who was son of Tomaltagh M'Dermott."

Our records are too scanty to enable us to trace the history of this castle and its various possessors with any clearness or consecutive order. It may, however, be inferred from the subsequent annals that it fell into the hands of Felim O'Conor after the attack above stated, and also that he kept possession of it till his death in 1264. During this period, though harassed by the De Burgos or Burkes, and still more by factious rivals of his own race, he usually preserved at least the semblance of peace with the English monarch, and had more than once his hereditary patrimony of five cantreds of land in Roscommon secured to him by royal charters. Upon one of those occasions the scene of conference between the representatives of the British monarch and the Connaught king was the Cas-

tle of Rinn-duin, as thus stated in the Annals of the Four Masters:—

"A. D. 1256. A lord justice arrived in Ireland from England, and he and Hugh O'Conor (the son of Felim) held a conference at RINN-DUIN, when a peace was established between them, on condition that while the lord justice should retain his office, no part of the province of Connaught should be taken from O'Conor."

By the death of Felim, however, the house of O'Conor received a blow which it never thoroughly recovered; for, though his son Hugh, who succeeded him in the government, inherited to the full extent his father's energy and valour, if not his prudence, he was less successful in his enterprises, and his death in 1274 gave additional strength to the English interest in Connaught. From a record in the Annals of the Four Masters it appears that the Castle of Rinn-duin was in the possession of the English settlers some years before his death, for it is stated at the year 1270 that

"The castle of Ath-Angaile, the castle of Sliabh-Lugha, and the castle of Cill Calman, were demolished by O'Conor; Roscommon, RINN-DUIN, and Uillin-Uanach, were also burned by him."

From this period forward the Castle of Rinn-duin appears to have been permanently garrisoned by the English, and its history can be traced only in the English records. In the great roll of the pipe, 1 Edward I. (1273), among the disbursements of John de Saundford of the escheats and wards of the Lord the King, it is stated that £12 18s was paid to Geoffrey de Geneville, chief justice of Ireland, for the re-edification and repairs of the Castle of Rendon; and also that 45 shillings were paid to Master Rico le Charpentier (or the carpenter) for 40 stone and 5 pounds of steel for the construction of a certain mill at the same place. Again, in the account of the expenses of the same Geoffrey de Geneville, from Wednesday next after the Assumption of the Virgin, anno 1 Edward I., to Michaelmas, 2 Edward I. (1273 to 1274), the following item occurs:—

"For the Castle of Rendon, to pay for the garrison and other necessaries..... £499 0 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ "

So in the account of Robert de Ufford, chief justice of Ireland, of all receipts, expenses, &c, delivered by Adam de Wettenhall into the Exchequer, from Christmas to Michaelmas, 4 Edward I. (1276), among the items are allowances for supplies of victuals for the garrison of Ren-duin, the construction of a mill, and other works of a new construction, the repairing of a fosse there, &c. Again, in the accounts for the following year, 1277, the following item occurs:—

"To Richard de Marisco, for works in the fosse and castle of Rendon..... £7 10 0"

And in the pipe roll of the 8th Edward I. there are similar accounts of disbursements for repairs to this fortress.

These notices are perhaps of little general interest, but they afford conclusive evidences of the ancient importance of this fastness, and the value set upon its possession as necessary to the support of the English interests in Connaught. The same records preserve the names of three of its constables, viz:—

Walter le Enfant was constable in 1285-87.

Richard Fitz-Simon Fitz-Richar was constable, with the annual fee of £40, in 1326.

John de Funtayns was constable, with the same fee, in 1334.

It appears that during the reigns of the first three Edwards, Rinn-duin became the seat of a town of some importance; and it was also the seat of a parish church and two monastic establishments, of which one was a priory for Knights Hospitalers, or for Cross-bearers, which, according to Ware, was said to have been founded in the reign of King John, and, as some writers say, by his express command. Be this, however, as it may, Philip de Angulo, or Costelloe, was a great benefactor to it in the reign of Henry III., if not actually, as it is probable, its founder.

From the Annals of the Four Masters we learn that the celebrated Irish historian and topographer John More O'Dugan died, "among the monks of John the Baptist," in this monastery in 1372. He was the hereditary antiquary of Hy Maine, or O'Kelly's country, and author of the topographical and historical poem reciting the names of the principal tribes and districts in Meath, Ulster, and Connaught, with the names of the chiefs who presided over them at the close of the twelfth century, as well as of several other works of great value which have descended to our times.

In 1305, the Prior of this abbey sued Odo, the Prior of Athlone, for the advowson of the vicarage of the church of Randowne.—*Rot. P. B. T. No. 52.*

The other abbey is said to have been founded under the invocation of the Holy Trinity for Præmonstre Canons, by Clarus Mac Moylin O'Maolchonry, Archdeacon of Elphin, about the year 1215.

Of all these structures, as well military as religious and domestic, there only remain at present deserted and time-worn ruins, but these ruins are of great interest, and speak most eloquently of the past. The most important feature amongst them is the castle, which occupies a rocky eminence, rising abruptly from the water on the shore of the small inlet called Safe Harbour, in which it may be presumed that the armed vessels employed upon Lough Ree found security under the walls of the fortress. This castle is well described by Mr Weld, in his excellent Survey of Roscommon, as being built nearly in the form of the letter P, the tail of the letter being short in proportion, and occupied by a spacious apartment for banqueting or assembly. In the head of the letter, next the upright stem, is placed the keep, a lofty, massive, and before the use of artillery, impregnable structure: it has a court before it to the east, which was defended along the curve by a strong wall, with banquette and parapet, and ditches of great depth, on the outer side. The line represented by the stem of the letter, stretching in a direction across the point, is in length above two hundred and forty feet, and is protected at its base by that great artificial fosse which insulated this lower portion of the peninsula and the castle as already stated, but which is now nearly dry, the level having been altered by the rubbish which has fallen into it from the ruins. Nearly in the centre of this line appear the remains of abutments, both on the castle and outer side of the fosse, marking the site of the draw-bridge, and opposite to a small gateway in the castle wall. "The keep," Mr Weld observes, "as beheld both on the land side and from the lake, presents a very imposing mass, its outer walls being entire, and its great tower rising to a very considerable elevation: but the edifice on the land side appears almost shapeless, owing to the extraordinary luxuriance of the ivy with which it is overrun, originating from two vast flatted stems which spring up over the base of the walls, just over the long fosse. I had the curiosity to measure them, and found the one to be four feet six inches, and the other seven feet five inches broad, presenting, though with many sinuosities, an undivided face of bark, from side to side, and still growing with great vigour. I cannot call to recollection having seen a more vast and uninterrupted mass of ivy foliage.

The great tower is about fifty feet broad next the fosse: in the upper story, traces of windows appear through the ivy, and of small watch-towers at the angles. Like the other great castles of the country, it was evidently destroyed by violence; and nothing short of the powerful effects of gunpowder could have cast down the prodigious fragments of masonry which stand, insulated in the inner court. The view of the castle is extremely pleasing from the water, and more particularly so, when the sheltered harbour beneath its walls receives a little fleet of the beautiful sailing pleasure-boats which are used upon this lake, the gaiety of whose ensigns and painted sides forms a remarkable contrast to the sombre tints of the ancient ivied walls, and the grey rocks on which they repose."

A short distance to the east of the castle, the remains of a round watch-tower, as it would appear to be, crown the summit of a promontory which is the highest point of the peninsula. Its diameter within is about fourteen feet, and the walls are four feet thick. The entrance and the window opposite to it face the water, and command most pleasing views up and down the lake. The window, surmounted by a flat rounded arch, about seven feet in height, is more spacious than such as are usually seen in a building of this kind, and affords ample light to the chamber. The ground between this promontory and the eminence occupied by the castle is low and marshy, and water probably once flowed over it.

In addition to the fosse already described, the castle, and indeed the whole peninsula, was further protected by a great wall which crossed from one side to the other. According to Mr Weld's measurements, this wall is 564 yards in length from water to water, its distance from the castle-fosse being 700 yards. "Nearly in the middle of it is an arched gateway, with its defences still tolerably entire, twenty-four feet deep, and presenting a front of twenty-one feet: between this gate and the water at either side there are square towers, at

unequal intervals of from sixty to ninety yards, advanced about thirteen feet beyond the line of the walls, and being in breadth about fifteen feet: in the interior the dimensions are about eight feet six inches. These towers doubtless afforded stations for the archers, and also facilitated the access to the parapet and banquette of the wall. Whether there ever had been a fosse on the outer side, I am unable to say; the probability is, that there was; but if so, the ground has been levelled, and the rank luxuriance of vegetation has obliterated its lines. The building of the wall, however, appears in many parts to have been hastily executed, and cement to have been sparingly used, yet it still remains a most interesting monument of the military works of past ages."

Of the ecclesiastical edifices of Rinn-duin, but small remains exist, and as their names are lost to tradition, it is difficult now to identify them with certainty. The principal ruin, which is situated near the draw-bridge over the great fosse, on the land side, is most probably the church erected in the commencement of the thirteenth century, and dedicated to the Holy Trinity. Neither windows nor doorways exist to give any idea of its style, but its walls are in sufficient preservation to show the form and dimensions of the building. Like most important Irish churches it consists of a nave and choir; the nave is sixty feet long and twenty-four feet wide, the choir thirty-three feet long and eighteen wide. This church, it may be presumed, stood in a conspicuous part of the town; but not a vestige now remains of any other edifice, either ecclesiastical or domestic, between the castle and the fortified wall across the isthmus. The rude remains of the other ecclesiastical buildings are situated on the outer side of the fortified wall, and are connected with a burial-ground still much used; but there is nothing in these remains worthy of particular notice.

A desire to supply, as far as in our power, a chasm in our local histories, has induced us to extend our notice of the remains of Rinn-duin to a greater length than that usually allotted to our topographical papers, the history of these remains having been hitherto involved in great darkness. Dr Ledwich, in his account of the castle, written for Grose's Antiquities of Ireland, briefly states that there are no memorials of its structure! And even Mr Weld, the latest writer who has described this locality, remarks, that "as to its past history, it is involved in a mysterious and perhaps now impenetrable obscurity." By the publication, for the first time, of much matter hitherto locked up in manuscript records, we have, as we trust, thrown no small additional light on the history of these interesting remains; and we have only to add, that for the documents which we have used, we are in part indebted to the kindness of Sir W. Betham, and still more to that of our friend Mr O'Donovan, who has allowed us the use of his translation of the unpublished Annals of the Four Masters.

P.

#### A VENETIAN DIDDLER.

WHEN in Venice, I had but two scicchinos left wherewith to fight my way through this wicked world. My spirits for the first time deserted me: I never passed so miserable a night in my life, and in shame of my "doublet and hose," I felt very much inclined to "cry like a child." While tossing on my pillow, however, I chanced to recollect a letter which my landlord of Bologna, Signor Passerini, had given me to a friend of his, a Signor Andrioli; for, as he told me, he thought the introduction might be of use to me.

In the morning I went to the Rialto coffee-house, to which I was directed by the address of the letter. Here I found the gentleman who was the object of my search. After reading my credentials very graciously, he smiled, and requested me to take a turn with him in the Piazza St Marc. He was a fine-looking man, of about sixty years of age. I remarked there was an aristocratic manner about him, and he wore a very large tie-wig, well powdered, with an immensely long tail. He addressed me with a benevolent and patronizing air, and told me that he should be delighted to be of service to me, and bade me from that moment consider myself under his protection. "A little business," said he, "calls me away at this moment, but if you will meet me here at two o'clock, we will adjourn to my casino, where, if you can dine on one dish, you will perhaps do me the favour to partake of a boiled capon and rice. I can only offer you that; perhaps a rice soup, for which my cook is famous; and it may be just one or two little things not worth mentioning."

A boiled capon—rice soup—other little things, thought I—

mana in the wilderness! I strolled about, not to get an appetite, for that was ready, but to kill time. My excellent, hospitable, long-tailed friend was punctual to the moment; I joined him, and proceeded towards his residence.

As we were bending our steps thither, we happened to pass a lutanigera's (a ham-shop), in which there was some ham ready dressed in the window. My powdered patron paused,—it was an awful pause; he reconnoitred, examined, and at last said, "Do you know, Signor, I was thinking that some of that ham would eat deliciously with our capon:—I am known in this neighbourhood, and it would not do for me to be seen buying ham. But do you go in, my child, and get two or three pounds of it, and I will walk on and wait for you."

I went in of course, and purchased three pounds of the ham, to pay for which I was obliged to change one of my two zecchinos. I carefully folded up the precious viand, and rejoined my excellent patron, who eyed the relishing slices with the air of a *gourmand*; indeed, he was somewhat diffuse in his own dispraise for not having recollected to order his servant to get some before he left home. During this peripatetic lecture on gastronomy, we happened to pass a cantina, in plain English, a wine-cellar. At the door he made another full stop.

"In that house," said he, "they sell the best Cyprus wine in Venice—peculiar wine—a sort of wine not to be had any where else; I should like you to taste it; but I do not like to be seen buying wine by retail to carry home; go in yourself; buy a couple of flasks, and bring them to my *cassino*; nobody hereabouts knows you, and it won't signify in the least."

This last request was quite appalling; my pocket groaned to its very centre; however, recollecting that I was on the high road to preferment, and that a patron, cost what he might, was still a patron, I made the plunge, and, issuing from the cantina, set forward for my venerable friend's *cassino*, with three pounds of ham in my pocket, and a flask of wine under each arm.

I continued walking with my excellent long-tailed patron, expecting every moment to see an elegant, agreeable residence, smiling in all the beauties of nature and art; when, at last, in a dirty miserable lane, at the door of a tall dingy-looking house, my *Mæcenas* stopped, indicated that we had reached our journey's end, and, marshalling me the way that I should go, began to mount three flights of sickening stairs, at the top of which I found his *cassino*: it was a little Cas, and a deuce of a place to boot; in plain English, it was a garret. The door was opened by a wretched old miscreant, who acted as cook, and whose drapery, to use a gastronomic simile, was "done to rags."

Upon a ricketty apology for a table were placed a tattered cloth, which once had been white, and two plates; and presently in came a large bowl of boiled rice.

"Where's the capon?" said my patron to his man.

"Capon!" echoed the ghost of a servant; "the——"

"Has not the rascal sent it?" cried the master.

"Rascal!" repeated the man, apparently terrified.

"I knew he would not," exclaimed my patron, with an air of exultation, for which I saw no cause. "Well, well, never mind, put down the ham and the wine; with those and the rice, I dare say, young gentleman, you will be able to make it out. I ought to apologise, but in fact it is all your own fault that there is not more; if I had fallen in with you earlier, we should have had a better dinner."

I confess I was surprised, disappointed, and amused; but as matters stood, there was no use in complaining, and accordingly we fell to, neither of us wanting the best of all sauces—appetite.

I soon perceived that my promised patron had baited his trap with a fowl to catch a fool; but as we ate and drank, all care vanished, and, rogue as I suspected him to be, my long-tailed friend was a clever witty fellow, and, besides telling me a number of anecdotes, gave me some very good advice; amongst other things to be avoided, he cautioned me against numbers of people who in Venice lived only by duping the unwary. I thought this counsel came very ill from him. "Above all," said he, "keep up your spirits, and recollect the Venetian proverb, 'A hundred years of melancholy will not pay one farthing of debt.'"—*Reminiscences of Michael Kelly.*

Poets often compare life to the sea; and the truth is, that, however bright the surface may be, they are both of them, whenever analysis is used, *salt water*.

## APOLOGUES AND FABLES,

IN PROSE AND VERSE, FROM THE GERMAN AND OTHER LANGUAGES.

(Translated for the Irish Penny Journal.)

### No. III.—THE STORY OF THE OLD WOLF.

I.

SIR ISEGRIM, the Wolf, was grown old. The years that had passed over his head, too, had brought with them changes hardly to be expected in a wolf at any season of life. All his fierceness and ferocity were gone; he was no longer the slayer of sheep and terror of shepherds: no; he had lost his teeth, and was now a philosopher. To superficial observers, perhaps, the alteration in his character might not have been very obvious; but he himself knew that he was no more what he had been—that his lupuline prowess had departed from him. He resolved accordingly on showing mankind what a reformation had overtaken him. "One of my brethren," said he, "once assumed the garb of a lamb, but he was still a wolf at heart. I reverse the fable; I seem outwardly a wolf, but at heart I am a lamb. Appearances are deceptive; whatever prejudices may be excited against me by my exterior, with which I was born, and for which I am not accountable, I have that within which passeth show. I trust that I feel an exemplary horror for the blood-thirstiness of my juvenile instincts, and the savage revellings of my maturer years. I am determined, therefore, to accommodate my way of life in future to the usages of society—to march with the spirit of the age—to cut no more throats—to become in short quite civilized—and set an example which may have the effect of eventually bringing all the wolves of the forest into the same reputable position as my own."

Full of these thoughts, and possibly some others, which he kept to himself, he set out upon a journey to the hut of the nearest shepherd, which he soon reached.

"Shepherd," said he, "I have come to talk over a little matter with you, personal to myself. You have been long the object of my esteem; I entertain a special regard for you; but you requite my esteem and regard with suspicion and hatred. You think me a lawless and sanguinary robber. My friend, you labour under a deplorable prejudice. What have I done, at least for many years back, worse than others? The head and front of my offending is that I eat sheep. Suppose so: must not every animal eat some other animal? I have the misfortune to be subject, like all quadrupeds (as well as bipeds), to hunger. Only guarantee me from the attacks of hunger; and upon my honour, Shepherd, I will never even dream of pillaging your fold. Give me enough to eat, and you may turn your dogs loose, and sleep in security. Ah! Shepherd, believe me, you do not know what a gentle, meek, sleek-tempered animal I can become when I have got what I think enough."

"When you have got what you think enough!" retorted the Shepherd, who had listened to this harangue with visible impatience; "ay, but when did you ever get what you thought enough? Did Avarice ever think it had got enough? No: you would cram your maw as the miser would his chest, and when both were gorged to repletion, the cry would still be, More! More! Go your way; you are getting into years; but I am even older than you; and your cajolery is wasted. Try somebody else, old Isegrim!"

II.

I see that I must, thought the Wolf; and prosecuting his journey farther, he came to the habitation of a second shepherd.

"Come, Shepherd!" he began stoutly, "I have a proposal to make to you. You know me, who I am, and how I live. You know that if I choose to exert my energies, I can dine and sup upon the heart's blood of every sheep and lamb under your care. Very well: now mark me; if you bestow on me half a dozen sheep every twelvemonth, I pledge you my word that I will look for no more. And only think what a fine thing it will be for you to purchase the safety of your entire flock at the beggarly price of half a dozen sheep!"

"Half a dozen sheep!" cried the Shepherd, bursting into a derisive laugh; "why, that's equal to a whole flock!"

"Well, well, I am reasonable," said the Wolf; "give me five."

"Surely you are joking," said the Shepherd. "Why, if I



were in the habit of sacrificing to Pan, I don't think I should offer him more than five sheep the whole year round."

"Four, then, my dear friend," urged the Wolf, coaxingly; "you won't think four too many?"

"Ah," returned the Shepherd, with a sly glance from the corner of his eye, "don't you wish you may get them?"

The selfish scoundrel, how he mooks me! thought the Wolf. "Will you promise me three, or even two?"

"Not even one—not the ghost of one!" replied the Shepherd, emphatically. "A pretty protector of my flock I should prove myself, truly, to surrender it piecemeal into the claws of my inveterate enemy! Take yourself off, my fine fellow, before you chance to vex me!"

### III.

The third attempt generally creates or dissipates the charm, cogitated Isegrim. May it be so in this present instance! As he mentally uttered this ejaculation, he found himself in the presence of a third shepherd.

"Ah! my worthy, my excellent friend," cried he, "I have been looking for you the whole day. I want to communicate a piece of news to you. You must know that I have been struggling desperately of late to regenerate my character. The enormity of my past career, haunted as it is with phantoms of blood and massacre, is for ever before my eyes, and humbles me—oh, dear! how much nobody can guess. I have grown very penitent, and very, very soft-hearted altogether, Shepherd." Here Isegrim hung his head, overcome for a moment by his emotions. "Still, Shepherd, still—and this is what I want you to understand—I find I can make after all but slight progress by myself. I go on smack smooth enough for a while, and then my zeal flags. I require encouragement and sympathy, and the companionship of the good and the gentle, who could give me advice, and point out to me the path of rectitude continually. In short, you see, if—if you would be but generous enough to allow a sheep or two of enlightened principles to take a walk out with me occasionally, in the cool of the evening, along some sequestered valley, sacred to philosophic musings, I feel that it would prove of the greatest advantage to me, in a moral and intellectual point of view. But ah! I perceive you are laughing at me: may I ask whether there is any thing in my request that strikes you as ridiculous?"

"Permit me to answer your question by another," said the Shepherd, with a sneer. "Pray, Master Wolf, how old are you?"

"Old enough to be fierce enough," exclaimed Isegrim, with something of the ferocity of old days in his tone and eye; "let me tell you that, Master Shepherd."

"And, like all the rest you have been telling me, it is a lie," was the Shepherd's response. "You would be fierce if you could; but, to your mortification, you are grown imbecile—you have the will, but want the power. Your mouth betrays you, if your tongue don't, old deceiver! Yet, though you can bite no longer, you are still, I dare say, able to mumble; and on the whole, I shouldn't fancy being a sheep's head and shoulders in your way just now. What's bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh, says the proverb; and I believe you are one of the last animals one could expect to falsify it. I'll take right good care to keep you at crook's length, my crafty neighbour; make yourself certain of that!"

### IV.

The wrath of the Wolf was excessive, but after some time it began to subside. Mankind, it was evident, at least the pastoral portion of them, did not appreciate as they ought the dawn of intelligence among the lupuline race—the first faint efforts of the brute intellect to attain emancipation from ignorance and savagism. However, he would try again. Perseverance might conquer destiny. The Great, thought he, are not always thus unfortunate. Certainly it should not be so in my case. Ha! here we are at the door of another shepherd, and methinks a man of a thoughtful and benevolent aspect. Let us see how we shall get along with his new crookship.

So he began: "How is this, my dear friend?" he asked; "you seem rather depressed in spirits. Nothing unpleasant, I hope?—no domestic fracas, or thing of that sort—eh?"

"No," returned the Shepherd, sighing, "but I have lost my faithful dog—an animal I have had for years—and I shall never be able to supply his place. I have been just thinking what a noble creature he was."

"Gads! that's good news!" cried the Wolf—"I mean for

myself—ay, and on second thoughts, let me add for you too, Shepherd. You have me exactly in the nick of time. It's just the nicest thing that could have happened!"

"What do you mean?" cried the shepherd. "Nicest thing that could have happened! I don't understand you."

"I'll enlighten you, my worthy," cried Isegrim in high spirits. "What would you think? I have just had the bloodiest battle you can imagine with my brethren in the forest; they and I quarrelled upon a point of etiquette; so I tore a dozen and a half of them to pieces, and made awful examples of all the rest. The consequence is, that the whole of the brute world is up in arms against me; I can no longer herd with my kind; for safety sake I must make my dwelling among the children of men. Now, as you have lost your dog, what can you do better than hire me to fill his place? Depend upon it, I shall have such a constant eye to your sheep! And, as to expense, I shall cost you nothing; for as employment, and not emolument, is my object, I shall manage to live on a mere idea—in fact, I don't care whether I eat or drink; I'll feed upon air, if you only take me into your service!"

"Do you mean to say," demanded the Shepherd, "that you would protect my flock against the invasions of your own brethren, the wolves?"

"Mean to say it! I'll swear it," cried Isegrim. "I'll keep them at such a distance that no eye in the village shall see them; that their very existence shall become at length matter of tradition only; so that people shall think there is only one Wolf—that's myself—in the world!"

"And pray," asked the Shepherd, "while you protect my sheep against other wolves, who will protect them against you? Am I to suppose that though you hold the place of a dog, you can ever forget that you inherit the nature of a wolf? And if I cannot suppose so, should I not be a madman to employ you? What! introduce a thief into my house that he may forestall by his own individual industry the assaults of other thieves on my property? Upon my word, that's not so bad! I wonder in what school you learned such precious logic, Master Isegrim?"

"You be hanged!" cried the Wolf in a rage, as he took his departure; "a pretty fellow you are to talk to me of schools, you who were never even at a hedge-school!"

### V.

"What a bore it is to be superannuated!" soliloquized the Wolf. "I should get on famously, but for these unfurnished jaws of mine;" and he gnashed his gums together with as much apparent fervour as if he had got a mouthful of collops between them. "However, I must cut my coat according to my cloth. 'Tis not in mortals to command success." With which quotation from an English poet, Sir Isegrim made a halt before the cottage of a fifth shepherd.

"Good morrow, Corydon," was his courteous greeting. The accosted party cast his eyes upon Isegrim, but made no reply.

"Do you know me, Shepherd?" asked the Wolf. "Perhaps not you, as an individual," said the Shepherd, "but at least I know the like of you."

"I should think not, though," suggested Isegrim. "I should think you cannot. I should think you never saw the like of me, Corydon."

"Indeed!" cried Corydon, opening his eyes; "and why not, pray?"

"Because, Corydon," answered Isegrim, "I am a singular sort of wolf altogether—marvellous, unique, like to myself alone. I am one of those rare specimens of brute intellectuality that visit the earth once perhaps in three thousand years. My sensibilities, physical and moral, are of a most exquisite order. To give you an illustration—I never could bear to kill a sheep; the sight of the blood would be too much for my nerves; and hence, if I ever partake of animal food, it can only be where life has been for some time extinct in the natural way. I wait until a sheep expires at a venerable old age, and then I cook him in a civilized manner. But why do I mention all this to you? I'll tell you frankly, my admirable friend. My refined susceptibilities have totally disqualified me for living in the forest, and I want a home under your hospitable roof. I know that after what I have said you cannot refuse me one, for even you yourself eat dead sheep; and I protest most solemnly that I will dine at your table."

"And I protest most solemnly that you shall do no such thing," returned the Shepherd. "You eat dead sheep, do you? Let me tell you that a wolf whose appetite is partial to dead sheep, may be now and then persuaded by hunger to

mistake sick sheep for dead, and healthy sheep for sick. Trot off with your susceptibilities elsewhere, if you please. There's a hatchet in the next room."

VL

Have I left a single stone unturned to carry my point? demanded the Wolf of himself. Yes, there is a chance for me yet. I have it! And full of hope he came to the cottage of the sixth shepherd.

"Look at me, Shepherd!" he cried. "Am I not a splendid quadruped for my years? What's your opinion of my skin?"

"Very handsome and glossy indeed," said the Shepherd. "You don't seem to have been much worried by the dogs."

"No, Shepherd, no," replied Isegrim, "I have not been much worried by dogs, but I have been and am worried, awfully worried, Shepherd, by hunger. Now, the case being so, as you admire my skin, you and I shall strike a bargain. I am grown old, and cannot live many days longer: feed me then to death, cram me to the gullet, Shepherd, and I'll bequeath you my beautiful skin!"

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the Shepherd. "You come to the person of all on earth most interested in compassing your death, and you demand of him the means to enable you to live. How modest of you! No, no, my good fellow, your skin would cost me in the end seven times its worth. If you really wish to make me a present of it, give it to me now. Here's a knife, and I'll warrant, you'll disembarrass you of it before you can say Trapstick."

But the Wolf had already scampered off.

VII

"Oh, the bloody-minded wretches!" he exclaimed, "give them fair words or foul, their sole resort to you is still, the hatchet! the cleaver! the tomahawk! Shall I endure this treatment? Never! I'll return on my trail this moment, and be revenged on the whole of the iniquitous generation."

So saying, he furiously dashed back the way he had come, rushed into the shepherds' huts, sprang upon and tore the eyes out of several of their children, and was only finally subdued and killed after a hard struggle, during which he managed to inflict a number of rather ugly wounds upon his captors.

It was then that a venerable shepherd of five score years and ten, the patriarch of the village, spoke to them as follows:—"How much better, my friends, would it have been for us if we had acceded at first to the terms proposed by this reckless destroyer! Whether he was sincere or not, we could have easily established so vigilant a system of discipline with respect to him that he should not have had it in his power to injure us. Now, too late, we may deplore the evil that we cannot remedy. Ah, believe me, my friends, it is an unwise policy to drive the vicious to desperation: the hand of the outcast from society becomes at last armed against all mankind; he ceases after a season to distinguish between friends and enemies. Few, perhaps none, are so bad as to be utterly irremediable; and he who discourages the first voluntary efforts of the guilty towards reforming themselves, on the pretence that they are hypocritical, arrogates to himself that discrimination into motives which belongs alone to the Supreme Judge of all hearts, and becomes in a degree responsible for the ruinous consequences that are almost certain to result from his conduct." M.

## TO KATHARINE.

BY J. U. U.

Believe not I forget thee: not for one  
Dark moment have I been thus self-divided  
From that deep consciousness which is for ever  
The light of all my thoughts; it were to lose  
My own existence—a chill blank in life:  
For all is colourless when love deserts  
The heart—sole centre of all joy and woe;  
Whose light or gloom all nature wears. Believe  
My breast still weary till it turns to thee,  
The load-star of its constant faith—unchanged  
By distance or by time. For thee it cares:  
For thee its joys are treasured up untasted,  
As scattered sweets which the home-loving bee  
Hoards for its mossy dwelling far away.

## THE JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE.

The Jerusalem artichoke affords a plentiful supply of winter food for sheep and cattle, and is highly serviceable in situations where, owing to the unfitness of the soil, or a deficiency of manure, turnips, carrots, mangold wurtzel, or potatoes, can be cultivated only to a small extent. Mr Morewood, in the "History of Inebriating Liquors," p. 399, thus treats of the advantages attending its cultivation:—"In some parts of the north of France the root of the Jerusalem artichoke (*Helianthus tuberosus*) has been introduced for the purpose of distillation. The wash from this vegetable is found to yield a very pure strong spirit, which resembles that obtained from the grape more than any substitute that has hitherto been tried. As the root grows readily in Great Britain, and might be cultivated abundantly, it would be well to try the experiment here, as we have no medium spirit between genuine French brandy and the fiery produce of grain sold under the denominations of gin and whisky. In Ireland the cultivation of this plant would be attended with great advantage, since it thrives well in a boggy soil; and in a country like it, where there are so many unreclaimed and waste lands, its culture would be a profitable speculation, for while the roots would afford a fine material for distillation, the tops would yield more fodder than the same space of ground, if sown with ordinary grain."

In Scotland this plant is only to be found in the gardens, the agriculturists of that country being, it would seem, as yet unacquainted with its value as a fodder. According to Mr Tighe, in the "Survey of Kilkenny," p. 342, it has been partially introduced into that county. He says, "The Jerusalem artichoke has been tried as a food for sheep by the Rev. Dr Butler; he found them very fond of the roots, which agreed well with them; the quantity produced in ground without manure was calculated to be at the rate of one hundred barrels per acre (a barrel is five bushels or twenty stones). Being very hardy plants, they will thrive in a poor soil without any manure, and are extremely productive: pigs may be fed with them as well as sheep; and as horses are said to be fond of the tops, it is surprising that their use in agriculture has not been more general. One advantage attends their cultivation—they are not liable to be stolen like turnips, cabbage, young rape, and similar plants; they are not with more difficulty extirpated from ground than potatoes, though this had been objected to them, and will perish soon when the field is laid down with grass."

## EARLY STRUGGLES OF MEN OF GENIUS.

ANECDOTE OF ROOKE, THE COMPOSER.

We do not know if it be stated in the Life of Sir Walter Scott that several years previous to his death he had proposed to write a work on the early difficulties to which the most illustrious men of genius in the British islands had been subjected, but it is within our own knowledge that during his visit to Ireland he avowed this intention, and for this purpose collected facts relative to our own most distinguished countrymen, some of which were obtained from ourselves. Such a work, as that great man would have written it, would be of inestimable value; and it is deeply to be lamented that the difficulties in which his own latter years were involved should have prevented him from undertaking it. We have been reminded of this interesting fact by the following anecdote, which has been communicated to us by a friend, illustrative of the early difficulties with which one of our most eminent countrymen had to contend, and from which he succeeded in extricating himself, no less by persevering energy of mind, independence of spirit, and propriety of conduct, than by the possession and cultivation of talents of the highest order—we allude to the author of the opera of "Amilie, or the Love Token." We give the anecdote in our friend's own words:—

"William M. Rooke, the composer of the delightful music of 'Amilie,' an opera which has spread his musical fame far and wide, had in early life to contend for years, in his native city, Dublin, against difficulties which would have broken the spirit of any one, save a man endowed with the strongest mental powers: indeed, many men of great talents have sunk under trials which the genius and perseverance of Rooke have at length overcome, placing him at his present height of celebrity as a British composer. None can so truly estimate his merits as those who are aware of the hard fortune of his early days,

and what he had to struggle against previous to his visiting London in 1821.

In reference to these struggles, the following singular fact may not prove uninteresting to those fond of the marvellous; and had not the circumstance occurred in my presence, I should have doubted its truth:—One morning during the summer of 1818, I called at Rooke's lodgings, and on entering the room found him in a state of great dejection. 'How are you, Billy?' said I (my usual salute). 'As well as a man can be,' he replied, 'who has not yet had his breakfast, and who has not a farthing in his pocket to procure one.' This was at eleven o'clock. At the very moment that this reply was uttered, our eyes were attracted by a light piece of paper, which for a short time floating over our heads, finally settled upon the floor; and our astonishment may be imagined on discovering it to be a bank note! It would not be easy to describe my feelings. I gazed on the object intently, scarcely believing it a reality, although I could plainly see the prominent features of its value—Thirty Shillings! We both remained for some minutes motionless, except that our eyes were cast alternately from the object of our wonder to the various parts of the room, seeking a cause for so unexpected but welcome a visitor. This apparent mystery, however, was soon explained. Some months previous, Rooke had missed a thirty-shilling note, and supposed it to have been stolen from him. On the morning of my call he had been seeking some manuscript music stowed away in a press near the window, the upper sash of which was down; and in his search the long-lost note had thus been exposed to a strong current of air, which ultimately dislodged it from its place of concealment, restored it to its owner at a moment when it was so much wanted.

When last in London, during an evening's chat with my friend, casting our thoughts back upon old times and circumstances, I brought to his recollection the fact here related, the singularity of which principally rests upon the strange chance of the mislaid note re-appearing at such a time and in such a manner; and I question whether, in all its rambles before or since, the said thirty-shilling note ever came to hand so opportunely. B. W.

### THE NATURE OF WATER.

We concluded a previous notice of some of the uses to which water is subservient in nature, by mentioning that modern science had fully proved the incorrectness of the ancient idea of the elementary nature of water; and that by the processes which chemistry places at our disposal, we are now able to resolve water into its elements, or, having obtained these elements from other sources, to cause them to unite, and to produce water in combining. In the present article we shall point out the manner in which this may be accomplished, and describe some properties and uses of water which the space at our disposal did not allow us to notice before.

Water consists in great part of the substance to which is due the power the atmosphere possesses of supporting life and combustion, and of which we have formerly spoken under the name of oxygen. Every nine ounces of water contain eight ounces of oxygen, the remainder being made up of another and very peculiar substance, termed hydrogen. Hydrogen is a gas, invisible, colourless, and transparent, and consequently in all external characters precisely like the air we breathe. But it differs from it very much in other respects. If a lighted candle be placed in hydrogen gas, the candle is extinguished, for hydrogen does not support combustion, but the gas itself takes fire, where it mixes with the air, and burns with a pale yellowish flame, scarcely visible in broad day-light. Hence hydrogen is in its properties the very reverse of oxygen: it burns, which oxygen does not; oxygen supports combustion, which hydrogen cannot do. When hydrogen burns with oxygen, water is always formed.

Now, to decompose water it is only necessary to act upon the principle of hydrogen being a combustible substance. All substances are not equally combustible; that is to say, they do not burn or combine with oxygen with equal facility or quickness. Thus charcoal is more combustible than iron, iron is more combustible than copper, and copper than gold or silver, whilst phosphorus is still more combustible than charcoal. Now, oxygen will combine with any of these combustible substances; but if it have a choice, it will take that which is most combustible—that which it likes best. And even if the oxygen be already united with one body, and that another more combustible be brought into action on it, it will

leave the former, and attach itself altogether to the latter substance. The combustibility of hydrogen is about equal to that of iron. It is inferior to carbon and to many other bodies; but it is superior to that of copper, silver, gold, and others. If, therefore, we take water in the state of steam, and bring it into contact with red-hot charcoal or coke, the oxygen of the water goes to the most combustible body, and the hydrogen is set free. In this way charcoal may be made to burn brilliantly without air, but not without oxygen. A red-hot bit of charcoal burns in steam, because it decomposes the water; it takes the oxygen, and turns the hydrogen out, which assuming the form of gas, may be collected by means of peculiar chemical apparatus.

Iron and hydrogen are, as mentioned above, about equally combustible: in fact it depends upon the degree of heat, which is the more combustible. If the iron be bright red, it decomposes water, taking away the oxygen; but if it be only dull red, then hydrogen is the more combustible; and if there be a compound of oxygen and iron ready formed (oxide of iron, rust), the hydrogen will decompose it, and water being formed, the iron will be set free. If, therefore, a gun barrel be laid across a fire, and heated to bright redness, and a little water be poured into it at one end by means of a tundish with a stop-cock soldered to it, hydrogen gas will issue from the other end, and may be burned, or collected for various purposes.

Hydrogen gas may be prepared more easily by other processes, which do not show, however, so clearly the fact of its being derived from the decomposition of the water. The property which iron acquires at a bright red heat may be given to it without any heat, by means of some oil of vitriol (called in the language of chemists, sulphuric acid). Iron quite cold will decompose water, if the water be previously mixed with some sulphuric acid. The oxygen goes to the iron, which dissolves, and the liquor contains green copperas. The metal zinc, which is now so very much used in the arts, may also be employed with sulphuric acid and water to decompose water, and it gives a purer hydrogen gas than iron, the latter metal containing always a little charcoal, which mixes with the hydrogen and contaminates it.

In all of these processes, although the water is decomposed, yet we obtain only one of its elements; the other, the oxygen, remaining combined with the iron, the charcoal, or the zinc. We may, however, produce the separation of water into its elements, so as to exhibit both. This is done by passing a current of electricity from the apparatus termed the galvanic battery, through the water. One of the grandest and most fruitful discoveries ever made in chemistry was that by Sir Humphry Davy, who proved that electricity possesses the power of separating compound substances into their elements; and by that means he succeeded in decomposing numerous bodies which had resisted all processes known before that time, and obtained new substances of a simple nature, and of most curious and important properties. To decompose water by means of electricity, the wires from the galvanic battery are made to dip into a little cup of water, and over each wire there is hung a bell-shaped vessel, inverted, full of water. When the current passes, pure oxygen gas is disengaged from one wire, and pure hydrogen gas is liberated at the other, and being received as the bubbles rise in the bell-glasses, the gases are collected for use.

So much for the separation of water into its elements; the production of water by the union of its elements is still easier. The simplest way to show this is to take a little bottle, and put into it the zinc, water, and sulphuric acid, by which the hydrogen is to be obtained, to fit to the mouth of the bottle a cork, through which passes a little glass or metal tube, ending in a fine jet. The gas may be set on fire as it issues from the jet, and by holding a cold plate or a tumbler over the flame, and at a little distance, a copious dew of water will be deposited upon it, which after a few moments will increase so much as to run into large drops. This water is formed by the hydrogen gas combining as it burns with the oxygen of the air.

Hydrogen gas in burning produces very little light: one cause of this is, that the product of combustion-formed water being in a state of steam, there is no solid substance in the flame; and it appears to be always true that no bright light can exist without a solid material. In order to produce a great light with the flame of hydrogen gas, it is only necessary to place a wire or a bit of flint, or any solid substance, in the flame. The solid immediately becomes intensely bright, and

by using lime or magnesia, which are peculiarly fitted for the purpose, a light so intense as to be only surpassed by the noon-day summer sun, may be obtained. This lime light has been introduced for experiment into lighthouses, and has been particularly serviceable in the trigonometrical surveys of these kingdoms, in consequence of which it is generally known as the Drummond light, from the eminent philosopher whose recent melancholy loss every Irishman must deplore. The heat produced by the flame of hydrogen is thus most intense; substances which are inattainable by the strongest furnaces melt like wax in the jet of oxygen and hydrogen, and in the Drummond light the lime appears gradually to evaporate.

A mixture of hydrogen and oxygen, or of hydrogen and air, may be thus set fire to by a candle; and when previously mixed, a terrific explosion is produced. Persons should therefore be very cautious how they perform experiments with hydrogen, as even skilful chemists have occasionally suffered severely from accidents of this kind. When a young person makes hydrogen for the first time, he is naturally curious, and hastens to satisfy himself by seeing that it burns: he applies the candle before all the common air has been expelled from the apparatus, and the mixture inside being still explosive, the flame passes back, and the whole is shattered into pieces with the noise and violence of a bombshell. At the same time, therefore, that we would be happy if this article induced many of our young readers to satisfy themselves of the composition and decomposition of water by actual experiment, yet we trust they will do so prudently, and with the guidance of some older person who has previously seen how chemical apparatus are employed.

If a wide tube of glass be held over the jet of burning hydrogen gas, a very curious result is produced: a powerful musical sound is heard, which changes according as the jet is moved up and down in the tube. The nearer the jet is to the orifice, the graver, the higher up in the tube it is, the more acute, is the sound heard. The cause of this is, that the flame, which to the eye appears uniform and continuous, is in reality a number of very small explosions of mixed air and gas. These succeed one another so rapidly that the intervals of darkness which intervene are not perceived, and the quantity of gas which explodes is too small to produce any audible noise; but on bringing a tube, the air in which is capable of vibrating with the same quickness as the little explosions are produced, the air is thrown into vibrations which reach the ear, and produce the peculiar musical tone. With a selection of gas jets and tubes a variety of notes may be produced, so great that a musical instrument has been constructed by their means.

Hydrogen gas is the lightest substance in nature, and it is consequently used to fill balloons, by which men have been carried to a height in the air much exceeding that of the loftiest mountains. When balloons were first made use of, they were of the kind which are now termed fire-balloons: the bag of the balloon was open at the bottom, and in the car was a furnace, the chimney of which terminated at the aperture of the balloon. The hot air and gases generated by the burning of the fuel in the furnace ascending into the bag, expelled the heavier cold air, and a sufficient power of rising was thus obtained, by the difference between the weight of the heated and of the cold air, to enable the balloon to take up a very considerable weight. Hydrogen gas being, however, at least ten times as light as the hot air, was much more convenient, as it required only a much smaller balloon; and the unfortunate death of the most remarkable experimenter of the fire-balloon, Pilatre de Rozier, contributed also very much to show their great danger, and prevent their being used.

Although many persons had proposed from time to time to ascend by means of balloons filled with heated or rarified air, or with hydrogen gas, it was reserved for the brothers Montgolfier of Lyons to realize this bold and singular idea. These brothers had originally been destined to science, but on the death of an elder brother who had been an extensive paper maker at Lyons, they abandoned their former pursuits to continue the manufacture. They made large paper balloons, which, whether filled with hydrogen gas or heated air, ascended, and one brother ascended to a small height at Lyons. On introducing their invention to the notice of the public and the royal family at Paris, the greatest enthusiasm was excited, and personages of the highest rank accompanied the adventurous brothers in their aerial voyages. Pilatre de Rozier, then director of the king's museum, devoted himself completely to

the improvement of the new art of the navigation of the air; and after having ascended from Versailles frequently, and gained a considerably greater height than any of his predecessors, he resolved to cross the British Channel, and pass from France to England in a fire-balloon. He ascended from a village about half way between Calais and Boulogne, on September the 16th, 1784, with a gentleman of the town as a companion; and having attained a considerable height, was carried by the favourable wind over the sea in his proper course. The balloon however continuing to rise, got into a current of air in an opposite direction, and was brought again over the land; at this moment the spectators on shore were horrified to observe that the balloon, half lost in the clouds, was on fire, and after a moment the car was observed to fall. The remains of the car and of the unfortunate aeronauts, in whom scarcely a vestige of human form could be traced, were found in a field on the road to Abbeville; and a stone bearing the simple inscription of the fate of Pilatre de Rozier and his companion marks to the present day the place, close by the road-side, where the bodies were inhumed.

The substitution of hydrogen or of coal gas for the fire-balloon, has deprived aerial navigation of its greatest dangers. No good means of steering or tacking a balloon having been discovered, the art has not yet fulfilled the expectations that were at first formed of it: the balloon is at the mercy of the winds; and although the voyagers travel in ease and safety, and often with rail-road speed, yet as it cannot be foretold in what direction the balloon must go, voyages in the air have been as yet only an exciting and not very dangerous amusement. K.

**THE THEATRE.**—I approach a subject, on which a great variety of opinion exists, and that is the theatre. In its present state the theatre deserves no encouragement. It is an accumulation of immoral influences. It has nourished intemperance and all vice. In saying this, I do not say that the amusement is radically, essentially evil. I can conceive of a theatre which would be the noblest of all amusements, and would take a high rank among the means of refining the taste and elevating the character of a people. The deep woes, the mighty and terrible passions, and the sublime emotions of genuine tragedy, are fitted to thrill us with human sympathies, with profound interest in our nature, with a consciousness of what man can do, and dare, and suffer, with an awed feeling of the fearful mysteries of life. The soul of the spectator is stirred from its depths, and the lethargy in which so many live is roused, at least for a time, to some intensity of thought and sensibility. The drama answers a high purpose when it places us in the presence of the most solemn and striking events of human history, and lays bare to us the human heart in its most powerful, appalling, glorious workings. But how little does the theatre accomplish its end! How often is it disgraced by monstrous distortions of human nature, and still more disgraced by profaneness, coarseness, indelicacy, low wit, such as no woman, worthy of the name, can hear without a blush, and no man can take pleasure in without self-degradation!—*Dr Channing on Temperance.*

**CONSECRATED IRISH BELLS.**—Consecrated bells were formerly held in great reverence in Ireland, particularly before the tenth century. Cambrensis, in his *Welsh Itinerary*, says, "Both the laity and clergy in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, held in such great veneration portable bells, and staves crook't at the top, and covered with gold, silver, and brass, and similar relics of the saints, that they were much more afraid of swearing falsely by them than by the gospels, because from some hidden and miraculous power with which they were gifted, and the vengeance of the saint, to whom they were particularly pleasing, their despisers and transgressors are severely punished." Miraculous portable bells were very common; Giraldus speaks of the *Campana fugitiva* of O'Toole, chieftain of Wicklow; and Colgan relates, that whenever St Patrick's portable bell tolled, as a preservative against evil spirits and magicians, it was heard from the Giants' Causeway to Cape Clear, from the Hill of Howth to the Western shores of Connemara.—*Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy.*

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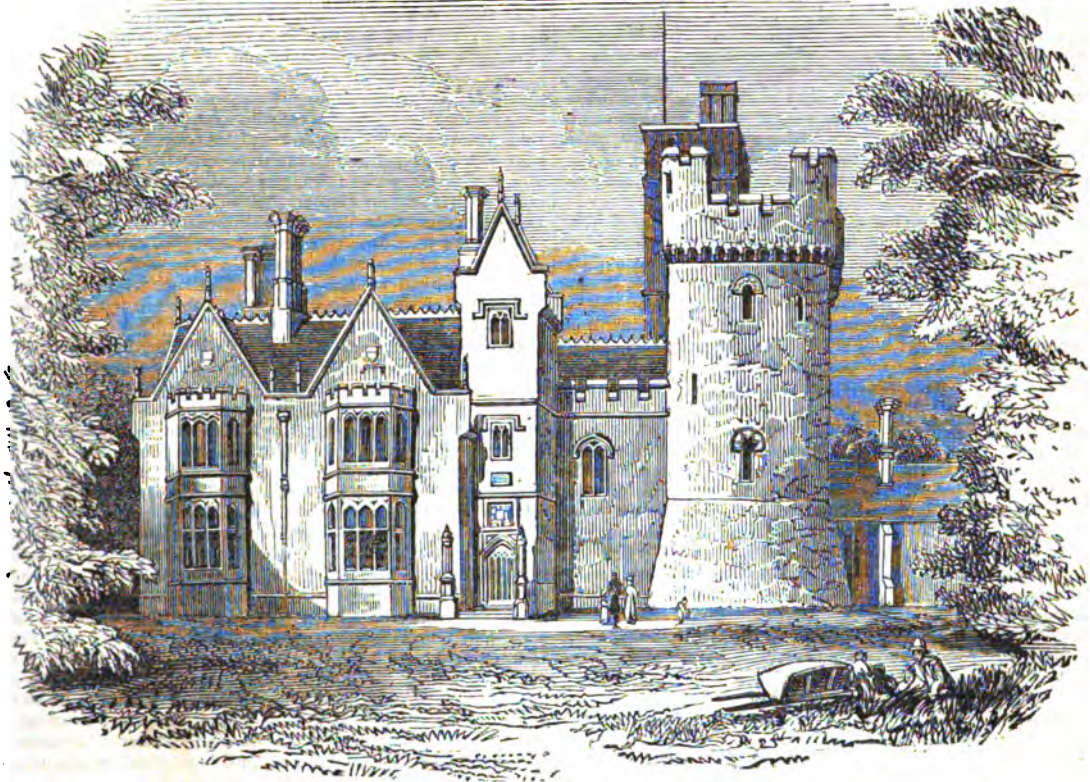


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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CLONTARF CASTLE, COUNTY OF DUBLIN.

THERE are few things that afford us a higher pleasure than to observe our metropolis and our provincial cities and towns, despite of adverse circumstances, increasing in the number and splendour of their public buildings, for they are sure evidences of the advance of civilization, with its attendant train of arts, amongst us, and that we are progressing to the rank and dignity of a great nation. Yet we confess we enjoy a still higher gratification when we see springing up around us great architectural works of another class—those erected by individuals of the aristocracy as residences for themselves and those who are to come after them. Such architectural works are not merely interesting from the gratifications they afford to the feeling of taste, and the epic dignity and beauty which they contribute to landscape scenery, but have a higher interest as pledges to the nation that those who have erected them have a filial attachment to the soil which gave them birth, and which supplies them, whether for good or evil, with the means of greatness; and that they are not disposed to play the part of unwise and ungrateful children. To us it little matters what the creed or party of such individuals may be; however they may err in opinions, their feelings are at heart as they should be. The aristocrat of large means, who is resident not from necessity but from choice, and who spends a

portion of his wealth in the adornment of his home, is rarely, if ever, a bad landlord. Desiring to see art and nature combine to produce the sentiment of beauty in the objects immediately about him, he cannot willingly allow it to be associated with the unsightly and discordant emblems of penury and sorrow. To be indifferent about the presence of such accompaniments would be an anomaly in human character, and only an exception proving the general rule. It is this class of men that we want—men who seek happiness in their legitimate homes, and the diffusion of blessings among those to whom it is their duty to be protectors—lovers of the arts of refined society, not the gross and generally illiterate pursuers of field sports, which, by hardening the heart towards the lower animals of creation, prepares it for reckless indifference to the wants and sufferings of our fellow men. Had we more of such patriots—more of such domestic architectural buildings starting into existence, evidencing as well their refined tastes and habits as the sincerity of the love they bear their native land, we should soon see the face of our country changed, and peace and happiness smiling around us. We do not, however, indulge in any feelings of despondence for the future. Very many beautiful creations of the architectural art have recently been erected in Ireland, and we have little apprehension that they

will not increase in number till our island shall rival any other portion of the empire in the possession of such characteristic features of civilization and beauty. Cheered by such pleasing anticipations, we shall endeavour to the best of our ability to make our readers familiar with the architectural styles of the chief residences of our nobility and gentry, as well as with the general features of the scenery in which they are situated; and, as a commencement, we have selected the seat of the Vernons—the recently re-erected Castle of Clontarf.

The name of this locality, which is situated on the northern shore of the Bay of Dublin, and about two miles from the city, must at least be familiar to most of our readers, being memorable in history as the scene of the most national and best contested battle ever fought in Ireland, when in 1014 the monarch Brian Boru obtained a decisive victory over the united forces of the Danish and Norwegian invaders of the British islands, assisted by the Irish troops of a recreant King of Leinster. This name signifies in English the lawn or recess of the bull, being formed from two Celtic words, *cluain*, a lawn or pastoral plain, and *tarbh*, a bull; the latter appellation expressing its contiguity to one of the two great sandbanks of the bay, now called the North and South Bulls, from the similitude of the sounds produced by the breaking of the sea upon their shores, to the roar of animals of that denomination.

As it is stated that a church or monastery was founded here as early as the year 550, it is probable that this name is of ecclesiastical origin, and that the site of that ancient church is still marked by the present parish one from which it was derived. But, however this may be, immediately after the settlement of the Anglo-Normans, the lands of Clontarf and Santry, constituting one knight's fee, were granted by Hugh de Lacy, Lord of Meath, to one of his followers, named Adam de Feipo, or as the name is now written, Phepos, by whom, as is generally supposed, the Castle of Clontarf was erected, and its lands created a manor. This manor, as well as its castle, appears, however, to have passed very soon after into the possession of the Knights Templars, by whom a commandery of the Order, dependent upon their splendid establishment at Kilmalsham, was placed here. Upon the suppression of the Templars, their manor of Clontarf was granted, in 1311, to Richard de Burgo, Earl of Ulster, the religious edifices upon it remaining in the king's hands as a royal house; and in 1326, Roger le Ken had a grant of the premises in Clontarf, which he had heretofore occupied at will, to hold henceforth to him and the heirs of his body. Towards the close of the same century, however, in obedience to the Pope's decree in reference to the lands of the Templars, the manor passed into the possession of the Knights Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem, on which Clontarf became a preceptory of that Order, and a chief seat of the Grand Prior of Kilmalsham. It seems somewhat probable, however, that the descendants of Roger le Ken still continued to hold the manor as lessees of the Hospitallers till the dissolution of the Order, as, immediately previous to that event, on an inquisition taken, the Prior of Kilmalsham was found seized of the manor, rectory, tithes, and altarages of Clontarf, subject, however, to a lease made in the year 1538 to Matthew King (a corrupted form perhaps of the name Ken) of all the town and lordship, with the appertanances, and also the pool of Clontarf, and the island lying to the west side thereof, and all the said rectory, tithes, &c. to endure for nine years. In this demise it was provided that the lessee should repair the manor-house and maintain a sufficient person to administer all sacraments to the parishioners at their proper charges. On the suppression of the monastic order in the thirty-second year of Henry the Eighth, Sir John Rawson, the Prior of Kilmalsham—a very distinguished man, who had at various periods held the office of Treasurer of Ireland—having, with the consent of his Chapter under their common seal, surrendered the hospital with its dependencies into the King's hands, he was created Viscount of Clontarf in 1541, on a representation made to his majesty by the Lord Deputy, with a pension of five hundred marks, in right of which dignity he sat in the parliament of that year.

In the year 1600, the manor, territory, tithes, town, and lordships of Clontarf, as enjoyed by the Priors of Kilmalsham, were granted by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Geoffrey Fenton, who had filled the office of Secretary of State for Ireland; and on his death in 1608 these premises were further assured to his son Sir William, who had a confirmation of this manor in 1637, under the commission for the remedy of defective

titles. Yet it appears that very shortly afterwards, the manor, however acquired, was again in the possession of a member of the King family; for, on the breaking out of the rebellion of 1641, the town, manor-house, &c. of Clontarf, then the property of Mr George King, were burnt by Sir Charles Coote as a punishment for the supposed participation of that gentleman in a plunder made of a cargo from a vessel which lay there, by Luke Netterville and his adherents. King was shortly afterwards attainted, a reward of £400 offered for his head; and his estates, comprising this manor, Hollybrook, and the island of Clontarf, containing, as stated, 961 acres statute measure, were bestowed by Cromwell on Captain John Bakewell, who afterwards sold the estate to John Vernon, a scion of the noble Norman family of the De Vernons, and from whose brother the present proprietor descends.

In 1660, Colonel Edward Vernon, the son of John Vernon, passed patent for this manor in fee, together with all anchorages, fisheries, creeks, sands and sea-shores, wrecks of the sea, &c.; which right was saved in subsequent acts of parliament, and still remains to his successors. And in 1675, the king further enlarged the jurisdictions, tenures, and courts of this manor, with a grant of royalties (royal mines excepted), power to empark three hundred acres, with free warren, privilege of holding two fairs, one on the 10th of April and the other on the 16th of October, with customs, &c. These fairs have, however, been long discontinued.

We have thus briefly traced the origin, and succession of proprietors of this castle and manor, as immediately connected with the subject of our prefixed illustration; but our limits will not allow us to touch on the general history of the locality on the present occasion.

Of the original castle erected here in the twelfth century, a square tower, connected with additions of the sixteenth and subsequent centuries, was preserved as a residence for the proprietors of the manor till the year 1835, when the present noble structure was commenced from the designs and under the superintendence of the late William Morrison, Esq., the most eminent and accomplished architect whom Ireland has possessed within the present century. With the good feeling as well as refined taste for which this admirable artist was so distinguished, his first desire in the re-edification of this castle was to preserve as far as possible the original buildings; and while he increased their extent in the necessary additions to them, to preserve and restore them as much as possible to what might be supposed to have been their original state. But it was found impracticable to do so. The foundations were found to have sunk, and a nearly total re-erection was therefore necessary; yet, in the new edifice, attending to the historical associations connected with a spot so interesting, he so designed it as to exhibit with historical accuracy what might be supposed to have been the forms and features of the ancient buildings, and thus make it a consistent commentary on and illustration of the past history of its locality.

With these remarks, which were necessary to insure a just appreciation of the intention of the architect in the diversified character which he has given to this architectural composition, we may describe it generally as a structure in its character partly military, partly domestic, and to a certain extent ecclesiastical. Its grand feature is a tower in the Norman style of the twelfth century, which ascends to the height of seventy feet, or with a smaller tower which is placed behind it, eighty feet: it has turrets at its angles, and its windows as well as its interior are enriched with decorations in harmony with its architectural style. Connected with this tower, and placed on its west side, is the principal portion of the domestic buildings, which present the purest specimen, perhaps, of Tudor architecture to be found in Ireland. The entrance to this range is placed beneath a small but lofty tower, beneath which a vestibule leads into a spacious and lofty hall, fifty-one feet by twenty, which presents much the appearance of a Gothic church, the walls being panelled, and painted to imitate dark oak. This hall is floored with Irish oak polished, and its roof is supported by principals springing from richly ornamented corbels, or pendants—its beauty being much increased by gilded bosses with which it is studded, and which, sparkling among the dark tracery, have a singularly rich effect. The cornice is also richly ornamented, and presents at intervals similar gilded bosses. But the imposing feature of this great chamber is a magnificent staircase of oak, placed at its eastern end, which leads, by two return flights, to a gallery crossing the hall, and communicating with the principal bed-chambers, and which would serve for an orchestra on occasions

of festivity. At the other end of the hall are doors leading into the drawing-room, dancing-room, and library; and in the centre of this end is placed a beautiful chimney-piece of black marble, surrounded by a canopy of carved oak, the enrichments of which are in that peculiar style which characterises the ornaments of Tudor architecture, containing the single and double rose, stars, and other badges of that period. The hall is lighted by five stained glass windows of an ecclesiastical character, and level with the gallery; and on these windows are blazoned the arms of the families with whom the Vernons have intermarried, comprising some of the highest of the English and Irish nobility. Of the external architecture of this portion of the building some correct notion may be formed from our illustration, which exhibits the style of the gables and oriel or bay windows which are placed both on its southern and western sides; and we may justly apply to the whole of this range the description given by Chaucer in his imaginary palace of "pleasant regards:"

"The chamberis and parlors of a sorte,  
With bay windows goodlie as may be thought,  
The galleries right wele y wrought,  
As for dawninge and otherwise disporte."

Branching from the northern and eastern sides of the great tower, extensive ranges of building contain the servants' apartments, and an extensive suite of inferior bed-rooms, and the tower itself contains a study, and above it a nursery, over which, again, a leaded platform with parapets commands most extensive and diversified prospects of the surrounding country.

The preceding description will, we fear, convey but an imperfect idea of the plan of this interesting structure, nor will our illustration, which only gives a representation of its southern front, give more than a general idea of the architectural character of a building, the great merit of which, next to the beauty and chronological accuracy of its details, consists in the number of picturesque points of view which it affords, from the irregularity of its plan and the variety of its outlines.

We shall only add a few words in respect to its locality.

The Castle of Clontarf is situated in a district rich in pastoral beauty, and at the head or northern extremity of the village of the same name, which consists of a single but wide street composed of houses of a respectable class, and extending from it in a right line to the sea. It is surrounded by forest trees of great age and grandeur, through which by vistas are obtained views of the bay and the mountain scenery of the southern shore.

Upon the whole, we may truly say of this structure that its beauty is no less striking than its moderate size and pretension are in happy proportion to the rank and means of its owner; nor is it a lesser merit, that—unlike too many of the lordly residences in Ireland—the close proximity of its situation to the village of which he is lord, is characteristically expressive of the confidence and kindly familiarity which should ever exist between the proprietor and the community holding under him. Nor is it again a lesser merit, that—unlike most of the mansion-houses to which we have alluded—it is not enclosed by churlish and prison-like walls of stone, excluding it from the public eye, and indicating but too truly the cold and heartless selfishness of their owners, which would not allow to the many even the passing enjoyment of a glimpse of the grandeur and beauty which they claim as their own. P.

A WOODEN GLASS GOBLET.—The first night of the "Stratford Jubilee" in Dublin, Robert Mahon had to sing the song of the "Mulberry Tree," the music composed by C. Dibdin senior, the words of which begin with

"Behold, this fair goblet was carved from the tree  
Which, oh! my sweet Shakspeare, was planted by thee."

He walked on, and began the song, holding out in his hand a fine cut-glass rummer. The other performers, who were also on, looked at him and his fair glass goblet "carved from a tree" with wonder. The audience took the absurdity, and much mirth and loud hissing followed. The play over, Mahon had the folly to insist upon it he was right: "'Tis true," he said, "the property-man did stand at the wing with a wooden cup in his hand, which he wanted to thrust into mine; but could I appear before the audience with such a rascally vulgar wooden mether?—no; I insisted he should that instant go and fetch me an elegant glass rummer, and here it is!"—*O'Keefe's Recollections.*

## CUTTING OLD FRIENDS.

ONE of the most difficult things a person has to do, who is getting ahead of the friends of his earlier and less prosperous years in the race of fortune, is to rid himself of these friends—to get quit of persons whose want of success in the world renders them no longer fit associates. The thing is not easily done, for you have to maintain appearances. You have to repel them gradually and gently, and in such a manner as to be able to defy them to lay any particular act of rudeness, any positive act of repulsion, to your charge. To manage the thing adroitly, therefore, requires some genius and a good deal of tact.

The difficulty of accomplishing this great manœuvre in a prosperous career, is much increased by the circumstance that as you advance your ancient cronies throng the thicker and closer around you. They in fact cling and cluster about you like so many bees, and with impertinent looks of glee seek to express their satisfaction with your prosperity.

Now, it is a most desirable thing to get quit of these gentry—to have them brushed off. But it would be rude to do this with the fly-flap and the strong hand. You must get rid of them by more tact and management. And after you have got rid of them, that is, driven them from personal contact as it were, you have to continue to keep them at a proper distance. No easy matter this, for somehow or other the obtuse creatures, your poor former acquaintances, will not see, what you see very distinctly, that you are now quite a superior sort of person to them, and that they are no longer fit to be ranked amongst your friends. This the perverse, dull-witted fellows will not see. And, more provoking still, no degree of advancement in the world on your part, no acquisition of wealth, will induce one of them, whatever you yourself may think to the contrary, to contemplate you with a whit more respect than they did when you were one of themselves. They insist on considering you merely as having been more fortunate than themselves—not a bit better or a bit cleverer.

Let us remark here, that the successful in the world are stout deniers of the doctrine of chances. They maintain that there is no such a thing as luck; while the unsuccessful, again, are firm believers in the doctrine, and insist on it that not only is there such a thing as luck, but that luck is every thing. The successful man's vanity prompts him to attribute his prosperity solely to his talents and merit—the unsuccessful man's self-love to deny that the want of these qualities has been his hindrance. Hence the conflicting opinions of the two on this curious subject. Then, where lies the truth? We suspect between.

From a good deal of experience in the science of "cutting" under the circumstances alluded to in this paper—we shall not say whether as cutters or cuttees—we have flattered ourselves that we could throw out a few hints that might be found useful to gentlemen who are getting on in the world, and who are desirous of ridding themselves of their earlier and poorer friends. Under this supposition we offer the few following remarks:—

For some time after you have started on the prosperous career on which you have luckily fallen, continue to smile and bow towards your old friends as formerly; and when you meet them accidentally (let this be, however, as seldom as you possibly can), shake hands with them as cordially as ever. You may even venture to remark, accompanying such remark with an expression of regret, that they are prodigious strangers now. But this is not quite safe ground, and we by no means advise its general adoption. Conducting yourself in this way, your old friends will never suspect that there is already a change working at your heart—a secret operation as yet known only to yourself.

By and bye, throw the least, the very least thing of distance into your greeting: let your smile be *apparently* as cordial as formerly, but let there now be a slight expression of the slightest degree possible of coolness, of an indefinable something or other in your general manner of a repulsive character: take care, however, that it be indefinable—that it be of a description that cannot be named.

This new feature in your bearing will probably startle the more shrewd and observant of your former friends: but never mind that—it is precisely the impression you desire to make. It is even possible that some of them may express by *their* manner towards you a feeling of irritation at your new mode of treating them. Meet it by an expression of surprise at *their* conduct, and by increased coolness. There is now good



ground for a quarrel—not open hostility, of course, but the warfare of distant looks and haughty salutations. Improve it to the utmost, and wonder what the fellows mean.

Observe that the whole of this nice process of dissolving former associations is carried on without one angry or offensive word being said on either side—without the slightest approach to an overt act of hostility; you, particularly, being as bland as ever. The whole is effected by look and manner alone.

To the gentleman who is rising in the world there are few things more offensive than the familiarity of old acquaintance when presented in the shape of notes and letters. Your old friends, still obstinately overlooking your advancement in the world, will in all probability continue to write to you when they have occasion to do so, in the free-and-easy way of former days. They will even sometimes so far forget themselves and you as to address you in a jocular strain. This must be instantly put down. Do it by brief and grave replies; take no notice of their jokes, and never attempt an approach to one in return. This in time will cure them: if not, you must have recourse to stronger measures. You must either not answer at all, or administer some decided dampers.

Should any of your former friends seek your patronage—a very probable case—take an early opportunity, while doing him some trifling service, of letting him feel sensibly your relative positions, all the while, however, exhibiting towards him the most friendly dispositions. But let him ever and anon feel the bit gently—let him feel that he has got somebody on his back. Begin as soon as possible to lecture him in a gentle way—all for his own good of course. Your character of patron gives you a right to do this; and under this guise you can say the most cutting things to him without affording him the slightest ground for complaint. Under this guise you can address the most insulting language to him, and defy him to take it amiss. If he should, however, you can without any difficulty prove him to be one of the most ungrateful monsters that ever lived. You were doing all you could for him, and when you ventured to *advise* him—having nothing but his own good at heart—he chose to take offence at you, and to resent the friendly advice you gave him. Such an ungrateful dog!

As few men can stand such treatment as that above alluded to long, we can venture to promise you that by a steady course of proceeding in the way we have pointed out, you will soon clear your hands of your old friends. C.

### THE DIVORCED,\*

A TRANSLATION FROM THE MOLDAVIAN.

"Ah! what a fatal gift from Heaven is a too sensitive heart!"—ROUSSEAU.

What is that yonder shimmering so?  
Can it be swans? Can it be snow?  
If it were swans they would move, I trow,  
If it were snow it had melted ere now.  
No: it is Ibrahim Aga's tent—  
There lies the warrior, wounded and spent.  
Mother and sisters tend him there  
Night and morn with busiest care;  
His wife alone—through shame or grief—  
Stays away from the suffering Chief.

Wherefore, as soon as his illness was gone,  
Wrote he thus to the Sensitive One—  
"Go thy way from my house and hearth,  
And bide with the mother that gave thee birth."

Sad was Ayoob at the sudden word!  
It pierced her tender heart like a sword.  
Hark! the sound of a charger's tramp—  
Ibrahim, then, is come from the camp!  
So she fancies, and, in her despair,  
Thinks she will scale the turret-stair,  
And dash herself down from the castle-wall,  
When, lo! her two little daughters call—  
"It isn't our father, mother dear!  
This is our uncle, Djaffar-al-Meer."

Turning around, the weeping mother  
Flings her arms about her brother—  
"Oh, brother! that this black day should arrive!  
Oh, how can I leave these helpless five?"

But, cold and wordless, as one who has yet  
To study Compassion, or feel Remorse,  
The brother draws forth, all shinningly set  
In silk and gold, the Brief of Divorce,

\* The incidents of this narrative are founded on fact.

And sternly he states the Law's command—  
That again she return to her kindred and land,  
Free once more to dispose of her hand.

The mother's heart felt breaking, for now  
All hope was buried;—she could not speak—  
She kissed her two little boys on the brow,  
And her two little girls she kissed on the cheek,  
While the babe in the cradle—unconscious child!—  
Held out its diminutive arms, and smiled!

The iron Djaffar would wait no more—  
His barb was pawing the earth at the door:  
"Up, woman!" he cried—and they galloped away,  
And reached their home by the close of day.

But there not long she pined alone,  
For, barely a week was over and gone  
When many a suitor came to sue;  
Kapitans, Beys, and Agas too,  
Came to see her and staid to woo.

And Djaffar saw that the richest of all  
Was the noble Khadi of Nourjahaul.

Afresh for sorrow were hourly shed  
The bitter tears of the mourner then:  
"I pray thee, brother," she sadly said,  
"Give me not in marriage agen!  
My broken heart would cease to beat  
Should I and the children chance to meet."

But Djaffar was ever the Man of Steel—  
The morrow, he vowed, should see her a wife!  
"Then, hear me, brother!—thy sister's life  
Hangs upon this her last appeal!  
Write to the Khadi thus, I entreat—  
'Health from Ayoob to her lordly lover!  
'Send, she prays thee, a veil to cover  
'Her sorrowful figure from head to feet,  
'Lest, while passing the Aga's door,  
'Her children greet her as heretofore."

The letter was sent, and the veil came home;  
And by noon on the morrow the bride was arrayed;  
And a gorgeous train and cavalcade  
Set out for the Khadi's palace-dome.

They journeyed till sunset purpled the sky,  
And now, alas! her trial is nigh—  
Her trial is nigh, her bosom is swelling;  
They come within sight of Ibrahim's dwelling—  
They near the gates—ah, well-a-day!  
Her children cannot mistake their mother—  
"Mamma! Mamma! ah, don't go away!"  
They cry, and their voices drown one another.

That mother groaned in her wretchedness!  
"Live long!" she said, "my Lord and Master!  
Mayest thou ever defy Disaster!  
May thy shadow never be less!  
Bid, I implore thee, the cavalcade wait  
A moment in front of the Aga's gate,  
While I go into the house, and leave  
Some gifts with my little ones, lest they grieve."

Silently then, like a ghost from the tombs,  
She enters once more the remembered rooms,  
Gives to her sons little gold-laced boots,  
Gives to her daughters little kapoots,  
And leaves with the babe in the cradle-bed  
Some toys and a basket of sugar-bread.

Now, the desolate father was standing apart,  
And he marked that she neither spake nor sighed,  
And Agony wrung his manly heart—  
"Come, come to me, hither, my children!" he cried,  
For I see that your mother's bosom is grown  
Colder and harder than marble stone."

But, as soon as Ayoob heard Ibrahim speak,  
And saw her children turning away,  
She fell on the floor without a shriek,  
And without a stir on the floor she lay;  
And the funeral-wailers of Islambol  
Were chanting ere night the hymn for her soul.†

† Cloaks.

† The popular notion that the Mohammedans deny immortality to the souls of women is altogether a mistake, as will be apparent to any one who takes the trouble of looking through the Koran.



## OROHOO, THE FAIRY MAN,

A REMINISCENCE OF CONNAUGHT.

WERE we to believe the chronicles of our grandmothers, Ireland at one period was held in fee-simple by witches, warlocks, white ladies, fairies, and leprahauns; the earth, the air, and the sky, were peopled by them; every crumbling and desolate cabin on the sterile moor or common was tenanted by a witch; while the margins of our beautiful loughs, the bosoms of our silent and sequestered glens, the recesses of our romantic mountain valleys, the echoing walls of every mouldering edifice, and the mystic circle of each rude hill-forth, were the chosen habitations of unearthly beings.

Nor was this belief held by the uneducated alone; many who moved in respectable situations in society were infected by it; and otherwise sensible and well-informed people on this head were deaf to the voice of reason and the dictates of common sense, and would as soon doubt the truth of Holy Writ as the existence of supernatural agency; and so interwoven was the superstition in the social system, that no event could happen poor mortality from the cradle to the grave, in which the *good people* were not implicated for good or evil. Did the head of a member of a leading family die, the wail of the banshee was sure to be heard in the twilight. Was a favourite child smitten with disease, the beautiful, the beloved one was believed to be changed for a squalling, ravenous, and decrepid starveling. Did your cattle pine, or was your dairy not productive, your cows were either elf-shot or bewitched. Was the wife of your bosom snatched away in her bloom, in the most interesting though dangerous moment of her existence, the fairies were whispered to be the authors of your misfortune—to have spirited her off, and to have left in her stead a wooden substitute.

Well do I remember the thrill of fear, mingled with a degree of pleasurable awe, with which I listened some forty years since to the narratives of a venerable aunt, who was lingering out the evening of her existence at my father's fireside—her only occupation being, rocking the cradle and keeping the youngsters from mottling their shins. She was an experienced dame, and withal pious, but would as soon doubt her own identity as that of witches and fairies, and her memory was well stored with instances of their interference. These I then believed most implicitly, particularly as in many of them "the family" was concerned. She could relate how her grandfather one morning detected a hare in the act of milking one of his cows, which he fired at and wounded, and on tracking the blood, discovered it to flow from the thigh of an old crone who inhabited a neighbouring hovel. She also could tell how an elder brother had surprised a leprahaun in the act of making shoes for the gentle people—could describe his dress minutely, and how he had escaped captivity by making a feint with hisawl at my uncle's eye, and causing him to wink when in the very act of seizing him, and thereby marred his fortune. She also knew a child which was taken from its mother's arms at night, but luckily was missed before he could be conveyed through the key-hole, and on the outcry of the bereaved parent, was dropped "with a whack" on the floor uninjured. It never occurred to her that probably the child had rolled out of the bed accidentally. There was another tale often related by her, which it would be worse than heresy to doubt, as she knew the parties intimately.

An honest man named John M'Kinstry, who resided near Maheraveely, in the county Monaghan, was once compelled to leave his warm bed in "the witching time of night," on a certain pressing occasion, and ride post-haste for a worthy dame whose assistance was indispensable. While returning with the "howdy" safely stowed on an ample pillion behind, he heard the strokes of an axe reverberating through a neighbouring wood, and voices in conversation. Curiosity prompted him to draw up and listen, when he distinctly heard the question asked, "What are you doing to-night?" and to his dis-

may the answer was responded, "I'm making a wife for Jack M'Kinstry." "Faith," said Jack, "you'll make no wife for me, my man—I'll do very well with the one I have;" and giving his good beast the spur, regardless of the neck, bones, or outcry of his freight, he never drew rein until he had his better half clasped in his arms, where he held her in a death's-grip until the crisis was over, and thus baulked the fairies.

Thus was the whole system of society pervaded by the idea of supernatural influence; and the consequence was an undefinable dread and fear, hanging like the sword of Damocles over the heads of all, and embittering existence. 'Tis true the evil was only imaginary, but not on that account the less hurtful; for, being a mental malady, it was the more difficult to be counteracted or eradicated, and often led to real anxiety and distress, as in the case of M'Kinstry, whose ideas being full of witchcraft and fairy freaks, never reflected that the noise and voices he had heard might be a practical joke of some of his neighbours, and in consequence suffered all the suspense and trouble incident to real danger.

But the diffusion of useful knowledge and the dissemination of sound education among all classes, has latterly effected a mighty change in the intellectual powers of the people. Such reveries as those referred to, though sometimes used to "adorn a tale," are now unheeded; and there are few indeed who would harbour for a moment in sincerity the absurd idea of evil agency. There may be, 'tis true, some exceptions—a few old women may be still haunted by the sprites of other days, and in some remote districts a belief in witchcraft certainly prevails, ingrafted by early prejudices, and fostered and kept alive by the practices of knaves, who profess to avert the effects by counter-charms, and live, like many others, on the credulity of the public; but, generally speaking, the thing is defunct—gone to the moles and the bats.

But there is an exception. In several districts in Ireland, in Connaught especially, an idea is very prevalent that it is in the power of evil-disposed persons to deprive their neighbours of their milk or butter. This is said to be done in various ways, the most usual being the use of a corpse hand, which is kept shrivelled and dried to stir the milk and gather the butter. Another plan is to follow the cows on a May morning, and gather the soil which drops from between their cloots. Another, by collecting the froth which forms on a stream running through their pasture, and milking your own cow on it. Indeed, the means used are represented to be so simple, that the very absurdity of the matter is its own refutation.

Yet it is believed in, and that firmly; and in order to prove that such is the case, and also expose the trickery and legerdemain by which some knaves succeed in throwing dust in the eyes of the natives, I will relate an occurrence in which I was concerned; and to open the matter fully in all its ramifications, windings, and train of circumstantialities, I trust I will be pardoned if I enter into a rather minute detail, the rather as I confess I was for a short time myself almost inclined to credit its existence—in short, believed myself the dupe of a fairy man.

Some time since I resided in the neighbourhood of the "plains of Boyle," a celebrated pasture country, and was the possessor of a cow whose milk and butter were plentiful in quantity and excellent in quality, and materially contributed to the comforts of my family. She was a beautiful and a gentle creature; and I flattered myself that in her I possessed the foundress of a numerous herd, and the germ of a profitable and extensive dairy.

As before observed, the idea was very prevalent there that it was in the power of evil-disposed persons to deprive you of your milk and butter, and I heard many complaints of the kind; the general voice fastened the imputation on a woman who lived in the vicinity, who was locally termed "the Hawk," and certainly the fire of her eyes and the sharpness of her beak justified the appellation: she was a comely middle-aged person, in rather easy circumstances, her husband being a small farmer; but he lay under the suspicion of being concerned in a murder some time before. She was a reputed witch, and the entire family were disliked and avoided.

One morning in the month of January, I was informed that a woman had come into my kitchen, who occupied herself in watching the motions of the family, without stating her business. On going down, I found her well dressed and well looking, but with a very sinister cast of countenance. On asking if she wanted me, she said she had heard I was in want of some geese, and that she had a few to dispose of. "How

many?" said I. "A goose and a gander," she replied. "How much do you want for them?" "Seven-and-sixpence." "Seven-and-sixpence!" I exclaimed in surprise, as the usual price then was from one shilling to one-and-sixpence each. "Why, how many have you?" as I really thought I had made a mistake in the number. "A goose and a gander," said she. "And do you suppose me to be a goose to give such a price as that?" said I. "Oh!" said she, "they are good geese, and only I wish to serve you, I would not offer them at all." "Indeed! I am much obliged by your good wishes," said I; "but as I think you want to impose upon me, you must take your geese to another market, for I will not have them at any price, and the sooner you take yourself off the better." She got highly offended, muttered something about my being sorry for refusing them, and went away in high dudgeon; and after she was gone, I found it was "the Hawk" who had favoured me with the visit.

On the same morning, a gang of strollers, consisting of tinkers, chimney-sweeps, a brace or two of beggars, and a piper, had pitched their tent on the road side, a short distance from my residence; the members of the party had distributed themselves over the surrounding district in pursuit of their various avocations; it also happened to be churning-day, and my wife having set her vessels in order, was proceeding with her lacteal operations favourably—the milk had cracked, the butter was expected—when the sound of music was heard; the piper attached to the party had come to give us a specimen of his skill; he favoured us with a few Connaught planxties, was duly rewarded, and departed. Shortly after he was gone, two buxom baggages, brown and bare-legged, with cans in their hands, kerchiefs on their heads, and huge massive rings on their fingers, came and demanded an alms. They were told there was nothing then ready, on which one of them asked a drink. "I have nothing to offer you but water," said my wife, "until the churning's done." "Well, water itself," said she; on getting which, she took a sup or two, put the remainder in her can, and went off; and, strange as it may seem, my butter went too. And from that day in January until May eve following, not a morsel had we from our beautiful Brownie.

As I did not put any faith in witchcraft, I was willing to attribute this to some natural cause affecting the cow, though the milk showed no perceptible change in either quantity or quality; neither did she exhibit any symptoms of ailment or disorder, except that she began to cast her hair. She was well supplied with good fodder, comfortably lodged, and well attended, and every possible care taken of the milk, but all to no purpose; the butter was not forthcoming; and for my incredulity I was laughed at by my neighbours. "Your cow is bewitched," cried they; "and you may as well throw chaff against the wind, as think you will get your butter back, till you get the charm." Some said "the Hawk" had it, some that the gipsy took it away in her can, and others that it followed the piper. Be that as it may, I had to eat my bread butterless, and brood over my loss, without even the comfort of common condolence.

Various were the counter-charms recommended for my adoption. "Send for Fraser the Scotchman from beyond the Lough," said one; "he fears neither man nor fiend, and he will surely get it." "Send for 'the Hawk,' and clip a bit off her ear," said another. "Let them keep their mouths full of water, and never speak while they are churning," said a third. In short, I found there were as many ways of getting it back, as there were of losing it—all equally simple, and probably as efficacious.

Thus matters continued until the early part of the month of April, when one morning a man called, who desired to see me. I found him a light, active, cute-looking fellow, low in stature and spare in habit, but sinewy, well set and well knit, and regularly smoke-dried. He was pretty well clad in frieze, cord breeches, and yarn stockings and pumps; his caubeen on one side, a cutty in his mouth, and a certain jauntiness in his air, and crafty audacity in his look, which seemed to say, "I'd have you to know I'm a clever fellow."

"So," said he at once without preamble, "so you've lost your butter."

"Yes," said I, "'tis certainly gone."

"Well, if you like, I'll get it for you. My name is Oonoo (O'Hara); I live at Sliev Bawn—the people call me the Fairy man—I can find things that's stole—and I keep the garvally."

"Indeed!" said I: "why, you must be a clever fellow: but can you get my butter?"

"Not a doubt of it," said he, "if it is in the country."

I had heard of the garvally before, which was described as "a crooked thing like the handle of an umbrella, covered with green baize." It was formerly in much repute for swearing on; "and a terrible thing it was, for if you swore falsely and it round your neck, your mouth would turn to the back of your head, or you'd get such a throttling as you'd never get the better of." It had latterly, however, lost much of its virtue, or rather of its fame, by an unbelieving vagabond yoking it on and swearing to a manifest falsehood, without suffering any visible inconvenience. But to return to Orohoo.

He made no stipulation; but requiring a deep plate, some water and salt, with a little of the cow's milk, he commenced by desiring my wife and me to stand forward. He then asked our names, if I was the owner of the cow, how long I had had her, if that woman was my wife, when we had lost our butter, and if we suspected any person for taking it. To these queries I answered as was necessary; but to the last I replied, I did not believe in witchcraft.

"Don't you believe in fairies?" he asked.

"Scarcely," said I.

"No matter," said he; "maybe before I'm done you will believe in them."

He then in a very solemn manner poured some water into the plate at three several times, thus—"In the name of the Father," a drop; "in the name of the Son," ditto; "in the name of the Holy Ghost," ditto. He added the milk in the same manner, and then sprinkled in the salt, using the same formula. He now stirred round the mixture three times with his finger, repeating the words as before, and desired us to do the same. To this I demurred, for I did not wish to evince any faith in the proceeding, by taking an active part; but he combated my scruples by asking "was it not done in a good name?" Certainly for so far I saw nothing very objectionable, and my wife feeling no scruple on the subject, at their joint persuasion I did as directed.

He next made the sign of the cross over the plate with his hands, and, waving them over his head, cut several curious figures in the air, at the same time muttering an unintelligible jargon I could not understand, but which, as I could catch a sound or syllable, bore a close affinity to what is called bog Latin. Gradually he became much excited; he raved like a demon, stamped with his feet, and threatened with his fists: now his tones were those of supplication or entreaty, anon of abjuration or command; while his eye seemed fixed upon and to follow the motions of some to us invisible being, with which he appeared to hold converse. Suddenly he gave an unearthly scream, as if in an agony of terror and perturbation, and, holding up his hands as in the act of warding off a threatened danger, he retreated backwards round the room, pursued, as it seemed, by an implacable enemy. Gradually he regained the spot he had left, turned himself to the four cardinal points, making the sign of the cross at each turn, dipped his fingers in the mixture, devoutly blessed himself, anointing his forehead, shoulders, and breast, regained his self-possession, raised his hands and eyes in an attitude of fervent thankfulness to heaven, wiped the perspiration which profusely streamed from his brow with the cuff of his coat, gradually recovered his breath, and from a state of the greatest possible excitement became calm and collected.

Now, this was all acting, to be sure, but it was imitatively done, and I confess, even armed as I was with unbelief, it made a very powerful impression on me. I acknowledge I did not feel at all comfortable. I did not like the idea of being in the same room with the evil one, who to all appearance was chasing my friend the conjuror round and round it. I felt an indescribable sensation of dread creeping over me, and, if I mistake not, there were a few drops of perspiration on my brow; and my hair, of which I have not a superabundance, to my apprehension began to get stiff and wiry. My wife, too, clung closely to my side for protection, and the agitation of her mind was evident by the audible action of her heart, which in that case beat only responsive to my own.

Having taken breath, he asked for a ribbon, which he passed over his forehead and round his head, and, bringing the ends in front, knotted it over his nose; then twining it round his fingers in the manner children call a cat's cradle, he knelt down and peered through it attentively into the mixture, which I imagined at the moment fermented and sent up a blue vapour. After gazing a few seconds in this manner,

"Aha!" said he, "she is not far off that has your butter; bring me a lighted candle," which on being brought he placed in the plate. "Now," said he, "both of you kneel down; do

as I do, and say as I say, and we'll have her here directly."

"No," said I decidedly, "we will not."

I thought we had gone far enough, and was convinced that if what we were engaged in was not an unholy act, it was at least a piece of gross deception, and I would not countenance it by any further participation.

"Why," exclaimed he, "don't you want to get your butter?"

"Yes," said I, "I would like to have my butter, but I don't choose to resort to a charm to obtain it."

"No doubt this is a charm," said he, "but it is done in a good name; and I have done it before for as good as ever you were."

"So much the worse," I replied; "that holy name should never be profaned in such a manner, and I am sorry any person would be so wicked or so foolish as to encourage you in your tricks. I neither like you nor your proceedings, and the sooner you go about your business the better."

He started to his feet in a passion, blew out the candle, seized the plate, and attempted to throw the contents into the fireplace; but my wife, who did not wish her hearth to be wet, took it from him and laid it past. He fumed and stormed, said I let him take a great deal of trouble on my account, and insisted on proceeding; but I was determined, and, being considerably chafed and annoyed by the transaction, I again ordered him off, and left him.

In a few moments I heard the noise of a violent altercation and scuffle, and I was loudly called on. I hastened to the scene of contention, and found my wife holding Orohoo by the neck, and preventing his departure. "What's all this?" I exclaimed. "This fellow," said she, "when he was going, took a live coal out of the grate, and told me to take care of my children." This he stiffly denied, until confronted by the servant, and I threatened to give him up to the police as an impostor, when he quailed, and acknowledged that he had said so, but that he meant no harm by it. "And sure," said he, "there's no harm in bidding you mind them; for if your cow was hurt, so may your childre. You're not treating me well," he continued; "I came at the bidding of a friend to do you a good turn, and asked nothing for it, and now you're putting me out; you'll be glad to see me yet, though. But take my advice: never throw out your Sunday's ashes until Tuesday morning, and always sweep your floor in from the door to the hearth." And away he went.

My heart now beat easy, for I thought we had fairly got rid of the fairy man; but I was to be still further mystified and bewildered. On examining the plate over which he had performed his incantations, we found the contents to be thick, yellow, and slimy, with a red sediment like globules of blood at the bottom. This seemed extraordinary, as I certainly watched him closely, and did not see him put any thing into the plate but milk, water, and salt.

The month now drew near a close, and our bread was still butterless. This often caused the morsel to stick in the throat of my poor dear partner, who felt none of the scruples of conscience with which I was affected, and firmly believed her cow was bewitched. "Here we are day after day losing our substance, and might have it only for your squeamishness in not letting the fairy man finish his job." Thus she would argue, and hesitated not to call me a fool, nay, a downright ass; and indeed my neighbours were much of the same opinion: one of them, a respectable farmer's wife, was particularly pertinacious. "My Robin," said she one evening, as they were harping on the old string, "my Robin was down in Sligo, and he heard that if you got the coultler of a plough, and made it red-hot in the fire, while you were churning the butter would come back; or if you chose to churn on Sunday morning before the lark sings, you will surely get it." "Tempt me no more with your spells or Sabbath-breaking; I will have none of them," said I, impatiently; "I will never barter my peace of mind for a pound of butter, if I should never eat a morsel."

But, in truth, my peace of mind was gone, for the continual urging and yammering I was subjected to made me heartily sick, and I inwardly resolved to sell the cow the first opportunity, and so end the matter.

On May eve, in the afternoon, I had occasion to leave home for a short time, and on my return was rather surprised to find all the windows closed and the door locked against me. I knocked and called for admittance, but received no answer; and hearing the noise of churning going on within, "fast and furious," the truth flashed across my mind; and lamenting my wife's credulity, I retired to the garden to await the result.

In a short time she came running out like one demented, clapping her hands and screaming, "Oh! we've got the butter, we've got the butter!" and on going in I found a coultler phizzing and sparkling at a white heat in the fire, an ass's shoe (which had been found a few days previously) under the churn, my worthy neighbour aforesaid standing over it, panting and blowing from the exertions she had made on my behalf, and wiping the dew-drops from her really comely countenance, and in the churn, floating like lumps of gold in a sea of silver, as fine a churning of butter as ever we were blessed with.

Well, I own I was staggered, and being triumphantly asked, "Now, is there no witchcraft or virtue in a red-hot coultler?" I could scarcely muster up courage to utter "No." In vain I protested the butter came back because "Brownie" got back to her pasture, in consequence of the change in her feeding, from dry fodder to the mellow and genial produce of spring, as the loss at first was owing to the transition from grass to hay. 'Twas to no purpose to argue thus: all else were positive it was otherwise; but whether the virtue was in Orohoo's incantations, the efficacy of the red-hot coultler, the influence of the ass's shoe, or the tremendous pommelling the milk was subjected to on the occasion, no one could exactly say.

A few days after, I conversed on the subject with an intelligent person, a herd in charge of an extensive stock farm. After hearing my story to an end, he indulged in a hearty laugh at my expense. "Faith," said he, "I took you for a sensible man, and did not suppose you would credit such folly." "I'd as soon believe my mother was a bishop," said I, "as put any faith in it some time ago. But how can I get over the chain of circumstantial evidence?—not a link of it wanting. First, 'the Hawk' coming with her seven-and-sixpenny geese, then the gipsies and the piper, and losing my butter just then." "Tis very easy," said he, "to account for it. In the first place, you took your cow from grass and fed her on hay." "Yes, but she had plenty of winter cabbage, and we gave her boiled potatoes." "Just the thing; cabbage is good for plenty of milk, but not for butter. I'll engage you gave her the potatoes warm." "Yes." "And she got a scour?" "Indeed she did, and her hair fell off." "So I thought. And afterwards she got in good condition?" "Yes." "Oh! ay, she put her butter on her ribs. Did you kill a pig at Christmas?" "I did." "Where did you put your bacon in press?" "Why, under the shelf in the dairy." "Now the murder is out! Never as long as you live put meat, either fresh or salt, near your milk-vessels; if you do, you will surely spoil your milk and lose your butter." "This may account for my loss, but what have you to say to its coming back?" "Why, what's to hinder it, when your bacon is in the chimney and your cow at grass?" "But the red blobs in the plate, and Orohoo fighting the devil for me, what do you say to that?" Here he gave way to such a violent fit of laughter that I really thought he would burst the waistband of his doe-skins. "Orohoo! ha! ha!—Orohoo! ha! ha! ha!—the greatest villain that ever breathed. He came to me one time that I had a cow sick, and said she was fairysmitten, and that he would cure her. He began with his tricks with the milk and water, just the same as he did with you; but I watched him closer; and when I saw the smoke rising out of the plate, I got him by the neck, shook a little bottle of vitriol out of the cuff of his coat, and took a paper of red earthy powder out of his waistcoat pocket." I looked aghast and confounded. Was I, then, the dupe of the fairy man? The thought was humiliating, and I even wished that I had remained in ignorance, but on reflection had reason to congratulate myself that it was only a temporary lapse, and that I was right in my original opinion, that, except the witchery of a pair of blue languishers, or the fairy spell of a silver-tongued syren, there is now no evil of the kind to be apprehended. A.

FASHION IS A POOR VOCATION.—Its creed, that idleness is a privilege, and work a disgrace, is among the deadliest errors. Without depth of thought, or earnestness of feeling, or strength of purpose, living an unreal life, sacrificing substance to show, substituting the fictitious for the natural, mistaking a crowd for society, finding its chief pleasure in ridicule, and exhausting its ingenuity in expedients for killing time, fashion is among the last influences under which a human being who respects himself, or who comprehends the great end of life, would desire to be placed.

## THE MAGNETIC POLES.

THE unwearied spirit of scientific research which so peculiarly marks the times in which we live, has ascertained the positions of the northern and southern magnetic poles to a degree of almost mathematical precision. This discovery will be hailed with pleasure by every person at all acquainted with the benefits derived to society by the labours of those gifted individuals who have devoted their thoughts more particularly to the study of this most abstruse and mysterious branch of physical knowledge. The position of the northern magnetic pole was determined by Sir John Ross, in his second northern expedition, fitted out at the sole expense of a British merchant, to be in 70 degrees 5 minutes 17 seconds north latitude, and 96 degrees 46 minutes 45 seconds west longitude, near the western coast of the newly discovered tract named, after the individual through whose munificence the boundaries of science have been thus enlarged, Boothia Felix. Its place is now marked on the globes and maps of the world published since the navigator's announcement of the solution of this long-sought-for problem. The day of the discovery was the 1st of June 1831.

The position of the southern magnetic pole has not yet been ascertained to so great a degree of precision. Excited by a noble spirit of emulation caused by the success of the expedition fitted out by Mr Booth and led by Sir John Ross, three expeditions have been fitted out to complete the solution of the problem—to fix the position of the southern magnetic pole, as that of the northern had been already fixed. The parties in this noble rivalry are Great Britain, France, and the United States. The British magnetic expedition, under Captain James Ross, sailed on the 5th of May for Van Diemen's Land. The only notices as yet received of its progress are, that soundings were obtained at the depth of 3600 fathoms in the South Atlantic, about 900 miles S.S.W. of St Helena; and again at the depth of 2680 fathoms, at 450 miles west of the Cape of Good Hope. A dispatch from Captain Dumont d'Urville, commandant of the French expedition, to the Minister of the Marine, details all the leading particulars of his voyage, by which it appears that he has nearly though not altogether succeeded in solving this part of the problem. On the 1st of January the expedition sailed from Hobart Town in a southern direction for 1350 miles, and in the latitude of 60 degrees south met with the first island of ice, and shortly afterwards discovered land ranging nearly along the south polar circle, and, as far as the navigator's observations went, between 136 degrees and 142 degrees east longitude. The appearance was that of an ice-bound, barren coast, wholly unfit for the habitation of man. The snow and ice which covered it gave its surface an almost level appearance. Farther inward nothing was to be perceived but ravines, inlets, and projections, without a trace of vegetation. Whales, large porpoises, fur-seals, albatrosses, and petrels and penguins of different species, were seen near the shore. The commander gave this newly discovered coast the name of Terre Adélie. "This name," he says in his dispatch, "was intended to perpetuate the remembrance of my profound gratitude for the devoted companion who has three times consented to a long and painful separation, to enable me to achieve my projects of foreign exploration." On the 1st of February, in 65 degrees 20 minutes south latitude, and 131 degrees east longitude, the expedition crossed the meridian of no variation; and the magnetic observations afforded the means of determining that the position of the magnetic pole must be in the neighbouring land of Adélie itself, or on the compact ice which adjoined it. Having so far succeeded in attaining the main object of his mission, Captain Dumont bade a final adieu to these dreary regions, and steered for Hobart Town, where he arrived on the 17th of February, after an absence of forty-six days, having lost sight of the ice altogether in the parallel of 57 degrees south latitude.

The American expedition, under Captain Wilkes, has been equally successful in discovering the south polar island or continent, for its geographical character has not yet been ascertained. The land was first seen in 64 degrees 50 minutes south latitude, and 154 degrees 18 minutes east longitude, by a singular coincidence precisely on the same day, 19th January, that it had been observed by the French navigator; and Wilkes was enabled to run along the shore, for about 1700 miles, as far as 97 degrees 45 minutes east longitude, so near the land as often to find soundings with a few fathoms of line, and to be able to carry away several valuable geological spe-

cimens of the rocks and soil. His description of the appearance of the coast corresponds with that already given.

Whether any immediate beneficial results, practically applicable to the improvement of commerce and colonization, will accrue from these discoveries, may be doubtful, but the experience of the era in which we live forbids us to reject the prospect of ultimate benefits to society from any discovery tending to enlarge the bounds of science, though the means by which they are to be sought for are still out of sight. The discovery of the extensive line of coast ranging nearly along the south polar circle, serves in some degree to realize the conjectures of former geographers, who, observing that by much the greater mass of known land was in the northern hemisphere, laid down the position that there must be a countervailing quantity of land somewhere in the southern hemisphere: so fully convinced were they of the existence of this fancied continent, that in the maps constructed by Herman Moll and other scientific artists of his time, the coast is laid down in a line nearly corresponding in latitude with that of Terre Adélie, and continued round the globe, so as to represent the whole of the south frigid zone as a continent, on which they inscribe the name of Terra Australia Incognita—the unknown southern region. With those who originated the supposition, this unknown region was a mere creature of the imagination. They were in possession of no facts to prove its reality; yet it is singular that in this, as well as in many other fictions, the ideal creature of the fancy has been discovered to have some foundation in the realities of existence.

**PAYING DOWN UPON THE NAIL.**—The origin of this phrase is thus stated in the Recollections of O'Keefe the dramatist:—"During the Limerick assizes I saw a stuffed glove, about four feet long, hanging out from the top of the Exchange, nearly across the main street: this was the accustomed token that for a week or a fortnight, whilst the courts were sitting, no debtor could be arrested. Debtor or creditor, this was a good thing for the theatres, as during that time the city was thronged. An ample piazza under the Exchange was a thoroughfare: in the centre stood a pillar about four feet high, and upon it a circular plate of copper about three feet in diameter; this was called *the nail*, and on it was paid the earnest for any commercial bargains made, which was the origin of the saying, 'Paid down upon the nail.'" Perhaps, however, the custom was common to other ancient towns.

**GENERAL USE OF TEA IN CHINA.**—In China an ardent spirit is made from rice, and called sam-shu, of which punch is made in a coffee-pot, and it is drunk out of China cups; but the natives are not much addicted to its use, a simple infusion of tea being the general beverage of all classes. At all hours of the day the artisan, as he sits at work, has his little tea-pot and miniature cup beside him, out of which he quaffs a little at pleasure, or presents a cup to his visitor. The more refined class make the infusion in cups, in the manner already described. After this process, as nothing is allowed to go to waste in China, the tea-leaves are collected, dried, and rolled up again, and sold to the English and Americans, under the denomination of hyson mun-dun-go; that is, tea having neither taste nor smell. None of this tea is sold in England under its proper name, being for the most part mixed with other kinds, and thus brought into the market. I never saw green tea used in the houses of the natives, or of the Fanqui merchants, where of course the best kinds were to be had. The fact is, the consumption of green tea is for the most part confined to the lower orders and the opium smokers, who require its stimulating effects to settle the disturbed state of their nervous system; and with us it is found to correct the effects of an over-dose of opium.—*Dr Fulton's Travelling Sketches.*

**PROGRESSION.**—He that is good may hope to become better—he that is bad may fear that he will become worse; for vice, virtue, and time, never stand still.—*Colton.*

"A great lie," says the poet Crabbe, "is like a great fish on dry land; it may fret and fling, and make a frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you. You have only to keep still, and it will die of itself."

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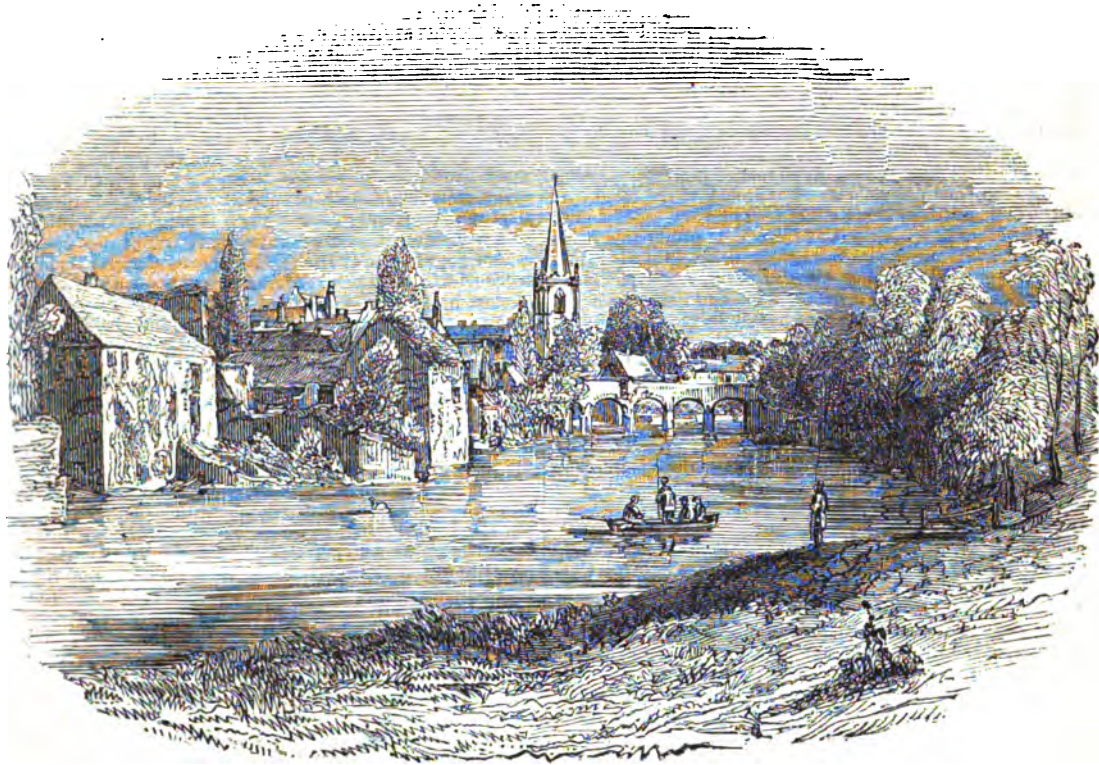


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



THE TOWN OF ANTRIM.

TRAVELLERS whose only knowledge of our towns is that derived in passing through the principal street or streets, will be very apt to form an erroneous estimate of the amount of picturesque beauty which they often possess, and which is rarely seen save by those who go out of their way expressly to look for it. This is particularly the case in our smaller towns, in which the principal thoroughfare has usually a stiff and formal character, the entrance on either side being generally a range of mud cabins, which, gradually improving in appearance, merge at length into houses of a better description, with a public building or two towards the centre of the town. In these characteristics the highway of one town is only a repetition of that of another, and in such there is rarely any combination of picturesque lines or striking features to create a present interest in the mind, or leave a pleasurable impression on the memory. Yet in most instances, if we visit the suburbs of these towns, and more particularly if they happen, as is usually the case, to be placed upon a river, and we get down to the river banks, we shall most probably be surprised and gratified at the picturesque combinations of forms, and the delightful variety of effects, presented to us in the varied outline of their buildings, contrasted by intervening masses of dark foliage, and the whole reflected on the tranquil surface of the water, broken only by the enlivening effect of those silvery streaks of light produced by the eddies and currents of the stream.

Our prefixed view of the town of Antrim may be taken as an illustration of the preceding remarks. As seen by the passing traveller, the town appears situated on a rich, open, but comparatively uninteresting plain, terminating the well-cultivated vale of the Six-mile-water towards the flat shore of Loch Neagh; and with the exception of its very handsome church and castellated entrance into Lord Ferrard's adjoining demesne, has little or no attraction; but viewed in connection with its river, Antrim appears eminently picturesque from several points as well as from that selected for our view—the prospect of the town looking from the deer-park of Lord Massarene.

In front, the Six-mile-water river flowing placidly over a broad gravelly bed, makes a very imposing appearance, not much inferior to that of the Liffey at Island-bridge. The expanse of water at this point, however, forms a contrast to the general appearance of the stream, which, although it brings down a considerable body of water, flows in many parts of its course between banks of not more than twenty feet asunder. The vale which it waters is one of the most productive districts of the county, and towards Antrim is adorned by numerous handsome residences rising among the enlivening scenery of bleach-greens, for which manufacture it affords a copious water-power. Scenes of this description impart a peculiar beauty to landscapes in the north of Ireland. The linen webs of a snowy whiteness, spread on green closely-shaven

lawn sloping to the sun, and generally bounded by a sparkling outline of running water, have a delightfully fresh and cheerful effect, seen as they usually are with their concomitants of well-built factories and handsome mansions; and in scenery of this description the neighbourhood of Antrim is peculiarly rich. The Six-mile-water has also its own attraction for the antiquary, being the *Ollarbha* of our ancient Irish poems and romances, and flowing within a short distance of the ancient fortress of Rathmore of Moylinny, a structure which boasts an antiquity of upwards of 1700 years.

In our view the river appears crossed by a bridge, which through the upper limbs of its lofty arches affords a pretty prospect of the river bank beyond. In building a bridge in the same place, a modern county surveyor would probably erect a less picturesque but more economical structure, for the arches here are so lofty, that the river, to occupy the whole space they afford for its passage, must rise to a height that would carry its waters into an entirely new channel.

But the principal feature in our prospect is the church, the tower and steeple of which are on so respectable a scale, and of such excellent proportions, as to render it a very pleasing object as seen from any quarter or approach of the town. It would be difficult to say in what the true proportions of a spire consist, whether in its obvious and practical utility as a pent-house roofing the tower, or in its emblematic aptitude aspiring to and pointing towards heaven. Still, every cultivated eye will remark how much more dignified and imposing is the effect of a spire which is only moderately lofty, as compared with the breadth of its base, than that of one which is extremely slender. We would point out the spire of St Patrick's Cathedral, for example, or that before us, on a smaller scale, as instances of the former sort. Any one acquainted with the proportions of those attenuated pinnacles which we so often find perched on the roofs of churches erected within the last ten years, cannot be at a loss for examples of the latter. The church itself at Antrim is, however, rather defective in point of size, as compared with its nobly proportioned tower and spire.

The suburb of the town, on this side of the bridge, runs up to the demesne wall of Lord Ferrard's residence, Antrim Castle, an antique castellated mansion, seated boldly over the river in a small park laid out in the taste of Louis XIV., from the terraced walks and stately avenues of which there are many beautiful views of the surrounding scenery.

In point of historical interest, there are but two events connected with Antrim worthy of any particular note—the defeat of the insurgents here in the rebellion of 1798, on which occasion the late Earl O'Neill lost his life; and a great battle between the English and native Irish, in the reign of Edward III., hitherto little spoken of in history, but forming one in a series of events which exercised a great influence over the destinies of this country.

Very soon after the first invasion of Ulster by John de Courcy, the English power was established not only throughout the counties of Down and Antrim, but even over a large portion of the present county of Londonderry, then called the county of Coleraine. We find sheriffs regularly appointed for these counties, and the laws duly administered, down to the time of Edward III. The native Irish, who had been pushed out by the advance of this early tide of civilisation, took up their abode west of the Bann, and in the hilly county of Tyrone, from whence they watched the proceedings of their invaders, and, as opportunities from time to time presented themselves, crossed the intervening river and "preyed" the English country. The district around Antrim was from its situation the one chiefly exposed to these incursions, and the duty of defending it mainly devolved on the powerful sept of the Savages, who at that time had extensive possessions in the midland districts of Antrim, as well as in Down.

The most formidable of these incursions was that which took place immediately after the murder of William de Burgho, Earl of Ulster, who was assassinated by some malcontent English at the fords of Belfast, A. D. 1333. The earl had been a strenuous assertor of the English law, and had rendered himself obnoxious to the turbulent nobles of the country by the severity with which he prohibited their adoption of Irish customs, which, strange to say, had always great charms for the feudal lords of the English pale, arising probably from the greater facilities which the Brehon law afforded for exacting exorbitant rents and services from their tenants. The immediate object of the assassins of the earl was to prevent him carrying the full rigour of the law into operation

against one of his own *hibernicised* kinsmen; but the ultimate consequences of their act were felt throughout all Ireland for two centuries after. For the Irish, taking advantage of the consternation attendant on the death of the chief officer of the crown in that province, crossed the Bann in unexampled numbers, and after a protracted struggle, in which they were joined by some of the degenerate English, succeeded at length in recovering the whole of the territory conquered by De Courcy, with the exception only of Carrickfergus in Antrim, and a portion of the county of Down, which the Savages with difficulty succeeded in holding after being expelled from their former possessions at the point of the sword. It was during this struggle that the battle to which we have alluded was fought at Antrim. The story is told at considerable length and with much quaintness by Hollinshed; but want of space obliges us to present it to our readers in the more concise though still very characteristic language of Cox:—

"About this time lived Sir Robert Savage, a very considerable gentleman in Ulster, who began to fortify his house with strong walls and bulwarks; but his son derided his father's prudence and caution, affirming that "a castle of bones was better than a castle of stones," and thereupon the old gentleman put a stop to his building. It happened that this brave man with his neighbours and followers were to set out against a numerous rabble of Irish that had made incursions into their territories, and he gave orders to provide plenty of good cheer against his return; but one of the company reproved him for doing so, alleging that he could not tell but the enemy might eat what he should provide; to which the valiant old gentleman replied, that he hoped better from their courage, but that if it should happen that his very enemies should come to his house, 'he should be ashamed if they should find it void of good cheer.' The event was suitable to the bravery of the undertaking: old Savage had the killing of three thousand of the Irish near Antrim, and returned home joyfully to supper."

Sir Henry Savage's "castles of bones" were found insufficient in the end to resist the multitudes of the Irish; and the English colonists, as we have mentioned, notwithstanding their victory at Antrim, were finally obliged to cede the valley of the Six-mile-water to the victorious arms of the Clan-Hugh-Buide, whose representative, the present Earl O'Neill, still holds large possessions in the territory thus recovered by his ancestors.

With respect to the origin of the place, there is little to be said beyond the fact, that, like that of most of our provincial towns, it was ecclesiastical. The only remnant of the ancient foundation is the round tower, which still stands in excellent preservation about half a mile north of the town. The name is properly "Aen-druim" signifying "the single hill," or "one mount."

#### A CHAPTER ON CURS.

WITHOUT doubt I am a benevolent character: the grudge gratuitous to my nature is unknown: I never take offence where no offence is given. Hence, on most animals I look with complacency—for most animals never intermeddle with my comfort—and on only a few with antipathy, for only a few so behave as to excite it. High up on the list of the latter—I was going to say at the very top, but that pestering, pertinacious fly impudently alighting, through pure mischief alone, on the tickle-tortured tip of—but he's gone—no, he's back—there now I have him under my hat at last—tut! he's out again under the rim—up with the window and away with him! At the head, then, ay, at the very head—how my grievances come crowding on my brain!—I unhesitatingly place that thrice-confounded breed of curs, colleys, mongrels, or whatever else they may be called, with which the rural regions of this therein much-afflicted country are infested. The milk of my humanity—yea, I may say the cream, for such it was with me—has in respect to them been changed to very gall—an unmitigable hostility has possessed me, which—did not the scars of the wofully-remembered salting, scrubbing, soarifying, and frying (to say nothing of two months' maintenance of an hospital establishment of poultices and plasters), to which my better leg was twice submitted, counsel me to mingle discretion with my ire—would absolutely make me turn Don Quixote for their extirpation.

Let flighty philosophers frolic as they list with the flimsy

phantasies no optics save their own can spy—let political economists prate about public problems, till other people's pates are nearly as addled as their own—let flaming patriots propound and placid placemen promise this, that, and t'other, as grievous burdens or great concessions; but let men of sense give heed to things of substance—let them exclaim with me, "Out upon all abstract gammon—out upon all squabbling about what we can only hear, but neither see nor feel, taste nor smell—bodily boons—real redress—and first and foremost, 'to the lamp-post' with the curs!" I have suffered more at their teeth, both in blood and broad-cloth, than all the benefactions I have ever received at the hands of any government would balance. The inviolable independence of British subjects, forsooth! the parental guardianship of the constitution, the security for life and person—fugh!—away with the big inanities, so long as a peaceful pedestrian cannot take an airing along a highway, much less adventure on a devious ramble, without exposing person and personalities to the cruel mercies of a tribe of half-starved tykes issuing from every cabin, scrambling over every half-door, and almost throttling themselves in their emulous ambition to be the first to tatter the ill-starred wight who has stumbled on their haunts. Let no one urge in their behalf that they are faithful to the misguided men who own them: so much the worse, since in their small system, fidelity to one must needs manifest itself in malice, hatred, and uncharitableness to every creature else, dead or alive. No, there is no redeeming trait—they are curs, essentially biting, barking, cantankrous, crabbed, sneaking, snarling, treacherous, bullying, cowardly curs, and nothing else. This, under all circumstances, I undertake to maintain against all gainsayers, though at the same time I am free to confess that I write under considerable excitement, having just returned from the country (whither—besotted mortal not to be content with the flag-way of a street, and the scenery of brick and mortar—I had repaired, forsooth, for air, exercise, and rural sketching) with a couple of new coats, to say nothing of trousers, curtailed beyond recovery, a bandaged shin smarting beyond description, and a host of horrid hydrophobic forebodings consequent thereon. It chanced that in an evil hour I made an engagement with an ailing friend, whose house was situate in what I may emphatically term a most *canine* locality, which constrained me to make several calls upon him. Unhappily it was only approachable by one road, the sides of which were here and there dotted with a clutch of cabins, in each of which was maintained a standing force of the aforesaid pests. This ambushed defile, about three miles in length, dire necessity compelled me to traverse thrice, and never did general more considerably undertake a march through a hostile country, or an enemy more vigilantly guard a pass therein, than did I and they respectively. On each and all of these occasions have I debated with myself whether I should not fetch a secure though sinuous compass through the fields, even with the addition of a few miles and other discomforts to my walk; but as often—with honest, though, as I look upon my leg, with melancholy pride I write it—did my pluck preserve me from so disgraceful a detour. What! my indignant manhood would exclaim, shall I, one of the lords of the creation—shall I, who have dared and have accomplished so and so—recalling some of my most notable exploits by flood and field, in crossing the Channel and cantering in the Park—shall I, one of her majesty's liege subjects, a grand jury oess-payer and a freeholder to boot, be driven from the highway which I pay to support, and obliged to skulk like a criminal from view, scramble over walls and splutter through swamps, daub my boots, rend mayhap my tights, and risk other contingencies, and all by reason of such vile scrubs? No, perish the thought!—though their name be Legion, and their nature impish, I will face them, ay, and write the fear of me upon their hides too, if they dare molest me—that I will. This spoke the man within me, as I fiercely gripped my cane; and if, as I cooled, an occasional shrinking of the calves of my legs in fancied supposition of a tooth inserted therein, betokened sought like quailing, I recalled Marlborough's saying on the eve of battle, "How this little body trembles at what this great soul is about to perform!" and felt that I too was exemplifying that loftiest courage in which the infirmity of the flesh succumbs to the vigour of the spirit.

Decided by some such discipline to run the gamut, and in a state of temper alternating between war and peace, inclining, as I remarked, strange contradiction! to the former when the latter was in prospect, and to the latter when the former, I proceeded in guarded vigilance. "Hope deferred maketh the

heart sick," no doubt, but in my case evil deferred doth oftentimes as much. The substantial presence of danger for me, before its fearful imminence—the real onset of a canine crew, before the terrible suspense of passing the open den in which haply they lay wait, the shrill gamut of attack splitting your ear worse in apprehension than in action. But attention! yonder is the first position. Egad! I'm in luck to-day; the coast seems clear, and—the pacific now prevails amain—poor devils, I won't make any ruction.

"Ever follow peace  
If you'd live at ease,"

saith the tuneful proverb, and I'll pass inoffensively if I can. Ay, i'faith, I may well say *if I can*, for if my eyes are worth a turnip, yonder is an outpost stretched before that sty. No, I'm wrong, it is a young pig—worthy little fellow, would I had the craft of Circe to change every cur in the land into your similitude! A grunt before a snarl, a snore before a snap any day. But what am I gabbling about?—there is evil at hand indeed, for yonder is a furohing devil squatted behind that stone, and no mistake. But softly: he seems asleep, and I may perchance steal past unnoticed—about as probable, my present experience assures me, as that you could ring my well-bred friend Piggie without an acknowledgment—he is sole sentry, and if I can but bilk him, I'll do. Vain hope—he is waking, he is giving a preparatory stretch to his limbs and to his jaws, and, miserable sinner that I am! I'm in for it. But there is yet a single chance—I'll try the magic of the human eye: there is wonder-working majesty, they say, in it. Did I not myself see Van Amburgh's brutes blench before it?—am not I too a man?—ay, and I'll let them see it. Whereupon, with the most astounding corrugation of my brows I could accomplish, I fixed my grim regards upon the cur, expecting to see him sneak in awe away as I drew nigh. But, alas! for the majesty of man, in a pinch like this let me tell him it is but a sorry safeguard—the veriest whelp in the land will bandy surly looks, and haply something worse, in its despite: a cudgel or a "hardy," I now say, on such an emergency, before the most confounding countenance that ever frowned beneath a diadem. The foe, then, recking but little my display of the tremendous, gave a fierce alarm, while in the vehemence of his wrath he described three circles, his hind legs being the centre, which brought the whole posse of aids and abettors fast and furious into view. And now commenced the fray in earnest: beleaguered on every side, my blood, not to speak boastfully, rose with the great occasion: my tongue gave vigorous utterance to my fury, and my cane swept gallantly from right to left and from left to right, though from the wariness with which, 'mid all their fuss and clamour, the war was waged by my assailants, it was but seldom that a shrill yelp piercing through the din announced its collision with flesh and blood. Never was man more thoroughly put to it. As I made a dash forward upon one, my unprotected rear was promptly invested by another: my only security lay in the rapidity of my evolutions, and considering I am a man five feet five in height and fifteen stone in weight, I fairly take credit to myself for performances in this line, which poor Joe Grimaldi himself were he alive could not eclipse. But a man's sinews are not of steel, nor are his lungs as tough as a pair of bellows, and under my extraordinary exertions I speedily began to think of vacating a field whereon nothing but a barren display of prowess without satisfaction was to be reaped. Accordingly, all my craft in strategy was put in practice, and by a most dexterous combination of manœuvres—now advancing, now receding, now stooping *as if* to seize a stone (incomparable among expedients in canine encounters), for the road here of course was as bare of them as a barn-floor, and now feigning to fling it—I at length contrived to draw the battle from their own ground, and their pugnacity being inversely as their distance from home, had the relief, for by this time I was blowing like a grampus, of seeing them retire in detachments, giving volleys in token of triumph and defiance so long as I remained in view. This brisk affair concluded with the loss only of a mouthful or two of my coat-tails, and the gain of a few trifling transparencies in the legs of my trousers—thank my boots, I have not to add in those of my person—I proceeded to the scene of my next "passage at arms," about half a mile off. So ruffled was I that at first, after a few score pegs and puffs restorative, I bustled bravely on, desiring nothing so much as an opportunity of wreaking my wrath on some of the odious race, to which purpose I providently deposited a few pretty pebbles in my pocket.

But I am pre-eminently a reasoning man, in whom the reign of passion is but brief, and discretion had so far recovered its rightful ascendancy as I drew nigh the next "picket," that I began to think it more prudent, more benevolent I mean, to bottle up, or repress I should say, my indignation, and try what the "gentle charities," a benign demeanour and a pleasant salutation, might avail in the way of securing a peaceful transit. With this aim I threw a prodigious amount of amiability (if somewhat more than I felt, Heaven forgive the hypocrisy) into my countenance, and accompanied a few familiar fillips of my finger with a most honied, and, as I thought, captivating phraseology of address, to a sinister-faced wretch who lay recumbent on the nearest threshold. But it would not do: up bounced the vile ingrate with obstreperous bay; his myrmidons were forthcoming on the instant, and in a jiffy I, a grave, reserved, and middle-aged man, a short, stout, and not very well-winded man, was in the melée once more, yanking my heels out fore and aft, whacking right and left, puffing, blowing, and altogether cutting such uncouth capers as verily it shames me now to think upon. Whether or not it was that my resentment, and proportionably thereto my prowess, were aggravated by the flagrant ingratitude displayed, I distributed my "dissuaders" on this occasion with such distinguished emphasis as well as science, as speedily to create a considerable diversion in my favour, and make more than one repentant sinner yelp out "devil take the hindmost," in such vigorous style as to bring a bevy of grandam fogies in wrath from their chimney corners. "An' what are yees abusin' the poor crathurs for, that wouldn't harm nobody in the world at all at all, barrin' a pig or so? It's a wonder yees been't ashamed to treat the poor dumb (!) brutes that way, that niver did an ill hand's turn to us nor one belonging to us, an' it's longer we're acquaint with them than you. Come here, Trig—come here, Daisy—in there, Snap—down there, Peerie," and so forth. Recrimination on such opponents was out of the question; and this brush over in rather creditable style, I made all speed from the united clamour of the offended crones and their injured innocents.

The next sore point I happily passed in the company of an iron-nerved, long-thonged carman, whom I providently engaged in conversation at the crisis. This fellow minded them no more than if they had been so many sods of turf, nor in truth did they, having probably tasted erewhile the crusty quality of such a customer, pay much regard to him, although not a few ill-favoured glances were cast askew at my poor self, as under his lee I stoutly stumped along; and some ill-suppressed growls and spiteful grins gave me to understand that I owed my safety solely to my company. A jolly beggarman—~~alack-a-day!~~ that I should ever stand in need of such a conveyance—to whose nimble fictions I gave ear for the nonce with singular philanthropy, was my next protector, and a sixpence paid for the safe conduct, at which rate I am pretty confident, had he seen how matters lay, he would have offered to trudge it at my elbow far enough, for the sturdy rogue cared not a snuff for them had they been twice as numerous; and in a few seconds after, I saw him with a flourish of his duster enter a hut in the midst of them all.

But it is needless to dive any farther into the budget of adventures which then and there befell me, except to mention, as a sort of set-off, a notable retaliation that I right happily achieved on one of my tormentors. After a scuffle, contested on both sides with considerable toughness, I was retiring from a sort of drawn battle, when I espied a short-legged, long-backed, orook-knee'd, lumphish-looking rascal scuttling along through a field at a prodigious pace. He had heard the well-known gathering-note when at a distance with some turf-cutters in a bog, and, eager for sport, namely, a pluck at my inexpressibles, lost no time in making for the scene. The affair was, however, over before he arrived upon the ground; but determined that his "trevally" should not be for nought, he gave me immediate chase up the road, reserving his fire as if intent on close combat alone, and altogether showing such an earnest business-like way with him, as made me set him down as a singularly crabbed customer. On he came at a rate that soon left me nothing for it, was I ever so much disinclined, but to face about and stand at bay. Hereupon, however—so conversant with currish character was I now become—a much increased ostentation of action upon his part, accompanied with a much diminished rate of progression, and a most superfluous discharge of barks, let me into a gratifying little secret. "Ha, my gentleman," thought I, "is this the way the land lies? You're not just so stout a hero as you

would fain be thought; and as, i'faith, I have no notion of being made sport of by such small ware as you, I'll just try if I cannot give you a lesson worth the learning." With that I again showed him my heels, which relieved him of his rather awkward suspense, and, turning round a corner, dexterously managed in a few moments to have my lad ensconced in a pretty angle, with a deep pool behind him, and a high stone wall on either side. Even in the height of my triumph and wrath, I could not help noticing the extraordinary mutations the outwitted ettercap underwent at this astounding juncture. The last yelp perished incomplete: a dismal wonder-what-aills-him bewilderment, horror, cowardice, despair, supplied a sort of prelibation of "the condign" my injured honour and outraged rights craved in expiation. Before him I flourished my cane in a fashion that made the very thought of contact therewith terrible—behind him lay the expectant plunge-bath of which he, in common with all his tribe, entertained a most hydrophobic horror. Thrice he seemed to contemplate an eruption, and thrice my waving weapon turned him to the watery gulf behind, and in mortal misery he appeared to balance their respective terrors. A cogent persuasive delivered rearward in handsome style, created a partial preponderance in favour of the latter. One paw was passed over the fearful brim; a timely reiteration sent the other after; the avenging rod was upraised to give the grand finale, when his outstretched tail suggested a device, which I rapturously seized on to prevent that gradual fulfilment of inevitable fate which the cowardly catiff seemed to meditate. In the fervour of my career I even laid hands on this appendage of my once so dreaded foe, and swinging him aloft, to give him a proper elevation, as well as a momentary view of the murky abyss to which a few aerial evolutions were to bring him, dismissed him by a most righteous retribution to his fate. A gurgling yelp announced the crisis of the plump, and a few moments after, snorting and kicking, wriggling and splashing, in a perfect frenzy of amase, the culprit emerged, and made way like mad for the bank. Tempering justice with mercy, with a noble magnanimity I allowed him to scramble up to the road, which he did with most astonishing alacrity, and, without even a shake to his bedraggled coat, or more than a glance of horror at myself, scurried homeward at a rate with which even his pursuit could not compare: he never troubled me again. With this beautiful illustration of retributive justice—oh, that I could but make it universal!—I will wind up the relation of my misfortunes and feats on this plagy but memorable day, which I have selected—may my vanity be pardoned—as exhibiting myself, though I say it who should not say it, in rather a distinguished point of view, as being devoid of certain humiliating circumstances with which on most other occasions my lot was accompanied, and as being at the same time sufficient, without wanton trifling with my own feelings and those of others, to make the resentment of all who are susceptible of sympathy with their kind burn fierce against these pestiferous persecutors of our race. I have said enough to show, that if we care to maintain that native supremacy which these contumacious rebels make but light of questioning, if we wish to rescue our order from the disgrace and contumely from such vile sources cast upon it, the time for action, systematic, conjoint, national action, has now arrived. "Union," say the sages of the rostrum with admirable discernment, "Union is strength." Let us act on the profound discovery; let combination be the order of the day; let the cry of "Down with the cynocracy!" ring resistless through the land; let pistol pellets and pounded glass be in every one's possession; let the legislature be simultaneously bombarded; let the squire whose game is incontinently gobbled up in embryo, the wayfarer whose person and all that hangs thereon is supernely compromised, the philanthropist who would augment human happiness, the humanist who would diminish dumb-brute suffering, the vindicator of the pig, the cat, the donkey, and all the tribe of cur-bitten animals, ay, even the friends (if such besotted beetleheads there be) of the detested breed themselves, who hold it better "not to be" than "to be" in semi-starvation, in mangy malevolence, in spiteful pugnacity, in the perpetual distribution of snarls, bites, and barks, and receipt of cuffs, kicks, and cudgels—let all and every of these great and various parties agitate, agitate, agitate, petition, petition, petition, that such comprehensive measures as the enormity of the case demands be forthwith adopted for the correction, abatement, or abolition of this national scourge, by taxation, suspension, submersion, decapitation, or deportation, as to the "collective wisdom" may most advisable appear.



## LUOJ5h N2I SE2U52I.

## POEM OF THE CHASE.

THERE are many poems of great beauty and interest in the Irish language, several of which have become known to the English reader through the medium of a translation. Of those poems there is a particular class known to Irish scholars by the name of the "Fenian Tales"—an appellation which they derive from Finn, or Fionn, the son of Cumhall (the Fingal of Macpherson), and his heroes the FIONNA EIRONN. Fionn, renowned for his martial exploits, flourished about the beginning of the third century, under Cormac,\* of whose forces he was the commander-in-chief. He has been to the Milesian bards what King Arthur was to the Britons, the theme of many a marvellous achievement and poetic fiction. Oisín, his son, was equally celebrated as a warrior and a poet; and of him it might be said, as of Achilles, Æschylus, Alfred, Camoens, Cervantes, and many another, that "one hand the sword and one the harp employed." Numerous poems have been ascribed to him; but there is no proof that he has a legitimate claim to any composition extant. As for the impostures of Macpherson, they have been sufficiently exposed; and no one who has taken pains to investigate the subject, or who has the least knowledge of Irish history, antiquities, or language, will pretend that he is worthy of the slightest credence. The date and origin of the Fenian Tales, from which he drew many of the materials of his cantos, are altogether uncertain. It may seem, however, not unreasonable, from slight internal evidence, to conjecture that some of them may have been composed soon after the introduction of Christianity, though they must since have suffered many changes and modifications.† In few countries, if in any, did the Christian religion win its way more easily than in Ireland; and yet it can scarcely be supposed that its triumph became universal without some reluctance on the part of the people, whose habits it condemned, and to whose superstitions it was strenuously opposed. It attempted to produce such a complete revolution in their tastes and occupations, that it would be surprising had not various objections been started to its reception. The quiet and devotion of the monastic life formed a melancholy contrast to the spirit-stirring excitements of the chase, and to those games of strength and skill in which the heroes of the Ossianic age delighted. They who rejoiced in the clash of arms, in the music of hounds and horns, and in the feast and the revel, could have small taste for the chiming of bells in the services of religion, for the singing of psalms, and still less for fasting—

the waster gaunt and grim,

That of beauty and strength robs feature and limb.

The bards, it may well be imagined, who were always not only welcome but necessary guests at all the high festivals of the chiefs and princes, would be among the first to lament a change of manners by which their pleasures and honours were abridged or abolished; and to give more effect to their complaint, as well as to conceal its real authors, they put it into the mouth of Oisín, their great master, by poetic licence, though in violation of chronology. They ascribed to him those sentiments which they thought he would have expressed, had he really been the contemporary of Saint Patrick.‡ At the same time it must be admitted, that in the Poem of the Chase at least, such a description of the creative power of the Deity is given by the saint, as is worthy of a Christian missionary.

\* Cormac Uíada, grandson of "Con of the hundred battles." He reigned forty years, and was honoured as a wise statesman and a philosopher.

† The reader who feels an interest in this subject, and in the Ossianic controversy, is referred to the essays by the Rev. Dr. Drummond and Mr O'Reilly in the fifteenth volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. In the Transactions of the Hiberno-Celtic Society Mr O'Reilly observes, that "many beautiful poems are extant that bear the name of Oisín, but there are no good reasons to suppose that they are the genuine compositions of that bard. If ever they were composed by Oisín, they have since suffered a wonderful change in their language, and have been interpolated so as to make the poet and St Patrick contemporaries, though the latter did not commence his apostolic labours in Ireland until the middle of the fifth century, when by the course of nature Oisín must have lain in his grave about one hundred and fifty years."

‡ Since this paper was sent to the press, the author has been assured by a most competent Irish scholar that there are manuscript poems attributed to Oisín not less than a thousand years old in the Library of the Dublin University. It is much to be wished, for the honour of ancient Irish literature and for the light which these poems may throw on some dark and disputed topics of Irish history, that they may before long be properly analysed and presented to the public.

§ Thus Horace exposes the arts of the parasites and fortune-hunters of Rome in a dialogue between Tiresias and Ulysses.

though he is obliged to succumb to the stern indignation of the "Warrior Bard."

Leaving the further consideration of this subject for the present, I proceed to give an analysis of the Poem of the Chase, from which the reader may be enabled in some degree to judge how far Spenser is justifiable in affirming that the poems of the Irish bards "savoured of sweet wit and good invention."

The poem commences by Oisín asking St Patrick if he had ever heard the tale of the chase; and on receiving an answer in the negative, accompanied with a request that it may be told truly, he feels indignant at the suspicion that he or any of the Fionna Eironn could ever deviate from the strictest veracity, and retaliates by declaring how much he prized his former friends, whose virtues he records, beyond Patrick and all his psalm-singing fraternity. Patrick, in reply, exhorts him not to indulge a strain of panegyric which borders on blasphemy, and extols the power of that great Being by whom all the Fenian race had been destroyed. The mention of his friends' extinction calls forth a fresh burst of indignation from Oisín, and leads him to compare the pleasures of the days gone by with the melancholy occupations of psalm-singing and fasting. Patrick requests him to cease, and not incur the impiety of comparing Finn with the Creator of the universe. Oisín replies in a style more indignant, and after reciting a number of the glorious exploits of the Fenians, asks by what achievements of Patrick's Deity they can be matched. The saint, justly shocked by such daring, accuses him of frenzy, and tells him that Finn and his host have been doomed to hell-fire by that God whom he blasphemes: but this only provokes Oisín to make a comparison between Finn's generosity and the divine vengeance; and as for himself, it is a sufficient proof of his sanity that he allows Patrick and his friends to wear their heads. Patrick, as if tacitly admitting the validity of his argument, pays him a compliment, and requests him to proceed with the promised tale. Oisín complies, and informs him that while the Fenian heroes were feasting in the tower of Almhúin, Finn having withdrawn from the company and spied a young doe, pursued her with his two hounds Scœolan and Bran as far as Slieve Guillin, where she suddenly disappeared. While he and his hounds are left in perplexity, he hears a sound of lamentation, and looking round espies a damsel of surpassing beauty, whom he accosts, and with friendly solicitude asks the cause of her grief. She replies that she had dropped her ring into the adjoining lake, and adjures him as a true knight to dive into the water to find and restore the lost treasure. He complies, and succeeds; and while handing her the ring, is suddenly metamorphosed into a withered old man.

Mean time the absence of their chief begins to create some fears for his safety in the breasts of the Fenians. Caoilte expresses his apprehension that he is irrecoverably lost, when bald Conan, the Thersites of the Fenian poems, rejoicing at the idea, boasts that he will in future be their chief. The Fenians having indulged in a laugh of scorn to hear such arrogance from one they contemned, proceed in quest of Finn, and discover the old man, who whispers in the ear of Caoilte the story of his strange metamorphosis. Conan, on hearing it, waxes valiant, and utters some bitter reproaches against Finn and the Fenians. He is rebuked by Caoilte; but still continuing to vituperate and boast, he is answered at last by the sword of Osagar. The Fenians interfere, and having put an end to the strife, and learned the cause of Finn's misfortune, they search the secret recesses of Slieve Guillin, and at length find the enchantress, who presents a cup to Finn, of which he drinks, and is restored to his former strength and beauty.

Miss Brooke, a lady to whose genius and taste Irish literature is greatly indebted, has given a translation of this poem in her "Reliques of Irish Poetry," published in 1788. Every Irish scholar is bound to speak with respect of her patriotic literary labours, and the present writer would be among the last to pluck a single leaf from the chaplet which adorns her brows—

neque ego illi detrahere ausim

Hærentem capiti multa cum laude coronam.—HOR.

Not from her head shall I presume to tear

The sacred wreath she well deserves to wear.—FRANCIS.

To Miss Brooke is due the well-merited praise of having been the first to introduce the English reader to a knowledge of these compositions. But that province of translation into which she led the way is open to all, and no one has a right

to claim it as his exclusive property. Chapman translated Homer: he was followed by Hobbes, Hobbes by Pope, Pope by Cowper, Cowper by Sotheby. Who will be the next competitor in this fair field of fame? How many translators have we of Virgil, of Horace, of Anacreon, and of all the most eminent Greek and Latin poets, each advancing a claim to some kind of superiority over his rivals? Would that we had more such honourable rivalry in translations from the Irish! Miss Brooke has been faithful to the sense of her originals; but it appears to the present writer that she not unfrequently errs by being too diffuse, that several passages are weakened by unnecessary expansion, and that the spirit of the whole can be better preserved in a more varied form of versification than in the monotonous quatrains which she adopted. The prevalent fault of most poetical translations is diffuseness or amplification, by which the thoughts are weakened and their spirit lost. Much allowance, however, must be granted to those who attempt to clothe in English verse such compositions as the Irish Fenian tales; and any one who makes the experiment will feel the difficulty of preserving a just medium between a loose paraphrase and a strict verbal translation. It is almost if not altogether impossible to translate into rhyme without an occasional accessory idea or epithet on the one hand, and the omission of some unimportant adjunct on the other. The great object should be to preserve the spirit of the original—to be "true to the sense, but truer to his fame"—*sec verbum verbo reddere fidus*. Some passages could not be understood, others would not be endured by any reader of taste or refinement if rendered word for word.

In my next communication I shall send you a translation of the first part of the Poem of the Chase—namely, the introductory dialogue between Patrick and Oisín. This shall be followed by the succeeding part of the poem, should you deem such compositions suited to the pages of your "Journal," which I hope will be eminently useful in promoting both the literary and moral taste of the people of Ireland. D.

#### DEAF AND DUMB—A MOUNTAIN SKETCH.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

It has been a general and certainly a well-founded complaint against Ireland, that the arts, whose influence has extended so much over England and Scotland during the last half century, have made but little progress in "the Emerald Isle." It "has sent forth painters, but encouraged none." This I fear is true, though lately I have been delighted to observe some very happy exceptions to the rule.

There are many reasons why art and artists have not flourished in Ireland. The greater number of those who have the means to patronise talent are absentees, spending in foreign lands the produce of the riches bestowed by the Almighty on their own—while the minds of the residents are usually so pre-occupied by religious or political controversies, that they have no time to bestow, or attention to give to anything else. Another reason I would urge, even at the hazard of being charged with national pride, is, the country so overflows with natural beauty, that in the matter of landscape painting the Irish gentry are hard to please. To those who doubt this, I would simply say, come and see; and if any English artist does not discover good cause why they should be fastidious, all I can observe is, that I shall be very much astonished. Even the highways are crowded with antiquarian and picturesque beauty; but road-makers do not seek these so much as convenience; nor are the most-talked-of places those where a "landskipper," as I heard an artist called in Kerry, will reap the richest harvest.

There are hills and lakes, rivers and glades, of most exquisite beauty, profusely scattered over the country—far away from the highroads, in the fastnesses of the mountains—and even within hearing of the roar of the wild ocean are dells and little valleys, cascades, lawns of greenest hue and softest grass, where Druids' altars hang upon their mysterious points of rest, and the breeze whispers amid mouldering towers—memorials of the troubled past. Still, eyes accustomed from their opening to really fine scenery are not likely to be satisfied with aught that falls short of perfection; and, as I have said, I find such of my countrymen as really love art very hard to please in landscape, particularly in Irish landscape: they have become familiar with the same scenes from many points of view—the artist can only record one, and it is at least likely that the one he has chosen is not the favourite.

Still, I fear, the chief cause why art has not flourished hitherto, must be attributed to the continued excitement of religion and politics; to judge from collateral evidence, the influence of this excitement is happily on the decrease, for I have seen framed prints in several cottages, and observed in many dwellings, where paintings would be an extravagance, volumes of beautiful engravings displayed as the chief treasures of their country homes.

On our late pilgrimage through the beautiful and romantic "Kingdom of Kerry" we encountered a native artist, who beguiled us of an hour, and interested us deeply. We had lingered long in the beautiful vale of Glengariff, and still longer on the mountain road which commands a view of the magic bay and its golden islands, that seem lifted by earth towards heaven as a peace-offering; and when we passed through the tunnel, which is still regarded by the mountaineers with evident astonishment, the sun was sinking behind the huge range of Kerry mountains, which looked the more bleak when contrasted with the memory of the exceeding fertility of Glengariff. We were then literally *amid* both clouds and mountains, and the only sound that disturbed the awful stillness of the scene was the scream of an eagle, which issued from behind a tower-like assemblage of barren rocks, where most probably the eyrie of the royal bird was placed; the sound added greatly to the effect of the scenery, and we drew up that we might listen to it more attentively; it was several times repeated, and almost at the same instant a fresh breeze dispersed the mists which had in some degree obscured the glory of the departing sun; and the valley beneath the pass became literally illuminated wherever the breaks or fissures in the opposite mountains permitted the brightness of the sun, as it were, to pass through. I had never seen such an effect of light and shade before, for the mountain shadows were heavy as night itself; I feel I cannot describe either the brightness of the one or the intenseness of the other. I am sure the scene could not be painted so as to convey any idea of its reality. Any attempt to depict the extravagance of nature is always deemed unnatural.

We are weak enough to bound the Almighty's works by what has come within the sphere of our own finite observations. How paltry this must seem to those who dwell amongst the mountains, and read the book of ever varying nature amid the silent places of the earth!

I had been gazing so earnestly upon the scene below and around us, that I had not noted the sudden appearance of a lad upon a bank, a little to the left of the place on which we stood; but my attention was attracted by his clasping his hands together, and laughing, or rather shouting loudly, in evident delight at the scene. There was nothing in his appearance different from that of many young goatherds we had passed, and who hardly raised their heads from the purple heath to gaze at our progress. His sun-burnt limbs were bare below the knee; but his long brown hair had been cared for, and flowed beneath a wide-leafed hat, which was garnished, not untastefully, with a couple of wreaths of spreading fern. His garments were in sufficient disorder to satisfy the most enthusiastic admirer of "the picturesque;" and although we called to him repeatedly, it was not until a sudden diffusion of cloud had interfered between him and the sunset, so as to diminish the light, and of course lessen the effect of the shadows, that he noticed us in the least; indeed, I do not think he would have done so at all, but for the unexpected appearance of another "child of the mist," in the person of a little *tangled-looking*, bright-eyed girl—literally one mass of tatters—who sprang to where the boy stood, and seizing his hand, pointed silently to us. He descended immediately, followed by the little girl, and after removing his hat, stood by the side of our carriage, into which he peered with genuine Irish curiosity.

To our question of "Where do you live?" the mountain maid replied, "Neen English," which experience had previously taught us signified that she did not understand our language. We then addressed ourselves to the boy, when the girl placed her hands on her lips, then to her ears, and finally shook her head. "Deaf and dumb?" I said. Upon which she replied, "Ay, ay, deaf, dumb—deaf, dumb." The little creature having so said, regarded him with one of those quick looks so eloquent of infant love; and seizing his hand, lifted up her rosy face to be kissed. He patted her head impatiently, but was too occupied examining the contents of our carriage to heed her affectionate request. His eye glanced over our packages without much interest, until they rested upon a

small black portfolio, and then he leaped, and clapped his hands, making us understand he wanted to inspect *that*. His little companion had evidently some idea that this was an intrusion, and intimated so to the boy; but he pushed her from him, determined, with true masculine spirit, to have his own way. Nothing could exceed his delight while turning over a few sketches and some engravings. He gave us clearly to understand that he comprehended their intent—looking from our puny outlines to the magnificent mountains by which we were surrounded, and smiling thereat in a way that even our self-love could not construe into a compliment; he evinced more satisfaction at a sketch of Glengariff, pointed towards the district, and intimated that he knew it well; but his decided preference was given to sundry most exquisite drawings, from the pencil of Mr Nicoll, of the ruins of Aghadoe, Mucross Abbey, and a passage in the gap of Dunloe. I never understood before the power of “mute eloquence.” I am sure the boy would have knelt before the objects of his idolatry until every gleam of light had faded from the sky, if he had been permitted so to do.

Nor was his enthusiasm less extraordinary than the purity of his taste; for he turned over several coloured engravings, brilliant though they were, of ladies' costumes, after a mere glance at each, while he returned again and again to the drawings that were really worthy of attention.

While he was thus occupied, his little companion, struck by some sudden thought, bounded up the almost perpendicular mountain with the grace and agility of a true-born Kerry maiden, until she disappeared; but she soon returned, springing from rock to rock, and holding the remnants of her tattered apron together with evident care. When she descended, she displayed its contents, which interested us greatly, for they were her brother's sketches, five or six in number, made on the torn-out leaves of an old copy-book in pale ink, or with a still paler pencil. Two were tinged with colour extracted from plants that grew upon the mountain; and though rude, there were evidences of a talent the more rare, when the circumstances attendant upon its birth were taken into consideration. The lad could have had no instruction—he had never been to school, though schools, thank God! are now to be found in the fastnesses of Kerry—the copy-book was the property of his eldest brother, and he had abducted the leaves to record upon them his silent observations of the magnificence of Nature, whose power had elevated and instructed his mind, closed as it was by the misfortune of being born deaf and dumb, against such knowledge as he could acquire in so wild a district. We should not have read even this line of his simple history, but for the opportune passing of a “Kerry dragon”—a wild, brigand-looking young fellow, mounted between his market-panniers on his rough pony—who proved to be the lad's brother, although he did not at first tell us so.

“We all,” he said, “live high up in de mountain; but I can't trust Mogue to look after de goats by himself. His whole delight is puttin' down upon a bit of paper or a slate whatever he sees. I'd ha' broke him off it long ago; but he was his mother's darlin', and she's wid de blessed Vargin these seven years, so I don't like to cross his fancy; besides, de Lord's hand has been heavy on him already, and it does no harm, no more than himself, except when any of de children brake what he do be doing; den he goes mad intirely, and strays I dunna where; though, to be sure, de Almighty has his eye over him, for he's sure to come back well and quiet.”

The lad at last closed our portfolio with a heavy sigh, and did not perceive until he had done so that his little sister had spread out his own productions on the heather which grew so abundantly by the road-side. He pointed to them with something of the exaltation of spirit which is so natural to us all when we think our exertions are about to be appreciated, and he bent over them as a mother would over a cherished child. His triumph, however, was but momentary—it was evident that his having seen better things rendered him discontented with his own, for while gathering them hastily together, he burst into tears.

Poor mountain boy! I do not think his tears were excited by envy, for he returned to our folio in a few moments with the same delight as before; but his feelings were the more intense because he could not express them; and he had been taught his inferiority, a bitter lesson, the remembrance of which nothing but hope, all-glorious hope, that manifestation of immortality, can efface.

We gave him some paper and pencils, together with a few engravings, and had soon looked our best at Mogue Murphy,

as he stood, his little sister clinging to his side, waving his hat on a promontory, while we were rapidly descending into the valley. I thought the memory of such a meeting in the mountains was worthy of preservation.

#### IMPROPER CONDUCT IN PUBLIC PLACES.

THERE is scarcely anything by which a stranger is more forcibly struck on visiting Paris and other continental cities, than meeting at the museums, libraries, palaces, menageries, and other places of exhibition, crowds of private soldiers, artisans, and persons of inferior degree, who with the greatest attention, and in the most decorous and orderly manner, inspect the various objects presented to their notice; and who, judging from the intelligent manner in which they discuss the merits of these objects, would appear to derive the greatest possible advantage from the privileges they enjoy. Amongst this crowd of people it was not an unfrequent sight, a year or two since, to observe some well-dressed individual poking at a picture with his fingers, as if his eyes were on the points of them, teasing the animals in the menagerie, or possibly inscribing his worthless name on some pillar or statue. You might have safely addressed the person whom you saw thus employed in English as one from our own dominions; and if you looked around, you would have seen an expression of anger in the countenances of the native spectators, or have heard them muttering their just contempt of the ignorance and rudeness displayed in thus wantonly injuring or defacing that which, being publicly exhibited for general advantage, becomes so far public property as to appeal strongly to the honour of all well-thinking individuals for its protection. In our own country, a few years since, it required no ordinary generosity, and no little sacrifice of selfishness, to place within the reach of our people any works of art or curiosity in the shape of exhibitions; and our government contributed very little assistance towards forwarding the great work of national improvement by such means. Truly melancholy was it then to see the mischief wantonly done to the property of the few liberal individuals who offered to share their pleasures with their less fortunate fellows; one instance of which (probably one that has wrought much to induce good conduct) may perhaps be worth narrating here. In certain beautiful pleasure grounds, freely opened to the public, there was to be seen, a few years since, a board bearing the following inscription:—“This mound was planted with evergreens three times, and as often trampled down by thoughtless individuals admitted to walk in the grounds: it is now planted a fourth time.” This was the delicate but touching reproof of the worthy proprietor, who may now, however (having suffered in a good cause), congratulate himself on the amended habits of the people, brought about by the increasing enlightenment on the subject of the necessity and utility of admitting the humbler orders to places of rational and instructive recreation, aided by their improved education and temperate habits, which hold forth great encouragement to those who possess the power to extend the privileges still too scantily accorded. We are indeed satisfied that a most decided improvement in the habits and feelings of the humbler classes of the community has really taken place within the last few years, and that under judicious arrangements they might now be admitted safely even to exhibitions of objects of great intrinsic value; and in proof of this opinion we may state, that about two years since, when, on the occasion of the Queen's coronation, the Royal Hibernian Academy opened the doors of their annual exhibition to the public gratuitously for one day, though thousands took advantage of this free admission, not the slightest accident to the property or impropriety of any kind whatever occurred.

If proofs of the utility of thus disposing of the spare time of the people be required, one answer will be, that they are thus at least “kept out of harm's way;” and in accomplishing this (quite a sufficient object for exertion when man's propensities to evil are taken into account), a great deal more of good is achieved, for a spirit of inquiry is thus induced, and a talent for observation cultivated, which are the parents of true knowledge, and which, combined with the habit of concentrating thought and reflection, must open up the sources of wisdom, and produce an enlargement of understanding in the fortunate possessor, which older and still too prevalent methods of education are eminently calculated to repress. It has been observed, until the observation has become trite, that “knowledge is power,” and it is therefore the duty of all who are sensible of the value of mental development to encour-

rage whatever tends to promote it; though, unfortunately, there still exists a class of men who seek to maintain undeserved superiority, by keeping all persons subordinate to them in ignorance, instead of generously extending to them such help as would enable them to advance in intelligence. How different was the feeling of him who said, that if permitted to have his wishes accomplished he would ask but for two: the first, that he might possess all knowledge that man in his finite nature can or ought to possess; and the second, that having attained this knowledge, all his fellow-creatures might be admitted to a participation of it.

The value of observation as an accessible source of information to all, must be obvious; the infant observes before he reasons, and reason advances with the powers of observing. When the man becomes a sage, he may theorise; but he must first test his wisdom by observation, which would thus appear to be the fulcrum on which mind must depend to raise itself; and as opportunities of observation are now daily increasing, it becomes a matter of importance to aid those who are inclined, by showing them how to observe, and to draw out the latent talent in those who, having eyes, yet see not; and there is no mode in which this can be more effectually and agreeably done than by drawing their attention to those natural objects by which they are surrounded. The sacred writers were well aware of the value of thus directing the mind; and our poets have in many instances derived applause and celebrity from their power of accurately observing and faithfully describing the phenomena of nature.

To aid the people in the acquirement of knowledge so desirable, our best efforts shall not be wanting, and we propose to ourselves accordingly to give a series of papers on Natural History, pointing out, in a popular manner, what all who have eyes may see, and, seeing, profit by. B.

#### ANSALDO AND THE CATS.

EVERYBODY, we presume, has heard or read the story of "Whittington and his Cat," which is an especial favourite with the worthy citizens of "London town," where it is matter of history that the once poor and friendless little boy rose to be thrice Lord Mayor; but from the tale quoted below, it would seem that the Italians are not without a version of their own on the subject. Which of the two is the most ancient or original, we confess our inability to decide, but it is a matter of very little consequence, as the moral in each is similar, namely, that perseverance and industry will generally meet their just reward, while the endeavours of an idle and improvident man to realise a great fortune all at once, by some wild and desperate speculation, pretty much the same as gambling, or even, as we may add, by that detestable and degrading vice itself, rarely fails to involve the rash projector in ruin and disgrace. However, without fatiguing the reader with further preface, we will present him with the following literal translation from the Italian of Lorenzo Magaletti:—

"About the time when our Amerigo Vespucci discovered the new world, there was a merchant in our town whose name was Messer Ansaldo degli Ormani, who, though he had become very rich, but yet desirous to double his wealth, chartered a very large ship, and began to trade with his merchandise in the newly-discovered regions of the West. Having already made two or three prosperous voyages, he wished to return thither once more; but scarcely had he left Cadiz when there arose a most furious gale, which drove him along for several days, without his knowing where he was; but at length fortune was so kind as to enable him to reach an island called Canaria. He had no sooner done so than the king, being informed of the arrival of a vessel, went down to the port with all his nobles, and gave Messer Ansaldo a kind reception: he then conducted him to the royal palace, to show his joy at his arrival. Dinner was then prepared in the most sumptuous style, and he sat down with Messer Ansaldo, who was surprised to see a great number of youths who held in their hands long sticks, similar to those used by penitents; but no sooner were the viands served up than he understood fast enough the meaning of such attendance, for

'Not Xerxes led so many into Greece,  
Nor numerous thus the myrmidonic bands,  
As on the scene their countless hosts appeared'

BERN.

In fact, so many and so large were the rats which came in from all quarters, that it was really wonderful to see them. Thereupon the youths aforesaid took to their sticks, and with great labour defended the dish from which the king and Messer Ansaldo were eating. When the latter had heard and seen the multitudes of those filthy animals which were innumerable in that island (nor had any means been found to exterminate them), he sought to 'make the king understand by signs that he wished to provide him with a remedy by means of which he might be freed from such horrid creatures; and running quickly to the ship, he took two very fine cats, male and female, and brought them to the king, saying that on the next occasion they should be put upon the table. As soon therefore as the smell of the meat began to diffuse itself, the usual procession made its appearance, when the cats seeing it began to scatter them so bravely that there was very soon a prodigious slaughter of the enemy.

On seeing this, the delighted king, wishing to remunerate Ansaldo, sent for many strings of pearls, with gold, silver, and rare precious stones, which he presented to Messer Ansaldo, who, thinking he had made a good profit of his merchandise, spread his sails to the wind, prosecuted his voyage, and returned home immensely rich.

Some time afterwards, he was relating what had occurred between himself and the King of Canaria to a circle of his friends, when one of them, named Giocondo de Finfali, was seized with a desire to make the voyage to Canaria himself, to try his fortune also; and in order to do so, sold an estate he had in the Val d'Eisa, and invested the money in a great quantity of jewels, together with rings and bracelets of immense value; and having given out that he intended to go to the Holy Land, lest any should blame his resolution, he repaired to Cadiz, where he embarked, and soon arrived at Canaria. He presented his riches to the king, reasoning in this manner—'If Messer Ansaldo got so much for a paltry pair of cats, how much more will be my just recompence for what I have brought his majesty!' But the poor man deceived himself, because the King of Canaria, who highly esteemed the present of Giocondo, did not think he could make him a fairer exchange than by giving him a cat; so having sent for a very fine one, son to those which Ansaldo had given him, he presented it to Giocondo; but he, thinking himself insulted, returned miserably poor to Florence, continually cursing the King of Canaria, the rats, and Messer Ansaldo and his cats; but he was wrong, because that good king, in making him a present of a cat, gave him what he considered the most valuable thing in his dominions." W. S. T.

#### INSCRIPTION ON A TOMBSTONE IN THE CHURCHYARD OF YOUGHAL,

ON ANNE MARIA CAREW, AGED 24.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, when hope hath built a bow'r  
Like that of Eden, wreathed about with many a thornless flow'r  
To dwell therein securely, the self-deceivers trust—  
A whirlwind from the desert comes, and all is in the dust.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, that when the poor heart clings  
With all its finest tendrils, with all its flexile rings,  
That goodly thing it cleaveth to so fondly and so fast,  
Is struck to earth by lightning, or shattered by the blast.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, with beams of mortal bliss,  
With looks too bright and beautiful for such a world as this,  
One moment round about us their angel light wings play;  
Then down the veil of darkness drops, and all is passed away.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, with creatures heavenly fair,  
Too finely formed to bear the brunt more earthly natures bear—  
A little while they dwell with us, blest ministers of love,  
Then spread the wings we had not seen, and seek their homes above.

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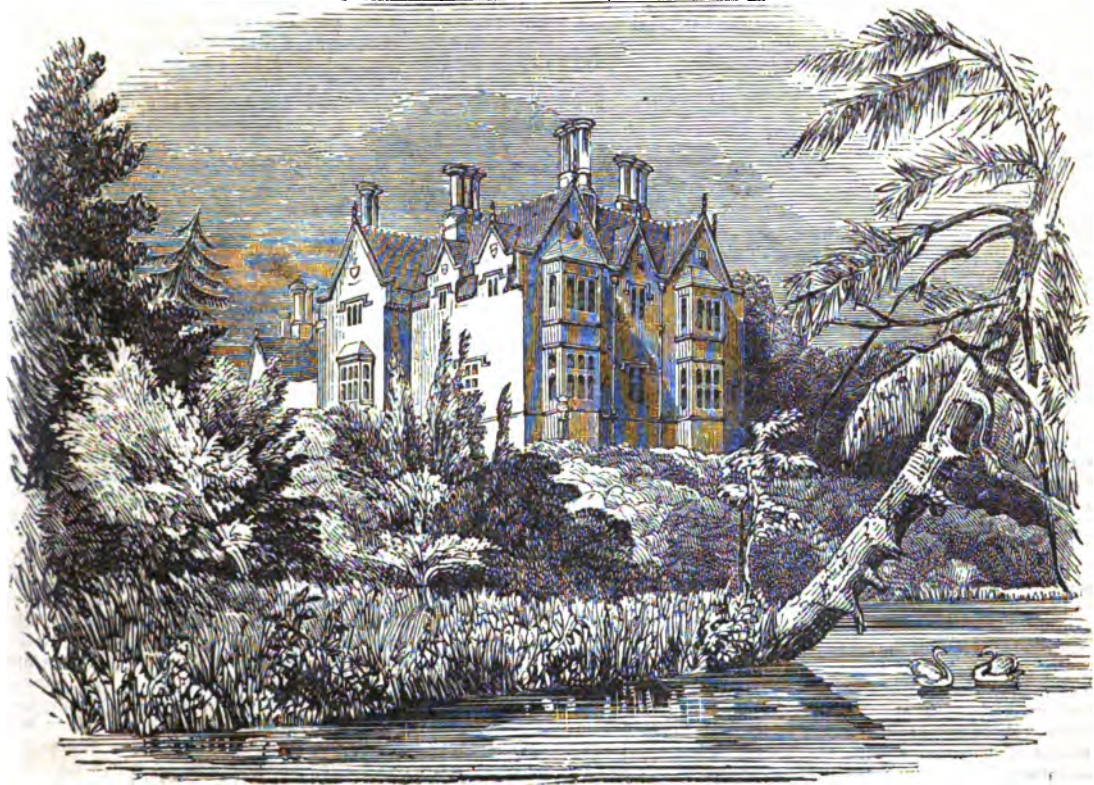


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



HOLLYBROOK HALL, COUNTY OF WICKLOW.

Among the very many beautiful residences of our nobility and gentry, situated within a drive of an hour or two of our metropolis, there is probably not one better worthy of a visit than that which we have chosen to depict as the illustration of our present number—Hollybrook Hall, the seat of Sir George Frederick John Hodson, Bart. It is situated in the county of Wicklow, about a mile beyond the town of Bray, and about eleven miles from Dublin.

To direct public attention to this charming spot is no less our pleasure than our duty, for we feel quite assured that even among the higher classes of our fellow-citizens but a very few know more respecting it than its name and locality, and that it will surprise the vast majority to be told that Hollybrook Hall is no less remarkable for the beauty of the sylvan scenery by which it is surrounded, than as affording in itself the most perfect specimen of the Tudor style of architecture to be found in Ireland.

That Hollybrook is thus little known to the public, is not, however, their fault: excluded from the eye by high and unsightly stone walls on every side by which it might otherwise be seen by the traveller, it is passed without even a glimpse of the bower of beauty, which would attract his attention and excite the desire to obtain a more intimate acquaintance with objects of such interest by a request to its accomplished owner, which we are satisfied would never be denied.

Hollybrook Hall, like Clontarf Castle, of which we have already given some account, is a fine specimen of the many recently erected or rebuilt residences of our nobility and gentry, which we esteem it our duty to notice and to praise. Like that fine structure also, it is an architectural creation of that accomplished artist to whose exquisite taste and correct judgment we are indebted for so many of the most beautiful buildings in the kingdom; and in many of its features and the general arrangement of its parts, it bears a considerable resemblance to that admirably composed edifice. In its ground plan and general outline, however, it is essentially different; and it is, moreover, characterised by a peculiarity which perhaps no other of Mr Morrison's works exhibits, namely, that it has no mixed character of style, but is in every respect an example of English domestic architecture in the style of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, or, in other words, it uniformly preserves through all its details the character of the Tudor style.

In the choice of this style, as well as in the general composition of the structure, the artist was obviously guided by a judicious desire to adapt the building to the peculiar character of the scenery by which it is surrounded, and the historical associations connected with the locality; and a more happy result than that which he has effected could hardly be imagined. Seated upon a green and sunny terraced bank in the

midst of venerable yew and other evergreens, and immediately above a small artificial lake or pond, which reflects on its surface the dark masses of ancient and magnificent forest trees, which rise on all sides from its banks, and which are only topped by the peaked summits of the greater and lesser Sugar-Loaf Mountains, as seen through vistas, the building and its immediate accompaniments seem of coequal age and designed for each other; and all breathe of seclusion from the cares of the world and a happy domestic repose. It would indeed be impossible to conceive any combinations of architecture and landscape scenery more perfectly harmonious or beautiful of their kind.

Hollybrook Hall is wholly built of mountain granite squared and chiselled, and presents three architectural fronts. That which we have represented in our illustration is the east front, which faces the small lake or pond, and contains the library and drawing-room; but the principal front is that facing the north, on which side the entrance porch is placed. The principal apartments consist of a hall, library, dining and drawing rooms, with the state bed-rooms above them; and of these apartments the hall is the most grand and striking feature, though of inferior size to that of Clontarf Castle. It is thirty-four feet long by twenty feet wide, but has an open porch and vestibule or outer hall, twelve feet six inches wide; and like every other part of the edifice, its details are throughout in the purest style of Tudor architecture. This hall is panelled with oak, and is lighted by one grand stained glass window, eight feet six inches wide, and fourteen feet six inches high. This window, which resembles those of the English ecclesiastical edifices of the fifteenth century, is divided by stone mullions into four days, or compartments, and being beautifully proportioned, affords abundant light to the interior. But the most imposing feature of the hall is its beautiful oak staircase, which, rising from beneath the window, conducts to a gallery which crosses the hall, and communicates with the bed-rooms over the principal apartments. The ceiling is of dark oak, supported by principals which spring from golden corbels, and it is enlivened by golden bosses, which are placed at the various crossings of the rich woodwork, and have a most pleasing effect from the contrasting relief which they give to its pervading dark colour. The cornice, which is equally rich and elegantly proportioned, is surmounted by a gilded crest ornament, which by its lightness and brilliancy attracts the eye, and leads the mind to contemplate the fine proportions and elegance of design which characterises the details of the ceiling in all its parts.

Of the other principal apartments it is only necessary to state that they are equally well proportioned, and have ceilings of great richness and beauty, executed in a bold and masterly style of relief: they are of larger size than the similar rooms of Clontarf Castle, the library being thirty feet by seventeen feet six inches, the dining-room thirty feet by twenty, and the drawing-room thirty-four feet six by twenty. These apartments are lighted by oriel windows, each of which commands a view of some striking beauty in the surrounding scenery. An extensive range of offices and servants' rooms branches off the Hall on its western side, but these are as yet only partly erected, and further additions are still wanting to carry out the original design of the architect, and give to the edifice as a whole the intricacy and picturesque variety of outline which he intended.

Hollybrook was originally the seat of a highly respectable branch of the Adair family, who, as it is said, though long located in Scotland, are descended from Maurice Fitzgerald, fourth Earl of Kildare. By a marriage with the only daughter of the last proprietor of this family, Forster Adair, Esq., it passed into the possession of Sir Robert Hodson, Bart., descended of an old English family, and father of the present proprietor, who succeeded to the baronetcy and estates on the death of his elder brother the late Sir Robert Adair Hodson, by whom the new structure of Hollybrook Hall was commenced. Sir Robert was a gentleman of refined tastes and intellectual acquirements—a landscape painter of no small merit, and of a poetic mind. The present baronet is, we believe, similarly gifted, and therefore worthy to be the proprietor and resident of a spot of such interest and beauty; but he should raze those odious unsightly walls, which exclude Hollybrook from the eye, and make it an unvisited and almost unknown solitude.

P.

None are so seldom found alone, and are so soon tired of their own company, as those conceited coxcombs who are on the best terms with themselves.

TIM CALLAGHAN,  
THE INIMITABLE PIPER.

Oh! ye whom business or pleasure shall henceforth lead to the county of Wexford, especially to the baronies of Forth and Bargie, should you see a tall, stout, lazy-looking fellow, with sleepy eyes and huge cocked nose, dragging his feet along as if they were clogs imposed on him by nature to restrain his motion instead of helping him forward, dawdling along the highways, or lounging about a public-house, with a green bag under his arm, beware of him, for that is Tim Callaghan!—fling him a sixpence or shilling if you will, but ask him not for music!

Tim Callaghan seriously assured me "that he served seven long years wid as fine a piper as ever put chanther on dher an arm;" and that at the end of that well-spent period he began to enchant the king's lieges on his own account, master of a splendid set of pipes, and three whole tunes (*barring a few odd turns here and there which couldn't be conquered, and of no consequence*), a golden store in his opinion.

"Ah, then, Tim," said I, when I was perfectly acquainted with himself and his musical merits, "what a pity that with your fine taste and superior set of pipes you did not try to conquer the half dozen at least!"

"Ogh, musha!" quoth Tim, looking sulky and annoyed, "that same quisthen has been put to me by dozens, an' I hate to hear it! It was only yisterday that another lady ax't me that same. 'Arrah, ma'am, ses I, 'did ye ever play a thune on the pipes in yer life?' 'Niver, indeed,' ses she, lookin' ashamed or her ignorance, as she ought. 'Bekase if ye did,' ses I agin, 'ye'd soon say, 'bright was yerself, Tim Callaghan, to get over the three thunes dacently, widout axin' people to do what's omissible.'" An' now I appeal to you, Miss, where's the use or bodherin' people's brains wid six or seven whin three does my business as well?"

As in duty bound, I admitted that his argument was unanswerable, and thenceforward we were the best friends possible. Grateful for my patience and forbearance, he eternally mangles the three unfortunates for my gratification; and I doubt if I could now relish them with their fair proportions, so accustomed as I have been to Tim's "short measure!"

After all, Tim Callaghan was a politic fellow; and these three tunes were expressly chosen and learnt to win the ears and suffrages of all denominations of Christian men. Thus, the "Boyne water" is the propitiatory sacrifice at the Protestant's door, "Patrick's Day" at that of the Roman Catholic, and when he is not sure of the creed of the party he wishes to conciliate, to suit Quakers, Methodists, Seekers, and Jumpers, "God save the Queen" is the third. For many years he was contented to give these favourite airs in their original purity; but some wicked wight—a gentleman piper, I suspect—has at last persuaded him that his melody would be altogether irresistible if he would introduce some ornamental variations, "such as his own fine taste would suggest;" and poor Tim, unaccustomed to flattery, and wholly unsuspecting of the jest, caught at the bright idea, conquered his natural and acquired laziness, and made an attempt. When he thought he had mastered the difficulties, he did me the honour to select me as judge to pronounce on his melodious acquisitions; and all I shall say anent them is, let the blackest hypochondriac that ever looked wistfully at a marl-hole or his garters, listen to Tim Callaghan's "varry-a-shins," and watch his face while performing them, and he will require "both poppy and mandragora to medicine him to sleep," if sleep he ever will again for laughing!

When Tim arrives at a gentleman's door, his usual plan is to commence with the *suitable* serenade, and drone away at that till the few pence he is piping for sends him away content. But if he is detained long, and he sees no great chance of reward or entertainment within doors, he becomes furious, and in his ire he rattles up that one of the three which he supposes most disagreeable and opposite to the politics of the offender. If the party be a Roman Catholic, he will be unpleasantly electrified, and all his antipathies aroused, by "the Boyne water," performed with unusual spirit; and if a church-goer, he will never recover the shock of "Patrick's Day," given with an energy that will render the wound unhealable! If he is asked for any favourite or fashionable air—and you might as well ask Tim Callaghan to repeat a passage of Homer in the original Greek—his civilest reply is, "I haven't that, but I'll give yez one as good," when one of the *trio* follows of course; and if the impertinent suitor for novelties in

his ignorance persists in demanding more than is to be had, he is angrily cut short, especially if of inferior rank, with "How bad ye are for sortins! Yer masher wud be contint wid what I gave ye, an' thankful into the bargin!" Thus qualified to please, it is not to be wondered at that he is celebrated through three baronies as "the piper!"

When first I had the pleasure to see and hear Tim Callaghan, it was in the middle of winter, dark and dreary, and in a retired country place, where even the "vile screeching of the wry-necked fife" would have been welcome in lieu of better. Conceive our ecstasy, then, when the inspiring drone of the bagpipe startled our ears into attention and expectation! The very servants were clamorous in expressing their delight, and in beseeching that the piper should be brought into the house and entertained. The petition was granted, the minstrel was led in "nothing loth," and seated in the hall. Well, Tim's first essay at the *minister's* house was of course "the Boyne," played very spiritedly and accurately on the whole, with the exception of a few rather essential notes that he omitted as unnecessary and troublesome, or (as the servants supposed) in consequence of the cold of his fingers; and finally they took him to the kitchen, and seated him opposite to a blazing fire. "Now he'll play in airnest!" cried they, as one and all gathered round him in expectation of music.

Our piper being now in the lower regions, among the inferior gentry, and willing to please all orders and conditions, begins to consider whether he shall repeat the "Boyne," or commence the all-enlivening "Patrick's Day."

"What religion is the sarvints ov?" replied he at length to a little cow-boy gaping with wonder at the grand ornaments of the pipes.

"They are ov all soarts, sur," whispered Tommy in reply, and reddening all over at the great man's especial notice.

"Ov all soarts!" mutters Tim significantly; then deciding instantly, with much solemnity of face and strength of arm he squeezed forth the conciliating "God save the King."

The butler listened awhile with the sapient air of a judge. "You're a capital performer, piper!" said he at length patronizingly, and with a hand on each hip; "an' that's a fine piece ov *Hannibal's* compersion! but it is not shuttable for all occasions, an' a livelier air would agree with our temperament bether. Change it to somethin' new." And tucking his apron aside, he gallantly took the rosy tips of the housemaid's fingers and led her out, while the gardener as politely handed forth the cook. The piper looked sullen, and still continued the national anthem as if he knew what he was about, and was determined to play out his tune. The butler's dignity bristled up.

"Rally," he observed, and smiled superciliously, "we are very loyal people hereabouts, but at this pertickler moment we don't want to join in a prayer for our *sarven's* welfare! Stop that melancholic thing, man! an' give us one of Jackson's jigs."

"Out ov fashin," quoth Tim sullenly, "but I'll give yez one as good," and "Patrick's Day" set them all in motion for a quarter of an hour.

"Oh, we're quite tired ov that!" at length lisped the housemaid; "do, piper, give us a *walse* or *co-dhréelle*. Do you play 'Tanty-polpitty?' Jem Sidebottom and I used to dance it beautifully when I lived at Mr A——'s!"

"What does yez call it?" asked Tim rather sneeringly.

"Tanty-polpitty," replied the damsel, drawing herself up with an air enough to kill a piper!

"Phew!" returned the musician contemptuously, "that's out ov fashin too; but I'll give yez one as good;" and the "Boyne" followed, played neither faster nor slower than he had been taught it, which was in right time, and any thing but dancing time, to the no small annoyance of the dancers. Another and another jig and reel was demanded, and to all and each Tim Callaghan replied, "I haven't that, but I'll give yez one as good;" and the "King," the "Boyne," and the "Day," followed each other in due succession.

Was there anything more provoking! There stood four active, zealous votaries of Terpsichore, with toes pointed and heads erect, anxiously awaiting a further development of Tim Callaghan's powers! There stood the dancers, looking beseechingly at the piper; there sat the piper staring at the dancers, wondering what the deuce they waited for, quite satisfied that they had got all that could reasonably be expected from him.

"An' have you nothin' else in yer chanther?" at last angrily demanded the butler.

"E—ah?" drawled Tim Callaghan, as if he did not understand the querist.

The question was repeated in a higher key.

"Arrah, how bad yez are for sortins!" retorted the piper; "yer masher wud be contint wid what I gave yez, an' thankful into the bargin!"

"By Jupither *Amond!*" exclaimed he of the white apron, "this beats all the playin' I ever heerd in my life! Arrah, do ye ever attind the nobility's concerts?—Ha! ha! ha!"

"Pon my voracity," cried the smiling housemaid, "I am greatly afeerd he will get 'piper's pay—more kicks than halfpence.'—Ha! ha! ha!"

"An' good enough for him!" added the gardener; "a fella that has but *three half thunes* in the world, an' none ov them right! Arrah, what's yer name, avic?"

"What's that to you?" growled the piper.

"Oh, nothin'! Only I thought that you might be 'the piper that played before Moses.'—Ha! ha! ha!"

"Oh! the world may wag

Since he got the bag,"

sang the cook, as she returned to her avocations. But the butler, as master of the ceremonies, showed his disappointment and displeasure in a summary ejection of the unfortunate minstrel from the comforts of the fire and the house altogether.

Again I had the exquisite delight of hearing Tim Callaghan. It was in another part of our county, and where he was quite a stranger. A lady had assembled a number of young persons to a sea-side dance one evening; but, alas! ere the hour of meeting arrived, she had heard that the fiddler she expected was ill, and could not possibly attend her. What was to be done? Nothing!

When the guests arrived, and the dire news communicated, the gentlemen in spite of themselves looked terrifically glum, as if they anticipated a dull evening; and the bright countenances of the ladies were overcast, though as usual, sweet creatures! they tried to look delightful under all visitations. In this dilemma one of the beaux suddenly recollected that "he had seen a piper coming into the village that evening; and he thought it was probable he would stop for the night at one of the public-houses." Hope instantly illuminated all faces, and a messenger was forthwith dispatched for the man of music. For my part, whenever I heard a piper mentioned, I knew who was full before me.

"What sort of person is your piper?" asked I of the gentleman that had introduced the subject.

"A tall, stout, rather drowsy-looking fellow," was the reply.

"Oh!" cried I, "it is the Inimitable!—it is Tim Callaghan!"

I was eagerly asked if he were a good performer; and as I could not venture to reply with any degree of gravity, one other person present, who knew honest Timothy and his ways, with admirable composure answered, "That under the shield of Miss Edgeworth's mighty name he would decline trumpeting the praises of any one, she having expressly declared in her novel of 'Ennui,' that 'whoever enters thus announced appears to disadvantage;' and therefore," said my friend, "we leave Tim Callaghan's musical merit to speak for itself." Nothing could be better than this, and the effect Tim produced was corresponding.

While the messenger is away for our piper, I must relate an anecdote of another servant, and a rustic one too, once sent on a similar errand. John's master had friends spending the evening with him, and he desired his servant to procure a musician for the young folks for love or money. In about half an hour John returned after a fruitless search; and instead of saying in the usual style that "he could not find one," he flung open the drawing-room door, and announced his unsuccess in the following impromptu, spoken with all due emphasis and discretion—

"I searched the city's cir-cum-fe-rence round,

And not a musician is there to be found!

I fear for music you'll be at a loss,

For the fiddler has taken the road to Ross!"

and then made his bow and retired. The city, by the way, was a village of some half-dozen houses. So much for John, and now for Tim Callaghan.

Presently the identical Tim made his appearance, and was placed in high state at the top of the room, with a degree of attention and respect fully due to his abilities. For my part, the very sight of Tim, and the thought of his consummate

\* Fact! He composed and spoke the verses as I give them.



assurance or stupidity in attempting to play for dancing, amused me beyond expression; but I suppressed all symptoms of this, and kept my eyes and ears on the alert in expectation of what was to follow. A bumper of his favourite punch was prepared for him, and while sipping it, I thought he cast a scrutinizing and anxious glance on the company, probably thinking how he should adjust his *politica* there. But he had little time to pause. A quadrille set was immediately formed, and he was called on to play!—the sapient belles and beaux never dreaming that a modern piper even *might* not play quadrilles. Never did I find it so difficult to restrain myself from immoderate laughter! There stood the eight *elegantes*, ringleted, perfumed, white-gloved, and refined; and there sat Tim Callaghan in all his native surly stupidity, dreadfully puzzled, “looking unutterable things,” humming and hawing, and tuning and droning much longer than necessary—not in the least aware of the demand that was to be made on himself or his pipes, but puzzling his brains as to which of his own he should play first.

“A quadrille, piper!—the first of Montague’s!” called out the leading gentleman.

“E-ah!” said Tim Callaghan, opening his sleepy eyes, surprised into some little animation.

“The first of Montague’s set of quadrilles!” repeated the beau.

“Ogh, *Mountycute’s* is out ov fashin; but *I’ll give yez one as good;*” and the company being mixed, of whose opinions he could not be sure, the quadrillers were astounded with “God save the King” in most execrable style!

All stared, and most laughed heartily; but what was of more consequence to poor Tim, his arm was fiercely seized, and he was stopt short in the midst of his loyalty by an angry demand “if he could play *no* quadrilles? Not — or —?” and the names of a dozen quadrilles and waltzes were mentioned, that the unfortunate minstrel had never heard of in all his days and travels! In his dire extremity he commenced “the Boyne,” when at the instant some person called the lady of the house. The name seemed a *Catholic* one—a sudden ray of joy shot through his frame to his fingers’ ends, and from thence to his pipes, and poor “Patrick’s Day” was the result. A kind of jigging quadrille was then danced by the least fastidious and better humoured of the party; the *first* top couple, superfine exquisites!—the lady an importation from London, and odorous of “Bouquet a-la-Reine,” and the gentleman a perfect “Pelham,” from the aristocratic arch of his brow to his shoe-tie—having retreated to their seats with looks and gestures of horror and disgust, quite unnoticed by Tim Callaghan, who bore himself with all the dignity of a household bard of the olden time, in his element, playing his own favourite tune, and *quollity* actually dancing to his music! It was a great day for the house of Callaghan!

Well! as there seemed nothing better to be had, “Patrick’s Day” continued in requisition, now as a quadrille, now as a country-dance, by all who preferred motion to sitting still, before and after supper, till at last every one was weary of it, and a general vow was made to drop the “Day” and take the “Boyne,” and endeavour to move it as we best could. By that time, too, our piper seemed most heartily tired of his patron saint, and having quaffed his fourth full-flowing goblet, appeared to be rather inclined for a doze than to renew his melody. But he was roused up by our worthy host, who, good, gay old man! was the very soul of cheerfulness.

“For pity’s sake, piper,” said he, “try to give us something that we can foot it to! I was not in right mood for dancing to-night till now. If you be an Irishman, look at the pretty girl that is to be my partner for the next dance, and perhaps her eyes may inspire even you, you drowsy fellow, with momentary animation, and perform a miracle on your pipes!”

Short as this address was, and gaily as it was uttered, it had no other effect on our piper than administering an additional soporific.

While the old gentleman was speaking, the drowsy god was descending faster and faster on Tim Callaghan. He dozed and was shaken up.

“What does yez want?” growled he at length. “What the d—l does yez want?” looking as if he would say,

“Now my weary lips I close;  
Leave me, leave me to repose.”

“Music! music!” said our host, laughing. “Any sort of music, any sort of noise,” and he left the piper and took his place amongst the dancers.

Tim mechanically fumbled at his pipes, while the gentlemen busied themselves in procuring partners. There was silence for some seconds. “Begin, piper,” called out our host.

“Out ov fashin,” muttered Tim in broken half-finished sentences; “but—I’ll—give—yez—one—as—good—;” and a long, a loud reverberating *snore* at the instant made good his promise of music almost as harmonious as the sounds elicited from his bagpipe!!

Imagine to yourselves, ye who can, the scene that followed. The salts-bottle and perfumed handkerchief of the *exquisites* were in instant requisition, as if they felt sensations of fainting! the nervous started as if a pistol went off at their heads, and those who bore the explosion with fortitude joined in a chorus of laughter, increased to pain when it was perceived that the Inimitable, noways disturbed or alarmed, prolonged his repose, and agreeably to the laws of music, and in excellent taste, bringing in his *nasal* performance as a grand *finale* to each resounding peal!

“Now,” observed the friend who had answered for me at a critical crisis, “has not Tim Callaghan made his own panegyric? Has not his merit spoken for itself? What a figure our inimitable piper would have cut, had we ushered him in with a flourish of trumpets!”

When the cachinnatory storm had subsided, and when all considered that their unrivalled musician had had enough of slumber, he was once more aroused, to receive his well-earned guerdon, when the following colloquy commenced:—

“Pray, piper, what is your name?” demanded the master of the house, with all the gravity of a magistrate on the bench, and drawing forth his tablets.

“E—ah? Why, Tim Callaghan.”

“Ha! Tim Callaghan (writing), I shall certainly remember Tim Callaghan! I suppose, Tim, you are quite celebrated?”

“E—ah?”

“I suppose you are very well known?”

“Why, those that knowed me *wanst*, knows me agin,” quoth Tim Callaghan.

“I do believe so! I think I shall know you at all events. Who taught you to play the pipes?”

“One Tim Hartigan, of the county Clare.”

“Had he much trouble in teaching you?”

“He thrubble! I knows nothin’ ov his thrubble, but faix I well remember me own! There is lumps in my head to this very day, from the onmarciful cracks he used to give it when I wint asthray.”

“Ha! ha! ha! Oh, poor fellow! Well, farewell, Tim Callaghan!—pleasant be your path through life; and may your fame spread through the thirty-two counties of green Erin, till you die surfeited with glory!”

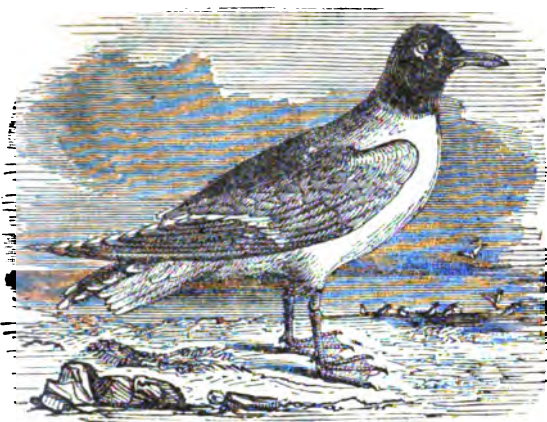
“Faix, I’d rather be *surfeited* wid a good dinner!” quoth Tim Callaghan, and made his exit.

For a couple of years I quite lost sight of Tim, and I began to fear that he had evanished from the earth altogether “without leaving a copy;” but, lo! this very summer, that “bright particular star” appeared unto us again, with a strapping wife, and a young Timotheus at his heels—a perfect facsimile of its father, nose, sleepy eyes, shovel feet and all; and all subsisting, nay *flourishing*, on three tunes and their unrivalled “*varry-a-shins!*”

M. G. R.—

**THE DEAD ALIVE.**—In my youth I often saw Glover on the stage: he was a surgeon, and a good writer in the London periodical papers. When he was in Cork, a man was hanged for sheep-stealing, whom Glover smuggled into a field, and by surgical skill restored to life, though the culprit had hung the full time prescribed by law. A few nights after, Glover being on the stage, acting Polonius, the revived sheep-stealer, full of whisky, broke into the pit, and in a loud voice called out to Glover, “Mr Glover, you know you are my second father; you brought me to life, and sure you have to support me now, for I have no money of my own; you have been the means of bringing me back into the world, sir; so, by the piper of Blessington, you are bound to maintain me.” Ophelia never could suppose she had such a brother as this. The sheriff was in the house at the time, but appeared not to hear this appeal; and on the fellow persisting in his outcries, he, through a principle of clemency, slipped out of the theatre. The crowd at length forced the man away, telling him that if the sheriff found him alive, it was his duty to hang him over again!—*Recollections of O’Keefe.*





### LARUS MINUTUS, THE LITTLE GULL.

THIS bird, hitherto known in Great Britain only as an occasional and rare visitant, has now been added to the Fauna of Ireland—one of a pair seen between Shannon Harbour and Shannon Bridge having been shot in the month of May of the present year, by Walter Boyd, Esq. of the 97th regiment, and presented by him to the Natural History Society of Dublin. It has been stuffed by Mr Glennon of Suffolk Street, who continues to gratify the lovers of natural history by a free inspection of it.

The Little Gull was first noticed with certainty as a British bird by Montague, who, in the Supplement to his Ornithological Dictionary, published in 1813, described an immature specimen, the plumage being that of the yearling in transition to its winter garb. The Irish specimen, on the contrary, is invested with its full summer plumage, as described by Temminck. The head and upper portion of the neck are black; the lower portion of the neck and under parts of the body are white, and at first exhibited a rosy tint, which as is usual quickly faded after death; rump and tail white; upper parts pearl grey, the secondaries and quills being tipped with white; legs and toes bright red; bill of a reddish brown, rather than of the deep lake of Temminck, or arterial blood-red of Selby; its length ten inches, or somewhat more than one-half of that of the blackheaded gull (*Larus ridibundus*), its nearest congener.

Little has been added to the history of this bird as briefly given by Temminck as follows:—"It inhabits the rivers, lakes, and seas of the eastern countries of Europe; is an occasional visitant of Holland and Germany; is common in Russia, Livonia, and Finland; and very rarely wanders to the lakes of Switzerland. It feeds on insects and worms, and breeds in the eastern and southern countries."

In America the Little Gull was noticed on the northern journey of Sir John Franklin, and it is numbered by Bonaparte amongst the rarer birds of the United States—rendering it probable that the American continent includes also its breeding habitats. To this we may reasonably add—considering the state of plumage of the Irish specimens, the season of their discovery, the inland locality in which they were seen, and the analogy in habits between them and the other black-headed gulls with which they were associated—a belief and hope that the Little Gull will yet be found to breed on some of the wide expanses of the Shannon, or on the lakes of Roscommon, Leitrim, and Sligo.

To understand the relation of this gull to the other species of the same genus, it is necessary that we should take a rapid survey of the whole family; and happy are we to indulge ourselves in such mental rambling, as many a gladsome reminiscence will be awakened both in our own and in our readers' minds by the mention of these well-known birds. Few indeed are there who at some period of their lives have not wandered to the sea-side to enjoy the exhilarating influence of the sea breeze, and to revel, perchance, on the rich feast of knowledge which the many strange but admirably formed creatures of the deep must ever present to the inquiring and contemplative mind. To them the sea-mew or gull must be familiar, both in those of the larger species, which are seen heavily winging their way over the waters, or poised in air, wheeling round to

approach their surface, and in those of lighter and more aerial form, which, in the words of Wilson, "enliven the prospect by their airy movements—now skimming closely over the watery element, watching the motions of the surges, and now rising into the higher regions, sporting with the winds;" and we may surely add, still in the words of that enthusiastic worshipper of Nature, that "such zealous inquirers must have found themselves amply compensated for all their toil, by observing these neat and clean birds coursing along the rivers and coasts, and by inhaling the invigorating breezes of the ocean, and listening to the soothing murmurs of its billows." Nor could they fail to notice how admirably the white and grey tints which prevail in the plumage of these birds harmonize with those of air and ocean—a species of adaptation which is manifest in all the works of nature, no colours, however varied, presenting to the eye an incongruous or disagreeable picture, and no sounds, however modified by the throats of a thousand feathered warblers, jarring as discord on the ear. Well may we judge from this that our senses were framed in unison with all created objects, and that the right test of excellence in music, painting, or poetry, is, "that it is natural."

The genus *Larus* (Gull) of the early writers included many birds now separated from it—the Skuas, or parasitic gulls; *Leutris*; the Terns, or sea-swallows; Sterns; and some others—the consequence of increasing knowledge in natural science being the gradual limitation of genera by the use of more precise and restricted characters. All these genera now form part of the family of Laridæ, or gull-like birds—the system of grouping together those genera which exhibit striking analogies in plumage or habits securing the advantages of a natural arrangement, without the danger of that confusion which so often results from loosely defined genera. The tendency is indeed to still further subdivision—the kittiwake (*Larus rissa*) having been made the type of a new genus, *Rissa* (Stephens), and the blackheaded gulls classed together as the genus *Xema* (Boië)—the periodic change of the colour of their heads from the white of winter to the black of summer, their more rapid and tern or swallow-like flight, and their inland habits, forming so many striking and apparently natural marks of distinction. To this genus, if finally admitted, will belong the Little Gull (*Xema minuta*).

The term *Larus* is adopted from the Greek, the ancient Latin name as used by Pliny being *Gavia*. Brisson (1763) applies *Larus* to some of the larger species, and *Gavia* to a multitude of others; but there is much confusion in his identifications of species, and the line of separation was not well considered. Modern writers also subdivide the gulls, for the sake of convenience, into two sections—the larger, or those varying from nineteen to twenty-six or more inches in length, the "Goelands" of Temminck; and the smaller, or "Mouettes" of Temminck. But this system of division is imperfect, as it veils the remarkable relation existing between many of the larger and smaller gulls, which should not therefore be separated from each other. This relation was noticed by some of the earlier writers. Willoughby designates under the name *Larus cinereus maximus* both the herring and the lesser black-backed gulls; and under that of *Larus cinereus minor*, the common sea-gull. This kind of relation is indeed strikingly displayed amongst British gulls—as in the greater and lesser black-backed gulls, the Glaucous and Iceland gulls, the herring and common gulls, and, we may add, the blackheaded and little gulls; and it is very probable that further research will show that it exists still more widely.

From Aristotle or Pliny little can be gleaned of the history of these birds. Aristotle states that the *Gaviæ* and *Mergi* lay two or three eggs on the rock—the *Gaviæ* in summer, the *Mergi* in the beginning of spring—hatching the eggs, but not building in the manner of other birds. Pliny says that the *Gaviæ* build on rocks, the *Mergi* sometimes on trees; from which remark it appears probable that the genus *Mergus* then included not merely the various divers, but also the cormorants, as was formerly conjectured by Turner. Whilst, therefore, the ancient Latin name of gull, *Gavia*, has been entirely removed from modern nomenclature, the word *Mergus* has obtained a signification very limited in comparison to that which it enjoyed among the ancients, being now applied to the Mergansers alone, although for a time restored by Brisson to the *Colymbi*, which, as possessing the property of diving in its highest perfection, seem most entitled to retain it, whilst the term *Merganser* might be judiciously applied to the genus now called by some, *Mergus*, as was done by Aldrovandus, Willoughby, Brisson, and Stephens,

The remarkable differences in the habits of gulls, which form in part the basis of separation, as suggested by Boïé in the case of the blackheaded gulls, were early noticed. Old Gesner (1587) says that some gulls dwell about fresh waters, others about the sea; and from Aristotle, that the grey gull seeks lakes and rivers, whilst the white gull inhabits the sea. Every one indeed must have noticed the flocks of gulls which occasionally appear inland, and share with the rooks and other corvidæ the rich repast of grubs which is afforded by the fresh-ploughed land. The common gull (*Larus canus*) is one of those which indulge in these terrestrial excursions; but the blackheaded gulls (*Xema*) select even the inland marshes as their breeding-places. The more truly maritime gulls select islands or rocks, on the surface of which they deposit their eggs, as the kittiwake the narrow ledges of precipitous cliffs, the young being reared with safety, where it would seem that the least movement must plunge them from the giddy height into the abyss below. This beautiful illustration of the power of instinct to preserve even the nestling from danger, is admirably displayed on the northern coast of Mayo, where at Downpatrick Head the whole face of the perpendicular limestone cliff is peopled by line above line of gulls, flying, when disturbed by a stone thrown either from mischievous or curious hand, in screaming flocks from their eggs or young, and as quickly settling upon them again, without, as it were, disturbing the equilibrium of either in a place where to move would be to tumble into destruction. The clamour of the kittiwake is indeed so great on such occasions that it has given rise in the Feroe Islands to a proverb, "noisy as the Rita in the rocks." The eggs of several species of gulls are used as food, being regularly sought for as such on the coast of Devonshire and other maritime places, but those of the blackheaded gulls are considered the best, and often substituted for plover eggs. The flesh of gulls was considered by the ancients unfit for the food of man; not so by the moderns, who, though probably no great admirers of it, have not entirely rejected it. Hence Willoughby tells us (1678) that "the sea-crows (blackheaded gulls) yearly build and breed at Norbury in Staffordshire, in an island in the middle of a great pool, in the grounds of Mr Skrimshew, distant at least 30 miles from the sea. About the beginning of March hither they come; about the end of April they build. They lay three, four, or five eggs of a dirty green colour, spotted with dark brown, two inches long, of an ounce and half weight, blunter at one end. The first down of the young is ash-coloured, and spotted with black. The first feathers on the back, after they are fledged, are black. When the young are almost come to their full growth, those entrusted by the lord of the soil drive them from off the island through the pool, into nets set in the banks to take them. When they have taken them, they feed them with the entrails of beasts; and when they are fat, sell them for fourpence or fivepence a-piece. They take yearly about one thousand two hundred young ones; whence may be computed what profit the lord makes of them. About the end of July they all fly away and leave the island." And in Feroe, according to Landt (1796), the flesh of the kittiwake is not only eaten, but considered "well-tasted." As pets, gulls have always on the sea-coast been favourites, Geener quotes from Oppian, "That gulls are much attached to man—familiarily attend upon him; and, when watching the fishermen, as they draw their nets and divide the spoil, clamorously demand their share." In our own boyish experience we knew one, poor Tom, which grew up under our care to maturity, and, unrestrained by any artificial means, flew away and returned again as inclination impelled it—recognising and answering our voice even when flying high in air above. But, alas! like too many pets, he fell a sacrifice to the loss of that instinct which would have led him to shun danger. He joined a crowd of water-fowl on a small lake on the Start Bay Sands. His companions, alarmed at the approach of the fowler, flew unharmed away; but poor Tom, with ill-judged confidence, left the water and walked fearlessly towards the enemy of all winged creatures, who could not allow even a gull to escape, and, alas! he was the next moment stretched lifeless on the sand. Here we shall arrest our pen. Perhaps we have dwelt too long on this interesting genus of birds, and yet we would hope that some of our readers may profit by our remarks, and be led to watch with an inquisitive eye the many animated beings which surround them, and thus to read in Nature's never-tiring, never-exhausted volume, new lessons of wisdom—new proofs of the exalted intelligence which has created every thing perfect and good of its kind. J. E. P.

## THE CHASE,

A POEM TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

OISIN.

O son of Calphruin! thou whose ear  
Sweet chant of psalms delights to hear,  
Hast thou ere heard the tale,  
How Fionn urged the lonely chase,  
Apart from all the Fenian race,  
Brave sons of Innisfail?

PATRICK.

O royal born! whom none exceeds  
In moving song, or hardy deeds,  
That tale, to me as yet untold,  
Though far renown'd, do thou unfold  
In truth severely wise,  
From fancy's wanderings far apart:  
For what is fancy's glozing art  
But falsehood in disguise?

OISIN.

O! ne'er on gallant Fenian race  
Fell falsehood's accusation base:  
By faith of deeds, by strength of hand,  
By trusty might of battle-brand,  
We spread afar our glorious fame,  
And safely from each conflict came.  
Ne'er sat a monk in holy chair,  
Devote to chanting hymn and prayer,  
More true than the Fenians bold:  
No chief like Fionn, world around,  
Was e'er to bards so gen'rous found,  
With gifts of ruddy gold.  
If lived the son of Morné fleet,  
Who ne'er for treasure burned;  
Or Duiné's son to woman sweet,  
Who ne'er from battle turned,  
But fearless with his single glaive  
A hundred foemen dared to brave:  
If lived Macgaree stern and wild,  
That hero of the trenchant brand;  
Or Caoilte, Ronan's witty child,  
Of liberal heart and open hand;  
Or Oscar, once my darling boy,  
Thy psalms would bring me little joy.  
If lived, the Fenian deeds to sing,  
Sweet Fergus with his voice of glee;  
Or Daire, who trilled a faultless string,  
Small pleasure were thy bells to me.  
If lived the dauntless little Hugh,  
Or Fillan, courteous, kind and meek,  
Or Conan bald, for whom the dew  
Of sorrow yet is on my cheek,  
Or that small dwarf whose power could steep  
The Fenian host in death-like sleep—  
More sweet one breath of theirs would be  
Than all thy clerks' sad psalmody.

PATRICK.

Thy chiefs renowned extol no more,  
O son of kings—nor number o'er;  
But low, on bended knee, record  
The power and glory of the Lord;  
And beat the breast, and shed the tear,  
And still his holy name revere,  
Almighty, by whose potent breath  
Thy vanquished Fenians sleep in death.

OISIN.

Alas! for Oisín—dire the tale!  
No music in thy voice I hear;  
Not for thy wrathful God I wail,  
But for my Fenians dear.  
Thy God! a rueful God I trow,  
Whose love is earned by want and woe!  
Since came thy dull psalm-singing crew,  
How rapid away our pastimes flew,  
And all that charmed the soul!  
Where now are the royal gifts of gold,  
The flowing robe with its satin fold,  
And the heart-delighting bowl?  
Where now the feast, and the revel high,  
And the jocund dance and sweet minstrelsy,  
And the stent loud-neighing in the morn,  
With the music sweet of hound and horn,

And well-armed guards of coast and bay?  
 All, all like a dream have passed away;  
 And now we have clerks with their holy qualms,  
 And books, and bells, and eternal psalms,  
 And fasting—that waster gaunt and grim,  
 That strips of all beauty both body and limb.

PATRICK.

Oh! cease this strain, nor longer dare  
 Thy Fionn, or his chiefs, compare  
 With him who reigns in matchless might,  
 The King of kings enthroned in light.  
 'Tis he who frames the heavens and earth;  
 'Tis he who nerves the hero's hand;  
 'Tis he who calls fair fields to birth,  
 And bids each blooming branch expand:  
 He gives the fishy streams to run,  
 And lights the moon and radiant sun.  
 What deeds like these, though great his fame,  
 Canst thou ascribe to Fionn's name?

OISIN.

To weeds and grass his princely eye  
 My sire ne'er fondly turned;  
 But he raised his country's glory high,  
 When the strife of warriors burned.  
 To shine in games of strength and skill,  
 To breast the torrent from the hill,  
 To lead the van of the bannered host—  
 These were his deeds and these his boast.  
 Where was thy God, when o'er the tide  
 Two heroes hither bore  
 Of Lochlin, king of ships, the bride,  
 And carnage heaped the shore?  
 When Tailk on Fenians hacked his brand,  
 'Twas not thy God's, but Oscar's hand  
 That hero prostrate laid;  
 When rough-voiced Manus swept the coast,  
 If lived thy God, the Fenian host  
 Had triumphed by his aid.  
 When Aluin, Anver's son of fame,  
 Round Tara rolled the bickering flame,  
 Not by thy King's, but Oscar's glaive  
 The warrior sank in a bloody grave.  
 When haughty Dearg advanced in pride  
 With his shields of gold o'er Lochlin's tide,  
 Why lingered then thy cloud-borne Lord  
 To save our host from his slaughtering sword?  
 Oh! glorious deeds arise in crowds,  
 Of the gallant Fenian band;  
 But what is achieved by thy King of the clouds—  
 Where reddened he his hand?

PATRICK.

Here let this vain contention rest,  
 For frenzy, Bard, inspires thy breast.  
 Supreme in bliss God ever reigns:  
 Thy Fionn groans in hell's domains—  
 In penal fire—in lasting chains.

OISIN.

Small glory to thy potent King  
 His chains and fires on our host to bring!  
 Oh! how unlike our generous chief,  
 Who, if thy King felt wrong or grief,  
 Would soon in arms, with valour strong,  
 Avenge the grief, redress the wrong.  
 Whom did the Fenian king e'er see  
 In thrall, pain, or fear,  
 But his ready gold would set him free,  
 Or the might of his victor spear?  
 This arm, did frenzy touch my brain,  
 Their heads from thy clerks would sever,  
 Nor thy crozier here, nor white book remain,  
 Nor thy bells be heard for ever.

TO BE CONTINUED.

*rubente*  
*Destera sacras jaculatus arces*  
*Terruit urbem.—Hos.*

Heaven's eternal Sire,  
 With red right-arm, at his own temples hurl'd  
 His thunders, and alarnd a guilty world.—FRANCIS.

Some of Oisin's expressions might justly shock the pious of St. Patrick. But let it be remembered that Oisin is no convert to Christianity; on the contrary, he is opposed to it, principally because it had put an end to his favourite practices.

#### EGYPT AND SYRIA—MEHEMET ALI.

THE boasted civilization which Mehemet Ali has introduced into the countries under his sway is entirely superficial, and has no origin whatever in any real improvement or amelioration in the condition or for the benefit of their respective populations; and the reason why a contrary impression has so generally prevailed amongst late travellers is as follows:—When travellers arrive at Alexandria, and more particularly those of name or rank, they immediately fall into the hands of a set of clever persons, some of them consuls, who having either made their fortunes by the Pacha, or having them to make, leave no effort unemploy'd to impress them with favourable opinions of his government. They are then presented at the Divan, where, instead of a reserved austere-looking Turk, they find a lively animated old man, who converses freely and gaily with them, talks openly of his projects to come, and of his past life, tells them that he is glad to see them, and that the more travellers that pass through Egypt, the better he is pleased; that he wishes every act of his government and institutions to be known and seen, and that the more they are so, the better will he be appreciated. He then turns the conversation to some subject personal to them, for he is always well informed of who and what they are, and what they know, and at last dismisses them with an injunction to visit his establishments with care, and to let him know their opinion of them on their return; and if they happen to be persons of distinction, he offers them a cavass to accompany them on their journey. All this is done in a simple pleasing manner, which can hardly fail to captivate when coming from so remarkable a man. Instructed by the clique, and won by the Pacha, they proceed on their journey to Cairo, where the delusion begun at Alexandria is completed; for travelling through the country is now easy, and comparatively safe to what it was, and establishments of various kinds, such as polytechnic schools, schools of medicine and general instruction, and manufactories, have been formed in Cairo and those parts of the country which are most frequently visited. These are under the direction of foreigners, chiefly Frenchmen, and are open to those who choose to visit them; consequently, as the greater proportion of travellers seek for sights more than instruction, these gentlemen, won at Alexandria, and delighted at the facility of their journey from that place, neither turn to the right nor the left from the beaten track, but, judging of what they do not see by that which is purposely prepared to be shown them, return to Europe, and on grounds such as I have above described, and without looking an inch beneath the surface, proclaim the Pacha the civilizer and regenerator of Egypt. How far such is the case, you will be able to judge from what follows, in which there is no exaggeration. The journey I made extended up to the second cataract on the Nile, throughout Egypt and Nubia, and then through Palestine, the whole of Syria, and the Libanus. I consequently visited very nearly all the countries under the domination of Mehemet Ali, and as I did not allow myself to be influenced at Alexandria, and missed no occasion of informing myself of the state of things whilst on my journey, I may fairly say that I can give an unbiassed opinion as to what is going on in that unhappy part of the world.

In Egypt the whole of the land belongs to the Pacha; besides himself there is no land-proprietor, and he has the absolute monopoly of every thing that is grown in the country. The following is the manner in which it is cultivated:—Portions of land are divided out between the fellahs of a village, according to their numbers; seed, corn, cotton, or other produce, is given to them; this they sow and reap, and of the produce seventy-five per cent. is immediately taken to the Pacha's depots. The remaining twenty-five per cent. is left them, with, however, the power to take it at a price fixed by the Pacha himself, and then resold to them at a higher rate. This is generally done, and reduces the pittance left them about five per cent. more; from this they are to pay the capitation tax, which is not levied according to the real number of the inhabitants of a village, but according to numbers at which it is rated in the government books; so that in one instance with which I was acquainted, a village originally rated at 200, but reduced by the conscription to 100, and by death or flight to 40, was still obliged to pay the full capitation; and when I went there, 26 of the 40 had been just bastinadoed to extort from them their proportion of the sum claimed. After the capitation comes the tax on the date-trees, raised

from 30 to 60 paras by the Pacha, and that of 200 piasters a-year for permission to use their own water-wheels, without which the lands situated beyond the overflow of the Nile, or too high for it to reach, would be barren. Then comes an infinity of taxes on every article of life, even to the cakes of camels' dung which the women and children collect and dry for fuel, and which pay 25 per cent. in kind at the gate of Cairo and the other towns. Next to the taxes comes the *corvee* in the worst form, and in continual action; at any moment the fellahs are liable to be seized for public works, for the transport of the baggage of the troops, or to track the boats of the government or its officers, and this without pay or reference to the state of their crops.

When Mehemet Ali made his famous canal from Alexandria to the Nile, he did it by forcibly marching down 150,000 men from all parts of the country, and obliging them to excavate with their hands, as tools they had not, or perhaps could not be provided. The excavation was completed in three months, but 30,000 men died in the operation. Then comes the curse of the conscription, which is exercised in a most cruel and arbitrary manner, without any sort of rule or law to regulate it. An order is given to the chief of a district to furnish a certain number of men; these he seizes like wild beasts wherever he can find them, without distinction or exemption, the weak as well as the strong, the sick as well as those in health; and as there is no better road to the Pacha's favour than showing great zeal in this branch of the service, he if possible collects more even than were demanded. These are chained, marched down to the river, and embarked amidst the tears and lamentations of their families, who know that they shall probably never see them again: for change of climate, bad treatment, and above all, despair, cause a mortality in the Pacha's army beyond belief; mutilation is not now considered an exemption, and the consequence of the system is, that from Assouan, at the first cataract, to Aleppo, you literally speaking never see a young man in a village; and such is the depopulation, that if things continue as they now are for two years more, and the Pacha insists on keeping up his army to its present force, it will be utterly impossible for the crops to be got in, or for any of the operations of agriculture to be carried on.

The whole of this atrocious system is carried into action by the cruelest means—no justice of any sort for the weak, no security for those who are better off: the bastinado and other tortures applied on every occasion, and at the arbitrary will of every servant of the government. In addition to this, the natives of the country are rarely employed—never in offices of trust—and the whole government is entrusted to Turks. In short, the worst features of the Mameluke and Turkish rules are still in active operation; but the method of applying them is much more ingenious, and the boasted civilization of Mehemet Ali amounts to this: that being beyond doubt a man of extraordinary talents, he knows how to bring into play the resources of the country better than his predecessors did, but like them entirely for his own interest, and without any reference to the well-being of the people; and that with the aid of his European instruments he has, if I may say so, applied the screw with a master-hand, and squeezed from the wretches under his sway the very last drop of their blood.

Such is the state of these two countries. Syria is perhaps the worst off of the two: for the Egyptians used to oppression bear it without a struggle; whilst the Syrians, who had been less harshly treated in old times, writhe under and gnaw their chain.—*From the Sun newspaper.*

**ROTATION RAILWAY.**—This invention aims at effecting a complete revolution in the present mode of railway construction and locomotion. In place of having the ordinary rails and wheeled carriages, two series of wheels are fixed along the whole length of the road at about two yards apart, and at an equal distance from centre to centre of each wheel. These wheels are connected throughout the whole length of the line by bands working in grooved pulleys keyed on to the same axle as the wheels, but the axles of one side of the line are not connected with those of the opposite line. The axles of the wheels are raised about one foot from the ground; the top of the wheel, which is proposed to be of 3 feet diameter, will be therefore elevated  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet above the surface. On these wheels is placed a strong framing of timber, having an iron plate fastened on each side in the line of the two series of wheels. A little within this bearing frame, so as just to clear

the wheels, is a luggage-box or hold, descending to within a few inches of the ground, in which it is proposed to stow all heavy commodities, for which purpose it is well adapted, opening as it does at either end, and its flooring close to the surface of the ground. At each end of the lower part of the framing of this luggage-box, are fixed horizontal guide or friction wheels, working against the supports of the bearing wheels and pulleys, by which arrangement curves will be traversed with little friction, and it will be impossible for the framing to quit the track. The framing of timber will be about 19 feet in length, so that it will rest alternately on six and eight wheels, but never on less than six. On this framing the passenger carriages are erected, which, in its progression forward, it is thought will be kept steady and free from lateral motion by the weight in the luggage-box, assisted by the horizontal guide-wheels. Locomotion is produced by putting the wheels in motion by means of machinery at either end, which would be effected for an immense distance with a moderate power, as there would be very little more friction due to the wheels than that arising from their own weight; and the frame which bears the carriage would not be run on to the bearing-wheels until the whole were in motion, when its weight would act almost after the manner of a fly-wheel, resting as it would on the periphery of the bearing-wheels. It will be perceived that by this plan the bearings of the wheels must be kept perfectly in the direction of the plane of the road, whether inclined or horizontal; otherwise serious concussions would occur. But this would not be the case by the depression of one wheel, or even by its entire removal, as the framing will be constructed sufficiently stiff as not to deflect by having the distance of the bearings doubled. If this plan should be found to answer, it will present facilities of transport never before thought of, as carriages might be continually dispatched without a chance of collision, either by stoppage or from increased speed of the last beyond the preceding. It also promises to remove the present great drawback to railway progression, viz. the being able to surmount but very slight acclivities by locomotive power with any profitable load; but by the rotative system, inclines may be surmounted of almost any steepness without the chance of accident. If a band should break, the action of this railway would not be impeded, as the power being transmitted from either end, rotation would take place throughout its whole length, but the power would not be transmitted from either end past the disjunction. Even should two bands be destroyed at a distance from each other and on the same side of the track, its action would not be destroyed, for although the isolated portion of wheels would be dead, those on the other side of the track would be in action, which, with the horizontal guide-wheels, would move forward the carriage, although, on such portion, at a diminished speed. Instead of an increased outlay being required in the formation of railways on this system, it is estimated that a very considerable saving will be effected, as a single track will be sufficient, with sidings of dead wheels at the termination of the several portions into which a long line would be divided. In crossing valleys, a framing of piles to support the bearing-wheels would be quite sufficient, and the road might be left quite open between each line of wheels, as it would be impossible for the carriage to quit the track, and therefore no necessity for making a solid road for safety sake.—*Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal.*

**MAGNANIMITY.**—When the Spanish armies invested Malaga in 1487, when in possession of the Moors, a circumstance occurred in a sortie from the city, indicating a trait of character worth recording. A noble Moor, named Abrahah Zenete, fell in with a number of Spanish children who had wandered from their quarters. Without injuring them, he touched them gently with the handle of his lance, saying, "Get ye gone, varlets, to your mothers." On being rebuked by his comrades, who inquired why he had let them escape so easily, he replied, "Because I saw no beard upon their chins." An example of magnanimity (says the Curate of Los Palacios) truly wonderful in a heathen, and which might have reflected credit on a Christian hidalgo.—*Prescott's History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, Boston, 1839.*

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VOLUME I.



PADDY CONEELY, THE GALWAY PIPER.

We need hardly have acquainted our Irish readers that in the prefixed sketch, which our admirable friend *the* Burton has made for us, they are presented with the genuine portrait of a piper, and an Irish piper too—for the face of the man, and the instrument on which he is playing, are equally national and characteristic—both genuine Irish: in that well-proportioned oval countenance, so expressive of good sense, gentleness, and kindly sentiments, we have a good example of a form of face very commonly found among the peasantry of the west and south of Ireland—a form of face which Spurzheim distinguished as the true Phœnician physiognomy, and which at all events marks with certainty a race of southern or Semitic origin, and quite distinct from the Scythic or northern Indo-European race so numerous in Ireland, and characterized by their lighter hair and rounder faces. And as to the bagpipes, they are of the most approved Irish kind, beauti-

fully finished, and the very instrument made for Crump, the greatest of all the Munster pipers, or, we might say, Irish of modern times, and from which he drew his singularly delicious music. Musical reader! do not laugh at the epithet we have applied to the sounds of the bagpipe; the music of Crump, which we have often heard from himself on these very pipes, was truly delicious even to the most refined musical ears. These pipes after Crump's death were saved as a national relic by our friend the worthy and patriotic historian of Galway—need we say, James Hardiman—who, in his characteristic spirit of generosity and kindness, presented them to their present possessor, as a person likely to take good care of them, and not incompetent to do justice to their powers; and the gift was nobly and well bestowed! Yet, truth to tell, Paddy Coneely is not to be compared with John Crump, who, according to the recollections of him which cling to our memory,

was a Paganini in his way—a man never to be rivalled—and who produced effects on his instrument previously unthought of, and which could not be expected. Paddy is simply an excellent Irish piper—inimitable as a performer of Irish jigs and reels, with all their characteristic fire and buoyant gaiety of spirit—admirable indeed as a player of the music composed for and adapted to the instrument; but in his performance of the plaintive or sentimental melodies of his country, he is not able, as Crump was, to conquer its imperfections: he plays them not as they are sung, but—like a piper.

Yet we do not think this want of power attributable to any deficiency of feeling or genius in Paddy—far indeed from it:—he is a creature of genuine musical soul; but he has had no opportunities of hearing any great performer, like that one to whom we have alluded, or of otherwise improving, to any considerable extent, his musical education generally: the best of his predecessors whom he has heard he can imitate and rival successfully; but still Paddy is merely an Irish piper—the piper of Galway *par excellence*: for in every great town in the west and south of Ireland there is always one musician of this kind more eminent than the rest, with whose name is justly joined as a cognomen the name of his locality.

But we are not going to write an article on Irish pipers, or to sketch their general characteristics—we have no such presumption as to attempt any thing of the kind, which we feel would be altogether abortive, and which we are sure will be so perfectly done for us by our own Carleton. We only desire to present a few traits in the character of an individual of the species; and these after all are more relating to the man than the musician. We are anxious, moreover, to let our English, Continental, American, and Indian readers understand that all our pipers are not like “Tim Callaghan” with his three tunes, of whom a sketch has been given by a fair and ingenious contributor in our last number. Tim with his three party tunes may do very well for the comfortable farmers in the rich lands of the baronies of Forth and Bargie—Lord! what sort of ears have they?—but he would not be “the man,” nor the piper either, “for Galway!” Paddy can play not three tunes, but three thousand: in fact, we have often wished his skill more circumscribed, or his memory less retentive, particularly when, instead of firing away with some lively reel, or still more animated Irish jig, he has pestered us, in spite of our nationality, with a set of quadrilles or a galloppe, such as he is called on to play by the ladies and gentlemen at the balls in Galway. But what a monstrosity—to dance quadrilles in Galway! Dance indeed: no, but a drowsy walk, and a look as if they were going to their grandmothers’ funerals. Fair Galwegians, for assuredly you are fair, put aside this sickly affectation of refinement, which is equally inconsistent with your natural excitability, and with the healthy atmospheric influences by which you are surrounded. Be yourselves, and let your limbs play freely, and your spirits rise into joyousness to the animating strains of the Irish jig, the reel, and the country dance; so it was with your fathers, and so it should be with you.

But we are wandering, perhaps, from our subject, forgetful of our friend Paddy, of whose character, not as a piper but as a man we have yet to speak; and a more interesting character in his way we have rarely met with—a man deprived by fate of eyesight, yet by the light of his mind tracking his journey through life in one continued stream of sunshine, beloved by many, and respected by all whose respect is worth possessing. We had heard enough of his possession of the qualities which had procured him this respect, independently of his musical renown, before we had met with him, to make us desire his acquaintance; and on a visit with some friends to Galway last year, we made an endeavour for two or three days to get him to our hotel for an evening, but in vain. He was from home on his professional avocations, and could not be found, till, on taking our way towards Connemara, we encountered a blind man coming along the road, who we at once concluded must be the Galway piper; and we were right. It was Paddy Coneely himself, who had returned home for a change of clothes, and was on his way back to Galway to spend the evening with a party of gentlemen by whom he was engaged to play during the Regatta. We could not, however, conveniently return with him, and so we determined very wisely to carry him off with us; and this we were easily able to do by first making a seizure of his pipes, after which we soon had him, a quiet though for a while a repining captive. “Oh! murder, what will Mr K— and the gentlemen think of me at all?” exclaimed Paddy. “Never

mind, Paddy,” we replied, “they can hear you often, but we may never have another opportunity of doing so; so come along, and depend upon it you will be as happy with us as with the gentlemen at the Regatta;” and so we trust he was. In a few minutes after, we had Paddy croning old Irish songs for us, and pointing out all the objects of any interest or beauty on either side of the road, and this with a correctness and accuracy which perfectly astounded us. “Is not that a beautiful view of Lough Corrib there now, Sir? That’s St Oran’s Well, Sir, at the other side of the road we are now passing. Is not that a very purty place of Mr Burke’s?” and so on with every feature on either side to the end of our day’s journey at Oughterard.

We kept Paddy with us for a fortnight, when we brought him safely back to Galway; and during that time, as well as since, we had frequent opportunities of observing his accurate knowledge of topographical objects, and his modes of acquiring it. Ask any questions respecting an old church or castle in his hearing, and ten to one he will give a more correct description of its locality, and a more accurate account of its size, height, and general features, than any one else. Speak of a mountain, and he will break out with some such remark as this—“I discovered a beautiful spring well on the top of that mountain, Sir, that no one before ever heard of.” His knowledge of atmospheric appearances and influences is equally if not still more remarkable. He can always tell with the nicest accuracy the point from which the wind blows, and predict with a degree of certainty we never saw excelled, the probable steadiness of the weather, or any approaching change likely to take place in it. He is a perfect barometer in this way, for his conclusions are chiefly drawn from a delicate perception of the state of the atmospheric air imperceptible to others, and are rarely erroneous. On a fine sunny morning when the lakes are smooth, the mountains clear, and the sky without a cloud, we remark to him that it is a fine morning. “It is, Sir, a beautiful morning.” “And we are sure of having a fine day, Paddy,” we continue. “Indeed I fear not, Sir; the wind is coming round to the south-east, and the air is thickening. We’ll have heavy rain in some hours,” or “before long.” Again, on a rainy morning, when everything around looks hopelessly dreary, and we feel ourselves booked for a day in our inn, we observe to him, “There’s no chance of this day taking up, Paddy.” But Paddy knows better, and he cheers us up with the answer, “Oh, this will be a fine day, Sir, by and bye. The wind is getting a point to the north, the clouds are rising, and the air is getting drier. We’ll have a fine day soon.”

The power thus exhibited of acquiring such accurate knowledge of localities, and of atmospheric appearances and influences, without the aid of sight, affords a striking example of the capabilities beneficently vested in us, of supplying the want created by the accidental loss of one organ, by an increase of activity and acuteness in some other, or others. These capabilities are equally observable in the lower animals as in man; but their degree is very various in individuals of both species, being dependent on the delicacy of organization and amount of intellectuality which the individual may happen to possess. Thus the power to supply the want of vision by the exercise of other organs, is not given to every blind man in any thing like the degree enjoyed by the Galway piper, who is a creature of the most delicate nervous organization, and a man of a high degree of intellectuality. Paddy is a genuine inductive philosopher, never indolent or idle, always in quest of knowledge either by inquiry or experimental observation, and drawing his own conclusions accordingly. To observe his processes in this way is not only amusing but instructive, and has often afforded us a high enjoyment. When Paddy comes to a place with which he has no previous acquaintance, he commences his topographical researches with as little delay as possible, first about the exterior of the house, which he examines all round, measuring with his stick its length and breadth, and calculates its height; ascertains the situation of its doors and the number of its windows, and makes himself acquainted with the peculiarities of their form and material: he next proceeds to the out-offices, which he surveys in a similar manner, feeling even any stray cart, car, or wheel-barrow, which may be lying in the courtyard or barn, and determining whether they are well made or not. If a cow or horse come in his way, he will subject them to a similar examination, and, if asked, pronounce accurately on their points, condition, and value. Having satisfied himself with an examination of all these nearer objects, if time permit he

then extends his researches to those more distant—as the roads, ascertaining their breadth, &c.; the neighbouring bridges, streams, rivers, and even mountains; the nature of the soil too, and state of the crops, are attended to. While we were sojourning at the hotel at Maam last year, we found him one sunny morning standing on the very brink of a deep river, about a quarter of a mile distant, and examining the construction of the arch of a bridge which crossed it. How he had got there we could not possibly imagine, for there was no other mode of reaching it than by a descent from the road of a bank nearly perpendicular, and eighteen or twenty feet in height. But our friend Paddy made light of it, and remarked that there was not the slightest danger of him in such explorings.

On another occasion, being about to visit the island castle on Lough Corrib, called Caislean-na-Circe, Paddy expressed to us his desire to accompany us, as he said he never had an opportunity of seeing it. We took him with us accordingly; and there was not a spot on the rocky island that with the aid of his stick he did not examine, or a crumbling wall that he did not scale, even to places that we should have supposed only accessible to jackdaws. "Dear me, Sir," he exclaimed on our return, "but that's a mighty curious castle, and must be very ancient. I never saw walls in a castle so thick before, and how beautiful and smooth the arches were! I think they were a kind of grit-stone?" This was added inquiringly; and so they were—red sandstone chiselled.

But we are dwelling too long on these characteristics, forgetting that we have others to notice of greater interest; and of these perhaps the most eminent is his habitual, and, as we might say, constitutional benevolence. Of this trait in his character we heard many interesting instances, but our space will only allow us to notice one or two which we artfully extracted from himself. Having heard of his kindnesses to some of his neighbours who are poorer than himself, we had determined to make himself speak on the matter; and, accordingly, when passing through the village in which he resides, about two miles and a half from Galway, we remarked to him that some of those neighbours seemed very poor. "Indeed they are, Sir, very," he replied; "they have been very badly off this year in consequence of the wet, the want of firing, and the dearth of potatoes." "And how," I rejoined, "have they contrived to keep body and soul together?" "Why, Sir, just by the assistance of those a little better off than themselves." Paddy would not name himself as their benefactor, so we had to ask him if he had been able to give them any aid, and then his ingenuousness obliged him to confess that he had: he had lent thirty shillings to one family to buy seed for their bit of ground, ten shillings to another to buy meal, and so on. "And will they ever pay you, Paddy?" we inquired. "Och! the creatures, they will, to be sure, Sir," Paddy replied in a tone expressive of surprise at the imputation on their honesty; but added in a lower voice, "if they can; and if they can't, Sir, why, please God, I'll get over it; sure one couldn't see the creatures starve!" This was last year. In the present summer we had heard that Paddy's turf was all stolen from him shortly after—perhaps by some of the very persons whom he had assisted—and we were curious to ascertain how he took his loss. So we inquired, "How were you off, Paddy, for firing last winter?" "Very badly, Sir. I had no turf of my own, and was obliged to buy turf in Galway at four shillings the kish. It would have been cheaper to buy coal, only I don't like a grate, for the children burn themselves at it." "And how did it happen that you had no turf of your own?" "Because, Sir, it was all stolen from me, after I had paid two pounds for cutting and drying it." "Did you ever," I inquired, "discover who were the robbers?" "Oh, yes, Sir," he replied. "And could you prove the theft against them?" "I could, to be sure." "Did you prosecute them?" "Tut, tut, Sir, what good would that do me?" and Paddy added, in a tone of pity, "the creatures! sure they were poor rogues, or they would not have taken every bit away." "Well, then, Paddy," I inquired, "did you ever speak to them about it?" "I did, Sir." "And what answer or apology did they make?" "They said, Sir, that they wouldn't have touched it if they knew it was mine." "Did they ever return any of it?" Paddy replied with a laugh, "Oh, no!"

Reader, are you richer in a worldly sense than Paddy Conely? And if, as it is probable, you are so, let us ask you, do you just now feel an unusual warmth in your cheeks? If so, you need not be greatly ashamed of it, for believe us, there are many nobles in our land who might well feel a similar

sensation on reading these anecdotes of the benevolence of Paddy Conely.

Paddy, like all or most genuine Irishmen, has a dash of quiet Irish humour and much excitability in his character, of which we must venture to give an instance or two.

On a certain day, while Paddy was stopping at Mr O'Flaherty's of Knock-ban, the coachman, who was blind of one eye, was airing two horses, one of which was similarly wanting in a visual organ, and the other stone blind. A gentleman present remarking that here were four animals, two men and two horses, that had but two eyes among them, proposed a race, to which Paddy and the coachman assented. Paddy was placed upon the horse which could see a little, and the coachman got up on the blind one. Off they started with whip and spur, and to his great delight, Paddy won. This is one of the feats of which Paddy is most proud.

Again—We were standing in the kitchen at Maam one day, listening to Paddy telling his stories to a happy group of young people, when he was addressed by a middle-aged woman, who, from her imperfect knowledge of English, misunderstood him, and imagined that he was paying court to a blooming girl, and representing himself as an unmarried man. To his great surprise, therefore, Paddy heard himself attacked with terrific vituperation, in whole Irish and broken English, on the heinousness of his conduct. Before, however, she had got to the end of her oration, Paddy's face had assumed an expression which announced that he was determined to lend himself to her mistake, and carry on the joke. Accordingly, when he was allowed to reply, he rated her in turn upon her silly stupidity in supposing that she knew him—denied having ever seen her before—declared that he was not Paddy Conely at all, and never had heard of or seen such a person; and added, that "it was a shame for a woman with her two eyes to be so foolish." The woman looked at him for a while in mute bewilderment, and actually seemed to doubt the evidences of her own senses. But she gradually became satisfied of his identity, and, excited into a virtuous rage, she rushed out of the house, declaring that she would never stop till she told his wife—poor woman—of his misconduct! And she kept her word, for we actually met her at Oughterard in a couple of days after, on her return from Paddy's residence.

We would gladly record some other instances of Paddy's humour, but our limits will not permit us; and we can only add a few words on one or two other traits in his character.

We have already stated that Paddy, despite of his humble condition, and that loss of sight which would be deemed by most persons as one of the greatest of human calamities, is a happy man—a happier one we never saw. He is always singing—in sunny weather, sprightly airs, and in gloomy weather, pathetic ones; but he never looks or is sad, except when a tale of sorrow excites his pity, or when he is about to separate from friends. The calamity of want of sight he thinks of little moment, and inferior to the loss of any other organ—that of hearing, in particular, which he considers as the greatest of all possible bodily afflictions. "I don't remember," said Paddy, "ever wishing for sight but once in my life; 'twas when I went to a horse race. I went with two friends, and somehow we got parted in the throng, and I could not make them out. There was a great deal of bustle and confusion, and I knew that the race would soon begin; and I was a long way from the starting-post, and had not any one to lead me to it. Dear, dear, said I, if I had my sight now, I might be able to hear the horses starting. Just then I heard some one calling Paddy, Paddy! It was one of my friends looking for me; and I think I never seen men so distressed when they found they had lost me. It was mighty pleasant; they never let me go all day after, and we were just in time to hear the horses start."

We are, indeed, reluctantly constrained to confess that Paddy, notwithstanding his humanity, is, like many other benevolent men of higher grade, who are equally blind in this respect, an ardent lover of field sports, as an instance will show. We were seated at our breakfast in the hotel at Maam one morning, when our ears were assailed by a strange din, composed of the barking of dogs and the shouting of men. We started to the oriel window which commands a view of the road beyond the bridge for a mile or more, and the reader may judge of our astonishment when we saw Paddy Conely hand in hand with Paddy Lee, one of our car-drivers from Clifden, racing at their utmost speed—Paddy throwing his heels twice as high in the air as the other—both shouting joyously, and attended by a number of greyhounds and terriers, who barked in chorus

—and so they raced till they were out of sight. "What in the world," we inquired of our host, Rourke, "is the meaning of that?" "It's Paddy and Lee, Sir, who have borrowed my dogs, and are gone off to course!"

But we must pull up in our own course, and not run Paddy down. Let us however add, for he is a favourite with us, that Paddy is a temperate as he is a prudent man. We came to this conclusion, from the healthiness of his appearance and the equanimity of his manner, in five minutes after we first saw him. "You don't drink hard, Paddy," we remarked to him. "No, Sir," he replied; "I did once, but I found it was destroying my health, and that if I continued to do so, I would soon leave my family after me to beg; so I left it off three years ago, and I have never tasted raw spirits since, or taken more than a tumbler, or, on an odd occasion, a tumbler and a half of punch, in an evening since."

We only desire to add to this slight sketch, that Paddy appears to be in tolerably comfortable circumstances—he farms a bit of ground, and his cottage is neat and cleanly kept for one in his rank in Galway. He has a great love of approbation, a high opinion of his musical talents, and a strong feeling of decent pride. He will only play for the gentry or the comfortable farmers. He will not lower the dignity of his professional character by playing in a tap-room or for the commonalty—except on rare occasions, when he will do it gratuitously, and for the sole pleasure of making them happy. We have ourselves been spectators on some of these occasions, and may probably give a sketch of them in a future number.

P.

#### A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY.

DISAPPOINTMENT—pho! What is disappointment, I should like to know? Why should any body feel it? I don't. I did so at one time, however, certainly, and have a vague recollection of it being a rather unpleasant sort of feeling; but I am a total stranger to it now, and have been so for the last twenty years.

"Lucky fellow!" say you; "then you succeed in every thing?"

"Quite the reverse, my dear sir; I succeed in nothing. I have not the faintest recollection of having ever succeeded in any single thing, where success was of the least moment, in the whole course of my life. I have invariably failed in every thing I have tried. But what has been the consequence? Why, the consequence has been, that I now never *expect* success in any thing I aim at; and this again has produced one of the most delightful states of feeling that can well be conceived. In fact, the reader can *not* conceive how delicious is the repose, the placidity of mind, the equanimity of temper, the coolness, the calmness, the comfort, arising from this independence of results—this delightful quiescence of the aspirations. It is a perfect paradise, an elysium. You recline on it so softly, so easily. It is like a down pillow; a bed of roses; an English blanket. I recollect the time when I used to fret and fume when I attempted any thing. How I used to be worried and tortured with hopes and fears, when I commenced any new undertaking, or applied for any situation! What folly! what absurdity!—all proceeding from the ridiculous notion that I had some chance of success!

Grown wiser, I save myself a world of trouble now. I know that I need not look for success in any thing I attempt, and therefore never expect it. It would do you good, gentle reader, to see with what calmness, with what philosophy, I now wait the result of any effort to better myself in life. It is truly edifying to behold.

Notwithstanding, however, this certain foreknowledge of consequences as regards the point in question, I deem it my bounden duty, both to myself and family, to make every effort I can for their and my own advancement; to try for every situation to which I think myself competent, and, therefore, I do so; but it is merely in compliance with this moral obligation, and from no hope whatever of succeeding; and the result has invariably shown, that to have given myself any uneasiness on the subject, to have entertained the most remote idea of success, would have been one of the most ridiculous things conceivable.

What a triumph is mine in such cases! I suffer nothing—no distress of mind, no uneasiness, not the least of either: I am calm and cool, and quite prepared for the result, and sure as fate it comes—"Dear Sir, I am sorry to say," &c. &c. I never read a word beyond this,

Perhaps it would amuse the reader to give him one of those instances—I could give him five hundred—of what the generality of people call disappointments, which has induced the happy state of mind I now enjoy, which enables me to contemplate such crises as would throw any other person into the utmost agitation, with the most perfect equanimity.

About four or five years ago, a very intimate and dear friend suddenly burst in upon me while at breakfast one morning. He was almost breathless, and his look was big with intelligence.

"Well, Bob," said he, with a gleeful smile, "here's something at last that will do you good."

I smiled, and shook my head.

"Well, well, so you always say," said my friend, who perfectly understood me; "but you cannot miss this time. I have just heard from a confidential friend that Mr Bowman is about to retire from business, and that he is on the look-out for a respectable person to purchase his stock in trade, and the good will of his shop, privately. Now, Bob, that's just the thing for you. You know the trade; you know, too, that Mr Bowman has realised a handsome fortune in it, and that his shop, where that fortune was made, has the best business in town."

Now, all this that my friend said was true, perfectly true. Mr Bowman had made a fortune in the shop alluded to. It had by far the best run in town: it was crowded with customers from morning till night. But I felt quite confident that the moment I took the shop there would be an end of its prosperity. However, my friends prevailed. To please them, and to show that I was willing to do any thing to better my circumstances, I took the shop. I bought the stock and good will of the business, and entered on possession. My friends all congratulated me, and declared that my fortune was made. I knew better.

However, to give the speculation fair play, a thing I thought due to it, I prevailed on Mr Bowman to forego the usual proceeding in such cases of advertising his retirement from business and recommending *me* as his successor, because I knew that if he did so, all chance of my doing any good would be instantly knocked on the head. Recommend me! Why, the bare mention of my name—any allusion to it—would be certain and immediate destruction to me. I knew that if the public was made aware that I had succeeded to the business, it would instantly desert the shop.

Impressed with this conviction, I had the whole matter and manner of the transfer of property and interest in the shop managed with the utmost privacy and secrecy, my object being to slip unperceived and unobserved, as it were, into my predecessor's place, that the public might not have the slightest hint of the change.

In order further to secure this important secret, I would not permit the slightest alteration to be made, either on the shop itself, or on any of its multifarious contents. I would not allow a box, or an article of any kind, not even a nail, to be removed or shifted from its place, for fear of giving the public the slightest clue to the fact of the shop's being now mine. As to my own appearance in it, which of course could not be avoided, I hoped that I might pass for a shopman of Mr Bowman's.

All, however, as I expected, was in vain. The public by some intuitive instinct, as it seemed to me, discovered that I was now proprietor of the shop, and took its measures accordingly. On the very first day that I took my place behind the counter, I thought it looked shy at me. I was not mistaken. Day after day my customers became fewer and fewer, until hardly one would enter the shop.

Being quite prepared for this result, I felt neither surprise nor disappointment, but shortly after coolly disposed of the shop, and all that was in it, to another party, who, as I wish every body well, I am glad to say, did, according to his own account, amazingly well in it, he declaring to me himself that it fulfilled his most sanguine expectations.

It could not be otherwise, for, as I well knew would be the case, the moment I quitted the counter, and this person took my place, the stream of public patronage returned; customers came thronging in faster than he and two stout active shopmen could serve them.

Now, in this affair, as in all others of a similar kind, my friends confessed that I had given the spec fair play, and that there was nothing on my part to which they could attribute the blame of failure. Unable to account for it, therefore, they merely shrugged their shoulders and said, "It was odd;



they didn't understand it." Neither did I, good reader; but so it was.

One rather odd feature in my case I may mention. Although I never actually succeed in any thing, I am always *very near* doing so—very near getting every thing—within an ace, in almost every instance, of obtaining all I want. My friends are frequently *bitten* by this will-o'-the-wisp in my fortunes, and have fifty times congratulated me on the strength of its deceptive promises or successes, which of course are never realised.

In reply to their congratulations on such occasions, I merely smile and shake my head; adding, perhaps, "Not so fast, my good friends; wait a bit and you'll see. I have been as *near* my mark a hundred times before."

Perhaps the reader would like to glance at a case in point. I will present it to him: it is not yet three weeks old. I applied for a certain appointment in the gift of a certain board. Here is the reply of the secretary, who was my personal friend:—"My dear Sir, I am exceedingly happy to inform you that your application, which was this day read at the board, has been *most favourably received*. Indeed, from what has passed on the subject, I may assure you of success, and beg to congratulate you accordingly. Your success would not perhaps have been quite so certain had Mr S— been at home, as he would probably support his friend B., who is the only person you had to fear. But Mr S—, who is on the continent (at Carlsbad), is not expected for a fortnight, and *cannot* be here for a week at the soonest; so you are safe."

"Well, then, *now* surely, Bob," said my friends to whom I showed this letter, "you cannot doubt of your success in this instance."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed I, with the usual shake of the head and accompanying smile of incredulity; "never had less expectation from any thing in my life. Don't you see, Mr S— *will* be home in time, and *will* give his powerful interest to my rival?"

"Impossible, my dear sir; Mr S— is at Carlsbad, and *cannot* be home in less than a week. Neither steam-boat nor railroad could enable him to accomplish such a feat."

"No, but a balloon might; and depend upon it a balloon he will take, rather than I should get the situation. This he'll certainly do, although he knows nothing of what is going on."

"There's the postman, my dear," said I with gentleness and equanimity to my wife, on the morning of the third day after the conversation above alluded to had taken place. "It is a letter from my friend Secretary Wilkins, to inform me that I have lost the situation of —; that Mr S—, performing miracles in the way of expedition, although not impelled by any particular motive, came home just in time to support his friend B., and, of course, to cut me out."

It was precisely so. "My dear Sir," began my friend's letter, "I am truly sorry to inform you"—I read no more; not another word. It was quite unnecessary; I knew it all before. So, laying the letter gently on the table, I said with my wonted smile, "Exactly; all right!"

Now, does the reader think that in this, or in any other similar case, I gave myself the smallest uneasiness about the result? Not I, indeed—not the smallest. I expected no success, and was not therefore disappointed. C.

### OLD TIMES.

BY J. U. U.

"My soul is full of other times!"

Where is that spirit of our prime,  
The good old day!  
Have the life and power of that honoured time  
All passed away!  
When old friendship breathed, and old kindness wretched  
The cot and castle in kindred claim,  
And the tie was holy of service lowly,  
And Neighbour was a brother's name,  
And the streams of love and charity  
Flowed far and wide,  
And kind welcome held the portal free  
To none denied,  
And blessed from far rose that kindly star  
The high roof o'er the well-known hall,  
The cordial hearth, the genial mirth—  
Has Time the tyrant stilled them all!

Ay, some are fallen—their courts are green;

The cold calm sky

Looks in on many a once-loved scene

Of days gone by.

And some stand on, but their lights are gone,

Their manners are new and their masters strange;

They know no trace of that frank old race

Swept off by the tide of time and change.

These would'st thou mourn, go, trace the path,

The far wild road,

To some old hill where ruin hath

Its lone abode—

Where morn is sleeping, and dank dews weeping—

Where the grey moss grows on the lintel stone—

Where the raven haunts, and the wild weed flaunts,

And old remembrance broods alone:

There weep—for generous hearts dwelt there,

To pity true—

Each light and shade of joy and care

These old walls knew.

With weary ray the eye of day

Looks lifeless on their mouldering mound:

Their pride is blighted!—but the sun ne'er lighted

A happier home in his bright round.

There smiles, whose light hath passed away,

Bound young hearts fast;

And hope gilt many a coming day

Now long, long past.

There was beauty's flower and manhood's power—

The frail, proud things in which mortals trust;

And you hall was loud with a merry crowd

Of breasts long mingled in the dust.

There too the poor and weary sought

Relief and rest;

His song the wandering harper brought,

A welcome guest;

There lay rose lightly, and young eyes shone brightly,

And in sunshine ever life's stream rolled on;

And no thought came hither how time could wither—

Yet time stole by, and they are gone.

And there—the breast were cold indeed

That would not feel,

How with the same relentless speed

Our seasons steal.

The princely towers and pleasant bowers

May scoff the hours with gallant show,

In vain—they are what once these were,

And in their turn must lie as low

THE BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE AND ART.—In looking at our nature, we discover among its admirable endowments the sense or perception of beauty. We see the germ of this in every human being; and there is no power which admits greater cultivation: and why should it not be cherished in all? It deserves remark, that the provision for this principle is infinite in the universe. There is but a very minute portion of the creation which we can turn into food and clothes, or gratification for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty. Beauty is an all-pervading presence; it unfolds the numberless flowers of the spring; it waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass; it haunts the depth of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone; and not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple, and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now, this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noble feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it, as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship,

and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, nor child, ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I regret their privation; how should I want to open their eyes; and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice? But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature; but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries, this is the cheapest and most at hand; and it seems to be most important to those conditions where coarse labour tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.—*Channing.*

### A COMMON FROG!

"Come along; don't stay poking in that ditch; it's nothing but a common frog," said a lively-looking fellow to his companion; who replied, "True, it is only a common frog, but give me a few minutes, and I will endeavour to show you that it better deserves attention than many a creature called rare and curious. The fact is, that the history of what we call common animals, and see every day, is often very imperfectly known, though possessing much to astonish and instruct us. Come, sit you down on this bank for a few minutes, instead of pursuing your idle walk, and I will endeavour to excite your curiosity and powers of observation. If I do so by means of so humble an instrument as a common frog, I do better service than if I were to fix your attention by accounts of the mightiest monsters of fossil or existing Herpetology, as the part of natural history which treats of reptiles is called. See! I have caught him, and a fine stout fellow he is, for I perceive from his swelling chops he is a male. Let us now consider his place in the creation: it is in the tailless section of the fourth order of reptiles called Batrachians, and distinguished from the other three orders by the absence of scales on the skin, and by the young undergoing the most extensive changes of form, organic structure, and habits of life. You know, I presume, that frogs are hatched from eggs, or as they are called in mass, spawn, which is laid early in the year in shallow pools, and resembles boiled sago. The peasantry believe that as it is laid in more or less deep water, so will the coming season be dry or wet. This, however, like many other instances of supposed prescience in animals, does not stand the test of observation, for spawn is frequently laid where, when the weather proves fine, the water is dried up. Nevertheless, its position does in some degree indicate the state of the atmosphere, as, under the low pressure of air which precedes and attends rain, the spawn, owing to bubbles of air entangled in it, floats more buoyantly, and is fitted for shallower water than it could swim in under other circumstances. But to our subject. The product of this spawn is in every thing unlike the perfect frog we now behold. He commenced life with some twelve hundred in family, a tiny, fish-formed creature, with curious external gills, which in a short time became covered with skin; and he then breathed by taking in water at the mouth, passing it over the gills, and out at orifices on each side, just as we see in ordinary fishes. The circulation of his blood was also similar to that of those animals. His head and body were then confounded in one globular mass, to which was appended a long, flattened, and powerful tail; his mouth was small, his jaws suited to his food, which was vegetable, and his intestines were four times longer in proportion than they are now. After some time of this fish-like life, two limbs began to bud near to the junction of his body and tail—then another pair under the skin near his gills. His tail absorbed in proportion as his limbs developed, until, casting away the last of his many tadpole skins, and with it his jaws and gills, he emerged from the water a 'gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog,' to seek on land his prey, in future to consist exclusively of worms, insects, and other

small living beings; still retaining his power of swimming and diving, but accomplishing it by powerful exertions of his hinder legs, which serve him on land to effect his prodigious jumps, of which we may form an estimate by knowing that a man exerting as great a power in proportion could jump upwards of one hundred yards. He cannot, however, breathe under water; and though his skin, which possesses enormous absorbing powers, may contribute a portion of the necessary stimulus to his blood, yet he must breathe as we do by getting air into his lungs, and therefore, except when he is torpid from cold, he cannot continue any great length of time under water. Observe now his mode of breathing—see with what regularity his nostrils open and shut, while the skin under his throat falls and rises in the same order, for as he is without ribs or diaphragm, his mode of inspiration is not effected as ours is; but he takes air into his closely shut mouth through his nostrils, which he then closes, and by a muscular exertion presses the air into his lungs. Were you to keep his mouth open, he would be infallibly smothered. His tongue is one of his most striking peculiarities, for instead of being rooted, as in other animals, at the throat, it is fastened to his under lip, and its point is directed to his stomach. Nevertheless, this strange arrangement is well suited to his purposes, and his tongue as an organ of prehension is very effective. It is flat, soft, and long, and is covered with a very viscid fluid. When he wishes to use it, he lowers his under jaw suddenly, and ejects and retracts his tongue with the rapidity of a flash of light, snatching away a luckless worm or beetle attached, by the secretion before alluded to, to its tip. The insertion of the tongue in front of the lower jaw serves not only to aid mechanically in its ejection and retraction, just as we manage the lash of a whip, but it saves material in its construction, for it would require much greater volume of muscle to accomplish the same end posited as tongues usually are; and it has also the advantage of bringing the food into the proper place for being swallowed, without further exertion than that of its retraction.

Look now at the splendour of the golden iris of his eyes, and his triple eyelids; see, notwithstanding the meagre development of his head, as a phrenologist would say, his great look of vivacity; though his brain is small, his nerves are particularly large, and his muscles are accordingly possessed of more than ordinary excitability, which property has subjected his race to very many cruel experiments, at the hands of physiologists, galvanists, &c. A favourite experiment was, by the galvanic action of a silver coin and a small plate of zinc, on the leg of a dead frog, to make it jump with more than the force of life. Should you be inclined to study his anatomy, you will find ample stores in the ponderous folios of old writers, who have so laboriously wrought out his story as to leave little to be accomplished by us. The frog, now abundantly dispersed over Ireland, was introduced into this country not much more than a century since by Doctor Gwyther of Trinity College; and in thus naturalizing this pretty creature, cold and clammy though it be, he did a service, for it contributes materially to check the increase of slugs and worms. I have often vindicated the frog from charges brought against him by gardeners. I have been shown a strawberry, and desired to look at the mischief he has done. I have pointed out, that the edge where he was accused of biting out a piece was not only dry, but smaller than the interior of the cavity, and it therefore could not be formed by a bite. I have then shown other strawberries with similar wounds, in which small black slugs were feeding; and I have cut up the supposed strawberry-devouring frog slain by the gardener, and shown in his stomach, with several earth-worms, a number of little black slugs of the species alluded to, but not one bit of fruit: thus proving, I hope, that the cultivator of strawberries ought for his own sake to be the protector of frogs.

The frog is a good instance of the confusion that constantly arises from applying the same words to designate different animals in different countries. The common frog of the continent is the green frog (*Rana esculenta*), while our common frog is their red frog (*Rana temporaria*). The former is of much more aquatic habits than the latter, and is not known in Ireland. I once made an attempt to introduce it here, and when in Paris directed a basket of 100 frogs to be made up for me, giving special instructions that no common frogs were to be amongst them, which order I found on returning was obeyed as understood in that country, and not a single green frog was in my lot, though I intended to have none other. As articles of food there seems to be little difference, but

the preference is given to the green frog. The vulgar opinion that Frenchmen eat frogs for want of better food is quite erroneous; the contrary is the fact; for a fricassee of these animals is an expensive dish in France, and is considered a delicacy. Its chief merit appears to me to be its freedom from strong flavour of any kind; a delicate stomach may indulge in it without fear of a feeling of repletion. In this country the foolish prejudices which forbid the use of many attainable articles of wholesome food, applies with force to frogs. Our starving peasants loath what princes of other nations would banquet on, and leave to badgers, hedgehogs, buzzards, herons, pike and trout, sole possession of a very nutritive and pleasant article of food. When devoured by the heron, it is in part converted into a source of wonder to the unenlightened; for the curious masses of whitish jelly found on the banks of rivers and other moist places, and said by the country people to be fallen stars, are, so far as I have been able to observe, masses of immature frog spawn in a semi-digested state; and they seemed to me to have been rejected by herons, just as we see hawks and owls reject balls of hair, feathers, or other indigestible portions of their prey.

While on the subject of eating frogs, one of many of my adventures with the animal comes upon me with something like a feeling of compunction. When I was at school, it happened on a great occasion that a party of the 'big boys' were allowed to sit up much beyond the ordinary time of retiring. Finding it cold, it was proposed to adjourn to the kitchen, poke up the fire, and make warm before going to bed. Proceeding accordingly, we were startled by the repetition of some heavy sounds on the floor, and on getting up a blaze we discovered a frog of gigantic proportions jumping across the room. He was seized, and a council being held upon him, it was resolved that he should be killed, roasted, and eaten; and this awful sentence was at once put into execution—the curious for curiosity, the braggarts for bravado, and the cowards, lest they be thought so, partaking of the repast. We discovered next day that the unfortunate devoured had been for three years a settled denizen of the kitchen, where he dealt nightly havoc on the herds of crickets and cockroaches it contained. I have had for three years a frog in confinement where his food is not very abundant, and he has grown proportionally slowly, being still of a very diminutive size. Linneus and others distinguished ours as the mute frog, believing it did not possess a voice. They were mistaken: you hear our captive, when I press his back, give utterance to his woes; but if you desire to attend his concert, get up some bright night in spring, seek out his spawning place about the witching hour, and you will then hear sounds, of strange power, which seem to make the earth on which you stand to tremble. On investigation you will find it to proceed from an assembled congregation of frogs, each pronouncing the word *Croak*, but dwelling, as a musician would say, with a thrill on the letter *r*. When speaking of the tadpole, I forgot to allude to the fact, that recent experimenters find that by placing them in covered jars, the development of the frog is arrested. The tadpole will continue to grow until it reaches a size as great as that of an adult frog. This has been attributed by the discoverer to a withdrawal of the agency of light; but it strikes me he has, in his anxiety to prop a theory, lost sight of the true reason, which appears to be, that while he excluded the young animal from light, he also put it in such a situation as to compel it to breathe alone by its gills, and afford it no opportunity for the development of its lungs, and so it retained of necessity its fish-like functions. As you are probably more of a sportsman than a naturalist, you have observed in rail shooting, your pointer, after a show of setting, roll on the ground: if you had examined, the chances are you would have found a dead frog of no very pleasing perfume. Why the dog so rolled, I cannot say, unless it be, that he like other puppies wished to smear his hair with nasty animal odours. I have now I think worked out your patience; and though I could dwell much longer on the subject, and eke out much from ancient lore, I will end by a less pompous quotation of part of a well-known song—

'A frog he would a-wooloo go,

Whether his mother would let him or no.'

And the catastrophe,

'A lily white duck came and gobbled him up.'

Pray apply the moral. Had the said frog had his mind cultivated, and had he been acquainted with nature, he would not have engaged in a thoughtless courtship, that could have no good end, nor have disobeyed the voice of experience, and

so met with the fate that awaited him. You may now go on your walk; and if a common frog cannot interest you, take care of the lily white duck." B.

## GARDENS FOR THE LABOURING CLASSES.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

THE advantage which the working man, possessed of a little patch of land at a moderate rent, has over him who is without any, or holds it at a rate greatly above its value (a common case with the Irish labourer), can only be fully understood by those who have narrowly observed in England the respective conditions of the field labourer, with his allotment of a rood or half a rood of garden, and the workman in a town factory. It is very obvious that the garden gives healthful recreation to the family, young and old, who have always some little matter to perform in it, and if they really like the light work of cultivating kitchen vegetables, fruits and flowers, they combine pleasure with profit. Here is something on which they can always fall back as a resource if a day's work for hire is interrupted—they can make up at home for so much lost time—the children have something rational and useful to do, instead of *blackguarding* about roads and streets—they help to raise the potatoes and cabbages, &c, which with prudent management materially assist their housekeeping.

The benefits which have arisen to the labourer and all the rural poor in England who have obtained from ten to forty perches of garden from land-proprietors or farmers, or those who have the privilege of encroaching upon commons for the purpose, is truly surprising. Much of this is attributable to the exertions of the London Labourers' Friend Society, who, in an age when party violence divides man from his fellows, and excites from some quarter or other opposition to every system designed for the common good, have quietly but steadily pursued their own way.

I have had occasion more than once to press upon the attention of those who have the disposal of land in Ireland, the great benefits which would result to our poor if they would act upon the principle which actuates this benevolent society; and strange though it be, the fact is, that some landlords possessing estates both in England and Ireland are at pains to secure to the English labourer advantages which they take no trouble to provide for the labourer on the soil of Ireland.

I have referred to the *principle* which guides the society. It is, that the labouring classes should have such allotment of land as will not interfere with their general course of fixed labour, nor render them at all independent of it, but merely give them employment during those hours which they have at command in the intervals of their more profitable occupations. I have myself seen innumerable instances of the happy effects of giving to the labourer or *little mechanic* even half a rood of land, which he generally has in the highest state of productiveness, and from it his table is frequently supplied; while gooseberry and currant trees, in luxuriant bearing, and flowers *close to the road*, and without a higher fence than a paling or hedge three feet high, attest the high degree of honesty and decorum which the habit of having such productions in this unprotected way undoubtedly generates.

The local poor-rates have in all instances been greatly lessened by this mode of enabling labourers to help themselves; and if in this country the compulsory system of providing food or employment for the sick or hungry poor had prevailed long ago as in England, the landlords would have found means to guard against those dreadful realities of destitution with which we have been familiarized. Not that it is desirable to give a very open invitation to the parish manger, for this destroys the feeling of self-dependence and weakens the motives to economy and industry. But there should have long since been more *practical* exertion to place the labourer within reach of reasonable comforts.

What are the circumstances of tens of thousands of working people in the great manufacturing towns of Great Britain, in which no land can be given to them? Families so circumstanced wear out their health and existence in unvarying labour—not requiring much immediate exertion of strength, it is

true; but wearisome from its continued sameness, which gives no exercise whatever to the mind.

The many pictures presented to us of the mental and physical condition of a great portion of our fellow-creatures kept at the slave-like labour of the factory, are appalling, and I fear they are true: *this* is unquestionably so, that children from nine to twelve years of age (and many *have* been worked from the age of *five*) are locked up for six days in the week, for twelve hours every day, in a warm artificial temperature, instead of breathing the free air of heaven; they are looked upon as parts of the machinery, and must move accordingly; with this difference, that while human genius is always at work to devise improvements in inanimate complications, and to keep them in the highest state of order, the condition of the living soul and body is in too many instances neglected altogether. There is a wear and tear of human life, and an accumulation of moral corruption, which it is frightful to think of.

When work is in good demand, the joint labours of the parent and their children earn considerable weekly wages. There is then plenty of bread and butter and some bacon for the children, and beer and gin besides for their parents; but nothing is saved for less prosperous times, and the family is not eventually the better for the short run of high earnings.

The want of a bit of land is more serious than many will believe, not only in its effect upon health, but upon moral conduct also.

Among some facts published by the London Labourers' Friend Society, are the details of the complete reformation of twelve men, who had been severally committed to gaol for different offences of a very serious nature, in consequence of their obtaining portions of land, varying from two acres and a half to one rood; and I may add, that out of eighty occupants of land-allotments in the same neighbourhood, there has been only one case of robbery within seven years.

Some of the foregoing remarks tend to show that the Irish poor would not gain in happiness by the establishment of the modern British factory system among them, unless the advantage of a *little* land could be afforded them at the same time. A proof of this exists in the altered circumstances of the people who were once employed in the domestic manufacture of linen in Ulster. These had a patch of land, to which they could at pleasure turn from the loom and the reel; and as the labour of their children was not prematurely demanded, they could enjoy the green fields or the garden, and be employed in school, with a certainty of substantial food (instead of bad coffee and adulterated tea), until they attained the age of thirteen or fourteen, when they could take an active part in the labour of the loom.

When field or garden labour can be combined with factory work, the miseries of the manufacturing system are much removed, and manufactures in such a case become serviceable under judicious and moral management: the present state of the town of Lancaster affords some illustration of this. It verges on a purely agricultural district, and now contains both manufacturing and farm labourers. Upon the introduction of cotton manufactures (and half the few mills now existing there were established only seven years ago), the wages of each individual workman were rendered less than they had been before, *but* the earnings of his *whole family* increased considerably. Children before that period were burdensome to their parents, who when making application for parish aid pleaded the number of their family. Now children are sources of increased comfort to such parents; and even step-children, grand-children, nephews, and nieces, who were formerly pressed into the list of mouths to be fed from the parish rates, are now studiously kept out of sight, because they earn wages, and contribute to the support of those who would otherwise shift them off their hands. On the *whole*, those with families are better off than if without them; and the children themselves, except in times of very hurried work, and allowing for occasional abuses by employers and parents over-working them, are better off than formerly. The comparatively good state of the Lancaster operatives arises from the circumstance, that in times of difficulty in the factories many of the work people have farm work to turn to, and numbers of them have allotments of their own.

In proportion as the labouring poor of any community are deprived of the advantage of gardens, is a decrease in their health, happiness, and moral state. Of this, as regards another nation, I have a proof before me in the letter of Mr T. Bastard, who in a communication from Germany (I shall only

give a portion of it) to the editor of the Labourers' Friend Magazine, says, "In regard to the allotment system in particular, as a mode of giving the labourer 'a stake in the hedge,' I have learnt nothing here which induces me to change my opinion of its value: on the contrary, I feel rather confirmed in the belief, that where population and capital exist in a high degree, no other practicable mode has yet been proposed, so calculated to prevent the labouring classes from falling into the degraded position, with all its train of ill consequences, of being mere machines in the hands of the capitalists; or if they have already so fallen, so adapted to restore them to a higher moral state.

I believe that a much greater proportion of the labouring classes of Saxony possess some 'stake in the hedge' than those of England. \* \* \* I am sorry, however, to add, that Saxony appears to me, by the increase that is taking place in her population, and by her efforts to push her manufactures, to be approaching the evil which we have long suffered under in England, that of having the sole interest of a great portion of her people dependent entirely on the amount of weekly wages that they can obtain.

During three months of last year I resided in a village at some distance from Dresden, and in every sense a rural one, the occupations of the inhabitants, of which there were between seven and eight hundred living in about one hundred houses, being confined to agriculture, with the exception of some handicraftsmen, such as shoemakers, tailors, blacksmiths, &c. and a few who worked in some stone quarries. Besides two considerable estates belonging to two persons who stood in the position of esquires, and shared the manorial privileges, the land was much divided, two or three persons having as much as 140 acres, but the greater part only from one to five acres, which were held under a sort of feudal tenure; and all the cottages had at least gardens. The appearance of general comfort and happiness certainly exceeded that which I have ever seen in an English village of the same kind and size. The inhabitants were healthy-looking: their houses were all good substantial ones, provided (at least several that I entered) with decent furniture, and they were invariably well clothed. The two latter points are remarkable in Saxony. I have never seen a row of cottages, or rather *huts* here, and very rarely a raggedly-dressed person. I will here add, also, that the Saxons who visit *rich* England are particularly struck with the numbers of persons they see in rags and tatters. I found, however, that there were several persons, and even families, who had merely lodgings in the cottages without any land, and these were invariably in bad circumstances. In fact, they were dependent solely on wages; and here was the commencement of that evil to which I have before adverted, and for which I can think of no other effectual remedy than the allotment system."

IRISH BRAVERY AND HONOUR.—On the surprise of Cremona by Prince Eugene in 1702, when Villeroy, the French general, most of the officers, military chests, &c. were taken, and the German horse and foot in possession of the town, excepting one place only, the Po Gate, which was guarded by two Irish regiments commanded by O'Mahony and Bourk, before the Prince commenced the attack there, he sent to expostulate with them, and show them the rashness of sacrificing their lives where they could have no probability of relief, and to assure them if they would enter into the imperial service, they should be directly and honourably promoted. The first part of this proposal they heard with impatience, the second with disdain. "Tell the Prince," said they, "that we have hitherto preserved the honour of our country, and that we hope this day to convince him that we are worthy of his esteem. While one of us exists, the German eagle shall not be displayed upon these walls. This is our deliberate resolution, and we will not admit of further capitulation." The attack was commenced by a large body of foot, supported by five thousand cuirassiers, and after a bloody conflict of two hours the Germans retreated: the Irish pursued their advantage, and attacked them in the streets. Before evening the enemy were expelled the town, and the general and the military chests recovered.

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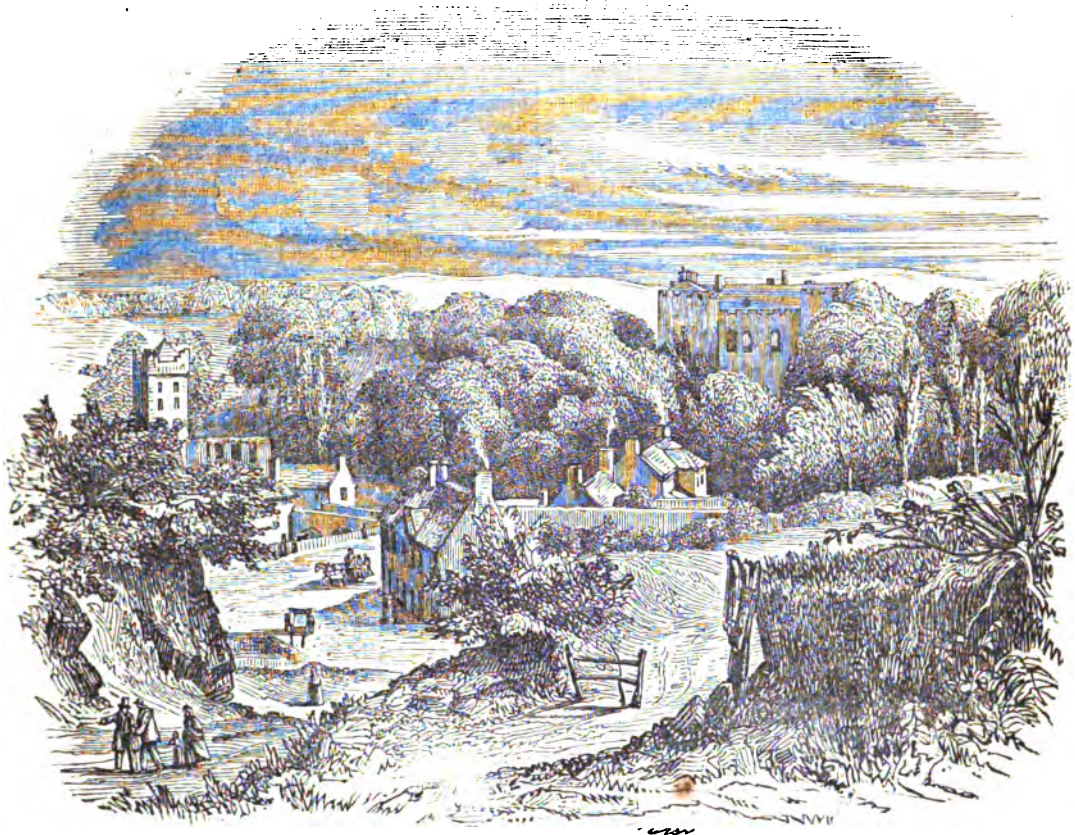


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



THE TOWN AND CASTLE OF LEIXLIP, COUNTY OF KILDARE.

LOCALITIES are no less subject to the capricious mutations of fashion in taste, than dress, music, or any other of the various objects on which it displays its extravagant vagaries. The place which on account of its beauties is at one period the chosen resort of pleased and admiring crowds, at another becomes abandoned and unthought of, as if it were an un-ightly desert, unfit for the enjoyment or happiness of civilized man. Some other locality, perhaps of less natural or acquired beauty, becomes the fashion of the day, and after a time gets out of favour in turn, and is neglected for some other novel scene before unthought of or disregarded. Yet the principles of true taste are immutable, and that which is really beautiful is not the less so because it has ceased to attract the multitude, who are generally governed to a far greater extent by accidental associations of ideas than by any abstract feelings of the mind.

Perhaps it is less attributable to any characteristic volatility in the character of the inhabitants of our metropolis, than to the singular variety and number of the beautiful localities which surround our city, and in emulous rivalry attract our attention, that this inconstancy of attachment to any one locality is more strikingly instanced among ourselves,

than among the citizens of any other great town with which we are acquainted. But, however this may be, the fact is unquestionable, that there is scarcely a spot of any natural or improved beauty, within a few miles of us, which has not in turn had its day of fashion, and its subsequent period of un-merited neglect. Clontarf, with its sequestered green lanes, and its glorious views of the bay—Glasnevin, the classical abode of Addison, Parnell, Tickell, Sheridan, and Delany—Finglas, with its rural sports—Chapelizod, the residence of the younger Cromwell—Lucan, Leixlip, with their once celebrated spas, and all the delightful epic scenery of the Liffey—Dundrum, with its healthy mountain walks and atmosphere, and many others unnecessary to mention, all experiencing the effects of this inconstancy of fashion, have found their once admired beauties totally disregarded, and the admiration of the multitude almost wholly transferred to a wild and unadorned beauty on the rocky shores of Kingstown and Bullock, which our forefathers deemed unworthy of notice. But let that beauty take warning from the fate of her predecessors, and not hold her head too high in her day of triumph, for she too will assuredly be cast off in turn, and find herself neglected for some rival as yet unnoticed.

Of such unmerited inconstancy and neglect there are no localities in the neighbourhood of Dublin which have greater reason to complain than the village of Lucan and that which forms the subject of our prefixed embellishment. As the establishment of peace in Ireland led to an increase of civilization, which exhibited itself in improved roads and vehicles of conveyance, and the citizens, emerging from their embattled strongholds, ventured to enjoy the pleasures of nature and rural life, Lucan and Leixlip, with the beautiful scenery in which they are situated, became the favourite places of resort; and their various natural attractions becoming heightened by art, were described by travellers, and chaunted in song. About "sixty years since" they had reached their greatest glory, and Leixlip was the favourite of the day. It is thus described at this period by the celebrated Doctor Campbell:—"All the outlets of Dublin are pleasant, but this is superlatively so which leads through Leixlip, a neat little village about seven miles from Dublin, up the Liffey; whose banks being prettily tufted with wood, and enlivened by gentlemen's seats, afford a variety of landscapes, beautiful beyond description." It was at this period also that O'Keefe, in his popular opera of "The Poor Soldier," makes Patrick sing—

"Though Leixlip is proud of its close shady bowers,  
Its clear falling waters and murmuring cascades,  
Its groves of fine myrtle, its beds of sweet flowers,  
Its lads so well dressed, and its neat pretty maids."

But though Leixlip no longer holds out attractions sufficient to gratify those whose tastes are dependent on fashion, it has never ceased to be a favourite with all whose tastes had a more solid foundation. It was here, and in its immediate vicinity, that the two Robertses, genuine Irish landscape painters, found many of the most congenial subjects for their pencils. It was here, too, that the strong-headed painter of strong heads—the Rembrandt of miniature painters, John Comerford—used occasionally to retire, abandoning for a week or two the intellectual society of Dublin which he so much enjoyed, and the acquisition of gain which he no less relished, to make some elaborate study of one of the scenes about the Bridge of Leixlip, which he, in his own dogmatic way, asserted, "for genuine landscape beauty, could not be surpassed or even rivalled any where!" This estimate of the beauties of Leixlip's "close shady bowers, &c." was, we confess, a somewhat extravagant one; yet, like most other honestly formed opinions of Comerford's, it would not have been an easy task to shake his belief in its truth, and to sustain it he could, if combated, adduce the testimony of his and our friend Gaspar Gabrielli, the first of Italian landscape painters of our times, who notwithstanding his pride in being a Roman, and his national predilections in favour of the classic scenery of his dear Italy, has often declared in our hearing that he had never seen in his own country scenery of its kind comparable with that of the Liffey, in the vicinity of Lucan and Leixlip.

But enthusiastic admiration of the scenery of Leixlip has not been confined to the painters. Hear with what gusto our friend C. O. lets himself out on this subject, not in his drawing-room character as the clerical Connaught tourist, but in his more natural, buoyant, and Irish one, as Terence O'Toole, our co-labourer in the first volume of the *Dublin Penny Journal*:—

"Any one passing over the Bridge of Leixlip, must, if his eye is worth a farthing for anything else than helping him to pick his way through the puddle, look up and down with delight while moving over this bridge. To the right, the river winning its noisy turbulent way over its rocky bed, and losing itself afar down amidst embossing woods; to the left, after plunging over the Salmon-leap, whose roar is heard though half a mile off, and forming a junction with the Rye-water, it takes a bend to the east, and washes the rich amphitheatre with which Leixlip is environed. I question much whether any castle, even Warwick itself [bravo, Terence!] stands in a grander position than Leixlip Castle, as it embattles the high and wooded grounds that form the forks of the two rivers. Of the towers, the round one of course was built by King John, the opposite square one by the Geraldines. This noble and grandly circumstanced pile has been in latter days the baronial residence of the White family, and subsequently the residence of [lord-lieutenants] generals and prelates. Here Primate Stone, more a politician than a Christian [churchman], retired from his contest with the Ponsonbys and the Boyles to play at cricket with General

Cunningham; here resided Speaker Connolly before he built his splendid mansion at Castletown; here the *great* commoner, as he was called, Tom Connolly, was born. Like many such edifices, this castle is haunted: character and keeping would be altogether lost if towers of 600 years' standing, with rich mullioned 'windows that exclude the light, and passages that lead to nothing,' with tapestried chambers that have witnessed pranks of revelry and feats of war, of Norman, Cromwellian, and Williamite possession, if such a place had not its legend; and one of Ireland's wildest geniuses, the eccentric and splendid Maturin, has decorated the subject with the colourings of his vivid fancy."

Terence adds:—"Leixlip is memorable in an historic point of view as the place where, in the war commencing 1641, General Preston halted when on his way to form a junction with the Marquis of Ormonde to oppose the Parliamentarians. Acknowledging that his army was not excommunication proof, he bowed before the fiat of the Nuncio, and lost the best opportunity that ever offered of saving his cause and his country from what has been called "the curse of Cromwell."

To this brief but graphic sketch of our friend we can add but little. Leixlip is a market and post town of the county of Kildare, situated in the barony of North *Salt*—a name derived from the Latin appellation of the cataract called the *Salvus Salmonis*, "Salmon Leap," in the vicinity of the town—and is about eight miles from Dublin. It contains between eleven and twelve hundred inhabitants, and consists of one long street of houses, well, though irregularly built, but exhibiting for the greater number an appearance of negligence and decay. It is bounded on one extremity by the river Liffey, which is crossed by a bridge of ancient construction, and on the other by the Rye-water, over which there is a bridge of modern date. As the focus of a parish, it has a church and a Roman Catholic chapel, both of ample size and substantial construction, but, like most edifices of their class in Ireland, but little remarkable for the purity of their architectural styles. The latter is of recent erection. Its most imposing architectural feature is, however, its castle, which is magnificently situated on a steep and richly wooded bank over the Liffey; but though of great antiquity, it exhibits in its external character but little of the appearance of an ancient fortress, having been modernised by the Hon. George Cavendish, its present occupier. On its west side it is flanked by a circular, and on its east by a square tower. This castle is supposed to have been erected in the reign of Henry II. by Adam de Hereford, one of the chief followers of Earl Strongbow, from whom he received as a gift the tenement of the Salmon Leap, and other extensive possessions. It is said to have been the occasional residence of Prince John during his governorship of Ireland in the reign of his father; and in recent times it was a favourite retreat of several of the Viceroy's, one of whom, Lord Townsend, usually spent the summer here. From an inquisition taken in 1604, it appears that the manor of Leixlip was part of the possessions of the abbey of St Thomas in Dublin. In 1658, the castle, with sixty acres of land, belonged to the Earl of Kildare. They afterwards passed into the hands of the Right Hon. Thomas Connolly, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and are now the property of Colonel Connolly of Castletown. P.

### THE CHASE,

A POEM TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH—CONCLUDED.

PATRICK.

O son of kings, adorned with grace,  
'Twere music to my ear,  
Of Fionn and his wondrous chase  
The promised tale to hear.

OISIN.

Well—though afresh my bosom bleeds,  
Remembering days of old—  
When I think of my sire and his mighty deeds—  
Yet shall the tale be told.

While the Fenian bands at Almuin's towers,  
In the hall of spears, passed the festive hours,  
The goblet crowned, with chessmen played,  
Or gifts for gifts of love repaid;

\* The game of chess is repeatedly noticed in connection with various historical incidents in the early history of Ireland. Theophilus O'Flanagan, in a note to his translation of *Deirdre*, an ancient Irish tale, published in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin*, speaks of it as "a military

From the reckless throng Finn stole unseen,  
When he spied a young doe on the heath-clad green  
With agile spring draw near :  
On Sceolan and Bran his nimble hounds  
He whistles aloud, and away he bounds  
In chase of the hornless deer.

With his hounds alone and his trusty blade,  
The son of Luno's skill,  
On the track of the flying doe he strayed  
To Guillin's pathless hill.  
But when he came to its hard-won height  
No deer appeared in view ;  
If east or west she had sped her flight  
Nor hounds nor huntsman knew.  
But those sprang westward o'er the sod,  
While eastward Fionn press'd—  
Why did not pity touch thy God  
To see them thus distress'd ?

There while he gazes anxious round,  
Sudden he hears a doleful sound,  
And by a lake of crystal sheen  
Spies a nymph of loveliest form and mien :  
Her cheeks as the rose were crimson bright,  
Her lips the red berry's glow ;  
Her neck as the polished marble white,  
Her breast the pure blossom's full blow ;  
Downy gold were her locks, and her sparkling eyes  
Like freeking stars in the ebon skies.  
Such beauty, O Sage, all cold as thou art,  
Would kindle warm raptures of love in thy heart.

Nigh to the nymph of golden hair  
With courteous grace he drew—  
" O hast thou seen, enchantress fair,  
My hounds their game pursue ?" †

## NYMPH.

" Thy hounds I saw not in the chase,  
O noble prince of the Fenian race ;  
But I have cause of woe more deep,  
For which I linger here and weep."

## FIONN.

" O, hast thou lost a husband dear ?  
Falls for a darling son thy tear,  
Or daughter of thy heart ?  
Sweet, soft-palmed nymph, the cause reveal  
To one who can thy sorrows feel,  
Perchance can ease thy smart ?

The maid of tresses fair replied—  
" A precious ring I wore ;  
Dropped from my finger in the tide,  
Its loss I now deplore :  
But by the sacred vows that bind  
Each brave and loyal knight,  
I now adjure thee, Chief, to find  
My peerless jewel bright."

He feels her adjuration's ties ;  
Disrobes each manly limb,

game that engages the mental faculties, like mathematical science." O'Flaherty's *Ogygia* states that Cathir, the 120th king of Ireland, left among his bequests to Crimthan "two chess-boards with their chess-men distinguished with their specks and power ; on which account he was constituted master of the games in Leinster."

In the first book of Homer's *Odyssey* the suitors are described as amusing themselves with the game of chess—

*With rival art and ardour in their mien,  
At chess they vie to captivate the queen,  
Divining of their losses.*

In Pope's translation there is a learned note on the subject, to which the curious reader is referred ; and also to a passage in Vallancey's *Essay on the Celtic Language*.

† Literally, *as I have*.

‡ This will remind the reader of a similar question by Venus in the first *Æneid*—

— Heus inquit, juvenes monstrate mearum  
Vidistis usquam hic errantem forte sororum  
Succinctam pharetra, et maculosam tegmine lyncis,  
Aut spumantis apri cursum clamorem prementem?—*Æn.* I. 325.

Ho, strangers ! have you lately seen, she said,  
One of my sisters, like myself array'd,  
Who cross'd the lawn or in the forest stray'd ?  
A painted quiver at her back she bore ;  
Varied with spots, a lynx's hide she wore ;  
And at full cry pursued the tusky boar.—*DAYDEN*.

And for the smooth-palmed princess hies  
The gulfy lake to swim.  
Five times deep-diving down the wave,  
Through every cranny, nook, and cave,  
With care he searches round and round,  
Till the golden ring at length he found ;  
But scarce to shore the prize could bring,  
When by some blasting ban—  
Ah ! piteous tale—the Fenian king  
Grew a withered, grey, old man !

Meanwhile the Fenians passed the hours  
In the hall of spears, at Almuin's towers ;  
The goblet crowned, with chessmen played,  
Or gifts for gifts of love repaid,  
When Caoilte rose and asked in grief,  
" Ye spearmen, where is our gallant chief ?  
O, lost I dread is the Fenians' boast—  
Then who shall lead our bannered host ?"

Bald Conan spoke—" A sweeter sound  
Ne'er tingled on my ear ;  
If Fionn be lost, may he not be found  
Till end the distant year !  
But, Caoilte of the nimble feet,  
Ye shall not want a chieftain meet ;  
In me, till Fionn's fate be told,  
The leader of your host behold !"

Although the Fenian bands were torn  
With agony severe,  
We burst into a laugh of scorn  
Such arrogance to hear.

To urge the quest, we then decree,  
Of Finn and his hounds the joyous three  
That still to triumph led ;  
And soon from Almuin's halls away,  
With Caoilte, I, and our dark array,  
North to Slew Guillin sped.  
There, as with searching glance the eye  
O'er all the prospect rolled,  
Beside the lake a wretch we spy,  
Poor, withered, grey, and old.  
Disgust and horror touched the heart  
To see the bones all fleshless start  
In a frame so lank and wan ;  
We thought him some starved fisher torn  
From the whelming stream, by famine worn,  
And left but the wreck of man.

We asked if he had chanced to see  
A swift-paced chieftain go,  
With two fleet hounds, across the lea,  
Behind a fair young doe.

He gave us back no answer clear,  
But in the nimble Caoilte's ear  
He breathed his tale—O, tale of grief !—  
That in him we saw the Fenian chief !

Three sudden shouts to hear the tale  
Our host raised loud and shrill—  
The badgers started in the vale,  
The wild deer on the hill.

Then Conan fierce unsheathed his sword,  
And curs'd the Fenian king and his horde.

" If true thy tale," he cries,  
" This blade thy head would off thee smite ;  
For ne'er my valour in the fight,  
Nor prowess didst thou prize.

Would that like thee, both old and weak,  
Were the Fenians all, that my sword might reek  
In their craven blood, and their cairns might swell  
On the grassy lea !—for since Cumhail fell,  
O'ercome in fateful strife  
By Morni's son of the golden shields,  
Our sons thou hast sent to foreign fields,  
Or of freedom reft and life."

" Bald, senseless wretch ! our care is due  
To Finn's sad state, or thy mouth should rue  
A speech so vile, and soon atone  
With shattered teeth and fractured bone,"

Indignant Caoilte spoke.  
 With equal wrath said Oscar stern,  
 "Audacious babbler! silence learn—  
 "What foe e'er felt thy stroke?"

Then Conan thus—"Vain boy! be dumb,  
 Or tell what deed of fame  
 Did e'er thy Finn, but gnaw his thumb"  
 Until the marrow came?  
 We, not Clan-Boske, did the deed  
 Whene'er we saw the foemen bleed.  
 Behind thee, Oisín, may thy son  
 A puling, whining chanter run,  
 And bear white book and bell.  
 His words I scorn—in open fight,  
 Which of us twain is in the right  
 Let swords, not speeches, tell."

Him answered Oscar's trusty steel;  
 When craven Conan, taught to feel,  
 And trembling for his worthless life,  
 The Fenians prayed to end the strife,  
 And stay rough Oscar's blade.  
 Between them swift the Fenians rushed,  
 The rising storm of battle hushed,  
 And Oscar's vengeance stayed.

Of Cumhail's son then Caoilte sought  
 What wizard Danan foe had wrought  
 Such piteous change—and Finn replied,  
 "'Twas Guillin's daughter—me she bound  
 By a sacred spell to search the tide  
 Till the ring she lost was found."

Then Conan spoke in altered mood—  
 "Safe may we ne'er depart,  
 Till we see restored our chieftain good,  
 Or Guillin rue his art!"  
 Then close around our chief we throng,  
 And bear him on our shields along.

Eight days and nights the caverned seat  
 Where Guillin made his dark retreat  
 We dig with sleepless care;  
 Pour through its windings close the light,  
 Till we see, in all her radiance bright,  
 Spring forth th' enchantress fair.

A chalice she bore of angled mould,†  
 And sparkling rich with gems and gold;  
 Its brimming fount in the hand she placed  
 Of Finn, whose looks small beauty graced.  
 Feeble he drinks—the potion speeds

Through every joint and pore;  
 To palsied age fresh youth succeeds—  
 Finn of the swift and slender steeds  
 Becomes himself once more.  
 His shape, his strength, his bloom returns,  
 And in manly glory bright he burns!

We gave three shouts that rent the air—  
 The badgers fled the vale:  
 And now, O sage of frugal care,  
 Hast thou not heard the tale?

D.

\* A note in Miss Brooke's translations informs us that "Finn was reproached with deriving all his courage from his foreknowledge of events, and chewing his thumb for prophetic information."

† Quadrangular—the ancient cup of the Irish, called *meadar*. Specimens of it may be seen in the Antiquarian Museum of the Royal Irish Academy.

**DISCRETION.**—This is a nice perception of what is right and proper under the circumstances in which a person is called to act. It may be illustrated by the *feelers* of the cat, which are long hairs placed upon her nose, with which she readily measures the space between sticks and stones through which she desires to pass, and thus determines, by a delicate touch, whether it is sufficiently large to let her go through without being scratched. Thus discretion appreciates difficulties, dangers, and obstructions around, and enables a person to decide upon the proper course of action. "There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion. It is this which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work, and turns them to the

advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it, learning is pedantry and wit impertinence; nay, virtue itself often looks like weakness. Discretion not only shows itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action; and is like an agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary chances of life." But how shall discretion be cultivated in children? Chiefly by example. It is a virtue especially committed to the cultivation of the mother. She may do much to promote it, by rebuking acts of imprudence, and bestowing due encouragement upon acts of discretion. Let the mother remember that discretion is important to men, and see that she cherishes it in her sons; let her remember that it is essential to women, and make sure of it in her daughters.—*Dr Channing.*

## THE IRISH MATCHMAKER.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

THOUGH this word at a glance may be said to explain itself, yet lest our English or Scotch readers might not clearly understand its meaning, we shall briefly give them such a definition of it as will enable them to comprehend it in its full extent. The Irish Matchmaker, then, is a person selected to conduct reciprocity treaties of the heart between lovers themselves in the first instance, or, where the principal parties are indifferent, between their respective families, when the latter happen to be of opinion that it is a safer and more prudent thing to consult the interest of the young folk rather than their inclination. In short, the Matchmaker is the person engaged in carrying from one party to another all the messages, letters, tokens, presents, and secret communications of the tender passion, in whatever shape or character the said parties may deem it proper to transmit them. The Matchmaker, therefore, is a general negotiator in all such matters of love or interest as are designed by the principals or their friends to terminate in the honourable bond of marriage; for with nothing morally improper or licentious, or approaching to the character of an intrigue, will the regular Irish Matchmaker have any thing at all to do. The Matchmaker, therefore, after all, is only the creature of necessity, and is never engaged by an Irishman unless to remove such preliminary obstacles as may stand in the way of his own direct operations. In point of fact, the Matchmaker is nothing but a pioneer, who, after the plan of the attack has been laid down, clears away some of the rougher difficulties, until the regular advance is made, the siege opened in due form, and the citadel successfully entered by the principal party.

We have said thus much to prevent our fair neighbours of England and Scotland from imagining that because such a character as the Irish Matchmaker exists at all, Irishmen are personally deficient in that fluent energy which is so necessary to express the emotions of the tender passion. Addison has proved to the satisfaction of any rational mind that modesty and assurance are inseparable—that a blushing face may accompany a courageous, nay, a desperate heart—and that, on the contrary, an abundance of assurance may be associated with a very handsome degree of modesty. In love matters, I grant, modesty is the *forte* of an Irishman, whose character in this respect has been unconsciously hit off by the poet. Indeed he may truly be termed *vultus ingenui puer, ingenuique pudoris*; which means, when translated, that in looking for a wife an Irishman is "a boy of an easy face, and remarkable modesty."

At the head of the Matchmakers, and far above all competitors, stands the Irish Midwife, of whose abilities in this way it is impossible to speak too highly. And let not our readers imagine that the duties which devolve upon her, as well as upon matchmakers in general, are slight or easily discharged. To conduct a matter of this kind ably, great tact, knowledge of character, and very delicate handling, are necessary. To be incorruptible, faithful to both parties, not to give offence to either, and to obviate detection in case of secret bias or partiality, demand talents of no common order. The amount of fortune is often to be regulated—the good qualities of the parties placed in the best, or, what is often still more judicious, in the most suitable light—and when there happens to be a scarcity of the commodity, it must be furnished from her own invention. The miser is to be softened, the contemptuous tone of the purse-proud *bodagh* lowered without offence, the crafty cajoled, and sometimes the unsuspecting overreached. Now, all this requires an able hand, as matchmaking in general among the Irish does. Indeed I question whether the wiliest politician that ever attempted to manage a treaty of



peace between two hostile powers could have a more difficult card to play than often falls to the lot of the Irish Matchmaker.

The Midwife, however, from her confidential intercourse with the sex, and the respect with which both young and old of them look upon her, is peculiarly well qualified for the office. She has seen the youth shoot up and ripen into the young man—she has seen the young man merged into the husband, and the husband very frequently lost in the wife. Now, the marks and tokens by which she noted all this are as perceptible in the young of this day as they were in the young of fifty years ago; she consequently knows from experience how to manage each party, so as to bring about the consummation which she so devoutly wishes.

Upon second thoughts, however, we are inclined to think after all that the right of precedence upon this point does not exclusively belong to the Midwife; or at least, that there exists another person who contests it with her so strongly that we are scarcely capable of determining their respective claims: this is the *Cosherer*. The *Cosherer* in Ireland is a woman who goes from one relation's house to another, from friend to friend, from acquaintance to acquaintance—is always welcome, and uniformly well treated. The very extent of her connexions makes her independent; so that if she receives an affront, otherwise a cold reception, from one, she never feels it to affect her comfort, but on the contrary carries it about with her in the shape of a complaint to the rest, and details it with such a rich spirit of vituperative enjoyment, that we believe in our soul some of her friends, knowing what healthful occupation it gives her, actually affront her from pure kindness. The *Cosherer* is the very impersonation of industry. Unless when asleep, no mortal living ever saw her hands idle. Her principal employment is knitting; and whether she sits, stands, or walks, there she is with the end of the stocking under her arm, knit, knit, knitting. She also sews and quilts; and whenever a quilting is going forward, she can tell you at once in what neighbour's house the quilting-frame was used last, and where it is now to be had; and when it has been got, she is all bustle and business, ordering and commanding about her—her large red three-cornered pincushion hanging conspicuously at her side, a lump of chalk in one hand, and a coil of twine in the other, ready to mark the pattern, whether it be wave, square, or diamond.

The *Cosherer* is always dressed with neatness and comfort, but generally wears something about her that reminds one of a day gone by, and may be considered as the lingering remnant of some old custom that has fallen into disuse. This, slight as it is, endears her to many, for it stands out as the memorial of some old and perhaps affecting associations, which at its very appearance are called out from the heart in which they were slumbering.

It is impossible to imagine a happier life than that of the *Cosherer*. She has evidently no trouble, no care, no children, nor any of the various claims of life, to disturb or encumber her. Wherever she goes she is made, and finds herself, perfectly at home. The whole business of her life is carrying about intelligence, making and projecting matches, singing old songs and telling old stories, which she frequently does with a feeling and unction not often to be met with. She will sing you the different sets and variations of the old airs, repeat the history and traditions of old families, recite *ranns*, interpret dreams, give the origin of old local customs, and tell a ghost story in a style that would make your hair stand on end. She is a bit of a doctress, too—an extensive herbalist, and is very skilful and lucky among children. In short, she is a perfect Gentleman's Magazine in her way—a regular repository of traditional lore, a collector and distributor of social antiquities, dealing in every thing that is timeworn or old, and handling it with such a quiet and antique air, that one would imagine her life to be a life not of years but of centuries, and that she had passed the greater portion of it, long as it was, in “wandering by the shores of old romance.”

Such a woman the reader will at once perceive is a formidable competitor for popular confidence with the Midwife. Indeed there is but one consideration alone upon which we would be inclined to admit that the latter has any advantage over her—and it is, that she is the *Midwife*; a word which is a tower of strength to her, not only against all professional opponents, but against such analogous characters as would intrude even upon any of her subordinate or collateral offices. As matchmakers, it is extremely difficult to decide between her and the *Cosherer*; so much so, indeed, that we are disposed to leave the claim for priority undetermined. In this

respect each pulls in the same harness; and as they are so well matched, we will allow them to jog on side by side, drawing the youngsters of the neighbouring villages slowly but surely towards the land of matrimony.

In humble country life, as in high life, we find in nature the same principles and motives of action. Let not the speculating mother of rank, nor the husband-hunting dowager, imagine for a moment that the plans, stratagems, lures, and trap-falls, with which they endeavour to secure some wealthy fool for their daughters, are not known and practised—ay, and with as much subtlety and circumvention too—by the very humblest of their own sex. In these matters they have not one whit of superiority over the lowest, sharpest, and most fraudulent gossip of a country village, where the arts of women are almost as sagaciously practised, and the small scandal as ably detailed, as in the highest circles of fashion.

The third great master of the art of matchmaking is the *Shanahus*, who is nothing more or less than the counterpart of the *Cosherer*; for as the *Cosherer* is never of the male sex, so the *Shanahus* is never of the female. With respect to their habits and modes of life, the only difference between them is, that as the *Cosherer* is never idle, so the *Shanahus* never works; and the latter is a far superior authority in old popular prophecy and genealogy. As a matchmaker, however, the *Shanahus* comes infinitely short of the *Cosherer*; for the truth is, that this branch of diplomacy falls naturally within the manoeuvring and intriguing spirit of a woman.

Our readers are not to understand that in Ireland there exists, like the fiddler or dancing-master, a distinct character openly known by the appellation of matchmaker. No such thing. On the contrary, the negotiations they undertake are all performed under false colours. The business, in fact, is close and secret, and always carried on with the profoundest mystery, veiled by the sanction of some other ostensible occupation.

One of the best specimens of the kind we ever met was old Rose Mohan, or, as she was called, Moan, a name, we doubt, fearfully expressive of the consequences which too frequently followed her own negotiations. Rose was a tidy creature of middle size, who always went dressed in a short crimson cloak much faded, a striped red and blue drugget petticoat, and a heather-coloured gown of the same fabric. When walking, which she did with the aid of a light hazel staff hooked at the top, she generally kept the hood of the cloak over her head, which gave to her whole figure a picturesque effect; and when she threw it back, one could not help admiring how well her small but symmetrical features agreed with the dowd cap of white linen, with a plain muslin border, which she wore. A pair of blue stockings and sharp-pointed shoes high in the heels completed her dress. Her features were good-natured and Irish; but there lay over the whole countenance an expression of quickness and sagacity, contracted no doubt by a habitual exercise of penetration and circumspection. At the time I saw her she was very old, and I believe had the reputation of being the last in that part of the country who was known to go about from house to house spinning on the distaff, an instrument which has now passed away, being more conveniently replaced by the spinning-wheel.

The manner and style of Rose's visits were different from those of any other who could come to a farmer's house, or even to an humble cottage, for to the inmates of both were her services equally rendered. Let us suppose, for instance, the whole female part of a farmer's family assembled of a summer evening about five o'clock, each engaged in some domestic employment: in runs a lad who has been sporting about, breathlessly exclaiming, whilst his eyes are lit up with delight, “Mother! mother! here's Rose Moan coming down the boreen!” “Get out, avick; no, she's not.” “Bad cess to me but she is; that I may never stir if she isn't! Now!” The whole family are instantly at the door to see if it be she, with the exception of the prettiest of them all, Kitty, who sits at her wheel, and immediately begins to croon over an old Irish air which is sadly out of tune; and well do we know, notwithstanding the mellow tones of that sweet voice, why it is so, and also why that youthful cheek in which health and beauty meet, is now the colour of crimson.

“Oh, *Rosha, acushla, cead millia faille ghud!* (Rose, darlin', a hundred thousand welcomes to you!) Oeh, musha, what kep you away so long, Rose? Sure you won't lave us this mouth o' Sundays, Rose?” are only a few of the cordial expressions of hospitality and kindness with which she is received. But Kitty, whose cheek but a moment ago was carmine, why is it now pale as the lily?

"An' what news, Rose?" asks one of her sisters; "sure you'll tell us every thing; won't you?"

"Throth, avillish, *I have no bad news*, any how—an' as to tellin' you all—Biddy, *thig dumh*, let me alone. No, I have no bad news, God be praised, *but good news*."

Kitty's cheek is again crimson, and her lips, ripe and red as cherries, expand with the sweet soft smile of her country, exhibiting a set of teeth for which many a countess would barter thousands, and giving out a breath more delicious than the fragrance of a summer meadow. Oh, no wonder, indeed, that the kind heart of Rose contains in its recesses a message to her as tender as ever was transmitted from man to woman!

"An', Kitty, acushla, where's the welcome from you, that's my favourite? Now don't be jealous, childre; sure you all know she is, an' ever an' always was."

"If it's not upon my lips, it's in my heart, Rose, an' from that heart you're welcome!"

She rises up and kisses Rose, who gives her one glance of meaning, accompanied by the slightest imaginable smile, and a gentle but significant pressure of the hand, which thrills to her heart and diffuses a sense of ecstasy through her whole spirit. Nothing now remains but the opportunity, which is equally sought for by Rose and her, to hear without interruption the purport of her lover's communication; and this we leave to lovers to imagine.

In Ireland, however odd it may seem, there occur among the very poorest classes some of the hardest and most penurious bargains in matchmaking that ever were heard of or known. Now, strangers might imagine that all this close higgling proceeds from a spirit naturally near and sordid, but it is not so. The real secret of it lies in the poverty and necessity of the parties, and chiefly in the bitter experience of their parents, who, having come together in a state of destitution, are anxious, each as much at the expense of the other as possible, to prevent their children from experiencing the same privation and misery which they themselves felt. Many a time have matches been suspended or altogether broken off because one party refuses to give his son a slip of a pig, or another his daughter a pair of blankets; and it was no unusual thing for a matchmaker to say, "Never mind; I have it all settled *but the slip*." One might naturally wonder why those who are so shrewd and provident upon this subject do not strive to prevent early marriages where the poverty is so great. So unquestionably they ought, but it is a settled usage of the country, and one too which Irishmen have never been in the habit of considering as an evil. We have no doubt that if they once began to reason upon it as such, they would be very strongly disposed to check a custom which has been the means of involving themselves and their unhappy offspring in misery, penury, and not infrequently in guilt itself.

Rose, like many others in this world who are not conscious of the same failing, smelt strongly of the shop; in other words, her conversation had a strong matrimonial tendency. No two beings ever lived so decidedly antithetical to each other in this point of view as the Matchmaker and the Keener. Mention the name of an individual or a family to the Keener, and the medium through which her memory passes back to them is that of her professed employment—a mourner at wakes and funerals.

"Don't you know young Kelly of Tamlaght?"

"I do, avick," replies the Keener, "and what about him?"

"Why, he was married to-day mornin' to ould Jack M'Cluskey's daughter."

"Well, God grant them luck an' happiness, poor things! I do indeed remember his father's wake an' funeral well—ould Risthard Kelly of Tamlaght—a decent corpse he made for his years, an' well he looked. But indeed I *known* by the colour that sted in his cheeks, an' the limbs remainin' soopple for the twenty-four hours aafter his departure, that some of the family 'ud follow him afore the year was out; an' so she did. The youngest daughter, poor thing, by reason of a cold she got, over-heatin' herself at a dance, was stretched beside him that very day was eleven months; and God knows it was from the heart my grief came for *her*—to see the poor handsome colleen laid low so soon. But when a gallopin' consumption sets in, avourneen, sure we all know what's to happen. In Crockaniska churchyard they sleep—the Lord make both their beds in heaven this day!" The very reverse of this, but at the same time as inveterately professional, was Rose Moan.

"God save you, Rose."

"God save you kindly, avick. Eh!—let me look at you. Aren't you red Billy M'Guirk's son from Ballagh?"

"I am, Rose. An', Rose, how is yourself an' the world gettin' an'?"

"Can't complain, dear, in such times. How are yer all at home, alanna?" "Faix, middlin' well, Rose, thank God an' you.—You heard of my granduncle's death, big Ned M'Coul?"

"I did, avick, God rest him. Sure it's well I remember his weddin', poor man, by the same atoken that I know one that helped him on wid it a thrife. He was married in a blue coat and buckskins, an' wore a scarlet waistcoat that you'd see three miles off. Oh, well I remember it. An' whin he was settin' out that mornin' to the priest's house, 'Ned,' says I, an' I fwishspereed him, 'dhrop a button on the right knee afore you get the words said.' 'Thighum,' said he, wid a smile, an' he slipped ten thirteens into my hand as he spoke. 'I'll do it,' said he, 'and thin a fig for the fairies!'—because you see if there's a button of the right knee left unbuttoned, the fairies—this day's Friday, God stand betune us and harm!—can do neither hurt nor harm to sowl or body, an' sure that's a great blessin', avick. He left two fine slips o' girls behind him."

"He did so—as good-lookin' girls as there's in the parish."

"Faix, an' kind mother for them, avick. She'll be marryin' agin, I'm judgin', she bein' sich a fresh good-lookin' woman."

"Why, it's very likely, Rose."

"Throth its natural, achora. What can a lone woman do wid such a large farm upon her hands, widout having some one to manage it for her, an' prevint her from bein' imposed on? But indeed the first thing she ought to do is to marry of her two girls widout loss of time, in regard that it's hard to say how a stepfather an' thim might agree; and I've often known the mother herself, when she had a fresh family comin' an her, to be as unnatural to her fatherless childre as if she was a stranger to thim, and that the same blood didnt run in their veins. Not saying that Mary M'Coul will or would act that way by her own; for indeed she's come of a kind ould stock, an' ought to have a good heart. Tell her, avick, when you see her, that I'll spind a day or two wid her—let me see—to-morrow will be Palm Sunday—why, about the Aisther holidays."

"Indeed I will, Rose, with great pleasure."

"An' fwishspereed, dear, jist tell her that I've a thing to say to her—that I had a long dish o' discorse about her wid a *friend o' mine*. You wont forget now?"

"Oh the dickens a forget!"

"Thank you, dear: God mark you to grace, avourneen! When you're a little ouldher, maybe I'll be a friend to you yet."

This last intimation was given with a kind of mysterious benevolence, very visible in the complacent shrewdness of her face, and with a twinkle in the eye, full of grave humour and considerable self-importance, leaving the mind of the person she spoke to in such an agreeable uncertainty as rendered it a matter of great difficulty to determine whether she was serious or only in jest, but at all events throwing the onus of inquiry upon him.

The ease and tact with which Rose could involve two young persons of opposite sexes in a mutual attachment, were very remarkable. In truth, she was a kind of matrimonial incendiary, who went through the country holding her torch now to this heart and again to that—first to one and then to another, until she had the parish more or less in a flame. And when we consider the combustible materials of which the Irish heart is composed, it is no wonder indeed that the labour of taking the census in Ireland increases at such a rapid rate during the time that elapses between the periods of its being made out. If Rose, for instance, met a young woman of her acquaintance accidentally—and it was wonderful to think how regularly these accidental meetings took place—she would address her probably somewhat as follows:—

"Arra, Biddy Sullivan, how are you, a-colleen?"

"Faix, bravely, thank you, Rose. How is yourself?"

"Indeed, thin, sorra bit o' the health we can complain o'. Bhried, barrin' whin this pain in the back comes upon us. The last time I seen your mother, Biddy, she was complainin' of a *weid*. I hope she's better, poor woman?"

"Hut! bad scan to the thing ails her! She has as light a foot as e'er a one of us, an' can dance 'Jackson's mornin' brush' as well as ever she could."

"Throth, an' I'm proud to hear it. Och! och! 'Jackson's mornin' brush!' and it was she that *could* do it. Sure I re-

mimber her wedding-day like yestherday. Ay, far an' near her fame wint as a dancer, an' the cleanest-made girl that ever came from Lisbuic. Like yestherday do I remember it, an' how the squire himself an' the ladies from the Big House came down to see herself an' your father, the bride and groom—an' it wasn't on every hill head you'd get sich a couple—dancin' the same 'Jackson's mornin' brush.' Oh! it was far and near her fame wint for dancin' that.—An' is there no news wid you, Bhried, at all at all?"

"The sorra word, Rose: where ud I get news? Sure it's yourself that's always on the fut that ought to have the news for us, Rose alive."

"An' maybe I have too. I was spaikin' to a friend o' mine about you the other day."

"A friend o' yours, Rose! Why, what friend could it be?"

"A friend o' mine—ay, an' of yours too. Maybe you have more friends than you think, Biddy—and kind ones too, as far as wishin' you well goes, 'tany rate. Ay have you, faix, an' friends that e'er a girl in the parish might be proud to hear named in the one day wid her. Awouh!"

"Bedad we're in luck, thin, for that's more than I knew of. An' who may these great friends of ours be, Rose?"

"Awouh! Faix, as dacent a boy as ever broke bread the same boy is, 'and,' says he, 'if I had good in bushelfuls, I'd think it too little for that girl; but, poor lad, he's not aisy or happy in his mind in regard o' that. 'I'm afeard,' says he, 'that she'd put scorn upon me, an' not think me her sivals. An' no more I am,' says he again, 'for where, afther all, would you get the likes of Biddy Sullivan?'—Poor boy! throth my heart aches for him!"

"Well, can't you fall in love wid him yourself, Rose, whoever he is?"

"Indeed, an' if I was at your age, it would be no shame to me to do so; but, to tell you the thruth, the sorra often ever the likes of Paul Heffernan came across me."

"Paul Heffernan! Why, Rose," replied Biddy, smiling with the assumed lightness of indifference, "is that your beauty? If it is, why, keep him, an' make much of him."

"Oh, wurrh! the differ there is between the hearts an' tongues of some people—one from another—an' the way they spaik behind others' backs! Well, well, I'm sure that wasn't the way he spoke of you, Biddy; an' God forgive you for runnin' down the poor boy as you're doin'. Trogs! I believe you're the only girl would do it."

"Who, me! I'm not runnin' him down. I'm neither runnin' him up nor down. I have neither good nor bad to say about him—the boy's a black s'hranger to me, barrin' to know his face."

"Faix, an' he's in consate wid you these three months past, an' intinds to be at the dance on Friday next, in Jack Gormly's new house. Now, good bye, alanna; keep your own counsel till the time comes, an' mind what I said to you. It's not behind every ditch the likes of Paul Heffernan grows. *Bannaght thath! My blessin' be wid you!*"

Thus would Rose depart just at the critical moment, for well she knew that by husbanding her information and leaving the heart something to find out, she took the most effectual steps to excite and sustain that kind of interest which is apt ultimately to ripen, even from its own agitation, into the attachment she is anxious to promote.

The next day, by a meeting similarly accidental, she comes in contact with Paul Heffernan, who, honest lad, had never probably bestowed a thought upon Biddy Sullivan in his life.

"*Morrow ghud, Paul!*—how is your father's son, ahager?"

"*Morrow ghuteha, Rose!*—my father's son wants nothin' but a good wife, Rosha."

"An' it's not every set day or bonfire night that a good wife is to be had, Paul—that is, a good one, as you say; for, throth, there's many o' them in the market sich as they are. I was talkin' about you to a friend of mine the other day—an', trogs, I'm afeard you're not worth all the abuse we gave you."

"More power to you, Rose! I'm obliged to you. But who is the friend in the manetime?"

"Poor girl! Throth, when your name slipped out an' her, the point of a rush would take a drop of blood out o' her cheek, the way she crimsoned up. 'An', Rose,' says she, 'if ever I know you to breathe it to man or mortal, my lips I'll never open to you to my dyin' day.' Trogs, when I looked at her, an' the tears standin' in her purty black eyes, I thought I didn't see a better favoured girl, for both face and figure, this many a day, than the same Biddy Sullivan."

"Biddy Sullivan! Is that long Jack's daughter of Cargah?"

"The same. But, Paul, avick, if a syllable o' what I tould you—"

"Hut, Rose! honour bright! Do you think me a stag, that I'd go and inform on you?"

"Fwhishaper, Paul; she'll be at the dance on Friday next in Jack Gormly's new house. So *bannaght thath*, an' think o' what I betrayed to you."

Thus did Rose very quietly and sagaciously bind two young hearts together, who probably might otherwise have never for a moment even thought of each other. Of course, when Paul and Biddy met at the dance on the following Friday, the one was the object of the closest attention to the other; and each being prepared to witness strong proofs of attachment from the opposite party, every thing fell out exactly according to their expectations.

Sometimes it happens that a booby of a fellow during his calf love will employ a male friend to plead his suit with a pretty girl, who, if the principal party had spunk, might be very willing to marry him. To the credit of our fair country-women, however, be it said, that in scarcely one instance out of twenty does it happen, or has it ever happened, that any of them ever fails to punish the faint heart by bestowing the fair lady upon what is called the blackfoot or spokesman whom he selects to make love for him. In such a case it is very naturally supposed that the latter will speak two words for himself and one for his friend, and indeed the result bears out the supposition. Now, nothing on earth gratifies the heart of the established Matchmaker so much as to hear of such a disaster befalling a spoony. She exults over his misfortune for months, and publishes his shame to the uttermost bounds of her own little world, branding him as "a poor pitiful crature, who had not the courage to spaik up for himself or to employ them that could." In fact, she entertains much the same feeling against him that a regular physician would towards some weak-minded patient, who prefers the knavish ignorance of a quack to the skill and services of an able and educated medical practitioner.

Characters like Rose are fast disappearing in Ireland; and indeed in a country where the means of life were generally inadequate to the wants of the population, they were calculated, however warmly the heart may look back upon the memory of their services, to do more harm than good, by inducing young folks to enter into early and improvident marriages. They certainly sprang up from a state of society not thoroughly formed by proper education and knowledge—where the language of a people, too, was in many extensive districts in such a state of transition as in the interchange of affection to render an interpreter absolutely necessary. We have ourselves witnessed marriages where the husband and wife spoke the one English and the other Irish, each being able with difficulty to understand the other. In all such cases Rose was invaluable. She spoke Irish and English fluently, and indeed was acquainted with every thing in the slightest or most remote degree necessary to the conduct of a love affair, from the first glance up until the priest had pronounced the last words—or, to speak more correctly, until "the throwing of the stocking."

Rose was invariably placed upon the *hob*, which is the seat of comfort and honour at a farmer's fireside, and there she sat neat and tidy, detailing all the news of the parish, telling them how such a marriage was one unbroken honeymoon—a sure proof by the way that she herself had a hand in it—and again, how another one did not turn out well, and she said so; "there was always a bad dhrop in the Haggarties; but, my dear, the girl herself was *for* him; so as she made her own bed she must lie in it, poor thing. Any way, thanks be to goodness I had nothing to do wid it!"

Rose was to be found in every fair and market, and always at a particular place at a certain hour of the day, where the parties engaged in a courtship were sure to meet her on these occasions. She took a chirping glass, but never so as to become unsteady. Great deference was paid to every thing she said; and if this was not conceded to her, she extorted it with a high hand. Nobody living could drink a health with half the comic significance that Rose threw into her eye when saying, "Well, young couple, here's everything as you wish it!"

Rose's motions from place to place were usually very slow, and for the best reason in the world, because she was frequently interrupted. For instance, if she met a young man on her way, ten to one but he stood and held a long and earnest conversation with her; and that it was both important and confidential, might easily be gathered from the fact that

whenever a stranger passed, it was either suspended altogether, or carried on in so low a tone as to be inaudible. This held equally good with the girls. Many a time have I seen them retracing their steps, and probably walking back a mile or two, all the time engaged in discussing some topic evidently of more than ordinary interest to themselves. And when they shook hands and bade each other good bye, heavens! at what a pace did the latter scamper homewards across fields and ditches, in order to make up for the time she had lost!

Nobody ever saw Rose receive a penny of money, and yet when she took a fancy, it was beyond any doubt that she has often been known to assist young folks in their early struggles; but in no instance was the slightest aid ever afforded to any one whose union she had not herself been instrumental in bringing about. As to the *when* and the *how* she got this money, and the great quantity of female apparel which she was known to possess, we think we see our readers smile at the simplicity of those who may not be able to guess the several sources from whence she obtained it.

One other fact we must mention before we close this sketch of her character. There were *some* houses—we will not, for we dare not, say *how many*—into which Rose was never seen to enter. This, however, was not her fault. Every one knew that what she did, she did always for the best; and if some small bits of execration were occasionally levelled at her, it was not more than the parties levelled at each other. All marriages cannot be happy; and indeed it was a creditable proof of Rose Moan's sagacity that so few of those effected through her instrumentality were unfortunate.

Poor Rose! matchmaking was the great business of your simple but not absolutely harmless life. You are long since, we trust, gone to that happy place where there are neither marryings nor givings in marriage, but where you will have a long Sabbath from your old habits and tendencies. We love for more reasons than either one or two to think of your faded crimson cloak, peaked shoes, hazel staff, clear grey eye, and nose and chin that were so full of character. As you used to say yourself, *bannaght thath!*—my blessing be with you!

#### RANDOM SKETCHES.—No I.

##### FELINE RECOLLECTIONS.

ONE result of perusing such interesting papers on "the Intellectuality of Domestic Animals" as that which lately appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine*, should be the publication of similar facts; another, the promotion of that kindness towards the inferior creation which is still, alas! so sparingly manifested. I therefore propose stuffing a cranny of the *Irish Penny Journal* with a few particulars relating, firstly, to the maternal and filial piety of the cat; secondly, to the humanity (or, psychologically speaking, brutality) of the same animal. Of the facts illustrative of the former virtues I was an eye-witness—those illustrative of the latter I had from a member of the family in which they occurred.

In my early home two cats, a mother and a son, formed part of the establishment. The former, a dark-grey matron, rejoiced in the euphonious name of SMUT—the colour of the latter may be inferred from his appellation, FOX. Smut was, to be brief, the most lady-like cat I ever saw; Fox was a huge Dan Donnelly of a brute, a very hero of the slates, and the terror of all the cats in the neighbourhood, *save one*: he walloped them right and left; and many a smirking sylph of the gutters, wont to pick her steps daintily to avoid all possible contact with the wet, was seen to scamper away screaming when Fox appeared in view, for truth obliges me to record that he spared neither age nor sex. Nor was he formidable to the brute creation alone—humanity often suffered under his visitations. There was no keener forager among the larders and pantries of the neighbourhood. A poor dancing-master who had a way of leaving his window open was most frequently victimized; for as the said window was convenient to the low roof of a back house, our hero used to quietly walk in and purvey to his liking. In the recess of a chimney, and several feet above the roof of our house, was a kind of small platform, where Master Fox was usually pleased to regale himself on his ill-gotten gains. One day I saw him with a calf's or lamb's pluck in his mouth, twice as long as himself, darting aloft towards his refectory. The weight of the booty several times dragged him back; but he persevered till he gained his point: it was a sight ludicrous beyond all imagining.

But as it was not every day Master Fox could mulct the circumambient dancing-master in a beef-steak or a calf's pluck, he often returned home hungry; and I am now come to the point of proving the "intellectuality" of Madam Smut, as evidenced in her maternal piety. Within the kitchen-door lay a mat, in a hole in which she daily hid a portion of her lights. She was generally dozing before the fire when her son came in for the night, and whenever I happened to follow him and watch her movements, she invariably looked up to see whether he had scented the provender: and when satisfied on that point, coiled herself up to sleep again. But her maternal tenderness never interfered with her matronly dignity. We befide Fox, if, in proceeding to take his place at the fire, he attempted to pass between her and it. She would instantly spring up and deal him a dab, which prevented for that time a repetition of the indecorum. I have seen him steal most cautiously along the forbidden path in the presumption that she was asleep, but I do not remember to have ever seen him effect a passage. I have said that he leathered all the cats about him save one—that one was his mother. Determined pugilist and fire-eater as he was, he never returned the dab she gave him.

The fact of which I was only an ear-witness may be briefly related. A lady of this city observing one day a wretched kitten which had been ruthlessly flung into the street before her residence, had it taken into the house and carefully tended. Some time after, when it had grown into a thorough-bred mouser, a strange cat with a broken leg hobbled into the yard, where it was discovered by the foundling, which immediately took charge of it, and regularly allotted to the sufferer a portion of its own daily food till it was sufficiently recovered to shift for itself.

As a warm friend of the inferior creation, I was much pleased to find their cause pleaded towards the close of the article, which gave rise to the present sketch, and a just encomium passed on the author of "the Rights of Animals." And much was I gratified to find that the same cause appears to maintain an abiding interest in the bosom of the first of living poets. "C. O." alludes as follows to a conversation he had with Mr Wordsworth on the subject:—"I remember an observation made to me by one of the most gifted of the human race—one of the stars of this generation—the poet of nature and of feeling—the good and the great Mr Wordsworth. Having the honour of a conversation with him after he had made a tour through Ireland, I in the course of it asked what was the thing that most struck his observation here as making us differ from the English; and he without hesitation said it was the ill-treatment of our horses: that his soul was often, too often, sick within him at the way in which he saw these creatures of God abused." One evening, which I had the happiness of spending at Rydal Mount, the very same subject was broached by Mr W. Defend my countrymen I could not, but I parried the attack by showing that other segments of the united kingdom had little right to boast over them in this particular. This I proved by adverting to the notorious skinning of London—a horror unknown in Ireland, bad as we are—and to certain atrocious cruelties which had just been perpetrated on some horses in Sutherland (though I must confess that I know too little of Scotland to pronounce whether its national character is tarnished by cruelty to animals or not). And much was I surprised when the son of the poet threw discredit on the character of one of the first of London newspapers, from which I had cited a recent case in proof of my assertion. It was in 1833 I visited Rydal Mount. Should this paper reach the eye of Mr W. jun., he may find my statement corroborated, and the perpetration of the barbarous trade demonstrated, by referring to the case of Elizabeth Rogerson, an old offender, who in 1839 was condemned to the ridiculously lenient penalty of two months' imprisonment for the crime, without hard labour. A diametrically opposite opinion respecting the treatment of horses in Ireland was once expressed to me by another English gentleman of some celebrity in the religious world. He passed an encomium on the kindness to animals observable in this country, from the habit he had noticed among the drivers of jaunting-cars, during his short stay in Dublin, of feeding their horses from their hands with a wisp of hay at leisure moments—a pitch of humanity just equivalent to that of greasing the wheels of their vehicles.

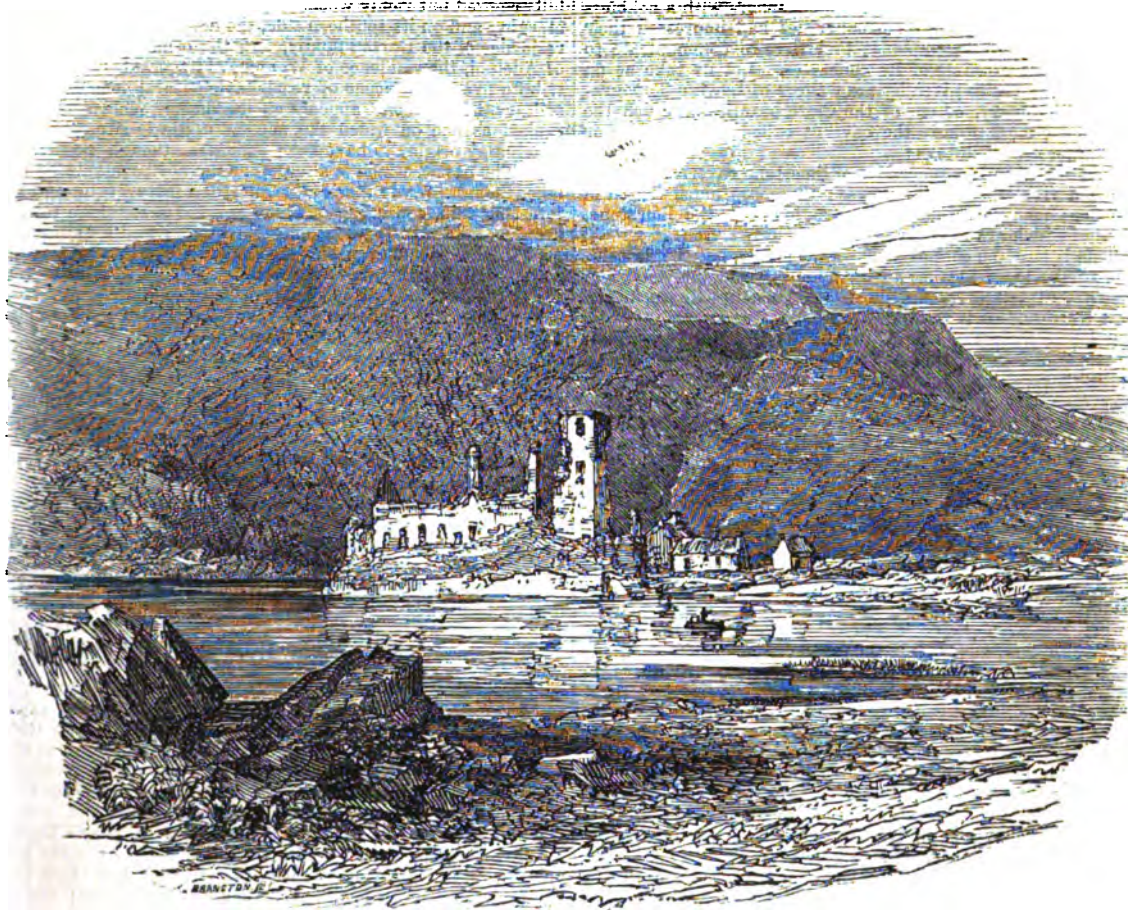


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



THE CASTLE AND LAKE OF INCHQUIN, COUNTY OF CLARE.

CONNEMARA itself, now so celebrated for its lakes and mountains, was not less unknown a few years since than the greater portion of the county of Clare. Without roads, or houses of entertainment for travellers, its magnificent coast and other scenery were necessarily unvisited by the pleasure tourists, and but little appreciated even by their inhabitants themselves. But Clare can no longer be said to be an unvisited district: the recent formation of roads has opened to observation many features of interest previously inaccessible to the traveller, and its singular coast scenery—the most sublimely magnificent in the British islands, if not in Europe—has at least been made known to the public by topographical and scientific explorers—it has become an attractive locality to artists and pleasure tourists, and will doubtless be visited by increasing numbers of such persons in each successive year.

There is however as yet in this county too great a deficiency in the number of respectable houses of entertainment suited to the habits of pleasure tourists; for though the wealthier and more educated classes in the British empire are becoming daily a more travelling and picturesque-hunting genus, they

will not be content to live on fine scenery, but must have food for the body as well as for the mind; and truly they must be enthusiastic lovers of the picturesque, who, to gratify their taste, will subject themselves to the vicissitudes of such an uncertain climate as ours, without the certainty of such consoling comforts as are afforded in a clean and comfortable inn.

Yet we do not despair of seeing this want soon supplied. Wherever there is a demand for a commodity it will not be long wanting; and the people of Clare are too sagacious not to perceive, however slowly, the practical wisdom of holding out every inducement of this kind to those who might be disposed to visit them and spend their money among them. The first step necessary, however, to produce such results in any little frequented district, is to make its objects of interest known to the public by the pencil and the pen—the rest will follow in due course; and our best efforts, such as they are, shall not be unexerted towards effecting such an important good as well for Clare as for many other as yet little known localities of our country.

Clare is indeed on many accounts deserving of greater atten-

tion than it has hitherto received. It is a county rich in attractions for the geologist and naturalist, and interesting in the highest degree to the lovers of the picturesque. With a surface singularly broken and diversified, full of mountains, hills, lakes, and rivers, dotted all over with every class of ancient remains, its scenery is peculiarly Irish, and though of a somewhat melancholy aspect, it is never wanting in a poetic and historic interest. Such a district is not indeed exactly suited to the tastes of the common scenery-hunter, for it possesses but little of that woody and artificially adorned scenery which he requires, and can alone enjoy; and hence it has usually been described by tourists and topographers with a coldness which shows how little its peculiarities had impressed their feelings, and how incompetent they were to communicate to others a just estimate of its character. Let us take as an example the notice given by the writers of Lewis's Topographical Dictionary, of one of the Clare beauties of which the natives are most proud—the caverns called the To-meens or To-mines, near Kiltanan:—

“At Kiltanan is a succession of limestone caverns, through which a rivulet takes its course: these are much visited in summer; many petrified shells are found in the limestone, some of which are nearly perfect, and—*very curious!*”

This it must be confessed is cold enough; but the description of the same locality given by our friend the author of the Guide through Ireland, is, as our readers will see, not a whit warmer. It is as follows:—

“A mile from Tulla is Kiltanan, the handsome residence of James Moiney, Esq.; and in addition to the pleasure of a well-kept residence, in a naked and sadly neglected country, some interest is excited by the subterraneous course of the rivulet called the To-meens, which waters this demesne!”

Now, would any person be induced by such descriptions as these to visit the said To-meens? We suspect not. But hear with what delight a native writer of this county actually revels in a description of these remarkable caves:—

“About a mile N.W. of Tulla lies the river of Kiltanan, and Milltown, famous for its ever-amazing and elegant subterraneous curiosities, called the To-mines: they form a part of the river, midway between Kiltanan House and the Castle of Milltown, extending under ground for a space, which (from its invisible winding banks and crystal meanders) may reasonably be computed a quarter of an English mile: they are vaulted, and sheltered with a solid rock, transmitting a sufficiency of light and air by intermediate chinks and apertures gradually offering at certain intervals.

“At each side of this Elysian-like river are roomy passages or rather apartments, freely communicating one with the other, and scarcely obvious to any inclemency whatsoever: they are likewise decorated with a sandy beach level along to walk on, whilst the curious spectators are crowned with garlands of ivy, hanging in triplets from the impending rocky shades: numbers of the sporting game, the wily fox, the wary hare, and the multiplying rabbit, &c. merrily parading in view of their own singular and various absconding haunts and retreats. Ingenious nature thus entertains her welcome visitants from the entrance to the extremity of the To-mines. Lo! when parting liberally rewarded, and amply satisfied with such egregious and wonderful exhibitions, a bridge or arch over the same river, curiously composed of solid stone, appears to them as a lively representation of an artificial one.

What can the much boasted of Giants' Causeway, in the north of this kingdom, produce but scenes of horror and obscurity? whilst the To-mines of the barony of Tulla, like unto the artificial beauties of the Latomi of Syracuse, freely exhibit the most natural and pleasing appearances.

Let the literati and curious, after taking the continental tour of Europe, praise and even write of the imaginary beauties and natural curiosities of Italy and Switzerland—pray, let them also, on a cool reflection, repair to the county of Clare, view and touch upon the truly subterraneous and really unartificial curiosities of the To-mines: they will impartially admit that these naturally enchanting rarities may be freely visited, and generously treated of, by the ingenious and learned of this and after ages.”—*A Short Tour, or an Impartial and Accurate Description of the County of Clare, by John Lloyd, Ennis; 1780.*

Excellent, Mr Lloyd! Your style is indeed a little peculiar, and what some would think extravagant and grotesque; but you describe with feeling, and we shall certainly visit your To-meens next summer. But in the mean time we must notice another Clare lion, of which you have given us no account—

the lake and castle, which we have drawn as an embellishment to our present number. This is a locality respecting the beauty of which there can be no difference of opinion: it has all the circumstances which give interest to a landscape—wood, water, lake, mountain, and ancient ruin—and the effect of their combination is singularly enhanced by the surprise created by the appearance of a scene so delightful in a district wild, rocky, and unimproved.

The lake of Inchiquin is situated in the parish of Kilnaboy, barony of Inchiquin, and is about two miles and a half in circumference. It is bounded on its western side by a range of hills rugged but richly wooded, and rising abruptly from its margin; and on its southern side, the domain surrounding the residence of the Burton family, and the ornamental grounds of Adelphi, the residence of W. and F. Fitzgerald, Esqrs. contribute to adorn a scene of remarkable natural beauty. One solitary island alone appears on its surface, unless that be ranked as one on which the ancient castle is situated, and which may originally have been insulated, though no longer so. The castle, which is situated at the northern side of the lake, though greatly dilapidated, is still a picturesque and interesting ruin, consisting of the remains of a barbican tower, keep, and old mansion-house attached to it; and its situation on a rocky island or peninsula standing out in the smooth water, with its grey walls relieved by the dark masses of the wooded hills behind, is eminently striking and imposing.

It is from this island or peninsula that the barony takes its name; and from this also the chief of the O'Briens, the Marquis of Thomond, derives his more ancient title of Earl of Inchiquin. For a long period it was the principal residence of the chiefs of this great family, to one of whom it unquestionably owes its origin; but we have not been able to ascertain with certainty the name of its founder, or date of its erection. There is, however, every reason to ascribe its foundation to Tieghe O'Brien, king or lord of Thomond, who died, according to the Annals of the Four Masters, in 1466, as he is the first of his name on record who made it his residence, and as its architectural features are most strictly characteristic of the style of the age in which he flourished.

But though the erection of this castle is properly to be ascribed to the O'Briens, it is a great error in the writers of Lewis's Topographical Dictionary to state that it has been from time immemorial the property of the O'Brien family. The locality, as its name indicates, and as history and tradition assure us, was the ancient residence of the O'Quins, a family of equal antiquity with the O'Briens, and of the same stock—namely, the Dal Cas or descendants of Cormac Cas, the son of Ollioll Oluim, who was monarch of Ireland in the beginning of the third century. The O'Quins were chiefs of the clan called Hy-Ifearnan, and their possessions were bounded by those of the O'Deas on the east, the O'Loughlins and O'Connors (Corcomroe) on the west and north-west, the O'Hynes on the north, and the O'Hehirs on the south. At what period or from what circumstance the O'Quins lost their ancient patrimony, we have not been able to discover; but it would appear to have been about the middle or perhaps close of the fourteenth century, to which time their genealogy as chiefs is recorded in that invaluable repository of Irish family history, the Book of Mac Firbis; and it would seem most probable that they were transplanted by the O'Briens about this period to the county of Limerick, in which they are subsequently found. Their removal is indeed differently accounted for in a popular legend still current in the barony, and which, according to our recollections of it, is to the following effect:

In the youth of the last O'Quin of Inchiquin, he saw from his residence a number of swans of singular beauty frequenting the west side of the lake, and wandering along its shore. Wishing, if possible, to possess himself of one of them, he was in the habit of concealing himself among the rocks and woods in its vicinity, hoping that he might take them by surprise, and he was at length successful: one of them became his captive, and was secretly carried to his residence, when, to his amazement and delight, throwing off her downy covering, she assumed the form of a beautiful woman, and shortly after became his wife. Previous to the marriage, however, she imposed certain conditions on her lover as the price of her consent, to which he willingly agreed. These were—first, that their union should be kept secret; secondly, that he should not receive any visitors at his mansion, particularly those of the O'Briens; and, lastly, that he should wholly abstain from gambling. For some years these conditions were strictly adhered to: they lived in happiness together, and

two children blessed their union. But it happened unfortunately at length that at the neighbouring races at Cood he fell in with the O'Briens, by whom he was hospitably treated; and being induced to indulge in too much wine, he forgot his engagements to his wife, and invited them to his residence on a certain day to repay their kindness to him. His wife heard of this invitation with sadness, but proceeded without remonstrance to prepare the feast for his guests. But she did not grace it with her presence; and when the company had assembled, and were engaged in merriment, she withdrew to her own apartment, to which she called her children, and after embracing them in a paroxysm of grief, which they could not account for, she took her original feathery covering from a press in which it had been kept, arrayed herself in it, and assuming her pristine shape, plunged into the lake, and was never seen afterwards. On the same night, O'Quin, again forgetful of the promises he had made her, engaged in play with Tieve-an-Cood O'Brien, the most distinguished of his guests, and lost the whole of his property.

The reader is at liberty to believe as much or as little of this story as he pleases; but at all events the legend is valuable in a historical point of view, as indicating the period when the lands of Inchiquin passed into the hands of the O'Brien family; nor is it wholly improbable that under the guise of a wild legend may be concealed some indistinct tradition of such a real occurrence as that O'Quin made a union long kept hidden, with a person of inferior station, and that its discovery drew down upon his head the vengeance of his proud compere, and led to their removal to another district of the chiefs of the clan Hy-Ifearnan.

Be this, however, as it may, the ancient family of O'Quin—more fortunate than most other Irish families of noble origin—has never sunk into obscurity, or been without a representative of aristocratic rank; and it can at present boast of a representative among the nobility of the empire in the person of its justly presumed chief, the noble Earl of Dunraven.

We have thus slightly touched on the history of the O'Quins, not only as it was connected with that of the locality which we had to illustrate, but also as necessary to correct a great error into which Burke and other modern genealogists have fallen in their accounts of the origin of the name and descent of this family. Thus it is stated by those writers that "the surname is derived from Con Ceadcaha, or Con of the hundred battles, monarch of Ireland in the second century, whose grandson was called Cuinn (rather O'Cuinn), that is, the descendant of Con, when he wielded the sceptre in 254." But those writers should not have been ignorant that Con, which literally signifies the powerful, was a common name in Ireland both in Christian and Pagan times; and still more, they should not have been ignorant of the important fact for a genealogist, that the use of surnames was unknown in Ireland till the close of the tenth century. The story is altogether a silly fiction; and as the real origin of the family appears to be now unknown even to themselves, and as their pedigree has never as yet been printed, we are tempted to give it in an English form, translated from the original, preserved in the books of Lecan and Duaid Mac Firbis:—

- "Conor O'Quinn,  
the son of Donell,
- Donell,
- Thomas,
- Donell,
- Donogh,
- Giolla Seanain,
- Donogh,
- Morough,
- Corc, who was the tutor of Murtoogh O'Brien  
(the great grandson of Brian Boru),
- Feidhleachair,
- Niall, who was henchman to Morough, the son  
of Brian Boru, whose fate he shared  
in the battle of Clontarf,
- Conn, from whom the name is derived."

The pedigree is carried up from this Con through eighteen generations to Cormac Cas, the son of Ollioll Oluin, and the common progenitor of all the tribes of the Dal-Cassians.

In this notice we may add, as an evidence of the ancient rank of the family, that the Irish annalists at the year 1188 record the death of Eadoin, the daughter of O'Quin, Queen of Munster, on her pilgrimage at Derry in that year. She appears to have been the wife of Mortogh O'Brien, who died

without issue in 1168, and was succeeded by his brother Donald More, the last king of all Munster.

The Castle of Inchiquin is referred to in the Irish Annals as the residence of the chiefs of the O'Brien family, at the years 1542, 1559, and 1573; but the notices contain no interest to the general reader.

ANCIENT IRISH LITERATURE—No. II.

In a preceding paper under this heading we lately gave a sample from the lighter class of native Irish poetry of the seventeenth century, namely, "The Woman of Three Cows." We have now to present our readers with a specimen of a more serious character, belonging to the same age—an Elogy on the death of the Tironian and Tirconnellian princes, who having fled with others from Ireland in the year 1607, and afterwards dying at Rome, were there interred on St Peter's Hill, in one grave.

The poem is the production of O'Donnell's bard, Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Ward, who accompanied the family in their flight, and is addressed to Nuala, O'Donnell's sister, who was also one of the fugitives. As the circumstances connected with the flight of the Northern Earls, and which led to the subsequent confiscation of the six Ulster Counties by James I., may not be immediately in the recollection of many of our readers, it may be proper briefly to state, that their departure from this country was caused by the discovery of a letter directed to Sir William Usher, Clerk of the Council, which was dropped in the Council-chamber on the 7th of May, and which accused the Northern chieftains generally of a conspiracy to overthrow the government. Whether this charge was founded in truth or not, it is not necessary for us to express any opinion; but as in some degree necessary to the illustration of the poem, and as an interesting piece of hitherto unpublished literature in itself, we shall here, as a preface to the poem, extract the following account of the flight of the Northern Earls, as recorded in the Annals of the Four Masters, and translated by Mr O'Donovan:—

"Maguire (Cuconnaught) and Donogh, son of Mahon, who was son of the Bishop O'Brien, sailed in a ship to Ireland, and put in at the harbour of Swilly. They then took with them from Ireland the Earl O'Neill (Hugh, son of Ferdoragh) and the Earl O'Donnell (Rory, son of Hugh, who was son of Mag-nua) and many others of the nobles of the province of Ulster. These are the persons who went with O'Neill, namely, his Countess, Catherina, daughter of Magennis, and her three sons; Hugh, the Baron, John and Brian; Art Oge, son of Cormac, who was son of the Baron; Ferdoragh, son of Con, who was son of O'Neill; Hugh Oge, son of Brian, who was son of Art O'Neill; and many others of his most intimate friends. These were they who went with the Earl O'Donnell, namely, Cafer, his brother, with his sister Nuala; Hugh, the Earl's child, wanting three weeks of being one year old; Rose, daughter of O'Doherty and wife of Cafer, with her son Hugh, aged two years and three months; his (Rory's) brother son Donnell Oge, son of Donnell, Naghtan son of Calvach, who was son of Donogh Cairbreach O'Donnell, and many others of his intimate friends. They embarked on the Festival of the Holy Cross in Autumn.

"This was a distinguished company; and it is certain that the sea has not borne and the wind has not wafted in modern times a number of persons in one ship more eminent, illustrious, or noble, in point of genealogy, heroic deeds, valour, feats of arms, and brave achievements, than they. Would that God had but permitted them to remain in their patrimonial inheritances until the children should arrive at the age of manhood! Woe to the heart that meditated, woe to the mind that conceived, woe to the council that recommended the project of this expedition, without knowing whether they should, to the end of their lives, be able to return to their native principalities or patrimonies."

AN ELEGY

ON THE TIRONIAN AND TIRCONNELLIAN PRINCES BURIED AT ROME.

"U bhcaḡ fuairt fairsi an ffeairt!"

O, Woman of the Piercing Wall,  
Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay  
With sigh and groan,  
Would God thou wert among the Gael!  
Thou wouldst not then from day to day  
Weep thus alone.



'Twere long before, around a grave  
In green Tirconnell, one could find  
This loneliness;  
Near where Beann-Boirche's banners wave  
Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined  
Companionless.

Beside the wave, in Donegall,  
In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,  
Or Killilee,  
Or where the sunny waters fall,  
At Assaroe, near Erna's shore,  
This could not be.  
On Derry's plains—in rich Drumclieff—  
Throughout Armagh the Great, renowned  
In olden years,  
No day could pass but Woman's grief  
Would rain upon the burial-ground  
Fresh floods of tears!

O, no!—from Shannon, Boyne, and Suir,  
From high Dunluce's castle-walls,  
From Lissadill,  
Would flock alike both rich and poor,  
One wail would rise from Cruachan's halls  
To Tara's hill;  
And some would come from Barrow-side,  
And many a maid would leave her home  
On Leitrim's plains,  
And by melodious Banna's tide,  
And by the Mourne and Erne, to come  
And swell thy strains!

O, horses' hoofs would trample down  
The Mount whereon the martyr-saint\*  
Was crucified.  
From glen and hill, from plain and town,  
One loud lament, one thrilling plaint,  
Would echo wide.  
There would not soon be found, I ween,  
One foot of ground among those bands  
For museful thought,  
So many shriekers of the keen†  
Would cry aloud, and clap their hands,  
All woe-distraught!

Two princes of the line of Conn  
Sleep in their culls of clay beside  
O'Donnell Roe:  
Three royal youths, alas! are gone,  
Who lived for Erin's weal, but died  
For Erin's woe!  
Ah! could the men of Ireland read  
The names these notable burial-stones  
Display to view,  
Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,  
Their tears gush forth again, their groans  
Resound anew!

The youths whose relics moulder here  
Were sprung from Hugh, high Prince and Lord  
Of Aileach's lands;  
Thy noble brothers, justly dear,  
Thy nephew, long to be deplored  
By Ulster's bands.  
Theirs were not souls wherein dull Time  
Could domicile Decay or house  
Decrepitude!  
They passed from Earth ere Manhood's prime,  
Ere years had power to dim their brows  
Or chill their blood.

And who can marvel o'er thy grief,  
Or who can blame thy flowing tears,  
That knows their source?  
O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief,  
Cut off amid his vernal years,  
Lies here a corpse

Beside his brother Cathbar, whom  
Tirconnell of the Helms mourns  
In deep despair—  
For valour, truth, and comely bloom,  
For all that greatens and adorns,  
A peerless pair.

O, had these twain, and he, the third,  
The Lord of Mourne, O'Niall's son,  
Their mate in death—  
A prince in look, in deed, and word—  
Had these three heroes yielded on  
The field their breath,  
O, had they fallen on Criffan's plain,  
There would not be a town or clau  
From shore to sea,  
But would with shrieks bewail the Slain,  
Or chant aloud the exulting *ran*\*  
Of jubilee!

When high the shout of battle rose,  
On fields where Freedom's torch still burned  
Through Erin's gloom,  
If one, if barely one of those  
Were slain, all Ulster would have mourned  
The hero's doom!  
If at Athboy, where hosts of brave  
Ulidian horsemen sank beneath  
The shock of spears,  
Young Hugh O'Neill had found a grave,  
Long must the North have wept his death  
With heart-wrung tears!

If on the day of Ballach-myre  
The Lord of Mourne had met, thus young,  
A warrior's fate,  
In vain would such as thou desire  
To mourn, alone, the champion sprung  
From Niall the Great!  
No marvel this—for all the Dead,  
Heaped on the field, pile over pile,  
At Mullah-brack,  
Were scarce an *eric*† for his head,  
If Death had stayed his footsteps while  
On victory's track!

If on the Day of Hostages  
The fruit had from the parent bough  
Been rudely torn  
In sight of Munster's bands—Mac-Nee's—  
Such blow the blood of Conn, I trow,  
Could ill have borne.

If on the day of Ballach-boy  
Some arm had laid, by foul surprise,  
The chieftain low,  
Even our victorious shout of joy  
Would soon give place to rueful cries  
And groans of woe!

If on the day the Saxon host  
Were forced to fly—a day so great  
For Ashanee‡—  
The Chief had been untimely lost,  
Our conquering troops should moderate  
Their mirthful glee.  
There would not lack on Lifford's day,  
From Galway, from the glens of Boyle,  
From Limerick's towers,  
A marshalled file, a long array,  
Of mourners to bedew the soil  
With tears in showers!

If on the day a sterner fate  
Compelled his flight from Athenree,  
His blood had flowed,  
What numbers all disconsolate  
Would come unasked, and share with thee  
Affliction's load!  
If Derry's crimson field had seen  
His life-blood offered up, though 'twere  
On Victory's shrine,  
A thousand cries would swell the *keen*,  
A thousand voices of despair  
Would echo thine!

\* St Peter. This passage is not exactly a blunder, though at first it may seem one: the poet supposes the grave itself transferred to Ireland, and he naturally includes in the transference the whole of the immediate locality around the grave.—Ts.

† *Caoinn*, the funeral-wail.

\* Song. † A compensation or fine. ‡ Ballyshannon.



O, had the fierce Dalcassian swarm  
That bloody night on Fergus' banks,  
But slain our Chief,  
When rose his camp in wild alarm—  
How would the triumph of his ranks  
Be dashed with grief!  
How would the troops of Murbach mourn  
If on the Curlew Mountains' day,  
Which England rued,  
Some Saxon hand had left them lorn,  
By shedding there, amid the fray,  
Their prince's blood!

Red would have been our warriors' eyes  
Had Roderick found on Sligo's field  
A gory grave,  
No Northern Chief would soon arise  
So sage to guide, so strong to shield,  
So swift to save.  
Long would Leith-Cuinn have wept if Hugh  
Had met the death he oft had dealt  
Among the foe;  
But, had our Roderick fallen too,  
All Erin must, alas! have felt  
The deadly blow!

What do I say? Ah, woe is me!  
Already we bewail in vain  
Their fatal fall!

And Erin, once the Great and Free,  
Now vainly mourns her breakless chain,  
And iron thrall!

Then, daughter of O'Donnell! dry  
Thine overflowing eyes, and turn  
Thy heart aside!

For Adam's race is born to die,  
And sternly the sepulchral urn  
Mocks human pride!

Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,  
Nor place thy trust in arm of clay—  
But on thy knees  
Uplift thy soul to God alone,  
For all things go their destined way  
As He decrees.

Embrace the faithful Crucifix,  
And seek the path of pain and prayer  
Thy Saviour trod;

Nor let thy spirit intermix  
With earthly hope and worldly care  
Its groans to God!

And Thou, O mighty Lord! whose ways  
Are far above our feeble minds  
To understand,  
Sustain us in these doleful days,  
And render light the chain that binds  
Our fallen land!

Look down upon our dreary state,  
And through the ages that may still  
Roll sadly on,  
Watch Thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,  
And shield at least from darker ill  
The blood of Conn!

M.

## BOB PENTLAND, OR THE GAUGER OUTWITTED.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

THAT the Irish are a ready-witted people, is a fact to the truth of which testimony has been amply borne both by their friends and enemies. Many causes might be brought forward to account for this questionable gift, if it were our intention to be philosophical; but as the matter has been so generally conceded, it would be but a waste of logic to prove to the world that which the world cares not about, beyond the mere fact that it is so. On this or any other topic one illustration is worth twenty arguments, and, accordingly, instead of broaching a theory we shall relate a story.

Behind the hill or rather mountain of Altnaveenan lies one of those deep and almost precipitous vallies, on which the practised eye of an illicit distiller would dwell with delight, as a topography not likely to be invaded by the unhallowed feet of the gauger and his red-coats. In point of fact, the spot we speak of was from its peculiarly isolated situation nearly

invisible, unless to such as came very close to it. Being so completely hemmed in and concealed by the round and angular projections of the mountain hills, you could never dream of its existence at all, until you came upon the very verge of the little precipitous gorge which led into it. This advantage of position was not, however, its only one. It is true indeed that the moment you had entered it, all possibility of its being applied to the purposes of distillation at once vanished, and you consequently could not help exclaiming, "what a pity that so safe and beautiful a nook should have not a single spot on which to erect a still-house, or rather on which to raise a sufficient stream of water to the elevation necessary for the process of distilling." If a gauger actually came to the little chasm, and cast his scrutinizing eye over it, he would immediately perceive that the erection of a private still in such a place was a piece of folly not generally to be found in the plans of those who have recourse to such practices.

This absence, however, of the requisite conveniences was only apparent, not real. To the right, about one hundred yards above the entrance to it, ran a ledge of rocks, some fifty feet high, or so. Along their lower brows, near the ground, grew thick matted masses of long heath, which covered the entrance to a cave about as large and as high as an ordinary farm-house. Through a series of small fissures in the rocks which formed its roof, descended a stream of clear soft water, precisely in body and volume such as was actually required by the distiller; but, unless by lifting up this mass of heath, no human being could for a moment imagine that there existed any such grotto, or so unexpected and easy an entrance to it. Here there was a private still-house made by the hand of nature herself, such as no art or ingenuity of man could equal.

Now it so happened that about the period we write of, there lived in our parish two individuals so antithetical to each other in their pursuits of life, that we question whether throughout all the instinctive antipathies of nature we could find any two animals more destructive of each other than the two we mean—to wit, Bob Pentland the gauger, and little George Steen the illicit distiller. Pentland was an old, stanch, well-trained fellow, of about fifty years or more, steady and sure, and with all the characteristic points of the high-bred gauger about him. He was a tallish man, thin but lathy, with a hooked nose that could scent the tread of a distiller with the keenness of a slew-hound; his dark eye was deep-set, circumspect, and roguish in its expression, and his shaggy brow seemed always to be engaged in calculating whereabouts his inveterate foe, little George Steen, that eternally blinked him, when almost in his very fangs, might then be distilling. To be brief, Pentland was proverbial for his sagacity and adroitness in detecting distillers, and little George was equally proverbial for having always baffled him, and that, too, sometimes under circumstances where escape seemed hopeless.

The incidents which we are about to detail occurred at that period of time when the collective wisdom of our legislators thought it advisable to impose a fine upon the whole township in which the still head and worm might be found; thus opening a door for knavery and fraud, and, as it proved in most cases, rendering the innocent as liable to suffer for an offence they never contemplated as the guilty who planned and perpetrated it. The consequence of such a law was, that still-houses were always certain to be erected either at the very verge of the neighbouring districts, or as near them as the circumstances of convenience and situation would permit. The moment of course that the hue-and-cry of the gauger and his myrmidons was heard upon the wind, the whole apparatus was immediately heaved over the *mering* to the next township, from which the fine imposed by parliament was necessarily raised, whilst the crafty and offending district actually escaped. The state of society generated by such a blundering and barbarous statute as this, was dreadful. In the course of a short time, reprisals, law-suits, battles, murders, and massacres, multiplied to such an extent throughout the whole country, that the sapient senators who occasioned such commotion were compelled to repeal their own act as soon as they found how it worked. Necessity, together with being the mother of invention, is also the cause of many an accidental discovery. Pentland had been so frequently defeated by little George, that he vowed never to rest until he had secured him; and George on the other hand frequently told him—for they were otherwise on the best terms—that he defied him, or as he himself more quaintly expressed it, "that he defied the

devil, the world, and Bob Pentland." The latter, however, was a very sore thorn in his side, and drove him from place to place, and from one haunt to another, until he began to despair of being able any longer to outwit him, or to find within the parish any spot at all suitable for distillation with which Pentland was not acquainted. In this state stood matters between them, when George fortunately discovered at the hip of Alnaveman hill the natural grotto we have just sketched so briefly. Now, George was a man, as we have already hinted, of great fertility of resources; but there existed in the same parish another distiller who outstripped him in that far-sighted cunning which is so necessary in misleading or circumventing such a sharp-scented old hound as Pentland. This was little Mickey M'Quade, a short-necked squat little fellow with bow legs, who might be said rather to creep in his motion than to walk. George and Mickey were intimate friends, independently of their joint antipathy against the gauger, and, truth to tell, much of the mortification and many of the defeats which Pentland experienced at George's hands, were, *sub rosa*, to be attributed to Mickey. George was a distiller from none of the motives which generally actuate others of that class. He was in truth an analytic philosopher—a natural chemist never out of some new experiment—and we have reason to think might have been the Kane or Faraday or Dalton of his day, had he only received a scientific education. Not so honest Mickey, who never troubled his head about an experiment, but only thought of making a good running, and defeating the gauger. The first thing of course that George did, was to consult Mickey, and both accordingly took a walk up to the scene of their future operations. On examining it, and fully perceiving its advantages, it might well be said that the look of exultation and triumph which passed between them was not unworthy of their respective characters.

"This will do," said George. "Eh—don't you think we'll put our finger in Pentland's eye yet?" Mickey spat sagaciously over his beard, and after a second glance gave one grave grin which spoke volumes. "It'll do," said he; "but there's one point to be got over that maybe you didn't think of; an' you know that half a blink, half a point, is enough for Pentland."

"What is it?"

"What do you intend to do with the smoke when the fire's lit? There'll be no keepin' *that* down. Let but Pentland see as much smoke risin' as would come out of an ould woman's dudden, an' he'd have us."

George started, and it was clear by the vexation and disappointment which were visible on his brow that unless this untoward circumstance could be managed, their whole plan was deranged, and the cave of no value.

"What's to be done?" he inquired of his cooler companion.

"If we can't get over this, we may bid good bye to it."

"Never mind," said Mickey; "I'll manage it, and *do* Pentland still."

"Ay, but how?"

"It's no matter. Let us not lose a minute in settin' to work. Lave the other thing to me; an' if I don't account for the smoke without discoverin' the entrance to the still, I'll give you lave to crop the ears off my head."

George knew the cool but steady self-confidence for which Mickey was remarkable, and accordingly, without any further interrogatory, they both proceeded to follow up their plan of operations.

In those times when distillation might be truly considered as almost universal, it was customary for farmers to build their out-houses with secret chambers and other requisite partitions necessary for carrying it on. Several of them had private stores built between false walls, the entrance to which was only known to a few, and many of them had what were called *Mal-l-steeps* sunk in hidden recesses and hollow gables, for the purpose of steeping the barley, and afterwards of turning and airing it, until it was sufficiently hard to be kiln-dried and ground. From the mill it was usually conveyed to the still-house upon what were termed *Slipes*, a kind of car that was made without wheels, in order the more easily to pass through morasses and bogs which no wheeled vehicle could encounter.

In the course of a month or so, George and Mickey, aided by their friends, had all the apparatus of keeve, hog-head, &c. together with still head and worm, set up and in full work.

"And now, Mickey," inquired his companion, "how will you manage about the smoke? for you know that the two worst informers against a private distiller, barrin' a *stag*, is a smoke by day an' a fire by night."

"I know that," replied Mickey; "an' a rousin' smoke we'll have, for fraid a little puff wouldn't do us. Come, now, an' I'll show you."

They both ascended to the top, where Mickey had closed all the open fissures of the roof with the exception of that which was directly over the fire of the still. This was at best not more than six inches in breadth and about twelve long. Over it he placed a piece of strong plate iron perforated with holes, and on this he had a fire of turf, beside which sat a little boy who acted as a vidette. The thing was simple but effective. Clamps of turf were at every side of them, and the boy was instructed, if the gauger, whom he well knew, ever appeared, to heap on fresh fuel, so as to increase the smoke in such a manner as to induce him to suppose that *all* he saw of it proceeded merely from the fire before him. In fact, the smoke from the cave below was so completely identified with and lost in that which was emitted from the fire above, that no human being could penetrate the mystery, if not made previously acquainted with it. The writer of this saw it during the hottest process of distillation, and failed to make the discovery, although told that the still-house was within a circle of three hundred yards, the point he stood on being considered the centre. On more than one occasion has he absconded from home, and spent a whole night in the place, seized with that indescribable fascination which such a scene holds forth to youngsters, as well as from his irrepresible anxiety to hear the old stories and legends with the recital of which they generally pass the night.

In this way, well provided against the gauger—indeed much better than our readers are yet aware of, as they shall understand by and bye—did George, Mickey, and their friends, proceed for the greater part of a winter without a single visit from Pentland. Several successful runnings had come off, which had of course turned out highly profitable, and they were just now preparing to commence their last, not only for the season, but the last they should ever work together, as George was making preparations to go early in the spring to America. Even this running was going on to their satisfaction, and the singlings had been thrown again into the still, from the worm of which projected the strong medicinal *frat-shot* as the doubling commenced—this last term meaning the spirit in its pure and finished state. On this occasion the two worthies were more than ordinarily anxious, and certainly doubled their usual precautions against a surprise, for they knew that Pentland's visits resembled the pounces of a hawk or the springs of a tiger more than any thing else to which they could compare them. In this they were not disappointed. When the doubling was about half finished, he made his appearance, attended by a strong party of reluctant soldiers—for indeed it is due to the military to state that they never took delight in harassing the country people at the command of a keg-hunter, as they generally nicknamed the gauger. It had been arranged that the vidette at the iron plate should whistle a particular tune the moment that the gauger or a red-coat, or in fact any person whom he did not know, should appear. Accordingly, about eight o'clock in the morning they heard the little fellow in his highest key whistling up that well-known and very significant old Irish air called "Go to the devil an' shake yourself"—which in this case was applied to the gauger in any thing but an allegorical sense.

"Be the pins," which was George's usual oath, "be the pins, Mickey, it's over with us—Pentland's here, for there's the sign."

Mickey paused for a moment and listened very gravely; then squirting out a tobacco spittle, "Take it aisy," said he; "I have half a dozen fires about the hills, any one as like this as your right hand is to your left. I didn't spare trouble, for I knew that if we'd get over this day, we'd be out of his power."

"Well, my good lad," said Pentland, addressing the vidette, "what's this fire for?"

"What is it for, is it?"

"Yes; if you don't let me know instantly, I'll blow your brains out, and get you hanged and transported afterwards." This he said with a thundering voice, cocking a large horse pistol at the same time.

"Why, sir," said the boy, "it's watchin' a still I am; but be the hole o' my coat if you tell upon me, it's broilin' upon these coals I'll be soon."

"Where is the still then? An' the still-house, where is it?"

"Oh, begorra, as to where the still or still-house is, they wouldn't tell me that."

"Why, sirra, didn't you say this moment you were watching a still?"

"I meant, sir," replied the lad with a face that spoke of pure idiocy, "that it was the gauger I was watchin', an' I was to whistle upon my fingers to let the boy at that fire on the hill there above know that he was comin'."

"Who told you to do so?"

"Little George, sir, an' Mickey M'Quade."

"Ay, ay, right enough there, my lad—two of the most notorious schemers unhanged they are both. But now, like a good boy, tell me the truth, an' I'll give you the price of a pair of shoes. Do you know where the still or still-house is? Because if you do, an' won't tell me, here are the soldiers at hand to make a prisoner of you; an' if they do, all the world can't prevent you from being hanged, drawn, and quartered."

"Oh, bad cess may seize the morsel o' me knows that; but if you'll give me the money, sir, I'll tell you who can bring you to it, for he told me yestherday mornin' that he knew, an' offered to bring me there last night, if I'd steal him a bottle that my mother keeps the holy water in at home, tal he'd put whisky in it."

"Well, my lad, who is this boy?"

"Do you know Harry Neil, or Mankind, sir?"

"I do, my good boy."

"Well, it's a son of his, sir; an' look, sir: do you see the smoke farthest up to the right, sir?"

"To the right? Yes."

"Well, 'tis there, sir, that Darby Neil is watchin'; and he says he knows."

"How long have you been watching here?"

"This is only the third day, sir, for me; but the rest, them boys above, has been here a good while."

"Have you seen nobody stirring about the hills since you came?"

"Only once, sir, yesterday, I seen two men having an empty sack or two, runnin' across the hill there above."

At this moment the military came up, for he had himself run forward in advance of them, and he repeated the substance of his conversation with our friend the vidette. Upon examining the stolidity of his countenance, in which there certainly was a woful deficiency of meaning, they agreed among themselves that his appearance justified the truth of the story which he told the gauger, and upon being still further interrogated, they were confirmed that none but a stupid lout like himself would entrust to his keeping any secret worth knowing. They now separated themselves into as many detached parties as there were fires burning on the hills about them, the gauger himself resolving to make for that which Darby Neil had in his keeping, for he could not help thinking that the vidette's story was too natural to be false. They were just in the act of separating themselves to pursue their different routes, when the lad said,

"Look, sir! look, sir! bad scran be from me but there's a still any way. Sure I often seen a still: that's jist like the one that Philip Hogan the tinker mended in George Steen's barn."

"Hollo, boys," exclaimed Pentland, "stoop! stoop! they are coming this way, and don't see us: no, hang them, no! they have discovered us now, and are off towards Mossfield. By Jove this will be a bitter trick if they succeed; confound them, they are bent for Ballagh, which is my own property; and may I be hanged if we do not intercept them; but it is I myself who will have to pay the fine."

The pursuit instantly commenced with a speed and vigour equal to the ingenuity of this singular act of retaliation on the gauger. Pentland himself being long-winded from much practice in this way, and being further stimulated by the prospective loss which he dreaded, made as beautiful a run of it as any man of his years could do. It was all in vain, however. He merely got far enough to see the still head and worm heaved across the marsh ditch into his own property, and to reflect after seeing it that he was certain to have the double consolation of being made a standing joke of for life, and of paying heavily for the jest out of his own pocket. In the mean time, he was bound of course to seize the still, and report the caption; and as he himself farmed the townland in question, the fine was levied to the last shilling, upon the very natural principle that if he had been sufficiently active and vigilant, no man would have attempted to set up a still so convenient to his own residence and property.

This manoeuvre of keeping in reserve an old or second set of apparatus, for the purpose of acting the lapwing and misleading the gauger, was afterwards often practised with suc-

cess; but the first discoverer of it was undoubtedly Mickey M'Quade, although the honour of the discovery is attributed to his friend George Steen. The matter, however, did not actually end here, for in a few days afterwards some malicious wag—in other words, George himself—had correct information sent to Pentland touching the locality of the cavern and the secret of its entrance. On this occasion the latter brought a larger military party than usual along with him, but it was only to make him feel that he stood in a position if possible more ridiculous than the first. He found indeed the marks of recent distillation in the place, but nothing else. Every vessel and implement connected with the process had been removed, with the exception of one bottle of whisky, to which was attached by a bit of twine the following friendly note:—

"MR PENTLAND, SIR—Take this bottle home and drink your own health. You can't do less. It was distilled *under your nose* the first day you came to look for us, and bottled for you while you were speaking to the little boy that made a hare of you. Being distilled then under your nose, let it be drunk in the same place, and don't forget while doing so to drink the health of  
G. S."

The incident went abroad like wildfire, and was known everywhere. Indeed for a long time it was the standing topic of the parish; and so sharply was it felt by Pentland that he could never keep his temper if asked, "Mr Pentland, when did you see little George Steen?"—a question to which he was never known to give a civil reply.

#### THE GLOBE OF THE EARTH.

WE were surprised very much some time ago at considering how much of the surface of the globe is covered by the waters of the lakes and oceans, and took the opportunity then of advertising to the importance of water in the general economy of nature. When, however, we pass to the consideration of the magnitude of the earth itself, the relative proportion of water appears to be much less considerable.

Although there are many places in the great Atlantic and Pacific Oceans where the depth of water is very great, yet it has been deduced from principles that are not liable to much error, that the general or average depth does not exceed three miles. It may appear very strange that we can assert any thing positive about the depth of water in those seas, that are to the lines used for sounding quite unfathomable; but it is effected very simply. Every person has seen a wave advancing along the level surface of a canal, and by observing with a watch, it could easily be found to move more quickly at some times than at others. The deeper any part of the canal is, the more rapidly does the wave move along; and partly by experiment, and partly by reasoning, the connection between the depth of the water and velocity of the wave has been discovered. Now, the tide which comes to Dublin every twelve hours is produced by the influence of the sun and moon on the vast body of water in the Southern Pacific Ocean; and the great wave there formed turns round Cape Horn, and passes up the Atlantic Ocean, to arrive at the coasts of Europe and North America. The time occupied by this great wave in passing from one end to the other of the Atlantic can thus be known, and, precisely as in a canal, the depth of water thus calculated.

The circumference of the earth at its widest part is about 25,000, and its diameter 8000 miles. Hence the sheet of water which constitutes the ocean forms but 3-4000ths of its thickness, or nearly the same proportion as if we took an eighteen inch globe, and having spilled water on its surface, allowed all the excess of water to drain off. The remaining wetness would represent pretty nearly the condition of the waters of the ocean on the surface of the earth. By this means we can form, though obscurely, to our minds, an idea of the great magnitude of the earth itself. This magnitude renders also very inconsiderable those inequalities on the surface of the earth which constitute our highest ridges of mountains. A true model of Mont Blanc, the highest of European mountains, if constructed on the eighteen inch globe before referred to, would be unfelt by a finger drawn along its surface, and it would be only some of the highest peaks of the Andes and Himalayah that could be distinctly felt. Where man also employs his most gigantic energies and greatest efforts of skill to penetrate below the surface, forming mines by which the supplies of coal, of iron, of copper, and other minerals, have been obtained from the earliest times, the cavities that he makes can only be compared with the trace given by the point of a pin

that had lightly touched the globe, and which would require a favourable incidence of light to see.

The earth is therefore almost perfectly a smooth and solid ball. It is, however, almost certain that it was not always solid. It is, on the contrary, almost certain that at a period far exceeding in remoteness any time of which mere human indications can be found, the globe of the earth was one mass of liquid matter, heated to a degree exceeding our most intense fires, and wherein were melted all together the various elements which have since arranged themselves into their present forms. From having been thus liquid, the earth, which, revolving on its axis, produces by the side it turns to the sun the alternating day and night, has bulged out where the rotation of the surface is most rapid, at the equator, and has become flattened at the extremities of its axis, at the poles, just as a thin hoop which we spin round becomes compressed. The amount of this flattening is however very small. The equatorial diameter of the earth being accurately 7925, and the polar diameter being 7898, the compression is 27 miles.

To account for the existence of this compression, the earth must have been originally liquid, for otherwise the rotation on its axis could not have generated this regular form. If it had been solid when it began to revolve, it should either have retained its original form, or it should have broken in pieces; but certainly unless it had been liquid, it could not have arrived at the exact degree of flattening which its velocity of rotation should have produced in a liquid mass.

The intensely heated and liquid earth, revolving in the cold and empty spaces of the planetary system, gradually must have lost its excess of heat. Cooling most rapidly at the surface, it there solidified, and generated the first rocks. The loss of heat still going on, the solidification proceeded to a greater and greater depth, and should ultimately have reduced the earth to the same temperature as the empty space among the stars. The temperature of space has been calculated to be almost the same as that in the winter at Melville Island, in northernmost America, that is, 56 deg. below zero, or as far below the freezing point of water as the temperature of the hottest water that the hand can bear is above it. The earth is, however, not allowed to cool to that degree. It receives from the sun by radiation a quantity of heat which counteracts its tendency to cool, and hence the mean temperature of the surface of the earth has remained the same from the earliest historical epochs. In fact, at the surface we can find no trace of that original and internal great heat, the temperature of the surface of the earth being regulated altogether by the effect of the sun's rays; but if we dig down to a moderate depth, about 45 feet, the influence of the sun becomes insensible. Within that space also we can detect a very curious and important arrangement of the heat. It is not that the whole surface becomes warmed in summer and cold in winter, but the heat which is received from the sun in one summer travels by conduction beneath the surface, and is succeeded by the heat of the next summer, an intervening and cooler layer corresponding to the winter time, so that at a depth of 20 feet we may detect the heat which had fallen upon the surface four or five years before, this space of 45 feet being formed of numerous layers like the coatings of an onion, one for each year, until becoming less and less distinct, according as the depth increases, they join together in forming the layer of invariable temperature in which all the effect of the sun's heat is lost.

If we dig down still farther, the earth, though having lost the heating power of the sun, becomes sensibly warmer. The greater the depth to which we descend, the higher is the temperature found to be. Thus, where deep sinkings have been made for mines or wells, the air or water at the bottom is found to be much higher in temperature than at the invariable layer which gives the mean temperature of the place. This observation was first made in the case of the deep mines in Cornwall, and, although for some time ascribed to the presence of the workmen and the burning lamps, has since been verified by observations in all parts of Europe, and such agreement found, that the law connecting the temperature with the depth has been at least approximately determined.

It is found, counting from the invariable layer, that the temperature increases about one degree of Fahrenheit's scale for every fifty feet in depth. Thus, a well having been sunk at Rudersdorf to a depth of 630 feet, the water at the bottom was found to be 67 degrees, while the mean temperature was 50 degrees. In a coal mine at Newcastle, which reaches to a depth of 1584 feet, the mean temperature of the surface being 48 degrees, the thermometer was found to stand at 73 degrees

in the lowest part of the mine, and hence the elevation of temperature was 25 degrees. Observations elsewhere vary between these limits; but the general result is, that the rise is one degree for about every fifty feet, as above stated.

When we consider the great magnitude of the earth, and observe the rapidity with which the increase of temperature occurs, it will strike every person that we in reality inhabit a mere pellicle or skin, which has formed by cooling upon the surface, whilst all the internal mass of our globe may still be in the same state of igneous fusion and tumultuous action of elements, from which its present mineral constitution on the surface has resulted. For although it has cooled so far that at the surface all traces of its central fires have disappeared, yet at a mile and a half below the surface the temperature is such as should boil water: at a depth of five miles, lead would melt. Thirty miles below the surface, cast iron, and all those rocks which are generally the product of volcanoes in action, as trap and basalt, would fuse; and hence we may consider those terrific phenomena which have so frequently desolated some of the most beautiful districts of the earth, as being minute apertures or cracks in the thin coating of our planet, and giving vent from time to time to some small portions of the internal fires which work beneath.

Additional evidence of the existence of this central heat may be derived from the peculiarity of springs. Those springs which carry off and are supplied with water from the surface, change their temperature with the season, being in winter cold, but in summer warm. Others, deriving their waters from a deeper layer of soil, as from the stratum of constant heat, are always the same, and, possessing the mean temperature of the place, feel warm in winter and cold in summer. Such springs exist in every country, and are very useful in ascertaining the mean temperature, for in place of watching a thermometer for a year, and taking averages, it is only necessary to select with proper caution such a deeply supplied spring, and by observing the temperature of its waters, the mean temperature of the place is found.

A certain quantity of the water which is absorbed by the ground after rain must penetrate to a great depth, must descend, in fact, until at  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles it is boiled and driven up again to find some outlet as a spring. In rising up, however, it is for the most part cooled; but having charged itself with various saline and metallic bodies, under the most favourable circumstances of high temperature and pressure, it issues as a hot mineral spring or spa. On getting into the air, it generally abandons a great part of what it had dissolved, and forms in many cases enormous depositions of solid rock.

A company in Paris have formed the idea of using the water thus heated by the powers below, for the purposes of public baths. The neighbourhood of Paris is peculiarly fitted for what are termed Artesian wells, in which the water often rises considerably above the surface of the ground. Under the auspices of this company, a well has been sunk already to the depth of 1600 feet, and water obtained at 77 degrees; but to obtain natural hot water at a temperature of 100 degrees, which would be required for bathing purposes, an additional depth of probably as much more will be required. It is said the projectors are not now sanguine of its pecuniary success.

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**THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IN LIFE.**—In no department of life do men rise to eminence who have not undergone a long and diligent preparation; for whatever be the difference in the mental power of individuals, it is the cultivation of the mind alone that leads to distinction. John Hunter was as remarkable for his industry as for his talents, of which his museum alone forms a most extraordinary proof; and if we look around and contemplate the history of those men whose talents and acquirements we must esteem, we find that their superiority of knowledge has been the result of great labour and diligence. It is an ill-founded notion to say that merit in the long-run is neglected. It is sometimes joined to circumstances that may have a little influence in counteracting it, as an unfortunate manner and temper; but generally it meets with its due reward. The world are not fools—every person of merit has the best chance of success; and who would be ambitious of public approbation, if it had not the power of discriminating?—*Physic and Physicians.*



# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



## NEW BRIDGE, COUNTY OF KILDARE.

It is a curious circumstance, that while among the most humble and illiterate, as well as among the high and educated classes of society in Ireland, a certain degree of interest and respect is usually felt for the ecclesiastical and military remains of past ages, those of a purely useful character, as ancient bridges for example, excite no corresponding sentiments, and are destroyed without causing the slightest feeling of regret in the minds of any portion of society. Strange, however, as this may appear, the fact is undeniable, as the recent destruction of Thomond Bridge at Limerick, and the intended destruction of other ancient bridges on that noble river and elsewhere, sufficiently testify; and in a few years more there will, in all probability, scarcely remain in the country a single example of monuments of this class. Yet it cannot be said that such memorials of the progress of civilization in past ages are without their hallowing associations, or that their moss-stained and ivy-mantled arches are less pleasing to the lover of the picturesque than those of the ruined castle, church, or abbey. Who that has ever seen the ancient bridge of Limerick, with its fifteen arches, exhibit-

ing every variety of form, its horizontal line contrasting so admirably with the upright forms of the adjacent objects, and calling up in the mind recollections of the finest landscapes of Claude—who, we say, that has enjoyed this pleasure of a refined taste, but will bear testimony to the truth of our assertion, and regret the circumstances which have given birth to it? Who, in like manner, that has ever seen the ancient bridge which forms the embellishment of our present number, but would deeply lament its destruction? Yet such was the fate to which it was doomed, but a few years since, by a county grand jury, and from which it only escaped through the influence of the worthy proprietor of St Woolstan's, Richard Cane, Esq., who, in a spirit equally honourable to his taste and his nationality, declared that sooner than permit so interesting a monument of antiquity to be destroyed, he would build a new bridge at his own expense. Alas! that we have not amongst us a greater number of gentlemen of his taste, wealth, and spirit!

Despite of its contradictory name, New Bridge is the oldest bridge now remaining on the beautiful Liffey, and, with the exception of the ancient Bridge of Dublin, which was taken down and rebuilt some years since, is probably the first

bridge of stone ever erected on it. From Pembridge's Annals, as published by the Father of British antiquaries, William Camden, we learn that this bridge was erected in the year 1200, by John le Deceur, the Mayor of Dublin in that year, at his own expense. So that by a curious and not uninteresting coincidence, it owes its erection to one worthy and patriotic citizen of Dublin, and its preservation, after a lapse of more than five hundred years, to another.

New Bridge is situated in the barony of North Salt, about one Irish mile south-west of the town of Leixlip. It consists of four arches, some of which are semicircular and others pointed; and, like most ancient bridges, it is high and extremely narrow. Mantled with luxuriant ivy, and enriched with the varied and mellow tints of so many centuries, it is in itself an object of great picturesque beauty; but these attractions are greatly enhanced by the quiet yet romantic features of the scenery immediately about it—particularly the woods and the ruins of the venerable Abbey of St Woolstan, of which we shall give some account in a future number.

P.

## ANCIENT IRISH LITERATURE.

### NUMBER III.

FOR our third specimen of the literature of our ancestors we have selected an example of what may be called the fireside stories, in vogue from a very ancient period till the last century. These stories are for the most part only personal traditions, and as they are not found in any vellum manuscripts which have descended to us, it might be concluded that they are of very modern date. Such conclusion, however, would be erroneous: there is no doubt that in their groundwork at least they are of an antiquity of several centuries, although modified in their language and allusions in conformity with the changes in manners and customs of succeeding times. The personages who figure in them are always either historical, or belonging to the ancient mythology of Ireland, and they are well worthy of preservation, for the light which they reflect on the habits of thought, as well as the manners and customs of bygone times.

## BODACH AN CHOTA-LACHTNA, OR THE CLOWN WITH THE GREY COAT,

### A FENIAN TALE.

ON a certain day a fair and a gathering were held at Bineadar, by the seven ordinary and seven extraordinary battalions of the Fenians of Erinn. In the course of the day, on casting a look over the broad expanse of the sea, they beheld a large, smooth-sided, and proud-looking ship ploughing the waves from the east, and approaching them under full sail. When the capacious vessel touched the shore and lowered her sails, the Fenians of Erinn counted upon seeing a host of men disembark from her; and great was their surprise when one warrior, and no more, came out of the ship and landed on the beach. He was a hero of the largest make of body, the strongest of champions, and the finest of the human race; and in this wise was the kingly warrior equipped:—an impenetrable helmet of polished steel encased his ample and beautiful head; a deep-furrowed, thick-backed, sharp-edged sword hung at his left side; and a purple bossed shield was slung over his shoulder. Such were his chief accoutrements; and armed in this fashion and manner did the stranger come into the presence of Finn Mac Coole and the Fenians of Erinn.

It was then that Finn, the King of the Fenians, addressed the heroic champion, and questioned him, saying, "From what quarter of the globe hast thou come unto us, O goodly youth? or from which of the noble or ignoble races of the universe art thou sprung? Who art thou?"

"I am," answered the stranger, "Ironbones, the son of the King of Thessaly; and so far as I have travelled on this globe, since the day that I left my own land, I have laid every country, peninsula, and island, under contribution to my sword and my arm: this I have done even to the present hour; and my desire is to obtain the crown and tribute of this country in like manner: for if I obtain them not, I purpose to bring slaughter of men and deficiency of heroes and youthful warriors on the seven ordinary and seven extraordinary battalions of the Fenian host. Such, O king, is the object of my visit to this country, and such is my design in landing here."

Hereupon arose Conán the Bald, and said, "Of a truth, my friend, it seems to me that you have come upon a foolish

enterprise, and that to the end of your life, and the close of your days, you will not be able to accomplish your purpose; because from the beginning of ages until now, no man ever heard of a hero or ever saw a champion coming with any such mighty design to Ireland, who did not find his match in that same country."

But Ironbones replied: "I make but very little account of your speech, Conán," said he: "for if all the Fenian heroes who have died within the last seven years were now in the world, and were joined by those who are now living, I would visit all of them with the sorrow of death and show all of them the shortness of life in one day; nevertheless I will make your warriors a more peaceable proposal. I challenge you then, O warriors, to find me a man among you who can vanquish me in running, in fighting, or in wrestling; if you can do this, I shall give you no further trouble, but return to my own country without loitering here any longer."

"And pray," inquired Finn, "which of those three manly exercises that you have named will it please you to select for the first trial of prowess?"

To this Ironbones answered, "If you can find for me any one champion of your number who can run faster than I can, I will give you no further annoyance, but depart at once to my own country."

"It so happens," said Finn, "that our Man of Swiftness, Keelte Mac Ronan, is not here at present to try his powers of running with you; and as he is not, it were better, O hero, that you should sojourn here a season with the Fenians, that you and they may mutually make and appreciate each other's acquaintance by means of conversation and amusements, as is our wont. In the meanwhile I will repair to Tara of the Kings in quest of Keelte Mac Ronan; and if I have not the good fortune to find him there, I shall certainly meet with him at Ceis-Corann of the Fenii, from whence I shall without delay bring him hither to meet you."

To this Ironbones agreed, saying that he was well satisfied with what Finn proposed; and thereupon Finn proceeded on his way towards Tara of the Kings, in search of Keelte. Now, it fell out that as he journeyed along he missed his way, so that he came to a dense, wide, and gloomy wood, divided in the midst by a broad and miry road or pathway. Before he had advanced more than a very little distance on this road, he perceived coming directly towards him an ugly, detestable looking giant, who wore a grey frize coat, the skirts of which reached down to the calves of his legs, and were bespattered with yellow mud to the depth of a hero's hand; so that every step he made, the lower part of that coat struck with such violence against his legs as to produce a sound that could be distinctly heard a full mile of ground off. Each of the two legs that sustained the unwieldy carcass of this horrible hideous monster was like the mast of a great ship, and each of the two shoes that were under his shapeless, horny, long-nailed hoofs, resembled a roomy long-sided boat; and every time that he lifted his foot, and at every step that he walked, he splashed up from each shoe a good barrelful of mire and water on the lower part of his body. Finn gazed in amazement at the colossal man, for he had never before seen any one so big and bulky; yet he would have passed onward and continued his route, but the giant stopped and accosted him, and Finn was under the necessity of stopping also, and exchanging a few words with the giant.

The giant began in this manner:—"What, ho! Fian Mac Coole," said he, "what desire for travelling is this that has seized on you, and how far do you mean to go upon this journey?"

"Oh," said Finn, "as to that, my trouble and anxiety are so great that I cannot describe them to you now, and indeed small is the use," added he, "it would be of to me to attempt doing so; and I think it would be better for you to let me go on my way without asking any more questions of me."

But the giant was not so easily put off. "O Fian," said he, "you may keep your secret if you like, but all the loss and the misfortune attending your silence will be your awa; and when you think well upon that, maybe you would not boggle any longer about disclosing to me the nature of your errand."

So Finn, seeing the huge size of the giant, and thinking it advisable not to provoke him, began to tell him all that had taken place among the Fenians of Erinn so short a time before. "You must know," said he, "that at the meridian hour of this very day the great Ironbones, the son of the King of Thessaly, landed at the harbour of Bineadar, with

the view of taking the crown and sovereignty of Ireland into his own hands; and if he does not obtain them with the free and good will of the Irish, he threatens to distribute death and destruction impartially among the young and old of our heroes; howbeit he has challenged us to find a man able to surpass him in running, fighting, or wrestling, and if we can find such a man, then he agrees to forego his pretensions, and to return to his own country without giving us further trouble; and that," said Finn, "is the history that I have for you."

"And how do you intend to oppose the royal warrior?" asked the giant; "I know him well, and I know he has the vigour in his hand and the strength in his arm to carry every threat he makes into effect."

"Why, then," said Finn, in answer to this, "I intend to go to Tara of the Kings for Keelte Mac Ronan, and if I do not find him there, I will go to look for him at Ceis-Corann of the Fenit; and it is he," said he, "whom I mean to bring with me for the purpose of vanquishing this hero in running."

"Alas!" said the giant, "weak is your dependance and feeble your champion for propping and preserving the monarchy of Ireland; and if Keelte Mac Ronan be your *Tree of Defiance*, you are already a man without a country."

"It is I, then," said Finn, "who am sorry you should say so; and what to do in this extremity I cannot tell."

"I will show you," replied the gigantic man: "just do you say nothing at all but accept of me as the opponent of this champion; and it may happen that I shall be able to get you out of your difficulty."

"O," said Finn, "for the matter of that, it is my own notion that you have enough to do if you can carry your big coat and drag your shoes with you one half mile of ground in a day, without trying to rival such a hero as Ironbones in valour or agility."

"You may have what notions you like," returned the giant, but I tell you that if I am not able to give battle to this fighting hero, there never has been and there is not now a man in Ireland able to cope with him. But never mind, Finn Mac Coole, let not your spirits be cast down, for I will take it on myself to deliver you from the danger that presses on you."

"What is your name?" demanded Finn.

"Bodach-an-Chota-Lachtna (the Churl with the Grey Coat) is my name," the giant answered.

"Well, then," said Finn, "you will do well to come along with me." So Finn turned back, and the Bodach went with him; but we have no account of their travels till they reached Bineadar. There, when the Fians beheld the Bodach attired in such a fashion and trim, they were all very much surprised, for they had never before seen the like of him; and they were greatly overjoyed that he should make his appearance among them at such a critical moment.

As for Ironbones, he came before Finn, and asked him if he had got the man who was to contend with him in running. Finn made answer that he had, and that he was present among them; and thereupon he pointed out the Bodach to him. But as soon as Ironbones saw the Bodach, he was seized with astonishment, and his courage was damped at the sight of the gigantic proportions of the mighty man, but he pretended to be only very indignant, and exclaimed, "What! do you expect me to demean myself by engaging in a contest with such an ugly, greasy, hateful-looking Bodach as that? It is myself that will do no such thing!" said he; and he stepped back and would not go near the Bodach.

When the Bodach saw and heard this, he burst into a loud, hoarse, thunderous laugh, and said, "Come, Ironbones, this will not do; I am not the sort of person you affect to think me; and it is you that shall have proof of my assertion before to-morrow evening; so now, let me know," said he, "what is to be the length of the course you propose to run over, for over the same course it is my own intention to run along with you; and if I do not succeed in running that distance with you, it is a fair conclusion that you win the race, and in like manner if I do succeed in outstripping you, then it stands to reason that you lose the race."

"There is sense and rationality in your language," replied Ironbones, for he saw that he must submit, "and I agree to what you say, but it is my wish not to have the course shorter or longer than three score miles."

"Well," said the Bodach, "that will answer me too, for it is just three score miles from Mount Loocra in Munster to Bineadar; and it will be a pleasant run for the pair of us; but if you find that I am not able to finish it before you, of course the victory is yours."

Ironbones replied that he would not contradict so evident a proposition, whereupon the Bodach resumed: "What it is proper for you to do now," said he, "is to come along with me southward to Mount Loocra this evening, in order that we may make ourselves acquainted with the ground we are to go over to-morrow on our return; and we can stop for the night on the Mount, so that we may be able to start with the break of day." To this also Ironbones acceded, saying it was a judicious speech, and that he had nothing to object to it.

Upon this the two competitors commenced their journey, and little was the delay they made until they arrived at Mount Loocra in Munster. As soon as they had got thither, the Bodach again addressed Ironbones, and told him that he thought their best plan would be to build a hut in the adjoining wood, that so they might be protected from the inclemency of the night: "for it seems to me, O son of the King of Thessaly," said he, "that if we do not, we are likely to have a hard couch and cold quarters on this exposed hill."

To this Ironbones made reply as thus: "You may do so, if you please, O Bodach of the Big Coat, but as for me, I am Ironbones, and care not for dainty lodging; and I am mightily disinclined to give myself the trouble of building a house hereabouts only to sleep in it one night and never see it again; howbeit, if you are desirous of employing your hands there is nobody to cross you; you may build, and I shall stay here until you have finished."

"Very good," said the Bodach, "and build I will; but I shall take good care that a certain person who refuses to assist me shall have no share in my sleeping-room, should I succeed in making it as comfortable as I hope to do;" and with this he betook himself into the wood, and began cutting down and shaping pieces of timber with the greatest expedition, never ceasing until he had got together six pair of stakes and as many of rafters, which with a sufficient quantity of brushwood and green rushes for thatch, he carried, bound in one load, to a convenient spot, and there set them up at once in regular order; and this part of his work being finished, he again entered the wood, and carried from thence a good load of dry green sticks, which he kindled into a fire that reached from the back of the hut to the door.

While the fire was blazing merrily he left the hut, and again addressing his companion, said to him, "O son of the King of Thessaly, called by men Ironbones, are you provided with provisions for the night, and have you eatables and drinkables to keep you from hunger and thirst?"

"No, I have not," said Ironbones proudly; "it is myself that used never to be without people to provide victuals for me when I wanted them," said he.

"Well, but," said the Bodach, "you have not your people near you now, and so the best thing you can do is to come and hunt with me in the wood, and my hand to you, we shall soon have enough of victuals for both of us."

"I never practised pedestrian hunting," said Ironbones; "and with the like of you I never hunted at all; and I don't think I shall begin now," said he, in a very dignified sort of way.

"Then I must try my luck by myself," said the Bodach; and off again he bounded into the wood, and after he had gone a little way he roused a herd of wild swine and pursued them into the recesses of the wood, and there he succeeded in separating from the rest the biggest and fattest hog of the herd, which he soon ran down and carried to his hut, where he slaughtered it, and cut it into two halves, one of which he placed at each side of the fire on a self-moving holly-spit. He then darted out once more, and stopped not until he reached the mansion of the Baron of Inchiquin, which was thirty miles distant, from whence he carried off a table and a chair, two barrels of wine, and all the bread fit for eating he could lay his hands on, all of which he brought to Mount Loocra in one load. When he again entered his hut, he found his hog entirely roasted and in nice order for mastication; so he laid half the meat and bread on the table, and sitting down, disposed of them with wonderful celerity, drinking at the same time precisely one barrel of the wine, and no more, for he reserved the other, as well as the rest of the solids, for his breakfast in the morning. Having thus finished his supper, he shook a large bundle of green rushes over the floor, and laying himself down, soon fell into a comfortable sleep, which lasted until the rising of the sun next morning.

As soon as the morning was come, Ironbones, who had got neither food nor sleep the whole night, came down from the mountain's side and awoke the Bodach, telling him that it was



time to commence their contest. The Bodach raised his head, rubbed his eyes, and replied, "I have another hour to sleep yet, and when I get up I have to eat half a hog and drink a barrel of wine; but as you seem to be in a hurry, you have my consent to proceed on your way before me: and you may be sure I will follow you." So saying, he laid his head down and fell again a-snoring; and upon seeing this, Ironbones began the race by himself, but he moved along heavily and dispiritedly, for he began to have great dread and many misgivings, by reason of the indifference with which the Bodach appeared to regard the issue of the contest.

When the Bodach had slept his fill he got up, washed his hands and face, and having placed his bread and meat on the table, he proceeded to devour them with great expedition, and then washed them down with his barrel of wine; after which he collected together all the bones of the hog and put them into a pocket in the skirt of his coat. Then setting out on his race in company with a pure and cool breeze of wind, he trotted on and on, nor did he ever halt on his rapid course until he had overtaken Ironbones, who with a dejected air and drooping head was wending his way before him. The Bodach threw down the bare bones of the hog in his path, and told him he was quite welcome to them, and that if he could find any pickings on them he might eat them, "for," said he, "you must surely be hungry by this time, and myself can wait until you finish your breakfast."

But Ironbones got into a great passion on hearing this, and he cried, "You ugly Bodach with the Big Coat, you greasy, lubberly, uncouth tub of a man, I would see you hanged, so I would, before you should catch me picking such dirty common bones as these—hogs' bones, that have no meat on them at all, and have moreover been gnawed by your own long, ugly, boarish tusks."

"O, very well," replied the Bodach, "then we will not have any more words about them for bones; but let me recommend to you to adopt some more rapid mode of locomotion, if you desire to gain the crown, sovereignty, and tributes of the kingdom of Ireland this turn, for if you go on at your present rate, it is second best that you will be after coming off, I'm thinking." And having so spoken, off he darted as swift as a swallow, or a roebuck, or a blast of wind rushing down a mountain declivity on a March day, Ironbones in the meantime being about as much able to keep pace with him as he was to scale the firmament; nor did he check his own speed until he had proceeded thirty miles on the course. He then stopped for a while to eat of the blackberries which grew in great abundance on the way, and while he was thus employed, Ironbones came up with him and spoke to him. "Bodach," said he, "ten miles behind us I saw one skirt of your grey coat, and ten miles farther back again I saw another skirt; and it is my persuasion, and I am clearly of the opinion, that you ought to return for these two skirts without more to do, and pick them up."

"Is it the skirts of this big coat that I have on me you mean?" asked the Bodach, looking down at his legs.

"Why, to be sure it is them that I mean," answered Ironbones.

"Well," said the Bodach, "I certainly must get my coat skirts again; and so I will run back for them if you consent to stop here eating blackberries until I return."

"What nonsense you talk!" cried Ironbones. "I tell you I am decidedly resolved not to loiter on the race; and my fixed determination is not to eat any blackberries."

"Then move on before me," said the Bodach, upon which Ironbones pushed onward, while the Bodach retraced his steps to the different spots where the skirts of his coat were lying, and having found them and tacked them to the body of the coat, he resumed his route and again overtook Ironbones, whom he thus addressed: "It is needful and necessary that I should acquaint you of one thing, O Ironbones, and that is, that you must run at a faster rate than you have hitherto used, and keep pace with me on the rest of the course, or else there is much likelihood and considerable probability that the victory will go against you, because I will not again have to go back either for my coat-skirts or anything else;" and having given his companion this warning, he set off once more in his usual manner, nor did he stop until he reached the side of a hill, within ten miles of Bineadar, where he again fell a-plucking blackberries, and ate an extraordinary number of them. When he could eat no more, his jaws being tired and his stomach stuffed, he took off his great coat, and handing his needle and thread, he sewed it into the form of a ca-

pacious sack, which he filled with blackberries; this he slung over his shoulders, and then off he scampered for Bineadar, greatly refreshed, and with the speed of a young buck.

In the meantime Finn and his troops were awaiting in great doubt and dread the result of the race, though, without knowing who the Bodach was, they had a certain degree of confidence in him; and there was a champion of the Fenians on the top of the Hill of Howth, who had been sent thither by Finn, and had been there from an early hour of the morning to see which of the competitors would make his appearance first in view. When this man saw the Bodach coming over the nearest eminence, with his heavy burden on his back, he thought that to a certainty it was Ironbones whom he beheld, and fled back quite terrified to Finn and the troops, telling them Ironbones was coming up, carrying the Bodach dead over his shoulders. This news at first depressed Finn and the troops; but Finn by and bye exclaimed, "I will give a suit of armour and arms to the man who brings me better news than that!" whereupon one of the heroes went forth, and he had not proceeded far when he espied the Bodach advancing towards the outposts of the troops, and knowing him at a glance, he flew back to Finn and announced to him the glad tidings.

Finn thereupon went joyfully out to meet the Bodach, who speedily came up and threw down his burden, crying out aloud, "I have good and famous news for all of you; but," added he, "my hunger is great, and my desire for food pressing; and I cannot tell you what has occurred until I have eaten a very large quantity of oatmeal and blackberries. Now, as for the latter, that is, the blackberries, I have got them myself in this big sack, but the oatmeal I expect to be provided for me by you; and I hope that you will lose no time in getting it, and laying it before me, for I am weak for the want of nutriment, and my corporeal powers are beginning to be exhausted." Upon hearing this Finn replied that his request should be at once attended to, and in a little space of time, accordingly, there was spread under the Bodach a cloth of great length and breadth, with a vast heap of oatmeal in the middle of it, into which the Bodach emptied out all the blackberries in his bag; and having stirred the entire mass about for some time with a long pole, he commenced eating and swallowing with much vigour and determination.

He had not been long occupied in this way before he descried Ironbones coming towards the troops with his hand on the hilt of his sword, his eyes flaming like red coals in his head, and ready to commence slaughtering all before him because he had been vanquished in the contest. But he was not fated to put his designs into execution, for when the Bodach saw what wickedness he had in his mind, he took up a handful of the oatmeal and blackberries, and dashing it towards Ironbones with an unerring aim, it struck him so violently on the face that it sent his head spinning through the air half a mile from his body, which fell to the ground and there remained writhing in all the agonies of its recent separation, until the Bodach had concluded his meal. The Bodach then rose up and went in quest of the head, which after a little searching about he found; and casting it from his hands with an unerring aim, he sent it bowling along the ground all the half mile back again, until coming to the body it stopped and fastened itself on as well as ever, the only difference being that the face was now turned completely round to the back of the neck, while the back of the head was in front.

The Bodach having accomplished this feat much to his satisfaction, now grasped Ironbones firmly by the middle, threw him to the ground, tied his hand and foot so that he could not stir, and addressed him in these words: "O Ironbones, justice has overtaken you: the sentence your own vain mind had passed on others is about to be pronounced against yourself; and all the liberty that I feel disposed to leave you is the liberty of choosing what kind of death you think it most agreeable to die of. What a silly notion you did get into your noddle, surely, when you fancied that you, single-handed, could make yourself master of the crown, sovereignty, and tributes of Ireland, even though there had been nobody to thwart your arrogant designs but myself! But take comfort and be consoled, for it shall never be said of the Fians of Ireland that they took mortal vengeance on a single foe without any warriors to back him; and if you be a person to whom life is a desirable possession, I am willing to allow you to live, on condition that you will solemnly swear by the sun and moon that you will send the chief tributes of Thessaly every year to Finn Mac Coole here in Ireland."



With many wry faces did Ironbones at length agree to take this oath; upon which the Bodach loosed his shackles and gave him liberty to stand up; then having conducted him towards the sea-shore, he made him go into the ship, to which, after turning its prow from the shore, he administered a kick in the stern, which sent it seven miles over the waters at once. And such was the manner in which Ironbones executed his vain-glorious project, and in this way it was that he was sent off from the shores of Ireland, without victory, honour, or glory, and deprived of the power of ever again boasting himself to be the first man on the earth in battle or combat.

But on the return of the Bodach to the troops, the sun and the wind lighted up one side of his face and his head in such a way that Finn and the Fians at once recognised him as Manannan Mac Lir, the Tutelary Fairy of Cruachan, who had come to afford them his assistance in their exigency. They welcomed him accordingly with all the honour that was due to him, and feasted him sumptuously for a year and a day. And these are the adventures of the Bodach an Chota-Laachta.

### THE BARGAIN.

"WHAT have you there, husband?" said Mrs Courtland to her thrifty and careful spouse, as the latter paused in the open door to give some directions to a couple of porters who had just set something upon the pavement in front of the house.

"Just wait a moment, and I'll tell you. Here, Henry! John! bring it in here," and the two porters entered with a beautiful sofa, nearly new.

"Why, that is a beauty, husband! How kind you are!"

"It's second-hand, you perceive; but it's hardly soiled—no one would know the difference."

"It's just as good as new. What did you give for it?"

"That's the best part of it. It is a splendid bargain. It didn't cost a cent less than a hundred dollars. Now, what do you think I got it for?" "Sixty dollars?"

"Guess again." "Fifty?"

"Guess again." "Forty-five?"

"No. Try again."

"But what did you give for it, dear?" "Why, only twenty dollars!"

"Well, now, that is a bargain."

"Ain't it, though? It takes me to get things cheap," continued the prudent Mr Courtland, chuckling with delight.

"Why, how in the world did it go off so low?" "I managed that. It ain't every one that understands how to do these things."

"But how did you manage it, dear? I should like to know."

"Why, you see, there were a great many other things there, and among the rest some dirty carpets. Before the sale I pulled over these carpets and threw them upon the sofa; a good deal of dust fell from them, and made the sofa look fifty per cent. worse than it really was. When the sale commenced, there happened to be but few persons there, and I asked the auctioneer to sell the sofa first, as I wanted to go, and would bid for it if it were sold then. Few persons bid freely at the opening of a sale.

'What's bid for this splendid sofa?' he began.

'I'll give you fifteen dollars for it,' said I; 'it's not worth more than that, for it's dreadfully abused.'

'Fifteen dollars! fifteen dollars! only fifteen dollars for this beautiful sofa!' he went on; and a man next to me bid seventeen dollars. I let the auctioneer cry the last bid for a few minutes, until I saw he was likely to knock it down.

'Twenty dollars!' said I, 'and that's as much as I'll go for it.'

The other bidder was deceived by this as to the real value of the sofa, for it did look dreadfully disfigured by the dust and dirt, and consequently the sofa was knocked off to me."

"That was admirably done, indeed!" said Mrs Courtland, with a bland smile of satisfaction at having obtained the elegant piece of furniture at so cheap a rate. "And it's so near a match, too, for the sofa in our front parlour."

This scene occurred at the residence of a merchant in this city, who was beginning to count his fifty thousands. Let us look at the other side of the picture.

On the day previous to this sale, a widow lady with one daughter, a beautiful and interesting girl about seventeen, were seated on a sofa in a neatly furnished parlour in Hudson-street. The mother held in her hand a small piece of paper, on which her eyes were intently fixed; but it could

readily be perceived that she saw not the characters that were written upon it.

"What is to be done, ma?" at length asked the daughter. "Indeed, my child, I cannot tell. The bill is fifty dollars, and has been due, you know, for several days. I haven't got five dollars, and your bill for teaching the Miss Leonards cannot be presented for two weeks, and then it will not amount to this sum."

"Can't we sell something more, ma?" suggested the daughter.

"We have sold all our plate and jewellery, and now I'm sure I don't know what we can dispose of, unless it be something that we really want."

"What do you say to selling the sofa, ma?"

"Well, I don't know, Florence. It don't seem right to part with it. But perhaps we can do without it."

"It will readily bring fifty dollars, I suppose."

"Certainly. It is of the best wood and workmanship, and cost one hundred and forty dollars. Your father bought it a short time before he died, and that is less than two years past you know."

"I should think it would bring nearly a hundred dollars," said Florence, who knew nothing of auction sacrifices; "and that would give us enough, besides paying the quarter's rent, to keep us comfortably until some of my bills come due."

That afternoon the sofa was sent, and on the next afternoon Florence went to the auctioneer's to receive the money for it.

"Have you sold that sofa yet, sir?" asked the timid girl, in a low, hesitating voice.

"What sofa, miss?" asked the clerk, looking steadily in her face with a bold stare.

"The sofa sent by Mrs —, sir."

"When was it to have been sold?"

"Yesterday, sir."

"Oh, we haven't got the bill made out yet. You can call the day after to-morrow, and we'll settle it for you."

"Can't you settle it to-day, sir? We want the money particularly."

Without replying to the timid girl's request, the clerk commenced throwing over the leaves of a large account-book, and in a few minutes had taken off the bill of the sofa.

"Here it is—eighteen dollars and sixty cents. See if it's right, and then sign this receipt."

"Ain't you mistaken, sir? It was a beautiful sofa, and cost one hundred and forty dollars."

"That's all it brought, miss, I assure you. Furniture sells very badly now."

Florence rolled up the bills that were given her, and returned home with a heavy heart.

"It only brought eighteen dollars and sixty cents, ma," she said, throwing the notes into her mother's lap, and bursting into tears.

"Heaven only knows, then, what we shall do," said the widow, clasping her hands together, and looking upwards.

There are always two parties in the case of bargains—the gainer and the loser; and while the one is delighted with the advantage he has obtained, he thinks nothing of the necessities which have forced the other party to accept the highest offer. But few buyers of bargains think or care about taking this view of the subject.—*From the New York Mirror.*

### SONNET—THE DEPARTURE OF LOVE.

Spirit of wordless Love, that in the lone  
Bowers of the Poet's museful soul dost weave  
Tissues of thought, hued like the skies of eve,  
Ere the last glories of the sun have shone,  
How soon—almost before our hearts have known  
The change—above the ruins of thy throne—  
Whose vanished beauty we would fain retrieve  
With all Earth's thrones beside—we stand and grieve!  
We weep not, for the world's chill breath hath bound  
In chains of ice the fountains of our tears,  
But ever-mourning Memory thenceforth rears  
Her altars upon desecrated ground,  
And always, with a low despairful sound,  
Toils the disastrous bell of all our years!

## THE MANUFACTURE OF CLOTH.

In the present limited and daily declining condition of the woollen manufacture in Ireland, so few individuals in the country can be acquainted with the mode of preparing the clothing of the sheep, and altering its form so as to make it suitable and fit for the clothing of man, that we deem a short account of the various processes through which it passes may be acceptable to many of our readers.

When the sheep-shearer has taken off the fleece, he ties it up in a peculiar knot, which is not opened again until the wool-sorter takes it in hands. It is his business to open it, and having spread the fleece upon a table, and cast his eye over it, he separates it into the number of sorts required, the wool being of different degrees of fineness upon different parts of the animal. The coarse qualities of fleeces, from which low descriptions of cloths, kerseys, blankets, and friezes are made, are seldom divided into more than three sorts, the finer into four or five, and the finest Saxony into seven, eight, and sometimes nine. With the latter we have little to do in this country, there being but one factory (that of Messrs Willans) where it is worked; and we shall therefore merely follow the progress of a piece of ordinary coarse cloth, there being but little difference between it and the finest in the general detail: indeed very little at all, except in the additional care and expense.

The sorted wool having been carefully examined by women, and freed from straws and motes, is taken to the scouring department attached to the dye-house, where it is immersed in a hot ley with soap, and well scoured, after which it is washed in clean water and left to drain.

It is then coloured, and either allowed to drain, or the colouring matter is wrung out, and it is again washed in water until the water runs from it unsullied. The apparatus in which it undergoes this process is called "the washing-box:" one side and the bottom being of metal perforated with innumerable small holes, the water has free ingress and egress, whilst the wool is securely retained. Having been thoroughly cleansed, it is taken to the drying-loft, if the weather be fine, or to the stove if it be unfavourable, and there perfectly dried. From thence it is carried to the factory, and placed in the first machine called "the willow," or more generally "the devil"—a machine formed of five or six cylinders of different sizes, armed with steel spikes three or four inches long: the motion of the cylinders being contrary, the spikes pass between each other, tearing the wool open if it should have clotted or got into lumps. Cheviot and Scotch wools, and wools damaged by shipwreck, must be *wilowed* before they can be even scoured, in consequence of their being always matted.

The willow, and all the machines which shall be subsequently mentioned in this paper, are driven by the water-wheel or steam-engine—in this country almost uniformly by the former. Having been thoroughly opened by the willow, the wool is spread upon a floor and oiled, about a quart of fine olive oil being the proportion to every stone weight of wool. The effect of the oil is to cause the fibres of the wool to separate more easily upon the carding-machines, and prevent the too rapid wearing of the cards.

The next machine that takes up the work is called "the teaser:" it has a greater number of cylinders than the willow, with shorter teeth, about an inch in length, and hooked, and some of the cylinders have coarse wire cards. Having passed twice or thrice through the teaser, the wool is transferred to that part of the mill called, by way of pre-eminence, "the machine-room," where the great scribbling machines, or, as they are styled, "scribblers," are placed. These machines have a great number of cylinders of different sizes covered with wire cards of various degrees of fineness, so arranged that they take the wool from one another, separating the fibres, and transferring it until it has passed quite over every cylinder, and is carded out at the farther end of the machine (sixteen or eighteen feet from where it was put in) in a thin flake like gauze. Having been run through two or three scribblers of various fineness, it is passed to the carding machine, or "carder," which resembles the "scribbler," but is smaller, and instead of the wool falling out at the end in a flake, it is caught by a fluted cylinder of wood, which, revolving in a semi-cylindrical box, divides and converts it into separate soft rolls, about the thickness of ordinary sash rope; and these are thrown out upon a sheet of canvass stretched horizontally upon rollers, which from its slowly moving, so as to prevent one roll from falling upon another, is called "the creeper."

The rolls are taken to "the billy," a sort of preliminary spinning-machine, sometimes worked by the water-wheel, but (as yet, especially in Ireland) more generally by a man called a "slubber," who is enabled by it to form from fifty to one hundred threads at a time, children being employed to stick the ends of the rolls together, which is done by lapping a small portion of the tip of one on the other which lies on the "billy-sheet," and then giving them a slight rub. The soft thick thread which the slubber forms is made up in conical rolls or "cops," and is taken to the spinning-machine, "the mule," which has now quite superseded the spinning-jenny, which in its day superseded the spinning-wheel. The wheel could spin only one thread at a time: the jenny was first made to spin thirty, then forty, then fifty, sixty, seventy, and eighty threads at once, by a man's hand. By the "mule," worked by water, a man can now spin from five hundred to one thousand threads of woollen yarn, and of cotton two or three thousand, at once.

The thread for the warp is taken from the mule to the "warping-mill," where it is prepared according to the number of threads for the breadth of the cloth, the length arranged, and being tied up in a peculiar kind of ball, it is called a "warp," and is taken to the sizing shop, where it is dipped in melted size; and having been opened, perfectly saturated, and wrung out gently, it is carried to the field, or stove, to be dried. The weaver then fixes it in the loom, and procures the "weft" thread, which is spun differently from the warp, and is wound upon wooden bobbins; having wetted these in water, he fixes one in his shuttle, and the threads of the warp being lifted alternately, and the shuttle shot between them, the beam of the loom strikes each thread home, and in due time the piece is woven. A good weaver with a sound warp can weave in a hand-loom from six to nine yards of cloth in a day, but with the new power-loom he can weave twenty.

The cloth when taken out of the loom is examined by the overseer, and having been passed and dried, is taken to the "scouring-machine," where it is submitted to the action of a strong ley, with fullers'-earth, &c., and worked by the rollers of the machine until both the oil and size have been extracted; it is then washed clean with water, taken out, and dried. It is next transferred to the tuck-mill, where it is spread out, a large quantity of melted soap poured upon it, and being rolled up in a peculiar manner, it is placed in "the stock," where two huge hammers made of oak, weighing from two to three cwt. each, called "stock-feet," being raised by a wheel and then let go, fall upon it alternately, until the soap has been forced through every part of it, and the cloth has narrowed, or, to speak technically, "milled in," a half yard or three quarters, and shortened a fourth or fifth of its length, when it is pronounced to be "milled." It is then again placed in the "washing-machine," washed clean, and transferred to the "gig-mill." The "gig" is a machine having a large cylinder in which teasles, a vegetable production somewhat resembling thistle tops or burs, are set, and the wet cloth being dragged by a set of rollers against the hooked spikes of the teasles, whilst the cylinder in which they are set goes rapidly round in a contrary direction, a portion of the short fibres of the wool have one of their ends disengaged and exhibited upon the surface of the cloth, forming what is called the pile or face: this process is called "raising." When the piece has been sufficiently raised, it is taken to the "tenter field," and stretched on frames called "tenters," by means of hooks, to the proper length and breadth, and it remains thus until thoroughly dried, when it is carried to the "shearing loft," where immense shears or machines called "knives" are passed over the surface, cutting all the wool on the face to an equal length. One of the improved knives can do as much work as twenty hand-shears did formerly. Having received what is technically called a "cut" or two, it is returned to the gig mill to be "struck," that is, "raised," or submitted to the action of the gig in a dry state, and it then goes back again to the shear loft, and receives three or four more cuts on the face. It is then passed to the "burlers," women who pick out all motes that have accidentally clung to or become embodied in the cloth, with steel pincers having very sharp points called "burling irons."

If it is to be finished by being napped, that is, to have the surface covered with little knots, as petershams and women's cloaking, it is taken to the "napping engine," where it is submitted to the action of a board curiously covered with sand, so firmly attached as not to wear off for a considerable time; this is wedged down upon the cloth, and then set in motion,

describing small circles whilst the cloth is forcibly drawn from under it by a strong roller, and thus the whole surface is covered over with little knots; having been passed through the napping engine three or four times, it is returned to the shear loft to get one or two cuts on the back, thence again to the napping engine, where it receives a final run or two, and is passed to the wareroom to be measured and made up.

But if it is to be finished as a cloth, instead of the napping-engine it is sent to the steam-brushing mill, where it is passed against a revolving cylinder covered with brushes and teasles alternately, and working within a case, into which a stream of steam rushes constantly; thence it passes to another machine nearly similar, but having brushes only. Having undergone this process for several hours, it is dried, taken again to the shear loft and properly cut, then carefully "burled" and brushed, again to the "knife," where it is "backed," that is, cut or shorn on the back, and then brushed again, preparatory to being placed in the press, in which it is arranged in neat folds, with thin pasteboard called "presspaper" between the folds, and hot metal plates at intervals. The press is then screwed down, and after a proper lapse of time the cloth is taken out, the folds altered in order that every part may be properly pressed, and again screwed down. It then goes to the brush-mill for the last time, from whence the measurer at length gets it to make up.

Fine cloth sometimes undergoes another process called "singeing," in which it is passed over hot cylinders; but as our object is merely to give a general idea of the complicated processes of the manufacture to our readers, and not to make them at once masters of the business, we do not think it necessary to go into very minute detail. The entire length of time occupied may be estimated at from one to nearly two months.

The machinery in the woollen factories of Ireland is certainly inferior to that of our English neighbours, and the decline of the trade renders improvement difficult, if not altogether hopeless. Power-looms for the weaving of woollen cloth, so generally at work at the other side of the Channel, have been only this year introduced for the first time to this country by Mr Moore, proprietor of the Milltown factory near Dublin; and that Irish mechanists are not inferior to any others, is evidenced by the fact that the power-looms erected at Milltown are vastly superior to those imported, and which were on the most improved construction. Whether the experiment will have any effect in reviving this sinking business, remains to be seen; but it is much to be feared that as a great branch of trade it has deserted our shores altogether; certain it is, that the great factory at Celbridge (within ten miles of Dublin), which was dismantled about five years since, employed so lately as the year 1829 more looms than are now (1840) at work in the whole county of Dublin, probably in the entire province of Leinster, and yet the introduction of machinery could be effected much more easily in Ireland than almost any where else, in consequence of the absence of a manufacturing population, whose interests might be so compromised as to make them adverse to such change, and water power, so much cheaper than steam, is both abundant and unemployed. N.

## ENIGMA,

BY F. M'TEAGUE, ESQ.

Who or what am I, that, dwelling amongst the most humble, can associate with the highest? I am low in the scale of rank, but at the head of my race, and the most ancient of my tribe; the offspring and representative of want, and despised by multitudes, yet of regal descent. I have the likeness of woman and man, but I am neither man nor woman. I have neither father nor mother, and I am childless. I have the appearance of a potentate, yet I am not a potentate, but the companion of the lowly, and their most frequent visitor and guest. It is my destiny to live equally in palaces and farm-houses, jails and hovels. I am a traveller, though one who is always obliged to journey blindfold, and sometimes bound in cords with vulgar companions, and strictly guarded.

No creature undergoes greater vicissitudes. I am the attendant of most that walk, sail, and ride. I am attached to the pedestrian, yet generally kept in confinement; or when at times liberated, exposed to the rudest scoffs and sports of the vulgar, who toss me up in the air, pelt me with sticks and stones, tumble me on the earth, and stamp on me;

and if I am raised again, it is either to endure a repetition of insult, or administer to the cupidity of vagabonds.

Though I never push myself forward, I have a face of brass, and yet my eyes can never look you straight in the face. I am fickle and changeable as the wind, yet I am a friend in adversity, and never desert those who do not first discard me. I may be the first to leave you; but in the hour of your utmost necessity you will acknowledge with a sigh that I have been the last to desert my post.

I am frequently trusted, though I often betray. How many petitions may have been offered up to heaven for my coming, no man living can tell, and yet I appear every where.

I have been in the earth, I have been in the sea, I have been in the air, I have been in the fire, and can endure unhurt, and with fortitude, greater extremities of heat and cold than any mortal. All the blows in the face I have ever received have never made me move a muscle. I have been crushed, but am sound and whole; and notwithstanding the contempt with which I have been treated (thanks to the present feelings of the age), am more and more respected every day—sought after indeed with eagerness, though seldom long retained. I am the beloved of schoolboys, but as quickly discarded by them. I attend churches and chapels, fairs and markets; yet though a friend and supporter of the Bible and many pious institutions, I am a heathen in religion, nor can I partake of any thing which I buy. Though my letters may be read by every body, I can neither read nor write. I am a proud stickler indeed in the school of aristocracy, for I never move out of my own circle; and with my associates, both male and female, am often nearly squeezed to death, according to the highest forms of fashionable usage.

I have given birth to hundreds of thousands, and with me fortunes invariably expire. My existence may continue for a thousand years, nay, to the very end of time, and yet may be cut short in a moment. But if you destroy me, which it is certainly in your power to do, know that innumerable myriads are at my back, and always ready to replace me.

Though committing no offence, I am liable to transportation without even a trial, but I am always well received after my return from exile. A master of all languages, but speaking none, I find my way in foreign countries without difficulty, for, though speechless, I am eloquent enough in my own way. From my features and head-dress you might suppose that I belonged to some Indian tribe, but I am British and Irish all over, and flourish best upon my own soil. I am an ever-welcome friend to the forlorn, but am myself very poor. I have a mint of money at my back, but am not worth three half-pence. At the moment you are reading this, you will indeed be wretched if you cannot command my services.

And now, having by the unwearied diligence, talent, and influence of Mr Rowland Hill, been enabled to give myself up for the support and encouragement of the IRISH PENNY JOURNAL, I hereby particularly enjoin it upon all my brethren more and more to patronise that excellent work.

**IRISH BRAVERY.**—The following instance of Irish bravery, recorded in Falkner's Journal, March 18, 1760, is too remarkable to be buried in oblivion:—"On Saturday last, arrived at Youghal the ship *Good Intent*, belonging to Waterford, but last from Bilbao: she was taken the Tuesday before by a French privateer off Ushant, and had on board ten or twelve hands, her lading brandy and iron. The French took away the master (Bongar), and all the men, except five and a boy. On Friday last, four of them (the fifth not consenting) formed a plan to surprise the nine Frenchmen who were navigating the vessel to France, and succeeded therein. Four of the Frenchmen were under deck, three aloft, one at the helm, and the other man near him: three of the Irishmen were under deck, one at the helm, and the fifth hiding. One Brien by surprise tripped up the heels of the Frenchman at the helm, seized his pistol, and discharged it at the other, at the same instant making a signal for his three comrades below to follow his example: they assailed the Frenchmen, and by getting at their broadswords soon compelled them to be quiet; and immediately getting above, shut the hatches. After a desperate cut which one of the Frenchmen received on the arm in defending his head, and another a bruise by throwing the pistol at his head after it was discharged (for he missed him), those above likewise called out for quarter, and yielded up the quarterdeck to the intrepid Mr Brien. Not one of these fellows could read or write; of consequence they knew not how to navigate the ship, but Brien said that as

he knew his course was north in general, being near Ushant, he steered at a venture, and the first land he made was near Youghal, where he happily arrived and landed his prisoners, who are now in Youghal gaol."

#### MIGRATION OF FISHES.

AMONGST the migrations of fishes, I must not neglect those that take place in consequence of the water in the ponds or pools that they inhabit being dried up: some of these are very extraordinary, and prove that when the Creator gave being to these animals, he foresaw the circumstances in which they would be placed, and mercifully provided them with means of escape from dangers to which they were necessarily exposed.

In very dry summers, the fishes that inhabit the above situations are reduced often to the last extremities, and endeavour to relieve themselves by plunging, first their heads, and afterwards their whole bodies, in the mud to a considerable depth; and so, though many in such seasons perish, some are preserved till a rainy one again supplies them with the element so indispensable to their life. Carp, it is known, may be kept and fed a very long time in nets in a damp cellar, a faculty which fits them for retaining their vitality when they bury themselves at such a depth as to shelter them from the heat.

But others, when reduced to this extremity, desert their native pool, and travel in search of another that is better supplied with water. This has long been known of eels, which wind, by night, through the grass in search of water, when so circumstanced. Dr Hancock, in the *Zoological Journal*, gives an account of a species of fish called by the Indians the Flat-head Hassar, and belonging to a genus of the family of the Siluridans, which is instructed by its Creator, when the pools in which they commonly reside in very dry seasons lose their water, to take the resolution of marching by land in search of others in which the water is not evaporated. These fish grow to about the length of a foot, and travel in large droves with this view; they move by night, and their motion is said to be like that of the two-footed lizard. A strong serrated arm constitutes the first ray of its pectoral fin. Using this as a kind of foot, it should seem they push themselves forwards by means of their elastic tail, moving nearly as fast as a man will leisurely walk. The strong plates which envelope their body probably facilitate their progress in the same manner as those under the body of serpents, which in some degree perform the office of feet. It is affirmed by the Indians that they are furnished with an internal supply of water sufficient for their journey, which seems confirmed by the circumstance that their bodies when taken out of the water, even if wiped dry with a cloth, become instantly moist again. Mr Campbell, a friend of Dr Hancock's, resident in Essequebo, once fell in with a drove of these animals, which were so numerous that the Indians filled several baskets with them.

Another migrating fish was found by thousands in the ponds and all the fresh waters of Carolina, by Bosc; and as these pools are subject to be dry in summer, the Creator has furnished this fish, as well as one of the flying ones, by means of a membrane which closes its mouth, with the faculty of living out of water, and of travelling by leaps to discover other pools. Bosc often amused himself with their motions when he had placed them on the ground, and he found that they always direct themselves towards the nearest water, which they could not possibly see, and which they must have discovered by some internal index; during their migrations they furnish food to numerous birds and reptiles. They belong to a genus of abdominal fishes, and are called swampines. It is evident from this statement that these fishes are both fitted by their Creator not only to exist, but also move along out of the water, and are directed by the instinct implanted by Him to seek the nearest pool that contains that element; thus furnishing a strong proof of what are called compensating contrivances; neither of these fishes have legs, yet the one can walk and the other leap without them, by other means with which the Supreme Intelligence has endowed it. I may here observe that the serrated bone, or first ray of the pectoral fin, by the assistance of which the flat-head appears to move, is found in other Siluridans, which leads to a conjecture that these may sometimes also move upon land.

Another fish found by Daldorf in Tranquebar, not only creeps upon the shore, but even climbs the Fan palm in pursuit of certain Crustaceans which form its food. The structure of this fish peculiarly fits it for the exercise of this remarkable instinct. Its body is lubricated with slime, which

facilitates its progress over the bark, and amongst its chinks; its gill-covers are armed with numerous spines, by which, used as hands, it appears to suspend itself; turning its tail to the left, and standing as it were on the little spines of its anal fin, it endeavours to push itself upwards by the expansion of its body, closing at the same time its gill-covers, that they may not prevent its progress; then expanding them again, it reaches a higher point: thus, and by bending the spiny rays of its dorsal fins to the right and left, and fixing them in the bark, it continues its journey upwards. The dorsal and anal fins can be folded up and received into a cavity of the body.

How exactly does this structure fit it for this extraordinary instinct! These fins assist it in certain parts of its progress, and when not employed, can be packed up so as not to hinder its progress. The lobes of its gill-covers are so divided and armed as to be employed together, or separately as hands, for the suspension of the animal, till, by fixing its dorsal and anal fins, it prepares itself to take another step: all showing the Supreme Intelligence and Almighty hand that planned and fabricated its structure, causing so many organs, each in its own way, to assist in promoting a common purpose. The Fan palm in which this animal was taken by Daldorf, grew near the pool inhabited by these fishes. He makes no mention, however, of their object in these terrestrial excursions; but Dr Virey observes that it is for the sake of small Crustaceans on which they feed.—*Kirby's Bridgewater Treatise*.

#### "THY KINGDOM COME,"

BY MARY ANNE BROWNE.

Thy kingdom come! but where shall it be?  
In the sweet, wild groves of Araby,  
Where the citron flowers and the date-tree grow,  
Where the fair and thornless roses blow,  
Where the sunlight falls in radiant streams,  
And the moon on forests of palm-trees beams?  
Fair are its roses and clustering vine,  
And its kingdom is bright!—but it is not Thine!

Thy kingdom come! shall it be in the land  
Where the wrecks of the mighty and valiant stand;  
Where the temples, once by the heathen trod,  
Resound to the holy name of God;  
Where the fallen pillars and sculptured stone  
Are 'midst sweet wreaths of wild flowers thrown?  
It hath a sad grace, that land so fair,  
But thy kingdom—thy kingdom is not there!

Thy kingdom come! oh, wilt thou reign  
Within some grand and mighty fane?  
By the work of our hands we will raise the pile,  
We will strew with flowers the vaulted aisle,  
We will toss the silver censers around,  
And a thousand voices of sweetest sound  
Shall breathe at once; but it may not be—  
Such a kingdom accepted is not by Thee!

Thy kingdom come! in our cottage homes  
We will give thee our hearts, by our kindred's tombs,  
By the rippling streams, in the ancient woods,  
Alike in clouds and in solitudes:  
When the sun in his glory is beaming on high,  
When the moon and stars are lighting the sky,  
Our souls shall be breathed in praise and prayer,  
So Thou wilt make thy kingdom there!

—From the *Knickerbocker*.

LOVE OF CHILDREN.—Tell me not of the trim, precisely arranged homes where there are no children—"where," as the good German has it, "the fly-traps always hang straight on the wall:" tell me not of the never-disturbed nights and days—of the tranquil, un-anxious hearts, where children are not! I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring round our firesides bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day, that he has gladdened the earth with little children.

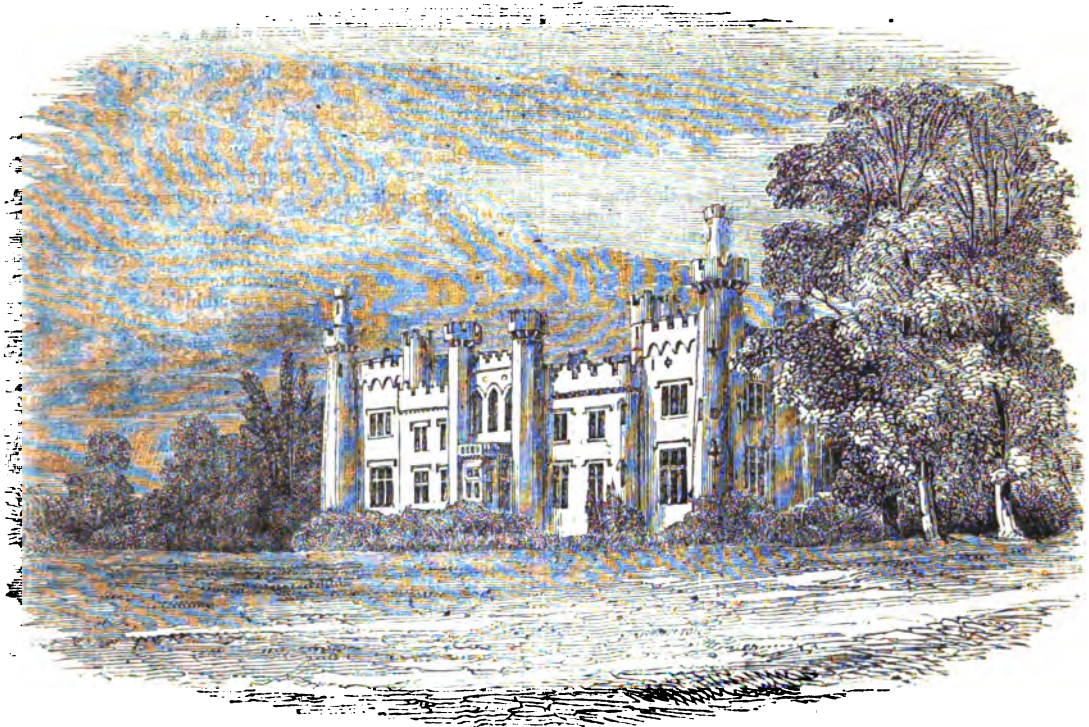


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



## WOODLANDS, COUNTY OF DUBLIN

WOODLANDS, the seat of one of our good resident landlords, Colonel White, considered in connection with its beautiful demesne, may justly rank as the finest aristocratic residence in the immediate vicinity of our metropolis. As an architectural composition, indeed, the house, or castle, as it is called, will not bear a comparison, either for its classical correctness of details, or its general picturesqueness of outline, with the Castle of Clontarf—the architectural gem of our vicinity; but its proportions are on a grander scale, and its general effect accordingly more imposing, while its demesne scenery, in its natural beauties, the richness of its plantations, and other artificial improvements, is without a rival in our metropolitan county, and indeed is characterised by some features of such exquisite beauty as are very rarely found in park scenery any where, and which are nowhere to be surpassed. Well might the Prince Pückler Muskau, who despite of his strange name has undoubtedly a true taste for the beautiful and picturesque, describe the entrance to this demesne as “indeed the most delightful in its kind that can be imagined.” “Scenery,” he continues, “by nature most beautiful, is improved by art to the highest degree of its capability, and, without destroying its free and wild character, a variety and richness of vegetation is produced which enchants the eye. Gay shrubs and wild flowers, the softest turf and giant trees, festooned with creeping plants, fill the narrow glen through which the path winds, by the side of the clear dancing brook, which, falling in little cataracts, flows on, sometimes hidden in the thicket, sometimes resting like liquid silver in an emerald cup, or rushing under overhanging arches of rock, which nature seems

to have hung there as triumphal gates for the beneficent Naiad of the valley to pass through.”

This description may appear somewhat enthusiastic, but we can truly state as our own opinion, formed on a recent visit to Woodlands, that it is by no means overdrawn, but, on the contrary, that it would be equally difficult, if not impossible, either for the pencil or the pen to convey an adequate idea of the peculiar beauties of this little tract of fairy land.

Singularly beautiful, however, as this sylvan glen unquestionably is, it is only one of the many features for which Woodlands is pre-eminently distinguished. Its finely undulating surface—its sheets of water, though artificially formed—its noble forest timber—but above all, its woodland walks, commanding vistas of the exquisite valley of the Liffey, with the more remote scenery bounded by the Dublin and Wicklow mountains—all are equally striking, and present a combination of varied and impressive features but rarely found within the bounds of even a princely demesne.

Though Woodlands derives very many of its attractions from modern improvements, its chief artificial features are of no recent creation, and are such as it would require a century or two to bring to their present perfection. Woodlands is emphatically an old place, and is said to have been granted by King John to Sir Geoffry Lutterel, an Anglo-Norman knight who accompanied him into Ireland, and in possession of whose descendants it remained, and was their residence from the close of the fifteenth till the commencement of the present century, when it was sold to Mr Luke White by the last Earl of Carhampton. Up to this period it was known by

the name of Lutterelstown, a name which, for various reasons, the family into whose possession it has passed have wisely changed.

The principal parts of the mansion were rebuilt about fifty years back, but a portion of the original castle still remains, and an apartment in it bears the name of King John's chamber. It has also received additional extension from its present proprietor, who is now making further additions to the structure.

Woodlands is situated on the north bank of the Liffey, about five miles from Dublin. P.

### PEGGY THE PISHOGUE.

"AND now, Mickey Brennan, it's not but I have a grate regard for you, for troth you're a dacint boy, and a dacint father and mother's child; but you see, avick, the short and the long of it is, that you needn't be looking after my little girl any more."

Such was the conclusion of a long and interesting harangue pronounced by old Brian Moran of Lagh-buoy, for the purpose of persuading his daughter's sweetheart to waive his pretensions—a piece of diplomacy never very easy to effect, but doubly difficult when the couple so unceremoniously separated have laboured under the delusion that they were born for each other, as was the case in the affair of which our story tells; and certainly, whatever Mr Michael Brennan's other merits may have been, he was very far from exhibiting himself as a pattern of patience on the occasion.

"Why, thin, Brian Moran!" he outrageously exclaimed, "in the name of all that's out of the way, will you give me one reason, good, bad, or indifferent, and I'll be satisfied?"

"Och, you unfortunate gossoon, don't be afther axing me," responded Brian dolefully.

"Ah, thin, why wouldn't I?" replied the rejected lover. "Aren't we playing together since she could walk—wasn't she the light of my eyes and the pulse of my heart these six long years—and when did one of ye ever either say or sign that I was to give over until this blessed minute?—tell me that."

"Widdy Eeliah!" groaned the closely interrogated parent; "'tis true enough for you. Botheration to Peggy, I wish she tould you herself. I knew how it 'ud be; an' sure small blame to you; an' it'll kill Meny out an' out."

"Is it that I am n't rich enough?" he asked impetuously.

"No, avick machree, it isn't; but, sure, can't you wait an' ax Peggy?"

"Is it because there's any thing against me?" continued he, without heeding this reference to the mother of his fair one—"Is it because there's any thing against me, I say, now or evermore, in the shape of warrant, or summons, or bad word, or any thing of the kind?"

"Och, *forrear, forrear!*" answered poor Brian, "but can't you ax Peggy!" and he clasped his hands again and again with bitterness, for the young man's interest had been, from long and constant habit, so interwoven in his mind with those of his darling Meny, that he was utterly unable to check the burst of agony which the question had excited. The old man's evident grief and evasion of the question were not lost upon his companion.

"I'm belied—I know I am—I have it all now," shouted he, utterly losing all command of himself. "Come, Brian Moran, this is no child's play—tell me at once who dared to spake one word against me, an' if I don't drive the lie down his throat, be it man, woman, or child, I'm willing to lose her and every thing else I care for!"

"No, then," answered Brian, "the never a one said a word against you—you never left it in their power, avick; an' that's what's breaking my heart. Millia murther, it's all Peggy's own doings."

"What!" he replied—"I'll be bound Peggy had a bad dhrame about the match. Arrah, out with it, an' let us hear what Peggy the Pishogue has to say for herself—out with it, man; I'm asthray for something to laugh at."

"Oh, whisht, whisht—don't talk that way of Peggy any how," exclaimed Brian, offended by this imputation on the unerring wisdom of his helpmate. "Whatever she says, doesn't it come to pass? Didn't it rain on Saturday last, fine as the day looked? Didn't Tim Higgins's cow die? Wasn't Judy Carney married to Tom Knox afther all? Ay, an' as sure as your name is Mickey Brennan, what she says will

come true of yourself too. *Forrear, forrear!* that the like should befall one of your dacint kin!"

"Why, what's going to happen me?" inquired he, his voice trembling a little in spite of all his assumed carelessness: for contemptuously as he had alluded to the wisdom of his intended mother-in-law, it stood in too high repute not to create in him some dismay at the probability of his figuring unfavourably in any of her prognostications.

"Don't ax me, don't ax me," was the sorrowing answer; "but take your baste out of the stable at once, and go straight to Father Coffey; and who knows but he might put you on some way to escape the bad luck that's afore you."

"Psha! fudge! 'pon my sowl it's a shame for you, Brian Moran."

"Divil a word of lie in it," insisted Brian; "Peggy found it all out last night; an' troth it's troubling her as much as if you were her own flesh and blood. More betoken, haven't you a mole there under your ear?"

"Well, and what if I have?" rejoined he peevishly, but alarmed all the while by the undisguised pity which his future lot seemed to call forth. "What if I have?—hadn't many a man the same afore me?"

"No doubt, Mickey, agra, and the same bad luck came to them too," replied Brian. "Och, you unfortunate ignorant crathur, sure you wouldn't have me marry my poor little girl to a man that's sooner or later to end his days on the gallows!"

"The gallows!" he slowly exclaimed. "Holy Virgin! is that what's to become of me afther all?" He tried to utter a laugh of derision and defiance, but it would not do; such a vaticination from such a quarter was no laughing matter. So yielding at last to the terror which he had so vainly affected to combat, he buried his face in his hands, and threw himself violently on the ground; while Brian, scarcely less moved by the revelation he had made on the faith of his wife's far-famed sagacity, seated himself compassionately beside him to administer what consolation he could.

Mickey Brennan, in the parlance of our country, was a snug gossoon, well to do in the world, had a nice bit of land, a comfortable house, good crops, a pig or two, a cow or two, a sheep or two, a handsome good-humoured face, a good character; and, what made him more marriageable than all the rest, he had the aforementioned goods all to himself, for his father and mother were dead, and his last sister had got married at Shrove-tide. With all these combined advantages he might have selected any girl in the parish; but his choice was made long years before: it was Meny Moran or nobody—a choice in which Meny Moran herself perfectly concurred, and which her father, good, easy, soft-hearted Brian, never thought of disputing, although he was able to give her a fortune probably amounting to double what her suitor was worth. But was the fair one's mother ever satisfied when such a disparity existed? Careful creatures! pound for pound is the maternal maxim in all ages and countries, and to give Peggy Moran her due, she was as much influenced by it as her betters, and murmured loud and long at the acquiescence of her husband in such a sacrifice. She murmured in vain, however: much as Brian deferred to her judgment and advice in all other matters, his love for his fond and pretty Meny armed him with resolution in this. When she wept at her mother's insinuations, he always found a word of comfort for her; and if words wouldn't do, he managed to bring Mickey and her together, and left them to settle the matter after their own way—a method which seldom failed of success. But Peggy was not to be hauled of her will. What! she whose mere word could make or break any match for five miles round, to be forbidden all interference in her own daughter's: it was not to be borne. So at last she applied herself in downright earnest to the task. She dreamed at the match, tossed cups at it, saw signs at it: in fine, called her whole armoury of necromancy into requisition, and was rewarded at last by the discovery that the too highly-favoured swain was inevitably destined to end his days on the gallows—a discovery which, as has been already seen, fulfilled her most sanguine wishes.

Whatever may be the opinion of other and wiser people on the subject, in the parish of Ballycoursey or its vicinity it was rather an ugly joke to be thus devoted to the infernal gods by a prophethess of such unerring sagacity as Peggy Moran, or, as she was sometimes styled with reference to her skill in all supernatural matters, Peggy the Pishogue—that cognomen implying an acquaintance with more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in philosophy; and most unquestionably it was no misnomer: the priest himself was not more

deeply read in his breviary than was she in all the signs and omens whereby the affairs of this moving world are shadowed and foretold—nothing was too great or too small for her all-piercing ken—in every form of augury she was omniscient, from cup-tossing up to necromancy—in vain the mystic dregs of the tea-cup assumed shapes that would have puzzled Doctor Wall himself: with her first glance she detected at once the true meaning of the hieroglyphic symbol, and therefrom dealt out deaths, births, and marriages, with the infallibility of a newspaper—in vain Destiny, unwilling to be unrolled, shrouded itself in some dream that would have bothered King Solomon. Peggy no sooner heard it than it was unravelled—there was not a ghost in the country with whose haunts and habits she was not as well acquainted as if she was one of the fraternity—not a fairy could put his nose out without being detected by her—the value of property was increased tenfold all round the country by the skill with which she wielded her charms and spells for the discovery of all manner of theft. But I must stop; for were I to recount but half her powers, the eulogium would require a *Penny Journal* for itself, and still leave matter for a supplement. It would be a melancholy instance indeed of Irish ingratitude if for all these superhuman exertions she was not rewarded by universal confidence. To the credit of the parish be it said that no such stigma was attached to it: nothing could equal the estimation in which all her words and actions were held by her neighbours—nothing but the estimation in which they were held in her own household by her husband and daughter.

Such being the gifted personage who had foretold the coming disasters of Mickey Brennan, it is not to be wondered at that the matter created a sensation, particularly as sundry old hags to whom she had imparted her discovery were requested to hush it up for the poor gossoon's sake. His friends sorrowed over him as a gone man, for not the most sceptical among them ventured to hazard even a doubt of Peggy's veracity—in fact, they viewed the whole as a matter requiring consolation and sympathy rather than as a scrutiny into the sources of her information, which by common consent were viewed as indubitable, while some, more compassionate than the rest, went so far as to declare "that since the thing could not be avoided, and Mickey, poor fellow, must be hanged, they hoped it might be for something dacint, not robbing, or coining, or the like."

The hardest task of all is to describe the feelings of poor Brennan himself on the occasion; for much as he had affected to disparage the sybilline revelations of the wierd woman of Ballycoursey, there was not one in the neighbourhood who was more disposed to yield them unlimited credence in any case but his own; and even in his own case he was not long enabled to struggle against conviction. Let people prate as they may about education and its effects, it will require a period of more generations than one to root the love of the marvellous out of the hearts of our countrymen; and until that be effected, every village in the land will have its wise woman, and with nine-tenths of her neighbours what she says will be regarded as gospel. Some people of course will laugh to scorn such an assertion, and more will very respectfully beg leave to doubt it, but still it is true; and in the more retired inland villages circumstances are every day occurring far more extravagant than anything detailed in this story, as is very well known to all who are much conversant with such places. But to return to the doomed man:—How could he be expected to bear up against this terrible denunciation, when all the consolation he could receive from his nearest and dearest was that "it was a good man's death?" Death! poor fellow, he had suffered the pains of a thousand deaths already, in living without the hope of ever being the husband of his Meny. Death, instant and immediate, would have been a relief to him; and it was not long until, by his anxiety to obtain that relief, he afforded an opportunity to Peggy of displaying her own reliance on the correctness of her prognostications. Goaded into madness by his present sufferings and his fears for the future, he made an attempt upon his life by plunging into an adjacent lake when no one, as he thought, was near to interrupt his intentions. It was not so, however—a shepherd had observed him, but at such a distance that before help could be obtained to rescue him he was to all appearance lifeless. The news flew like wildfire: he was dead, stone dead, they said—had lain in the water ten minutes, half an hour, half the day, since last night; but in one point they all concurred—dead he was; dead as St Dominick.

"Troth he's not," was Peggy's cool rejoinder. "Be quiet,

and I'll engage he'll come to. *Nabocklish*, he that's born to be hanged will never be drowned. Wait a while an' hoald your tongues. *Nabocklish*, I tell you he'll live to spoil a market yet, an' more's the pity."

People shook their heads, and almost began to think their wise woman had made a mistake, and read hemp instead of water. It was no such thing, however: slowly and beyond all hopes, Brennan recovered the effects of his rash attempt, thereby fulfilling so much of his declared destiny, and raising the reputation of Mrs Moran to a point that she never had attained before. That very week she discovered no less than six cases of stolen goods, twice detected the good people taking unauthorised liberties with their neighbours' churns, and speed a score of fortunes, at the very least; and he, poor fellow, satisfied at last that Fortune was not to be bilked so easily, resigned himself to his fate like a man, and began to look about him in earnest for some opportunity of gracing the gallows without disgracing his people.

And Meny—poor heart-stricken Meny—loving as none but the true and simple-minded can love, the extent of her grief was such as the true and simple-minded only can know; and yet there was worse in store for her. Shortly after this consummation of her mother's fame, a whisper began to creep through the village—a whisper of dire import, portending death and disaster on some luckless wight unknown—"Peggy Moran has something on her mind." What could it be? Silent and mysterious she shook her head when any one ventured to question her—the pipe was never out of her jaw unless when she slept or sat down to her meals—she became as cross as a cat, which to do her justice was not her wont, and eschewed all sorts of conversation, which most assuredly was not her wont either. The interest and curiosity of her neighbours was raised to a most agonising pitch—every one trembled lest the result should be some terrible revelation affecting himself or herself, as the case might be: it was the burden of the first question asked in the morning, the last at night. Every word she uttered during the day was matter of speculation to an hundred anxious inquirers; and there was every danger of the good people of Ballycoursey going absolutely mad with fright if they were kept any longer in the dark on the subject.

At length there was a discovery; but, as is usually the case in all scrutinies into forbidden matters, it was at the cost of the too-daring investigator. Peggy and Brian were sitting one night before the fire, preparing for their retirement, when a notion seized the latter to probe the sorrows of his helpmate.

"Deed it well becomes you to ax," quoth the wierd woman in answer to his many and urgent inquiries; "for Brian, achorra machree, my poor ould man, there's no use in hiding it—it's all about yourself."

"No, then!" exclaimed the surprised interrogator; "the Lord betune us an' harm, is it?"

"Deed yes, Brian," responded the sybil with a melancholy tone, out of the cloud of smoke in which she had sought to hide her troubles. "I'm thinking these last few days you're not yourself at all at all."

"Tare an ounties! maybe I'm not," responded he of the doubtful identity.

"Do you feel nothing on your heart, Brian achree?"

"I do; sure enough I do," gasped poor Brian, ready to believe anything of himself.

"Something like a *plurrisy*, isn't it?" inquired the mourner.

"Ay, sure enough, like a *plurrisy* for all the world, Lord betune us an' harm!"

"An' you do be very cold, I'll engage, these nights, Brian?" continued she.

"Widdy Eelish! I'm as cold as ice this minute," answered Brian, and his teeth began to chatter as if he was up to his neck in a mill-pond.

"An' your appetite is gone entirely, achra?" continued his tormentor.

"Sorra a word o' lie in it," answered the newly discovered invalid, forgetful however that he had just finished discussing a skib of potatoes and a mug of milk for his supper.

"And the cat, the crathur, looked at you this very night after licking her paw."

"I'll engage she did. Bad luck to her," responded Brian, "I wouldn't put it beyant her."

"Lpt me feel your pulse, asthore," said Peggy in conclusion; and Brian submitted his trembling wrist to her inspection, anxiously peering into her face all the while to read his doom therein. A long and deep sigh broke from her lips, along with a most voluminous puff of smoke, as she let the

limb drop from her hold, and commenced rocking herself to and fro, uttering a low and peculiar species of moan, which to her terrified patient sounded as a death summons.

"Murther-an'-ages, Peggy, sure it's not going to die I am!" exclaimed Brian.

"Och, widdy! widdy!" roared the afflicted spouse, now giving full vent to her anguish, "it's little I thought, Brian ashore machree, when I married you in your beauty and your prime, that I'd ever live to cry the keen over you—ochone, ochone! 'tis you was the good ould man in airnest—och! och!"

"Arrah, Peggy!" interposed the object of her rather premature lamentations.

"Oh, don't talk to me—don't talk to me. I'll never hould up my head again, so I won't!" continued the widow that was to be, in a tone that quickly brought all the house about her, and finally all the neighbours. Great was the uproar that ensued, and noisy the explanations, which, however, afforded no small relief to the minds of all persons not immediately concerned in the welfare of the doomed Brian. Peggy was inconceivable at the prospect of such a bereavement. Meny clung in despair to the poor tottering old man, her grief too deep for lamentation, while he hobbled over his prayers as fast and as correctly as his utter dismay would permit him. Next morning he was unable to rise, refused all nourishment, and called vehemently for the priest. Every hour he became worse; he was out of one faint into another; announced symptoms of every complaint that ever vexed mankind, and declared himself affected by a pain in every member, from his toe to his cranium. No wonder it was a case to puzzle the doctor. The man of science could make nothing of it—swore it was the oddest complication of diseases that ever he had heard of—and strongly recommended that the patient be tossed in a blanket, and his wife treated to a taste of the horse-pond. Father Coffey was equally nonplussed.

"What ails you, Brian?"

"An all-overness of some kind or other, your reverence," groaned the sufferer in reply, and the priest had to own himself a bothered man. Nothing would induce him to rise—"where's the use in a man's gettin' up, an' he goin' to die?" was his answer to those who endeavoured to rouse him—"isn't it a dale dacinter to die in bed like a Christian?"

"God's good!—maybe you won't die this time, Brian."

"Arrah, don't be talking—doesn't Peggy know best?"

And with this undeniable assertion he closed all his arguments, receiving consolation from none, not even his heart-broken Meny. Despite of all his entreaties to be let die in peace, the doctor, who guessed how matters stood, was determined to try the effects of a blister, and accordingly applied one of more than ordinary strength, stoutly affirming that it would have the effect of the patient being up and walking on the morrow. A good many people had gathered into his cabin to witness the cure, as they always do when their presence could be best dispensed with; and to these Peggy, with tears and moans, was declaring her despair in all remedies whatever, and her firm conviction that a widow she'd be before Sunday, when Brian, roused a little by the uneasy stimulant from the lethargy into which they all believed him to be sunk, faintly expressed his wish to be heard.

"Peggy, agra," said he, "there's no denyin' but you're a wonderful woman entirely; an' since I'm goin', it would be a grate consolation to me if you'd tell us all how you found out the sickness was on me afore I knew it myself. It's just curiosity, agra—I wouldn't like to die, you see, without knowin' for why an' for what—it 'ud have a foolish look if any body axed me what I died of, an' me not able to tell them."

Peggy declared her willingness to do him this last favour, and, interrupted by an occasional sob, thus proceeded:—

"It was Thursday night week—troth I'll never forget that night, Brian ashore, if I live to be as ould as Noah—an' it was just after my first sleep that I fell draiming. I thought I went down to Dan Keefe's to buy a taste ov mate, for ye all know he killed a *bullsheen* that day for the market ov Moneen; an' I thought when I went into his house, what did I see hangin' up but an ugly *lane* carcass, an' not a bit too fresh neither, an' a strange man dividin' it with a hatchet; an' says he to me with a mighty grum look,

"Well, honest woman, what do you want?—is it to buy *bullsheen*?"

"Yes," says I, 'but not the likes of that—it's not what we're used to.'

"'Divil may care,' says he; 'I'll make bould to cut out a rib for you.'

"'Oh, don't if you please,' says I, puttin' out my hand to stop him; an' with that what does he do but he lifts the hatchet an' makes a blow at my hand, an' cuts the weddin' ring in two on my finger?"

"Dth! dth! dth!" was ejaculated on all sides by her wondering auditory, for the application of the dream to Brian was conclusive, according to the popular method of explaining such matters. They looked round to see how he sustained the brunt of such a fatal revelation. There he was sitting bolt upright in the bed, notwithstanding his unpleasant in-cumbrance, his mouth and eyes wide open.

"Why, thin, blur-an'-ages, Peggy Moran," he slowly exclaimed, when he and they had recovered a little from their surprise, "do you mane to tell me that's all that ailed me?"

Peggy and her coterie started back as he uttered this extraordinary inquiry, there being something in his look that portended his intention to leap out of bed, and probably display his indignation a little too forcibly, for, quiet as he was, his temper wasn't proof against a blister; but his bodily strength failed him in the attempt, and, roaring with pain, he resumed his recumbent position. But Peggy's empire was over—the blister had done its business, and in a few days he was able to stomp about as usual, threatening to inflict all sorts of punishments upon any one who dared to laugh at him. A laugh is a thing, however, not easy to be controlled, and finally poor Brian's excellent temper was soured to such a degree by the ridicule which he encountered, that he determined to seek a reconciliation with young Brennan, pitch the decrees of fate to Old Nick, and give Father Coffey a job with the young couple.

To this resolution we are happy to say he adhered: still happier are we to say, that among the county records we have not yet met the name of his son-in-law, and that unless good behaviour and industry be declared crimes worthy of bringing their perpetrator to the gallows, there is very little chance indeed of Mickey Brennan fulfilling the prophecy of Peggy the Pishogue.

A. M'C.

#### A SHORT CHAPTER ON BUSTLES.

BUSTLES!—what are bustles? Ay, reader, fair reader, you may well ask that question. But some of your sex at least know the meaning of the word, and the use of the article it designates, sufficiently well, though, thank heaven! there are many thousands of my countrywomen who are as yet ignorant of both, and indeed to whom such knowledge would be quite useless. Would that I were in equally innocent ignorance! Not, reader, that I am of the feminine gender, and use the article in question; but my knowledge of its mysterious uses, and the various materials of which it is composed, has been the ruin of me. I will have inscribed on my tomb, "Here lies a man who was killed by a bustle!"

But before I detail the circumstances of my unhappy fate, it will perhaps be proper to give a description of the article itself which has been the cause of my undoing. Well, then, a bustle is

But the editor will perhaps object to this description as being too distinct and graphic. If so, then here goes for another less laboured and more characteristically mysterious.

A bustle is an article used by ladies to take from their form the character of the Venus of the Greeks, and impart to it that of the Venus of the Hottentots!

That ladies should have a taste so singular, may appear incredible; but there is no accounting for tastes, and I know to my cost that the fact is indisputable.

I made the discovery a few years since, and up to that time I had always borne the character of a sage, sedate, and promising young man—one likely to get on in the world by my exertions, and therefore sure to be helped by my friends. I was even, I flatter myself, a favourite with the fair sex too; and justly so, for I was their most ardent admirer; and there was one most lovely creature among them whom I had fondly hoped to have made my own. But, alas! how vain and visionary are our hopes of human happiness: such hopes with me have fled for ever! As I said before, I am a ruined man, and all in consequence of ladies' bustles!

In an unlucky hour I was in a ball-room, seated at a little distance from my fair one—my eyes watching her every air and look, my ears catching every sound of her sweet voice—when I heard her complain to a female friend, in tones of the softest whispering music, that she was oppressed with the



heat of the place. "My dear," her friend replied, "it must be the effect of your bustle. What do you stuff it with?" "Hair—horse-hair," was the reply. "Hair!—mercy on us!" says her friend, "it is no wonder you are oppressed—that's a hot-and-hot material truly. Why, you should do as I do—you do not see me fainting; and the reason is, that I stuff my bustle with hay—new hay!"

I heard no more, for the ladies, supposing from my eyes that I was a listener, changed the topic of conversation, though indeed it was not necessary, for at the time I had not the slightest notion of what they meant. Time, however, passed on most favourably to my wishes—another month, and I should have called my Catherine my own. She was on a visit to my sister, and I had every opportunity to make myself agreeable. We sang together, we talked together, and we danced together. All this would have been very well, but unfortunately we also walked together. It was on the last time we ever did so that the circumstance occurred which I have now to relate, and which gave the first death-blow to my hopes of happiness. We were crossing Carlisle-bridge, her dear arm linked in mine, when we chanced to meet a female friend; and wishing to have a little chat with her without incommoding the passengers, we got to the edge of the flag-way, near which at the time there was standing an old white horse, totally blind. He was a quiet-looking animal, and none of us could have supposed from his physiognomy that he had any savage propensity in his nature. But imagine my astonishment and horror when I suddenly heard my charmer give a scream that pierced me to the very heart!—and when I perceived that this atrocious old blind brute, having slowly and slyly swayed his head round, caught the—how shall I describe it?—caught my Catherine—really I can't say how—but he caught her; and before I could extricate her from his jaws, he made a reef in her garments such as lady never suffered. Silk gown, petticoat, bustle—everything, in fact, gave way, and left an opening—a chasm—an exposure, that may perhaps be imagined, but cannot be described.\*

As rapidly as I could, of course, I got my fair one into a jarry, and hurried home, the truth gradually opening in my mind as to the cause of the disaster—it was, that the blind horse, hungry brute, had been attracted by the smell of my Catherine's bustle, made of hay—new hay!

Catherine was never the same to me afterwards—she took the most invincible dislike to walk with me, or rather, perhaps, to be seen in the streets with me. But matters were not yet come to the worst, and I had indulged in hopes that she would yet be mine. I had however taken a deep aversion to bustles, and even determined to wage war upon them to the best of my ability. In this spirit, a few days after, I determined to wreak my vengeance on my sister's bustle, for I found by this time that she too was emulous of being a Hot-tent beauty. Accordingly, having to accompany her and my intended wife to a ball, I stole into my sister's room in the course of the evening before she went into it to dress, and pouncing upon her hated bustle, which lay on her toilet table, I inflicted a cut on it with my penknife, and retired. But what a mistake did I make! Alas, it was not my sister's bustle, but my Catherine's! However, we went to the ball, and for a time all went smoothly on. I took out my Catherine as a partner in the dance; but imagine my horror when I perceived her gradually becoming thinner and thinner—losing her *enbopoint*—as she danced; and, worse than that, that every movement which she described in the figure—the ladies' chain, the chassée—was accurately marked—recorded—on the chalked floor with—bran! Oh dear! reader, pity me: was ever man so unfortunate? This sealed my doom. She would never speak to me, or even look at me afterwards.

But this was not all. My character with the sex—ay, with both sexes—was also destroyed. I who had been heretofore, as I said, considered as an example of prudence and discretion for a young man, was now set down as a thoughtless, devil-may-care wag, never to do well: the men treated me coldly, and the women turned their backs upon me; and so thus in reality they made me what they had supposed I was. It was indeed no wonder, for I could never after see a lady with a bustle but I felt an irresistible inclination to laughter, and this too even on occasions when I should have kept a grave countenance. If I met a couple of country or other friends in the street, and inquired after their family—the cause, perhaps, of the mourning in which they were attired—while they were

telling me of the death of some father, sister, or other relative, I to their astonishment would take to laughing, and if there was a horse near us, give the lady a drag away to another situation. And if then I were asked the meaning of this ill-timed mirth, and this singular movement, what could I say? Why, sometimes I made the matter worse by replying, "Dear madam, it is only to save your bustle from the horse!"

Stung at length by my misfortunes and the hopelessness of my situation, I became utterly reckless, and only thought of carrying out my revenge on the bustles in every way in my power; and this I must say with some pride I did for a while with good effect. I got a number of the hated articles manufactured for myself, but not, reader, to wear, as you shall hear. Oh! no; but whenever I received an invitation to a party—which indeed had latterly been seldom sent me—I took one of these articles in my pocket, and, watching a favourable opportunity when all were engaged in the mazy figure of the dance, let it secretly fall amongst them. The result may be imagined—ay, reader, imagine it, for I cannot describe it with effect. First, the half-suppressed but simultaneous scream of all the ladies as it was held up for a claimant; next, the equally simultaneous movement of the ladies' hands, all quickly disengaged from those of their partners, and not raised up in wonder, but carried down to their—bustles! Never was movement in the dance executed with such precision; and I should be immortalised as the inventor of an attitude so expressive of sentiment and of feeling.

Alas! this is the only consolation now afforded me in my afflictions: I invented a new attitude—a new movement in the quadrille: let others see that it be not forgotten. I am now a banished man from all refined society: no lady will appear, where that odious Mr Bustle, as they call me, might possibly be; and so no one will admit me inside their doors. I have nothing left me, therefore, but to live out my solitary life, and vent my execration of bustles in the only place now left me—the columns of the Irish Penny Journal.



#### THE COMMON OTTER.

THE otter varies in size, some adult specimens measuring no more than thirty-six inches in length, tail inclusive, while others, again, are to be found from four and a half to five feet long. The head of the otter is broad and flat; its muzzle is broad, rounded, and blunt; its eyes small and of a semi-circular form; neck extremely thick, nearly as thick as the body; body long, rounded, and very flexible; legs short and muscular; feet furnished with five sharp-clawed toes, webbed to three-quarters of their extent; tail long, muscular, somewhat flattened, and tapering to its extremity. The colour of the otter is a deep blackish brown; the sides of the head, the front of the neck, and sometimes the breast, brownish grey. The belly is usually, but not invariably, darker than the back; the fur is short, and of two kinds; the inferior or woolly coat is exceedingly fine and close; the longer hairs are soft and glossy, those on the tail rather stiff and bristly. On either side of the nose, and just below the chin, are two small light-coloured spots. So much for the appearance of the otter: now we come to its dwelling. The otter is common to England, Ireland, and Scotland; a marine variety is also to be met with, differing from the common only in its superior size and more furry coat. Some naturalists have set them down as a different species: I am, however, disposed to regard them as a variety merely.

The native haunt of the otter is the river-bank, where amongst the reeds and sedge it forms a deep burrow, in which it brings forth and rears its young. Its principal food is fish, which it catches with singular dexterity. It lives almost wholly in the water, and seldom leaves it except to devour its prey; on land it does not usually remain long at any one time, and the slightest alarm is sufficient to cause it to plunge into the stream. Yet, natural as seems a watery residence to this creature, its hole is perfectly dry; were it to become otherwise, it would be quickly abandoned. Its entrance, indeed, is invariably under water, but its course then points upwards into the bank, towards the surface of the earth, and it is even provided with several lodges or apartments at different heights, into which it may retire in case of floods, throwing up the earth behind it as it proceeds into the re-

\* A fact.

cesses of its retreat; and when it has reached the last and most secure chamber, it opens a small hole in the roof for the admission of atmospheric air, without which the animal could not of course exist many minutes; and should the flood rise so high as to burst into this last place of refuge, the animal will open a passage through the roof, and venture forth upon land, rather than remain in a damp and muddy bed. During severe floods, otters are not unfrequently surprised at some distance from the water, and taken.

In a wild state the otter is fierce and daring, will make a determined resistance when attacked by dogs, and being endowed with no inconsiderable strength of jaw, it often punishes its assailants terribly. I have myself seen it break the fore-leg of a stout terrier. Otter-hunting was in former times a favourite amusement even with the nobility, and regular establishments of otter-hounds were kept. The animal is now become scarce, and its pursuit is no longer numbered in our list of sports, unless perhaps in Scotland, where, especially in the Western Islands, otter-hunting is still extensively practised.

Otters are easily rendered tame, especially if taken young, and may be taught to follow their master like dogs, and even to fish for him, cheerfully resigning their prey when taken, and dashing into the water in search of more. A man named James Campbell, residing near Inverness, had one which followed him wherever he went, unless confined, and would answer to its name. When apprehensive of danger from dogs, it sought the protection of its master, and would endeavour to spring into his arms for greater security. It was frequently employed in catching fish, and would sometimes take eight or ten salmon in a day. If not prevented, it always attempted to break the fish behind the fin which is next the tail; and as soon as one was taken away, it always dived in pursuit of more. It was equally dexterous at sea-fishing, and took great numbers of young cod and other fish. When tired it would refuse to fish any longer, and was then rewarded with as much food as it could devour. Having satiated its appetite, it always coiled itself up and went to sleep, no matter where it was, in which state it was usually carried home.

Brown relates that a person who kept a tame otter taught it to associate with his dogs, who were on the most friendly terms with it on all occasions, and that it would follow its master in company with its canine friends. This person was in the habit of fishing the river with nets, on which occasions the otter proved highly useful to him, by going into the water and driving trout and other fish towards the net. It was very remarkable that dogs accustomed to otter-hunting were so far from offering it the least molestation, that they would not even hunt any other otter while it remained with them; on which account its owner was forced to part with it.

The otter is of a most affectionate disposition, as may at once be seen from its anxiety respecting its young. Indeed, the parental affection of this creature is so powerful that the female otter will often suffer herself to be killed rather than desert them. Professor Steller says, "Often have I spared the lives of the female otters whose young ones I took away. They expressed their sorrow by crying like human beings, and following me as I was carrying off their young, while they called to them for aid with a tone of voice which very much resembled the crying of children. When I sat down in the snow, they came quite close to me, and attempted to carry off their young. On one occasion when I had deprived an otter of her progeny, I returned to the place eight days after, and found the female sitting by the river listless and desponding, who suffered me to kill her on the spot without making any attempt to escape. On skinning her I found she was quite wasted away from sorrow for the loss of her young." This affection which the otter, while in a state of nature, displays towards her young, is when in captivity usually transferred to her master, or perhaps, as in an instance I shall mention by and bye, to some one or other of his domestic animals. As an example of the former case I may mention the following:—A person named Collins, who lived near Wooler in Northumberland, had a tame otter, which followed him wherever he went. He frequently took it to the river to fish for its own food, and when satisfied it never failed to return to its master. One day in the absence of Collins, the otter being taken out to fish by his son, instead of returning as usual, refused to answer to the accustomed call, and was lost. Collins tried every means to recover it; and after several days' search, being near the place where his son had lost it, and calling its name, to his very great joy the animal came crawling to his feet. In the following passage of the "Prædium Rusticum"

of Vaniere, allusion is made to tame otters employed in fishing:—

"Should chance within this dark recess betray  
The tender young, bear quick the prize away;  
Tamed by thy care the useful brood shall join  
The watery chase, and add their toils to thine;  
From each close lurking hole shall force away,  
And drive within the nets the silver prey;  
As the taught hound the nimble stag subdues,  
And o'er the dewy plain the panting hare pursues."

Mr Macgillivray, in his interesting volume on British Quadrupeds in the Naturalist's Library, mentions several instances of otters having been tamed and employed in fishing. Among others he relates that a gentleman residing in the Outer Hebrides had one that supplied itself with food, and regularly returned to the house. M'Diarmid, in his "Sketches from Nature," enumerates many others. One otter belonging to a poor widow, "when led forth plunged into the Urr, and brought out all the fish it could find." Another, kept at Corsbie House, Wigtonshire, "evinced a great fondness for gooseberries," fondled "about her keeper's feet like a pup or kitten, and even seemed inclined to salute her cheek, when permitted to carry her freedoms so far." A third, belonging to Mr Montith of Carstairs, "though he frequently stole away at night to fish by the pale light of the moon, and associate with his kindred by the river side, his master of course was too generous to find any fault with his peculiar mode of spending his evening hours. In the morning he was always at his post in the kennel, and no animal understood better the secret of 'keeping his own side of the house.' Indeed his pugnacity in this respect gave him a great lift in the favour of the gamekeeper, who talked of his feats wherever he went, and averred besides, that if the best cur that ever ran 'only daured to girn' at his protegé, he would soon 'mak his teeth meet through him.' To mankind, however, he was much more civil, and allowed himself to be gently lifted by the tail, though he objected to any interference with his snout, which is probably with him the seat of honour."

Mr Glennon, of Suffolk-street, Dublin, informs me that Mr Murray, gamekeeper to his Grace the Duke of Leinster, has a tame otter, which enters the water to fish when desired, and lays whatever he catches with due submission at his master's feet. Mr Glennon further observes, that the affection for his owner which this animal exhibits is equal or even superior to that of the most faithful dog. The creature follows him wherever he goes, will suffer him to lift him up by the tail and carry him under his arm just as good-humouredly as would a dog, will spring to his knee when he sits at home, and seems in fact never happy but when in his company. This otter is well able to take care of himself, and fearlessly repels the impertinent advances of the dogs: with such, however, as treat him with fitting respect, he is on excellent terms. Sometimes Mr Murray will hide himself from this animal, which will immediately, on being set at liberty, search for him with the greatest anxiety, running like a terrier dog by the scent. Mr Glennon assures me that he has frequently seen the animal thus trace the footsteps of its master for a considerable distance across several fields, and that too with such precision as never in any instance to fail of finding him.

I myself had once a tame otter, with a detail of whose habits and manners I shall now conclude this article. When I first obtained the animal she was very young, and not more than sixteen inches in length: young as she was, she was very fierce, and would bite viciously if any one put his hand near the nest of straw in which she was kept. As she grew a little older, however, she became more familiarized to the approaches of human beings, and would suffer herself to be gently stroked upon the back or head; when tired of being caressed, she would growl in a peculiar manner, and presently use her sharp teeth if the warning to let her alone were not attended to. In one respect the manners of this animal presented a striking contrast to the accounts I had read and heard of other tame individuals. She evinced no particular affection for me; she grew tame certainly, but her tameness was rather of a general than of an exclusive character: unlike other wild animals which I had at different times succeeded in domesticating, this creature testified no particular gratitude to her master, and whoever fed her, or set her at liberty, was her favourite for the time being. She preferred fish to any other diet, and eagerly devoured all descriptions, whether taken in fresh or salt water, though she certainly preferred the former. She would seize the fish between her fore paws, hold it firmly on the

ground, and devour it downwards to the tail, which with the head the dainty animal rejected. When fish could not be procured, she would eat, but sparingly, of bread and milk, as well as the lean of raw meat; fat she could on no account be prevailed upon to touch.

Towards other animals my otter for a long period maintained an appearance of perfect indifference. If a dog approached her suddenly, she would utter a sharp, whistling noise, and betake herself to some place of safety: if pursued, she would turn and show fight. If the dog exhibited no symptoms of hostility, she would presently return to her place at the fireside, where she would lie basking for hours at a time.

When I first obtained this animal, there was no water sufficiently near to where I lived in which I could give her an occasional bath; and being apprehensive, that, if entirely deprived of an element in which nature had designed her to pass so considerable a portion of her existence, she would languish and die, I allowed her a tub as a substitute for her native river; and in this she plunged and swam with much apparent delight. It was in this manner that I became acquainted with the curious fact, that the otter, when passing along beneath the surface of the water, does not usually accomplish its object by swimming, but by walking along the bottom, which it can do as securely and with as much rapidity as it can run on dry land.

After having had my otter about a year, I changed my residence to another quarter of the town, and the stream well known to all who have seen Edinburgh as the "Water of Leith," flowed past the rear of the house. The creature being by this time so tame as to be allowed perfect liberty, I took it down one evening to the river, and permitted it to disport itself for the first time since its capture in a deep and open stream. The animal was delighted with the new and refreshing enjoyment, and I found that a daily swim in the river greatly conduced to its health and happiness. I would sometimes walk for nearly a mile along the bank, and the happy and frolicsome creature would accompany me by water, and that too so rapidly that I could not even by very smart walking keep pace with it. On some occasions it caught small fish, such as minnows, eels, and occasionally a trout of inconsiderable size. When it was only a minnow or a small eel which it caught, it would devour it in the water, putting its head for that purpose above the surface: when, however, it had made a trout its prey, it would come to shore, and devour it more at leisure. I strove very assiduously to train this otter to fish for me, as I had heard they have sometimes been taught to do; but I never could succeed in this attempt, nor could I even prevail upon the animal to give me up at any time the fish which she had taken: the moment I approached her to do so, as if suspecting my intention, she would at once take to the water, and, crossing to the other side of the stream, devour her prey in security. This difficulty in training I impute to the animal's want of an individual affection for me, for it was not affection, but her own pleasure, which induced her to follow me down the stream; and she would with equal willingness follow any other person who happened to release her from her box. This absence of affection was probably nothing more than peculiarity of disposition in this individual, there being numerous instances of a contrary nature upon record.

Although this otter failed to exhibit those affectionate traits of character which have displayed themselves in other individuals of her tribe towards the human species, she was by no means of a cold or unsocial disposition towards some of my smaller domestic animals. With an Angora cat she soon after I got her formed a very close friendship, and when in the house was unhappy when not in the company of her friend. I had one day an opportunity of witnessing a singular display of attachment on the part of this otter towards the cat:—A little terrier dog attacked the latter as she lay by the fire, and driving her thence, pursued her under the table, where she stood on her defence, spitting and setting up her back in defiance: at this instant the otter entered the apartment, and no sooner did she perceive what was going on, than she flew with much fury and bitterness upon the dog, seized him by the face with her teeth, and would doubtless have inflicted a severe chastisement upon him, had I not hastened to the rescue, and, separating the combatants, expelled the terrier from the room.

When permitted to wander in the garden, this otter would search for grubs, worms, and snails, which she would eat with much apparent relish, detaching the latter from their shell with surprising quickness and dexterity. She would likewise mount upon the chairs at the window, and catch and eat flies

—a practice which I have not as yet seen recorded in the natural history of this animal. I had this otter in my possession nearly two years, and have in the above sketch mentioned only a few of its most striking peculiarities. Did I not fear encroaching on space which is perhaps the property of another contributor, I could have carried its history to a much greater length. H. D. B.

## RANDOM SKETCHES.—No. II.

AN AMERICAN NOBLEMAN.

THESE reached our city, on the morning of the 29th day of July, and sailed from it on the night of the 31st, the most remarkable person perhaps by whom our shores have been lately visited. Were we to second our own feelings, we would apply a higher epithet to William Lloyd Garrison, but we have chosen one in which we are persuaded all parties would agree who partook of his intercourse, however much they may differ from each other and from him in principle and in practice. The object of this short paper is to leave on the pages of our literature some record of an extraordinary individual, who is a literary man himself, being the editor and proprietor of a successful newspaper published at Boston in Massachusetts; but his name may be best recommended to our readers in connection with that of the well-known George Thompson, whose eloquence was so powerful an auxiliary to the unnumbered petitions which at length wrung from our legislature the just but expensive emancipation of the West Indian negroes. Community of action and of suffering, as pleaders for the rights of the black and coloured population of the United States, has rendered them bosom friends, and each has a child called after the name of the other. Thompson is now a denizen of the United Kingdom; but while we write, Garrison is crossing the broad Atlantic to encounter new dangers: comparatively safe at home, his life is forfeited whenever he ventures to pass the moral line of demarcation which separates the free from the slave states—*forfeited so surely as there is a rifle in Kentucky or a bowie knife in Alabama.*

We have set Garrison down as "an American nobleman," and the "peerage" in which we look for his titles and dignities is "The Martyr Age of the United States of America," by Harriet Martineau—a writer to whom none will deny the possession of discrimination, which is all we contend for. "William Lloyd Garrison is one of God's nobility—the head of the moral aristocracy, whose prerogatives we are contemplating. It is not only that he is invulnerable to injury—that he early got the world under his feet in a way which it would have made Zeno stroke his beard with a complacency to witness; but that in his meekness, his sympathies, his self-forgetfulness, he appears 'covered all over with the stars and orders' of the spiritual realm whence he derives his dignities and his powers. At present he is a marked man wherever he turns. The faces of his friends brighten when his step is heard: the people of colour almost kneel to him; and the rest of society jeers, pelts, and execrates him. Amidst all this, his gladsome life rolls on, 'too busy to be anxious, and too loving to be sad.' He springs from his bed singing at sunrise; and if during the day tears should cloud his serenity, they are never shed for himself. His countenance of steady compassion gives hope to the oppressed, who look to him as the Jews looked to Moses. It was this serene countenance, saint-like in its earnestness and purity, that a man bought at a print-shop, where it was exposed without a name, and hung up as the most apostolic face he ever saw. It does not alter the case that the man took it out of the frame, and hid it when he found that it was Garrison who had been adorning his parlour." And he can be no common man of whom it is recorded in the work to which we have already alluded, that, on starting a newspaper for the advocacy of abolition principles, "Garrison and his friend Knapp, a printer, were ere long living in a garret, on bread and water, expending all their spare earnings and time on the publication, and that when it sold particularly well (says Knapp), we treated ourselves with a bowl of milk."—*The Martyr Age of the United States of America*, p. 5.

As we are not writing his memoir, we refer such of our readers as may be curious to inquire further into the subject to the pamphlet just cited, and to the chapter headed "Garrison," in the work on America by the same writer. To one extraordinary feature of his character, however, we cannot forbear adverting. He belongs to a society instituted for the

apparently negative purpose of *non-resistance*, and is therefore the safest of all antagonists. Buffet as you list the head and sides of W. L. Garrison, and you receive no buffet in return. That this is owing to no deficiency of personal courage, admits of demonstration. Neither the prison into which he was cast when a mere lad in one state, the price set on his head in another, nor the tar-kettle to which he would on one occasion have been dragged but for a stout arm that came to his rescue, has been able to make Garrison swerve from what he considers to be his line of duty. Another cause of this disposition to passive endurance must be sought, and it is easily found: *he is in love*—deeply in love with all mankind. His principle is to “resist not evil;” and he acts upon it to the fullest extent. In fact, he appears to be several centuries in advance of his time, and to live in a millennium of his own creating.

We shall only add, that the effect which this remarkable man produced on the minds of those who accompanied him while in Dublin, was of a very peculiar nature. Among these were persons of various sects and parties, and of all varieties of temperament, but nearly all seemed to concur in their estimate of his character. Though many seemed to think that he carried out the great principle of love to an unnecessary extent, none seemed able to gainsay his reasonings. Here and there tears were seen to start, not called forth by any sublime sentiment or tender emotion to which he had given words at the moment, but educed as it were by the abstract contemplation of the image of intense virtue which he represented; and most agreed in the opinion, that of all individuals with whom they had ever been acquainted, he was the one of whom it could be with most justice asserted, that none could hold much intercourse with him without becoming better. His Dublin host sailed to Liverpool on Monday evening for the mere purpose of enjoying his company for three hours more, which was all the arrangements the Boston steamer would permit, in which he was to leave Liverpool on Tuesday.

It would be an act of great injustice to close this article without making some mention of Garrison's congenial friend and companion Nathaniel Peabody Rogers of Plymouth, in New Hampshire, also the editor and proprietor of a newspaper, of whom, however, we shall only say, that if (as the phrase goes) *anything happened* to W. L. Garrison, he is the man who would be ready to occupy his place in the admiration and execration of America. G. D.

**TIME.**—Time is the most undefinable yet most paradoxical of things: the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past even while we attempt to define it, and, like the flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires. Time is the measure of all things, but is itself immeasurable, and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so, if it had. It is more in its source than the Nile, and its termination, than the Niger; and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain, and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house; it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle, yet the most insatiable of predators, and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all, nor can it be satisfied until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight; and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even the sages discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that has made it his friend, will have little to fear from his enemies; but he that has made it his enemy, will have little to hope from his friends.—*Burn's Youthful Piety.*

**DIFFIDENCE.**—A man gets along faster with a sensible married woman in hours than with a young girl in whole days. It is next to impossible to make them talk, or to reach them. They are like a green walnut: there are half a dozen outer coats to be pulled off, one by one and slowly, before you reach the kernel of their characters.

APOLOGUES AND FABLES,  
IN PROSE AND VERSE, FROM THE GERMAN AND OTHER  
LANGUAGES.

No. IV.—THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE

A TRANSLATION FROM GOETHE.

Joyous with youth, an Eagle spread his pinions  
One sunny summer day,  
And through the wilderness of Air's dominions  
Arose in quest of prey,  
When, lo! the forest-ranger's musquet roared,  
And struck him as he soared,  
Shattering the tendons of one buoyant wing,  
And down to earth he fell, poor wounded thing!  
Deep in the hollow of a grassy grove,  
Where sleepy myrtles bloomed, and dark boughs wove  
A trellis-curtain to shut out the sun,  
He lay for three long days, with none  
To tend him in that lowly lair,  
And fed for three long nights upon his heart's despair!  
All-healing Nature brought at length  
Relief at least from agonizing pain,  
And some return of youthful strength.  
Feebly he leaves his couch and crawls along.  
And tries to raise his wing—alas! in vain—  
The glory has departed from the Strong,  
And henceforth he can only hope to gain  
A mean prey from the surface of that earth  
Which gives the worm and beetle birth.  
In mournful mood he rests beside a stream;  
He looks up towards the tall majestic trees  
Whose tops are waving to the mountain-breeze;  
He sees the sun's unconquerable beam  
Shine forth; he gazes on his native skies,  
And tears gush from his eyes.

While Sorrow thus oppressed the noble Bird,  
A rustling sound was heard—  
A flutter as of soft wings through the grove—  
And presently a Turtle-Dove  
Alighted on a myrtle-bough afar.  
He saw the Eagle droop his kingly head;  
He saw tear after tear  
Fall from his eyes into the dark rill under,  
And sentiments of Pity, blent with Wonder,  
Troubled his tender breast. My friend, he said,  
Thou grievest! What has made thee grieve?  
Thou showest thy wing—Ah! thou art maimed for life!  
Well! what of that? Thou shouldst rejoice to leave  
A world whose very pleasures must be won by Strife!  
For, hast thou not around thee here  
All blessings that can make Existence dear?  
When high the noontide sunbeam burns,  
Yield not these latticed walls a soothing shade?  
When starry Night again returns,  
Doth not her lamp light up this pleasant glade?  
The soft winds bring thee odours from yon orange bowers;  
Almost thy very path lies over flowers!  
The trees around thee, the rich earth below,  
Teem with luxuriance of sweet fruits for food;  
The rapid and resounding flood  
That rushes downward from the mountain  
Flows here, will here for ever flow,  
Diminished to a silver fountain  
That sings its way o'er golden sands,  
Fringed by the lily and young violet.  
Here hast thou all a placid soul demands!  
What wouldst thou more? Or, canst thou still regret  
A barren world, which only lures and juggles  
Its dupes to leave them doubly sad and lonely?  
My friend! Mind was not made to spend itself in struggles!  
True Happiness lies in Contentment only,  
And true Contentment ever dwells apart  
From Competition and Ambition—brooks  
All wants—is rich though poor, and strong when weakest!  
Ah, Wise One! spake the Eagle—and his looks  
Betrayed the unaltered anguish of his heart—  
Ah, Wisdom! ever thus, and thus in vain, thou speakest!  
M.

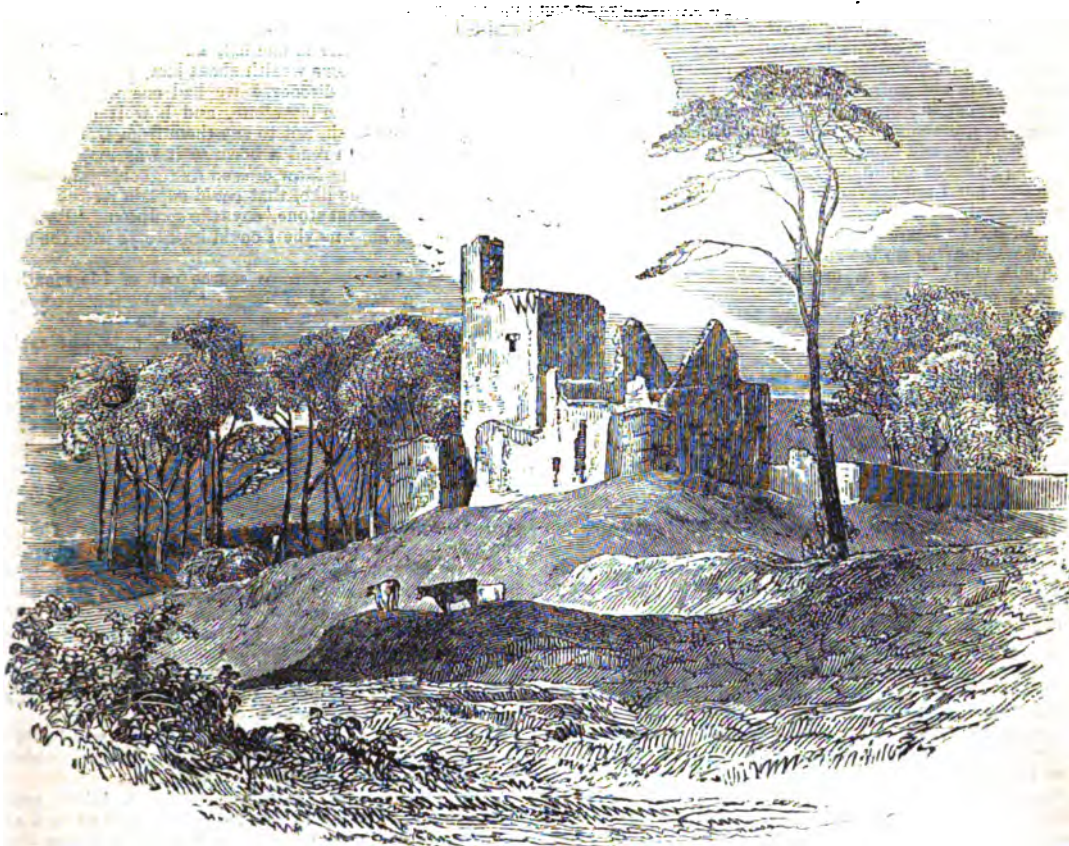


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



GARRY CASTLE, KING'S COUNTY.

Among the many singular characters who figured in Ireland during the last century, by no means the least remarkable was Thomas Coghlan, or Mac Coghlan, the last descendant of a long and ancient family, the ruins of whose fortalice are the subject of the sketch at the head of this article, at least as they appeared some five or six years ago. This extraordinary personage may justly be regarded as the last of the Irish tanistry, as well from his pertinacious adherence to the habits and maxims of that defunct institution, as from his being until his death possessed of the princely domains of his race, almost unimpaired by the many confiscations and revolutions which have swept away so many proud names from the records of Ireland, thus uniting in himself the influence of traditional rank, of such magical weight here, with the influence of territorial possessions, of such magical weight every where. Although for many years a member of the Irish Parliament, as representative for the King's County, the laws which he assisted in making were not at all the laws which he administered. At home every thing was on the patriarchal system,

in all respects conformable to the laws and regulations of the Brehons—himself the grand centre of all authority, his will the fountain of all justice, and his own hand in most cases the administrator of his judgments. Such being the Mac Coghlan, or "the Maw," as he was more generally and rather whimsically designated, it is little wonder that he should live in the fondest remembrance of a people so deeply attached to old names and old ways as the Irish all over the King's County generally, but particularly in that district of it anciently known as the Mac Coghlan's country, now the barony of Garry Castle, so called from the castle before alluded to, the ruins of which stand beside the road leading from Birr to Banagher, and about half a mile from the latter town.

These interesting remains consist of the tall square keep seen in the accompanying view, and the mouldering walls of some outer buildings, the entire enclosed in a considerable area, with round towers at the corners, and entered by a fortified gateway. They seem to be of some antiquity, this having been the site, at all events, of the house of the Mac Coghlan

from the earliest periods, until the more peaceful circumstances of the nation permitted them to abandon their narrow and gloomy security for the beautiful residence of Kilkcolgan, an erection of the seventeenth century, the naked ruins of which now form the chief feature in the landscape to the traveller by the Grand Canal before he reaches Gillen. I am not aware that any records exist to furnish a clue to the history of Garry Castle, nor have I been able to meet any one able to give me any information about it, beyond the usual tirade about Oliver Cromwell, who seems doomed to bear on his back the weight of all the old walls in Ireland. One very old man, who in his youth had been, I believe, a servant of the Maw, was the only person in fact who seemed to know more about it than that it was "an ould castle, an' a great place in the ould times." From him I gathered a good many anecdotes of his former master, of which the following partly bears upon the present subject, and gives rather a good illustration of a class of persons not unfrequently met with, who occasionally support most extraordinary pretensions by methods still more extraordinary, claiming to be proficient in all the forgotten lore of past ages, and even in their rags hinting at powers, the possession of which would be rather enviable. The story is an odd one, but I tell it exactly as I heard it.

"I had business into Banagher one day when I was a gossoon, and just as I came to the hill over Garry Castle, I saw a great crowd moving up the road forinst me. 'Lord rest the sowl that's gone,' says I, crossin' myself, for by course I thought it was a corpse goin' to All Saints' churchyard; but when it came nearer, and I saw the Maw in the front with a whole crowd of gentlemen, some that I knew and more that I didn't, and ne'er a corpse at all with them, I made bould to ax Father Madden what might be the matter.

'Why, my boy,' says he, 'there's some gentlemen come all the ways from Dublin to conster what's written on the big stone over the hall chimley in the ould castle beyant, and the rest of us are going to have the laugh at their ignorance.'

'Deed, your riv rince,' says I, 'an' it's the fine laugh we'll have in airnest, for sure the smallest gossoon in the country could tell them 'twas written by the Danes long ago, and that it's an enchantment.'

'Hould your tongue,' says he in return; 'whatever it is, I'll be bound it'll puzzle them, for by the book I'm not able to read it myself.'

'Troth, thin,' says I, 'if that be the case, it's little sense the likes of them will make out of it.'

By this time, sir, we got inside the ould gateway, and as the Maw's groom was a cousin of my aunt Peg's, he let me into the hall with the rest of the quality. There was the stone, sure enough: a long narrow stone, all the length of the room, with four lines of writing out on it, over the chimley. It was in the part of the ould castle that's down now. Well, sir, one ould gentleman—they said he belonged to that college off there in Dublin—takes his spectacles out of his pocket, an' he puts them on his nose, quite grand like, and he looks at the writing. 'It's not English,' says he, 'nor is it French,' says he after a little, 'nor Jarman;' and then he takes another look. 'It's not Latin,' says he, and the rest of the quality shook their heads very wisely; 'it's not Greek,' says he, and they shook their heads again; 'it's not Hebrew,' says he, 'nor Chaldee, nor—pursuin' to me if I know what it is.'

'Baidershin!' says Father Madden quietly: an' with that, sir, you'd think the vault above our heads 'ud split with the roars of laughing. But the great scholar didn't join in it at all, but pulls the spectacles off his nose, and crams them into his pocket, and looking very big at the priest, 'I'm thinking it's Baulderdash, gentlemen,' says he.

Well, sir, one after another they all tried their skill on it, and one after another they all had to acknowledge their ignorance.

'By the powers,' says the priest, 'by yer talk one 'ud think the hiryglyphics themselves were a Readin'-med-aisy to ye, an' here a plain bit of writin' puzzles ye.'

'Maybe, Father Madden,' says the Maw, 'you'd favour us by constering it yerself.'

'No, sir,' says the priest; 'my vow won't let me read magic; but if you'd wish me to thransport the stone anywhere for you, or do any other little miracle that way, I'd be most happy to obleedge you.'

'Oh, no,' says the Maw, 'we'll not put you to that trouble; but perhaps you would come down with us as far as the inn, and have a bit of lunch.'

'With all the pleasure in life, sir,' says the priest, 'the ra-

ther that I'd like to be discorsing these larned gentlemen here; but indeed the larned gentlemen didn't seem a bit too glad of his company, and small blame to them sure, for may the heavens be his bed, there wasn't a funnier man in the nine counties, or one fonder of followin' up a joke, an' well they knew he wasn't goin' to let them down aisy.

It wasn't long until we were on the road again, makin' fer the town; an' as we were goin' along, who did we meet but a spalpeen from the county Galway, that came over as soon as he met us to beg among the quality; an' sure enough he was as poor-lookin' a crathur as ever axed a charity. His legs were bare, and all blue and brackit with could an' hardship, an' the sorra a skreed of dacin't clothin' he had on him but an ould tattered breeches an' a blanket thrown over his shoulders and fastened at the throat with a big skiver; he had a bag on his back, an' a mether in one fist, an' a bootteen in the other; an' if he had any more wealth about him, sure enough it was hid safely. By the discourse we had one with another, he soon larned about the big stone, and how it puzzled all the scholars in the parish, not to say them from Dublin, an' how the priest refused to read it because it was magic; and bether nor all, how the Maw offered five goold guineas to any poor scholar, or the like, that could explain it.

'I'd like to see that stone,' says the spalpeen. 'Poor-lookin' as I am,' says he, 'maybe I could insine ye into the maining of it.'

Well, sir, the words were scarce out of his mouth when Mac Coghlan was tould of them. 'What's that you say, honest man,' says he, 'can you decypher the writing?'

'I'd like to try anyhow, yer honour,' says the spalpeen; 'worse than fail I can't.'

'Bedad,' says Father Madden, 'it 'ud be a pity not to let you; sure if you say you know nothin' about it, wiser men nor you had to confess that same; an' as for us, why, our time will be as well spent listening to one dunce as to another.'

'Oh, by all manes,' says the Maw, 'we'll go back and hear what he makes of it.' So we all turned back with the spalpeen.

When he came to the stone, it's a different kind of look he gave it entirely from what the quality scholars did; you'd know by the way he fixed his eye on it at the very first, that it was no saycret to him, an' he walked up an' down from one end of the lines to the other, until he had them all read.

'Now, my man,' says the Mac Coghlan, 'if you read it, the reward is yours,' an' he took the five goold guineas out of his purse an' showed them to him.

'I can read it, yer honour,' says the spalpeen; 'but what it says might be displeasin' to some of this company, an' I had bether hould my tongue.'

'By my word,' says Mac Coghlan, 'let who will be offended by it, no part of the blame shall rest on your shoulders, so speak out, an' speak true.'

'Well, yer honour,' says the spalpeen, takin' courage, 'what it says is this, that this castle was built on such a time, an' that it will stand whole an' sound for three hundred years an' no more; an' that it's to be held by eleven Mac Coghlan heirs, and the eleventh will be the last of his race.'

'Bad news for the twelfth,' says Father Madden, 'to have an ould stone barrin' him out of the world that way; and with that they all laughed, all but the Maw, an' he was as pale as death an' stupid-like, for the three hundred years were just run out, an' he was the eleventh heir; but in a minute or two he recovered himself and joined in the laugh as well as the rest.

'Well, my man,' says he at last, 'you have done what all the learned men in the land couldn't do, an' though the news isn't the pleasantest, you must have your reward. Now listen to me: give up your wandering life and settle here; I'll give you a house an' five acres free of rent for ever: this money will set you up, an' I promise you that you shall never want in my time, short as it is to be. Will you take my offer?'

'Why, thin,' says the spalpeen, 'many thanks by course to yer honour for makin' it; but for all the land yer honour has, or one of your name ever had, I wouldn't live other than I do: though I'm here now, 'tis many a mile from where I slept last night, or maybe from where I'll sleep to-night. Goold or silver avails me little, or if they did, maybe I could tell where to find what 'ud buy Galway ten times over.'

'Bedad, honest man,' says Father Madden, 'if you know so much as all that, it 'ud be a great charity entirely for you to stop awhile an' open school here; I'll be bound you'll have a fine lot of scholars, an' I don't say but myself 'ud be among the number.'

'Troth there's many a man 'ud like to have my knowledge, I have no doubt,' says the spalpeen; 'but I'm thinkin' there's few here or elsewhere 'ud like to learn in the school where I got it.'

'Lord save us!' says the priest; 'you didn't sell yourself to the ould boy for it, did you, you nasty brute?'

'I bought it with the past an' not with the future,' says the spalpeen; 'an' what ye saw of it is nothing to what I could show if I had a mind: the blessin' of the poor be with your honour, if it be any use to you, an' it's wishin' I am that I had a luckier story to tell you, an' he turned to go away.'

'Well, my good fellow,' says the Maw, 'any how you're not goin' to quit so soon. Neither gentle nor simple passes this road without eating with the Mac Coghlan, an' you must follow the rule as well as another: stay as long as you like, an' go when you like; an' I give you my word you shall have the best of treatement, an' no one shall bother you with any questions you don't like.'

'Yer honour,' says the spalpeen, 'I'm not a young man, an' yet my head was never this many a night twice on the same pillow, an' you'd be a long day findin' out the spot that in that time I haven't visited.'

'Maybe you're the Wanderin' Jew,' exclaimed Father Madden.

'Jew or Gentile,' says the spalpeen, 'a wanderer I am, an' a wanderer I must be; an' now good bye to ye all, an' God bless ye; and with that away he walked, an' the never a sight of him did any one in Banagher lay his eyes on since. Some said he was this and some said he was that, and more said he was a sperrit; but what do ye think but the great scholars from Dublin, to hide their ignorance, gave out that he was somebody that Father Madden tuthored for the purpose to make little of thim an' their larnin', and have the laugh against thim.'

Next morning when all the country went out of curiosity to see the big stone, they found it torn down an' carried off, for Mac Coghlan got it taken down in the night an' buried somewhere; but, any how, it tould nothin' but the truth, for in a few years after, the castle fell with the frost, an' not long after that Mac Coghlan died; an' sure you know yourself that he was the last of his name." A. M'C.

We should be grateful to any of our correspondents who would favour us with a biographical sketch of the last Mac Coghlan, of whom so many stories are still related by the peasantry of the King's County, and of whom the following sketch is given in Mr Brewer's Beauties of Ireland: it is from the pen of the late Chevalier Colonel de Montmorency. P.

"Thomas Coghlan, Esq.—or, in attention to local phraseology, 'the Maw' [that is, Mao], for he was not known or addressed in his own domain by any other appellation—was a remarkably handsome man; gallant, eccentric; proud, satirical; hospitable in the extreme, and of expensive habits. In disdain of modern times he adhered to the national customs of Ireland, and the modes of living practised by his ancestors. His house was ever open to strangers. His tenants held their lands at will, and paid their rents, according to the ancient fashion, partly in kind, and the remainder in money. 'The Maw' levied the fines of mortmain when a vassal died. He became heir to the defunct farmer; and no law was admissible, or practised, within the precincts of Mac Coghlan's domain, but such as savoured of the Brehon code. It must be observed, however, that, most commonly, 'the Maw's' commands, enforced by the impressive application of his horse-whip, instantly decided a litigated point! From this brief outline it might be supposed that we were talking of Ireland early in the seventeenth century, but Mr Coghlan died not longer back than about the year 1790. With him perished the rude grandeur of his long-drawn line. He died without issue, and destitute of any legitimate male representative to inherit his name, although most of his followers were of the sept of the Coghlan's, none of whom, however, were strictly qualified, or were suffered by 'the Maw,' to use the Mac, or to claim any relationship with himself. His great estate passed at his decease to the son of his sister, the late Right Hon. Denis Bowes Daly, of Daly's-town, county of Galway, who likewise had no children, and who, shortly before his death in 1821, sold the Mac Coghlan estate to divers persons, the chief purchaser being Thomas Bernard, Esq. M. P., in whom the larger proportion of the property is now vested."

### THE ROYAL FAMILY OF STATEN-ISLAND.

It has long been the general belief that the gipsy race, which is found every where else, has never yet penetrated into America; but the opinion is erroneous. There is a family on Staten-Island whose history and habits prove their Zingaro descent, despite the counter evidence of their white skins, patches of which may be seen through the rents of their tatters, like intervals of blue sky in a clouded empyrean.

The patriarch of the horde was in his lifetime reputed an Englishman, although upon this point no intelligence exists in any parish register or book of heraldry—a matter the less to be regretted that his birth is not likely to be disputed by rival nations or cities. All that is certainly known of him is, that he made his appearance on the island about forty years ago, an incarnation of laxness and pauperism, accompanied by a biped of the feminine gender, whom, as God made her, we are content to call a woman: they evinced no desire to hold fellowship with their kind, but immediately plunged into the woods, where they pertinaciously hid whatever talents and merits they possessed. Probably the world used them ill, and like Timon they had left it in disgust. They built themselves a hut of brushwood, and lived, unknowing and unknown, upon the wild products of the soil and the sea-shore, the world forgetting and the world forgot. No one was favoured with any notice of their former history; they wrought not for hire, nor did they seek to render themselves in the slightest degree useful to their fellow-creatures. They were satisfied with a bare, mysterious existence, the objects of wonder and pity; and only proved themselves human by increasing the population of Staten-Land with ten sons and daughters.

In time the he-patriarch died, and his fame died with him; but not till he had so indoctrinated his hopeful family, that they have ever since followed his praiseworthy example. A short time since we paid these Children of the Mist a visit at their residence, profiting by one of a thousand changes of abode which brought them within an easy walk of the Quarantine-Ground. Others may seek objects of interest abroad; we are content with what may be found near home; and in this singular family we found a happy practical illustration of the Golden Age, which poets so much regret, and agrarians politicians so devoutly hope and expect to restore. By the margin of a stagnant swamp, rife with malaria and intermittent fever, embosomed in thick woods, stood a pen of rough boards, obtained heaven knows how, about ten feet square, into which about fifty specimens of animal life, human and canine, were crowded. The den was roofed over, and refused entrance to the sun, but was by no means so inhospitable to the rain. The four winds of heaven sought and found free ingress and egress through the chinks; the floor was not; and altogether we have seen much better appointed pig-styes. We first discovered our proximity to this Temple of the Winds by the greeting of a herd of sorry curs, who made a great noise, but retreated snarling, and with averted tails, at the first exhibition of a stone or a stick, as the dogs of the aborigines are wont to do. A shrill, cracked, but clear voice from within, uplifted in energetic objurgation, stilled the clamour, and we entered upon a scene that beggars and defies description. We had seen poverty before, but had never an adequate conception of its extreme until now.

A bundle of rags, endowed with suspicious and alarming powers of locomotion, advanced to do the honours of the mansion. An unearthly squeak, that would have driven a parrot of any ear distracted, proclaimed that the thing was human; and after close inspection we made out a set of features which we could only have supposed to belong to Calvin Edson or the Witch of Endor. The head surmounted a withered atomy, from which every muscular fibre seemed to have dried away. There was nothing left for Decay to prey upon: a particle more of waste, and the fabric must have evaporated, or been scattered with the first puff, like a pinch of snuff. This was the worthy mother of the brood. Age could not make her head whiter. She must have been more than a century old, and yet hearing, vision, speech, every faculty, was unimpaired, and she was as brisk as any of the horde. According to all appearances, Time had lost all power over her, and she may yet live longer than the everlasting pyramids. Fancy a mummy stalking from its case, and you have some idea of this spectral apparition.

Around the den were arranged without arrangement four rude bedsteads, guiltless then and for ever of beds, or any succedaneum therefor; these being unnecessary and enervat.

ing luxuries, in the opinion of the inmates. Not one of these was born in a bed, or had ever pressed one, and why should they not do as they had ever done? The only purpose of the frames seemed to be to keep them from dying on the bare earth. The whole score and a half of humanities might have possessed some four or five threadbare and tattered blankets, such a stock of clothing as might have furnished forth one respectable scarecrow, and perhaps half a shirt among them; but of the latter item we are somewhat uncertain, as we considered any particular scrutiny especially indelicate. The hut was literally full of trumpery, the use of most of which it were difficult even to guess. The following, as nearly as memory serves us, is a correct inventory:—

An old worn-out saddle; three steel-traps; fifteen dogs, bitches, and puppies; about a crate full of damaged crockery and pottery; an iron pot, without a bale or cover, and two legs off; a tin kettle, with three holes in the bottom; a fish-spear, an axe, a dozen fishing-rods and tackle; as many rags as would set up a paper mill; about a peck of clams, a damaged bucket, and a great variety of other things nameless and indescribable.

These true philosophers all appeared to enjoy the most robust health, with one exception, who was shaking with a paroxysm of ague on one of the frames before mentioned. The men were stout, hearty fellows, who might do their country good service at the tail of a plough or the end of a musket; but their ambition does not soar so high. They literally take no thought for to-morrow, though they very well know what a day must bring forth. They justly consider themselves

— "out of Fortune's power;  
He that is down can fall no lower."

Once in a great while they may be persuaded to perform a day's labour, but these are rare and painful occasions, always followed by regret and repentance; and when their immediate wants are supplied, they return to the luxurious and indolent repose, which is their second nature, and which they enjoy in a perfection only appreciable by the Neapolitan lazzaroni. When they have thus been compelled to pass a night under a roof, it has been remarked that no human logic can persuade one of them to submit to the abhorred contact of soap and water, or to sleep in a bed, suppose any person could be found willing so to accommodate them. They own no boats, and they neither hire nor borrow them. Such property requires care and trouble, and rowing is laborious. A cow was once the apex of their ambition; but hunger knocks often at their door, and was fatal to poor Brindle. They are not rich enough to buy a gun. The conies, partridges, snapping-tortoises, frogs, squirrels, and such small deer, are their flocks and herds, and the earth produces wild artichokes and other esculent roots. As for their religion, they believe in beef and bread, and go to church, like parasitical insects, as often as they are carried. They believe that the earth is flat, and that the city of New York and the Narrows are its limits. To be hung up in a cage in the sunshine, with licence to scratch themselves, and to be well fed, constitutes their notion of heaven; and the county alms-house, where able-bodied people are constrained to work, is the purgatory of their imagination, or something worse. They think it is better to sleep than to be awake, to lie than to sit, to sit than to stand, to stand than to walk, and to walk than to run. Dancing is to them an incomprehensible abomination. They own no lord, they heed no law. They have nothing, and they want nothing. To cold, heat, rain, &c., they are perfectly indifferent, and their only known evil is pain, which comes to them only in the shape of hunger and intermittent fever. Nerves and delicacy they never heard of. Thus have they ever lived, and thus they will die.

The women at the time of our visit differed from the men only in attire, a superior volubility, a natural, rough-hewn coquetry, and the possession of certain brass trinkets, faded ribbons, and other fantastic fineries. None of them were either young or handsome enough to mark them as the victims of man's villany. The smaller fry about their wretched cabin attest that they have not in the least neglected the first command of God to man, though no priest or preacher can say that he has received a wedding fee on account of either of them. Their usual employment is to loll upon fences and gather berries, and they are also said to be skilful in roots and herbs. Some of them sometimes go to service for a time; but they soon return to their lair, like a sow to her wallowing in the mire. The alms-house has also afforded them an asylum in cases of emergency, but they invariably escape from it as soon as there is any work to be done. They toil not, nei-

ther do they spin; and assuredly Solomon, with all his wisdom, never dreamed of such a thing as one of these!

Many have asked, as we did, and many more will ask, "How do these people live?" Ask Him who feeds the ravens, for no-one else can answer. That they do not work, is certain; that they neither beg nor steal, is to be inferred from the fact that their fellow Staten-landers have never accused them, and that they have never undergone the rebuke of the law. They are as harmless and inoffensive as they are useless. They are proverbially good-natured and honest; they do not get drunk, or abuse tobacco; for although some of them have a relish for these luxuries, it would cost too much trouble to earn the price of them. Otherwise, they are the very Yahoos of Gulliver.

Some philosophers have taught that content is the grand desideratum, the greatest good of earthly felicity. The contentment of savages and of negro slaves is brought to support their position. It is true that these are happy under their painful and degrading yoke; but what of that? Simon Stylites was no doubt happy on his pillow of torment: an ox, on the same principle, and for the same reason, is happier still, and the life of an oyster is bliss superlative. "The royal family of Staten-Island" are an example before our eyes to show how closely contentment may be allied with the extremes of degradation.—*From the Knickerbocker.*

### THE BLIND BOY.

Oh, mother, is it spring once more—  
The same bright laughing spring  
That used to come in days of yore  
With glad and welcome wing?  
And is the infant primrose born,  
And peerless daisy child  
Beneath the bowed and budding thorn,  
All beautiful and wild?  
And does the sky break out as blue  
Between the April show'rs,  
And smilingly impart its hue  
To her young violet show'rs?  
And is the sun, the blessed sun,  
As dazzling in his might,  
As glorious now to look upon,  
As when I loved his light?  
As when, with clear and happy eye,  
Beneath that light I strayed,  
Or in the noontday brilliancy  
Sought out some cooling shade?  
And when the spring show'rs drop away,  
Will summer days come fast,  
All rich with bloom—oh, mother, say I—  
As when I saw them last?  
Will merry children gambol o'er  
The meads, or by the brooks—  
Seek out the wild bee's honey store  
In some deep grassy nook?  
Or where the sparkling waters flow  
Go wand'ring far away,  
To cull the tallest reeds that grow,  
And weave them all the day?  
And will they climb the tall old trees,  
And at the topmost height  
Find birds of beauty, such as these  
That charm my long, long night?  
Or ranging o'er the wild morass  
Fluck the fair bog-down's head?  
Or o'er the long and slender grass  
String berries ripe and red?  
They will!—but I shall not be there:  
For me, oh! never more  
Shall spring put forth her blossoms fair,  
Or summer shed her store!  
Yet think not, mother, if I weep,  
'Tis for the seasons' gleam;  
Or if I gladden in my sleep,  
'Tis of such things I dream.  
No, mother, no!—'tis that thy cheek,  
Thy smile of tender joy,  
Thine eye of light, that used to speak  
Such fondness to thy boy—



It is the thought that that dear face—  
Oh, bitter, bitter pain!—  
Is blotted out through time and space  
For ever from my brain!

My mother, darling, lay my head  
Upon thy own lov'd breast,  
And let thy voice low music abed  
To lull thy child to rest;

And press thy soft and dewy kiss  
Upon his beaming brow,  
And let him feel, or fancy bliss—  
'Tis all that's left him now.

What though the noonday's sunny prime  
Can yield unnumbered charms,  
Give me the silent midnight time  
That lays me in thy arms.

For there I dream of joy and light,  
The things I once could prize,  
Ere darkness threw its dreary blight  
Upon my glad young eyes.

And in the same bright dreamy thought,  
I gaze upon once more  
My mother's face, with feeling fraught  
E'en deeper than of yore.

Yet do not weep, my mother dear,  
Thy love is more than light—  
Thy soothing hand, thy tender tear,  
More blessed e'en than sight!

And while that hand is clasped in mine,  
My fault'ring steps to guide,  
I will not murmur or repine,  
Or grieve for aught beside.

But, mother, when I soar away,  
From life's drear darkness free,  
Oh! shall I not through heaven's long day  
Live gazing upon thee!

W. C. L.

### THE REAL "TEMPERANCE CORDIAL."

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"WELL," said Andrew Furlong to James Lacey, "well! that ginger cordial, of all the things I ever tasted, is the nicest and warmest. It's beautiful stuff; and so cheap."

"What good does it do ye, Andrew? and what want have you of it?" inquired James Lacey.

"What good does it do me!" repeated Andrew, rubbing his forehead in a manner that showed he was perplexed by the question; "why, no great good, to be sure; and I can't say I've any want of it; for since I became a member of the 'Total Abstinence Society,' I've lost the megrim in my head and the weakness I used to have about my heart. I'm as strong and hearty in myself as any one can be, God be praised! And sure, James, neither of us could turn out in such a coat as *this*, this time twelvemonth."

"And that's true," replied James; "but we must remember that if leaving off whisky enables us to show a good habit, taking to 'ginger cordial,' or any thing of that kind, will soon wear a hole in it."

"You are always fond of your fun," replied Andrew. "How can you prove that?"

"Easy enough," said James. "Intoxication was the worst part of a whisky-drinking habit; but it was not the only bad part. It spent TIME, and it spent what well-managed time always gives, MONEY. Now, though they do say—mind, I'm not quite sure about it, for they may put things in it they don't own to, and your eyes look brighter, and your cheek more flushed than if you had been drinking nothing stronger than milk or water—but they do say that ginger cordials, and all kinds of cordials, do not intoxicate. I will grant this; but you cannot deny that they waste both time and money."

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Andrew. "I only went with two or three other boys to have a glass, and I don't think we spent more than half an hour—not three quarters, certainly; and there's no great harm in laying out a penny or twopence that way, now and again."

"Half an hour even, breaks a day," said James, "and what is worse, it unsettles the mind for work; and we ought to be very careful of any return to the *old habit*, that has destroyed many of us, body and soul, and made the name of an Irishman a by-word and a reproach, instead of

a glory and an honour. A penny, Andrew, breaks the silver shilling into coppers; and twopence will buy half a stone of potatoes—that's a consideration. If we don't manage to keep things comfortable at home, the women won't have the heart to mend the coat. Not," added James with a sly smile, "that I can deny having taken to TEMPERANCE CORDIALS myself."

"You!" shouted Andrew, "you, and a pretty fellow you are to be blaming me, and then forced to confess you have taken to them yourself. But I suppose they'll wear no hole in your coat? Oh, to be sure not, you are such a good manager!"

"Indeed," answered James, "I was anything but a good manager eighteen months ago: as you well know, I was in rags, never at my work of a Monday, and seldom on Tuesday. My poor wife, my gentle patient Mary, often bore hard words; and though she will not own it, I fear still harder blows, when I had driven away my senses. My children were pale, half-starved, naked creatures, disputing a potato with the pig my wife tried to keep to pay the rent, well knowing I would never do it. Now——"

"But the cordial, my boy!" interrupted Andrew, "the cordial—sure I believe every word of what you've been telling me is as true as gospel; ain't there hundreds, ay, thousands, at this moment on Ireland's blessed ground, that can tell the same story. But the cordial! and to think of your never owning it before: is it ginger, or aniseed, or peppermint?"

"None of these—and yet it's the *real* thing, my boy."

"Well, then," persisted Andrew, "let's have a drop of it; you're not going, I'm sure, to drink by yourself—and as I've broke the afternoon——"

A very heavy shadow passed over James's face, for he saw that there must have been something hotter than even ginger in the "temperance cordial," as it is falsely called, that Andrew had taken, or else he would have endeavoured to redeem lost time, not to waste more; and he thought how much better the REAL temperance cordial was, that, instead of exciting the brain, only warms the heart.

"No," he replied after a pause, "I must go and finish what I was about; but this evening at seven o'clock meet me at the end of our lane, and then I'll be very happy of your company."

Andrew was sorely puzzled to discover what James's cordial could be, and was forced to confess to himself that he hoped it would be different from what he had taken that afternoon, which certainly had made him feel confused and inactive.

At the appointed hour the friends met in the lane.

"Which way do we go?" inquired Andrew.

"Home," was James's brief reply.

"Oh, you take it at home?" said Andrew.

"I make it at home," answered James.

"Well," observed Andrew, "that's very good of the woman that owns ye. Now, mine takes on so about a drop of any thing, that she's as hard almost on the cordials as she used to be on the whisky."

"My Mary helps to make mine," observed James.

"And do you bottle it or keep it on draught?" inquired Andrew, very much interested in the "cordial" question.

James laughed very heartily at this, and answered,

"Oh, I keep mine on draught—always on draught; there's nothing like having plenty of a good thing, so I keep mine always on draught; and then James laughed again, and so heartily, that Andrew thought surely his real temperance cordial must contain something quite as strong as what he had blamed him for taking.

James's cottage door was open, and as they approached it they saw a good deal of what was going forward within. A square table, placed in the centre of the little kitchen, was covered by a clean white cloth—knives, forks, and plates for the whole family, were ranged upon it in excellent order; the hearth had been swept, the house was clean, the children rosy, well dressed, and all doing something. "Mary," whom her husband had characterised as "the patient," was busy and bustling, in the very act of adding to the coffee, which was steaming on the table, the substantial accompaniments of fried eggs and bacon, with a large dish of potatoes. When the children saw their father, they ran to meet him with a great shout, and clung around to tell him all they had done that day. The eldest girl declared she had achieved the heel of a stocking; one boy wanted his father to come and see how straight he had planted the cabbages; while another avowed his proficiency in addition, and volunteered to do a sum instantaneously on a slate which he had just cleaned. Happily

ness in a cottage seems always more real than it does in a gorgeous palace. It is not wasted in large rooms—it is concentrated—a great deal of love in a small space—a great, great deal of joy and hope within narrow walls, and compressed, as it were, by a low roof. Is it not a blessed thing that the most moderate means become enlarged by the affections?—that the love of a peasant within his sphere, is as deep, as fervent, as true, as lasting, as sweet, as the love of a prince?—that all our best and purest affections will grow and expand in the poorest *worldly* soil?—and that we need not be rich to be happy? James felt all this and more when he entered his cottage, and was thankful to God who had opened his eyes, and taught him what a number of this world's gifts, that were within even his humble reach, might be enjoyed without sin. He stood—a poor but happy father within the sacred temple of his home; and Andrew had the warm heart of an Irishman beating in his bosom, and consequently shared his joy.

"I told you," said James, "I had the *true temperance cordial* at home—do you not see it in the simple prosperity by which, owing to the blessings of temperance, I am surrounded?—do you not see it in the rosy cheeks of my children, in the smiling eyes of my wife—did I not tell truly that she helped to make it? Is not this a true cordial," he continued, while his own eyes glistened with manly tears, "is not the prosperity of this cottage a *true temperance cordial*?—and is it not *always on draught*, flowing from an ever-filling fountain? Am I not right, Andrew; and will you not forthwith take my receipt, and make it for yourself? You will never wish for any other: it is warmer than ginger, and sweeter than anniseed. I am sure you will agree with me that a loving wife, in the enjoyment of the humble comforts which an industrious *sober* husband can bestow, smiling, healthy, well-clad children, and a clean cabin, where the fear of God banishes all other fears, make

THE TRUE TEMPERANCE CORDIAL!"

## THE SAP IN VEGETABLES.

### FIRST ARTICLE.

BOTANISTS describe two kinds of vegetable sap; the one is called the ascending or unelaborated sap, the other the descending or elaborated sap. If a young branch be cut across in the spring season, the newly exposed surfaces will be found rapidly to cover themselves with a dew, especially that portion which is continuous with the trunk—this moisture is the ascending sap: while if during the summer or autumn a piece of twine be tightly drawn and knotted round a young branch of lilac, the part above this ligature will shortly become swollen, and will bulge out on every side, in consequence of an impediment having been thus presented to the downward flow of the descending sap, which will be therefore forced to accumulate in the situation described. The reader may perceive that the origin from whence these two kinds of sap are derived, their chemical composition, the part of the vegetable through which they pass, the causes which produce the ascent of one and the descent of the other, together with the uses of both in the vegetable economy, are questions of great interest, as well to the farmer as the horticulturist.

The source from whence the ascending sap is derived is the aliment absorbed by the roots from the soil. This aliment consists essentially of two substances; one of these being sufficiently familiar, namely, water; and the other commonly existing in the atmosphere under the form of gas or air, but likewise capable of solution in water, namely, carbonic acid; this substance is known to every one as the cause, by its escape, of the boiling appearance seen in freshly uncorked soda water. These two substances constitute the necessary aliment of vegetables: at the same time it is notorious that various matters, such as manures, earths, &c. greatly facilitate the growth of plants; but these matters produce this effect either by supplying a greater quantity of carbonic acid, or by acting in a manner similar to condiments; for in the same way as spices taken into the stomach along with food invigorate the digestive power, so do many minerals, when absorbed by the roots, operate in promoting the nutrition of vegetables.

The chemical composition of the ascending sap is chiefly a solution of sugar and gum in water. In the northern states of America, sugar in large quantities is obtained from some species of maple, principally the sugar maple and swamp maple of Canada, by boring the stem, collecting the ascending sap which flows from the wound, and evaporating away its

watery portions. It is an interesting question, from whence proceed the sugar and gum contained in this ascending sap? The only satisfactory reply to this question is, that these substances become formed out of the water and carbonic acid absorbed from the soil; but this is a transformation which cannot be effected by the most expert chemist, so that we find in this, as in many other instances, a living body is a laboratory in which Nature executes changes far transcending the loftiest efforts of man's ingenuity.

The part of the vegetable through which the sap ascends can be easily shown in any of the ordinary trees of this country. If a branch from a currant shrub be placed with its inferior and newly cut surface immersed first in a solution of green vitriol and afterwards in an infusion of nutgalls, the course through which these fluids ascend may be traced by the black colour produced by their mixture; for every one knows that a mixture of green vitriol and nutgalls produces ink, and in the experiment just described, the solutions of these substances following each other in their ascent, inscribe in a manner on the interior of the branch the path which they successively pursued. This course will be found to exist between the bark and the pith, these parts being quite unchanged, while the intermediate portion of wood will be deeply coloured.

The causes which produce the ascent of the sap are of a very powerful nature. The celebrated Hales ascertained that a vine branch, in a few days, sucked up water with a force equal to the weight of sixteen pounds on the square inch: this was a power greater than atmospheric pressure; and when it is recollected that the pressure of the atmosphere is capable of lifting thirty-three or thirty-four feet of water in a common pump, some estimate may be formed of the force with which the sap ascends. This ascent appears to be produced by the influence of two causes: the one, a quality peculiar to living beings, by which the buds in common with all growing organs are capable of attracting or sucking towards them the juices necessary for their nutrition; and in agreement with this, the sap is found to ascend in the first instance near the buds: the other, a general property of all matter which has been but lately discovered. This latter property, which has been called endosmose, is found to operate when two fluids of different densities are separated by a membrane. Under these circumstances, and in obedience to an attraction for each other, both fluids pass through the membrane, and mix together; but the denser and thicker fluid finding a greater difficulty to penetrate the membrane than the lighter and thinner, consequently passes through in less quantity. To illustrate this, let us suppose a bladder containing a little syrup, and placed in a vessel of water, and we will have the conditions necessary for endosmose: the syrup and water will both pass through the bladder in opposite directions, but a greater quantity of water will pass into the syrup, than of the latter into the water. It will be evident to the reader that this excess of thin liquid passing into the denser will constitute a force or power which will require an equal force to neutralise it; and it has been ascertained that the tendency of water to penetrate a membrane for the purpose of mixing with a syrup of one and a third its own specific weight, required a force equal to sixty-three pounds on the square inch to overcome it. Now, a plant growing in the ground is similarly circumstanced to the bladder in this experiment: its roots furnished with extremities of spongy membrane are interposed between thin water and carbonic acid externally, and a syrupy solution of sugar and gum internally. Now, under these circumstances we need not be surprised if an endosmose should operate, abundantly sufficient to elevate the sap with a force even greater than that determined by Hales.

The use of the ascending sap in the vegetable economy is the last subject which we shall consider in this article. On a future occasion we shall endeavour to show that it is out of the ascending sap that the descending or elaborated sap is chiefly formed; but besides this utility of the ascending sap, as the source of the descending sap, the former has special functions of its own to perform. If we inquire what period of the year is the ascending sap in greatest quantity, we shall find it to be during the spring season. Now, this is the time when the buds become pushed out into branches, and the young leaves peep forth: the roots also during this season increase in thickness. Another means which we possess of ascertaining the uses of this sap, is by protecting plants from the influence of light: in total darkness no elaborated sap is ever formed; therefore, whatever vegetation may then take place, must be solely at the expense of the ascending sap. Under such

circumstances the plant becomes very succulent, its stems grow to a great length, no vegetable fibre can be detected in its substance, its colour is blanched, it possesses no bitter or aromatic properties, and it does not develop flowers. Potatoes growing in a dark cellar, or celery protected from the light, by earth heaped around its foot-stalks, will afford familiar examples. These considerations lead us to the belief that out of the ascending sap is formed the fleshy part of vegetables, which, by its production, increases the length of the stem, and the thickness of the roots. In our next article we will describe the most remarkable properties of the ascending sap.

T. A.

### MEN OF GENIUS.

HAVE any of our friends any persons of this description amongst the young men of their acquaintance? We think they must, for they are very plentiful: they are to be found every where. We ourselves know somewhere about half a dozen of one kind or other; and it is of these different kinds we purpose here to speak.

Before doing this, however, let us remark, that the sort of geniuses to whom we allude are to be found amongst young men only: for, generally speaking, it is only while men are young that they are subject to the delusion of supposing themselves geniuses. As they advance in life, they begin to suspect that there has been some mistake in the matter. A few years more, and they become convinced of it; when, wisely dropping all pretensions to the character, they step quietly back into the ranks amongst their fellows.

It is true that some old fools, especially amongst the poetical tribe, continue to cling to the unhappy belief of their being gifted, and go on writing maudlin rhymes to the end of the chapter. But most men become in time alive to the real state of the case, and, willingly resigning the gift of genius, are thankful to find that they have common sense.

While under the hallucination alluded to, however, the sort of geniuses of whom we speak are rather amusing subjects of study. We have known a great many of them in our day, and have found that they resolve themselves into distinct classes, such classes being formed by certain differing characteristics and pretensions: the individuals of each class, however, presenting in their peculiarities a striking resemblance to each other.

First comes, at any rate in such order shall we take them, the Poetical Genius. This is a poor, bleached-faced thing, with a simpering, self-satisfied countenance, an effeminate air and manner, and of insufferable conceit. It is an insolent creature too, for it treats you and everybody with the most profound contempt. Its calm, confident smirk, and lack-a-daisical look, are amongst the most provoking things in nature, and always inspire you with a violent desire to kick it out of your presence.

The poetical genius is by far the most useless of the whole tribe of geniuses. Wrapt up in his misty, maudlin dreams of cerulean heavens, and daisied meads, and purling rills, he is totally unfitted for the ordinary business of ordinary life. He is besides not unfrequently a little deranged in his upper works. Having heard, or having of himself imbibed a notion, that madness and genius are allied, he, although of perfectly sane mind originally, takes to raving, to staring wildly about him, and to practising various of the other extravagances of insanity, till he becomes actually half cracked: some of them indeed get stark staring mad.

The poetical genius is addicted to tea parties, and to writing in albums. He also much affects the society of tabbies: for of all his admirers he finds them the most liberal and indiscriminate in their praise. These good creatures drench him with weak tea, and he in return does them with still weaker poetry. This is the class that supplies the newspapers with the article just named, at least so named by courtesy, figuring therein as J. F.'s and P. D.'s, &c.

The next class of geniuses which we propose to consider, is the Oratorical Genius. This person labours under the delusion of supposing himself a second Demosthenes. He is a great frequenter of debating societies, and other similar associations, where he makes long, prosy, unintelligible speeches—speeches full of mist and moonshine, in which no human being can discover the slightest trace of drift or purpose. These frothy, babble-and-sneak orations the young gentleman prepares at home, fitting himself and them for public exhibition

by raving and ranting them over in his own room, to the great annoyance of his neighbours.

These speeches, when they do not produce nausea, which they are very apt to do, or at least a disagreeable feeling of squeamishness, are powerful soporifics, and, possessing this quality, would be rather grateful than otherwise, if one were in bed when within hearing of them; but unhappily this pleasant effect is neutralised by the roaring and stamping that accompanies their delivery: so that this sort of orator is in reality a positive nuisance.

The oratorical genius is nearly, if not every bit, as conceited as the poetical genius. He has the same provoking, self-satisfied simper, and is in other respects a still greater bore, for his forensic habits and practices, without furnishing him with a single additional idea, have given him an unhappy fluency of speech, which he himself mistakes for eloquence, and with which he mercilessly inundates every one whom he can get beneath the spout of his oratorical pump. Every thing he says to you is said in set phrase—in the stiff, formal, affected language of the debating society. His remarks on the most ordinary subjects are all regular built speeches—dull, long-winded, prosy things, smelling strong of the forum.

We know a speculative or debating society man the moment he opens his mouth. We know him by his studied, prolix phraseology, and much, much do we dread him, for of all earthly bores he is the most intolerable. To be obliged to listen to his maudlin philology and misty metaphysics—for they are all to a man philologists or metaphysicians—is about one of the most distressing inflictions we know.

The next genius on our list is the Universal Genius, perhaps the most amusing of the whole fraternity. This gentleman, although perfectly satisfied that he is a genius, and a very great genius too, does not know himself precisely in what he excels. He has no definite ideas on the subject, and in this respect is rather at a loss. But he enjoys a delightful consciousness of a capacity that would enable him to surpass in anything to which he might choose to devote himself, and that in fact he does surpass in everything. His pretensions therefore rest on a very broad basis, and embrace all human attainments. He is in short a universal genius. This gentleman is very apt to assume peculiarities in dress and exterior appearance, to wear odd things in an odd way, and to sport a few eccentricities because he has heard or imagines that all geniuses are eccentric. These are common and favourite expedients with the would-be genius, who moreover frequently adds dissipation to his distinguishing characteristics, it being a pretty general notion that genius is drunken, and of a wild and irregular life.

To make out this character, then, the universal genius takes to breaking the public lamps, wrenching off bell-handles, kicking up rows in taverns with the waiters and others, and on the streets with the police; gets his head broken and his eyes blackened; keeps late hours, and goes home drunk every night; and thus becomes a genius of the first order. This sort of genius, we have observed, is much addicted to wearing odd sorts of head-dresses, fantastic caps all befurred and betasselled, and moreover greatly affects the bare throat, or wearing only an apology for a neckcloth, with shirt-collar turned down—in this aiming at a fine wild brigandish sort of look and appearance, much coveted by geniuses of a certain order.

Nature, however, does not always favour those ambitious attempts at the bold and romantic, for we often find them associated with snub noses, lantern jaws, and the most stupid and unmeaning countenances, that express anything but a consciousness of character with pretension. We have known geniuses of this kind—the bare-necked and turned-down-colored—set up for romantic desperadoes on the strength of a hairy throat and a pair of bushy whiskers.

The great class of universal geniuses now under consideration may, on close inspection, be found to subdivide itself into several minor classes, including the Sublime Genius, the Solemn Genius, and another tribe which has hitherto been, we rather think, without a name, but which we shall take the liberty of calling the Dirty Genius. This is a curious species of the race. The dirty genius delights in unkempt looks, which he not only allows but encourages to hang about his face and behind on his coat collar, in large tangled filthy looking masses. He delighteth also in an unwashed face, in dirty linen, and in a general slovenliness and shabbiness of apparel. The pretensions of this genius are very high; for he affects to be superior to all the common observances of

civilised life; its courtesies and amenities he holds in the most sovereign contempt; despises soap and water, and rises proudly above white stockings and clean shirts.

There are several other descriptions of geniuses, on each of which we could say an edifying word or two, but reserve them for another occasion. C.

**ANECDOTE OF THE LATE MR BRADBURY, THE CELEBRATED CLOWN.**—In the year 1814, when Mr Bradbury was in the heyday of his popularity, he lodged in Portsmouth, in the well-known and elegant establishment called the Crown Hotel, then kept by a Mr Hanna, where a number of the fashionable and gay daily resorted. It happened at a dinner party where a considerable number were present, Mr Bradbury introduced a most splendid gold snuff-box which had been shortly before presented to him by the members of a convivial club to which he belonged, in token of their estimation of him as a convivial friend and of his talents in his line of acting, which qualities he was known to possess in a very high degree. This box he highly prized, and it was sent round the table and admired by all. After some time, however, it was found not to be forthcoming. Every one stared—no one had it—all had seen it the moment before, but could not tell what could possibly have become of it. In vain the owner entreated every gentleman to search his pocket, as some one might have taken it inadvertently. All tried without success. After remaining an hour in the greatest anxiety, in which the company seemed to participate, they separated. Mr Bradbury consulted some of his friends on this very unpleasant business, who advised him to send for a Bow Street officer, who might from his habits be able to suggest some means of detection. This advice was instantly followed, and Rivett, the well-known peace-officer, was sent for. The same company met next day at dinner, and the most anxious inquiries were made by all for the box, but still no account of it. Amongst the company was a Captain C—, who was aide-de-camp to General Leake, who was then going out to India, and waiting for the first fair wind. This gentleman was the first to quit the room after dinner, and by a preconcerted arrangement was followed into his bedroom by Rivett, who was waiting outside. Mr Bradbury also followed; and it was immediately communicated to Captain C— that he must submit to a search, a warrant for that purpose having been obtained against every gentleman in the room. This was instantly submitted to in the most cheerful manner by Captain C—, who invited them to make it, and expressed great satisfaction at such a course as the only means of detection; but he could not bring himself to believe that any gentleman could be guilty of so infamous an act except through inadvertence. After his trunk and dressing-case had been searched, he hoped they were perfectly satisfied of his integrity in the business. Rivett, however, observed that as far as the search was made, he was satisfied that all was correct, and nothing now remained but to search his person. These words were scarcely uttered when he was observed to change colour and stagger; a smothered groan escaped him, and he fell back in a chair; and in a state scarcely conscious of existence, the box was taken from his pocket. He remained in this state of stupor for a few moments, whilst Bradbury and the peace-officer stood looking at each other, scarcely believing the evidence of their senses; and recovering himself a little, he stood up, gazed wildly at one and then at the other, and gasping with the intensity of his feelings, he rushed to his dressing-table, and like lightning drew a razor across his throat. Surgical assistance being on the spot, the wound was pronounced not to be mortal. The effect of the scene—the look of the man—his maniac look, and the act of desperation accompanying it—his rank in life, and every circumstance connected with it, had such an effect on poor Bradbury that he lost his reason, and did not recover it for a year afterwards. The matter could not be kept a secret. The truly unfortunate and miserable Captain C— of course lost his commission, and it is not known what afterwards became of him. There was, however, no prosecution. The punishment was sufficient. W. E.

**ELEVATION OF THE MIND.**—Lofty elevation of mind does not make one indifferent to the wants and sufferings of those who are below him: on the contrary, as the rarified air of mountains makes distant objects seem nearer, so are all his fellow-beings brought nearer to the heart of him who looks upon them from the height of his wisdom.

**NAPOLEON AFTER DEATH.**—Death had marvellously improved the appearance of Napoleon, and every one exclaimed, when the face was exposed, "How very beautiful!" for all present acknowledged that they had never seen a finer or more regular and placid countenance. The beauty of the delicate Italian features was of the highest kind; whilst the exquisite serenity of their expression was in the most striking contrast with the recollections of his great actions, impetuous character, and turbulent life. As during his eventful career there was much of the mysterious and inscrutable about him, even after death Napoleon's inanimate remains continued a puzzle and a mystery: for, notwithstanding his great sufferings and the usual emaciating effects of the malady that destroyed him, the body was found enormously fat. The frame was as unsusceptible of material disintegration as the spirit was indomitable. Over the sternum, or breast bone, which is generally only thinly covered, there was a coat of fat an inch and a half thick; and on the abdomen two inches, whilst the omentum, kidneys, and heart, were loaded with fat. The last organ was remarkably small, and the muscle flabby, in contradiction to our ideal associations, and in proof of the seeming paradox, that it is possible to be a very great man with a very little heart. Much anxiety was felt at the time to ascertain the disease of which Bonaparte died. Mr O'Meara had represented the liver as the faulty organ, and this has been echoed by Antommarchi; though, as we have said before, the illustrious sufferer himself, with better judgment, referred the mischief to the stomach, as its seat and source; and he was perfectly right, as the event proved. This organ was found most extensively disorganised: in fact, it was ulcerated all over like a honey-comb. The focus of the disease was exactly the spot pointed out by Napoleon—the pylorus, or lower end where the intestines begin. At this place I put my finger into a hole, made by an ulcer, that had eaten through the stomach, but which was stopped by a slight adhesion to the adjacent liver. After all, the liver was free from disease, and every organ sound except the stomach. Several peculiarities were noticed about the body. He appeared at some time to have had an issue open in the arm, and there was a slight mark, like a wound, in the leg, but which might have been caused by a suppurating boil. The chest was not ample, and there was something of feminine delicacy in the roundness of the arms and the smallness of the hands and feet. The head was large in proportion to the body, with a fine, massy, capacious forehead. In other respects there were no remarkable developments for the gratification of phrenologists. The diseased state of the stomach was palpably and demonstrably the cause of death; and how Napoleon could have existed for any time with such an organ, was wonderful, for there was not an inch of it sound. —*Biography of a Surgeon.*

**THE MARCH OF MAGNITUDE.**—Is "onward" like the prosperity of your two-and-sixpenny republic in Central America. We [the Americans] are becoming so great, that it is very much to be feared we shall lose all our standards of commerce. Having nothing *little*, we don't see how the deuce we shall be able to express a diminutive. Our miniature will all become magnitude, and it is difficult for us to see our way clearly in the world. Our insects will grow into elephants, and for aught we see we shall have to speak of the grut as a large monster, and the honey-bee have to be described as a beast of prey. "I does business in this store," was the remark made the other day by a dealer in crab apples, as he crawled out of a refuse molasses-hogshead with his peck basket of merchandise. The skippers of the Long Island clambots all call each other *captains*; and we lately heard a city scavenger complaining to another gentleman in the same line of business, that his *town house* had been endangered during a recent conflagration: a mischievous cracker-boy had thrown one of his flaming missilies into the segment of a cellar occupied by the complainant and his family. Mr Mark Anthony Potts told us the other day that he had made arrangements for extending his *business*. He has taken the superintendence of two coal carts, having heretofore shovelled for but one. Nobody thinks nowadays of calling the conductor of a mud cart on the railroad by any less dignified title than *an agent*. The vender of apple-jack on a dilapidated cellar-door upon the North river, is a *merchant*; and the fourth-rate victualler along the wharves, who manages to rent half of a broken-down cobbler's stall, *keeps a public house!*

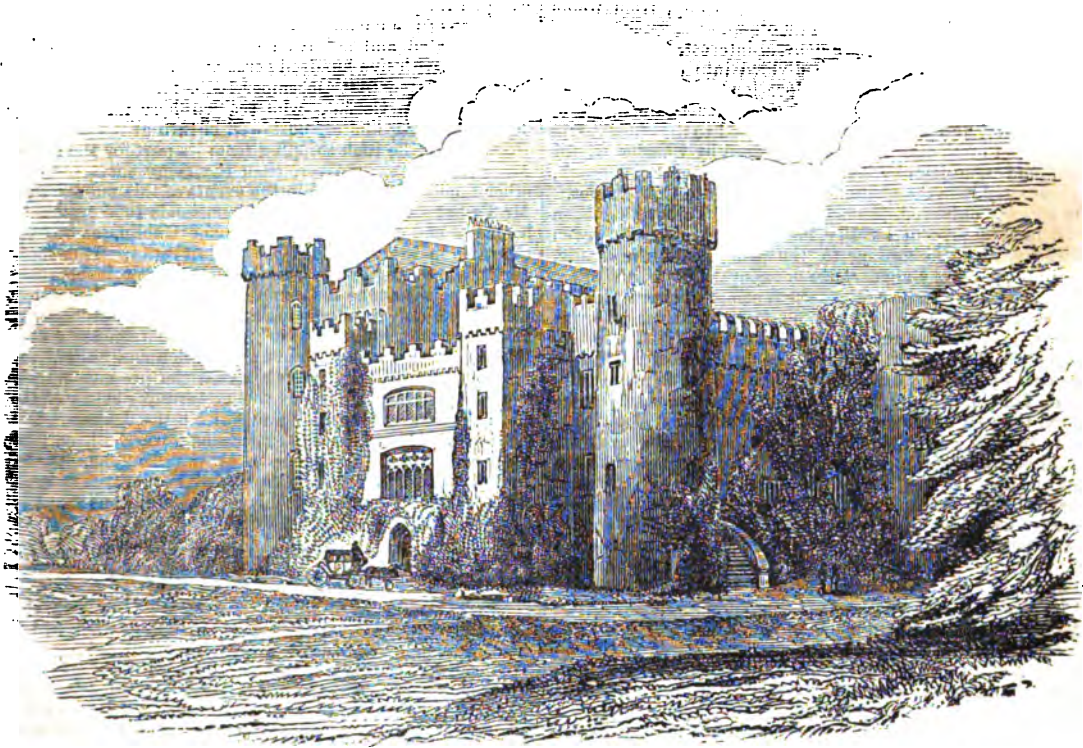


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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MALAHIDE CASTLE, COUNTY OF DUBLIN.

An ancient baronial castle, in good preservation and still inhabited by the lineal descendant of its original founder, is a rare object to find in Ireland; and the causes which have led to this circumstance are too obvious to require an explanation. In Malahide Castle we have, however, a highly interesting example of this kind; for though in its present state it owes much of its imposing effect to modern restorations and improvements, it still retains a considerable portion of very ancient date, and most probably even some parts of the original castle erected in the reign of King Henry II. Considered in this way, Malahide Castle is without a rival in interest, not only in our metropolitan county, but also perhaps within the boundary of the old English pale.

The Castle of Malahide is placed on a gently elevated situation on a limestone rock near the village or town from which it derives its name, and of which, with its picturesque bay, it commands a beautiful prospect. In its general form it is quadrangular and nearly approaching to a square, flanked on its south or principal front by circular towers, with a fine "Gothic" entrance porch in the centre. Its proportions are of considerable grandeur, and its picturesqueness is greatly heightened by the masses of luxuriant ivy which mantle its walls. For much of its present architectural magnificence it is however indebted to its present proprietor, and his father the late Colonel Talbot. The structure, as it appeared in the commencement of the last century, was of contracted dimensions, and had wholly lost its original castellated charac-

ter, though its ancient moat still remained. This moat is however now filled up, and its sloping surface is converted into a green-sward, and planted with Italian cypresses and other evergreens.

Interesting, however, as this ancient mansion is in its exterior appearance, it is perhaps still more so in its interior features. Its spacious hall, roofed with timber-work of oak, is of considerable antiquity; but its attraction is eclipsed by another apartment of equal age and vastly superior beauty, with which indeed in its way there is nothing, as far as we know, to be compared in Ireland. This unique apartment is wainscotted throughout with oak elaborately carved, in compartments, with subjects derived from scripture history, and though Gothic in their general character, some of them are executed with considerable skill; while the chimney-piece, which exhibits in its central division figures of the Virgin and Child, is carved with a singular degree of elegance and beauty. The whole is richly varnished, and from the blackness of tint which the wood has acquired from time, the apartment, as Mr Brewer well observes, assumes the resemblance of one vast cabinet of ebony.

The other apartments, of which there are ten on each floor, are of inferior architectural pretensions, though some of them are of lofty and spacious proportions. But they are not without attractions of a high order, being enriched with some costly specimens of porcelain, and their walls covered with the more valuable ornaments of a collection of original por-

traits and paintings by the old masters. Among the former the most remarkable are portraits of Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria, by Vandyke; James II. and his queen, Anne Hyde, by Sir Peter Lely; Queen Anne, by Sir Godfrey Kneller; the Duchess of Portsmouth, mistress to Charles II.; the first Duke of Richmond (son of the above duchess) when a child; Richard Talbot, the celebrated Duke of Tirconnell, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, general and minister to James II., by Sir Peter Lely; the Ladies Catherine and Charlotte Talbot, daughters of the duke, by Sir P. Lely; with many other portraits of illustrious members of the Talbot family. The portraits of the Duchess of Portsmouth and her son were presented by herself to Mrs Wogan of Rathcoffy, from whom they were inherited by Colonel Talbot.

Among the pictures of more general interest, the most distinguished is a small altar piece divided into compartments, and representing the Nativity, Adoration, and Circumcision. This most valuable and interesting picture is the work of Albert Durer, and is said to have belonged to the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. It was purchased by Charles II. for £2000, and was given by him to the Duchess of Portsmouth, who presented it to the grandmother of the late Col. Talbot.

As already observed, the noble family of Talbot have been seated in their present locality for a period of nearly seven hundred years! According to the pedigree of the family, drawn up with every appearance of accuracy by Sir William Betham, Richard Talbot, the second son of Richard Talbot, Lord of Eccleswell and Linton, in Herefordshire, who was living in 1153, having accompanied King Henry II. into Ireland, obtained from that monarch the lordship of Malahide, being part of the two cantreds of Leinster, in the neighbourhood of Dublin, which King Henry had reserved, when he granted the rest of the province to Richard Earl of Strongbow, to be held as a noble fief of the crown of England. It is at all events certain, as appears from the chartulary or register of Mary's Abbey, now in the British Museum, that this Richard Talbot granted to St Mary's Abbey in Dublin certain lands called Venenbristen, which lie between Croscurry and the lands of Hamon Mac Kirkyll, in pure and perpetual alms, that the monks there might pray for the health of his soul and that of his brother Roger, and their ancestors; and that he also leased certain lands in Malahide and Portmarnock to the monks of the same abbey. From this Richard Talbot the present Lord Talbot de Malahide descends in the twentieth generation, and in the twenty-fourth from Richard Talbot, a Norman baron who held Hereford Castle in the time of the Conqueror. The noble Earls of Shrewsbury and Talbot are of the same stock, but descend from Gilbert, the elder brother of Richard, who was Lord of Eccleswell and Linton, and was living in 1190.

There can be no question, therefore, of the noble origin of the Talbots de Malahide, nor can their title be considered as a mushroom one, though only conferred upon the mother of the present lord; for Sir William Betham shows that his ancestor, Thomas Talbot, knight and lord of Malahide, who had livery of his estate in 1249, was summoned by the sheriff of Dublin to the Magnum Concilium, or Great Council, held in Dublin in 1372, 46 Edward III., and again to the Magnum Concilium held on Saturday, in the vigils of the holy Trinity, 48 Edward III., 1374, by special writ directed to himself by the name of "*Thome Talbot, Militis*." He was also summoned by writ to the Parliament of Ireland in the same year. If therefore it could be ascertained that this Thomas Talbot actually took his seat under that writ, it would be clear that his lineal heir-male and heir-general, the present baron, has a just claim to the honours and dignity which he has so recently acquired.

The manor of Malahide was created by charter as early as the reign of King Henry II., and its privileges were confirmed and enlarged by King Edward IV. in 1475. This, we believe, still remains in the possession of the chief of the family, but various other extensive possessions of his ancestors passed to junior branches of his house, and have been long alienated from his family.

Among the most memorable circumstances of general interest connected with the history of this castle and its possessors, should be mentioned what Mr Brewer properly calls "a lamentable instance of the ferocity with which quarrels of party rivalry were conducted in ages during which the internal polity of Ireland was injuriously neglected by the supreme head of government:—On Whitsun-eve, in the year 1529, as is recorded by Ware, John de Birmingham, Earl of Louth,

Richard Talbot, styled Lord of Malahide, and many of their kindred, together with sixty of their English followers, were slain in a pitched battle at Balbriggan [Ballybragan] in this neighbourhood, by the Anglo-Norman faction of the De Verdons, De Gernons, and Savages: the cause of animosity being the election of the earl to the palatinate dignity of Louth, the county of the latter party."

At a later period the Talbots of Malahide had a narrow escape from a calamity nearly as bad as death itself—the total loss of their rank and possessions. Involved of necessity by their political and religious principles in the troubles of the middle of the seventeenth century, they could hardly have escaped the persecution of the party assuming government in the name of the parliament. John Talbot of Malahide having been indicted and outlawed for acting in the Irish rebellion, his castle, with five hundred acres of arable land, was granted by lease, dated 21st December 1653, for seven years, to the regicide Miles Corbet, who resided here for several years after, till, being himself outlawed in turn at the period of the Restoration, he took shipping from its port for the continent. More fortunate, however, than the representatives of most other families implicated in the events of this unhappy period, Mr Talbot was by the act of explanation in 1665 restored to all his lands and estates in the county of Dublin, as he had held the same in 1641, only subject to quitrents. It is said that during the occupation of Malahide by Corbet it became for a short time the abode of Cromwell himself; but this statement, we believe, only rests on popular tradition—a chronicler which has been too fond of making similar statements respecting Irish castles generally, to merit attention and belief.

Our limits will not permit us on the present occasion to enter on any description of the picturesque ruins of the ancient chapel and tombs situated within the demesne, and immediately adjacent to the grounds of the castle; and we shall only add in conclusion, that the grounds of the demesne, though of limited extent, and but little varied in elevation, are judiciously laid out, and present among its plantations many scenes of dignified character and beauty. P.

### SAINT BRIDGET'S SHAWL,

BY T. E., AUTHOR OF "DARBY DOYLE," ETC.

AMONGST the many extraordinary characters with which this country abounds, such as fools, madmen, onshochs, omadhams, hair-brains, crack-brains, and naturals, I have particularly taken notice of one. His character is rather singular. He begs about Newbridge, county of Kildare: he will accept of any thing offered him, except money—that he scornfully refuses; which fulfils the old adage, "None but a fool will refuse money." His habitation is the ruins of an old fort or ancient stronghold called Walsh's Castle, on the road to Kilcullen, near Arthgarvan, and within a few yards of the river Liffey, far away from any dwelling. There he lies on a bundle of straw, with no other covering save the clothes he wears all day. Many is the evening I have seen this poor crazy creature plod along the road to his desolate lodging. There is another stamp of singularity on his character: his name is Pat Mowlds, but who dare attempt to call him Pat? It must be Mr Mowlds, or he will not only be offended himself, but will surely offend those who neglect this respect. In general he is of a downcast, melancholy disposition, boasts of being very learned, is much delighted when any one gives him a ballad or old newspaper. Sometimes he gets into a very good humour, and will relate many anecdotes in a droll style.

About two years ago, as I happened to be sauntering along the border of the Curragh, I overtook this solitary being.

"A fine morning, Mr Mowlds," was my address.

"Yes, sur, thank God, a very fine morning; shure iv we don't have fine weather in July, when will we have it?"

"What a great space of ground this is to lie-waste—what a quantity of provisions it would produce—what a number of people it would employ and feed!" said I.

"Oh, that's very thrue, sur; but was it all sown in pittaties, what would become ov the poor sheep? Shure we want mutton as well as pittaties—besides, all the devarshin we have every year.—Why, thin, maybe ye have e'er an ould newspaper or ballit about ye?"

I said I had not, but a couple of Penny Journals should be at his service which I had in my pocket.

"Och, any thing at all that will keep a body amused, though I have got a great many of them; but among them all I don't see any pictier or any account of the round tower

furnast ye; nor any account of the fire Saint Bridget kept in night an' day for six hundred years; nor any thing about the reason why it was put out; nor any thing about how Saint Bridget came by this piece ov ground; nor any thing about the ould Earl ov Kildare, who rides round the Curragh every seventh year with silver spurs and silver reins to his horse—God bless ye, sur, have ye e'er a bit of tobaccy?—there's not a word about this poor country at all."

My senses were now driven to anxiety—I gave him some tobacco. He then resumed:—

"Och, an' faix it's myself that can tell all about those things. Shure my grandfather was brother to one of the ould ansint bards who left him all his books, and he left them to my mother, who left them to me."

"Well, Mr Mowlds," I said, "you must have a perfect knowledge of those things—let us hear something of their contents."

"Why, thin, shure, sur, I can't do less. Now, you see, sur, it's my fashion like the priests and minishers goin' to praich: they must give a bit ov a text out ov some larned book, and that's the way with me. So here goes—mind the words:

"The seventeenth ov March, on King Dermot's great table,  
Where ninety-nine beeves were all roast at a time,  
We dhrank to the memory, while we wor able,

Ov Patrick, the saint ov our nation;  
And gaily wor dhrinkin', roarin', shoutin',  
Cead mille faltha, acushla machree.

There was Cathleen so fair, an' Eileen so rare!

With Patrick an' Nora,

An' flauntin' Queen Dorah!

On Patrick's day in the mornin'.

Whoo!!!

County Kildare an' the sky over it!

Short grass for ever!"

He thus ended with a kick up of his heel which nearly touched the nape of his neck, and a flourish of his stick at the same time. Then turning to me he said,

"I am not going to tell you one word about the fire—I am going to tell you how Saint Bridget got all this ground. Bad luck to *Black Noll* (a name given to Cromwell) with his crew ov dirty Sasanachs that tore down the church; and if they could have got on the tower, that would be down also. No matter—every dog will have his day. Sit down on this hill till we have a shaugh ov the dhudheen. In this hill lie buried all the bones ov the poor fellows that Gefferds killed the time ov the throuble, peace an' rest to their souls!"

"But to the story, Mr Mowlds," I said, as I watched him with impatience while he readied his pipe with a large pin.

"Well, sur, here goes. Bad luck to this touch, it's damp; the rain blew into my pocket t'other night an' wetted it—ha, I have it.

Now, sur, you persave by the words ov my text that a great feast was kept up every year at the palace of Castle-dermot on Saint Patrick's day. Nothing was to be seen for many days before but slaughtering ov bullocks, skiverin' ov pullets, rowlin' in ov barrels, an' invitin' all the quality about the country; nor did the roolocks and spalpeens lag behind—they never waited to be ax't; all came to lind a frindly hand at the feast; nor war the kings ov those days above raisin' the ax to slay a bullock. King O'Dermot was one ov those slaughtherin' kings who wouldn't cringe at the blood ov any baste.

'Twas on one ov those festival times that he sallied out with his ax in his hand to show his dexterity in the killin' way. The butchers brought him the cattle one afther another, an' he laid them down as fast as they could be dhrained ov their blood.

Afther layin' down ninety-nine, the last ov a hundred was brought to him. Just as he ris the ax to give it the clout, the ox with a sudden chuck drew the stake from the ground, and away with him over hill an' dale, with the swingin' block an' a hundrd spalpeens at his heels. At last he made into the river just below Kilcullen, when a little gossoon thought to get on his back; but his tail bein' very long, gave a twitch an' hitched itself in a black knot round the chap's body, and so towed him across the river.

Away with him then across the Curragh, ever till he came to where Saint Bridget lived. He roared at the gate as if for mercy. Saint Bridget was just at the doory when she saw the ox with his horns thrust through the bars.

'Arrah, what ails ye, poor baste?' sez she, not seemin' the boy at his tail.

'Och,' sez the boy, makin' answer for the ox, 'for marcy sake let me in. I'm the last ov a hundred that was goin' to be kilt by King O'Dermot for his great feast to-morrow; but he little knows who I am.'

Begor, when she heard the ox spake, she was startled; but rousin' herself, she said,

'Why, thin, it 'ud be fittier for King O'Dermot to give me a few ov yees, than be feedin' Budhavore: it's well you come itself.'

'Ah, but, shure, you won't kill me, Biddy Darlin,' sez the chap, takin' the hint, as it was nigh dark, and Biddy couldn't see him with her odd eye; for you must know, sur, that she was such a purty girl when she was young, that the boys used to be runnin' in dozens afther her. At last she prayed for somethin' to keep them from tormenting her. So you see, sur, she was seized with the small-pox at one side ov her face, which blinded up her eye, and left the whole side ov her face in furrows, while the other side remained as beautiful as ever. 'In troth you needn't fear me killin' ye,' sez she; 'but where can I keep ye?'

'Och,' says the arch wag, 'shure when I grow up to be a bull I can guard yer ground.'

'Ground, in yeagh, sez the saint; 'shure I havn't as much as would sow a ridge ov pittaties, barrin' the taste I have for the girls to walk on.'

'And did you ax the king for nane?' sed the supposed ox.

'In troth I did, but the ould budhoeh refused me twice.'

'Well, Biddy honey,' sez the chap, 'the third offer's lucky. Go to-morrow, when he's at dinner, and you may come at the soft side ov him. But won't you give some refreshment to this poor boy that I picked up on the road? I fear he is dead or smothered hanging at my tail.'

Well, to be sure, the chap hung his head (moryeah) when he sed this.

Out St Bridget called a dozen ov nuns, who untied the knot, and afther wipin' the chap as clean as a new pin, brought him into the kitchen, and crammed him with the best of aitin' and drinkin'; but while they wor doing this, away legged the ox. St Bridget went out to ax him some questions consarnin' the king, but he was gone.

'Pon my sowkins,' sed she, 'but that was a mighty odd thing entirely. Faix, an' it's myself that will be off to Castle-dermot to-morrow, hit or miss.'

Well, sur, the next day she gother together about three dozen nuns.

'Toss on yer mantles,' sez she, 'an' let us be off to Castle-dermot.'

'With all harts,' sez they.

'Come here, Norah,' sez she to the sarvint maid. 'Slack down the fire,' sez she, 'and be sure you have the kittle on. I couldn't go to bed without my tay, was it ever so late.'

So afther givin' her ordhers off they started.

Well, behold ye, sur, when she got within two miles ov the palace, word was brought to the king that St Bridget and above five hundred nuns were on the road, comin' to dine with him.

'O tundheranounthers,' roared the king, 'what'll I do for their dinner? Why the dhoul didn't she come an hour sooner, or sent word yestherday? Such a time for visithers! Do ye hear me, Paudeen Roorke?' sez he, turnin' to his chief butler: 'run afther Rory Condagh, and ax him did he give away the two hind quarters that I sed was a little rare.'

'Och, yer honor,' sed Paudeen Roorke, 'shure he gev them to a parcel ov boccochs at the gate.'

'The dhoul do them good with it! Oh, fire and faggots! what'll become ov me?—shure she will say I have no hospitality, an' lave me her curse. But, cooger, Paudeen: did the roolocks overtake the ox that ran away yestherday?'

'Och, the dhoul a haugh ov him ever was got, yer honor.'

'Well, it's no matter; that'll be a good excuse; do you go and meet her; I lave it all to you to get me out ov this hobbler.'

'Naboclish,' said Paudeen Roorke, cracking his fingers, an' out he started. Just as he got to the door he met her going to come in. Well become the king, but he shlipt behind the door to hear what ud be sed. 'Bedhahusth,' he roared to the guests that wor going to dhrink his health while his back was turned.

'God save yer reverence!' said St Bridget to the butler, takin' him for the king's chaplain, he had such a grummoeh face on him; 'can I see the king?'

'God save you kindly!' sed Paudeen, 'to be shure ye can.'

Who will I say wants him?' eyeing the black army at her heels.

'Tell him St Bridget called with a few friends to take pot luck.'

'Oh, murder!' sed Paudeen, 'why didn't you come an hour sooner? I'm afraid the meat is all cowlid, we waited so long for ye.'

'Och, don't make any bones about it,' sed St Bridget: 'it's a cowlid stummock can't warm its own mait.'

'In troth that's thruse enough,' sed Paudeen; 'but I fear there isn't enough for so many.'

'Why, ye set of cormorals,' sed she, 'have ye swallied the whole ninety-nine oxen that ye kilt yestherday?'

'Oh, blessed hour!' groaned the king to himself, 'how did she know that? Och, I suppose she knows I'm here too.'

'Oh, bad scan to me!' said Paudeen, 'but we had the best and fattest keepin' for you, but he ran away.'

'In troth you needn't tell me that,' sez she; 'I know all about yer doings. If I'm sent away without my dinner itself, I must see the king.'

Just as she sed this, a hiccup seized the king, so loud that it reached the great hall. The guests, who war all silent by the king's order, thought he sed hip, hip!—so. Such a shout, my jewel, as nearly frightened the saint away.

'In troth,' sez she, 'I'd be very sorry to venthur among such a set of riff-raff, any way. But who's this behind the door?' sez she, cockin' her eye. 'Oh, I beg pardon!—I hope no intrusion—there ye are—ye'll save me the trouble ov goin' in.'

'Oh,' sed the king (hic), 'I tuck a little sick in my stummock, and came down to get fresh air. I beg pardon. Why didn't you come in time to dinner?'

'I want no dinner,' said she; 'I came to speak on affairs ov state.'

'Why, thin,' said the king, 'before ye state them, ye must come in and take a bit in yer fingers, at any rate.'

'In troth,' sez she, 'I was always used to full and plenty, and not any scraggen bits; and to think ov a king's table not having a flaugooloch meal, is all nonsense: that's like the taste ov ground I axt ye for some time ago.'

Begor, sur, when she sed that, she gev him such a start that the hiccough left him.

'Ah, Biddy, honey,' sez he, 'shure ye wor only passin' a joke to cure me: not no more—it's all gone.'

Just as he sed this, he heard a great shout at a distance: out he pulled his specks, an' put them on his nose; when to his joy he saw a whole crowd ov spalpeens dhrivin' the ox before them. The king, forgettin' who he was spaikin' to, took off his caubeen, and began to wave it, as he ran off to meet them.

'Oh! mahurpendhoul, but ye're brave fellows,' sez he; 'whoever it was that cotch him shall have a commission in my life guards. I never wanted a joint more. Galong, every mother's son ov yees, and borry all the gridirons and frying-pans ye can get. Hand me the axe, till I have some steaks tost up for a few friends.'

So, my jewel, while ye'd say thrap-stick, the ox was down, an' on the gridirons before the life was half out ov him.

Well, to be shure, St Bridget got mighty hungry, as she had walked a long way. She then tould the king that the gentlemen should lave the room, as she could not sit with any one not in ordhers, and they being a little out ov order. So, to make themselves agreeable to her ordhers, they quit the hall, and went out to play at hurdles.

When the king recollected who he was goin' to give dinner to, sez he to himself, 'Shure no king ought to be above sarvin' a saint.' So over he goes to his wife the queen.

'Dorah,' sez he, 'do ye know who's within?' 'Why, to be shure I do,' sez she; 'ain't it Bridheen na Keogue?'

'Ye're right,' sez he, 'and you know she's a saint; an' I think it will be for the good ov our sows that she kem here to-day. Come, peel off yer muslins, and help me up wid the dinner.'

'In troth I'll not,' sez the queen; 'shure ye know I'm a black Prosperitarian, an' bleeve nun ov yer saints.'

'Arrah, nun ov yer quare ways,' sez he: 'don't you wish my sowl happy, any how?—an' if you help me, you will be only helpin' my sowl to heaven.'

'Oh, in that case,' sez she, 'here's at ye, and the sooner the better. But one charge I'd give ye: take care how ye open yer cleub about ground: ye know she thought to come round ye twice before.'

So in the twinklin' ov an eye she went down to the kitchen, an' put on a prashkeen, an' was first dish at the table.

The king saw every one lashin' away at their dinner except Bridget.

'Arrah, Biddy, honey,' sez he, 'why don't ye help yerself?'

'Why, thin,' sez she, 'the dhoul a bit, bite or sup, I'll take under yer roof until ye grant me one favour.'

'And what is that?' sez the king; 'shure ye know a king must stand to his word was it half his kingdom, and how do I know but ye want to chouse me out ov it: let me know first what ye want.'

'Well, thin, Mr King O'Dermot,' sez she, 'all I want is a taste ov ground to sow a few pays in.'

'Well, an' how much do ye want, yer reverence,' sez he, all over ov a thrimble, betune his wife's dark looks, and the curse he expected from Bridget if he refused.

'Not much,' sez she, 'for the present. You don't know how I'm situated. All the pilgrims going to Lough Dhearg are sent to me to put the pays in their brogues, an' ye know I havn't as much ground as would sow a pint; but if ye only give me about fifty acres, I'll be contint.'

'Fifty acres!' roared the king, stretching his neck like a goose.

'Fifty acres!' roared the queen, knitting her brows; 'shure that much ground would fill their pockets as well as their brogues.'

'There ye're out ov it,' said the saint; 'why, it wouldnt be half enough if they got their dhue according to their sins; but I'll lave it to yerself.'

'How much will ye give?' 'Not an acre,' said the queen.

'Oh, Dorah,' sed the king, 'let me give the crathur some.'

'Not an inch,' sed the queen, 'if I'm to be mistress here.'

'Oh, I beg pardon,' sez the saint; 'so, Mr King O'Dermot, you are under petticoat government I see; but maybe I won't match ye for all that. Now, take my word, you shall go on penance to Lough Dhearg before nine days is about; and instead ov pays ye shall have pebble stones and swan shot in yer brogues. But it's well for you, Mrs Queen, that ye're out ov my reach, or I'd send you there barefooted, with nothing on but yer stockings.'

When the king heard this, he fell all ov a thrimble. 'Oh, Dorah,' sez he, 'give the crathur a little taste ov ground to satisfy her.'

'No, not as much as she could play ninepins on,' sez she, shakin' her fist and grindin' her teeth together; 'and I hope she may send you to Lough Dhearg, as she sed she would.'

'Why, thin, have ye no feeling for one ov yer own sex?' sez the saint. 'I'll go my way this minit, iv ye only give me as much as my shawl will cover.'

'Oh, that's a horse ov another colour,' sez the queen; 'you may have that, with a heart and a half. But you know very well if I didn't watch that fool ov a man, he'd give the very nose off his face if a girl only axt him how he was.'

Well, sur, when the king heard this, he grew as merry as a cricket. 'Come, Biddy,' sez he, 'we mustn't have a dhyr bargain, any how.'

'Oh, ye'll excuse me, Mr King O'Dermot,' sez she; 'I never drink stronger nor wather.'

'Oh, son ov Fingal,' exclaimed the king, 'do ye hear this, and it Patrick's day!'

'Oh, I intirely forgot that,' sez she. 'Well, then, for fear ye'd say I was a bad fellow, I'll just taste. Shedhurdh.'

Well, sur, after the dthough-an-dheris she went home very well pleased that she was to get ever a taste ov ground at all, and she promised the king to make his pinance light, and that she would boil the pays for him, as she did with young men ov tendher consinshes; but as to ould hardened sinners, she'd keep the pays till they'd be as stale as a sailor's basket.

Well, to be shure, when she got home she set upwards ov a hundhred nuns at work to make her shawl, during which time she was never heard of. At last, after six months' hard labour, they got it finished.

'Now,' sez she, 'it's time I should go see the king, that he may come and see that I take no more than my right. So, taking no one with her barrin' herself and one nun, off she set.'

The king and queen were just sitting down to tay at the parlour window when she got there.

'Whoo! talk of the dhoul and he'll appear,' sez he. 'Why, thin, Biddy honey, it's an age since we saw ye. Sit down; we're just on the first cup. Dorah and myself were after talkin' about ye, an' thought ye forgot us intirely. Well, did ye take that bit ov ground?'



' Indeed I'd be very sorry to do the likes behind any one's back. You must come to-morrow and see it measured.'

' Not I, 'pon my sowkins,' sed the king: 'do ye think me so mane as to doubt yer word?'

' Pho! pho!' sed the queen, 'such a taste is not worth talkin' ov; but, jst to honour ye, we shall attend in state to-morrow. Sit down.'

She took up her station betune the king an' queen: the purty side ov her face was next the king, an' the ugly side next the queen.

' I can't be jealous ov you, at any rate,' sed the queen to herself, as she never saw her veil off before.

' Oh, murther!' sez the king, 'what a pity ye're a saint, and Dorah to be alive. Such a beauty!'

Just as he was starin', the queen happened to look over at a looking-glass, in which she saw Biddy's pretty side.

' Hem!' sez she, sippin' her cup. 'Dermot,' sez she, 'it's very much out ov manners to be stuck with ladies at their tay. Go take a saugh ov the dhudheen, while we talk over some affairs ov state.'

Begor, sur, the king was glad ov the excuse to lave them together, in the hopes St Bridget would convert his wife.

Well, sur, whatever discourse they had, I disremember, but the queen came down in great humour to wish the saint good night, an' promised to be on the road the next day to Kildare.

' Faix,' sez the saint, 'I was nigh forgettin' my gentility to wish the king good night. Where is he?'

' Augh, and shure myself doesn't know, barrin' he's in the kitchen.'

' In the kitchen!' exclaimed the saint; 'oh fie!'

' Ay, indeed, just cock yer eye,' sez the queen, 'to the key-hole: that dhudheen is his excuse. I can't keep a maid for him.'

' Oh! is that the way with him?—never fear: I'll make his pinnace purty sharp for that. At any rate call him out an' let us part in friends.'

So, sur, afther all the compliments wor passed, the king sed he should go see her a bit ov the road, as it was late: so off he went. The moon had just got up, an' he walked alongside the saint at the ugly side; but when he looked round to praise her, an' pay her a little compliment, he got sich a fright that he'd take his oath it wasn't her at all, so he was glad to get back to the queen.

Well, sur, next morning the queen ordered the long car to be got ready, with plenty ov clean straw in it, as in those times they had no coaches; then regulated her life guards, twelve to ride before and twelve behind, the king at one side and the chief butler at the other, for without the butler she couldn't do at all, as every mile she had to stop the whole retinue till she'd get refreshment. In the meantime, St Bridget placed her nuns twenty-one miles round the Curragh. At last the thrummet sounded, which gave notice that the king was coming. As soon as they halted, six men lifted the queen up on the throne, which they brought with them on the long car. The king ov course got up by her side.

' Well, Dorah,' sez he in a whisper, 'what a laugh we'll have at Biddy, with her shawl!'

' I don't know that neither,' sez the queen. 'It looks as thick as Finnocool's boulder, as it hangs over her shoulder.'

' God save yer highness,' sed the saint, as she kem up to them. 'Why, ye sted mighty long. I had a snack ready for ye at one o'clock.'

' Och, it's no matter,' sez the queen; 'measure yer bit ov ground, and we then can have it in comfort.'

So with that St Bridget throw down her shawl, which she had cunningly folded up.

Now, sur, this shawl was made ov fine sewin' silk, all network, each mesh six feet square, and tuck thirty-six pounds ov silk, and employed six hundred and sixty nuns for three months making it.

Well, sur, as I sed afore, she throw it on the ground.

' Here, Judy Conway, run to Biddy Conroy with this corner, an' let her make aff in the direckshin ov Kildare, an' be shure she runs the corner into the *mon'stery*. Here, you, Nelly Murphy, make off to Kilcullen; an' you, Katty Farrel, away with you to Ballysax; an' you, Nelly Doye, away to Arthgarvad; an' you, Rose Regan, in the direckshin ov Connell; an' you, Ellen Fogarty, away in the road to Maddenstown; an' you, Jenny Purcel, away to Airfield. Just hand it from one to t'other.'

So givin' three claps ov her hand, off they set like bounds,

an' in a minnit ye'd think a haul ov nuns wor ootched in the net.

' Oh, millia murther!' sez the queen, 'she's stretchin' it over my daughter's ground.'

' Oh, blud-an'-turf!' sez the king, 'now she's stretchin' it over my son's ground. Galong, ye set ov *thaulabanns*, sed he to his life-guards; 'galong, I say, an' stop her, else she'll cover all my dominions.'

' Oh fie, yer honour,' sez the chief butler; 'if you break yer word, I'm not shure ov my wages.'

Well behould ye, sur, in less than two hours Saint Bridget had the whole Curragh covered.

' Now see what a purty kittle of fish you've made ov it!' sez the queen.

' No, but it's you, Mrs Queen O'Dermot, 'twas you agreed to this.'

' Ger out, ye ould bosthoon,' sez the queen, 'ye deserve it all: ye might aisy guess that she'd chouse ye. Shure iv ye had a grain ov sinse, ye might recollect how yer cousin King O'Toole was choused by Saint Kavin out ov all his ground, by the saint stuffin' a lump ov a crow into the belly ov the ould goose.'

' Well, Dorah, never mind; if she makes a hole, I have a peg for it. Now, Biddy,' sez he, 'though I gave ye the ground, I forgot to tell ye that I only give it for a certain time. I now tell ye from this day forward you shall only have it while ye keep yer fire in.'

Here I lost the remainder of his discourse by my ill manners. I got so familiar with Mr Mowlds, and so interested with his story, that I forgot my politeness.

' And what about the fire, PAT?' said I, without consideration.

Before I could recollect the offence, he turned on me with the eyes of a maniac—

' The dhoul whispser nollage into yer ear. *Pat!*—(hum) —*Pat!*—*Pat!*—this is freedom, with all my heart.'

So saying, he strode away, muttering something between his teeth. However, I hope again to meet him, when I shall be a little more cautious in my address.

### THE ELECTROTYPE. See *Notice* p. 156.

An elaborate and very lucid article on the Electrotpe and Daguerreotype, being a review of "An Account of Experiments in Electricity made by Thomas Spencer—Annals of Electricity, January 1840," and of the account of M. Daguerre's discovery of Photogenic Drawing as published by himself, has appeared in that excellent work "The Westminster Review" for September. Our space not allowing us to enter so fully into details as our admirable contemporary, we present our readers with as concise an article as the nature of the subject will permit, confining ourselves for the present to the Electrotpe, as being less generally known, though not less curious.

The electrotpe is another instance of the application of invisible elements to the uses of man, by which powers and influences, of whose nature he is as yet wholly ignorant, are made subservient to his purposes, and obedient to his rule.

To define accurately what electricity is, would be, as yet at least, impossible. Many conjectures have been, are, and will be hazarded, but the knowledge of its production, power, and effects, is only in its infancy, and so full of promise of a gigantic growth, that time will be better spent in its cultivation than in debating upon what it is.

The truth of this proposition is fully borne out by the subject of our present paper; for whilst many scientific men have been exhausting their energies in the production of plausible theories upon the nature of the electric fluid, other more matter-of-fact philosophers have addressed themselves to its application; and whilst some of these devote themselves to the development of its motive powers, in the well-founded hope of its superseding steam, others press its services to far different uses. Amongst the last, Mr Spencer holds a foremost place.

Before entering into the description of the electrotpe, we must say a few words on the subject of electricity to the less informed of our readers. The electric fluid, as it is called, may be produced in various ways: the most ordinary is by the friction of glass against silk, as exemplified in the electrical machine, which is familiar to almost every one. But galvanic and voltaic electricity is differently produced. In all cases its production is the consequence of combination.

but particularly in the galvanic battery and voltaic circle. The latter, being Mr Spencer's apparatus, we shall briefly describe.

An ordinary voltaic circle is formed by a plate of zinc and another of copper being placed upright in a vessel containing acid or a saline solution. Zinc is more oxidisable than copper, that is, it has a greater affinity to, or inclination to unite itself with, the gas called oxygen, the combination of which with the particles of metal produces that appearance which is called "rust." Whilst the zinc and copper are separate, the oxygen of the fluid operates upon both; but if they are united by means of a wire connected with each, the oxygen forsakes the copper altogether, and proceeds with increased force to unite with the zinc, and a current of electricity is immediately formed, which proceeds from the zinc plate through the fluid medium to the copper, thence along the connecting wire to the zinc, and thence round again in a constant circulating stream, until the zinc has been entirely decomposed, or oxidised.

Electricity being thus produced by combination, its progress and effects are marked by a wonderful power of separation or decomposition, which it exerts upon substances brought within the circle; and this is the power which Mr Spencer has turned to his use, the great object which he has at present in view being the multiplication of engraved plates of copper for the purpose of printing from.

Every person who has seen metal of any description in a state of fusion, must have remarked that it never forms a thin fluid such as water, capable of insinuating itself into the smallest interstices, but is what would be called *thick* even at the fiercest heat, consequently incapable of entering into such fine scratches as are necessary to be accurately and clearly defined upon an engraved plate. Again, the contraction and expansion of all metals by the application of heat and cold, would offer an almost insuperable bar to the utility of casting, even if the fusion could be rendered perfect. But the application of electricity removes all the inconveniences, and opens a new field of science.

Mr Spencer's apparatus consists of an earthenware vessel, in which is suspended another, much smaller, of earthenware or wood, with a bottom formed of plaster-of-Paris. Into the larger vessel is poured a saturated solution of copper (the copper being dissolved in sulphuric acid) sufficient to rise up along the sides of the lesser one, which is filled with the acid or saline solution intended to operate upon the zinc. The plaster-of-Paris being very porous, allows the two liquids to meet in its cells, but prevents them from mixing; by permitting them to meet, however, the current of electricity is enabled to circulate through all. In the larger vessel, and beneath the bottom of the smaller one, is placed the copper plate from which the cast is to be taken, or upon which the pattern is to be raised. It is suspended by the wire, which is to connect it with the zinc, being fixed on the edge of the inner vessel, in which is the zinc plate, suspended by its connecting wire. The two wires are then brought into contact, fixed together by a screw, and the voltaic circle is complete. The acid in the upper vessel attacks the zinc, the electric current descends through the plaster bottom, thence through the solution of copper, where its separating or decomposing power is brought into operation, causing the infinitely minute particles of copper suspended in the solution to separate from the sulphuric acid, and descend upon the plate, through which itself proceeds to the wire, and so round again.

Now, here is probably the most wonderful part of the process. It is only on the copper plate that the particles of copper, disengaged from the solution, will descend and settle. If the copper be varnished, or covered with a coat of wax, they will not deposit themselves or go together at all; but where they find the clean surface of the metal, they at once not only settle, but fix and adjust themselves in their proper forms, building up as it were a metal structure, not eccentric or uneven, but forming a correct plate of new metal, so pure, so hard, and so free from defect or extraneous matter, that engravers prefer copper plates thus formed to any other for working upon. But the perfection of this operation consists in the wonderful accuracy with which the finest lines of the most beautiful engravings are copied: the particles which float in the solution are so indefinitely small, that they can enter into the finest cuts, the slightest scratches; and as they undergo no process of heating or cooling, their form is in no-wise altered.

We have already observed, that if the plate of metal be covered, even with varnish, the particles will not descend or

form upon it; nevertheless, if some slight substance be not interposed, the depositing particles adhere so firmly to it as to be inseparable, and it is upon this property that one of the processes—that of engraving in relief on a plate of copper—entirely depends for success. When a cast of an engraved plate is required, the plate must be coated with bee's-wax; mixed with a little spirits of turpentine. It is laid on the plate in a lump and melted, and when just cooling is wiped off, when, although apparently clean, enough remains to interpose between the new and original plates, and prevent a too strong cohesion. It is not necessary that the engraved plate should be copper: it may be for instance lead or type metal, in which case it need not be waxed, as the application of heat, expanding the metals unequally, causes them at once to start asunder.

A piece of wire having been soldered to the back of the plate, its back and edges should be covered with a double coat of thick varnish, or it may be embedded in a box with plaster-of-Paris or Roman cement. This precaution is necessary, to prevent the plate from being inclosed, and to limit the deposition to a proper extent.

It may now be suspended in the apparatus, and the wires being placed in contact, the operation begins. Particles by particle the new metal is formed, until the plate is of sufficient thickness, when it is withdrawn, and heat being applied, the two plates are separated, one being the exact counterpart, in relief, of the other. Care must be taken in all cases to change the solution of copper frequently, for by merely *adding*, the separated particles of the sulphuric acid would accumulate to such extent as to mar or injure the operation.

From the plate thus formed in relief, as many casts as may be required can be obtained, by making it the mould.

To copy or multiply medals and coins the operation is very simple, for a mould can be easily obtained by compressing the medal or coin between two plates of milled sheet lead, and by varnishing the lead round the impression, the deposit will be formed in the hollow only; and for this purpose a very simple apparatus will suffice, and one that may be very easily made. For the outer vessel an ordinary glass tumbler or finger-bowl will answer; and for the inner, a cylindrical gas-glass, having a bottom made of plaster-of-Paris. The solution of copper being in the tumbler, and the acid with the zinc in the gas-glass, the mould should be suspended by its conducting wire between the bottoms, the wire of the zinc connected with it, and the operation will proceed. In all cases it must be observed that the edge of the mould should be up, as, if it be placed horizontally, extraneous substances, sinking by their own weight, may be deposited upon it.

To produce a raised design upon a plate of copper, or as it is rather erroneously styled, "Engraving in Relief," the operation is thus performed:—

The plate upon which the design is to be raised having had the conducting wire soldered to it, is covered with a coat of wax about one-eighth of an inch or less in thickness, and upon the surface of this coat the design is drawn. With a graver, the end of which must be of the form of a thin parallelogram, so as to make grooves in the wax equally broad at the bottom as at the top, the lines of the drawing are to be carefully cut down to the plate; care being taken that the plate is perfectly cleaned throughout each line, and also that the grooves are not narrower at the bottom than at the top. In order to lay the surface of the copper at the bottom of the grooves perfectly bare, the plate must be immersed in diluted nitric acid (three parts of water to one of acid), and the particles of wax that may have escaped the graver are driven off by the fumes of the acid. The plate is then placed in the apparatus, the circle closed as before, and the operation commences. As the particles of copper require a metallic base, they avoid the wax and seek the metal in the grooves; they there attach themselves to it, and to each other, until the hollows are quite filled up, when the plate is removed. If the surfaces of the ridges thus built up be not perfectly smooth, a piece of pumice stone or smooth flag, with water, being rubbed to them, will soon reduce them, after which the wax can be melted and cleaned off with spirits of turpentine; and so firm is this formation of metal thus raised, both in the adherence of its particles to each other and to the original plate, that it may be printed from at any ordinary printing-press.

One general remark applies to the production of electrotype copper, and it is, that the strength and solidity of the formation depends upon the slowness and deliberation of the process. The more slowly and deliberately the particles separate from the solution and proceed to their places, the more

stily they appear to take them up, and the more firmly they adhere; whilst on the contrary, if the operation be hurried, the metal is brittle, so much so as sometimes to powder under an ordinary pressure. The thicker and finer the partition of plaster between the two fluids, the more slightly are they connected, and consequently the slower is the circulation of the electricity. The proper length of time to be allowed for the process varies according to the nature of the work, and the strength or solidity required. Forty-eight hours seems to be the least time for forming a design in relief, and somewhat more than a week for a plate with sunk lines.

The laws which govern matter are mysterious. The entire of this process is so wonderful, that to descant upon it would be unnecessary; and, after all, it is but another step taken upon the path of science, each advance upon which, whilst disclosing new scenes and greater wonders, is only the needful preliminary to another which will display yet more!

N.

### THE FIELD OF KUNNERSDORF.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.)

Day is exiled from the bowers of Twilight;  
Leaf and flower are drooping in the wood;  
And the stars, as on a dark-stained skylight,  
Gloss their ancient glory in the flood.  
Let me here, where nightwinds through the yew sing,  
Where the moon is chary of her beams,  
Consecrate an hour to mournful musing  
Over Man and Man's delirious dreams.  
Pines and yews! envelope me in deeper,  
Dunner shadow, sombre as the grave,  
While with moans, as of a troubled sleeper,  
Gloomily above my head ye wave!  
Let mine eye look down from hence on yonder  
Battle-plain, which Night in pity dulls—  
Let my sad imagination ponder  
Over Kunnorsdorf,\* that Place of Skulls!

Dost thou re-illumine these wastes, O Summer?  
Hast thou raised anew thy trampled bowers?  
Will the wild bee come again a hummer  
Here, within the houses of thy flowers?  
Can thy sunbeams light, thy mild rains water  
This Acedema, this human soil,  
Since that dark day of redundant slaughter  
When the blood of men flowed here like oil?  
Ah, yes! Nature, and Thou, God of Nature,  
Ye are ever bounteous!—Man alone,  
Man it is whose frenzies desolate your  
World, and make it in sad truth his own!

Here saw Frederick fall his bravest warriors—  
Master of thy World, thou wert too great!  
Heaven had need to stablish curbing-barriers  
'Gainst thine inroads on the World of Fate!  
O, could all thy coronals of splendour  
Dupe thy memory of that ghastly day?  
Could the Muses, could the Graces† render  
Smooth and bright a corse-o'ercovered way?  
No! the accusing blood-gouts ever trickle  
Down each red leaf of thy chaplet-crown!  
Men fell here, as corn before the sickle,  
Fell, to aggrandise thy false renown!  
Here the veteran drooped beside the springald,  
Here sank Strength and Symmetry in line—  
Here crushed Hope and gasping Valour mingled,  
And, Destroyer, the wild work was thine!

What and wherefore is this doom funereal?  
Whence this Tide of Being's flow and ebb?  
Why rends Destiny the fine material  
Of Existence's divinest web?  
Vainly ask we!—Dim age calls to dim age—  
Answer, save an echo, cometh none—  
Here stands Man, of Life in Death an image,  
There, invisibly, The Living One!

Storm-clouds lour and muster in the Distance—  
While, begirt with wrecks by sea and land,

Time, upon the far shore of Existence,  
Counts each wavedrop swallowed by the sand.  
Generation chases generation,  
Downbowed by the same tremendous yoke—  
No cessation, and no explication—  
Birth—Life—Death;—the Stillness—Flash—and  
Smoke!

Here, then, Frederick, formidable Sovereign!  
Here in presence of these whitened bones,  
Swear at length to cherish Peace, and govern  
So, that Men may learn to reverence Thrones!  
O! repudiate bloodbought fame, and hearken  
To the myriad witness-voiced Dead,  
Ere the Sternness‡ shall lay down to darken  
In the Silentness| thy crownless head!  
Shudder at the dire phantasmagory  
Of the Slain who perished here by thee,  
And abhor all future wreaths of glory  
Gathered from the baleful cypress-tree!

Lofty souls disdain or dread the laurel—  
Hero is a poor exchange for Man;  
Adders lurk in green spots: such the moral  
Taught by History since her school began.  
Cæsar slain, the victim of his trophies,  
Bayazet§ expiring in his cage,  
All the Cæsars, all the sabre-Sophies,  
Preach the same sad homily each age.  
One drugged winecup dealt with Alexander,  
And his satraps scarce had shared afresh  
Half the empires of the World-Commander,  
Ere the charnel-worms had shared his flesh.

Though the rill roll down from Life's green mountain  
Bright through festal dells of youthful days,  
Soon the waters of that glancing fountain  
In the Vale of Years must moult its rays.  
There the pilgrim, on the bridge that, bounding  
Life's domain, frontiers the wolds of Death,  
Startled, for the first time hears resounding  
From Eternity a Voice which saith—  
"ALL WHICH IS NOT PURE SHALL MELT AND WITHER—  
LO! THE DESOLATOR'S ARM IS BARE,  
AND WHERE MAN IS, TRUTH SHALL TRACE HIM  
THITHER,  
BE HE CURTAINED ROUND WITH GLOOM OR GLARE."  
M.

‡ Death.

| The Grave.

§ Bajazet II.

### FINE LADS.

We have a mortal aversion to fine lads. And, wherefore, pray? Why, because in nine cases out of ten, if not positively in every case, they are the dullest and most insipid of all human beings: they are good, inoffensive creatures, certainly, but oh, they are dreadful bores! If you doubt it, just you take an hour of a fine lad's company, with nobody present but yourselves. Shut yourself up in a room with him for that space of time, and if you don't ever after, as long as you live, stand in dread and awe of the society of fine lads, you must be differently constituted from other men, and amongst other rare gifts must possess that of being bore-proof.

But, pray, what after all is a fine lad? To the possession of what quality or qualities is he indebted for this very amiable sort of character?

Why, these are questions which, like many others, are much more easily put than answered. But, speaking from our own knowledge and experience, we should say that it is not the presence, but the absence—the entire absence of every quality, good, bad, and indifferent, that constitutes the fine lad; and hence his intolerable insipidity.

The fine lad is a blank, a cipher, a vacuum, a nonentity, a ring without a circumference, a footless stocking without a leg. In disposition he is neither sweet, sour, nor bitter; in temper, neither hot nor cold; in spirit, neither merry nor sad. He is in fact, so far as any thing positive can be said of him, a mere concentration of negatives. In person he is neither long nor short, neither fat nor lean, neither stout nor slender. There must in short be a total absence of all meaning, all expression, all character, in the happy individual whom every body will agree in calling a fine lad.

\* A village near Frankfort on the Oder, in which Frederick the Great was defeated on the 12th August 1759, in one of the bloodiest battles of modern times.

† An allusion to Frederick's literary pursuits.

Between the fine lad and the world the matter stands thus: the latter finding him destitute of all distinctive characteristics, is greatly at a loss what to make of him. It cannot in conscience call him clever, and it does not like to say he is an ass, so it good-naturedly calls him a fine lad, taking shelter in the vagueness and indefiniteness of the term, since nobody can say precisely what a fine lad really means. Unlike most other reputations, that of the fine lad is wholly undisputed: it is generally bestowed on him by universal consent—no dissentient voice—every body agrees in calling him a fine lad. This is well, and must be a source of great comfort and satisfaction to the fine lad himself.

We have stated that nobody can say precisely what a fine lad really is, and this is true, generally speaking. But there is notwithstanding some degree of meaning attached to the term: it means, so far as it means any thing, a soft, meek, simpering, unresisting creature, who will allow himself to be kicked and cuffed about by any body and every body without resenting it, and who will take quietly any given quantity of abuse you choose to heap upon him. This we imagine to be the true reason why people call him a fine lad, just because he offers them, whether right or wrong, no resistance; hence it is too, we have no doubt, that he is so general a favourite.

As most people have a great fancy for having as much of their own way as possible, and as they find themselves much jostled and opposed in the indulgence of this laudable propensity by those who are bent on having the same enjoyment, they are delighted when they meet with one who readily makes way for them, and reward his simplicity by clapping him on the head, and calling him a fine lad.

The fine lad is a goose, poor fellow—no doubt of it—a decided goose, but he cannot help that: it is no fault of his; he means well, and is a most civil and obliging creature—all smiles and good nature. Being in reality good for little or nothing, having no activity, no tact whatever of any kind, the fine lad would in most cases be rather ill off as regards his temporalities, but for his steadiness. He is generally steady, and of sober and regular habits; and this, together with his extremely civil demeanour and inoffensive disposition, helps him on, and secures him in comfortable and respectable bread. You will thus for the most part find the fine lad in a well-doing way—in a good situation probably, and with every prospect of advancement. His employer likes him for his integrity and docility. He confesses that he is by no means clever, in fact that he is rather stupid; but, then, he is a fine lad. This character he gives him to every body, and every body acknowledges its justice, and calls him a fine lad too.

Fine lads are in great favour with the ladies, and no wonder, for fine lads are remarkably attentive to them: they make the best of all beans. Thus it is that you are sure to find at least one fine lad at every tea party you go to. You know him at once by his soft speech and maiden-like smile, and by the readiness with which he undertakes, and the quiet gentleness with which he performs, the task of handing about the tea-bread, and discharging the other little duties of the occasion. At all this sort of work the fine lad is unapproachable—it is his element—here, if nowhere else, he shines resplendent. High in favour, however, as fine lads are with the fair sex, we have sometimes thought that there was fully more of esteem than admiration in the feeling with which they contemplate his character. They like his society, and have at all times their softest words and blandest smiles ready for him; but we much doubt if he is just the sort of man they would choose for a husband. We rather think not. We suspect they see in his nature something too much akin to their own, to allow of their ever thinking of him in the light of a protector.

The fine lad, however, *does* get married sometimes, and in justice to him, we are bound to say, always makes an excellent husband. He is gentle, kind, and indulgent: for the fine lad generally remains, in spirit at least, a fine lad to the last. So the ladies had better take this into consideration, having our authority for so doing, and henceforth look on fine lads with more seriousness than they have hitherto done. C.

**FIDELITY.**—This virtue is displayed in the fulfilment of promises, whether expressed or implied, in the conscientious scrupulous discharge of the duties of friendship, and in the keeping of secrets. It is therefore a great virtue, and may be used as a decisive test of character. He who has it is entitled to confidence and respect; he who lacks it merits

contempt. If a man carefully performs his promises, may we not confide in him? If he violates them, must we not despise him? If we find a person is true to friendship, we may be sure that he has just perceptions of virtue. If we find one who betrays a friend, or who is guilty of any species of treachery, we cannot doubt that he is essentially base and corrupt. To those who cannot keep a secret, we commend an anecdote of Charles II. of England, which ought to be engraved upon the heart of every man. When importuned to communicate something of a private nature, the subtle monarch said, "Can you keep a secret?" "Most faithfully," returned the nobleman. "So can I," was the laconic and severe answer of the king. Let parents, who desire that their children should possess the respect of the community, and enjoy the pleasures of friendship, take care to imbue them with fidelity of character. —*Reside Education, by S. G. Goodrich.*

**ANECDOTE.**—"Guzzling Pete," a half-witted country wight, and the town's jest, came home one rainy Saturday night so "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," that he went to bed with his hat and boots on, and his old cotton umbrella under his arm. He got up about two o'clock the next afternoon, drunk with last night, and took his way to the meeting-house. Rev. Dr B— was at his "17thly" in the second of six divisions of a very comprehensive body of Hopkinsian divinity, when "Guzzling Pete" entered the church with an egg in each hand. He saw as through a glass darkly, and with evident commiseration, a man in black, very red in the face, for the day was oppressively warm, who seemed to utter something with a great deal of vehemence, while a considerable number of those underneath him were fast asleep—among them Deacon C—, with his shiny-bald head leaning against the wall. Pete, unobserved by the minister, balanced his egg, and with tolerable aim plastered its contents directly above the deacon's pate! Hearing the concussion, the worthy divine paused in his discourse, and looked daggers at the maudlin visitor. "Never mind, uncle," exclaimed the intruder: "jest you go on a-talkin'—I'll keep 'em awake for you!" By this time the congregation were thoroughly aroused. "Mr L—," said the reverend pastor, with a seeming charity, which in his mortification he could scarcely have felt, and addressing a "tiding-man" near the door, "Mr L—, won't you have the kindness to remove that poor creature from the aisle? I fear that he is sick." "Sick!" stammered our quailish hero, as he began to confirm the fears of the clergyman by very active symptoms; "s-i-c-k!—yes, and it's enough to make a dog sick to sit under such stupid preachin' as your'n: it's more'n I can stand under! Yes, take me out—the quicker the better!"

**THE ASS.**—The ass performs so many useful duties besides his *choragic* functions in our community, that he cannot be respectfully omitted. He is called a bad vocalist, though some amateurs prefer him to the mule; but he is perhaps underrated. There are many notes which alone are shocking to the ear, that have in concert an agreeable harmony. The gabble of the goose is not unpleasant in the orchestra of the barn-yard, and there are many instances, no doubt, in which braying would improve harmony. If one looks close into nature, he will find nothing, not even the gargle of the frog-pond, created in vain. At Musard's they often improve the spirit of a gallopade by the sudden clank and crash of a chain upon a hollow platform, with now and then a scream like the war-whoop of the Seminoles. What the Italians understand, and what most other nations do not, is the harmonious composition of discordant sounds. If a general concert of nature could be formed, the crow as well as the nightingale would be necessary to the perfect symphony; and it is likely even the file and hand-saw might be made to discourse excellent music. But even in a solo, the ass, according to Coleridge, has his merits. He has certainly the merit of execution. He commences with a few prelusive notes, gently, as if essaying his organs, rising in a progressive swell to enthusiasm, and then gradually dies away to a pathetic close; an exact prototype of the best German and Italian compositions, and a living sanction of the genuine and authentic instructions of the Academie de Musique.

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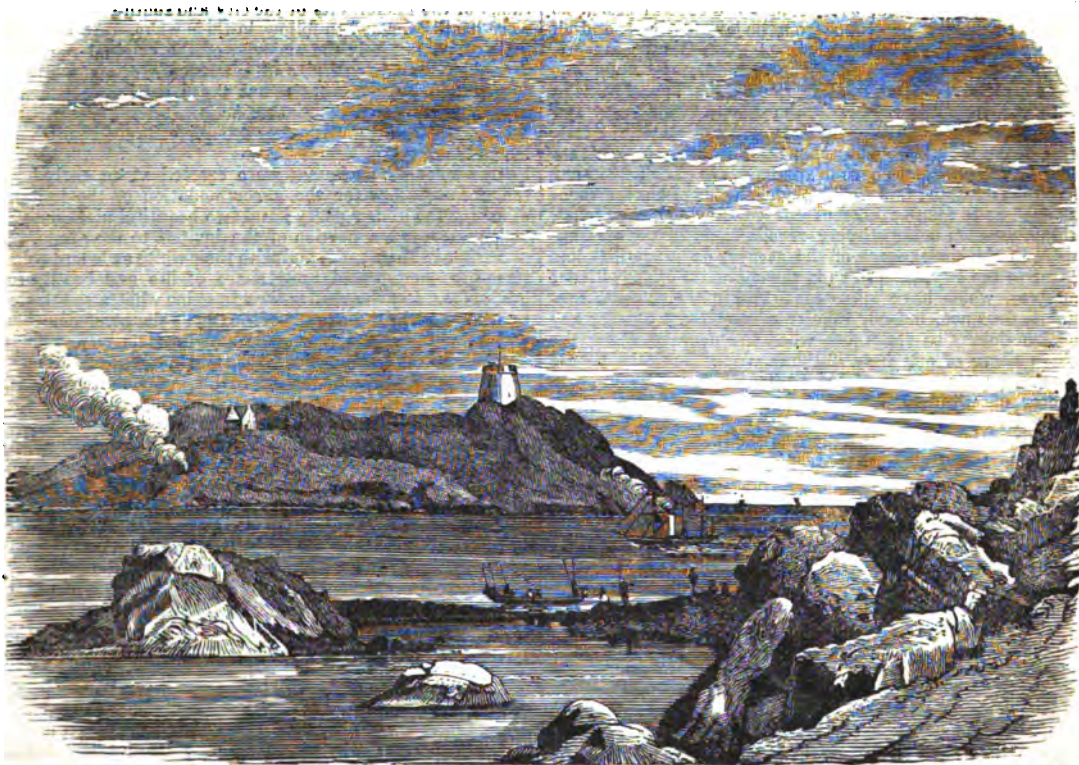


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



THE SOUND AND ISLAND OF DALKEY, COUNTY OF DUBLIN.

THE little rocky island of Dalkey forms the south-eastern extremity of the Bay of Dublin, as the bold and nearly insulated promontory of Howth forms its north-eastern termination. It is separated from the mainland of the parish from which it takes, or to which, perhaps, it gives its name, by a channel called Dalkey Sound, which is about nine hundred yards long, three hundred and eight yards wide at its south entrance, and two hundred and nine yards wide at its north entrance; the soundings in mid-channel varying from ten to five fathoms. This channel was anciently considered a tolerably safe and convenient harbour, and was the principal anchorage for ships frequenting the little castellated seaport town of Dalkey, from which merchandise was transferred to Dublin, as well by boats as by cars. Hence also the harbour of Dalkey was frequently used in former times on state occasions for the embarkation or landing of the Irish viceroys and other state officers. The Lord Deputy Philip de Courtney landed here in 1386, and Sir John Stanley, the deputy of the Marquis of Dublin, in the following year. In 1414, Sir John Talbot, then Lord Furnival, and afterwards the renowned Earl of Shrewsbury, landed here as Viceroy of Ireland; and in 1488, Sir Richard Edgecombe embarked at this harbour for England, after having taken the homage and oaths of fidelity of the nobility who had espoused the cause of Lambert Simnel. Here also landed Sir Edward Bellingham, Lord-Lieutenant in 1548, and Sir Anthony St Leger in 1553; and it was from

this harbour that the Earl of Sussex, in 1558, embarked a large body of forces to oppose the Scottish invaders at the isle of Rathlin; and lastly, again, it was here that the unfortunate Sir John Perrot landed as viceroy in 1584. The conversion of this sound into an asylum harbour was at one time contemplated by government, and a plan for the purpose was proposed by the Committee of Inland Navigation; but from certain objections which were made to it, the project was abandoned. The situation would certainly have been a more imposing and magnificent one than that ultimately chosen.

The island of Dalkey is of a nearly oval form, having a very irregular surface, in part rocky, and in part consisting of a fertile salt marsh, very valuable for the cure of sick cattle, who by feeding on it quickly recover and fatten. It is five hundred and twenty-eight yards long from north to south, and three hundred and eight yards wide from east to west, and comprises about twenty-nine acres of pasture. Its shore is rocky, and in some parts precipitous, and it commands the most beautiful views of the bays of Dublin and Killiney. Among several springs of fresh water on it, one on its south-west side has long been considered to possess sanative properties, and was formerly much resorted to for the cure of scurvy and other diseases. On the same side there are the roofless walls of an ancient church dedicated to St Benet or Benedict, the patron of the parish; and at its south-eastern extremity there is a battery, and a Martello tower which dif-

fers from all the other structures of this class erected on the Irish coast, in having its entrance not at the side but on its top. It is traditionally stated that during the remarkable plague which visited Dublin in 1575, many of the citizens fled to this island for safety.

Dalkey island has several smaller ones contiguous to it, one of which, denominated Lamb Island, is covered with grass, while the others present a surface of bare granite. Of the latter islets one is called Clare Rock, and another the Maiden Rock, an appellation derived from a tradition said to be of twelve hundred years' antiquity, that twelve young maidens from Bullock and Dalkey having gone over to this rock to gather *duilisk*, they were overtaken by a sudden storm so violent as to prohibit assistance from the larger island, and all miserably perished. To the north of these islands is situated the group of rocks called the Muglins, extending one hundred and thirty-two yards in length, and seventy-one in width. On those rocks, in 1765, the pirates Mac Kinley and Gidley were hanged in chains for the murder of Captain Glass.

Most of the features we have thus noticed, together with a portion of the adjacent shore of the bay, are exhibited in our prefixed illustration; and to the older citizens of our metropolis, as well as to many others of our countrymen, they must, we think, awaken many stirring recollections of the striking changes in the appearance of the scenery in many districts adjacent to the city, as well as in the character of the citizens themselves, which have taken place within the present century. It does not, indeed, require a very great age for any of us Dublinians to remember when the country along the southern shore of our beautiful bay, from Dunleary to the land's-end on Dalkey common, presented a nearly uniform character of wildness and solitude—heathy grounds, broken only by masses of granite rocks, and tufts of blossom furze, without culture, and, except in the little walled villages of Bullock and Dalkey, almost uninhabited. The district known as the Commons of Dalkey, which extended from the village to the eastern extremity of the bay, "the Sound," or channel lying on its north-east, and the rocky hill of Dalkey on its south—this in particular was a locality of singularly romantic beauty, a creation of nature in her most sportive mood, and wholly untouched, as it would appear, by the hand of man. Giant masses of granite rocks, sometimes forming detached groups, and at others arranged into semicircular and even circular ledges, gave the greatest variety and inequalities of surface, and formed numerous dells of the greenest sward, so singularly wild and secluded that the elves themselves might justly claim them as their own. To these natural features should be added those of the rocky iron-bound coast, with its little coves, commanding from its cliffs the most delightful views of Killiney Bay, the Sound, the Island of Dalkey, and the Bay of Dublin. These latter features still remain, and can never change; but of all the others which we have noticed, what is there left? Scarcely a vestige that would remind the spectator of what the locality had been. The rocks have been nearly all removed, or converted into building materials for an assemblage of houses of all kinds of fantastic construction, surrounded for the most part by high and unsightly stone walls; and, except in the views obtained from some spots in it, the picturesque beauty of Dalkey common is gone for ever.

The common of Dalkey is now a place of life—a suburb, as we might say, of the city; but at the period to which we have alluded, it was ordinarily a scene of the most desert solitude. A few cottages stretching from the village along its southern boundary, and a solitary cabin originally built by miners, and which still remains, were the only habitations to be seen. But though thus uninhabited, it was not at all times a scene of loneliness. On Sundays and other holidays its rocks and dells were peopled with numerous pic-nic or sod parties of the middle class of the citizens. The song went round, and the echoes were startled by the merry notes of the fiddle or the flute, to which the several groups of happy dancers footed the Irish jig and country dance. Nor were such picnics confined exclusively to the citizens of the middle class—the sporters of jaunting cars and jingles. Parties of the higher ranks occasionally assembled here on week days, and had their rural fetes on a larger and more magnificent scale. It was our own good fortune to be an invited guest to one of these, of which we may be permitted to give some account, as an example of a state of manners and usages of society in Ireland now no longer to be found in persons of the class to which we refer. It was a pic-nic party given by the Alexan-

ders, the Armits, and the present popular and deservedly honoured veteran the Commander of the Forces in Ireland—then lieutenant-colonel of the 18th or Royal Irish Fusiliers, which were at the time quartered in Dublin. On the morning of as beautiful a day in June as ever came, the inhabitants of the leading thoroughfares of the city, and those along the road side from Dublin to Dunleary, were surprised by the unusual crowds of open carriages of all kinds conveying the youth and beauty of the aristocracy of the metropolis to the chosen scene; and when the fine band of the Fusiliers, in their magnificent full-dress uniforms of blue and gold, were seen to pass along on the same route, innumerable parties of the inferior ranks of the inhabitants of the city and south-eastern suburbs were hastily formed to follow in their wake. At noon, or a little after, not only the majority of the original party were assembled in a beautiful and extensive green amphitheatre, surrounded by rocky cliffs, but those cliffs were themselves covered by a crowd of smaller parties—tributary stars around the more splendid galaxy that occupied the centre of the brilliant scene.

Two splendid marquees were erected at an early hour in the morning—one for the accommodation of the ladies, the other for the dinner party; and two beautiful pleasure-yachts which conveyed a portion of the invited to the scene, rested at anchor in the Sound, and with their white sails and coloured streamers contributed their share of life and beauty to the landscape. Let the reader then imagine what a spectacle was presented when the groups of quadrille-dancers—the beauty and gallantry of the metropolis and its vicinity—commenced dancing on the greensward to the music of one of the finest of military bands—what a delight to the happy multitude of spectators who looked on at the graceful and tempered gaiety of high life! The mind of the accomplished painter Watteau, in his finest pictures of the *fetes champêtres* of the French, never conceived any thing so exquisitely beautiful and romantic.

This party did not disperse till after sunset. After an early dinner, dancing was again resumed; and it is worthy of remark that throughout the day there was not a single instance of rudeness or indecorum on the part of the uninvited spectators—no attempt even to approach beyond the natural rocky boundary which they had chosen for themselves—and that the festivities were concluded with mutual pleasure to all the parties who had participated in them. Alas! of the gay party then assembled—the gentle maidens in all the bloom of youthful beauty, the frank young soldiers, the men of fortune, the delighted parents—of all these how many now lie low! More, reader, than you could possibly imagine! Nor can we avoid exclaiming again, alas! that such scenes of rational pleasure, in which the higher and the humbler classes came together in healthful and innocent enjoyment, are not now to be seen in our country as they were heretofore!

But while our memory with changeable feelings of pleasure and of pain fondly lingers on the brilliant scene we have attempted to sketch, we must not forget that our subject requires of us a notice of festivities of a very different character of which Dalkey was in former times the scene—when Dublin and its suburbs poured forth their crowds to enjoy the fun and drolleries of the crowning of Dalkey's insular king!—when Dalkey, its Common, its Sound, and its Island, on a June day annually for several years, presented a spectacle of life, gaiety, good-humour, and enjoyment, such perhaps as was rarely ever exhibited elsewhere. What a glorious day was this for the Dunleary, Bullock, and Dalkey boatmen! Generous fellows! they would take over his majesty's lieges to his empire for almost nothing—frequently for nothing; but, being determined enemies to absenteeism, they would not allow them to depart on the same terms, but would mulct those with taxes *ad libitum* who desired to abandon their country. And again, what a glorious day was this for the jingle-drivers of the Blackrock, the nobby-drivers, and the drivers of all other sorts of hired carriages in Dublin! Has it never occurred to the Railroad people to revive these forgotten frolics? What a harvest they might reap! But what do we say? The thing is impossible. The mirthful temperament, the thoughtless gaiety, the wit and humour that characterised the citizens in those days, are gone for ever. The Dublinians have become a grave, thoughtful, and serious people—we had almost said, a dull one. Their faces no longer wear a cheerful and happy look; the very youths of our metropolis seem to be ignorant of what merriment is, or at best to suppose that it consists in puffing tobacco smoke!

Ah! very different were the notions of their predecessors,

the nobility and gentry of his Majesty the King of Dalkey! Smoking would not at all have suited their mercurial temperament: it would have been the last thing that they would have thought of to have had their tongues tied and their mouths contorted into ugliness in the ridiculously serious effort to hold a cigar between the lips, and look absurdly important! These fellows thought that mouths were given for a very different purpose—to sing the manly song, to throw forth, not clouds of tobacco smoke, but flashes of wit and humour; and we are inclined to think they were right.

We are not about to describe the annual ceremony of the coronation of the Dalkey king, though we should gladly do so if we had the power, for the memory of it, as an interesting illustration of the character of Irish society in days not very remote, should not be allowed to die. We have indeed been an eye-witness of some of these brilliant follies, but we were young at the time, and our memory only retains a general impression of them. We can recollect that the green island figured in our woodcut, as well as the common, presented one mass of living beings, gaily dressed and arranged into groups of happy parties, each with its own musicians. We can recollect also that the dress of the ladies was almost invariably white, with green silk bonnets—a costume that gave a singularly brilliant effect to the scene. A large marquee was erected about the centre of the island for the use of his Majesty and attendant nobles, and a cordon was drawn around it, within which none others were permitted to enter. There was a military band in attendance upon the royal party; and while the noblemen and ladies of the court danced upon the sod within the bounds, to the music of the state minstrels, the subjects of the monarch danced outside.

But these were only the evening festivities. The day was devoted to graver purposes—the landing of his Majesty and nobles from the royal barge under a salute of twenty-one guns, the band playing “God save the King,” and the assembled multitude rending the air with their acclamations! Then the ceremony of his coronation, and afterwards his journey through his dominions, attended by his nobles! At an early hour the monarch with his court proceeded in ludicrously solemn procession from the palace to the church—the roofless ruin figured in our cut—in which the ceremony was performed with a mock gravity which was, however thoughtlessly profane, still irresistibly humorous. The nobles, with painted faces and a profuse display of stars and ribbons, had their titles and appropriate badges of office. There was the grand chamberlain, with his bunch of old rusty keys—the archbishop with his paper mitre and his natural beard of a month’s growth! The very titles of these great personages were conferred in a spirit of drollery, and made characteristic of the peculiarities of the individuals who bore them. Thus there was a Lord of Ireland’s-eye—a grave-looking gentleman who had lost one of his visual organs; a Lord Posey—a gentleman who was remarkable for his habit of carrying a bunch of flowers at his breast; and so on. All the nobility were wits, orators, and generally first-rate vocalists, and the royal visitors were similarly gifted. Charles Inledon, the prince of ballad-singers of his time, here sang his “Black-eyed Susan” and other charming ditties, and John Philpot Curran, the greatest wit of the world, set the table in a roar with his meteor flashes. But the prime spirits of the court were his Majesty himself, Stephen Armitage, his Lord High Admiral Luke Cassidy, and his archbishop—Gillespy. The long coronation sermon of the latter was one of the richest treats of the day, and produced effects such as sermon never produced before.

During this august and imposing ceremony, the church was not only crowded to excess, and its ruined walls covered with human beings, but it was also surrounded with a dense mass of anxious listeners. As to his Majesty himself, he was at times the gravest and at times the merriest of monarchs, much of his humour consisting in the whimsical uncertainty of his movements, for there never was a crowned head more capricious or changeable in disposition than the King of Dalkey. He would set out attended by his court on a journey to some distant region of his dominions, change his mind in a minute and alter his route elsewhere, and again change it within a few minutes; and all these mutations of purpose were most loyally approved of and sympathised in by his majesty’s nobles and subjects. Another trait in King Stephen’s character was his love for song; and when the word ran through his empire that at the royal banquet his majesty had commenced or was about to commence his favourite “Love is my passion and glory,” there was scarcely one of his subjects, male or female,

who did not make a rush to get within earshot of him. Peace be with thee, Stephen! thou wert a king “of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy;” and though thy reign was short and thy dominions small, thou madest more of thy subjects truly happy than many monarchs whose reigns were as much longer as their possessions were more extensive!

Imperfect as these recollections of the Dalkey festivities are, they will perhaps convey to many who have not hitherto heard of them some slight idea of their character; and they will, we trust, excite some surviving actor in them to preserve their memory in a fuller and more graphic record. They were, it will be seen, a sort of extemporaneous acted drama of the Tom Thumb kind, admirably preserving the unities of time and place—the time being one day, and the place—his majesty’s empire! As to the theatre on which it was acted, it was most admirably adapted for the spectacle, and had the most abundant accommodation for the audience. The scenery too was real scenery—not painted canvass, that required distance to give it the effect of reality: the greensward, the blue sky and bluer sea, the rocky islands, the distant hills and mountains, were painted by the hand of the greatest of all Artists; and the theatre, instead of miserable foot-lights, had its illumination from the glorious sun, the greatest of all His visible works!

It may be supposed that these annual festivities must have been productive of scenes of drunkenness and quarrelling, and we cannot state of our own knowledge whether they were so or not: but we have been informed that they did not lead to such results; and the statement would seem true, from the fact that no accident ever occurred to any of those engaged in them—a singular circumstance, if we consider the dangers to which so many persons were exposed in consequence of having to cross the sound in crowded boats at a late hour in the evening.

P.

It was not till after the preceding article had been in type that we were informed that a notice of the Dalkey festivities had recently appeared in the preface to the first volume of the beautiful edition of the poems of our own national poet, Moore, just published; and as it adds some interesting facts to those furnished by our own recollections, we gladly present them to our readers, in the perfect confidence that they will be read with that intense pleasure which his writings have rarely failed to afford.

“It was in the year 1794, or about the beginning of the next, that I remember having for the first time tried my hand at political satire. In their very worst times of slavery and suffering the happy disposition of my countrymen had kept their cheerfulness still unbroken and buoyant; and at the period of which I am speaking the hope of a brighter day dawning upon Ireland had given to the society of the middle class in Dublin a more than usual flow of hilarity and life. Among other gay results of this festive spirit, a club or society was instituted by some of our most convivial citizens, one of whose objects was to burlesque, good-humouredly, the forms and pomps of royalty. With this view they established a sort of mock kingdom, of which Dalkey, a small island near Dublin, was made the seat; and an eminent pawnbroker named Stephen Armitage, much renowned for his agreeable singing, was the chosen and popular monarch.

Before public affairs had become too serious for such pastimes, it was usual to celebrate yearly at Dalkey the day of this sovereign’s accession; and among the gay scenes that still live in my memory, there are few it recalls with more freshness than this celebration on a fine Sunday in summer of one of these anniversaries of King Stephen’s coronation. The picturesque sea views of that spot, the gay crowds along the shores, the innumerable boats full of life floating about, and above all, the true spirit of mirth which the Irish temperament never fails to lend to such meetings, rendered the whole a scene not easily forgotten. The state ceremonies of the day were performed with all due gravity within the ruins of an ancient church that stands on the island, where his mock majesty bestowed the order of knighthood upon certain favoured personages, and among others I recollect upon Inledon the celebrated singer, who rose from under the touch of the royal sword with the appropriate title of Sir Charles Melody. There was also selected for the favours of the crown on that day a lady of no ordinary poetic talent, Mrs Battier, who had gained much fame by some spirited satires in the manner of Churchill, and whose kind encouragement of my early attempts in versification were to me a source of much pride. This lady, as was



officially announced in the course of the day, had been appointed his Majesty's Poetess Laureate, under the style and title of Henrietta Countess of Laurel.

There could hardly be devised a more apt vehicle for lively political satire than this gay travesty of monarchical power and its showy appurtenances so temptingly supplied. The very day indeed after this commemoration there appeared in the usual record of Dalkey state intelligence, an amusing proclamation from the king, offering a large reward in *croon-banes* (Irish halfpence) to the finder or finders of his Majesty's crown, which, owing to his 'having measured both sides of the road' in his pedestrian progress from Dalkey on the preceding night, had unluckily fallen from the royal brow."

## IRISH SUPERSTITIONS—GHOSTS AND FAIRIES.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

(First Article.)

We have met and conversed with every possible representative of the various classes that compose general society, from the sweep to the peer, and we feel ourselves bound to say that in no instance have we ever met any individual, no matter what his class or rank in life, who was really indifferent to the subject of dreams, fairies, and apparitions. They are topics that interest the imagination in all; and the hoary head of age is inclined with as much interest to a ghost-story, as the young and eager ear of youth, wrought up by all the nimble and apprehensive powers of early fancy. It is true the belief in ghosts is fast disappearing, and that of fairies is already almost gone; but with what new wonders they shall be replaced, it is difficult to say. The physical and natural we suppose will give us enough of the marvellous, without having recourse to the spiritual and supernatural. Steam and gas, if Science advance for another half century at the same rate as she has done in the last, will give sufficient exercise to all our faculties for wondering. We know a man who travelled eighty miles to see whether or not it was a fact that light could be conveyed for miles in a pipe under ground; and this man to our own knowledge possessed the organ of marvellousness to a surprising degree. It is singular, too, that his fear of ghosts was in proportion to this capacious propensity to wonder, as was his disposition when snug in a chimney corner to talk incessantly of such topics as were calculated to excite it.

In our opinion, ghosts and fairies will be seen wherever they are much talked of, and a belief in their existence cultivated and nourished. So long as the powers of the imagination are kept warm and active by exercise, they will create for themselves such images as they are in the habit of conceiving or dwelling upon; and these, when the individual happens to be in the appropriate position, will even by the mere force of association engender the particular Eidolon which is predominant in the mind. As an illustration of this I shall mention two cases of apparition which occurred in my native parish, one of which was that of a ghost, and the other of the fairies. To those who have read my "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," the first which I shall narrate may possess some interest, as being that upon which I founded the tale of the "Midnight Mass." The circumstances are simply these:—

There lived a man named M'Kenna at the hip of one of the mountainous hills which divide the county of Tyrone from that of Monaghan. This M'Kenna had two sons, one of whom was in the habit of tracing hares of a Sunday, whenever there happened to be a fall of snow. His father it seems had frequently remonstrated with him upon what he considered to be a violation of the Lord's day, as well as for his general neglect of mass. The young man, however, though otherwise harmless and inoffensive, was in this matter quite insensible to paternal reproof, and continued to trace whenever the avocations of labour would allow him. It so happened that upon a Christmas morning, I think in the year 1814, there was a deep fall of snow, and young M'Kenna, instead of going to mass, got down his cock-stick—which is a staff much heavier at one end than at the other—and prepared to set out on his favourite amusement. His father seeing this, reproved him seriously, and insisted that he should attend prayers. His enthusiasm for the sport, however, was stronger than his love of religion, and he refused to be guided by his father's advice. The old man during the altercation got warm; and on finding that the son obstinately scorned his authority, he knelt down and prayed that if the boy persisted in following his own will, he might never

return from the mountains unless as a corpse. The imprecation, which was certainly as harsh as it was impious and senseless, might have startled many a mind from a purpose which was, to say the least of it, at variance with religion and the respect due to a father. It had no effect, however, upon the son, who is said to have replied, that whether he ever returned or not, he was determined on going; and go accordingly he did. He was not, however, alone, for it appears that three or four of the neighbouring young men accompanied him. Whether their sport was good or otherwise, is not to the purpose, neither am I able to say; but the story goes that towards the latter part of the day they started a larger and darker hare than any they had ever seen, and that she kept dodging on before them bit by bit, leading them to suppose that every succeeding cast of the cock-stick would bring her down. It was observed afterwards that she also led them into the recesses of the mountains, and that although they tried to turn her course homewards, they could not succeed in doing so. As evening advanced, the companions of M'Kenna began to feel the folly of pursuing her farther, and to perceive the danger of losing their way in the mountains should night or a snow-storm come upon them. They therefore proposed to give over the chase and return home; but M'Kenna would not hear of it. "If you wish to go home, you may," said he; "as for me, I'll never leave the hills till I have her with me." They begged and entreated him to desist and return, but all to no purpose: he appeared to be what the Scotch call *fey*—that is, to act as if he were moved by some impulse that leads to death, and from the influence of which a man cannot withdraw himself. At length, on finding him invincibly obstinate, they left him pursuing the hare directly into the heart of the mountains, and returned to their respective homes.

In the mean time, one of the most terrible snow-storms ever remembered in that part of the country came on, and the consequence was, that the self-willed young man, who had equally trampled on the sanctions of religion and parental authority, was given over for lost. As soon as the tempest became still, the neighbours assembled in a body and proceeded to look for him. The snow, however, had fallen so heavily that not a single mark of a footprint could be seen. Nothing but one wide waste of white undulating hills met the eye wherever it turned, and of M'Kenna no trace whatever was visible or could be found. His father now remembering the unnatural character of his imprecation, was nearly distracted; for although the body had not yet been found, still by every one who witnessed the sudden rage of the storm and who knew the mountains, escape or survival was felt to be impossible. Every day for about a week large parties were out among the hill-ranges seeking him, but to no purpose. At length there came a thaw, and his body was found on a snow-wreath, lying in a supine posture within a circle which he had drawn around him with his cock-stick. His prayer-book lay opened upon his mouth, and his hat was pulled down so as to cover it and his face. It is unnecessary to say that the rumour of his death, and of the circumstances under which he left home, created a most extraordinary sensation in the country—a sensation that was the greater in proportion to the uncertainty occasioned by his not having been found either alive or dead. Some affirmed that he had crossed the mountains, and was seen in Monaghan; others, that he had been seen in Clones, in Emyvale, in Fivemiletown; but despite of all these agreeable reports, the melancholy truth was at length made clear by the appearance of the body as just stated.

Now, it so happened that the house nearest the spot where he lay was inhabited by a man named Daly, I think—but of the name I am not certain—who was a herd or care-taker to Dr Porter, then Bishop of Clogher. The situation of this house was the most lonely and desolate-looking that could be imagined. It was at least two miles distant from any human habitation, being surrounded by one wide and dreary waste of dark moor. By this house lay the route of those who had found the corpse, and I believe the door was borrowed for the purpose of conveying it home. Be this as it may, the family witnessed the melancholy procession as it passed slowly through the mountains, and when the place and circumstances are all considered, we may admit that to ignorant and superstitious people, whose minds even under ordinary occasions were strongly affected by such matters, it was a sight calculated to leave behind it a deep, if not a terrible impression. Time soon proved that it did so.

An incident is said to have occurred at the funeral which I have alluded to in the "Midnight Mass," and which is cer-



tainty in fine keeping with the wild spirit of the whole melancholy event. When the procession had advanced to a place called Mullaghtinny, a large dark-coloured hare, which was instantly recognised, by those who had been out with him on the hills, as the identical one that led him to his fate, is said to have crossed the road about twenty yards or so before the coffin. The story goes, that a man struck it on the side with a stone, and that the blow, which would have killed any ordinary hare, not only did it no injury, but occasioned a sound to proceed from the body resembling the hollow one emitted by an empty barrel when struck.

In the meantime the interment took place, and the sensation began like every other to die away in the natural progress of time, when, behold, a report ran about like wildfire that, to use the language of the people, "Frank M'Kenna was appearing!" Seldom indeed was the rumour of an apparition composed of materials so strongly calculated to win popular assent or to baffle rational investigation. As every man is not a Hibbert or a Nicolai, so will many, until such circumstances are made properly intelligible, continue to yield credence to testimony which would convince the judgment on any other subject. The case in question furnished as fine a specimen of a true ghost-story, freed from any suspicion of imposture or design, as could be submitted to a philosopher; and yet, notwithstanding the array of apparent facts connected with it, nothing in the world is simpler or of easier solution.

One night, about a fortnight after his funeral, the daughter of Daly, the herd, a girl about fourteen, while lying in bed saw what appeared to be the likeness of M'Kenna, who had been lost. She screamed out, and covering her head with the bed-clothes, told her father and mother that Frank M'Kenna was in the house. This alarming intelligence naturally produced great terror; still, Daly, who notwithstanding his belief in such matters possessed a good deal of moral courage, was cool enough to rise and examine the house, which consisted of only one apartment. This gave the daughter some courage, who, on finding that her father could not see him, ventured to look out, and she then could see nothing of him herself. She very soon fell asleep, and her father attributed what she saw to fear, or some accidental combination of shadows proceeding from the furniture, for it was a clear moonlight night. The light of the following day dispelled a great deal of their apprehensions, and comparatively little was thought of it until evening again advanced, when the fears of the daughter began to return. They appeared to be prophetic, for she said when night came that she knew he would appear again; and accordingly at the same hour he did so. This was repeated for several successive nights, until the girl, from the very hardihood of terror, began to become so far familiarised to the spectre as to venture to address it.

"In the name of God," she asked, "what is troubling you, or why do you appear to me instead of to some of your own family or relations?"

The ghost's answer alone might settle the question involved in the authenticity of its appearance, being, as it was, an account of one of the most ludicrous missions that ever a spirit was dispatched upon.

"I'm not allowed," said he, "to spake to any of my friends, for I parted wid them in anger; but I'm come to tell you that they are quarrellin' about my breeches—a new pair that I got made for Christmas day; an' as I was comin' up to thrace in the mountains, I thought the ould ones 'ud do better, an' of course I didn't put the new pair an me. My raison for appearin'," he added, "is, that you may tell my friends that none of them is to wear them—they must be given in charity."

This serious and solemn intimation from the ghost was duly communicated to the family, and it was found that the circumstances were exactly as it had represented them. This of course was considered as sufficient proof of the truth of its mission. Their conversations now became not only frequent, but quite friendly and familiar. The girl became a favourite with the spectre, and the spectre on the other hand soon lost all his terrors in her eyes. He told her that whilst his friends were bearing home his body, the handspikes or poles on which they carried him had cut his back, and occasioned him great pain! The cutting of the back also was found to be true, and strengthened of course the truth and authenticity of their dialogues. The whole neighbourhood was now in a commotion with this story of the apparition, and persons incited by curiosity began to visit the girl in order to satisfy themselves of the truth of what they had heard. Every

thing, however, was corroborated, and the child herself, without any symptoms of anxiety or terror, artlessly related her conversations with the spirit. Hitherto their interviews had been all nocturnal, but now that the ghost found his footing made good, he put a hardy face on, and ventured to appear by daylight. The girl also fell into states of syncope, and while the fits lasted, long conversations with him upon the subject of God, the blessed Virgin, and Heaven, took place between them. He was certainly an excellent moralist, and gave the best advice. Swearing, drunkenness, theft, and every evil propensity of our nature, were declaimed against with a degree of spectral eloquence quite surprising. Common fame had now a topic dear to her heart, and never was a ghost made more of by his best friends, than she made of him. The whole country was in a tumult, and I well remember the crowds which flocked to the lonely little cabin in the mountains, now the scene of matters so interesting and important. Not a single day passed in which I should think from ten to twenty, thirty, or fifty persons, were not present at these singular interviews. Nothing else was talked of, thought of, and, as I can well testify, dreamt of. I would myself have gone to Daly's were it not for a confounded misgiving I had, that perhaps the ghost might take such a fancy of appearing to me, as he had taken to cultivate an intimacy with the girl; and it so happens, that when I see the face of an individual nailed down in the coffin—chilling and gloomy operation!—I experience no particular wish ever to look upon it again.

Many persons might imagine that the herd's daughter was acting the part of an impostor, by first originating and then sustaining such a delusion. If any one, however, was an impostor, it was the ghost, and not the girl, as her ill health and wasted cheek might well testify. The appearance of M'Kenna continued to haunt her for months. The reader is aware that he was lost on Christmas day, or rather on the night of it, and I remember seeing her in the early part of the following summer, during which time she was still the victim of a diseased imagination. Every thing in fact that could be done for her was done. They brought her to a priest named Donnelly, who lived down at Ballynasaggart, for the purpose of getting her cured, as he had the reputation of performing cures of that kind. They brought her also to the doctors, who also did what they could for her; but all to no purpose. Her fits were longer and of more frequent occurrence; her appetite left her; and ere four months had elapsed, she herself looked as like a spectre as the ghost himself could do for the life of him.

Now, this was a pure case of spectral illusion, and precisely similar to that detailed so philosophically by Nicolai the German bookseller, and to others mentioned by Hibbert. The image of M'Kenna not only appeared to her in daylight at her own house, but subsequently followed her wherever she went; and what proved this to have been the result of diseased organization, produced at first by a heated and excited imagination, was, that, as the story went, she could see him with her eyes shut. Whilst this state of mental and physical feeling lasted, she was the subject of the most intense curiosity. No matter where she went, whether to chapel, to fair, or to market, she was followed by crowds, every one feeling eager to get a glimpse of the girl who had actually seen, and what was more, spoken to a ghost—a live ghost.

Now, here was a young girl of an excitable temperament and large imagination, leading an almost solitary life amidst scenery of a lonely and desolate character, who, happening to be strongly impressed with an image of horror—for surely such was the body of a dead man seen in association with such peculiarly frightful circumstances as filial disobedience and a father's curse were calculated to give it—cannot shake it off, but on the contrary becomes a victim to the disease which it generates. There is not an image which we see in a fever, or a face whether of angel or devil, or an uncouth shape of any kind, that is not occasioned by cerebral excitement, or derangement of the nervous system, analogous to that under which Daly's daughter laboured. I saw her several times, and remember clearly that her pale face, dark eye, and very intellectual forehead, gave indications of such a temperament as under her circumstances would be apt to receive strong and fearful impressions from images calculated to excite terror, especially of the supernatural. It only now remains for me to mention the simple method of her cure, which was effected without either priest or doctor. It depended upon a word or two of advice given to her father by a very sensible man, who was in the habit of thinking on these

matters somewhat above the superstitious absurdities of the people.

"If you wish your daughter to be cured," said he to her father, "leave the house you are now living in. Take her to some part of the country where she can have companions of her own class and state of life to mingle with; bring her away from the place altogether; for you may rest assured that so long as there are objects before her eyes to remind her of what happened, she will not mend on your hands."

The father, although he sat rent free, took this excellent advice, even at a sacrifice of some comfort: for nothing short of the temptation of easy circumstances could have induced any man to reside in so wild and remote a solitude. In the course of a few days he removed from it with his family, and came to reside amidst the cheerful aspect and enlivening intercourse of human life. The consequences were precisely as the man had told him. In the course of a few weeks the little girl began to find that the visits of the spectre were like those of angels, few and far between. She was sent to school, and what with the confidence derived from human society, and the substitution of new objects and images, she soon perfectly recovered, and ere long was thoroughly set free from the fearful creation of her own brain.

Now, there is scarcely one of the people in my native parish who does not believe that the spirit of this man came back to the world, and actually appeared to this little girl. The time, however, is fast coming when these empty bugbears will altogether disappear, and we shall entertain more reverend and becoming notions of God than to suppose such senseless pranks could be played by the soul of a departed being under his permission. We might as well assert that the imaginary beings which surround the couch of the madman or hypochondriac have a real existence, as those that are conjured up by terror, weak nerves, or impure blood.

The spot where the body of M'Kenna was found is now marked by a little heap of stones, which has been collected since the melancholy event of his death. Every person who passes it throws a stone upon the heap; but why this old custom is practised, or what it means, I do not know, unless it be simply to mark the spot as a visible means of preserving the memory of the occurrence.

Daly's house, the scene of the supposed apparition, is now a shapeless ruin, which could scarcely be seen were it not for the green spot that was once a garden, and which now shines at a distance like an emerald, but with no agreeable or pleasing associations. It is a spot which no solitary schoolboy will ever visit, nor indeed would the unflinching believer in the popular nonsense of ghosts wish to pass it without a companion. It is under any circumstances a gloomy and barren place, but when looked upon in connection with what we have just recited, it is lonely, desolate, and awful.

### Ἡ Ἥδηθος.—(THE HEDGEHOG.)

SOME twenty years ago it was not unusual in the south of Ireland to see boys assembled about a fire of straw, loudly exulting over a flame-surrounded victim, whose attempts to escape, rendered nugatory by a timid retraction as it were into himself, served but to call forth louder shouts of triumph from his persecutors, who thought they justified their savage deed by proclaiming its hapless object as a witch, a robber of orchards, and a sucker of cows. Leaving to our antiquarian friends to discover whether the cruel act in question was not a holocaust originating in the mystic rites of Pagan times, it is for us to vindicate the wronged, and show the absurdity of the charges by which wrong has been maintained, and at the same time to indicate such matter as may serve to direct kindness to that innocent victim of ignorance, the inoffensive Hedgehog. That it is not a witch according to the old law, may be proved in a court of justice spite of the popular opinion and in defiance of the authority of Shakspeare, whose witches in Macbeth are warned that the proper time had come to commence their infernal incantations by "thrice and once the hedge-pig whined." We have no witness that a hedgehog ever rode a broomstick or vomited knives, skewers, coals of fire, or any such like legal proofs of witchcraft; neither, perhaps you exclaim, is the writer of so much nonsense a witch. True it is that the creature so named has its place nowhere in the classification of a zoologist, yet still an undefined idea of its existence floats in the imagination of the most ignorant, and it is not extraordinary that an opinion once universal should still linger in unenlightened minds. In no way do we

consider superstitious prejudices can better be extinguished than by inducing accuracy of observation of natural phenomena, which shows that nothing supernatural exists. The second charge, that the hedgehog is a robber of orchards, is a very old one. Pliny, as translated by Holland, states—"Hedgehogs make their provision beforehand of meat for winter in this wise: they wallow and roll themselves upon apples and such fruit lying under foot, and so catch them up with their prickles, and one more besides they take in their mouth, and so carry them into hollow trees."

Now, this has no foundation in fact. True it is that the hedgehog is very often found in the neighbourhood of orchards; but then this may be accounted for by the fact that the fences of such places are usually of exactly the thick and unfrequented kind the animal best likes to inhabit. Our repeated experience has never enabled us to discover that a hedgehog will eat apples; on the contrary, in early youth, when imbued with the general belief that this fruit was their diet, we have in more than one or two instances (most cruelly as we now believe) starved to death unfortunate specimens, which we shut up in a box with an ample supply of apples, not one of which they ever ate. That a magpie will steal and hide silver spoons, or a raven silk stockings, we know, and may use it as an argument that animals steal what they do not want; but that a hedgehog steals apples in the way stated, experiment will at once prove to be untrue, for, from the varied position of the points of the spines when fixed, it is impossible to fasten an apple upon them; and when they are not fixed, they yield at once to the pressure made in the attempt. Though domesticated hedgehogs can easily be brought to feed on bread and milk or dressed vegetables, yet all our observation goes to prove that in a state of nature, or when permitted to stray in a garden, they never eat any but animal food. This is at variance with the generally received opinion, which is supported by the authority of White, who, in his admirable History of Selborne, complains that hedgehogs injured his garden by boring with their long snouts under the plantain that grew in his grass walks, eating off the root upwards, leaving the tufts of leaves untouched, and defacing his grounds by making unsightly holes. He then immediately goes on to prove that these identical animals used beetles as no inconsiderable portion of their food. Now, it strikes us that his previous observation was not made with his usual accuracy, and that the hedgehogs did not eat the roots of plantain, but dug up where they had been to catch the larva of beetles that had just devoured them. Thus rooks have been charged with wantonly plucking up grass, while the truth is, that they only pull up plants attacked at the root by the larva of the cockchafer or some other of the *Phytophagous coleoptera* (as vegetable-eating beetles are called), catch in the fact the destructive insect, and so stop its ravages; thus rendering important services to those who, for lack of accurate observation, falsely accuse and mischievously shoot them. Trusting we have satisfied you that the hedgehog does not steal apples, we come to the next charge, that he sucks cows. To refute this we have the best possible evidence in the animal's mouth, the structure of which is completely unsuited to the accomplishment of such an object. That he will drink milk with avidity when domesticated, is certain, but this is only a taste he acquires in common with hundreds of other animals: there is scarcely one that may not be induced to relish such diet. Having thus cleared our hero (a name he fully deserves, as he wins battles by passive resistance) from the charges brought against him, we proceed to give some anecdotes of our personal knowledge, and shall finish with a few interesting facts in his history, for the information of those who take pleasure in accurate acquaintance with nature's works.

We have before mentioned our starving of hedgehogs by endeavouring to make them eat apples. In one of these cases we suffered no small retribution. We were at school in these days, and a practice existed amongst us called "slating." It was an innocent imitation of the murderous attacks made in Dublin by short-sighted combiners on such of their fellow tradesmen as refused obedience to their mischievous laws. With us it consisted in waylaying each other in the dark passages, and striking with the open palms the hats or caps of the surprised over the eyes. Having been thus treated many times, we bethought ourselves of turning our starved hedgehog to account, and proceeded to skin him with the intent of making a cap; so that when again "slated," the attacking party would find reason to call out in the words of Chaucer,

"Like sharpe urchins his hair was growe."

Accordingly, having hanged the animal up against a tree, we were essaying, by pulling, to effect a solution of continuity, as a surgeon would call it, between his body and skin, when the nail gave way, and he came down with considerable force on our forehead, accupunctureing us most awfully. The pain at the time was very great, and considerable soreness continued for several days, so much so that we were induced to suspect that some poisonous virus existed. We introduce this story for the purpose of calling attention to the effects of the spines when brought into action. Though experience induces us to believe that their punctures are more painful than those of pins and needles, we have not been able to ascertain why they should be so. Disabled in our attempt, we abandoned the skin, and it became common property. It was for some time used as one of the instruments for initiating the Johnny Newcomes into the mysteries of school life. Not a few will recollect how, when chilled by a previous salting or seasoning, as we called it, of snow crammed into the mouth, eyes, nose, and down the back, their sense of vitality was aroused, when escaping to bed they threw themselves on its thorny pre-occupant. Many, doubtless, then heartily wished themselves again within the zone of mamma's apron-string; but the affair usually ended by storing up vengeance for, and the implement for executing it on, the next comer. A few years afterwards we procured another hedgehog, and provided him with earth-worms, which he munged with great gusto. We mixed a few of them with bread and milk, and thus initiated him into this new diet. We tried him with frogs, mice, sparrows, and various other animal matters, of all of which he partook freely, and he soon became quite domesticated. We provided him a bed made in an old footstool in the kitchen; in this he remained during daylight rolled up in a ball of hay, from which it was quite a troublesome matter to extricate him; he could not be disentangled from it at all, without picking it carefully from his spines. Yet when he pleased himself to move, he came forth quite free, and did not drag a single filament out with him. He soon acquired a habit of making his appearance when tea was being served; the hissing of the water in the urn seemed to be his signal that his only meal was ready, for he regularly followed the servant who bore it into the tea-room, where he was indulged with a saucer of bread and milk on the rug before the fire. Having eaten as much as he desired, he commenced trotting about the room, taking precisely the same course round the legs of chairs and tables each time; and so he continued without a moment's cessation to the latest hour the household remained up. Like the Guinea-pig, he seemed to have the greatest dislike to running across the room. In the morning he was always found snug in his bed. At length he disappeared, but previously did good service by devouring the cockroaches and beetles which infested the house. The desire of the hedgehog to pursue a beaten track was further evidenced by one we kept in a garden, which continued for months the course he first took, though a portion of it consisted in climbing with difficulty over some tiles, which a few inches on either side would have avoided. We often put things in his path, and watched his proceedings: he shrunk at first on finding the obstruction, and then tumbled over it in the best way he could.

Again we got another, and having heard that he may be at once tamed by indulging him in whisky, we mixed some in a saucer with sugar, and dipping his nose into it, he licked his chops, then ventured to make a lap at the enticing material, and, "startled at the sound himself had made," he shrunk in, but came out again presently and lapped away most eagerly. The spirit soon showed its power, and like other beasts that indulge in it, he was any thing but himself; and his lack-lustre leaden eye was rendered still less pleasing by its inane drunken expression. He staggered towards us in a ridiculously get-out-of-my-way sort of manner; however, he had not gone far before his potation produced all its effects; he tottered, then fell on his side; he was drunk in the full sense of the word; he could not even hold by the ground. We could then pull him about by the feet, open his mouth, twitch his whiskers, &c.: he was unresisting. There was a strange expression in his face of that self-confidence which we see in cowards when inspired by drinking. We put him away, and some twelve hours afterwards found him running about, and, as was predicted, quite tame, his spines lying so smoothly and regularly that he could be stroked down the back, and handled freely. We turned him into the kitchen to kill the cockroaches, and know nothing further of him.

Having given you so much of his manners, let us turn to his structural peculiarities. He is a small animal, not much larger than a rat when stripped of his spines and the muscular apparatus connected with them. It is this that enables him to roll himself up so as to present a *cheveux-de-frize*-like defence, impregnable to all ordinary enemies; and as there is much singularity in it, we will endeavour to describe it. On the back of the animal, between the skin and ribs, there is a large oval muscle with thickened edges, partially attached to the skin and spines. From this spring certain muscular bands, which are fixed firmly at the other ends to the head, tail, breast, and other parts of the body. The whole may be likened to a sort of elastic mantle, kept on the back by straps. When the owner wishes to roll up, he bends his body, then tightening the straps, he pulls the edge of the elastic mantle over, which contracting, draws it in as if it were a running string in a bag; at the same time the spines are fixed rigidly for defence by the straining of the muscles. There are many other interesting points in his anatomy. He possesses, as we do, well developed clavicles or collar-bones, which only exist in a rudimentary form in many quadrupeds. The peculiarities of his structure have exposed him to much, we will not say wanton cruelty, as its object was the increase of knowledge; it therefore should not be heavily censured, while so many unmeaning barbarities exist under the name of sports. It is stated as a proof of his endurance, that he has died without a groan under the slow process of zootomy inflicted upon him while nailed to a table. Such practices are seldom if ever engaged in at the present time.

The hedgehog is certainly a very apathetic creature, and at a low temperature becomes torpid; when in this condition he is doubtless devoid of feeling. Torpidity in many animals seems to stand in the place of migration in others, as a necessary condition when provision of food depends on season: in this case the fact seems to argue in favour of our position—that the hedgehog is in a state of nature strictly insectivorous; were it not so, torpidity would not seem necessary, as roots of vegetables could be had with facility as well at one season as the other. The hedgehog while torpid loses weight rather rapidly, so that the power of its remaining in this state is limited perhaps to a very few months.

The French academicians maintained long since that there were two species of hedgehog in their country. In reference to this, Ray, with his usual sagacity, after describing the common species, expresses a disbelief of there being another in Europe; a doubt since fully confirmed: for the dog and hog urchin, as the supposed species were called, have no more existence than the dog and hog badgers of our sportsmen under as distinct animals. Old authors notice several species under the name of hedgehog; but it appears by more accurate observation that but two of the animals mentioned by them are entitled to this name, viz. the one in question and the long-eared urchin of Siberia.

Since 1832, at least three other species have been enrolled in the records of science. It is said that when hedgehogs are born, their ears as well as their eyes are closed, and the former circumstance is noticed as a unique fact; however, another instance of imperforate ears occurred to us, in the case of a black bear cubbed at the gardens of the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland: it lived but a few hours. The ear of the hedgehog, in the structure of its bony parts, presents some peculiarities strikingly different from most other quadrupeds.

The hedgehog is said to feed occasionally on cantharides; a single beetle of which would occasion death or serious injury to most animals. If this be true, it is only another example of what often occurs in nature, illustrating the old proverb "what is one's meat is another's poison." In addition to the use of the hedgehog as the destroyer of cockroaches, his skin was an important monopoly in the time of the Romans, being used both as a clothes-brush and an instrument for hackling hemp. His calcined eyes formed part of an ointment which the ancients tell us had such a wonderful efficacy as to enable persons using it to see in the dark. His gall was used to take off hair, his fat to put it on, &c.

He is still eaten in the south of Europe; but, judging from his food and appearance, we would not recommend the practice here. The hedgehog, or urchin, as he is sometimes called, belongs to the order of Insectivora, and possesses much of the character and habits of shrews. His scientific name is *Erinaceus Europæus*; but we have headed this article with his Irish appellation, which is perhaps the only one not inserted in our popular authors.

## WATERPROOFING OF CLOTH, SILK, &amp;c.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR—I would feel happy should the few remarks I will at present offer be found worthy of insertion in your columns—it is on the subject of waterproofing cloth, or other fabrics, cotton, silk, leather, &c.

When the matter first came before the public, being determined if possible to ascertain the secret, after many unsuccessful experiments I found all the requisite properties to consist in a concentrated solution of acetate of alumina, which can be procured at a cheap and a moderate rate, by mixing equal quantities of sulphate of alum (common alum) and acetate of lead (sugar of lead), and dissolving them in water: one pound of each may be purchased for one shilling, which may be dissolved in one gallon and a half of boiling water, and well mixed; when cold, the supernatant liquid should be removed from the sediment, which consists of sulphates of lead, potash, &c. Any article of dress, no matter how slight the fabric, if well saturated in it, and allowed to dry slowly, will bear the action of boiling water, and not permit it to pass through: it is a remarkable fact, and there are many others connected with the same solution well worthy of investigation. I should be glad if some of your learned correspondents would favour us with the reason why the boiling water will not pass through, and the steam of the water will. Thinking it a subject not totally unworthy of examination, I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,

THOMAS IRWIN,

Apothecary and Chemist, 48 Cuffe St.

## A SCENE AT SEA.

"I saw the ship go dancing on before the favouring gale,  
And like the pinions of a swan was spread each swelling sail;  
But ere again upon the sun, rose many a shriek and wail;  
Ere morn the gallant ship was gone—vanished the snowy sail!"

The ship rode far upon the silent main; 'twas night,  
A beautiful, still night; no moon was there,  
But the bright stars were hanging overhead  
In golden clusters; and the breathless sea  
Gave them all back; while the tall vessel seemed  
A fairy home, suspended 'twixt two heavens.  
And there were happy hearts within her then:  
That ere they had descried the distant shore  
Of their own land; and all had gone to rest  
In the dear hope that ere another day  
Their feet would press again their native soil:  
Then the rich merchant dreamed how his gay stores  
Would well reward his exile; and the youth  
Thought of his loved one, and in fancy touch'd  
Already her rose-lips; while the fond sire  
Dreamed of his wife and children, and his hearth  
With their bright faces gathered round, like stars,  
To hearken to the marvels of his voyage.

There is a stillness over sea and heaven—  
A placid calm, a holy peace: alas!  
Whence is that sudden cry—that rising flame  
That bursts from the fair vessel? 'Tis no fire  
Of heaven, no angry lightning, that hath struck  
And blasted it! A moment, and the scene  
That was so fair is changed: the heavens above  
And still as ever; but the death-fire glows  
Upon the burnished waters! Groans and prayers  
Rise up all vainly! There's a sudden shriek,  
Like to an earthquake; and the hopes and fears  
Of many hearts, the vessel and its freight,  
Are vanished—scattered into nameless things,  
And all is swallowed up and lost!

—From the *Katcherbocker*.

**TRUE CHARITY.**—The lowest order of charity is that which is satisfied with relieving the immediate pressure of distress in individual cases. A higher is, that which makes provision on a large scale for the relief of such distress; as when a nation passes on from common almsgiving to a general provision for the destitute. A higher still is, when such provision is made in the way of anticipation, or for distant objects; as when the civilization of savages, the freeing of slaves, the treatment of the insane, or the education of the blind and deaf and mutes, is undertaken. The highest charity of all is, that

which aims at the prevention rather than the alleviation of evil. It is a nobler charity to prevent destitution, crime, and ignorance, than to relieve individuals who never ought to have been made destitute, criminal, and ignorant.

**EMPLOYMENT FOR THE UNHAPPY.**—The unhappy are indisposed to employment: all active occupations are wearisome and disgusting in prospect, at a time when every thing, life itself, is full of weariness and disgust. Yet the unhappy must be employed, or they will go mad. Comparatively blessed are they, if they are set in families, where claims and duties abound, and cannot be escaped. In the pressure of business there is present safety and ultimate relief. Harder is the lot of those who have few necessary occupations, enforced by other claims than their own harmlessness and profitableness. Reading often fails. Now and then it may be guile; but much oftener the attention is languid, the thoughts wander, and associations with the subject of grief are awakened. Women who find that reading will not do, will obtain no relief from sewing. Sewing is pleasant enough in moderation to those whose minds are at ease the while; but it is an employment which is trying to the nerves when long continued, at the best; and nothing can be worse for the harassed, and for those who want to escape from themselves. Writing is bad. The pen hangs idly suspended over the paper, or the sad thoughts that are alive within write themselves down. The safest and best of all occupations for such sufferers as are fit for it, is intercourse with young children. An infant might have beguiled Satan and his peers the day after they were couched on the lake of fire, if the love of children had chanced to linger amidst the ruins of their angelic nature. Next to this comes honest, genuine acquaintanceship among the poor; not mere charity-visiting, grounded on soup-tickets and blankets, but intercourse of mind, with real mutual interest between the parties. Gardening is excellent, because it unites bodily exertion with a sufficient engagement of the faculties, while sweet, compassionate nature is ministering cure in every sprouting leaf and scented blossom, and beckoning sleep to draw nigh, and be ready to follow up her benignant work. Walking is good, not stepping from shop to shop, or from neighbour to neighbour, but stretching out far into the country, to the freshest fields, and the highest ridges, and the quietest lanes. However sullen the imagination may have been among its griefs at home, here it cheers up and smiles. However listless the limbs may have been when sustaining a too heavy heart, here they are braced, and the lagging gait becomes buoyant again. However perverse the memory may have been in presenting all that was agonizing, and insisting only on what cannot be retrieved, here it is first disregarded, and then it sleeps; and the sleep of the memory is the day in Paradise to the unhappy. The mere breathing of the cool wind on the face in the commonest highway is rest and comfort which must be felt at such times to be believed. It is disbelieved in the shortest intervals between the seasons of enjoyment; and every time the sufferer has resolution to go forth to meet it, it penetrates to the very heart in glad surprise. The fields are better still: for there is the lark to fill up the hours with mirthful music; or, at worst, the robin and the flocks of fieldfares, to show that the hardest day has its life and hilarity. But the calmest region is the upland, where human life is spread out beneath the bodily eye, where the mind roves from the peasant's nest to the spire town, from the schoolhouse to the churchyard, from the diminished team in the patch of fallow, or the fisherman's boat in the cove, to the viaduct that spans the valley, or the fleet that glides ghostlike on the horizon. This is the perch where the spirit plumes its ruffled and drooping wings, and makes ready to let itself down any wind that heaven may send.—From *Deerbrook, a Tale*, by Harriet Martineau.

**CHILDHOOD.**—Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lips, may operate on the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no after scouring can efface.

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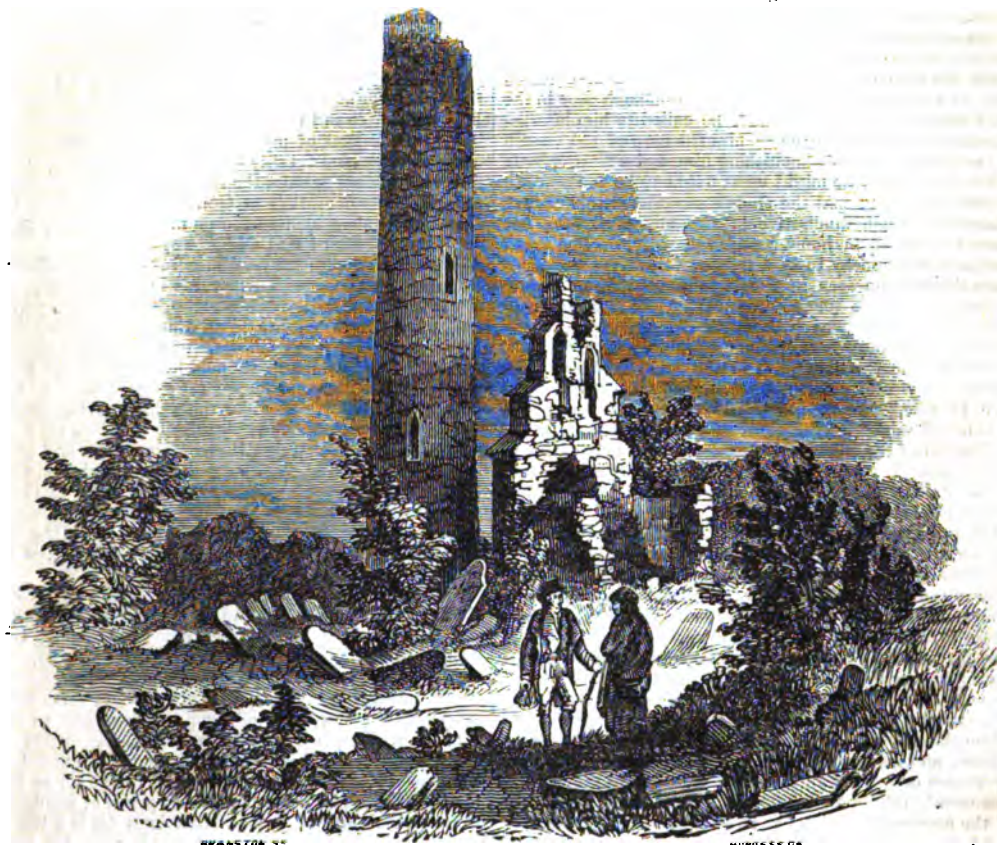


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



## THE CHURCH AND ROUND TOWER OF DONAGHMORE, COUNTY OF MEATH.

ENGLISH and other visitors to our metropolis who dare the perils of the deep, and various other perils now equally imaginary, to see something of our Emerald Isle, are generally directed as a matter of course to our far-famed county of Wicklow as the only picturesque lion within a few hours' journey; and certainly in this romantic region they will find much to gratify the taste, and which will remain indelibly fixed on the memory. But, delightful as such excursion undoubtedly is, it will only convey to a stranger's mind a partial and imperfect impression of Irish scenery; and he will be apt to conclude that however rich we may be in the possession of lakes and mountains—the grand but solitary domains of nature—we are wholly wanting in scenery of a different class, that of the richly wooded pastoral valley, blooming with artificial as well as natural beauty, the anciently chosen abodes of luxury and rank, and, as such, rich in memorials of the past, with their attendant historical associations. Scenery such as this, the proud Briton will most probably think the exclusive boast of his own favoured isle. He will not imagine that it is also to be found in equal perfection in Ireland, and even within a short distance of the metropolis. It is not in the Guide or Tour

Book, and is but little known even to the well informed of the citizens of Dublin themselves, more of whom have seen and enjoyed the scenery of the Thames than that of the Boyne, which is within four hours' journey. Yet the scenery of the Boyne, following its course upwards from Drogheda to Navan, a distance of eleven miles, and the scenery of the Blackwater, a river tributary to the Boyne, ascending from Navan to Kells, a distance of eight miles more, is, in its way, of a character as beautiful and luxuriant as could be found anywhere, or even be imagined. Scenery of this class of equal richness may be often found in England; but we do not know of any river's course of the same length in which natural beauty so happily combines with the artificial, or in which so many interesting memorials of past ages could be found. Scattered in rich profusion along the banks of this beautiful river we find the noblest monuments of the various races of men who have held sway in Ireland: the great earthen fortresses, stone circles and dome-roofed sepulchres of the Tuatha de Dananns and the Fir-Bolgs—the raths of the Milesians—the churches and round towers of the earliest Christian times—the proud castles of the Anglo-Norman chiefs and their equally imposing

architectural structures dedicated to the services of religion. In the variety, if not the number of such monuments here found, the Boyne is without a rival in any Irish river, nor do we think it could be paralleled by any river in the empire; and we might truly add, that it is on its luxuriant banks, amid so many instructive memorials of past ages, that the history of our country, as traced in its monuments, would be best studied.

It is from amongst these interesting remains that we have selected the subject of our prefixed illustration—the Church and Round Tower of Donaghmore, situated a little more than a mile from Navan, on the road to Slane.

This religious establishment, which was anciently called *Domnach-mor muighe Echnach*, owes its origin to St Patrick, as will appear from the following passage translated from the life of the Irish apostle, attributed to St Evin:—

“While the man of God was baptising the people called Luaignii, at a place where the church of *Domnach-mor* in the plain of Echnach stands at this day, he called to him his disciple Cassanus, and committed to him the care of the church recently erected there, preadmonishing him, and with prophetic mouth predicting that he might expect that to be the place of his resurrection; and that the church committed to his care would always remain diminutive in size and structure, but great and celebrated in honour and veneration. The event has proved this prophecy to be a true one, for St Cassanus's relics are there to be seen in the highest veneration among the people, remarkable for great miracles, so that scarcely any of the visitors go away without recovering health, or receiving other gifts of grace sought for.”—Tr. Th. p. 130.

But though the existing ruins of the Church of Donaghmore sufficiently indicate it to have been a structure “diminutive in size,” its architectural features clearly prove that it is not the original church of St Patrick's erection, but a re-edification of the thirteenth century, in the usual style of the parish churches erected by the Anglo-Norman settlers within the Pale. Neither can the Round Tower, though unquestionably a structure of much higher antiquity than the present church, be referred to the time of the Irish apostle, or perhaps to an earlier age than the ninth or tenth century. At all events, its erection cannot be ascribed to an earlier date than that of the Tower of the Church of Kells—a religious establishment founded by St Columbkille in the sixth century—as these towers so perfectly agree in architectural style and masonwork, that they appear to have been constructed by the same architects or builders.

This very beautiful tower is built entirely of limestone undressed, except around the doorway and other apertures, and is of admirable masonry. It has two projecting ledges or steps at its base, and six rests for stories, with intermediate projecting stones or brackets in its interior. These stories are each, as usual, lighted by a single aperture, with the exception of the upper one, which has two openings, one facing the east, and the other the west; and the apertures present all the architectural varieties of form observable in our most ancient churches. The circumference of this tower, near its base, is 66 feet 6 inches, and its height, to the slant of the roof, which is wanting, is about 100 feet. The wall is 3 feet 9 inches in thickness, and the doorway is 12 feet from the ground. This doorway—which is of very beautiful execution, and, as usual, faces the west end of the church—is 5 feet 2 inches in height, and has inclined sides, and a semicircularly arched top. It is 2 feet 3 inches wide at bottom, and 2 feet beneath the spring of the arch at top. Over the door there is a figure of the Saviour sculptured in relief, partly on the key-stone and partly on the stone over it; and on each side of the architrave there is a human head also in relief, as on the doorway of the church of Kells.

Some antiquaries, in their zeal to support the theory of the Pagan origin and the antiquity of the Round Towers, have asserted that this doorway is not the original one, but an “after work.” But there is not the slightest ground for such a supposition, and this sculpture, as a profoundly skilled architectural antiquary, the late Sir Richard Colt Hoare, well observed, furnishes “a decided proof that these buildings were not (as some writers have conjectured) built by the Pagans.”

A similar argument against the application of the Round Towers to the purposes of a belfry, has been grounded on the circumstance of the western front of the church having three apertures for bells above its gable. But it should not be forgotten that this structure has no claim to an earlier date than

the thirteenth century, when a variety of bells, and a different mode of hanging them, were brought into use by the Anglo-Norman settlers.

The Church of Donaghmore has been confounded by Archdall and subsequent writers with the ancient church of *Domnach-Tortain*, also founded by St Patrick, but which was situated near Ardraecan. P.

## THE DRUNKARDS,

A TOO TRUE STORY.

IN one of those admirable tales which Mrs Hall is now publishing with the praiseworthy object of the melioration of the Irish character, the ordinary effects of a too faint resistance to the fascinations of strong drink are faithfully detailed. The moral which our generous countrywoman intended to convey is undoubtedly of universal application, but I am afraid that the circumstances I am about to relate will convey no moral. It is the simple and true record of an appalling calamity which befell the subjects of my story, with all the melancholy unaccountableness and fatality of lunacy. No one would warn his fellow-creatures against the danger of madness—against any unforeseen dispensation of God's wrath: it is in this sense, then, that I am afraid I have no moral to convey in narrating an event of which I was all but a spectator.

It must have struck every observer of human character that there are two classes of drunkards in this country. One class is composed of those persons, who, at first being well enough disposed to be temperate in all things, are insensibly led on by the charm of good fellowship to create for themselves an artificial want, which in the end leaves them the helpless victims of a miserable disease: they begin with a little—they continue the draught under the self-deceiving sophism “it's only a drop”—they fall into excess—they lose all sense of decorum and proper spirit—they become mean and unashful in their craving after spirituous liquor, which condition unfits them for an upright and honourable course of thought and action in any of the details of daily existence—a mental dissipation accompanies the bodily languor: while the hand trembles, the brain wanders, and the last scene of the tragedy is delirium tremens.

But there is another class of drunkards—God forbid that I should attribute any thing to the decrees of Providence inconsistent with mercy and justice—but I am almost tempted to designate this class the drunkards by necessity. However worldly condition, education, or other causes, may modify the result in individual cases, it is not the less certain that there are persons—very many of them—who appear to have come into the world predisposed to an inordinate desire for intoxicating liquors. These wretched people do not begin with thimblefuls, and end with gills—the stroke seizes them like a thief in the night—sometimes in the prime of manhood—sometimes in the flush of youth—sometimes (it is a fearful truth) in the thoughtlessness of boyhood. It is a passion with them—a madness. You may know one of these unhappy beings, especially if he be a very young man, by the sullen and dogged air with which, early in the morning, he enters the public house, and sits down in solitude and silence to his double-shot measure of undiluted whisky—whisky is the only drink for one of this calibre—alas! the worst and fiercest stuff that can be made is the most acceptable to him—his palate is too long palled to distinguish between tastes and flavours—it is the *liquid fire* he wants; you may know him at other times by the pitiable imbecility which prompts him in his awful craving to reach his tumbler to his lips with both his hands, till he finishes the draught with all the apparent eagerness of intense thirst; you may know such a one by his frightful sleeps, begun, continued, and closed in terrific dreams! The wife and family of the progressive or occasional drunkard are wretched enough, as every body knows; but, oh! who can possibly estimate the amount of misery which the wife and children of a madman like this are destined to endure.

I have not overdrawn the picture in the abstract—take an individual instance:—

In the spring of 18— I was living, on a visit with a friend, in the neighbourhood of a small country town in one of the most fertile and prosperous districts of the island. The population was almost entirely free from that abject and squalid poverty which is the lot of the Irish peasantry beyond that of all other descriptions of civilised people. I remarked particularly of this neighbourhood that it had a larger proportion of respectable farmers and of that species of country gentle-

men called *squireens*, than any other part of the country I had ever lived in. To this latter class belonged the heads of two branches of the same family, both of whom resided in the immediate vicinity of my friend's house. Their names were Peter and James Kavanagh. Peter was by many years the elder of the two; his family consisted of three grown-up sons and one daughter. Peter had married in early life, and his wife died in giving birth to a fifth child, which did not long survive its mother. James had a large family of young children. Peter's only daughter, Alice, had been brought up in her uncle's house in order that she might receive the education and care which a girl of her tender age, without a mother, might expect from the kindness of her nearest female relative.

The family of Peter Kavanagh, then, consisted of himself, his three sons, and a single in-door servant as housekeeper, who was already an old woman and of indolent habits. The household of a widower in the middle and humbler ranks of life is rarely ordered with regularity and decorum, and Peter's was no exception to the general case. Every room had an aspect of untidiness and discomfort. Seldom were the boards of the floors or staircase washed or swept—seldom were the window panes cleansed, or the hearth-flag whitened, or the tables rubbed, or the chairs dusted. Things soiled were never cleaned—things broken were never mended—things lost were never replaced. Each of the family felt in turn the inconvenience of this state of things, but one threw the blame upon the other, and nothing was done to remedy the evil. Every one thought it strange that such a good practical farmer and shrewd man-of-the-world as Peter Kavanagh should care so little about the comforts or conveniences of every-day existence—but so it was.

Peter, however, had or thought he had one especial household virtue to be proud of. Very early in life he had narrowly escaped disgrace and ruin by severing himself from a parcel of dissipated associates, who had led him step by step into all the labyrinths of premature debauchery. He receded before it was quite too late, and the recollection of what he suffered (for he *did* suffer) was sufficient to make him resolve that his sons should never be tempted in a similar manner. The eldest of these, Richard, was now one-and-twenty, the second, Matthew, nineteen, and the youngest, Gerald, fifteen years of age, at the time I lived near P—, and they had never yet partaken of any spirituous liquor at their father's table. That father, however, was by no means so abstemious as he had compelled his boys to be. Every day since they had first learned the taste of whisky toddy had they been tantalised with the sight of the "materials" for their father's favourite beverage. Peter Kavanagh was indeed a temperate man, but he was not a generous man. He was not one of those kind parents who cannot bear to gratify their appetite with any delicacy, whether much or little, dear or cheap, while their children are looking on with wistful eyes and watering mouths in vain expectancy. He had his reward. One day the two eldest lads, Dick and Matt, were carried home from a neighbouring fair, stupidly drunk. It was the first time they had ever been so, and the quantity they had taken was perhaps trifling; but the father was thenceforward more watchful than ever to prevent them from repeating the excess. In his usual manner to his sons Peter Kavanagh was not particularly harsh, but the least evasion of his strict commands in respect of drink was sure to be visited with great severity. How wretchedly inconsistent was this man's practice! Other misdemeanours of infinitely a greater degree of moral crime were winked at, nay encouraged, by him. The young men were not naturally vicious; but when they found that they could with impunity curse and swear in their father's hearing—when they found that even some of the graver offences against society could be committed without their father's reprehension, was it any wonder that they should soon grow ripe in wickedness? Matt and Dick, in their personal appearance, showed every token of the accomplished village scamp—battered hats jauntily carried on one side of the head—ratty shooting coats of bottle green, with an amazing plurality of pockets—knee-breeches of once-white corduroy insufficiently buttoned over coarse worsted stockings, and heavy brogues with nails like the rivets of a steam-boiler. These were the hardiest betters of the ball-alley, the keenest lads at the roulette-table—the deadeast shots at a mark over all the country side. Plenty of money had they, and who dared to ask them how they came by it? Their father had lots of cash lying by, and selfish as he was, and knowing as he was, many a heavy

handful of hard silver was he relieved of by his dutiful sons. Hence the dashing "bit of blood" which carried Dick and Matt alternately over the stubbles—hence the couple of spaniels and the leash of greyhounds, which had the reputation of being the best noses or the fleetest feet in the county—hence the double-barrelled "Rigby" belonging to Dick, which was the admiration and envy of his acquaintances. As they grew up, and cared less for the anger of their father, vicious habits became more settled-looking and systematic with them. They drank to frightful excess whenever they had the slightest opportunity. No one ever saw them for twenty minutes at a time without having full proof that they were slaves to as odious and disgusting a tyranny as ever the depraved tastes of human creatures created for mankind—I mean, no one ever saw them for so long a time without a tobacco pipe between their teeth, and surrounded by every one of the usual nastinesses which accompany the practice when carried to a hateful extent; and yet, even as they were, the county could not boast of two manlier looking fellows than Richard and Matt Kavanagh when dressed for Sunday mass, which they still attended with a punctuality which would be more praiseworthy if it sprang from anything but a motive of vanity and pride. Under different culture they might have become excellent members of society. They had still some faint pretensions to generosity and spirit, and many a pretty girl of the neighbourhood would have trusted to her sole powers of persuasion for their reclamation.

Gerald Kavanagh, the youth of fifteen, was a lad of different stamp. He was open-featured and open-hearted both. He was never seen with a pipe in his mouth, or a tattered "racing calendar" sticking out of his pocket; and while his brothers were out upon their sporting expeditions, or amusing themselves in a less innocent way, it was poor Gerald's pleasure to scamper across the fields to his uncle James's garden, and walk, or talk, or read, or play with his pretty little sister Alley, or romp with his pretty little cousins Bill and Bess, and Peter and Dick, after school hours—the time he knew he would find most company looking out for him. Alley and he were as fond as they could be of each other, and not the less so because they did not live entirely together. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," is as true a line as ever was penned, whether we apply it to the lover and his mistress, or the brother and his distant sister. Many of us, with sighs and tears, can testify this. It was a lovely sight to see that affectionate boy and his fond sister sauntering along the borheens in the wild-strawberry season, with their arms around each other's necks in the intervals of their fruit-finding, until they bade each other good-bye for another day, and returned, "with lingering steps and slow," to homes, alas, how different!

Such were these three youths when Peter Kavanagh, after a short illness, died, and left his property, such as it was, to be equally divided between his children.

I may venture to say that Richard and Matt were not sorry for their father's loss. On the night of the grand "wake" they collected all the idle and prodigate young men of their acquaintances together at the house, and dreadful was the depth of drunkenness to which they sank, as might be expected. Every more prudent person present saw how it was—saw that the previous restraint was about to be amply atoned for, and many a shake of the head was intended to be prophetic of coming calamity.

On that same night—early in the night too—little Alley perceived that all was not right with her brother Gerald. She had seen Richard plying him with liquor, which he at first refused, but afterwards accepted—stealthily, however, and with an abashed and crimsoning face as he met the first reproachful glance of Alice. Gradually the temptation worked, and again and again the draught was repeated with less hesitation at the request of his brothers, who seemed happy in the idea of making their innocent companion as guilty as themselves. The devil surely has those in his clutches who find comfort and consolation in the visible abandonment of the fair and innocent to the miserable pleasures for which they have sold their own souls. At length she was frightened to perceive that Gerald had grown hardy and boastful of his feat—he had asked for more whisky, and had been given it by Dick, who, half drunk himself already, was determined to make Gerald drunk for once in his life. The boy was now in the condition wished for by his brother; he had slunk behind Matt's chair; Alice could see his head hanging upon one shoulder, while his eyes were closing in the stupor of intoxi-

ection—he was about to fall to the ground. Quietly she stole to his side, and leaning her head upon his shoulder she whispered,

“Gerald, darling, I didn’t think you would drink so much—why did you do it?”

“Don’t tell uncle James, Alley, if he hasn’t seen me this way, and I’ll never drink so much again.”

“Hold up your head for another bucket, you dog,” said Matt, with sundry drunken hiccupings, as he heard the boy speaking behind his chair, and proffering at the same time a fresh bumper. “Come, Gerald, my boy, it will do you no harm—sorrow’s dry, they say, and Lord knows but you’ve blubbered enough all day for a little fellow.”

“Matt, dear Matt, don’t ask him,” said Alice.

Matt, however, was not to be thwarted: with a brutal cuff he struck his little sister to the ground, and tried to force the liquor upon Gerald’s acceptance. In the attempt the glass fell from his hand, and Alice rose and drew her brother softly from the room.

The funeral took place, and there was another carouse more disgraceful than the first, and another, and another, and another! until the week was out. When Gerald’s uncle saw how completely besotted his nephews had become, he took Gerald to live with him, but not until it had become too painfully evident that the boy had acquired a liking for the liquor which had turned his two brothers into human beasts. Poor little Alice wept over the change. There was no more reading, or playing, or wandering through the country together. He sat sulky and silent in the house all day, more like a poor relation on charitable allowance than the joint-heir of the largest farm in the parish. But this was to have an end!

A month had passed away since the death of Peter Kavanagh, and the zeal of the eldest heirs had by this time drunk up his entire stock of “mountain dew,” when in some out-of-the-way nook or other they discovered five gallons of malt whisky, which perhaps had lain there forgotten for twenty years. It was on a Saturday morning this was found, and one of the Kavanaghs was heard to swear that he would never quit it till the last drop was drained. It was to be the last boat before they set off for Australia, whither they intended to emigrate that very spring, having, with their uncle’s consent on behalf of the two younger orphans, converted their land into money for the purpose. One or two choice spirits had been invited to join them, but these begged to be excused—even these were appalled at the dreadful excesses of their boon companions. Towards evening Gerald had been missing from his uncle’s house. James Kavanagh guessed how it was, and with little Alice in his hand repaired to the brothers’ dwelling. The door was locked on the inside, and on asking for Gerald he was told that he was all safe there, with the sancy addition that “there wasn’t any admission for any d—testotaller.” Shocked and grieved, James Kavanagh went away with his dejected niece.

The next day was Easter Sunday. The festival had occurred that year unusually late in the spring, and there was already a foretaste of summer in the air. A lovely noon it was when James Kavanagh, his wife, Alice, and the children, walked out in Sunday trim to the parish chapel. The sky was fretted with light silver clouds—the fields were already green with the new growth of the grass—the hawthorn bushes were almost visibly bursting their buds—the whin braes were in a blaze of golden beauty—the birds, especially the red-breast, were chirping away with intense glee, being, in the glorious language of the poet Shelley,

“Many a voice of one delight!”

They continued to walk on, and now the bells of the neighbouring church struck out their Easter jubilee with such exquisite sweetness as we might fancy arrested the sceptical purpose of the despairing Faust in Goethe’s surpassing drama, when the heart-touched metaphysician exclaimed,

“Oh, those deep sounds—those voices, rich and heavenly—Proud bells! and do your peals already ring  
To greet the joyous dawn of Easter morn?  
And ye, rejoicing choristers! already  
Flows forth your solemn song of consolation—  
That song, which once from angels’ lips resounding  
Around the midnight of the grave, was heard—  
The pledge and proof of a new covenant.”

Yes! indeed, those bells almost distinctly said to the heart as they swung in the soft air of that delicious noon, “Christ our passover is sacrificed for us; therefore let us keep the feast!”

They passed the church—groups of joyous children were playing in the graveyard—five or six immense chimneys towered, coeval and almost coequal with the ancient steeple, and in these there was a rookery, now in full din—the voices of the children and the cawing of the rooks, disturbed by the sudden peal of the bells, mingled with the chime without discord to the ear. Alice’s eyes glistened for a moment when she recognised her youthful playmates; but she suddenly felt she could not laugh with them—her heart was heavy. At length they stood before the door of the brothers’ house. No signs of wakefulness had it yet exhibited.

“Let us go in, uncle, and tell them to get up,” said the little Alice.

“Let them sleep it out, the scoundrels!” was the indignant reply of James Kavanagh.

They passed on to the place of worship.

In about an hour and a half from this time the same group were on their way homewards, with hearts elevated by the imposing service which they had just been witnessing. A gloom was, notwithstanding, perceptible upon the face of James Kavanagh and of his little niece, as they walked along in company with their happy and smiling neighbours. None of the three sons of Peter Kavanagh had ever before been known to have absented himself from Sunday mass, and their absence on that most holy day was of course a subject of much wonder.

“I could not have thought it possible,” said James Kavanagh gravely, “that they could become so wicked all at once—God forgive them! God help them!”

“Oh, uncle!” cried Alice, as they came in view of the house of guilt once more, “they are not up yet! See, the shutters are still closed!”

They were now in front of the house. “Dear uncle,” said Alice entreatingly, “go into them—do, dear uncle, bring out poor Gerald to eat his Easter dinner with us.”

A thought struck James—he knocked loudly at the door. There was no answer. Another loud knock, and a long pause; and still no sound within the house.

Alice’s little heart echoed the last unsuccessful knock—it almost said, “Wake, Gerald, with the knocking.”

She could endure the suspense no longer, and, running to the gripe at the road-side, she took up a heavy stone, with which she battered the panels of the hall-door as long as her strength permitted her. When she was obliged to desist, her screams might be heard afar off, and still there was no sound in the house.

James Kavanagh had dispatched one of his little boys to a neighbouring cottage for a crow-bar. The boy quickly returned with one, and James, assisted by the crowd who gathered near, was not long in forcing the door.

“Good people,” said he to the anxious company outside, “don’t come in till I tell you—there’s no use in further exposing the shame of my brother’s house.”

He and Alice, with one or two particular friends, entered the hall with faltering steps, and they closed the door behind them.

The first object which met their eyes was Peggy, the old housekeeper, lying on the mat at the foot of the staircase, in a trance of intoxication: she had evidently fallen down stairs in her attempt to reach the door, and had been for hours perhaps insensible. Alice jumped over her, and darted up stairs with the speed of lightning. James and his companions, after a vain attempt at arousing the housekeeper, slowly followed her.

They entered the room which fronted them on the landing. The thick stench of tobacco-smoke, mingled with the fumes of ale and whisky, almost overpowered them. The room would have been quite dark had it not been for the flickering remnants of two candles, which still glared in the heated sockets of a large old-fashioned branch candlestick. James went to the window, opened the shutters, and let down the sash. The glorious sunshine streamed into the reeking apartment, with the blessed air of the Sabbath. How strange—how painful was the paling glimmer of those expiring candles in that holy light! The three young men were lying on the floor at some distance from each other, around the legs of a crazy table in the centre of the room. On the table were huddled together the fragments of salt herrings, the parings of cheese, broken glasses, half-emptied decanters, and the other usual paraphernalia of a low debauch. The whole meaning of the scene was taken in at a glance by James Kavanagh, as soon as he had opened the window. He stooped over one of the



prostrate forms—it was that of Richard. He turned up the face—great God! it was the face of a livid corpse! A smothered groan burst from James: he rushed towards the next—Matt Kavanagh was dead also, quite dead and stiff! James and his friends looked at each other solemnly, and without speaking a word. They turned their glance simultaneously to the place where Gerald was lying. They moved or rather tottered to the spot. There he lay, with Alice in a swoon beside him, his eyes glazed, the skin of his face tightened over his nose and cheek-bones, his lips covered with viscid froth, and his beautiful brown hair tossed backwards from his damp forehead, glistening in a streak of sunshine which came full upon it from the window. “He is alive still!” they all three exclaimed: “he may yet be saved!”

One of them ran to the window and made a sign to the neighbours to come in. The room was soon full of horrified spectators.

They parted Alice from her dying brother, and both were brought out into the open air as quickly as possible.

Amidst the cries and lamentations of the bystanders Alice recovered. She sat for a while on the grass, trying to recall her scattered senses. The sight of Gerald lying near her, as the crowd opened to admit the air to his face with a freer freshness, brought the whole terrible truth to her mind. She rose with difficulty, but, gathering strength with recollection, she succeeded in breaking from the woman who had her in charge, and in a moment the head of Gerald was pillowed upon her bosom.

The soft cooling breeze had restored the unfortunate boy to a momentary consciousness. He was barely able to turn his head towards Alice in recognition of their presence. A faint pleasure was expressed in his glassy eyes as he did so. “Won’t you speak to me, Gerald? Won’t you speak to your own Alley?”

The boy shook with a convulsive shudder, but could not utter a syllable.

“Don’t die, dear Gerald; don’t leave poor Alley all alone in the world! Oh, oh, oh!” said the little girl in the very agony of childish despair, “he’ll never be the same again—he’ll never speak to me again!”

The boy made an effort to bring Alice’s ear to his clammy lips; she strove to hear the almost inarticulate whisper which hovered upon them.

“Is uncle James—here?” gasped the dying lad; “tell him—I couldn’t—help it! Oh! Alley! oh!”

Gradually the groan, extorted by the last pang of dissolution, died away, and with it the spirit of poor Gerald Kavanagh.

Alice perceived what had happened as soon as any of the bystanders, but high and shrill her scream mounted over the wailing which arose from the others, ere she once more sank down in the swoon which the excess of her anguish had so mercifully caused.

On the following day a coroner’s inquest was held upon the bodies of the three sons of Peter Kavanagh, in a public-house not far distant from the scene of this fatal debauch. A surmise had been afloat that poison had somehow or other been the cause of their death, and an examination of one of the bodies was considered needful. I will not shock my readers with a description of the fearful chamber where this most loathsome operation was performed. The result was a verdict to the effect that the three Kavanaghs had died “from the excessive use of ardent spirits.”

I commenced by saying I feared that this narrative might fail in pointing a moral. It has a moral—a moral to selfish and ill-judging parents, and equally ill-judging societies, who lay the flattering unction to their souls that coercion will have a better effect than a fair and consistent example. Verily, the Spartan nobles, who exhibited the drunken slave before their children, and then placed the wine-cup within their reach, had a better knowledge of human nature than the Irish father who would exorcise the demon of alcohol out of his children by pledges of abstinence, or threats of punishment, while, in the security of his own experience, he feels he can temperately enjoy the luxury of spirituous drink.” R. M.

\* From the *London & City Standard*.

Fine connexions are apt to plunge you into a sea of extravagance, and then not to throw you a rope to save you from drowning.

## SAP IN VEGETABLES.

### SECOND AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

WE endeavoured in our last article to describe the principal circumstances of interest with respect to the ascending or un-elaborated sap. We have found that it is derived from the aliment which consists of water and carbonic acid; that it is composed of a solution of sugar and gum in water; that it ascends in the ordinary trees of this country through the wood, which is situated between the bark and pith; that the causes which elevate it are partly a vital attraction or suction exercised by the buds, and partly an endosmose, by which, in consequence of its superior density, it draws in its aliment through the spongy extremities of the roots; that its use is not only to furnish materials for the descending or elaborated sap, but by developing the fleshy part of plants to cause the growth of stems in length and roots in thickness. We shall now proceed to show the origin, the course, the composition, and the uses of the descending or elaborated sap.

The elaborated sap is formed out of the ascending sap. The place where this change takes place is in the leaves and green parts of vegetables; it is generally in the spring season that the ascending sap pushes out the buds into branches, and develops the little scales which had surrounded these organs into leaves; but when these leaves are formed, the sap continues to ascend into them, and there undergoes those alterations from whence the elaborated sap results. Now, these alterations consist in the getting rid of all superfluous water and carbonic acid, which, originally absorbed as aliment, had not undergone the conversion into gum and sugar during the ascent of the sap; secondly, in the acquisition of additional nutriment from the atmosphere; and, thirdly, in the conversion of these substances into a variety of new compounds.

Let us examine each of those changes to which the ascending sap is subjected, in succession; and, first, with respect to the disengagement of superfluous water and carbonic acid, every one must have observed drops of water collected on the leaves of cabbages and other vegetables, when examined early in the morning. These are commonly supposed to be dew-drops, but are truly in great part the result of a kind of perspiration which is always taking place from the surface of plants. That this is the case, can be proved by covering a cabbage-plant with a bell-glass, and placing it in a room sufficiently heated to prevent the deposition of dew, when drops of water will be found equally to collect upon its leaves. These drops are not observed during the day, because the temperature is then commonly so high as to evaporate them as fast as they are transuded; but the fact is, that plants actually give off much more water during the day than night. The escape of carbonic acid is not so easily detected as that of water; it can, however, be proved, through the resources of chemistry. Unlike water, which is liberated both night and day, and indeed in greatest quantity during the latter period of time, carbonic acid is found to be disengaged during the night only. As long as plants are exposed to the light of the sun, their green parts liberate none of this gas.

We have mentioned that when the ascending sap arrives into the leaves, it not only throws off superfluous water and carbonic acid, but likewise derives an additional quantity of nutriment from the atmosphere. The presence of light is necessary for this latter circumstance to take place. The nutriment which, under the influence of sunlight, it acquires from this source, is a substance named “carbon;” this substance is a constituent of carbonic acid, which is indeed composed of carbon and oxygen; carbonic acid is contained in the atmosphere in the proportion of one part in a thousand; the green parts of plants absorb it, and under the influence of light decompose it; the carbon is retained, but the oxygen is again liberated. We now may perceive the reason of the fact mentioned in the preceding paragraph: plants give out no carbonic acid during the day, because the superfluous carbonic acid of the ascending sap becomes decomposed under the influence of light, in the same way as that which has been absorbed from the atmosphere.

A great many compound products are obtained from the vegetable kingdom. We need merely recall to the reader’s recollection starch, resin, camphor, bland and aromatic oils, bitter principles, colouring matters, the acids of the grape, the lemon, and the apple, &c. to assure him of this truth. All these different substances form themselves out of the sugar and gum of the ascending sap, together with the carbon absorbed under the influence of light.

When the ascending sap has parted with its superfluous water and carbonic acid, when under the influence of light it has absorbed carbon from the atmosphere, and when its constituents arrange themselves anew, so as to produce some or all of the substances above enumerated, its name as well as its functions cease: it has now become the descending or elaborated sap.

Let us now inquire the course which the descending sap pursues. We have stated in our last article, that if a ligature be twisted tightly round a branch of one of our common trees, the portion immediately above the ligature will become swollen, while that beneath it will retain its former thickness. If instead of a ligature we remove a circular ring of bark, the same phenomenon will take place: the part above this annular incision will swell out on every side. From this experiment we derive several important inductions. We learn from hence that this kind of sap descends, and moreover that the channel which conveys it is the *bark*.

Having ascertained the course which the elaborated sap pursues, let us now turn our attention to its *composition*. This is found to vary in different plants: thus in some, bitter principles are the chief constituents; in others, aromatic substances; in others it is principally resinous; but whatever may be the principal components, they may always be divided into two groups—namely, those which are subservient to the growth of the vegetable, and those which, becoming deposited in the different organs, confer on them those properties which entitle them to be employed as articles of medicine or aliment for animals, and by means of which different plants are in this respect distinguished from each other. The portion of the descending sap which serves for the growth of the vegetable, exudes in ordinary trees between the bark and the wood, forming a glutinous layer which separates these organs, and is the cause of the facility with which in autumn the bark can be detached from the stem: this portion is called *cambium*. In palms, and other trees of warm climates, there is no bark, and in such vegetables the nutritive part of the descending sap passes down through the centre of the stem.

The portion of elaborated sap which becomes deposited in the organs, and which varies more or less in every plant, is called the proper juice: proper vessels is the name given to the reservoirs which contain the proper juices; and according to the nature of their contents, the proper vessels are called milk-vessels, turpentine-vessels, vesicles of essential oil, &c.

In the foregoing paragraphs we have somewhat anticipated the uses of the descending sap: we have found that one portion of it is destined for the nutrition of the vegetable. Now, the same means which revealed to us the uses of the ascending sap, will also tell us how far the elaborated sap is concerned in vegetable nutrition. In the dark no sap is elaborated, and no vegetable fibre is developed. Are we not therefore justified in supposing that vegetable fibre is formed out of this elaborated sap? Again, let our readers call to their remembrance the experiment of tying a ligature around a branch: in that experiment not only does a considerable swelling take place above the ligature, but from this swollen portion cereal roots frequently protrude. These facts afford us a clue to the uses of the descending sap, for by developing vegetable fibre, it increases the thickness of the stem and the length of the roots, just as the ascending sap, by developing vegetable flesh, lengthens the stem, and enlarges the root in diameter.

T. A.

## SONNET ABOUT A NOSE.

'Tis very odd that poets should suppose  
There is no poetry about a nose,  
When plain as is the nose upon your face,  
A noseless face would lack poetic grace.  
Noses have sympathy; a lover knows  
Noses are always "touched," when lips are kissing:  
And who would care to kiss, where nose was missing?  
Why, what would be the fragrance of a rose,  
And where would be our mortal means of telling  
Whether a vile or wholesome odour flows  
Around us, if we owned no sense of smelling?  
I know a nose, a nose no other knows,  
'Neath starry eyes, o'er ruby lips it grows;  
Beauty is in its form, and music in its blows!

## A CHAPTER ON MEN,

BY A CUR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR—In the 12th number of your Journal you have given insertion to a paper tending to involve our ancient and honourable race in considerable disrepute—I allude to an article entitled "A Chapter on Curs, by a Man." Every story will on investigation be found to have two sides: you have given publication to the one, and surely you will not, in justice, refuse to give your readers an opportunity of judging of the other.

I remain, Sir, your faithful servant,

AN AGED CUR.

By what means I have acquired the facility of expressing my thoughts upon paper, it is not my intention to divulge. It is true that I have made an important discovery—that I have gained possession of a secret which mankind would give worlds to possess; but I owe too little gratitude to any member of the human race to be induced to part with it. I am old: nearly fifteen winters have passed over my head since I first drew breath, and in the course of nature death cannot be far distant. My discovery shall shortly perish with me; and the same ditch or dunghill shall witness the dissolution of both.

Of my parentage I can record but little, as I remember nothing whatever of my father, and my unfortunate mother was hanged shortly after having given me birth. Alas! my recollections of her are tinged with any but pleasurable emotions, for to her I owe much of the misery with which my career has been chequered. Had she conducted herself with prudence, and been satisfied to have selected a mate from amongst the many dogs of her own degree who solicited her paw, my existence might have been passed in happy, because unnoticed obscurity. But no: stern destiny decreed that it should be otherwise, and had marked me for misfortune ere even I was born. Let not the reader start to hear me mention *destiny*: if he object to my opinions on this subject, he has a wide field open to him for reply in the pages of the daily press, which, cur though I be, I am, by virtue of the discovery already alluded to, in the habit of reading; and he may rely upon it I am prepared to defend every position I advance. Why should I not mention destiny? I am a rigid fatalist, and well for me that I am. What else would enable me to bear up against the scoff and scorn of man? What else would steel my feelings against the blows of stones, thrown by the hands of such cowardly insensible men as he who published the philippic against our race, which has called forth this reply? What else would console me, when the staff of the churlish boor comes across my back, or when the urchin-rout attack the terrible *kettle* to my trembling tail? What supports me under such heart-rending circumstances, save the feeling that all is fixed—that such is my *sad destiny*, against which my barking or my struggling would avail me nought? But I digress—it is facts and not feelings that it is my province to record.

My ambitious parent, infatuated with the admiration and assiduity of her numerous suitors, despised them all, and falling a victim to her vanity, suffered herself to be seduced from the paths of propriety by a designing young pointer, who threw himself in her way, and employed every artifice, until at length he induced her to elope with him from her master's comfortable farm-yard. For a while the guilty pair contrived to escape detection. My unhappy mother took up her abode under a hay-stack in the neighbourhood, and for a week or two was well and kindly treated by her gay and youthful lover, who regularly saved a portion of his daily meals for her use. After a little, however, meeting with a new and more beautiful object on whom to bestow his worthless affections, he abandoned my mother to her own resources, and from that period she saw him no more. Dreading to return to the home she had left, and being pressed with hunger, she was compelled to steal for her subsistence, and the poultry in the neighbouring homesteads visibly diminished in number; while, to crown all, my parent was brought to the straw, and became the mother of five little ones, including myself. The additional drag which the suckling of so large a family produced, increased my progenitor's rapacity four-fold, and the indulgence of it caused her destruction. One day as she lay beside us, half famished, and ready almost to devour her own offspring, a little pig chanced to pass by. My mother belonged to a fierce breed, that called the bull-terrier, and, accordingly, stimulated by the gnawings of hunger, she sprang upon the little pig, and

had well nigh silenced it for ever, when its loud squeals brought one of the farm-servants to the spot. We were discovered, the unlucky pig rescued, my mother hanged to a post in the barn, and we—thrown into the horsepond. My brothers and sisters all perished; but I, who was rather stronger than the rest, contrived to struggle to the bank, and was found there some short time afterwards by a young man belonging to the establishment, who carried me home with the intention of rearing me.

Oh, how grateful I felt to that young man, and how I blessed him for his kindness! But, alas! I knew little of the cruel race whose servants we are, or I should have preferred being left to die on the brink of the old pond. As soon as he got me home to his father's, the lad put me into a bag, and having bound me securely with many cords, took a large pair of blunt and rusty scissors, and proceeded to deprive me of my ears. Why should I weary your patience with a description of the excruciating torments I suffered! Indeed, no description could convey an adequate idea of one-tenth part of the pain I endured while my ears, and then nearly the whole of my tail, were slowly and mercilessly hacked away. As to the manner in which my tail was removed, it betrayed sufficient of the savage and bloodthirsty disposition of man, to give me a foretaste of what I might expect at his hands—my tail was actually gnawed asunder by his teeth!

When about nine months old, my master came home one day in a great hurry, and summoning me to attend him, left the house as abruptly as he had entered it. He bent his steps to a neighbour's, where we found a crowd of men and dogs assembled, apparently intent upon some exhilarating sport, for on their countenances much glee was depicted. In a corner of the room a long narrow box was placed, with a sliding door at one end. Wondering what it could contain, I stepped up to a young bull-dog, with whom I was acquainted, and inquired of him. "Lord! how green!" exclaimed he; "why, a badger to be sure; and you'll see the fun we'll have drawing him, presently;" and my friend Boxer licked his lips with the anticipation of a fight. I had not long to wait, when Boxer was called by his owner, who held him opposite to the box by the neck, while another person raised the sliding door. Boxer was then let loose; when, darting with excessive speed into the interior, a growling and struggling was heard, and in about a minute my friend reappeared, dragging forth to view a wild beast called a badger—an animal that I until now had conceived to be a very gentle, harmless creature; for I at once recognised in this badger one which I had frequently met in a neighbouring hedgerow when out by myself, and with which I had begun to form a slight acquaintance. What was the cause of this creature and Boxer being thus induced to tear each other, I could not divine. But guess my consternation, when, Boxer having been separated from his antagonist, and the latter restored to his cage, I was dragged forward, and held in front of it, while my master patted and encouraged me, saying, "Hiss, hurroo!—good dog, shake him!—hurroo!" The door was raised, and I was thrown forward towards it. As, however, I had no cause of quarrel with its friendly inmate, I did not, as my acquaintance Boxer had done, rush into the box; but, determining to investigate the cause of the recent conflict, I entered it slowly, whimpering as I put in my head, to let my acquaintance of the hedgerow know that I came as a friend. He had, however, been so enraged by the previous encounter, that he would not listen to my remonstrances, but growled forth, "Get out, you cur!" "Don't be in a passion," whimpered I; "I come as a friend." "That's a lie," replied he; "you can't be the friend of that tyrant and be mine. You are but seeking to put me off my guard;" and with this snarling answer he flew at me and seized me by the nose. This was treatment too gross to be endured, so I accordingly returned the compliment; and conceiving that I should have more room to fight on the outside, I exerted all my strength, and dragged the irascible inhabitant of the box forth to light. To my utter astonishment, however, no sooner had I re-appeared, pulling old Grey along with me, than I was seized, and my throat compressed so rudely as to give me considerable pain, and indeed almost to strangle me. For this inconvenience, however, I was amply repaid by the caresses of my master, and the plaudits of the company, both men and dogs. Among others, Boxer walked up to me, and growled in his usual cynical tone, "You may come to some good yet, if you'll only be quicker at your work." I did not at this time understand the human language, and I accordingly detail my impressions as they struck me then, not as

they appear to me now. After two or three more dogs had had a pull at the badger, many others refusing to face him, or running away when they felt his sharp teeth, on which occasions they were well kicked by their owners, I observed an unusual bustle, and was amazed at hearing my name and Boxer's uttered in a very loud tone. The latter at the same time approached me and said, "Tell you what, young'un, they're talking of a fight 'twixt you and me; and if so be they're in earnest, take care of yourself—that's all." "But, dear Boxer," inquired I, wagging my tail in a conciliatory manner, "why should we fight?—surely we have no cause of quarrel?" "No business of mine," answered he; "pleases my master; likes to see us bite and tear each other; great fun to him; must please him; gr-r-r." So indeed it was, and I, though scarcely more than a puppy, was pitted against the redoubted Boxer. I was very unwilling to fight; for, besides that I had no quarrel with him, I did not think I was his match, and was sure of being beaten. When he seized me, however, my spirit stirred within me, and I put forth all my strength and determination. For nearly an hour we contended. Boxer at first got the better of me, and threw me down; but after a little I discovered that his tender point was his legs; so at them I directed my attack, and, getting hold of one of them, obtained an advantage which I retained to the last; when, neither being likely to prove victorious, and neither disposed to give up, we were separated. I was dreadfully cut, and my wounds smarted me amazingly; but how terrible was my torture when my master, taking me by the neck, proceeded to wash them with a liquid of a fiery burning nature, since known to me as spirit of turpentine. This was I believe designed to stop the bleeding! Such was my initiation into what men call sport. I now found that I must live without a friend, for every strange dog my master compelled me to attack. My course was marked out. My rage was to be directed against every other animal, dog, cat, rat, badger, cow, pig, &c. except such as were the property of my owner. My occupation was henceforth to be slaughter and bloodshed, and my existence was hereafter to be devoted exclusively to violence.

In scenes such as I have described passed the first three or four years of my life. My wounds were ever open, ever painful; for no sooner had one set of outs closed, than I was forced into a new conflict, in which they were re-opened, and I received others into the bargain. At length premature old age, the result of the hardships I had endured, came upon me, and I was no longer deemed serviceable for fighting. I now suffered less from wounds and ormalities; but being regarded as a useless member of the household, I was treated with unfeeling neglect, and receiving hardly any food at the hands of my master, was driven to seek a scanty subsistence among the bones cast out upon the dunghill; and these, with an occasional crust thrown me by a good-natured stranger, were my sole support.

My master had an aged father, who lived in the house with him, and whom the neighbours conceived to have laid by a considerable sum of money. I usually slept across the hearth in the kitchen, and was one night awakened by a cry for help in the half-choking, gurgling accents of a man under the effects of strangulation. The sounds proceeded from the old man's room. The door was open, and I darted in. The old farmer was lying half naked upon the floor: in his hand was clutched a bag, and numbers of those round yellow pieces of metal so much coveted by the human race, and called guineas, were scattered near him. A man was leaning over him, his knee upon his breast, one hand upon his throat, and the other endeavouring to drag from him the precious bag. I saw not the face of the spoiler, but perceiving only the danger of my master's old father, whom, harsh as he too had been to me, I instinctively loved, and felt it my duty to defend, I sprang upon the robber, for such I judged him, and pulled him to the ground. The old man fainted away. A gleam of moonlight at this crisis entered the casement, and disclosed to my horrified gaze, in the countenance of the robber whom I was throttling, the features of MY MASTER! In the suddenness of my surprise and consternation I relaxed my gripe; and the villain who had striven to rob his father, and had raised his hand against the person of his aged parent, sprang to his feet and fled. I had by this time learned to understand a little of the human language; and as the ruffian darted through the door, the word "damnation!" struck upon my ear.

The old man, as I have stated, had fainted. Happy for him that he had not recognised his assailant before my interference, for further opportunity of recognition he had none.

From that fit of insensibility he awoke in another and I hope a better world.

I was now an outcast—a wanderer over the face of the earth. I went forth, wretched and desponding, moralising upon the dreadful lengths to which their love of gold will lead our masters, mankind. "Oh!" thought I, "if we but take a bone from a larder-shelf to satisfy our hunger, how we are abused, sworn at, and flogged! Yet the same man who will punish us for a trifling theft, will not hesitate to wrong or murder his neighbour for a few worthless, perishable pieces of yellow metal. Oh, destiny, how I thank thee, despite my sufferings, that I was not born a man! What sordid, selfish wretches these men are! Their thoughts from morning until night are occupied with speculations intended to promote their own comfort, their own aggrandizement. The dog alone loves his master better than himself, and will lay down his life in his defence. Man is a base, selfish wretch. The dog alone honours and practises generosity uninfluenced by hope of recompense."

I soon afterwards met with another master. For a time he treated me well enough, and but for an untoward accident I might still have remained in his service. While sitting one day peaceably beholding the industry of my new master, who was a turf cutter, I heard at a distance a prodigious clamour as if of a number of dogs engaged in conflict. Being old and peaceably inclined, it occurred to me that I could not do better than hurry to the spot and exert myself to effect a reconciliation. Off therefore I set as fast as my old legs would carry me. Before, however, I arrived at the scene of riot, silence had ensued, and I was about to return, when I perceived a stout-looking man engaged in pelting with huge stones two or three wretched, half-starved looking little dogs, that were endeavouring, howling with pain, to make their escape from his cruel attack. I raised a loud barking, encouraging the dogs in our own language to get out of his way, hoping also that the noise might frighten their assailant, and induce him to desist from his barbarous amusement. I thought that I had succeeded in my design, for the ruffian ran away as fast as he could; but determined to give him a lesson, I resolved to terrify him to the utmost, and so gave chase. Of the result of this encounter I need not inform you, as you are already acquainted with it from the account of the "Man" himself, as published in the 12th number of your Journal. I have, however, in justice to my own character, to state, that it was not cowardice which prevented my biting him, and which induced me to put up with his ducking, &c, without resistance. It was not cowardice—it was the singular resemblance which he bore to my wicked master. That alone saved him from a hearty shaking. But he shall not long escape. No; I am in the daily habit of walking up and down Sackville Street, in hopes of meeting with him, when, old as I am, I shall manage to make my teeth, or rather their stumps, acquainted with his calves.

I could not, on my return to the turf bog, find my master; and as I was on the road to look for him, I met with an old beggarman, who coaxed me over to him, regaled me with a crust, and in short exhibited so kindly a disposition, that, not feeling myself bound to my late owner by similar ties which had linked my destiny with that of him who had rescued me from the horsepond, I resolved I would seek after him no further, but join company with the good-hearted old beggarman—the same, doubtless, so irreverently spoken of by the "Man" in his ill-natured paper—(oh! that I had him by the leg this moment!) I did not, however, remain long with him, for he was taken up by an overfed bloated-looking variety of his species and lodged in prison, for no fault but that involuntary one of being poor; and as I would not be permitted to share his confinement, I wandered forth, and soon met with another master.

Thus going from one to another—now feasting, now enduring the most agonizing hunger, now received with kindness, now with blows—passed away the next five or six years of my superannuated being. I longed to know what had become of my master, ruffian as he was, and my wanderings had for their object the discovery of his abode. For several years I roamed unsuccessfully: no traces of him could I perceive; his ancient haunts had all been abandoned; his former companions unvisited. At length, coming one morning into a country town, I observed an unusual bustle in the streets; great multitudes of people hurrying along; and, what surprised me most, all in one direction. Determined to see what this meant, I followed the stream, and presently came to an

open place, crowded with people of all sorts and sizes. Making my way onward amongst their feet, though not without many a bitter curse and hearty kick, I arrived at a singular wooden erection, like a signpost, with a rope hanging from it, and underneath a cart with three men in it. I uttered a yelp of joy, for in one of the three I recognised my long-lost master! To join him was of course my immediate impulse, and I accordingly sprang into the cart, but was rudely hurled out of it by one of the other men; and ere I could repeat my attempt, the vehicle moved away, the wheel passing over my body, and breaking three of my ribs. I looked again. I saw a human figure swinging in the wind—a single convulsive struggle of the legs, and all was over. It was my master—he died the same death that had been inflicted upon my mother. "Well," thought I, "I shall never again express my wonder that men should be so fond of hanging us, for I now perceive that they likewise hang one another." I was in too great pain from my broken ribs to make my way to the body of my poor master: I strove to crawl as near the post from which it was suspended as I could, and as I lay there I heard an old man say, "Ah, I knew it would be thus: he began with dog-fighting and badger-baiting—'twas but the first step to lead him to the gallows!"

After a while the body of my master was taken down, but I was not suffered to approach it. It was concealed from my sight in a long narrow box, with a black cloth over it, somewhat similar to the one from which in life he used to make me pull the badger. A hole was dug in the ground beneath the post, the box thrown into it, and the earth being shovelled in, falling heavily upon it, recalled me to a sense of my situation, and I went forth once more, a houseless wanderer and an ill-starred cur. H. D. R.

**HORRORS OF THE SLAVE TRADE.**—Commander Castle, R.N., while on service with the preventive squadron in 1833, in command of H.M.S. Medina, captured the Spanish brig El Juan, with 407 slaves on board. It appeared that, owing to a press of sail during the chase, the El Juan had heeled so much as to alarm the negroes, who made a rush to the grating. The crew thought they were attempting to rise, and getting out their arms, they fired upon the wretched slaves through the grating, till all was quiet in the hold. When Captain Castle went on board, the negroes were brought up, one living and one dead shackled together; it was an awful scene of carnage and blood; one mass of human gore. Captain Castle said he never saw anything so horrible in his life. In the year 1831, the Black Joke and Fair Rosamond fell in with the Rapido and Regulo, two slave vessels, off the Bonny river. On perceiving the cruisers they attempted to make their escape up the river; but finding it impracticable, they ran into a creek, and commenced pitching the negroes overboard. The Fair Rosamond came up in time to save 212 slaves out of the Regulo, but before she could secure the other, she had discharged her whole human cargo into the sea. Captain Huntley, who was then in command of the Rosamond, in a letter, remarks—"The scene occasioned by the horrid conduct of the Rapido I am unable to describe; but the dreadful extent to which the human mind is capable of falling was never shown in a more painfully humiliating manner than on this occasion, when, for the mere chance of averting condemnation of property amounting to perhaps 3000*l.*, not less than 250 human beings were hurled into eternity with utter remorselessness."

**HYPOCRISY.**—Hypocrisy is, of all vices, the most hateful to man; because it combines the malice of guilt with the meanness of deception. Of all vices it is the most dangerous; because its whole machinery is constructed on treachery, through the means of confidence, on compounding virtue with vice, on making the noblest qualities of our nature minister to the most profligate purposes of our ruin. It erects a false light where it declares a beacon, and destroys by the very instrument blazoned as a security.

Cant resembles a young wife married to an ancient husband: she weds religion, looking forward to live by his death.

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# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



TULLY CASTLE, COUNTY OF FERMANAGH, LOOKING OVER LOUGH ERNE.

We have chosen the prefixed view of the Castle of Tully as a subject for illustration, less from any remarkable picturesqueness of character or historical interest connected with the castle itself, than for the opportunity which is thus afforded us of making a few remarks on the beautiful lake—the Windermere of Ireland, as Mr Inglis happily called it—on the bank of which it is situated. We cannot conceive any circumstance that better illustrates the truth of the general principle that, as Shakspeare expresses it, “what we have we prize not at its worth,” than the fact that Lough Erne—the admiration and delight of strangers, the most extensive and beautifully diversified sheet of water in Ireland—is scarcely known as an object of interest and beauty to the people of Ireland generally, and is rarely or never visited by them for pleasure. It is true that the nobility and gentry who reside upon its shores or in their vicinity, are not deficient in a feeling of pride in their charming locality, and even boast its superiority of beauty to the far-famed Lakes of Killarney; yet till very recently this admiration was almost exclusively confined to themselves, and the beauties of Lough Erne were as little known to the people of Ireland generally as those of the sakes and highlands of Connemara, neither of which have ever

yet been included in the books concocted for the use of pleasure tourists in Ireland.

But Lough Erne will not be thus neglected or unappreciated much longer. Its beauties have been discovered and been eulogised by strangers, who have taught us to set a juster value on the landscape beauties which Providence has so bountifully given to our country; and it will soon be a reproach to us to be unfamiliar with them.

It would be utterly impossible, within the limits necessarily assigned to our topographical articles, to give any detailed account of a lake so extensive as Lough Erne, and whose attractive features are so numerous; but as these features shall from time to time be included among our subjects for illustration, it will be proper at least to give our readers a general idea of its extent, and the pervading character of its scenery, on this our first introduction of it to their notice; and with this view we shall commence with a description given of it by an author of a History of the County of Fermanagh, written in the seventeenth century, but not hitherto published.

“This lake is plentifully stocked with salmon, pike, bream, eel, trout, &c.

Seven miles broad in the broadest part. Said to contain

365 islands, the land of which is excellent. The largest of the islands is Inismore, containing nine tates and a half of old plantation measure. Bally-Mac-Manus, now called Bell-isle, containing two large tates much improved by Sir Ralph Gore; Killygowan, Innis-Granny, Blath-Ennis, Ennis-Liag, Ennis M'Knock, Cluan-Ennis, Ennis-keen, Ennis-M'Saint, and Babha.

These are the [islands] most notable, except the island of Devenish, of which I'll speak in its proper place; however, by the bye, in Devenish is remembered the pious St Molaishe, who herein consecrated two churches and a large *aspiring steeple* [the round tower], and an abbey, which abbey was rebuilt A. D. 1430 very magnificently by Bartholomew O'Flanagan, son of a worthy baron of this county, and was one of the finest in the kingdom. In this island there is a house built by the Saint, to what use is not known, but it is as large as a small chapel-of-ease. It's of great strength and cunning workmanship that may seem to stand for ever, having no wood in it; the inside lined and the outside covered with large flat hewn stone, walls and roof alike. On the east of this island runs an arm of the Lough called in Irish Cumhang-Devenish, which is of use to the inhabitants, viz, if cattle infected with murrain, black-leg, &c, be driven through the same, they are exempted from the same that season, as is often experienced. The said waters run northwards for twelve hours daily, and back again the same course for twelve hours more, to the admiration of the many.

Some authors write this Lough Erne to have been formerly a spring well, and being informed by their Druids or philosophers that the well would overflow the country to the North Sea, for the prevention of which they caused the well to be inclosed in a strong wall, and covered with a door having a lock and key, signifying no danger while the door was secured; but an unfortunate woman (as by them came more mischief to mankind) opening the door for water, heard her child cry, and running to its relief, forgot to secure the well, and ere she could return, she with her house and family were drowned, and many houses more betwixt that and Ballyshannon, and so continues a Lough unto this day. But how far this may pass for a reality, I am not to aver—however, it is in the ancient histories of the Irish. If true, it must be of a long standing, seeing this Lough is frequently mentioned in our chronicles amongst the ancientest of Loughs. Fintan calls it *Samhir*."

We shall not, any more than our old author, "aver for the reality" of this legend, which by the way is related of many other Irish lakes; but we may remark, in passing, that the story would have more appearance of "reality" if it had been told of Lough Gawna—or the Lake of the Calf—in the county of Longford, which is the true source of the river Erne, of which Lough Erne is but an expansion. At Lough Gawna, however, they tell a different story, viz, that it was formed by a calf, which, emerging from a well in its immediate vicinity, still called Tobar-Gawna, or the Well of the Calf, was chased by its water till he entered the sea at Ballyshannon. The expansion of the Samhir or Erne thus miraculously formed, is no less than forty miles in extent from its north-west to its south-east extremities, being the length of the whole county of Fermanagh, through which it forms a great natural canal. Lough Erne, however, properly consists of two lakes connected by a deep and winding strait, of which the northern or lower is more than twenty miles in length, and seven and a half miles in its greatest breadth, and the southern or upper is twelve miles long by four and a half broad. Both lakes are richly studded with islands, mostly wooded, and in many places so thickly clustered together as to present the appearance of a country accidentally flooded; but these islands are not so numerous as they are stated to be by the old writer we have above quoted, or as popularly believed, as accurate investigation has ascertained that their number is but one hundred and ninety-nine, of which one hundred and nine are situated in the lower lake, and ninety in the upper. But these are in truth quite sufficient for picturesqueness, and it may be easily conceived that two sheets of water so enriched, and encircled by shores finely undulating, to a great extent richly wooded, and backed on most points by mountains of considerable elevation, must possess the elements of beauty to a remarkable degree; and the fact appears to be, that though the Killarney and other mountain lakes in Ireland possess more grandeur and sublimity of character, Lough Erne is not surpassed, or perhaps equalled, by any for exquisite pastoral beauty. Perhaps, indeed, we

might add, that if it were further improved by planting and agricultural improvements, it might justly claim the rank assigned to it by Mr Inglis, that of "the most beautiful lake in the three kingdoms."

Long anterior to the arrival of the English in Ireland, the beautiful district on each side of Lough Erne, now constituting the county of Fermanagh, was chiefly possessed by the powerful family of Maguire, from the senior branch of which the chiefs of the territory were elected. This territory, which was anciently known as "Maguire's country," was made shire ground in the 11th of Elizabeth, by the name which it still bears; but the family of its ancient chiefs still remained in possession till the plantation of Ulster by James I, when the lands were transferred to the English and Scottish undertakers, as they were called, with the exception of two thousand acres, left as a support to Brian Maguire, chief representative of the family. It is not for us to express any opinion on the justice or expediency of this great confiscation, but we may venture to remark, that it was a measure that could hardly have appeared proper to those who were so deprived of their patrimony, or that would have led to any other feeling than one of revenge and desire of retaliation, however reckless, if opportunity ever offered. Unhappily such opportunity did offer, by the breaking out of the great rebellion of 1641, a rebellion originating chiefly with the families of the disinherited Irish lords of the confiscated northern counties, and having for its paramount object the repossession of their estates.

Amongst the English and Scottish settlers in Fermanagh, the most largely endowed with lands was Sir John Humes, or Hume, the founder of Tully Castle, the subject of our prefixed wood-cut, and who was the second son of Patrick, the fifth Baron of Polwarth, in Scotland. The property thus obtained, consisting of four thousand five hundred acres, remained in the possession of his male descendants till the death of Sir Gustavus Hume, who dying without surviving male issue in 1731, it passed through the female line into the possession of the Loftus family, in which it now remains.

The Castle of Tully was for a time the principal residence of the Hume family; and on the breaking out of the rebellion in October 1641, it became the refuge of a considerable number of the English and Scottish settlers in the country. The discontented Irish of the county having, however, collected themselves together under the command of Rory, the brother of the Lord Maguire, they proceeded to the castle on the 24th of December, and having commanded the Lady Hume and the other persons within it to surrender, it was given up to them on a promise of quarter for their lives, protection for their goods, and free liberty and safe conduct to proceed either to Monea or Enniskillen, as they might choose. But what trust can be placed in the promises of men engaged in civil war, and excited by the demoniac feelings of revenge? With the exception of the Lady Hume, and the individuals immediately belonging to her family, the whole of the persons who had so surrendered, amounting to fifteen men, and, as it is said, sixty women and children, were on the following day stripped and deprived of their goods, and inhumanly massacred, when also the castle was pillaged, burnt, and left in ruins. Let us pray that Ireland may never again witness such frightful scenes!

The Castle of Tully does not appear to have been afterwards re-edified, or used as a residence. After the restoration of peace, the Hume family erected a more magnificent mansion, called Castle Hume, nearer Enniskillen, and which is now incorporated in the demesne of Ely lodge.

In its general character, as exhibited in its ruins, Tully Castle appears to have been a fortified residence of the usual class erected by the first Scottish settlers in the country—a keep or castle turreted at the angles, and surrounded by a bawn or outer wall, enclosing a court-yard. It is thus described by Pynnar in 1618:

"Sir John Humes hath two thousand acres called Carryn-roe.

Upon this proportion there is a bawne of lime and stone, an hundred feet square, fourteen feet high, having four flankers for the defence. There is also a fair strong castle fifty feet long and twenty-one feet broad. He hath made a village near unto the bawne, in which is dwelling twenty-four families."

The Castle of Tully is situated on the south-western shore of the lower lake of Lough Erne, about nine miles north-west of Enniskillen.

## THE AMERICA LETTER.

"ARRAH, Judy!" quoth Biddy Finnegan, running to a neighbour's door.

"Arrah, why?" answered the party summoned.

"Arrah, did you hear the news?"

"No, then, what is it?"

"Sure there's an Amerikey letter in the post-office."

"Whisht!"

"Sorrah a word of lie in it. Mickeen Dunn brought word from the town this morning; and he says more betoken that it's from Dinny M'Daniel to his ould mother."

"Oh, then, troth I'll be bound that's a lie, e'er-a-way: the born vagabond, there wasn't that much good in him, egg or bird: the idle, worthless ruffian, that was the ruination of every one he kem near: the, the——"

"Softly, Judith, softly; don't wrong the absent: it is from Dinny M'Daniel to his ould mother, and contains money more-over; and she then proceeded to tell how the postmistress had desired the poor widow to bring some responsible person that might guarantee her identity, before such a weighty affair was given into her keeping, for who knew what might be inside of it? though a still greater puzzle was to discover by what means the much reprobated Dinny obtained even the price of the letter-paper; and how old Sibby had borrowed a cloak from one, and a "clane cap" from another, and the huxter had harnessed his ass and car to bring her in style, and Corney King the contingent man,\* that knows all the quality, was going along with her to certify that she was the veritable Mrs Sybilla M'Daniel of Tullybawn; and how she would have for an escort every man, woman, and child in the village that could make a holiday—compliments cheerfully accorded by each and all, to do honour to the America letter, and the individual whose superscription it bore.

Dinny M'Daniel was the widow's one son, born even in her widowhood, for his father had been killed by the fall of a tree before he had been six months married, and poor Sibby had nothing to lavish her fondness upon but her curly-headed gossoon, who very naturally grew up to be the greatest scapegrace in the parish. He had the most unlucky knack of throwing stones ever possessed by any wight for his sins; not a day passed over his head without a list of damages and disasters being furnished to his poor mother, in the shape of fowls killed and maimed, and children half murdered, or pitchers and occasionally windows made smithereens of; but to do him justice, his breakage in this latter article was not very considerable, there being but few opportunities for practice in Tullybawn. To all these the poor widow had but one reply, "Arrah, what would you have me do?—sorrah a bit of harm in him; it's all element, and what ud be the good of batin' him?" At last the neighbours, utterly worn out by the pertinacity of his misdemeanours, hit upon an expedient to render him harmless for at least half the day, and enjoy that much of their lives in peace, with the ultimate chance of perhaps converting the parish nuisance into a useful character. A quarterly subscription of a penny for each house would just suffice to send Dinny to school to a neighbouring pedagogue, wonderful in the sciences of reading and writing, and, what was a much greater recommendation under the present circumstances, the "divil entirely at the taws." To him accordingly Dinny was sent, and under his discipline spent some five or six years of comparative harmlessness, during which he mastered the Reading-made-Easy, the Seven Champions, Don Bellianis, and sundry other of those pleasing narratives whereby the pugnacity and gallantry of the Irish character used whilom to be formed, to which acquirement he added in process of time that of writing, or at least making pothooks and hangers, with a symmetry that delighted the heart of poor Sibby. The neighbours began to think better of him; but the "mather" swore he was a prodigy, and openly declared, that if he would but "turn the Voster," he'd be fit company for any lady in the land. Thus encouraged, Dinny attempted and succeeded, for he had some talent. But sure enough the turning of the Voster finished him.

It was now high time for Master Dinny to begin to earn his bread, and accordingly his mother sought and obtained for him a place in the garden of a nobleman who resided near the village, and was its landlord: but the dismay of the gossoon himself when this disparaging piece of good fortune was announced to him, was unbounded. He was speechless, and some moments elapsed before he could ejaculate,

"Fwhy, then, tare-an'-ages, mother, is that what you lay out for me, an' me after turnin' the Voster?"

Sibby expostulated, but in vain; his exploits in "the Voster" had set him beside himself, and he boldly declared that nothing short of a dacent clerkship would ever satisfy his ambition. A man of one argument was Dinny M'Daniel, and that one he made serve all purposes—"Is it an' me after turnin' the Voster!"—so that people said it was turn about with him, for the Voster had turned his brain. Be that as it may, there was one who agreed with Dinny that he could never think too highly of himself, for, like every other scapegrace on record, he had won the goodwill of the prettiest girl in the parish. Nelly Dolan's friends, however, were both too snug and too prudent to leave her any hope of their acquiescing in her choice, so the lovers were driven to resort to secrecy. Dinny urged her to elope with him, knowing that her kin, when they had no remedy, would give her a fortune to set matters to rights; but she had not as yet reached that pitch of evil courage which would allow her to take such a step, nor, unfortunately, had she the good courage to discontinue such a hopeless connection, or the clandestine proceedings which its existence required. Alas, for poor Nelly! sorrow and shame were the consequence. The bright eyes, that used to pass for a very proverb through the whole barony, grew dim—the rosy cheeks, that more than one ballad-maker had celebrated, grew wan and sallow—and the slim and graceful figure—in a word, Dinny had played the ruffian, and had to fly the country to avoid the murderous indignation of her faction. It was to America he shaped his flight, though how he had obtained the means no one could divine; and now, after the lapse of nearly a year and a half, here was a letter from him to solve all speculations.

What a hubbub the arrival of "an America letter" causes in Ireland over the whole district blessed by its visit! It is quite a public concern—a joint property—being in fact always regarded as a general communication from all the neighbours abroad to all the neighbours at home, and its perusal a matter of intense and agonising interest to all who have a relative even in the degree of thirty-first cousin among the emigrants. Let us take for instance the letter in question, for the cavalcade has returned, and not only is the widow's cabin full, but the very bawn before her door is crowded, and the door itself completely blocked up with an array of heads, poking forward in the vain attempt to catch a tone of the schoolmaster's voice as he publishes the contents of the desired epistle, and absolutely smothering it by the uproar of their squabbles, as they endeavour each to obtain a better place.

"Tare-an'-ounties, Tom Bryan, fwhat are you pushing me away for, an' me wanting to hear fwhat's become of my own first cousin!"

"Arrah, don't be talkin', man—fwhy wouldn't I thry to get in, an' half the letter about my sither-in-law?"

"Oh, boys, boys, agra, does any of yees hear e'er a word about my poor Paddy?"

The last speaker is a woman, poor Biddy Casey: for the last three years not a letter came from America that she could hear of, whether far or near, but she attended to hear it read, in the hope of getting some information about her husband, who, driven away by bad times and an injudicious agent, had made a last exertion to emigrate, and earn something for his family. Regularly every market-day from that event she called at the post-office, at first with the confident tone of assured expectation, to inquire for an America letter for one Biddy Casey; then when her heart began to sicken with apprehensions arising from the oft-repeated negative, her question was, "You haven't e'er a letter for me to-day, ma'am?" and then when she could no longer trust herself to ask, she merely presented her well-known face at the window, and received the usual answer in heartbroken silence, now and then broken by the joyless ejaculation, "God in heaven help me!" But from that time to this not a syllable has she been able to learn of his fate, or even of his existence. Now, however, her labours and anxieties are to have an end—but what an end! This letter at last affords her the information that, tempted by the delusive promise of higher wages, her husband was induced to set out for the unwholesome south, and long since has found a grave among the deadly swamps of New Orleans.

But like every thing else in life, Dinny M'Daniel's letter is a chequered matter. See, here comes a lusty, red-cheeked damsel, elbowing her way out of the cabin, her eyes bursting out of her head with joy.

"Well, Peggy—well—well!" is echoed on all sides as they

\* Collector of county cess.

crowd around her; "any news from Bid?—though, troth, we needn't ax you."

"Oh, grand news!" is the delighted answer. "Bid has a wonderful fine place for herself an' another for me, an' my passage is ped, an' I'm to be ready in five weeks, an', widdy! widdy! I dunna what to do with myself."

"And, Peggy agra, was there any thing about our Mick?" — "or our Sally, Peggy?" — "or Johnny Golloher, ashore?" are the questions with which she is inundated.

"Oh, I dunna, I dunna—I couldn't listen with the joy, I tell ye."

"But, Peggy alanna, what will Tom Feeny think of all this? and what is to become, pray, of all the vows and promises which, to our own certain knowledge, you made each other coming home from the dance the other night?"

Pooh! that difficulty is removed long ago—the very first money she earns in America is to be dispatched to the care of Father Cahill, to pay Tom's passage over to her. "And will she do such a shameless thing?" some fair reader will probably ask. Ay will she; and think herself right well off, moreover, to have the shame to bear; for though Peggy can dig her ridge of potatoes beside the best man in the parish, her heart is soft and leal like nine hundred and ninety-nine out of the thousand of her countrywomen.

Another happy face—see, here comes old Malachi Tighe, clasping his hands, and looking up to heaven in silent thankfulness, for his "bouchal bawn, the glory of his heart," is to be home with him before harvest, with as much money as would buy the bit o' land out and out, and his daughter-in-law is fainting with gladness, and his grandchildren screaming with delight, and the neighbours wish him joy with all the earnestness of sympathy, for Johnny Tighe has been a favourite.

Woe, woe, woe!—Mick Finnegan has sent a message of fond encouragement to his sweetheart, which she never must hear, for typhus, the scourge of Ireland, has made her his victim, and the daisies have already rooted on her grave, and are blooming there as fresh and fair as she used to be herself; and the wounds of her kindred are opened anew, and the death-wail is raised again, as wild and vehement as if she died but yesterday, although six weeks have passed since they bore her to Saint John's.

What comes next?—"Johnny Golloher has got married to a Munster girl with a stocking full of money," and Nanny Mulry laughs at the news until you'd think her sides ought to ache, and won't acknowledge that she cares one pin about it—on the contrary, wishes him the best of good luck, and hopes he may never be made a world's wonder of; all which proceedings are viewed by the initiated as so many proofs positive of her intention, on the first convenient opportunity, to break her heart for the defaulting Mr Golloher.

But among the crowd of earnest listeners who thus attended to gratify their several curiosities by the perusal of Dinny's unexpected letter, none failed to remark the absence of her who in the course of nature was, or should be, most deeply interested in the welfare of the departed swain. Nelly Dolan never came near them. In the hovel where the poor outcast had been permitted to take up her abode when turned out of doors by her justly incensed father, she sat during the busy recital, her head bowed down and resting upon the wheel from which she drew the support of herself and her infant. Now and then a sob, almost loud enough to awaken the baby sleeping in a *cleave* beside her, broke from her in spite of herself; while her mother, who had ventured to visit her on the occasion, sat crouched down on the hearth before her, and angrily upbraided her for her sorrow.

"Whisht, I tell you, whisht!" exclaimed the old crone, "an' have a sperrit, what you never had, or it wouldn't come to your day to be brought to trouble by the likes of him."

"Och, mother darlint," answered the sufferer, "don't blame me—it's a poor thing, God knows, that I must sit here quiet, an' his letter readin' within a few doors o' me."

"Arrah, you'd better go beg for a sight of it," rejoined the angry parent with a sneer; "do, achorra, until you find out what little trouble you give him."

"It's not for myself, it's not for myself," answered the sobbing girl. "I can do without his thoughts or his favours; all I care to know is, what he says about the baby."

"Pursuin' to me!" exclaimed her mother, "but often as you tempted me to brain it, an' that's often enough, you never put the devil so strong into my heart as you do this minute. So be quiet, I tell you."

"Och, mother, that's the hard heart."

"Musha, then, it well becomes you to talk that way," replied her mother. "If your own wasn't a taste too soft in its time, my darlint, your kith an' kin wouldn't have to skulk away as they do when your name's spoken of."

A fresh burst of tears was all the answer poor Nelly could give to this invective; an answer, however, as well calculated as any other to stimulate the wrath and arouse the eloquence of Mrs Dolan, the object of whose visit was to induce Nelly to assume an air of perfect coolness and nonchalance—in fine, to show she had a "sperrit." In this it may be perceived she met with a signal failure; and now the full brunt of her indignation fell on the unfortunate recreant. Nelly's sorrow of course became louder, and between both parties the child was awakened, and naturally added its small help to the clamour: nor did the united uproar of the three generations cease until a crowd unexpectedly appeared at the door of the hovel, and the voice of Sibby M'Daniel, half mad with joy, was heard through the din, internal and external.

"Well, if she won't come to us," spoke the elated Sibby, "we must only go to her, you know, though ye'll allow the news was worth lookin' after;" and ere the sentence was well concluded, she with her whole train had made their way into the cabin.

"God save all here," continued Sibby, "not excepting yourself, Mrs Dolan; for we must forgive and forget everything that was betune us, now."

"An' if I forgive an' forget, what have you to swop for it?" asked the irate individual so addressed.

"Good news an' the hoith of it," was the answer of Sibby, as she displayed her letter; but Mrs Dolan was in no humour to listen to news or receive consolation of any kind, and so she conducted herself like a woman of "sperrit;" and gathering her garments about her, rose slowly and stately from the undignified posture in which she was discovered, and so departed from amongst them.

"Musha, then, fair weather after you," was the exclamation of Sibby when she recovered from the surprise created by this exhibition of undisguised contempt. "Joy be with you, and if you never come back, it'll be no great loss, for the never a word about you in it anyhow, you ould sarpint. But, Nelly, alanna, it's you an' me that ought to spend the livelong day down on our marrowbones with joy and thankfulness, though you didn't think his letter worth lookin' after;" and down on her marrowbones poor Nelly sank to receive the welcome communication, her baby clasped to her bosom, her glazed eyes raised to heaven, all unconscious of the crowd by which she was surrounded, and her every nerve trembling with excess of joy and thankfulness, while the bustling Sibby placed a chair for the schoolmaster near the loophole that answered the purposes of a window, and loudly enjoining silence, gave into his hands the epistle of his favoured pupil to read to the assembled auditors for about the sixth time; and Mr Soolivan, squaring himself for the effort, proceeded to edify Nelly Dolan therewith.

The letter went on to state, in the peculiarly felicitous language of Dinny M'Daniel, that on his arrival in New York, and finding himself without either friends or money, and thus in some danger of starvation, he began to lower his opinions of his personal worth, and solicit any species of employment that could be given to him. After some difficulty he got to be porter to a large grocery establishment, in which he conducted himself pretty well, and secured the confidence of his employers, and a rate of wages moderate, but still sufficient to support him. The sense of his utter dependence upon his character compelled him to be most particularly cautious of doing anything to affect it in the slightest degree, and in process of time he became a changed gossoon altogether, an example of the blessed fruits of adversity. The thoughts of Nelly Dolan and his old mother never quitted him, his anxieties about the former clinging to him with such intensity that he began forthwith to lay by a little money every week to send her, but was ashamed to write until he should have it gathered. An unfortunate event, however, soon put a stop to his accumulation, and drove him to use it for his subsistence. This was no less than the sudden death of the head of the establishment in which he was employed, which, he being the entire manager of the concern, had the consequence of breaking it up completely. Thus Dinny was cast on the world again, and found employment as difficult to be got as ever. His little hoard was soon spent, and at last he had to turn his steps westward, where labour was more plentiful and hands fewer. After many journeys and vicissitudes he at length



met a friend in the person of one of the partners in the grocery establishment which had first given him employment, and who, like himself, had sought a home in the wilderness. This man had some money, but, unfortunately for himself, never having "turned the Voster" or learned anything in accounts, was unable to put it to any use that would require a knowledge of what a facetious alderman once called the three R's, reading, writing, and arithmetic. Now, these happened to be Dinny's forte. So when his quondam employer was one day lamenting to him the deficiency which forbade him to apply his capital to the lucrative uses which he otherwise might, Dinny modestly suggested a method whereby this desirable object might be effected: the other, after a little consideration, thought he might do worse than adopt it, and accordingly, before many days elapsed, a grand new store appeared in the township of Prishpraashawmanraw, in which Dinny was book-keeper and junior partner. Having brought him thus far by our assistance, we shall allow him to conclude his letter after his own way:—

"And so you see, dear mother, that notwithstanding all the neighbours said, it's as lucky after all that I turned the Voster, for it has made a man of me, and with the help of the holy St Patrick I am well able to spare the twenty pounds you will get inside, which is half for yourself to make your old days comfortable, or to come out to me, if you'd like that better, and the other half for my poor darling Nelly, the *colleen dhas dhua*, that I am afraid spent many a heavy hour on my account; but you may tell her that with the help of God I will live to make up for them all. I will expect her at New York by the next ship, and you may tell her that the first thing she is to buy with the money must be a grand gold ring, and let her put it on her finger at once, without waiting for either priest or parson, for I'm her sworn husband already, and will bring her straight to the priest the minute she puts her foot on America shore, and until then who dare sneeze at her? You must write to me to say where I am to meet her, and by what ship she will come out; and above all, *whether she is to bring any thing out with her besides herself*—you know what I mean. And, dear mother, when you write to me, you are to put on the back of the letter, Dennis M'Daniel, Esq. for that's what I am now—not a word of lie in it. So wishing the best of good luck to all the neighbours, and to yourself and to Nelly, I remain, &c. &c. &c."

"Glory to you, Dinny!" was ejaculated on every side, while they all rushed tumultuously forward to congratulate the unwedded bride. In their uproarious hands we leave her, drawing this moral from the whole thing, that it's very hard to spoil an Irishman entirely, if there be any good at all in him originally.

A. M'C.

### THE THREE MONKS.

"It was with the good monks of old that sterling hospitality was to be found."—HANSBROVE'S IRISH GAZETTEER.

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire:

Shaven their crowns, and their garments grey;  
Closely they sat to that bogwood fire.

Watching the wicket till break of day—  
Such was ever the rule at Kilkree:\*

For whoever passed, be he baron or squire,  
Was free to call at that abbey, and stay.

Nor guerdon or hire for his lodging pay,  
Though he tarried a week with the Holy Quire:

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire:

Dark look'd the night from the window-pane:  
They who sat by that bogwood fire

Were Eustace, Alleyn, and Giles by name:  
Long they gazed at the cheerful flame,

Till each from his neighbour began to inquire  
The tale of his life, before he came

To Saint Bridget's shrine, and the cow! had ta'en:  
So they pled on more wood, and drew their seats nigher!

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire:

Load walled the wind through cloister and nave:  
With penitent air by that bogwood fire

The first that spake it was Eustace grave,  
And told, "He had been a soldier brave

\* Kilkree Abbey, near Cork, was dedicated to Saint Bridget, and founded, A. D. 1494, by Cormac Lord Muskerry. Its monks belonged to the Franciscan order commonly called "the Grey Friars."

In his youth, till a comrade he slew in ire;  
Since then he forswore helmet and glaive,  
And, leaving his home, had crossed the wave,  
And taken the cross and cow! at Saint Finbar's spire!"

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire!

Swift through the glen ran the river Lee:  
And Alleyn next, by that bogwood fire,

Told his tale—a woeful man he was:  
Alas, he had loved unlawfully

The wife of his brother, Sir Hugh Maguire:  
And he fled to the cloister to free

His soul from sin: "and 'twas sad to see  
How sorrow had worn the youthful friar!

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire!

And red the light on the rafters shone,  
And the last who spoke by that bogwood fire

Was Giles, of the three the only one  
Whom care or grief had not lit upon;

But rosy and round, throughout city and shire  
His mate for frolic and glee was none;

And soon he told how "A peasant's son,  
He was reared to the church by their former Prior!"

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire!

The moon look'd o'er all with clouded ray;  
And there they sat by that bogwood fire,

Watching the wicket till break of day;  
And many that night did call, and stay,

Whose names—If, gentles, ye do not trow—  
In next strain shall the bard essay—

(Many and motley I ween were they—  
Till then, pardon he craves for his humble lyre:

And to each and all,

Benedicite!

### COMPARATIVE VALUE OF BLACK BOYS IN AMERICA AND IRELAND.

It has not unfrequently occurred to us as a thing somewhat remarkable, that there is a vast difference in the comparative value of the black boys of America and those of Ireland; and this was very forcibly proved to us on a recent occasion. The American little blacks are, as we have been credibly informed, to be bought for forty dollars and upwards, according to their health, strength, and beauty; the Irish blackies for about a twentieth of that sum; and as everything is valued in proportion to its cost, it follows as a matter of course that the American urchins are vastly more prized and better taken care of than the Irish. It is not very easy to account for this, but perhaps it is only a consequence of difference of race. The American black boys are supposed to be the descendants of Cham—true woolly-headed chaps, with the colouring matter of their complexion deposited beneath their outer skin, and not washoffable by means of soap and water. The Irish black boys generally are believed to be of the true Caucasian breed—the descendants of Japhet; and their blackness is on the outer surface of the skin, and may, though we believe with difficulty, be removed. But we will not speak dogmatically on this point. In other respects they agree tolerably. They have both the power of bearing heat to a considerable degree, and of dispensing with the incumbrance of much clothing. But it is in their relative value that they most differ, and this is the point we desire to prove, and what we think we can do to the satisfaction of our readers by the following anecdote:—

Being naturally of a most humane and benevolent character, as all our readers are—for none others would support our pennyworth—we have often lamented the abject condition and sufferings of our black urchins, and have come to the resolution never to assist in encouraging their degradation, but on the contrary to do everything in our power to oppose it. With this praiseworthy intention we recently sent for a gentleman who professes the art of increasing our domestic comforts by the aid of modern science as developed in our improved machinery—or in other words, we sent for him to clean the chimney of our study, not with a little boy, but with a proper modern machine constructed for the purpose. The said professor came accordingly, but to our astonishment not merely with his sweeping machine, but also with one of the objects of our pity and commiseration—a little black boy! The use of this attendant we did not immediately comprehend, nor did we ask, but proceeded at once to inquire of the professor the price of his services in the way we desired.

"Three shillings," was the answer.

"Three shillings!" we rejoined, with a look of astonishment; "why, we had no idea that your charge would be any thing like so much. What," we asked, "is the cause of this unusual demand?"

"Why, sir, the price of my machine. But I'll sweep the chimney with the boy there for a shilling."

"And pray, sir, what did your machine cost?"

"Two pounds!"

"Indeed," I replied; "and what was the cost of the boy?"

"Ten shillings; and do you think, sir, I could sweep with my machine, which cost me so much, at the same rate as I could charge for the boy, that cost me only ten shillings?"

There was no replying to logic so conclusive as this; and we think it right to give it publicity, in the hope that it may meet the eyes of some of our readers at the other side of the Atlantic, who may be induced to rid us of some of our superabundant population, by importing our black boys, which they can get, even including the expense of carriage, at so much cheaper a rate here than they can procure them at home! G.

#### ELEVATION OF THE LABOURING CLASSES.

We have to express our thanks to the Westminster Review for the publication of two MS. letters to Leonard Horner, Esq. one of the factory inspectors, from the proprietor of a cotton mill in the north of England, whose modesty it is to be regretted prohibits the publication of his name, and has hitherto prevented the publication of these letters.

The introductory article in the Review contains some admirable strictures upon the radical defect of governments failing to perceive that the elevation of the people, in a moral and physical point of view, is not only one, but the fundamental duty of legislators. The writer points out that in all countries and ages to the present time, those who have been placed at the head of public affairs have had little or no leisure, if they possessed the inclination, to study schemes of human improvement; their time has been occupied in maintaining order, making war, and raising a revenue for these and similar objects, whereas the necessity for police and armies would be lessened by striking at the root of the evil, and elevating the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" in the scale of intelligence and happiness.

"Melancholy," says the writer, "is the result of centuries of mischievous and often wicked legislation, in the impression it has left upon the mind of the public. Long after a government has ceased to do evil, it is left powerless for good by the universal distrust with which it is regarded. The people have yet to learn to place confidence in their own servants, and to support when needed in their persons their own authority, instead of seeking to overturn it as that of tyrants or masters. So numerous have been the evils which have arisen from unwise interference, that an opinion very widely prevails that a government can do nothing but mischief; and the almost universal prayer of the people is to be left alone." Again he says, "Why should it not be borne in mind that there are higher objects for human exertion, whether for individuals or communities, than the greatest possible aggregate of wealth? And although the realization of those objects in our time may be but the visionary dream of the philanthropist, let no one say that good will not arise from keeping them steadily in view."

And to explain his sentiments upon the subject of the elevation of the labouring classes, he quotes the following paragraph from Dr Channing's first lecture, delivered at a meeting of the Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association at Boston:

"By the elevation of the labourer I do not understand that he is to be raised above the need of labour. I do not expect a series of improvements by which he is to be released from his daily work. Still more, I have no desire to dismiss him from his workshop and farm, to take the spade and axe from his hand, and to make his life a long holiday. I have faith in labour, and I see the goodness of God in placing us in a world where labour alone can keep us alive. I would not change, if I could, our subjection to physical laws, our exposure to hunger and cold, and the necessity of constant conflicts with the material world. I would not, if I could, so temper the elements that they should infuse into us only grateful sensations, that they should make vegetation so exuberant as to anticipate every want, and the minerals so ductile as to offer no resistance to our strength or skill. Such a world would make a contemptible race. Man owes his growth, his energy, chiefly

to that striving of the will, that conflict with difficulty, which we call effort. Easy, pleasant work does not make robust minds, does not give men a consciousness of their powers, does not train them to endurance, to perseverance, to steady force of will, that force without which all other acquisitions will avail nothing. Manual labour is a school in which men are placed to get energy of purpose and character—a vastly more important endowment than all the learning of all other schools. They are placed indeed under hard masters, physical sufferings and wants, the power of fearful elements, and the vicissitudes of all human things; but these stern teachers do a work which no compassionate indulgent friend could do for us, and true wisdom will bless Providence for their sharp ministry. I have great faith in hard work. The material world does much for the mind by its beauty and order; but it does more by the pains it inflicts; by its obstinate resistance, which nothing but patient toil can overcome; by its vast forces, which nothing but unremitting skill and effort can turn to our use; by its perils, which demand continual vigilance; and by its tendencies to decay. I believe that difficulties are more important to the human mind than what we call assistances. Work we all must, if we mean to bring out and perfect our nature. Even if we do not work with the hands, we must undergo equivalent toil in some other direction. . . . You will here see that to me labour has great dignity. Alas for the man who has not learned to work! He is a poor creature; he does not know himself."

That the labouring classes can be greatly, immeasurably elevated in the social scale, without relieving them from the least portion of that labour entailed upon the race of Adam, is beautifully exemplified in the mill-owner's letters which follow the article from which the foregoing has been extracted. We regret that their length far exceeds the utmost space which we could afford them, or we should present them to our readers in full. The account which they give of the social condition of the operatives employed in the writer's factory, more resembles the details of a Utopian scheme than of one actually carried into effect by a single philanthropic individual.

The first letter describes the wretched and dilapidated state of the mill, and destitute condition of the few persons living about it, at the time (1832) that the writer and his brothers took it, and proceeded to rebuild and furnish it. This and the collection of the necessary hands occupied two years. In employing operatives they selected only the most respectable, such as were likely to settle down permanently wherever they should feel comfortably situated; and in order to hold out inducements, these gentlemen broke up three fields in front of the workmen's cottages into gardens of about six roods each, separated by neat thorn hedges. Besides which, each house had a small flower-garden either in front or rear, and the houses themselves were made as comfortable as possible.

When the mill was completed and the population numerous, the proprietor called a meeting of all the workmen, and proposed the establishment of a Sunday school for the children. The proposal was gladly received, and some of the men were appointed teachers. He then built a schoolroom for the girls, and the boys had the use of a cellar; but he subsequently built a schoolroom for them also. In the girls' school were 160 children, and in the boys' 120. Each was placed under the management of a superintendent and a certain number of teachers, whose services were given gratuitously; and they relieved each other, so that each was obliged to attend only every third Sunday. They were all young men and women belonging to the mill, the proprietor taking no further part in the management than spending an hour or two in the room. As soon as the school was fairly established, the proprietor turned his attention to the establishment of games and gymnastic exercises amongst the people, and having set apart a field he called together some of the boys one fine afternoon, and commenced operations with quoits, trap and cricket balls, and leap-frog. The numbers quickly increased, regulations and rules were made, the girls got a portion of the field to themselves, and there were persons appointed to preserve order. The following summer he put up a swing, introduced the game called *Les Graces*, and bowls, a leaping-bar, a tight-rope, and a saw. Quoits became the favourite game of the men, hoops and tight-rope of the boys, and hoops and swing of the girls, the latter being in constant requisition. He at first found some difficulty in checking rudeness, but being constantly on the spot, it was soon corrected, and gradually quite wore away. The play-ground was only opened on Saturday evenings or holidays during the summer. He next got up drawing and

singing classes. The drawing-class, taught by himself, on Saturday evenings during the winter, from six to half past seven—half the time being spent in drawing, and the remainder with geography or natural history. To those pupils he lent drawings to copy during the evenings of the week, thereby giving them useful and agreeable employment for their leisure hours, and attracting them to their home fireside.

The breaking up of the drawing-class at half past seven gave room to the singing-class until nine. The superintendent of the Sunday school took charge of this class, which became at once very popular, especially with the girls. But what he seems to consider the most successful of his plans for the civilising of his people, was the establishment of regular evening parties during the winter, the number invited to each being about thirty, an equal number of boys and girls, and specially invited by a little printed card being sent to each. This afforded a mark of high distinction, only the best behaved and most respectable, or, as he calls them, "the aristocracy," being invited. These parties are held in the school-room, which he fitted up handsomely, and furnished with pictures, busts, &c., and a piano-forte. When the party first assemble, they have books, magazines, and drawings, to amuse them. Tea and coffee are then handed round, and the proprietor walks about and converses with them, so as to render their manners and conversation unembarrassed; and after tea, games are introduced, such as dissected maps or pictures, spilians, chess, draughts, card-houses, phantasmagoria, and others, whilst some prefer reading or chatting. Sometimes there is music and singing, and then a wind-up with Christmas games, such as tiercel, my lady's toilet, blindman's-buff, &c. previous to retiring, the party usually breaking up a little after nine. These parties are given to the grown-up boys and girls, but he sometimes also treats the juniors, when they have great diversion. The parties are given on Saturday evenings about once in three weeks, the drawing and singing being given up for that day.

He next established warm baths at an expense of £80, and issued bathing tickets for 1d. each, or families subscribing 1s. per month were entitled to five baths weekly; and with an account of the arrangements of the baths, the receipts, &c., he concludes his first letter, which appears to have been written about the year 1835.

In the second letter, dated March 1838, he develops the principles upon which he acted, and the objects which he had in view, in answer to the request of Mr Horner. His object he avows to be "the elevation of the labouring classes," or, to use his own language, "promoting the welfare of the manufacturing population, and raising them to that degree of intellectual and social advancement of which I believe them capable." And amongst the matters which he considers necessary to the attainment of the object in view, he enumerates fair wages, comfortable houses, gardens for their vegetables and flowers, schools and other means of improvement for their children, sundry little accommodations and conveniences in the mill, attention to them when sick or in distress, and interest taken in their general comfort and welfare." He says that attention to these things, and gently preventing rather than chiding rudeness, ignorance, or immorality—treating people as though they were possessed of the virtues and manners which you wish them to acquire—is the best means of attaining the wished-for end; and that he has little faith in the efficacy of mere moral lectures. He established the order of the silver cross amongst the girls above the age of 17. It immediately became an object of great ambition, and a powerful means of forwarding the great object of refining the minds, tastes, and manners of the maidens, and through their influence, of softening and humanising the sterner part of the population. He says that he does not want to establish amongst the humbler classes the mere conventional forms of politeness as practised in the upper, but he would refine them considerably. He would have the most beautiful and tender forms of Christian charity exhibited in all their actions and habits, and mere preaching, rules, sermons, lectures, or legislation, can never change poor human nature if the people are not permitted to see what they are taught they should practise, and to hold intercourse with those whose manners are superior to their own. He points out the necessity of supplying innocent, pleasing, and profitable modes of filling up the leisure hours of the working-classes as the best mode of weaning them from drinking, and the vulgar amusements alone within their reach. He also points out that merely intellectual pursuits are not suited to uncultivated minds, and that resources should be

provided of sufficient variety to supply the different tastes and capacities which are to be dealt with. It is with these views that he provided various objects of interesting pursuit or innocent amusement for his colony, and established prizes for their horticultural exhibitions; and to show how the taste for music had progressed, he mentions that a glee class had been established, and a more numerous one of sacred music that meets every Wednesday and Saturday during winter, and a band had been formed with clarionets, horns, and other wind instruments, which practised twice a-week, besides blowing nightly at home; and a few families had got pianos, besides which there were guitars, violins, violoncellos, serpens, flutes, and dulcimers, and he adds that it must be observed that they are all of their own purchasing. He goes on to observe that his object is "not to raise the manufacturing operative or labourer above his condition, but to make him an ornament to it, and thus elevate the condition itself—to make the labouring classes feel that they have within their reach all the elements of earthly happiness as abundantly as those to whose station their ambition sometimes leads them to aspire—that domestic happiness, real wealth, social pleasures, means of intellectual improvement, endless sources of rational amusement, all the freedom and independence possessed by any class of men, are all before them—that they are all within their reach, and that they are not enjoyed only because they have not been developed and pointed out, and therefore are not known. His object is to show them this, to show his own people and others that there is nothing in the nature of their employment, or in the condition of their humble lot, that condemns them to be rough, vulgar, ignorant, miserable, or poor—that there is nothing in either that forbids them to be well bred, well informed, well mannered, and surrounded by every comfort and enjoyment that can make life happy; in short, to ascertain and prove what the condition of this class of people might be made, what it ought to be made—what it is the interest of all parties that it should be made."

In the name of our common humanity we thank him for the experiment which has so satisfactorily proved the truth of his propositions; and whilst wishing him God speed, we shall do what in our power lies to promote the benevolent object, by directing the attention of philanthropists to the good that may be effected by the unassisted efforts of a practical individual.

N.

#### THE FORMATION OF DEW.

DURING summer, when the weather is sultry, and the sky assumes that beautiful blue tinge so entirely its own, dew is formed in the greatest abundance, owing to the phenomena which are requisite for its deposition being then most favourably combined. It was long supposed by naturalists that this precipitation depended on the cooling of the atmosphere towards evening, when the solar rays began to decline; but it was not properly understood until M. Prevost published his theory of the radiation of caloric (which has since been generally adopted), which was as follows:—"That all bodies radiate caloric constantly, whether the objects that surround them be of the same temperature of themselves, or not." According to this view, the temperature of a body falls whenever it radiates more caloric than it absorbs, and rises whenever it receives more than it radiates; which law serves to produce an equality of temperature. Such is exactly the case as regards the earth: during the day it receives a supply of heat from the sun's rays, and as it is an excellent radiator of caloric, as soon as the shades of evening begin to fall, the earth imparts a portion of its caloric to the air, and the atmosphere having no means of imparting its caloric in turn, except by contact with the earth's surface, the stratum nearest the earth becomes cooled, and consequently loses the property of holding so much moisture in the state of vapour, which becomes deposited in small globular drops. The stratum of air in immediate contact with the earth having thus precipitated its moisture, becomes specifically lighter than that immediately above it, which consequently rushes down and supplies its place; and in this manner the process is carried on until some physical cause puts a stop to it either partly or wholly. It is well known that dew is deposited sparingly, or not at all, in cloudy weather, the clouds preventing free radiation, which is so essential for its formation; that good radiators, as grass, leaves of plants, and filamentous substances in general, reduce their temperature in favourable states of the weather to an extent of ten or fifteen degrees below the circumambient air;

and whilst these substances are completely drenched with dew, others that are bad radiators, such as rocks, polished metal, sand, &c., are scarcely moistened. From the above remarks it will appear evident that dew is formed most abundantly in hot climates, and during summer in our own, which tends to renovate the vegetable kingdom by producing all the salubrious effects of rain without any of its injurious consequences, when all nature seems to languish under the scorching influence of a meridian sun.

Hoarfrost is formed when the temperature becomes so low as 32 degrees Fahrenheit; the dew being then frozen on falling, sometimes assuming very fantastic forms on the boughs and leaves of trees, &c., which sparkle in the sunshine like so many gems of purest ray. M.

## RANDOM SKETCHES.

### NO. III.—BLOWING MEN.

WHAT makes men blow? "I'll be blown if I know." Such might be the answer in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand; and the object of this paper is to invite that thousandth individual who is versed in the philosophy of blowing to come forth and settle the question.

Every body knows why butchers blow, and flute-players, and glass-blowers, &c, and why some men puff at auctions; but the question is, why, without any conceivable motive either of business or pleasure, certain men, while circulating through the streets of Dublin perhaps on a breezeless day, have been seen to distend their cheeks, and discharge a great volume of breath into the face of the serene and unoffending atmosphere.

One of the introductory chapters in Tom Jones is devoted to proving that authors always write the better for being acquainted with the subjects on which they write. If this position be true (as I believe it is), I may seem deserving of a blowing up for venturing on my present theme. However, my object (as I have already hinted) in this, as in my first sketch, is rather to court than to convey information. If my brief notices of Fox and Smut contained in said sketch could at all serve to promote the study of catoptrics, I would not consider the time it cost me misspent. (And, by the bye, Mr Editor, I know somebody who, if he chose, could inform your readers how he once saw one of his own cats actually assisting at a surgical operation!) In like manner, if the following meagre result of my attempt towards developing the philosophy of blowing should excite inquiry on a subject never, I believe, broached before, I would feel very thankful for any information anent it that might reach me through the medium of the Irish Penny Journal.

Blowing men form a small, a very small, part of the community. During some forty years' experience of the Dublin flags, I have met with only four specimens of this genus. Yet limited as is the number of my specimens, I am constrained to distribute them into two classes—one consisting of three individuals, the other, of the remaining one. My first-class men blew all alike—right "ahead," as the Americans say; my fourth man protruded his chin, and breathed rather than blew somewhat upwards, as if he wanted to treat the tip of his nose to a vapour-bath.

What characteristics, then, did my triad of blowers possess in common, and from what community of idiosyncrasy did they agree in a practice unknown to the generality of mankind? The latter question I avow my inability to answer: on the former I can perhaps throw a little twilight. The principal man among them in point of rank—a late noble and facetious judge—was by far the most inveterate blower in the class: his puff was perpetual, like the mahogany dye of his boot-tops. One point of resemblance I have traced between the peer and his two compeers: he was a proud man. In proof of this allegation I have the evidence of his own avowal:—"I'm the first peer of my family, but I'm as proud as the old nobility of England." Of the other pair, one I know to be proud, the other I believe to be so. Here then is one element—PRIDE: another I conceive to be WEALTH. My first-class blowers were all rich men: nay, the youngest among them never ventured on blowing, to the best of my belief, till he had gotten a good slice of a quarter of a million whereof his uncle died possessed. I was standing one day at the door of a bookseller's shop in Suffolk Street, deeply intent upon nothing, when my gentleman passed by on the opposite side. My eyes, ready for any new object, idly followed him, and as he crossed to Nassau Street he blew. The offer was fair enough for a be-

ginner, but it would not do—he wanted fat. No man much under the episcopal standard of girth should think of blowing: of this I feel a perfect conviction.

As for my solitary second-class man, the unique character of his blowing, or breathing, may have been but an emanation of his unique mind. He was, as the song says, "werry peecoliar"—an extensive medical practitioner among the poor, though not a medical man—the editor of an agricultural journal, though unacquainted with farming—a moral man, yet the avowed admirer of the lady of an invalid whose expected death was to be the signal for their union: the death came, but the union was never effected.

Groping then, as I do, in the dark, I would with great diffidence submit, that certain individuals, being encumbered with PRIDE, WEALTH, and FAT, are hence, somehow, under both a mental and physical necessity of blowing: why all individuals thus encumbered do not adopt the practice, is matter for consideration. As a further clue to investigation I may add, that although the union of the above three qualifications in one individual is by no means peculiar to Dublin, yet in Dublin alone have I ever seen men blow, and that none of my quarterion of blowing men was of Milesian descent: one was of Saxon, another of Scottish race, and the remaining two were sprung from Huguenots.

I now conclude, submissively craving "a word and a blow" from any of the readers or writers of the Irish Penny Journal who may be able to give them to me in the shape of facts or fancies likely to lead to the full solution of a question which has been for years my torment, namely—"What makes men blow?" G. D.

HEAPING UP WEALTH.—It is often ludicrous as well as pitiable to witness the miserable ends in which the heaping up of wealth not unusually terminates. A life spent in the drudgery of the counting-house, warehouse, or factory, is exchanged for the dignified ease of a suburban villa; but what a joyless seclusion it mostly proves! Retirement has been postponed until all the faculties of enjoyment have become effete or paralysed. "Sans eyes, sans teeth, sans taste, sans everything," scarcely any inlet or pulsation remains for old, much less new pleasures and associations. Nature is not to be won by such superannuated suitors. She is not intelligible to them; and the language of fields and woods, of murmuring brooks, mountain tops, and tumbling torrents, cannot be understood by men familiar only with the noise of crowded streets, loaded vans, bustling taverns, and postmen's knocks. The chief provincial towns are environed with luckless pyrites of this description, who, dropped from their accustomed sphere, become lumps and dross in a new element. Happily their race is mostly short; death kindly comes to terminate their weariness, and, like plants too late transplanted, they perish from the sudden change in long-established habits, air, and diet.

AN OLD NEWSPAPER.—There is nothing more beneficial to the reflecting mind than the perusal of an old newspaper. Though a silent preacher, it is one which conveys a moral more palpable and forcible than the most elaborate discourse. As the eye runs down its diminutive and old-fashioned columns, and peruses its quaint advertisements and bygone paragraphs, the question forces itself on the mind—where are now the busy multitudes whose names appear on these pages?—where is the puffing auctioneer, the pushing tradesman, the bustling merchant, the calculating lawyer, who each occupies a space in this chronicle of departed time? Alas! their names are now only to be read on the sculptured marble which covers their ashes! They have passed away like their forefathers, and are no more seen! From these considerations the mind naturally turns to the period when we, who now enjoy our little span of existence in this chequered scene, shall have gone down into the dust, and shall furnish the same moral to our children that our fathers do to us! The sun will then shine as bright, the flowers will bloom as fair, the face of nature will be as pleasing as ever, while we are reposing in our narrow cell, heedless of every thing that once charmed and delighted us!

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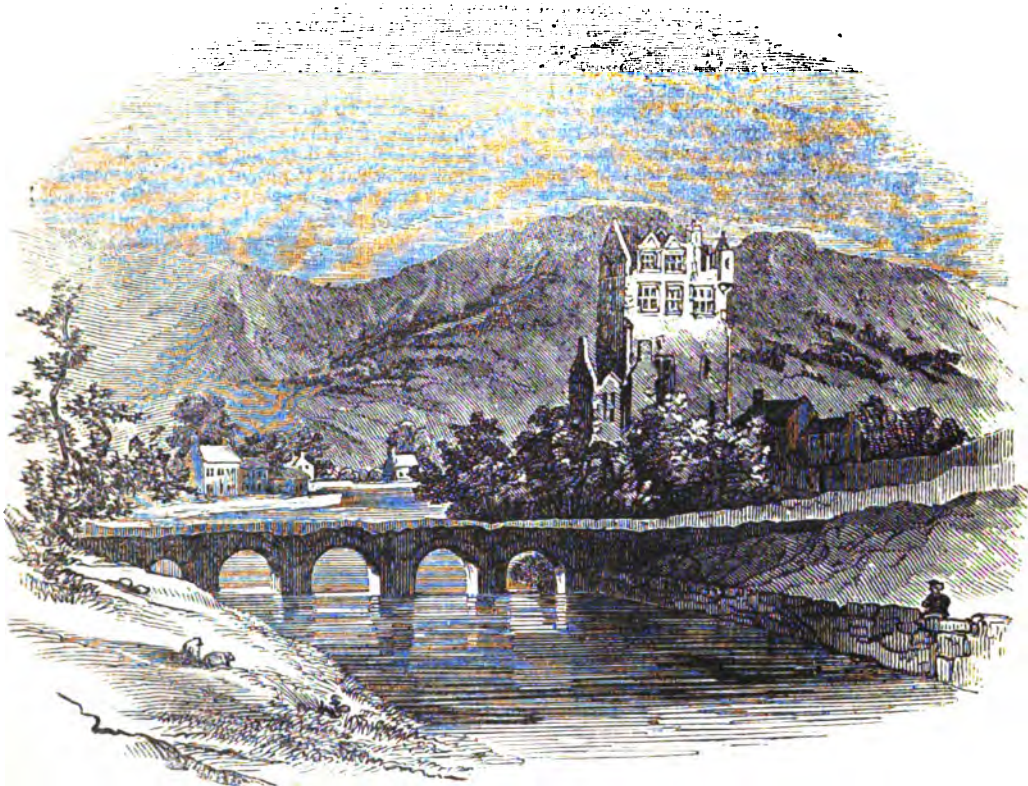


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



THE CASTLE OF DONEGAL.

THE ruins of the old castellated Mansion of Donegal are not only interesting as affording, to use the words of Sir R. Colt Hoare, "a good subject for the pencil," but still more as a touching memorial of the fallen fortunes of a long-time powerful and illustrious family, the ancient lords of Tirconnell. These ruins are situated on the north bank of the little river Easky, or the fishy river, at the extremity of the town to which, as well as to the county, it has given its name. This name, however, which signifies literally the Dun, or Fort of the Foreigners, is of much higher antiquity than the castle erected here by the O'Donnells, and was, there can be no doubt, originally applied to a fortress, most probably of earth, raised here by the Danes or Northmen anterior to the twelfth century; for it appears unquestionable that the Irish applied the appellations Gaill exclusively to the northern rovers, anterior to the arrival of the English. Of the early history of this dun or fortress there is nothing preserved beyond the bare fact recorded in the Annals of Ulster, that it was burnt by Murtoth M'Loughlin, the head of the northern Hy-Niall race, in the year 1159. We have, however, an evidence of the connection of the Danes with this locality more than two centuries earlier, in a very valuable poem which we shall at no remote time present to our readers, addressed by the Tirconnellian bard, Flan Mac Lonan, to Aighleann and Cathbar, the brothers of Domhnall, from whom the name of O'Donnell

is derived. In this poem, which was composed at the commencement of the tenth century, the poet relates that Egneachan, the father of Donnell, gave his three beautiful daughters, Duibhlin, Bebuia, and Bebinn, in marriage to three Danish princes, Caithis, Torges, and Tor, for the purpose of obtaining their friendship, and to secure his territory from their depredations; and these marriages were solemnised at Donegal, where Egneachan then resided.

But though we have therefore evidence that a fort or dun existed here from a very remote time, it would appear certain, from a passage in the Annals of the Four Masters, that a castle, properly so called, was not erected at Donegal by the O'Donnells till the year 1474. In this passage, which records the death of Hugh Roe, the son of Niall Garve O'Donnell, at the year 1505, it is distinctly stated that he was the first that erected a castle at Donegal, that it might serve as a fortress for his descendants; and that he also erected as it would appear, at the same time, a monastery for Observantine Franciscans near the same place, and in which he was interred in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and forty-fourth of his reign. From this period forward the Castle of Donegal became the chief residence of the chiefs of Tirconnell, till their final extinction in the reign of James I., and was the scene of many a petty domestic feud and conflict. From a notice of one of these intestine broils, as recorded in the

Annals of the Four Masters, at the year 1564, it would appear that shortly previous to that period a tower, called "the New Tower," had been added to the older structure. This tower being at that time in the possession of Hugh, the grandson of the builder of the original castle, while the latter was inhabited by his fraternal nephews, Con, the son of Calvach, then Prince of Tirconnell, in the absence of his father, attempted to get possession of both, and nearly succeeded, when he was made captive by O'Neill.

Towards the close of the great war with the Earl of Tyrone in 1601, this castle, as well as the adjacent monastery, having been placed in the hands of the Queen's troops, through the instrumentality of Niall Garve O'Donnell, it was besieged and taken by the celebrated leader, Red Hugh O'Donnell, who afterwards blockaded the English in the monastery, from the end of September till the end of October following. But though the besieged were reduced to the utmost extremity, in consequence of the explosion of their powder by some accident, which reduced the greater part of the monastery to ruins, they maintained their position with undaunted bravery, and O'Donnell finally raised the siege, and passed into Munster to join the Spaniards. It appears, however, from a cotemporaneous poem, addressed to the ruins of this castle, a translation of which we shall presently lay before our readers, that O'Donnell did not depart from his native territory, never to return, till he had reduced the proud castle of his ancestors to a ruined pile, assigning as a reason, that it should never become what its name indicated—a fortress for strangers!

Whether this castle was subsequently repaired or reconstructed by Red Hugh's brother Rory, the Earl of Tirconnell, during the few years for which he held his earldom previous to his flight to Rome, does not appear from any document which has fallen under our notice, and we are inclined to believe that he did not do so. But be this as it may, the existing ruins retain no feature of a castle of the 15th century, but on the contrary are in every respect characteristic of the castellated residences of the reign of James I.; so that if it be of Rory O'Donnell's age, he must have rebuilt the mansion from its foundation. It appears, however, at least equally probable that the present structure may owe its re-erection to Sir Basil Brooke, to whom a grant of the castle was made in 1610. But it is certain, at all events, that he repaired the castle and resided in it until his death in 1688; and two chimney-pieces which still remain are unquestionably of his time, as the arms on one of them testify. These arms, which are sculptured on two shields, are, on the first, those of Brooke impaling Leicester—the family name of Sir Basil's lady; and on the second, those of Brooke only. These chimney-pieces, which are very splendid specimens of the architectural taste of the age, are faithfully represented in wood-cuts in the second volume of the *Dublin Penny Journal*, and are accompanied by an excellent notice from the pen, as we believe, of Sir William Betham. In this notice it is stated that the Castle of Donegal "was granted by patent, dated the 16th November 1610, to Captain Basil Brooke, for twenty-one years, if he should live so long, with one hundred acres of land, and the fishings, customs, and duties extending along the river from the castle to the sea. Captain Brooke was knighted 2d February 1616, by Sir Arthur Chichester, knight, Lord Deputy, and had a re-grant of twenty-one years, or his life, of the castle by patent, dated 27th July 1620, and on the 12th February 1623, he had a grant of the fee of the castle for ever."

According to the same authority, this "Sir Basil Brooke was a scion of the family of Brooke of Norton, in Cheshire, and his lady was Anne, daughter of Thomas Leicester of Toft, in that county. Henry Vaughan Brooke, Esq. Member of Parliament for the county of Donegal, was his descendant and heir-at-law, who left the estates of his family to his nephew Thomas Grove, Esq. who took the name and arms of Brooke by royal sign-manual in 1808. He died without issue, and the estates of the family went to Thomas Young, Esq. of Lough Esk, who also took the name of Brooke by royal sign-manual, dated 16th July 1830, and is the present possessor."

During the troubles of 1641, the Castle of Donegal was garrisoned for the king by Sir Henry Brooke, the son of Sir Basil; but was taken in May 1651 by the Marquess of Clanricarde, who was joined by the Ulster forces under Sir Phelim O'Neill, when the O'Reillys and the MacMahons joined with him. But the castle was shortly afterwards abandoned by him, on receiving intelligence of the advance of Sir Charles

Cootte, into whose possession it then fell. Since that period the Castle of Donegal has never we believe been used as a residence, and no care has been taken to save it from the ruined state in which it now appears. It is, however, to the credit of its present possessor that he has taken every care to delay as much as possible the further ravages of time on a structure so interesting in its associations with the past.

It is indeed impossible to look on this venerable pile without carrying our minds back to the days of its proud but unfortunate chiefs; and in our feelings of pity for their fate, indulging such sentiments as one of their last bards has attempted to express in the following poem, addressed to its ruins, and of which we give a literal translation. It is the composition of Malmurry Mac-an-Ward, or the son of the bard, and was written on the demolition of the castle by Red Hugh O'Donnell in 1601.

#### ADDRESS TO THE RUINS OF DONEGAL CASTLE.

O, solitary fort that standest yonder,  
What desolation dost thou not reveal!  
How tarnished is the beauty of thine aspect,  
Thou mansion of the chaste and gentle melodies!  
Demolished lie thy towering battlements—  
The dark loam of the earth has risen up  
Over the whiteness of thy polished stones;  
And solitude and ruin gird thee round.

Thy end is come, fair fortress, thou art fallen—  
Thy magical prestige has been stripped off—  
Thy well-shaped corner-stones have been displaced  
And cast forth to the outside of thy ramparts.

In lieu of thy rich wine-feasts, thou hast now  
Nought but the cold stream from the firmament;  
It penetrates thee on all sides,  
Thou mansion like Emania the golden.

Thy doorways are, alas! filled up,  
Thou fortress of the once bright doors!  
The limestones of thy top lie at thy base,  
On all the sides of thy fair walls.

Over the mouldings of thy shattered windows,  
The music that to-day breaks forth  
Is the wild music of the birds and winds,  
The voices of the stormy elements!

O, many-gated Court of Donegal,  
What spell of slumber overcame thee,  
Thou mansion of the board of flowing goblets,  
To make thee undergo this rueful change?

Thou wert, O, happy one of the bright walls,  
The Fortress of the Meetings of Clann-Connell,  
The Tara of Assemblies to Conn's offspring,  
O, thou resplendent fount of nobleness!

Thou rivaldest Emania in Ulster,  
Thou wert the peer of Cruachan in Connaught,  
Or of the mansion over the bright Boyne,  
Thou Rome of all delight for Erin!

In thee, thou fair, capacious dome,  
Where Ulster's tributes prodigally spent,  
And Connaught's tributes were poured into thee,  
Deserted though thou art this night!

From thee have we beheld—delightful sight!—  
From the high pinnacles of thy purple turrets,  
Long lines of ships at the approach of May,  
With masts and snow-white sails.

From the high pinnacles of thy white watch-towers  
We have seen the fleetness of the youthful steeds,  
The bounding of the hounds, the joyous chase,  
Thou pleasant fastness of unnumbered plains!

Within thee at the festive board  
We have seen the strong battalions of the Gael,  
And outside on thy wide green court,  
After the meeting and the feasting.

Alas for this event, O Dun-na-Gall!  
Sad is the lethargy that trances thee,  
It is my grief to see thee thus deserted,  
Without thy nobles, without mirth to-night!

Although thy ruins now bestrew the soil,  
There have come of the race of Connell  
Some men who would have mourned thy downfall,  
O, thou fair fortress of the smooth-clad nobles!

Manus O'Donnell's noble mind,  
 Had he but heard of thy disasters,  
 O, fortress of the regal towers,  
 Would suffer deepest anguish for thee !  
 Could Hugh, the son of Hugh, behold  
 The desolation of thy once white walls,  
 How bitter, O, thou palace of the kings,  
 His grief would be for thy decline and fall !  
 If thus thou couldst have been beheld  
 By Hugh Roe, who demolished thee,  
 Methinks his triumph and delight would cease,  
 Thou beautiful, time-hallowed house of Fertas !  
 O, never was it dreamed that one like him,  
 That one sprung from the Tirconnellians,  
 Could bring thee to this woeful state,  
 Thou bright-streamed fortress of the embellished walls !  
 From Hugh O'Donnell, thine own king,  
 From him has come this melancholy blow,  
 This demolition of thy walls and towers,  
 O, thou forsaken fortress o'er the Easky !  
 Yet was it not because he wished thee ill  
 That he thus left thee void and desolate ;  
 The king of the successful tribe of Dalach  
 Did not destroy thee out of hatred.  
 The reason that he left thee as thou art  
 Was lest the black ferocious strangers  
 Should dare to dwell within thy walls,  
 Thou fair-proportioned, speckled mansion !  
 Lest we should ever call thee theirs,  
 Should call thee in good earnest *Dun-na-gall*,  
 This was the reason, Fortress of the Gaels,  
 That thy fair turrets were o'erthrown.  
 Now that our kings have all been exiled hence  
 To dwell among the reptiles of strange lands,  
 It is a woe for us to see thy towers,  
 O, bright fort of the glossy walls !  
 Yet, better for thee to be thus destroyed  
 By thine own king than that the truculent Galls  
 Should raise dry mounds and circles of great stones  
 Around thee and thy running waters !  
 He who has brought thee to this feebleness,  
 Will soon again heal all thy wounds,  
 So that thou shalt not sorrow any more,  
 Thou smooth and bright-walled mansion !  
 As doth the surgeon, if he be a true one,  
 On due examination of his patient,  
 Thy royal chief has done by thee,  
 Thou shield and bulwark of the race of Coffey !  
 The surgeon, on examining his patient,  
 Knows how his illness is to be removed,  
 Knows where the secret of his health lies hid,  
 And where the secret of his malady.  
 Those members that are gangrened or unsound  
 He cuts away from the more healthy trunk  
 Before they mortify, and so bring death  
 Without remedy upon the sufferer.  
 Now, thy disease is obviously the Galls,  
 And thy good surgeon is thy chief, O'Donnell,  
 And thou thyself, thou art the prostrate patient  
 O, green-hued mansion of the race of Dolach !  
 With God's will, and by God's permission,  
 Thy beauty shall yet put to shame thy meanness,  
 Thy variegated courts shall be rebuilt  
 By that great Chief who laid thee low !  
 As Hugh Roe, king of the Connellians  
 Was he who laid thy speckled walls in ruins,  
 He will again renew thy greatness,  
 Yes, he will be thy best physician !

P.

Wickedness may well be compared to a bottomless pit, into which it is easier to keep oneself from falling, than having fallen into, to stay oneself from falling infinitely.—*Sir P. Sydney.*

If there be an object truly ridiculous in nature, it is an American patriot, signing resolutions of independence with the one hand, and with the other brandishing a whip over his affrighted slaves.—*Day.*

## OUR SENSATIONS.

## FIRST ARTICLE.

MAN has been somewhere described as a "bundle of sensations;" and certainly if ever sensations were capable of being packed together, they would make a bundle, and a good large one too. I am not a physiologist, or even a doctor, so cannot pretend to speak very learnedly on this subject: but as we all in common have "our sensations," he must be rather a dull fellow, I should think, who would have nothing to say when they were laid upon the table for discussion. Even if he were a Jew, he might repeat with Shylock, "Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?" and so on.

When one considers the amazing number and variety of the feelings, or perceptions arising out of impressions on the senses, of which we are capable, we discover a new and interesting proof that we are indeed "fearfully and wonderfully made." I was struck by this fact the other day, on hearing a young medical student say that he had been reading a "descriptive catalogue" of "pains," which had been made out with great care for the use of the profession. People, when going to consult a physician, are often at a loss to describe the manner in which they are affected, and particularly the nature and character of the painful sensation that afflicts them. To assist them in this respect, and the physician in obtaining a correct idea of the case, this catalogue was made out, and highly useful I think it must be for the proposed end. The patient may thus readily meet with something answering to his own case, and lay his finger on the classification that suits him. I am sorry I have not the list by me, for I am sure it would be a curious novelty to many. There are however in it the "dull, aching pain," the "sharp pricking pain," the pendulum-like "going-and-returning pain," the "throbbing pain," the "flying-to-the-head and sickening pain," the hot-scalding or burning pain, the pins and needles or nettle pain, pains deep seated and pains superficial, and, in short, an infinite variety, made out with nice discrimination, and all taken, I dare say, from life. None indeed could have drawn it out but one who had studied in some lazar-house, wherein, as Milton describes,

"were laid

Numbers of all diseased; all maladies  
 Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture; qualms  
 Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds;  
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs—  
 Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs"—&c. &c.

There is a variety in pain, then, as well as in every thing else; but it is a variety in which few, I believe, ever found a "charm" experimentally. But there is a special wonder in the matter which forces us to exclaim, "What a piece of workmanship is man!" We are here speaking of sensations, or of perceptions arising from our bodily structure; and to these perceptions it is plainly necessary that there should be a chain of communication between the part of the body affected, and the sensorium, or seat of perception in the brain. I remember being amused with the surprise of an intelligent little girl, who complained of a sore finger, and a pain "in the finger," on hearing for the first time that the pain was not "in her finger," but in *her own perception of it*. It seemed a contradiction to her immediate experience; but on being shown that the pain she felt ceased when the nervous communication between the finger and the brain was interrupted, which could be easily done by a ligature placed above the part affected, she readily understood the distinction sought to be conveyed to her mind, namely, the difference between a diseased action in any part of the body, and our painful perception of its existence. There must be a "nerve" to "telegraph" the fact to the mind, otherwise the fact would not be consciously known. Well, then, this being the case, only consider what an infinite number of these nerves there must be in the human body, merely for the purpose of conveying disagreeable impressions, or what I may call *bad news*, to headquarters! They are very useful, it is true; but like other messengers of unpleasant intelligence, not much in favour. It is dangerous, however, to do them any harm. My readers have heard perhaps of the farrier who used to cure lame horses so rapidly, that he was the astonishment of all who consulted him. A horse would be brought to him scarce putting his toe to the ground, limping and shambing in a miserable manner, and, as if by magic, this veterinary artist would send him trotting off to all appearance quite cured. His

secret consisted in dividing the nerve, or, as I may say, slaying the messenger of evil: the consequence of which was, that the poor horse, no longer conscious of the malady in his hoof, leaned heavily upon it, and ultimately became incurably lamed for life.

So much as to our sensations of *pain*. But fortunately for us there is another class, and this comprising, according to some, a family very nearly if not altogether as numerous—I mean our sensations of the pleasurable kind. “Man,” saith the Scripture, “roasteth roast, and is satisfied: yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire.” This includes the comforts of a good dinner, and a cheerful fire-side on a winter’s evening, and most people will agree with me these are no bad things, especially with a group of happy smiling faces about us. The inlets to our agreeable perceptions are certainly not so numerous as those to the opposite kind, as we are approachable by pain from every part of the body without exception, but it is otherwise with our “notions of the agreeable.” However, they can reach us in tolerable abundance through the eye, the ear, the taste (including the smell), and the touch. It may be as well to record here, for the benefit of posterity—as with the rapid increase of railroads, and other improved modes of travelling and living in these days, it stands a chance of being forgotten hereafter—that to one who has been up all night in a close coach, “four inside,” or has dined at a Lord’s Mayor’s inauguration dinner, partaking largely of the good things, the warm bath is a highly agreeable and efficacious restorative, and that he is indebted in this case to the entire envelope of his epidermis, and not to any one part in particular, for the pleasing sensation he experiences. There are other modes of exciting the pleasurable on this wholesale plan, such as shampooing, as it is practised in the east, and suddenly plunging into the snow after stewing in vapour, as they do in Russia, and so on; but as I have never myself been “done” by any of these processes, I do not take upon me to recommend them. I am not an advocate for tickling. The laughter which it excites is one to which we give way with reluctance, and its pleasure is equivocal. I have seen poor children tickled nearly to death, and feel a great horror of that mode of making my exit from all the consciousnesses that belong to this mortal coil.

As to the innumerable sensations of agreeableness which we may receive through the eye, including all that may be seen—the ear encompassing all the concords of sweet sounds—the warbling of birds—the voice of the beloved, and all the melody of song—through the taste, with all its varieties—what gives to the peach its melting richness?—to generous wine its elevating gentlemanliness of flavour?—to meats, soups, and sauces, all their delicious gusto?—to the rose its sweetness?—to the cinnamon tree and the orange grove their spicy fragrance? Whence come all the delightful visions of the opium-eater? He lives whilst under the influence of the drug in a world of ecstasy: his soul teems with the most pleasing fancies; all around him is soft and soothing; whatever he sees or hears, ministers to delight.

If you have never lit your cigar as you sallied forth with dog and gun on a fine December morning, let me tell you, gentle reader, that you have missed a sensation worth getting up to enjoy. But not to lose ourselves in a wilderness of sweets, or to forget our great argument, what is the immediate cause of all these so agreeable effects? Why, a peculiar organization of our bodies, fitted to receive every imaginable impression from without, whether of the painful or the agreeable kind, and to transmit that impression, when received, to the seat of perception within.

We call it the nervous system; and what I would beg my readers to consider is, how wonderful, how curious, above all comprehension or explanation, that apparatus in our construction must be, to which we owe such an infinite variety of sensations, and those of the most opposite kinds! It baffles the skill of the anatomist to unveil its mysteries: no needle can trace its ligaments; yet it is a real, substantial thing, of whose existence we have perfect assurance by the very palpable effects which it produces.

Thus much for our different and various sensations arising from outward impressions; but there is yet a third class, in which, by a sort of reflection, our nerves perform an important function, and transmit the action begun in the *mind* to the *seat of emotion*, or the soul. Hence the joy of the mathematician at the discovery of some important problem, or of the poet at hitting upon some long-sought-for rhyme with an-

swering metre. In such cases the mind, or pure intellect, *originates*, and the body “takes the signal” from it. There is a reciprocity between them, and it is well when, like some loving couples, they dwell on good terms together. When, happily, this is the case, there is much peace “at home:” the senses do not seek for gratifications which the mind disapproves, and the mind does not apply to them for pleasures which are forbidden.

However, I shall not enter upon this further disquisition—highly interesting though it be—at present, but shall reserve it in order that we may resume it with due deliberation, and do it that justice which it so well deserves, at another opportunity.

## IRISH SUPERSTITIONS—GHOSTS AND FAIRIES. THE RIVAL KEMPERS.

BY WILLIAM CABLETON.

(Second Article.)

In a former paper we gave an authentic account of what the country folks, and we ourselves at the time, looked upon as a genuine instance of apparition. It appeared to the simple-minded to be a clear and distinct case, exhibiting all those minute and subordinate details which, by an arrangement naturally happy and without concert, go to the formation of truth. There was, however, but one drawback in the matter, and that was the ludicrous and inadequate nature of the moral motive; for what unsteady and derogatory notions of Providence must we not entertain when we see the order and purposes of his divine will so completely degraded and travestied by the fact of a human soul returning to this earth again for the ridiculous object of settling the claim to a pair of breeches!

When we see the succession to crowns and kingdoms, and the inheritance to large territorial property and great personal rank, all left so completely undecided that ruin and desolation have come upon nations and families in attempting their adjustment, and when we see a laughable dispute about a pair of breeches settled by a personal revelation from another life, we cannot help asking why the supernatural intimation was permitted in the one case and not in the other, especially when their relative importance differed so essentially? To follow up this question, however, by insisting upon a principle so absurd, would place Providence in a position so perfectly unreasonable and capricious, that we do not wish to press the inference so far as admission of divine interference in such a manner would justify us in doing.

Having detailed the case of Daly’s daughter, however, we take our leave of the girl and the ghost, and turn now to another case which came under our own observation in connection with Frank Martin and the fairies. Before commencing, however, we shall by way of introduction endeavour to give our readers a few short particulars as to fairies, their origin, character, and conduct. And as we happen to be on this subject, we cannot avoid regretting that we have not by us copies of two most valuable works upon it from the pen of our learned and admirable countryman, Thomas Keightley—we allude to his *Fairy Mythology* and his *History of the Transmission of Popular Fictions*; two works which cannot be perused without delight at the happy manner in which so much learning and amusement, so much solid information, and all that is agreeable in extensive research, are inimitably combined. We are sorry, we repeat, that we have them not by us; but we trust that we may on some early occasion be allowed to notice them at greater length, and to give them a more formal recommendation to our countrymen.

With the etymology of the word *fairy* we do not intend in a publication like this to puzzle our readers. It is with the tradition connected with the *thing* that we have to do, and not with a variety of learned speculations, which appear after all to be yet unsettled. The general opinion, in Ireland at least, is, that during the war of Lucifer in heaven the angels were divided into three classes. The first class consisted of those faithful spirits who at once and without hesitation adhered to the standard of the Omnipotent; the next consisted of those who openly rebelled and followed the great apostate, sharing eternal perdition along with him; the third and last consisted of those who, during the mighty clash and uproar of the contending hosts, stood timidly aloof and refused to join either power. These, says the tradition, were hurled out of heaven, some upon earth and some into the waters of the earth, where they are to remain ignorant of their fate until



the day of judgment. They know their own power, however, and it is said that nothing but their hopes of salvation prevent them from at once annihilating the whole human race. Such is the broad basis of the general superstition; but our traditional history and conception of the popular fairy falls far short of the historical dignity associated with its origin. The fairy of the people is a diminutive creature, generally dressed in green, irritable, capricious, and quite unsteady in all its principles and dealings with mankind. Sometimes it exhibits singular proofs of ingenuity, but, on the contrary, is frequently overreached by mere mortal capacity. It is impossible to say in dealing with it whether its conduct will be found benevolent or otherwise, for it often has happened that its threats of injury have ended in kindness, and its promises of protection terminated in malice and treachery. What is very remarkable too is, that it by no means appears to be a mere spirit, but a being with passions, appetites, and other natural wants like ourselves. Indeed, the society or community of fairies appears to be less self-dependent than ours, inasmuch as there are several offices among them which they not only cannot perform, but which render it necessary that we should be stolen and domiciled with them, for the express purpose of performing for them. Like us they are married and given in marriage, and rear families; but whether their offspring are subject to death, is a matter not exactly of the clearest. Some traditions affirm that they are, and others that they are as immortal as the angels, although possessing material bodies analogous to our own. The fairy, in fact, is supposed to be a singular mixture of good and evil, not very moral in its actions or objects, often very thievish, and sometimes benevolent when kindness is least expected from it. It is generally supposed by the people that this singular class of fictitious creatures enjoy as a kind of right the richest and best of all the fruits of the earth, and that the top grain of wheat, oats, &c., and the ripest apple, pear, &c., all belong to them, and are taken as their own exclusive property.

They have also other acknowledged rights which they never suffer to be violated with impunity. For instance, wherever a meal is eaten upon the grass in an open field, and the crumbs are not shaken down upon the spot for their use, there they are sure to leave one of their curses called the *far gurtha*, or the hungry man: for whoever passes over that particular spot for ever afterwards is liable to be struck down with weakness and hunger; and unless he can taste a morsel of bread, he neither will nor can recover. The weakness in this instance, however, is not natural, for if the person affected but tastes as much meal or flour as would lie on the point of a penknife, he will instantaneously break the spell of the fairies, and recover his former strength. Such spots are said to be generally known by their superior verdure: they are always round, and the diameter of these little circles is seldom more than a single step. The grass which grows upon them is called in the north and parts of the north-west *hungry-grass*, and is accounted for as we have already stated. Indeed, the walks and haunts of the fairies are to be considered as very sacred and inviolate. For instance, it is dangerous to throw out dirty water after dusk or before sunrise, lest in doing so you bespatter them with a liquid as unsavoury to the smell as it is unclean to the touch: for these little gentry are peculiarly fond of cleanliness and neatness, both in dress and person. Bishop Andrews's Lamentation for the Fairies gives as humorous and correct a notion of their personal habits in this way, and their disposition to reward cleanliness in servants, as could be written.

We shall ourselves relate a short anecdote or two touching them, before we come to Frank Martin's case; premising to our readers that we could if we wished fill a volume—ay, three of them—with anecdotes and legends connected with our irritable but good-humoured little friends.

Paddy Corcoran's wife was for several years afflicted with a kind of complaint which nobody could properly understand. She was sick, and she was not sick; she was well, and she was not well; she was as ladies wish to be who love their lords, and she was not as such ladies wish to be. In fact, nobody could tell what the matter with her was. She had a gnawing at the heart which came heavily upon her husband; for, with the help of God, a keener appetite than the same gnawing amounted to could not be met with of a summer's day. The poor woman was delicate beyond belief, and had no appetite at all, so she hadn't, barring a little relish for a mutton-chop, or a "stak," or a bit o' mait, anyway; for sure, God help her! she hadn't the laist inclination for the dhry pratie, or the dhrop

o' sour buttermilk along wid it, especially as she was so poorly: and indeed for a woman in her condition—for, sick as she was, poor Paddy always was made to believe her in *that* condition—but God's will be done! she did'n't care. A pratie an' a grain o' salt was as welcome to her—glory be to his name!—as the best roast an' boiled that ever was dressed; an' why not? There was one comfort: she wouldn't be long wid him—long throublin' him; it mathered little what she got; but sure she knew herself that from the gnawin' at her heart, she could never do good widout the little bit o' mait now and then; an', sure, if her own husband begridded it to her, who else had she a bether right to expect it from?

Well, as we said, she lay a bedridden invalid for long enough, trying doctors and quacks of all sorts, sexes, and sizes, and all without a farthing's benefit, until at the long run poor Paddy was nearly brought to the last pass in striving to keep her in "the bit o' mait." The seventh year was now on the point of closing, when one harvest day, as she lay bemoaning her hard condition on her bed beyond the kitchen fire, a little weeshy woman, dressed in a neat red cloak, comes in, and, sitting down by the hearth, says,

"Well, Kitty Corcoran, you've had a long lair of it there on the broad o' yer back for seven years, an' you're jist as far from bein' cured as ever."

"Mavrone, ay," said the other; "in troth that's what I was this minnit thinkin' ov, and a sorrowful thought it is to me."

"It's yer own fau't, thin," says the little woman; "an' indeed for that matter, it's yer fau't that ever you wor there at all."

"Arra, how is that?" asked Kitty; "sure I wouldn't be here if I could help it? Do you think it's a comfort or a pleasure to me to be sick and bedridden?"

"No," said the other, "I do not; but I'll tell you the truth: for the last seven years you have been annoyin' us. I am one o' the good people; an' as I have a regard for you, I'm come to let you know the raison why you've been sick so long as you are. For all the time you've been ill, if you'll take the thrubble to remember, you've thrown out yer dirty wather after dusk an' before sunrise, at the very time we're passin' yer door, which we pass twice a-day. Now, if you avoid this, if you throw it out in a different place, an' at a different time, the complaint you have will lave you: so will the gnawin' at the heart; an' you'll be as well as ever you wor. If you don't follow this advice, why, remain as you are, an' all the art o' man can't cure you." She then bade her good-bye, and disappeared.

Kitty, who was glad to be cured on such easy terms, immediately complied with the injunction of the fairy; and the consequence was, that the next day she found herself in as good health as ever she enjoyed during her life.

Lanty M'Clusky had married a wife, and of course it was necessary to hire a house in which to keep her. Now, Lanty had taken a bit of a farm, about six acres; but as there was no house on it, he resolved to build one; and that it might be as comfortable as possible, he selected for the site of it one of those beautiful green circles that are supposed to be the playground of the fairies. Lanty was warned against this; but as he was a headstrong man, and not much given to fear, he said he would not change such a pleasant situation for his house to oblige all the fairies in Europe. He accordingly proceeded with the building, which he finished off very neatly; and as it is usual on these occasions to give one's neighbours and friends a house-warming, so, in compliance with this good and pleasant old custom, Lanty having brought home the wife in the course of the day, got a fiddler, and gave those who had come to see him a dance in the evening. This was all very well, and the fun and hilarity were proceeding briskly, when a noise was heard after night had set in, like a crushing and straining of ribs and rafters on the top of the house. The folks assembled all listened, and without doubt there was nothing heard but crushing, and heaving, and pushing, and groaning, and panting, as if a thousand little men were engaged in pulling down the roof.

"Come," said a voice, which spoke in a tone of command, "work hard: you know we must have Lanty's house down before midnight."

This was an unwelcome piece of intelligence to Lanty, who, finding that his enemies were such as he could not cope with, walked out, and addressed them as follows:—

"Gintlemen, I humbly ax yer pardon for buildin' on any place belongin' to you; but if you'll have the civiltude to let

me alone this night, I'll begin to pull down and remove the house to-morrow morning."

This was followed by a noise like the clapping of a thousand tiny little hands, and a shout of "Bravo, Lanty! build half way between the two Whitethorns above the borean!" and after another hearty little shout of exultation, there was a brisk rushing noise, and they were heard no more.

The story, however, does not end here; for Lanty, when digging the foundation of his new house, found the full of a *kam* of gold: so that in leaving the fairies to their play-ground, he became a richer man than ever he otherwise would have been, had he never come in contact with them at all.

There is another instance of their interference mentioned, in which it is difficult to say whether their simplicity or benevolence is the most amusing. In the north of Ireland there are spinning meetings of unmarried females frequently held at the houses of farmers, called *kemps*. Every young woman who has got the reputation of being a quick and expert spinner, attends where the kemp is to be held, at an hour usually before daylight, and on these occasions she is accompanied by her sweetheart or some male relative, who carries her wheel, and conducts her safely across the fields or along the road as the case may be. A kemp is indeed an animated and joyous scene, and one, besides, which is calculated to promote industry and decent pride. Scarcely any thing can be more cheering and agreeable than to hear at a distance, breaking the silence of morning, the light-hearted voices of many girls either in mirth or song, the humming sound of the busy wheels—jarred upon a little, it is true, by the stridulous noise and checkings of the reels, and the voices of the reelers, as they call aloud the checks, together with the name of the girl and the quantity she has spun up to that period; for the contest is generally commenced two or three hours before daybreak. This mirthful spirit is also sustained by the prospect of a dance—with which, by the way, every kemp closes; and when the fair victor is declared, she is to be looked upon as the queen of the meeting, and treated with the necessary respect.

But to our tale. Every one knew Shaun Buie M'Gaveran to be the cleanest, best-conducted boy, and the most industrious too, in the whole parish of Faugh-a-balla. Hard was it to find a young fellow who could handle a flail, spade, or reaping-hook, in better style, or who could go through his day's work in a more creditable or workmanlike manner. In addition to this he was a fine, well-built, handsome young man as you could meet in a fair; and so sign was on it, maybe the pretty girls weren't likely to pull each other's caps about him. Shaun, however, was as prudent as he was good-looking; and although he wanted a wife, yet the sorrow one of him but preferred taking a well-handed, smart girl, who was known to be well behaved and industrious like himself. Here, however, was where the puzzle lay on him, for instead of one girl of that kind, there were in the neighbourhood no less than a dozen of them—all equally fit and willing to become his wife, and all equally good-looking. There were two, however, whom he thought a trifle above the rest; but so nicely balanced were Biddy Corrigan and Sally Gorman, that for the life of him he could not make up his mind to decide between them. Each of them had won her kemp; and it was currently said by them who ought to know, that neither of them could overmatch the other. No two girls in the parish were better respected, nor more deserved to be so; and the consequence was, they had every one's good word and good wish. Now, it so happened that Shaun had been pulling a cord with each; and as he knew not how to decide between, he thought he would allow them to do that themselves if they could. He accordingly gave out to the neighbours that he would hold a kemp on that day week, and he told Biddy and Sally especially that he had made up his mind to marry whichever of them won the kemp, for he knew right well, as did all the parish, that one of them must. The girls agreed to this very good-humouredly—Biddy telling Sally, that she (Sally) would surely win it; and Sally, not to be outdone in civility, telling the same thing to her.

Well, the week was nearly past, there being but two days till that of the kemp, when, about three o'clock, there walks into the house of old Paddy Corrigan, a little woman dressed in high-heeled shoes and a short red cloak. There was no one in the house but Biddy at the time, who rose up and placed a chair near the fire, and asked the little red woman to sit down and rest herself. She accordingly did so, and in a short time a lively chat commenced between them.

"So," said the strange woman, "there's to be a great kemp in Shaun Buie M'Gaveran's?"

"Indeed there is that, good woman," replied Biddy, smiling a little, and blushing to the back of that again, because she knew her own fate depended on it.

"And," continued the little woman, "whoever wins the kemp, wins a husband?"

"Ay, so it seems."

"Well, whoever gets Shaun will be a happy woman, for he's the moral of a good boy."

"That's nothing but the truth, any how," replied Biddy, sighing for fear, you may be sure, that she herself might lose him; and indeed a young woman might sigh from many a worse reason. "But," said she, changing the subject, "you appear to be tired, honest woman, an' I think you had better eat a bit, an' take a good drink of *buianhe ramuher* (thick milk) to help you on your journey."

"Thank you kindly, a colleen," said the woman; "I'll take a bit, if you please, hopin' at the same time that you won't be the poorer of it this day twelve months."

"Sure," said the girl, "you know that what we give from kindness, ever and always leaves a blessing behind it."

"Yes, acushla, when it is given from kindness."

She accordingly helped herself to the food that Biddy placed before her, and appeared after eating to be very much refreshed.

"Now," said she, rising up, "you're a very good girl, an' if you are able to find out my name before Tuesday morning, the kemp-day, I tell you that you'll win it, and gain the husband."

"Why," said Biddy, "I never saw you before. I don't know who you are, nor where you live; how then can I ever find out your name?"

"You never saw me before, sure enough," said the old woman, "an' I tell you that you will never see me again but once; an' yet if you have not my name for me at the close of the kemp, you'll lose all, an' that will leave you a sore heart, for well I know you love Shaun Buie."

So saying, she went away, and left poor Biddy quite cast down at what she had said, for, to tell the truth, she loved Shaun very much, and had no hopes of being able to find out the name of the little woman, on which it appeared so much to her depended.

It was very near the same hour of the same day that Sally Gorman was sitting alone in her father's house, thinking of the kemp, when who should walk into her but our friend the little red woman?

"God save you, honest woman," said Sally; "this is a fine day that's in it, the Lord be praised!"

"It is," said the woman, "as fine a day as one could wish for; indeed it is."

"Have you no news on your travels?" asked Sally.

"The only news in the neighbourhood," replied the other, "is this great kemp that's to take place at Shaun Buie M'Gaveran's. They say you're either to win him or lose him then," she added, looking closely at Sally as she spoke.

"I'm not very much afraid of that," said Sally with confidence; "but even if I do lose him, I may get as good."

"It's not easy gettin' as good," rejoined the old woman, "an' you ought to be very glad to win him if you can."

"Let me alone for that," said Sally. "Biddy's a good girl, I allow; but as for spinnin', she never saw the day she could leave me behind her. Won't you sit an' rest you?" she added; "you're maybe tired."

"It's time for you to think of it," thought the woman, but she spoke nothing; "but," she added to herself on reflection, "it's better late than never—I'll sit awhile, till I see a little closer what she's made of."

She accordingly sat down and chatted upon several subjects, such as young women like to talk about, for about half an hour; after which she arose, and taking her little staff in hand, she bade Sally good-bye and went her way. After passing a little from the house she looked back, and could not help speaking to herself as follows:—

"She's smooth and smart,  
But she wants the heart;  
She's tight and neat,  
But she gave no meat."

Poor Biddy now made all possible inquiries about the old woman, but to no purpose. Not a soul she spoke to about her had ever seen or heard of such a woman. She felt very dispirited and began to lose heart, for there is no doubt that if she missed Shaun, it would have cost her many a sorrowful

day. She knew she would never get his equal, or at least any one that she loved so well. At last the kemp day came, and with it all the pretty girls of the neighbourhood, to Shaun Bui's. Among the rest, the two that were to decide their right to him were doubtless the handsomest pair by far, and every one admired them. To be sure, it was a blythe and merry place, and many a light laugh and sweet song rang out from pretty lips that day. Biddy and Sally, as every one expected, were far ahead of the rest, but so even in their spinning that the reelers could not for the life of them declare which was the best. It was neck and neck and head and head between the pretty creatures, and all who were at the kemp felt themselves wound up to the highest pitch of interest and curiosity to know which of them would be successful.

The day was now more than half gone, and no difference was between them, when, to the surprise and sorrow of every one present, Biddy Corrigan's *heck* broke in two, and so to all appearance ended the contest in favour of her rival; and what added to her mortification, she was as ignorant of the red little woman's name as ever. What was to be done? All that could be done was done. Her brother, a boy of about fourteen years of age, happened to be present when the accident took place, having been sent by his father and mother to bring them word how the match went on between the rival spinsters. Johnny Corrigan was accordingly dispatched with all speed to Donnel M'Cusker's, the wheelwright, in order to get the *heck* mended, that being Biddy's last but hopeless chance. Johnny's anxiety that his sister should win was of course very great, and in order to lose as little time as possible he struck across the country, passing through, or rather close by, Kilrudden forth, a place celebrated as a resort of the fairies. What was his astonishment, however, as he passed a whitethorn tree, to hear a female voice singing, in accompaniment to the sound of a spinning-wheel, the following words:

"There's a girl in this town doesn't know my name;

But my name's Even Trot—Even Trot."

"There's a girl in this town," said the lad, "who's in great distress, for she has broken her *heck* and lost a husband. I'm now goin' to Donnel M'Cusker's to get it mended."

"What's her name?" said the little red woman.

"Biddy Corrigan."

The little woman immediately whipped out the *heck* from her own wheel, and giving it to the boy, desired him to bring it to his sister, and never mind Donnel M'Cusker.

"You have little time to lose," she added, "so go back and give her this; but don't tell her how you got it, nor, above all things, that it was Even Trot that gave it to you."

The lad returned, and after giving the *heck* to his sister, as a matter of course told her that it was a little red woman called Even Trot that sent it to her, a circumstance which made the tears of delight start to Biddy's eyes, for she knew now that Even Trot was the name of the old woman, and having known that, she felt that something good would happen to her. She now resumed her spinning, and never did human fingers let down the thread so rapidly. The whole kemp were amazed at the quantity which from time to time filled her pinn. The hearts of her friends began to rise, and those of Sally's party to sink, as hour after hour she was fast approaching her rival, who now spun if possible with double speed on finding Biddy coming up with her. At length they were again even, and just at that moment in came her friend the little red woman, and asks aloud, "is there any one in this kemp that knows my name?" This question she asked three times before Biddy could pluck up courage to answer her. She at last said,

"There's a girl in this town *does* know your name—

Your name is Even Trot—Even Trot."

"Ay," said the old woman, "and so it is; and let that name be your guide and your husband's through life. Go steadily along, but let your step be even; stop little; keep always advancing; and you'll never have cause to rue the day that you first saw Even Trot."

We need scarcely add that Biddy won the kemp and the husband, and that she and Shaun lived long and happily together; and I have only now to wish, kind reader, that you and I may live longer and more happily still.

Men no more desire another's secrets, to conceal them, than they would another's purse, for the pleasure only of carrying it.—*Fielding.*

## WHAT ARE COMFORTS?

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

A few months ago I had the honour of passing a day in England with a gentleman of considerable property, who took the trouble of showing me a very extensive park and tillage farm near his manor-house, around which every thing indicated good taste and abundant wealth in the possessor.

It has rarely been my good fortune to view more beautiful scenery than that which the demesne of F— possesses within itself, or a place in which it would be more difficult to find a want, either in the nature or extent of the landscape: yet as we walked along, and were admiring some undulating land, about six miles distant, Mr F— suddenly stopped, and remarked "that he had long wished for that hill, in order to plant on it a clump or two of trees, as a picturesque termination to his prospect: it would be such a comfort to have it! I have offered forty years' purchase for that land," said he; "but the possessor is an obstinate fellow, and won't part with it."

I ventured to suggest that he should endeavour to prevail upon the owner of the hill to plant the desired clumps; but to this he gave a decided negative, saying, that it would be very uncomfortable indeed to be indebted to such an unaccommodating person for any thing.

At dinner, the lady of the house, after asking me if I had been pleased with Mr F—'s farming, and proposing some other questions of that nature, which she considerably accommodated to my capacity, in order to relieve me if possible from the embarrassment natural to a man of my station in life when sitting at table with his betters, and surrounded with luxuries quite new to him, inquired with great suavity of manner if I did not think that the owner of the hill property was very "tiresome" in refusing Mr F— the little comfort on which his heart was fixed; and in the course of the dessert informed me that the governess was a very "comfortable" person to have about children: that the King of the French had no "comfort" in his ministers, and must find the attempts upon his life very "tiresome" indeed.

Having got over the dinner business, during which I had been really uncomfortable from the dread of doing something very awkward, I became composed and familiar by degrees, and asked questions in my turn; and was assured that there is very little comfort to be had in a mere country life without a first-rate bailiff and gardener, newspapers, new publications, a billiard table, and society of a certain class within visiting distance; that hot baths are indispensable comforts within the house, and that one adjoining the stables is also a great comfort to a hunter after a hard day's work.

It was also among their comforts to have the nursery in a remote wing, where the cry of a child could not reach the seniors of the family in their apartments, and a very great comfort to have a pew in the church with a fireplace in it.

My host, who would not allow me to leave Castle F— that night, passed much of the evening in reading the papers of that day, standing at intervals with his back to the fire, which comfort he seemed to enjoy extremely, while I threw in a word now and then to him or his lady, to whom I detailed the receipt for making catsup from nettles, as it appears in my Cyclopædia of Agriculture. "This economical method of making catsup," she was pleased to say, "would be a great comfort to the poor;" and so it would, as I ventured to observe, if they had any thing to eat that required such sauce.

I was conducted at night to a bedroom, with large mirrors, a pair of wax candles on the dressing-table, a luxurious chair placed opposite the fire, and an immensely high bedstead, curtained with damask satin. Being subject to the nightmare, I mounted this (by a step-ladder) with fear and trembling, lest I should roll out in the night; and the apprehension of this calamity in a strange house, and among great people, kept me from sleeping all night, and rendered me extremely uncomfortable.

I could not help thinking what Mrs Doyle and the children would say if they saw me tucked under such fine bed-clothes, and stretched under such a grand canopy; and to tell the truth, I wished myself safely out of it, and in my own crib at Ballyorley. Yet to the obliging inquiries of my entertainers, on the ensuing morning, "if my bed had been comfortable?" I was unable to say No. But what are comforts? thought I to myself all the time. Indeed, the consideration of this question has occupied my mind a good deal since, for I find the notions attached to the term "comfort" are infinitely varied.

When I left Castle F——, the weather was cold; I mounted, however, the roof of a coach, and proceeded with many other passengers for Salisbury. We had not gone far when rain fell in torrents, driven by a piercing blast; umbrellas and coats were not waterproof, and when we alighted at the inn-door at Salisbury, there were none of the *outsides* who were not more or less wet and miserable.

Four of us determined to remain at the inn all night; and as we threw off dripping cloaks and mufflers, and approached a blazing fire in a small snug parlour, where a cloth, and knives and forks, and a plate-warmer, gave indications of a hot dinner, we all agreed that this was true comfort; nor was this opinion changed when soon afterwards we sat in dry clothes by a fire, with—but let no one mention this to Father Mathew—a hot tumbler of brandy punch before each of us.

But though we were unanimous on this occasion, I soon found that the utmost difference of opinion prevailed on other points, as to real comfort. One of the gentlemen, who sat at my right hand, whispered to me in confidence that there was no comfort in a single life, that his house was cheerless, his servants great plagues from want of a mistress to keep them in order, and his furniture going to destruction. My companion on the other side, whose wife I understood to be a virago, gave a groan, shook his head two or three times, and whispered to me, "If the gentleman wishes to enjoy comfort, he will leave matrimony alone."

Having occasion to hire a good brickmaker to bring over with me to teach my workmen how bricks ought to be made, I went into several cottages inhabited by labourers in Shropshire. In the first into which I went, and this was very well furnished, were a man and his wife at breakfast. They had tea and sugar, a large white quarter loaf, and some crock butter. Very good, said I to myself; these people are exceedingly comfortable. The man was a common field labourer, and earned twelve shillings a-week the year round. They had a piece of meat every day at dinner with their greens or potatoes, and bread into the bargain, and bread and butter in the evening.

There stood a little boiler in a back kitchen, which I understood was for brewing small beer occasionally; and nothing seemed wanting in the way of comforts to this couple.

I was not offered a chair, nor did either of them ask me to sit down, but they answered such questions as I put to them. "I'm glad to see you so comfortable," said I. "May I ask if you have any others in family?"

"No, we're only ourselves. We ha'n't no children, boys nor girls," said the woman in rather a dissatisfied tone.

"Well, then," I rejoined, "you have the less cause for anxiety. Children are uncertain blessings, though certain cares; and depend upon it, you are much better off than many parents who have them."

"That is very true," replied the woman; "but still a child or two would be a great comfort to us in our old age."

Their next-door neighbours had four noisy children and the same weekly wages. Here I was told by the parents, who were also at a tea breakfast, that their childless neighbours were far better off than they, as they had comforts beyond their own reach. "We can't drink no beer," said the man—(this was a lie, by the way, for he spent a shilling every week in the jerry-shop, to the real discomfort of his family), "nor eat no good vittals, nor have nothing comfortable."

In short, in every house into which I went there was something wanting to constitute comfort.

In the dwelling of an artizan it was the want of a hot joint and a pudding on Sundays, or the substitution of an occasional dish of potatoes for bread or meat; and sometimes it was the *house* itself which was uncomfortable from some cause or other. One or two of the very poorest families which I visited were disposed to think they would have comforts in the Union house which they could not afford under their own roofs, although those who were within that establishment declared that they had no comforts at all.

An old woman in one of the cottages complained to me that John Snook had stolen one of her geese when it was just ready for the market, and that it would be a great comfort to her if John Snook could be taken and transported.

A parish schoolmaster assured me that he had no perfect comfort except in vacation time; the boys when at school were so unruly that he had little peace or comfort except by flogging them. The boys, on the other hand, derived no comfort from being flogged.

A sick man told me that a bowl of wine whey would be of

the greatest comfort to him; and a woman recovering from fever, whose bed linen had been just changed, spoke within my hearing to her sister of the comfort which she felt in consequence.

I hired a brickmaker in the course of that tour, and set off with him for Ireland. When I reached Liverpool, a steamer was about to leave for Wexford. Into this I entered. The steward showed me a comfortable berth, in which I was dreadfully sick during a passage of twenty hours, loathing the sight and smell of food; yet he often came to ask me if there was any little comfort in the way of meat and drink that he could supply.

A few days after I had reached home, I went into the cottages of my own workpeople, and there the distinction between them and those of the corresponding class in England in their estimate of what is comfortable, struck me very forcibly.

Although the principle which leads most of us to desire something more than we possess in the way of comforts, as they are called—but of extreme luxuries in many instances—operates in the Irish labourer as among nine-tenths of his fellow men, his notions of what is comfortable are truly moderate.

One of my ploughmen was at breakfast as I walked into his house. He and his family were seated round a table—it had no cloth I must admit—helping themselves at pleasure from a dish of stirabout, and dipping each spoonful into a mug of milk. This I thought a far more suitable breakfast for them than weak and adulterated tea and white bread, at a much greater expense than an oatmeal diet.

I asked Pat what he would think of bread and tea every morning and evening, to which he very sensibly replied that it wasn't fit for him nor the likes of him! but that a cup of tea and some bread would be very agreeable to them every Sunday evening, especially so to his old mother, who would think a little tea now and then a great comfort. As to meat, he would like that once or twice a-week, but was not so unreasonable as to wish for it oftener. As long as the potatoes and the milk stood to him, he had no reason to complain!

Then what *are* comforts? I again asked myself.

Returning home, I called at the house of a dying widow whose character I had long respected. She was very poor, but always contented, though she could hardly be said at any time to have enjoyed what are considered the blessings of this life. I asked her if she wanted anything that I could send her—any little comforts. The word excited her languid spirit. "I have wanted for nothing," said she, "that was really needful for me; and now, O God! 'thy comforts delight my soul.'" After a little time she said, "Blessed be the God of all comfort;" and again, "I am filled with comfort."

These words gave another turn to my thoughts: the subject was placed in a new point of contemplation. Let my reader now in his turn, entering into the widow's application of the term comfort, ponder upon the question, "What is comfort?" and I am much mistaken if he does not discover that it is something which the world cannot give.

**MALARIA.**—It is not a mere theory, but a well-founded opinion, that all the destructive epidemics that have afflicted this globe have had their origin in malaria, which in a cold climate has produced typhus fever, in a more temperate one plague and yellow fever, and within the tropics cholera, each modified according to the idiosyncratic state of the sufferers. A few examples may be enumerated. Ancient Rome was subject to frequent epidemics, generally caused by inundations of the Tiber; but in the year 81 of the Christian era, after a severe rainy season succeeded by intense heat, the mortality was so great as to carry off 10,000 citizens daily. It is narrated by historians that the year 1374 was marked by a comet, by excessive rain and heat, and succeeded by the most dreadful mortality that we have any record of, and by which two-thirds of the human race were destroyed in a very brief period; many places were entirely depopulated; 20,000,000 died in the east in one year, 100,000 perished in Venice, 50,000 were buried in one graveyard in London, grass grew up in the streets of cities hitherto most populous, and people fled in boats and ships to sea, regardless of property and friends.

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# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



## THE MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF DR DOYLE, BY HOGAN.:

IN presenting our readers with a drawing, made expressly for the purpose, of the Monumental Sculpture intended to memorise the mortal form of an illustrious Irishman, who was beloved and honoured by the great mass of his countrymen, and respected for his talents by all, we have done that which we trust will give as much pleasure to most of our readers, as it has afforded gratification to ourselves.

¶ This monument is indeed a truly interesting one, whether considered in reference to its subject—the character of the distinguished individual whose memory it is designed to honour—the circumstances which have given it existence—or, lastly, as a work of high art, the production of an Irishman whose talents reflect lustre on his country. It is, however, in this last point of view only, that, consistently with the plan originally laid down for the conduct of our little periodical, we can venture to treat of it; and considered in this way, we

cannot conceive a subject more worthy of attracting public attention or more legitimately within the scope of one of the primary objects our Journal was designed to effect—namely, to make our country, and its people, without reference to sect or party, more intimately known than they had been previously, not only to strangers, but even to Irishmen themselves.

In our present object, therefore, of lending our influence, such as it is, to make the merits of a great Irish artist more thoroughly known and justly appreciated, by our countrymen in particular, than they have hitherto been, we are only discharging a duty necessarily imposed upon us; and the pleasure which we feel in doing so would be great indeed, if it were not diminished by the saddening reflection that it should be so necessary in the case of an artist of his eminence. But, alas! the scriptural adage, that no man is a prophet in his own country, is unfortunately nowhere so strikingly illustrated.

as in Ireland, and of this fact Mr Hogan is a remarkable example. Holding, as he unquestionably does, a high place among the most eminent sculptors of Europe, he is as yet unpatronised by the aristocracy of his native country—is indeed perhaps scarcely known to them.

Mr Hogan is not, as generally supposed, a native of Cork: he was born at Tallow, in the county of Waterford, in 1800, where his father carried on the business of a builder. He is of good family, both by the paternal and maternal sides; his father being of the old Dalcaasian tribe of the O'Hogans, the chiefs of whom were located in the seventeenth century at Ardronry, in the county of Tipperary, four miles and a half to the north of Nenagh, where the remains of their castle and church are still to be seen. By the mother's side he is descended from the celebrated Sir Richard Cox, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland in the reign of William and Mary, and Lord Chancellor in that of Queen Anne, his mother, Frances Cox, being the great-granddaughter of that eminent individual.

Having received the ordinary school education, he was placed by his father, in the year 1812, under an attorney in Cork, named Michael Footte, with a view to his ultimately embracing the legal profession, and in this situation he remained for two years. This was the most unhappy period of his existence; for, like Chantrey, the greatest of British sculptors, who was also articulated to an attorney, being endowed by nature expressly to become an artist, the original bias of his mind to drawing and carving had by this time become a passion; and despite of the frequent chastisements his master bestowed on him, in the exuberance of his zeal to curb what he considered his idle propensities, his whole soul was given, not to law, but to the Fine Arts, and an artist he became accordingly. His father and his master seeing the utter uselessness of any further attempts to divert his mind from its apparently destined course, he was released from his irksome employment, and at the age of fourteen entered the office of Mr Deane, now Sir Thomas Deane, of Cork, as an apprentice, where he was soon employed as a draughtsman and carver of models, with a view to his becoming ultimately an architect. In Mr Deane he found a master who had the intellect to enable him to appreciate his talents, and the good feeling to induce him to encourage them; and the first use he made of the chisels with which his patron supplied him, was to produce a carving in wood of a female skeleton the size of life, on which Dr Woodroffe for a season was able to lecture his pupils, as if it were, what it actually seems, a real skeleton in form and colour. Under the instruction of this gentleman Mr Hogan studied anatomy for several years, during which period he made for his improvement many carvings in wood of hands and feet, and also essayed his talents on a figure of Minerva the size of life, which still remains over the entrance of the Life and Fire Insurance Office in the South Mall.

But though Mr Hogan was thus employed in pursuits congenial to his tastes, and to a great degree conducive to his future eminence as a sculptor, the idea of embracing sculpture as a profession did not occur to him for several years after, nor were the requisite means of study for that profession provided for the student in Cork at this time. There was as yet in that city no Academy of Arts or other institution like those in Dublin, provided, for the use of students, with those objects which are so essential to the formation of a correct taste in the higher departments of the Fine Arts, namely, a selection of casts from the antique statues; and until such subjects for study were acquired, the efforts of genius, however ardent, in the pursuit of beauty and excellence, were necessarily blind and fortuitous. Happily, however, this desideratum was at length supplied in Cork, where a Society for Promoting the Fine Arts was formed in February 1816; and to this Society the Prince Regent, in 1818, through the intercession of the late Marquis of Conyngham and other Irish noblemen who had influence with him, was induced to present a selection of the finest casts from the antique statues, which had been sent him as a gift by the Roman Pontiff, and the value of which the Prince but little appreciated. The result was not only beyond anything that the most sanguine could have anticipated in the rapid creation of artists of first-rate excellence, but also in establishing the fact that among our own countrymen the finest genius for art abundantly exists, and that it only requires the requisite objects for study, with encouragement, to develop it. The presence of these newly acquired treasures of ancient art, which consisted of one hundred and fifteen subjects selected by Canova, and cast under his direction, kindled a flame in Mr Hogan's mind never to

be extinguished but with life, and he immediately applied himself to their study with his whole heart and soul. Thus occupied he remained till 1823, surrounded and excited to emulation by the kindred spirits of Mac Clise, Scottowe, Ford—the glorious Ford!—Buckley the architect, equally glorious—Keller, his own brother Richard, and many other of lesser names—many of whom, alas for their own and their country's fame! paid the price of their early distinction with their lives. Well may the people of Cork feel proud of this constellation of youthful genius—a brighter one was never assembled together in recent times.

The period, however, had now arrived when the eagle wing of Hogan was to try its strength; and most fortunately for him, an accident at this time brought to Cork a man more than ordinarily gifted with the power to assist him in its flight. The person we allude to was the late William Panlett Carey, an Irishman no less distinguished for his abilities as a critical writer on works of art, than for his ardent zeal in aiding the struggles of genius, by making their merit known to the world. In August 1823, this gentleman, on the occasion of paying a visit to the gallery of the Cork Society, "accidentally saw a small figure of a Torso, carved in pine timber, which had fallen down under one of the benches. On taking it up," to continue Mr Carey's own interesting narrative, "he was struck by the correctness and good taste of the design, and the newness of the execution. He was surprised to find a piece of so much excellence, apparently fresh from the tool, in a place where the arts had been so recently introduced, and where he did not expect to meet anything but the crude essays of un instructed beginners. On inquiry he was informed it was the work of a young native of Cork, named Hogan, who had been apprenticed to the trade of a carpenter under Mr Deane, an eminent builder, and had at his leisure hours studied from the Papal casts, and practised carving and modelling with intense application. Hogan was then at work above stairs, in a small apartment in the Academy. The stranger immediately paid him a visit, and was astonished at the rich composition of a *Triumph of Silenus*, consisting of fifteen figures, about four-teen inches high, designed in an antique style, by this self-taught artist, and cut in bas-relief, in pine timber. He also saw various studies of hands and feet; a grand head of an Apostle, of a small size; a copy of Michael Angelo's mask; some groups in bas-relief after designs by Barry; and a female skeleton, the full size, after nature; all cut with delicacy and beauty, in the same material. A copy of the antique *Silenus* and *Satyrs*, in stone, was chiselled with great spirit; and the model of a Roman soldier, about two feet high, would have done credit to a veteran sculptor. A number of his drawings in black and white chalks, from the Papal casts, marked his progressive improvement and sense of ideal excellence. The defects in his performances were such as are inseparable from an early stage of untaught study, and were far overbalanced by their merits. When his work for his master was over for the day, he usually employed his hours in the evening in these performances. The female skeleton had been all executed during the long winter nights."

Becoming thus acquainted with Mr Hogan's abilities, Mr Carey, with that surprising prophetic judgment with which he was so eminently gifted, at once predicted the young sculptor's future fame, and proclaimed his genius in every quarter in which he hoped it might prove serviceable to him. He commenced by writing a series of letters, which were inserted in the Cork Advertiser, "addressed to the nobility, gentry, and opulent merchants, entreating them to raise a fund by subscription, to defray the expense of sending Hogan to Italy, and supporting him there for three or four years, to afford him the advantages of studying at Rome." But for some time these letters proved ineffectual, and would probably have failed totally in their object but for Mr Carey's untiring zeal. Acting under his direction, Mr Hogan was induced to address a letter to that noble patron of British genius, the late Lord de Tabley, then Sir John Fleming Leicester, and to send him at the same time two specimens of his carvings, "as the humble offering of a young self-taught artist." This letter, which was backed by one from Mr Carey himself, was responded to at once in a letter written in the kindest spirit, and which contained an enclosure of twenty-five pounds as Sir John's subscription to the proposed fund. This was the first money actually paid in, and subscriptions soon followed from others. Through Mr Carey's enthusiastic representations, the Royal Irish Institution was induced to contribute the sum of one hundred pounds, and the Royal Dublin Society to vote twenty-

five pounds for some specimens of his carvings which Mr Hogan submitted to their notice. These acts of liberality were honourable to those public bodies; yet, as Mr Carey well observed, it was to Lord de Tabley's generosity that Mr Hogan's gratitude was most due. Here, as he said, "was a young man of genius in obscurity, and wholly unknown to his lordship, rescued from adversity in the unpromising morning of life—a self-taught artist built up to fame and fortune by his munificence—a torch lighted, which I hope will burn bright for ages, to the honour of the empire. HOGAN may receive thousands of pounds from future patrons, but it is to Lord de TABLEY's timely encouragement that he will be indebted for every thing."

The subscriptions collected for Mr Hogan amounted in all to the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds; and thus provided, he set out for Italy, visiting London on his way, for the purpose of presenting letters to Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sir Francis Chantrey, which Lord de Tabley had given him, in the hope that they would procure him recommendatory letters from those great artists that would be serviceable to him in Rome. But these introductions proved of little value to him. Chantrey expressed regret that he knew no one in the "Eternal City" to whom he could give him a letter; and though Lawrence kindly gave him an introduction to the Duchess of Devonshire, that distinguished lady had died a few days before Mr Hogan reached Rome; "so that," as Mr Carey remarks, "he found himself an entire stranger, with little knowledge of the world, without acquaintance or patron, and incapable of speaking the language, at the moment of commencing his studies in Italy."

But the young sculptor, on leaving his native country, was provided by Lord de Tabley with something more valuable than these letters to British artists—namely, a commission to execute a statue in marble for him, as soon as he should think himself qualified by his preparatory studies for the undertaking.

The statue, which was to launch the young sculptor into professional life in Italy, was commenced soon after, but was not completed before his noble patron had paid the debt of nature. Its subject, which is taken from Gessner's Death of Abel, is EVE, who shortly after her expulsion from Paradise picks up a dead bird, which being the first inanimate creature that she has seen, fills her with emotions of surprise, terror, and pity. This statue, which is the size of life, and which is of exquisite beauty, is now at Lord de Tabley's seat in Cheshire.

While this statue was in progress, Mr Hogan conceived the subject and completed the model of his second great work—one in which the peculiar powers of his genius were more fully developed, and on the execution of which, from peculiar circumstances, he entered with the most excited enthusiasm. During the first year of his residence at Rome, Mr Hogan happening to be present at an evening meeting of artists of eminence, the conversation turned on the difficulty of producing any thing in sculpture perfectly original; and to Mr Hogan's astonishment, the celebrated British sculptor Gibson stated as his opinion that it was impossible now to imagine an attitude or expression in the human figure which had not been already appropriated by the great sculptors of antiquity. This opinion, though coming from one to whom our countryman then looked up, appeared to him a strange and unsound one, and with the diffidence of an artist whose powers were as yet untried, he ventured to express his dissent from it; when Gibson, astonished at his presumption, somewhat pettishly replied, "Then let us see if you are able to produce such an original work!" The challenge thus publicly offered could not be refused by one of Hogan's temperament; and the young sculptor, stung with the taunt, lost no time in entering upon a work which was to test his abilities as an artist, and to rescue his character from the imputation of vanity and rashness. Under such feelings Mr Hogan toiled day and night at his work, till he submitted to the artists in whose presence the challenge had been offered, the result of his labours—his statue of the Drunken Faun—a work which the great Thorwaldsen pronounced a miracle of art, and which, if Hogan had never produced another, would have been alone sufficient to immortalize his name. It is to be regretted that this figure, which has all the beauty and truth of the antique sculpture, combined with the most perfect originality, and which Mr Hogan himself has recently expressed his conviction that it is beyond his power to excel, should never have been executed in marble; but a cast of it, presented by Lord de Tabley to the Royal Irish Institution (though intended by Mr Hogan for the Dublin Society), may still be seen in their deserted hall.

We have given these, as we trust, not uninteresting details of Mr Hogan's early life, at greater length than the limits assigned to our article can well allow, and we must notice his subsequent career in briefer terms. Though enrolled now among the resident sculptors in Rome, his difficulties were not yet over; and in spite of the most enthusiastic efforts on his part, they might and probably would have been ineffectual in sustaining him, if no friendly aid had come to his assistance. In two years after his arrival in Rome, or at the end of the year 1825, Hogan found himself again in a state of embarrassment, without a commission, his funds exhausted, or at least reduced to a state inadequate to the necessary outlay of a sculptor in the purchase of marble, the rent of a studio, and the payment of living models. For his extrication from these difficulties he was again indebted to the liberality of Lord de Tabley and the zeal of his advocates Mr Carey, by whom a second subscription was collected, chiefly in England, amounting to one hundred and fifty pounds; of which sum twenty-five pounds was contributed by Lord de Tabley in the first instance, and twenty-five pounds by the Royal Irish Institution. Trifling as this amount was, it proved sufficient for its object, and Mr Hogan was never again necessitated to receive pecuniary assistance from the public.

He applied himself forthwith to the production of a marble figure intended for his friend and former master Sir Thomas Deane, but which when finished his necessities obliged him to dispose of to the present Lord Powerscourt, and for which he received one hundred pounds, being barely the cost of the marble and roughing out or boating. This statue, which is about half the size of life, is now preserved in Powerscourt House; and we may remark, that it is the only work of our countryman in the possession of an Irish nobleman. His next important work was the exquisite statue of the Dead Christ, now placed beneath the altar of the Roman Catholic church in Clarendon Street. This work was originally ordered for a chapel in Cork by the Rev. Mr O'Keefe; but that gentleman, on its arrival in Dublin, not being able to raise the funds required for its payment, permitted Mr Hogan to dispose of it to the clergymen of Clarendon Street, who paid for it the sum originally stipulated, namely, four hundred and fifty pounds; and we need scarcely add, that this statue is one of the most interesting objects of art adorning our metropolitan city. Mr Hogan subsequently executed a duplicate of this statue, but with some changes in the design, for the city of Cork; but we regret to have to add that he has been as yet but very inadequately rewarded for his labours on that work, a sum of two hundred and thirty-seven pounds being still due him, and the amount which he has actually received (two hundred pounds) being barely the cost of the marble and rough workmanship.

The execution of this statue was followed by that of a large sepulchral monument in *basso relievo* to the memory of the late Dr Collins, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cloyne—a figure of Religion holding in her lap a medallion portrait of the bishop. For this work Mr Hogan was to have received two hundred pounds, but there is still a balance of thirty pounds due to him.

We next find Mr Hogan engaged on a second work for our city—the *Pieta*, or figures of the Virgin and the Redeemer, of colossal size, executed in plaster for the Rev. Dr Flanagan, Roman Catholic Rector of the chapel in Francis Street, which it now adorns. Of this work, an engraving, with a masterly description and eulogium from the pen of the Marchese Melchiori, a great authority in matters of critical taste in the fine arts, has been published in the *Ape Italiana*—a work of the highest authority, published monthly in Rome; and we should state for the honour of our country, that our own Hogan and the sculptor Gibson are the only British artists whose works have as yet found a place in it.

Mr Hogan's subsequent works, exclusive of a number of busts, may now be briefly enumerated. First, a marble figure of the late Archbishop of Paris, about two and a half feet high, executed for the Lord de Clifford; second, the Judgment of Paris—two figures in marble about the same height as the last—for General Sir James Riall, an Irish baronet resident in Bath; third, a monumental *alto relievo* to the memory of Miss Farrell of Dublin, executed for her mother, and considered by Gibson as the best of all our sculptor's works; fourth, a *Genio* on a sarcophagus, a monument for the family of the late Mr Murphy of Cork; and, lastly, the Monument to Dr Doyle, on which we have now to offer a few remarks.

Of the general design of this noble monument our prefixed illustration will afford a tolerably correct idea; but it would

require more than one illustration of this kind to convey an adequate notion of its various beauties and merits, for there is scarcely a point in which it can be viewed in which it is not equally effective and striking. The subject, as a sculptural one should be, is of the most extreme simplicity, and yet of the most impressive interest—a Christian prelate in the act of offering up a last appeal to heaven for the regeneration of his country, which is personified by a beautiful female figure, who is represented in an attitude of dejection at his side. In this combination of the real and the allegorical there is nothing obscure or unintelligible even to the most illiterate mind. In the figure of the prostrate female we recognise at a glance the attributes of our country, and there existed no necessity for the name "Erin," inserted in very questionable taste upon her zone, to determine her character. She is represented as resting on one knee, her body bent and humbled, yet in her majestic form retaining a fullness of beauty and dignity of character; her turret-crowned head resting on one arm, while the other, with an expression of melancholy abandonment, reclines on and sustains her ancient harp. In the male figure which stands beside her in an attitude of the most unaffected grace and dignity, we see a personification of the sublime in the Episcopal character. He stands erect, his enthusiastic and deeply intellectual countenance directed upwards imploringly, while with one hand he touches with delicate affection his earthly mistress, and with the other, stretched forth with passionate devotion, he appeals to heaven for her protection. This is true and enduring poetry; and, as expressive of the sentiment of religious patriotism unalloyed by any selfish consideration, is far superior to the thought which Moore has so exquisitely expressed in the well-known lines—

"In my last humble prayer to the spirit above,  
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine!"

Such is the touching poetical sentiment embodied in this work, which, considered merely as a work of art, has merits above all praise. In the beauty of its forms, its classical purity of design, its simplicity and freedom from affectation or mannerism, its exquisite finish and characteristic execution, and its pervading grace, truth, and naturalness, it is beyond question the finest production of art in monumental sculpture that Irish genius has hitherto achieved; and, taken all and all, is, as we honestly believe, without a rival in any work of the same class in the British empire.

We regret to have to state that Mr Hogan is, as we are informed, as yet unpaid for this great national work, or that at least there is more than a moiety of the sum agreed for, which was one thousand pounds, remaining due to him. But surely his country, which has the deepest interest in sustaining him in his career of glory, will not suffer him to depart from her shores without fulfilling her part of a compact with one who has so nobly completed his. We cannot believe it.

It will be seen by a retrospective glance at the details which we have given of Mr Hogan's labours during the past seventeen years in which he has been toiling as a professional artist, that those labours have been any thing but commensurately rewarded; they have indeed been barely sufficient to enable him to sustain existence. But brighter prospects are opening upon him for the future. His character as a sculptor is now established beyond the possibility of controversy. His merits have been recently recognised and honoured by the highest tribunal in the City of the Arts with a tribute of approbation never before bestowed on a native of the British Isles: he has been elected unanimously, and without any solicitation or anticipation on his part, a member of the oldest Academy of the Fine Arts in Europe—that which enrolled amongst its members the divine Raphael, and all the other illustrious artists of the age of Leo, and which holds its meetings upon their graves—the Academy of the Virtuosi del Pantheon. His fellow-countrymen are also beginning to have a just appreciation of his merits, and are coming forward nobly to supply him with employment for future years; and when he returns to his Roman studio, it will be to labour on works worthy of his country's liberality, and calculated to raise her fame amongst the civilized nations of the world. Need we add, that he has our most ardent wishes for his future success and happiness!

For the satisfaction of our readers we are induced to append to the preceding notice of Mr Hogan the following list of some of the principal commissions which he has recently received in Ireland:—

The Monument to the late Mr Secretary Drummond.

A Statue of the late Mr William Crawford of Cork, for which Mr Hogan is to receive L. 1000.

A monumental alto relievo, consisting of three figures, to the memory of the late Mr William Beamish, for Blackrock Chapel, Cork—L. 650.

Monument to the late Dr Brinkley, Bishop of Cloyne. A colossal figure in relievo for the Cathedral of Cloyne.

An alto relievo for the Convent at Rathfarnham.

An alto relievo for the Chapel at Ross, county of Wexford, commissioned from John Maher, Esq. M. P.—&c. &c.

## ON ANIMAL TAMING.

### FIRST ARTICLE.

THAT all animals, however fierce and ungovernable may be their natural dispositions, have nevertheless implanted by a wise Providence within their breasts a certain awe, a vague, undefinable dread of man, which, although meeting with him for the first time, will induce them to fly his presence, or at all events shun encounter, is, we think, a fact which no observer of nature will deny. This instinct of submission to human beings exists among all creatures, and the greater the intelligence they possess, the more powerful is its operation. When we meet with instances of a nature calculated to overturn this theory—such as wild animals attacking and destroying travellers, or preying upon the shepherd as he guards his flock, with others of a similar description—instead of hastily presuming upon the falsity of the above position, we should rather seek for some explanation of the reasons which in these cases checked for the time the workings of the animal's natural instinct. These will be for the most part easily enough discovered, if sought for in a spirit of impartial inquiry. The lion and the tiger are prompted by natural instinct to shun the haunts and the presence of man—they choose for their lairs dark and impenetrable forests—they select for their habitation a situation whither man has not as yet approached—and according as the work of settlement and cultivation advances, they retreat before it into their dark and gloomy fastnesses.

Does the traveller encounter a lion or a tiger? The animal is prompted by nature to give place to him, and usually slinks off, growling with the thirst for blood, but still fearing to attack man. The shouts of women and children suffice to scare the fierce and rapacious wolves, as they descend in troops from the mountains to appease their hunger with victims from the flocks of the shepherds. The bear meets with the bold hunter or woodcutter in the American backwoods, but is never known to attack him, unless the instinct of submission to man is overruled by other instincts for the time more imperative in their demands. True, if the lion be *languid* when the traveller shall cross his path, he will sometimes, though such instances are of rare occurrence, attack and devour him. True, if the wolves are unable to satisfy their appetite by other means, they will attack and devour human beings; and if the bear be likewise rendered furious by the calls of hunger, she will treat the woodsman with little ceremony. Still these instances only show that hunger overcomes fear—an explanation which no one can refuse to admit. What indeed will not the gnawings of hunger effect? Has it not caused fathers to butcher their sons, mothers to devour the infant at their breast? When capable, then, of overcoming the most powerful of instincts, maternal affection, and that too in the teeth of reason, how can we wonder at its overcoming an inferior instinct, and that in a brute animal where there existed nothing to be overcome beyond that instinct? I might write a vast deal upon this subject; but my object is merely to show, at starting, that an instinctive awe of man, and a disposition to yield to his authority, is inherent in the lower animals. This, then, being the case, it will readily be perceived that the domestication of any animal by man only requires that he should carefully remove all obstacles to the operation of this instinctive principle; and on the other hand, employ suitable means to strengthen and establish it. There are, doubtless, but few of my readers who have not witnessed the performances of Van Amburgh, and likewise those of Van Buren with Batty's collection. They have, I am sure, been greatly astonished at the degree of subjection to which these wild animals were reduced, and they are doubtless curious to learn how this end was attained. As I happened to make myself acquainted with the mode in which the subjection of these fierce brutes was effected, I am happy to be able to render them some information. The treatment was simple enough. It consisted mainly of two ingredients—1st, ample feeding, in order that the instinct of appetite should not present itself in opposition to that of dread



of man; and, 2d, liberal chastisement and severe blows on the slightest appearance of rebellion, in order to strengthen and firmly establish their awe of him.

I myself have devoted a good deal of time to the domestication of animals, and by following out the two principles just laid down, I found myself invariably successful. The polecat, although of inconsiderable size, is an animal of infinitely greater fierceness than the tiger; yet I had one so thoroughly domesticated that it was permitted to enjoy perfect liberty. I succeeded equally with the fox, the badger, and the *otter*, as a paper which recently appeared in the Penny Journal was designed to show. In fact, I should say that mere *fierceness* is but a very slight obstacle to domestication—*timidity* is much harder to be overcome. The timid races of animals require a mode of treatment directly opposed to the above. They require to have their *dread* of man diminished, and their *boldness* encouraged. If you wish to tame a very timid animal, instead of supplying it with food you must let it fast, in order to render it so bold with hunger that it will eat in your presence and from your hand. If you can get its confidence raised to such a degree that it will bite you or attempt to do so, so much the better—those little vices will afterwards be easily eradicated. I have succeeded in familiarizing the most timid creatures—the rat and the mouse, for instance. The public has already had an account of how I succeeded with the former of these animals in the pages of the "Medical Press" and "Naturalist." Some of these days I shall give a paper on the latter in the Penny Journal.

Van Amburgh has done much with his animals; but in consequence of exhibiting with specimens not as yet perfectly subdued, he has met with some severe accidents. More caution and less haste would have prevented these. One of the principal ingredients that should enter into the composition of an animal tamer, is COURAGE. If the animal you are endeavouring to domesticate perceive that you fear it—and animals are instinctively sharp-sighted—from that instant all chance of control ceases. You must be prepared to endure bites, scratches, &c. with, at all events apparent, recklessness, and should never suffer any thing to delay your chastisement: the severer it is, the less frequently will you have to repeat it. Van Amburgh possesses this ingredient in an eminent degree. I once saw him exhibiting with his superb Barbary lion, since dead; as he left the cage, the animal rushed at him, and succeeded in inflicting a sharp scratch upon his hand. Now, had Van Amburgh displayed fear, or in short acted otherwise than he did, his reign had been over, and the lion would in all probability have renewed his attack the next opportunity, and have killed him. But what did he do? He returned into the cage, and advancing sternly and undauntedly towards the lion, saluted him with a shower of blows over the head and face, with the small iron rod which he always carried with him. And mark the result. The brute at once yielded, quailed before his master, who, planting a foot upon the prostrate body of his late assailant, coolly wiped the blood from his hand, amidst the deafening plaudits of the spectators, who had witnessed the appalling scene with feelings more easily imagined than described.

There is another description of animal taming, which I must not omit to mention, viz, by charms or drugs. There were, and are indeed still to be met with, although more rarely than formerly, persons who profess to be able, by some secret spell or charm, to tame the fiercest horse, or calm the fury of the most ferocious watch-dog. There are also persons who follow the trade of rat-catching, and pretend that by means of certain drugs they can entice away all the rats from the premises to which they are called in to exercise their skill. There are also a set of men in India and Persia who profess to charm serpents, and draw them from their holes. Of these last it is not at present my design to speak. I may, however, return to them in a future paper.

The first of these, or those who pretend to possess the power of quelling the spirit of the horse, or appeasing the vigilant fury of the dog, are now but few in number, and very seldom to be met with. They abounded more in Ireland than they did in the sister kingdom, and were called "whisperers." Perhaps the best mode in which I can bring them and their practices before my readers, is by giving them an account of the last and most celebrated whisperer that we recollect. His name was James Sullivan, and he possessed the power of taming the most furious horse, if left alone with him for about half an hour. The name of this singular man is recorded by Townsend in his "Survey of the County of Cork," and we shall

quote his account of Sullivan's performances, to which he states himself to have been an eye-witness:—

"James Sullivan was a native of the county of Cork, and an awkward ignorant rustic of the lowest class, generally known by the appellation of 'the Whisperer;' and his profession was horse-breaking. The credulity of the vulgar bestowed that epithet upon him from an opinion that he communicated his wishes to the animal by means of a whisper, and the singularity of his method gave some colour to the superstitious belief. As far as the sphere of his control extended, the boast of *veni, vidi, vici*, was more justly claimed by James Sullivan than by Cæsar, or even Bonaparte himself. How his art was acquired, or in what it consisted, is likely to remain for ever unknown, as he has lately left the world without divulging it. His son, who follows the same occupation, possesses but a small portion of the art, having either never learned its true secret, or being incapable of putting it in practice. The wonder of his skill consisted in the short time requisite to accomplish his design, which was performed in private, and without any apparent means of coercion. Every description of horse, or even mule, whether previously broke, or unhandled, whatever their peculiar vices or ill habits might have been, submitted without show of resistance to the magical influence of his art, and in the short space of half an hour became gentle and tractable. The effect, though instantaneously produced, was generally durable; though more submissive to him than to others, yet they seemed to have acquired a docility unknown before. When sent for to tame a vicious horse, he directed the stable in which he and the object of his experiment were placed, to be shut, with orders not to open the door until a signal was given. After a *tete-a-tete* between him and the horse for about half an hour, during which little or no bustle was heard, the signal was made; and on opening the door, the horse was seen lying down, and the man by his side, playing familiarly with him, like a child with a puppy dog. From that time he was found perfectly willing to submit to discipline, however repugnant to his nature before. Some saw his skill tried on a horse which could never before be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him. The day after Sullivan's half-hour lecture, I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith's shop, with many other curious spectators, where we were eye-witnesses of the complete success of his art. This, too, had been a troop horse, and it was supposed, not without reason, that after regimental discipline had failed, no other would be found availing. I observed that the animal seemed afraid whenever Sullivan either spoke or looked at him. How that extraordinary ascendancy could have been obtained, it is difficult to conjecture. In common cases this mysterious preparation was unnecessary. He seemed to possess an instinctive power of inspiring awe, the result perhaps of natural intrepidity, in which I believe a great part of his art consisted; though the circumstance of the *tete-a-tete* shows that upon particular occasions something more must have been added to it. A faculty like this would in other hands have made a fortune, and great offers have been made to him for the exercise of his art abroad; but hunting, and attachment to his native soil, were his ruling passions. He lived at home in the style most agreeable to his disposition, and nothing could induce him to quit Dunhal-low and the foxhounds." Other whisperers have lived since Sullivan, but none of them have attained an equal degree of fame. I met with one some years ago of the name of O'Hara, and I can truly affirm that his performances were indeed wonderful, and precisely similar to those of Sullivan. How O'Hara discovered the secret, I know not; neither am I sure that it was identical with that possessed by Sullivan. On one occasion, while under the influence of liquor, O'Hara was heard to declare that the secret lay in *rocking* the horse; but on another, when equally tipsy, he mentioned *biting* the animal's ear. It is already I believe known to those acquainted with horses, that by grasping the shoulder with one hand just where the mane begins, and laying the other with firmness upon the crupper, and then swaying the animal backwards and forwards, beginning with a very gentle motion and gradually increasing it, you will in a few minutes be able to throw the horse on his side with a comparatively trifling degree of exertion; and it is certain that this treatment is frequently resorted to by knowing jockeys to break the spirit of a stubborn horse; for after having been thrown twice, or at most thrice, the spirit of the animal seems wholly subdued, and he appears possessed with the most unqualified respect and dread of the person who threw him. This was in all probability what O'Hara meant

by *rocking*, and I have little doubt but that this was one of the component parts, at all events, of the treatment resorted to by the whisperers. As to *biting the ear*, I have seen this tried, and that successfully. If you succeed in getting the ear of the most vicious horse between your teeth, and bite it with all your force, you will find the rage of the animal suddenly subside, his spirit will appear to have forsaken him, and a word or a look from you will cause him to start and tremble with excess of terror. Once the ferocity of an animal is removed, it is an easy matter to conciliate his affections. May not these two modes of treatment combined, or one or the other, as the occasion seemed to require, have constituted the secret of the wonder-working whisperers? The suggestion is at least plausible, and the experiment should be fully tried ere it be rejected.

In an article which appeared lately on the subject of animal taming in the *Times* newspaper, mention is made of Mr King, owner of the "learned horse" at present exhibiting in London. This person states that his secret depends upon pressing a certain nerve in the horse's mouth, which he calls the "nerve of susceptibility." May not the act of whispering have likewise depended upon compressing with the teeth some similar nerve in the ear? H. D. R.

## RELICS.

BY J. U. U.

"RAPHAEL was buried in the Pantheon (Sta. Maria della Rotonda), in a chapel which he had himself endowed, and near the place where his betrothed bride had been laid. The immediate neighbourhood was afterwards selected by other painters as their place of rest. Baldassane Peruzzi, Giovanni da Udine, Pierino del Vaga, Taddeo Zuccaro, and others, are buried near. No question had ever existed as to the precise spot where the remains of the master lay; but a few years since the Roman antiquaries began to raise doubts even respecting the church in which Raphael was buried. In the end, permission was obtained to make actual search; and Vasari's account was in this instance verified. The tomb was found as he describes it, behind the altar itself of the chapel above mentioned. Four views of the tomb and its contents were engraved from drawings by Cammucini, and thus preserve the appearance that presented itself. The shroud had been fastened with a number of metal rings and points; some of those were kept by the sculptor Fabio of Rome, who is also in possession of casts from the skull and right hand. Passavant remarks, judging from the cast, that the skull was of a singularly fine form. The bones of the hand were all perfect, but they crumbled into dust after the mould was taken. The skeleton measured about five feet seven inches. The coffin was extremely narrow, indicating a very slender frame. The precious relics were ultimately restored to the same spot, after being placed in a magnificent sarcophagus, presented by the present Pope."—*Quarterly Review*.

AY, there are glorious things even in the dust  
Which still must ever from the human heart  
Win homage next devotion. 'Tis in vain  
To ask the wherefore, or demand what are they  
Amid the keen realities of life?  
Old coin, or broken casque, or fretted stone—  
The waste of Time—the rack upon life's shore  
Thrown up by the spent waves of centuries—  
They have no meaning in the vulgar tongue;  
Their very uses know them not—things past  
Into the chaos of forgotten forms.  
But here the root of this deep error lies.

The world's deep Lethé onward blindly glides,  
A perishable Present! glorious only  
Because no Future and no Past are seen  
To scare or shame its dreamy voyager.  
In dull forgetfulness the error lies,  
That hath no feeling of the mighty Past  
Espoused to sense, and purblind as the mole  
To all that meets the intellectual eye:  
To such Iona is a heap of stones,  
And Marathon a desert.

O, how changed!  
The meanest thing on which great Time hath set,  
His awful stamp (the long-surviving thought  
Left by the mind of other days) appears

To knowledge and the gaze of memory,  
More instantaneous than those words of power  
Which ancient legends say the tomb obeyed—  
The broken pillar, and the moss-grown pile,  
Dilate into antique magnificence:  
At once the stern old rampart crowns its height—  
The donjon keep, the tower of ancient pride,  
The rock-built fortress of old robber kings,  
Start into life, and from their portals pour  
Mailed foray forth, or pomp of feudal war.  
The temple swells from vacancy, o'erarching  
With pillared roof, and dim solemnity,  
The worship of old time. The dry bones live  
Of ancient ages: monarch, sage, and bard,  
Stand in their living lineaments, invested  
With power, or wisdom, or the gift of song.

These still are common ruins—the remains  
Of those who were the vulgar of their day,  
Who battled, built, and traded, and so died,  
Leaving no trace but nameless monuments,  
The cast attire of ages, which but serve  
To show the present how the past went mad,  
And, like Cassandra, prophesy in vain.  
The earth yet bears more glorious vestiges  
Of Time's illustrious few, whose memory  
Is greater than the greatest thing that lives—  
Haloed by veneration, wonder, love—  
Whose very tombs stand in life's calendar  
Eras of thought once seen. Is there an eye  
Could coldly gaze on aught that bears a trace  
Of Avon's matchless master of the breast?  
Who could approach old Dryburgh's tombs, and feel not  
The illustrious presence of his great compeer,  
Whose tomb yet moistens with a nation's woe,  
Whose star is young in heaven? Or who can walk  
Unmoved the cloisters and religious aisles  
Where Milton lies, renowned with "prophets old,"  
And honoured Newton, to whom the starred vault  
Is an enduring monument, as much  
As the Pantheon's dome is Angelo's?

What is the pride of kings, the world's vain splendour,  
To such a presence as they witnessed there  
Who disinterred the bones of Raphael,  
Awful from the repose of centuries?  
There stood that day a solemn, anxious crowd  
Around that altar which conceals beneath  
The mighty master's relics—for there was a doubt  
If it were truly there that he was laid.  
And there they found all the dull grave could keep  
Of that Immortal. With no common awe  
They bent o'er his dark cell, as it disclosed  
Its treasure to the selfsame holy light  
That gladdened oft of old the master's heart,  
And waked his heaven-eyed genius; while beneath  
The shadowy splendour of that spacious dome  
He stood in living sanctity, a pure  
And heavenly-minded man—even where they stood  
To gaze upon his dust—and all around  
He scattered bright and hallowed images  
Of perfect beauty—in their brightness here  
Still lying as he left them. Shadows fair  
Of angel form and feature—ye who gaze  
In clouded splendour through those cloisters old,  
Looking as things of life—could ye behold  
Those slender bones, they were the living hand  
Beneath whose touch ye started into being  
And grew to light and beauty, covering  
Your storied frescoes with the lines of grace,  
Harmonious hues and features of the sky.  
And yonder is your birthplace, yon light skull—  
The slight and delicate shrine of all that mind!  
'Tis a strange thought how vast a world revolved  
In thy small compass! Senseless as thou art,  
Who could behold thee as a mouldering bone,  
The mere dust of unsphered humanity?  
There, from that lowly cell as rose to light  
The canonized remains of one whose mind  
Hath been a worship to the eye of ages,  
They were not seen thus coldly—time gave back  
Its venerable honours registered  
Deep in the heart of living Italy—

A crown of many-tinted sanctities.  
 Thy beauty, goodness, and pure innocence,  
 Thy faculty of vision, gift divine,  
 Rushed round thee as a glory—thou wert seen  
 With all thy laurels round thy honoured tomb.  
 Thine is no pile of unrecording stone—  
 Pale marble column or tall pyramid,  
 That vainly robs oblivion of its prey:  
 Thy name lives on each lip—thy monuments  
 Are treasures fondly kept midst precious things,  
 Sought out in every land which the sun warms  
 To nobler thoughts—thine are perennial wreaths  
 Of trophies yet surviving, when the fame  
 Of fields that rang through Europe, and made pale  
 The peaceful hamlets of an hundred realms,  
 Have shrunk within the fretted register,  
 The silent scroll, named History—still the halls  
 Of national state or regal pomp are bright  
 With thy far-sought creations, costliest  
 Among the treasured trophies of the mind;  
 And as thy time on earth was consecrated  
 To sacred labours meet for holy walls—  
 So would I deem thy gifted spirit still,  
 Invested in its light of heavenly thoughts,  
 The minister of some pure temple, where  
 No human errors mingle with the work.

### ON THE POWER OF FLUIDS.

THAT weight is a property of liquids, has been acknowledged by the earliest observers; but the amount of that weight, its mode of acting, and application to practice, have been left for recent times to discover. A pint of water weighs somewhat more than a pound *avoirdupois*; and one unacquainted with the facts in hydrostatics might deem it of little consequence what shape the vessel that contained it might be, or what the disposition and length of the column of water—for, after all, what is it but a pound of water? No idea can be more erroneous. Under most circumstances, it is not so much the quantity of the fluid as the manner in which its particles are disposed, that determines its weight; and what may appear still more extraordinary, a small quantity of fluid may be made to balance, that is, to be of the same apparent weight as, a very large quantity. This may be proved by taking a pair of scales, putting a tumbler full of water into one dish, and balancing it by weights in the other, then inverting a smaller glass and immersing it in the tumbler, having the glass perfectly supported in the hand to prevent it touching the sides or bottom; a portion of the water will now flow over the sides of the tumbler—say one-half—yet the scales are still balanced; one-half of the water is of the same weight apparently as the whole. A piece of wood may be used instead of the glass with the same result, and it may be of a size nearly to fill the cavity of the tumbler; yet if the remaining water, which may amount to no more than a couple of spoonfuls, rise to the same level as it did when full, it will exactly balance the weights. This cannot be accounted for by saying that the wood or the glass was equal to the water displaced, for if we use lead, which is much heavier, or cork, and even card, which are much lighter, we shall meet with no difference. This property belongs to the water; and as the only constant fact was the same height of the fluid, to it must the explanation be referred; and we thus arrive at a first principle, a law in hydrostatics—that the pressure, or weight considered as a power, of any fluid, is not in proportion to its quantity, but to its depth.

Aware of this principle, if we wish to use water as a power, we can economise it wonderfully, exerting a great pressure with a small quantity. If we take a small wooden box, water-tight, bore a hole in it, and fill it with water, adapt a long narrow tube to the hole, and fill it up with water, the box will now be burst, and that by the very small quantity contained in the tube. This tube may be a yard long, and very narrow in diameter, not holding more than two ounces of fluid, yet the pressure, being always in proportion to its depth, is the same as if it had been as broad as the box. This pressure amounts to nearly one pound on the square inch for every two feet of water. In the deepest parts of the ocean the pressure must be exceedingly great, so much so that it is probable they are uninhabitable, the pressure being too great for the existence of fishes. This pressure, together with the total absence of light at great depths, renders the existence of vegetable life also a doubtful matter. There is a certain depth beyond

which divers cannot go, owing to the pressure of water on the surface of their chests being greater than the resistance of air inside, respiration being thereby impeded.

A pipe a yard long, and acting on a yard square of fluid, will give a pressure equal to the weight of fifteen cwt. if we use water. Should we use quicksilver, the power of a ton weight may be obtained within the space of a square foot in breadth, by a tube somewhat less than three feet long, and not larger than a common goose quill—the pressure per square inch in these cases depending on the height of the column of fluid.

We can now understand what extensive and sometimes irremediable injury may arise from the collection of a small but lofty column of water, opening into a wide but confined space below. This sometimes occurs when water gets into a narrow chink between buildings, and, finding its way down, opens finally into some cavity under the floor. The pressure exerted here is immense, and there are few bodies able to resist it. It is owing to this that the pipes for conveying water are burst, on account of the pressure exerted on the insides of the pipes; and this occurs the more frequently, the higher the source from which they are filled. In practice, every vessel containing liquid should increase in strength in proportion to its depth. We have no doubt that a process similar to this takes place on the large scale in nature, which is capable of uprooting trees, rending rocks, producing earthquakes; for if we suppose that some collections of water on the surface of a hill have found their way down through crevices into a cavity in the body of the mountain which has no external opening, as long as this cavity remains unfilled no evil arises, but when it and the crevices also are completely filled, the pressure exercised here is so immense, that even the sides of the hill cannot withstand it. Perhaps this occurrence has not been sufficiently noticed in explaining natural phenomena. It is usual to consider earthquakes and volcanoes as solely the result of chemical action, excluding entirely physical agency.

The pressure of water may be rendered visible by blowing through a tube under water into a tall glass jar. The bubble of air, small at the bottom, as it rises, gradually enlarges from the diminution of the pressure.

The hydrostatic bellows, formed upon this principle, consists of nothing more than a water-tight bellows, with a long pipe fixed into the valve aperture. If this pipe be three feet long, and hold a quarter of a pint of fluid, it will exert a pressure sufficient to raise three cwt. laid upon a bellows, the area of the upper side of which is equal to about a square foot and a half. Many are the uses to which this principle might be applied in the several arts.

Bramah's Press is almost the only machine which has been extensively used. By its means solid bars of iron can be cut through with ease. Hay and cotton have been compressed by its means into a very small compass. In the East Indies, where water-power is used, bales of cotton are compressed into one-half the size of those from the West Indies. By its means power may be multiplied, or rather concentrated, a thousand-fold. As commonly made, a man working it may, by using the same force that would raise half a cwt., apply a force amounting to twenty tons to the work in hand; and by varying the proportions of the machine, pressure might be brought to bear upon any body which would be perfectly irresistible.

There is, however, in reality, be it distinctly understood, no power absolutely gained; but the man's force is concentrated, as for instance in compressing the bale of cotton, to an extent which, if the ordinary mechanical powers of the lever or screw were employed, would require the aid of ponderous machinery.

Mr Bramah was therefore greatly mistaken when he published it as the discovery of a new mechanical power: but he invented a beautiful and most effective means of simply accumulating a prodigious force by the very simple means of the hydrostatic pressure of fluids.

Hydraulic or Bramah presses are applied in New York and other American ports for the purpose of raising large vessels on strong wooden platforms out of the water, for effecting repairs, &c. They are also employed in removing houses—some of them brick, and three stories high—from one part of a street to another. In this case strong wooden beams, like the ways used in ship-launching, are placed under the house, and in the direction of the intended site, and hydraulic presses are then employed for pushing the house along, with prodigious force, and so gradually and gently as

not even to crack the plaster of a room ceiling. By the same means the roof of a large cotton factory near Aberdeen was raised *entire*, and an additional story added to the building, without displacing a single slate! In this instance the roof was lifted gradually about four inches at a time, progressing from end to end of the building, the height of the walls being increased by a single row of bricks at a time.

Such are a few of the results of a single principle, a rule to which there is no exception, which holds equally good in the organic as in the inorganic world. Even the blood-vessels of the body are subject to this law—the sides of all vessels below the level of the heart enduring an additional outward pressure of half an ounce for every inch in height, which at the toes would amount to somewhere about two pounds. When a person stands erect in a bath, the pressure on all parts of the body is not equal; it is greater upon the legs than upon the trunk; the former are pressed upward, and hence in part the difficulty experienced in standing upon the bottom in deep water.

T. A.

**DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.**—Some persons are of so teasing and fidgety a turn of mind, that they do not give you a moment's rest. Everything goes wrong with them. They complain of a headache or the weather. They take up a book, and lay it down again—venture an opinion, and retract it before they have half done—offer to serve you, and prevent some one else from doing it. If you dine with them at a tavern, in order to be more at your ease, the fish is too little done—the sauce is not the right one; they ask for a sort of wine which they think is not to be had, or if it is, after some trouble, procured, do not touch it; they give the waiter fifty contradictory orders, and are restless and sit on thorns the whole of dinner time. All this is owing to a want of robust health, and of a strong spirit of enjoyment; it is a fastidious habit of mind, produced by a valetudinary habit of body: they are out of sorts with everything, and of course their ill-humour and captiousness communicates itself to you, who are as little delighted with them as they are with other things. Another sort of people, equally objectionable with this helpless class, who are disconcerted by a shower of heaven's rain, or stopped by an insect's wing, are those who, in the opposite spirit, will have everything their own way, and carry all before them—who cannot brook the slightest shadow of opposition—who are always in the heat of an argument, unless where they disdain your understanding so much as not to condescend to argue with you—who knit their brows and roll their eyes and clench their teeth in some speculative discussion, as if they were engaged in a personal quarrel—and who, though successful over almost every competitor, seem still to resent the very offer of resistance to their supposed authority, and are as angry as if they had sustained some premeditated injury. There is an impatience of temper and an intolerance of opinion in this that conciliates neither our affection nor esteem. To such persons nothing appears of any moment but the indulgence of a domineering intellectual superiority, to the disregard and discomfiture of their own and everybody else's comfort. Mounted on an abstract proposition, they trample on every courtesy and decency of behaviour; and though, perhaps, they do not intend the gross personalities they are guilty of, yet they cannot be acquitted of a want of due consideration for others, and of an intolerable egotism in the support of truth and justice. You may hear one of these impetuous declaimers pleading the cause of humanity in a voice of thunder, or expatiating on the beauty of a Guido, with features distorted with rage and scorn. This is not a very amiable or edifying spectacle.

—*Hazlitt's Table-Talk.*

**NECESSITY OF A THOROUGH EDUCATION.**—Good education being a preparation for social life, necessarily embraces the whole man—body, head, and heart—for in social life the whole man is necessarily called into exertion in one way or another almost every hour. But this is not sufficient. There must be no preponderance, as well as no exclusion: a limited or biassed education produces monsters. Some are satisfied with the cultivation of a single faculty—some with the partial cultivation of each. A child is trained up to working; he is hammered into a hardy labourer—a stout material for the physical bone and muscle of the state. This is good, so far as it goes; but it is bad, because it goes no farther. He is not taught reading; he is not taught religion; above all, he is not taught thinking. He never looks into his other self; he soon forgets its existence; the man becomes all body; his intellectual and moral being lies fallow. The growth of

such a system will be a sturdy race of machines—delvers and soldiers, but not men: so much brute physical energy swinging loosely through society at the discretion of those more spiritual natures to whom their education, neglected or perverted in another way, gives wickedness with power, and teaches the secrets of mind only as instruments to crush or bend men for their own selfish purposes. Others educate the intellectual and moral being only; the physical, once the building is raised, like an idle scaffolding, is cast by. But the omission is injurious—often fatal: malady is laid up, in all its thousand forms, in the infant and the child. It spreads out upon the man. When his spirit is in the flush of its strength, and his moral rivals his intellectual nature in compass and power, then it is that the despised portion of his being rises up and avenges itself for this contempt. The studious man feels, as he walks down life, a thousand minute retaliations for the prodigal waste of his youthful vigour. The body bows down beneath the burden of the mind; it wears gradually away into weakness and incompetency; clouds of sickness, pangs of pain, obscure, distort, weigh it to the earth. Health is not a thing of organization only, but of training; it is to be laid up bit by bit. We are to be *made* healthy—tutored and practised into health. Omit health in favour of the intellectual and moral faculties, and you provide instruments, it is true, for mind, but instruments which, when wanted, cannot be used. Intellectual and moral education may rank before physical, but they are not more essential; the physical powers are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water for the spiritual. The base of the column is in the earth; but, without it, neither could the shaft stand firm above it, nor the capital ascend to the sky.—*Wyse on Education.*

**HOME.**—The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate. Those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises which he feels in privacy to be useless incumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.—*Johnson.*

If it were enacted that only persons of high rank should dine upon three dishes, the lower sort would desire to have three; but if commoners were permitted to have as many dishes as they pleased, whilst the nobility were limited to two, the inferior sort would not exceed that number. An order to abolish the wearing of jewels has set a whole country in an uproar; but if the order had only prohibited earrings to ladies of the first quality, other women would not have desired to wear them.—*The Reflector.*

The very consciousness of being beloved by the object of our attachment, will disarm of its terrors even death itself.—*D'Israeli.*

The petty sovereign of an insignificant tribe of North America every morning stalks out of his hovel, bids the sun good morning, and points out to him with his finger the course he is to take for the day.

Love labour; if you do not want it for food, you may for physic.

Industry often prevents what lazy folly thinks inevitable. Industry argues an ingenuously, great, and generous disposition of soul, by unweariedly pursuing things in the fairest light, and disdains to enjoy the fruit of other men's labours without deserving it.

He who lies under the dominion of any one vice must expect the common effects of it. If lazy, to be poor; if intemperate, to be diseased; if luxurious, to die betimes, &c.

With discretion the vicious preserve their honour, and without it the virtuous lose it.

A good conscience is the finest opiate.—*Knox.*

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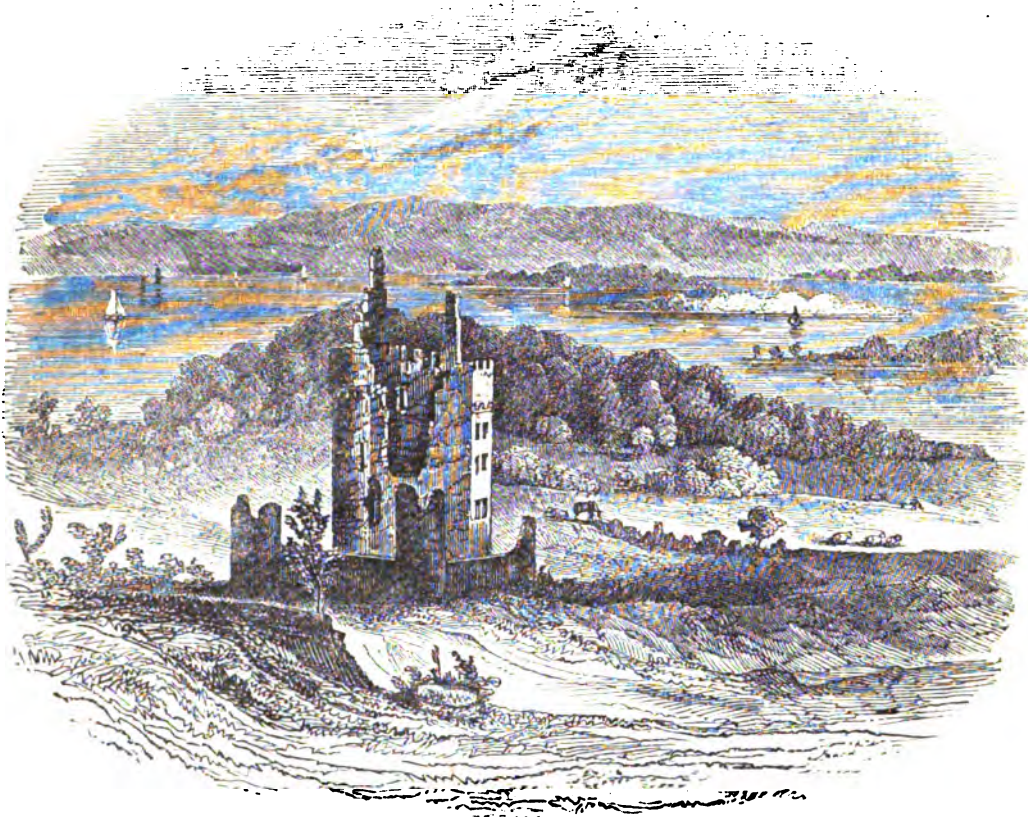


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



THE CASTLE OF TERMON MAGRATH, COUNTY OF DONEGAL.

In a recent number of our journal we called the attention of our readers to the little-appreciated beauties of Lough Erne; and we now present them with another vista of that delightful locality in connection with the Castle of Termon Magrath, or Termon, as it is more usually called, which is situated at its northern extremity, in the county of Donegal. Considered as a sheet of water, the lower lake appears from this side to the greatest advantage; but its distant shores are but little improved by plantations, and consequently look comparatively bleak and barren. In the immediate vicinity of our subject, however, the scenery is of the rich character for which Lough Erne is so remarkable, the shores of the lake being fringed with the plantations of the glebe of Templecarn and those of Waterfoot, the beautiful seat of Colonel Barton.

The Castle of Termon is situated in the parish of Templecarn, about half a mile to the west of the pleasant and improving little town of Pettigoe, which, if it had a comfortable inn, would be a good station for pleasure tourists wishing to enjoy the scenery of the lower Lough Erne and that of Lough Derg, with its celebrated purgatory of St Patrick.

The foundation of this castle, according to popular tradition, is ascribed to the celebrated Malmurru, or, as he was usually called, Myler Magrath, the first Protestant Bishop of Clogher; and there is every reason to believe this tradition

correct. The lands on which the castle is situated anciently constituted the Termon of St Daveog of Lough Derg, of which the Magraths were hereditarily the termoners or churchwardens; and of this family Myler Magrath was the head; so that these lands properly belonged to him anteriorly to any grant of them derived through his bishopric. He was originally a Franciscan friar, and being a man of distinguished abilities, was advanced by Pope Pius V. to the see of Down; but having afterwards embraced Protestantism, he was placed in the see of Clogher by letter of Queen Elizabeth, dated 18th May 1570, and by grant dated the 18th September, in the same year. He remained, however, but a short time in this see, in which he received but little or nothing of the revenues, and in which he was probably surrounded by enemies even among his own kindred, and was translated to the archbishopric of Cashel on the 3d of February, in the year following. He died at Cashel at the age of one hundred, in the year 1622, and was interred in the choir of that ancient cathedral, where a splendid monument to his memory still exists, with a Latin inscription penned by himself, of which the following quaint translation is given in Harris's Ware:—

Patrick, the glory of our isle and gown,  
First sat a bishop in the see of Down.  
I wish that I, succeeding him in place  
As bishop, had an equal share of grace.!

I served thee, England, fifty years in jars,  
And pleased thy princes in the midst of wars;  
Here where I'm placed I'm not; and thus the case is,  
I'm not fit both, yet am in both the places. 1631.

He that judgeth me is the Lord.—1 Cor. iv.  
Let him who stands take care lest he fall.

Harris remarks, that the Roman Catholics of his diocese have a tradition that he returned to his original faith previously to his death, and that though it was pretended that he was buried in his own cathedral, yet he had given private orders for burying his body elsewhere, to which circumstance, as they say, the two last lines of his epitaph allude. "But," says Harris, "although he was no good man, and had impoverished his see by stripping it of much of its ancient estate, yet I do not find any room to call his sincerity as to his religious profession in question, living or dying. These lines rather seem to hint at the separate existence of the soul and body." But however this may be, there is another tradition relative to him less doubtful, inasmuch as it is common to the peasantry of different creeds, namely, that he was the handsomest man in Ireland in his day!

The Castle of Termon, like most edifices of the kind erected in the sixteenth century, consisted of a strong keep with circular towers at two of its angles, and encompassed by out-works. It was battered by Ireton from the neighbouring hill in the parliamentary wars; but its ruins are considerable, and by their picturesqueness add interest to the northern shore of the lower Lough Erne. P.

## THE IRISH MIDWIFE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

Introductory.

OF the many remarkable characters that have been formed by the spirit and habits of Irish feeling among the peasantry, there is not one so clear, distinct, and well traced, as that of the Midwife. We could mention several that are certainly marked with great precision, and that stand out in fine relief to the eye of the spectator, but none at all, who in richness of colouring, in boldness of outline, or in firmness and force, can for a moment be compared with the Midwife. The Fiddler for instance lives a life sufficiently graphic and distinct; so does the Dancing-master, and so also does the Match-maker, but with some abatement of colouring. As for the Cosherer, the Shanahie, the Keener, and the Foster-nurse, although all mellow toned, and well individualized by the strong power of hereditary usage, yet do they stand dim and shadowy, when placed face to face with this great exponent of national temperament.

It is almost impossible to conceive a character of greater self-importance than an Irish Midwife, or who exhibits in her whole bearing a more complacent consciousness of her own privileges. The Fiddler might be dispensed with, and the Dancing-master might follow him off the stage; the Cosherer, Shanahie, Keener, might all disappear, and the general business of life still go on as before. But not so with her whom we are describing; and this conviction is the very basis of her power, the secret source from which she draws the confidence that bears down every rival claim upon the affections of the people.

Before we introduce Rose Moan to our kind readers, we shall briefly relate a few points of character peculiar to the Irish Midwife, because they are probably not in general known to a very numerous class of our readers. This is a matter which we are the more anxious to do, because it is undeniable that an acquaintance with many of the old legendary powers with which she was supposed to be invested, is fast fading out of the public memory; and unless put into timely record, it is to be feared that in the course of one or two generations more, they may altogether disappear and be forgotten.

One of the least known of the secrets which old traditional lore affirmed to have been in possession of the Midwife, was the knowledge of how beer might be brewed from heather. The Irish people believe that the Danes understood and practised this valuable process, and will assure you that the liquor prepared from materials so cheap and abundant was superior in strength and flavour to any ever produced from malt. Nay, they will tell you how it conferred such bodily strength and courage upon those who drank it, that it was to the influence and virtue of this alone that the Danes held such a protracted sway, and won so many victories in Ireland. It was a secret,

however, too valuable to be disclosed, especially to enemies, who would lose no time in turning the important consequences of it against the Danes themselves. The consequence was, that from the day the first Dane set foot upon the soil of Ireland, until that upon which they bade it adieu for ever, no Irishman was ever able to get possession of it. It came to be known, however, and the knowledge of it is said to be still in the country, but must remain unavailable until the fulfilment of a certain prophecy connected with the liberation of Ireland shall take away the obligation of a most solemn oath, which bound the original recipient of the secret to this conditional silence. The circumstances are said to have been these:—

On the evening previous to the final embarkation of the Danes for their own country, the wife of their prince was seized with the pains of childbirth, and there being no midwife among themselves, an Irish one was brought, who, as the enmity between the nations was both strong and bitter, resolutely withheld her services, unless upon the condition of being made acquainted with this invaluable process. The crisis it seems being a very trying one, the condition was complied with; but the midwife was solemnly sworn never to communicate it to any but a woman, and never to put it in practice until Ireland should be free, and any two of its provinces at peace with each other. The midwife, thinking very naturally that there remained no obstacle to the accomplishment of these conditions but the presence of the Danes themselves, and seeing that they were on the eve of leaving the country for ever, imagined herself perfectly safe in entering into the obligation; but it so happened, says the tradition, that although the knowledge of the secret is among the Irish midwives still, yet it never could be applied, and never will, until Ireland shall be in the state required by the terms of her oath. So runs the tradition.

There is, however, one species of power with which some of the old midwives were said to be gifted, so exquisitely ludicrous, and yet at the same time so firmly fixed in the belief of many among the people, that we cannot do justice to the character without mentioning so strange an acquisition. It is this, that where a husband happens to be cruel to his wife, or suspects her unjustly, the Midwife is able, by some mysterious charm, to inflict upon him and remove from the wife the sufferings annexed to her confinement, as the penalty mentioned by holy writ which is to follow the sex in consequence of the transgression of our mother Eve. Some of our readers may perhaps imagine this to be incredible, but we assure them that it is strictly true. Such a superstition did prevail in Ireland among the humbler classes, and still does, to an extent which would surprise any one not as well acquainted with old Irish usages and superstitions as we happen to be. The manner in which the Midwife got possession of this power is as follows:—It sometimes happened that the "good people," or *Dhoine Shee*—that is, the fairies—were put to the necessity of having recourse to the aid of the Midwife. On one of those occasions it seems, the good woman discharged her duties so successfully, that the fairy matron, in requital for her services and promptitude of attendance, communicated to her this secret, so formidable to all bad husbands. From the period alluded to, say the people, it has of course been gladly transmitted from hand to hand, and on many occasions resorted to with fearful but salutary effect. Within our own memory several instances of its application were pointed out to us, and the very individuals themselves, when closely interrogated, were forced to an assertion that was at least equivalent to an admission, "it was nothing but an attack of the chollic," which by the way was little else than a libel upon that departed malady. Many are the tales told of cases in which midwives were professionally serviceable to the good people; but unless their assistance was repaid by the communication of some secret piece of knowledge, it was better to receive no payment, any other description of remuneration being considered unfortunate. Some of those stories have been well told, and with others of them we may probably amuse our readers upon some future occasion.

From this source also was derived another most valuable quality said to be possessed by the Irish Midwife, but one which we should suppose the virtue of our fair countrywomen rendered of very unfrequent application. This was the power of destroying jealousy between man and wife. We forget whether it was said to be efficacious in cases of guilt, but we should imagine that the contrary would rather hold good, as an Irishman is not exactly that description of husband who would suffer himself to be charmed back into the arms of a

polluted wife. This was effected by the knowledge of a certain herb, a decoction of which the parties were to drink nine successive times, each time before sunrise and after sunset. Of course the name of the herb was kept a profound secret; but even if it had been known, it could have proved of little value, for the full force of its influence depended on a charm which the Midwife had learned among the fairies. Whether it was the *Anacamperotes* of the middle ages or not, is difficult to say; but one thing is certain, that not only have midwives, but other persons of both sexes, gone about through the country professing to cure jealousy by the juice or decoction of a mysterious herb, which was known only to themselves. It is not unlikely to suppose that this great secret after all was nothing more than a perverted application of the Waters of Jealousy mentioned by Moses, and that it only resembled many other charms practised in this and other countries, which are generally founded upon certain passages of Scripture. Indeed, there is little doubt that the practice of attempting to cure jealousy by herbs existed elsewhere as well as in Ireland; and one would certainly imagine that Shakspeare, who left nothing connected with the human heart untouched, must have alluded to the very custom we are treating of, when he makes Iago, speaking of Othello's jealousy, say,

"Look where he comes! not poppy nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou hadst yesterday."

Here it is quite evident that the efficacy of the "syrups" spoken of was to be tried upon the mind only in which the Moor's horrible malady existed. That Shakspeare, in the passage quoted, alluded to this singular custom, is, we think, at least extremely probable.

We have said that the Midwife stood high as a matchmaker, and so unquestionably she did. No woman was better acquainted with charms of all kinds, especially with those that were calculated to aid or throw light upon the progress of love. If for instance young persons of either sex felt doubt as to whether their passion was returned, they generally consulted the Midwife, who, on hearing a statement of their apprehensions, appointed a day on which she promised to satisfy them. Accordingly, at the time agreed upon, she and the party interested repaired as secretly as might be, and with much mystery, to some lonely place, where she produced a Bible and key, both of which she held in a particular position—that is, the Bible suspended by a string which passed through the key. She then uttered with a grave and solemn face the following verses from the Book of Ruth, which the young person accompanying her was made to repeat slowly and deliberately after her:—

"And Ruth said, entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:

"Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

If at the conclusion of these words the Bible turned, she affirmed, with the air of a prophetess, not only that the affection of the parties was mutual, but that their courtship would terminate in marriage. If, on the contrary, it remained stationary, the passion existed only on one side, and the parties were not destined for each other. Oh, credulous love! not to see that the venerable sybil could allow the Bible to turn or not, just as she may have previously ascertained from either party whether their attachment was reciprocal or otherwise! We dare say the above charm is seldom resorted to now, and of course this harmless imposition on the lovers will soon cease to be practised at all.

The Midwife's aid to lovers, however, did not stop here. If they wished to create a passion in some heart where it had not previously existed, she told them to get a dormouse and reduce it to powder, a pinch of which, if put into the drink of the person beloved, would immediately rivet his or her affections upon the individual by whose hands it was administered. Many anecdotes are told of humorous miscarriages that resulted from a neglect of this condition. One is especially well known, of a young woman who gave the potion through the hands of her grandmother; and the consequence was, that the bachelor immediately made love to the old lady instead of the young one, and eventually became grandfather to the latter instead of her husband. Indeed, the administering of

philtres and the use of charms in Ireland were formerly very frequent, and occasionally attended by results which had not been anticipated. The use especially of *cantharides*, or French flies, in the hands of the ignorant, has often been said to induce madness, and not unfrequently to occasion death. It is very long since a melancholy case of the latter from this very cause appeared in an Irish newspaper.

The Midwife was also a great interpreter of dreams, omens, auguries, and signs of all possible sorts, and no youngsters who ever consulted her need be long at a loss for a personal view of the object of their love. They had only to seek in some remote glen or dell for a briar whose top had taken root in the ground; this they were to put under their pillow and sleep upon, and the certain consequence was, that the image of the future wife or husband would appear to them in a dream. She was also famous at cup-tossing; and nothing could surpass the shrewd and sapient expression of her face as she sat solemnly peering into the grounds of the tea for the imaginary forms of rings, and love-letters, and carriages, which were necessary to the happy purport of her divination, for she felt great reluctance to foretell calamity. She seldom, however, had recourse to card-cutting, which she looked upon as an unholy practice; the cards, as every one knows, being the only book on which the devil says his prayers night and morning. Who has not heard of his *prayer-book*?

We are now to consider the Midwife in the capacity of a woman not only brimful of medicinal knowledge, but possessed of many secrets, which the mere physician or apothecary could never penetrate. As a doctress, she possessed a very high reputation for all complaints incident to children and females; and where herbal skill failed, unlike the mere scientific man of diplomas, she could set physical causes and effects aside, and have recourse at once to the supernatural and miraculous.

For instance, there are two complaints which she is, beyond any other individual, celebrated for managing—that is to say, headache, and another malady which is anonymous, or only known to country folk by what is termed "the spool or bone of the breast being down." The first she cures by a very formal and serious process called "measuring the head." This is done by a ribbon, which she puts round the cranium, repeating during the admeasurement a certain prayer or charm from which the operation is to derive its whole efficacy. The measuring is performed twice—in the first instance, to show that its sutures are separated by disease, or, to speak more plainly, that the bones of the head are absolutely opened, and that as a natural consequence the head must be much larger than when the patient is in a state of health. The circumference of the first admeasurement is marked upon a ribbon, after which she repeats the charm that is to remove the headache, and measures the cranium again, in order to show, by a comparison of the two ribbons, that the sutures have been closed, the charm successful, and the headache consequently removed. It is impossible to say how the discrepancy in the measurement is brought about; but be that as it may, the writer of this has frequently seen the operation performed in such a way as to defy the most scrutinising eye to detect any appearance of imposture, and he is convinced that in the majority of cases there is not the slightest imposture intended. The operator is in truth a dupe to a strong and delusive enthusiasm.

When the Midwife raises the spool of the breast, the operation is conducted without any assistance from the supernatural. If a boy or girl diminishes in flesh, is troubled with want of rest or of appetite, without being afflicted with any particular disease, either acute or local, the Midwife puts her finger under the bone which projects over the pit of the stomach, and immediately feels that "the spool of the breast is down"—in other words, she informs the parents that the bone is bent inwards, and presses upon the heart! The raising of this precisely resembles the operation of cupping. She gets a penny piece, which she places upon the spot affected, the patient having been first laid in a supine posture; after this she burns a little spirits in a tumbler in order to exhaust the air in it; she then presses it quickly against the part which is under the penny piece; and in a few moments, to the amazement of the lookers-on, it is drawn strongly up, and remains so until the heart-bone is supposed to be raised in such a manner as that it will not return.

The next charm for which she is remarkable among the people, is that by which a mote is taken out of the eye. The manner of doing this is as follows:—A white basin is got, and a jug of the purest water; the midwife repeatedly rinses her mouth with the water, until it returns as pure and clear

as when she took it in. She then walks to and fro, repeating the words of the charm, her mouth all the time filled with the water. When the charm is finished, she pours the water out of her mouth into the clean basin, and will point out the mote, or whatever it may have been, floating in the water, or lying in the bottom of the vessel. In fact, you could scarcely mention a malady with which the Midwife of the old school was not prepared to grapple by the aid of a charm. The tooth-ache, the cholera, measles, childbirth, all had their respective charms. The latter especially required one of a very pithy cast. Every one knows that the power of fairies in Ireland is never so strong, nor so earnestly put forth, as in the moment of parturition, when they strive by all possible means to secure the new-born infant before it is christened, and leave a shangling in its stead. Invaluable indeed is the midwife who is possessed of a charm to prevent this, and knows how to arrange all the ceremonies that are to be observed upon the occasion without making any mistake, for that would vitiate all. Many a time on such occasions have the ribs of the roof been made to crack, the windows rattled out, the door pushed with violence, and the whole house shaken as if it would tumble about their heads—and all by the fairies—but to no purpose: the charm of the midwife was a rock of defence; the necessary precautions had been taken, and they were ultimately forced to depart in a strong blast of wind, screaming and howling with rage and disappointment as they went.

There were also charms for the diseases of cattle, to cure which there exist in Ireland some processes of very distant antiquity. We ourselves have seen elemental fire produced by the friction of two green boughs together, applied as a remedy for the black-leg and murrain. This is evidently of Pagan origin, and must have some remote affinity with the old doctrines of Baal, the ancient god of fire, whose worship was once so general in Ireland.

Of these charms it may be said that they are all of a religious character, some of them evidently the production of imposture, and others apparently of those who seriously believed in their efficacy. There is one thing peculiar about them, which is, that they must be taught to persons of the opposite sex: a man, for instance, cannot teach a charm to a man, nor a woman to a woman, but he may to a woman, as a woman may to a man. If taught or learned in violation of this principle, they possess no virtue.

In treating of the Irish Midwife, we cannot permit ourselves to overlook the superstition of the "lucky caul," which comes so clearly within her province. The caul is a thin membrane, about the consistence of very fine silk, which covers the head of a new-born infant like a cap. It is always the omen of great good fortune to the infant and parents; and in Ireland, when any one has unexpectedly fallen into the receipt of property, or any other temporal good, it is customary to say "such a person was born with a 'lucky caul' on his head."

Why these are considered lucky, it would be a very difficult matter to ascertain. Several instances of good fortune, happening to such as were born with them, might by their coincidences form a basis for the superstition; just as the fact of three men during one severe winter having been found drowned, each with two shirts on, generated an opinion which has now become fixed and general in that parish, that it is unlucky to wear two shirts at once. We are not certain whether the caul is in general the perquisite of the Midwife—sometimes we believe it is; at all events, her integrity occasionally yields to the desire of possessing it. In many cases she conceals its existence, in order that she may secretly dispose of it to good advantage, which she frequently does; for it is considered to be the herald of good fortune to those who can get it into their possession. Now, let not our English neighbours smile at us for those things until they wash their own hands clear of such practices. At this day a caul will bring a good price in the most civilized city in the world—to wit, the good city of London—the British metropolis. Nay, to such lengths has the mania for cauls been carried there, that they have been actually advertised for in the Times newspaper.

Of a winter evening, at the fireside, there can be few more amusing companions than a Midwife of the old school. She has the smack of old times and old usages about her, and tastes of that agreeable simplicity of manners which always betokens a harmless and inoffensive heart. Her language is at once easy, copious, and minute, and if a good deal pedantic, the pedantry is rather the traditional phraseology and antique humour which descends with her profession, than the peculiar property or bias of her individual mind. She affects

much mystery, and intimates that she could tell many strange stories of high life; but she is always too honourable to betray the confidence that has been reposed in her good faith and secrecy. In her dress she always consults warmth and comfort, and seldom or never looks to appearance. Flannel and cotton she heaps on herself in abundant folds, and the consequence is, that although subject to all the inclemency of the seasons both by night and day, she is hardly ever known to be sick. The cottage of the Midwife may in general be known by the mounting-stone which is beside her door, and which enables her without difficulty or loss of time to get on horseback behind the impatient messenger. The window of her bedroom is also remarkable for its opening on hinges like a door, a thing not usual in the country. This is to enable her to thrust forth her well-flannelled head without any possible delay, in order to inquire the name of the party requiring her aid, the length of journey before her, and such other particulars as she usually deems necessary. The sleep of the Midwife is almost peculiar in its character to herself. No person sleeps more soundly and deeply than she does, unless to a knock at the door or a tap at the window, to both of which it may be said she is ever instinctively awake. We question if a peal of cannon discharged at her house-side would disturb her; but give on the other hand the slightest possible knock or tap at either her door or window, and ere you could imagine she had time to awaken, the roll of flannel that contains her head is thrust out of the window.

Having thus recited everything, so far as we could remember it, connected with the social antiquities of her calling, and detailed some matters not generally known, that may, we trust, be interesting to those who are fond of looking at the springs which often move rustic society, we now close this "Essay on Midwifery," hoping to be able to bring the Midwife herself personally on the stage in our next, or at least in an early number.

## GLIMPSES IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY COUL GOPPAGH.

WHAT can have become of the old world I remember long long ago—almost twenty years ago? It is a weary look backward, and the distance hides it. This is not the world I was born in. I remember when the old men used to show me the ways they walked in, scores of years before, and the very corners and the footpaths through the fields. Here they met an old friend—there they took shelter from a storm. On this lake they skated all day—from that hill they saw the ships returning with victory from foreign war. Men walked quietly together then in silence or friendly talk, and did not jostle each other from the way; they went to bed and rose as the sun did; they followed in their fathers' ways—read the same books, laughed at the same fine old jokes, and believed their posterity would do the same. Old men then wore grey hairs, and saw their children's children, and were venerable. But they are all gone; and could they look out of their graves (if indeed their very graves be spared), they would not know the old world they used to live in.

It is all changed now with us old fellows of five-and-twenty. We are left doting among the ruins of our youth. There is nothing left to us of our early days. The old crooked grassy byeways where we went to gather blackberries and idle away a summer day, have been gone over by the surveyor's chain, and some straight cut, with prim, bare fences, has run it down. The little stream has been piped over, and, where it "babbled o' green fields," is a noisy, muddy thoroughfare. Over the green glen where the hazels nourished their brown clusters, strides a cursed viaduct; the execrable railway has frightened the linnets from the boughs, and a bird's nest shall never more be found. In the lonely bay where we used to gather shells, thinking ourselves in fairy land, and wondering what lay beyond the dim horizon, the steamboat roars and splashes. Riot and swearing and slang and vice of cities have usurped the quiet haunts of country calm and charity.

It is for a coming age all these things are preparing: to us is allotted only the vexation and bewilderment. I have no associations to link me to these horrors, and I prefer the old repose to all the luxuries they bring. What is it to me that I can go to East or West in so many days sooner, or even if the sun that sets on me to-night should rise for me to-morrow by the Ganges? Here is my "fortunate isle;" this is my home where my heart is. I have no business with Egypt or the Nile. I wish to sit undisturbed by my own fireside, to



walk under the old trees, to look on my own fields, to be warmed by my own sun. But they will dig a canal through my silent walks, and the infernal city will pour through these banks its restless impurity, and make them echo with the laughter of brutal debauchery.

It is something for a man to look on the same scenes he looked on in his childhood, among the same fields and trees and household ways his forefathers tilled and planted, and knew before him. There is a sanctity grows round them year by year, enriching the heart, that cannot be broken through nor profaned without a loss never to be repaired. The exile can still listen to the whispering of the woods and the sound of the streams, but he remembers the woods and waters of his native land with tears. In twenty years I have grown old and an exile where I was born. Huge piles have covered the green where I played. The roar of busy streets insults the memory of the green lanes where I strolled at evening.

There is no country now. The city has invaded the solitude, and vice and impudent folly march in its rear. The bumpkin imitates the swagger of the citizen—the ploughman talks politics—the haymaker shakes the swathe and discourses of political economy—the reaper questions the revenue.

The mountains yet remain! I can see them, still, from my door; I can see them from the city streets. I can climb up their rugged sides still, and bless God that no discoverer as yet has uprooted the hills.

My heart is with them, for they have not changed. With them I have still a sovereign sympathy, for I can look on them and renew the fancies of my infancy. There is not a torrent pouring down their sides, not a crag nor a bramble, that is not reverend in my eye.

The world is drunk, and raves. Come away from these reeling bacchanals, and let us fare among the hills! Long ago, before the time of history, some naked savage here has worshipped the sunrise; some Druid sacrificed his victims; some barbarian Spartacus, lurking among the wild deer and the wolves, has defied his nation; some young warrior, with tears on his hardy cheek, has pointed up thither, whispering to one beside him dearer than his name, his clan, or his life, and sped away on the wings of love to the peace and safety of the mountains.

These noble fronts have never varied. The clouds float here over the same ridges on which the eyes of our childhood rested, and of the men of old time. The clank of monstrous engines has never yet dismayed the primeval stillness.

The skeleton of creation is visible here, and we see the beginnings of the world. This solid granite sparkled in the sun when "the evening and the morning were the first day," and was as firm and solid to the centre when the world was "without form and void." This whinstone rock has been hardened in some earthquake furnace long since then, and these flints are new, though they held fire before Prometheus suffered. This soft soil is the relics of the life and death of a thousand green years, and the fresh bloom that feeds on its decay will nourish succeeding blossoms.

The Western nations look here for the dawn, and the people of the East for sunset. Young children look up here from cottage doors at evening, and see the portals of Paradise opened, gazing through vistas brighter than imagination, unfolding far into the heart of heaven, and hold their breath, waiting for the passage of the archangels. This is a glorified soil. On these peaks hang the morning and the evening stars. The sun and the moon come here to do them honour; and they clothe themselves with gold and azure, and purple, deeper than the Tyrian, to receive their celestial guests.

High up here in this blessed solitude there is life, and liberty of heart, and sacred peace. No fenced-in space confines me here. I breathe in a domain as wide as the horizon, as high as the planets and the sun. The clouds are my fellow-wanderers here, and enjoy with me the liberal bosom of the air. Their ethereal hills and dales invite my fancy to a real heaven, where I gather all I love around me. Their shadows cover me as they pass over, and I bid them "God speed" as they carry cool showers down to the thirsting land. No miserable moan of want or sickness, no sob of long-breaking hearts, no choked sigh of cheated hope, nor any human woe, alarms me here. I see no loathsome household, plague-stricken with poverty, and festering in filth, despised of men, and famishing into horrors and crime: no form of woman (black shame before God!) wading in fetid rags through mire and snow, with those awful human (!) children of hers, debased as the swine with whom they sleep (for charity!) and on whom the

rich man looks—poor unreckoning fool!—and never pauses to think and tremble.

Here the wild bee sings among the rich fragrance of the heather-bells and thyme, gathering pure honey, fresh from the breath of the immediate sunrise. The larks have their nests among the heath by thousands, and make the whole mountain musical. Many strange insects, born and dying in the hour, that live on dew-drops, buzz by, and a thousand unknown creatures, gifted with voice, inhabiting small twigs in labyrinths of greenest moss, join in the hymn. The invisible wind, like a ruler of the strings, pours in a sovereign master-note that blends in all one solemn harmony, filling the air till the valleys sing for joy.

Here is Solitude, unforced, and free as the wandering wind. Here is peace like the summer life of untrodden blossoms. Here is a lofty quiet as of the dreams of the heart over its holy memories. Here are everlasting rocks, steadfast as honour, and true. Here is wealth for Fancy, and a dwelling for Imagination. Wide and far as the peaks can seek the heavens, there is no place for Envy or Hate, where the glens are vocal, and the holy silence compels the heart to adoration, making a haven for religion among the mighty hills.

What throes of central agony heaved up these huge mountains, twisting and folding each into each away as far as the eye can follow! What pangs and convulsions at the heart! What startling from chaotic trance, long before man or his mammoth ancestors, at the creative song of some wandering star-messenger, millions of years upon its way!

My heart enlarges here, and recognises an aerial amity with the sky. I am filled with celestial promptings. I shake off all incumbrance of the earth. I stretch out my arms to the blue heaven, and its breath comes into my bosom as a friend. The stir of humanity is dumb beneath me. I leap among the heathy knolls. I sing beside the infant rivers. I shout, and hear answers from the lurking echoes, like the mysterious voices of infinite years. I drink in unused air with

"Fair creatures of the element,  
That in the colours of the rainbow live,  
And play 't the plighted clouds."

I stand wrapt in mute visions, growing into the majesty of the mountains. I spurn Decay and Time. I share the enduring strength, and carry lightly the burden of centuries.

The mountains swell up around me like a sea with billows. My footfall is inaudible, and I fleet to and fro like the unbodied soul of a great poet that makes the worlds it sees. There are no furrows on this soil: the curse has not fallen here. The sweat of the brow has not dropped here, nor aught save the rain and the dew of heaven. I am still nearer to the angels, and my spirit begins to put forth unaccustomed wings.

The ancient gods still linger here, and Antiquity has not yet grown old. The world has not yet heard "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," nor has Paul yet preached. Here I am a devout Pagan. I am the friend of Plato; I remember the voice of Socrates. I worship the Gods reverently, and have come up hither with sacrifice according to the voice of the oracle.

I have drunk with the muses at this fountain. Here, under the hanging ivy from the rock, I behold the real Castaly; and wherever the stream may wander, it will carry music on its way from divinest voices. From this clump I have listened to Apollo teaching the shepherds. Yea, I feel my veins tingling with a more celestial liquor; I own invulnerable limbs, and am myself a God!

It was not Mercury, but I, who passed swiftly down your green declivity with feathered feet, and away over the hill-tops like the shadow of a cloud. Those cattle brouching in the thicket, far down the ravine, I stole from Pieria. I bear the imperial mandates, and the breeze carries the sound of my eloquence through all the forests.

But I aspire to loftier seats. This is the high Olympus; Saturn is baffled, and immortal Jove laughs at the terrible prophecies of the enduring Titan. Let him rend his rivets. Let him melt the heart of Caucasus, or appease the Vulture! Would that I could as easily escape the reproaches of Juno, or overcome Danaë! But it shall rain gold to-morrow in her lap, and Leda shall fondle in her snowier bosom a snowy swan. Meanwhile let the nectar be poured! The laughing gods surround me, and I know immortal vigour. How Mercury jeered at the grinning Vulcan erewhile as he writhed his iron sinews, when I held him over the edge of heaven! Here I compel the clouds around me: I sit throned, and thunder.

Lo! to my ears comes up a solemn strain, and the Eagle shrieks and flies. The thunderbolt withers from my hand:—

"The Oracles are dumb;  
No voice or hideous hum  
Runs through the archéd roof with words deceiving;  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,  
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;  
No nightly trance, or breathéd spell,  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest in his prophetic cell."

A louder thunder has been heard than Jove's. There is a mountain more venerable than Olympus. Moses went up there to talk with God, and came down with the brightness of the sun in his countenance that could not be looked upon, bearing in his hand an eternal law. That thunder still echoes which shook Babylon, and quelled the Assyrian. The Persian rolled away before it like a cloud, The Egyptian, Greek, and Roman, have fled from it for ever.

But a greater than Moses has made the mountains holy. A greater hierophant opened up there the law and the prophets. On a mountain Satan confessed his conqueror. Who shall conceive of that tremendous hour, pregnant with the fate of man, when "Jesus went up alone into the mountain to pray!" And we know what deed was done on Calvary.

#### APOLOGUES AND FABLES FROM FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

(Translated for the Irish Penny Journal.)

##### No. V.—THE OLD MAN AND THE YOUTHS.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF LAFONTAINE.)

A man of eighty years was planting trees:—  
"Ha! ha!" laughed out three striplings from the village,  
"Planting at eighty!—Had his task been tillage,  
Or building houses, or aught else you please,  
The folly might have passed as less worth noting,  
But—planting trees! He must indeed be doting!  
Why, in the name of all that's odd, old neighbour,  
What fruit can such as you expect to gather  
From this ridiculous and driftless labour?  
You, who already are a great-grandfather!  
What! do you think to rival in his years  
Methuselah? For shame! Do penance rather  
For your past errors! Mourn your sins with tears!  
Abandon hopes and plans that so ill suit your  
Age and grey hairs! Give over looking wildly  
Out through the vista of a boundless future!  
All these are but for us, and such as we."

"They are not even for you," replied the Old Man mildly.  
"Youth may be just as nigh Eternity  
As Age. What though the pitfalls of Existence  
Be covered o'er with flowers in lieu of snows,  
Who shall foremeasure the brief distance  
Between this dim dream's birth and close?  
The wingéd bolts of Death are swift to strike  
Life in its dawning as decline;  
The pallid Parcsé play their game alike  
With your days and with mine.  
Who knows which of us four shall be the one  
To gaze last on the glory of the sun?  
Molest me not, then. Leave me to employ  
The hours that yet remain to me. I love  
To think my great-grandchildren will enjoy  
The shade and shelter of this embryo grove.  
Meantime I live, I breathe, and I may even  
Share for some years to come the gifts of Heaven.  
Alas! even I may see the morning-light  
Shine more than once, young men! upon your graves!"  
The Old Man spake a truth which Time revealed:—  
Boating soon after, on a stormy night,  
One of these youths was buried in the waves—  
A second was cut off upon the battle-field—  
The third fell ill, and in four fleeting weeks  
His bier was dressed with Death's pale plumes;—  
So died the Three—thus early fated!  
And while the tears rolled down his cheeks,  
The Old Man sculptured on their tombs  
The story I have here narrated. M.

Learning, it has been said, may be an instrument of fraud: so may bread, if discharged from the mouth of a cannon, be an instrument of death.—*Bentham.*

#### THE SNUFF SHOP.

Few, we dare say, ever entered a shop of the description named in the title of this paper with any other idea than that they were entering merely a repository of Lundy Foot, cigars, and small twist. Few, we suppose, ever looked on such a place in any other light, or ever considered its keeper in any other point of view than that simply of a tobacconist. Yet is there another light, and a dismal one it is, in which both the snuff shop and the snuff dealer himself may be looked upon; and it is in such a light that we ourselves always do look upon them. This is, viewing the one as a charnel-house of defunct authors; the other as a goul, battenning on their mortal remains. We sometimes vary this horrifying, but, alas! too correct view of the snuff shop and the snuff dealer, by supposing the one a sort of literary shambles or slaughter-house, and the other a cold-blooded, merciless literary butcher.

Taking either of these views of the snuff shop, what a change takes place in its aspect, and in that of every thing and person pertaining to it! What a dismal and hideous den it then becomes, and what a truculent, savage-looking fiend becomes that smiling and simpering tobacconist! No bowels of compassion has he for the mangled and mutilated authors that are lying thick around him, cruelly Burked by his own merciless hands. No; there he sits in the midst of the dire carnage as calm and unconcerned as if he had nothing whatever to do with it—the callous monster!

Pursuing the idea just broached, let us enter this horrid den, and for a moment contemplate its interior in a spirit in accordance with that idea; for, not being authors, we have nothing to fear for ourselves, it being that class only that need stand in awe of the snuff shop—to all others it is a harmless place enough.

Lo! then, behold (giving us the advantage here of a little stretch of imagination), the walls bespattered with the blood and brains of murdered authors; and see that blood-stained bench which the demon of the place calls a counter; and in various other depositories around lie their dismembered limbs and mangled carcasses. Oh, it is a shocking and heart-rending sight!

Some of these unfortunates have evidently died hard: they have the appearance of having struggled desperately for life. But, alas, in vain! An irresistible destiny thrust them into the fatal snuff shop, where they perished quickly and miserably by the hand of the ruthless savage within. Others, again, seem to have quietly resigned themselves to their fate, and, indeed, to have been more than half dead before they were brought in; while others, again, appear to have been wholly defunct, having died a natural death. These, then, have been conveyed thither merely to be cut up, and converted to the degrading uses of the tobacconist.

Although some of the unhappy authors whose mangled remains strew this den of horrors seem to have attained a kind of maturity before they were cruelly torn to pieces as we now see them, by far the greater number are a sort of murdered innocents, having been strangled in their birth, or shortly after. A good many there are, too, who seem to have been dead born, or to have perished while yet in embryo.

Piteous as it is to look on the heavy, sturdy corpses of the murdered prose writers that lie thickly up and down this chamber of death, yet infinitely more piteous is it to contemplate the delicate, fragile forms of the poets thus cruelly mangled and mutilated that lie no less thickly around us. Poor dear, unfledged things! What a fate has been thine!—what a destiny, to be consigned, ere ye had yet opportunity to open your little musical throats, to the tender mercies of that literary Burke—that ruthless monster whom the world, thinking of him only in connection with cigars and pigtail, calls a tobacconist. Where now, sweet little humming birds, be those soft and tender notes with which ye sought, alas, how vainly! to charm the huge, rude ear of an uncouth and barbarous world that would not listen to ye? Alas, they have ceased for ever! How little does that savage, the demon of the place, mind your sweet, small voices, that give forth a piteous wail, like the last notes of the dying swan, every time he lays his merciless hands on you. Little, indeed! Let but a customer come in for half an ounce of "Blackguard," and he will, without the smallest hesitation or compunction, seize one of you, dear unfortunates, and tear you limb from limb for his own and that customer's convenience: ay, for a paltry three half-pence, mayhap less—a pennyworth of "Scotch"—will he perpetrate this atrocious deed. That sanguinary bench, that hor-

rid counter, is strewn over with your slim carcasses and fragile limbs; and your murderer is hanging over your mutilated remains, laughing and chatting and joking with his customers as pleasantly and unconcernedly as if you were so much waste paper. Oh, it is atrocious!

Such, then, dear reader, is the light—a terrible one, indeed, but as thou wilt acknowledge, we have no doubt, a correct one—in which we look upon snuff shops, which, as thou well knowest, have long lain, and not unjustly, under the stigma of being fatal to authors. If thou art one, pray, then, eschew it; for if thou dost once enter its dismal portals, thou wilt never, never more be heard of in this world! C.

## ANIMAL TAMING.

### SECOND AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

In my last paper on the taming of animals, I treated the subject generally rather than in detail. It is probable that the curious reader may not be displeased to learn a little more of the mode of keeping and domesticating wild and savage animals, as well as the methods to be adopted in order to bring together fierce animals of different species, and induce them to occupy the same cage in peace and harmony, and without danger of contention. It is, as will be at once recognised, this latter circumstance which renders the exhibitions of Van Amburgh and his rivals as wonderful as they are; it being a far easier matter to reconcile a lion or a tiger to yourself, and even familiarize it to the furthest possible degree, than it is to induce the tiger and the lion to consort together, and refrain from engaging in deadly conflict.

Let us suppose, for the sake of illustration of the mode which should be adopted to tame two or more animals, that you are made a present of a lion and a tiger. If the animals be very young, you will have very little trouble with them for a long time—none, indeed, beyond the necessity of attending to their health, for the larger felines are difficult to be reared; but as they grow older, they will be very apt to quarrel between themselves; wounds will be given and received, and the death or maiming of either, or perhaps of both, will pretty speedily result. To guard against any unpleasantness of this nature, it should be your business the instant you receive the animals to commence operations. Let them be kept at first far apart; for it is not advisable, as their dispositions may be very different, that one should be witness of the severity you may be compelled to exercise towards the other. This done, take, according to the animals' ages, a stout cane, a supplejack, or an iron rod. If the creatures be very young, that is, under three months, or perhaps four, the cane will be sufficient. If greater, or from that to half grown, you will require the supplejack, and let it be thicker at one end than at the other. For a half-grown animal the iron rod will be absolutely necessary, and it must be of sufficient weight that a blow of it on the skull may be sufficient to produce a temporary insensibility—the only chance you will have of escape, should the fierce brutes at any time take it into their heads to rebel.

Having thus provided yourself with arms offensive, you must be equally cautious as to your costume. That must be of strong material, hard, and fitting close. You must have no loose flapping skirts, no open jackets. All must be tight, and buttoned closely to the body. An under-waistcoat (sleeved) of strong buff, with a stout pea-jacket over it, leather or corduroy breeches, and top boots, is about the best dress for the experimentalist in animal taming that I can suggest at this moment. The reason—for I like to give a reason for everything I recommend—of this necessity for a firm, tight-fitting dress, is, that if a wild animal, although to all appearance perfectly domesticated, chances even in play to get his claws fastened in your clothes, the sensation of seizing upon prey involuntarily presents itself to his imagination. The accidental entanglement is succeeded by a plunge of the claws, the jaws are brought into requisition, and your life is by no means in a safe position. Hence the necessity for tight dress.

Thus accoutred, with your rod in your hand, and, if the animal be more than half grown, a brace of pistols in your breast—the one loaded with ball, the other with powder, upon which a quantity of tow has been crammed down—approach the cage of the young animal which you design to tame. I commence with this stage of the process, because I presume that you have already rendered your protégé sufficiently familiar by feeding and caressing it through the bars, and by spending some time each day in its company. I presume

therefore that it has already begun to recognise your appearance, and to come over to your hand when called, as well as to permit you to stroke and pat it, without attempting to bite you. Approach the cage, hold in your left hand a heavy cloak or blanket wrapped round your hand and arm; let there be two assistants near at hand, and a small stove in which half a dozen iron rods are heating; let the door of the cage be a real door, opening upon hinges, and shutting with a good and deeply-notched latch—not a sliding door, as such a mode of entering the cage might be as much as your life was worth. Speak kindly to the animal, and caress it through the bars of its cage ere you enter, or the suddenness of your entrance may irritate or alarm it, and thus induce it to attack you. Your costume should likewise by no means have been put on for the first time. You should have dressed in a similar manner during all your former visits, so that your intended pet might be acquainted with your appearance. Let a platform be erected outside the cage, to its level, and ascend this, where stand a few minutes, boldly caressing and speaking to the animal. Then throw open the door, enter with a firm and resolute step, push the door behind you, but see that you do not for an instant remove your eyes from those of the animal you are visiting. Do not advance from the door; stand near the bars of the cage, that you may have a better chance of escape, and may be more readily assisted by your attendants in the event of an attack. Speak kindly towards the animal, and if it, as it most likely will, comes over to you, fear nothing, but stretch forth your hand and caress it. The creature will then probably purr, and rub against you. Permit it to do so, and encourage it in its familiarity; but if it offer to play with you, repress such disposition with firmness; and if you perceive that the animal is bent on frolic, leave the cage at once, for it is unsafe longer to remain, the play of these savage creatures always leading to mischief, just as the cat sports with the captured mouse ere she gives it the finishing blow, and burles it in her maw. Repress, therefore, every attempt to play. Use your rod freely and severely. Do so not merely for a grievous fault, but for the most distant appearance of insubordination. Let your corrections be terrible when you do inflict them, and you will have to repeat them so much the less frequently. Some, and Van Amburgh I believe among the rest, are in favour of beating the animals every morning, whether they deserve such chastisement or not, just by way of keeping up a salutary awe of their masters. I object to this, as I conceive it to be both cruel and unnecessary. If animals are of an unruly disposition, and require frequent correction, I should rather recommend that they should be visited every morning, and an opportunity of misbehaving themselves thus afforded, when indeed a good thrashing might be administered with much greater justice. Never display either timidity or ill-humour. The former will make the animals despise your menaces, and perhaps give you a bite or a claw—the latter will cause them to hate you, to regard you as a tyrant, and probably seize on the first favourable opportunity for your destruction. Be just, therefore, in your punishments, and do not be too familiar. Never for an instant permit any animal to make too free with you. Recollect the old copybook adage, "Familiarity breeds contempt;" and recollect that if a young lion or a tiger so far forgets himself as to despise your authority, you will stand a fair chance of being torn to pieces some fine morning, and devoured for their breakfast.

I conceive that the preceding rapidly sketched hints will serve as a sufficient ground-work for the animal-tamer to act upon. He must not be discouraged if he do not succeed at first, and he must be satisfied to take time, and persevere. Without this he need not hope for success.

The animal-tamer must be fearless—such a thing as terror must be a feeling wholly foreign to his soul. He must be as brave as a lion: for how can he otherwise hope to subdue the bravest of the animal creation? I have said "bravest," and so let the word stand; but I was perhaps led to employ the expression rather from popular prejudice, than from a conviction of its truth. The feline tribes are very powerful and very fierce animals, but they are by no means brave. A bulldog has more courage in his pigmy body, than exists in the prodigious carcasses of a dozen lions or tigers. Let the animal-tamer recollect this, and the knowledge of this fact will probably encourage him. To give a case in point:—I was once endeavouring to make friends with the tigress in the Zoological Gardens, Phoenix Park—a beautiful animal, subsequently purchased from the Zoological Society by the proprietors of the Pertobelle

Gardens, and since unfortunately dead. I had got so far as to be able to stroke the creature on the head and back, and even to open her mouth with my hand, and leave it within her terrible jaws. This I did on my third visit to her, in presence of the animal's keeper. One day I was alone with the tigress, and my hand was upon her neck: she with equal good nature had placed her enormous paw upon my shoulder, and was purring in a most affectionate manner, when a sudden noise from one of the other animals caused me to start; instantly the paw was brought down upon my arm with some violence, and before I could extricate my hand, Kate, as the tigress was called, had closed her teeth upon the limb, which she held firmly, though as yet uninjured. I strove to withdraw my hand, but to no purpose. I felt in a most uncomfortable position, reader, for I feared that I should lose a very useful member of my frame: it was my *right* hand. Had I lost it, I should have been unable to have written this or any of the other papers I have given you. The teeth of the tigress became more and more firmly closed, and my efforts to disengage my hand were unavailing; I called for assistance, but no one was within hearing; when, calling courage and resolution to my aid, I bethought me of my own principles, and, raising my other hand, dealt Kate as severe a blow as I was able with my clenched fist upon her nose. The experiment was successful. The animal, at once releasing my hand, sprang with an angry howl to the opposite side of her cage, from which in a few moments she returned cowering and submissive, apparently eager to regain that portion of my good opinion that she seemed conscious of having forfeited.

If, then, you are attacked, act with promptness and decision. Use your rod freely; but if you find yourself in danger, employ your pistol, not, however, that loaded with ball (reserve it as a last resource, when there is nought else between you and death), but that loaded only with powder and tow; fire it into the animal's face, and I think there is no doubt but it will afford you ample time for escape; nay, it may in all likelihood render you conqueror; and if you perceive that the shock has terrified your assailant, hand the pistol to be re-loaded by an assistant, while you advance and finish with your rod what the pistol began. If you be seized and overpowered, let your attendants use the heated irons; they should be of a sufficient length to reach to any part of the cage, and should be applied to the nose and mouth. They will generally be found successful in turning the current of affairs.

Ere taking leave of my readers, I must say a few words as to introducing animals of different species to each other. A very brief notice, comprised under one or two heads, will suffice. First, let *each* animal be perfectly and individually under your control. Secondly, do not put the strangers into the same cage all at once, but put them into a cage partitioned by an iron railing, in which leave them for a few weeks, until you begin to perceive that they have made each other's acquaintance, and may be trusted together; and do you enter the cage with them when first brought together, and visit the least symptom of hostility with instant and effective chastisement. They should not at first be left together entirely, but only for an hour or two each day while it is convenient to you to attend. By and by, when they become sufficiently familiarized, you need be under no apprehension. When two animals have been brought together, it will be comparatively easy and safe to introduce a third, then a fourth, and so on; the safety increasing in proportion to their numbers. Make it also your business to select your animals with judgment. To an old leopard introduce a young lion, for instance, because the leopard will, in consequence of the youth of his new acquaintance, crow over him, and aid you in subduing him. This advantage, to be gained by observing dissimilarity of ages, is by no means to be overlooked, as it is a powerful agent in the work of domestication and association of the different species of animals. When one animal is of a timid kind—the natural prey probably of the other, which latter is fierce and powerful—you have nothing to do but to make the more powerful animal *afraid* of its timid and defenceless companion. This may be done in various modes, just as the time or opportunities may suggest. A simple illustration may serve. Take a young cat and put her into a cage. Take a rat's or a mouse's skin, and fill it with hot scalding bran; throw it to the cat, and when she runs at it, take hold of her and thrust the hot skin into her mouth; keep it there for a minute till she is well burned, and you have rendered that cat ever afterwards harmless towards mice, at least towards such as you may introduce to her; a wild one which she met with at large might fare differently,

though I hardly think she would even attempt to injure it. Treat a bird-skin in this manner, and, after the scalding, tie it for a while around puss's neck, and you have secured your aviary from molestation. Sometimes the first experiment of this kind is not successful. When such is the case, however, be not disheartened, but repeat it; and one or two such infusions cannot fail being effective. You may thus have cats, rats, mice, birds, &c. &c. all in one cage; a curiosity I have often beheld, and which I have myself succeeded in forming in the manner I have described.

Let not the reader who may endeavour to put the above rules in practice be disheartened by a little difficulty at starting. The power of nature is strong, and it is not until after a long and severe course of training that art can expect to overcome it. Let, therefore, the experimenter ever bear in mind the extraordinary force of nature, and the vast labour necessary to keep it in abeyance; and in order that he should do so, I shall tell him the following anecdote:—

“Cecco maintained that nature was more potent than art, while Dante asserted the contrary. To prove his principle the great Italian bard referred to his cat, which by repeated practice he had taught to hold a candle in its paw while he supped or read. Cecco desired to witness the experiment, and came not unprepared for his purpose. When Dante's cat was performing its part, Cecco lifted up the lid of a pot which he had filled with mice; the creature of art instantly showed the weakness of a talent merely acquired, and, dropping the candle, sprang on the mice with all its instinctive propensity. Dante was himself disconcerted; and it was adjudged that the advocate for the occult principle of natural faculties had gained his cause.” Bear this anecdote therefore in mind. Do not forget the power of natural instinct, even over the most careful artificial training; and let it be your anxious care to keep far distant every circumstance that might provoke the awakening of the one, or tend to shake or to subvert the influence of the other.

This short sketch has, I trust, given my readers an insight into the mode by which Van Amburgh and his rivals perform their wonders; and I can assure them, that by following the principles I have here laid down, they may themselves, if they choose, equal in their own private menageries the performances of those public exhibitors.

H. D. R.

**PHILOSOPHY.**—Philosophy can add to our happiness in no other manner but by diminishing our misery: it should not pretend to increase our present stock, but make us economists of what we are possessed of. The great source of calamity lies in regret or anticipation; he therefore is most wise who thinks of the present alone, regardless of the past or future. This is impossible to a man of pleasure; it is difficult to the man of business, and is in some degree attainable by the philosopher. Happy were we all born philosophers—all born with a talent of thus dissipating our own cares by spreading them upon all mankind.—*Goldsmith*.

There are but two means in the world of gaining by other men—by being either agreeable or useful.

Artificial modesty disparages a woman's real virtue as much as the use of paint does the natural complexion.

It is a common fault never to be satisfied with our fortune, nor dissatisfied with our understanding.—*Rochefoucault*.

A prison is a grave to bury men alive.—*Mynshul*.

A titled nobility is the most undisputed progeny of feudal barbarism.—*Sir James Mackintosh*.

The worst people are the most injured by slander; as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.—*Swift*.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor, an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.—*Shenstone*.

There is not greater difference between the living and the dead, than between a wise man and a blockhead.—*Aristotle*.

A man who has good judgment has the same advantage over men of any other qualifications whatsoever, as one that can see would have over a blind man of ten times the strength.—*Steele*.

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VOLUME I.



## THE IRISH MIDWIFE.—PART II.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

THE village of Ballycoomaisy was as pleasant a little place as one might wish to see of a summer's day. To be sure, like all other Irish villages, it was remarkable for a superfluity of "pigs, praties, and childre," which being the stock in trade of an Irish cabin, it is to be presumed that very few villages either in Ireland or elsewhere could go on properly without them. It consisted principally of one long street, which you entered from the north-west side by one of those old-fashioned bridges, the arches of which were much more akin to the Gothic than the Roman. Most of the houses were of mud, a few of stone, one or two of which had the honour of being slated on the front side of the roof, and rustically thatched on the back, where ostentation was not necessary. There were two or three shops, a liberal sprinkling of public-houses, a chapel a little out of the town, and an old dilapida-

ted market-house near the centre. A few little bye-streets projected in a lateral direction from the main one, which was terminated on the side opposite to the north-west by a pound, through which, as usual, ran a shallow stream, that was gathered into a little gutter as it crossed the road. A crazy antiquated mill, all covered and cobwebbed with grey mealy dust, stood about a couple of hundred yards out of the town, to which two straggling rows of houses, that looked like an abortive street, led you. This mill was surrounded by a green common, which was again hemmed in by a fine river, that ran round in a curving line from under the hunchbacked arch of the bridge we mentioned at the beginning. Now, a little behind, or rather above this mill, on the skirt of the aforesaid common, stood a rather neat-looking whitish cabin, with about half a rood of garden behind it. It was but

small, and consisted merely of a sleeping-room and kitchen. On one side of the door there was a window, opening on hinges; and on the outside, to the right as you entered the house, there was placed a large stone, about four feet high, backed by a sloping mound of earth, so graduated as to allow a person to ascend the stone without any difficulty. In this cabin lived Rose Moan, the Midwife; and we need scarcely inform our readers that the stone in question was her mounting-stone, by which she was enabled to place herself on pillion or crupper, as the case happened, when called out upon her usual avocation.

Rose was what might be called a *flahoolagh*, or portly woman, with a good-humoured set of Milesian features; that is to say, a pair of red, broad cheeks, a well-set nose, allowing for the disposition to turn up, and two black twinkling eyes, with a mellow expression that betokened good nature, and a peculiar description of knowing professional humour that is never to be met with in any but a Midwife. Rose was dressed in a red flannel petticoat, a warm cotton sack or wrapper, which pinned easily over a large bust, and a comfortable woollen shawl. She always wore a long-bordered morning cap, over which, while travelling, she pinned a second shawl of Scotch plaid; and to protect her from the cold night air, she enfolded her precious person in a deep blue cloak of the true indigo tint. On her head, over cloak and shawl and morning cap, was fixed a black "splush hat," with the leaf strapped down by her ears on each side, so that in point of fact she cared little how it blew, and never once dreamed that such a process as that of Raper or Mackintosh was necessary to keep the liege subjects of these realms warm and waterproof, nor that two systems should exist in Ireland so strongly antithetical to each other as those of Raper and Father Mathew.

Having thus given a brief sketch of her local habitation and personal appearance, we shall transfer our readers to the house of a young new-married farmer named Kebo, who lived in a distant part of the parish. Kebo was a comfortable fellow, full of good nature and credulity; but his wife happened to be one of the sharpest, meanest, most suspicious, and miserable devils that ever was raised in good-humoured Ireland. Her voice was as sharp and her heart as cold as an icicle; and as for her tongue, it was incessant and interminable. Were it not that her husband, who, though good-natured, was fiery and resolute when provoked, exercised a firm and salutary control over her, she would have starved both him and her servants into perfect skeletons. And what was still worse, with a temper that was vindictive and tyrannical, she affected to be religious, and upon those who did not know her, actually attempted to pass herself off as a saint.

One night, about ten or twelve months after his marriage, honest Corny Keho came out to the barn, where slept his two farm servants, named Phil Hannigan and Barny Casey. He had been sitting by himself, composing his mind for a calm night's sleep, or probably for a certain lecture, by taking a contemplative whiff of the pipe, when the servant wench, with a certain air of hurry, importance, and authority, entered the kitchen, and informed him that Rose Moan must immediately be sent for.

"The mistress isn't well, Mather, an' the sooner she's sint for, the better. So mind my words, sir, if you please, an' pack aff either Phil or Barny for Rose Moan, an' I hope I won't have to ax it again—hem!"

Dandy Keho—for so Corny was called, as being remarkable for his slovenliness—started up hastily, and having taken the pipe out of his mouth, was about to place it on the hob; but reflecting that the whiff could not much retard him in the delivery of his orders, he sallied out to the barn, and knocked.

"Who's there? Lave that, wid you, unless you wish to be shotted." This was followed by a loud laugh from within.

"Boys, get up wid all haste: it's the mistress. Phil, saddle Hollowback and fly—(puff)—fly in a jiffy for Rose Moan; an' do you, Barny, clap a back-sugaun—(puff)—an' Sobersides, an' be aff for the Misthress's mother—(puff)."

Both were dressing themselves before he had concluded, and in a very few minutes were off in different directions, each according to the orders he had received. With Barny we have nothing to do, unless to say that he lost little time in bringing Mrs Keho's mother to her aid; but as Phil is gone for a much more important character, we beg our readers to

return with us to the cabin of Rose Moan, who is now fast asleep; for it is twelve o'clock of a beautiful moonlight night in the pleasant month of August. Tap-tap. "Is Mrs Moan at home?" In about half a minute her warm good-looking face, enveloped in flannel, is protruded from the window.

"Who's that, in God's name?" The words in italics were added, lest the message might be one from the fairies.

"I'm Dandy Keho's servant—one of them, at any rate—an' my Misthress has got a stitch in her side—ha! ha! ha!"

"Aisy, avick—so, she's down, thin—aisy—I'll be wid you like a bow out of an arrow. Put your horse over to 'the stone,' an' have him ready. The Lord bring her over her difficulties, any way, amin!"

She then pulled in her head, and in about three or four minutes sallied out, dressed as we have described her; and having placed herself on the crupper, coolly put her right arm round Phil's body, and desired him to ride on with all possible haste.

"Push an, avouchal, push an—time's precious at all times, but on business like this every minute is worth a life. But there's always one comfort, that God is marcfiful. Push forrid, avick."

"Never fear, Mrs Moan. If it's in Hollowback, bedad I'm the babe that'll take it out of him. Come, ould Hackball, trot out—you don't know the message you're an, nor who you're carryin'."

"Isn't your misthress—manin' the Dandy's wife—a daughter of ould Fitzy Finnegan's, the schrew of Glendhu?"

"Faith, you may say that, Rose, as we all know to our oost. Be me song, she does have us sometimes that you might see through us; an' only for the mather—but, dang it, no matter—she's down now, poor woman, an' it's not just the time to be rakin' up her failins."

"It is not, an' God mark you to grace for sayin' so. At a time like this we must forget every thing, only to do the best we can for our fellow-creatures. What are you lookin' at, avick?"

Now, this question naturally arose from the fact that honest Phil had been, during their short conversation, peering keenly on each side of him, as if he expected an apparition to rise from every furze-bush on the common. The truth is, he was almost proverbial for his terror of ghosts and fairies, and all supernatural visitants whatever; but upon this occasion his fears arose to a painful height, in consequence of the popular belief, that, when a midwife is sent for, the Good People throw every possible obstruction in her way, either by laming the horse, if she rides, or by disqualifying the guide from performing his duty as such. Phil, however, felt ashamed to avow his fears on these points, but still could not help unconsciously turning the conversation to the very topic he ought to have avoided.

"What war you looking at, avick?"

"Why, bedad, there appeared something there beyant, like a man, only it was darker. But be this and be that—hem, ehem!—if I could get my hands on him, whatsomever he!"

"Hushth, boy, hould your tongue: you don't know but it's the very word you war goin' to say might do us harm."

"—Whatsomever he is, that I'd give him a lift on Hollowback if he happened to be any poor fellow that stood in need of it. Oh! the sorra word I was goin' to say against any thing or any body."

"You're right, dear. If you knew as much as I could tell you—push an—you'd have a dhrop o' sweat at the ind of every hair on your head."

"Be my song, I'm tould you know a power o' quare things, Mrs Moan; an' if all that's said is thrue, you sartinly do."

Now, had Mrs Moan and her heroic guide passed through the village of Ballycomaisy, the latter would not have felt his fears so strong upon him. The road, however, along which they were now going was a grass-grown *bokeean*, that led them from behind her cabin through a waste and lonely part of the country; and as it was a saving of better than two miles in point of distance, Mrs Moan would not hear of their proceeding by any other direction. The tenor of her conversation, however, was fast bringing Phil to the state she so graphically and pithily described.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Phil Hannigan, a son of fat Phil's of Balnasaggart, an' a cousin to Paddy who lost a finger in the Gansy (Guernsey) wars."

"I know. Well, Phil, in throth the hairs 'ud stand like

stalks o' barley upon your head, if you heard all I could mention."

Phil instinctively put his hand up and pressed down his hat, as if it had been disposed to fly from off his head.

"Hem! ahem! Why, I'm tould it's wonderful. But is it thrue, Mrs Moan, that you have been brought on *business* to some o' the"—here Phil looked about him cautiously, and lowered his voice to a whisper—"to some o' the fairy women?"

"Hush, man alive—what the sorra tempted you to call them anything but the Good People? This day's Thursday—God stand betune us an' harm. No, Phil, I name nobody. But there was a woman, a midwife—mind, avick, that I don't say *who* she was—may be I know why too, an' may be it would be as much as my life is worth"—

"Aisey, Mrs Moan! God preserve us! what is that tall thing there to the right!"—and he commenced the Lord's Prayer in Irish as fast as he could get out the words.

"Why, don't you see, boy, its a fir-tree, but sorra movin' it's movin'."

"Ay, faix, an' so it is; bedad I thought it was gettin' taller an' taller. Ay!—hut! it is only a tree."

"Well, dear, there was a woman, an' she was called away one night by a little gentleman dressed in green. I'll tell you the story some time—only this, that havin' done her *duty*, an' tuck no payment, she was called out the same night to a neighbour's wife, an' a purtier boy you couldn't see than she left behind her. But it seems she happened to touch one of his eyes wid a hand that had a taste of *their panado* an it; an' as the child grew up, every one wonderher to hear him speak of the multitudes o' thim that he seen in all directions. Well, my dear, he kept never sayin' anything to them until one day when he was in the fair of Ballycomaisy, that he saw them whippin' away meal and cotton and butther, an' everything that they thought serviceable to them; so you see he could hould in no longer, an' says he to a little fellow that was very active an' thievish among them, 'Why div you take what doesn't belong to you?' says he. The little fellow looked up at him"—

"God be about us, Rose, what is that white thing goin' along the ditch to the left of us?"

"It's a sheep, don't you see? Faix, I believe you're cowardly at night."

"Ay, faix, an' so it is, but it looked very quare somehow."

"—An' says he, 'How do you know that?' 'Bekase I see you all,' says the other. 'An' which eye do you see us all wid?' says he again. 'Why, wid the left,' says the boy. Wid that he gave a short whiff of a blast up into the eye, an' from that day not a stime the poor boy was never able to see wid it. No, Phil, I did not say it was *myself*—I named *nobody*."

"An', Mrs Moan, is it thrue that you can put the dughgaughs upon them that trate their wives badly?"

"Whisht, Phil. When you marry, keep your timper—that's all.—You knew long Ned Donnelly?"

"Ay, bedad, sure enough; there was quare things said about"—"Push an, avick, push an; for who knows how some of us is wanted? You have a good masher, I believe, Phil? It's poison the same Ned would give me if he could. Push an, dear."

Phil felt that he had got his answer. The abrupt mystery of her manner and her curt allusions left him little indeed to guess at. In this way did the conversation continue, Phil feloniously filching, as he thought, from her own lips, a corroboration of the various knowledge and extraordinary powers which she was believed to possess, and she ingeniously feeding his credulity, merely by enigmatical hints and masked allusions; for although she took care to affirm nothing directly or personally of herself, yet did she contrive to answer him in such a manner as to confirm every report that had gone abroad of the strange purposes she could effect.

"Phil, wasn't there an uncle o' yours up in the Mountain Bar that didn't live happily for some time wid his wife?"

"I believe so, Rose; but it was before my time, or any way when I was only a young shaver."

"An' did you ever hear how the reconciliation came betune them?"

"No, bedad," replied Phil, "I never did; an' that's no wonder, for it was a thing they never liked to spake of."

"Throth, it's thrue for you, boy. Well, I brought about—Push an, dear, push an.—They're as happy a couple now as breaks bread, any way, and that's all they wanted."

"I'd wager a thirteen it was you did that, Rose."

"Hut, gorsoon, hould your tongue. Sure they're happy now, I say, whosomever did it. I named nobody, nor I take

no pride to myself, Phil, out o' sich things. Some people's gifted above others, an' that's all. But, Phil?"

"Well, ma'am?"

"How does the Dandy an' his scald of a wife agree? for, throth, I'm tould she's nothing else."

"Faix, but middlin' itself. As I tould you, she often nas us as empty as a paper lantern, wid divil a thing but the light of a good conscience inside of us. If we *pray* ourselves, be-gorra she'll take care we'll have the *fastin'* at first cost; so that you see, ma'am, we hould a devout situation undher her."

"An' so that's the way wid you?"

"Ay, the downright throth, an' no mistake. Why, the strabouth she makes would run nine miles along a deal boord, an' scald a man at the far end of it."

"Throth, Phil, I never like to go next or near sich women or sich places, but for the sake o' the innocent we must forget the guilty. So push an, avick, push an. Who knows but it's life an' death wid us? Have you ne'er a spur on?"

"The divil a spur I tuck time to wait for."

"Well, afther all, it's not right to let a messenger come for a woman like me, widout what is called the *Midwife's Spur*—a spur in the head—for it has long been said that one in the head is worth two in the heel, an' so indeed it is,—on business like this, any way."

"Mrs Moan, do you know the Moriartys of Ballaghmore, ma'am?"

"Which o' them, honey?"

"Mick o' the Esker Beg."

"To be sure I do. A well-favoured dacent family they are, an' full o' the world too, the Lord spare it to them."

"Bedad, they are, ma'am, a well-favoured family. Well, ma'am, isn't it odd, but somehow there's neither man, woman, nor child in the parish but gives you the good word above all the women in it; but as for a midwife, why, I heard my aunt say that if ever mother an' child owended their lives to another, she did her and the babby's to you."

The reader may here perceive that Phil's flattery must have had some peculiar design in it, in connection with the Moriartys, and such indeed was the fact. But we had better allow him to explain matters himself.

"Well, honey, sure that was but my duty; but God be praised for all, for every thing depends on the Man above. She should call in one o' those newfangled women who take out their Dispatches from the Lying-in College in Dublin below; for you see, Phil, there is sich a place there—an' it stands to raison that there should be a *Fondlin' Hospital* beside it, which there is too, they say; but, honey, what are these poor ignorant cratures but *new lights*, every one o' them, that a dacent woman's life isn't safe wid?"

"To be sure, Mrs Moan; an' every one knows they're not to be put in comparishment wid a woman like you, that knows sich a power. But how does it happen, ma'am, that the Moriartys does be spakin' but middlin' of you?"

"Of me, avick?"

"Ay, faix; I'm tould they spread the mouth at you sometimes, espishly when the people does be talkin' about all the quare things you can do."

"Well, well, dear, let them have their laugh—they may laugh that win, you know. Still one doesn't like to be provoked—no indeed."

"Faix, an' Mick Moriarty has a purty daughter, Mrs Moan, an' a purty penny he can give her, by all accounts. The nerra one o' myself but would be glad to put my comedher on her, if I knew how. I hope you find yourself aisey on your sate, ma'am?"

"I do, honey. Let them talk, Phil, let them talk; it may come their turn yet—only I didn't expect it from *them*. You! hut, avick, what chance would you have with Mick Moriarty's daughter?"

"Ay, every chance an' sartinty too, if some one that I know, and that every one that knows her, respects, would only give me a lift. There's no use in comin' about the bush, Mrs Moan—bedad it's yourself I mane. You could do it. An', whisper, betune you and me it would be only *sarvin'* them right, in regard of the way they spake of you—sayin', indeed, an' galivantin' to the world that you know no more than another woman, an' that ould Pol Doolin of Ballymagowan knows oceans more than you do."

This was perhaps as artful a plot as could be laid for engaging the assistance of Mrs Moan in Phil's design upon

\* This term in Ireland means "handsome"—"good-looking."



Moriarty's daughter. He knew perfectly well that she would not, unless strongly influenced, lend herself to any thing of the kind between two persons whose circumstances in life differed so widely as those of a respectable farmer's daughter with a good portion, and a penniless labouring boy. With great adroitness, therefore, he contrived to excite her prejudices against them by the most successful arguments he could possibly use, namely, a contempt for her imputed knowledge, and praise of her rival. Still she was in the habit of acting coolly, and less from impulse than from a shrewd knowledge of the best way to sustain her own reputation, without undertaking too much.

"Well, honey, an' so you wish me to assist you? Maybe I could do it, and maybe—But push an, dear, move him an; we'll think of it, an' spake more about it some other time. I must think of what's afore me now—so move, move, acushla; push an."

Much conversation of the same nature took place between them, in which each bore a somewhat characteristic part; for to say truth, Phil was as knowing a "boy" as you might wish to become acquainted with. In Rose, however, he had a woman of no ordinary shrewdness to encounter; and the consequence was, that each after a little more chat began to understand the other a little too well to render the topic of the Moriartys, to which Phil again reverted, so interesting as it had been. Rose soon saw that Phil was only a *plasthey*, or sweetener, and only "soothered" her for his own purposes; and Phil perceived that Rose understood his tactics too well to render any further tampering with her vanity either safe or successful.

At length they arrived at Dandy Keho's house, and in a moment the Dandy himself took her in his arms, and, placing her gently on the ground, shook hands with and cordially welcomed her. It is very singular, but no less true, that the moment a midwife enters the house of her patient, she always uses the plural number, whether speaking in her own person or in that of the former.

"You're welcome, Rose, an' I'm proud an' happy to see you here, an' it'll make poor Bridget strong, an' give her courage, to know you're near her."

"How are we, Dandy? how are we, avick?"

"Oh, bedad, middlin', wishin' very much for you of coorse, as I hear"

"Well, honey, go away now. I have some words to say afore I go in, that'll sarve us, maybe—a charm it is that has great vartue in it."

The Dandy then withdrew to the barn, where the male portion of the family were staying until the *ultimatum* should be known. A good bottle of pottsen, however, was circulating among them, for every one knows that occasions of this nature usually generate a festive and hospitable spirit.

Rose now went round the house in the direction from east to west, stopping for a short time at each of the windows, which she marked with the sign of the cross five times; that is to say, once at each corner and once in the middle. At each corner also of the house she signed the cross, and repeated the following words or charm:—

The four Evangels and the four Divines,  
God bless the moon an us when it shines.  
New moon, true moon, God bless me,  
God bless this house an' this family.  
Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' John,  
God bless the bed that she lies on.  
God bless the manger where Christ was born,  
An' lave joy an' comfort here in the morn.  
St Bridget an' St Patrick, an' the holy spouse,  
Keep the fairies for ever far from this house. Amen.  
Glora yea, Glora yea, Glora yea yeelish,  
Glora n'ahr, Glora n'vac, Glora n' spirid neev. Amen.

These are the veritable words of the charm, which she uttered in the manner and with the forms aforesaid. Having concluded them, she then entered into the house, where we leave her for a time with our best wishes.

In the barn the company were very merry, Dandy himself being as pleasant as any of them, unless when his brow became shaded by the very natural anxiety for the welfare of his wife and child, which from time to time returned upon him. Stories were told, songs sung, and jokes passed, all full of good nature and not a little fun, some of it at the expense of the Dandy himself, who laughed at and took it all in good part. An occasional *bulletin* came out through a servant maid, that matters were just the same way; a piece of intelligence which

\* If it did not happen to be new moon, the words were "good moon," &c.

damped Keho's mirth considerably. At length he himself was sent for by the Midwife, who wished to speak with him at the door.

"I hope there's nothing like danger, Rose?"

"Not at all, honey; but the truth is, we want a seventh son who isn't left-handed."

"A seventh son! Why, what do you want him for?"

"Why, dear, just to give her three shakes in his arms;—it never fails."

"Bedad, an' that's fortunate; for there's Mickey M'Sorely of the Broad Bog's a seventh son, an' he's not two gunshots from this."

"Well, aroon, hurry off one or two o' the boys for him, and tell Phil, if he makes haste, that I'll have a word to say to him afore I go." This intimation to Phil put feathers to his heels; for from the moment that he and Barny started, he did not once cease to go at the top of his speed. It followed as a matter of course that honest Micky M'Sorely dressed himself and was back at Keho's house before the family believed it possible the parties could have been there. This ceremony of getting a seventh son to shake the sick woman, in cases where difficulty or danger may be apprehended, is one which frequently occurs in remote parts of the country. To be sure, it is only a form, the man merely taking her in his arms, and moving her gently three times. The writer of this, when young, saw it performed with his own eyes, as the saying is; but in his case the man was not a seventh son, for no such person could be procured. When this difficulty arises, any man who has the character of being lucky, provided he is not married to a red-haired wife, may be called in to give the three shakes. In other and more dangerous cases Rose would send out persons to gather half a dozen heads of blasted barley; and having stripped them of the black fine powder with which they were covered, she would administer it in a little new milk, and this was always attended by the best effects. It is somewhat surprising that the whole Faculty should have adopted this singular medicine in cases of similar difficulty, for in truth it is that which is now administered under the more scientific name of *Ergot of rye*.

In the case before us, the seventh son sustained his reputation for good luck. In about three quarters of an hour Dandy was called in "to kiss a strange young gentleman that wanted to see him." This was an agreeable ceremony to Dandy, as it always is, to catch the first glimpse of one's own first-born. On entering he found Rose sitting beside the bed in all the pomp of authority and pride of success, bearing the infant in her arms, and dandling it up and down, more from habit than any necessity that then existed for doing so.

"Well," said she, "here we are all safe and sound, God willin'; an' if you're not the father of as purty a young man as ever I laid eyes on, I'm not here. Corny Keho, come an' kiss your son, I say."

Corny advanced, somewhat puzzled whether to laugh or cry, and taking the child up with a smile, he kissed it five times—for that is the mystic number—and as he placed it once more in Rose's arms, there was a solitary tear on its cheek.

"Arra, go an' kiss your wife, man alive, an' tell her to have a good heart, an' to be as kind to all her fellow-creatures as God has been to her this night. It isn't upon this world the heart ought to be fixed, for we see how small a thing an' how short a time can take us out of it."

"Oh, bedad," said Dandy, who had now recovered the touch of feeling excited by the child, "it would be too bad if I'd grudge her a smack." He accordingly stooped, and kissed her; but, truth to confess, he did it with a very cool and business-like air. "I know," he proceeded, "that she'll have a heart like a jyant, now that the son is come."

"To be sure she will, an' she must; or if not, I'll play the sorra, an' break things. Well, well, let her get strength a bit first, an' rest and quiet; an' in the mean time get the groanin'-malt ready, until every one in the house drinks the health of the stranger. My sowl to happiness, but he's a bora beauty. The nerra Keho of you all ever was the aiquails of what he'll be yet, please God. Troth, Corny, he has daddy's nose upon him, any how. Ay, you may laugh; but, faix, it's thrue. You may take with him, you may own to him, any where. Arra, look at that! My soul to happiness, if one egg's liker another! Eh, my poscy! Where was it, alanna? Ay, you're there, my duck o' diamonds! Troth, you'll be the flower o' the flock, so you will. An' now, Mrs Keho, honey, we'll lave you to yourself awhile, till we thrate these poor



cratures of sarvints; the likes o' them oughtn't to be over-looked; an' indeed they did feel a great dale itself, poor things, about you; an' moreover they'll be longin' of coorse to see the darlin' here."

Mrs Keho's mother and Rose superintended the birth-treat between them. It is unnecessary to say that the young men and girls had their own sly fun upon the occasion; and now that Dandy's apprehension of danger was over, he joined in their mirth with as much glee as any of them. This being over, they all retired to rest; and honest Mickey M'Sorley went home very *hearty*, in consequence of Dandy's grateful sense of the aid he had rendered his wife. The next morning Rose, after dressing the infant and performing all the usual duties that one expected from her, took her leave in these words:—

"Now, Mrs Keho, God bless you an' yours, and take care of yourself. I'll see you agin on Sunday next, when it's to be christened. Until then, throw out no dirty water before sunrise or after sunset; an' when Father Molloy is goin' to christen it, let Corny tell him not to forget to christen it *against the fairies*, an' thin it'll be safe. Good bye, ma'am; an' look you to her, Mrs Finnegan," said she, addressing her patient's mother, "an' *banaght lath* till I see all again."

\* *Tipsey.*

### THE MINSTREL'S WALK.

BY J. U. U.

(To the old Irish air of "Bídh mid a gol sa poga na mban.")

Green hills of the west, where I carolled along  
In the Mayday of life, with my harp and my song,  
Though the winter of time o'er my spirit hath rolled,  
And the breast of the minstrel is weary and cold;  
Though no more by those famous old haunts shall I stray,  
Once the themes of my song, and the guides of my way,  
That each had its story, and true-hearted friend,  
Before I forget ye, life's journey shall end!

Oh, 'twas joy in the prime of life's morning to go  
On the tracks of Clan Connell, led on by Hugh Roe,  
O'er the hill of Keiscorran, renowned Ballinote,  
By the Boyle, or by Newport, all passage of note,  
Where the foe their vain armaments haughtily kept;  
But the foot of th' avenger went by while they slept:  
The hills told no tale, but the night-cloud was red,  
And the friends of the Sassenagh quaked at their tread.

By the plains of Rath Croghan, fields famous of yore,  
Though stronghold and seat of the kingly no more,  
By Tulak and Tomosa, hill, valley, and plain,  
To grey Ballintubber, O'Connors' domain;  
While ages rolled backwards in lengthened array,  
In song and old story, the long summer day;  
And cloud-like the glories of Connaught rolled by,  
Till they sank in the horrors of grim Athenry!

Through the heaths of Kiltullagh, kind, simple, though rude,  
To Aeluin's bright waters, where Willesborough stood,  
Ballinlough then spoke welcome from many a door,  
Where smiles lit kind faces that now smile no more;  
Then away to the Moyne, o'er the moors of Mayo,  
Still onward, still welcomed by high and by low,  
Blake, Burke, and O'Malley, Lynch, Kirwan, and Browne,  
By forest, lake, mountain, through village and town.

Then kind were the voices that greeted my way,  
'Twas *Cead mille fáille* at closing of day,  
When young hearts beat lightly, and labour was done,  
For joy tracked my steps, as light follows the sun;  
I had tales for the hamlet, and news for the hall,  
And the tune of old times, ever welcome to all,  
The praise of thy glory, dear land of the west;  
But thy praises are still, and thy kind bosoms rest!

My blessing rest with you, dear friends, though no more  
Shall the poor and the weary rejoice at your door;  
Though like stars to your homes I have seen you depart,  
Still ye live, O ye live in each vein of my heart.  
Still the light of your looks on my darkness is thrown,  
Still your voices breathe round me when weary and lone;  
Like shades ye come back with each feeling old strain,  
But the world shall ne'er look on your equals again.

The difference between a rich man and a poor man is this—  
the former eats when he pleases, the latter when he can get  
it.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

### APOLOGUES AND FABLES FROM FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

(Translated for the Irish Penny Journal.)

#### No. VI.—THE REMORSE OF A NIGHT.

THE last night of the year was about to expire; the winds, after a day of storminess, had subsided into slumber; the white earth lay outspread, like a shrouded map, under the moon; and innumerable stars arose out from the remotest abysses of heaven, twinkling as brightly as though they had but then begun their existence, and were never to suffer impairment. Eleven o'clock had tolled from the tower of an ancient Gothic church; and as the vibrations died away on the transparent air, an Old Man drew nigh to the window of a dark room in the desolate dwelling of which he had long been the solitary tenant, and cast his dull despairful eyes upwards towards the immovable firmament, and from thence down on the blank waste of the earth, and then breathed a groaning prayer, that those eyes might never survey that firmament or that earth again. Wretched was he, in truth, that Old Man, beyond all parallel and beyond all consolation—for his grave lay open for him, as it seemed, by his side; it was thinly covered over, not by the flowers of Youth, but by the snows of Age; and when, heartsick of the sight, he looked away from it into himself, he saw that the sole fruits that he had gathered from a long and eventful life were sins, regrets, and maladies—a decayed body, a plague-smitten soul, a bosom full of bitterness, and an old age full of remorse. The beautiful days of his youth now came again before him like ghosts, and resummoned to his remembrance the cheerful morning upon which his venerable father had first placed him upon the great Cross-road of Life—a road which, trodden on the right hand, conducts the pilgrim along the noon-day path of Virtue into a spacious, joyous land, abounding in sunbeams, harvests, and angelic spirits, but which, followed on the left, betrays him through lampless and miry ways, into the rueful wildernesses of Vice, where serpents for ever swarm, and pestilence chokes the atmosphere, and to quench his burning thirst the sluggish black rivers yield him but slime and poison.

Alas! the serpents were now coiled about him—the poison was rilling through his heart! Alas for him! he knew too well which road he had chosen—where he was—and what he must undergo—for eternity—for eternity!

With an anguish, with an agony, with a despair, that language cannot even faintly portray, he uplifted his withered arms towards heaven, clasped his hands, and cried aloud, O! give me back, give me back my youth! O! my father, lead me once more to the Cross-road, that I may once more choose, and this time choose with foreknowledge!

But his cries wasted themselves idly upon the frozen air, for his father was no more, and his youth was no more—both had alike long, long ago vanished, never to reappear. He knew this, and he wept—yes, that miserable old man wept; but his tears relieved him not; they were like drops of hot lava, for they trickled from a burning brain.

He looked forth, and he saw fitting lights—wills-o'-the-wisp—dancing over the morasses and becoming extinguished in the burial-grounds; and he said, Such were my riotous days of folly! He again looked forth, and he beheld a star fall from heaven to earth, and there melt away in blackness that left no trace behind, and he said, I am that star!—and with that woeful thought were torn open anew the leprous wounds in his bosom which the serpents that clung around him would never suffer to be healed.

His morbid imagination, wandering abroad till it touched on the confines of frenzy, showed him figures of sleep-walkers traversing like shadows the roofs of the houses:—the chimneys widened into furnaces vomiting forth flames and monsters—the windmills lifted up their giant arms, and threatened to crush him—and a forgotten spectre, left behind in a deserted charnel-house, glared on him with a horrible expression of malignity, and then mocked his terror by assuming his features.

On a sudden there flowed out upon the air a deep, rich, and solemn stream of music. It came from the steeple of the old Gothic church, as the bells announced the birth of the new year, for it was now the twelfth hour. Its cadences fell with a thrilling distinctness upon the ear and the heart of the Old Man; and every tone in the melody, through the agency of that mysterious power which sound possesses of re-assembling within the forsaken halls of the soul images long departed,

brought before his mind some past scene of his life, vivid as a panoramic picture. Again he looked round upon the lucid horizon and over the frosted earth; and he thought on the opportunities he had forfeited—the warnings he had alighted—the examples he had scoffed at. He thought upon the friends of his youth, and how they, better and more fortunate than he, were now good men, at peace with themselves—teachers of wisdom to others, fathers of blessed families, torchlights for the world—and he exclaimed, Oh! and I also, had I but willed it, I also might, like them, have seen with tearless eyes, with tranquil heart, this night depart into eternity! Oh, my dear father—my dear, dear mother! I, even I, might have been now happy, had I but hearkened to your affectionate admonitions—had I but chosen to profit by the blessings which on every returning New Year's Morn like this your tenderness led you to invoke on my head!

Amid these feverish reminiscences of his youth, it appeared to him as though the spectre which had assumed his features in the charnel-house gradually approached nearer and nearer to him—losing, however, as it advanced, one trait after another of its spectral character—till at length, as if under the dominion of that supernatural influence which on the last night of the old year is popularly said to compel even the Dead to undergo a change of form, it took the appearance of a living young man—the same young man that he had himself been fifty years before.

He was unable to gaze any longer: he covered his face with his hands; and, as the blistering tears gushed from his eyes, he sank down, powerless and trembling, on his knees—and again he cried out, as if his heart would break, O! come back to me, lost days of my youth!—come back, come back to me once more!

And the supplication of the Penitent was not made in vain, for they came back to him, those days of his youth, but not yet lost! He started from his bed—the blue moonbeams were shining in through the windows—the midnight chimes were announcing the beginning of a new year. Yes!—all had been but an appalling dream—all, except his sins and transgressions: these, alas! were but too real, for conscience, even in sleep, is a faithful monitor. But he was still young—he had not grown old in iniquity—and with tears of repentance he thanked God for having, even by means of so terrific a vision, awakened in his heart a feeling of horror for the criminal career he had been pursuing, and for having revealed to him in that glimpse of a land full of sunbeams, harvests, and angelic spirits, the blissful goal in which, if he pleased, the path of his existence might yet terminate.

Youthful reader! on which of these two paths art thou? On the right-hand path? Go forward, then, with the blessing of thy Maker, and fear nothing! On the left-hand path? If so, pause: be forewarned—turn while yet thou mayest—retrace thy steps—make a happier choice! I will pray that the terrors of this ghastly Dream may not hereafter be arrayed in judgment against thee! Alas for thee, if the time ever come when thou shalt call aloud in thy despair, Come back, ye precious days of my youth!—unlike the dreamer, *thou* wilt but be mocked by the barren echo of thine own lamentation—the precious days of thy youth will never, never come back to thee!

M.

### TEETOTALLERS AND TOPERS.

It is not a little curious, and perhaps not a little amusing in its way, to mark the feelings with which these two very different classes contemplate each other. The introduction of teetotalism was a thing for which the toper was wholly unprepared. It was a thing of which, *a priori*, he could have formed no conception—a thing of which he never dreamt. It therefore took him quite by surprise; and when it came, his opinion of it was, and to this good hour is, that it is one of the most absurd and monstrous ideas that ever entered into the human head.

That a class of men should arise who would forswear the use of those exhilarating stimulants in which he himself so much delighted—that there should ever appear on the face of the earth such an ass as the man who would refuse a glass of generous liquor when offered him, is to him a thing surpassing belief; and in fact he does not, or rather will not, believe in it. He insists upon it that it is all humbug, and that its professors, the professors of teetotalism, may say what they please, but that they can and do take their drink as freely as he does; the only real difference being, that

they take theirs secretly. No evidence whatever will convince him that it is otherwise, or at least will induce him to admit that it is so. He is, in short, determined not to believe in so monstrous a doctrine. But should conviction at any time be too strong for him; he then falls back on the consolatory belief that it cannot long prevail—that it will not, can not stand. An association whose rules should enjoin every member always to walk backwards instead of forwards, or which should enjoin any other equally ridiculous absurdity, might live and prosper; but teetotalism, the abstaining from the dear potatoes—no, no, *that* cannot stand any time—ridiculous, impossible—not in the nature of things.

As might be expected, the toper entertains a most cordial hatred of the teetotaller; he abhors him, and detests his principles—he in fact cannot hear him spoken of with any degree of patience. Oh, what a triumph to him when he catches a teetotaller tripping! With what delight he treasures up anecdotes of backsliding on the part of the professors of abstinence! And of such anecdotes he has a large store; for he is constantly on the look-out for them, and is not very particular on the score of authenticity. With what glee he relates these anecdotes to his club! and with what glee his club listens to the edifying and refreshing relation! They will chuckle over a story of this kind for a month. Nor, in the matter of anecdote, is the teetotaller a whit behind his unregenerated brother. The two parties, in fact, carry on a war of anecdote against each other—the teetotaller's being stories of ruin and misery resulting from dissipation—the toper's, facetious little tales of hypocrisy and backsliding. Both collect their anecdotes with great industry, and propagate them with great zeal and diligence.

The toper's attitude, as regards the teetotaller, is of course a hostile one. But it is not a bold one. There is nothing of defiance in it, although he sometimes affects it. For although he hates the teetotaller, he also stands in awe of him; being oppressed with an awkward consciousness that the latter has the right side of the argument, and the weight of general opinion is on his side—that, in short, the teetotaller is right and he is wrong.

This consciousness gives to his hostility a sneaking and timid character, and induces him to confine himself in the matter of retaliation to the facetious joke and sly insinuation. On more open warfare he dares not venture. The teetotaller is thus the assailing party: he takes and keeps the field manfully, and with bold front and loud voice dares the toper to the combat. The latter, in conscious weakness, shrinks at the sound, as do the small animals of the forest when they hear the roar of the lion; and getting out of his way as fast as he can, retires to his fastnesses, the drinking-shops, and hedges himself round with bottles and quart-pots.

The toper always carefully eschews any thing like direct and open personal contact with the enemy, in the shape of discussions on the merits of the question of abstinence. There is, in fact, nothing he so much abominates as any attempt at reasoning on the subject, where such reasoning has for its object to show the advantages of temperance or intemperance. The toper thus at all times prefers keeping out of the teetotaller's way, and, although professing the most entire disregard of him, will at any time go a mile about to avoid him. He has an instinctive dislike of him, and this because he is a living personified reflection on himself.

Turning now to the teetotaller, we find two or three things in his conduct, too, with reference to the toper, that are rather curious in their way. In the first place, it is curious to mark the deep interest he takes in what may be called the tipping statistics of his neighbourhood; and the amount of knowledge which he contrives to acquire on this subject is really amazing. He knows all the topers in his vicinity, and keeps a sharp eye on their proceedings. He knows every one of their haunts too—knows the different degrees of dissipation to which each has attained, and could almost tell on any given day what quantity each drank on the preceding night. In short, so vigilantly does he watch all the outgoings and incomings of these marked men, and yet without seeming to notice them, that they can hardly swallow a single *cropper* without his knowing it. The whole thing, in fact, is a sort of private study of his own, and one to which he devotes a great deal of quiet observation and secret reflection: he takes a deep interest in it, and hence the proficiency he makes out in the knowledge of its details.

But our teetotaller not only knows all the professed, undisguised toppers of his locality; he knows—much more

striking proof of his vigilance—every man also whose habits, although not yet sufficiently intemperate to attract the attention of any one but a teetotaler, exhibit signs and symptoms of becoming gradually worse. The tipping progress of these persons he watches with the deepest interest, and keeps himself accurately informed regarding the extent and frequency of their debauches. The teetotaler, in short, keeps a vigilant eye over the entire drinking system of his neighbourhood, and professes an astonishing knowledge of what every one is doing in this way. If the teetotaler's residence be in a small town, his surveillance then embraces its whole extent, and hardly can a single bumper be swallowed within its limits, of which he does not, somehow or other, obtain notice.

Abhorring dissipation itself, the teetotaler naturally extends that abhorrence to its signs and symptoms. On flushed and pimpled faces he looks with aversion and distrust, but on a red nose with absolute horror. We once saw a curious instance of this:—A gentleman with a highly illumined proboscis one evening entered a teetotal coffee-room in which we happened to be seated. The nose—for we sink the gentleman, its owner, altogether, as an unnecessary incumbrance—passed, although with deliberate movement, like a fiery meteor, up the entire length of the room, exciting in its progress the utmost horror and dismay amongst the teetotalers with whom the apartment was thronged. The sensation, in fact, created by the red nose was immense, although not noisy in its expression.

It was indicated merely by an extensive and earnest whispering, by a shuffling of feet, and a general fidgety sort of movement, giving, though in an unobtrusive form, a very vivid idea of the presence of some exceedingly disagreeable object. The whole room, in short, was shocked by the red nose, although they refrained from expressing that feeling by any more marked demonstration than those we have mentioned. The red nose seemed for some time unconscious of the effects it was producing, but the detection of a number of horror-stricken faces peering eagerly over the edges and round the corners of boxes, to get a glimpse of the detestable object, betrayed the real state of the case. The red nose, however, evinced no emotion on making the discovery, but passed quietly into an unoccupied box, took up a paper, and ordered a glass of lemonade. The landlord looked queer at the nose as he tabled the order, but of course said nothing.

Now, we thought at the time, how different would have been the reception of the gentleman with the red nose by a club of toppers! In such case, his nose, in place of being looked on with horror, would have been viewed with respect. It would have been a passport to the highest favour of the jolly fraternity, and would have at once admitted its owner to their confidence and good-fellowship. We do not know, indeed, that its entrance would not have been hailed by a shout of acclamation; for, viewed as one of the chief insignia of a boon companion, it was truly a splendid nose.

C.

#### MORAL EVIL MAN'S OWN CREATION.

MAN brings upon himself a thousand calamities, as consequences of his artifices and pride, and then, overlooking his own follies, gravely investigates the origin of what he calls evil:—

He compromises every natural pleasure to acquire fame among transient beings, who forget him nightly in sleep, and eternally in death; and seeks to render his name celebrated among posterity, though it has no identity with his person, and though posterity and himself can have no contemporaneous feeling.

He deprives himself and all around him of every passing enjoyment, to accumulate wealth that he may purchase other men's labour, in the vain hope of adding happiness to his own.

He omits to make effective laws to protect the poor against the oppressions of the rich, and then bears out his existence under the fear of becoming poor, and being the victim of his own neglect and injustice.

He arms himself with murderous weapons; and on the slightest instigation, and for hire, practises murder as a science, follows this science as a regular profession, and honours its chiefs above benefactors and philosophers, in proportion to the quantity of blood they have shed, or the mischiefs they have perpetrated.

He disguises the most worthless of the people in showy

liveries, and then excites them to murder men whom they never saw, by the fear of being killed if they do not kill.

He revels in luxury and gluttony, and then complains of the diseases which result from repletion.

He tries in all things to counteract or improve the provisions of nature, and then afflicts himself at his disappointments.

He multiplies the chances against his own life and health by his numerous artifices, and then wonders at their fatal results.

He shuts his eyes against the volume of truth as presented by Nature, and, vainly considering that all was made for him, founds on this false assumption various doubts in regard to the justice of eternal causation.

He interdicts the enjoyment of all other creatures, and regarding the world as his property, in mere wantonness destroys myriads on whom have been bestowed beauties and perfections.

He forgets that to live and let live is a maxim of universal justice, extending not only to his fellow creatures, but to inferior ones, to whom his moral obligations are greater, because they are more in his power.

He afflicts himself that he cannot live for ever, though his forefathers have successively died to make room for him.

He repines at the thought of losing that life, the use of which he so often perverts: and though he began to exist but yesterday, thinks the world was made for him, and that he ought to continue to enjoy it for ever.

He desires to govern others, but, regardless of their dependence upon his benevolence, is commonly gratified in displaying the power entrusted to him by a tyrannical abuse of it.

He makes laws, which, in the hands of mercenary lawyers, serve as snares to unwary poverty—but as shields to crafty wealth.

He acknowledges the importance of educating youth, yet teaches them any thing but their social duties in the political state in which they live.

He passes his days in questioning the providence of Nature, in ascribing evil to supernatural causes, in feverish expectation of results contrary to the necessary harmony of the world.

**THE LABOUR OF STUDY.**—It is impossible for any man to be a determined student without endangering his health. Man was made to be active. The hunter who roams through the forest, or climbs the rocks of the Alps, is the man who is hardy, and in the most robust health. The sailor who has been rocked by a thousand storms, and who labours day and night, is a hardy man, unless dissipation has broken his constitution. Any man of active habits is likely to enjoy good health, if he does not too frequently over-exert himself. But the student's habits are all unnatural, and by them nature is continually cramped and restrained. Men err in nothing more than in the estimate which they make of human labour. The hero of the world is the man that makes a bustle—the man that makes the road smoke under his chaise-and-four—the man that raises a dust about him—the man that ravages or devastates empires. But what is the real labour of this man, compared with that of a silent sufferer? He lives on his projects: he encounters, perhaps, rough roads, incommodious inns, bad food, storms and perils; but what are these? His project, his point, the thing that has laid hold on his heart—glory—a name—consequence—pleasure—wealth—these render the man callous to the pains and efforts of the body. I have been in both states, and therefore understand them; and I know that men form this false estimate. Besides, there is something in bustle, and stir, and activity, that supports itself. At one period I preached and read five times on a Sunday, and rode sixteen miles. But what did it cost me? Nothing! Yet most men would have looked on, while I was rattling from village to village, with all the dogs barking at my heels, and would have called me a hero; whereas, if they were to look at me now, they would call me an idle, lounging fellow. "He gets into his study (they would say)—he walks from end to end—he scribbles on a scrap of paper—he throws it away and scribbles on another—he sits down—scribbles again—walks about!" They cannot see that here is an exhaustion of the spirit which, at night, will leave me worn to the extremity of endurance. They cannot see the numberless efforts of mind which are crossed and stifled, and recoil on the spirits like the fruitless efforts of a traveller to get firm footing among the ashes on the steep sides of Mount Etna.—*Rev. John Todd—Student's Guide.*

**NECESSITY OF A STEADFAST CHARACTER.**—The man who is perpetually hesitating which of two things he will do first,

will do neither. The man who resolves, but suffers his resolution to be changed by the first counter-suggestion of a friend—who fluctuates from opinion to opinion, from plan to plan—and veers, like a weathercock, to every point of the compass, with every breath of caprice that blows—can never accomplish anything great or useful. Instead of being progressive in anything, he will be at best stationary, and more probably retrograde, in all. It is only the man who first consults wisely, then resolves firmly, and then executes his purpose with inflexible perseverance, undismayed by those petty difficulties which daunt a weaker spirit—that can advance to eminence in any line. Let us take, by way of illustration, the case of a student. He commences the study of the dead languages; but presently a friend comes, and tells him that he is wasting his time, and that, instead of obsolete words, he had much better employ himself in acquiring new ideas. He changes his plan, and sets to work at the mathematics. Then comes another friend, who asks him, with a grave and sapient face, whether he intends to become a professor in a college; because, if he does not, he is misemploying his time; and that, for the business of life, common mathematics is quite enough of mathematical science. He throws up his Euclid, and addresses himself to some other study, which in its turn is again relinquished, on some equally wise suggestion: and thus life is spent in changing his plans. You cannot but perceive the folly of this course; and the worse effect of it is, the fixing on your mind a habit of indecision, sufficient of itself to blast the fairest prospects. No—take your course wisely, but firmly: and having taken it, hold upon it with heroic resolution; and the Alps and Pyrenees will sink before you—the whole empire of learning will lie at your feet; while those who set out with you, but stopped to change their plans, are yet employed in the very profitable business of changing their plans. Let your motto be *Perseverance*. Practise upon it, and you will be convinced of its value by the distinguished eminence to which it will conduct you.—*Wirt's Essays*.

**ILL TEMPER.**—Mankind are ignorant enough, both in the mass, about general interests, and individually, about the things which belong to their peace; but of all mortals none perhaps are so awfully self-deluded as the unamiable. They do not, any more than others, sin for the sake of sinning; but the amount of woe caused by their selfish unconsciousness is such as may well make their weakness an equivalent for other men's gravest crimes. There are great diversities of hiding-places for their consciences—many mansions in the dim prison of discontent; but it may be doubted whether, in the hour when all shall be uncovered to the eternal day, there will be revealed a lower deep than the hell which they have made. They perhaps are the only order of evil ones who suffer hell without seeing and knowing that it is hell. But they are under a heavier curse even than this; they inflict torments, second only to their own, with an unconsciousness almost worthy of spirits of light. While they complacently conclude themselves the victims of others, or pronounce that they are too singular, or too refined, for common appreciation, they are putting in motion an enginery of torture whose aspect will one day blast their minds' sight. The dumb groans of their victims will sooner or later return upon their ears from the heights of the heaven to which the sorrows of men daily ascend. The spirit sinks under the prospect of the retribution of the unamiable; if there be indeed an eternal record—an impress on some one or other human spirit—of every chilling frown, of every querulous tone, of every bitter jest, of every insulting word—of all abuses of that tremendous power which mind has over mind. The throbbing pulses, the quivering nerves, the wrung hearts, that surround the unamiable—what “a cloud of witnesses” is here! and what plea shall avail against them? The terror of innocents who should know no fear—the vindictive emotions of dependents who dare not complain—the faintness of heart of life-long companions—the anguish of those who love—the unholy exultation of those who hate—what an array of judges is here! and where can an appeal be lodged against their sentence? Is pride of singularity a rational plea? Is super-refinement, or circumstance from God, or uncongeniality in man, a sufficient ground of appeal, when the refinement of one is a grace granted for the luxury of all, when circumstance is given to be conquered, and uncongeniality is appointed for discipline? The sensualist has brutified the seraphic nature with which he was endowed—the deprecator has intercepted the rewards of toil, marred the image of justice, and dimmed the lustre of faith in men's minds

—the imperial tyrant has invoked a whirlwind to lay waste, for an hour of God's eternal year, some region of society. But the unamiable—the domestic torturer—has heaped wrong on wrong and woe on woe, through the whole portion of time that was given him, until it would be rash to say that there are any others more guilty than he. If there be hope or solace for the domestic torturer, it is that there may have been tempers about him the opposite of his own. It is matter of humiliating gratitude that there were some which he could not ruin, and that he was the medium of discipline by which they were exercised in forbearance, in divine forgiveness and love. If there be solace in such an occasional result, let it be made the most of by those who need it; for it is the only possible alleviation to their remorse. Let them accept it as the free gift of a mercy which they have insulted, and a long-suffering which they have defied.—*From Deerbrook, a Tale, by Harriet Martineau*.

**SLANDER AND VINDICATION.**—Vindication in some cases partakes of the same qualities that Homer ascribes to prayer. Slander, “strong, and sound of wing, flies through the world, afflicting men;” but Vindication, lame, wrinkled, and imbecile, for ever seeking its object, and never obtaining it, follows after, only to make the person in whose behalf it is employed more completely the scorn of mankind. The charge against him is heard by thousands, the vindication by few. Whenever Vindication comes, is not the first thing it tells of the unhappy subject of it, that his character has been tarnished, his integrity suspected—that base motives and vile actions have been imputed to him—that he has been scoffed at by some, reviled by others, and looked at askance by all? Yes; the worst thing I would wish to my worst enemy is, that his character should be the subject of vindication. And what is the well-known disposition of mankind in this particular? All love the scandal. It constitutes a tale that seizes upon the curiosity of our species; it has something deep and obscure, and mysterious in it; it has been whispered from man to man, and communicated by winks, and nods, and shrugs, the shaking of the head, and the speaking motion of the finger. But Vindication is poor, and dry, and cold, and repulsive. It rests in detections and distinctions, explanations to be given to the meaning of a hundred phrases, and the setting right whatever belongs to the circumstances of time and place. What bystander will bend himself to the drudgery of thoroughly appreciating it? Add to which, that all men are endowed with the levelling principle, as with an instinct. Scandal includes in it, as an element, that change of fortune which is required by the critic from the writer of an epic poem or a tragedy. The person respecting whom a scandal is propagated is of sufficient importance, at least in the eyes of the propagator and the listener, to be made a subject for censure. He is found, or he is erected into, an adequate centre of attack; he is first set up as a statue to be gazed at, that he may afterwards be thrown down and broken to pieces, crumbled into dust, and made the prey of all the winds of heaven.—*Godwin's Mandeville*.

The weather is not a safe topic of discourse; your company may be hippish; nor is health; your associate may be a hypochondriac; nor is money; you may be suspected as a borrower.—*Zimmerman*.

When all is done, human life is at the best but like a forward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.—*Sir W. Temple*.

Time runs on, and when youth and beauty vanish, a fine lady who had never entertained a thought into which an admirer did not enter, finds in herself a lamentable void.

The poorest of all family goods are indolent females. If a wife knows nothing of domestic duties beyond the parlour or the boudoir, she is a dangerous partner in these times of pecuniary uncertainty.

Friendship, love, and piety, ought to be handled with a sort of mysterious secrecy; they ought to be spoken of only in the rare moments of perfect confidence—to be mutually understood in silence. Many things are too delicate to be thought—many more to be spoken.

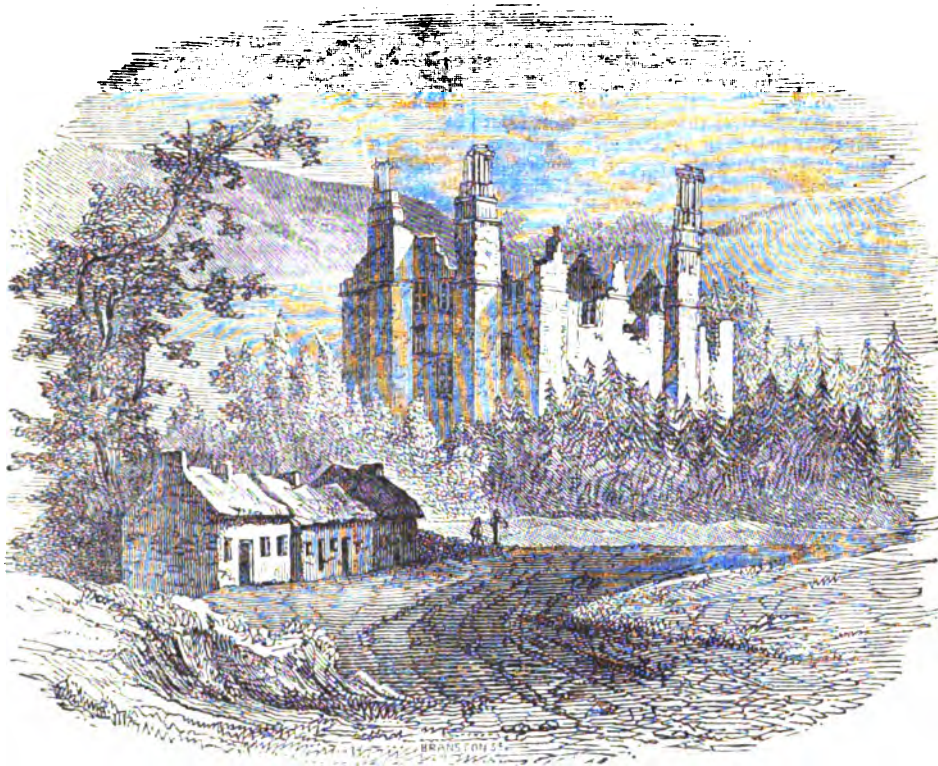


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



CASTLE-CAULFIELD, COUNTY OF TYRONE.

THE subject of our prefixed illustration is one of no small interest, whether considered as a fine example—for Ireland—of the domestic architecture of the reign of James I, or as an historical memorial of the fortunes of the illustrious family whose name it bears—the noble house of Charlemont, of which it was the original residence. It is situated near the village of the same name, in the parish of Donaghmore, barony of Dungannon, and about three miles west of Dungannon, the county town.

Castle-Caulfield owes its erection to Sir Toby Caulfield, afterwards Lord Charlemont—a distinguished English soldier who had fought in Spain and the Low Countries in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and commanded a company of one hundred and fifty men in Ireland in the war with O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, at the close of her reign. For these services he was rewarded by the Queen with a grant of part of Tyrone's estate, and other lands in the province of Ulster; and on King James's accession to the British crown, was honoured with knighthood, and made governor of the fort of Charlemont, and of the counties of Tyrone and Armagh. At the plantation of Ulster he received further grants of lands, and among them 1000 acres called Ballydonnelly, or O'Donnelly's town, in the barony of Dungannon, on which, in 1614, he commenced the erection of the mansion subsequently called Castle-Caulfield. This mansion is described by Pynnar in his Survey of Ulster in 1618-19, in the following words:—

“Sir Toby Caulfield hath one thousand acres called Ballydonnell [recte Ballydonnelly], whereunto is added beside what

was certified by Sir Josias Bodley, a fair house or castle, the front whereof is eighty feet in length and twenty-eight feet in breadth from outside to outside, two cross ends fifty feet in length and twenty-eight feet in breadth: the walls are five feet thick at the bottom, and four at the top, very good cellars under ground, and all the windows are of hewn stone. Between the two cross ends there goeth a wall, which is eighteen feet high, and maketh a small court within the building. This work at this time is but thirteen feet high, and a number of men at work for the sudden finishing of it. There is also a strong bridge over the river, which is of lime and stone, with strong buttresses for the supporting of it. And to this is joined a good water-mill for corn, all built of lime and stone. This is at this time the fairest building I have seen. Near unto this Bawne there is built a town, in which there is fifteen English families, who are able to make twenty men with arms.”

The ruins of this celebrated mansion seem to justify the opinion expressed by Pynnar, that it was the fairest building he had seen, that is, in the counties of the plantation, for there are no existing remains of any house erected by the English or Scottish undertakers equal to it in architectural style. It received, however, from the second Lord Charlemont, the addition of a large gate-house with towers, and also of a strong keep or donjon.

From the ancient maps of Ulster of Queen Elizabeth's time, preserved in the State Paper Office, Castle-Caulfield appears to have been erected on the site of a more ancient castle or

fort, called Fort O'Donallie, from the chief of the ancient Irish family of O'Donghaile or O'Donnelly, whose residence it was, previously to the confiscation of the northern counties; and the small lake in its vicinity was called Lough O'Donallie. This family of O'Donnelly were a distinguished branch of the Kinel-Owen, or northern Hy-Niall race, of which the O'Neills were the chiefs in the sixteenth century; and it was by one of the former that the celebrated Shane or John O'Neill, surnamed the proud, and who also bore the cognomen of Donghailach, or the Donnellan, was fostered, as appears from the following entry in the Annals of the Four Masters, at the year 1531:—

“Ballydonnelly was assaulted by Niall Oge, the son of Art, who was the son of Con O'Neill. He demolished the castle, and having made a prisoner of the son of O'Neill, who was the foster-son of O'Donnelly, he carried him off, together with several horses and the other spoils of the place.”

We have felt it necessary to state the preceding facts relative to the ancient history of Ballydonnelly, or Castle-Caulfield, as it is now denominated, because an error of Pymar's, in writing the ancient name as, Ballydonnell—not Ballydonnelly, as it should have been—has been copied by Lodge, Archdall, and all subsequent writers; some of whom have fallen into a still more serious mistake, by translating the name as “the town of O'Donnell,” thus attributing the ancient possession of the locality to a family to whom it never belonged. That Ballydonnelly was truly, as we have stated, the ancient name of the place, and that it was the patrimonial residence of the chief of that ancient family, previously to the plantation of Ulster, must be sufficiently indicated by the authorities we have already adduced; but if any doubt on this fact could exist, it would be removed by the following passage in an unpublished Irish MS. Journal of the Rebellion of 1641, in our own possession, from which it appears that, as usual with the representatives of the dispossessed Irish families on the breaking out of that unhappy conflict, the chief of the O'Donnells seized upon the Castle-Caulfield mansion as of right his own:—

“October 1641. Lord Caulfield's castle in Ballydonnelly (*Baile I Donghaile*) was taken by Patrick Moder (the gloomy) O'Donnelly.”

The Lord Charlemont, with his family, was at this time absent from his home in command of the garrison of Charlemont, and it was not his fate ever to see it afterwards; he was treacherously captured in his fortress about the same period by the cruel Sir Phelim O'Neill, and was barbarously murdered while under his protection, if not, as seems the fact, by his direction, on the 1st of March following. Nor was this costly and fairest house of its kind in “the north” ever after inhabited by any of his family; it was burned in those unhappy “troubles,” and left the melancholy, though picturesque memorial of sad events which we now see it.

P.

## THE LAKE OF THE LOVERS,

A LEGEND OF LEITRIM.

How many lovely spots in this our beautiful country are never embraced within those pilgrimages after the picturesque, which numbers periodically undertake, rather to see what is known to many, and therefore should be so to them, than to visit nature, for her own sweet sake, in her more devious and undistinguished haunts! For my part, I am well pleased that the case stands thus. I love to think that I am treading upon ground unsullied by the footsteps of the now numerous tribe of mere professional peripatetics—that my eyes are wandering over scenery, the freshness of which has been impaired by no transfer to the portfolio of the artist or the tablets of the poetaster; that, save the scattered rustic residents, there is no human link to connect its memorials with the days of old, and, save their traditionary legends, no story to tell of its fortunes in ancient times. The sentiment is no doubt selfish as well as anti-utilitarian; but then I must add that it is only occasional, and will so far be pardoned by all who know how delightful it is to take refuge in the indulgent twilight of tradition from the rugged realities of recorded story. At all events, a ramble in any of our old, and especially mountainous tracts, will rarely lack abundant aliment for his thus modified sense of beauty, sublimity, or antiquarian fascination; and scenes have unexpectedly opened upon me in the solitudes of the hills and lakes of some almost untrodden and altogether unwritten

districts, that have had more power to stir my spirit than the lauded and typographed, the versified and pictured magnificence of Killarney or of Cumberland, of Glendalough or of Lomond. It may have been perverseness of taste, or the fitness of mood, or the influence of circumstance, but I have been filled with a feeling of the beautiful when wandering among noteless and almost nameless localities to which I have been a stranger, when standing amid the most boasted beauties with the appliances of hand-book and of guide, with appetite prepared, and sensibilities on the alert. It is I suppose partly because the power of beauty being relative, a high pitch of expectancy requires a proportionate augmentation of excellence, and partly because the tincture of contrariety in our nature ever inclines us to enact the perverse critic, when called on to be the implicit votary. This is common with most others I have often felt, but rarely more so than during a casual residence some short time since among the little celebrated, and therefore perhaps a little more charming, mountain scenery of the county, which either has been, or might be, called Leitrim of the Lakes; for a tract more pleasantly diversified with well-set sheets of water, it would I think be difficult to name. Almost every hill you top has its still and solitary tarn, and almost every amphitheatre you enter, encompasses its wild and secluded lake—not seldom bearing on its placid bosom some little islet, linked with the generations past, by monastic or castellated ruins, as its seclusion or its strength may have invited the world-wearied anchorite to contemplation, or the predatory chieftain to defence.

On such a remote and lonely spot I lately chanced to alight, in the course of a long summer day's ramble among the heights and hollows of that lofty range which for a considerable space abuts upon the borders of Sligo and Roscommon. The ground was previously unknown to me, and with all the zest which novelty and indefiniteness can impart, I started staff in hand with the early sun, and ere the mists had melted from the purple heather of their cloud-like summits, was drawing pure and balmy breath within the lonely magnificence of the hills. About noon, as I was casting about for some pre-eminently happy spot to fling my length for an hour or two's repose, I reached the crest of a long gradual ascent that had been some time tempting me to look what lay beyond; and surely enough I found beauty sufficient to dissolve my weariness, had it been tenfold multiplied, and to allay my pulse, had it throbbled with the vehemence of fever. An oblong valley girdled a lovely lake on every side; here with precipitous impending cliffs, and there with grassy slopes of freshest emerald that seemed to woo the dimpling waters to lave their loving margins, and, as if moved with a like impulse, the little wavelets met the call with the gentle dalliance of their ebb and flow. A small wooded island, with its fringe of willows trailing in the water, stood about a furlong from the hither side, and in the centre of its tangled brake, my elevation enabled me to descry what I may call the remnants of a ruin—for so far had it gone in its decay—here green, there grey, as the moss, the ivy, or the pallid stains of time, had happened to prevail. A wild duck, with its half-fledged clutch, floated fearless from its sedgy shore. More remote, a fishing heron stood motionless on a stone, intent on its expected prey; and the only other animated feature in the quiet scene was a fisherman who had just moored his little boat, and having settled his tackle, was slinging his basket on his arm and turning upward in the direction where I lay. I watched the old man toiling up the steep, and as he drew nigh, hailed him, as I could not suffer him to pass without learning at least the name, if it had one, of this miniature Amhara. He readily complied, and placing his fish-basket on the ground, seated himself beside it, not unwilling to recover his breath and recruit his scanty stock of strength almost expended in the ascent. “We call it,” said he in answer to my query, “the Lake of the Ruin, or sometimes, to such as know the story, the Lake of the Lovers, after the two over whom the tombstone is placed inside yon mouldering walls. It is an old story. My grandfather told me, when a child, that he minded his grandfather telling it to him, and for anything he could say, it might have come down much farther. Had I time, I'd be proud to tell it to your honour, who seems a stranger in these parts, for it's not over long; but I have to go to the Hall, and that's five long miles off, with my fish for dinner, and little time you'll say I have to spare, though it be down hill nearly all the way.” It would have been too bad to allow such a well-met chronicler to pass unpumped, and, putting more faith in the attractions of my pocket than of my person, I produced on the instant

my luncheon-case and flask, and handing him a handsome half of the contents of the former, made pretty sure of his company for a time, by keeping the latter in my own possession till I got him regularly launched in the story, when, to quicken at once his recollection and his elocution, I treated him to an inspiring draught. When he had told his tale, he left me with many thanks for the refectation; and I descending to his boat, entered it, and with the aid of a broken oar contrived to scull myself over to the island, the scene of the final fortunes of Connor O'Rourke and Norah M'Diarmod, the faithful-hearted but evil-fated pair who were in some sort perpetuated in its name. There, in sooth, within the crumbled walls, was the gravestone which covered the dust of him the brave and her the beautiful; and seating myself on the fragment of a sculptured capital, that showed how elaborately reared the ruined edifice had been, I bethought me how poorly man's existence shows even beside the work of his own hands, and endeavoured for a time to make my thoughts run parallel with the history of this once-verenerated but now forsaken, and, save by a few, forgotten structure; but finding myself fail in the attempt, settled my retrospect on that brief period wherein it was identified with the two departed lovers whose story I had just heard, and which, as I sat by their lowly sepulchre, I again repeated to myself.

This lake, as my informant told me, once formed a part of the boundary between the possessions of O'Rourke the Left-handed and M'Diarmod the Dark-faced, as they were respectively distinguished, two small rival chiefs, petty in property but pre-eminent in passion, to whom a most magnificent mutual hatred had been from generations back "bequeathed from bleeding sire to son"—a legacy constantly swelled by accruing outrages, for their paramount pursuits were plotting each other's detriment or destruction, planning or parrying plundering inroads, inflicting or avenging injuries by open violence or secret subtlety, as seemed more likely to promote their purposes. At the name of an O'Rourke, M'Diarmod would clutch his battle-axe, and brandish it as if one of the detested clan were within its sweep; and his rival, nothing behind in hatred, would make the air echo to his deep-drawn imprecation on M'Diarmod and all his abominated breed when any thing like an opportunity was afforded him. Their retainers of course shared the same spirit of mutual abhorrence, exaggerated indeed, if that were possible, by their more frequent exposure to loss in cattle and in crops, for, as is wont to be the case, the cottage was incontinently ravaged when the stronghold was prudentially respected. O'Rourke had a son, an only one, who promised to sustain or even raise the reputation of the clan, for the youth knew not what it was to blench before flesh and blood—his feet were ever foremost in the wolf-hunt or the foray, and in agility, in valour, or in vigour, none within the compass of a long day's travel could stand in comparison with young Connor O'Rourke. Detestation of the M'Diarmods had been studiously instilled from infancy, of course; but although the youth's cheek would flush and his heart beat high when any perilous adventure was the theme, yet, so far at least, it sprang more from the love of prowess and applause than from the deadly hostility that thrilled in the pulses of his father and his followers. In the necessary intervals of forbearance, as in seed-time, harvest, or other brief breathing-spaces, he would follow the somewhat analogous and bracing pleasures of the chase; and often would the wolf or the stag—for shaggy forests then clothed these bare and desert hills—fall before his spear or his dogs, as he fleetly urged the sport afoot. It chanced one evening that in the ardour of pursuit he had followed a tough, long-winded stag into the dangerous territory of M'Diarmod. The chase had taken to the water of the lake, and he with his dogs had plunged in after in the hope of heading it; but having failed in this, and in the hot flush of a hunter's blood scorning to turn back, he pressed it till brought down within a few spear-casts of the M'Diarmod's dwelling. Proud of having killed his venison under the very nose of the latter, he turned homeward with rapid steps; for, the fire of the chase abated, he felt how fatal would be the discovery of his presence, and was thinking with complacency upon the wrath of the old chief on hearing of the contemptuous feat, when his eye was arrested by a white figure moving slowly in the shimmering mists of nightfall by the margin of the lake. Though insensible to the fear of what was carnal and of the earth, he was very far from being so to what savoured of the supernatural, and, with a slight ejaculation half of surprise and half of prayer, he was about changing his course to give it a wider berth, when his

dogs espied it, and, recking little of the spiritual in its appearance, bounded after it in pursuit. With a slight scream that proclaimed it feminine as well as human, the figure fled, and the youth had much to do both with legs and lungs to reach her in time to preserve her from the rough respects of his un-gallant escort. Beautiful indignation lightened from the dark eyes and sat on the pouting lip of Norah M'Diarmod—for it was the chieftain's daughter—as she turned disdainfully towards him.

"Is it the bravery of an O'Rourke to hunt a woman with his dogs? Young chief, you stand upon the ground of M'Diarmod, and your name from the lips of her"—she stopped, for she had time to glance again upon his features, and had no longer heart to upbraid one who owned a countenance so handsome and so gallant, so eloquent of embarrassment as well as admiration.

Her tone of asperity and wounded pride declined into a murmur of acquiescence as she hearkened to the apologies and deprecations of the youth, whose gallantry and feats had so often rung in her ears, though his person she had but casually seen, and his voice she had never before heard. The case stood similar with Connor. He had often listened to the praises of Norah's beauty; he had occasionally caught distant glimpses of her graceful figure; and the present sight, or after recollection, often mitigated his feelings to her hostile clan, and, to his advantage, the rugged old chief was generally associated with the lovely dark-eyed girl who was his only child.

Such being their respective feelings, what could be the result of their romantic encounter? They were both young, generous children of nature, with hearts fraught with the un-hacknied feelings of youth and inexperience: they had drunk in sentiment with the sublimities of their mountain homes, and were fitted for higher things than the vulgar interchange of animosity and contempt. Of this they soon were conscious, and they did not separate until the stars began to burn above them, and not even then, before they had made arrangements for at least another—one more secret interview. The islet possessed a beautiful fitness for their trying place, as being accessible from either side, and little obnoxious to observation; and many a moonlight meeting—for the one was inevitably multiplied—had these children of hostile fathers, perchance on the very spot on which my eyes now rested, and the unbroken stillness around had echoed to their gladsome greetings or their faltering farewells. Neither dared to divulge an intercourse that would have stirred to frenzy the treasured rancour of their respective parents, each of whom would doubtless have preferred a connexion with a blackamoor—if such were then in circulation—to their doing such grievous despite to that ancient feud which as an heirloom had been transmitted from ancestors whose very names they scarcely knew. M'Diarmod the Dark-faced was at best but a gentle tiger even to his only child; and though his stern cast-iron countenance would now and then relax beneath her artless blandishments, yet even with the lovely vision at his side, he would often grimly deplore that she had not been a son, to uphold the name and inherit the headship of the clan, which on his demise would probably pass from its lineal course; and when he heard of the bold bearing of the heir of O'Rourke, he thought he read therein the downfall of the M'Diarmods when he their chief was gone. With such ill-smothered feelings of discontent he could not but in some measure repulse the filial regards of Norah, and thus the confiding submission that would have sprung to meet the endearments of his love, was gradually refused to the inconsistencies of his caprice; and the maiden in her intercourse with her proscribed lover rarely thought of her father, except as one from whom it should be diligently concealed.

But unfortunately this was not to be. One of the night marauders of his clan chanced in an evil hour to see Connor O'Rourke guiding his coracle to the island, and at the same time a cloaked female push cautiously from the opposite shore for the same spot. Surprised, he crouched among the fern till their landing and joyous greeting put all doubt of their friendly understanding to flight; and then, thinking only of revenge or ransom, the unsentimental scoundrel hurried round the lake to M'Diarmod, and informed him that the son of his mortal foe was within his reach. The old man leaped from his couch of rushes at the thrilling news, and, standing on his threshold, uttered a low gathering-cry, which speedily brought a dozen of his more immediate retainers to his presence. As he passed his daughter's apartment, he for the first time asked himself who can the woman be? and at the

same moment almost casually glanced at Norah's chamber, to see that all there was quiet for the night. A shudder of vague terror ran through his sturdy frame as his eye fell on the low open window. He thrust in his head, but no sleeper drew breath within; he re-entered the house and called aloud upon his daughter, but the echo of her name was the only answer. A kern coming up put an end to the search, by telling that he had seen his young mistress walking down to the water's edge about an hour before, but that, as she had been in the habit of doing so by night for some time past, he had thought but little of it. The odious truth was now revealed, and, trembling with the sudden gust of fury, the old chief with difficulty rushed to the lake, and, filling a couple of boats with his men, told them to pull for the honour of their name and for the head of the O'Rourke's first-born.

During this stormy prelude to a bloody drama, the doomed but unconscious Connor was sitting secure within the dilapidated chapel by the side of her whom he had won. Her quickened ear first caught the dip of an oar, and she told her lover; but he said it was the moaning of the night-breeze through the willows, or the ripple of the water among the stones, and went on with his gentle dalliance. A few minutes, however, and the shock of the keels upon the ground, the tread of many feet, and the no longer suppressed cries of the M'Diarmoda, warned him to stand on his defence; and as he sprang from his seat to meet the call, the soft illumination of love was changed with fearful suddenness into the baleful fire of fierce hostility.

"My Norah, leave me; you may by chance be rudely handled in the scuffle."

The terrified but faithful girl fell upon his breast.

"Connor, your fate is mine; hasten to your boat, if it be not yet too late."

An iron-shod hunting pole was his only weapon; and using it with his right arm, while Norah hung upon his left, he sprang without further parley through an aperture in the wall, and made for the water. But his assailants were upon him, the M'Diarmod himself with upraised battle-axe at their head.

"Spare my father," faltered Norah; and Connor, with a mercifully directed stroke, only dashed the weapon from the old man's hand, and then, clearing a passage with a vigorous sweep, accompanied with the well-known charging cry, before which they had so often quailed, bounded through it to the water's brink. An instant, and with her who was now more than his second self, he was once more in his little boat; but, alas! it was aground, and so quickly fell the blows against him, that he dare not adventure to shove it off. Letting Norah slip from his hold, she sank backwards to the bottom of the boat; and then, with both arms free, he redoubled his efforts, and after a short but furious struggle succeeded in getting the little skiff afloat. Maddened at the sight, the old chief rushed breast-deep into the water; but his right arm had been disabled by a casual blow, and his disheartened followers feared, under the circumstances, to come within range of that well-wielded club. But a crafty one among them had already seized on a safer and surer plan. He had clambered up an adjacent tree, armed with a heavy stone, and now stood on one of the branches above the devoted boat, and summoned him to yield, if he would not perish. The young chief's renewed exertions were his only answer.

"Let him escape, and your head shall pay for it," shouted the infuriated father.

The fellow hesitated. "My young mistress?"

"There are enough here to save her, if I will it. Down with the stone, or by the blood—"

He needed not to finish the sentence, for down at the word it came, striking helpless the youth's right arm, and shivering the frail timber of the boat, which filled at once, and all went down. For an instant an arm re-appeared, feebly beating the water in vain—it was the young chief's broken one: the other held his Norah in its embrace, as was seen by her white dress flaunting for a few moments on and above the troubled surface. The lake at this point was deep, and though there was a rush of the M'Diarmods towards it, yet in their confusion they were but awkward aids, and the fluttering ensign that marked the fatal spot had sunk before they reached it. The strength of Connor, disabled as he was by his broken limb, and trammelled by her from whom even the final struggle could not dis sever him, had failed; and with her he loved locked in his last embrace, they were after a time recovered from the water, and laid side by side upon the bank, in all their touching, though, alas, lifeless beauty!

Remorse reached the rugged hearts even of those who had so ruthlessly dealt by them; and as they looked on their godly forms, thus cold and senseless by a common fate, the rudest felt that it would be an impious and unpardonable deed to do violence to their memory, by the separation of that union which death itself had sanctified. Thus were they laid in one grave; and, strange as it may appear, their fathers, crushed and subdued, exhausted even of resentment by the overwhelming stroke—for nothing can quell the stubborn spirit like the extremity of sorrow—crossed their arms in amity over their remains, and grief wrought the reconciliation which even centuries of time, that great pacificator, had failed to do.

The westerling sun now warning me that the day was on the wane, I gave but another look to the time-worn tombstone, another sigh to the early doom of those whom it enclosed, and then, with a feeling of regret, again left the little island to its still, unshared, and pensive loneliness.

#### ANCIENT IRISH LITERATURE—No. IV.

THE composition which we have selected as our fourth specimen of the ancient literature of Ireland, is a poem, more remarkable, perhaps, for its antiquity and historical interest, than for its poetic merits, though we do not think it altogether deficient in those. It is ascribed, apparently with truth, to the celebrated poet Mac Liag, the secretary of the renowned monarch Brian Boru, who, as our readers are aware, fell at the battle of Clontarf in 1014; and the subject of it is a lamentation for the fallen condition of Kincora, the palace of that monarch, consequent on his death.

The decease of Mac Liag, whose proper name was Muir-cheartach, is thus recorded in the Annals of the Four Masters, at the year 1015:—

"Mac Liag, i. e. Muirkeartach, son of Conkeartach, at this time laureate of Ireland, died."

A great number of his productions are still in existence; but none of them have obtained a popularity so widely extended as the poem before us.

Of the palace of Kincora, which was situated on the banks of the Shannon, near Killaloe, there are at present no vestiges.

#### LAMENTATION OF MAC LIAG FOR KINCORA.

Ḃ Chinn-copach cagh Briañ?

Oh, where, Kincora! is Brian the Great?  
And where is the beauty that once was thine?  
Oh, where are the princes and nobles that sate  
At the feast in thy halls, and drank the red wine?

Where, oh, Kincora?

Oh, where, Kincora! are thy valorous lords?  
Oh, whither, thou Hospitable! are they gone?  
Oh, where are the Dalcaissians of the Golden Swords?  
And where are the warriors that Brian led on?

Where, oh, Kincora?

And where is Morogh, the descendant of kings—  
The defeater of a hundred—the daringly brave—  
Who set but slight store by jewels and rings—  
Who swam down the torrent and laughed at its wave?

Where, oh, Kincora?

And where is Donogh, King Brian's worthy son?  
And where is Conaing, the Beautiful Chief?  
And Kian, and Corc? Alas! they are gone—  
They have left me this night alone with my grief!

Left me, Kincora!

And where are the chiefs with whom Brian went forth,  
The never-vanquished son of Evin the Brave,  
The great King of Onaght, renowned for his worth,  
And the hosts of Baskinn, from the western wave?

Where, oh, Kincora?

Oh, where is Duvlann of the Swiftfooted Steeds?  
And where is Kian, who was son of Molloy?  
And where is King Loneragan, the fame of whose deeds  
In the red battle-field no time can destroy?

Where, oh, Kincora?

And where is that youth of majestic height,  
The faith-keeping Prince of the Scots?—Even he,  
As wide as his fame was, as great as was his might,  
Was tributary, oh, Kincora, to me!

Me, oh, Kincora!

• *Cuig n-or, of the swords of gold, i. e. of the gold-hilted swords.*



They are gone, those heroes of royal birth,  
Who plundered no churches, and broke no trust,  
'Tis weary for me to be living on the earth  
When they, oh, Kincora, lie low in the dust!  
Low, oh, Kincora!

Oh, never again will Princes appear,  
To rival the Dalcassians of the Cleaving Swords!  
I can never dream of meeting afar or anear,  
In the east or the west, such heroes and lords!  
Never, Kincora!

Oh, dear are the images my memory calls up  
Of Brian Boru—how he never would miss  
To give me at the banquet the first bright cup!  
Ah! why did he heap on me honour like this?  
Why, oh, Kincora?

I am Mac Liag, and my home is on the Lake:  
Thither often, to that palace whose beauty is fled,  
Came Brian to ask me, and I went for his sake.  
Oh, my grief! that I should live, and Brian be dead!  
Dead, oh, Kincora!

M.

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### COLUMN FOR THE YOUNG.

#### BIOGRAPHY OF A MOUSE.

"BIOGRAPHY of a mouse!" cries the reader; "well, what shall we have next?—what can the writer mean by offering such nonsense for our perusal?" There is no creature, reader, however insignificant and unimportant in the great scale of creation it may appear to us, short-sighted mortals that we are, which is forgotten in the care of our own common Creator; not a sparrow falls to the ground unknown and unpermitted by Him; and whether or not you may derive interest from the biography even of a mouse, you will be able to form a better judgment after, than before, having read my paper.

The mouse belongs to the class *Mammalia*, or the animals which rear their young by suckling them; to the order *Rodentia*, or animals whose teeth are adapted for *gnawing*; to the genus *Mus*, or Rat kind, and the family of *Mus musculus*, or domestic mouse. The mouse is a singularly beautiful little animal, as no one who examines it attentively, and without prejudice, can fail to discover. Its little body is plump and sleek; its neck short; its head tapering and graceful; and its eyes large, prominent, and sparkling. Its manners are lively and interesting, its agility surprising, and its habits extremely cleanly. There are several varieties of this little creature, amongst which the best known is the common brown mouse of our granaries and store-rooms; the Albino, or white mouse, with red eyes; and the black and white mouse, which is more rare and very delicate. I mention these as *varieties*, for I think we may safely regard them as such, from the fact of their propagating unchanged, preserving their difference of hue to the fiftieth generation, and never accidentally occurring amongst the offspring of differently coloured parents.

It is of the white mouse that I am now about to treat, and it is an account of a tame individual of that extremely pretty variety that is designed to form the subject of my present paper.

When I was a boy of about sixteen, I got possession of a white mouse; the little creature was very wild and unsocial at first, but by dint of care and discipline I succeeded in rendering it familiar. The principal agent I employed towards effecting its domestication was a singular one, and which, though I can assure the reader its effects are speedy and certain, still remains to me inexplicable: this was, ducking in cold water; and by resorting to this simple expedient, I have since succeeded in rendering even the rat as tame and as playful as a kitten. It is out of my power to explain the manner in which *ducking* operates on the animal subjected to it, but I wish that some physiologist more experienced than I am would give his attention to the subject, and favour the public with the result of his reflections.

At the time that I obtained possession of this mouse, I was residing at Olney, in Buckinghamshire, a village which I presume my readers will recollect as connected with the names of Newton and Cowper; but shortly after having succeeded in rendering it pretty tame, circumstances required my removal to Gloucester, whither I carried my little favourite with me. During the journey I kept the mouse confined in a small wire cage; but while resting at the inn where I passed

the night, I adopted the precaution of enveloping the cage in a handkerchief, lest by some untoward circumstance its active little inmate might make its escape. Having thus, as I thought, made all safe, I retired to rest. The moment I awoke in the morning, I sprang from my bed, and went to examine the cage, when, to my infinite consternation, I found it empty! I searched the bed, the room, raised the carpet, examined every nook and corner, but all to no purpose. I dressed myself as hastily as I could, and summoning one of the waiters, an intelligent, good-natured man, I informed him of my loss, and got him to search every room in the house. His investigations, however, proved equally unavailing, and I gave my poor little pet completely up, inwardly hoping, despite of its ingratitude in leaving me, that it might meet with some agreeable mate amongst its brown congeners, and might lead a long and happy life, unchequered by the terrors of the prowling cat, and unendangered by the more insidious artifices of the fatal trap. With these reflections I was just getting into the coach which was to convey me upon my road, when a waiter came running to the door, out of breath, exclaiming, "Mr R., Mr R., I declare your little mouse is in the kitchen." Begging the coachman to wait an instant, I followed the man to the kitchen, and there, on the hob, seated contentedly in a pudding dish, and devouring its contents with considerable *gout*, was my truant protegee. Once more secured within its cage, and the latter carefully enveloped in a sheet of strong brown paper, upon my knee, I reached Gloucester.

I was here soon subjected to a similar alarm, for one morning the cage was again empty, and my efforts to discover the retreat of the wanderer unavailing as before. This time I had lost him for a week, when one night, in getting into bed, I heard a scrambling in the curtains, and on relighting my candle found the noise to have been occasioned by my mouse, who seemed equally pleased with myself at our reunion. After having thus lost and found my little friend a number of times, I gave up the idea of confining him; and, accordingly, leaving the door of his cage open, I placed it in a corner of my bedroom, and allowed him to go in and out as he pleased. Of this permission he gladly availed himself, but would regularly return to me at intervals of a week or a fortnight, and at such periods of return he was usually much thinner than ordinary; and it was pretty clear that during his visits to his brown acquaintances he fared by no means so well as he did at home.

Sometimes, when he happened to return, as he often did, in the night-time, on which occasions his general custom was to come into bed to me, I used, in order to induce him to remain with me until morning, to immerse him in a basin of water, and then let him lie in my bosom, the warmth of which, after his cold bath, commonly ensured his stay.

Frequently, while absent on one of his excursions, I would hear an unusual noise in the wainscot, as I lay in bed, of dozens of mice running backwards and forwards in all directions, and squeaking in much apparent glee. For some time I was puzzled to know whether this unusual disturbance was the result of merriment or quarrelling, and I often trembled for the safety of my pet, alone and unaided, among so many strangers. But a very interesting circumstance occurred one morning, which perfectly reassured me. It was a bright summer morning, about four o'clock, and I was lying awake, reflecting as to the propriety of turning on my pillow to take another sleep, or at once rising, and going forth to enjoy the beauties of awakening nature. While thus meditating, I heard a slight scratching in the wainscot, and looking towards the spot whence the noise proceeded, perceived the head of a mouse peering from a hole. It was instantly withdrawn, but a second was thrust forth. This latter I at once recognised as my own white friend, but so begrimed by soot and dirt that it required an experienced eye to distinguish him from his darker-coated entertainers. He emerged from the hole, and running over to his cage, entered it, and remained for a couple of seconds within it; he then returned to the wainscot, and, re-entering the hole, some scrambling and squeaking took place. A second time he came forth, and on this occasion was followed closely, to my no small astonishment, by a brown mouse, who followed him, with much apparent timidity and caution, to his box, and entered it along with him. More astonished at this singular proceeding than I can well express, I lay fixed in mute and breathless attention, to see what would follow next. In about a minute the two mice came forth from the cage, each bearing in its mouth a large piece of bread,

which they dragged towards the hole they had previously left. On arriving at it, they entered, but speedily re-appeared, having deposited their burden; and repairing once more to the cage, again loaded themselves with provision, and conveyed it away. This second time they remained within the hole for a much longer period than the first time; and when they again made their appearance, they were attended by three other mice, who, following their leaders to the cage, loaded themselves with bread as did they, and carried away their burdens to the hole. After this I saw them no more that morning, and on rising I discovered that they had carried away every particle of food that the cage contained. Nor was this an isolated instance of their white guest leading them forth to where he knew they should find provender. Day after day, whatever bread or grain I left in the cage was regularly removed, and the duration of my pet's absence was proportionately long. Wishing to learn whether hunger was the actual cause of his return, I no longer left food in his box; and in about a week afterwards, on awaking one morning, I found him sleeping upon the pillow, close to my face, having partly wormed his way under my cheek.

There was a cat in the house, an excellent mouser, and I dreaded lest she should one day meet with and destroy my poor mouse, and I accordingly used all my exertions with those in whose power it was, to obtain her dismissal. She was, however, regarded by those persons as infinitely better entitled to protection and patronage than a mouse, so I was compelled to put up with her presence. People are fond of imputing to cats a supernatural degree of sagacity: they will sometimes go so far as to pronounce them to be genuine *witches*; and really I am scarcely surprised at it, nor perhaps will the reader be, when I tell him the following anecdote.

I was one day entering my apartment, when I was filled with horror at perceiving my mouse picking up some crumbs upon the carpet, beneath the table, and the terrible cat seated upon a chair watching him with what appeared to me to be an expression of sensual anticipation and concentrated desire. Before I had time to interfere, Puss sprang from her chair, and bounded towards the mouse, who, however, far from being terrified at the approach of his natural enemy, scarcely so much as favoured her with a single look. Puss raised her paw and dealt him a gentle tap, when, judge of my astonishment if you can, the little mouse, far from running away, or betraying any marks of fear, raised himself on his legs, cocked his tail, and with a shrill and angry squeak, with which any that have kept tame mice are well acquainted, sprang at and positively bit the paw which had struck him. I was paralysed. I could not jump forward to the rescue. I was, as it were, petrified where I stood. But, stranger than all, the cat, instead of appearing irritated, or seeming to design mischief, merely stretched out her nose and smelt at her diminutive assailant, and then resuming her place upon the chair, purred herself to sleep. I need not say that I immediately secured the mouse within his cage. Whether the cat on this occasion knew the little animal to be a pet, and as such feared to meddle with it, or whether its boldness had disarmed her, I cannot pretend to explain: I merely state the fact; and I think the reader will allow that it is sufficiently extraordinary.

In order to guard against such a dangerous encounter for the future, I got a more secure cage made, of which the bars were so close as to preclude the possibility of egress; and singularly enough, many a morning was I amused by beholding brown mice coming from their holes in the wainscot, and approaching the cage in which their friend was kept, as if in order to condole with him on the subject of his unwonted captivity. Secure, however, as I conceived this new cage to be, my industrious pet contrived to make his escape from it, and in doing so met his death. In my room was a large bureau, with deep, old-fashioned, capacious drawers. Being obliged to go from home for a day, I put the cage containing my little friend into one of these drawers, lest any one should attempt to meddle with it during my absence. On returning, I opened the drawer, and just as I did so, heard a faint squeak, and at the same instant my poor little pet fell from the back of the drawer—lifeless. I took up his body, and, placing it in my bosom, did my best to restore it to animation. Alas! it was to no purpose. His little body had been crushed in the crevice at the back part of the drawer, through which he had been endeavouring to escape, and he was really and irrecoverably gone.

NOTE ON THE FEEDING, &c., OF WHITE MICE.—Such

of my juvenile readers as may be disposed to make a pet of one of these interesting little animals, would do well to observe the following rules:—Clean the cage out daily, and keep it dry; do not keep it in too cold a place; in winter it should be kept in a room in which there is a fire. Feed the mice on bread steeped in milk, having first squeezed the milk out, as too moist food is bad for them. Never give them cheese, as it is apt to produce fatal disorders, though the more hardy brown mice eat it with impunity. If you want to give them a treat, give them grains of wheat or barley, or if these are not to be procured, oats or rice. A little tin box of water should be constantly left in their cage, but securely fixed, so that they cannot overturn it. Let the wires be not too slight, or too long, otherwise the little animals will easily squeeze themselves between them, and let them be of iron, never of copper, as the animals are fond of nibbling at them, and the rust of the latter, or *verdigris*, would quickly poison them. White mice are to be procured at most of the bird-shops in Patrick's Close, Dublin; of the wire-workers and bird-cage makers in Edinburgh; and from all the animal fanciers in London, whose residences are to be found chiefly on the New Road and about Knightsbridge. Their prices vary from one shilling to two-and-sixpence per pair, according to their age and beauty. H. D. R.

### THE PROFESSIONS.

If what are called the liberal professions could speak, they would all utter the one cry, "we are overstocked;" and echo would reply "overstocked." This has long been a subject of complaint, and yet nobody seems inclined to mend the matter by making any sacrifice on his own part—just as in a crowd, to use a familiar illustration, the man who is loudest in exclaiming "dear me, what pressing and jostling people do keep here!" never thinks of lightening the pressure by withdrawing his own person from the mass. There is, however, an advantage to be derived from the utterance and reiteration of the complaint, if not by those already in the press, at least by those who are still happily clear of it.

There are many "vanities and vexations of spirit" under the sun, but this evil of professional redundancy seems to be one of very great magnitude. It involves not merely an outlay of much precious time and substance to no purpose, but in most cases unfits those who constitute the "excess" from applying themselves afterwards to other pursuits. Such persons are the primary sufferers; but the community at large participates in the loss.

It cannot but be interesting to inquire to what this tendency may be owing, and what remedy it might be useful to apply to the evil. Now, it strikes me that the great cause is the exclusive attention which people pay to the great prizes, and their total inconsideration of the number of blanks which accompany them. Life itself has been compared to a lottery; but in some departments the scheme may be so particularly bad, that it is nothing short of absolute gambling to purchase a share in it. So it is in the professions. A few arrive at great eminence, and these few excite the envy and admiration of all beholders; but they are only a few compared with the number of those who linger in the shade, and, however anxious to enjoy the sport, never once get a rap at the ball.

Again, parents are apt to look upon the mere name of a profession as a provision for their children. They calculate all the expenses of general education, professional education, and then of admission to "liberty to practise;" and finding all these items amount to a tolerably large sum, they conceive they have bestowed an ample portion on the son who has cost them "thus much monies." But unfortunately they soon learn by experience that the elevation of a profession, great as it is, does not always possess that homely recommendation of causing the "pot to boil," and that the individual for whom this costly provision has been made, cannot be so soon left to shift for himself. Here then is another cause of this evil, namely, that people do not adequately and fairly calculate the whole cost.

Of our liberal professions, the army is the only one that yields a certain income as the produce of the purchase money. But in these "piping times of peace," a private soldier in the ranks might as well attempt to verify the old song, and

"Spend half a crown out of expence a-day,"

as an ensign to pay mess-money and band-money, and all other regulation monies, keep himself in dress coat and epaulettes, and all the other et ceteras, upon his mere pay. The thing cannot be done. To live in any comfort in the army, a sub-

altern should have an income from some other source, equal at least in amount to that which he receives through the hands of the paymaster. The army is, in fact, an expensive profession, and of all others the least agreeable to one who is prevented, by circumscribed means, from doing as his brother officers do. Yet the mistake of venturing to meet all these difficulties is not unfrequently admitted, with what vain expectation it is needless to inquire. The usual result is such as one would anticipate, namely, that the rash adventurer, after incurring debts, or putting his friends to unlooked-for charges, is obliged after a short time to sell out, and bid farewell for ever to the unprofitable profession of arms.

It would be painful to dwell upon the situation of those who enter other professions without being duly prepared to wait their turn of employment. It is recognised as a poignantly applicable truth in the profession of the bar, that "many are called but few are chosen;" but with very few and rare exceptions indeed, the necessity of *biding* the time is certain. In the legal and medical professions there is no fixed income, however small, insured to the adventurer; and unless his circle of friends and connections be very wide and serviceable indeed, he should make up his mind for a procrastinated return and a late harvest. But how many from day to day, and from year to year, do launch their bark upon the ocean, without any such prudent foresight! The result therefore is, that vast proportion of disastrous voyages and shipwrecks of which we hear so constantly.

Such is the admitted evil—it is granted on all sides. The question is, what is to be done?—what is the remedy? Now, the remedy for an overstocked profession very evidently is, that people should forbear to enter it. I am no Malthusian on the subject of population: I desire no unnatural checks upon the increase and multiplication of her Majesty's subjects; but I should like to drain off a surplus from certain situations, and turn off the in-flowing stream into more profitable channels. I would advise parents, then, to leave the choice of a liberal profession to those who are able to live without one. Such parties can afford to wait for advancement, however long it may be in coming, or to bear up against disappointment, if such should be their lot. With such it is a safe speculation, and they may be left to indulge in it, if they think proper. With others it is not so. But it will be asked, what is to be done with the multitudes who would be diverted from the professions, if this advice were acted upon? I answer, that the money unprofitably spent upon their education, and in fees of admission to these expensive pursuits, would insure them a "good location" and a certain provision for life in Canada, or some of the colonies; and that any honourable occupation which would yield a competency ought to be preferred to "professions" which, however "liberal," hold out to the many but a very doubtful prospect of that result.

It is much to be regretted that there is a prevalent notion among certain of my countrymen that "trade" is not a "gentle" thing, and that it must be eschewed by those who have any pretensions to fashion. This unfortunate, and I must say unsound state of opinion, contributes also, I fear, in no small degree, to that professional redundancy of which we have been speaking. The supposed absolute necessity of a high classical education is a natural concomitant of this opinion. All our schools therefore are eminently classical. The University follows, as a matter of course, and then the University leads to a liberal profession, as surely as one step of a ladder conducts to another. Thus the evil is nourished at the very root. Now, I would take the liberty of advising those parents who may concur with me in the main point of over-supply in the professions, to begin at the beginning, and in the education of their children, to exchange this superabundance of Greek and Latin for the less elegant but more useful accomplishment of "ciphering." I am disposed to concur with that facetious but shrewd fellow, Mr Samuel Slick, upon the inestimable advantages of that too much neglected art—neglected, I mean, in our country here, Ireland. He has demonstrated that they do every thing by it in the States, and that without it they could do nothing. With the most profound respect to my countrymen, then, I would earnestly recommend them to cultivate it. But it may perhaps be said that there is no encouragement to mercantile pursuits in Ireland, and that if there were, there would be no necessity for me to recommend "ciphering" and its virtues to the people. To this I answer, that merchandize offers its prizes to the ingenious and venturesome much rather than to those who wait

for a "highway" to be made for them. If people were resolved to live by trade, I think they would contrive to do so—many more, at least, than at present operate successfully in that department. If more of education, and more of mind, were turned in that direction, new sources of profitable industry, at present unthought of, would probably discover themselves. Much might be said on this subject, but I shall not enter further into the speculation, quite satisfied if I have thrown out a hint which may be found capable of improvement by others.

F.

## G E E S E.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

THE rearing of geese might be more an object of attention to our small farmers and labourers in the vicinity of bogs and mountain tracts than it is.

The general season for the consumption of fat geese is from Michaelmas to Christmas, and the high prices paid for them in the English markets—to which they can be so rapidly conveyed from many parts of Ireland—appear to offer sufficient temptation to the speculator who has the capital and accommodation necessary for fattening them.

A well-organized system of feeding this hardy and nutritious species of poultry, in favourable localities, would give a considerable impulse to the rearing of them, and consequently promote the comforts of many poor Irish families, who under existing circumstances do not find it worth while to rear them except in very small numbers.

I am led to offer a few suggestions on this subject from having ascertained that in the Fens of Lincolnshire, notwithstanding a great decrease there in the breeding of geese from extensive drainage, one individual, Mr Clarke of Boston, fattens every year, between Michaelmas and Christmas, the prodigious number of seven thousand geese, and that another dealer at Spalding prepares for the poultry butcher nearly as many: these they purchase in lots from the farmers' wives.

Perhaps a few details of the Lincolnshire practice may be acceptable to some of the readers of this Journal:—

The farmers in the Fens keep breeding stocks proportioned to the extent of suitable land which they can command; and in order to insure the fertility of the eggs, they allow one gander to three geese, which is a higher proportion of males than is deemed necessary elsewhere. The number of goslings in each brood averages about ten, which, allowing for all casualties, is a considerable produce.

There have been extraordinary instances of individual fecundity, on which, however, it would be as absurd for any goose-breeder to calculate, as it is proverbially unwise to reckon chickens before they are hatched; and this fruitfulness is only attainable by constant feeding with stimulating food through the preceding winter.

A goose has been known to lay seventy eggs within twelve months, twenty-six in the spring, before the time of incubation, and (after bringing out seventeen goslings) the remainder by the end of the year.

The white variety is preferred to the grey or party-coloured, as the birds of this colour feed more kindly, and their feathers are worth three shillings a stone more than the others: the quality of the land, however, on which the breeding stock is to be maintained, decides this matter, generally strong land being necessary for the support of the white or larger kind. Under all circumstances a white gander is preferred, in order to have a large progeny. It has been remarked, but I know not if with reason, that ganders are more frequently white than the females.

To state all the particulars of hatching and rearing would be superfluous, and mere repetition of what is contained in the various works on poultry. I shall merely state some of the peculiarities of the practice in the county of Lincoln.

When the young geese are brought up at different periods by the great dealers, they are put into pens together, according to their age, size, and condition, and fed on steamed potatoes and ground oats, in the ratio of one measure of oats to three of potatoes. By unremitting care as to cleanliness, pure water, and constant feeding, these geese are fattened in about three weeks, at an average cost of one penny per day each.

The *cramming* system, either by the fingers or the forcing pump, described by French writers, with the accompanying barbarities of blinding, nailing the feet to the floor, or confinement in perforated casks or earthen pots (as is said to

be the case sometimes in Poland), are happily unknown in Lincolnshire, and I may add throughout England, with one exception—the nailing of the feet to boards. The unequivocal proofs of this may occasionally, but very rarely, be seen in the geese brought into the London markets: these, however, may possibly be imported ones, though I fear they are not so.

The Lincolnshire dealers do not give any of those rich greasy pellets of barley meal and hot liquor, which always spoil the flavour, to their geese, as they well know that oats is the best feeding for them; barley, besides being more expensive, renders the flesh loose and insipid, and rather *chickeny* in flavour.

Every point of economy on this subject is matter of great moment, on the vast scale pursued by Mr Clarke, who pays seven hundred pounds a-year for the mere conveyance of his birds to the London market; a fact which gives a tolerable notion of the great extent of capital employed in this business, the extent of which is scarcely conceivable by my agricultural countrymen.

Little cost, however, is incurred by those who breed the geese, as the stock are left to provide for themselves, except in the laying season, and in feeding the goslings until they are old enough to eat grass or feed on the stubbles. I have no doubt, however, that the cramp would be less frequently experienced, if solid food were added to the grass, when the geese are turned out to graze, although Mr Clarke attributes the cramp, as well as gout and fever, to too close confinement alone. This opinion does not correspond with my far more limited observation, which leads me to believe that the cramp attacks goslings most frequently when they are at large, and left to shift for themselves on green food alone, and that of the poorest kind. I should think it good economy to give them, and the old stagers too, all spare garden vegetables, for loss of condition is prejudicial to them as well as to other animals. Mr Cobbett used to fatten his young geese, from June to October, on Swedish turnips, carrots, white cabbages, or lettuces, with some corn.

Swedish turnips no doubt will answer very well, but not so well as farinaceous potatoes, when immediate profit is the object. The experience of such an extensive dealer as Mr Clarke is worth volumes of theory and conjecture as to the mode of feeding, and he decides in favour of potatoes and oats.

The treatment for cramp and fever in Lincolnshire is bleeding—I know not if it be hazarded in gout—but as it is not successful in the cases of cramp in one instance out of twenty, it may be pronounced inefficacious.

I have had occasion lately to remark in this Journal on the general disinclination in England to the barbarous custom of plucking geese alive. In Lincolnshire, however, they do so with the breeding stock three times in the year, beginning at midsummer, and repeating the operation twice afterwards, at intervals of six weeks between the operations.

The practice is defended on the plea, that if the feathers be matured, the geese are better for it, while it is of course admitted that the birds must be injured more or less—according to the handling by the pluckers—if the feathers be not ripe. But as birds do not moult three times in the year, I do not understand how it should be correctly said that the feathers can be ripe on these three occasions. How does nature suggest the propriety of stripping the feathers so often? Where great numbers are kept, the loss by allowing the feathers to drop on the ground would be serious, and on this account alone can even one stripping be justified.

In proof of the general opinion that the goose is extremely long-lived, we have many recorded facts; among them the following:—"In 1824 there was a goose living in the possession of Mr Hewson of Glenham, near Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, which was then upwards of a century old. It had been throughout that term in the constant possession of Mr Hewson's forefathers and himself, and on quitting his farm he would not suffer it to be sold with his other stock, but made a present of it to the in-coming tenant, that the venerable fowl might terminate its career on the spot where its useful life had been spent such a length of days."

The taste which has long prevailed among gourmands for the liver of a goose, and has led to the enormous cruelties exercised in order to cause its enlargement by rendering the bird diseased in that organ through high and forced feeding in a warm temperature and close confinement, is well known; but I doubt if many are aware of the influence of charcoal in producing an unnatural state of the liver.

I had read of charcoal being put into a trough of water to sweeten it for geese when cooped up; but from a passage in a recent work by Liebig it would appear that the charcoal acts not as a sweetener of the water, but in another way on the constitution of the goose.

I am tempted to give the extract from its novelty:—"The production of flesh and fat may be artificially increased: all domestic animals, for example, contain much fat. We give food to animals which increases the activity of certain organs, and is itself capable of being transformed into fat. We add to the quantity of food, or we lessen the progress of respiration and perspiration by preventing motion. The conditions necessary to effect this purpose in birds are different from those in quadrupeds; and it is well known that charcoal powder produces such an excessive growth in the liver of a goose as at length causes the death of the animal."

We are much inferior to the English in the art of preparing poultry for the market; and this is the more to be regretted in the instance of geese, especially as we can supply potatoes—which I have shown to be the chief material of their fattening food—at half their cost in many parts of England. This advantage alone ought to render the friends of our agricultural poor earnest in promoting the rearing and fattening of geese in localities favourable for the purpose.

### IRISH MANUFACTURES.

THE encouragement of our native manufactures is now a general topic of conversation and interest, and we hope the present excitement of the public mind on this subject will be productive of permanent good. We also hope that the encouragement proposed to be given to articles of Irish manufacture will be extended to the productions of the head as well as to those of the hands; that the manufacturer of Irish wit and humour will be deemed worthy of support as well as those of silks, woollens, or felts; and, that Irishmen shall venture to estimate the value of Irish produce for themselves, without waiting as heretofore till they get "the London stamp" upon them, as our play-going people of old times used to do in the case of the eminent Irish actors.

We are indeed greatly inclined to believe that our Irish manufactures are rising in estimation in England, from the fact which has come to our knowledge that many thousands of our Belfast hams are sold annually at the other side of the water as genuine Yorkshire, and also that many of those Belfast hams with the Yorkshire stamp find their way back into "Ould Ireland," and are bought as English by those who would despise them as Irish. Now, we should like our countrymen not to be gulled in this way, but depend upon their own judgment in the matter of hams, and in like manner in the matter of articles of Irish literary manufacture, without waiting for the London stamp to be put on them. The necessity for such discrimination and confidence in their own judgment exists equally in hams and literature. Thus certain English editors approve so highly of our articles in the Irish Penny Journal, that they copy them by wholesale, not only without acknowledgment, but actually do us the favour to father them as their own! As an example of this patronage, we may refer to a recent number of the Court Gazette, in which its editor has been entertaining his aristocratic readers with a little piece of *badinage* from our Journal, expressly written for us, and entitled "A short chapter on Bustles," but which he gives as written for the said Court Gazette! Now, this is really very considerate and complimentary, and we of course feel grateful. But, better again, we find our able and kind friend the editor of the *Monitor* and *Irishman*, presenting, no doubt inadvertently, this very article to his Irish readers a few weeks ago—not even as an Irish article that had got the London stamp upon it, but as actually one of true British manufacture—the produce of the Court Gazette.

Now, in perfect good humour, we ask our friend, as such we have reason to consider him, could he not as well have copied this article from our own Journal, and given us the credit of it—and would it not be worthy of the consistency and patriotism of the *Irishman*, who writes so ably in the cause of Irish manufactures, to extend his support, as far as might be compatible with truth and honesty, to the native literature of Ireland?

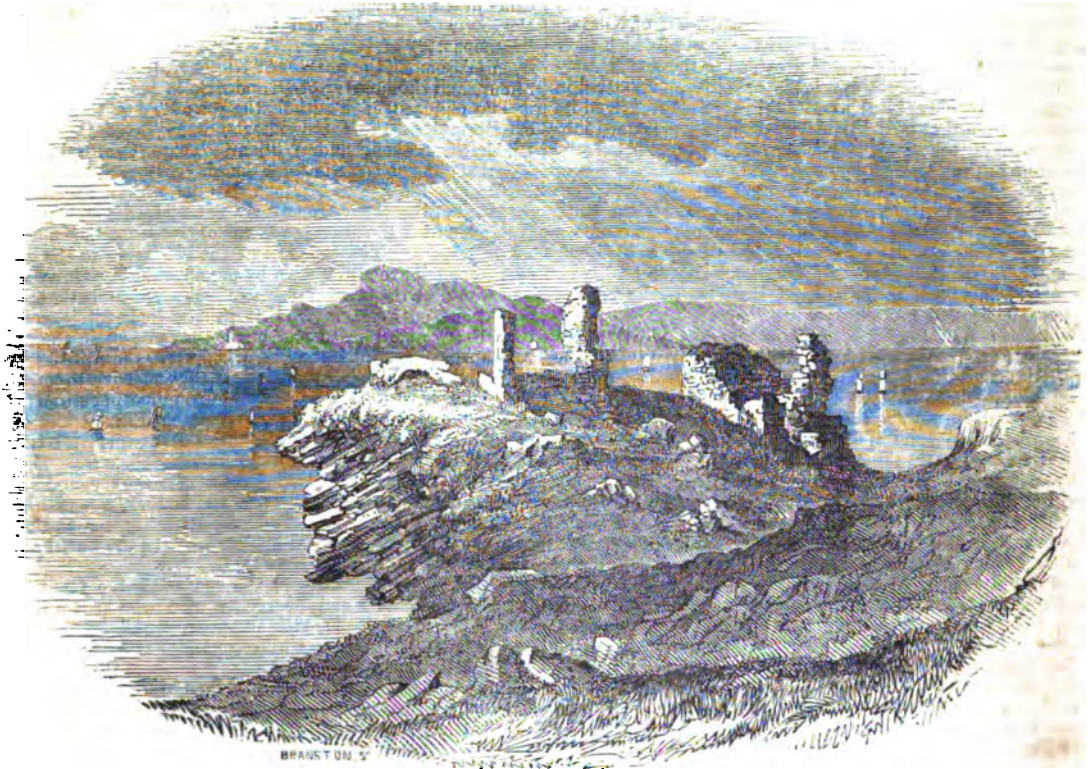


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



KILBARRON CASTLE, COUNTY OF DONEGAL.

We think our readers generally will concur with us in considering the subject of our prefixed illustration as a very striking and characteristic one—presenting features which, except among the castles of the Scottish highland chiefs, will only be found on the wild shores of our own romantic island. It is indeed a truly Irish scene—poetical and picturesque in the extreme, and its history is equally peculiar, being wholly unlike any thing that could be found relating to any castle out of Ireland.

From the singularity of its situation, seated on a lofty, precipitous, and nearly insulated cliff, exposed to the storms and billows of the western ocean, our readers will naturally conclude that this now sadly dilapidated and time-worn ruin must have owed its origin to some rude and daring chief of old, whose occupation was war and rapine, and whose thoughts were as wild and turbulent as the waves that washed his seagirt eagle dwelling; and such, in their ignorance of its unpublished history, has been the conclusion drawn by modern topographers, who tell us that it is supposed to have been the habitation of freebooters. But it was not so; and our readers will be surprised when we acquaint them that this lonely, isolated fortress was erected as an abode for peaceful men—a safe and quiet retreat in troubled times for the laborious investigators and preservers of the history, poetry, and antiquities of their country! Yes, reader, this castle was the residence of the ollaves, bards, and antiquaries of the people of Tírconnell—the illustrious family of the O'Clerys, to

whose zealous labours in the preservation of the history and antiquities of Ireland we are chiefly indebted for the information on those subjects with which we so often endeavour to instruct and amuse you. You will pardon us, then, if with a grateful feeling to those benefactors of our country to whose labours we owe so much, we endeavour to do honour to their memory by devoting a few pages of our little national work to their history, as an humble but not unfitting monument to their fame.

We trust, however, that such a sketch as we propose will not be wholly wanting either in interest or instruction. It will throw additional light upon the ancient customs and state of society in Ireland, and exhibit in a striking way a remarkable feature in the character of our countrymen of past ages, which no adverse circumstances were ever able utterly to destroy, and which, we trust, will again distinguish them as of old—their love for literature and learning, and their respect for good and learned men. It will also exhibit another trait in their national character no less peculiar or remarkable, namely, their great anxiety to preserve their family histories—a result of which is, that even to the present day the humblest Irish peasant, as well as the estates gentleman, can not unfrequently trace his descent not only to a more remote period, but also with a greater abundance of historical evidence than most of the princely families of Europe. This is, indeed, a trait in the national character which philosophers, and men like ourselves, usually affect

to hold in contempt. But no species of knowledge should be despised; and the desire to penetrate the dim obscurities of time in search of our origin, as well as to speculate upon our future prospects, is one of the characteristics which distinguish the human from the lower animals of creation, and without which we should have little to boast of over them.

The family of O'Clery, or, as the name is now usually written, Cleary, and sometimes anglicized Clarke, is not of Tircconnellian origin, nor of very ancient standing in the country of the Kinel-Connell race, the present county of Donegal. Their original locality was in Hy-Fiachrach-Aidhne, a district comprising the entire of the present diocese of Kilmacduagh, in the present county of Galway, and of which their ancestors were, for a long period previous to the Anglo-Norman conquest, the hereditary lords or kings. As usual in ancient Irish topographical names, this territory derived its appellation from that of the tribe by whom it was formed into a principality, the name Hy-Fiachrach-Aidhne being the tribe name of the descendants of Fiachra, who was the son of Eochy-Moyvaine, King of Ireland in the fourth century. On the adoption of surnames, however, at the close of the tenth century, this tribe having split into several distinct families, assumed different surnames from their immediate progenitors, and of these families the most eminent were the O'Clerys, the O'Heynes, the O'Shaughnessys, the Mac Giolla Kellys, and the O'Moghans.

The occasion of the first settlement of the O'Clerys at Kilbarron, in the country of Tircconnell, will be best told in the simple statement of his descendants, as given in their genealogical work.

"The English power, that is to say, the power of the Burkes descended from William (Fitz Adelm) the Conqueror, having become in the ascendant over the descendants of Eochy Breac, the son of Dathi, the son of Fiachra, &c. several of the latter were separated, and dispersed into various districts, viz, Mac Giolla Kelly went into Western Erris, and a branch of the O'Clerys into Hy-awley Mac Fiachrach. Another branch of them passed into [East] Munster, and settled in the vicinity of Kilkenny, and another again passed into Breifnehy O'Reilly, and are there known as the Clan Clery.

After a lapse of time, a wise and intelligent man of the O'Clerys went from Tir-awley into Tircconnell. Cormac O'Clery was his name, and he was a proficient in both the laws, that is, the civil and the canon law. The monks and learned men of the monastery of St Bernard, called Assaroe (near Ballyshannon), conceived a great respect and affection for him, on account of his councils, his good morals, his wisdom, and his intellect, and they detained him among them for a time. He was at this period young and comely.

For a long time previously, O'Sgingin had been the ollave [chief historian] to the lord of the Kinel-Connell, that is, the O'Donnell; and it was from Ard-Carne in Moy-Lurg of the Dagda that he came into Tircconnell.

When the Cormac O'Clery of whom we have spoken came into Tircconnell, Niall Garbh, the son of Hugh, the son of Donnell Oge, was lord of the country; and O'Sgingin, that is, Matthew, was ollave to him at the time; and there did not then live of children with O'Sgingin, nor yet of his tribe, but an only and beautiful daughter. And this daughter O'Sgingin gave as wife to this Cormac, and all he demanded for her as a dowry\* was, that if ever a son should be born to them, he should be trained up in the knowledge of literature and history, as his own family were all extinct in that country except this only daughter. Cormac promised to fulfil this request, and he did so.

A son was born of Cormac and O'Sgingin's daughter, and he was named Giolla Brighde, in honour and remembrance of Giolla Brighde O'Sgingin, his maternal uncle, who was the intended ollave of Tircconnell, but had died some time before, in the year 1382.

Son to that Giolla Brighde O'Clery was Giolla Riabhach; and son to Giolla Riabhach was Dermot of the three schools, so called because he kept a school for literature, a school for history, and a school for poetry. It was to that Dermot that O'Donnell, that is, Niall, the son of Turlogh an

\* *Tinnsera*, in the original—a reward, portion, or dowry—it being the custom among the Irish as among the Eastern nations, that the husband should make a present to his wife's father, or to herself, upon his marriage. As Byron says—

"Though this seems odd  
'Tis true; the reason is, that the bashaw  
Must make a present to his sire-in-law."

fhiona, gave the territory called Creevagh, which was his principal residence for a time, and which was given him in addition to other lands which O'Donnell's ancestors had previously given to O'Sgingin, in reward for his skill in the science which was hereditary to him, namely, history.

Son to Dermot of the three schools was Teige Cam, who had the three celebrated sons, Tuathal, Gillareagh, and Dermot. It was by them that the stone houses were built in Kilbarron; for they and their ancestors were the occupants of Kilbarron since the time of Cormac already mentioned, who came first to Tircconnell; and they were also the occupants of Carrow-na-Caheragh, and Carrownty-clogh of the lands of the monastery of Assaroe. To them also belonged (as a gift) from O'Donnell, the quarter of Kildoney, the quarter of Coolremur, and the quarter of Drumincrin in Moy-Enné.

The children of Tuathal, the son of Teige Cam, the son of Dermot of the three schools, were Teige Cam, Giolla Riabhach, Mahon, and William. Teige Cam (the son of Tuathal) left no issue but one daughter, Sheela."

The preceding extract furnishes us with a very striking evidence of the regard anciently entertained for learning in Ireland, and of the liberal endowments made for the support of its professors. The lands named as belonging to the ollaves of Tircconnell are still known by the appellations above given, and would at the present day produce a rental little short of two thousand a-year. Ah! it will be long till learning in the history and literature of our country be again thus nobly recompensed! But it may be asked, were these professors of old worthy of the liberal patronage thus afforded them—were they mindful of the duties imposed upon them in return for it? We answer, that we think they were, and in support of our opinion we adduce the following brief but expressive tributes to their memories as recorded by our Annalists:—

"1492. O'Clery, that is, Teige Cam (or the crooked), ollave to O'Donnell in science, poetry, and history, a man who had maintained a house of universal hospitality for the mighty and the needy, died, after having subdued the world and the devil."

"1512. Tuathal O'Clery, the son of Teige Cam, a man learned in history and poetry—a man who kept a house of hospitality generally for rich and poor, died."

"1522. This year was killed, besides two of the poets of O'Donnell, Dermot, the son of Teige Cam O'Clery, a man learned in history and poetry—a man who kept a house of hospitality universally for the rich and the poor."

"1527. O'Clery, that is, Giolla Riabhach, the son of Teige Cam, learned in the sciences, in historical knowledge, in poetry, and in theological reading, a man respected and rich, died."

1583. In this year Turlogh Luineach O'Neal, having attacked O'Donnell at Drumleen, in revenge of the burning of Strabane by the latter some time previously, he was defeated by O'Donnell with great loss, and amongst the slain was "Maelmurry (the son of Dermott, who was son of Mahon, who was son of Tuathal) O'Clery, the only hostage of O'Neill and the Kenel-Owen, for his father and O'Neill himself had been born of the same mother. Maelmurry, on account of his relationship with O'Neill, had been in possession of all O'Neill's wealth, and O'Neill would have given three times the usual quantity of every kind of property for his ransom, if ransomed he could have been; but he was first mortally wounded and afterwards drowned by O'Donnell's people, who were in high spirits, and rejoiced greatly at seeing him thus cut off."

"1585. Cosnamhach, the son of Cucogry (or Peregrine), who was the son of Dermot, who was the son of Teige Cam O'Clery—a rich and flourishing man, who had maintained a house of hospitality at one time in Thomond and another in Tircconnell, died at Fuar-Chosach in Tircconnell, in the lent of this year, and was interred under the asylum of God and St Bernard, in the monastery of Assaroe."

This devotion to literature was not, however, a characteristic of the O'Clerys in their days of wealth and prosperity only, but distinguished them with even greater lustre when reduced to poverty in after times, as will clearly appear from the facts we have yet to adduce. But as we are sketching their genealogical history, as well as their character, we must previously continue their pedigree from the period of their settlement at Kilbarron, to their extinction as professional ollaves, on the ruin of their patrons the O'Donnells, and, for the sake of clearness, we shall give it in a tabular form.

1. Cormac O'Clery, the first who settled in Donegal.

2. Giolla Brighde O'Clery.
3. Giolla Riabhach O'Clery.
4. Dermot of the three schools.
5. Teige Cam (or the stooped) O'Clery.
6. Dermot O'Clery.
7. Cucogry (or Peregrine) O'Clery.
8. Mac Con O'Clery; his brother, Cosnamach, died in 1584.

9. Lughaidh (or Lewis) Giolla Brighde, Mac Con Meirgeach, Cucogry, and Duigen O'Clery.

Of these sons, the eldest, Lughaidh, was the most distinguished of the Irish literati of the northern half of Ireland in his time, and the principal poetical combatant on the part of the northern bards in the contest with those of the southern division, which took place about the commencement of the seventeenth century, respecting the claims of the rival dynasties of the northern and southern divisions of Ireland to supremacy and renown. The poems written on this occasion are usually collected into a volume, entitled "*Iomarbadh*," or, Contention of the Bards, and were long popular among the Irish people. He was also the compiler of Annals of his Own Times, which the Four Masters used in their great compilations. As chief of his sept, this Lughaidh, or Lewis O'Clery, held the entire of the lands bestowed on his ancestors, as well as the herenach lands of the parish of Kilbarron, as hereditary herenach, till the flight of the northern earls in 1607, when they were lost to him and his family in the general confiscation which followed, and became the property of the Lord Folliott and the Bishop of Raphoe. He held those lands, however, till the close of the year 1609, and was selected as one of the "good and lawful men" of the county, appointed in obedience to a commission to inquire into the king's title to the several escheated and forfeited lands in Ulster, and which held an inquisition for this purpose at Lifford, on the 12th of September 1609. In this inquisition, which furnishes the most valuable information upon the nature of ancient Irish tenures, it is stated that "the parish of Kilbarron contains five quarters in all, whereof one quarter is herenach land possessed by the sept of the Cleries as herenaches, paying thereout yearly to the lord busshopp of Raphoe thirteen shillings four pence Irish per annum, six meathers of butter, and thirty-four meathers of meale; and that there is one quarter named Kildoned, in the tenure of the said sept of the Cleries, free from any tithes to the busshopp," &c. And again, "That there are in the said parishes three quarters of Collumbkillies land, everie quarter conteyninge sixe balliboos in the tenure of Lewe O'Clerie, to whom the said lands were sithence mortgaged for fortie pounds, by the said late Earle of Tiroconnell unto the said Lewe, who hath paid thereout yearly unto his Majestie, since the late earl's departure, four poundes, two muttons, and a pair of gloves, but nothing to the said busshopp."

Cucogry, or Peregrine O'Clery, the son of Lughaidh or Lewy, and chief of the name, held the half quarter of the lands of Coobeg and Dowghill, in the proportion of Monargane, in the barony of Boylagh and Bannagh, from hollandtide 1631 until May 1632, for which he paid eight pounds sterling per annum to William Farrell, Esq., assignee to the Earl of Annandale, as appears from an inquisition taken at Lifford on the 25th of May 1632, but "being a mere Irishman, and not of English or British descent or surname," he was dispossessed, and the lands became forfeited to the king.

The O'Clerys were thus wholly reduced to poverty, but not to idleness, in the service of their country's literature. It was in this year 1632 that they commenced that series of works devoted to the preservation of Irish history, which has made their names so illustrious, and of which the celebrated annals, called the Annals of the Four Masters, are now the most popularly known. A full account of this great work, written by the author of this article, will be found in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, and reprinted in the first volume of the Dublin Penny Journal. The persons concerned in its compilation were, first, Teige of the Mountain O'Clery, who, after becoming a Franciscan friar, adopted the name of Michael, 2 Maurice O'Mulconary; 3 Fergus O'Mulconary; 4 Cucogry, the son of Lewy O'Clery; 5 Cucogry O'Duigen; 6 Conary O'Clery, the brother of Michael. The work was commenced in the monastery of Donegal, of which Father Bernardin O'Clery was guardian, on the 22d of January 1632, and finished in the same convent on the 10th of August 1636, the brotherhood supplying the transcribers with the necessary support.

The motives which actuated the O'Clerys to enter on a work of such labour as this, are very feelingly and prophetically expressed in the dedication to it by Michael, the superintendent of the work. "Judging that should such a compilation be neglected at present, or consigned to a future time, a risk might be run that the materials for it should never again be brought together,"—and such indeed would have been their fate. In the same spirit the O'Clerys compiled their *Leabhar Gabhala*, or book of the conquests of Ireland, containing the most valuable ancient historical poems preserved in the language; their book of Genealogies; their *Reim riograidhe*, or catalogue of kings; and their calendar and genealogies of the Saints or distinguished ecclesiastics of Ireland. In addition to these, Cucogry, the son of Lewy, wrote the Life of Red Hugh O'Donnell, a work of the greatest value and interest. Copies of all these works are now preserved in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, and with the exception of two of them, are in the autograph of Cucogry O'Clery, the best scribe of the family, or of the Four Masters conjointly.

The preservation of these remains, so essential to our history, is very interestingly connected with the subsequent fortunes of the O'Clery family.

Towards the close of the fatal troubles of the seventeenth century, the O'Clerys, with many other families of Tiroconnell, were forced to seek shelter in the wilds of Erris, in Mayo, under the guidance of their natural leader Roger O'Donnell, the son of Colonel Manus O'Donnell, who was killed at Dungannon in 1646, and ancestor to the present Sir Richard O'Donnell of Newport. Of these O'Clerys, was Cucogry, one of the Four Masters, and senior representative of the name, who, carrying with him his books as his chief treasure, bequeathed them to his two sons Dermot and John. How strong this feeling of pride in his books, and his love of learning, continued in the midst of adversities, and even in death, will appear from the following extract from his autograph will, which was made at Curr-na-heilt, near Newport, and which is preserved in one of his works now in the library of the Academy. It is the first or principal item among his bequests:—"I bequeath the property most dear to me that ever I possessed in this world, namely, my books, to my two sons Dermot and Shane (or John.) Let them extract from them, without injuring them, whatever may be necessary to their purpose, and let them be equally seen and used by the children of my brother Cairbre as by themselves; and let them instruct them according to the (obliterated.) And I request the children of Cairbre to teach and instruct their children. And I command my sons to be loving, friendly, and kind to the children of Cairbre, and to their own children, if they wish that God should befriend them in the other world, or prosper them in this, and give them the inheritance of heaven."

The injunctions thus solemnly laid on his posterity were faithfully fulfilled. His books were carefully preserved and studied by his descendants from generation to generation, till, being brought to Dublin about thirty years since, by John O'Clery, the eldest representative of his line, they got into the possession of the late Edward O'Reilly, at the sale of whose books and Irish MSS. they were purchased for the Royal Irish Academy.

This John O'Clery, who still lives, is the fifth in descent from Cucogry, the annalist, who died in 1664; and, like his ancestors, he is a good Irish scribe and scholar. We may also remark, that, though in very humble life, he can boast of a pedigree unbroken through fifty-two generations, from Eochy-Moyvaine, monarch of Ireland in the fourth century, and this on historical evidence that the learned could hardly venture to question.

To these notices we have only to add, in reference to the subject of our illustration, that though, from the account which we have already given from the O'Clery MS. it might be supposed that Kilbarron Castle was erected by them in the sixteenth century, the castle itself bears evidences in many parts that it is of much earlier antiquity. The tradition of the country, as stated by the author of the Donegal Statistical Survey, is, that it was originally erected by O'Sginneen or Sgingin; and this tradition is fully verified by an entry in the Annals of the Four Masters, which states that Kilbarron Castle was rased to the ground by Donnell, the son of Murtoigh O'Connor, in 1390. The probability, therefore, is, that it was re-edified immediately afterwards by Cormac O'Clery, though houses of stone were not erected within its enclosures till a later period.

## THE TALKING AND TACITURN AGES.

Among all the enjoyments of life, there was none which our great lexicographer esteemed superior to a "good talk." It was to him as the supper of the Gods. He would walk a long way for it; and if he attained his end, he would express his highest feelings of satisfaction by saying, "Sir, we had a good talk." What share he took in it himself on such occasions, it might have been interesting to inquire. That it was a large one, we may rest assured; but few probably complained of the circumstance—so capital a talker was our "British Socrates." Yet to a good talk on equal terms, it will be allowed there should be some reciprocity. To "harangue" in company is not to talk fairly. It is a practice, indeed, common enough in the world; but if the just rules which ought to prevail in the conversational commonwealth be considered, it must be allowed to be a violation of them. The formality of the speech is utterly destructive to the freedom of the republic. Reciprocity is its very life and soul; but the speech-maker lays it up at once in a state of suspended animation. Next to the speech-maker, we may rank as the greatest infringer of these laws the determined "arguer," or disputatious person, who loves an argument so much that you can advance no proposition that he is not ready immediately to controvert. In the presence of such a person, conversation shares the fate of true love, and never can "run smooth." There is an appearance of equitableness about this character, that may render him less manifestly engrossing than the former; but his egotism is only a little better concealed, and he invariably achieves the same disagreeable result, namely, to silence every body else, and keep the field entirely to himself. Of such a person we shall say with Jacques, "I have been all day to avoid him. He is too 'disputable' for my company. I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast."

There are two words in the English language which really comprise all the rules, laws, and regulations necessary for the good government of conversation, and these are "brevity," "reciprocity." If each individual would remember when he takes part in conversation that there are others to do so as well as himself, he would necessarily be brief in his own performances. And this brevity has many advantages. Our time is short; our meetings together for conversation are commonly, like angels' visits, "few and far between," and in general short; tediousness is the sure destroyer, as brevity is "the soul" of wit, and therefore he that would enliven his hearers, and dispose them to hear him again, should be above all things "short." It is acting upon the second golden line, also, and shows a proper consideration for the rights of others. It is doing as a man would be done by. In addition to which, we may observe, that each should listen, if he desire to be listened to—should hear, if he desire to be heard in return.

Thus these two words "brevity" and "reciprocity" form a concise but plain and simple code upon the subject. Much might be said, indeed, in the way of commentary; but commentary sometimes tends rather to obscure than to elucidate, and in this case is manifestly uncalled for.

It must be remembered, however, that these laws can only conduce to the *improvement* and *regulation* of conversational intercourse, but are wholly inadequate to *originate* or *insure* that "good talking" of which the report has come down to us. This is an object not to be accomplished by rule. The proverb of the wise man says that "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and we may safely affirm that where there is plenty of matter weighing upon the mind, and where it is of a kind that interests the feelings, there will be at least no lack of utterance. Under an opposite state of things, a contrary result may be expected, and cannot, by any rule of art that we have ever heard of, be contravened. But we must proclaim a truce with this train of observation. We feel that we have been twaddling after the manner of some of our elder essayists, oblivious of the age in which we actually exist. Who has time to think *now* of good talking, or of talking at all?

The age of Johnsonism is departed; and in these days, instead of running after a "good talk," there is nothing which the people would run more resolutely from. This is the age of hurry and bustle, and of doing, not talking. It is the age of machinery and iron. We do every thing by mechanical contrivance: we print by it, travel by it, count by it, and very soon, we expect, we shall talk by it. All our great dis-

coveries and inventions are unfavourable to speech. What need to speak, indeed, when almost every thing we may wish to say or hear of is printed? No occasion to ask our neighbour questions, or to moot points of any kind with us: the press answers and discusses them all most satisfactorily. Printing is driving conversation out of the world. It is rendering it not only superfluous, but impracticable; for how is it possible to find time to read all that is given us to read in these days, and to go on talking after the old fashion? The thing is manifestly impossible; and our own conclusion is, that we are hurrying on rapidly to the age of pure taciturnity. When the sun of this solemn age shall have reached its meridian, talking will have passed into the mouths of old women and sucklings, or of merely professional people. We say professional people, because, though conversation in general will have become monosyllabic, or be carried on perhaps by signals, without the use of speech at all, we yet think it highly probable that there will be persons who will occupy themselves with it as a profession. This will be only a carrying out of the grand principle of the division of labour; and their occupation, being followed professionally, will be executed in the very best style, and on the most scientific principles. Professional talkers will then be engaged for large parties just as singers are now, and will amuse the company with studiously prepared anecdotes, beautifully executed disquisitions, flashes of merriment, repartees, rejoinders, grave remarks, useful hints, and whatever else can conduce to entertain or instruct—whilst hosts and guests will on their part sit at ease in all the luxury of silence.

As to the rules of "good talking" which we began by laying down, we are sensible that in a short time they must become quite obsolete. Conversation is even now as the "last rose of summer," and going out very fast indeed. If what we have said can be of any use to cheer or improve its declining years, we shall be amply rewarded; but if we are already too late, then let it be kept, and in some twenty years more it may be looked upon as a decided curiosity. "See here what I have found," may somebody "use the machine to intimate, for as to speaking so many words together, nobody will do it. "See what I have found in an early number of the Irish Penny Journal—'Rules for good talking!'—well, now, what could that have been? Dear me, what strange habits they must have had in those days!" X. D.

## THE JACOBITE RELICS OF IRELAND.—No. I.

THE Jacobite relics of England, and to a still greater extent those of Scotland, have been given to the world, and are well deserving of such preservation; for they reflect no small light on the character and temperament of the English and Scottish people during the last century. But until the appearance of Mr Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy it was hardly known that in their political enthusiasm for the fate of a decaying family the Irish people participated with so large a portion of those of the sister islands, and that it gave birth to an equal number of poetical effusions in our own country—but with this difference, that their sentiments are usually veiled under an allegorical form, and always in the Irish language. To Mr Hardiman we are indebted for the preservation of the originals of many of those productions, and also for translations of them. These translations are however too free to enable the English reader to form any very accurate idea of the Irish originals, and we are therefore tempted to present a series of these relics to our readers, with translations of a more literal and faithful description; not limiting ourselves to those which have already appeared in Mr Hardiman's work—as in the specimen which we have selected to commence with, which is still popularly sung in Ireland to the old melody called "Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan."

We may observe, that the name of the author of this song, if ever known, is no longer remembered; but there seems to be no doubt that the song itself is of Munster origin.

## KATHALEEN NY-HOULAHAN.

Long they pine in weary woe, the nobles of our land,  
Long they wander to and fro, proscribed, alas! and banned;  
Feastless, houseless, altarless, they bear the exile's brand,  
But their hope is in the coming-to of Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan.

Think her not a ghastly hag, too hideous to be seen,  
Call her not unseemly name, our matchless Kathaleen;  
Young she is, and fair she is, and would be crowned a queen,  
Were the king's son at home here with Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan!



Sweet and mild would look her face, O none so sweet and mild,  
 Could she crush the foes by whom her beauty is reviled;  
 Woolen plaids would grace herself and robes of silk her child,  
 If the king's son were living here with Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan!

Sore disgrace it is to see the Arbitress of thrones,  
 Vassal to a *Suzannee* of cold and sapless bones!  
 Bitter anguish wrings our souls—with heavy sighs and groans  
 We wait the Young Deliverer of Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan!

Let us pray to Him who holds Life's issues in His hands—  
 Him who formed the mighty globe, with all its thousand lands;  
 Girdling them with seas and mountains, rivers deep, and strands,  
 To cast a look of pity upon Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan!

He, who over sands and waves led Israel along—  
 He, who fed, with heavenly bread, that chosen tribe and throng—  
 He, who stood by Moses, when his foes were fierce and strong—  
 May He show forth His might in saving Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan!

M.

## CAUSE AND EFFECT,

## OR THE MISFORTUNES OF CHARLEY MALONE.

"WELL," said Hubert Dillon to me one day, "did you ever hear or read of such an unlucky being as that Charley Malone?"

"Indeed I did," was my reply; "on the contrary, I look upon him as one of the most fortunate men in existence."

"Tut, tut! how can you say that, unless it be for the pure love of contradiction?—how long is it ago, I ask you, since he almost broke his neck riding the steeple-chase in Mullagh-moran?"

"Why, my dear fellow," I rejoined, "I consider him most miraculously fortunate in not having broken his neck altogether on the occasion; he was warned before hand that the horse couldn't possibly carry him over such a leap; and how he escaped so safely, will always remain a puzzle to me."

"Well, I'll give you another instance—the very morning he was to have fought Cornet Bagley, didn't the police catch him, and get him bound over?"

"And devilish well for him they did, let me tell you, otherwise poor Charley would have been a case for the coroner before dinner time. The cornet's a dead shot, and you know yourself that Charley couldn't hit a turf clamp."

"Didn't he lose fifty pounds at hazard to George Byrne last winter in one night?"

"Sign's on it, he booked himself against the bones for ever and a day as soon as he got up next morning, and by consequence may be expected to have something to leave to the heirs of his body, when he has them."

"Well, talking of heirs: what have you to say to his matrimonial speculations, this last affair particularly—to lose such a girl and such a fortune by his own confounded blundering. You'll not call that good fortune surely." But our reminiscences of "Charley's last," thus recalled, were too much for mortal gravity to bear, and laughter, long, loud, and uproarious, cut short the argument, leaving me still however impressed with the belief, that, only for himself, Charley would be a second Fortunatus; at all events, that he could not justly announce himself a martyr to the frowns of the goddess.

In the first place, two uncles, five cousins, and an elder brother of his own, had all stood between him and the family property, worth three hundred a-year, or thereabouts, but with an alacrity and good nature quite exemplary to all uncles and cousins under similar circumstances, they all within a couple of years quitted the scene. Before the last of them was sodded, however, Charley took it into his head to borrow some money, on the chance of his inheritance, at twenty per cent. As the aforesaid chance was rather a good one, he was soon accommodated; but the wax on the bond was scarce cold when he was called to the joy of mourning at the funeral of his last impediment. Oh, if he had had but the luck to wait one week!—he was the most unfortunate dog in the world!

Still, matrimony might enable him to retrieve all, and accordingly to work he went, and wild work, sure enough, he made of it. His last affair in that line, however, being that which fairly convinced him of the unprofitable nature of his pursuit, and likewise being rather a good thing in its way, is the only one which I shall offer in illustration of Charley's luck and Charley's mode of managing it.

A letter, directed in female fashion, was handed to him one morning by the postmaster of B——, the town contiguous to which lay his mansion; thus ran its contents, with the commentary of the reader:—

"Dear Charles—[has she the *tin*, I wonder?] a severe attack of rheumatism [pooh! it's from my aunt Bindon—hum—ay—Marsh's prescriptions—Mr Gregg's new chapel—have

to sacrifice all and quit Dublin—hallo! what's this?] Your cousin Lucy [they say she has three thousand] has suffered so much from the bad air of the city, that I must endeavour to procure her the benefit of a country residence. I would prefer the town of B——, if there be a good house to let in it. Pray let me know as soon as you can, and the rent, and every thing about it, &c. &c.—Your attached aunt,

LUCY BINDON."

Who shall say now that Charley wasn't a lucky dog, with a handsome heiress almost thrown into his arms by a dowager-guardian, with whom he stood as dear Charles? What numberless opportunities would he not enjoy! Sole protector of two lone women; the one laid up by rheumatism, and fully occupied by devotion and card-playing; the other dying for the want of country air and exercise, and in all probability not at all averse to the idea of sharing her delights with a companion. They would be absolutely his own fee-simple property. Such good fortune was not an every-day affair, and deserved more than every-day exertion to second and secure it. So Charley set about his aunt's commission in earnest, and before nightfall succeeded in ferreting a half-pay lieutenant and his family out of the best house in the town, to make room for the dowager and her daughter; wrote in reply an account of his doings, with such a list of the amenities of the locality as would have added fifty per cent, at least, to its value if it were to be sold by auction; and inclosed at the same time a well-authenticated statement of a most extraordinary cure of rheumatism which had been effected by the waters of a blessed well in the neighbourhood.

In due course of time the ladies were domiciled in their new dwelling, with Charley, of course, for their factotum and natural protector. The blessed well began to work a miracle on the aunt, and the country air would have done as much for Lucy if she required it; but deuce a bit of it she wanted; her cheeks were as red and her step as firm as if she had been born and bred within the precincts of the parish; and whatever was the cause of her rustication, Charley could swear it was not bodily weakness. Ill-natured people said she had been a thought too sweet to an attorney's apprentice in the city, and that therein lay the secret of her mother's forsaking the delights of Marsh's prescriptions and Gregg's new chapel—that prudent personage not approving of the connection. If that be the case, a tough heart had Lucy Bindon, and never may it be my lot to make such a faint impression on woman-kind as was made by that luckless apprentice; for a merrier laugh never rang in the precincts of B——, and a brighter pair of eyes never glittered in its dull, quiet street. But, oh! that laugh and those eyes, they played the devil entirely with the heart of her cousin Charley.

And he was a happy man, as why the deuce should'nt he? philandering, morning, noon, and night, with his merry cousin in the fields and in the woods, and at the fireside and by the piano, not to talk of all the dangerous little reunions on the stairs or in the lobby, until at last the dowager began to smell a rat, and hint her scruples about the propriety of cousin-work. In vain did Lucy disclaim all matrimonial intents, and assure her that it was all innocence, mere flirting, a bit of fun and no more, upon her word and honour. Still the poor woman would not be comforted; she knew, she said, several cases of cousins getting married, and somehow or other something or other happened to point out the impropriety in each case. In one, both parties died before they were twenty years married—indeed, they were a little oldish and sickly; in another, the gentleman got into debt and ruined himself; in another, the lady took to drinking; and in another, sundry and several small infants exchanged their cradles for coffins; all which terrible examples, however, and their strange and unusual phenomena, had no effect at all on Charley, for he was determined to win his point in spite of all the dowagers that ever took snuff, or all the enumerated horrors of their experience.

After all, though, there were not so many obstacles to encounter in that quarter as at first appeared, there being one great recommendation in his favour, inasmuch as he was neither counsellor nor attorney, in embryo or in esse; from the members of both which learned and respectable professions the defunct Mr Bindon had received in his day so many unneighbourly offices, that his relict conceived it a sacred duty to the dead to hate the aforesaid with all the hatred of which a stiff-necked Irish dowager was capable; and, then, he was her own flesh and blood, and who had such a good right to Lucy and her three thousand? or who would be so much

benefited by it? and when Lucy liked him, why should she, the dowager, gainsay it, and so on until all her objections evaporated, and at last she became as anxious for the match as if she had come down on purpose to promote it. But, Lucy—oh woman! woman! she did not wish to get married at all—couldn't think of quitting her own dear mamma; of course, if mamma insisted, she would obey, but, 'deed and word, she'd much rather not. In short, she exhibited to the wondering eyes of her bothered lover as pretty a piece of coquetry as ever baulked a gentleman on the highroad to his desires. Things, however, went on promising enough, for Charley found it impossible to despair with so much odds in his favour, particularly while the lady was as frank and merry as ever. And thus, between laughing and quarrelling, the month of February arrived, in which Mrs B. and her future on-in-law intended the marriage should take place, if Lucy's consent could be won in any form. Charley, for the purpose of raising the wind for the occasion, had arranged to send a horse to Dublin to be sold, and some whim seized him to ride the animal himself, and be present at the sale. The day before he was to depart, he intimated his intention to his beloved, inquiring if she had any commands.

"Going to ride to Dublin!" exclaimed the astonished Lucy. "Seventy miles at the least. Why, man, you have such a happy knack of blundering that you'll most certainly lose your way. Good bye, Charley; I'll never see your face again."

"Tut!" rejoined Charley indignantly, "how could I miss my way when there's a milestone on every inch of the road from this to Dublin?"

"Not on every inch, Charley," continued the provoking girl, "only on every mile; but I always give you leave to speak twice, you know. Well, and when do you expect to reach Dublin, please the milestones?"

"I shall set off to-morrow morning," answered he, a little sulkily, "and I'll be in Dublin the evening after."

"Humph! this is the eleventh, that will be the thirteenth. Yes; it will just do. Well, Charley, I believe I will entrust you with a letter; but you must promise and vow that you will put it into the penny-post the very evening you arrive, or I'll not give it to you; for it must be delivered the morning after, or the Lord knows what would happen."

"You needn't be afraid, Lucy," answered her beau; "you know very well!"

"Oh! to be sure I do," exclaimed she, interrupting him. "I declare I was very near forgetting all that. This evening, then, I'll send the letter over to you; and now good-bye, and go get ready."

With the help of the milestones, as Lucy said, he arrived in Dublin on the evening he proposed, and having left his steed at Dycer's, and seen him carefully made-up, proceeded to the Hibernian, discussed his dinner and a couple of tumblers, and then, for the poor fellow was terribly tired, sank into a slumber, and finally rose into a snore, from which he was aroused by the waiter recommending him to adjourn to his room; a piece of advice which Charley very gratefully followed. Next morning Lucy's letter rose in judgment against him; there was only one way to atone for his neglect, and that was, to deliver it personally, no matter at what trouble or inconvenience. So, hastily dressing himself, he took the letter out of his valise, and examined the direction. He had his misgivings; it bore for its superscription the name Edward Fitzgerald, Esq, whose place of abode it indicated was number something in Dominick Street. He could not help asking himself what business had Lucy—his Lucy—corresponding with any male member of the human family whatever. Still, as any assertion of his rights in that particular would be rather premature at present, he determined to execute the commission faithfully, since he had undertaken it; but as soon as she became Mrs Malone, if he'd let such a thing occur again, then might he, Charley, be eternally doomed to a place that shall be nameless.

On reaching the domicile of Mr Fitzgerald, and inquiring if he was at home, our friend was ushered into the presence of a most alarmingly spruce young gentleman, six feet high in his stockings, handsome enough to be a handsome man, and with a head of hair that awfully contrasted with the rather carroty wisp which lay between Charley and high heaven. To him, on questioning him fully as to his identity, he delivered the letter, and likewise the speech which he had been composing on the subject all the morning.

"This letter, sir," quoth Charley, "was entrusted to my care by a very pretty girl, to whom I pledged myself that I

would put it in the penny-post last night, but I was so cursedly tired, that, hang me if I ever thought of it; and so, to redeem my pledge, I have come to place it in your hands, Miss Bindon having some reason best known to herself for wishing it should reach you to-day."

"Miss Bindon, did you say?" exclaimed the young man, looking very much like a personage who had been wakened out of a dream.

"Yes, sir, Miss Lucy Bindon," answered Charley, and to prevent mistakes he added with rather a significant tone, "and a young lady, by the bye, in whom I take a very especial interest. You understand me?"

"Oh! perfectly," stammered the young man in answer. "Somebody told me she was going to be married."

"I don't know how that may be, sir," said Charley, with a sort of simpering consciousness; "but this at least I can say, that he'll be a devilish lucky man who gets her."

"Yes," responded Mr Edward Fitzgerald, with a bitter sigh; "she is in truth a beautiful girl. Such animation!"

"And such a fine fortune!" continued Charley, rubbing his hands with triumph.

"Amiable, excellent, fascinating!" said the doleful Mr Fitzgerald; and a pause ensued of most lugubrious silence, during which his eyes were fastened on the letter, seemingly unconscious of the presence of its bearer.

"Excuse me," said Charley at last; "you are impatient to read it, so I'll be off. Good morning."

The young man rose with all the amiability he could summon, and quitted the apartment with him to show him the way.

"Thunder and turf, sir!" ejaculated Charley; "is it out on the skylight you want to send me?" And, certainly, the direction in which the gentleman pointed would have led to some such exit.

"Oh! pardon me," exclaimed the other, covered with confusion; "I really forgot—your way is down stairs, not up."

"All right—all right," chuckled Charley to himself as he sprang down, taking a flight at each bound; "this is some fellow that she used to care for before she saw me; and now, to have every thing fair and straight, the gipsy has sent him his dismissal in form. Poor devil! he seems disposed to take it to heart very much. Right—right! Best to be off with the old love before you be on with the new, as the song says. I declare I like her the better for it; and to save the poor fellow's feelings, she never even hinted to me what the letter was about." And laying this flattering unction to his soul, he went about his business in the best of good humour with himself and all the world besides.

"Well, Charley," said Lucy to him on his return to the country, "I know beforehand you forgot all about my letter; so give it back to me, if you have not lost it. I should not like my billet-doux to remain with the rest of your good intentions; give it back to me now, like a good fellow, and I'll forgive you. It's not your fault, but your misfortune."

"I am happy to tell you," answered he, "that all your forebodings have proved groundless; and I'm sure, Lucy, that giddy and careless as you may pretend to be, it will give you satisfaction to know that I perfectly approve of your conduct."

Lucy, a little puzzled by this gratifying intimation, received it in silence, making a low curtsey in reply, as in duty bound.

"Yes, Lucy," continued he, "it has made you dearer than ever to me."

"Will you allow me to ask you one question, Mr Charles-Malone?" demanded the puzzled lady, "and pray be intelligible if possible in your reply. Did you put my letter in the penny-post?"

"No."

"I thought as much—and pray what have you done with it?"

"You will understand all my allusions," replied Charley tenderly, "when I tell you I delivered it myself into the hands of this Mr Fitzgerald."

"What! but he didn't know who you were, did he?" exclaimed she, in utter dismay.

"I rather think he guessed," was the sly reply; "and from the manner in which he spoke of you, I was able to guess something too; but you needn't blush now; we'll say no more about it. Such things will occur in the best regulated families."

"Spoke of me!" said Lucy, in a low and frightened tone. "and had you the assurance to mention my name?"

"Why, why not? I hope there was nothing particular in the letter. I thought"—

"Oh, you odious blundering wretch!" she exclaimed, interrupting him, and bursting into tears; "it was nothing but an innocent, harmless valentine; and now look at all the mischief you have put into it."

It was with a sorrowing heart that Charley wended his way homeward that evening, after enduring such a mortifying discovery, and the disagreeable consequences entailed thereon, and putting in extreme jeopardy his chance of the incensed Lucy, and her very desirable three thousand appurtenances; but as he passed the little inn where temporary sojourners in B— were made as comfortable as the nature of the circumstances would permit, he caught a glimpse of the figure of a man standing in the hall, closely muffled and enveloped in that most successful of all disguises which a gentleman can assume, a rough pea-jacket. Could it be? it was decidedly like him; but what could bring him there? Nay, by Jove! it was the identical Mr Edward Fitzgerald himself, arrived, most unaccountably, at the very nick of time, to explain to Lucy how inadvertently her name had been alluded to, and thus get him out of the scrape. Led by this gleam of hope, he hurried up to the stranger, and eagerly claimed his recognition by seizing his hand without ceremony, and welcoming him to B—.

"Down about business, I presume?" quoth Charley.

"No—yes—exactly," stammered the surprised new-comer.

"Egad, you can do my business at all events," continued Charley. "I suppose you know by this time what a cursed mistake I made the other day about Miss Bindon's letter. Oh, you may laugh; but faith it has been no laughing matter to me. However, you can set all to rights, if you choose, by writing a few lines, saying how it occurred, and that it was quite an accident, and all that. Do now, like a good fellow, and I'll just run back with it, and make my peace."

"You mean," observed Fitzgerald, "that I should write to Miss Bindon. My dear fellow, I shall be delighted; but of course you'll deliver it under the rose. It wouldn't be the thing, you know, to let the old lady into the secret;" and laughing heartily, and displaying the most laudable alacrity to extricate Charley from his dilemma, he led the way into the parlour, and having procured writing materials, sat down, wrote a few hurried lines, which he said would fully explain the whole occurrence and set it in a proper light, sealed his note, and delivered it to the anxious swain for whose behoof he had penned it, and who hastened away with his prize so quickly, that before the ink was dry, he placed it in the reluctant hands of the still pouting Lucy. "There!" exclaimed he, triumphantly; "since you won't believe me, maybe you'll believe that. Now, pray don't throw it into the fire," continued he, as a very unambiguous motion of the young lady seemed to imply was her intention; "only read it, and if that don't satisfy you, I'll say you're hard to be pleased, and that's all."

Moved by this powerful appeal, Lucy cast her eye on the billet; a strange sort of emotion passed across her face, and she abruptly broke the seal, and proceeded to peruse the contents, while Charley applied himself, with equal zeal, to the perusal of her countenance. In it he could read, first, surprise, extreme and undisguised; secondly, confusion; and lastly, something undefinable, which at all events was not displeasure, for she concluded by looking fixedly at him for a moment or two, and then yielding to a most unladylike fit of laughter.

"Well, Lucy, is all right?" asked Charley, delighted at this demonstration.

"All, all," she responded. "Why, Charley, you must be canonized for your punctuality in the delivery of letters. But remember, not a word to mamma—mum, Charley. And now be off, lest she should come down, and ask what brought you back."

"But, Lucy," interrupted the ardent lover, "now that's all settled, I think you might"—

"Well, here—take it—anything to get rid of you."

"Oh, Lucy! Lucy!"

Next morning terrible was the hubbub in the household of Mrs Bindon. Miss Lucy was nowhere to be had; in fact, had eloped with a gentleman who had arrived at the inn the evening before, though by what means she could have communicated with him, or he with her, must, as the story-books say, for ever remain a mystery, unless we are to suppose the gentleman had the audacity to make Charley the bearer of his

proposals in his exculpatory letter; at least, one to the following purport was found in her room next morning:—

"Dearest Lucy—So you have not forgotten me! It is needless to say I know you to be the writer of the sweet valentine I received last week. It has awakened new hopes in me—hopes that I have ventured here to put to the test. In a word, will you be mine?—if so, we have nothing to hope from your mother. We must elope this night, and I shall accordingly have a carriage in readiness near your door until morning. Pray excuse the bearer all his mistakes, and this last particularly.—Ever your own  
E. F."

The dowager recognised the initials, but all the rest was heathen Greek to her. "Oh, Lucy! Lucy!" she exclaimed, in the bitterness of her grief, "did I ever think I was rearing you up to see you make a man of the house, at last, out of an attorney's skip!"  
A. M.C.

## WHY DO ROOTS GROW DOWNWARDS, AND STEMS TOWARDS THE HEAVENS?

### FIRST ARTICLE.

It cannot have escaped the observation of the most inattentive, the tendencies which roots have generally to descend into the ground, and which stems have as commonly to grow upwards towards the sky; yet the very commonness of these things may have prevented their obtaining the attention that they merit; for it must be acknowledged, that to a mind directed to them they appear, however frequent their occurrence, not the less difficult to explain. It is sufficiently hard to comprehend why roots and stems should grow in different directions, the one downwards, and the other upwards; but when we add to these the constant manner in which the darker surface of a leaf is turned upwards, and the part of a flower painted with the most gorgeous colours is directed always towards the light, the subject becomes more interesting, and the more vexatious ought to be our ignorance: and, then, there are phenomena, produced by unusual circumstances, calculated to puzzle us still further, and increase our bewilderment. Such are the manner in which a geranium, growing at a window, bends its stems and leaves towards the glass; the manner in which a potato plant, growing in a cellar into which the light is admitted by a single chink, will acquire a most unusual height, and follow a most devious and uncommon track to reach that ray of which it appears enamoured; and the mode in which a root will descend, along the face of a bare rock, an extraordinary distance, in order to arrive at some spring or stream. These are objects well worthy of contemplation. A remarkable example of one of the facts just alluded to occurred many years ago in the tower of an old cathedral in England: a potato plant grew to the height of between thirty and forty feet, to get at the glimmering light of a partially closed window.

The final causes of many of these facts are easy to comprehend: the reason why a root grows down into the earth, is for the purpose of obtaining that sustenance which is necessary for the growth of the plant of which it is a part; and stems grow upwards, and towards the light, because the influence of this element is necessary for the elaboration of the sap; as a result of which process, stems grow in thickness, roots in length, flowers are developed, and the proper juices of vegetables become formed. We are likewise not without the means of explaining the proximate cause of one of these phenomena, for we have shown in our articles on Vegetable Sap that it is by the ascending sap that stems grow in length, and that, when light is excluded, no other sap can be formed; this causes the ascending sap to accumulate under such circumstances, and, consequently, in the dark, stems may be expected to acquire an enormous and very disproportionate length: thus we are enabled to understand why, the potato, in the instance mentioned, should grow to so great a height. But admitting this explanation, how much seems incomprehensible in these common and too frequently neglected phenomena! We shall endeavour, in this and the following articles, to explain the manner in which these curious things occur.

One might imagine that the reason why roots grow into the earth, and stems grow out of it, is on account of the former being attracted, and the latter repelled, by the materials of which that earth is composed; or, on the other hand, by the stems being attracted, and roots repelled, by

atmospheric air. But such cannot be the case; for if seeds be made to germinate in the lower stratum of earth placed in a box furnished with holes in the bottom, the roots will descend into the air through those holes, while the stems will ascend into the earth. In a similar manner, it might and has been thought that roots are attracted, and stems repelled, by the moisture of the earth; but a seed made to germinate between two moist sponges will protrude its root downwards, and its stem upwards, without reference to the liquid in its vicinity. This explanation is therefore equally inadmissible. There are some who explain these, as well as all other things occurring in living beings, by the mysterious principle of life; but we only admit the existence of this principle, because there are some phenomena incapable of being accounted for by the ordinary laws that rule the universe, and that are common to all matter; and it is therefore unphilosophical to ascribe any effects to its operation, until they are found to be inexplicable by those ordinary laws. But we shall find that the facts in question do not in a great measure belong to these exceptions.

The particular directions of stems and roots are produced by a combination of causes: if an onion plant, exposed to daylight, be laid horizontally on the ground, the extremities of the stem and roots will in the course of a few hours turn themselves in their natural directions, the one upwards, and the other downwards; if a similar plant be placed in a dark cellar, to which no light has access, the same things will take place; but that which happens in a few hours, in the one instance, will require as many days in the other; and thus we learn that in the production of these effects two causes operate: first, the light; and, secondly, some other principle distinct from light. It will occur to the reader that the absorption of water from the earth, by the most depending part of the plant, and its evaporation above, might, by swelling the lower portion and contracting the upper, produce the upward curving of the stem; to obviate this objection, the plant was placed in water, where no evaporation could occur, and absorption must take place equally over the whole surface; and still it was found that the same things happened.

Light, therefore, is most powerfully influential in producing the particular directions of the parts of plants; but there is another principle, distinct from light, which acts in effecting the same phenomena in a minor degree, but not the less absolutely and even more generally. Let our readers bear in mind the existence of this principle, which will form the subject of a future article. For the present, we will examine the manner in which light operates in promoting the directions of stems and roots.

We have before hinted that the tendency of the organs of vegetables towards the light, bears a direct relation to the depth and brilliancy of their colours; roots which are usually destitute of colouring matter grow away from the light: the upper surfaces of leaves are always the most deeply coloured; and in those erect leaves which are equally exposed to light, both surfaces are similarly coloured; if the outer surface of a flower be richly tinted, it is pendent; in erect flowers, on the contrary, the internal surface is always the most brilliantly painted; and in some cases the direction of the flower and fruit is different, connected with similar conditions. But in all these instances we have reason to believe that the organ is not directed towards the light, because it is highly coloured; but that it is highly coloured, because it is presented to the light. In plants growing in the dark, all the organs are colourless; it is only when exposed to the light that they acquire their various hues. Even the extremities of the roots have been found in a singular experiment of Dutrochet's to acquire a green colour by exposure to the influence of light.

Is this tendency of the coloured parts of plants to turn towards the light, due to an attraction exerted by this agent, or is it produced by a peculiarity of growth determined through its influence? A curious experiment has settled this question: A leaf, attached by its footstalk to a pivot, was so arranged that it could freely turn in every direction: under these circumstances, its under surface was exposed to light. If an attraction existed between the most deeply coloured portion and the light, the leaf might be expected to revolve on its pivot, in obedience to this attraction: but instead, the footstalk took on a spiral or corkscrew growth, by means of which the upper portion became in time presented to the light. Now, this experiment sufficiently showed that the manner in which light acts, is by its influence over vegetable growth.

But what is the influence of light over vegetable growth? We have already answered this question in our articles on

the Sap: we have found that when light is present, the sap becomes elaborated in the green parts of plants; and the use of this elaborated sap is, by developing vegetable fibre, to increase the thickness of stems, and the length of roots. While the ascending sap, by forming vegetable flesh, lengthens the stems, and makes the root thick, the directions of the different parts of plants, by the agency of light, must be in obedience to these functions.

We are now in a condition to comprehend the cause of some phenomena. A geranium (*Pelargonium*) stem, placed at a window, curves towards the light: this takes place, because the portion of stem nearest the window elaborates most sap: consequently, in this portion most vegetable fibre is formed. The portion away from the light, on the contrary, has most ascending sap, which forms fleshy tissue, and lengthens the stem; the half of the stem remote from the light is therefore longer, that next the window is shorter; the former is fleshy and elastic, the latter is rigid and fibrous. Need we be surprised, then, that the short, rigid, and fibrous portion should draw down the long, fleshy, and elastic part, and curve it towards the light?—it is but the bending of a bow, by the agency of its string.

But why do roots curve away from the light? Neither is this difficult to understand. Roots do not elaborate the sap, nor form vegetable fibre of their own: what vegetable fibre they contain is pushed down through them from the stem: more of this vegetable fibre will force its way downwards, from the part of the stem nearest the light, than from that which is most remote: two forces of unequal intensity will push downwards, through opposite portions of the root; the greater pressure may be expected to overcome the lesser, and in obedience to this, the root will curve away from the light.

We have now endeavoured to demonstrate the manner in which light operates in causing the directions of stems and roots: but it will be recollected that there is another principle, less powerful but more universal, which shares in the production of these effects. The consideration of this will form the subject of our next article. J. A.

CAROLAN THE HARPER.—Respecting the origin of Carolan's fine air of "Bumper Squire Jones," we have heard a different account from that given on O'Neill's authority. It was told us by our lamented friend, the late Dean of St Patrick's, as the tradition preserved in his family, and was to the following effect: Carolan and Baron Dawson, the grand or great grand-uncle of the dean, happened to be enjoying together, with others, the hospitalities of Squire Jones at Moneyness, and slept in rooms adjacent to each other. The bard, being called upon by the company to compose a song or tune in honour of their host, undertook to comply with their request, and on retiring to his apartment, took his harp with him, and under the inspiration of copious libations of his favourite liquor, not only produced the melody now known as "Bumper Squire Jones," but also very indifferent English words to it. While the bard was thus employed, however, the judge was not idle. Being possessed of a fine musical ear as well as of considerable poetical talents, he not only fixed the melody on his memory, but actually wrote the noble song now incorporated with it before he retired to rest. The result may be anticipated. At breakfast on the following morning, when Carolan sang and played his composition, Baron Dawson, to the astonishment of all present, and of the bard in particular, stoutly denied the claim of Carolan to the melody, charged him with audacious piracy, both musical and poetical, and, to prove the fact, sang the melody to his own words amidst the joyous shouts of approbation of all his hearers,—the enraged bard excepted, who vented his execrations on the judge in curses both loud and deep.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

The two most precious things on this side the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented, that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it, and this will teach him so to live as not to be afraid to die.—*Colton*.



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VOLUME I.



THE CASTLE OF MONEA, COUNTY OF FERMANAGH.

THE Castle of Monea, or Castletown-Monea—properly *Magh an fhiadh*, i.e. the plain of the deer—is situated in the parish of Devinish, county of Fermanagh, and about five miles north-west of Enniskillen. Like the Castle of Tully, in the same county, of which we gave a view in a recent number, this castle affords a good example of the class of castellated residences erected on the great plantation of Ulster by the British and Scottish undertakers, in obedience to the fourth article concerning the English and Scottish undertakers, who “are to plant their portions with English and inland-Scottish tenants,” which was imposed upon them by “the orders and conditions to be observed by the undertakers upon the distribution and plantation of the escheated lands in Ulster,” in 1608. By this article it was provided that “every undertaker of the *greatest proportion* of two thousand acres shall, within two years after the date of his letters patent, build thereupon a castle, with a strong court or bawn about it; and every undertaker of the second or *middle proportion* of fifteen hundred acres shall within the same time build a stone or brick house thereupon, with a strong court or bawn about it. And every undertaker of the *least proportion* of one thousand acres shall within the same time make thereupon a strong court or bawn at least; and all the said undertakers shall cause their tenants to build houses for themselves and their families, near the principal castle, house, or bawn, for their mutual defence or strength,” &c.

Such was the origin of most of the castles and villages now existing in the six escheated counties of Ulster—historical memorials of a vast political movement—and among the rest this of Monea, which was the castle of the *middle proportion* of Dirrinefogher, of which Sir Robert Hamilton was the first patentee.

From Pynnar's Survey of Ulster, made in 1618-19, it appears that this proportion had at that time passed into the possession of Malcolm Hamilton (who was afterwards archbishop of Cashel), by whom the castle was erected, though the bawn, as prescribed by the conditions, was not added till some years later. He says,

“Upon this proportion there is a strong castle of lime and stone, being fifty-four feet long and twenty feet broad, but hath no bawn unto it, nor any other defence for the succouring or relieving of his tenants.”

From an inquisition taken at Monea in 1630, we find, however, that this want was soon after supplied, and that the castle, which was fifty feet in height, was surrounded by a wall nine feet in height and three hundred in circuit.

The Malcolm Hamilton noticed by Pynnar as possessor of “the middle proportion of Dirrinefogher,” subsequently held the rectory of Devinish, which he retained in *commendam* with his archbishopric till his death in 1629. The proportion of Dirrinefogher, however, with its castle, was escheated to the crown in 1630; and shortly after, the old chapel of Monea was converted into a parish church, the original church being inconveniently situated on an island of Lough Erne.

Monea Castle served as a chief place of refuge to the English and Scottish settlers of the vicinity during the rebellion of 1641, and, like the Castle of Tully, it has its tales of horror recorded in story; but we shall not uselessly drag them to light. The village of Monea is an inconsiderable one, but there are several gentlemen's seats in its neighbourhood, and the scenery around it is of great richness and beauty.

## ON THE SUBJUGATION OF ANIMALS BY MEANS OF CHARMS, INCANTATIONS, OR DRUGS.

FIRST ARTICLE.

ON SERPENT-CHARMING, AS PRACTISED BY THE JUGGLERS OF ASIA.

MANY of my readers will doubtless recollect that in a paper on "Animal Taming," which appeared some weeks back in the pages of this Journal, I alluded slightly to the *charming* of animals, or *taming* them by spells or drugs. It is now my purpose to enter more fully upon this subject, and present my readers with a brief notice of what I have been able to glean respecting it, as well from the published accounts of remarkable travellers, as from oral descriptions received from personal friends of my own, who had opportunities of being eye witnesses to many of the practices to which I refer.

The most remarkable, and also the most ancient description of animal-charming with which we are acquainted, is that which consists in calling the venomous serpents from their holes, quelling their fury, and allaying their irritation by means of certain charms, amongst which music stands forth in the most prominent position, though, whether it really is worthy of the first place as an actual agent, or is only thus put forward to cover that on which the true secret depends, is by no means perfectly clear.

Even in scripture we find the practice of serpent-charming noticed, and by no means as a novelty; in the 58th Psalm we are told that the wicked are like the "deaf adder that stoppeth her ear, which hearkeneth not unto the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely!" And in the book of Jeremiah, chap. viii, the disobedient people are thus threatened—"Behold, I will send serpents, cockatrices, among you, which will not be charmed." These are two very remarkable passages, and I think we may, without going too far, set down as snake-charmers the Egyptian magi who contended against Moses and Aaron before the court of the proud and vacillating Pharaoh, striving to imitate by their juggling tricks the wondrous miracles which Moses wrought by the immediate aid of God himself. The feat of changing their sticks into serpents, for instance, is one of every-day performance in India, which a friend of mine has assured me he many times saw himself, and which has not been satisfactorily explained by any one.

The serpent has long been an object of extreme veneration to the natives of Hindostan, and has indeed, from the very earliest ages, been selected by many nations as an object of worship; why, I cannot explain, unless it originated in a superstitious perversion of the elevation of the brazen serpent in the wilderness by Moses. In India the serpent is not, however, altogether regarded as a deity—merely as a *demon* or *genius*: and the office usually supposed to be peculiar to these creatures is that of *guardians*. This is perhaps one of the most widely spread notions respecting the serpent that we are acquainted with. Herodotus mentions the sacred serpents which guarded the citadel of Athens, and which he states to have been fed monthly with cakes of honey; and adds, that these serpents being sacred, were harmless, and would not hurt men. A dragon was said to have guarded the golden fleece (or, as some think, a *scaly serpent*), and protected the gardens of the Hesperides—a singular coincidence, as it is of *gardens* principally that the Indians conceive the serpent to be the guardian.

Medea charmed the dragon by the melody of her voice. Herodotus mentions snakes being soothed by harmony; and Virgil, in the *Æneid*, says (translated by Dryden),

"His wand and holy words the viper's rage  
And venom'd wound of serpents could assuage."

Even our own island, although serpents do not exist in it—a blessing for which, if we are to put faith in legendary lore, we have to thank St Patrick—has numberless legends and tales of corks of treasure at the bottom of deep, deep lakes, or in dark and gloomy caves, in inaccessible and rocky mountains, guarded by a fierce and wakeful snake, a sleepless serpent, whose eyes are never closed, and who never for a second abated of his watchful care of the treasure-crock, of which he had originally been appointed guardian; and, further, we are told how the daring and inventive genius of the son of Erin has often found out a mode of putting a "*comether*" on the "*big sarpiant*, the villain," and haply closing his eyes in

slumber, while he succeeded in possessing himself of the hoard which by his cunning and bravery he had so fairly won; in other words, *charming* the snake and possessing himself of the spoil.

Having thus glanced at the antiquity and wide spread of serpent-charming, I shall proceed to lay before you a short description of the mode in which the spell is cast over the animals by the modern jugglers of Arabia and India.

Of all the Indian serpents, next to the Cobra Minelle, the Cobra Capella, or hooded snake (*Coluber Naja*), called in India the "Naig," and also "spectacle snake," is the most venomous. It derives its names of *hooded* and *spectacle* snake from a fold of skin resembling a hood near the head, which it possesses a power of enlarging or contracting at pleasure; and in the centre of this hood are seen, when it is distended, black and white markings, bearing no distant or fanciful likeness to a pair of spectacles. The mode of charming, or, at all events, all that is to be seen or understood by the spectators, consists in the juggler playing upon a flute or fife near the hole which a snake has been seen to enter, or which his employers have otherwise reason to suppose the reptile inhabits. The serpent will presently put forth his head, a portion of his body will shortly follow, and in a few minutes he will creep forth from his retreat, and, approaching the musician, rear himself on his tail, and by moving his head and neck up and down or from side to side, keep tolerably accurate time to the tune with which his ears are ravished.

After having played for a short period, and apparently soothed the reptile into a state of dreamy unconsciousness of all that is passing, save only the harmony which delights him, the juggler will gradually bring himself within grasp of the snake, and by a sudden snatch seize him by the tail, and hold him out at arms' length. On the cessation of the music, and on finding himself thus roughly assailed, the reptile becomes fearfully enraged, and exerts all his energies to turn upwards, and bite the arm of his aggressor. His efforts are however fruitless; while held in that position, he is utterly incapable of doing any injury; and is, after having been held thus for a few minutes before the gaze of the admiring crowd, dropped into a basket ready to receive him, and laid aside until the juggler has leisure and privacy to complete the subjugation which his wonder-working melody had begun.

When charmed serpents are exhibited dancing to the sound of music, the spectators should not crowd too closely around the seat of the juggler, for, no matter how well trained they may be, there is great danger attending the cessation of the sweet sounds; and if from any cause the flute or fife suddenly stops or is checked, it not unfrequently happens that the snake will spring upon some one of the company, and bite him. I think that it will not be amiss if I quote the description of Indian snake-charming, furnished by a gentleman in the Honourable Company's civil service at Madras, to the writer, who vouches for its veracity:—

"One morning," says he, "as I sat at breakfast, I heard a loud noise and shouting among my palankeen bearers. On inquiry I learned that they had seen a large hooded snake (or Cobra Capella), and were trying to kill it. I immediately went out, and saw the snake climbing up a very high green mound, whence it escaped into a hole in an old wall of an ancient fortification. The men were armed with their sticks, which they always carry in their hands, and had attempted in vain to kill the reptile, which had eluded their pursuit, and in his hole he had coiled himself up secure, while we could see his bright eyes shining. I had often desired to ascertain the truth of the report as to the effect of music upon snakes: I therefore inquired for a snake catcher. I was told there was no person of the kind in the village, but, after a little inquiry I heard there was one in a village distant three miles. I accordingly sent for him, keeping a strict watch over the snake, which never attempted to escape whilst we his enemies were in sight. About an hour elapsed, when my messenger returned, bringing the snake catcher. This man wore no covering on his head, nor any on his person, excepting a small piece of cloth round his loins: he had in his hands two baskets, one containing tame snakes, one empty: these and his musical pipe were the only things he had with him. I made the snake catcher leave his two baskets on the ground at some distance, while he ascended the mound with his pipe alone. He began to play: at the sound of the music the snake came gradually and slowly out of his hole. When he was entirely within reach, the snake catcher seized him dexterously by the tail, and held him thus at arms' length,

\* See numerous legends of the "Peisété."

whilst the enraged snake darted his head in all directions, but in vain: thus suspended, he has not the power to round himself so as to seize hold of his tormentor. He exhausted himself in vain exertions, when the snake catcher descended the bank, dropped him into the empty basket, and closed the lid: he then began to play, and after a short time raised the lid of the basket, when the snake darted about wildly, and attempted to escape; the lid was shut down again quickly, the music always playing. This was repeated two or three times; and in a very short interval, the lid being raised, the snake sat on his tail, opened his hood, and danced quite as quietly as the tame snakes in the other basket, nor did he again attempt to escape. This, having witnessed it with my own eyes, I can assert as a fact."

I particularly request the attention of my readers to the foregoing account, as, from the circumstance of its having been furnished by an eye-witness, and a man whose public station and known character were sufficient to command belief in his veracity, it will prove serviceable to me by and bye, when I shall endeavour to disprove the ridiculous assertions of Abbé Dubois\* and others, who hold that serpent-charming is a mere imposition, and assert, certainly without a shade of warranty for so doing, that the serpents are in these cases always previously tamed, and deprived of their poison bags and fangs, when they are let loose in certain situations for the purpose of being artfully caught again, and represented as wild snakes, subdued by the charms of their pipe. I shall, however, say no more at present of Dubois, Denon, or others who are sceptical on this subject, but shall leave the refutation of their fanciful opinions to another opportunity—my present purpose being the establishment of *facts*, ere I venture to advance a theory.

I shall therefore conclude my present paper, and in my next, besides adding many other important facts relative to serpent-charming, shall endeavour to throw some light upon the real mode by which it is effected.

H. D. R.

\* Description of the People of India, p. 469.

### GRUMBLING.

If it be no part of the English constitution, it is certainly part of the constitution of Englishmen to grumble. They cannot help it, even if they tried; not that they ever do try, quite the reverse, but they could not help grumbling if they tried ever so much. A true-born Englishman is born grumbling. He grumbles at the light, because it dazzles his eyes, and he grumbles at the darkness, because it takes away the light. He grumbles when he is hungry, because he wants to eat; he grumbles when he is full, because he can eat no more. He grumbles at the winter, because it is cold; he grumbles at the summer, because it is hot; and he grumbles at spring and autumn, because they are neither hot nor cold. He grumbles at the past, because it is gone; he grumbles at the future, because it is not come; and he grumbles at the present, because it is neither the past nor the future. He grumbles at law, because it restrains him; and he grumbles at liberty, because it does not restrain others. He grumbles at all the elements—fire, water, earth, and air. He grumbles at fire, because it is so dear; at water, because it is so foul; at the earth, in all its combinations of mud, dust, bricks, and sand; and at the air, in all its conditions of hot or cold, wet or dry. All the world seems as if it were made for nothing else than to plague Englishmen, and set them a-grumbling. The Englishman must grumble at nature for its rudeness, and at art for its innovation; at what is old, because he is tired of it; and at what is new, because he is not used to it. He grumbles at everything that is to be grumbled at; and when there is nothing to grumble at, he grumbles at that. Grumbling cleaves to him in all the departments of life; when he is well, he grumbles at the cook; and when he is ill, he grumbles at the doctor and nurse. He grumbles in his amusements, and he grumbles in his devotion; at the theatres he grumbles at the players, and at church he grumbles at the parson. He cannot for the life of him enjoy a day's pleasure without grumbling. He grumbles at his enemies, and he grumbles at his friends. He grumbles at all the animal creation, at horses when he rides on them, at dogs when he shoots with them, at birds when he misses them, at pigs when they squeak, at asses when they bray, at geese when they cackle, and at peacocks when they scream. He is always on the look-out for something to grumble at; he reads the newspapers, that he

may grumble at public affairs; his eyes are always open to look for abominations; he is always pricking up his ears to detect discords, and snuffing up the air to find stinks. Can you insult an Englishman more than by telling him he has nothing to grumble at? Can you by any possibility inflict a greater injury upon him than by convincing him he has no occasion to grumble? Break his head, and he will forget it; pick his pocket, and he will forgive it, but deprive him of his privilege of grumbling, you more than kill him—you expatriate him. But the beauty of it is, you cannot inflict this injury on him; you cannot by all the logic ever invented, or by all the arguments that ever were uttered, convince an Englishman that he has nothing to grumble at; for if you were to do so, he would grumble at you so long as he lived for disturbing his old associations. Grumbling is a pleasure which we all enjoy more or less, but none, or but few, enjoy it in all the perfection and completeness of which it is capable. If we were to take a little more pains, we should find, that having no occasion to grumble, we should have cause to grumble at everything. But we grow insensible to a great many annoyances, and accustomed to a great many evils, and think nothing of them. What a tremendous noise there is in the city, of carts, coaches, drays, waggons, barrel-organs, fish-women, and all manner of abominations, of which they in the city take scarcely any notice at all! How badly are all matters in government and administration conducted! What very bad bread do the bakers make! What very bad meat do the butchers kill! In a word, what is there in the whole compass of existence that is good? What is there in human character that is as it should be? Are we not justified in grumbling at everything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth? In fact, gentle reader, is the world formed or governed half so well as you or I could form or govern it?—*From a newspaper.*

### VULGARITY.

THE very essence of vulgarity, after all, consists merely in one error—in taking manners, actions, words, opinions, on trust from others, without examining one's own feelings, or weighing the merits of the case. It is coarseness or shallowness of taste, arising from want of individual refinement, together with the confidence and presumption inspired by example and numbers. It may be defined to be a prostitution of the mind or body to ape the more or less obvious defects of others, because by so doing we shall secure the suffrages of those we associate with. To affect a gesture, an opinion, a phrase, because it is the rage with a large number of persons, or to hold it in abhorrence because another set of persons very little, if at all, better informed, cry it down to distinguish themselves from the former, is in either case equal vulgarity and absurdity. A thing is not vulgar merely because it is common. It is common to breathe, to see, to feel, to live. Nothing is vulgar that is natural, spontaneous, unavoidable. Grossness is not vulgarity, ignorance is not vulgarity, awkwardness is not vulgarity; but all these become vulgar when they are affected and shown off on the authority of others, or to fall in with the fashion or the company we keep. Caliban is coarse enough, but surely he is not vulgar. We might as well spurn the clod under our feet, and call it vulgar. Cobbett is coarse enough, but he is not vulgar. He does not belong to the herd. Nothing real, nothing original, can be vulgar; but I should think an imitator of Cobbett a vulgar man. Simplicity is not vulgarity; but the looking to imitation or affectation of any sort for distinction is. A Cockney is a vulgar character, whose imagination cannot wander beyond the suburbs of the metropolis. An aristocrat, also, who is always thinking of the High Street, Edinburgh, is vulgar. We want a name for this last character. An opinion is often vulgar that is stewed in the rank breath of the rabble; but it is not a bit purer or more refined for having passed through the well-cleansed teeth of a whole court. The inherent vulgarity lies in the having no other feeling on any subject than the crude, blind, headlong, gregarious notion acquired by sympathy with the mixed multitude, or with a fastidious minority, who are just as insensible to the real truth, and as indifferent to every thing but their own frivolous pretensions. The upper are not wiser than the lower orders, because they resolve to differ from them. The fashionable have the advantage of the unfashionable in nothing but the fashion. The true vulgar are the persons who have a horrible dread of daring to differ from their

clique—the herd of pretenders to what they do not feel, and to do what is not natural to them, whether in high or low life. To belong to any class, to move in any rank or sphere of life, is not a very exclusive distinction or test of refinement. Refinement will in all classes be the exception, not the rule; and the exception may occur in one class as well as another. A king is but a man with a hereditary title. A nobleman is only one of the House of Peers. To be a knight or alderman—above all, to desire being either, is confessedly a vulgar thing. The king made Walter Scott a baronet, but not all the power of the Three Estates could make another “Author of Waverley.” Princes, heroes, are often commonplace people, and sometimes the reverse; Hamlet was not a vulgar character, neither was Don Quixote. To be an author, to be a painter, one of the many, is nothing. It is a trick, it is a trade. Nay, to be a member of the Royal Academy, or a Fellow of the Royal Society, is but a vulgar distinction. But to be a Virgil, a Milton, a Raphael, a Claude, is what falls to the lot of humanity but once. I do not think these were vulgar people, though, for any thing I know to the contrary, the First Lord of the Bedchamber may be a very vulgar man. Such are pretty much my notions with regard to vulgarity.—*Hazlitt's Table-Talk.*

### WINTER COMES.

Winter comes with screech and wail,  
Piercing blast and thundering gale;  
Far from frozen climes he brings  
Sleet and snow, and blanching things.  
He has trod the North Pole round,  
Long in icy fetters bound;  
Swept by Greenland's frigid shore,  
Where the western billows roar—  
Roamed o'er Lapland's ice-bound plains,  
Where chaotic darkness reigns;  
Rested on that land of woe  
Where the Russian captives go;  
Land where men of royal race,  
Exiled by some tyrant base,  
Fined in suffering, died in grief,  
No fond hand to bring relief—  
No bright eyes to shed one tear  
O'er their cold and lonely bier;  
Dying far from wife and child  
In Siberia's stormy wild.

Winter comes—his footsteps tread  
O'er the ocean's rugged bed;  
As a ruthless conqueror he  
Sends his storms from sea to sea;  
Pity ne'er hath seized his breast,  
Sighs do ne'er disturb his rest—  
Shrieks that boom along the wave,  
And mark the seaman's wat'ry grave,  
Fail to touch his icy soul,  
Fail to stop the billow's roll.  
When enthroned as ocean's king,  
Spirits of his triumphs sang,  
Drinking to his sovereign power  
In the fearful midnight hour,  
From those remnants of the dead  
That round ocean's depths are spread.

Winter comes, with giant stride  
O'er the hills and forests wide;  
From his aged brow he sheds  
Hoary locks around their heads—  
Mantles in his polar garb,  
Trees and flower and tender herb.  
Not a leaf appears to show  
Where the summer cowslips grow;  
Not a bud or blossom fair  
Scents with sweets the chilly air;  
Not a bluebell decks the heath,  
All are hid beneath the wreath  
Spread by his unfriendly hand  
O'er the dark dismantled land.  
Gardens once so bright and gay,  
'Neath the summer's solar ray,  
Once so rich in lovely gems,  
Hanging on their pendent stems,  
Seem as some lone desert wild  
Where fair beauty never smiled—  
Where the light of summer's sun  
Never touched or lit upon;  
Nature lies all lone and dead,  
'Neath old Winter's frosty tread.

Winter comes, and some rejoice,  
Glad to hear his sullen voice  
Booming o'er the crested waves,  
Sounding through old grotts and caves—  
Sighing 'mid the forest trees,  
Not in songs of summer's breeze,  
But like mournings for the dead,  
That as fairy flowers have fled;  
Mourning o'er the mountain's brow,  
Where the oak-tree's trembling bough,

Rushing through the wooded glen,  
Sweeping o'er the frightsome fen.  
This is joy to hearts that know  
Nothing of the drifting snow,  
But beside the glowing hearth  
Spend the hours in joy and mirth,  
Laughing at the well-told tale,  
While without the rising gale  
Sweeps in furious mood along,  
Heedless of their boisterous song.

Winter comes—and sorrow brings  
On his dark foreboding wings,  
To the poor lone helpless child  
On whom fortune never smiled,  
To the wretched cots and cells  
Where want a sject sufferer dwells.  
Round them he does cast his reins,  
O'er them brings his woes and pains.  
O! ye lordlings of the earth,  
Freed from pinching want by birth,  
Let your bosoms heave one sigh  
For the poor whose pining cry  
Calls for sympathy from all,  
Loud as human woes can call,  
Plead with you on every mind  
To be moved with mercy kind;  
Supplicates for help to save  
Suffering equals from the grave.  
Hear, O hear their melting cries  
Rising upward to the skies;  
Hear, and let the good which heaven  
Kindly to your hands hath given,  
Aid in promptly helping those  
Steeped in poverty and woes;  
Then when earthly days are fled,  
And the joys (now dark and dead)  
Cease for ever from your eyes,  
May you live beyond the skies;  
May you hear your Saviour say,  
Come, my servants, come away;  
Enter in and seize your crown,  
Be partakers of my throne;  
For on earth you loved your lord;  
Hearken d to his every word—  
Heard his suffering children cry,  
Wiped the tear-drops from their eye—  
Inasmuch as thus your love,  
Round their troubled souls did move,  
So to me that love was given  
Enter in with me to heaven.

Coleraine, December 1840.

S. A.

### TALES OF MY CHILDHOOD,

BY JOHN KEEGAN.

#### No. I.—THE BOCCOUGH RUADH.

A TRADITION OF POOR-MAN'S BRIDGE.

“When ghosts, as cottage maids believe,  
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,  
And goblins haunt, from fire or fen,  
Or mine or flood, the walks of men.”—COLLINS.

ONE evening last winter—a holiday evening too—when the western wind was sweeping on wild pinions from the grey hills of Tipperary, athwart the rich and level plains of the Queen's County, when the blast roared down in the chimney, and the huge rain-drops pattered saucily against the four tiny panes which constituted the little kitchen window, I was sitting in the cottage of a neighbouring peasant, amid a small but happy group of village rustics, and enjoying with them that enlivening mirth and sinless delight which I have never found any where but at the fireside of an Irish peasant. The earthen floor was well scrubbed over; the “brullaws or furniture” were arranged with more than usual tidiness, and even the crockery on the well-scoured dresser reflected the ruddy glare of the red fire with redoubled brilliancy, and glittered and glistened as merrily as if they felt conscious of the calm and tranquillity of that happy scene. And happy indeed was that scene, and happy was that time, and happier still the hearts of the laughing rustics by whom I was on that occasion surrounded, and amongst whom I have spent the lightest and happiest hours of my existence.

It was, as I said, a wild night, but even the violence of the weather abroad gave an additional relish to the enjoyments within. The blast whistled fiercely in the bawn and in the haggard, but the huge fire blazed brightly on the hearth-stone. The rain fell in torrents; but, as one of the company chucklingly remarked, “the wrong side of the house was out,” and I myself mentally exclaimed with Tam o' Shanter,

“The storm without may roar and rustle,  
We do not mind the storm a whistle.”

Whilst, to wind up the climax of our happiness, a gosssoon



who had been dispatched for a grey-beard full of "the native," now returned, and in a few minutes a huge jug of half and half smoked on the table, and was circulated around the smiling and expectant ring, with an impetus of which the peasantry of Ireland will in a short time, from certain existing causes, have not even the remotest idea.

Well! such an evening as we had, I shall never forget; it would be vain to attempt a description. Those who have witnessed similar scenes require none, and to those who have not, any attempt at one would be useless. All therefore I shall say, is, that such a scene of fun and frolic and harmless waggery could not be found any where outside that ring which encircles the Emerald Isle, and even within that bright zone, nowhere but in the cabin of an Irish "scullogue."

The songs of our sires, chanted with all that melancholy softness and pathetic sweetness for which the voices of our wild Irish girls are remarkable, the wild legend recited with that rich brogue and waggish humour peculiar alone to the Irish peasant, and the romantic and absurd fairy tale, told with all the reverential awe and caution which the solemnity of the subject required, long amused and excited the captivated auditors; but at length, more's the pity, the vocalist could sing no more, having "a mighty great cold intirelv." The story-teller was "as dry as a chip wid all he talked," and even the sides of most of the company "war ready to split wid the rale dint of laughin'"; whilst, as if to afford us another illustration of the truth of the old proverb, "one trouble never comes alone," even the old crone who had astonished us with the richness and extent of her fairy lore, was also knocked up, or rather knocked down, for the quantity of earthly spirits she had put in, entirely put out all memory of un-earthly spirits, and sent her disordered fancy, all confused as it was, wool-gathering to the classic regions of *Their-na-noge*.\*

Well, what was to be done? It was still young in the night, and, better than that, a good "slug" still remained in the grey-beard, and as we all had contributed to procure the stock, so all declared that none should depart until the very last drop was drained. But how was the interval to be employed? The singer was hushed, the story-teller was exhausted, and volleys of wit and waggery had exploded until every one was tired; yet to remain silent was considered by all as the highest degree of discomfort. In this dilemma the man of the house scratched his pericranium, and, as acting by some sudden impulse, started up and handed me an old sooty book, "hoping that I would read a wullome for the edication of the company, until it would be time to retire."

I agreed without hesitation, and on opening the dusty and smoke-begrimed volume found that it was "Sir Charles Cooté's Statistical Survey of the Queen's County," printed in Dublin by Graisberry and Campbell, and published by direction of the Dublin Society in the year 1801. Although well aware that the dry details of a work professedly and almost exclusively statistical, were little calculated to amuse or interest such an audience, yet, as the library of an Irish peasant is always unfortunately scanty, and in this instance, with the exception of a few tridling works on religious subjects, limited to the book in question, I determined to make the best I could of it, and for that purpose opened it at Sir Charles's description of the immediate district in which we were situated, namely, the barony of Maryborough West, and town-land of Killeany. I read on thus:—"On Sir Allen Johnson's estate stand the ruins of Killeany Castle; the walls are injudiciously built of very bad stones, though excellent quarry is contiguous. \* \* \* Poor-man's Bridge over the Nore was lately widened, and is very safe, but I cannot learn the tradition why it was so called."

"Read that again, sir," said a fine grey-headed, patriarchal old man who was present; "read that again," said he emphatically. I did so.

"He cannot learn the tradition of Poor-man's Bridge, *inagh!*" said the old man with a sneer; "faith, I believe not; I'd take his word for more nor that. But had he come to me when he was travelling the country making up his statisticks, I could open his eyes on that subject, and many others too."

Some of those present laughed outright at the old man's gravity of manner as he made this confident boast.

"You need not laugh—you may shut your potato-traps," said the old man indignantly. "Grand as he was, with his gold and silver, his coach and horses, and servants with gold

and scarlet livery, I could enlighten him more on the ancient history and traditions of our country than all the *boddaghs* of squireens whom he visited on his tour through the Queen's County."

These assertions served only to increase the storm of ridicule which was gathering around the old man's head; and to put a stop to any bad blood which the occasion might call forth, I requested of him to tell us the tradition of "the Boccough Ruadh."

After some wheedling and flattery he complied, and told a curious story, of which the following is the substance.

The river Nore flows through a district of the Queen's County celebrated for fertility and romantic beauty. From its source amongst the blue hills of Slievebloom to its termination at New Ross, where its bright ripples commingle with the briny billows of the Irish sea, many excellent and even some beautiful bridges span its stream. Until the commencement of the last century, however, except in the vicinity of towns, there were but few permanent bridges across this river, and in the country districts access was gained over it chiefly by means of causeways, or, as they are termed, "foords," constructed of stones and huge blocks of timber fixed firmly in the bed of the river, and extending in irregular succession from bank to bank. Over this pathway foot passengers crossed easily enough, but cattle and wheeled carriages were obliged to struggle through the water as well as they could; but in time of floods, and in the winter season when the waters were swollen, all communication was cut off except to pedestrians alone.

One of those "foords," in former times, crossed the Nore at Shanahoe, a very pretty neighbourhood, about three miles northwards of the beautiful and rising town of Abbeyleix, in the Queen's County. The river here winds its course through a silent glen, and now several snug cottages and farm-houses arise above its banks at either side. The country in this neighbourhood is remarkably beautiful. Several gentlemen's seats are scattered along the banks of the river in this vicinity, all elegant and of modern erection, whilst swelling hills, sloping dales, gloomy groves, and ruins of church and tower and "castle grey," ornament and diversify the scene.

On a gentle eminence on the eastern bank of the river, stood, about a hundred years ago, the cabin of a man named Neale O'Shea. At that period there was not another dwelling within a long distance of the "foord," and many a time was Neale summoned from his midnight repose to guide the traveller in his passage over the lonely and dangerous river pathway.

One wild stormy December night, when the huge limestone rocks that formed the stepping-stones of the ford were lashed and chafed by the angry foam of the agitated river, Neale O'Shea's wife fancied she heard, amid the fitful pausings of the wind, the cry of some mortal in distress. She immediately aroused her husband, who was stretched asleep on a large oak stool in the chimney corner, and told him to look out. Neale, ever willing to relieve a fellow-creature, arose, and, flinging his grey "trusty" over his expansive shoulders, and seizing a long iron-shod pole or wattle, the constant companion of his nightly excursions, hastened down to the river's brink. He stood a moment at the verge of the ford, and tried to penetrate through the intense gloom, to see if he could discover a human form, but he could see nothing.

"Is there any one there?" he shouted in a stentorian voice, which rose high above the whistling of the blast, and the brawling of the angry and swift-rushing river.

A voice sounded at the other extremity of the ford, and the stout-hearted peasant, with steady step, crossed over the slippery stepping-stones.

"Who the devil are you?" roughly exclaimed Neale to a man who lay extended on the brink of the river, convenient to the entrance of the ford.

"Whoever I am," faintly replied the stranger, "you are my good angel, and it was surely Providence who sent you this night to rescue me from a watery grave."

"Whoever you are," again said Neale, "come along with me, and Kathleen and the childre will make you welcome in my cabin until morning." So saying, he seized the bending form of the wayworn stranger, and flinging him on his back with herculean strength, trudged over the stepping-stones, chuckling with delight, and gaily whistling as he went.

The dangerous pass was soon crossed, and arriving at the door, Neale pushed it before him, and with a smile deposited his trembling burthen on the warm hearth. A fine fire blazed

\* That imaginary region under ground, supposed by the peasantry to be the residence of spirits and fairies.

merrily, and its flickering beams fell brightly on the face of the stranger. He was a tall, portly figure, stooped as if from extreme suffering more than age, and had a wooden leg. His features, which had evidently been handsome in his youth, were worn, pale, and attenuated, and he might be about fifty years of age. His clothes were faded and ragged; he was entirely without shoes or stockings; and his head was covered by a broad-brimmed leathern hat, under which he wore an enormous red nightcap of coarse woollen cloth.

The good Kathleen now set about preparing supper, and while thus employed, the stranger gave them a brief account of his bygone life. He told them that he was a native of the north of Ireland, and that he had spent several years of his youth at sea; that being wounded in a fray with smugglers on the coast of France, and losing his leg, he was discharged from his employment, and sent adrift on the world, without having one friend on earth, or a penny in his pocket. In this exigence he had no alternative but to apply to the commiseration of his fellow-creatures, and had thus for the last twenty years wandered up and down, entirely dependent on the bounty and charity of the public.

Supper was now ready, and having partaken of a comfortable meal, the wanderer went to rest in a comfortable "shake-down," which the good woman had prepared for him in the chimney corner. The storm died away during the night, and next morning the watery beams of the winter's sun shone faintly yet gaily on the smooth surface of the silvery Nore.

The stranger was up at sunrise, and was preparing to depart, but his kind host and hostess would not permit him to go. They told him to stop a few days to rest himself, and in the interim, that he could not do better than take his stand at the ford, and ask alms of those who passed the way, as a great many frequented that pass; and as nothing was ever craved from them there, they would cheerfully extend their charity to an object worthy of relief.

Acting on their suggestions, the old sailor was soon sitting on a stone at the western extremity of the ford. With his old caubeen in his hand, and his head enveloped in the gigantic red nightcap, he craved alms, in the name of God and the Virgin, from all who passed the way; and before the sickly beams of the December sun had sunk behind the conical "Gizebo," he could show more money than ever he did before, since his limb was swept off by the shot of the smuggling Frenchman.

The next morning, and every morning after, found the sailor at his post at the ford: he soon became well known to all the villagers, and from the circumstance of his always appearing with no other head-gear than the red nightcap, they nicknamed him the "Boccough Ruadh," a name by which he went ever after till his death.

Time passed on as usual, and the one-legged sailor still plied his lucrative vocation at the river pass. Neale O'Shea's cabin still continued to afford him shelter every night, and all his days, from the crow of the cock to the vesper song of the wood-thrush, were passed at the ford, seated on that remarkable block of limestone called to this day the "Cleugh-na-Boccough."† His hand was stretched to every stranger for alms, "for the good of their souls," and very few passed without giving more or less to the Boccough Ruadh. Thus he acquired considerable sums of money, but constantly denied having a "keenogue;" but when bantered by any of the neighbouring urchins on the length of his purse, he would get into a great rage, and swear, by the cross of his crutch, that between buying the shough of tobacco and paying for other things he wanted, he hadn't as much as would jingle on a tomb-stone, or what would buy a farthing candle to show light to his poor corpse at the last day. His food was of the very worst description, and unless supplied by the kind-hearted Kathleen O'Shea, he would sooner go to bed supperless than lay out one penny to buy bread. He suffered his clothes to go to rags, unless when any person in the neighbourhood would give him old clothes for charity, and he would not pay for soap to wash his shirt once in the twelvemonth. Yet no one could find out what he did with his money; he did not

‡ The red beggarman.

† Anglice, the Stone of the Cripple, or the stone of the beggarman. This stone lay for many years in the position it occupied in the days of the "Boccough," but is now incorporated in the stonework of the parapet of the bridge. It was believed to be enchanted, and the peasantry of the neighbourhood used to affirm that it descended to the river to drink, every night at the hour of twelve o'clock. This belief is now almost exploded, but however it is affirmed to be the identical stone on which the Boccough collected his wealth.

spend two-and-sixpence in the year, and it was people's opinion that he was hoarding it up to give for the benefit of his soul at his dying day.

Years rolled away, and Neale O'Shea having now waxed old, died, and was gathered to his fathers in the adjacent green churchyard of Shannakill,\* on the banks of the winding Nore. The Boccough followed the remains of his kind benefactor to his last earthly resting-place, and poured his sorrows over his grave in loud and long-continued lamentations. But though Neale was gone, Kathleen remained, and she promised that while she lived, neither son nor daughter should ever turn out the Boccough Ruadh.

It was now forty years since the Boccough first crossed the waters of the Nore, and still he was constantly to be found from morning till night on his favourite stone at the river side. In the mean time, all O'Shea's children were married, and separated through various parts of the country, with the exception of Terry, the youngest, a fine stout fellow, now about thirty-five years of age, who still remained in a state of single blessedness, and said he would continue so, "until he would be after laying the last sod on his poor ould mother." With gigantic strength, he inherited all his father's kindness of heart and undaunted bravery, and he was particularly attentive to the Boccough, whom he regarded with the same affection as a child would a parent.

One morning in summer, the Boccough was observed to remain in bed longer than was his custom, and thinking that he might be unwell, Terry went to his bedside, and demanded why he was not up as usual.

"Ah, Terry, *alanna*," said the old man sorrowfully, "I will never get up again until I do upon the bearer.† My days are spent, and I know it, for there is something over me that I cannot describe, and I won't be alive in twenty-four hours;" and as he said these words, he heaved a deep groan, whilst Terry, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his coat, wept bitterly.

"Will I go for the priest?" demanded Terry, sobbing as if his heart would break.

"No," replied the old man sorrowfully, "I do not want him. It is long since I complied with my religious duties, and now I feel it is useless."

"There is mercy still," replied Terry; "you know the ould sayin',

'Mercy craved and mercy found  
Between the saddle and the ground.'

The old man replied not, but shook his head, indicating his determination to die without the consolations of religion, whilst Terry trembled for his hopeless situation.

"Well, since you won't have the priest, will you give me some money till I bring you the doctor?" said Terry.

The old man's eyes literally flashed fire, his form heaved with rage, and his countenance displayed demoniac indignation.

"What's that you say?" he demanded in a ferocious tone.

Terry repeated the question.

"Send for a doctor!—give you money!" echoed the old man. "Where the devil would I get money to pay a doctor?"

"You have it, and ten times as much," said Terry, "and you cannot deny it."

"If I have as much money as would buy me a coffin," said the Boccough, "may my soul never rest quiet in the grave."

Terry crossed his brow with terror. He knew the unhappy wretch was dying with a lie on his tongue, but he resolved not to press the matter further.

"You are dying as fast as you can," remarked Terry: "have you any thing to say before you go?"

"Nothing," replied he faintly. "But let me be buried with my red nightcap on me."

"Your wish must be granted," said Terry, and he went to awake his old mother, who still lay asleep. When he returned, he found the old man breathing his last. He uttered a convulsive groan, and expired.

He was washed and stretched, and waked, with all the honours, rites, and ceremonies belonging to a genuine Irish

\* This is a very ancient churchyard, situated on a gentle eminence overhanging the western bank of the river Nore, and about half a mile from Poor-man's Bridge. The ruins of a church or monastic establishment still remain in the centre of the grave-yard. It is said to have been erected by St Comgall, from whom it took the name of Cell-Comgall, though now called Shannakill, or Shannakill. St Comgall was born in Ulster in 616, and was educated under St Fintan, in the monastery of Cloncagh, near Mount-rath, in the Queen's County. He died on the 10th of May 601.

† The bier or hand-carriage on which the dead are borne to the grave.

wake; and on the third day following, being the Sabbath, he was followed to the grave by crowds of the village peasantry, who remained in the churchyard until they saw his remains deposited, as they thought for ever, in the rank soil of the "City of the Dead."

Many rumours were now current respecting the Boccough's money. Every one but Terry believed that the "lob" fell with Terry himself. But Terry, who knew better, believed and affirmed that "what was got under the devil's belly, always goes over his back," and that the "old boy" had taken the spoil, and that it lay concealed in some crevice in the bank of the river.

The night following the burial of the old sailor was passed in a very disturbed and agitated manner by Terry O'Shea: he could not sleep a wink; and when he fell into a slumber, he started and moaned, and appeared frightened and annoyed.

"What ails you?" affectionately demanded his old mother, who slept in the same room, and who was kept awake by her son's restless and disturbed manner.

"I don't know, mother," said Terry; "I am so frightened and tormented with dreaming of the Boccough Ruadh, that I am almost out of my natural senses. Even at this moment I think I see him walking the room before me."

"Holy Mary, protect us!" ejaculated the old woman. "And it is no wonder that his misfortunate soul would be star-gazing about—and to die without the priest, and a curse and a lie in his mouth!"

Terry groaned agitatedly.

"And how does he appear in your dreams?" asked the old woman.

"As he always was," replied Terry. "But I think I see him pointing to his red nightcap, and endeavouring to pull it off with his old withered hand."

"Umph!" said the old woman, in a knowing tone. "Ha! ha! I have it now. Are you sure that the strings of his nightcap were unloosed before he was nailed up in the coffin?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"I'll go bail they were not," said the old woman; "and you know, or at any rate you ought to know, that a corpse can never rest in the grave when there is a knot or a tie upon any thing belonging to its grave-dress."

Terry emitted another deep groan.

"Well, *acushla*," said the old mother, "go to-morrow, and take a neighbour with you, and open the grave, and see if any thing be astray. If you find the nightcap or any thing else not as it should be, set it to rights, and close the grave again decently, and he will trouble you no more."

"God send," was Terry's brief but emphatic response.

Early next morning Terry was at the Boccough's grave, accompanied by a man of the neighbourhood. The coffin was opened, the corpse examined, and, according to the mother's prediction, the red nightcap was found knotted tightly under the dead man's chin. Terry proceeded to unloosen it, and in the act of doing so, a corner of the nightcap gave way, and out peeped a shining golden guinea.

"Ah ha!" mentally exclaimed Terry, "that's no blind nut any how; there's more where that was, but I had better keep a hard cheek!" So, without seeming to appear any way affected, he opened the knot, closed the coffin, shut up the grave, and departed homewards, without acquainting his comrade with what he had seen.

The moment Terry entered his own door, he told his mother about the guinea, and expressed his determination to go that very night, and fetch the red nightcap home with him, "body and bones and all." "for," added he, "that guinea has its comrade; and I'll hold you a halfpenny there's where the old dog has the 'lob' concealed, and that's what made him order me to have the red cap buried with him."

"*Asthore machree*," said the mother doubtfully, "won't you be afraid?"

"Afraid!" echoed Terry, "devil a bit—afraid indeed! and my fortune perhaps in the red nightcap."

The mother consented, but enjoined him to tell nobody about the matter for fear of disappointment. Terry vowed implicit obedience, and retired to his usual avocations in the garden.

Well, at last the night came, and Terry set about preparing for his strange undertaking. All the arts and prayers and charms of old Kathleen were put in requisition to preserve him from danger; and about the witching hour of twelve, with his spade on his shoulder, and his dhudeen in his mouth,

the bold-hearted Terry set forward all alone to the graveyard, shaping his course by the winding banks of the glassy river, and whistling as he went—not "for want of thought," however, for never was man's mind more busily occupied than was Terry's, in predisposing of the money which he expected to find in the Boccough Ruadh's nightcap.

After a short walk, Terry arrived at the precincts of the church-yard. It was a lovely summer's night, the full moon shining gloriously, and myriads of pretty stars blinking and twinkling in the blue expanse, but all their native lustre was drowned in the borrowed splendour of the Queen of Heaven. Terry stood a moment to reconnoitre, and, resting on his spade, looked around with an anxious gaze. He could discover nothing; all was silent as the departed beneath his feet, except the murmuring of the river's surges in the rear, or the barking of some village cur-dog in the hazy distance. He advanced to the grave of the Boccough, and in a few minutes the ghastly moonbeams shone full on the pale grim features of the dead. He snatched the nightcap quickly from the bald head of the corpse, put it in his pocket, and, notwithstanding the awe and superhuman terror under which he laboured, he chuckled with delight as he remarked the "dead weight" of the Boccough's head-gear. He then closed the coffin, and as he proceeded to cover it, the clay and stones fell on it, with an appalling and unearthly sound. The grave now covered up, the intrepid fellow again shouldered his spade, and sought the river's margin, and as he strode hurriedly along its banks in the direction of his home, the splash of the otter and the diving of the water-hen more than once broke the thread of his lonely musings.

Terry was soon at his mother's side, who since his departure had been on her knees, praying for his safe return. The nightcap was ripped up, and, lo! three hundred golden guineas were the reward of Terry's churchyard adventure! Stitched carefully in every part of the huge nightcap, the gold lay secure, so as not to attract the notice of any one, or cause the least suspicion of its proximity to the old man's pericranium.

Terry and his mother were in ecstasies. Farms were already purchased in ideality, cattle bought, houses built, and even Terry began in his mind to make preparations for his wedding with Onny Kinshellagh, a rich farmer's daughter of the neighbourhood, for whom he had breathed many a hopeless sigh, and who, in addition to her beauty, was possessed of fifty pounds in hard gold, a couple of good yearlings, and a feather-bed as broad as the "nine acres."

The mother and son retired to bed, as happy as the certain possession of wealth, and the almost as certain expectations of honour and distinction, could make them. After a long time spent in constructing and condemning schemes for the future, Terry fell asleep. He had not slept long, however, when he started up with a loud scream, crying out, "the Boccough! the Boccough!" "Och, weary's on him for a Boccough!" exclaimed the mother; "is he coming for the nightcap and the goold?"

"Oh, no," said Terry, calmly; "but I was again dreaming of him, and I was frightened."

"What did you dream to-night?" asked the old woman.

"I was dreaming that I was going over the foord by moonlight, and that I saw the Boccough walking on the water towards me; that he stopped at a certain big stone, and began to examine under with his hands; that I came up, and asked him what he was searching for, when he looked up with a frightful phiz, and cried out in a horrible voice, 'For my red nightcap!'"

"God Almighty never opened one door but he opened two," exclaimed old Kathleen. "Examine under that stone to-morrow, and by all the cottoners in Cork, you'll find another 'lob' of money in it."

"Faix, maybe so," replied Terry; "it's no harm to say 'Godsend,' and that God may make a thief of you before a liar."

"Amen, *achierna*," replied Kathleen.

Next morning at daybreak, Terry got up, and proceeded to the identical stone where he fancied that he had seen the spirit of the Boccough. He examined it closely, and after a strict search, discovered in the sand beneath the rock a leathern pouch full of money. He seized it joyfully, and on counting its contents, found it amounted to upwards of a hundred pounds, all in silver and copper coins.

"What a lucky born man you are, Terry O'Shea!" cried the overjoyed gold-finder, "and what a bright day it was for

your family that the Boccough Ruadh crossed over the waters of the Nore."

"It was not a bright day at all, but a wild, gloomy, stormy night," said the old woman, who, unperceived, had followed her son to watch the success of his expedition.

"No matter for that," said Terry; "there never was so bright a day in your seven generations as that dark night; I am now the richest man of my name, and I would not, this mortal minute, call Lord De Vesci my uncle."

It is easier for the reader to imagine than for the writer to describe the manner in which this joyful day was passed by the happy mother and son. Now counting and examining the gold, and again proposing plans, and considering the best purposes to which it could be applied, they passed the hours until the summer sun had long sunk behind the crimson west.

Terry was again in bed, when he started with a wild shriek. "Mother of mercy!" he frantically vociferated, "here is the Boccough Ruadh; I hear the tramp of his wooden leg on the floor."

"Lord save us!" said the old woman in a trembling voice, "what can all him now? Maybe it's more money he has hid somewhere else."

"Oh, do you hear how he rattles about! Devil a *kippeen* in the cabin but he will destroy," exclaimed poor Terry. "It's the black day to us that ever we seen himself or his dirty thrash of money; and if God saves me till morning, I'll go back and lave every rap or id where I got it."

"That would be a murder to lave so much fine money moulding in the clay, and so many in want of it; you shall do no such thing," said the mother.

"I don't care a straw for that," said Terry. "I would not have the ould sinner, God rest his soul, stravagin' every other night about my honest decent cabin for all the goold in the Queen's County."

"Well, then," says the old woman, "go to the priest in the morning, and leave him the money, and let him dispose of it as he likes for the good of the ould vagabond's misfortunate soul."

This plan was agreed to, and the conversation dropt. The ghost of the Boccough still rattled and clanked about the house. He never ceased stumping about, from the kitchen to the room, and from the room to the kitchen. Pots and pans, plates and pitchers, were tossed here and there; the dog was kicked, the cat was mauled, and even the raked-up fire was lashed out of the "gree-sough." In fact, Terry declared that if the devil or Captain Rock was about the place, there could not be more noise than there was that night with the Boccough's ghost, and this continued without intermission until the bell of Abbeyleix castle clock was tolling the midnight hour.

Terry was up next morning at sunrise, and having packed up the money which was the cause of all his trouble in his mother's check apron, proceeded with a heavy heart to the residence of the priest, about two miles from the present Poor-man's Bridge. The priest was not up when Terry arrived, but being well known to the domestics, he was admitted to his bed-chamber.

"You have started early," said the priest; "what troubles you now, Terry?"

Terry gave a full and true account of his troubles, and concluded by telling him that he brought him the money to dispose of it as he thought best.

"I won't have any thing to do with it," said the Father. "It is not mine, so you may take it back again the same road."

"Not a rap of it will ever go my road again," said Terry. "Can't you give it for his unfortunate ould sowl?"

"I'll have no hand in it," said the priest.

"Nor I either," said Terry. "I wouldn't have the ould miser *polthoguing* about my quiet floor another night for the king's ransom."

"Well, take it to your landlord; he is a magistrate, and he will have it put to some public works connected with the county," said the priest.

"Bad luck to the lord or lady I'll ever take it to," said Terry, making a spring, and bounding down the stairs, leaving the money, apron and all, on the floor at the priest's bedside.

"Come back, come back!" shouted the Father in a towering passion.

"Good morning to your ravirinec," said Terry, as he flew

with the swiftness of a mountain deer over the common before the priest's door. "Ay, go back, indeed; catch ould birds with chaff. You have the money now, and you may make a bog or a dog of it, whichever you please."

In an hour after, the priest's servant man was on the road to Maryborough, mounted on the priest's own black gelding, with a sealed parcel containing the Boccough's money strapped in a portmanteau behind him, and a letter to the treasurer of the Queen's County grand jury, detailing the curious circumstances by which it came into his possession, and recommending him to convert it to whatever purpose the gentlemen of the county should deem most expedient.

The summer assizes came on in a few days, and the matter was brought before the grand jury, who agreed to expend the money in constructing a stone bridge over the ford where it was collected.

Before that day twelvemonth, the ford had disappeared, and a noble bridge of seven arches spanned the sparkling waters of the Nore, which is here pretty broad and of considerable depth. From that day to this it is called the "Poor-man's Bridge," and I never cross it without thinking of the strange circumstances which led to its erection.

The spirit of the Boccough Ruadh never troubled Terry O'Shea after, but often, as people say, amid the gloom of a winter's night, or the grey haze of a summer's evening, may the figure of a wan and decrepid old man, with his head enveloped in a red nightcap, be seen wandering about Poor-man's Bridge, or walking quite "natural" over the glassy waters of the transparent Nore.

**AN EXCUSE.**—Miravaux was one day accosted by a sturdy beggar, who asked alms of him. "How is this," inquired Miravaux, "that a lusty fellow like you is unemployed?" "Ah!" replied the beggar, looking very piteously at him, "if you did but know how lazy I am!" The reply was so ludicrous and unexpected, that Miravaux gave the varlet a piece of silver.

**AN INCIDENT.**—At the time Commodore Elliot commanded the navy at Norfolk (I think it was), happening to be conducting a number of ladies and gentlemen who were visiting the yard, he chanced to see a little boy who had a basket full of chips, which he had gathered in the yard; probably to show his importance he saluted him, and asked where he got the chips. "In the yard," replied the boy. "Then drop them," said the brave man. The little boy dropped the chips as he was ordered, and after gaining a safe distance, turning round with his thumb to his nose, said, "That is the first prize you ever took, any how!"

Solon enacted, that children who did not maintain their parents in old age, when in want, should be branded with infamy, and lose the privilege of citizens; he, however, excepted from the rule those children whom their parents had taught no trade, nor provided with other means of procuring a livelihood. It was a proverb of the Jews, that he who did not bring up his son to a trade, brought him up as a thief.

If there be a lot on earth worthy of envy, it is that of a man, good and tender-hearted, who beholds his own creation in the happiness of all those who surround him. Let him who would be happy strive to encircle himself with happy beings. Let the happiness of his family be the incessant object of his thoughts. Let him divine the sorrows and anticipate the wishes of his friends.

**A CHEERFUL HEART** paints the world as it finds it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness, palled with thick vapours, and dark as "the shadow of death." It is the mirror, in short, on which it is caught, which lends to the face of nature the aspect of its own turbulence or tranquillity.

The lazy, the dissipated, and the fearful, should patiently see the active and the bold pass by them in the course. They must bring down their pretensions to the level of their talents. Those who have not energy to work must learn to be humble.

—*Sharp's Essays.*

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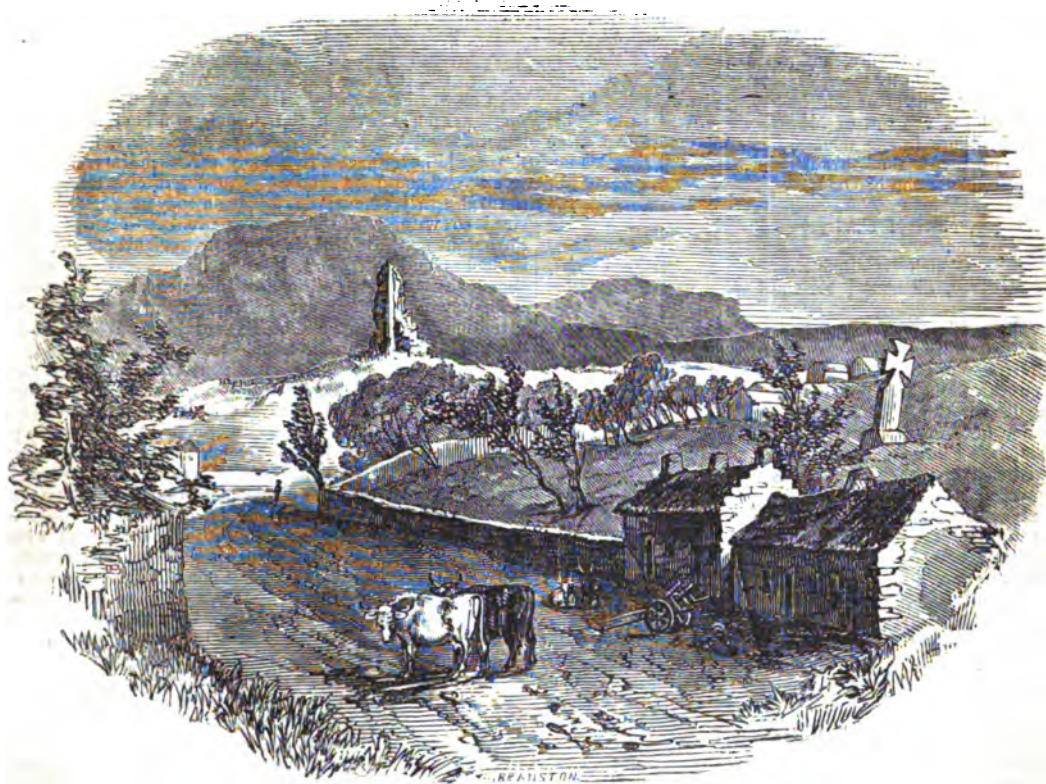


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



## DUN-GARBRY CASTLE, COUNTY OF LEITRIM.

THE Castle of Dun-garbry, or properly Dun-cairbré, signifying the Dun or Fort of Cairbre, is situated on a hill, on the south side, and not far from the mouth, of the Drowis, or *Drobhaiois*—a river very celebrated in Irish history—and the estuary of the beautiful Lough Melvin, in the lower part of the county of Leitrim, bordering on the county of Sligo. Though marked on the maps made in the reign of Elizabeth as an important fortress, its ruins are now but inconsiderable, and consist only of a side wall perforated by an arched doorway. But trivial as these vestiges are, they impart some historic interest to scenery of the most delightful character by which it is surrounded, and are valuable as a memorial of an ancient Irish family, once of great rank in the county, though now reduced to utter decay, at least in their original locality.

Dun-garbry Castle was erected by the chief of the Mac-Clanachs, or correctly *Mac-Fhlannchadha*, a sept or clan who possessed the ancient district called Dartree, the present barony of Rossclogher, and of which the Castle of Rossclogher, situated on an island in Lough Melvin, was their chief residence. The name of its founder and the date of its erection are not preserved; but the latter may with probability be referred to a period anterior to the reign of Henry VIII., as the Annals of the Four Masters record at the year 1536, that "Cahir (the son of Feradach, the son of William), the son of

Mac Clanchy, heir-apparent to the chieftainship of Dartree, died in that year in Dun-cairbre."

It may be proper to state that there are in Ireland two perfectly distinct families of the name Mac Clanchy, or, as it is now more usually written, Clancey; first, the family of Thomond or Clare, some of whom were hereditary Brehons or judges to the O'Briens, and who were a branch of the Macnamaras; and, secondly, the family of Dartree, who were hereditary chiefs of that district from a very remote period.

The notices of the chiefs of this family, as preserved in the Irish Annals from the twelfth till the seventeenth century, will serve to convey a very vivid impression of the insecurity of life resulting from the unsettled state of society, and its retrogression towards absolute barbarism during this unhappy period of our history, and will teach us also to appreciate the blessings we derive from the progress which civilization has made within the last century.

- 1241. Donnell Mac Clanchy, chief of Dartree, died.
- 1274. Cathal Mac Clanchy, chief of Dartree, died.
- 1278. Gillchreest Mac Clanchy, chief of Dartree, was slain.
- 1301. William (the son of Cathal) Mac Clanchy, chief of Dartree, was slain.
- 1303. Murtoigh Mac Clanchy, chief of Dartree, was slain.
- 1337. Teige (the son of William) Mac Clanchy, chief of Dartree, was slain by O'Conor.

1349. Hugh Mac Clanchy, chief of Dartree, and Gillchreest Mac Clanchy, were slain.

1366. Cathal (the son of Teige) Mac Clanchy, chief of Dartree, was slain.

1418. Teige (the son of Cathal) Mac Clanchy, chief of Dartree, died in a monastery.

1420. Cathal (the son of Teige) Mac Clanchy, chief of Dartree, and Hugh boy (or the yellow) Mac Clanchy, were slain in their own house, about the festival of St Bridget, by their own kinsmen Teige, Maurice, and Henry.

1421. Cathal O'Rourke and his sons made a nocturnal attack on Mac Clanchy on Iniskeen, an island of Lough Melvin, and the guards of the lake delivered up the boats of the lake to them. They took young Mac Clanchy prisoner, and possessed themselves of Lough Melvin and its castle. Five of the sons of Mac Clanchy, and a great number of the men of Dartree, were slain by them, and the remainder of the sons of Mac Clanchy went after that into Carbury.

1532. Turlogh, the son of Mac Clanchy, was slain by his own two brothers in the doorway of the mansion of Mac Clanchy. In revenge of this murder, Brien O'Rourke destroyed a great portion of Dartree.

1536. Mac Clanchy (Feradach, the son of William, the son of Teige), chief of Dartree, died. He was a charitable and humane man.

1578. Mac Clanchy (Cathal Duff, the son of Feradach), chief of Dartree, died, and his son Cathal Oge assumed his place.

1582. Mac Clanchy (Cathal Oge), chief of Dartree, was slain by his own kinsman Teige Oge.

It appears from an inquisition taken at the Abbey of Creevelea, on the 24th September 1603, that Cathal Oge Mac Clanchy died on the 3d of January 1582, seized of the castle and manor of Dun-carbury, and of the whole country called Mac Clanchy's country, leaving a son and heir, Cathal Duff, then aged twenty-eight years.

It appears, however, that in accordance with the Brehon law, the chieftainship of Dartree passed at his death not to his son, but to the eldest surviving representative of the name, as an inquisition taken at Rosslogher on the 3d of October in the same year, finds that the greater part of the country, including the Castle of Dun-carbury, and the castle and chief town of Rosslogher, &c, were in the possession of Malaghlín Mac Clanchy, who died so seized on the 13th of August 1603, leaving a son and heir, Cahir Mac Clanchy, three years and ten months old at the time of his father's death; and it is stated that all these castles, lands, &c, were held of the king by knights' service *in capite*, but the quantity of the service was not ascertained by the inquisitors. By the will of this Malaghlín Mac Clanchy he bequeathed to his son and heir, Cahir, all his lands except such as were nominated wife's jointure; and to his wife, Katherine Ny Rourke, who was found to have been his legitimate consort, he bequeathed his Castle of Dun-carbury, as also his chief town called Rosslogher, in pawn of her marriage goods, until his heir should redeem it.

The property of the Mac Clanchys was confiscated after the rebellion of 1641, but their name is the prevailing one in the barony of Dartree, or Rosslogher, to the present day. P.

## THE GIG RACE,

### OR A PULL FOR THE SILVER CUP.

IN the prettily situated village of Ring, within the beautiful harbour of Cove, lived an old man named Jeremiah Sullivan, who was by profession a boat-builder, and who, being unrivalled in that art, justly regarded himself as one of the most important personages in the said village, if not in the county of Cork itself. It was indeed the conviction of Jerry that the man who, if any such man there were, could surpass him in the plan, the construction, or the finish of a race-gig, must be a wonder, and far above the general standard of human excellence. After his divine art, and the equally divine productions of that art, his daughter Sally Sullivan was next best loved by the enthusiastic and honest old man. Sally had the reputation of a snug little fortune and of an infinite deal of beauty, the latter founded, no doubt, on the possession of a pair of roguish black eyes, a blooming cheek, and a rosy pair of lips, that half disclosed two rows of the prettiest and whitest teeth in the world.

Jerry had one favourite apprentice, to whom he had already imparted some of the most important secrets in his profession,

and to whom, at some distant period, he intended to confide the entire, as a legacy richer than the hoarded treasures of a miser; nay, more valuable than even the philosopher's stone. William Collins (for such was his name) was a fine-looking young fellow, standing about five feet ten inches in height, and possessed of a light, active, muscular, and admirably proportioned figure; indeed, Sally was known to have told her female friend in the strictest confidence that William had the brightest pair of eyes, and the handsomest brown curls, that young man could well be vain of. William, on the other hand, could find no language sufficiently comprehensive to express his ideas of Sally's beauty; and as for her good qualities, her temper, her cheerfulness, her sweet-toned merry laugh—to describe them was quite an impossibility. The fact was, they were both young, both amiable, both warm-hearted, and very naturally both lovers! Yet poor old Jerry never dreamed what the real state of the case was. Wonderful as was his penetration, deep as was his knowledge, and great as was his skill in all matters appertaining to the building of a boat, in affairs of the heart he was blind and stupid as a mole. He, honest simpleton, could never dream that Sally's frequent intrusions into the work-yard could be attributed to aught else than that most natural spirit of curiosity common to young people who desired to witness the interesting process of a delightful and important art! Besides, Jerry never wore his spectacles within doors; and, therefore, it must be presumed he never saw the eloquent flushing of his daughter's cheek, or the additional brilliancy of her dark eye, when he spoke of the young man's attention to his duty, and of his surprising advancement in the nicer labours of the profession.

Early in the month of May, a gentleman ordered a race-gig from Sullivan, and from time to time sent his man Duggin to see after the progress of the work. This Duggin was held to be the crack oarsman of the harbour, and consequently prided himself not a little on his reputation. He was a powerfully made though not a tall man, and his features were rather good than otherwise, but rendered displeasing from a peculiar expression of cunning about the eyes, and a perpetual sneer on his lip. Duggin had heard of Sally Sullivan's fame as a beauty; and being quite of a gallant temperament, he conceived the very natural design of rendering himself agreeable to the old boat-builder's daughter. The moulds were laid down, and soon the outline of the future race-gig began to be formed more distinctly, when Mr Curly Duggin one day entered the work-yard to pass his opinion on what had been already done, and to offer any suggestions as to the future, that his scientific judgment might deem necessary. On his entrance he found the peerless Sally seated on a chair, and apparently employed at some feminine labour—apparently so, for in reality her eyes were fixed on every movement of William Collins, who was busily engaged in the building of this future wonder of the race-gig class. Sally, observing the stranger enter, and not relishing the familiar stare of a pair of wicked-looking optics, nor the too evident admiration they expressed on their master's part, immediately left the yard, and retired to the neatly painted cottage of her father. As for Collins, looking up from his work at that very instant, he saw, with the quickness of jealousy, the manner of Duggin and the retreat of Sally; and from that hour he felt an unconquerable aversion to the bold looking oarsman.

"Come, now, I'm blessed," said Duggin, "that's a nate tidy craft, if I'm a judge in the last! I say, Mister what's-your-name, isn't that purty girl the ould fellow's daughter?" "Yes, she is," replied William, with a growl; "that young woman is Miss Sullivan." "Sartinly she is a beauty without paint! Has she a heap of fine strapping fellows, that's sweethearts, following of her—has she, my hearty?" "How the devil should I know! What have I to do with any one's business but my own?—and that gives me enough to mind." "Why, my fine fellow," said Duggin, rather annoyed at the reply, "I tell you what, that same aint over partiklar civil." "Isn't it?—then if you don't like my civility, I can't help your liking; so that's all I care about the matter."

Duggin made no reply, but marching round and round the half-built boat, he made several slighting observations signifying his utter contempt for the plan, as well as its execution. "Why, blow it!" said he, "look at that. I tell you there's no living use for that infernally outlandish keel. You might as well turn a lighter, as such a tub as that, in the water!"

Poor William's feelings were almost too great for words, so indignant was he at this coarse and vulgar attack on the object of his zealous labours. He, however, merely said,

"She's very unlike a tub, for the matter of that; and as for the keel, that will give her a sure grip of the water, and make her hold her way." "Who's the out-and-out judge that said them wise things, I'd like to know?" asked Duggin, with a mocking sneer on his lip. "Them that's as fine judges as any in the harbour," replied Collins; "there's Dan Magrath, and Ned Desmond, and Mark Brien, down at the ferry; and there aren't better men to be found at handling an oar." "Bother!" said Duggin, "little I'd give for a score of 'em; and as for that fellow Magrath, he's a regular lubber, that isn't no more fit in a race than I'm fit to bite a piece out of this anchor at my feet!" "I know nothing about biting the anchor," said Collins; "but I tell you what: the four of us will try you at the regatta for the ten-pound cup!" "Done! done! my hearty: mind ye don't go back, and be forgetting yer promise!" said Duggin, with the air of one already certain of the prize. "Don't be afraid of me," Collins replied; "I never broke my word yet, and I don't intend to begin now." Again did Duggin criticise the boat, and declare himself dissatisfied with nearly every point about her. The temper of the young builder was severely tried; but rather than turn away a customer from his master's yard, he with difficulty succeeded in curbing his rising passion. Scarcely had Duggin, however, left the yard, when a piercing shriek rang from the house, through which lay the general passage. William heard it, and flinging aside the plane he was then using, he rushed in to ascertain its cause. What was his amazement at beholding Sally struggling violently to release herself from the arms of the gallant Duggin, who was endeavouring in vain to snatch a kiss from the maiden's rosy mouth! "Ha! you villain!—there, take that!" said Collins, as with one fierce spring he gripped him by the throat, and flung him headlong on the floor.

Duggin was for a moment nearly stunned by the fall, but when in a measure recovered from its effects, he rose from the ground, and eyeing the pair with a fiendish expression of malice and revenge, he said, "Collins, mark my word for it, if I was to go to hell for it, I'll be into you for that fall! Mind you keep a look-out, my tidy fellow! Good morning to you, Sally—good morning, purty Sally! Don't forget the race, unless you're afraid, Collins!" So saying, Duggin left the house; and no sooner had he gone, than Sally, frightened by his brutal insolence, burst into a flood of tears; but she at length allowed herself to be consoled by William, who used the most persuasive and powerful arguments in order to soothe her ruffled spirits.

As might be anticipated, the gig was disliked, and left on old Sullivan's hands. Jerry was a little peevish on the subject, and was continually regretting his unfortunate attack of the gout, which prevented himself from superintending the work, and of a consequence rendering it a model of perfection. But poor William bore up manfully against all, and even had the audacity to prophesy, for the old man's comfort, that in two days after the coming regatta, he would procure for the gig no less a sum than two-and-twenty guineas! The boat was finished, launched, and christened "the Darling Sally;" and her fair namesake worked with her own pretty fingers a white silken flag, that was intended to adorn the beautifully-moulded bow.

It was summer, and the sun was in his meridian glory, pouring a flood of light and beauty over one of the loveliest combinations of landscape—the tree-clad hill, the many-coloured rock, and the widely-extended water—that can be possibly be found within the limits of the British empire. The month was glorious July, and the scene was the far-famed Cove of Cork. How beautiful did all appear on the last day of the regatta, as a fleet of fairy-like yachts, yielding to the light breeze that just broke the surface of the sea into tiny waves, dashed aside from their bows the silver spray, and skimmed like sea-birds over the bosom of the Cove. The sea actually blazed with light, and the islands seemed like emeralds set in gold. Green were the hills that encircled in their embrace the beautiful sheet of water, and cloudless was the heaven that overhung the loveliness of earth. A stately man-of-war rode at anchor nearly opposite the town of Cove, and gay were the flags and streamers that enlivened by their hues the dark mass of rigging rising from the nobly proportioned hull. Several merchantmen were also there, and decked in like manner as the floating citadel—the seaman's pride. The marine picture was finished by myriads of boats of all sizes and shapes, from the one-oared punt and the light wherry, to the family whaler or the well-manned race-

gig, that were ever gliding to and fro, imparting life and animation to the beautiful scene.

On the Regatta Quay might be observed hundreds of elegantly dressed females, with their attentive cavaliers; some of the latter arrayed in divers fantastic styles of costume, intended to resemble the garb of the sailor, and resembling it about as much as their affectation and the swagger of their gait resembled his manner. Naval and military officers added by their brilliant uniforms to the liveliness of the picture. On an erected platform was stationed a brass band, that from time to time played some fine pieces of music and exhilarating airs—a fitting accompaniment to the soft murmur of the wave, the harmony of nature.

Outside the gate of the privileged yard were ranged tents of every variety—some few in the form of an oblong square, with a slanting roof—others like an Indian wigwam—some covered with bleached, and some with dirty canvass, while in each of them a piper or a fiddler might be heard discoursing most peculiar music, responded to by the clatter of some score of feet, whose movements would puzzle the eccentric genius of Fanny Elslar herself. Outside these temples, erected equally to Bacchus and the lively Terpsichore, more intellectual food was offered to the youthful mind in the antics of Punch and Judy; and there was, besides, a magnificent theatre, the approach to which was by a ladder, and on a platform before which the distinguished company—Turkish warriors and Christian knights, princesses and Columbine, assassin and clown—were threading the intricacies of a fashionable dance, to the sound of three trumpets and a drum. Fun, frolic, and delight, reigned within as well as without. In fine, it was the last day of the regatta, and "now or never" was the universal motto.

In obedience to the warning gun, the twenty-ton yachts had drawn up in line near their starting buoys. For a moment their mainsails flapped idly in the breeze as they were gracefully round. Another gun, and up went jibs and gaff-top-sails, as they began to move in one cluster of snowy canvass. At first they seemed scarcely to stir through the water that lazily rippled around their bows; but as the breeze began to be felt, they got under weigh, and the waves were broken into foam by the dividing stem. Sally was seated in the well-cushioned stern of her father's four-oared family gig, which was steered by that worthy individual himself; she wore a Leghorn bonnet with smart-pink ribbons; and as she sat near her bluff, broad-shouldered, honest old parent, she looked as handsome a maiden as ever lent willing ear to a lover's vows. She was now all anxiety, as the time for William's race was near at hand. Duggin's crew were on the course; and if one might judge from the perfect appointment of the gig, the lively strokes pulled on her, and the rapidity with which she was turned, one should seem to run no risk in betting on her certain success. The *Norah Creenah*—for such was her name—was painted on the outside a delicate buff, and on the inside pink. One of the best and most fortunate cockswains in the harbour steered her; and as he glanced on the powerful limbs and the muscular chests of his men, and saw the exquisite regularity with which the blades were dipped into the wave, his heart swelled with anticipated triumph. "Sally, my dear," said old Jerry Sullivan to his daughter, "take the ropes for a minute, and mind what you're about, child." Jerry stood up in the boat to have a peep at the preparations for the race; but hardly had he time to satisfy his curiosity, when the bow of the gig came slap against the side of a large yawl, and he was laid sprawling in the bottom from the concussion; and to mend the matter, Sally began to scream most energetically at the mischief she herself had occasioned. The truth was, she had mechanically obeyed her father's directions, by taking the tiller-ropes, but that was all, for her thoughts were far otherwise engaged. "Back water, ye infarnal ould lubber! Do you want to stave the side of us in? Where's yer eyes, ye ould fool?" Such were the pleasing queries which the parties in the assaulted boat levelled at the innocent Jerry. "Why don't you look out yourselves, and be hanged to ye!" said the choleric builder, as he replied in the true Irish fashion by putting another question. After plentifully heaping the choicest epithets on each other, the belligerent parties at last separated, the victory being equally divided. "Come, boys," said Jerry to his crew, "heave ahead, and let us see are they getting all ready for the start." In a few moments the boat reached that part of the strand where William Collins and his companions were busily employed in rubbing black lead on the

bottom of the new gig. "Well, Bill, my hearty, how're you coming on? What do you think of her now? don't she look handsome?" "She does, sir, look very beautiful," answered William in reply to his master's last remark, as he gazed with admiration on Sally. "Is the paint hard on her, Bill?" asked Jerry. "Paint! paint on her, sir!" exclaimed William, still looking at Sally. "Why, what ails you, boy? I said paint; is the paint dry?" "All right, sir; hard as a bone." "Very good—now see are the stretchers the regular length and well lashed down." But though he received an affirmative answer, he was not satisfied till he had convinced himself by examination that all the arrangements had been attended to by William. "I'm aisy in mind now, any how. I hope she'll do; eh, Bill?" "Never fear, sir; we'll do our best; and if we don't come in first, it won't be our own fault. Did you hear the news, sir? A gentleman—the same that was in the yard over on Friday—came up to me and said if the boat won the race, he'd give five-and-twenty guineas down on the nail." "Bless my soul!" exclaimed old Sullivan, charmed at the offer. "But what good is a man offering of such a price when there isn't any great chance of her winning?—oh, if I wasn't laid up in my bed when she was building! Well, it can't be helped now; more's the pity!" "Well, sir, we must do our best; won't wa, boys?" said William, turning to his crew. "We'll try, any how," was the reply, as they raised the light gig carefully from off the stones on which she rested, and gently floated her on the water. "William, here's the flag," said Sally. "Ha! there's the gun!" "'Tis the gun, sure enough. I'll bring you the cup, Sally, I hope. Come, lads," he continued, "take your places. There—step gently! Magrath, tread on the keelson, and don't stand that way on the ribs!" "Run down a bit," said Jerry, "and lave me see your trim. Give the long steady stroke, for the breeze is freshening. Now start away; and, Bill, my boy, mind you win!" Away they pulled from the strand; and as they shot quickly out, Jerry could not help exclaiming with delight, as he noticed how evenly the gig went under the stroke, and how regular was the time kept with their oars; but his former misgivings returned, as he remarked the great difficulty with which she was brought round. Duggin, in the meantime, was dashing about, attracting all eyes by the beauty of the Norah. "Clear the course!—clear the course—pull out of the way!" So bawled the racing steward, as by entreaty or by threat he succeeded in clearing a space sufficient for the rival boats. "Take your places!" again shouted he. Oh! how Sally's heart beat as she saw the gigs drawn up opposite the quay where the fashionables were assembled, and on which was placed a small signal-battery. She leaned against her father for support, as she observed the crews gently "backing water" to keep on a line till the word was given. "Which side will you take?" asked the cockswain of the Sally. "All the same, my hearty; stay where you are," answered Duggin with a voice as if confident of success. "Ready!" shouted the steward. All oars were thrown forward, as the men bent ready for the first dash. "Fire!" Scarce had the gun boomed over the water when the blades were dipped together. "Pull, boys, pull!" cried the cockswain of the Norah. "Heave away, my lads, heave! now for the start!" cried the other. After about five strokes the buff shot right ahead, clearing completely the bow of her sable rival. A sneer of bitter triumph might be seen on Duggin's lip as he darted past his hated opponent. In a very few minutes more, however, the buff ceased to gain, as the black, under the powerful and steady stroke of her crew, began to move gallantly through the water. As they came alongside the ruined barracks below the town of Cove, the Sally had come up to the Norah, and for a short distance they went stem and stem together. From that point they had to shoot over towards a large buoy, round which they must turn. The cockswains now urged on their men, who answered by a cheer, as the wave foamed under their strokes. Duggin's crew pulled with desperate vigour in order to gain the turn, but the black continued the same even regular pull that was evidently telling well. "Look now, father; is the white flag first? is it ahead, father?" asked Sally. "No, child; the Norah is— No! she is not! Bravo, Bill! there they go for the buoy! That's it. More power to you, Bill! Don't they walk out of the saucy buff!" It was true for Jerry; the black boat was now fairly six lengths ahead, and was gaining more at every stroke. They reached the buoy; and now began the difficulty. "Back water, larboard side; pull—pull on the starboard," said the cock-

swain. "Magrath, heave! Brien, that's the go!" shouted William, as he backed with all his might. "Hurra for the honour of Passage! Pull, my lads, pull!—rattle into 'em. Hurra!" bawled the Norah's helmsman, with a voice hoarse from exertion. Before the Sally could be well got under weigh after the turn, the Norah had darted round the buoy, and was in a moment three lengths beyond her. "Oh, heavens, they're beat!" said Jerry, as he sank back on the cushion in utter despair. "Don't say that, father! Look again!" entreated Sally. "There!" cried the old man, as he ventured another glance, "she's clane out of her again! Bravo, Bill! Give it to her! There she clips, the beauty! I always said there wasn't your equal except myself at building a gig! Now, boys," continued he, addressing his own crew, "pull a rattling touch over, and we'll give them such a cheer! Heave, my lads—that's it; bend your lazy backs!" The course was about two or three miles in length from the buoy to the old convict-hulk, round whose dark mass the boats must pull before they made for the quay from which they had started, and which was also the winning-place. The struggle up along the bank was indeed a beautiful sight, as from time to time the chances seemed to vary in favour of each, and as the crews appeared to gain new vigour from the cheering that came from the numerous boats which met them on the course. Gallantly did the long stroke tell on the Sally, as she shot far out of the rakish buff. She was dashing on in noble style for the convict-ship, when, smash! away went the bowman's oar! All was in confusion. On came the Norah! At that very moment Jerry Sullivan arrived; and seeing the terrible disaster, he caught at the oar next his hand, and flung it within reach of the bowman. "You have it now, my boys. Now, Bill, pull, my darling fellow, hurrah!" shouted Jerry, as the crew gave back the cheer, and the Sally bounded after the lively Norah. Thirty strokes more, and the Sally was stem and stem with her well-manned rival. They passed the man-of-war, and the sailors who crowded the side of the noble vessel gave them a cheer. Before them rose the hull of the old convict-ship, and now the struggle was, who should round her first. Still was the same quick stroke pulled on the buff, and still did the other crew continue to keep the same powerful one on the black. The stern of the hulk was neared; the Sally was five boats ahead, but the Norah dashed on gallantly in her wake. "Pull, boys, pull!" was the word in both boats. "Back water hard! Pull on the bow! Hurra! Back her well! Hurra!" shouted both cockswains. The Sally had not well rounded the bow of the convict-ship, when the Norah had turned, as if on a pivot, and again was stem and stem with her opponent. Now, indeed, was the true time for testing the capabilities both of the men and the boats, for a breeze was blowing from the west, and as the tide was making fast out of the harbour, there was a swell as both met in opposition. Shouts now greeted the gigs as they dashed on to the winning-place. Again did old Jerry meet them, and cheer aloud! Duggin literally foamed at the mouth, as he plied his oar with the energy of desperation, while William shouted to his crew to pull; and pull they did. In spite of all the exertions of Duggin, the Norah dropped back, as the Sally bounded on to the goal. Duggin cursed and raved, but all to no purpose; for the high-pointed bow of his gig caught the wind, and she had not the same power of keeping her way as the other, owing to her want of keel. "Stand by with the match!" cried the steward. "There they come; the black boat is long ahead! Fire! No sooner had the loud report followed the quick flash, than the oars were tossed on high, and the Sally rode triumphant! Loud were the shouts that rang from land and sea, as the victors dropped their blades into the wave, and shot into the landing-place to receive their well-earned prize. Who can describe the pride and joy of the old man, or the deep rapture of his daughter, as they saw the steward present the silver cup to William, flushed as he was from the exertion and triumph of the moment! As it would be quite impossible to do justice to their feelings, the attempt must be modestly refrained from.

The gig was immediately purchased for twenty-five guineas, and orders were given to Jerry for the building of two more on an exactly similar plan. As for Duggin, he was so subdued in spirit by the loss of his reputation as a crack oarsman, that he never after that day was known to try his fortune on the course, and neither visited Ring to woo Miss Sullivan, nor to make good his threat on the body of the victorious William. It has been since whispered among the gossips of the village that old Jerry Sullivan, though much surprised at hearing



of the mutual love of William and Sally, finally gave his blessing and consent to their union. Need it be told that the well-won silver cup was ever looked on as an honoured vessel, and that Sally prized it nearly as much as William himself did?  
J. F. M.

### A RIDE WITH DEATH.

I saw him pass by, while the east-wind blew,  
And the vernal blooms from the branches flew;  
Lo! there he speeds, that old skeleton-man,  
With his frame all bleached, all withered and wan;  
His eye-balls are gone, and his cheek-bones bare,  
And he rides a pale horse through the cold humid air!

Now he resteth himself 'neath an old dry tree,  
Where the moss hath grown for a century;  
He feeds his steed with grass that grew rank  
On the field where warriors in battle sank;  
Bedabbled with blood, it thick grew, and strong,  
And to Death's pale horse doth of right belong!

Gone is the beauty from violet blue,  
For the look of Death hath pierced it through;  
And the crocus that bloomed near the old dry tree,  
Hath faded away, such a sight to see;  
And the grass where he sat, that was bright and green,  
Turned pale as the blades where a stone hath been.

Ha! ha! old pilgrim! may I go with thee,  
Thy doings fearful and strange to see?  
He nodded his head; not a word said Death,  
For he had little need to waste his breath:  
A man of short speech, he speaks in his brow;  
He looks what he means, when he says "Come thou!"

We paused near a maiden with rosy cheek,  
A lovely maiden, with blue eye meek;  
But her youthful bloom, how it faded away!  
Her heart was in heaven, she might not stay;  
And we looked at an infant that lay on the breast,  
A mother's pride, and it sank to rest!

We stood by the cot of a widowed dame;  
Life's feeble embers gave out their last flame:  
At the hut of a slave we stepped gently in;  
With pity Death looked on his frame so thin,  
And his face, as he watched at the old man's bed,  
Said "Peacefully let him be one with the dead!"

At a palace we tarried, and there one lay  
On his last sad couch, at the close of day;  
He struggled hard, but Death's face said "No!  
Duty is mine, wheresoever I go:  
Peasant or king, it is all the same,  
Mine must thou be—I have here thy name!"

We hovered around where a Christian sire  
Lay waiting to join the eternal choir;  
Peaceful and calm was his holy repose;  
He sank as the sun on a May-day's close:  
He rose as the sun with beams tricked anew,  
When flowers bend with beauty, and leaves with dew.

We crossed the path of a beautiful bark,  
How many the corpses, all stiff and stark!  
Down sank the vessel beneath the wild wave,  
No hand was near one poor soul to save!  
We glanced at a ship by an iceberg crushed,  
We gazed but a moment—then all was hushed.

We asked of a miser to yield up his gold,  
But he loosed not his clutch when his hands were cold.  
We entered a town, as it shook to and fro,  
An earthquake was raging in fury below;  
Dwellings were rocking like trees when storm-tost,  
Crashing and sinking—till all were lost!

We stayed our flight o'er a funeral pile,  
Where the Ganges roll'd swift through a deep defile;  
Where Brahmin priests rent with cries the air,  
While the victim lay burning and crackling there;  
And the devotees of dark Jaggernath  
We saw mangled and torn in its bloody path.

We paused a while where a family stood,  
Partaking the sacred "body and blood;"  
And we saw their mother unflinching pray,  
When life's mellow evening was fading away;  
And as she sighed out her last tremulous breath,  
Was ended my first wild ride with Death.

—From the *Knickerbocker*.



### ANCIENT SEAL OF THE ISLAND OF SAINT COLMOC.

THE prefixed woodcut of an impression of an ancient monastic seal hitherto unpublished, will, we think, interest some of our readers both in Scotland and Ireland, as, though it is certainly not Irish, it is intimately connected with that bright period of our history when Ireland sent forth her crowds of learned ecclesiastics to preach the gospel and instruct the people, not only to Scotland and England, but also to Germany, France, Switzerland, Belgium, Mecklenburg, and even distant Iceland, in all which their memories are still venerated as patron saints—that period to which Spenser alludes in the lines:

"Whylome, when Ireland flourished in fame  
Of wealth and goodness, far above the rest  
Of all that bear the British island's name."

The matrix, which is of bronze or brass, was discovered among old brass at a foundry in London some three or four years ago, and is now in the possession of Mr Thomas, a merchant of that city, who has the largest collection of remains of this kind ever formed in the British empire.

The legend, which is in the semi-Saxon character of the twelfth century, reads—

SI . COMMUNE . DE . INSULA . SANCTI . COLMOCI :  
OR,

THE COMMON SEAL OF THE ISLAND OF SAINT COLMOC.

The locality of this seal has been hitherto referred to the celebrated Irish monastery of Iona, or Hy-Columbkille, and such we ourselves deemed it when the impression was first sent to us. But on maturer reflection we are now disposed to consider this conclusion erroneous, and that the seal should with greater probability be referred to the monastery of Inch-Colm, a small island in the Frith of Forth, lying between Edinburgh and Inverkeithing, and which was anciently called Emonia, or Y-mona, i. e. the Island of Mona. On this island the Scottish King Alexander I., in gratitude for his escape from a violent storm, by which he was driven on the island in 1123, founded a monastery dedicated to its patron saint, and of which there are still considerable remains. It was plundered by the English in the reign of Edward III., who, as it is said, suffered shipwreck for their sacrilege; and if we might hazard a conjecture, it would be, that the seal may have been carried into England at that time. But be this as it may, the seal perfectly agrees in style with similar remains of the twelfth century, and we have little doubt that this is its true locality, as the name in the legend will not with correctness or propriety apply to any other known to exist. For, in the

first place, the monastery of Iona, the only other religious house to which it could be referred, is invariably called Insula Columbæ, or I-Columbkille, in all ancient documents, and it would be against all probability that it should bear a different appellation on its seal. In the second place, the name of the patron saint of Iona is never written COLMOC, which is an Irish diminutive form of the name COLUM, and which, as in the Latin, means a dove. But this name COLMOC was applied by the ancient Irish and Scotch indifferently to persons bearing the name of COLMAN, both being but synonymous and convertible diminutives of the name *Colum*—and hence it would follow that this seal must have belonged to some monastery which was dedicated not to St Columb, but to St Colman or Colmoc. It may however be objected that the island called Inch-Colm was dedicated to the celebrated apostle of Scotland, St Columbkille; and it is true that Colgan, on the authority of Fordun, does place it among the list of his foundations. But Fordun is a weak authority to rely on in such matters; and from the greater contiguity of this island to Lindesfarn, of which the Irish St Colman was the third bishop, it would seem more rational to attribute the origin of its name to him than to the saint of Iona. In either case, however, the seal is one of great interest to Scottish topography and Irish history. P.

### STREET CIGAR-SMOKERS.

READER, are you given to cigar-smoking? The reason we put the question is, that we should not like to offend you by any thing you might find in our pages indicating a contempt on our part for this silly, and, as we think, vulgar practice. If you be, then, pass over this short article, or as our old Irish schoolmaster used to tell us when we came to a passage which we could not construe, nor he neither, "skip and go on." But we feel tolerably certain you are not a smoker, or at least a cigar-smoker or exhibiting-street-performer, for we are satisfied that among the lovers of this now fashionable amusement we can count but few as supporters of our little work, or of any other of a mental or literary character—that renowned periodical called Paddy Kelly's Budget, if it be still in existence, excepted. It is the practice of unidea'd men with unidea'd faces, who puff, not whistle—as the latter is no longer a fashionable amusement—as they go, for want of thought, and as they think to make them look manly and genteel! Well, heaven help their little wit! You think, reader, perhaps, as we ourselves were till lately foolish enough to suppose, that there must be a pleasure in this practice on its own account, like that which madmen feel in being insane. But no such thing. We have discovered that it is anything but an agreeable pastime, and that it is indulged in solely from the love of distinction, which is one of the peculiar characteristics of the human race, and which is so strong in these cigar-smokers, that they actually, in the spirit of martyrs, surrender both their minds, such as they are, and their bodies also, to its influence. Such a desire is not only natural to us, but praiseworthy: it is only the choice of means of gratifying it that is unworthy and even contemptible. It will bear no comparison in point of intellectuality with that of the fashionable dandies of our youthful days, who used to promenade the streets and public places, playing quizzes, that is, flat circular pieces of boxwood suspended on a string by a kind of pulley, and which they kept in a sort of perpetual motion with one or both hands, and sometimes even (great performers) with their mouths; their arms see-sawing up and down, and their heads shaking like those of the Chinese mandarins in the tea shops. This, though perhaps a little grotesque, was a comical mode of attracting notice and obtaining distinction. It was a healthy folly too, and required some human intellect to practise it adroitly. A monkey or a dog, both of whom we have seen expert smokers, could not, we are persuaded, be taught this; it would be beyond their intelligence; and it had a touch of the odd, the gay, and the ridiculous about it, that seemed to harmonize naturally with our national character—and we are not ashamed to confess it, we were ourselves great quizzers in our youth. But the cigar-smoking folly—it is a dull, lifeless, stupid, silent, moping mania, wholly unbecoming an Irishman, and inconsistent with the spirit, life, and animation that should be characteristic of youth. Old as we are, we think of taking to quizzing again, but we shall never fall into such a solemn absurdity as smoking for applause. It would not suit our temperament.

But we have said that we had made the discovery that the practice of cigar-smoking is any thing but a pleasant one in itself, and that it is indulged in solely from ambitious motives, and an amiable love of applause. Yes, reader, and we shall induct you into our knowledge of the matter, by a true and faithful narrative of the incident which enabled us to ascertain the fact.

We were lately coming along that favourite lounge of the cigar-smokers, Sackville Street, when, arriving near Mitchell's, two young well-dressed, moustached, and imperialled dandies, stepped out from that intellectual emporium, each with a Havannah in his mouth, his hands in his "Dorsay" pockets, and looking as grave as possible, evidently impressed with the pleasing idea that they were the admiration and envy of all passers. They proceeded before us in solemn slings in the direction of the Rotunda, we following in their wake, observant yet not observed; and before they reached Earl Street, they were met by a mutual friend, with whom they linked, putting him between them, to allow them the greater facility to spit out, when the following colloquy ensued:—

*Friend.* Well, Tom, how goes the world with you? and, Dick, my boy, how is every bit of you?

*Tom and Dick.* Puff— Puff— Well.

*Friend.* Are you long in town—eh?

*Tom and Dick.* Puff— Puff— No.

*Friend.* How did you leave them all in the country?—how is the old fellow?

*Tom and Dick.* Puff— Puff— Puff— Well.

*Friend.* Oh, damn ye! there's no getting a word out of you but a monosyllable.

*Tom and Dick.* Puff— Puff— (And then each of them spat out.)

*Friend.* Why, Tom, you've become a great smoker.

*Tom.* Puff— Puff— Yaws.

*Friend.* And you too, Dick?

*Dick.* Puff— Puff— Ees. (The imperfect vocable being squeezed out through his teeth at the left corner of his mouth.)

*Friend.* And do you find it agree with you, Tom—is it pleasant?

Tom here, after a few puffs, slowly draws one hand out of his pocket, and taking the cigar out of his mouth, spits out, draws his breath, and after a minute replies:

"No, blast it; it always makes me sick."

He then restores the cigar to his mouth and his hand to his pocket, while his friend puts a similar interrogatory to Dick.

"And does it always make you sick too?"

Here Dick, having in like manner indulged in a few puffs, takes the cigar out of his mouth, spits out at the other side, and drawing breath and looking very pale, answers:

"Infernally!"

*Friend.* In the name of heaven, then, what do you both smoke for?

This, as one would have supposed, not an unnatural query, produced a simultaneous stare of astonishment, mingled with contempt, from both the smokers, as much as to say, "What an ass you must be!" and Dick, slowly removing his cigar once more, and spitting out, answers,

"Why, how the devil can you ask such a stupid question—what do you suppose?"

*Friend.* Suppose! why hang me if I can guess.

Here Tom took hold of his Havannah, and after spitting out on a lady who was passing—but this was only an accident—replied for himself and fellow puffer—But let us pause a moment. Guess, reader, what it was. Do you give it up? Well, then, here it is,

"Why, for the GAG, to be sure!"

This was enough for us. Our mind was enlightened by a new idea; and leaving the gentlemen to follow their gaggery, we hurried home to dinner, a wiser if not a better man.

AN OLD QUIZZER.

NOT A FABLE.—A boy three years of age was asked who made him? With his little hand and foot upon the floor, he artlessly replied—"God made me a little baby, so high, and I grew the rest."—*Mirror.*

PUBLIC.—We have a reading, a talking, and a writing public. When shall we have a thinking public?

The mind is a field, in which, so sure as man sows not wheat, so sure will the devil be to sow tares.—*Bentham.*

## THE HERRING.

## CLUPEA HARENUS.

## First Article.

Of all the branches of study into which natural history has been divided, the most interesting, from its extensiveness, its variety, and the almost insurmountable difficulties which it presents to the student, is Ichthyology. To acquire a thorough knowledge of zoology requires much labour, study, travel, and considerable risk; in like manner with ornithology, in the prosecution of which the difficulties are greater, from the mixture of elements; but still the inhabitants of the air have thus much in common with us, that they live in the same atmospheric medium, derive their sustenance from the same earth, and although the difficulties of following their motions, and observing (unseen by them) their habits and natures, are considerable, yet still, thanks to the extension of science, they have not proved unconquerable, and the telescope, in that form called the ornithoscope, has enabled man to acquire a large store of information on this interesting subject. But with ichthyology how widely different! Here the preliminary obstacle which presents itself is an element fatal to the existence of man within it, and out of which the creatures with whose nature he would fain be acquainted cannot exist. His very powers of observation are thus rendered useless, except in a very limited degree. They are bounded by a glass vase, or a small clear pond at the utmost, and confined to a few specimens of the smaller fishes, and even then it is doubtful whether circumstances may not have altered their really natural habits. Yet above these obstacles the mind of man has risen, and by the union of analogy with laborious and constant observation, he has succeeded in classing a large amount of the tenants of the mighty deep. But before he can ascertain what proportion, or write the history of any one of them fully, he must discover some substitute for gills which will enable him to extract the necessary air for his existence from the water, and thus enable him to search the depths of ocean, and seek its inhabitants in their haunts. That such may yet be discovered by the ingenuity of man, let no one deem impossible.

Amongst the fishes hitherto discovered and classed, the herring (*Clupea harenus*) is one of the most universally known, most generally useful, and one of the greatest boons of an all-bounteous Providence to the inhabitants of these countries. Abundance, the universal producer of contempt, has caused this beautiful creature to be despised; but to the naturalist's eye few creatures are possessed of greater charms. When first taken out of the water, it is of a dark-bluish and green colour on the back, lightening down the sides to a silvery blue, which shades to white on the belly. The scales have a clear lustrous golden colour, which changes in various shades of light after the manner of mother-of-pearl; they lie over one another in regular lines, with the convex edges pointing towards the tail. The termination of the body is remarkable for the beautiful dark-green colour which it exhibits when held before the light. The fins are seven in number—one dorsal, of eighteen or nineteen rays; two ventral, of nine rays each; one anal, of seventeen rays; two pectoral, of eighteen or nineteen rays each; and the caudal, or tail fin, of eighteen or nineteen rays. The eyes are placed in the middle of the sides of the head; the iris is of a silvery white colour, and the pupil black. The spine consists of fifty-six vertebrae. The ribs are thirty-five or six in number on each side, and there are several minute bones below the ribs, which terminate in soft elastic muscles at the anal fin, and serve to give it strength and elasticity. Fifty-two bones compose the head. The bronchiae or gills are four on each side, each gill being supported by an arched cartilage; and there are two imperfect gills without the arch, which join the gill lid, and appear to regulate its motions. The convex side of the gills is furnished with fringed fleshy fibres, of a strong red colour when the fish is healthy; the concave side, which is next the mouth, is furnished with long serrated spines. The heart is placed in a cavity near the gills, above the stomach; it is three sided, and consists of a single auricle and ventricle. The oesophagus, or gullet, is remarkably short in proportion to the size of the fish; the stomach is thin, membranous, and capable of great distension. The gut is of uniform size throughout. The gall bladder is small, and of a dark-green colour; the liquid is of a light claret hue, having a sweetish pungent taste. The air bag, or *vesica natatoria*, is of a silvery white colour, round, of nearly the length of the stomach, and pointed and narrow at both ends: it is connected with the funnel-shaped

posterior part of the stomach by a duct. The use of the *vesica natatoria*, or, as it is commonly called, the *swim*, is to enable the fish, by inflating or expelling the air from it, to rise or sink, for if the air-bag of a living fish be pierced, the creature sinks at once to the bottom. The under jaw of the herring projects beyond the upper. The form and consistency of its nose proves its use for the purpose of feeling, in the absence of the cirri or feelers possessed by other fishes. The skin not being provided with the *corpus papilla*, and being besides covered with scales, it is supposed that the sensation of touch is either very limited or wholly wanting. The herring is provided with two nostrils; and from the perfection of the olfactory organ, it is presumed that its sense of smell is very acute. It has no external organs of hearing but a fringed orifice below the eye on the inner side of that part of the head which covers the gills. Fishermen affirm that their sense of hearing is very acute, and state instances of their immediately ceasing the peculiar pattering noise which they are accustomed to make on calm evenings, if a loud sound is made on any part of the interior of the boat.

The Swedes attribute the departure of the herrings from the neighbourhood of Gothenburg to the frequent firing of the British ships of war which were stationed there for convoys; and so great is the influence which fishermen have been accustomed to attribute to sound, that we are told in Chambers's Picture of Scotland that the bell of St Monarce in Fife, which was suspended from a tree in the churchyard, was removed every year during the herring season, lest the noise should scare the fish from the coast.

The mouth of the herring is furnished with a few teeth in the upper and lower jaws, and four rows in the tongue. These pointing inwards, enable it the more readily to secure and swallow its slippery prey, which chiefly consists of extremely minute animals, such as small medusæ, the *Oniscus marinus*, and small cancri and animalcula. The herrings on the coast of Norway sometimes feed upon a small red worm called the *Roë-aal*, which renders them unfit for curing; but there is probably no fish so indiscriminate in its food. The herring is often caught with flies, at which it leaps readily, and frequently with naked unbaited hooks. Mr Mitchell, in his article on the herring in the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, mentions that in the stomachs of several herrings which he examined, he found numbers of young sand-eels, and he adds a very curious observation, namely, that in the stomachs of such herrings as had the milt or roe small and immature, the sand-eels were numerous; whereas in those which had the milt or roe full grown, there were none whatsoever; but he offers no suggestion to account for this remarkable circumstance. They also frequently feed on their own ova and young.

The herring propels itself through the water by rapidly moving the tail from side to side, the other fins being employed in steadying and probably aiding its movement, and it is this rapid waving of the tail which causes the rippling or pattering sound which announces the presence of a shoal when swimming near the surface. On a calm night their course may be traced by a brilliant phosphorescent light, which illuminates the surface of the water, and is emitted partly from the fish themselves, and partly from the minute marine animals with which the ocean swarms.

Sometimes herrings do not approach the surface, and fine healthy shoals are often apt to swim deep; hence fishermen, through their ignorance in trusting too much to appearances, are frequently misled, they being apt to suppose that when they see no gulls or large fishes of prey exhibiting their gluttonous gambols, there are no herrings present, whilst the finest and choicest may be at the moment in millions beneath them; in fact, those which swim near the surface are usually the young, the gorged, and the sickly. Mr Mitchell informs us that several experienced masters of Dutch herring busses assured him that the only appearances they ever sought for were the colour of the sea, which should be a dark green, and its consistence apparently muddy. There is an additional fact worthy of observation, which is, that in clear dry weather the fish keep down at the bottom, and do not ascend until the moon rises.

The migration of the herring has been long a disputed point, and from the difficulties to which we have alluded in the commencement of this article, of observing minutely or accurately the movements or nature of fishes, it is likely to remain unsettled much longer. The old and long received opinion has been, that the winter habitation of the herring is under the vast fields of ice which surround the North Pole

within the Arctic Circle; that they there deposit their spawn and advance southwards with the opening year, making their appearance off the Zetland islands about the month of April, and coming upon the coasts of Ireland and Scotland in June. Off Thurso they are sometimes taken as early as May, but June, July, and August, are the months in which the fishing is most actively commenced off the west Highlands of Scotland. Off the east coast of Ireland, near Arklow, the fishery used to commence in June, but latterly it has been postponed till October. The fluctuations in the time of commencing the herring fishery at various places, and the fact of a winter fishery being successfully carried on in some parts—as for instance at Killybegs, where they are taken from December till March, and along the whole coast of Ireland south of Galway Bay, where there are sufficient indications that the fishery might be successfully carried on the whole year—have at length caused the hitherto received opinion of their migration from the Arctic Circle to be questioned, and Mr Mitchell has given many sound arguments in refutation of it. He divides the theories upon the subject into three:—first, that the herrings come from the North Pole in great shoals of many leagues in extent, dividing into lesser shoals on coming towards the north point of Scotland; second, that they do not come from the Arctic regions, but from a less northerly direction, still, however, very far north of Shetland; and, third, that they are spawned on the coasts near which they are caught, and are consequently natives; that after spawning, they retire out to sea, and continue so until their spawning season comes round again, when they return to their accustomed shore. The latter he considers to be the most reasonable theory, and adduces in support of it the well-known fact that the herrings at every fishing station are of a peculiar quality uniformly the same, and always different from those at other even very nearly adjoining stations; and so well has this fact been established, that practical men can at once pronounce from the size, appearance, and quality of the fish, where it was taken. For example, the herrings taken off the coast of Stadthland in Norway are almost twice the size of those taken near Shetland, and these are twice the size of those caught near Thurso, whilst the Dublin Bay herrings have long been famous for their superior flavour, which is unmatched by those of any other bay or harbour. Again, a size of herrings similar to those of Yarmouth visited till lately the coast of Lumford in Denmark, whilst on the Mecklenburg coast higher up the Baltic, the herrings are one-third larger than those of Lumford; and proceeding up the Baltic above Mecklenburg to the Pomeranian and part of the Prussian coasts, they are fully one-third smaller; and again still farther up they are larger. In quality and condition they differ as much as in size, those off the coast of Holland being so inferior as not to be worth pickling, and the Dutch fishermen consequently seek the coasts of Scotland and England.

As to the time of appearance at the several fishing stations, their irregularity goes far to prove their constant propinquity, the take commencing at some of the more southern stations before the northern ones; whereas, if they migrated regularly from the north, it is evident that the fishing should commence at the various stations in regular order, from the most northern where the shoals would first make their appearance, to the next, and so on to the most southward, which should be deserted by them at some certain season, in order that they might return.

But there is no well-authenticated instance of those prodigious shoals of herrings having been met with approaching the south in any high northern latitude; and so far from their abounding in the Arctic regions, none have been found in the Greenland seas, nor have any been discovered in the stomachs of the whales killed there. Egede, who resided in Greenland for fifteen years, and compiled the natural history of it, after enumerating the fishes, adds, "No herrings are to be seen;" whilst on the contrary, the whales which feed principally on herrings, frequent our own coasts. These arguments appear to be fatal to the theory of the Arctic migration, and to support most powerfully that of the mere retirement of the herring to the deep. But Mr Mitchell goes farther, and asserts, upon the evidence of the celebrated naturalists Bloch and Lacepede, that "fishes of a similar size even in fresh water cannot go above half a mile a-day, and that therefore herrings could not make, even from spring to autumn, the long voyage attributed to them." Now, this appears to be going too far, and we would prefer that the argument should rest on the former grounds, excluding this, which seems to be

a weak assertion, founded upon the observation that fishes do not proceed far from their haunts, whilst the fact is, that they merely move about in search of food; but who that has seen the rapid movement of a trout, or of the very fish we are treating of, could for a moment entertain the idea of their progressing confined to a rate that the crawling snail might equal? Mr Mitchell himself mentions a fact that alone is sufficient to rebut such an assertion, namely, that shortly after the union between England and Scotland, an immense shoal of herrings ran ashore near Cromarty, and covered the beach to the depth of several feet; and he adds, "Strange to say, however, the shoal left the Frith in a single night, and no shoals made their appearance again for more than half a century."

Now, if they could make but half a mile a-day, how could they have returned several miles in a single night? But this argument was unnecessary, and it would be well for many persons to know that an ill-sustained argument is not merely a bad prop to a cause, but a wedge inserted for the advantage of an adversary, placed ready for his use in overturning it.

But the most powerful argument against the theory of migration seems to have escaped Mr Mitchell's observation; it is—that the herrings do not retire to spawn, as was asserted, but actually spawn near the fishing stations, and retire after it. Their spawn is taken up in abundance, and the nets are always found to contain large quantities of it, whilst the assertion that no young herrings are found near our shores, is altogether absurd, the contrary being the fact. The fecundated roe has the power, after having been deposited, of attaching itself firmly to the stones, rocks, or sea-weed, and in about three weeks after deposition, the young fry come forth from the eggs, and are seen in millions near the shore; in six or seven weeks they are about three inches in length, and arrive at maturity in about eighteen months.

Lacepede tells that in North America the inhabitants carry the herring-spawn from the spawning ground to the mouths of rivers and other places not before frequented by the fish, and those places become forthwith regular resorts for them; and the same authority mentions the fact of a similar custom in Sweden.

Thus the theory of the herring being a native of the place which it is accustomed to frequent annually, seems to be satisfactorily established; and having thus presented our readers with such information upon the subject of the natural history of the herring as our space permits, we shall close this article, reserving some account of the various modes of fishing and methods of curing, for another paper.

N.

**SENTIMENT.**—How much fine sentiment there is wasted in our strange world! I have seen a young lady in raptures of admiration over a flower which was to deck her hair in the ball-room, who would turn away with a look of loathing from the proffered kiss of her baby brother; and I have heard lovely lips, all wreathed in smiles, and breathing tones of joy over a pretty shell, a shining insect, or even a gay ribbon, say cold and cruel words to the best friend, ay, the mother, who was wearing her life out to promote the happiness of her ungrateful daughter.

**MARRIAGE.**—When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, play, dress, and dance—it is a being who can comfort and console him.

**BLUSHING.**—Blushing in the male sex is too frequently and constantly regarded as a proof of guiltiness: it is a proof of sensibility and fear of disrepute, by whatever incident called forth; but except in so far as fear of being thought guilty is proof, it affords no proof of the existence of the object by the idea of which the apprehension is excited.—*Bentham*.

Pride destroys all symmetry and grace, and affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the small pox.—*Hughes*.

At twenty years of age the will reigns, at thirty the wit, at forty the judgment.—*Grattan*.

Authors in France seldom speak ill of each other, unless they have a personal pique. Authors in England seldom speak well of each other, unless they have a personal friendship.—*Pope*.

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## HANDSOME KATE KAVANAGH.

In that fertile district of the county Wexford, the barony of Forth, distinguished for its comfortable cottages and general good husbandry, lived Dennis Costigan, a rich farmer. His farm was large, well stocked, and in high condition; his dwelling-house was furnished as a farmer's house should be, and it was as cleanly and neat as it was commodious. His wife was tidy, notable, and good-tempered, and his three children were such as would please a father—well-formed in person and virtuous in mind. Then, should not our friend Dennis Costigan have been a happy man? He would have been so *perhaps*—for there is ever to be a stumbling block in our road to happiness—but that the first object that glared upon his eyes in each morning's sun was the white low cottage of his next neighbour Miles Kavanagh. Yet that cottage was not an ugly feature in the landscape. It was small and low, but as white as the whitest lime could make it; it was neatly thatched too, and its small casements were never broken or patched. A few honeysuckles and roses crept up its walls, and it was surrounded by a hedge of hazels and sallows, that lent it an

air of comfort and seclusion. Its owner, at least, thought it a pretty spot, and that he was a happy man indeed to possess it and its two or three adjoining acres; and as he trimmed his hedges, and looked pleasantly on all around—the fruits of his industry and labour—he little thought that any one could look upon *his* cot and farm with other eyes than those of admiration; and least of all that he, or aught of his, was the source of care or annoyance to his wealthier neighbour. And why did wealthy Dennis Costigan glance lowly on this humble tenement? Was it that, like his betters, he thought a poor man's dwelling always an unsightly object? and that, like many a grasping spirit, all land convenient to his own was misappropriated if not in his possession? It was not so. Dennis Costigan envied no man his possessions. He was a right specimen of a farmer, independent, upright, honest, and industrious, contented with what providence had given him, and willing to help a neighbour with purse and hand if required. And if he *did* grumble a little, and turn away his eyes quickly as if in pain, from the cottage we have mentioned,

many another father with hopeful sons would do the same, for it contained a gem that would grace the proudest castle in Ireland—beautiful, charming, innocent Kate Kavanagh, but who had no fortune.

One fine morning in August, farmer Costigan sallied forth at the head of a regiment of reapers armed for the destruction of a large field of wheat, but scarcely had he got outside his yard when he missed two of his most efficient men—his two sons.

"Where can those gorsoons ov mine be, boys?" inquired he of the reapers. "In the arms ov *Murphy*, to be sure," answered a little shrill-piped fellow, the crack orator of the country, which, and the circumstance of his name being alike, procured him the cognomen of "Counsellor Shiel." "In the arms ov *Murphy*, to be sure, afther thrippin' it all night on the light fantastic toe with that flower ov Forth an' belle ov the barony, Kate Kavanagh."

"Arrah, can't ye speak in plain English, man?" thundered the farmer with kindling eyes—the name just mentioned always putting him in a passion. "What the dickens does I know ov fantastic toes or heels?"

"Very little indeed, *literally*," quoth the counsellor, laughing, and glancing sarcastically at the farmer's large feet, cased in tremendous brogues shod with hob-nails; "very little *literally*, but you might metaphorically, for all that. But you have no more poetry or bells leathers in ye than a bag ov beans!" "Nor you more common sense than a goose."

"Stop!" cried the orator suddenly, in a tone of command enough to arrest a retreating army, and motioning to the body of reapers. "Stop, one an' all ov ye, an' listen! It would be a sin to let this profane ignorance continue longer." Then addressing our barony Forth farmer with a countenance in which pity and ineffable contempt were blended, "Is it in the nineteenth century that you call me a goose, by way ov contempt? Oh, ignorant of nathral histhry, jography, balls leathers, pelite literature altogether! For, know, onforthenate man, that it was the *cackie* ov that same illustrious baist, a goose, that saved what?—where do you think?"

"Yer mother's hen-roost from the fox, is it?"

"No, haithen, but imparial Rome!!!"

The might, the majesty of the "counsellor's" tones and gestures as he uttered the words, struck amazement into the hearts of his hearers! They had considered him a clever fellow, but by no means the great man he then appeared! Enchanted with his eloquence, not a few of his auditors were certain that if he were in Parliament, he would do more for Ireland than Mr O'Connell and all his friends; while the remainder, as much delighted with his energy, lamented that "the craithur wasn't two fut higher, for he had a great spirit intirely!"

The happy "counsellor" perceived the impression he had produced, and in his altitude was proceeding to tell them when and how "imparial Rome" was saved, when his attention was arrested by an approaching object, and with an instantaneous change of attitude and tone he exclaimed,

"But, soft! what light from yonder *meadow* breaks?  
It is the sist, an' Cath'rine is the sun!"

as a tall and very handsome girl, with the finest eyes and brightest smile imaginable, met them at the entrance of the wheat field.

"A blithe mornin' to Mистер Costigan," said the maiden, "an' the same to all the raipers!"

"Oh! a good morra," returned Mистер Costigan very coldly and with looks still colder, "an' I wondher above all things what is it that takes Miss Kavanagh out of her bed so early?"

"Just what ought to rouse many more ov us, Mистер Costigan," replied Kate spiritrately—"to help a naibur, an' I am come to offer ye all the 'sistance in my power to-day, aither as binder or raiper, whichever ye may want worst."

"I want neither," returned the farmer gruffly, and turning on his heel; "an', besides, I could not possibly think of puttin sitch delicate white hands to sitch coarse work!"

"The belle o' the barony" coloured high at the affront coucked in this speech, and she hastily answered that "her hands, sitch as they war, could earn her bread for her when she required it; an' if *she* didn't find them too tender for work, Mистер Costigan needn't find fault with them. But," added she more kindly, "you have a rough manner but a kind heart, Dennis Costigan, an' I won't mind what you say to me. Moreover, I'll stay with ye to-day, whether you be willin' or not, aither as binder or raiper."

Dennis Costigan, "kind as his heart" was, would have

given a sovereign of "bright goold" that Kate Kavanagh and her bright eyes were a few miles off at the moment; but as he saw that she carried all before her, he thought it better not to give her any further offence, and accordingly, but with a very bad grace, he accepted her services.

"Where be's Jem and Ned Costigan this mornin'?" whispered Kate to the counsellor, who was flourishing away gallantly at her side.

The man of eloquence flung himself into an attitude, laid his hand upon his heart, and looked languishingly, as he "assured her that her charms were raily too potently influential over the hearts ov her admirers, as she not only deprived them ov the needful refreshment of nathur, oblivious slumber, but she also hendered them from doin' their daily manual employments. For instance," said he, "you see *Saul*, the orb ov day, is high up in his meraydian hemisphere, an' those inamoured swains are still pressin' their beds, or rather cooches, in the arms ov *Murphy*, mainin' sleep or Somnus——"

"An' what have I to do with that?" said Kate, laughing heartily. "Do ye think I gave thim a sleepy potion?"

"Ah! my beautiful flower ov Forth!" sighed out the sentimental counsellor, "any thing but a sleepy potion do you give yer lovers! if 'tis anything, sure I am 'tis a draught to banish sleep for ever! But consarnin' those vagrant truints ye spaik ov, I onderstand that you keep thim up beyant their ushial hours ov repose last night, admirin' yer graceful movements in yer *Turpiscorian* revels, mainin' the dance at Judy Colfer's; an' that man, their father, who is not to be moved with 'concord of sweet sounds,' or any sounds at all but the chink ov money, almost snapt my head off a while ago becase I tould him so. Ah! my Catherine dear, I fear you'll incounther opposition in that quarter. But '*nel desperantum*,' say I, which mains in plain English, 'never despair.'"

Catherine said nothing, but instantly began to sing, at the top of her fine rich voice, a song the counsellor had composed in praise of her, and shortly afterwards she had the pleasure to see the two sleepy truants bounding across the yard towards the wheat-field, as if her well-known notes had awaked them.

While this magical song was thrilling on all hearts, Kate Kavanagh, the witching Kate! stood apart from the others, singing and laughing alternately, her reaping-hook resting on one arm, and dressed in the every-day fashion of the place—the striped linsey short petticoat, and loose bedgown or wrapper, a dress that would make an ordinary woman frightful, and straw hat, the leaf of which, turned up before and pinned to the crown, displayed her sable locks and fair high forehead to perfection. And many a side-glance the anxious father, Dennis Costigan, cast at this arrangement of Kate's head-gear, as he broadly hinted that "for sartin Miss Kavanagh's complexion would be intirely spiled if she showed it too much to the sun."

"Tut!" was Kate's good-humoured reply, "'the life ov an ould hat is to cock it,' as we say in the country. The leaf ov it is flappin' in my eyes; the lads couldn't see me, nor I them, so a pin settled the bisness;" and nothing could become her fine Spanish face better, though her toilet was made in perfect carelessness, for dashing Kate had other charms to depend on besides beauty. *Imprimus*, she was the first dancer in the country, outdoing her dancing-master himself at "jigs, reels, thribbles, doubles, hornpipes, and *petticoatees*." She was a *killin* dancer in both senses of the word, for no boy or girl could keep it up with the spirit of Kate Kavanagh, and she generally disabled six or eight prime beaux at every "hop" she appeared at, which was nearly every night. The worst of it was (as the sorely annoyed fathers and mothers of the neighbourhood said), "though she fairly killt all the boys that danced with her, yet sorra one but herself would sarve them for a partner after all!" Then she was, as Orator Shiel said, "Apollyo in petticoats for singin'!" and songs of love, murder, hunting, war, and sea, would charm with double effect, borne on the musical notes of Kate Kavanagh. In short, she was "metal most," but also too "attractive;" and loud complaints and grievances at last came thundering on her devoted head. "Boys growin' laxy and crazy—work undone or done badly—time spent an' mis-spent—messages forgotten and mistaken—girls neglected—matches broken—eternal dancin', fightin', black eyes an' bloody noses—all, all was laid in a bundle at the door of handsome, animated, dashing, yet very innocent Kate Kavanagh.

"What will be done with her at all at all?" iterated the

suffering fathers and mothers all round the country. "What will we do with her at all?"

"I'll tell ye, naiburs," responded one of the elders, as a body of them returned from chapel on the Sunday after Mosey Fortune's great "flare up," at which three topping bloods fought for the honour of first figuring on the floor with the "belle o' the barony." "Let a respectable decent naibur, sitch as Dennis Costigan here for example, go to her father as a friend to advise him to get his daughter married out ov hand, for fear some harm will happen. An', throth, harm will happen; for if she's not the destruction ov herself, she will be the ruination ov others. So, Misther Costigan, let you be the man to spake to Miles Kavanagh."

"Agreed," said Dennis Costigan, who was one of the party, and also a suffering father; and on the ensuing Thursday he intended to proceed on the mission.

In the meantime, Kate Kavanagh, never dreaming of the grand hubbub about her, assisted to cut down Mr Costigan's wheat; and so full of songs, jokes, and attractions was she, that it was observed, even by the farmer himself, that the men, old and young, surpassed themselves at reaping that day. Indeed, Kate set them an excellent pattern; for, notwithstanding that her tongue moved in double-quick time, she took care that her hands should be equally nimble; and at nightfall, thanks to Kate and the influence of her black eyes, sharp and bright as her sickle, the very large field of wheat was cut down, bound, and stooked to the owner's satisfaction. Yet, after all, the "flower of Forth" bloomed too near Dennis, or rather his sons, to allow him to be perfectly content.

"How yer father squints at me!" observed Kate to James Costigan, her ardent admirer, and to whom, by the way, she contrived to keep close during the day. "He looks at me as if I was a crab apple, an' he had just taken a bite. Wouldn't it be the best ov a good joke, now, if I'd make him change his tune in spite ov himself?"

Jem looked at her very tenderly as he replied, "Ye do as you like with us, Kate darlin', but I doubt yer power over my father. He is flent to purty girls, an' above all to you."

"We shall see," said Kate; and that very evening, between coaxing and pulling, she actually brought the portly farmer, albeit in no dancing mood, to dance with her (when Peter Hamilton and his violin happened in after supper), to the amazement and amusement of a kitchen full of spectators, though, as honest Dennis confessed while wiping his broad brows, "he didn't take sitch a spree for ten years afore!" Handsome Kate at the end of it looked knowingly at Jem Costigan, as much as to say, "You see this, and you'll see more."

The next morning an express arrived to Dennis Costigan with the news that his sister's daughter, Miss Peggy Malone, was about to "change her state," and that her uncle's company was required at the wedding.

"Och, murder!" cried the farmer when he had sufficiently expressed his surprise at the news, "this ould brown coat ov mine will never do for a weddin'!—turn it which way I will, it looks shabby enough—pieced at the elbows an' torn at the cuffs! So, Jem, asthore, take the black mare an' set off this minnit to Wexford, an' buy me the makin's ov a coat an' waistcoat ov good green cloth; it always became my complexion. An', Jem, for yer head don't make any mistake this time. Those three months past you're full ov mistakes, an' nothin' else."

"Is it me makes mistakes!" quoth Jem indignantly; "that's what I never did yet, except wanst or twice, an' I'll not begin now." And he mounted the mare, and turned her head towards Wexford. But as he should pass Miles Kavanagh's cottage, "it would be only right an' proper to ax if he or Kate had any commands for town." And—and—when he got to Wexford, he quite forgot the colour his father had ordered, and, thinking of Kate Kavanagh's hair and eyes, he bought black.

Well, never was man in a greater fume than our friend Dennis Costigan when he saw his son's purchase. "Black! black!" he repeated again and again, as he held up the cloth and indignantly scowled at it and its purchaser, "black for a weddin'! Oh, ye born natural! what on earth put it into yer head to buy black for a weddin'? But I see the thruth in yer eyes this minnit! Ye seen that—that—plague upon earth, Kate Kavanagh, afore ye went to Wexford, an' she, as ushal, put every wise thought out ov yer head. Black coat at a weddin'!—who ever seen the like afore?"

It was in vain that poor Jem explained that "the cloth was

not all out black, but what was called Oxfart-grey—a mighty ginteel colour, an' sitch as was worn by all fathers ov families."

"That's as much as to say that it is worn by all ould min'?" said the father, nothing better pleased. "What a judge ye are! But as the cloth is bought, I must keep it I suppose, an' I'll take it to the tailor's myself, for fear ye'd make some other confounded blunder. I wouldn't wonder if ye'd tell him to make it a spinoer-jacket without skirts, ye have sitch a janious for mistakes!" And putting the parcel of cloth under his arm, he set out for Jemmy Nowlan's domicile.

There he saw no one but the tailor's old mother sitting very melancholy over the fire.

"Can I see yer son Jemmy, widda Nowlan?" asked the farmer.

"Och, asthore machree, Misther Costigan," said the widow, setting up a keen, and rocking herself about, "ye may see him an' welkim, but a quare sight ye'll see whin ye sees him; an', linamachree! the worst ov it is, he can't see ye now."

"Why, what's the matter?" demanded Mr Costigan alarmed. "I hope he's not dead?"

"He's not dead, but he's kilt intirely," sobbed the distressed parent, "wid the lambastin' he got ere-last night at the dance at Dinny Doran's."

"Well, an' what takes him to dances?" said the farmer in a heat. "Sure the like shred ov him ought to stay at home an' mind his business."

"Pullilliew! is that the feelin' ye has for yer fella-crathurs, Misther Costigan. But indeed I often see that same to him myself. 'Stay at home, honey,' I says to him, 'an' don't be losin' yer sleep an' flitherin' yer slippers at them dances.' 'Hould yer whisht, mother,' he'll say to me thin (for he is a mighty obaydient child), 'love strikes the little as well as the big, an' I wouldn't have a sow! above buttons if I wouldn't take every opportunity ov meetin' an' coortin' Kate Kavanagh.' So ye see the win' sits in that quarther, Misther Costigan."

Mr Costigan actually stamped on the floor with passion when he heard the name of Kate Kavanagh; and as the tailor's mother perceived unusual anger in his countenance, she flattered herself that it was all sympathy for her "darlint Jemmy," and she hastened to give him the particulars "ov the murder" foul and unnatural. "So now, my darlint Misther Costigan," she concluded, "his poor eyes is black an' blue, and closed up into the bargain, an' he couldn't handle a needle if it was for Misther Grogan Morgan himself—God bless him for the fine lan'lord that he is."

If poor Mrs Nowlan knew but all, little sympathy had her wealthy visitor for her battered son, when he understood the cause of his woes, and her pathetic touches of tenderness went for nothing. Muttering something about "hanging all fools and mothers of fools," he took a gruff leave of the widow, and returned home with his cloth. There was no other tailor nearer than Wexford, and it was fated that he should wear his old brown coat at the wedding. But that was not his only annoyance. The evening before he set out on his journey, he found that the horse he intended to ride wanted two shoes; and fearing to trust his sons (both of whom were smitten with the "belle o' the barony") in their present plight, he brought the animal to the forge himself. No smith was to be found. "Arrah, where the d—l is he?" cried the farmer, quite exasperated, and addressing a girl standing knitting at the door of a house near the forge.

"Sorra bit ov us knows, Misther Costigan," replied the damsel; "but we're guessin' that he is either at the public house, or at Miles Kavanagh's, hankerin' after his daughter, for betwixt the two places he spins the most ov his time."

Dennis Costigan said nothing, but he raised up his hands and eyes—eloquence more expressive than words. Kate Kavanagh again!

As he returned with his unshod horse, he pondered while jogging along. "What should be about that Kate Kavanagh above all girls to set a whole parish astray?" And as he could find no solution of the enigma short of sorcery, he set it down that she was "Ould Nick in petticoats!" "My two hopeful sons is mad after her," said he, soliloquising; "the unfortunate counsellor is fairly cracked about her; the smith is grown wild, an' the tailor knocked stupid; heaven only knows what way the carpinther an' mason is, for she has all the thrades, I'm thinkin'; an' now all I pray is that she may charm some thrav'ling tinker, an' that he may carry her off body an' bones for the paece ov the country!"

Ah! little did honest Dennis know who was to be the next victim of merciless Kate Kavanagh!

Well, next morning he set out for Bargie, after taking an affectionate farewell of his good little wife, and after cautioning her repeatedly to have a constant look-out after the "boys and Kate Kavanagh." Fain would he have persuaded his eldest son to accompany him to the wedding, but Jem pathetically pleaded "pains in his bones an' headache" (heartache he should have said), and his father very unwillingly set off without him.

Our farmer had only ridden a few miles, when, coming to a village, like a true son of the soil he should stop at the "public" to taste the "mountain dew." Early as it was in the morning, it appeared there were others as interestingly engaged, and vociferating loudly on some important topic. Whatever it might be, our friend Dennis thought it could be no concern of his, and without making any inquiry he called for his dandy of punch. Overhead the revellers kept up a most astounding debate; presently were heard shouts, curses, hustling, and blows, and the next instant half a dozen combatants came head foremost tumbling down the steep and narrow stairs together!

"Fight it out fair, ye vilyens," roared the hostess, as her face flamed and her eye fired, "but fight it out ov my house. Into the street with every mother's son ov ye, or know for what!" and seizing a pewter beer quart, she leaped over the counter, and pummelled the backs and heads of all within her reach, till she actually cleared them out of her house.

"What an uproar they make in a quiet place!" said she, as she returned to Dennis Costigan, who was laughing heartily at the spree.

Now, there is something extraordinary in the blood of an Irishman. A fight is his choicest amusement, and if he is not a principal actor in one, he must be a spectator. Even our sober barony Forth farmer was excited, and eagerly asked "what it was all about?"

"All about nonsense," replied Mrs Boniface, "all about nonsense when it is about a woman. All the uproar was about a nairbur ov yours, Misther Costigan, who has turned the heads ov some ov our lads here, an' many others besides—one Miss Kavanagh. Do you know her?"

"Know her!" exclaimed Dennis, and suddenly set down his glass on the counter, just as he was about to put it to his lips.

"What's the matther, Mr Costigan?" asked the landlady alarmed; "don't you like yer punch?"

"Oh, I likes it well," returned Mr Costigan, in a sickly tone, "but somehow there's an all-overness over me that makes me very quare at times, but it will wear off. Here's to yer health, Mrs Roche!" and gulped off the punch at a draught, as if he didn't know well what he was about. He then proceeded on his journey, inwardly determined not to stop again, lest he might hear the dreaded name before he arrived at his sister's, and there he trusted he was free from the infliction. Nevertheless, the name was mentioned at the wedding, and our farmer, under the influence of good cheer and hilarity, laughed loud and long as his brain began to whirl while thinking of the strange combination of circumstances that brought Kate Kavanagh for ever before him.

At this wedding was a certain buck of the name of Magrah. He was a rake and a spendthrift, but, nevertheless, was artful and designing. He had heard of the beauty of Kate Kavanagh, and knowing that Mr Costigan was a neighbour of hers, he tormented him with questions about her, particularly "if she had a fortune?"

For the first time in his life Dennis Costigan told an untruth with an evil intention. He protested that Kate Kavanagh had a fortune, and a good one too; he praised her person and industrious habits; and at last became so zealous in his friendship to his absent neighbours as to give a cordial invitation to Mr Magrah to his house, for the purpose of seeing and being introduced to the "belle o' the barony," but never once asking what sort of person this Magrah was, or what was his means of living.

Mr Pat Magrah very eagerly accepted the invitation, returned with Mr Costigan, and was introduced to and charmed with handsome Kate Kavanagh, and he found his quarters so good, and his time pass so agreeably, that instead of a week he remained a month in the neighbourhood of the "flower of Forth," quite enamoured with her beauty and attractions.

Dennis Costigan was delighted. Like a true friend to one or all of the parties, he encouraged the courtship by every

means in his power—even lending money to the suitor to enable him to cut a dash in the eyes of Miles Kavanagh and his daughter.

At length the Bargie hero returned to his home for a short time, protesting that "he was quite confused an' ashamed ov intrudin' so long on Misther Costigan's hospitality, but that he would sartinly come again to look after his sweetheart, for none but he should thransplant the 'flower ov Forth.'"

On the third evening after his departure, as part of the family of the Costigans were seated round the fire, Ned, our friend Dennis's younger son, ran in all in a hurry, exclaiming, "News, friends, news! there's a runaway match on the road to-night, for Denny Doran met a couple on horseback, sweepin' like the win' into Waxford, an' he'll take his oath Pat Magrah was the man, let who will be the woman!"

"An' Kate Kavanagh was sartinly the woman!" exclaimed Dennis Costigan, in undisguised delight, while his son James turned as pale as death. But the joy of the one and despair of the other was of short duration; for in the next instant Kate Kavanagh herself rushed in breathless, and apparently in much uneasiness. "Where's Mary Costigan?" cried she anxiously, and examining the group round the fire. All seemed surprised and alarmed at her anxious appearance and inquiry, and Mrs Costigan repeatedly called her daughter, but got no answer.

"Oh! 'tis too true!" said Kate; "an' Misther Costigan, I'm sorry to have to say it. The scapegrace you brought to this neighbourhood has carried off your own daughter! My father met them on the road to Waxford, an' knew them."

It would be impossible to describe the confusion of the family at this announcement. For a time all were stupified with astonishment. Then the brothers, giving vent to their rage in curses, sprang to their feet, and rushed out of the house; while the father, stung by many conflicting feelings, hung his head and remained powerless.

"My child! my tenderer dutiful child!" cried the distracted mother, wringing her hands in an agony of weeping. "My child! my child!" "Whisht! woman," at last roared the farmer in a voice of thunder, unwilling to let his supposed enemy have the satisfaction to see their distress and confusion. "Whisht, I say! what has she done but got a good husband, what they are all strivin' for, young an' ould? Whisht, I say! or if ye must lament, lament that ye didn't keep sitch notions out of her head till she was sixteen, any how."

"She was full seventeen, Dennis," interposed the mother, in all her grief, as a woman anxious to defend her sex. "Don't say the craithur was forward beyant her years, for she was full seventeen last October."

Up started the farmer. "We'll soon end that argamint," said he, seizing a candle, and striding furiously towards the parlour; "I have her age down in black an' white, in my pocket-book."

They could hear him unlock his desk and searching amongst papers; then followed impatient mutterings, and at length a loud groan as if body and soul were parted. All now rushed to the parlour, where they found poor Costigan the image of heart-broken despair. He stood with his eyes fixed and his face as pale as marble: one hand grasped a pocket-book that seemed torn and empty, while the other hung listless by his side.

"Marcy ov Heaven!" exclaimed the trembling wife, clinging to him for support, "what new misforthin' has befallen us now?"

The farmer groaned heavily ere he replied; and then it was in a broken, sunken voice—"We're ruined, Alley! an' robbed, an' I-deserve it! The vilyen has not only taken our child from us, but robbed us of one hundhred pounds! See, here is the desk, bruck open, and the pocket-book empty, an' she did it at his instigation!"

This was blow on blow! Mrs Costigan was a weak and delicate woman. She fell senseless to the ground, and was borne to her bed, from which she never rose again.

And thus was Dennis Costigan's treachery rewarded. He had brought a wretch to his house for the purpose of introducing him as an admirer to his honest neighbour's daughter, without once inquiring into his character or circumstances; and the young fellow had cleverly turned the visit to account; for instead of portionless Kate Kavanagh, he carried off young and pretty Mary Costigan, and her hundred pounds!

It is certain our barony Forth farmer felt this triple blow most severely, and the more so from his consciousness that he deserved it, and prepared the way for his misfortunes



himself. But he was doomed to feel his lapse from honour and fair dealing yet more acutely, when on the day of his wife's death he was accosted by his neighbour Miles Kavanagh, as he was droopingly wandering about his fields, shunning the crowd collected at the wake.

"Misther Costigan," began Miles abruptly—for the Irish peasant feels too warmly to take time to shape his congratulations or condolences with the go-about refinements of delicacy—"I am sorry for yer trouble this day, an' the more so becase Mrs Costigan was ever the kind and friendly naibur, that never changed from hot to cold like others. [Dennis winced.] I also heard ov yer loss in other respects, but that loss will be soon made up, please God. In the main time, Misther Costigan, ye might want a thrifle of ready cash for the expences of the wake an' berrin'; an' as I've scraped together a mattber of a few pounds for the rint, but which is not called for yet, I'd be very glad to lend it to a friend, an' may be you'd take it, an' ye may pay me when you please. Faix, sitch poor men as me ought never to keep money long in the house for fear ov the vilyens ov rogues."

Dennis Costigan was unable to speak, and without accepting the money he motioned his honest neighbour away, and turned off abruptly. But Miles Kavanagh was not a man to be deterred from doing a kind action.

"Hut-tut! Mr Costigan," he continued, "don't turn away from an old naibur an' friend. You think now that I bear a grudge to ye on account ov that vilyen ye brought down to court my Kate. I know all, ye see; an' if I do, I freely forgive ye. Fathers, an' specially rich fathers sitch as you, are a little partiklar, I suppose, about who their sons would marry, an' it's all right. But Dennis Costigan ought to have known us better! He ought to have known that neither I nor my child would seek to enther any man's family against his will, for he never seen any mean or disaivin' ways in us. But all's forgiven an' forgotten now; so don't be the laist suspicious ov us, but take the money that I freely offer, if you want it, an' you'll make a poor man an' naibur happy. Turn about, man, an' let us live in paice an' good will while we're on the earth together."

Dennis Costigan stood, perpendicular as a poplar, with his back to Miles Kavanagh while he was speaking, and the latter thought, from the stiffness of the farmer's air, that he had nerved himself up to break sooner than bend, and that he was determined to retain his sturdy pride to the last, and perhaps to cut with him altogether. To Miles's surprise, however, when he ceased speaking, portly Dennis wheeled right about, still perpendicular, seized the hand of his honest friend, and, as if the mere touch of a sympathising friend communicated a softness he was unused to, he wept aloud! yes, wept! and they were the first bitter tears he had ever shed.

"But for the sake of human nathur, which I am glad to see so good," said Dennis Costigan afterwards, "I'd most rather ye'd have abused me; I could have borne it better!"

Well, months passed over, and still the "belle o' the barony" was making sad havoc with the hearts of the beans. She had already all the trades enlisted under her banner, and it was a nice question whether she would spare one bachelor in an entire parish, or not. Fathers and mothers still complained, and the girls prayed that Kate Kavanagh were married, and out of the way. Matters were daily growing worse and worse, "confusion worse confounded," in the country round.

As a last resource, Dennis Costigan was reminded of his promised mission to Miles Kavanagh, to "coax him to settle his daughter out of hand," and for the repose of the neighbourhood he agreed to do so. He now felt a warm friendship for both father and daughter, and it would make him really happy if he could be the means of assisting pretty Kate to a husband every way worthy of her. Still he had not brought himself to wish his son married to her, for he had taken it into his head that Jem was entitled to a girl with a couple of hundreds at least, and since his late loss he was more anxious on that score than ever.

At last, deeming himself bound in honour to delay no longer from fulfilling his promise, Mr Costigan gravely proceeded to Miles Kavanagh's cottage. He found the "flower of Forth" busily engaged in her little kitchen, scouring her deal tables and chairs, and singing merrily as she scoured. The labour had thrown a lovely glow over her fine face, and her smile was really bewitching as she welcomed Mr Costigan, and handed him a chair.

"Is yer father within, Miss Kavanagh?" inquired Dennis,

as kindly as the recollection of his son's untoward situation would permit.

"He is not, Mr Costigan," Kate replied, "but I think he will be here presently, so you have nothing for it but to sit with a wild girl like me till he comes in."

Down plumped Mr Costigan, and to look at him one would imagine he had come a-suitoring himself, so awkward and confused did he seem while obliged to continue alone with the beautiful "plague upon earth." He turned his head away from her, stuck an old pipe in his mouth for employment's sake, and preserved a dead silence for ten minutes. Kate, perceiving his mood, troubled him with little chat. At length, tired of waiting for the father, the missionary condescended to address the daughter; and she, judging from the contortions of his phiz, thought the effort cost him as much as a spasm of cholera morbus.

"Hem! haw! hum! I wondher very much that you don't think ov changin' yer state, Miss Kavanagh. The marriage life is the happiest life ov all, as I know (sighing deeply); an' I would recommend ye to try it;" and he launched into a long harangue in praise of the honourable state, its happiness, comfort, and safety, compared to a single life—so full of peril to a female; to all of which our "belle o' the barony" listened, and assented as demurely as could be wished. After lauding the state, and urging the necessity of it, he next proceeded to point out the most eligible match in his opinion, recommending of all things "an independent man, unburthened by fathers, mothers, sisters, or brothers; a single man in every sense, with whom she could have everything her own way, and no one to interfere;" and he named several whom he considered would be unexceptionable, but to all of whom our Kate had a quick and characteristic objection, as prompt and ready as if she had anticipated the visit of the matrimonial delegate, and guessed his errand. This is a specimen of the colloquy. After mentioning several others,

"Well, what do you think ov long Jem Whalen?"

"Why, that one pair of tongs in one house is enough."

"Oh, that won't do! What do ye think ov John Barry? he's a snug, warm fella."

"Warm enough, for he's the dickens for fightin'!"

"Well, Redmond Connors, the carpinther?"

"He's a close shaver, but not to my taste."

"Pullilliew! you'll never be pleased. Have ye anything to say agin Burn, the mason?"

"He's too great a plasterer to be sincere."

"An' what chance has the smith?"

"He won't forge *aw* fetthers, that's all."

"An' the tailor?"

"Must stitch himself to another."

Here the dialogue broke off abruptly, for neither the missionary nor the maiden could longer refrain from laughing; the former, though a grave and reverend signior at all times, was perfectly overcome by Kate's naiveté and archness; and though he was farther than ever from attaining his object, he was in perfect good humour. Miles Kavanagh soon after entered the cottage, and much was he surprised to find his daughter and Mr Costigan *tete-a-tete*, and on such excellent terms. Nor was the surprise lessened, when he saw the farmer sit it out for two hours longer, still laughing and still joking, as if he and Kate had ever been the best of friends and banterers. At length Mr Costigan heavily arose from his seat, and declaring that he would come again on the same business (he forgot however to speak to Miles Kavanagh about it), he took his leave.

And he did go again and again; and at the third visit Dennis Costigan and Miles Kavanagh retired to an inner apartment. Kate neither knew nor wished to know the subject of their confab; but she observed, that as the farmer was retiring after the last visit, he and her father shook hands as if clenching a bargain. "You're mighty affectionate!" thought Kate; "I wondher yez did'n't kiss!"

As well as I can remember, it was about a fortnight from the day of our friend Dennis Costigan's visit to Miles Kavanagh's cottage, that Watty Colfer (Watty always walks with his head down; mind, his face is an ell longer than any other face, so grave and thoughtful is he!) had just got inside father Tobin's gate, and closed it after him, when he saw his reverence himself thundering down the avenue on St Patrick, his nag.

"Yer sarvint, sur!" said Watty, very humbly, and had in hand, and propping himself against the shut gate, "could I make so bould as just to spaqe one word to yer rivirince?"

"Not one word!" replied the priest hastily, "if you were the bishop! I am in too great a hurry. Lave my way and open the gate."

"Thin, God help me," groaned Watty, but still keeping his position, "that am neither priest nor bishop; I have 'nt the head-piece for sitch great min; an' all clargy must have great heads to keep in the larnin'. Now, is it a great weight intirely, sur?"

"The priest laughed in spite of his hurry, but as he well knew the man he had to deal with, he checked himself immediately, and assuming as determined a look as possible under the circumstances, he "commanded the alieveen to open the gate for him."

Watty too knew his man. He knew every variation of the priest's temper, from its usual lake-like placidity, till it got up to boiling-water heat. He thought it was beginning to "simmer," a little, but far away yet from "bubbling and hissing;" and gratifying his own cool impudence, he continued the process of "heating up."

"Why, thin, indeed, what I have to say won't keep ye long, sur."

"Open the gate this instant!" thundered the priest.

"Sartinly, sur," quoth Watty, turning quickly round and pretending to be very busy with the gate; "see this boult now! Och! my curse upon the whole corporation ov smiths, includin' my own dacent uncle who made this same gate, an' so stiff an' bad, that all I can do won't shoot back the boult! A clever workman is a fine thing! An' so you won't listen to what I have to say, sur?"

"I can't, I tell ye. I'm going in all haste to marry a couple."

"Och! if I knew that, I'd be very sorry to detain your rivirince! What I have to say may well keep for another opportunity. See this curst boult now! Throth the skin is torn off my fingers strivin' to pull it back, an' yer rivirince in sitch a desperate hurry! But ye have the patience of Job himself, beyant all doubt. God help the couple that's expectin' ye, sur! And who are they, the craithurs?"

The impatient churchman looked at his watch and groaned: but as the inexorable gate would not open to let him pass through, he gratified the newsmonger with the information that "the couple he was about to marry were Dennis Costigan and Catherine, Miles Kavanagh's daughter."

"Tunder an' turf!" exclaimed Mr Colfer, opening his eyes as wide as he could, and raising his hands to express the extremity of astonishment. "Is it ould Dinis Costigan, father to Jem, that's goin' to be married to handsome Kate Kavanagh, the belle o' the barony?—it's quite onpossible!"

"It's not impossible," said the priest, angrily: "and I see nothing extraordinary in her father preferring to give her to a sensible steady old man, than to a wild young one. But don't I see the gate open, and you pretending it was bolted? Oh! ye double-dyed alieveen, quit my way this moment, or by all that's good I'll let you feel the weight of this," and he raised his horsewhip.

"Och! wid all the pleasure in life!" quoth Watty, jumping quickly aside: and the gate flew open as if by magic, through which Father Tobin dashed at full speed.

Watty then, sound in wind and limb, shot off through the fields—a short cut to a certain cross-road, about a mile from the priest's house, and less than a quarter from Miles Kavanagh's cottage, by which his reverence should pass. Puffing a little, he was just in time to gravely touch his hat as the priest cantered by. Then raising his voice he shouted after him, "Ride aisy, ride aisy, yer rivirince; take things aisy, can't ye? Young James Costigan an' Kate Kavanagh ran off together this mornin', an' they're now man an' wife! Arrah, take things aisy, can't ye?"

"Oh! yelimb of Satan!" ejaculated the disappointed clergyman, as he pulled up to hear these tidings, "why didn't you tell me this before, and not send me off on a fool's errand?"

"How could I, sur?" responded the alieveen, meekly, "when you war in sitch a desperate hurry?—sure ye wouldn't let me spake at all at all!"

His reverence returned to his home, muttering denunciations upon Watty's devoted head; and Watty went his way, laughing immoderately at the success of his joke. He had given his spiritual director a ride of a mile or so without his breakfast, which no clerical stomach, Catholic or Protestant, could put up with, unless with a wedding breakfast in perspective. And he told but the truth after all. Young Costigan and handsome Kate had that morning given the knowing old ones the slip, and got married in Wexford; and Dennis,

our portly friend Dennis, since he could 'nt have the "belle o' the barony" for his bride, put a good face on the matter, and received her as his daughter-in-law. Twelve rejected suitors were at the "hauling home;" amongst them Counsellor Shiel of course, who favoured the company with a song made for the occasion, the concluding lines of which we give:

"Now industrious agriculthure transplants the "Flower of Forth,"  
To a cooey situation all sheltered from the North!"

M. G. R.

## ON THE FOLLY OF SOWING BAD SEEDS BECAUSE THEY ARE CHEAP.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

A few months ago I saw in the shop window of a petty seedsman near Dublin, an advertisement announcing the sale of grass seeds at two shillings and eightpence per barrel of four bushels. I had the curiosity to examine those seeds, which, as may be supposed from their price, were a compound of the germs of weeds, with a small proportion of grass seeds intermixed. I have no doubt that some poor and uncalculating petty farmers were silly enough to purchase this trash on the penny-wise and pound-foolish principle, and I well know that there is no point on which greater ignorance prevails than on that of a proper selection of grass seeds, although they should be sown with an accurate regard to the nature of the soil, the number of years during which the land is to be left in meadow or in pasturage, each of which conditions also requires a different description of seeds.

The successful establishment of grass seeds depends materially, besides the clean and pulverised state of the land, on their adaptation to the soil; and if that be in a state perfectly fit for their reception, a much smaller quantity of seed will be sufficient than under the opposite circumstances; and if the land be in a foul state previously to laying it down, it is clear that the sowing of weed seeds, with a trifling and uncertain admixture of true grass seeds, cannot render it cleaner.

In practical result, the farmer who leaves his field to the generosity of nature is more judicious, because in our humid climate the soil possesses a tendency to generate the indigenous grasses, of which some are really good, and which, from their overpowering qualities, soon disposes those that may have been sown, and form a close and excellent turf. But to sow weeds is inexpressibly absurd, and this the man does who buys such a compound as that to which I have referred, or who sows them because he happens to have them by some means, and is unwilling to have them lost. Perhaps they have been collected from his own little rick of hay, which he knows to have been of the worst quality, or some stable boy has given him, or stolen for him, the dirty and perhaps fermented sweepings of a nasty hay loft, in which bad hay had been stored, and he is unwilling to throw away what he has so unluckily obtained: his *parkes* soon bears testimony to his imprudence: and he admits, though reluctantly, that the grass seeds which he had sown were not of the best quality, though they were procured from a *hay loft*, when he perceives that they have only introduced an artificial increase of bad herbage, which his little stock of animals would unanimously reject, if hunger did not forbid such fastidiousness.

But the deluded purchaser very frequently forgets that though he has a great *bulk* for his money, he has a bad bargain; he does not consider that the respectable seedsman, though he charges much more for his seeds, gives a far better quality in general, and does not sell *dirty* and unprofitable grass seeds in the compound which he supplies. Petty seedsmen, no doubt, do so frequently; and how can it be otherwise, when their stock is a motley contribution from farmers' wives, hostlers, and labourers, who collect every variety of good and bad seeds from every description of meadow and soil? It is better to pay a great deal more for the best seed, of which a far lesser proportion will suffice. I can conceive but one case in which a rational farmer could deliberately use such defective seed as that which I saw in the little huckster's shop, namely, when he is about to surrender his farm (being obligated to lay down his land with grass), and has all that unamiable and inexcusable feeling which so generally prompts men in such circumstances to act in defiance of their great Christian principle, of *doing* unto others as we would have them do unto us.

In this case, a selfish ill-natured tenant wishes to annoy his landlord, and his own innocent successor, to the utmost

of his power; and, therefore, while adhering to the letter of his agreement—to sow grass seeds—he breaks it in the spirit, and very effectually, in fact, too, by substituting weeds under the denomination of grasses.

A prudent man who is not a perfect judge himself of the matter, will first consider the quality and nature of his land before he sows grass seeds, and then consult Lawson's Tables, which furnish precise information on every particular as to the quality and quantity of seeds for all soils, and whether for one, two, three years, or for permanent pasture, and he will endeavour to obtain what he wants accordingly; not that this is often an easy matter of accomplishment, for few seedsmen have the varieties sufficiently distinct, although they are generally polite enough to say that they have them so.

But how can they be always sure of this? We know the great difficulty, even in botanical gardens, of keeping the kinds separate, and the rapidity with which grass seeds become commingled. The only certain way is to raise the desired seeds in detached portions of land, perfectly clean, and carefully cleared of intruding plants. Can the seedsman, with the most honourable intentions and greatest caution, be himself secure from the effects of negligence or wilful imposition?

But to return to the case of the poor man who thinks he has a bargain when he buys four bushels of bad grass seeds for half-a-crown. Though he sees the bad effects in the inferiority of his herbage, and at first lays the blame on the proper source, he actually persuades himself afterwards (when *He*, who in his bounty doth "clothe the grass of the field" throughout the whole earth, has covered the surface of his field with natural herbage) that to the seeds which he had sown two or three years previously, he is mainly to attribute what the prodigality of Nature, or, more properly, the munificence of God, has supplied.

The man who sows bad or ill-suited grass seeds, merely because he has obtained them, and is unwilling to lose the acquisition, reminds me of an old lady who was for many years of her life in the habit of giving annually (in the spring of the year) to her grandchildren, a regular course of sulphur and treacle mixed up together, whether the recipients required it or not.

On one occasion, a new servant maid, unacquainted with this system, was sent for the usual quantity of flour of sulphur, but by some mismanagement she brought home a pound of flour of mustard. Her mistress sent her back to the grocer from whom it had been bought, but from previous jealousies or quarrels unnecessary to detail, he refused to take it back again. The poor maid could not herself be expected to substitute the required sulphur, and the old lady was determined that the mustard should not be lost. She accordingly mixed it with the treacle instead of the other substance, and actually ladled every particle of the compound down the throats of her grandchildren and the servant maid, who consented to take her share as a punishment for her inattention, until the whole mixture was consumed. The old lady was less foolish than the farmer who sows the seeds of weeds, because she had previously ascertained that the flour of mustard was harmless; but the husbandman must know that those seeds which are not genuine grass seeds are noxious to his land, by rendering it foul, and it is therefore extravagance and not economy on his part to use bad seeds, merely to save waste.

I am sorry to say that the same indifference prevails among the lower classes of our farmers as to seed in general. On this subject I shall again occupy a page of the Journal in an early number.

**A LASY DOG.**—Dr Arnaud d'Antilli, one day talking with the Duke de Lincourt upon the new philosophy of M. Descartes, maintained that beasts were mere machines; that they had no sort of reason to direct them; and that when they cried or made a noise, it was only one of the wheels of the clock or machine that made it. The Duke, who was of a different opinion, replied, "I have now in my kitchen two turnspits which take their turns regularly every other day to get into the wheel; one of them not liking his employment, hid himself on the day he should have wrought, so that his companion was forced to mount the wheel in his stead; when released, by crying and wagging his tail, he made a sign for those in attendance to follow him. He immediately conducted them to a garret, where he dislodged the idle dog and bit him severely."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

### CURIOUS COINCIDENCES.

ONE of the most fruitful sources of superstition, and that which has been most productive of what are styled "well-founded and authenticated stories of supernatural occurrences," is that Protean monster known in all its forms by the general appellation of "Remarkable or Curious Coincidences."

The frequent occurrence of events precisely similar in their details, though perfectly simple and ordinary individually, is apt to be considered, first, as remarkable, and, if again repeated, wonderful.

In a recent number of the Penny Journal mention is made of the curious coincidence of three men having been found drowned at various times in the course of the same winter, in the same river, and the same place, or nearly, each with two shirts on, having given rise to the belief in that parish that it was unlucky to wear two shirts.

But if persons should allow themselves to be guided in their actions by such observances, their lives would become perfectly burthensome from the constant state of watchfulness in which they would be obliged to live; for instance, the following anecdote would show the absolute necessity they would be under of ascertaining the names of their fellow-travellers, lest any one rejoicing in the name of Hugh Williams should be amongst them.

The more juvenile readers of the Penny Journal must be informed that the portion of the sea which flows between the island of Anglesea and the coast of Wales, called the Menai Straits, which is now spanned by the celebrated Menai suspension bridge, was passable, previously to the erection of the bridge, only by boats, a regular ferry-boat plying constantly at the place called Bangor ferry. On the 6th day of December, in the year 1664, the ferry-boat, having eighty-one passengers on board, was upset whilst crossing the Strait, and only one man was saved, whose name was Hugh Williams. On the 6th day of December 1782, the boat then plying, containing about sixty persons, was upset, and all were lost excepting one passenger, whose name proved to be Hugh Williams. On the 5th of August 1820, a similar fate befell twenty-five unfortunate persons, one only of whom escaped, whose name was Hugh Williams!

We should hope that none could now be found so weak, but certainly there have been those who, having heard this story, would fear to trust their precious lives in a ferry-boat with any one of the name of Hugh Williams, but a little local knowledge would go far in removing such an absurd apprehension, as indeed there are few of the most apparently extraordinary events, the origin of which cannot be traced to simple natural causes.

The name of Williams prevails in the neighbourhood of Bangor, and Hugh is a favourite Christian name throughout all Wales. It is very probable that persons of the name of Williams, very possibly even Hugh Williams, were lost amongst the passengers on each of those occasions, but these were overlooked, whilst the coincidence of the individual saved being each time of the same name, was observed and recorded; the circumstance being simply accounted for by the ordinary rules of calculating odds or chances, for where the name of Hugh Williams prevailed, there was certainly a greater chance of one of that name being saved than one of any other, and, as we have before remarked, no account was made of how many Hugh Williamses perished. N.

**INDUSTRY.**—Let me say a word in behalf of this home-spun virtue. It may seem superfluous, perhaps impertinent, to enforce industry upon the hardest-working people in the world, as I conceive our good countrymen to be; but I speak of it as a part of education—as a principle to be inculcated upon childhood. Its proper limits I shall hereafter attempt to define. In this country it is the duty of every individual to live an active life. No one, even though he be rich, has a right to be idle or useless. In the hive of bees there is a privileged class of drones; but there the government is despotic, with a queen at its head. Ours is a republican government, which admits of no drones, and tolerates no aristocratic indolence. Nor is industry more a duty to society than a source of individual happiness. There are no pleasures so sweet as those earned by effort, no possessions so dear as those acquired by toil. The truth is, that the main happiness of life consists in the vigorous exercise of those faculties which God has given us. Thus it usually happens that more enjoyment is found in

the acquisition of property than in its possession. How often does the rich man, surrounded with every luxury, look back from the pinnacle which he has attained, with fond regret, to those days of humble but happy toil when he was struggling up the steep ascent of fortune! Make industry, then, a part of fireside education. Teach it to your children as a point of duty; render it familiar to them by practice. Personal exertion and ready activity are natural to some children, and these hardly need any stimulus to the performance of duties requiring bodily exertion. There are others who have an indolence, a reluctance to move, either uniform or periodical, in their very constitution. If neglected, these children will grow up in the habit of omitting many duties, or of performing only those which are agreeable. It is indispensable that such should be trained to patient exertion, habituated to the performance of every duty in the right time and the right way, even though it may require self-denial and onerous toil. A person who cannot compel himself, from a mere sense of duty, to overcome a slothful reluctance to do what is disagreeable, is but half educated, and carries about him a weakness that is likely to prove fatal to his success in life. Such a person may act vigorously by fits and starts as he may be occasionally urged by impulse; but the good begun will often remain unfinished, and, from subsequent negligence, will result in final disaster. The only safe way is to found industry upon principle, and establish it by habit. While, therefore, I would inculcate industry, I would remark that it may be carried to excess. Every virtue has its bordering vice. The extreme of courage touches upon the precincts of rashness, and a step beyond the proper limit of industry brings you into the dreary regions of avarice.—*Fireside Education, by S. G. Goodrich, an American Author.*

**THE SABBATH.**—Nature always seemed to me to "keep Sabbath" in the wilderness. I used to fancy that the wild birds were more quiet on that day, sitting on the branches with their heads under their wings, smoothing their plumage, or looking quietly about them, and sometimes venturing a faint warble, scarcely above a whisper. And I have seen a large wolfish animal staid for hours upon a dry log, on the bank of the river, contemplating the stream, or gazing into the air; once or twice, perhaps, starting suddenly a few paces, but then halting as if he had given up the idea; and his tail all the while hanging listlessly down, as if indicating that no enterprise could be undertaken on that day. Just like the merchant who may be seen in the city, on a bright Sunday morning, in clean shirt collar, and with hands thrust into his pockets, loitering slowly down the street, or standing in ruminating attitude at the corner, pondering carefully every step of the morrow's tangled path, or perhaps calculating the amount of time lost in Sundays, by the whole world, taken individually and collectively from Moses's day to the present time; but on the whole, enduring the Sabbath with Christian resignation.

**CARRIERS.**—It is a little singular that the mass should attach much importance to the small opinions of every-day critics. Because a man happens to have the facilities of publishing his views and opinions to the world, though he be the veriest blockhead on earth, his verdict is often of more than ordinary weight among men. Indeed, a Johnson could not influence some men by his verbal opinion, to the extent that an ignoramus can influence them through "press and types." The "dignity of print" has a strange effect. Although it is but one man who speaks, and he may have one hundred opponents who may argue successfully against him, yet they will all fall with the public. But let either of them publish the same opinion, and the ore, which was rich and weighty, becomes refined. Common critics, moreover, are always ready to find imperfections, for thus will the public be made acquainted with their penetration. In fact, many of them seem to think that to criticize is to find fault; "else (they reason) where is the necessity of criticism?" It is said that any fool can fire a house. So can any man criticize a book; but very few can build the one or write the other. Many of the vinegar-critics of the day who haunt the shores of literature, would utterly fail in penning even the preface to a respectable book. It is a recorded and well-known fact that many of our standard works were rejected for the want of a publisher, owing to the unfavourable opinion of stolid rule-and-figure critics; but when they came before the people, who, judging from the impulses of the heart, are never wrong, how soon was their verdict reversed! The PEOPLE are the only true tribunal. They separate, with the hand of a refiner, the dross from the gold.

By them genius is preserved, and pretension discarded.—*Ksickerbocker.*

The boxes of the opera, splendid as they are, and splendid as the appearance of those in them is, do not breathe a spirit of enjoyment. They are rather like the sick wards of luxury and idleness, where people of a certain class are condemned to perform the quarantine of fashion for the evening.—*Hazlitt.*

**DECEIVERS.**—We are born to deceive or to be deceived. In one of these classes we must be numbered; but our self-respect is dependent upon our selection. The practice of deception generally secures its own punishment; for callous indeed must be that mind which is insensible of its ignominy! But he who has been duped is conscious, even in the very moment that he detects the imposition, of his proud superiority to one who can stoop to the adoption of so foul and sorry a course. The really good and high-minded, therefore, are seldom provoked by the discovery of deception; though the cunning and artful resent it, as a humiliating triumph obtained over them in their own vocations.

**WIT.**—Wit is the lightning of the mind, reason the sunshine, and reflection the moonlight; for as the bright orb of night owes its lustre to the sun, so does reflection owe its existence to reason.

**PREMATURE WISDOM.**—The premature wisdom of youth resembles the forced fruit of our hot-houses; it looks like the natural production, but has not its flavour or raciness.

**POOR.**—A term of reproach in England, and of pity in most other countries.

**POETS AND ASTRONOMERS.**—Poets view nature as a book in which they read a language unknown to common minds, as astronomers regard the heavens, and therein discover objects that escape the vulgar ken.

**PEACE OF MIND.**—Though peace of mind does not constitute happiness, happiness cannot exist without it; our serenity being the result of our own exertions, while our happiness is dependent on others: hence the reason why it is so rare; for, on how few can we count? Our wisdom, therefore, is best shown in cultivating all that leads to the preservation of this negative blessing, which, while we possess it will prevent us from ever becoming wholly wretched.

#### ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA IN No. 17.

Mr Teague, the enigma you sent me, my honey,  
Must mean, I conjecture, a round bit o' monee;  
But what it can be, is a regular stopper,  
Unless it's a coinage from some kind of copper;  
Though your Dean of St Patrick's did not like the stuff,  
For this very fair reason—'twas not big enough.  
So here goes a guess—and, in truth, to be plain,  
It's a good honest Penny your honour will mane.  
Ah, Geordy, full off have they tried to disgrace,  
With buffets and blows, thy right royal old face:  
Let them hammer away till they're all in a pet,  
For real solid worth thou'rt the best of the set.  
E'en O'Connell must own, though he don't like the mint,  
That thou art the cream of his flourishing rint!  
As for gold, it flies off like the chaff or the stubble,  
Leaving little behind but vexation and trouble.  
And that measly-fac'd silver, experience of old,  
Says is only too apt to take wings after gold—  
In fact, I ne'er found, from the mohur to piastre,  
That one kind or other went slower or faster;  
Do just as you like, it seems a thing plann'd,  
That one of those vagrants shall ne'er be on hand.  
We well know what wonders a Penny can do,  
What instruction and comfort a mite will bestow.  
The stores of the world, its rust and its lumber,  
Come brighten'd and polish'd in each penny number.  
The well-spring of knowledge is open to all—  
The Penny has spread it through cottage and hall.  
So now, my friend Teague, let the great have the guinea,  
You and I'll be content if we've always a PUNNY.

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# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



CAHIR CASTLE, COUNTY OF TIPPERARY

To a large portion of our readers it will be scarcely necessary to state, that the little town of Cahir is in many respects the most interesting of its size to be found in the province of Munster, we had almost said in all Ireland; and that, though this interest is to a considerable extent derived from the extreme beauty of its situation and surrounding scenery, it is in an equal degree attributable to a rarer quality in our small towns—the beauty of its public edifices, and the appearance of neatness, cleanliness, and comfort, which pervades it generally, and indicates the fostering protection of the noble family to whom it belongs, and to whom it anciently gave title. Most of our small towns require brilliant sunshine to give them even a semi-cheerful aspect: Cahir looks pleasant even on one of our characteristic gloomy days. As it is not, however, our present purpose to enter on any detailed account of the town itself, but to confine our notice to one of its most attractive features—its ancient castle—we shall only state that Cahir is a market and post town, in the barony of Iffa and Offa West, county of Tipperary, and is situated on the river Suir, at the junction of the mail-coach roads leading respectively from Waterford to Limerick, and

from Cork by way of Cashel to Dublin. It is about eight miles W.N.W. from Clonmel, and the same distance S.W. from Cashel, and contains about 3500 inhabitants.

The ancient and proper name of this town is *Cahir-duna-iascaigh*, or, the circular stone fortress of the fish-abounding Dun, or fort; a name which appears to be tautological, and which can only be accounted for by the supposition that an earthen *Dun*, or fort, had originally occupied the site on which a *Cahir*, or stone fort, was erected subsequently. Examples of names formed in this way, of words having nearly synonymous meanings, are very numerous in Ireland, as *Caislean-dun-more*, the castle of the great fort, and as the Irish name of Cahir Castle itself, which, after the erection of the present building, was called *Caislean-na-caherach-duna-iascaigh*, an appellation in which three distinct Irish names for military works of different classes and ages are combined.

Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that a *Cahir* or stone fort occupied the site of the present castle in the most remote historic times, as it is mentioned in the oldest books of the Brehon laws; and the Book of Lecan records its de-

struction by Cuirreach, the brother-in-law of Felemy Rechtmar, or the Lawgiver, as early as the third century, at which time it is stated to have been the residence of a female named Badamar. Whether this *Cahir* was subsequently rebuilt or not, does not appear in our histories as far as we have found; nor have we been able to discover in any ancient document a record of the erection of the present castle. It is stated indeed by Archdall, and from him again by all subsequent Irish topographers, that Cahir Castle was erected prior to the year 1142 by Conor-na-Catharach O'Brien, king of Thomond. But this is altogether an error. No castle properly so called of this class was erected in Ireland till a later period, and the assertion of Conor's having built a castle at Cahir is a mere assumption drawn from the cognomen *na-Catharach*, or of the Cahir or Fort by which he was known, and which we know from historical evidences was derived not from this Cahir on the Suir, but from a Cahir which he built on an island in Lough Derg, near Killaloe, and which still retains his name. The true name of the founder of Cahir Castle, and date of its erection, must therefore remain undecided till some record is found which will determine them; and in the meantime we can only indulge in conjecture as to one or the other. That it owes its origin, indeed, to some one of the original Anglo-Norman settlers in Ireland, there can be little doubt, and its high antiquity seems unquestionable. As early as the fourteenth century, it appears to have been the residence of James *Galdie* (or the Anglified) Butler, son of James, the third Earl of Ormond, by Catherine, daughter of Gerald, Earl of Desmond—whose descendant Thomas Butler, ancestor to the present Earl of Glengal, was advanced to the peerage by letters patent, dated at Dublin the 10th November 1543 (34 Henry VIII.) by the title of Baron of Cahir.

In the subsequent reigns of Elizabeth and the unfortunate Charles I, Cahir Castle appears as a frequent and important scene in the melancholy dramas of which Ireland was the stage, and its history becomes a portion not only of that of our country generally, but even in some degree of that of England.

It will be remembered, that, when by the battle of the Blackwater in 1598 the English power in Ireland was reduced to the lowest state, and the queen felt it necessary to send Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, with an army of more than 20,000 men—the largest body, as the Four Masters state, that had ever before come into Ireland since the time of Strongbow—to subdue the rebels, that unfortunate favourite, neglectful of the instructions imperatively given to him that he should prosecute the Ulster rebels, and plant their strongholds with garrisons, marched into Munster, where the only deed of importance he achieved was the taking of Cahir Castle, and the forcing of the Lord Cahir and some other disaffected noblemen of Munster to submit, and accept the queen's protection. The only favourable result of this misguided enterprise, as Morrison acquaints us, "was the making a great prey of the rebels' cattle in those parts; he cast the terror of his forces on the weakest enemies, whom he scattered and constrained to fly into woods and mountains to hide themselves." But these weak rebels did not remain long inactive, or exhibit weakness in attack; and the earl's journey back to Dublin towards the end of July was marked by a series of disasters that sealed his doom; or, as the Four Masters remark, "The Irish afterwards were wont to say that it were better for the Earl of Essex that he had not undertaken this expedition from Dublin to Hy-Connell Gaura, as he had to return back from his enterprise without receiving submission or respect from the Geraldines, and without having achieved any exploit except the taking of Cahir-duna-iaegach."

The taking of Cahir Castle was not effected without considerable trouble, though it is stated that Essex's army amounted to 7000 foot and 1300 horse. O'Sullivan states that the siege was prolonged for ten days, in consequence of the Earl of Desmond and Redmond Burke having come to its relief; and the Four Masters state in their Annals that "the efforts of the earl and his army in taking it were fruitless, until they sent for heavy ordnance to Waterford, by which they broke down the nearest side of the fortress, after which the castle had to be surrendered to the Earl of Essex and the queen." This event occurred on the 30th of May 1599.

As Morrison, however, remarks, the submission of the Lord Cahir, Lord Roche, and others, which followed on this exploit, were only feigned, as subsequent events proved. After the earl's departure, they either openly joined the rebel

party again, or secretly combined with them; and on the 23d of May in the year following, the Castle of Cahir was surprised and taken by the Lord Cahir's brother, and, as it was said, with his connivance. Of this fact the following account is given by Sir George Carew in his *Pacata Hibernia*:—

"The president being at Youghall in his journey to Cork, sent Sir John Dowdall (an ancient captain in Ireland) to Cahir Castle, as well to see the same provided of a sufficient ward out of Captain George Blunt's company, as to take order for the furnishing of them with victual, munition, and other warlike provision; there he left the eighth or ninth of May, a serjeant, with nine-and-twenty soldiers, and all necessary provision for two months, who notwithstanding, upon the three-and-twentieth of the same, were surprised by James Galdie, alias Butler, brother to the lord of Cahir, and, as it was suspected by many pregnant presumptions, not without the consent and working of the lord himself, which in after-times proved to be true. The careless security of the warders, together with the treachery of an Irishman who was placed sentinel upon the top of the castle, were the causes of this surprise.

"James Galdie had no more in his company than sixty men, and coming to the wall of the bawne of the castle undiscovered, by the help of ladders, and some masons that brake holes in some part of the wall where it was weak, got in and entered the hall before they were perceived. The serjeant, named Thomas Quayle, which had the charge of the castle, made some little resistance, and was wounded. Three of the warde were slaine; the rest upon promise of their lives rendered their armes and were sent to Clonmell. Of this surprise the lord president had notice when he was at Kilmallock, whereupon he sent directions for their imprisonment in Clonmell until he might have leisure to try the delinquents by a marshals' court. Upon the fourth day following, James Butler, who took the castle, wrote a large letter to the president, to excuse himself of his traitorly act, wherein there were not so many lines as lies, and written by the underhand working of the lord of Cahir his brother, they conceiving it to be the next way to have the castle restored to the baron."

Cahir Castle was, however, restored to the government in a few months after, as detailed in the following characteristic manner by Sir George Carew:—

"Towards the latter end of this month of August, the lord deputy writing to the president about some other occasions, it pleased him to remember Cahir Castle (which was lost as before you have heard), signifying that he much desired to have that castle recovered from the rebels, the rather because the great ordnance, or cannon, and a culverin being left there by the Earl of Essex, were now possessed by the rebels. This item from the lord deputy spurred on the president without further delay to take order therein, and therefore presently by his letters sent for the lord of Cahir to repair unto him, who (as before you have heard) was vehemently suspected to have some hand both in the taking and keeping thereof. The Baron of Cahir being come, the council persuaded him to deal with James Butler (nicknamed James Galdie) his brother, about the redelivering thereof to her Majesty's use; but his answer was, that so little interest had he in his brother, as the meanest follower in all his country might prevail more with him than himself (for he was unwilling to have the castle regained by the state, except it might again be left wholly to him, as it was before the first winning thereof); which the president surmising, told him, that if it might speedily be yielded up unto him, he would become an humble suitor to the lord deputy (in his behalf) for the repossessing thereof; otherwise he would presently march with his whole army into those parts, and taking the same by force, he would ruin and raise it to the very foundation, and this he bound with no small protestations. Hereupon Justice Comerford being dispatched away with the lord of Cahir, they prevailed so far with young Butler, that the castle, upon the twenty-ninth following, was delivered to the state, as also all the munitions, and the great ordnance conveyed to Clonmell, and from thence to Waterford."

Notwithstanding these imputed crimes of the Lord Cahir, and the open treason of his brother, he received the queen's pardon by patent, dated the 27th day of May 1601, and died in possession of his castle and estates in January 1623. His brother James Galdie, however, lived to take his share in the troubles that followed in 1641, and suffered accordingly.

From these stories of violence and treachery we turn with pleasure to record a fact of a peaceful character, in which

Cahir Castle appears as a scene of hospitality and splendid revelry. This occurred in 1626, when the Lord Deputy Falkland, in making a tour of Ireland, after residing a considerable time at the Earl of Ormond's castle at Carrick-on-Suir, in some time after came to the lord of Cahir, and was entertained by him in his castle with the greatest splendour.

But if these old walls had tongues, they could probably tell us of many scenes of a different character from that we have just narrated, and of which one has been dimly preserved in history. Immediately after the death of Thomas, the fourth Lord Cahir, in 1628, as already stated, his property having passed to his only daughter and heir Margaret, who was married to her kinsman Edmund Butler, the fourth Lord Dunboyne, the latter, while residing in this castle with his wife, slew in it, or murdered, perhaps, would be the more correct word, Mr James Prendergast, the owner of Newcastle, for which he was confined a prisoner in the Castle of Dublin; and his Majesty having granted a commission on the 4th of June in that year, constituting the Lord Aungier high steward of Ireland for the trial of his lordship, he was tried by his peers accordingly, but acquitted, fifteen peers voting him innocent, and one of the celebrated Lord Dockwra, voting him guilty.

During the troubles which followed on the rebellion of 1641, Cahir Castle was taken for the Parliament, by surrender, in the beginning of August 1647 by Lord Inchiquin; and it was again taken in February 1650 by Cromwell himself, the garrison receiving honourable conditions. The reputation which the castle had at this period as a place of strength will appear from the account of its surrender as given in the manuscripts of Mr Cliffe, secretary to General Ireton, published by Borlase. After observing that Cromwell did not deem it prudent to attempt the taking of Clonmel till towards summer, he adds, that he "drew his army before a very considerable castle, called Cahir Castle, not very far from Clonmel, a place then possessed by one Captain Mathews, who was but a little before married to the Lady Cahir, and had in it a considerable number of men to defend it; the general drew his men before it, and for the better terror in the business, brought some cannon with him likewise, there being a great report of the strength of the place, and a story told the general, that the Earl of Essex, in Queen Elizabeth's time, lay seven or eight weeks before it, and could not take it. He was notwithstanding then resolved to attempt the taking of it, and in order thereunto sent them this thundering summons:—

'SIR—Having brought the army and my cannon near this place, according to my usual manner in summoning places, I thought fit to offer you terms honourable for soldiers, that you may march away with your baggage, arms, and colours, free from injuries or violence; but if I be, notwithstanding, necessitated to bend my cannon upon you, you must expect what is usual in such cases. To avoid blood, this is offered to you by

Your servant,

O. CROMWELL.

For the Governor at Cahir Castle,  
24th February 1649' (1650.)

"Notwithstanding the strength of the place, and the unseasonableness of the time of the year, this summons struck such a terror in the garrison, that the same day the governor, Captain Mathews, immediately came to the general and agreed for the surrender."—&c.

It was well for Captain George Mathews, or Mathew, as the name is now generally written, and his garrison too, that he had not the hot-headedness of an Irishman, or he would probably have set this "thundering summons" at defiance, and Cahir Castle would not only have shared the fate of most Irish fortresses at that period, but, what would have been a far greater loss, the Apostle of Temperance, who has done as much to regenerate the people of Ireland as Cromwell did to destroy them, would in all human probability never have existed.

But we are exceeding the limits assigned to us, and can only add a few words of general description. Cahir Castle is built upon a low rugged island of limestone, which divides the water of the Suir, and which is connected by a bridge with the two banks of the river. It is of considerable extent, but irregular outline, consequent upon its adaptation to the form and broken surface of its insular site, and consists of a great square keep, surrounded by extensive outworks, forming an outer and an inner ballium, with a small court-yard between the two; these outworks being flanked by seven towers, four of which are circular, and three of larger size, square. From

a very interesting and accurate bird's-eye view of the castle, as besieged by the Earl of Essex, given in the *Pacata Hibernia*, we find, that notwithstanding its great age, and all the vicissitudes and storms it has suffered, it still presents, very nearly, the same appearance as it did at that period; and from the praiseworthy care in its preservation of its present lord, it is likely to endure as a beautiful historical monument for ages longer. P.

#### IRISH MUSICIANS OF THE LAST CENTURY, STORY OF DOCTOR COGAN.

IN this grave cigar-smoking age of ours, in which Irishmen exhibit so little of the love of fun and merriment—the drolleries and *escapades* which distinguished them in preceding ages—it is a pleasant thing to us septagenarians to look back occasionally to our youthful days, and call up from the storehouse of our memories the merry men whom and whose merry freaks we were either familiar with, or at least had heard of or seen. One of these choice spirits is just now present with us in our mind's eye, and we are certain that we have only to mention his name, to bring him equally before a great number of our Dublin readers. We mean the late musical doctor, John Cogan. There, now, Dublin readers, some thousands of you at least have the man before you, though many of you are unfortunately too young to have heard his exquisitely delicate and expressive hands on the piano, extemporising with matchless felicity upon Garryowen or some other melody of Old Ireland; or participated in his playful and always inoffensive merriment and good humour. Even the youngest of you, however, must surely remember the little man—little indeed in size, but every inch of him a gentleman, who but a few years since might be occasionally seen taking an airing, when the sun shone on him, in Sackville Street, sometimes leaning on his servant's arm, and at others driven in his pony-phaeton, which his prudence in youth had enabled him to secure for his days of feebleness and old age. That pleasant intellectual countenance, bright and playful as his own music even to the last, has disappeared from amongst us; but the memory of such a man should not be allowed to die, and we will therefore, while in the vein, devote a column of our Journal to a sketch of one of the many incidents remembered of his long life, as illustrative in some degree not only of his character, but also of that of society in Dublin during the last century.

From what we have already stated, it will have appeared that Doctor Cogan was not only great as a musical performer, but also as a performer in innocent waggery. It would indeed have been difficult to determine in which performance he most excelled, or whether he most loved his music or his joke. He was not only a good theorist, but loved a bit of *harmony* intensely, and a *laughing chorus* was his prime delight. These he would often accompany or direct as occasion required, to heighten the pleasures of a musical treat, when he rarely neglected a happy opportunity of introducing some *vivace* movement of his own composing, provided he could previously prepare a *score* of good fellows capable of performing effectively the several parts assigned them in it, which among his apt compeers was rarely a difficult task. A lover of good cheer and hospitality, which he both gave as well as partook of with a true Irish spirit, it was a settled point with the Doctor that brother professors should at all times live in harmony with each other, and receive brotherly encouragement; nor were such feelings of an exclusively national character, but extended equally to foreigners coming to Ireland, who, if at all known to fame, were sure of receiving a friendly and *cead mile failte* reception at his hands. If, it is true, he could on such occasions indulge a little innocent joke, by playing off a specimen of Irish *counterpoint* at the expense of such visitors, it was so much the more agreeable to him, as in the following instance of the concerted movement which he got up to do honour to the celebrated violinist Pinto, who visited our city about sixty years since. But before we detail the circumstances attendant on this reception, it is necessary that we should tell our worthy readers something of the person who was selected by the Doctor to play a leading part—the principal fiddle—on the occasion; and the more particularly as his name is unknown to the great majority of the present generation, and almost forgotten by the few who may still survive him.

The person we allude to was Robert Meekins, or, as he was familiarly called, "Bob," a violinist of great tavern-playing

notoriety in his day. Like his brother professors, the harpers of the last century, of whom Mr Bunting has given us such characteristic anecdotes, Bob was a thoroughly Irish musician in every sense of the word; and though, as we believe, he had never travelled out of Dublin, his native city, few were found to equal him on his instrument either in tone, execution, or expression of feeling. From the earliest period of his musical studies, however, he had indulged in a wild and extemporaneous mode of practice, which proved most injurious to his professional career in after life, and unfortunately for him, being moreover an inveterate hater of *dry study*, Bob more frequently wetted his whistle than he rosined his bow. Under the influence of such *bad practice* he became at last incurably vicious, and rarely kept within reasonable bounds, either in the way of drinking or fiddle-playing. Indeed, whatever command poor Bob retained over his instrument, he had none over himself. Leader after leader sought to curb him in his wild extravagances of style, in the vain hope of diverting his great natural musical powers into legitimate courses; but Bob would never be led, and as to driving him, that was found to be equally impracticable. He would go his own way, and no other. He would read concerted music, not as it was intended, but as he thought it should be. His passion for *obligatoes* was unconquerable, and he rarely arrived at an *ad libitum* that he did not avail himself of it with a vengeance; and thus, while his brother musicians were attending to the pauses, perfectly content with the single note before them, an impromptu cadence would be heard meandering through a chord, telling of Bob's wanderings, and he the while so absorbed as to be equally heedless of the elbow-punchings of his neighbours, the authority of his leader, or the intentions of the composer. No composer indeed came up to his fancy—entirely; something was always wanting, and his fingers were ever upon the alert to supply that something which was not set down for him: and should a remonstrance come from the leader, it but too frequently produced a *presto* movement on the part of Bob, leaving a vacancy in the orchestra to be filled up as it might, at the shortest possible notice. Vain of his powers, and scorning restraint, his kicks against orchestral rule became beyond all bearing, and so he was himself at last kicked out from all decent musical society. Thus finding himself alone, he naturally turned *solo* player, and became one of the lions of Dublin, drawing nightly crowds to the taverns he frequented, where he could indulge his love for flights of fancy to his heart's content. But, unfortunately for him, in this new sphere he was enabled by the liberal contributions of his admirers to indulge also without restraint that more fatal passion for drink which had proved his bane through life, leading him step by step, as usual with such reckless characters, to an untimely and degraded grave. It is generally believed that poor Bob Meekins died from the effects of intemperance in some wretched doorway in an alley of our city.

Such, then, was the person selected by Doctor Cogan to perform a principal part in the little musical drama which he had prepared for the reception of the great foreign violinist of the day, and the place chosen for its performance was the once celebrated hotel or tavern called the Pigeon-house, which at that period was the common resort for the meetings or departures of friends to or from England by the Holyhead packets. Thither accordingly the Doctor and his musical companions repaired, to await the expected arrival of the Signor, and ordered dinner with the determination that he should be their guest. It is not necessary to dilate upon the reception given to the brother professor, or to particularise all the good things that were said, sung, and eaten upon the occasion. It is sufficient to say that every thing passed off in true Hibernian style, to the astonishment as well as gratification of Pinto, who was delighted to find himself surrounded by so many new and warm-hearted friends, each keeping up the tide of merriment by a rapid circulation of the bottle amid the joyous flow of song, jest, and laugh. But where was Bob all this time? He was placed in an adjoining passage awaiting a silent signal, and being primed for action, was impatient for the moment of attack upon the excitable nerves of the delighted Italian. This signal was at length given, and so effectually arranged were the parts given to each of the Doctor's apt pupils, that as the soul-thrilling tones of Bob's violin vibrated through the room, it seemed to produce no other effect upon their ears than a *sotto voce* expression of displeasure, or *forzando* of horror. All this seemed quite spontaneous, and was at the same time so judiciously managed as to allow the instrument to predominate over the voices, and thus enable

the practised ear of Pinto to discover in the invisible minstrel a master spirit—nor did the well-timed *crescendo* of "Turn the scraping villain out," "Curse the noisy blackguard," &c. &c. arrive at its climax, until Bob's varied and expressive execution had completely bewildered the poor Signor with amazement. To him, indeed, the scene was one as unusual as it was unexpected; and when silence was somewhat restored, he eagerly asked in his broken English whence the tones had come; and truly ludicrous were the varied expressions of the Italian's intellectual countenance on being assured by the Doctor and his assistants that the performer who had so enraptured him was a rascally itinerant fiddler, who gained a precarious livelihood by scraping at taverns. The effect may easily be imagined. The Signor insisted upon seeing him; and when Bob's whisky face and tattered habiliments became visible, Pinto sat fixed in mute bewilderment, conjuring up in his excited imagination the apparition of a Meekins at the corner of every street; and the success of the Doctor's joke was complete, when the poor Italian, with a forlorn and chopfallen visage, was heard to mutter, "Lit-el fid-el—lit-el fid-el—you call—if dis lit-el fidel, me go back, me no use!"

A simultaneous burst of laughter was the response to these hurried and broken accents of surprise and chagrin. But enough was effected, and in quick compassion for poor Pinto's feelings, he was at once made to understand the whole contrivance, on which he laughed as loudly as any of the merry Irish group around him. The scene of joyousness was kept up till an *early* hour, during which Meekins occasionally revelled in the music of his own dear land, to the increased delight not only of the Signor, but of all present on the occasion.

W.

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### THE INQUIRY.

Tell me, ye winged winds,  
That round my pathway roar,  
Do ye not know some spot  
Where mortals weep no more?  
Some lone and pleasant dell,  
Some valley in the west,  
Where, free from toil and pain,  
The weary soul may rest?

The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,  
And sigh'd for pity as it answered "No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,  
Whose billows round me play,  
Knowest thou some favour'd spot,  
Some island far away,  
Where weary man may find  
The bliss for which he sighs?  
Where sorrow never lives,  
And friendship never dies?

The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,  
Stopp'd for a while, and sigh'd, to answer "No!"

And thou, serene moon,  
That, with such holy face,  
Dost look upon the earth  
Asleep in night's embrace,  
Tell me, in all thy round  
Hast thou not seen some spot,  
Where miserable man  
Might find a happier lot?

Behind a cloud, the moon withdrew in woe,  
And a voice, sweet, but sad, responded "No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,  
O! tell me, Hope and Faith,  
Is there no resting-place  
From sorrow, sin, and death?  
Is there no happy spot  
Where mortals may be bless'd—  
Where grief may find a balm,  
And weariness a rest?

Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,  
Waved their bright wings, and whisper'd, "Yes! in Heaven!"

—Mackay's Poems.



ON THE SUBJUGATION OF ANIMALS  
BY MEANS OF CHARMS, INCANTATIONS, AND DRUGS.

Second Article.

SERPENT-CHARMING AS PRACTISED BY THE  
JUGGLERS OF ASIA.

IN my last paper I endeavoured to furnish my readers with a description of serpent-charming, as at present practised by the jugglers of Egypt, Arabia, and India. I now come to a review of the opinions maintained respecting this mysterious art, and the secret on which it depends, by some of the most eminent philosophers who have turned their attention to the subject.

These opinions are as various as they are numerous, no two individuals who have written upon the practice agreeing in any one particular, save only their determination to regard the whole affair as an imposture—the snake-charmers as clever and designing cheats, and all who believed in the reality of their performances, as silly dupes. I shall merely advert to some of the most striking of these suppositions, and then proceed to an investigation of their merits, ere advancing my own theory on the subject.

Many travellers who have written on the practice of serpent-charming have declared it as their conviction that the process is based in deception, that is, that the serpents charmed forth from holes are by no means wild creatures, who really and naturally inhabit those recesses, but animals which have been previously tamed, their poisonous fangs extracted, and placed there by the juggler or an accomplice, in order to the performance of his pretended miracle. Amongst the most prominent of these objectors are to be found the Abbé Dubois and the traveller Denon; and the latter author even goes so far as to affirm that the secret of the Psylli was a piece of nonsense that he might easily have discovered had he been so disposed. A precious traveller truly! to have had it in his power to discover a secret that a hundred naturalists would have given their very eyes to become acquainted with, and yet to neglect taking the necessary trouble. Ah, Monsieur Denon, how you do remind me of the witty fable of the fox and the sour grapes! The Abbé Dubois, though equally sceptical, does not venture to handle this mysterious subject quite so cavalierly as Denon. He says that the Psylli perform various *tricks* with serpents, which, though apparently terrible, are not very dangerous, as they *always* take the precaution to have the fangs previously removed, and to have with them the venomous vesicle extracted. He likewise informs us that they are *supposed* to have the power of charming those dangerous reptiles, and of commanding them to approach and surrender themselves at the sound of music; and he quotes the passages of scripture to which I referred in my preceding article, as confirmatory of the authenticity of the practice; yet he will not admit that even this mass of evidence will convince that the charmer's art is aught but an imposture. "Without dwelling," says he, "on the literal accuracy of this striking passage of Holy Scripture, I may confidently affirm that the skill which the Indian pretenders to *enchantment* claim in this particular, is rank imposture. The trick consists in placing a snake, previously tamed and accustomed to music, in some remote place, and they manage it so that in appearing accidentally to approach that place, and beginning to play, the snake comes forward at the wanted sounds. When they enter into an agreement with any simpleton who fancies that his house is infested with serpents—a notion which they sometimes contrive to infuse into his brain—they cunningly introduce some tame snakes into some crevice of his house, which come to their master as soon as he sounds his musical call. The chuckling enchanter then instantly whips up the serpent, claps it into his basket, pockets his foe, and, all the while doubtless laughing in his sleeve, goes to some other house, to renew his offers of assistance to similar dupes."

As to the idea that the snakes are previously deprived of their fangs, and that the jugglers secure themselves against all danger of being injured by the regular dancing snakes that they carry about with them in baskets, a single anecdote related by Forbes, in his Oriental Memoirs, will I think suffice to combat and refute it. Not having the book by me while I write, I hope my readers will excuse any slight discrepancies which they may detect on a reference to my authority. Forbes states that on the cessation of the music the reptiles lapse into a sort of lethargy, and appear motionless. It is, however, he adds, necessary that they should be immediately covered up in the baskets, as otherwise they may

spring upon and wound the spectators; and he informs us that fatal accidents frequently occur from inattention to this precaution. Amongst his drawings is that of a Cobra de Capella, which, under the magic influence of a professed serpent-charmer's music, danced before him for an hour upon his table while he painted it, and during that period he repeatedly handled it and carefully examined the structure of its head, hood, and jaws, and inspected minutely the variety and extreme beauty of its spots. The following day an upper servant of his rushed into his apartment, and cried out that he was a fortunate, a most fortunate man, doubtless under the immediate protection of the Prophet—that his devotions had proved acceptable, and sundry other expressions, totally incomprehensible to Forbes, who inquired his meaning. The man then related that he had just been in the bazaar, where he had seen the same juggler who had entertained him the day preceding, performing before a crowd of people, who, as was usual on such occasions, formed a circle around the operator, seated on the ground. At the close of the performance, the reptile, whether infuriated from the music ceasing too suddenly, or from some other cause not to be explained, darted amongst the spectators, and seizing a young woman by the throat, inflicted a wound of which she died in about an hour. Here was proof positive that the extraction of the serpent's fangs was thought by no means essential to training him to his performance.

So much for the idea that the *dancing* snakes are always deprived of their fangs—now as to the reality of the circumstance of the *wild* serpents being drawn forth from their holes by the charmer's pipe, and not being *tamed animals* placed in those holes for the express purpose of deception.

Perhaps the best refutation of this idea that I can adduce, will be found in a highly interesting account I received lately from a friend resident for many years in India, and who directed a more than ordinary degree of attention to snake-charmers and their feats; nay, not merely to them, but to every other description of magical rites, of which no land now furnishes so many wonder-working adepts as India, not even Egypt.

He told me of men who would sow a seed of corn in a flower-pot, and by sundry mysterious incantations cause it to sprout, grow up, throw off leaves, bud, produce grain, and ripen, all within the space of an hour. He told me of men who would turn an empty hamper upside down, and produce from thence shawls, jewels, strings of beads, muslin turbans, and, in short, any article the spectators chose to demand. He told me many other singular and wondrous stories; but, what at present is of more immediate importance, he gave me a singular account of serpent-charming. I need not recapitulate its details, as they precisely resemble those quoted in a former article: I need only observe, that he assured me he had examined the subject too closely, and had taken too many precautions to prevent the possibility of fraud, to admit of its being, in any one instance, practised upon him. He had sent a distance of fifty miles up the country for a snake-catcher, and had set him to work in a spot entirely unknown to all as the place he had selected, until he conducted them and the juggler thither; and he had dozens of times seen the reptiles drawn from their retreats by the sounds of the flute or fife, which they evidently derived extreme pleasure from hearing. It was my friend's opinion that the chief agent in the operation of serpent-charming was music; the animals positively delighted in the sound of the soft instruments employed by the performers, and were by its influence lulled into a sort of pleasurable trance whenever the exciting cause was put in operation.

My friend once sat beneath the shade of a spreading tree, and was amusing himself with his flageolet, an instrument on which he performed with much skill; he had not been thus employed above an hour, when a native, happening to come up the approach to his residence, suddenly started, and began muttering prayers as fast as he was able. My friend could scarcely refrain from laughing at this singular exhibition, being entirely ignorant of its cause, and was about to rise up, when the stranger called out to him to remain where he was, and keep playing upon his instrument if he valued his life, for that imminent danger threatened him. This announcement, instead of producing the desired effect, only confirmed my friend in the supposition that the strange Hindoo was some mad fakir, who, half knave and half crazy, was endeavouring to play upon his feelings, as he so frequently and successfully did upon those of his silly countrymen. Ho

accordingly sprang to his feet; but what his consternation was, you, reader, may judge. As he rose, a prodigious Cobra de Capella presented itself to his astonished and affrighted gaze, hanging by its tail from the tree, its gleaming eyes and hooded head not more than two feet from his own! For a moment he felt as it were fascinated, rooted to the spot; but in a second afterwards, terror acted in her more legitimate manner: he sprang several paces backward, and running to the house, procured assistance, on which he again sallied forth, accompanied by several natives, who by their cries and hooting succeeded in inducing the snake to beat a retreat. He was watched, however, in his departure, and traced to a hole; a guard was placed over it, and that too of Europeans, so that no confederacy could exist. A snake-catcher was procured from a distance of ten miles; he approached the hole, played upon his instrument, and at length the reptile crawled forth, and was captured and secured in the usual manner.

I think that even this brief and hurried account must have compelled my readers to cast from their minds all notion of the snakes being *laid in the proper places* by the jugglers beforehand, as preparatory to a performance, as I have shown in the instances above mentioned that no such thing could have been done. And the idea of the creature's having been previously rendered harmless, is also overturned by the circumstance of the Cobra de Capella, handled one day with impunity by Forbes, having on the following morning bitten a young woman, who died of the effects of the poison within an hour. I trust, then, that I have brought you to admit that the art of snake-charming is a *genuine art*, whether simple or not remains to be proved when the true secret shall have been found out; and that the professors of this secret are not impostors, at least not in this particular, but at the very least as respectable characters as the rat-catchers of our native country, who, my readers are of course aware, pretend likewise to possess the secret of charming and enticing rats from any place. In my next paper I shall conclude this subject of *charming*, and endeavour to explain some of the modes by which various animals are thus seduced.

H. D. R.

## KNOWLEDGE AND IGNORANCE.—No. I.

### BOULDERS.

IN using the above terms, let it not be supposed that I mean to imply by the one a perfect knowledge, or a knowledge of everything, and by the other a perfect ignorance, or a total want of any knowledge. Either of such conditions of the mind is incompatible with human organization; the one, a perfect knowledge, belongs alone to an order of intelligence infinitely excelling that of man; and the other, a perfect ignorance, must be sought for in creatures so far below him as to possess no intelligence. The idiot is not without perception and knowledge, though of an imperfect and irregular kind. The dog knows its master, recognizes and obeys his voice. The horse knows and traces, after years of absence, the road he had once been accustomed to travel; and even reptiles and fishes acquire a knowledge of persons, of times, and of things; all this being independent of that range of intelligences which has been given to every creature for the preservation of its own existence, and for ensuring the continuance of its species. The terms Knowledge and Ignorance are used, then, in a comparative sense, being, according to circumstances, convertible one into the other. What, for instance, is knowledge at one time, becomes ignorance at another; and the man who seems wise to those who know less than he does, seems equally foolish to those who know more—a strong reason surely why no one, however gifted he may be to himself appear, should despise his less gifted brethren. Mounted he may indeed be on a hill so high that he can discern objects in the distance which are hidden from the more humble plodders of the plain below, and yet his own horizon be proportionately limited when compared to that of others who have climbed the still higher mountain above him. Can we not all bring home to our minds this varying value of our acquisitions at successive periods of our lives? and are we not sometimes surprised to reflect that some problem was once difficult, or some fact obscure, which is now as familiar to our understandings as the daylight to our eyes? We have, in short, as regards these particular objects, passed from the night of ignorance into the day of

knowledge. And as with the same individual, and even with whole classes of individuals, at different epochs, so is it with different individuals at the same time: one person holding in his hand the dim taper of ignorance, sees by its flickering and ill-directed light the object of his examination, distorted by partial and shifting shadows—just as some timid traveller on a dusky night sees in each waving bush, as to his alarmed imagination it grows to a portentous size, or assumes a fearful form, some aerial phantom, or some terrestrial monster. The other, raising the bright lamp of knowledge, dispels at once by its clear and steady light, uncertainty, and sees the object as it is.

So many indeed are the practical illustrations of the different manner in which the same object is viewed by knowledge and by ignorance, that it is difficult to make a first choice. All around us there are objects, the nature and qualities of which are known to the few, unknown to the many, and hence either overlooked or misunderstood by the latter, studied and understood by the former. Each portion, however minute, of our own body, and of that of every other organic being, has in it wherewithal to exercise the ingenuity and reflection of the wisest; and yet how many thousands live and die without having even desired much less sought after such knowledge! Nor is the inorganic world less fruitful in subjects of inquiry, nor less neglected. The ploughman "whistles as he goes for want of thought," not because nature has failed to spread around him inexhaustible food for thought, but because his mind has not been trained to think. By each movement of his ploughshare, page after page, as it were, is opened to his view of new and interesting matter—and yet he sees before him nothing but silent and unmeaning clods. By each movement of his foot he disturbs those pebbles which, speechless to him because he questions not, return to the interrogations of knowledge wonder-stirring answers, when asked,

1. Of what they are composed?
2. Whence they came?
3. And how they came?

For the present we shall pass over these more humble whisperers of things curious and strange, and turn to those massive fragments of rocks which, far removed from their original site, are now scattered either singly or in groups over a large portion of the earth's surface, resting sometimes on the slopes of hills composed of materials totally different from their own, seen sometimes on the sand and gravel of extensive plains, and distant from the mountains of which they were once a part, sometimes from one to three hundred miles: they are Boulders. Can we not picture to ourselves, in that remote period of our island's history when forest and morass occupied the place of its bogs, and when the winds sighed over comparative desolation, an ancient inhabitant, imbued with nature's living poetry, pausing before one of those grey lichen-covered masses which had withstood the wrappings of the elements for perhaps thousands of years, and, as the awe of the surrounding solitude came like a charm over his soul, gazing with growing veneration at the venerable rock?—to him it would appear as if cast down from heaven, or planted where it now stands by some supernatural or giant hand. What spot, then, more fitted for the simple worship of nature's child?—what temple, what altar more suited to his simple rites?

A rock such as we have here described may have been found supported in part by lesser fragments, or such supports may have been introduced by partial excavations under favourable projections of its surface; and in either case, the superfluous earth, sand, or stones under and about it, being removed, this ancient monument of the operations of Nature would henceforth become an instrument in the worship of Nature's God—a Cromlech!

Whether, however, this be, or not, a correct view of the original impulse which led to the selection of these giant stones, or of the purpose to which they were applied, it is for our antiquarian friends to decide. Suffice it here to add, that the transportation of such huge masses from their native beds, by the power of man or of giants, was at such a remote epoch, and under the circumstances of the country, impossible; nor will I stop to inquire whether a work so mighty was performed by spirits light as air.

Let us turn to the consideration of the phenomenon of Boulders, as it has appeared to the eye of science. And perhaps there are no two facts which place it in so strong a light, and embrace so fully the reasonings founded upon it, as the dispersion of blocks of the granite and other rocks of Sweden over

a large portion of Northern Europe, the boulders, either singly or in clusters, being disposed in long parallel lines or trainees, for upwards of two hundred miles from the mountains of Scandinavia, to which, by identity of mineral composition, they have been traced, although separated from them by the Baltic Sea; and the occurrence of boulders of alpine granite resting on the secondary rocks of the Jura chain, between which and the Alps are situated the deep valley of the Rhone, the Lakes of Geneva and Neufchatel, the distance travelled by the boulders being sixty miles. Saussure, struck by the spectacle of clusters of these fragments so far removed from any rock resembling them, declared that they looked as if rained down from heaven; a sentence strikingly expressive of the difficulties which attend on an explanation of their occurrence. De Luc rightly speaks of such travelled masses of stone as being "one of the most important of geological monuments, since they offer a rigorous criterion of the different systems concerning the revolutions which have happened on our globe;" and in describing the vicinity of Cuxhaven, situated at the extremity of the Bremen country, which lying between the Gulfs of the Elbe and Weser, is as it were a peninsula, he cites the very forcible example it affords of a vast abundance of boulders at a distance of more than two hundred miles from the Scandinavian chain, the outlet, itself sixty miles wide, of the Baltic, forming part of the intervening space.

At the time of De Luc's visit to Cuxhaven (1797), a dike was constructing to secure the port from the violence of the sea, and the plan of employing blocks for this purpose was suggested by the quantity which were scattered over all the neighbouring country. From the vicinity alone of Hornburg, an inland town between the ports of Stade and Harborg, 600 lasts of blocks, amounting to 240,000 quintals, or 23,679 tons, had at that time been brought and consumed in the dike, which, with the thickness necessary to resist the utmost impetuosity of the waves, and a height of about eight feet, already extended three leagues to the westward of the town. The country in which these accumulations of erratic boulders had taken place, is an expanse of sand covered with heath, except where broken by cultivated patches around the scattered villages, the surface being undulated by hills composed either of sand or of heaps of boulders. De Luc adds, "that he travelled ten miles without perceiving in the whole horizon any house, or even a hovel, or a single tree"—desolate and dreary indeed to the eye of painter or poet, yet rich in all the elements of sublimity to the eye of the geologist.

It is quite unnecessary to adduce other and less imposing examples from Great Britain and Ireland of similar facts, the difficulties of explanation being fully embraced by those selected. How have they been brought to their present places? is then the question mentally asked, as well by the learned as the unlearned.

Saussure, celebrated for his examination of the Alps, imagined a great debacle and retreat of the sea from the strata that had been formed, as he supposed, by chemical precipitations; and to the violent rush of the vast current he ascribed the excavation of the valleys, and the transport of immense masses of stones from the central chain of the Alps, beyond the precincts of those mountains, to the Jura. Here, then, the excavation of the valleys of the Alps, and the transport of the boulders, are considered results of one great catastrophe, by which the bottom of the sea became hard dry land, its waters descending into huge abysses which had burst open around the Alps. The phenomenon of Boulders is general in a large portion of the northern hemisphere; the explanation however is local and hence insufficient; whilst the philosopher's machinery, of huge abysses, like the peasant's giant, is born of necessity, not deduced from experience.

Others, and even yet they are many, attribute the transport of both gravel and boulders to the Noachian deluge, which is their great geological catastrophe. The application, however, of that great historical event to such physical agencies, is beset with great difficulties. The words of scripture do not support, but rather oppose, the notion of a huge wave rising in the north to a great height, then rushing southwards over the dry land, and rooting up or sweeping before it, by hydrostatic pressure, fragments of the earth's crust. Nor are facts more in accordance with that notion—the boulders of Scandinavia were moved from north to south—the boulders of the Alps from south to north, passing over the Jura mountains into Franchcomté—the stratification of many of the heaps of sand and gravel—the position of the boulders generally on

the surface, whether of rocks, of sand, or of gravel—and the valleys, lakes, and seas now lying in the line of movement, which, if existing before the catastrophe, must have been filled up before the boulders could have travelled farther, if formed after, must have required the action of a second catastrophe of equal violence for their formation. And if, which is more in accordance with scripture, we consider the waters rising from the surrounding seas over the dry land, and then suppose them urged on with immense velocity, the effect would be a heaving up and moving forward of fragments from the lower land, by which the surface of the higher would be partly covered and protected; and at the return of the waters to their ancient beds, these fragments would be swept off, and carried back the same way they came. Neither, then, the words of scripture, nor the facts themselves, require us to seek in the Noachian deluge for an explanation of these phenomena. Another theory, still adhered to by many modern geologists, is, the action of submarine currents, at a time when the present dry land had only in part emerged from the sea. This theory has the advantage of dealing with bodies of diminished gravity, in consequence of their immersion in a fluid, and consequently of having to provide for the movement of weights less by one-half or one-third than they would have been in air. In conjunction with the theory of raised beaches, it explains many of the phenomena of accumulations of sand and gravel, but not all. And as regards the transport of boulders, it fails; the great size and angular form of some—their occurrence at various levels, resting on various strata—sometimes connected with, and sometimes unconnected with sand or gravel—their position frequently on the top of heaps and ridges of gravel, being facts in seeming opposition to such an explanation, even were it conceded that all the depressions now existing on the line of travel, as lakes and seas and valleys, were scooped out subsequently to their transport.

The geological system of the illustrious Hutton assumed as an essential principle, that as the present continents and dry land were once the bottom of the ocean, and have been formed, either in greater part or entirely, of fragments of pre-existing continents now submerged, so is the work of destruction and renewal still continuing, the substance of our present dry land being loosened, abraded, or worn down by meteoric agencies, and carried by torrents and rivers to the ocean, to be there by currents distributed over the bottom of the sea, and by internal heat consolidated into new strata, which in time will be elevated into new continents and islands. To apply this theory in the case of the Jura boulders, Playfair assigned their transport to an epoch anterior to the formation or excavation of the deep valleys and lakes which would now form an insurmountable obstacle to such transport, and thus obtained a greatly inclined plane, extending from the summit of the Alps to the Jura, on which to trundle the fragments gradually downwards, by aid of the numerous streams and torrents descending from the higher to the lower ground. But as this theory would, as thus applied, premise that the land had been raised above the sea-level prior to the transport of the boulders, no means of effecting the great excavations, including the Lakes of Geneva and Neufchatel, which are supposed to have been formed subsequently, are left, except the slow erosive action of rains, frost, torrents, and such-like agents—means which few will consider adequate to the desired object; and hence the explanation of Playfair, resting solely on a bold hypothesis, must be rejected. As most of the preceding theories referred to the usually rounded condition of the granite boulders (many boulders of other rocks are angular), as an evidence of movement through the agency of water, De Luc, preparatory to the promulgation of his own theory, thought it expedient to show that blocks of granite, even as they stand tranquilly braving the storms, are gradually weathered into a rounded form. He thus cites the granite of Darmstadt as an example:—"Here I found a striking example of the manner in which blocks and even rocks of granite are rounded by the decomposition of the angles of their masses. I perceived it first in some angular pieces that had been detached and lay at the foot of the rock, surrounded with rubbish; for, on giving them a strong blow with an iron at the end of my stick, the angles fell off, detaching themselves with a concave surface on their inner side; and I thus produced rounded blocks, exactly resembling those which I had seen scattered on the plains." This spherical concretionary structure has been noticed in the granite of Dublin and Down, and is common in trap rocks. Having smoothed away this difficulty, De Luc tacks on the boulders as a corollary to his the-

ory of subsidences. Immense masses of strata, subsiding into huge caverns or hollows beneath them, fragments of the lower strata were broken off and blown upwards by the force of the pent-up air and gases rushing through the cracks of the sinking strata, the weight of which continued more and more to compress them, so that the boulders of M. De Luc came from below, and not from above. This is also a gratuitous hypothesis; and as the localities of many boulders exhibit no signs of such subsidences and explosions, it has obtained few if any adherents. So far, then, it would appear that philosophers, though armed with all the powers of mind invigorated by study and sharpened by research, have fought in vain against the difficulties which like a rampart fence in this rugged problem. For a moment they have appeared illumined by the light of knowledge, and have then sunk into the darkness of ignorance. But though philosophy may yield, she never will despair. And now, having marshalled new forces for the combat, we shall see her, with brighter hopes and prospects, again renew the assault. To the consideration, therefore, of a widely different class of explanations, I shall proceed to direct attention in a second paper. J. E. P.

**INTELLECTUALITY OF ANIMALS.**—Father Bougeant, a Jesuit, was placed in confinement by his superior in the College of La Fleche, near Paris, for what he had written on the subject of the intellectuality of animals. His views, if not orthodox, were certainly curious and amusing, and there is a sprightliness in his mode of treating the subject, graceful at least in the Frenchman, if not conformable to the divine. The following observations, extracted from that section of his work which treats of the language of beasts, may amuse the reader:—"Our first observation upon the language of beasts is, that it does not extend beyond the necessities of life. However, let us not impose upon ourselves with regard to this point. To take things right, the language of beasts appears so limited to us only with relation to our own; however, it is sufficient to beasts, and more would be of no service to them. Were it not to be wished that ours, at least in some respects, were limited too? If beasts should hear us converse, prate, lie, slander, and rave, would they have cause to envy us the use we make of speech? They have not our privileges, but in recompense they have not our failings. Birds sing, they say; but this is a mistake. Birds do not sing, but speak. What we take for singing is no more than their natural language. Do the magpie, the jay, the raven, the owl, and the duck, sing? What makes us believe that they sing is their beautiful voice. Thus, the Hottentots in Africa seem to cluck like turkey-cocks, though it be the natural accent of their language; and thus several nations seem to us to sing, when they indeed speak. Birds, if you will, sing in the same sense, but they sing not for singing's sake, as we fancy they do. Their singing is always an intended speech; and it is comical enough that there should be thus in the world so numerous a nation which never speak otherwise but tunably and musically. But, in short, what do these birds say? The question should be proposed to Apollonius Tyaneus, who boasted of understanding their language. As for me, who am no diviner, I can give you no more than probable conjectures. Let us take for our example the magpie, which is so great a chatterer. It is easy to perceive that her discourses or songs are varied. She lowers or raises her voice, hastens or protracts the measure, lengthens or shortens her chit-chat; and these evidently are so many different sentences. Now, following the rule I have laid down, that the knowledge, desires, wants, and of course the expressions of beasts, are confined to what is useful or necessary for their preservation, methinks nothing is more easy than at first, and in general, to understand the meaning of these different phrases."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

**ATMOSPHERIC RESISTANCE ON RAILWAYS.**—In Dr Lardner's third lecture on railways at Manchester, he detailed a variety of experiments made in order to ascertain the source of resistance. "He found that an enlarged temporary frontage constructed with boards, of probably double the magnitude of the ordinary front of the train, caused an increase of resistance so trifling and insignificant as to be entirely unworthy of account in practice. Seeing that the source of resistance, so far as the air was concerned, was not to be ascribed to the form or magnitude of the front, it next occurred to him to inquire whether it might not arise from the general magnitude of the train front ends, top and all. An

experiment was made to test this. A train of waggons was prepared with temporary sides and ends, so as to represent, for all practical purposes, a train of carriages, which was moved from the summit of a series of inclined planes, by gravity, till it was brought to rest; it was next moved down with the high sides and ends laid flat on the platform of the waggons, and the result was very remarkable. The whole frontage of the latter, including the wheels and every thing, a complete transverse section of the waggons, measured 24 feet square, and with the sides and ends up, so as to present a cross section, it amounted to nearly 48 square feet. The uniform velocity attained on a plane of 1 in 177, without the sides up, was nearly 23 miles an hour; whereas, with the sides up, it was only 17 miles an hour; so that, as the resistance would be in proportion to the square of the velocity, other things being the same, there would be a very considerable difference, due to that difference of velocity. Then, at the foot of the second plane, while the sides were down, an undiminished velocity remained of 19½ miles an hour, whereas, with the sides up, it was reduced to 8½ miles an hour; so that a very extensive difference was produced. They would see at once that this was a very decisive experiment to prove that the great source of resistance was to be found in the bulk, and not the mere section or the form, whether of the front or the back of a train; but simply in the general bulk of the body carried through the air. It was very likely to arise from the successive displacements of a quantity of the atmosphere equal to the bulk of the body; or still more probably, from the fact of the extensive sides of the train; and indeed there was little doubt that the magnitude of the sides had a very material influence; for if they consider what is going on in the body of air extending from either side of a train of coaches, they would soon see what a mechanical power must be exercised upon it. Thus, when a train is moving rapidly, the moving power had not only to pull the train on, but it had to drag a succession of columns of air, at different velocities, one outside the other, to a considerable extent outside the train; and it did more, for it overcame their friction one upon the other; for as these columns of air were at different velocities, the one would be rubbing against the other; and all this the moving power had to encounter. This would go far to explain the great magnitude of resistance found, and its entire discordance with any thing previously suspected."

**GILDING OF METALS BY ELECTRO-CHEMICAL ACTION.**—M. de la Rive has succeeded in gilding metals by means of this powerful action. His method is as follows: he pours a solution of chloride of gold (obtained by dissolving gold in a mixture of nitric and muriatic acid) as neutral as possible and very dilute, into a cylindrical bag made of bladder; he then plunges the bag into a glass vessel containing very slightly acidulated water; the metal to be gilded is immersed in the solution of gold, and communicates by means of metallic wire with a plate of zinc, which is placed in the acidulated water. The process may be varied, if the operator pleases, by placing the acidulated water and zinc in the bag, and the solution of gold with the metal to be gilded in the glass vessel. In the course of about a minute, the metal may be withdrawn, and wiped with a piece of linen; when rubbed briskly with the cloth, it will be found to be slightly gilded. After two or three similar immersions the gilding will be sufficiently thick to enable the operator to terminate the process.—*Athenaeum.*—[By referring to the article on the Electrotype which appeared in No. 20 of the Irish Penny Journal, the reader will be enabled clearly to understand the mode in which the gold is separated from the acid, which holds it in solution, and forced, or attracted, to deposit its particles upon the metallic surface; the solution of gold bearing in this case a precisely similar relation to the metal plate, as the solution of copper in the other.]

**DEFINITION OF CHERUB.**—A lady (married of course) was once troubled with a squalling brat, whom she always addressed as "my cherub." Upon being asked why she gave it that appellation, she replied—"Because that it is derived from cherubim, and the Bible says, 'the cherubims continually do cry.'"

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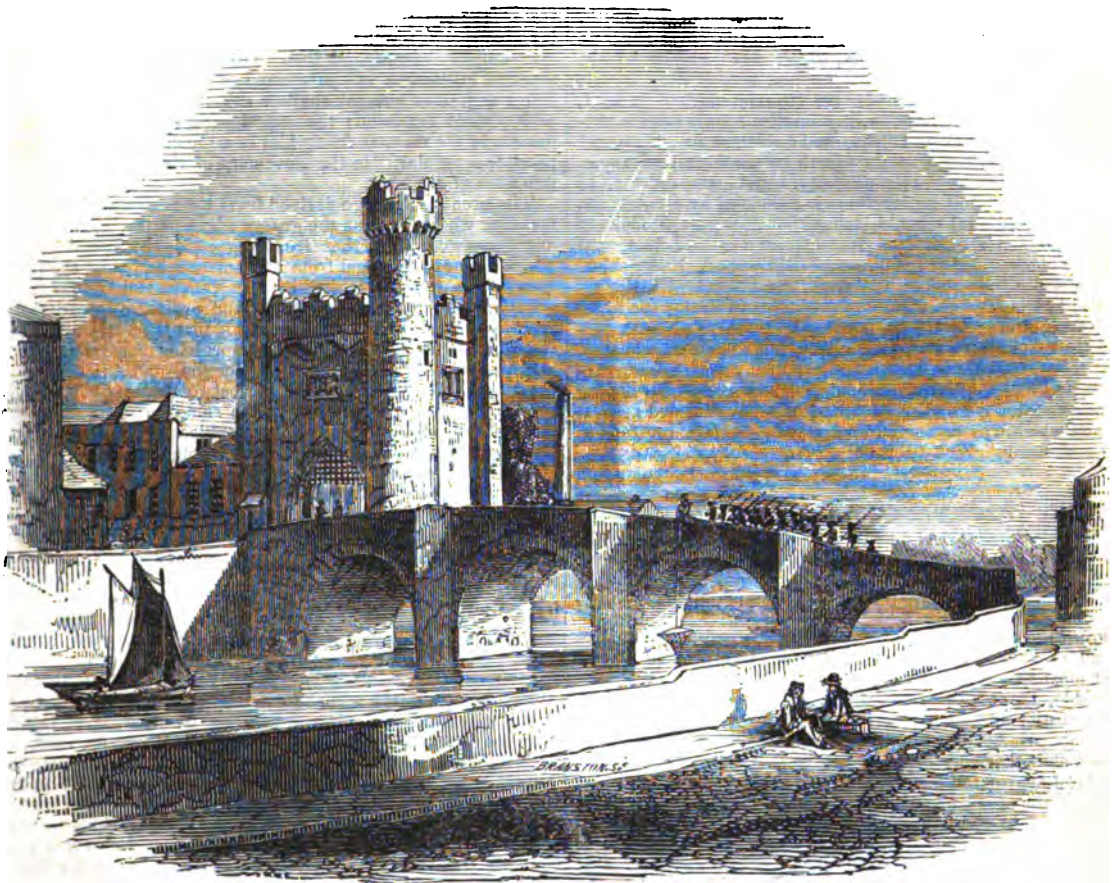


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



BARRACK BRIDGE AND THE MILITARY GATE, DUBLIN.

THOUGH our own good metropolis is confessedly one of the most ancient cities in the empire, yet there are few towns of any importance either in England, Scotland, or Ireland, that have so little appearance of old age; we have indeed a couple of venerable cathedrals, which is more, we believe, than any other city in her Majesty's dominions, except London, can boast of; and we have a few insignificant remains of monastic edifices, but hid in obscure situations, where they are only known to zealous antiquaries:—with the exception of these, however, we have nothing that has not a modern look, though too often a tattered one; nor is there, we believe, a single house within our Circular Road that has seen two hundred years. Our bridges and other public edifices in like manner are all modern—specimens of mushroom architectural aristocracy—very dignified and imposing, no doubt, in their aspect, but without any hallowing associations connected with remote times to make us respect them.

It is owing, perhaps, to these circumstances that we have always had a pleasure in seeing the old-looking bridge and gateway which form the subject of our prefixed illustration—

we say old-looking, for in reality neither is very old; but they have an antique appearance about them which prevents us from thinking our city a mere creation of yesterday. They are very picturesque also, and contrast well with the other bridge scenes along our quays, which, though more splendid and architectural, are as yet too new-looking and commonplace.

Though Barrack Bridge, or, as it is more popularly called, Bloody Bridge, is now the oldest of the eight bridges which span the Liffey within our city, its antiquity is no earlier than the close of the seventeenth century; and yet this very bridge is the second structure of the kind erected in Dublin, as previously to its construction there was but one bridge—the Bridge, as it was called, connecting Bridge-street with Church-street—across the Liffey. And this fact is alone sufficient to prove the advance in prosperity and the arts of civilised life which Dublin has made within a period of little more than a century.

Barrack Bridge was originally constructed of wood, and was erected in 1670; and its popular name of Bloody Bridge

was derived, as Harris the historian states, from the following circumstance, which occurred in the year after. The apprentices of Dublin having assembled themselves riotously together with an intention to break down the bridge, it became necessary to call out the military to defeat their object, when twenty of the rioters were seized, and committed to the Castle. It happened, however, afterwards, that as a guard of soldiers were conveying these young men to the Bridewell, they were rescued by their fellows, and in the fray four of them were slain; "from which accident it took the name of Bloody Bridge." In a short time afterwards, this wooden structure gave place to the stone bridge we now see, which is of unadorned character, and consists of four semicircular arches. Its rude and antique appearance, however, harmonizes well with the military gateway placed at its south-western extremity, on the road leading to the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham. This gateway, which was designed by the late eminent architect, Francis Johnston, Esq. P.R.H.A., and erected for government, under his superintendence, in 1811, consists of a square tower, having smaller square towers projecting from three of its angles, and a circular one of greater diameter and altitude at its fourth or north-eastern angle. The object for which this gateway tower was erected, as well as the period of its erection, is indicated by escutcheons on its east and west sides, bearing the arms of the Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Harrington, the lord-lieutenant and the commander of the forces of the time. A similar shield on its north side facing the river, sculptured with the armorial bearings of the family of Johnston, indicates the name of its architect; and it is worthy of mention as a characteristic of the love for posthumous fame of Mr Johnston, that this tablet was not known to exist till within a few years back, and after he had himself paid the debt of nature; having been concealed from view by a box of wood fastened against it, and which was suffered to remain—a strange mystery to the curious observer—till it fell off from decay. P.

### ON THE IMPORTANCE OF ATTENDING TO THE QUALITIES OF SEED,

AND THE CONDITION OF THE SOIL IN THE SOWING SEASON.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

AMONG the common Irish farmers, indifference to the quality of all seeds is still remarkable. Even in respect to wheat, that most valuable grain, stupidity and carelessness are observable, though the loss sustained in consequence, both in the quantity and quality of the produce, is very great. It is no doubt principally owing to the superiority of climate that wheat and other corn crops grown in the midland counties of England are so far superior to our grain productions; but much of the excellence which we perceive is attributable to the care taken in changing seed, and using that only which is really good. An English farmer will send his waggon a considerable distance for the seed which will best answer for his land, and he is willing to pay an advanced price for it, as he knows that his advantage will be proportional.

We do not import from the principal wheat counties of England a sufficient quantity of seed: degeneracy rapidly takes place in the quality of that which we do sow of imported grain, and on that account a regular and frequent change is necessary, and by the more economical distribution of this, the difference between the prices of home-grown and imported seed would be scarcely felt. Not that I would recommend, except in some of our most calcareous inland counties, those *white* varieties which flourish in Kent, or Suffolk, or Buckinghamshire, but the hardier red Lammas kinds which succeed with us in general, but which require frequent renewal, else they become thick skinned and dark coloured, and consequently of inferior value to the miller. By substituting the drill system for the broad-cast in fit seasons, and on land perfectly suited to it, one part in four, certainly one in five, is saved, even by those who sow in the narrowest possible drills, and thickly.

I shall detail the mode by which the land is prepared for sowing, and the process of sowing, in Buckinghamshire, on clover ley, the most troublesome for the purpose:—

Farm-yard manure being spread upon the surface, wheel ploughs drawn by three powerful horses are set to work to plough the land in the usual British way. In wide lands or stiches, after the sod has been turned and laid at an angle

of forty-five degrees, the seed is sometimes then sown and harrowed down. But the neatest farmers, instead of sowing at this stage of the work, employ a compressing implement formed of two parallel metal wheels at one end of an axle, and very close to each other, and a guide wheel of the same diameter at the other end. The interior rims of the compressing wheels (or rollers) are four inches wide, and nearly touch each other; the exterior surfaces are narrowed to two inches; these wheels sink into the earth at the junctions of the furrow slices, and by pressing down the grassy edges, and forming perfect grooves at the intervals of seven or nine inches, the seed may be sown with extreme exactness, and without the loss of a single grain, and at a uniform depth. But though the seed is frequently sown with the preparation just stated, the practice of the neatest and most judicious farmers is to harrow down these drills after the rollers have formed and completed them, and then to sow with the Suffolk drill-machine in the free and pulverized surface. This implement forms and sows several shallow drills at each bout, and with perfect precision; the experienced eye of the man who follows in the rear, enabling him in an instant to perceive any possible irregularity in the movement of the hoppers and distribution of the seed.

The great advantage derived from the action of these compressing wheels is, that the grassy edges of the furrow slices are prevented altogether from vegetating by the depth to which they are removed from the surface, and that the pressure of the portions into which the rollers sink, is far more effective and consolidating than if an ordinary broad roller were to pass over the entire area. In preparing any loose fallow land for vetches, these compressing rollers are very serviceable. By following two ploughs, and in the same tracks, the ploughing and the perfect formation of the drills by pressure are accomplished in the same space of time, the two wheels obviously describing double the number of furrows described by each plough in the same period.

In heavy clay soils this compression is at least unnecessary, and in stony land drilling is difficult and unadvisable, but in light open soils the advantages of this system are considerable. The proper season for sowing is also a point of great consideration, both as regards the economy of seed of any kind, and the productiveness of the crop.

Some people labour to effect their seed-sowing on a particular day or week without other calculations, and are quite satisfied that all is well if the seed is in the ground at the precise time which they have appointed for the purpose. Now, any rule as to *time* alone is especially absurd in our variable climate; even in the midland counties of England, where extreme vicissitudes of weather are less frequent, it is injudicious to fix any certain rule as to the exact time for committing the various sorts of corn to the ground. Experience has taught those who have considered the subject, that it is unwise to *force a season*. For example, the middle of October is considered in Buckinghamshire to be the best time for sowing wheat; but the earth at that time may be so dry (and actually was so in the past year) as to be more fit for barley than wheat; or it may then be so wet as to be equally unfit for the reception of the seed. In either case the judicious farmer waits for the correct season, which experience has taught will have a corresponding harvest.

After a wet cold summer the light dry soils of that county being firm and consolidated, it is perhaps desirable to sow wheat at a very early period of the autumn; and after a hot dry summer, when the land is in a contrary condition, it would be better to wait for the autumnal rains to obtain a firm seed bed. Again, with barley on the same soil, the first of April is considered a good time; but the farmer who should persist in sowing just then in spite of the weather or the unprepared state of the land, would be a fool indeed, and would discover the effect of his blunder in the shortness of his crop. It is true that the superstitions of the ancients which so ridiculously influenced the affairs of husbandry, have long since ceased to be regarded. No one in these days would think it expedient to steep his seed in the juice of wild cucumbers; nor to bring it into contact with the horns of an ox, for luck; nor to cover the seed basket with the skin of a hyæna, to keep off by its odour the attacks of vermin; nor to sprinkle corn before sowing with water in which stags' horns or crabs had been immersed; nor to mix powdered cypress leaves through the seed—though pickles and solutions for destroying insects are not to be despised. Neither are the planetary influences now much respected; yet there are

many foolish old farmers who attach no little importance to the state of the moon, the dark nights in November being a favourite season, without the really important considerations that the earth and the weather are in an appropriate and congenial state.

I have stated that the drills formed by the Suffolk drill-machine are very shallow; they are merely sufficient to afford about an inch of covering to the grain; but I have been assured by the best judges that the natural tendency of the cereal grains to strike their fibres is such that a heavy covering is unnecessary. Our national opinion is in favour of a heavy covering, and our wheat especially is actually imbedded deeply in the ground with a plough.

The practice in Great Britain universally is to *harrow* in the grain. The same practice is universally prevalent in France, where the land is left roughly harrowed (in the case of winter wheat), in order that the mouldering of the clods in spring may afford a kind of earthing to the plants, and prevent the running together of the earth in the wet winter months, as is too frequent on tenacious soils too finely harrowed.

It is not very long since the advantage of compressing the soil, for wheat in particular, was discovered in Buckinghamshire, by the accidental circumstance of a roller (which had been used for some different purpose) having been drawn in a zig-zag direction across a wheat field. The plants tillered better, looked far more vigorous during their advance to maturity, and yielded a far better return on the part of the field so distinguished by the course of the rollers, which soon after became a favourite implement in the culture of grain crops.

There is no doubt that all seeds are frequently sown with wasteful prodigality, because they are cheap or indifferent in quality. How much better then is it to have those of superior quality, though at a higher price, and to encourage the distribution of them in the soil by a careful *mode* of sowing!

Grains of corn of superior excellence are frequently selected with great care, as by Colonel le Couteur, in Jersey, and then sown with a dibble in seedling beds. The plants thus carefully treated tiller surprisingly, and produce accordingly; after two or three seasons, a fine variety, or a *renovation* of some previously established one, is obtained, and the seed is anxiously sought for.

Do any of our farmers ever dream of going through their corn fields in harvest, and thus obtain choice seeds? And yet what is there to prevent success in this respect? A poor farmer who cannot afford to purchase celebrated varieties at a high cost, may become his own seedsman, by care and assiduity, in an incredibly short time. Let some of our readers make the desired experiments for their own sakes.

### SUSPENSION BRIDGES.

On the Theory of Suspension Bridges, with some account of their early history. By Mr G. F. FORDHAM. Read at the Scientific Society, March 12, 1840.

SUSPENSION BRIDGES appear to be of very ancient origin: travellers have discovered their existence in South America, in China, in Thibet, and in the Indian peninsula. They are most frequently met with in mountainous regions, and being suspended across a deep ravine, or an impetuous torrent, permit the passage of the traveller where the construction of any other kind of bridge would be entirely impracticable. Humboldt informs us that in South America there are numerous bridges of this kind formed of ropes made from the fibrous parts of the roots of the American agave (*Agave Americana*). These ropes, which are three or four inches in diameter, are attached on each bank to a clumsy framework composed of the trunk of the *Schinus molle*; where, however, the banks are flat and low, this framework raises the bridge so much above the ground as to prevent it from being accessible. To remedy this inconvenience, steps or ladders are in these cases placed at each extremity of the bridge, by ascending which all who wish to pass over readily reach the roadway. The roadway is formed by covering the ropes transversely with small cylindrical pieces of bamboo. The bridge of Penipé erected over the Chamboe is described as being 120 feet long and 8 feet broad, but there are others which have much larger dimensions. A bridge of this kind will generally remain in good condition 20 or 25 years, though some of the ropes require renewing every 8 or 10 years. It is worthy of remark, as evincing the high antiquity of these structures, that they are known to have existed in South America long

prior to the arrival of Europeans. The utility of these bridges in mountainous countries is placed in a striking point of view by the fact mentioned by Humboldt, of a permanent communication having been established between Quito and Lima, by means of a rope bridge of extraordinary length, after 40,000l. had been expended in a fruitless attempt to build a stone bridge over a torrent which rushes from the Cordilleras or the Andes. Over this bridge of ropes, which is erected near Santa, travellers with loaded mules can pass in safety.

But suspension bridges composed of stronger and more durable materials than the twisted fibres and tendrils of plants, are found to exist in these remote and semi-barbarous regions; in Thibet, as well as in China, many iron suspension bridges have been discovered, and it is no improbable conjecture that in countries so little known and visited by Europeans, others may exist, of which we have as yet received no accounts. The most remarkable bridge of this kind of which we have any knowledge in Thibet, is the bridge of Chuka-cha-zum, stretched over the Tehintchieu river, and situated about 18 miles from Murichom. Turner, in his Embassy to the Court of Thibet, says, "Only one horse is admitted to go over it at a time: it swings as you tread upon it, re-acting at the same time with a force that impels you every step you take to quicken your pace. It may be necessary to say, in explanation of its construction, that on the five chains which support the platform, are placed several layers of strong coarse mats of bamboo, loosely put down, so as to play with the swing of the bridge; and that a fence on each side contributes to the security of the passenger." The date of the erection of this bridge is unknown to the inhabitants of the country, and they even ascribe to it a fabulous origin. The length of this bridge appears to be about 150 feet.

Turner describes in the following terms a bridge for foot passengers of an extraordinary construction. "It was composed of two chains stretched parallel to each other across the river, distant four feet from each other, and on either side resting upon a pile of stones, raised upon each bank about eight feet high; they were carried down with an easy slope and buried in the rock, where, being fastened round a large stone, they were confined by a quantity of broken rock heaped upon them. A plank about eight inches broad hung longitudinally suspended across the river by means of roots and creepers wound over the chains with a slackness sufficient to allow the centre to sink to the depth of four feet below the chains. This bridge, called Selo-cha-zum, measured, from one side of the water to the other, 70 feet. The creepers are changed annually, and the planks are all loose; so that if the creepers give way in any part, they can be removed, and the particular part repaired without disturbing the whole."

Numerous suspension bridges formed of iron chains exist also in China; and though the accounts which travellers have transmitted respecting them are less detailed and explicit than would have been desirable, descriptions of two of them have been furnished, which are sufficiently minute and intelligible to excite considerable interest. The first to which I refer is contained in Kircher's *China Illustrata*. The following is a translation of the author's words: "In the province of Junnan, over a valley of great depth, and through which a torrent of water runs with great force and rapidity, a bridge is to be seen, said to have been built by the Emperor Mingus, of the family of the Hame, in the year of Christ 65, not constructed of brickwork, or of blocks of stone cemented together, but of chains of beaten iron and hooks, so secured to rings from both sides of the chasm, that it forms a bridge by planks placed upon them. There are 20 chains, each of which is 20 perches or 300 palms in length. When many persons pass over together, the bridge vibrates to and fro, affecting them with horror and giddiness, lest whilst passing it should be struck with ruin. It is impossible to admire sufficiently the dexterity of the architect Sinensius, who had the hardihood to attempt a work so arduous, and so conducive to the convenience of travelling." Another suspension bridge in this country is described in the 6th vol. of the "*Histoire Generale des Voyages*." The following is a translation: "The famous *Iron Bridge* (such is the name given to it) at Quay-Chou, on the road to Yun-Nan (Junnan?) is the work of an ancient Chinese general. On the banks of the Pan-Ho, a torrent of inconsiderable breadth, but of great depth, a large gateway has been formed between two massive pillars, 6 or 7 feet broad, and from 17 to 18 feet in height. From the two pillars of the east depend four chains attached to large rings, which extend to the two pillars of the west, and

which being connected together by smaller chains, assume in some measure the appearance of a net. On this bridge of chains a number of very thick planks have been placed, some means of connecting which, have been adopted in order to obtain a continuous platform; but as a vacant space still remains between this platform and the gateways and pillars, on account of the curve assumed by the chains, especially when loaded, this defect has been remedied by the aid of planking supported on trusses or consoles. On each side of this planking small pilasters of wood have been erected, which support a roof of the same material, the two extremities of which rest on the pillars that stand on the banks of the river." The writer proceeds to remark, that "the Chinese have made several other bridges in imitation of this. One, on the river Kin-cha-Hyang, in the ancient canton of Lo-Lo, which belongs to the province of Yun-Nan, is particularly known. In the province of Se-Chuen there are one or two others, which are sustained only by ropes; but though of an inconsiderable size, they are so unsteady and so little to be trusted that they cannot be crossed without sensations of fear."

While our attention is directed to early accounts and to the origin of suspension bridges, it may be proper to remark, that although, as we have seen, the inhabitants of the mountainous districts of South America, or the wild and barbarous regions of Thibet, appear to have been well acquainted with the purposes for which these structures are best adapted, and to have practised their construction from the most remote ages, neither the Greeks, the Romans, nor the Egyptians, according to all we know of those nations, had any knowledge of their uses or properties, or ever employed them as a means for crossing a river, or other natural impediment. It is not, therefore, from these celebrated nations of antiquity that the engineer has derived his first hints for the construction of suspension bridges, but from those rude and unpolished people, the results of whose ingenuity have just been described.

But it will now be interesting to inquire how far we can trace back the antiquity of suspension bridges in more civilized countries—on the Continent, in the British Isles, and in the United States of America. Scamozzi speaks of suspension bridges existing in Europe in the beginning of the seventeenth century, but it is very questionable if he employed that term to designate the same structure to which it is now applied; and this is rendered the more improbable, as no such bridges are now in existence, and other writers are totally silent upon the subject. It does not appear, then, that suspension bridges of other than recent erection have existed on the Continent, and in England the oldest of which we have any account has not been constructed more than a century. The first suspension bridge in the United States was erected in the year 1796. In England the oldest bridge of the kind is believed to have been the Winch Chain Bridge, suspended over the Tees, and thus forming a communication between the counties of Durham and York. Mr Stevenson (*Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*) expresses his regret at not having been able to learn the precise date of the erection of this bridge; from good authority, however, he concludes it to be about the year 1741. It may also be mentioned here, that at Carric-a-rede, near Ballintoy, in Ireland, there is a rope bridge, which in 1800 was reported to have been in use longer than the present generation could remember.

In the years 1816 and 1817, some *wire* suspension bridges were executed in Scotland, and, though not of great extent, are the first example of this species of bridge architecture in Great Britain. As, however, full descriptions of these bridges are to be met with elsewhere, it will not be necessary to notice them further.

In 1818, Mr Telford was consulted by government as to the practicability of erecting a suspension bridge over the Menai Strait, and was commissioned to prepare a design, if upon an examination of the localities he found the project feasible. Having accordingly surveyed the spot, he was led to propose the construction of a suspension bridge near Bangor Ferry, and in 1819 an act was obtained, authorising the erection of the bridge, a sum of money having been previously voted by Parliament for that purpose. This structure, which will always be regarded as a monument of the engineering abilities of Telford, was commenced in August 1819, and opened to the public on the 30th January 1826, having occupied six and a half years in its erection. The Union Bridge across the Tweed was designed and executed by Captain Brown, and was the first bar chain bridge of considerable size

that was completed in this country. It was commenced in August 1819, and finished in the month of July 1820. After the completion of the Menai Bridge, bridges on the suspension principle began to be universally adopted throughout Europe; but it was not till *iron wires* had been proved to be more firm than bars of a greater thickness that these bridges received their most extensive applications. Since 1821, Messrs Sequin have constructed more than fifty wire bridges in France with the most complete success. The wire suspension bridge at Freyburg, in Switzerland, the largest in the world, was erected by Mons. Challey, and depends across the valley of the Sarine. It was commenced in 1831, and thrown open to the public in 1834. A suspension bridge has also been erected at Montrose, the size of which is scarcely inferior to that of the Menai Bridge. At Clifton a very large suspension bridge is now in progress of erection by Mr Brunel, and a suspension bridge of 1600 feet in length is about to be erected over the Danube, between Pest and Offen, the design for which is the production of Mr W. Tierney Clark, and under whose able superintendence its construction will be effected.—*Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*.

#### REMONSTRANCE WITH THE SNAILS.

Ye little Snails,  
With slippery tails,  
Who noiselessly travel  
Along this gravel,  
By a silvery path of slime unsightly,  
I learn that you visit my pea-rows nightly.  
Felonious your visit, I guess!  
And I give you this warning,  
That, every morning,  
I'll strictly examine the pods;  
And if one I hit on,  
With slaver or spit on,  
Your next meal will be with the gods.

I own you're a very ancient race,  
And Greece and Babylon were amid;  
You have tenanted many a royal dome,  
And dwelt in the oldest pyramid;  
The source of the Nile—Oh! you have been there!  
In the ark was your foodless bed;  
On the moonless night of Marathon  
You crawl'd o'er the mighty dead;  
But still, though I reverence your ancestries,  
I don't see why you should nibble my peas.

The meadows are yours—the hedge-row and brook,  
You may bathe in their dews at morn;  
By the aged sea you may sound your shells,  
On the mountain erect your horns;  
The fruits and the flowers are your rightful dowers,  
Then why—in the name of wonder—  
Should my six pea-rows be the only cause  
To excite your midnight plunder?

I have never disturbed your slender shells,  
You have hung round my aged walk;  
And each might have sat, till he died in his fat,  
Beneath his own cabbage-stalk:  
But now you must fly from the soil of your sires,  
Then put on your liveliest crawl:  
And think of your poor little snails at home,  
Now orphans or emigrants all.  
Utensils domestic, and civil, and social,  
I give you an evening to pack up:  
But if the moon of this night does not rise on your fight,  
To-morrow I'll hang each man Jack up.  
You'll think of my peas and your thievish tricks,  
With tears of slime when crossing the *Stys*.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

If darkness should not let these read this,  
Furtive Snail,  
Go ask thy friend, the Glow-worm,  
For his tall.

—From a Newspaper.

That man should be happy, is so evidently the intention of his Creator, the contrivances to that end are so multitudinous and so striking, that the perception of the aim may be called universal. Whatever tends to make men happy, becomes a fulfilment of the will of God. Whatever tends to make them miserable, becomes opposition to his will.—*Harriet Martineau*.



IRISH SUPERSTITIONS.—No. III.  
GHOSTS AND FAIRIES.

BY W. CARLETON.

WHEN a superstition is once impressed strongly upon the popular credulity, the fiction always assumes the shape and form which the peculiar imagination of the country is constituted to body forth. This faculty depends so much on climate, temperament, religion, and occupation, that the notions entertained of supernatural beings, though generally based upon one broad feature peculiar to all countries, differ so essentially respecting the form, character, habits, and powers of these beings, that they appear to have been drawn from sources widely removed. To an inquiring mind there can be no greater proof than this of their being nothing but the creations of our own brain, and of assuming that shape only which has uniformly been impressed upon our imagination at the precise period of life when such impressions are strongest and most permanent, and the reason which ought to combat and investigate them least capable of doing so. If these inane bugbears possessed the consistence of truth and reality, their appearance to mankind would be always uniform, unchangeable, and congruous; but they are beheld, so to speak, through different prejudices and impressions, and consequently change with the media through which they are seen. Hence their different shape, character, and attributes in different countries, and the frequent absence of rational analogy with respect to them even in the same.

Where now are the multitudinous creations of the old Greek and Roman mythologies? Where are their Lares, their Penates, their Fauns, Satyrs, Nymphs, Dryads, Hamadryads, Gods, and Goddesses? And yet the peasantry of the two most enlightened nations of antiquity were so firmly fixed in a belief of their distinct and individual existence, that the worship of them formed an essential part of their religion. Where are they now? And who believes in the existence of a Faun, a Dryad, or a Hamadryad? They melted into what they were—nothing—before the lustre of Revelation, which, by bringing the truth of immortality to light, banished the whole host of such incongruous monsters from the earth, and impressed the imagination of mankind with truer notions and simpler imagery. The pure but severe morality of the Christian religion, by making man sensible of his responsibility in another life, opened up to the good and rational the bright hopes of future happiness. But we have our fears as well as our hopes, and as these preponderate in proportion to our fitness for death, so will we view the world that is to come either with joy or terror. Every truth is abused and perverted by man's moral delinquencies: and the consequence is, that an idle fear of ghosts and apparitions is an abuse of the doctrine of our immortality. Judgment and eternal life were brought near us by Revelation, but we fear them more than we love them, and hence the terrors of our imagination on thinking of any thing that is beyond the grave. As the old monsters of the mythologies disappeared before reason and religion, so also will ghosts, fairies, and all such nonsense, vanish when men shall be taught to reason upon them as they ought, and to entertain higher notions of God than to believe that his purposes could be thwarted by the power or malignity of a fairy. Why, what, for instance, is every ghost story that we have heard, granting them to be true, but a direct revelation, and so far antisciptural and impious? What new truth has the information of a spectre ever conveyed to us? What knowledge of futurity beyond that which we already know have these dialogues with the dead ever brought to light? What view of our moral, religious, or social duties, with which we were not acquainted before, have apparitions ever taught us? None. Away, then, with these empty and pusillanimous chimeras, which are but the mere hallucinations of a weak judgment, acted upon and misled by a strong fancy or a guilty conscience.

The force of imagination alone is capable of conjuring up and shaping out that which never had existence, and that too with as much apparent distinctness and truth as if it was real. We all know that in the case of a female who is pregnant, a strong impression made upon the imagination of the mother will be visible on the body of the child. And why? Because she firmly believes that it will be so. If she did not, no such impression would be communicated to the infant. But when such effects are produced in physical matters, what will not the consequence be in those that are purely mental

and imaginative? Go to the lunatic asylum or the madhouse, and there it may be seen in all its unreal delusion and positive terror.

Before I close this portion of my little disquisition, I shall relate an anecdote connected with it, of which I myself was the subject. Some years ago I was seized with typhus fever of so terrific a character, that for a long time I lay in a state hovering between life and death, unconscious as a log, without either hope or fear. At length a crisis came, and, aided by the strong stamina of an unbroken constitution, I began to recover, and every day to regain my consciousness more and more. As yet, however, I was very far from being out of danger, for I felt the malady to be still so fiery and oppressive, that I was not surprised when told that the slightest mistake either in my medicine or regimen would have brought on a relapse. At all events, thank God, my recovery advanced; but, at the same time, the society that surrounded me was wild and picturesque in the highest degree. Never indeed was such a combination of the beautiful and hideous seen, unless in the dreams of a feverish brain like mine, or the distorted reason of a madman. At one side of my bed, looking in upon me with a most hellish and satanic leer, was a face, compared with which the vulgar representations of the devil are comeliness itself, whilst on the other was a female countenance beaming in beauty that was ethereal—angelic. Thus, in fact, was my whole bed surrounded; for they stood as thickly as they could, sometimes sitting about and crushing and jostling one another, but never leaving my bed for a moment. Here were the deformed features of a dwarf, there an angel apparently fresh from heaven; here was a gigantic demon with his huge mouth placed longitudinally on his face, and his nose across it, whilst the Gorgon-like coxcomb grinned as if he were vain, and had cause to be vain, of his beauty. This fellow annoyed me much, and would, I apprehend, have done me an injury, only for the angel on the other side. He made perpetual attempts to come at me, but was as often repulsed by that seraphic creature. Indeed, I feared none of them so much as I did the Gorgon, who evidently had a design on me, and would have rendered my situation truly pitiable, were it not for the protection of the seraph, who always succeeded in keeping him aloof. At length he made one furious rush as if he meant to pounce upon me, and in self-preservation I threw my right arm to the opposite side, and, grasping the seraph by the nose, I found I had caught my poor old nurse by that useful organ, while she was in the act of offering me a drink. For several days I was in this state, the victim of images produced by disease, and the inflammatory excitement of brain consequent upon it. Gradually, however, they began to disappear, and I felt manifest relief, for they were succeeded by impressions as amusing now as the former had been distressing. I imagined that there was a serious dispute between my right foot and my left, as to which of them was entitled to precedence; and, what was singular, my right leg, thigh, hand, arm and shoulder, most unflinchingly supported the right foot, as did the other limbs the left. The head alone, with an impartiality that did it honour, maintained a strict neutrality. The truth was, I imagined that all my limbs were endowed with a consciousness of individual existence, and I felt quite satisfied that each and all of them possessed the faculty of reason. I have frequently related this anecdote to my friends; but, I know not how it happened, I never could get them to look upon it in any other light than as a specimen of that kind of fiction which is indulgently termed "drawing the long bow." It is, however, as true as that I now exist, and relate the fact; and, what is more, the arguments which I am about to give are substantially the same that were used by the rival claimants and their respective supporters. The discussion, I must observe, was opened by the left foot, as being the discontented party, and, like all discontented parties, its language was so very violent, that, had its opinions prevailed, there is no doubt but they would have succeeded in completely overturning my constitution.

*Left foot.* Brother (addressing the right with a great show of affection, but at the same time with a spasmodic twitch of strong discontentment in the big toe), Brother, I don't know how it is that you have during our whole lives always taken the liberty to consider yourself a better foot than I am; and I would feel much obliged to you if you would tell me why it is that you claim this superiority over me. Are we not both equal in every thing?

*Right foot.* Be quiet, my dear brother. We are equal in every thing, and why, therefore, are you discontented?

*Left foot.* Because you presume to consider yourself the better and more useful foot.

*Right foot.* Let us not dispute, my dear brother: each is equally necessary to the other. What could I do without you? Nothing, or at least very little; and what could you do without me? Very little indeed. We were not made to quarrel.

*Left foot (very hot).* I am not disposed to quarrel, but I trust you will admit that I am as good as you, every way your equal, and begad in many things your superior. Do you hear that? I am not disposed to quarrel, you rascal, and how dare you say so?

Here there was a strong sensation among all the right members, who felt themselves insulted through this outrage offered to their chief supporter.

*Right foot.* Since you choose to insult me without provocation, I must stand upon my right—

*Left (shoving off to a distance).* RIGHT!—there, again, what right have you to be termed “right” any more than I?— (“Bravo!—go it, Left; pitch into him; we are equal to him and his,” from the friends of the Left. The matter was now likely to become serious, and to end in a row.)

“What’s the matter there below?” said the Head; “don’t be fools, and make yourselves ridiculous. What would either of you be with a crutch or a cork-leg? which is only another name for a wooden shoe, any day.”

*Right foot.* Since he provokes me, I tell him, that ever since the world began, the prejudice of mankind in all nations has been in favour of the right foot and the right hand. (Strong sensation among the left members.) Surely he ought not to be ignorant of the proverb, which says, when a man is peculiarly successful in any thing he undertakes, “that man knew how to go about it—he put the right foot foremost!” (Cheers from the right party.)

*Left.* That’s mere special pleading—the right foot there does not mean you, because you happen to be termed such; but it means the foot which, from its position under the circumstances, happens to be the proper one. (Loud applause from the left members.)

*Right foot.* You know you are weak and feeble and awkward when compared to me, and can do little of yourself. (Hurra! that’s a poser!)

*Left.* Why, certainly, I grant I am the gentleman, and that you are very useful to me, you plebeian. (“Bravo!” from the left hand; “ours is the aristocratic side—hear the operatives! Come, hornloof, what have you to say to that?”)

*Right hand (addressing his opponent.)* You may be the aristocratic party if you will, but we are the useful. Who are the true defenders of the constitution, you poor sprig of nobility?

*Left hand.* The heart is with us, the seat and origin of life and power. Can you boast as much? (Loud cheers.)

*Right foot.* Why, have you never heard it said of an excellent and worthy man—a fellow of the right sort, a trump—as a mark of his sterling qualities, “his heart’s in the right place!” How then can it be in the left? (Much applause.)

*Left.* Which is an additional proof that mine is that place and not yours. Yes, you rascal, we have the heart, and you cannot deny it.

*Right.* We admit he resides with you, but it is merely because you are the weaker side, and require his protection. The best part of his energies are given to us, and we are satisfied.

*Left.* You admit, then, that our party keeps yours in power, and why not at once give up your right to precedence?—why not resign?

*Right.* Let us put it to the vote.

*Left.* With all my heart.

It was accordingly put to the vote; but on telling the house, it was found that the parties were equal. Both then appealed very strenuously to Mr Speaker, the Head, who, after having heard their respective arguments, shook himself very gravely, and informed them (much after the manner of Sir Roger De Coverley) that “much might be said on both sides.” “But one thing,” said he, “I beg both parties to observe, and very seriously to consider. In the first place, there would be none of this nonsense about precedence, were it not for the feverish and excited state in which you all happen to be at present. If you have common sense enough to wait until you all get somewhat cooler, there is little doubt but you will feel that

you cannot do without each other. As for myself, as I said before, I give no specific opinion upon disputes which would never have taken place were it not for the heat of feeling which is between you. I know that much might and has been said upon both sides; but as for me, I had significantly to both parties, and say nothing. One thing, however, I do say, and it is this—take care you, *right foot*, and you, *left foot*, that by pursuing this senseless quarrel too far it may not happen that you will both get stretched and tied up together in a wooden surtout, when precedence will be out of the question, and nothing but a most pacific stillness shall remain between you for ever. I shake, and have concluded.”

Now, this case, which as an illustration of my argument possesses a good deal of physiological interest, is another key to the absurd doctrine of apparitions. Here was I at the moment strongly and seriously impressed with a belief that a quarrel was taking place between my two feet about the right of going foremost. Nor was this absurdity all. I actually believed for the time that all my limbs were endowed with separate life and reason. And why? All simply because my whole system was in a state of unusually strong excitement, and the nerves and blood stimulated by disease into a state of derangement. Such, in fact, is the condition in which every one must necessarily be who thinks he sees a spirit; and this, which is known to be an undeniable fact, being admitted, it follows of course that the same causes will, other things being alike, produce the same effects. For instance, does not the terror of an apparition occasion a violent and increased action of the heart and vascular system, similar to that of fever? Does not the very hair stand on end, not merely when the imaginary ghost is seen, but when the very apprehension of it is strong? Is not the action of the brain, too, accelerated in proportion to that of the heart, and the nervous system in proportion to that of both? What, then, is this but a fever for the time being, which is attended by the very phantasms the fear of which created it; for in this case it so happens that the cause and effect mutually reproduce each other.

The conversation detailed above is but a very meagre outline of what was said during the discussion. The arguments were far more subtle than the mere skeletons of them here put down, and very plentifully sprinkled over with classical quotations, both of Latin and Greek, which are not necessary now.

Hibbert mentions a case of imagination, which in a man is probably the strongest and most unaccountable on record. It is that of a person—an invalid—who imagined that at a certain hour of the day a carter or drayman came into his bedroom, and, uncovering him, inflicted several heavy stripes upon his body with the thong of his whip; and such was the power of fancy here, that the marks of the lash were visible in black and blue streaks upon his flesh. I am inclined to think, however, that this stands very much in need of confirmation.

I have already mentioned a case of spectral illusion which occurred in my native parish. I speak of Daly’s daughter, who saw what she imagined to be the ghost of M’Keena, who had been lost among the mountains. I shall now relate another, connected with the fairies, of which I also was myself an eye-witness. The man’s name, I think, was Martin, and he followed the thoughtful and somewhat melancholy occupation of a weaver. He was a bachelor, and wrought journey-work in every farmer’s house where he could get employment; and notwithstanding his supernatural vision of the fairies, he was considered to be both a quick and an excellent workman. The more sensible of the country-people said he was deranged, but the more superstitious of them maintained that he had a *Lianhan Shee*, and saw them against his will. The *Lianhan Shee* is a malignant fairy, which, by a subtle compact made with any one whom it can induce by the fairest promises to enter into, secures a mastery over them by inducing its unhappy victims to violate it; otherwise, it is and must be like the oriental genie, their slave and drudge, to perform such tasks as they wish to impose upon it. It will promise endless wealth to those whom it is anxious to subjugate to its authority, but it is at once so malignant and ingenious, that the party entering into the contract with it is always certain by its manoeuvres to break through his engagement, and thus become slave in his turn. Such is the nature of this wild and fearful superstition, which I think is fast disappearing, and is but rarely known in the country. Martin was a thin pale man, when I saw him, of a sickly look, and a constitution naturally feeble. His hair was a light

auburn, his beard mostly unshaven, and his hands of a singular delicacy and whiteness, owing, I dare say, as much to the soft and easy nature of his employment, as to his infirm health. In every thing else he was as sensible, sober, and rational as any other man; but on the topic of fairies, the man's mania was peculiarly strong and immovable. Indeed, I remember that the expression of his eyes was singularly wild and hollow, and his long narrow temples sallow and emaciated.

Now, this man did not lead an unhappy life, nor did the malady he laboured under seem to be productive of either pain or terror to him, although one might be apt to imagine otherwise. On the contrary, he and the fairies maintained the most friendly intimacy, and their dialogues—which I fear were woefully one-sided ones—must have been a source of great pleasure to him, for they were conducted with much mirth and laughter, on his part at least.

"Well, Frank, when did you see the fairies?"

"Whist! there's two dozen of them in the shop (the weaving shop) this minute. There's a little ould fellow sittin' on the top of the sleys, an' all to be rocked while I'm weavin'. The sorrow's in them, but they're the greatest little skammers alive, so they are. See, there's another of them at my dressin' noggin.\* Go out o' that, you *shingawn*; or, bad cess to me if you don't, but I'll lave you a mark. Ha! cut, you thief you!"

"Frank, aren't you afeard o' them?"

"Is it me? Arra, what ud I be afeard o' them for? Sure they have no power over me."

"And why haven't they, Frank?"

"Because I was baptized against them."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, the priest that christened me was tould by my father to put in the prayer against the fairies—an' a priest can't refuse it when he's axed—an' he did so. Begorra, it's well for me that he did—(let the tallow alone, you little glutton—see, there's a weeny thief o' them aitin' my tallow)—because, you see, it was their intention to make me king o' the fairies."

"Is it possible?"

"Devil a lie in it. Sure you may ax them, an' they'll tell you."

"What size are they, Frank?"

"Oh, little wee fellows, with green coats an' the purest little shoes ever you seen. There's two o' them—both ould acquaintances o' mine—runnin' along the yarn beam. That ould fellow with the bob wig is called Jim Jam, an' the other chap with the three-cocked hat is called Nickey Nick. Nickey plays the pipes. Nickey, give us a tune, or I'll mallowogue you—come now, 'Lough Erne Shore.' Whist, now—listen!"

The poor fellow, though weaving as fast as he could all the time, yet bestowed every possible mark of attention to the music, and seemed to enjoy it as much as if it had been real. But who can tell whether that which we look upon as a privation may not after all be a fountain of increased happiness, greater perhaps than any which we ourselves enjoy? I forget who the poet is who says,

Mysterious are thy laws;  
The vision's finer than the view;  
Her landscape Nature never drew  
So fair as fancy draws.

Many a time when a mere child not more than six or seven years of age, have I gone as far as Frank's weaving-shop, in order, with a heart divided between curiosity and fear, to listen to his conversation with the good people. From morning till night his tongue was going almost as incessantly as his shuttle; and it was well known that at night, whenever he awoke out of his sleep, the first thing he did was to put out his hand and push them as it were off his bed.

"Go out o' this, you thieves you—go out o' this, now, an' let me alone. Nickey, is this any time to be playin' the pipes, and me wants to sleep? Go off, now—troth if yez do, you'll see what I'll give yez to-morrow. Sure I'll be makin' new dressins; and if yez behave decently, maybe I'll lave yez the scrapin' o' the pot. There now. Och! poor things, they're decent crathurs. Sure they're all gone harrin' poor Red-cap, that doesn't like to lave me." And then the harmless monomaniac would fall back into what we trust was an innocent slumber.

About this time there was said to have occurred a very remarkable circumstance, which gave poor Frank a vast deal

of importance among the neighbours. A man named Frank Thomas, the same in whose house Mickey M'Grory held the first dance at which I ever saw him, as detailed in a former number of this Journal—this man, I say, had a child sick, but of what complaint I cannot now remember, nor is it of any importance. One of the gables of Thomas's house was built against or rather into a Forth or Rath called Towny, or properly Tonagh Forth. It was said to be haunted by the fairies, and what gave it a character peculiarly wild in my eyes, was, that there were on the southern side of it two or three little green mounds, which were said to be the graves of unchristened children, over which it was considered dangerous and unlucky to pass. At all events, the season was mid-summer; and one evening about dusk, during the illness of the child, the noise of a handsaw was heard upon the Forth. This was considered rather strange, and after a little time, a few of those who were assembled at Frank Thomas's went to see who it could be that was sawing in such a place, or what they could be sawing at so late an hour, for every one knew that there was none in the whole country about them who would dare to cut down the few whitethorns that grew upon the forth. On going to examine, however, judge of their surprise, when, after surrounding and searching the whole place, they could discover no trace of either saw or sawyer. In fact, with the exception of themselves, there was no one, either natural or supernatural, visible. They then returned to the house, and had scarcely sat down, when it was heard again within ten yards of them. Another examination of the premises took place, but with equal success. Now, however, while standing on the forth, they heard the sawing in a little hollow, about a hundred and fifty yards below them, which was completely exposed to their view, but they could see nothing. A party of them immediately went down to ascertain if possible what this singular noise and invisible labour could mean; but on arriving at the spot, they heard the sawing, to which were now added hammering and driving of nails, upon the forth above, while those who stood on the forth continued to hear it in the hollow. On comparing notes, they resolved to send down to Billy Nelson's for Frank Martin, a distance only of about eighty or ninety yards. He was soon on the spot, and without a moment's hesitation solved the enigma.

"'Tis the fairies," said he. "I see them, and busy crathurs they are."

"But what are they sawing, Frank?"

"They are makin' a child's coffin," he replied; "they have the body already made, an' they're now nailin' the lid together."

That night the child certainly died, and the story goes, that on the second evening afterwards, the carpenter who was called upon to make the coffin brought a table out from Thomas's house to the forth, as a temporary bench; and it is said that the sawing and hammering necessary for the completion of his task were precisely the same which had been heard the evening but one before—neither more nor less. I remember the death of the child myself, and the making of its coffin, but I think that the story of the supernatural carpenter was not heard in the village for some months after its interment.

Frank had every appearance of a hypochondriac about him.

At the time I saw him, he might be about thirty-four years of age, but I do not think, from the debility of his frame and infirm health, that he has been alive for several years. He was an object of considerable interest and curiosity, and often have I been present when he was pointed out to strangers as "the man that could see the good people." With respect to his solution of the supernatural noise, that is easily accounted for. This superstition of the coffin-making is a common one, and to a man like him, whose mind was familiar with it, the illness of the child would naturally suggest the probability of its death, which he immediately associated with the imagery and agents to be found in his unhappy malady.

ANTIQUITY OF RAILWAYS AND GAS.—Railways were used in Northumberland in 1693, and Lord Keeper North mentions them in 1671 in his journey to this country. A Mr Spedding, coal-agent to Lord Lonsdale, at Whitehaven, in 1765, had the gas from his lordship's coal-pits conveyed by pipes into his office, for the purpose of lighting it, and proposed to the magistrates of Whitehaven to convey the gas by pipes through the streets to light the town, which they refused.—*Carlisle Journal*.

\* The dressings are a species of silky flummery, which is brushed into the yarn to keep the thread round and even, and to prevent it from being frayed by the friction of the reel.

**THE HUNGARIAN NOBILITY.**—There is no country under heaven where nobility is at so low a par, or rather perhaps I should say, on so unequal a basis; and I was so much amused by the classification lately bestowed on it by a humorous friend of mine, to whom I had frankly declared my inability to disentangle its mazes, that I will give it in his own words.

“The nobility of Hungary are of three orders—the mighty, the moderate, and the miserable—the Esterhazys, the Bathyanys, and such like, are the capital of the column—the shaft is built of the less wealthy and influential; and the base (and a very substantial one it is) is a curious congeries of small landholders, herdsmen, vine-growers, waggoners, and pig-drivers. Nay, you may be unlucky enough to get a *nemes* as a servant; and this is the most unhappy dilemma of all, for you cannot solace yourself by beating him when he offends you, as he is protected by his privileges, and he appeals to the Court of the Comitatus for redress. The country is indebted to Maria Theresa for this pleasant confusion; who, when she repaid the valour of the Hungarian soldiers with a portion of their own land, and a name to lend it grace, forgot that many of these individuals were probably better swordsmen than proprietors; and instead of limiting their patent of nobility to a given term of years, laid the foundation of a state of things as inconvenient as it is absurd.”

I was immediately reminded by his closing remark of a most ridiculous scene, which, although in itself a mere trifle, went far to prove the truth of his position. My readers are probably aware that none pay tolls in Hungary save the peasants; and it chanced that on one occasion, when we were passing from Peeth to Buda over the bridge of boats, the carriage was detained by some accidental stoppage just beside the tollkeeper's lodge, when our attention was arrested by a vehement altercation between the worthy functionary, its occupant, and a little ragged urchin of 11 or 12 years of age, who had, as it appeared, attempted to pass without the preliminary ceremony of payment.

The tollkeeper handled the supposed delinquent with some roughness as he demanded his fee; but the boy stood his ground stoutly, and asserted his free right of passage as a nobleman! The belligerent party pointed to the heel-less shoes and ragged jerkin of the culprit, and smiled in scorn. The lad for all reply bade him remove his hand from his collar, and let him pass at his peril; and the tone was so assured in which he did so, that the tollkeeper became grave, and looked somewhat doubtful; when just at the moment up walked a sturdy peasant, who, while he paid his kreutzer, saluted the young nobleman, and settled the point.

It was really broad farce. The respectably clad and comfortable looking functionary loosed his hold in a moment, and the offending hand, as it released the collar of the captive, lifted his hat, while he poured out his excuses for an over-zeal, arising from his ignorance of the personal identity of this young scion of an illustrious house, who was magnanimously pleased to accept the apology, and to raise his own dilapidated cap in testimony of his greatness of soul, as he walked away in triumph. Cruikshank would have had food for a *chef d'œuvre*.—*Miss Pardoe's Hungary.*

**AFRICAN ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.**—On coming out of my hut at Fandah one morning, I saw the king seated at the gate of his palace, surrounded by his great men, administering justice. At a little distance, on the grass, were two men and two women, who were charged with robbery. The evidence had already been gone through before my arrival. The king was the principal speaker, and when he paused, the whole court murmured approbation. The younger woman made a long defence, and quite astonished me by her volubility, variety of intonation, and graceful action. The appeal, however, seemed to be in vain; for when she had finished, the king, who had listened with great patience, passed sentence in a speech of considerable length, delivered with great fluency and emphasis. In many parts he was much applauded, except by the poor wretches, who heard their doom with shrieks of despair. The king then retired, the court broke up, and the people dispersed. None remained but the prisoners and a decrepit old man, who, with many threats and some ceremony, administered a small bowl of poison, prepared, I believe, from the leaves of a venerable tree in the neighbourhood, which was hooped and propped all round. The poor creatures received the potion on their knees, and before they could be induced to swallow it, cast many a lingering look and last farewell on the beautiful world

from which a small draught was about to separate them. They afterwards drank a prodigious quantity of water; and when I next went out, the dose had done its deadly work. I cannot tell how far justice was truly administered, but there was a great appearance of it; and I must say that I never in any court saw a greater display of decorum and dignity.—*Allan's Views on the Niger.*

**THE PLANING-MACHINE ROOM IN MESSRS FAWCETT AND CO.'S ENGINE FACTORY, LIVERPOOL.**—In this room are valuable and elaborately contrived machines for the planing or levelling of large plates, or other pieces of iron or brass, so as to give them a smooth, true, and polished surface. The article or piece to be planed is securely fixed by screw-bolts, &c. to a horizontal iron table, perforated with holes for the insertion of the bolts from beneath it in any required point, to suit the size or form of the article. This table, when put in motion, travels backwards and forwards with its load on two iron rails, or parallel slides. Over the centre is perpendicularly fixed what is called the “planing tool,” an instrument made of steel, somewhat in the form of a hook, with the point so inclined as to present itself towards the surface of the metal to be planed, as it approaches it on the table, so as, when all is adjusted, to plough or plane it in narrow streaks or shavings as it passes under it. The extremity of the tool is about half an inch to three quarters in breadth, and being of a round form at the under side, and ground or bevelled on the upper, presents a sort of point. If a plate of iron is to be planed, the operation commences on the outer edge, and each movement backwards and forwards of the table places it in such a position under the tool, that another small parallel cut is made throughout its whole length. The tool, in ordinary machines of this kind, is fixed so that it cuts only in one direction, as the plate is drawn against its edge or point, which is raised to allow of the backward motion of the plate. A new patent has however been obtained for a great improvement in this respect by Mr Whitworth, of Manchester, and several of his machines are on Messrs Fawcett and Co.'s premises. In these, by a peculiarly beautiful contrivance, the cutting instrument, the moment the plate passes under it, “jumps” up a little in the box or case to which it is attached, and instantly “turns about” in the opposite direction, and commences cutting away, so that both backwards and forwards the operation goes on without loss of time. The workmen very quaintly and appropriately call this new planing tool “Jim Crow.” A workman attends to each of the machines; and when the piece to be cut is fixed with great exactness on the moving table by a spirit-level, he has nothing to do but to watch that it remain so, and that the machinery work evenly and correctly. Where a very smooth surface is required, the operation of planing is repeated, and two plates thus finished will be so truly level, that they will adhere together. It should be added, that so perfect are these machines, that in addition to planing horizontally, they may be so adjusted as to plane perpendicularly, or at any given angle.

The planet revolves for ever in its appointed orbit; and the noblest triumph of mechanical philosophy is to have ascertained that the perturbations of its course are all compensated within determined periods, and its movement exempted from decay. But man, weak and erring though he be, is still progressive in his moral nature. He does not move round for ever in one unvarying path of moral action. The combinations of his history exhibit not only the unity of the material system, but also the continually advancing improvement belonging to beings of a higher order.—*Miller's "Modern History philosophically considered."*

**TO PREVENT HORSES' FEET FROM CLOGGING UP WITH SNOW.**—One pound of lard, half a pound of tar, and two ounces of resin, simmered up together. Stop the horses' feet, just before starting, with this, which will prevent the feet from balling.—*Suffolk Chronicle.*

Conscience is merely our own judgment of the moral rectitude or turpitude of our own actions.—*Locke.*

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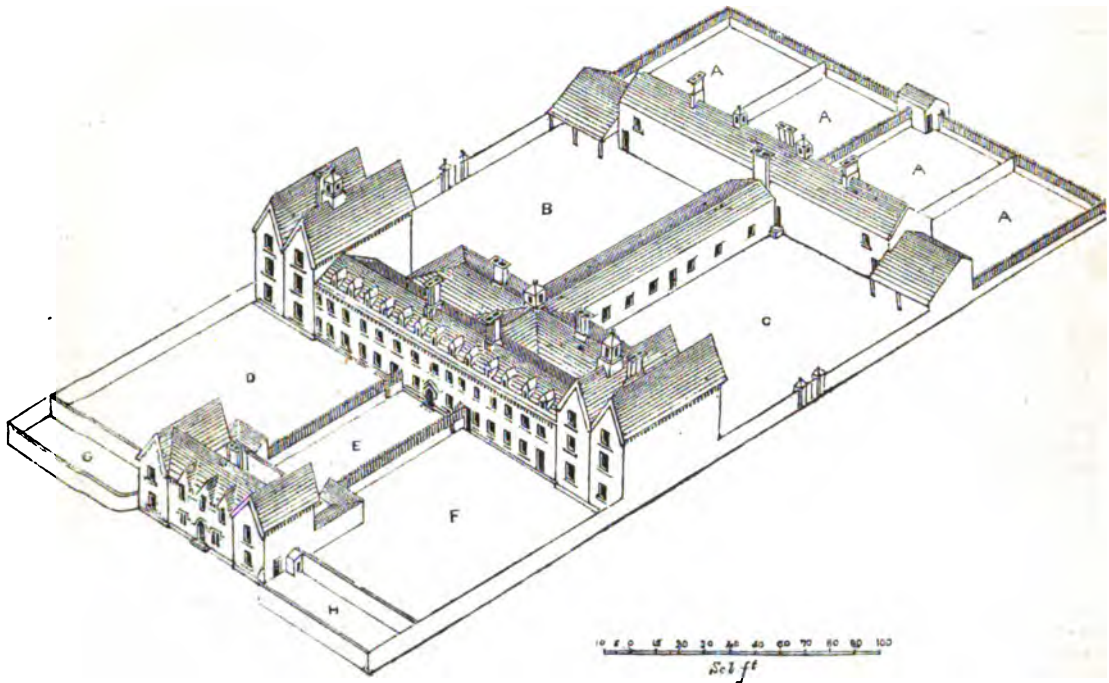
# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A UNION WORKHOUSE FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF EIGHT HUNDRED PERSONS OR UPWARDS.



The entrance front building, forming a distinct structure, is placed about 150 feet in advance of the main building, and consists of one floor (above the ground), on which the Board-room and clerk's office are placed; underneath these are the waiting-hall, in which applicants for relief are received, and a room for a porter, who has charge of the paupers on their admission, for the purpose of seeing that they are washed, cleaned, and clothed in the workhouse dress; he is therefore placed near the probationary wards. Distinct wards are also provided for vagrants receiving temporary relief. This arrangement of the probationary and vagrant wards secures the vicinity of the body of the house from the risk of infection from persons previous to their being examined and declared free from disease.

The main building is separated from the entrance front by a courtyard and garden, which divide the two front yards for the boys and girls; the centre of the main building contains the master's house, which is placed immediately among all classes, and from which ready access is had to any of the rooms; the kitchen offices are close under the master and matron's inspection, as well as the several stores.

The wash-house and kitchen offices are placed in a situation distinct from the paupers in the yards, and none but those immediately employed in them have access thereto; on each side the master's house are placed the rooms for children, who have separate staircases, used also by the master and matron; the extreme wings contain on the ground floor rooms for the old and infirm people, and some accommodation also for the able-bodied, which class, however, being employed (the women in the wash-house, &c., and the men at a mill, in breaking stones, or other useful occupation,) the same extent of day room is not requisite. The chapel and dining hall answers three purposes, inasmuch as it also serves, by means of a double partition, for day rooms for able-bodied men and women, should occasion require it. The situation of this building as a dining-hall is, from its central position, best suited for all classes, and is most convenient as regards the

serving the food from the kitchen; the two rooms for boys and girls will also serve the purpose of a chapel, if required.

The Infirmary is placed at the back of the building, occupying a position distinct from the wards of the house, and sufficiently convenient for the supply of food from the kitchen offices without entailing the necessity of a separate establishment.

Wards are placed on each end of the infirmary buildings for idiots, epileptics, and lunatics, in which cells are provided for those for whom occasional restraint is unavoidable, or whose habits render distinct accommodation necessary.

The arrangement of the building is made with true regard to ventilation. At each end, in the centre of the building, a large hall, containing a superficial area of 426 feet, is carried up to the roof of the house, on which is constructed a large ventilator, containing windows hung on centres, and moveable with a line, to admit any circulation or change of air required. The several rooms throughout are arranged to open at once into the landing of the stone stairs, which are carried up in this space. The several doors have semicircular arches above them to be opened as occasion may require; and which, without producing any strong current, would always effect an extensive ventilation during the occupation of the rooms. The usual manner of ventilating the common sleeping rooms, is by placing the windows on each side of the room, which are very useful, but chiefly so after the paupers have left the apartment. The windows throughout are constructed with the upper part hinged, and to fall inside, which allows them to be opened during rainy weather.

Cast-iron air-gratings are to be inserted in small flues formed in the walls, and fixed a few inches above the floors, for obtaining, when required, an admission of external air.

A A A A, yards. B, women's yard. C, men's yard. D, girls' yard. E, garden. F, boys' yard. G and H, small yards.

## THE DESTITUTE POOR OF IRELAND.

WHEN we call to mind the interminable discussions which only a few years ago were usual in every society, as to the necessity, or advantages, or practicability, of a poor-law system in Ireland, and then transfer our attention to the actual progress which has been made in carrying into effect a certain, defined, and enacted arrangement, it is something like

escaping from a dark, close wood, in which there was neither path nor direction, into an open country, with the bright canopy of heaven above, and our desired destination, or the sure road conducting to it, plainly in view.

To devise, and, much more, to bring into operation, a legalized system of poor relief suited to the wants and circum-

stances of Ireland, will, when duly considered, appear to have been a truly great and formidable undertaking. Innumerable plans had been set forth from time to time for this purpose, anterior to the act passed among the first of her present Majesty's reign; but it may well be questioned if there was any one of them which would not on trial have proved to be a complete failure. Into that speculation, however, we have no occasion to enter at present, as there is now a law, having its machinery already so near to completion, that it must be in full effect at no distant day throughout the whole country, to the provisions and execution of which it will be at once more interesting and more profitable to direct our attention.

We may confidently attribute whatever facilities have been found to attend the practical introduction of the law into Ireland, to the fact that its management was entrusted in the first instance to a Commission; that the Commissioners were men already perfectly conversant with the subject, and that they were invested with sufficient powers to accomplish the object. No better machinery could have been devised, and we shall soon be enabled to perceive that it has not disappointed the expectations to which it might fairly have given rise.

The first great object which presented itself for consideration, in connection with the act of Parliament, may be supposed to have been the division of the country into suitable districts for the administration of the system. It required a new series of boundaries for its own provisions and purposes, as the proposed relief was to be afforded territorially, according to none of the existing divisions, either parochial, baronial, or by counties. The Commissioners were empowered to "unite such and so many townlands as they might think fit to be a Union for the relief of the destitute poor;" and the subject was one that evidently demanded the most serious examination.

The principle of forming the Unions was that which the Commissioners had previously adopted in England, namely, that the Union should consist of a market-town as a centre, and the district of country surrounding and depending on it, and extending to about ten miles round it in all directions. The size of Unions was indeed a subject which caused a good deal of anxious consideration. People, generally speaking, were at first desirous of having smaller Unions—not taking into account, that by increasing the number of Unions, more expense would be incurred, as the larger the Union, the smaller is the establishment charge in proportion. However, the Commissioners, guided by local facilities, formed Unions of townlands already combined by social affinities as well as geographical position, and have thus exceeded the number at first estimated on a theoretical scale. The number declared up to the 25th of March last is 104, and 26 more, it is supposed, will comprise the whole of Ireland, and constitute the entire.

The most important subject which demanded attention was the construction of a governing power for each Union, in conformity with the terms and intention of the act of Parliament. It was to consist of a Board of Guardians, one-third being resident magistrates, and the remainder freely elected by the rate-payers. The Commissioners were authorised to fix the number for each Union, and they were of opinion that a number of elected Guardians, varying from 18 to 24, would be best calculated for carrying out the provisions of the act. These, with the addition of one-third, composed of the local magistrates, who are Guardians *ex officio*, would, it was calculated, give to each Union a Board of from 21 to 32 members, which would be sufficient for deliberation, and yet not so numerous as to impede efficient action. With regard to the actual elections, now numerous, which have taken place, the Commissioners in their last Report express their regret that much excitement and discordant feeling should have been exhibited in some instances; but at the same time they declare their belief, that, as a general result, efficient Boards of Guardians have been constituted.

The third important object which demanded attention, was the procuring of suitable workhouses for the several Unions. The Commissioners were of opinion that one central workhouse, of a size sufficient for the whole of the Union, would be best; but for the sake of hastening the practical benefits of the act, and to save expense as much as possible, they were disposed to avail themselves of existing buildings nearly central, capable of being converted into work-

houses, if obtainable. Their expectations on this head, however, were very far from being realized. It seems certain that the opinion originally formed as to the excess of barrack accommodation in Ireland was unfounded, there being in fact no more than the exigencies of the public service require; and of barracks, eventually, they obtained but one, situate in the town of Fermoy, which is now in process of conversion into a workhouse for that Union. In other Unions, old houses and other buildings were carefully surveyed; but in no one instance, says Mr Wilkinson, the intelligent and skilful architect of the Commissioners, have premises of this kind been found eligible in point of economy or convenience of arrangement, the sums asked in nearly every instance having been far beyond the value for the purpose of conversion. As a general result, the only old buildings which have been actually converted, or are now in process of conversion, into workhouses, are, in Dublin, the House of Industry for the North Union, and the Foundling Hospital for the South; in Fermoy the barrack already mentioned; and the House of Industry in Clonmel.

The number of new buildings contracted for, and in progress, was in March last 64; the notices for contracts since published amount to 50; so that building arrangements remain to be made for only 16 Unions.

In the appendix to the last Annual Report of the Commissioners there is a tabular statement, showing at one view the number and names of the Unions which have been declared up to April last—the area in statute acres, and population of each—the number of Guardians respectively—with other particulars, including indeed every thing necessary to afford satisfactory information on the subject; and, but that it would occupy a great deal of space, we would gladly transfer it to our columns.

Having thus briefly noticed the three leading points indispensably preliminary to the working of the poor-law, namely, 1st, the Unions, or districts within which each local administration is to be comprised; 2dly, the Guardians, or local administrators of the law; and, 3dly, the Workhouses or buildings designed for the reception of the destitute poor, it only remains to add a few observations relative to certain topics on which there has been a good deal of discussion, and concerning which a clear opinion has not yet been arrived at by many.

In the first place, there has been much misconception as to the true nature of the work which the act of Parliament devolved upon the Commissioners of Poor-Laws. That such is the case, is evident from the many applications which have been made to them from time to time to afford relief in different districts under various circumstances of distress, as though the Commissioners possessed any general powers for this purpose. The applications were not indeed at all surprising. "Hunger," saith the proverb, "will break through stone walls;" and it was not to be expected that those who witnessed and deeply sympathised with numerous and touching instances of extreme destitution would be very nice in scanning the phraseology or exact intendments of an act of Parliament. However, in reality the Commissioners had no power to act in any manner different from that which the legislative chart, if we may use the phrase, had prescribed to them. Their mission was to fulfil the great work of founding and bringing into operation an extensive system of poor relief, not to distribute a bounty, or immediately to afford relief in any specific case of distress, however urgent. Their task was formidable and onerous; and if the accomplishment of it has appeared to some to have been tedious in its course, it may well be asked, wherein has there been a failure of any means necessary to the end, or by what better means could the work have been made to advance more speedily and more securely to completion, than by those which have been employed? The law, it may be said, has as yet been brought to bear on the wants of the poor only in the Unions of Cork and Dublin. True; but for this the law itself, or that process which it made imperative in order to effect the essential and solid purposes which it had in view, is alone answerable.

Unions, Guardians, Workhouses, and Assessment, must, by the terms of the act, in every instance precede relief. By the 41st section it is enacted, "That when the Commissioners shall have declared the workhouse of any Union to be fit for the reception of destitute poor, and not before, it shall be lawful for the Guardians, with the approbation of the Commissioners, to take order for relieving and setting to work *therein* destitute poor persons." Thus it appears that until a work-

house be provided, the practical benefits of the act cannot be obtained.

It may be premature at present to speak of the interior economy of the workhouse, but we may shortly refer to the leading views put forth by the Commissioners on the subject. They disapprove, then, we collect in the first place, of more land being occupied in connection with the house than may be sufficient for the purpose of a garden, or than can be conveniently managed by the boys, or the aged and infirm men. Employment for the able-bodied is to be provided within the workhouse, to which they are to be strictly confined so long as they remain dependent on the Union for support. This, in the opinion of the Commissioners, given in their Fifth Annual Report, "Should be of such a nature as to be irksome, and to awaken or increase a dislike to remain in the workhouse, for which purpose corn-mills will probably be found, as in England, to be the most effective. With the aged and infirm the case is somewhat different: they should all be employed, but their employment need not partake so much of the character of a test: and with the children the test is altogether inapplicable; so long as they remain in the workhouse, they should be taught and trained to become useful members of the community; and for this purpose an acre or two of garden ground, in which the boys may work and acquire habits of industry, as well as skill and strength for manual labour, will be found extremely useful."

With regard to diet, they observe in their Sixth Report, that, as a general rule, it is unquestionably desirable that the workhouse diet should be, on the whole, inferior to that of the labouring classes of the surrounding district; yet that it is not on this circumstance alone, or even in any very great degree, that the efficiency of the workhouse depends. On the contrary, say they, "We are satisfied that the diet, clothing, bedding, and other merely physical comforts, may in the workhouse be better than in the neighbouring cottages, and yet that none but the really destitute poor will seek for admission into the workhouse, provided that order and discipline be strictly maintained therein. It is in truth the regularity, order, strict enforcement of cleanliness, constant occupation, the preservation of decency and decorum, and exclusion of all the irregular habits and tempting excitements of life, on which reliance must mainly be placed for deterring individuals, not actually and unavoidably destitute, from seeking refuge within the workhouse, and not upon the absence of mere physical comforts. This is the view by which the legislature appears to have been governed in adopting the general principles of the Irish poor relief act; and to this view we consider it to be essential that the dietaries and the other regulations of the workhouse should conform."

With these general views no reflecting person will, we should think, be disposed to quarrel.

A good deal of discussion has taken place as to the regulation which prohibits strangers, and particularly reporters of the press, from attending the meetings of Guardians. However, we in Ireland have nothing specially to complain of in this respect, as the same rule exists in England, and has not been attended there by any public inconvenience. The question properly is, why the rule should be *different* here? *The Guardians*, it must be understood, are under no obligation of secrecy. They are quite at liberty to note, report, and publish at their own discretion; the rule merely excludes strangers, and of course reporters who are *not* Guardians, from the Board. The Commissioners in their Sixth Report very truly say that "the presence of strangers would be a restraint upon the deliberations of the Guardians; while the knowledge that their proceedings were to be published would certainly conduce to debate and display, and obstruct the dispatch of business. A desire for popularity would be awakened, and individual Guardians would too probably be led to address themselves to the passions of their hearers, or to party or sectarian feelings prevalent without doors, rather than to the sober disposal of the business in hand. Prejudices would be excited, passions inflamed, personalities would arise, and the most respectable members of the Board, who, from their property, position, and habits of business, would be best entitled and best fitted to take part in and guide its proceedings, would be borne down by clamour, or wearied by lengthened discussion, if not finally compelled to abandon their post."

It was no easy matter to have brought this great work of a statutable poor relief to its present advanced state, without exciting stronger feelings of opposing party than any which fortunately have yet been elicited; but it may well be

doubted if things would go on in the same quiet and business-like manner if Guardian meetings were to be open to the public; and if there be any evil connected with the exclusion complained of, we may safely conjecture, at least, that it is the lesser of two—less than that which would arise from the jarrings and discord of party on a subject which, above any other, calls for unanimity, and should awaken only the feelings of a common benevolence and patriotism.

We may now advert, in the last place, to the ameliorations in our social condition which may be expected to arise when the new system shall have been put fully in operation. In the first place, a reproach will be wiped away from our country, which certainly existed against it so long as it could be said that no law existed in it for the relief of the poor. Destitution will then be provided for, and mendicancy will be without excuse. It is true that there is no direct provision in the act for the restraint of beggary, but a legalized provision for the destitute is indirectly a law against it, and must operate most powerfully as such. When people are taxed to maintain the poor, they naturally become unwilling to open their purse-strings, unless with great reluctance, at the solicitation of mendicants; the trade of mendicancy declines; and those who would still cling to it are forced, if of the class of the able-bodied, to apply themselves to some means of profitable industry, or to resort to the workhouse for subsistence. The Poor-Relief Act is thus, indirectly, a law against mendicancy, and in this point of view is calculated to work most beneficially, and greatly to alter the face of things in Ireland.

But it is also a law of positive economy to the country. The support of the destitute not being abandoned to casual charity, but conducted systematically by persons appointed to bestow their exclusive attention to it, and all rateable parties being under a legal obligation to contribute in due proportion to their circumstances, there cannot be a doubt that a less expenditure will suffice under such management for the maintenance of the really destitute than if the work were left to mere voluntary benevolence, and no means existed of compelling all classes fairly to share the burden among them.

Many persons have felt a terror at the idea of the taxation they supposed they should have to suffer under a poor-law; but the great probability, nay, almost the certainty of the matter, is, that it will be a considerable saving to them. The present rate in Dublin is 1s. in the pound for the year, on a very moderate valuation, and much more than half the rate is borne by landlords.\* This, however, appears to be beyond the intention of the law as to town property, for which inordinate rents are not usually obtained; but the result is within the control of the Guardians, who may revise the valuation whenever they propose to levy a new rate.

The expense of the relief, even under higher rates, would be less, far less, on those who have hitherto supported the poor, than the outlay which they have annually made for that object; and now they will have the satisfaction of knowing that what they give is given to the destitute poor; that all is well applied, none misspent, and every part so economized in distribution, that the sum contributed relieves a greater number of poor than the larger sum formerly given in alms.

It must also be considered, that the poorer classes subsisting by labour will be relieved by the workhouses from the continual encroachments of beggars on their scanty meals, and the still more scanty means of lodging possessed by them.

\* As the principle on which the tenant is entitled to make deductions from rent, on account of the poor rate, is not clearly understood by many, the following explanation is given—

This tax being imposed on the *annual* value of each tenement, say a rate of 5d. on £50, £60, or whatever the valuation may amount to, the tenant is to deduct one-half of the rate, say 2½d., from every pound in the year's rent. The rate is imposed *for a year*; it may happen that no further rate will be necessary in the year, or it may occur that three or four rates will be necessary; still each rate is for the year, and is either the whole amount required or an instalment. In any event it is levied on a year's value; and landlords are to allow their tenants one-half of each rate of 5d., 6d., or whatever it may be, out of every pound in the year's rent, when receiving either a half year's, quarter's, month's, or week's gale.

Suppose the *annual* value is £50, the rent being also £50, the rate of 5d. will amount to £1, 0s. 10d., and in paying a half year's rent of £25, the tenant must deduct 87½ times 2½d., or 10s. 6d., being half the tax paid.

If the year's rent be *greater* than the annual value, the tenant will deduct more than half the amount of the tax. Thus, a rate of 5d. on an *annual* value of £50, being, as already stated, £1, 0s. 10d., if the *annual* rent be £80, the tenant will deduct from the first gale falling due after the rate is declared by the Guardians, eighty times 2½d., or 16s. 8d. On the other hand, if the annual rent be *less* than the value, say £40, the deduction will be only forty times 2½d., or 8s. 4d.

The tenant and landlord become liable to the rate at the same moment; therefore a rate declared in April 1840 attaches to rent then accruing, but not to a gale previously due.

Let the opponent of such a provision for the poor—if any reflecting person in the country can on public grounds be opposed to it—let him, we say, contemplate the hard lot of the labouring classes, compelled by the importunities of beggars not only to give up a considerable share of the food actually insufficient for themselves, but also to divide their beds or their children's beds with persons of the lowest habits, and thus see their families deprived of food, of rest, health, and morality; while a large number of the wealthy classes remained listless and inaccessible within their closed doors, or were exercising their better feelings in a distant land.

We do not accuse the wealthy members of society, as a class, with indifference to the wants of the poor: we but refer to a contrast between *their* security against the intrusion of mendicants, and the defenceless state of the labouring classes—a contrast which doubtless must have been ever present to the mind of the poor working man: and we do this to show how much the wealthy will gain by a law which provides safe means for its application in relieving poverty.

The expense, then, which we are now incurring, is not a new charge, but a wise and equitable distribution of one heretofore borne by portions of the community in very disproportionate shares, without having any tendency to obviate the mendicancy by which it was created, but, on the contrary, having a direct tendency to foster and increase that most demoralizing of all the conditions in life.

Be the expense what it may, it cannot tend to induce a more extensive reliance on the public provision than mendicancy has encouraged: nay, we maintain, that when the law shall have been for a short time in full and general operation, the number of unemployed and dependent poor will gradually decline. But expectation must have a little patience: the machinery for sustaining in orderly and decent comfort upwards of one hundred thousand human beings, cannot be created otherwise than by a very gradual process. This is not a climate in which men and families can be encamped: when they are to be lodged, durable structures must be provided, and for this work much time is necessary. We are sure that no time has been lost; nay, we regard the progress made as among the most accelerated public labours of this or any other country.

In the mean time, the law is not without working out much good for the labouring classes. Workmen of every grade have been busily employed in the construction of work-houses since the spring of 1839, for which object government has advanced upwards of a million of money, free of interest, for ten years after the commencement of relief in each Union.

We are, however, reasoning without having an argument opposed to us; for any thing like argument against the law we have not heard. In Dublin it is merely complained, that although houses are open and rates levied, the mendicants still throng the streets. But it is not shown that any thing like the same number of apparently deserving objects of relief are to be seen; they on the contrary are in the work-houses, maintained by the rates; and were it not for the poor children whom the mendicants drag along with them, the imposture would soon be stopped by its own want of success.

The policy of the law contemplates the repression of beggary and vagrancy, and all those disorders and crimes which accompany or have their origin in those habits—the encouragement of a more productive industry—the more universal recognition of the identity of interest amongst all classes affected by the law—and with the cordial co-operation of all the intelligent classes of society which it has hitherto received, and will probably receive yet further hereafter—there cannot be a doubt but that the law, when in full operation, will realize all this, and more.

To those who wish for an exemplification of the favourable working of the law, we recommend the perusal of a little work lately published under the title of "Benevola," in which the English and Irish systems of relief are well contrasted, and the tendency of the Irish provision is ingeniously exemplified. To those who will not be satisfied without a practical exemplification, we can only recommend patience; but we will say—Do not in the mean time forget the cost and other deplorable evils of Irish mendicancy.

F.

## THE PILGRIM AT THE WELL.

The fountain is gleaming in morning light,  
But there kneels beside it a child of night;  
For to her the summers no sunshine bring;  
Oh! what doth she seek at that blessed spring?  
The home of her youth she has left afar,  
And the promise of light was her spirit's star;  
But her perils and pilgrimage all are past,  
And that hallowed fount she hath found at last.  
For they said that a spell in its waters lay,  
To banish the blight of her life away:  
And the prayer of her faith it grows fervent now,  
While signing the cross upon breast and brow.  
Oh! stranger of darkness, kneel not there,  
Tho' the fountain with freshness fills the air,  
And its waters are sweet as the summer rain,  
But they cannot give thee the day again.  
Yet, tell us, ye searching ones and wise,  
Oh! whence did these ancient dreams arise  
Of the holy and hidden things, which still  
Were mighty to heal all human ill?  
They were stars that blent in their hour of might,  
And gems that shone with a saving light;  
They were trees of life in the trackless wilds,  
And the sea had its own immortal isles;  
And through all her changes, the world's hope clings  
To the healing power of her sacred springs;  
For around them the faith of nations hung,  
And sages have trusted, and poets sung,  
And pilgrims have sought them by night and day,  
Over mountain and desert far away;  
But they sought in vain in the earth or seas,  
Oh, tell us whence are such dreams as these!  
Say, are they of some far deathless clime,  
Thus casting its shadows of hope on time;  
Or voices of promise, sent before  
The day when earth's curse shall be no more?  
We know not but life hath the cloud and pall,  
And woe for the heart's hope, more than all,  
For its precious seed in the fruitless ground,  
And its bread on the waters never found.  
Oh! is there not many a weary heart,  
That hath seen the greenness of life depart,  
Yet trusted in vain in a powerless spell,  
Like her who knelt by the Holy Well!

F. E.

## NATURE'S WONDERS.

## THE GADFLY.

THE study of natural history is one which, independent of the charm it possesses to the inquisitive and contemplative mind, in affording food for the cultivation of the highest qualities of the intellect, is also beneficial in a moral point of view, as it insensibly brings the cultivator of it to contemplate the power and goodness of his Creator. It leads his thoughts from the petty affairs of life, and, making him look with admiration and a feeling of love on every manifestation of the Divine power which surrounds him, instils into his mind one of the strongest principles of action desired by the Almighty—a feeling of universal benevolence.

There cannot be a better illustration of this latter effect which I have mentioned the study of natural history produces on the mind, than that afforded us by the history of the birth and after life of the insect I have headed this article with—"the Gadfly." Strange and wonderful though the transformations be to which the butterfly and many other individuals of the insect world are subject, those of this little creature far surpass them all.

Many of my readers are well acquainted with that fly which in the latter part of summer is seen to be so annoying to the horse, buzzing about him, and every now and then dashing itself with some degree of violence against his sides and legs. This motion, to all appearance, is without design; but a closer study of the habits of the insect will show that, far from being the effect of chance, it is one of paramount importance to the existence of the fly, as on it depends the continuation of its species.

If attentively observed, it will be found that it is the female of this fly alone who resorts to this peculiar motion; this she does to deposit her eggs in the hair of the horse, to which they at once become attached by a gelatinous fluid surrounding them; by this mucus they are enabled to retain their hold for a few days, during which time they are fitted



to be hatched, and the slightest touch will liberate a little worm they contain. The horse, in resorting to the common practice of licking himself, breaks the egg, and the small worm contained in it adhering to the tongue of the animal, is conveyed with the food into the stomach; there it clings by means of hooks placed at either side of its mouth, and its hold is so tenacious that it will be broken before it can be detached. Here, in this strange abode, changing as it were its nature in becoming a parasite, it remains for the whole of the winter, feeding on the mucus of the stomach. At the end of the ensuing spring, having reached its full perfection in this secondary state, led by that instinct which regulates all the animated creation, from man to a monad, it detaches itself from the cuticular coat, and is carried into the vilous portion of the stomach with the food, passes out of it with the chyme, and is at length evacuated with the feces. The larva or maggot, now a second time changing its nature, seeks shelter in the ground, and after some time becomes a chrysalis; in that helpless state it lies for some weeks, when, bursting from its deathlike sleep, it wakes into life and activity in the form of a perfect fly.

There is hardly a parallel to this wonderful chain of causes and effects, and effects and causes, to be met with in all the varied and mysterious workings of nature; scarcely one which exhibits so many acts apparently so unconnected with the ultimate results. V.

### IRISH ODDITIES—No. I.

#### SNAP RIVERS.

JACK RIVERS should have been a gentleman. His family, his property, his early education, entitled him to that dignity. Jack was not a gentleman; with perverted views of ambition he spurned the distinction, and gloried in the well-merited title of knave. Many loftier and nobler minds have been reduced to even a lower point of moral degradation by early indulgence in gross licentious habits. Such was not the case with Jack. Immoderate sensual gratification ranked not in the catalogue of his crimes. He was no toper; was a married man at twenty, and a faithful husband all his life. Yet, Jack was an acknowledged, nay, more, a professed knave, though neither a lover of money nor a spendthrift. Shakespeare, it is said, ransacked all nature, and left almost no character untouched; yet neither in his historical portraits, the etchings of his own times, nor his prophetic creations, has he given us a picture that at all resembled *Snap Rivers*, the faithfully expressive soubriquet assumed by our hero. Nature, whimsical nature, must have been in her drollest mood—must have been actually studying the *picturesque* when she cast his nativity. He certainly was a model for an artist in that line, for he stood six feet six inches by military standard, was extremely slender, rejoiced in the possession of a hatchet face ornamented with the most splendid Roman nose imaginable, illumined by two small ferret eyes, squinting fiercely inwards, which gave to his countenance the most sinister expression possible. Quite aware of the value of these natural advantages, Jack's genius and striking taste in dress added considerably to their effect. It was his invariable custom through life to wrap his outer man in a long blue cloak, a garment little used in his day. Summer and winter, a pair of blue rib-and-fur woollen stockings encased his spindle legs, gartered above the knee beneath a pair of gun-mouthed unmentionables; a red nightcap ever maintained its conspicuous place on his elevated poll, while an immense fire-shovel or clerical hat gave a finish to his unique and matchless appearance. He possessed one other accomplishment: he was afflicted—poh!—blessed with a most inveterate stammer in his speech: a word in speaking he could not utter without the most frightful contortion of countenance, and unintelligible splutter, splutter, splutter. Yet, no one of his attributes did he turn to such beneficial effect as this; for when he either wished to gain time, or baffle an opponent, forth came a torrent of manting sounds in all their horrific grandeur, and he who could quell the feelings of pity could rarely resist the ready propensity to laugh at the ludicrous exhibition; so Jack was generally successful. But, notwithstanding this great natural defect, whenever he pleased he could make himself well understood, by falling back upon a species of recitative, or musical method of speaking, peculiar to himself, and always commencing with a loud "ho! ho!" which gave timely warning to all his ac-

quaintances that he was about to favour them with his own sentiments in his own style. One circumstance of his early life must be mentioned, as it may have given a bent to his mind in after years. At the early age of seventeen he had deserted his respectable and happy home, and found himself a private in a dragoon regiment. The act broke his father's heart. So, having spent three years in that admirable school of morality, Jack purchased out, and returned to his young wife, as well as to the possession of a snug £400-a-year, which fell into his hands by hereditary descent.

Constituted as his mind then was, his principles soon began to develop themselves, and to afford a strong contrast to those which had governed the actions of his father. That he shortly became dreaded by all his neighbours, may be admitted; that he would and did overreach every man with whom he had business transactions, was an admitted fact, because it was his own proud boast; and when checked by his friends for those admissions, he would boldly reply, "Ho! ho! woo-ood you have me tit-tit-too put my lil-lighted ca-handle under a bu-hushal?" But that he was hated, or even disrespected in consequence of his acts, has no foundation in reality. There was nothing mean or grovelling about his knavery—all was above-board, done in clear day-light. There was nothing selfish or avaricious about him; the glory of the deed was all he aimed at, for every body knew he would prefer gaining a pound by open imposition, to the receipt of ten by honourable means. He never used a soothing phrase to human being. He seemed to court the hostility of his species, yet that would not come; for notwithstanding his profane and coarse salutations, he had a humane heart, and a short time sufficed to unmask it. The poor never went hungry from his door, and a distressed acquaintance had a certain resource while there was a penny in the purse of *Snap Rivers*. He was as welcome to his cash as to his bitterest malediction, and that was ever ready for either friend or foe. But the insolent great man, or the would-be important, who aped a dignity to which he had no fair claim, was the object of his deep immitigable hate; with such he could hold no terms; and did such ever cross his path, he would plot for months till he would circumvent him in some shape. Did ever Shakespeare light on such a character? Yet, notwithstanding all these seeming contradictions, a single trait has not been here placed to his account that was not in a degree beyond description truly his.

On one occasion Jack was invited to an evening party in the house of his brother-in-law, a plain honest man, an extensive farmer, wealthy and respectable, in every point the very antithesis of his eccentric relative. The district was remarkable for the peace and harmony which prevailed throughout its entire population. Party strife and sectarian animosity were here totally unknown, while intermarriages among all sects cemented a union and fostered a spirit of Christian charity and forbearance, which, while it ameliorated the heart and breathed peace around it, shed also a lustre on the humble community beyond the dignity which vain pomp confers on the fleeting distinctions which gorgeous wealth creates.

But Jack was an invited guest; so was his own amiable minister, the virtuous and respected Protestant rector, Mr B—; so was Dr D—, a pretty tolerable wag; and so was the Rev. Mr K—, the parish priest, between whom and the rector there existed a sincere unfeigned friendship. The priest had studied in France; was a man of high attainments, polished manners, possessed a vast fund of sparkling wit, with as ready and as happy an expression as ever distinguished man; but his brilliant qualities were ever under the control of strict decorum, and, further, restrained by a lofty sense of that dignity which should inbedge the minister of religion. He was consequently an especial favourite with all classes, and an honoured guest at every social board. No man revered him more than *Snap Rivers*, and none was more anxious, or better knew how, to draw out his conversational powers.

The party was all assembled with the exception of our hero, and as his presence and pungent remarks always contributed to the hilarity of his friends, the kind-hearted host was not half satisfied with his absence. "What the devil's keeping Jack?" had just escaped from Mr Anderson's tongue, as the door opened, and the head and shoulders of *Snap Rivers* made their welcome appearance. When he had fairly entered the room, he raised himself to his full height, stared deliberately around him, pulled off his hat with some attempt at grace, and exclaimed in his own fashion, "Ho! ho! a goo-hoodly company, by Ju-hupiter! Ho! ho! the bla-hack-coats!"

Then casting up his eyes in the most fervent manner, he added—

“From daw-hoctors and praw-hoctors, lil-lawyers and clahargymen, good Lord deliver us!”

“Early in the attack, Mr Rivers,” said the priest.

“Ho! ho! Mr Lil-long-tongue, sure you nee-heedn’t care; you’re always prepared. I wo-wo-wish your brother co-corbie there would bib-bib-bib-borrow some of your chin-whack.”

“Listen to him noo,” said the host; “he’s begun, an’ the diel would na stop his tongue; we’ll a’ get a wipe in our turn.”

“Never mind,” said the rector. “Mr Rivers, I am happy to perceive, is charitably inclined to-night. He wishes to increase my usefulness for the benefit of his neighbours, as he never condescends to occupy his seat in church.”

“And never will, Mr Modesty, till you think fit to change your tune.”

“Pray inform me how I shall accommodate myself to your taste, Mr Rivers.”

“There are tit-two mim-methods open to you. Either you shall pra-hactise what you pre-heach, or pre-heach what you pra-hactise!”

“You are pleased to speak in riddles, Mr Rivers; be kind enough to explain.”

“Ho! ho! tha-hat is mim-more than I intended. Fu-hoo men blame me for con-ce-ling my thoughts. But I shall try to be clear. You pre-heach cha-harity, and you pra-hactise rir-rir-robbery. Ho! ho! but you are a saint! Now, I am a knave; and how lies the difference? In my fif-favour to be sure, for I give the world fif-fair play—every body knows my cha-character.”

“Your character is generally known,” interposed the priest; “and, as you admire candour, allow me to add, as generally execrated.”

“And what is that yoo-hoore affair, Mr Law-long-tongue. Why meddle in other men’s fif-fif-feuds?”

“You mistake, Mr Rivers; he who interrupts the harmony of society is accountable to every member. You have rudely burst the bounds of decorum to-night; you have unfeelingly assailed a mild and amiable gentleman; your charge is as unjust as your manner is coarse and vulgar, and both are as execrable as any thing, save the malice that prompted the attack.”

“Ho! ho! I might as well have rir-roused a hive of hornets. You black-coats fight among you-yourselves like cat and dog, but you will not allow others to interfere with the claw-hoht, I perceive.”

“The devil stop your tongue, but it’s gleg the nicht, Jack Rivers,” said the host; “can you no gie us peace?—sure nae ither man would insult the rector.”

“Ho! ho! but you’re in a wonderful pucker, Mr Numskull. Let the rector defend himself.”

“Mr B— is too gentle a character to manage you,” said the priest.

“Your greatest enemy wo-ont brand you with *that* crime,” replied Rivers, “for you ride rough-shod over all that come in your way.”

“Nothing gives me greater pleasure, I admit, when I meet such characters as you; for history furnishes no likeness of you, and among living men we would seek in vain for your fellow.”

“Ho! ho! your French politeness is less polished than stringent to-night, I think. I don’t admire it much. I would rather see your native talent in its native Irish dress. Out with the sentiments of your heart, plainly, man, and at once say, ‘Out of h—, Rivers, you’re matchless.’”

“Oh no, I cannot profit by your advice. I felt my own want of ability, and therefore left the picture to be dashed off by an abler hand. The truthfulness of your sketch no person will venture to dispute.”

The laugh was against Jack, and he bore the punishment with good temper, collecting himself, however, for a renewal of hostilities. After tea, as was the custom on such occasions, the ladies and such of the young men as preferred female society withdrew to another apartment, while the majority of the elderly gentlemen, including the clergymen, the doctor, and Snap Rivers, collected round the host to enjoy the comforts of the bottle; and as the steam began to rise, the hilarity of the party got up in proportion. After various gay sallies, Rivers said,

“Well, Master Galen, how goes trade now? You-oo and the se-hexton are se-heldom idle, I believe.”

“Always doing a little,” said the good-natured doctor, “but nothing worth notice. Any snaps with yourself of late, my conscientious friend?”

“Good, doctor, good; seldom at a loss for a sly hit. A-a-and to tell you the truth, I have mere trifles to boast of since I diddled the fellows in the pa-harish of Billy.”

“I am not aware of the circumstance; pray what was it?” said the doctor.

“Lil-lil-let our brilliant host tell you; he was a witness to the transaction,” said Rivers; “besides, unfortunately, my tongue was not made by the same craftsman that manufactured my brains.”

“How happy for your neighbours!” said the priest; “could your tongue give ready expression to the subtle plottings of your skull, we would be deluged with a torrent of knavery. But, Mr Anderson, do favour us with the story.”

“By my conscience, then, it will do but little credit to Jack, in any honest man’s mind; but if you will hae it, then you must hae it. About three months ago there was a property to be sold by public cant in B—s, and, to be sure, the devil drives it to Jack’s ears. Weel! the lease was a perpetuity, very valuable, and fifty pun’ o’ a deposit was to be paid doon on the nail. Very weel, he comes owre and engages me to gang along wi’ him to buy the place. But on the morning of the sale when I called on him, what was my surprise to see him dressed up in a rabbitman’s coat, tied roun’ wi’ a strae rope, a hat owre the red nightcap, no worth thruppence, wi’ breeks, shoes, and stockings that would disgrace a beggarman. Weel, in spite o’ a’ I could say, aff he starts in that fashion, and you’ll grant a bonny figure he cut among respectable men; but diel hait he cared; for while the folk was gathering, he sets himself up on a kind o’ a counter, and begins beating wi’ his heels, and glancing roun’ him like a monkey, and jabbering the purest nonsense. I actually thought I would hae drapped through the earth wi’ perfect shame, though I was a little relieved when I saw he was set doon for an idiot, and heard the gentlemen freely crack their jokes on him. Weel, the auction commenced, and when two or three bids were gi’en, he looks up at the cant-master so innocently, and says, in his ain style, ‘Ho, ho, may I gie a bid?’ ‘To be sure, my fine fellow,’ says the man, laughing doon at him; ‘bid up, and nae doot ye’ll get the property.’ The bidding was up to £150. ‘£200,’ cries Jack, amid the roars o’ the company, ‘£250,’ says another. ‘£300,’ says Jack, and he skellied up at the cant-master in such a fashion as nae living man could stand. You could hae tied the hail gathering wi’ a strae, while Jack kept glowering about and whistling, and beating time to the tune wi’ his heels.”

“And what tune did he whistle?” said the doctor.

“The diel a mair or less nor ‘the Rogue’s March,’” said the narrator. “But when the roars had subsided, the cant-master, to humour the joke, takes up Jack’s bid, and he says, ‘Three hundred pounds once—three hundred pounds twice—three hundred pounds, three—three—three—all done?—three times!’ and down, in fine, he knocks a property worth three thousand, adding, ‘The place is yours, my man.’ ‘Yes, by my sowl,’ says Jack, springing off the counter, ‘the place is mine;’ and pulling a bag out of a side pocket, and placing it on the table, he added, ‘And there’s your required deposit for you!’ But he may tell the rest himself.”

“And what followed, Mr Rivers?” said the doctor.

“Wha-hat followed! Why, you-oo would have thought the fellow was stuck, or af-flicted with my own impediment; but after some attempts he stammered out, ‘Oh, every person knows I was only in jest.’ ‘Ho! ho! my boy,’ said I, ‘but every person here shall know that I never was more in earnest. If I be a fool, my money’s no fool. Ho ho! gentlemen, you enjoyed your jokes at my expense; but it’s an old saying, *he may laugh that wins*; the tables a-a-are turned, and it’s my time now, I presume.”

“And, Mr Anderson,” said the doctor, “did all present quietly submit to the imposition?”

“Why, to tell the truth, every sowl in the place was dum-founded, and stared at each other like as many idiots. The cant-master made some new objection about ruining him, but Jack very glibly replied, ‘The sale is good and lawfu’. After more than three bids, the property was knocked down to me. The terms have been duly complied with, the deposit tendered before witnesses, and here is the remainder of the purchase money at your service when the deeds are perfected. I grant you were more merry than wise on this oc-

caison; and if you wish to know whom you have to deal with, it may be sufficient to inform you that I am Snap Rivers of the Doaghs; you have likely heard the name before; and out he marched as cool as a cucumber."

The rector knew less of his parishioner than did the rest of the party; he therefore listened in amazement to the relation; but when the host had concluded, as if to assure himself that he was not dreaming, he said, "And, Mr Anderson, did all this really occur?"

"I faith I assure you it did."

"And is it possible that you could lend yourself to so nefarious and disreputable a transaction?"

"It's no the first time Jack has made a tool o' me," said the simple-minded host: "he inveigled me there just to make a witness o' me. I was innocently led into the affair; but besides what you have heard, I have neither more nor less to do with it."

"And do you really intend to retain the property, Mr Rivers?" warmly inquired the indignant rector.

"Do I intend to retain it! Lord, how simple you would appear! Ho! ho! retain it! to be sure I will, and a very good thing it is, let me tell you."

"Well, sir, under these circumstances it is my duty to be plain: you and I can have no further acquaintance," said the rector.

Snap appeared surprised, and with a vacant stare, or at least a well-feigned look of simplicity, he modestly inquired, "And why, may I ask, shoo-oo-ood you cut my acquaintance?"

"The reason is plain," said the rector; "you are in possession of a property surreptitiously obtained. You have deeply injured the proprietor, ruined the auctioneer, and instead of feeling remorse, you glory in the nefarious deed."

"Ho! ho! is that the way the land lies? Why, man, did not I purchase it at a public sale? and was I not the highest bidder? If the auction was ill managed on their parts, am I to blame?"

"These arguments," replied the rector, "might satisfy a Jew, but have no force on the Christian mind. You have no moral right. It is true, the law of the land may protect you, yet still you retain that to which in justice you have not even a shadow of claim."

"Well, I am rejoiced to hear these noble sentiments from you, Mr Rector, although your high tone smacks a little of prudery. I trust you will cherish them; and if you do, what the devil, I ask, will become of your tithes, to which you have less claim than I have to the property? I gave something for it, yoo-oo give nothing at all for them; and yet you have the confounded impudence to rebuke me for one solitary act of knavery, while you practise the same trick on hundreds yearly."

The rector vouchsafed no reply, but retired to the ladies, disgusted with the hardened villany of his ribald parishioner, who laughed in triumph at the clergyman's discomfiture; and turning to the priest, he said,

"Well, Master *Glib-tongue*, what do you think of the affair? Did not I badger Mr Modesty in prime style? I think he will not readily volunteer his infernal impudence again, after such a lesson."

"I know, Snap," said the priest, "you are a consummate scoundrel. You have treated a most amiable man with unfeeling rudeness, and you deserve the reprobation of every right-thinking mind. Your legal swindling is bad, but your unblushing advocacy of the principle is worse; and if any thing still more flagrant can be conceived, your base and savage retort upon your own pastor is the very climax of your heartless villany."

"Ho! ho! Mr Bladderchops, you have taken up the cudgels, with a vengeance. But you should remember the proverb, '*Come into court with clean hands.*' What are you better than Mr Modesty? You don't take the tithes, simply because you can't get them. You don't rob by act of parliament, but you wheedle the money out of some, and frighten it out of others, with the magic of your priestcraft."

Mr Anderson was in agony, and interposing said, "I think, Jack, if you had any decency or feeling for me, you would not insult a clergyman at my table. You might be satisfied with driving one out of the room."

"Ho! ho! Mr Numskull, but you're thin in the skin! You have a wonderful leaning towards the corbies; you might fairly volunteer to defend the rector, but I beg you to let the priest answer for himself."

"And were I to answer according to your merits, a horse- whip would afford the fitting reply. Respect for my own character forbids that appeal, and protects your insolence. Yet you go not unchastised. The cupidity of your heart, like every other crime, engenders its own punishment; and though you appear to glory in acts which shook the feelings of all other men, yet, despite your coarse ribaldry, there is an avenger within your own breast, which with scorpion venom stings you to madness, and will never cease its gnawings till penitence, a very unlikely consummation, pour its healing balm on ulcers seared and enorusted by the fires of iniquity!"

"Ho! ho! how very familiar you black-coats are with horrors! How very glibly you can 'talk of hell where devils dwell, and thunder out damnation.' Now, I think you priests should be more modest. It would serve your interests better to merely consign us to purgatory."

"Your own acts, Rivers, determine such cases."

"Ho! ho! I am aware of that; but, notwithstanding, cannot a little bit of clerical hocus-pocus serve us on a pinch?"

"The habitually profane have little to hope for either from God or man; they sneer at blessings mercifully offered, and too frequently die in their sins."

"Then, under all these circumstances I think it as wise to have nothing to do with your purgatory."

"I wish it may not be your fate to go farther and fare worse."

"Well, the devil couldn't bandy compliments with you, Mr K—; so I think, brother Bill, you had better push about the forum. The priest has too much tongue for me to-night, and there's no moving his temper. But wait a bit: if I don't gage him to his heart's content, the first public place I meet him in, my name's not Snap Rivers." The party separated good friends, and the priest paid no attention to the threat. A month had elapsed, and Mr K— having business in the nearest town, found himself on the market-day perusing a placard, announcing the exhibition of a large beautiful milk-white bullock, said to be a ton weight. In the midst of his reading the priest was surprised to hear himself called by name. "Ho! ho! Mr K—, come hither!" His eye followed in the direction of the sounds, and at about a perch distant he beheld Rivers, dressed as usual in his long blue cloak, gun-mouthed breeches, blue rib-and-fur stockings, his red nightcap and fire-shovel hat—as ludicrous a figure, "take him for all and all," as ever stood in a market.

"Ho! ho! Mr K—, come hither," and the priest, not unwillingly, obeyed the summons. The meeting occurred just in the market-place. The little square was thronged to excess. The anxiety of business sat upon every countenance, and hundreds, passing hither and thither in the ardent pursuit of their own affairs, might have passed their most intimate friend without recognition; so true it is that the contemplative man is never more in solitude than in the midst of a crowd. But the first salutations over, Rivers entered eagerly into conversation with the priest, on topics of mutual interest; with not unwarrantable familiarity he laid his hand on his shoulder, continued to talk earnestly, insinuated his finger into a button-hole, without apparent motive caught him by the collar, then grasped it firmly; and that done, to his victim's consternation he pulled off his fire-shovel hat, left the red nightcap uncovered, and with much vigour brandishing the *chapeau*, began to call an auction. The market-people deemed him mad. The priest felt no desire to be disposed of by public sale, but Snap laboured most earnestly in his new vocation.

"Ho, ho! oh yes! oh yes! hear ye! hear ye!"

And the people did hear, and did flock around the pair. The priest's feelings may be fancied more readily than portrayed. He at once saw his tormentor's aim; he knew that violence would only serve to increase the awkwardness of his position, and with much presence of mind he resolved quietly to baffle, and if possible to turn the table upon Rivers. The crowd rushed rapidly to the centre of attraction. Mr K— remained apparently unconcerned, and Snap was the object of every eye, as he continued vociferously to bawl, "Hear ye! hear ye! oh yes! oh yes!" The gaping spectators were lost in wonderment. No one could either divine the cause of the uproar or explain the strange conduct of the man in the cloak. At length the priest, seizing the favourable moment, pulled off his hat, and with a serene look and respectful tone thus addressed the assembly—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honour of informing

you that Mr John Rivers of the Doaghs, this long gentleman at my shoulder with the blue cloak and red nightcap, purposes in his present remarkable dress to ride 'the white bullock' three times round the market this day for your amusement; the performance to begin precisely at 12 o'clock."

Three thundering cheers announced the delight of the crowd, while Rivers, baffled, disappointed, astonished, perfectly dumfounded, slackened his gripe, fell back a few steps, and stared most fixedly at the placid countenance of the priest; he gaped and struggled for utterance; the muscles of his face played in wild commotion. He solemnly raised his hands and eyes in the attitude of prayer, and at last was enabled to bawl, or rather half sing, "All that ever you did upon me was but a flea-bite to this. So, to make up matters, you shall dine with Yellow Peg and me to-morrow; you are the only man that ever could say he was more than a match for Snap Rivers." H. H.

#### INTERIOR OF THE GREAT EGYPTIAN PYRAMID.

AFTER dining with Caviglia, dear A—, to continue my yarn, we started by moonlight for the Pyramid, in company with the Genius Loci, and duly provided with candles for exploration. I must premise that Caviglia, whose extraordinary discoveries you are doubtless well acquainted with, has just been set to work again by Colonel Vyse, Mr Sloane, and Colonel Campbell, our Consul-General at Cairo. He is at present attempting to make further discoveries in the Great Pyramid; and as soon as he gets a firman from the Pasha, intends to attack the others.

The shape of this Pyramid has been compared to "four equilateral triangles on a square basis, mutually inclining towards each other till they meet in a point." Lincoln's-Inn Fields, the area of which corresponds to its base, wholly filled up with an edifice higher by a third than St Paul's, may give some idea of its dimensions.

The entrance is on the northern face of the Pyramid, on the sixteenth step, though you can ride up to it, such immense mounds of fallen stones have accumulated at the base. A long low passage, most beautifully cut and polished, runs downwards above 260 feet at an angle of twenty-seven degrees, to a large hall sixty feet long, directly under the centre of the Pyramid, cut out of rock, and never, it would appear, finished. This was discovered by Caviglia; the passage before this time was supposed to end about half way down, being blocked up with stones at the point where another passage meets it, running upwards at the same angle of 27, and by which you might mount in a direct line to the grand gallery, and from that to the king's chamber, where stands the sarcophagus, nearly in the centre of the pile, were it not for three or four blocks of granite that have been slid down from above, in order to stop it up.

By climbing through a passage, formed, as it is supposed, by the Caliph Mamoun, you wind round these blocks of granite into the passage, so that, with the exception of ten or twelve feet, you do in fact follow the original line of ascent. We descended by it. Close to the opening of this passage on the grand gallery is the mouth of a well about 200 feet deep, by which we ascended from the neighbourhood of the great lower hall. Two or three persons had descended it before Caviglia's time, but he cleared it out to the full depth that his predecessors had reached, and believing it went still deeper, hearing a hollow sound as he stamped on the bottom, he attempted to excavate there, but was obliged to desist on account of the excessive heat, which neither he nor the Arabs could stand.

Think what his delight must have been, when in the course of clearing the passage which I mentioned to you leads directly from the great lower hall, smelling a strong smell of sulphur; and remembering he had burnt some in the well to purify the air, he dug in that direction, and found a passage leading right into the bottom of the well, where the ropes, pick-axes, &c., &c., were lying that he had left there in despair, on abandoning the idea of further excavation in that direction as hopeless.

Up this well, as I said, we climbed, holding a rope, and fixing our feet in holes cut in the stone; the upper part of the ascent was very difficult, and bats in numbers came tumbling down on us; but at last we landed safely in the grand gallery, a noble nondescript of an apartment, very lofty, narrowing towards the roof, and most beautifully chiselled; it ends

towards the south in a staircase, if I may so term an inclined plane, with notches cut in the surface for the feet to hold by; the ascent is perilous, the stone being as polished and slippery as glass; before ascending, however, we proceeded by another beautifully worked passage, cut directly under the staircase to a handsome room called the queen's chamber. Returning to the gallery, we mounted the inclined plane to the king's chamber, directly over the queen's. The passage leading to it was defended by a portcullis now destroyed, but you see the grooves it fell into. His majesty's chamber is a noble apartment, cased with enormous slabs of granite, twenty feet high; nine similar ones (seven large and two half-sized) form the ceiling.

At the west end stands the sarcophagus, which rings, when struck, like a bell. From the north and south sides respectively of this room branch two small oblong-square passages, like air-holes, cut through the granite slabs, and slanting upwards—the first for eighty feet in a zigzag direction, the other for one hundred and twenty.

It is Caviglia's present object to discover whither these lead. Being unable to pierce the granite, he has begun cutting sideways into the limestone at the point where the granite casing of the chamber ends has reached the northern passage at the point where it is continued through the limestone, and is cutting a large one below it, so that the former runs like a groove in the roof of the latter, and he has only to follow it as a guide, and cut away till he reaches the denouement. "Now," says Caviglia, "I will show you how I hope to find out where the southern passage leads to."

Returning to the landing-place at the top of the grand staircase, we mounted a ricketty ladder to the narrow passage that leads to Davison's chamber, so named after the English consul at Algiers, who discovered it seventy years ago; it is directly above the king's chamber, the ceiling of the one forming, it would appear, the floor of the other. The ceiling of Davison's chamber consists of eight stones, beautifully worked; and this ceiling, which is so low that you can only sit cross-legged under it, Caviglia believes to be the floor of another large room above it, which he is now trying to discover. To this room he concludes the little passage leads that branches from the south side of the king's chamber. He has accordingly dug down the calcareous stone at the farther end of Davison's chamber, in hopes of meeting it; once found, it will probably lead him to the place he is in quest of.—*Lord Lindsay's Letters from the East.*

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.—Mr Curran happening to cross-examine one of those persons known in Ireland by the significant description of half-gentlemen, found it necessary to ask a question as to his knowledge of the Irish tongue, which, though perfectly familiar to him, the witness affected not to understand, whilst he at the same time spoke extremely bad English. "I see, sir, how it is: you are more ashamed of knowing your own language than of not knowing any other."

A barrister entered the hall with his wig very much awry, and of which not at all apprised, he was obliged to endure from almost every observer some remark on its appearance, till at last, addressing himself to Mr Curran, he asked him, "Do you see any thing ridiculous in this wig?" The answer instantly was, "*Nothing but the head.*"

Bills of indictment had been sent up to a grand jury, in the finding of which Mr Curran was interested. After delay and much hesitation, one of the grand jurors came into court to explain to the judge the grounds and reasons why it was ignored. Mr Curran, very much vexed by the stupidity of this person, said "You, sir, can have no objection to write upon the back of the bill *ignoramus*, for self and fellow-jurors: it will then be a true bill."

Mr Hoare's countenance was grave and solemn, with an expression like one of those statues of the Brutus head. He seldom smiled; and if he smiled, he smiled in such a sort as seemed to have rebuked the spirit that could smile at all. Mr Curran once observing a beam of joy to enliven his face, remarked, "Whenever I see smiles on Hoare's countenance, I think they are like tin clasps on an oaken coffin."

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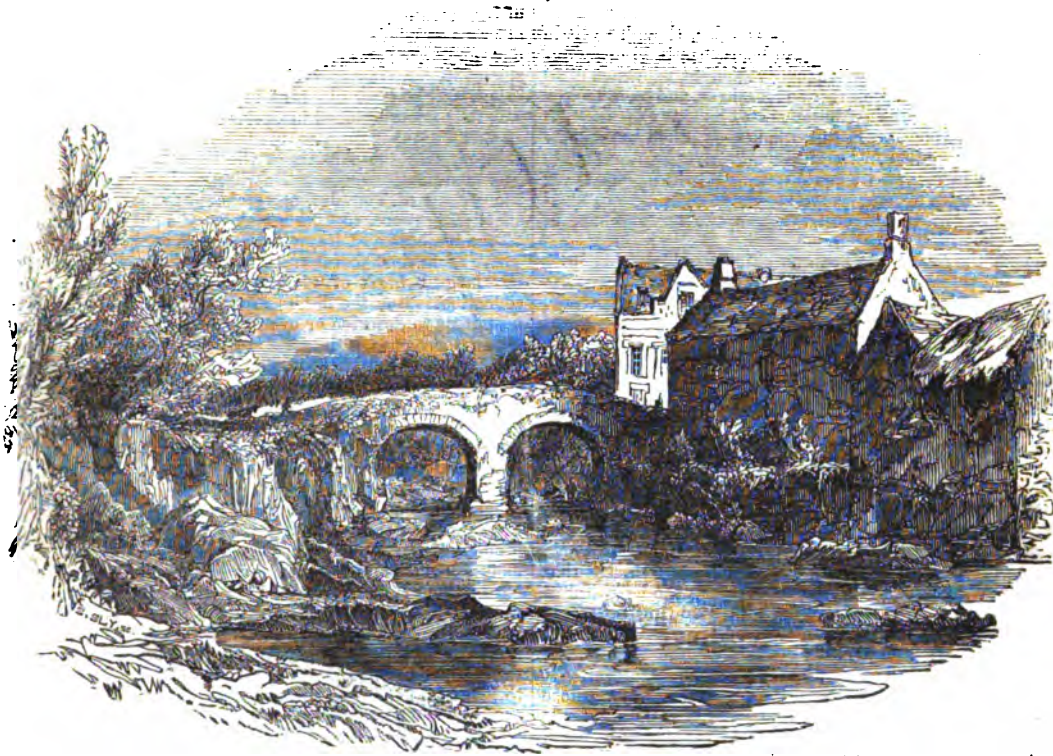


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



THE OLD BRIDGE OF MILTOWN, COUNTY OF DUBLIN.

WE have already taken occasion more than once to express our admiration of the beautiful and varied scenery which surrounds our city on all sides, and which presents such an endless variety in its general character and individual features as no other city that we are acquainted with in the empire possesses in any thing like an equal degree. Other cities may have scenery in their immediate vicinity of some one or two classes of higher beauty or grandeur than we can boast of; but it is the proud distinction of our metropolis that there is no class of scenery whatsoever of which its citizens have not the most characteristic examples within their reach of enjoyment by a walk or drive of an hour or two; and yet, strange to say, they are not enjoyed or even appreciated. Some suburb of fashionable resort is indeed visited by them, but not on account of any picturesque beauty it may possess, but simply because it is fashionable, and allows us to get into a crowd—as our delightful Musard concerts are attended by the multitude less for the music than to see and be seen, and where we too often show our want of good taste by being listless or silent when we ought to applaud, and express loudly our approbation at some capricious extravagance of the performer that we ought to condemn. The truth is, that in every thing appertaining to taste we are as yet like children, and have very much to learn before we can emancipate ourselves from the trammels of vulgar fashion, and become qualified to enjoy those pure and refined pleasures

consequent upon a just perception of the beautiful in art and nature. Till this power is acquired, our green pastoral vallies, our rocky cliffs, mountain glens, and shining rivers, as well as our exhibitions of the Fine Arts, and that pure portion of our literature which disdains to pander to the prejudices of sect or party, must remain less appreciated at home than abroad, and be less known to ourselves than to strangers who visit us, and who in this respect are often infinitely our superiors. It is no fault of ours, however, that we are thus defective in the cultivation of those higher qualities of mind which would so much conduce to our happiness; the causes which have produced such a result are sufficiently obvious to every reflecting mind, and do not require that we should name or more distinctly allude to them. But we have reason to be inspired with cheerful hope that they will not very long continue in operation. Temperance and education are making giant strides amongst us; and when we look at our various institutions for the promotion of science, art, and mechanics, all in active operation, and aided by the growth of a national literature, we can scarcely hesitate to feel assured that the arts of civilized life are taking a firm root in our country, and will be followed by their attendant blessings.

But it may be asked, What have these remarks to do with Miltown Bridge, the subject of our prefixed woodcut? Our answer is, that in presenting our readers with one of the

innumerable picturesque scenes which are found along the courses of our three rivers, the Liffey, the Dodder, and the Tolka, all of which abound in features of the most beautiful pastoral landscapes, we have naturally been led into such a train of thought by the fact that we hold their charms in little esteem, and that few amongst us have the taste to appreciate their beauties, and the consequent desire to enjoy them. The Liffey may perhaps be known to a certain extent to many of our Dublin readers, but we greatly doubt that the Tolka or the Dodder are equally familiar to them; and yet the great poet of nature, Mr Wordsworth, on his visit to our city, made himself most intimately acquainted with the scenery of the former, and thought it not inferior to that of his own Duddon, which his genius has immortalized.

In like manner, the scenery of the Dodder, though so little known to the mass of our fellow citizens, has been often explored by many British as well as native artists, who have filled their portfolios with its picturesque treasures, and have spoken of them with rapturous enthusiasm. Thus, for example, it was, as we well know, from this fount that much of the inspiration of our great self-taught imaginative painter Danby was drawn; and though we could not point to a higher name, we could, if it were necessary, give many other little less illustrious examples of talent cultivated in the same school of nature.

Amongst the many picturesque objects which this little mountain river presents, the Old Bridge of Miltown has always been with those children of genius an especial favourite, and many an elaborate study has been made of its stained and timeworn walls. It is indeed just such a scene as the lover of the picturesque would delight in;—quiet and sombre in its colour, harmonious in its accompanying features of old buildings, rocks, water, and mountain background; and, as a whole, impressed with a poetical sentiment approaching to melancholy, derived from its pervading expression of neglect and ruin. It is for these reasons that we have given old Miltown bridge a place in our topographical collections; and though many of our Dublin readers, for whom, on this occasion, we write especially, may not fully understand our language, or participate in our feelings, the fault is not ours: our object in writing is a kind one. We would desire that they should all acquire the power of enjoying the beautiful in nature, and, as a consequence, in art; knowing as we do that such power is productive of the sweetest as well as the purest of intellectual pleasures of which we are susceptible, and makes us not only happier, but better men.

We are aware also that some of our Dublin readers, whose tastes are not uncultivated, but who have taken less trouble than ourselves to make themselves familiar with our suburban localities, may think that we speak too enthusiastically of the scenery of the Dodder river and its accompanying features. But if such readers would meet us at Miltown some sunny morning in May or June next, and accompany us along the Dodder till we reach its source among the mountains—a moderate walk—we are satisfied that we should be able to remove their scepticism, and give them an enjoyment more delightful than they could anticipate, and for which they would thank us warmly. We could show them not only a varied succession of scenes of picturesque or romantic beauty on the way, but also many contiguous objects of historic interest, on which we would discourse them much legendary lore, and which we should lead them to examine, offering as an excuse for our temporary divergence the beautiful sonnet of Wordsworth to his favourite Duddon:—

Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce  
Of that serene companion—a good name,  
Recovers not his loss, but walks with shame,  
With doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse.  
And oft-times he, who, yielding to the force  
Of chance-temptation, ere his journey end,  
From chosen comrade turns, or faithful friend,  
In vain shall rue the broken intercourse.  
Not so with such as loosely wear the chain,  
That binds them, pleasant River! to thy side:—  
Through the rough copse wheel thou with hasty stride,  
I choose to saunter o'er the grassy plain,  
Sure, when the separation has been tried,  
That we, who part in love, shall meet again.

Thus, as we approached towards Rathfarnham, we should ask them to admire that noble classic gateway on the river's side, which leads into the deserted park of the Loftus family,

and which in its present state, clothed with ivy and hastening to decay, cheats the imagination with its appearance of age, and looks an arch of triumph of old Rome. We would then lead them into this noble abandoned park, still in its desolation rich in the magnificence of art and nature; then we would take a meditative look at its general features and at those of the grim yet grand and characteristic castellated mansion which with so much cost it was formed to adorn; and we should ask our companions, why has so much beauty and magnificence been thus abandoned? Here in its silent hall we could still show them original marble busts of Pope and Newton by Roubilliac; and, in the drawing-room, pictures painted expressly for it on the spot by the fair and accomplished hand of Angelica Kaufmann. But the interest of those objects would after all be somewhat a saddening one, and we should return to our cheerful river with renewed pleasure, to relieve our spirits with a view of objects more enlivening. Such an object would be that old mill near Rathfarnham, where paper was first manufactured in Ireland about two centuries since. It was on the paper so made that Usher's Primordia was printed, and the Annals of the Four Masters were written. The manufacturer was a Dutchman—but what matter? At the Bridge of Templeoge we should probably make another short divergence, to take a look at the old park and mansion of the Talbots and Domvilles; and here, beneath a majestic grove of ancient forest trees, we should show our companions the largest bank of violets that ever came under our observation. But the limits allotted to this article will not permit us to describe or even name a twentieth part of the objects or scenes of interest and beauty that would present themselves in quick succession; and we shall only say a few words on one more—the glorious Glanasmole, or the Valley of the Thrush, in which the Dodder has its source. Reader, have you ever seen this noble valley? Most probably you have not, for we know but few that ever even heard of it; and yet this glen, situated within some six or seven miles of Dublin, presents mountain scenery as romantic, wild, and almost as magnificent, as any to be found in Ireland. In this majestic solitude, with the lovely Dodder sparkling at our feet, and the gloomy Kippure mountain with his head shrouded in the clouds two thousand four hundred feet above us, we have a realization of the scenery of the Ossianic poetry. It is indeed the very locality in which the scenes of some of these legends are laid, as in the well-known Ossianic romance called the Hunt of Glanasmole; and monuments commemorative of the celebrated Fin and his heroes, “tall grey stones,” are still to be seen in the glen and on its surrounding mountains. We could conduct our readers to the well of Ossian, and the tomb of Fin's celebrated dog Bran, in which, perhaps, the naturalist might find and determine his species by his remains. The monument of Fin himself is on a mountain in the neighbourhood, and that of his wife Finane, according to the legends of the place, gives name to a mountain over the glen, called See-Finane. But there are objects of even greater interest to the antiquary and naturalist than those to be seen in Glanasmole, namely, the three things for which, according to some of these old bardic poems, the glen was anciently remarkable, and which were peculiar to it: these were the large breed of thrushes from which the valley derived its name, the great size of the ivy leaves found on its rocks, and the large berries of the rowan or mountain ash, which formerly adorned its sides. The ash woods indeed no longer exist, having been destroyed to make charcoal above eighty years since, but shoots bearing the large berries are still to be seen, while the thrush continues in his original haunt in the little dell at the source of the river on the side of Kippure, undisturbed and undiminished in size, and the giant ivy clings to the rocks as large as ever; we have seen leaves of it from seven to ten inches diameter. We should also state, that to the geologist Glanasmole is as interesting as to the painter, antiquary, or naturalist, as our friend Dr Schouler will show our readers in some future number of our Journal.

But we must bring our walk and our gossip to a conclusion, or our friends will tire of both, if they are not so already. Let us, then, rest at the little primitive Irish Christian church of Killmosantan, now ignorantly called St Anne's, seated on the bank of the river amongst the mountains; and having refreshed ourselves with a drink from the pure fountain of the saint, we shall return in silence to the place from which we started, and bid our kind companions a warm farewell.

## NOTICE OF A SINGULAR BOOK ON FOSSIL REMAINS.

Most of our readers must have heard of the wonderful discoveries of Cuvier respecting the extinct animals of a former world, and of the sagacity with which that profound anatomist disclosed the history of races, of whose existence the only evidence we possess depends upon the preservation of a few bones or fragments of skeletons. The same subject, which in the hands of genius has afforded such brilliant discoveries, has also afforded wide scope for credulity, and even imposture. The bones of the larger races of extinct animals were formerly believed alike by the learned and the vulgar to be those of giants. Even as late as the seventeenth century, learned anatomists believed that the bones of the extinct elephant belonged to a gigantic race of men. In the year 1577, some bones of the elephant were disinterred near the town of Lucerne, in Switzerland; the magistrates sent them to a professor of anatomy, who decided that they belonged to the skeleton of a giant, and the citizens were so delighted with the discovery that they adopted a giant as the supporter of the arms of their town, an honour which he still retains. In the same century, some bones of the elephant found in Dauphny were exhibited in different parts of Europe as the remains of the general of the Cimbri who invaded Rome, and who was defeated by the consul Marius some time before the commencement of the Christian era. In this case, however, the mistake was not allowed to pass unnoticed, and the surgeons and physicians of Paris entered into a lengthened discussion respecting the nature of the bones; and the works written on this subject, if collected, would form a small library.

The most extraordinary instance of mystification and credulity upon record is to be found in the history of a book on Petrifications, published by a German professor at the commencement of the last century. We quote the following notice of this very rare book from a French publication:—

It is related in the life of Father Kircher, one of the most eccentric of men, that some youths, desirous of amusing themselves at his expense, practised the following mystification upon him. They engraved a number of fantastic figures upon a stone, which they afterwards buried in a place where a house was about to be built. The stone was found by the workmen while digging the foundation, and of course found its way to the learned Father, who was quite delighted with the treasure; and after much labour and research, he gave such a translation of the inscription as might have been expected from the whimsical disposition of the man. Kircher had been a professor at Wurzburg where this anecdote became well known, and led to another mystification of a much more serious nature, as it was pushed so far as to occasion the publication of a folio volume.

M. Berenger, physician to the Prince-Bishop of Warzburg, and a professor in the University, was an enthusiastic collector of natural curiosities. He collected without discrimination, and above all things valued those objects which by their strange forms seemed to contradict the laws of nature. This pursuit drew much ridicule upon M. Berenger, and induced a young man of the name of Rodrich to amuse himself at his expense. Rodrich cut upon stones the figures of different kinds of animals, and caused them to be brought to Berenger, who purchased them and encouraged the search for more. The success of the trick encouraged its author; he prepared new petrifications, of the most absurd nature imaginable. They consisted of bats with the heads and wings of butterflies, winged crabs, frogs, Hebrew and other characters, snails, spiders with their webs, &c. When a sufficient number of them was prepared, boys who had been taught their lesson brought them to the professor, informing him that they had found them near the village of Eibelstadt, and caused him to pay dearly for the time they had employed in collecting them. Delighted with the ease with which he obtained so many wonders, he expressed a desire to visit the place where they had been found, and the boys conducted him to a locality where they had previously buried a number of specimens. At last, when he had formed an ample collection, he could no longer resist the inclination of making them known to the learned world. He thought he would be guilty of selfishness if he withheld from the public that knowledge which had afforded him so much delight. He exhibited his treasures to the admiration of the learned, in a work containing twenty-one plates, with a Latin text explanatory of the figures.

As soon as M. Deckard, a brother professor, who was probably in the plot, was aware of this ridiculous publication, he expressed great regret that the mystification had been pushed so far, and informed M. Berenger of the hoax that had been played upon him. The unfortunate author was now as anxious to recall his work as he had formerly been to give it to the public. Some copies, however, found their way into the libraries of the curious.

Nothing can be imagined more strange than this book, whether we consider the opinions contained in it, or the manner in which they are stated. It deserves to be better known as a monument of the most extravagant credulity, and as an evidence of the follies at which the mind may arrive when it attempts to bend the laws of nature to its chimeras. Nothing can be more absurd than the allegoric engraving placed on the title-page. On the summit of a Parnassus, composed of an enormous accumulation of petrifications, we observe an obelisk supporting the arms of the Prince-Bishop, and surrounded by Cupids and garlands of flowers. Above the pyramid there is a sun surmounted by the name of the Deity, in Hebrew characters. Different emblematic persons holding petrifications in their hands are placed on the sides of the mountain. At its base we observe on the right a tonsured Apollo, who doubtless represents the Prince-Bishop, and on the left we see the professor himself demonstrating all these wonders; and also a genius, seated near the centre of the mountain, is writing down his words in Hebrew characters. In the dedication M. Berenger gives an explanation of these allegories. But what is still more remarkable, it appears that even the engraver has amused himself at the expense of the professor. What renders this probable is, that at the base of the engraving are figured pick-axes and spades necessary for extracting petrifications, and along with them chisels, compass, and mallet, the emblems of sculpture; and what is still more wicked, a bell, the emblem of noise.

The work is dedicated to the Prince-Bishop of Wurzburg, on whom were bestowed the epithets of the New Apollo, Sacred Amulet of the country, the New Sun of Franconia, and others selected with equal taste. The most absurd flattery abounds in this dedication, of which the following may be taken as a sample. "The opinions of philosophers are still unsettled. They hesitate whether to ascribe the wonderful productions of this mountain to the admirable operations of nature, or to the art of the ancients; but, interpreted by the public gratitude, all unite with me in proclaiming that this useless and uncultivated hill has rendered illustrious by its wonders the beginning of your reign, and has honoured a learned Prince, the protector and support of learning, by a hecatomb of petrified plants, flowers, and animals. If it be permitted to attribute these marvels to the industry of antiquity, I can say that Franconia was once the rival of Egypt. By a usage unknown in Europe, Memphis covered her gigantic monuments with hieroglyphics, and I do not hazard an idle conjecture. I state without fear of contradiction, that the obelisk which crowns this mountain exhibits in its petrifications the emblems of your virtues." According to the author, the name of the Deity in Hebrew characters indicates the zeal of the Prince for religion. The sun, the moon, and the stars, his beneficence, justice, prudence, and indefatigable vigilance; the comets, contrary to the vulgar idea, which considers them signs of evil, foretell the happy events of his reign; and the fossil shells represent the hearts of his subjects.

It appears from the preface that M. Berenger had solicited and obtained permission from the Prince-Bishop to publish his work. He confesses that the greater number of philosophers and intelligent people he had consulted were of opinion that these petrifications were the products of art; in opposition to this erroneous opinion, he asserts that he has convinced the sceptics by taking them to the spot where he found his curiosities. Their astonishment, he adds, and their unanimous and perfect conviction, had given him the utmost joy, and amply recompensed him for all his labour and expense.

This work was to have been followed by others. It is divided into fourteen chapters, each chapter being devoted to a single question. Most of these questions are so extraordinary and so singularly treated of, that one can scarcely believe that the author was in earnest. Thus, Chap. 4. The petrifications of Wurzburg are not relics of Paganism, nor can they be attributed to the art and superstition of the Germans during heathen times.

Chap. 5. The ingenious conjecture which attributes their formation to the plastic power of light.

Chap. 6. The germs of shell-fish and marine animals, mixed with the vapours of the ocean, and scattered over the earth by the showers, are not the source of the fossils of Wursburg.

Chap. 12. Our petrifications are not the products of modern art, as some persons have ventured to assert, throwing a cloud of doubts and fables over this subject.

Chap. 13. Grave reasons for considering our petrifications as the work of nature, and not of art.

The absurdity of the arguments employed in the discussion of these different propositions, exceeds all belief. For example, the author, to refute the opinion of those who attribute these petrifications to the superstition of the Pagans, demonstrates that none of these specimens in his possession are described in the decrees of the German synods, which proscribed images and sorcery. Neither can they be considered as victims offered to idols, for who ever sacrificed figured stones instead of living animals? They are not amulets which Pagan parents hung around the necks of their children, to preserve them from the charms of witchcraft, for some of them are so heavy that they would strangle the poor infant, and there is no aperture in any of them through which a chain could be passed. Finally, what renders it impossible that these stones are the remains of Paganism, is, that many of them are inscribed with Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, and German characters, expressing the name of the Deity.

This work, as we have stated, was suppressed when he discovered the cruel hoax that had been played upon him. The work, in its original state, is very rare, and is only known to the curious; but after the death of M. Berenger, the copies which he had retained were given to the public by a bookseller, but with a new title-page.

S.

### SONGS OF OUR LAND.

Songs of our land, ye are with us for ever,

The power and the splendour of thrones pass away;  
But yours is the might of some far flowing river,  
Through Summer's bright roset or Autumn's decay.  
Ye treasure each voice of the swift passing ages,  
And truth, which time writeth on leaves or on sand;  
Ye bring us the bright thoughts of poets and sages,  
And keep them among us, old songs of our land.

The birds may go down to the place of their slumbers,  
The lyre of the charmer be hushed in the grave,  
But far in the future the power of their numbers  
Shall kindle the hearts of our faithful and brave.  
It will waken an echo in souls deep and lonely,  
Like voices of reeds by the summer breeze fanned;  
It will call up a spirit for freedom, when only  
Her breathings are heard in the songs of our land.

For they keep a record of those, the true hearted,  
Who fell with the cause they had vowed to maintain;  
They show us bright shadows of glory departed,  
Of love that grew cold, and the hope that was vain.  
The page may be lost and the pen long forsaken,  
And weeds may grow wild o'er the brave heart and hand;  
But ye are still left when all else hath been taken,  
Like streams in the desert, sweet songs of our land.

Songs of our land, ye have followed the stranger,  
With power over ocean and desert afar,  
Ye have gone with our wanderers through distance and danger,  
And gladdened their path like a home-guiding star.  
With the breath of our mountains in summers long vanished,  
And visions that passed like a wave from the sand,  
With hope for their country and joy from her banished,  
Ye come to us ever, sweet songs of our land.

The spring time may come with the song of her glory,  
To bid the green heart of the forest rejoice,  
But the pine of the mountain, though blasted and hoary,  
And the rock in the desert, can send forth a voice.  
It is thus in their triumph for deep desolations,  
While ocean waves roll or the mountains shall stand,  
Still hearts that are bravest and best of the nations,  
Shall glory and live in the songs of their land.

F. B.

### PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THE POOR AUTHOR.\*

How many a time do we take up the page of news, or the sheet of literary novelty, without reflecting upon the nameless sources whence their contents have been derived; and yet what a fruitful field do they afford for our deepest contemplation, and our holiest and purest sympathies! There may be there brought together, and to the general eye displayed in undistinguished union, contributions over which the jewelled brow of nobility hath been knitted into the frown of thoughtfulness, and side by side with these, chapters wearily traced out by the tremulous hand of unbefriended genius. Upon the former we do not mean to dwell, but we would wish for a few moments to contemplate the heart-trying condition of the latter.

It is hard to conceive a situation more replete with wretchedness than that of the struggling man of letters—who has offered his *all* before the shrine of long-looked-for fame; who has staked health, and peace, and happiness, that he may win her favour, and who nevertheless holds an uncertain tenure even of his "daily bread." He is poor and in misery, yet he lives in a world of boundless wealth; but in this very thing is to be found the exquisite agony of his condition. What though haggard want wave around him her lean and famished hands, what avails that? Write he must, if it be but to satisfy the cravings of a stunted nature; write he must, though his only reward be the scanty pittance that was greedily covenanted for, and when his due, but grudgingly presented him. And then he must delineate plenty and happiness; he must describe "the short holiday of childhood," the guileless period of maiden's modesty, the sunshine of the moment when we first hear that we are loved, the placid calm of peaceful resignation; or it may be, the charms that nature wears in England's happy vales, the beauty of her scenery, the splendour and wealth of her institutions, the protecting law for the poor man, her admirable code of jurisprudence. All, all these may be the theme of his song, or the subject of his appointed task; but the hours will pass away, and the spirits he has called up will disappear, and his visions of happiness will leave him only, if it be possible, more fearfully alive to his own helplessness—they cannot wake their echo in his soul, and instead of their worthier office of healing and blessedness, they render his wound deeper, deadlier, and more ranking.

And who is there, think you, kind reader, that can feel more acutely the sting of neglect and poverty than the lonely man of genius? Of him how truly may it be said, "he cannot dig, to beg he is ashamed!" His intellect is his world; it is the glorious city in which he abides, the treasure-house wherein his very being is garnered; it is to cultivate it that he has lived; and when it fails him in his wintry hour, is not he indeed "of all men most miserable?"

But let us suppose that his prescribed duty is done, that the required article is written, and that this child of his sick and aching brain is at last dismissed; and can his thoughts follow it? Can his heart bear the reflection that it shall find admission where he durst not make his appearance? He knows that it will be laid on the gorgeous table of the rich and honourable. He knows, too, that it will find its way to the happy fireside, the home where sorrow hath not yet entered—such as once was his own in the days of his childhood. He knows that the unnatural relation who spurned him from his door when he asked the bread of charity, may see it, and without at all knowing the writer, that even his scornful sneer may be thereby relaxed. He knows—but why more? Of *himself* he knows that want and woe have been his companions, that they are yet encamped around him, and that they will only end their ministry "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!"

This is by no means—oh, would that it were so!—an ideal picture. In LONDON, amid her "wilderness of building," there are at this hour hundreds whose sufferings could corroborate it, and whose necessities could give the stamping conviction to its truth. We were ourselves cognizant of the history of one young man's life, his early and buoyant hopes, his subsequent misfortunes and miseries, and his early and unripe death, to all of which, anything that is painted above bears but a faint and indistinct resemblance. He was an

\* The writer, as will be seen, has had in view solely the literature of London.



Irishman, and gifted with the characteristics of his country—a romantic genius, united with feelings the most tremulous, and tender, and impassioned. Many years have since passed away, and over and over again have the wild flowers sprung up, and bloomed, and withered over his narrow resting place, no unmeet emblem of

"The poor inhabitant below!"

but never has the memory of his sad story faded from us—never may it fade! His lot was unhappy, and he "perished in his pride." His reason eventually bowed before his intense sufferings; and excepting the few minutes just before his spirit passed away, his last hours were uncheered by the glimpse of that glorious intellect which had promised to crown him with a chaplet of undying fame. Even as it was, he had attracted notice; his writings were beginning to make for him a name; and the Prime Minister of England did not think it beneath him to visit his lonely lodging, and to endeavour to raise his sinking soul with the promise of almost unlimited patronage. But the restorative came too late: the poison had worked its portion, and in the guise of Fame, DEATH approached;

"And as around the brow  
Of that ill-fated votary he wreath'd:  
The crown of victory, silently he twined  
The cypress with the laurel: at his foot  
Perish'd the MARTYR STUDENT."

We have nothing to add to this. Had we not hoped to strike a chord of sympathy in our reader's heart, we should never have even advanced so far, or have uplifted the veil so as to exhibit the "latter end" of such. Reader, in conclusion, you know not the toil, and trouble, and bodily labour, and mental iniquitude, that furnish you each week with the price of YOUR PENNY! S. H.

#### PADDY CORBETT'S FIRST SMUGGLING TRIP.

"Then on the 'tither hand present her,  
A blackguard smuggler right behind her,  
And cheek-for-chow a chuffie vintner,  
Collageuin' join.—BURNS.

No order of men has experienced severer treatment from the various classes into which society is divided, than that of excisemen, or, as they are vulgarly denominated, guagers. If, unlike the son of the Hebrew patriarch, their hand is not raised against every man, yet they may be truly said to inherit a portion of Ishmael's destiny, for every man's hand is against them. The cordial and unmitigated hostility of the lower classes follows the guager at every point of his dangerous career, whether his pursuit be smuggled goods, pot-teen, or unpermitted parliament. Literary men have catered to the gratification of the public at his expense, by exhibiting him in their stories of Irish life under such circumstances that the good-natured reader scarcely knows whether to laugh or weep most at his ludicrous distress. The varied powers of rhyme have been pressed into the service by the man of genius and the lover of fun. The "Diel's awa' wi' the Exciseman" of Burns, and the Irishman's "Paddy was up to the Guager," will ever remain to prove the truth of the foregoing assertion.

But the humble historian of this unpretending narrative is happy to record one instance of retributory justice on the part of an individual of this devoted class, which would have procured him a statue in the temple of Nemesis, had his lot been cast among the ancients. Many instances of the generosity, justice, and self-abandonment of the guager, have come to the writer's knowledge, and these acts of virtue shall not be utterly forgotten. The readers of the Irish Penny Journal shall blush to find men, whose qualities might reconcile the estranged misanthrope to the human family, rendered the butt of ridicule, and their many virtues lost and unknown.

On a foggy evening in the November of a year of which Irish tradition, not being critically learned in chronology, has not furnished the date, two men pursued their way along a bridle road that led through a wild mountain tract in a remote and far westward district of Kerry. The scene was savage and lonely. Far before them extended the broad Atlantic, upon whose wild and heaving bosom the lowering clouds seemed to settle in fitful repose. Round and beyond, on the dark and barren heath, rose picturesque masses of rock—the finger-stones which nature, it would seem, in some wayward frolic, had tossed into pinnacled heaps of strange and multiform construction. About their base, and in the deep interstices of their sides, grew the holly and the hardy moun-

tain ash, and on their topmost peaks frisked the agile goat in all the pride of unfettered liberty.

These men, each of whom led a Kerry pony that bore an empty sack along the difficult pathway, were as dissimilar in form and appearance as any two of Adam's descendants possibly could be. One was a low-sized, thickset man; his broad shoulders and muscular limbs gave indication of considerable strength; but the mild expression of his large blue eyes and broad, good-humoured countenance, told, as plain as the human face divine could, that the fierce and stormy passions of our kind never exerted the strength of that muscular arm in deeds of violence. A jacket and trousers of brown frieze, and a broad-brimmed hat made of that particular grass named *thraneen*, completed his dress. It would be difficult to conceive a more strange or unseemly figure than the other: he exceeded in height the usual size of men; but his limbs, which hung loosely together, and seemed to accompany his emaciated body with evident reluctance, were literally nothing but skin and bone; his long conical head was thinly strewed with rusty-coloured hair that waved in the evening breeze about a haggard face of greasy, sallow hue, where the rheumy sunken eye, the highly prominent nose, the thin and livid lip, half disclosing a few rotten straggling teeth, significantly seemed to tell how disease and misery can attenuate the human frame. He moved, a living skeleton: yet, strange to say, the smart nag which he led was hardly able to keep pace with the swinging unequal stride of the gaunt pedestrian, though his limbs were so fleshless that his clothes flapped and fluttered around him as he stalked along the chilly moor.

As the travellers proceeded, the road, which had lately been pent within the huge masses of granite, now expanded sufficiently to allow them a little side-by-side discourse; and the first-mentioned person pushed forward to renew a conversation which seemed to have been interrupted by the inequalities of the narrow pathway.

"An' so ye war saying, Shane Glas," he said, advancing in a straight line with his spectre-looking companion, "ye war saying that face of yours would be the means of keeping the guager from our taste of tibaccy."

"The devil reseave the guager will ever squint at a lafe of it," says Shane Glas, "if I'm in yer road. There was never a cloud over Tim Casey for the twelve months I thravelled with him; and if the foolish man had had me the day his taste o' brandy was taken, he'd have the fat boiling over his pot today, 'tisn't that I say it myself."

"The sorrow from me, Shane Glas," returned his friend with a hearty laugh, and a roguish glance of his funny eye at the angular and sallow countenance of the other, "the sorrow be from me if it's much of Tim's *fat* came in your way, at any rate, though I don't say as much for the *graise*."

"It's laughing at the crucked side o' yer mouth ye'd be, I'm thinking, Paddy Corbett," said Shane Glas, "if the thief of a guager smelt your taste o' tibaccy—Crush Christ duin! and I not there to fricken him off, as I often done afore."

"But couldn't we take our lafe o' tibaccy on our ponies' backs in panniers, and throw a few hake or some oysters over 'em, and let on that we're fish-joulting?"

"Now, mark my words, Paddy Corbett: there's a chap in Killarney as knowledgeable as a jailor; Ould Nick would'n't bate him in roguery. So put your goods in the thrackle, shake a wisp over 'em, lay me down over that in the fould o' the quilt, and say that I kem from Decie's country to pay a round at Tubber-na-Treemoda, and that I caught a faver, and that ye're taking me home to die, for the love o' God and yer mother's sowl. Say, that Father Darby, who prepared me, said I had the worst spotted faver that kem to the country these seven years. If that doesn't fricken him off, ye're sowl'd" (betrayed.)

By this time they had reached a deep ravine, through which a narrow stream pursued its murmuring course. Here they left the horses, and, furnished with the empty sacks, pursued their onward route till they reached a steep cliff. Far below in the dark and undefined space sounded the hollow roar of the heaving ocean, as its billowy volume broke upon its granite barrier, and formed along the dark outline a zone of foam, beneath whose snowy crest the ever-impelled and angry wave yielded its last strength in myriad flashes of phosphoric light, that sparkled and danced in arrowy splendour to the wild and sullen music of the dashing sea.

"Paddy Corbett, avick," said Shane Glas, "pull yer legs fair an' aisy aafter ye; one inch iv a mistake, achorra, might

sind ye a long step of two hundred feet to furnish a could supper for the sharks. The sorrow a many would vinture down here, avourneen, barring the red fox of the hill and the honest smugger; they are both poor persecuted crathurs, but God has given thim *gumpshun* to find a place of shelter for the fruits of their honest industry, glory be to his holy name!"

Shane Glas was quite correct in his estimate of the height of this fearful cliff. It overhung the deep Atlantic, and the narrow pathway wound its sinuous way round and beneath so many frightful precipices, that had the unpractised feet of Paddy Corbett threaded the mazy declivity in the clear light of day, he would in all probability have performed the saltation, and furnished the banquet of which Shane Glas gave him a passing hint. But ignorance of his fearful situation saved his life. His companion, in addition to his knowledge of this secret route, had a limberness of muscle, and a pliancy of uncouth motion, that enabled him to pursue every winding of the awful slope with all the activity of a weazel. In their descent, the wild sea-fowl, roused by the unusual approach of living things from their couch of repose, swept past on sounding wing into the void and dreary space abroad, uttering discordant cries, which roused the more distant slumberers of the rocks. As they farther descended round the foot of the cliff, where the projecting crags formed the sides of a little cove, a voice, harsh and threatening, demanded "who goes there?" The echo of the questioner's interrogation, reverberating along the receding wall of rocks, would seem to a fanciful ear the challenge of the guardian spirit of the coast pursuing his nightly round. The wild words blended in horrid unison through the mid air with the sigh of waving wings and discordant screams, which the echoes of the cliffs multiplied a thousand fold, as though all the demons of the viewless world had chosen that hour and place of loneliness to give their baneful pinions and shrieks of terror to the wind.

"Who goes there?" again demanded this strange warder of the savage scene; and again the scream of the sea bird and the echo of human tones sounded wildly along the sea.

"A friend, avick machree," replied Shane Glas. "Paudh, achorra, what beautiful lungs you have! But keep yer voice a thrifle lower, ma bouchal, or the wather-guards might be after staling a march on ye, sharp as ye are."

"Shane Glas, ye slinging thief," rejoined the other, "is that yerself? Honest man," addressing the new comer, "take care of that talla-faced shamer. My hand for ye, Shane will see his own funeral yet, for the devil another crathur, barring a fox, could creep down the cliff till the moon rises, any how. But I know what saved yer bacon; he that's born to be hanged—you can repate the rest o' the throe ould saying yerself, ye poor atomy!"

"Chorpan Doull," said Shane Glas, rather chafed by the severe raillery of the other, "is it because ye shoulder an ould gun that an honest man can't tell you what a Judy ye make o' yerself, swaggering like a raw Peeler, and frightening every shag on the cliff with yer foolish bull-scuttering! Make way there, or I'll stick that ould barrel in yez—make way there, ye spalpeen!"

"Away to yer masher with ye, ye miserable disciple," returned the unsparing jiber. "Arrah, by the hole o' my coat, afther you have danced yer last jig upon nothing, with yer purty himp cravat on, I'll coax yer miserable carcass from the hangman to frighten the crows with."

When the emaciated man and his companion had proceeded a few paces along the narrow ledge that lay between the steep cliff and the sea, they entered a huge excavation in the rock, which seemed to have been formed by volcanic agency, when the infant world heaved in some dire convulsion of its distempered bowels. The footway of the subterranean vault was strewn with the finest sand, which, hardened by frequent pressure, sent the tramp of the intruder's feet reverberating along the gloomy vacancy. On before gleamed a strong light, which, piercing the surrounding darkness, partially revealed the sides of the cavern, while the far space beneath the lofty roof, impervious to the powerful ray, extended dark and undefined. Then came the sound of human voices mixed in uproarious confusion; and anon, within a receding angle, a strange scene burst upon their view.

Before a huge fire which lighted all the deep recess of the high over-arching rock that rose sublime as the lofty roof of a Gothic cathedral, sat five wild-looking men of strange semi-nautical raiment. Between them extended a large sea-chest, on which stood an earthen flaggon, from which one, who seemed

the president of the revel, poured sparkling brandy into a single glass that circled in quick succession, while the jest and laugh and song swelled in mingled confusion, till the dimsome cavern rang again to the roar of the subterranean bacchanals.

"God save all here!" said Shane Glas, approaching the festive group. "O, wish! Misther Cronin, but you and the boys is up to fun. The devil a naither glass o' brandy; no wonder ye should laugh and sing over it. How goes the Colleen Ayrih, and her Bochal Fadda, that knows how to bark so purty at thim plundering thieves, the wather-guards?"

"Ah! welcome, Shane," replied the person addressed; "the customer you've brought may be depinded on, I hope. Sit down, boys."

"'Tis ourselves that will, and welkim," rejoined Shane. "Depinded on! why, 'scurc to the dacenther father's son from this to himself than Paddy Corbett, 'tisn't that he's to the fore."

"Come, taste our brandy, lads, while I help you to some ham," said the smuggler. "Shane, you have the stomach of a shark, the digestion of an ostrieh, and the gout of an epicure."

"By gar ye may say that wid yer own purty mouth, Misther Cronin," responded the garrulous Shane. "Here, gintlemin, here is free thrade to honest min, an' high hangin' to all informers! O! murder maura (smacking his lips), how it tastes! O, avirra yeallah (laying his bony hand across his shrunken paunch), how it hates the stummuck!"

"You are welcome to our mansion, Paddy Corbett," interrupted the hospitable master of the cavern; "the house is covered in, the rent paid, and the cruiskeen of brandy unadulterated; so eat, drink, and be merry. When the moon rises, we can proceed to business."

Paddy Corbett was about to return thanks when the interminable Shane Glas again broke in.

"I never saw a man, beggin' yer pardon, Misther Cronin, lade a finer or rollickinger life than your own four bones—drinking an' coorting on land, and spreading the canvass of the Cooleen Ayrih over the salt say, for the good o' thrade. *Manin syr Shyre*, if I had Trig Dowl the piper forinst me there, near the cruiskeen, but I'd drink an' dance till morning. But here's God bless us, an' success to our thrup, Paddy, avrahir;" and he drained his glass. Then when many a successive round went past, and the famished-looking wretch grew intoxicated, he called out at the top of his voice, "Silence for a song," and in a tone somewhat between the squeak of a pig and the drone of a bagpipe, poured forth a lyric, of which we shall present one or two stanzas to the reader.

I travelled France an' Spain, an' likewise in Asia,

Fal de ral, &c &c.

And spent many a long day at my side in Arabia,

Fal de ral, &c &c.

Pur-shooing of their ways, their sates an' their farms,

But sich another place as the lakes o' Killarney,

I never saw elsewhere, the air being most charming,

Fal de ral, &c &c.

There the Muses came to make it their quarters,

Fal de ral, &c &c.

An' for their ray-creation they came from Castalia,

Fal de ral, &c &c.

With congratulations playing for his lordship,

A viewing of that place, I mean sweet Killarney,

That the music been so sweet, the lake became enchanted,

Fal de ral, &c &c.

Early on a clear sunny morning after this, a man with a horse and truckle car was observed to enter the town of Killarney from the west. He trolled forth before the animal, which, checked by some instinctive dread, with much reluctance allowed himself to be dragged along at the full length of his hair halter. On the rude vehicle was laid what seemed a quantity of straw, upon which was extended a human being, whose greatly attenuated frame appeared fully developed beneath an old flannel quilt. His face, that appeared above its tattered hem, looked the embodiment of disease and famine, which seemed to have gnawed, in horrid union, into his inmost vitals. His distorted features portrayed rending agony; and as the rude vehicle jolted along the rugged pavement, he groaned hideously. This miserable man was our acquaintance Shane Glas, and he that led the strange procession no other than Paddy Corbett, who thus experimented to sutuggle his "tasto o' tibaccy," which lay concealed in well-packed bales beneath the sick couch of the wretched simulator.

As they proceeded along, Shane Glas uttered a groan, conveying such a feeling of real agony that his startled companion, supposing that he had in verity received the sudden

judgment of his deception, rushed back to ascertain whether he had not been suddenly stricken to death.

"Paddy, a chorra-na-nea," he muttered in an undergrowl, "here's the vagabone thief of a guager down sthreet! Exert yerself, a-lea, to baffle the schamer, an' don't forget 'tis the spotted faver I have."

Sure enough, the guager did come; and noticing, as he passed along, the confusion and averted features of Paddy Corbett, he immediately drew up.

"Where do you live, honest man, an' how far might you be goin'?" said the keen exciseman.

"O, wisha! may the heavens be yer honour's bed!—ye must be one o' the good ould stock, to ax afther the consarns of a poor angishore like me: but, a yinusal-a-chree, 'tisnt where I lives is worse to me, but where that donan in the thruckle will die with me."

"But how far are you taking him?"

"'Tis myself would offer a pather an' ave on my two binned knees for yer honour's soul, if yer honour would tell me that. I forgot to ax the crathur where he *should* be berried when we kim away, an' now he's speechless out an' out."

"Come, say where is your residence," said the other, whose suspicion was increased by the countryman's prevarication.

"By jamine, yer honour's larnin' bothers me intirely; but if yer honour manes where the woman that owns me and the childre is, 'tis that way, west at Tubber-na-Treenoda: yer honour has heard tell o' Tubber-na-Treenoda, by coorse?"

"Never, indeed."

"O, wisha! dont let yer honour be a day longer that way. If the sickness, God betune us an' harum, kim an ye, 'twould be bether for yer honour give a teshter to the durhogh there, to offer up a rosary for ye, than to *shell out* three pounds to Doctor Crump."

"Perhaps you have some *soft goods* concealed under the sick man," said the guager, approaching the car. "I frequently catch smuggled wares in such situations."

"The devil a taste *good* or *soft* under him, sir dear, but the could sop from the top o' the stack. *Ketch!* why, the devil a haporth ye'll *ketch* here but the spotted faver."

"Fever!" repeated the startled exciseman, retiring a step or two.

"Yes, faver, yer honour; what else? Didn't Father Darby that prepared him say that he had spotted faver enough for a thousand min! Do, yer honour, come look in his face, an' thin throw the poor dying crathur, that kem all the way from Decie's country, by raisin of a dream, to pay a round for his wife's sowl at Tubber-na-Treenoda: yes, throw him out an the belly o' the road, an' let his blood, the blood o' the stranger, be on yer sowl an' his faver in yer body."

Paddy Corbett's eloquence operating on the exciseman's dread of contagion, saved the tobacco.

Our adventurers considering it rather dangerous to seek a buyer in Killarney, directed their course eastward to Kanturk. The hour of evening was rather advanced as they entered the town; and Shane, who could spell his way without much difficulty through the letters of a sign-board, seeing "entertainment for man and horse" over the door, said they would put up there for the night, and then directed Paddy to the shop of the only tobacconist in town, whither for some private motive he declined to attend him. Mr Pigtail was after dispatching a batch of customers when Paddy entered, who, seeing the coast clear, gave him the "God save all here," which is the usual phrase of greeting in the kingdom of Kerry. Mr Pigtail was startled at the rude salutation, which, though a beautiful benediction, and characteristic of a highly religious people, is yet too uncouth for modern "ears polite," and has, excepting among the lowest class of peasants, entirely given way to that very sincere and expressive phrase of address, "your servant."

Now, Mr Pigtail, who meted out the length of his replies in exact proportion to the several ranks and degrees of his querists, upon hearing the vulgar voice that uttered the more vulgar salute, hesitated to deign the slightest notice, but, measuring with a glance the outward man of the saluter, he gave a slight nod of acknowledgement, and the dissyllabic response "servant;" but seeing Paddy Corbett with gaping mouth about to open his embassy, and that, like Burns's Death,

"He seemed to make a kind o' stan',  
But nathing spak,"

he immediately added, "Honest man, you came from the west, I believe?"

"Thru enough for yer honour," said Pat; "my next door neighbours at that side are the wild Ingins of Immeriky. A wet and could foot an' a dhry heart I had coming to ye; but welkim be the grace o' God, sure poor people should make out an honest bit an' sup for the weeny crathurs at home; an' I have thirteen o' thim, all thackeens, praise be to the Maker."

"And I dare say you have brought a trifle in my line of business in your road?"

"Faith, 'tis yerself may book it: I have the natest lufe o' tibaccoy that ever left Connor Cro-ab-a-bo. I was going to *skim* an the honest man—Lord betune us an' harum, I'd be the first informer of my name, any how. But, talking o' the tibaccoy, the man that give it said a sweether taste never left the hould of his ship, an' that's a great word. I'll give it dog chape, by raison o' the long road it travelled to yer honour."

"You don't seem to be long in this business," said Mr Pigtail.

"Thru for ye there agin, a-yinusal; 'tis yourself may say so. Since the priest christened Paddy an me, an' that's longer than I can ramimber, I never wint an the sachrawn afore. God comfort poor Jillian Dawly, the crathur, an' the grawls I left her. Amin, a-hierna!"

Now, Mr Pigtail supposed from the man's seeming simplicity, and his inexperience in running smuggled goods, that he should drive a very profitable adventure with him. He ordered him to bring the goods privately to the back way that led to his premises; and Paddy, who had the fear of the guager vividly before him, lost no time in obeying the mandate. But when Mr Pigtail examined the several packages, he turns round upon poor Paddy with a look of disapprobation, and exclaims, "This article will not suit, good man—entirely damaged by sea water—never do."

"See wather, anagh!" returns Paddy Corbett; "bad luck to the dhrop o' wather, salt or fresh, did my taste o' tibaccoy ever see. The Colleen Ayrigh that brought it could dip an' skim along the waves like a sea-gull. There are two things she never yet let in, Mr Pigtail, avourneen—wather nor wather-guards: the one ships off her, all as one as a duck; and the Boochal Fadda on her deck keeps 'tother a good mile off, more spunk to him." This piece of nautical information Paddy had ventured from gleanings collected from the rich stores which the conversation of Shane Glas presented along the road, and in the smugglers' cave.

"But, my good man, you cannot instruct me in the way of my business. Take it away—no man in the trade would venture an article like it. But I shall make a sacrifice, rather than let a poor ignorant man fall into the hands of the guager. I shall give you five pounds for the lot."

Paddy Corbett, who had been buoyed up by the hope of making two hundred per cent. of his lading, now seeing all his gainful views vanish into thin air, was loud and impassioned in the expression of his disappointment. "O, Jillian Dawly!" he cried, swinging his body to and fro, "Jillian, a roon manima, what'll ye say to yer man, afther throwing out of his hand the half year's rint that he had to give the agint? O! what'll ye say, aven, but that I ned a purty padder-napeka of myself, listening to Shane Glas, the yellow schamer; or what'll Sheelabeg, the crathur, say, whin Tim Murphy wont take her without the cows that I wont have to give her? O, Misther Pigtail, avourneen, be mariful to an honest father's son; don't take me short, avourneen, an' that God might take you short. Give me the tin pounds it cost me, an' I'll pray for yer sowl, both now an' in the world to come. O! Jillian, Jillian, I'll never face ye, nor Sheelabeg, nor any o' the crathurs agin, without the tin pound, any how. I'll take the vestmint, an' all the books in Father Darby's house of it."

"Well, if you don't give the tobacco to me for less than that, you can call on one Mr Prywell, at the other side of the bridge; he deals in such articles too. You see I cannot do more for you, but you may go farther and fare worse," said the perfidious tobacconist, as he directed the unfortunate man to the residence of Mr Paul Prywell, the officer of excise.

With heavy heart, and anxious eye peering in every direction beneath his broad-leaved hat, Paddy Corbett proceeded till he reached a private residence having a green door and a brass knocker. He hesitated, seeing no shop nor appearance of business there; but on being assured that this was indeed the house of Mr Prywell, he approached, and gave the door three thundering knocks with the butt end of his holly-handled whip. The owner of the domicile, roused by this very unceremonious mode of announcement, came forth to demand the

intruder's business, and to wonder that he would not prefer giving a single rap with the brass knocker, as was the wont of persons in his grade of society, instead of sledging away at the door like a "peep-o'-day boy."

"Yer honour will excuse my bouldness," said Paddy, taking off his hat, and scraping the mud before and behind him a full yard; "excuse my bouldness, for I never seed such curifixes on a dure afore, an' I would'nt throuble yer honour's house at all at all, only in regard of a taste of goods that I was tould would shoot yer honour. Ye can have it, a yinusal, for less than nothing, 'case I don't find myself in heart to push on farther; for the baste is slow, the crathur, an' myself that's saying it, making buttons for fear o' the guager."

"Who, might I ask," said the astonished officer of excise, "directed you here to sell smuggled tobacco?"

"A very honest gentleman, but a bad buyer, over the bridge, sir. He'd give but five pound for what cost myself tin—forever dhota, that I had ever had a hand in it! I put the half year's rint in it, yer honour; and my thirteen femul grawls an' their mother, God help 'em, will be soon on the sachrawn. I'll never go home without the tin pound, any how. High hanging to ye, Shane Glas, ye tallow-faced thief, that sint me smuggling. O! Jillian, 'tis sogering I'll soon be, with a gun an my shoulder."

"Shane Glas!" said the exciseman; "do you know Shane Glas; I'd give ten pounds to see the villain."

"'Tis myself does, yer honour, an' could put yer finger an him, if I had ye at Tubber-na-Treenoda, saving yer presence; but as I was setting away, he was lying undher an ould quilt, an' I heard him telling that the priest said he had spotted faver enough for a thousand min."

"That villain will never die of spotted fever, in my humble opinion," said the exciseman.

"A good judgment in yer mouth, sir, achree. I heard the rogue himself say, 'Bad cess to the thief! that a cup-tosser tould him he'd die of stoppage of breath.' But wont yer honour allow me to turn in the lafe o' tibacey?"

The officer of excise was struck with deep indignation at the villany of him who would ruin a comparatively innocent man when he failed in circumventing him, and was resolved to punish his treachery. "My good fellow" said he, "you are now before the guager you dread so much, and I must do my duty, and seize upon the tobacco. However, it is but common justice to punish the false-hearted traitor that sent you hither. Go back quickly, and say that he can have the lot at his own terms; I shall follow close, and yield him the reward of his treachery. Act discreetly in this good work of biting the biter, and on the word of a gentleman I shall give you ten pounds more."

Paddy was on his knees in a twinkling, his hands uplifted in the attitude of prayer, and his mouth opened, but totally unable between terror and delight to utter a syllable of thanks.

"Up, I say," exclaimed the exciseman, "up and be doing; go earn your ten pounds, and have your sweet revenge on the thief that betrayed you."

Paddy rapidly retraced his steps, ejaculating as he went along, "O, the noble gentleman, may the Lord make a bed in Heaven for his sowl in glory! O, that chating imposthor, 'twas sinding the fox to mind the hins sure enough. O, high hanging to him of a windy day!—the informer o' the world, I'll make him sup sorrow."

"Have you seen the gentleman I directed you to?" said Mr Pigtail.

"Arrah, sir dear, whin I came to the bridge an looked about me, I thought that every roguish-looking fellow I met was the thief of a guager, an' thin afther standing a while, quite amplushed, with the botheration and the dread upon me. I forgot yer friend's name, an' so kim back agin to ax it, if ye please."

"You had better take the five pounds than venture again; there's a guager in town, and your situation is somewhat dangerous."

"A guager in town!" cried Paddy Corbett, with well-affected surprise, "Isas Mauri! what'll I do at all at all? now I'm a gone man all out. Take it for any thing ye like, sir dear, an' if any throuble like this should ever come down an ye, it will be a comfort an' a raycreation to yer heart to know that ye had a poor man's blessing, *avick deelish machree*, an' I give it to ye on the knees of my heart, as ye deservet it, an' that it may go in yer road, an' yer childre's road, late an' early, eating an' drinkin', lying an' risin', buying an' sellin'."

Our story has approached its close: the tobacco was safely stowed inside, in order to be consigned to Mr Pigtail's private receptacle for such contraband articles. Paddy had just pocketed his five pounds, and at that moment in burst Mr Prywell. The execration which ever after pursued the tobaccoist for his treacherous conduct, and the heavy fine in which he was amerced, so wrought upon his health and circumstances, that in a short time he died in extreme poverty. His descendants became homeless wanderers, and it is upon record, among the brave and high-minded men of Duhallo, that Jeffrey Pigtail of Kanturk was the only betrayer that ever disgraced the barony. E. W.

**SPEED ON RAILWAYS.**—In the first of a course of lectures on railways, delivered in the early part of last year at Manchester by Dr Lardner, he gave the following account of the speed attained by locomotive engines at different periods: "Since the great questions which had been agitated respecting the effect which an increased width of rails would have on railway transit, and the effect which very large drawing wheels, of great diameter, would have on certain railways, the question of very vastly increased speed had acquired considerable interest. Very recently two experiments had been made, attended with most surprising results. One was the case of the Monmouth express. A dispatch was carried from Twyford to London on the Great Western Railway, a distance of thirty miles, in thirty-five minutes. This distance was traversed very favourably, and being subject to less of those casual interruptions to which a longer trip would be liable, it was performed at the rate of six miles in seven minutes, or six-sevenths of a mile in one minute (very nearly fifty-one and a half miles an hour). He had experimented on speed very largely on most of the railways of the country, and he had never personally witnessed that speed. The evaporating power of those engines was enormous. Another performance, which he had ascertained since he arrived in this neighbourhood, showed that great as was the one just mentioned, they must not ascribe it to any peculiar circumstance attending the large engines and wide gauge of the Great Western Railway. An express was dispatched a short time since from Liverpool to Birmingham, and its speed was stated in the papers. One engine, with its tender, went from Liverpool, or rather from the top of the tunnel at Edge Hill, to Birmingham, in two hours and thirty-five minutes. But he had inquired into the circumstances of that trip, and it appeared that the time the engine was actually in motion, after deducting a variety of stoppages, was only one hour and fifty minutes in traversing ninety-seven miles. The feat on the Great Western was performed on a dead level, while on the Grand Junction the engine first encountered the Whiston incline, where the line rises 1 in 96 for a mile and a half; and after passing Crewe, it encountered a plane of three miles to the Madeley summit, rising 20 feet a mile, succeeded by another plane, for three miles more, rising 30 feet a mile; yet with all these impediments it performed the ninety-seven miles in one hour and fifty minutes, or 110 minutes; consequently the distance traversed in each minute was 97 divided by 110, or 52 10-11ths, nearly 53 miles an hour—a speed which, he confessed, if he had not evidence of it, he could scarcely have believed to be within the bounds of mechanical possibility. The engine which performed this feat had driving wheels of 5½ feet diameter; their circumference would be 17½ feet. Taking the speed at 53 miles an hour, it was within a very minute fraction of 80 feet in a second of time. This was not the greatest speed of the engine, but the average speed spread over 97 miles, and there could be little doubt that it must have exceeded sixty miles an hour during a considerable portion of the distance."

That man should be happy, is so evidently the intention of the Creator, the contrivances to that end are so multitudinous and so striking, that the perception of the aim may be called universal. Whatever tends to make men happy, becomes a fulfilment of the will of God. Whatever tends to make them miserable, becomes opposition to his will.—*Harriet Martineau.*

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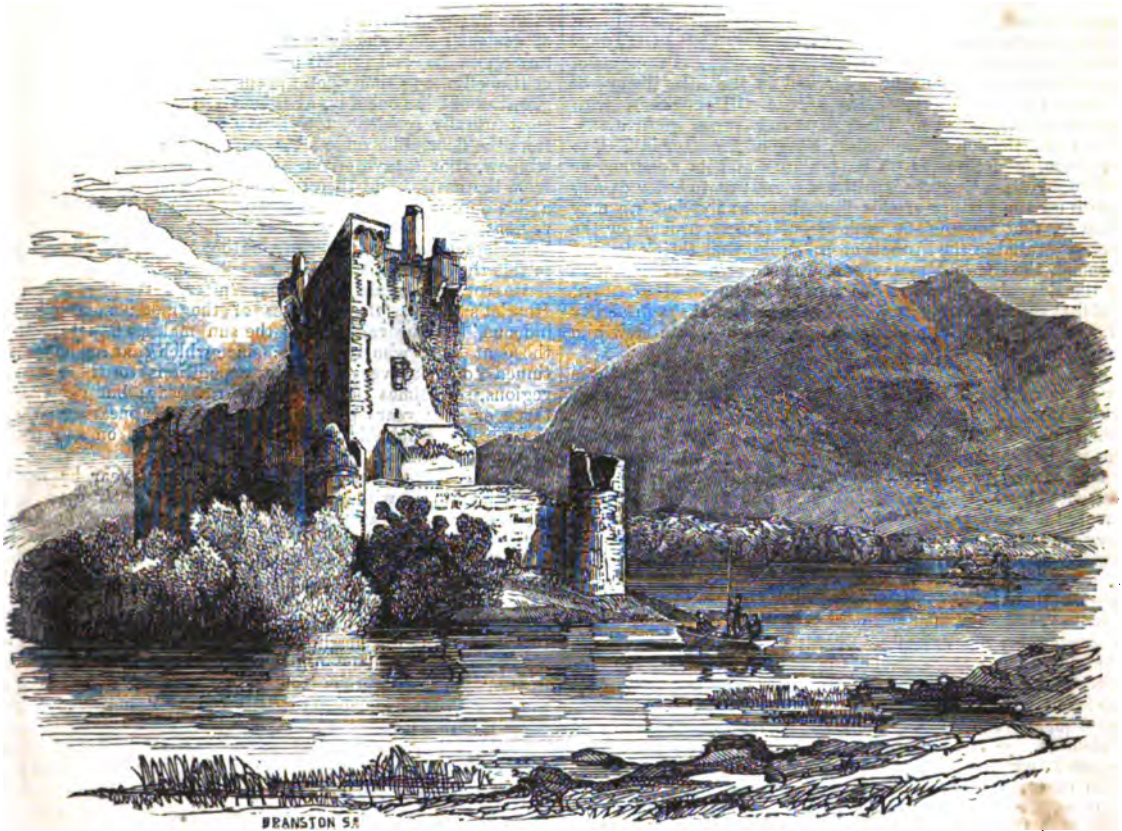


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



## ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY.

We have heard some of our readers express surprise that we should not before this have taken notice, among our topographical collections, of some of the features of the far-famed Lakes of Killarney; but the truth is, that those features, though of the highest beauty, are not, for the greater part, such as wood-cut illustrations could adequately express; and even those which are properly suited to the powers of the graver have been in most instances already so often drawn and described, that it is now almost hopeless to expect to find either any new points of view or historical incidents connected with them, which have not already been made familiar to the reading public. Still, as our little weekly pennyworth is not intended exclusively for the wealthy and well informed, but even to a greater extent for those by whom more expensive publications are unattainable, it is right that we should occasionally notice subjects of popular interest, however familiar they may have been already made to a portion of our readers; and in doing so, we trust that we shall be able to make them in some degree acceptable to all, by the fidelity of our drawings, or the occasional novelty of the facts with which we shall illustrate them.

We have chosen, accordingly, as the first of our Killarney subjects, the old favourite Ross Castle; not indeed as the best or least hacknied, but as properly that which should begin the series, for it is the first with which the Killarney tourist be-

comes familiar, and from which he usually starts to enjoy all the others.

In a historical and antiquarian point of view, however, Ross Castle is indeed one of the most interesting objects to be found in connection with the enchanting scenery of the lakes. It is the time-worn fortress of their ancient chiefs, and its presence connects the history of man in distant times with the objects of eternal natural beauty by which it is surrounded, and imparts to them that delightful feeling or charm of romance which, exquisite as they are, they would necessarily want if it were absent.

Ross Castle, as its present remains show, was similar in its plan and construction to most of those erected by the Irish chiefs in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and consisted of a lofty square tower or keep, to which were attached the domestic offices, all which were surrounded by out-works enclosing an ample bawn, and flanked by small circular towers at their angles. In its general character, therefore, Ross Castle has no peculiar features worthy of notice; and its chief interest is derived from its situation, which is of the most striking beauty, commanding the richest scenery of the lower lake, and its wooded isles, shores, and mountains. It is situated on the east shore of the lower lake, upon the narrow neck of the Ross or peninsula from which it derives its name, and which, by an artificial cut through a marash,

across which a small bridge is thrown, has been converted into an island. Neither the date of the erection of this castle nor the name of its founder has been preserved; but its architectural style will not allow us to suppose it much older than the early part of the fifteenth century, and history shows that it was for a considerable period the residence of the illustrious family of O'Donoghoe, hereditary chiefs of the territory called the Eoghanacht, or Onaght of Lough Lein, or the present lower lake of Killarney.

The great antiquity and dignity of the family of O'Donoghoe still lives in the popular legends of the people, and is abundantly proved, by the Irish annals and genealogies. In an inaugural ode which was recited by the poet Cathan O'Duinin at the inauguration of Teige the Generous O'Donoghoe, in 1320, and which is still preserved in the MS. library of Trinity College, the pedigree of the O'Donoghoes, with their filiations, is given, through twenty-seven generations, from Corc, the son of Lughaidh, King of Munster in 380, to that time, and there is no reason to doubt its accuracy or historic truth. Our space will not permit us to enter at any length on the history of this illustrious family, but we may observe, that its ancient rank is sufficiently proved by the fact, as stated in the Annals of Inisfallin, that their ancestor Donnell, the son of Duvdavoran, was the second in command of the Eugenian forces at the memorable battle of Clontarf, and that shortly after that conflict he contested the sovereignty of Desmond or South Munster with its king, and slew him in battle.

In subsequent ages the family of O'Donoghoe split into three great branches; that of O'Donoghoe More, or the great, of which Ross Castle became the residence; O'Donoghoe of the Glens; and O'Donoghoe of Lough Lein. Of these three families the first and last are supposed to be extinct, and are at least reduced to poverty; but that of the Glens is still represented by O'Donoghoe of Killarney, who is consequently the reputed chief of this illustrious family. By a happy chance, very rare in Ireland, O'Donoghoe, who is as yet a minor, possesses a considerable portion of the estates of his ancestors of the Glens; but the property of the O'Donoghoe More, or Ross, as well as that of the O'Donoghoe of Lough Lein, has been long in the possession of the noble house of Kenmare, of which their ancestor Sir Valentine Brown made a purchase from Donald M'Carthy More Earl of Clancarthy, as early as the year 1588, it having been forfeited by Rory O'Donoghoe More some time previously. These lands, as Dr Smith acquaints us, were subsequently confirmed to the grandson of the first purchaser, Valentine, son of Nicholas Brown, by letters patent of King James I. which passed the seal May 12, 1612, and included with others the entire country of Onaugh, alias Onaught O'Donoghoe More, in the county of Desmond, in which were contained the manor and lake of the Castle of Ross, with divers islands in Lough Lein, with all other his estate, containing 82 quarters of land, amounting to 6560 acres, besides the fishings belonging to the manor of Ross-I-Donoghoe, all which premises came to the family by immediate bargain and grant from the Earl of Clancarthy, by the indenture before mentioned. "But," as Smith adds, "some question being made of the validity of this grant from the crown, the king, by privy seal, dated at Greenwich, 28th May 1618, directed Sir Oliver St John, lord-deputy, to accept a surrender thereof from him [Valentine], and to re-grant the same to him in fee by a new patent, for clearing all doubt, and the better settlement of his estate."

But though the lands of O'Donoghoe More have passed away from his race, he still retains possession of the waters; and, though dead himself corporeally, he still lives, and governs spiritually in his ancient principality. If, reader, you doubt the truth of our statement, ask the people of the lakes, and they will at once remove your scepticism. They will tell you that he frequently appears to them on May-day, on a milk-white horse, gliding over the glassy lake to the sound of unearthly music, and attended by troops of spirits scattering spring flowers. They differ, indeed, a good deal in their accounts of the appearance of their ancient lord. Derrick, in his amusing Letters on Killarney, written in 1760, tells us that he was assured, when O'Donoghoe revisits his friends, which is every May morning before sunrise, he is "attended by an incredible number of followers, wrestling, hurling, and playing football upon the surface of the lake, which affords them as sure footing as the solid earth." And Derrick's friend, Mr Ockenden, whose letters descriptive of Killarney are printed in the same volume, describes O'Donoghoe's horse

not as a white but a black one. As this gentleman's account of O'Donoghoe's visits is the most minute, as well as the earliest, that we have seen, we are tempted to give it in full.

"There lived in the largest island (for there are several islands on the lake) many hundred years ago, a petty prince, named O'Donoghoe, who was lord of the whole lake, the surrounding shore, and a large district of neighbouring country. He manifested, during his stay upon earth, great munificence, great humanity, and great wisdom; for, by his profound knowledge in all the secret powers of nature, he wrought wonders as miraculous as any tradition has recorded of saints by the aid of angels, or of sorcerers by the assistance of demons; and among many other most astonishing performances he rendered his person immortal. After having continued a long time upon the surface of the globe without growing old, he one day, at Ross Castle (the place where he most usually resided), took leave of his friends, and rising from the floor, like some aerial existence, passed through the window, shot away horizontally to a considerable distance from the castle, and then descended. The water unfolding at his approach, gave him entrance down to the subaqueous regions, and then, to the inexpressible astonishment of all beholders, closed over his head, as they believed, for ever: but in this they were mistaken.

He returned again some years after, revisiting, not, like Hamlet's ghost, 'the glimpses of the sun making night hideous,' but the radiance of the sun making day joyful, to those at least who saw him: since which time he has continued to make very frequent expeditions to these upper regions, sometimes three or four in a year; but sometimes three or four years pass without his once appearing, which the bordering inhabitants have always looked on as a mark of very bad times.

It was feared this would be the third year he would suffer to elapse without his once cheering their eyes with his presence: but at the latter end of last August he again appeared, to the inexpressible joy of all, and was seen by numbers in the middle of the day. I had the curiosity, before I left Killarney, to visit one of the witnesses to this very marvellous fact.

The account she gives is, that returning with a kinswoman to her house at the head of the lake, they both beheld a fine gentleman, mounted upon a black horse, ascend through the water with a numerous retinue on foot, who all moved together along the surface towards a small island, near which they again descended under water. This account is confirmed, in time, place, and circumstances, by many more spectators from the side of the lake, who are all ready to swear, and not improbably to suffer death, in support of their testimony.

His approach is sometimes preceded by music inconceivably harmonious; sometimes by thunder inexpressibly loud; but oftener without any warning whatsoever. He always rises through the surface of the lake, and generally amuses himself upon it, but not constantly: for there is a farmer now alive, who declares, as I am told, that riding one evening near the lower end of the lake, he was overtaken by a gentleman who seemed under thirty years of age, very handsome in his person, very sumptuous in his apparel, and very affable in his conversation. After having travelled for some time together, the nobleman (for such he judged him to be by his appearance) observed, that as night was approaching, the town far off, and lodging not easy to be found, he should be welcome to take a bed that night at his house, which, he said, was not very distant.

The invitation was readily accepted; they approached the lake together, and both their horses moved upon the surface without sinking, to the infinite amazement of the farmer, who thence perceived the stranger to be no less than the great O'Donoghoe. They rode a considerable distance from shore, and then, descending into a delightful country under water, lay that night in a house much larger in size and much more richly furnished than even Lord Kenmare's at Killarney."

With respect, however, to the colour of O'Donoghoe's horse, the prevailing belief seems now to be, that it is a white one, and this notion has been adopted by our national bard, Moore, in his beautiful song called "O'Donoghoe's Mistress," which, as he informs us, is founded on one among other stories connected with this legend of the lakes, and in which it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl, whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last,

in a fit of insanity, on a May morning, threw herself into the lake. But we had better give the song itself:—

Of all the fair months, that round the sun  
In light-linked dance their circles run,  
Sweet May, shine thou for me;  
For still, when thy earliest beams arise,  
That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,  
Sweet May, returns to me.

Of all the bright haunts, where daylight leaves  
Its lingering smile on golden eves,  
Fair lake, thou'rt dearest to me;  
For when the last April sun grows dim,  
Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him,  
Who dwells, bright lake, in thee.

Of all the proud steeds that ever bore  
Young plumed chiefs on sea or shore,  
White steed, most joy to thee;  
Who still, with the first young glance of spring,  
From under that glorious lake dost bring  
My love, my chief, to me.

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,  
When newly launch'd, thy long mane curls,  
Fair steed, as white and free;  
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,  
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,  
Around my love and thee.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,  
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,  
Most sweet that death will be,  
Which under the next May evening's light,  
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,  
Dear love, I'll die for thee.

But we have been attracted by this phantom chief too long from our immediate subject, and we must now return to it. From the historical notices of Ross Castle, as collected by the historian of Kerry, it will be seen that it was of old a place of some strength and importance, and that its possession was not to be acquired without expense and trouble. In his description of Ross island, published in 1756, Dr Smith states that "on it stands an ancient castle, formerly the seat of O'Donoghoe Ross, which hath a new barrack adjoining to it. This place hath been for some years past a military garrison, having a governor appointed for it upon the establishment. Before the castle are a few dismounted iron guns, which give it something the air of a fortification. The castle had been flanked with round turrets, which together with its situation rendered it a place of some strength. In the wars of 1641, it surrendered to Ludlow, who was attended in the expedition by Lord Broughil and Sir Hardress Waller, and was the last place that held out in Munster against the English parliament."

This surrender followed the decisive battle of Knockin-clashy, in the county of Cork, in 1652, fought by the Lord Broughil on the English side, and the Lord Muskerry on that of the Irish, after which the latter retreated into Ross Castle, and was followed thither by Ludlow, who, with 4000 foot and 200 horse, laid siege to the castle. The subsequent proceedings are thus described by Ludlow himself:—

"In this expedition I was accompanied by the Lord Broughil, and Sir Hardress Waller, major-general of the foot. Being arrived at this place, I was informed that the enemy received continual supplies from those parts that lay on the other side, and were covered with woods and mountains; whereupon I sent a party of two thousand foot to clear those woods, and to find out some convenient place for erecting a fort, if there should be occasion. These forces met with some opposition, but at last they routed the enemy, killing some, and taking others prisoners: the rest saved themselves by their good footmanship. Whilst this was doing, I employed that part of the army which was with me in fortifying a neck of land, where I designed to leave a party to keep in the Irish on this side, that I might be at liberty, with the greater part of the horse and foot, to look after the enemy abroad, and to receive and convoy such boats and other things necessary as the commissioners sent us by sea. When we had received our boats, each of which was capable of containing one hundred and twenty men, I ordered one of them to be rowed about the water, in order to find out the most convenient place for landing upon the enemy; which they perceiving, thought fit, by a timely submission, to prevent the danger that threatened them; and having expressed their desires to that purpose, commissioners were appointed on both sides to treat."

After a fortnight's debate, says Ludlow, articles were agreed upon and ratified on both sides; and the son of the Lord Muskerry and Sir Daniel O'Brien were delivered up as

hostages for the performance of the treaty; in consequence of which, about 5000 Irish, horse and foot, laid down their arms and delivered up their horses, and thus terminated the hostilities in Munster.

Smith, in his History of Kerry, tells us that "a man whose name was Hopkins, and who a few years ago was sexton of Swords, near Dublin, was present at the taking and surrender of this place, and assisted in drawing the above-mentioned vessel into the lake. The Irish," he adds, "had a kind of prophecy among them, that Ross Castle could not be taken until a ship should swim upon the lake; and the appearance of this vessel contributed not a little to intimidate the garrison, and to hasten the capitulation. The said Hopkins lived to the age of one hundred and fifteen years, and died at Swords."

We have already stated that a barrack was erected in connection with the castle in the commencement of the last century, and a small garrison was kept here till a few years ago. These hideous barracks, as Sir R. C. Hoare called them, were a dreadful eye-sore to all the lovers of the picturesque who visited the Killarney lakes; but Ireland seems no longer to require such structures, and the barrack of Ross Castle has been some time dismantled, and its ivied walls now contribute to the picturesqueness of the parent fortress. P.

### EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

ACTION of both mind and body ought to be so continued as to serve as relaxation to each other. The mind of a man, still more of a child, is incapable of long perseverance in mental exertion. This is a generally acknowledged truth, to which I shall add one more to the same purpose, which is less known. Young men, and those who are not advanced in years, if healthy and of warm constitutions, are never very greatly inclined to mental exertion till their bodies are to a certain degree fatigued, I do not say wholly exhausted. Till this fatigue is produced, their body has a preponderance over the mind, and in this case it is a truly natural want, which cannot easily be silenced. Each muscle requires exertion, and the whole machine strives to employ its powers; this is vulgarly called to have no sit-still flesh. If the fatigue be once brought on, the call for bodily exertion is stilled; the mind is no longer disturbed by it, and all its labours are facilitated. Our common mode of education pays no regard to this: youths appear in school to be strengthened by sleep and food, and too frequently, alas! thrown into an unnatural heat and commotion. How is it possible to fix the attention under such circumstances? The body requires action; if this be not allowed, it will obtain it in silence; it will act upon the passions, and, above all, the fiery temperament of youth will influence the imagination. Thus attention slumbers. We are barbarous when we attempt to awaken it with the rod; we require from innocent children what is unnatural; we inflict pain on the body to prevent its action; yet activity was bestowed on it by its creator; yet nature renews this activity every night; the mind is soon carried away by the whirlwind of corporal energies, and lost in the realm of chimeras. To facilitate the contemplation of them, I shall just repeat the desirable parallel between the qualities of the body and mind:—Health of body—serenity of mind—hardiness—manliness of sentiment—strength and address—presence of mind and courage—activity of body—activity of mind—excellence of form—mental beauty—acuteness of the senses—strength of understanding. MEDICUS.

ANCIENT MUSIC.—The Egyptian flute was only a cow's horn with three or four holes in it, and their harp or lyre had only three strings; the Grecian lyre had only seven strings, and was very small, being held in one hand; the Jewish trumpets, that made the walls of Jericho fall down, were only rams' horns. Their flute was the same as the Egyptian; they had no other instrumental music but by percussion, of which the greatest boast was the psaltery, a small triangular harp or lyre with wire strings, and struck with an iron needle or stick; their saabut was something like a bagpipe; the timbrel was a tambourine, and the dulcimer was a horizontal harp, with wire strings, and struck with a stick like the psaltery. They had no written music; had scarcely a vowel in their language, and yet, according to Josephus, had two hundred thousand musicians playing at the dedication of the Temple o. Solomon. Mozart would have died in such a concert in the greatest agonies.—*Dr Burney's History of Music.*

## POETICAL LECTURE ON ANATOMY.

The following is the purport of a lecture on anatomy. The lecturer is represented as taking up the human skull, containing the brain and its appendages, with the nervous cords exposed to observation, and with "apostrophic eye" proceeding:—

This is the tenement of thought,  
The mansion of the mind,  
Whose empire, as the universe,  
Is boundless, undefined:  
'Tis vaulted, like the evening sky  
In star-wrought grace unfurl'd,  
And like that very firmament,  
Hangs o'er a breathing world—  
A world of thought, a world of sense,  
A world of passion, pride,  
Reason, perception, hope, love, light,  
In glory side by side!  
Here gather, too, in crowded thrall  
Of agile grace and hue,  
Imagination's thousand forms  
Fast thronging on the view.  
Here reason reigns, here genius dwells,  
And here ambition lives!  
And brightest 'mid that mighty throng,  
The soul immortal thrives.  
Here, too, imperial will resides  
In regal state enshrined,  
In stern dominion over all,  
With majesty combined!  
Mark this! It is his messenger,  
That, like electric fire,  
Swift-wing'd, the mandate beareth forth  
Of reason or desire.  
This filament, this very thread,  
Hath power to shake the frame;  
THAT, whispering to the heart's warm core,  
To light love's genial flame.  
And THIS, or THIS, to sense inclined,  
Hath magic in its spell,  
To waken pleasure, pain, or hope,  
And rapture's story tell.  
And this small cord sent to the eye,  
Can comprehend the whole—  
The limitless, the vast profound,  
Where world's unnumbered roll!  
THAT, to the tongue can captivate,  
THIS, epicures enslave,  
THAT, to the same makes slender rift,  
And THIS perchance a knife.  
THAT, to the ear, oft makes the soul  
Quake 'neath the thunder's peal,  
Or to the heart, with genius warm'd,  
A dream's low tones reveal.  
Concenter'd in one mass, this brain,  
These make man what he is.  
The offspring of yon world of light,  
The life and soul of this.

—From an American work.

**THE RIVER ST JOHN, IN NEW BRUNSWICK.**—In this river there are several falls, not downwards, as in the ordinary course of rivers, but upwards against the current. The River St John is of the size of the Rhine. It drains a large portion of the province of New Brunswick. The mass of water it discharges into the Bay of Fundy is prodigious, especially during the spring floods, when the tides rise to the height of 35, 50, and sometimes even 60 feet, above the ordinary level. The remarkable fall of the water backwards is produced by the enormous volume of water, occupying a channel in some places ten miles in breadth, being confined near St John's into a breadth of 300 yards, which occasions it to roll back impetuously in the form of a magnificent cascade.

**CHILDREN OF THE POOR.**—Charles Lamb has truly and touchingly remarked, that common people's children "are dragged up, not brought up." There is a precocity—not, indeed, of intellect, but of prudence and worldly wisdom—in them, that is truly painful. Care has usurped the empire of carelessness, that legitimate monarch of a child's being; and

like all usurpers, has in the vehemence of his achievements anticipated the slow march of Time. Life itself, which among the children of the rich is an exuberant overflowing, that, lavish it as they may, still seems inexhaustible, among those of the poor is a lean phantom, grasped at with pain and maintained with a struggle; in short, they know nothing of youth but its feebleness and its wailing; its bloom and its buoyancy being, like every other luxury, beyond their reach. To me the most painful sight in this world is a poor, that is, a destitute child. Whatever misery a grown-up person may be plunged into, a thousand suppositions are left for its palliation: they may once have been well off, or they may have been the artificers of their own ruin, and they may live to see better days: but children—they can have done nothing to deserve that the one blessing unmortgaged at the Fall, the carelessness of youth, should be taken from them.—*Lady Bulwer.*

## THE DECAYED OLD GENTLEMAN,

A SKETCH.

THERE is something very touching about this character—something in his mild tone of speech, in his polite and gentle demeanour, that at once engages our sympathies. We have the poor old gentleman distinctly before our mind's eye at this moment. Let us endeavour to sketch him.

He is of middle height, well proportioned, and of rather slender make. His clothes, though a good deal the worse for wear, are carefully brushed, and put on with scrupulous neatness. His linens are clean and bright, and his neck-cloth, equally faultless, is adjusted with nice precision; for, old as he is, he has not lost, nor ever will lose, that sense of propriety which dictates a decent attention to external appearance.

Some sixty and odd summers have passed over the head of him who is the subject of our sketch, and they have left their usual traces behind. His hair is thin and scanty, and of the silvery hue of eild. His countenance is expressive at once of a gentle and benevolent nature, of a cultivated mind and refined taste. He has seen much, read much, and thought more. A certain air of mild, subdued dignity—for the old man, poor though he be, never for a moment forgets that he is a gentleman—adds a grace to all he says and does. When in society, or when accosted by a friend, a pleasant smile, speaking a sincere affability, plays on his cheerful countenance. But when alone, when there is no one present to demand the exercise of his politeness, the expression of that countenance subsides into a gentle melancholy. His look is then grave and thoughtful; somewhat sad, but not morose. There has been disappointment in his life, high hopes laid low, and noble aspirations foiled in their aim.

Delightful it is to see the old gentleman enter a room in which some friends are assembled—his bow is so graceful—his smile so cheerful—his words of greeting so pleasant to the ear. All rise, smiling, to receive him—all hail his presence, with a quiet but heartfelt joy. Welcome, thrice welcome is he to all. His gentle manners, his exhaustless store of anecdote, all so well selected, all so neatly told. His intelligence and extensive information render him one of the most delightful of companions. A welcome visitor is he at all times—a welcome addition to the family circle into which it is his delight to drop, just in time to share in the sober, social cup of tea, his favourite beverage.

The old gentleman is unmarried—he is a bachelor. There is some vague unconnected story of an early attachment and of disappointed love, but nobody knows any of the particulars—no one knows who the lady was, nor what were the circumstances of the case; and our old friend never alludes to them in the most distant manner. The history of this passage in his life is a secret pent up within his own breast; one that will go with him to the grave, and with him be buried within its silent precincts. But it is one over which he often broods in the solitude of his solitary chamber, and during those sleepless nights, and they are many, when reminiscences of the past forbid the approach of forgetfulness.

Being a bachelor, and his circumstances narrow—a small annuity being now his only dependence—our old friend has no house of his own. He lives in hired lodgings—humble, but cleanly, comfortable and respectable. His landlady is a "decent widow," and he has been her lodger for fifteen years. Little as he has, he has always paid her punctually, and to the last farthing; and much does she esteem and respect her kind and gentlemanly inmate. Regular and temperate in all his



habits, and moderate in his desires, he gives her little trouble, and even that little he is at all times anxious to abridge. His cup of tea or coffee morning and evening is nearly all in the way of cookery that he requires at her hands. Quietly he comes in and quietly he goes out, and he never does either without saying something kind or civil as he passes. In all things easily pleased, he expresses thanks for every little attention shown him, and never raises his voice in anger, never even in querulousness or impatience. To every one around him, without distinction of rank or worldly circumstances, he is all politeness, all gentleness, and all kindness.

Who can but love and respect the decayed old gentleman!  
C.

## THE ITALIAN ORGAN BOY.

### PART FIRST.

THE streets of a great city, whether swept by the tumultuous tide of life by day, or echoing only to the dull and solitary tread of the patrol by night, are never devoid of material for interesting remark or rumination to such as are so disposed. He must, indeed, be a man of sluggish sensibilities and slender fancy who could traverse any of our great thoroughfares without finding them occasionally touched by some of the thousand little tales of anxiety or satisfaction, mourning or merriment, legible in brief upon the faces of the motley and many-featured throng around him, or at least, by the supplemental aid of a little imagination, plausibly constructed from the elements thereby supplied. There is perhaps no period so well fitted for these studies of life, as it is in its private and more important aspect, as the close of one of our short and busy winter days, when the pressure of diurnal toil is removed from men's minds, whether its effect has been to sway them from the contemplation of joy or wretchedness, and unbiassed they are left to imprint their character on the countenance of each. When does cheerfulness appear so undiluted as when a long winter evening's recreation spreads out before it, whether spent within the mellowed glow of a happy domestic hearth, with all its easy, pure, and unsuspecting pleasures, or in the social reunion with its friendly, careless, and unclouded gaiety? and when does wretchedness feel so blank and dismal as when a weary length of dim and rayless hours gives space for all its melancholy broodings, undiverted by occupation, unmitigated by that spirit of hope which more or less mingles with the temperament of all by day, as if a constituent of the glad light of heaven in which we then live and move. A cursory reading of the countenance of each passer by will at this hour give the poorest physiognomist no inaccurate notion of the complexion of his domestic lot; and, selecting an individual from the homeward-wending crowd, I often form my speculation as to the scene that awaits him, follow him in the freedom of all-privileged and all-pervading thought across the threshold of his abode, conjure up the circumstances of his reception, glance through the perspective of his evening arrangements, and, as I find them agreeable or the reverse, extend or curtail my domiciliary inspection.

During a recent winter, on one of its most cheerless evenings, I was thus exercising my discernment and my fancy in a long homeward walk through the centre of the city, and mentally apportioning to each that attracted my eye the share of satisfaction or discomfort that lay before him—my own mind subject to the lights and shadows, the glow and chill, which in various degrees were suggested as the lot of each. It was precisely the evening to lend the keenest zest to the happiness of the light-hearted, and a more poignant bitterness to the misery of the unfortunate. A cold icy wind whistled shrilly through every narrow street and entry as I passed it, and swept more boldly down the wider spaces, bearing, occasionally, slanting showers of sleet, which a glance at the dun and overcharged canopy of snow-clouds and of smoke above showed to be but premonitory intimations of a heavy and continuous fall. For the most part, all below was impatient motion and occupied expectation, because almost all had a goal in view to which they hastened, the fierce inolemnency of the weather impelling alike the mirthful and the melancholy onward. The well-fed, well-defended passenger, with muffled neck and arms thrust to the elbow in the pockets of his dreadnought, rubbed shoulders with the half-paralyzed and shivering wretch that shuffled amid the hurrying throng, often apparently without other object than that of joining in the stream of fellow-creatures, whom he could resemble in no other way. Carriage after carriage rolled past, the chil-

dren of affluence for their tenants, interchanging careless comments, or looking with languid and heedless gaze upon the squalid, the impoverished, the abandoned, the degraded, that, alas! met the eye so often as to account for, and almost justify, the indifference displayed.

"What a collocation, not merely of the extremes of human condition, but of almost every interposed gradation!" thought I, as, sated with the multifarious instances presented in the course, and half bewildered with the medley of sights and sounds—the glittering ostentation of the glaring shops, the hum and tramp of the jostling crowd, the din and rattle of ceaseless vehicles, from the lumbering dray to the elastic carriage, the oft-mingled appeal of importunate mendicants, and, not least confounding, the sleet-laden and staggering blasts that met me with wild caprice at almost every corner—I gladly turned aside into a more sheltered and less frequented street, to pursue a route of greater ease, though at the expense of a greater circuit. But misery in the aggregate can generally be encountered with less disturbance than when submitted to in the case of solitary sufferers; and before I had proceeded half the length of a private and comparatively deserted street, I had more effective calls upon my charity—there was at that time no legal provision for the necessitous—than when passing among the abounding instances of destitution I had just witnessed. My stock of small change, and I must add, co-equally therewith, that of my patience too, was nearly exhausted, when my eye fell upon the figure of a young lad, who stood indifferently sheltered from the wind under the projected doorway of an uninhabited house. I had made up my mind to the customary solicitation: but he seemed so abstracted as not to notice my approach, and, pitying the forlorn looking youth, and wondering at his forbearance, I walked slowly past, to give him an opportunity. I found him to be an organ-player, for the instrument, unslung from his shoulders, rested upon the flag at his feet, and a brief notice of his collapsed but characteristic features showed him to be an Italian. A shivering marmoset, partly covered by his jacket, was lodged on the hollow of one arm, while the other, resting on his raised knee, supported his head, as, unconscious of my proximity and observation, he gazed fixedly upon the ground. The sight of mute personal privation and friendless loneliness would at such a crisis have been influential enough to stir up whatever humanity one had, but when witnessed in a stranger from a far land, in one, too, nurtured under the sapphire skies and blissful clime of Italy, and withering now by a diurnal change beneath such dense and murky clouds, and such a pitiless and scourging breeze, the demand on one's kindly offices was irresistible, and, drawing near to the desolate lad, I accompanied a small gift with a few words in his own most musical and thrilling tongue. He started from his musing posture as the electric syllables struck upon his ear, and, as he gazed with keen enthusiasm upon me, the blood mantled vividly upon his chilled and weather-wrinkled cheek, while with grateful but melancholy earnestness he poured out his thanks. There was something to me unusually touching in the aspect of the friendless young foreigner, as well as in the circumstances in which I found him. He had a cast of thought and maturity in his face which hardship, isolation, and self-dependence, seemed to have anticipated years in producing: for his slender and stripling figure, and the unshaven down upon his lip, bespoke him still in an early stage of youth. After a word or two of compassion, I passed on. But his dashed and disappointed look at separation followed me: my conscience chid me for resting in a cold gratuity to one so dejected, yet so sensitive to relief—a spring of gladness for whom my acquaintance with his native language, it appeared, could so easily unseal.

He was a stranger, weary, friendless, cheerless, and necessitous—unsusceptible of those mitigations of suffering which even the poorest experience among their own people and their own kindred. I was hastening to my unshared, 'tis true, but far, therefore, from joyless lodgings, an abundant board, a radiant fire, a storm and snow proof apartment, furnished with all the appliances of comfort which winter covets; and would they be diminished by the admission of this homeless, and, from his countenance, I dare certify, guileless wanderer, to share for a time their influence? No. I have it in my power to interpose one bright spot in his life of hardship and privation, to suspend for a while the yearnings with which doubtless, at this hour of dreariness and suffering, he turns in thought to the scenes of his but recent childhood in his own lovely land, to the sunny azure skies the joyous vine-

clad hills, the playmates that even now, perhaps, at the close of a bright and genial day, are clustering in merry meeting for the evening song and dance, his father's cottage, his mother's caress. "Yes, I will turn back," exclaimed I, "and enable him, if ever he rejoin the social circle in his own ardent home, to tell his eager listeners a trait of kindness and sympathy shared in the far off frigid country of the north." As I concluded, I again stood before him, as with a shiver and a sigh the poor lad was about raising his organ upon his shoulder again; and, telling him that I had been in and loved the land from which he came, that I was fond of its people, and of their music too, and wished to talk with and hear him play at leisure and in comfort by my own fireside, asked him to accompany me to it. A smile of gladness lighted up his pale expressive face as he gratefully declared his readiness; and a car passing at the moment, I hailed it, and in a few seconds, young Carlo Girardi—for that he told me was his name—his chattering and half perished marmoset, his muffled music mill, and my enlivened and approving self, were rattling rapidly to my lodgings. I found him a fine, intelligent, unhacknied lad, to whose fervid heart my partial knowledge of his native tongue secured me ready access; and, after cold and hunger had given way to fire and food, I experienced no difficulty in drawing from him an ingenuous and vivid narration of his personal story—one so singular and romantic in its character, and so illustrative of the purest impulses of the human heart, as to merit a repetition better than many a more highly wrought and complex tale. Cleared of the circumlocution caused by his indifferent stock of English, and converted into a dialect more uniform and familiar to our ears, it ran substantially thus:—

"I come from the neighbourhood of the little village of Montanio, at the foot of the great Appennines. My father was, and I pray is still, a small vine-grower and gardener, supplying the market of Telese, and other towns within reach, with fruits, flowers, and vegetables. We were a family of five—my father, my dear mother, my elder and only brother Ludovico, my beautiful and gentle sister Bianca, and myself;" and his tone grew touchingly tremulous, as, in connection with his cottage home, he went over the old, familiar, household names. "Oh, that I was ever called upon to leave them to wander, unfriended and unknown, among rough and careless strangers, to forsake all pleasant things, the gay and glad green fields, the sunny hills, the sparkling mountain streams, the flowered and fruited gardens, and the ever bright and beautiful sky which stretched its unclouded azure overhead, for this cold and shivering, this dim and misty land! But yet I would do as much again, if such a call again were made upon me—dark shame upon me if I hesitated!—and when I return to them once more—and oh, may heaven grant that now I shortly may!—I will look with the greater rapture upon all I left, upon beauties and on blessings I then too little, far too little, cared for. My father was ever kind to us when we were in the way of obedience to his wishes and ideas of duty, but rigid and severe to resent every error we might commit. I have heard the elder neighbours say that in his own young days he had been wild and perverse, and entangled thereby in many troubles, and that, therefore, in affection and providence for us, he was the more exact in our care and education. I was too young to be much in the way of following my own bent, and so had little opportunity of offending him; but my brother Ludovico, who was hot, daring, and adventurous, was often led to look for wild and irregular excitement with the roving hunters and rude shepherds from the mountains above, and his mingling in their lawless society always raised my father's resentment, and, despite my mother's exerted influence, often brought disquiet and disunion among us. But though reckless and unsettled, Ludovico was ever frank, winsome, and honest-hearted, which, however, could not save him from sharing in the evil fame of his companions; and though his handsome figure, open temper, and ready offices for all who sought them, made him a favourite with the young, yet the elder looked grave and severe upon him, as one already committed in the road to ruin. Our sister Bianca, who, not in our eyes only, was the sweetest and prettiest maiden within the circle of a league, drew to herself, as she grew up, the admiring looks of all; and at our gay village festivals, at the sowing, vintage, and noted holidays, he was a happy and envied youth who could oftenest engage her hand for the tarantula, or follow her voice upon the mandoline. But the one who paid his court with most success was Francesco, the only son of Marcolini the wealthy miller, who was by far the

richest man in our community. But when his son's courtship became known to him, he forthwith fell into a rage at the notion of so imprudent a match, for he was a purse-proud man, who valued his gold above most other things, above the beauty and innocence of our Bianca, and the pledged affection of Francesco, for whom he looked far above us humble people for a more equally dowered bride. Resolute to extinguish his folly as he called it, at once, he solemnly vowed to cut him off with a carlino, if he pursued his thriftless project; and, not assured that even this would deter him, he determined to engage, likewise, the authority of my father, whose strict and unswerving character was well known to him, and accordingly besought him to lay his prohibition upon Bianca. My father, who would have scorned to force a thus forbidden union, hurried to comply with his wishes; and in Bianca's obedience there was found a surer safeguard than in Francesco's fear of poverty, as, even in defiance of his father's menace, he vehemently urged my sister to become his, and trust to the labour of his hands for their maintenance. But my father's injunctions were habitually paramount; and poor Francesco, finding her hesitation not to be overcome, soon fell into despair and declining health. He became melancholy, faint-hearted, and neglectful of all his old occupations; and his strange and moody habits, quenched spirits, and fast failing strength, so wrought upon his father's fear and affection, that he began to think it better to make some compromise, and forego a little of his ambition rather than endanger Francesco's life. In consequence, he intimated to my father that on reflection he was disposed to forward the marriage, provided a certain sum, which he named, was settled upon Bianca, as it was scarcely to be expected, he urged, that he would give his son and the heir of all his money to a portionless bride. My father acknowledged his request to be but natural, but professed at once the insufficiency of his means to satisfy it without impoverishing the rest of his family; an act which, however devoted to the happiness of his daughter, conscience would not allow him to commit.

Old Martolini, finding him intractable upon the point, proposed then, that as Bianca and Francesco were still very young, their marriage should be postponed for at least three years, at the end of which time, if he were prepared to give her a certain portion—making a large abatement from his first demand—it might with his consent take place. But, exasperated at his disappointment and forced concession, he added a passionate oath, that on no other terms would he bear of the connection, even though his son Francesco were such a fool as to pine till it brought him to his death-bed. My father, balanced between his anxiety to close an arrangement so beneficial to Bianca, and his sense of the hardships and extreme frugality it would necessarily impose upon us all during the interval, desired a short time to make his decision. The same evening he called all of us, except my sister, to him—declared the proposal of Francesco's father—asked our opinion separately upon it—and when with one voice we all professed our readiness, our eagerness, to undergo any and every additional labour and privation that might take a tear from our gentle Bianca's eyes, or add a blush or a smile to her now pallid cheek and lips, he answered, "It is just spoken as I would have you speak, my dear wife and children: but saying is easy, doing difficult. Three years will give you many opportunities of proving this, for there must be much denial, frugality, and toil, brief nights and long and busy days, to enable us to accumulate within the time a sum so ill proportioned to our means." Bianca was then informed of the arrangement, and smiles of re-kindled hope and rapture mingled with tears of grateful love and sensibility; and her rapidly returning bloom and gaiety gilded every thing around with its own gladness, and rendered our ruder and soantier fare and more lengthened labour pleasanter at times than the merry meeting and the music, which we could now of course but rarely join. The impulse of affection for dear Bianca was strong in every heart, and this, with the prospect of a happy completion of our undertaking, almost changed every sacrifice into a delight. But, young though I be, I have now lived long enough to know, that as the brightest morning sky is often overcast before the close of day, so are our most shining hopes subject to many a cloud and chill before, if ever, they attain to their fulfilment." (Here poor Carlo paused for a moment in his narrative; and with your leave, gentle reader, I too shall rest, till I have the pleasure of meeting you again in next week's Journal.)

## ON STIMULANTS.

## TOBACCO.

REPOSE is the remedy which nature points out to tired mortals when exhausted either by mental or bodily fatigue. This is her prescription for refreshing man's animal spirits, and enabling him to resume his labours. Stimulants are by no means congenial with her methods or her processes. They are like whip and spur to the weary steed; they may force him on indeed, but it is at the expense of his constitution and his powers. In medical science, the great art, as the doctors say, is to assist nature; and with this view, the skilful practitioner will sometimes order stimulants, and find them doubtless highly useful to his patient; but their habitual use is no maxim of the healing art, but much rather that of the destroying or disabling one, if I may use the expression. By the way, we are sadly prone to habits, and therefore it "stands us upon," in a most serious degree, to consider well the nature and probable results of any custom before we adopt it. In this astute and intellectual age of ours it has been discovered that it is much easier to abstain altogether from a dangerous indulgence than to adhere strictly to moderation, and temperance has been superseded by teetotalism; and I would just add to this, by way of corollary, that it is much easier to slide into a bad habit than to get rid of it again. But to return to our theme. The effects produced by stimulants are all agreeable for the moment. Wine and opium raise men above earth and all its cares; and so long as the stimulant lasts, they sit at it were at the supper of the gods. Anacreon is then the only ballad-monger, and with him each is ready to sing,

Strew me a breathing bed of leaves,  
Where lotus with the myrtle weaves;  
And while in luxury's dream I sink,  
Let me the balm of Bacchus drink!  
In this delicious hour of joy,  
Young Love shall be my goblet-boy;  
Folding his little golden vest,  
With diacures, round his snowy breast;  
Himself shall hover by my side,  
And minister the racy tide!

But when the influence of the spell is over, immediately they sink down as much below the level of ordinary mortals, as they were before raised above it. For a delightful exhilaration of body and mind, they now experience a sad reverse, in which they find much more pleasing music in the prudent advice of the apothecary, than in all the Odes of Anacreon. The cry is not then,

Let us drain the nectar'd bowl,  
Let us raise the song of soul—&c.

But,

Let us drain the *selvino* dose,  
Let's expel these humours gross.

Now, though poets have favoured us with many a canto on the raptures inspired by flowing bowls and sparkling goblets, they have rarely condescended to give us one line, if it were only by way of note, on the "state of the stomach" on the morning after one of those "nights and suppers of the gods." Such a detail indeed was never intended for the divine art of poetry. It is a job not at all calculated for the lover of agreeable fiction, and hence the world hears little on the subject. Those after reckonings are nevertheless serious, though unpalatable things. Pleasure here acts much like a tavern host, who remembers most accurately all the good things he provides, though his guests are both apt and willing to forget them. Every item is carefully put down, and must be paid for. I shall only say, that fortunate is he who takes warning in time. I might moralise on this theme in good set phrase, but the ground has been so well and so frequently beaten by others, that I forbear. With respect to such articles as opium and spirits, the "spirit of the age," as I have already intimated, runs quite in an opposite direction to that of indulgence; and it is wisely considered that as those who can be temperate in the use of such ticklish commodities must owe a great deal to a happy temperament of constitution, and be few in number, whilst the greater part of mankind are not so felicitously moulded, the rule of teetotalism, viz., entire abstinence, is on the whole the safest and best. But there is one article in our pharmacopoeia of stimulants, upon which there seems to be some difference of opinion, and with regard to which I should wish to record my humble opinion. I allude to the nicotian leaf-tobacco.

Now, I regret to say that a long and attentive study of the subject compels me to pronounce an unfavourable sentence on this article. Whatever value it may possess as a medi-

cine—and that, in the present state of our knowledge, is not much—I must say that, as an instrument of luxury in ordinary use, it is unwholesome and injurious. To the physician it may be satisfactory to ascertain in what way, precisely, the injurious effect is produced; but it may suffice others to learn from experience and observation what is the actual result. It is obvious that tobacco causes an excitement of the nervous system, and thus disturbs the course of nature; but nature never is, and never can be, disturbed with impunity. To apply a stimulus to the system for which there is no natural demand, is to cause a waste of nervous energy, of which nature has need for her own legitimate purposes, and therefore to inflict an injury upon her, greater or less according to the amount of that uncalled for expenditure. To keep such an unnatural stimulus in constant action, is tantamount to the creation of a constitutional derangement of the functions, or the introduction of an actual disease into the body; and nobody will pretend to say that this is not injurious. To my simple apprehension, it is anti-hygeian practice with a vengeance. I am no physician, but I believe this to be the true theory of our subject, regarded in a physiological point of view, and it is decisive against the nicotian habit, however small the quantity of the article used may be. People are rather indisposed to believe that an "agreeable" sensation can be an "unwholesome" one; but unfortunately for poor humanity, and the popularity of us ages, nothing in nature is more certain than the possibility of such a conjuncture. It is not only certain, but, alas, commonly known by experience, that an agreeable thing may be unwholesome, and a pleasant sensation anything at all but a symptom of healthful action.

Again, people are apt to suppose that no injury is done to their health, because they are not sensible of the wound at the moment; but this also is a notion which we must class among vulgar errors. It is a matter of demonstration, not merely of hypothesis, that we may sustain most grievous injury of which we are not instantly sensible; nay, that so long a time may elapse after the impression has been imparted, that we become unable to trace the effect to its cause; and yet the relation of cause and effect stands sure, however ignorant or unconscious we may be of it. As an illustration of this position, I shall mention a case which came under my own observation. I was once acquainted with a gentleman, who at eighty years of age was what would be called a stout, healthy old fellow. He was certainly of a most robust constitution, and had never addicted himself to any habit "calculated to shorten life," as they say at the Insurance Offices, saving and excepting that of taking snuff. Well, it has been said to me, "See how your anti-nicotian theory is set at defiance by this hearty old fellow. If tobacco be a slow poison, it must be, as was said of tea, very slow indeed, or how should we have such an exemplary octogenarian as this, 'o'er all its ills victorious?' He has been taking snuff all his life, and yet, you perceive, is nothing the worse for it." Now, I did not perceive any such thing, but was well aware that the contrary was the case. I was of opinion, and am now fully convinced of the fact, that he suffered extremely, nay, intensely, from the habit, without himself or others being at all aware of it. I do not speak of a nose and face perpetually begrimed with snuff—of a waistcoat and inexpressibles embrowned and powdered all over with it—of the expenditure of pocket-handkerchiefs, and waste of time in nose-blowing—everlasting sneezing and coughing, &c.: such matters are mere trifles in the estimate of your professed snuff-takers; but I do speak of an habitual depression of spirits, and frequently an access of the most miserable melancholy, to which this gentleman was subject, and which I attribute to his inveterate habit of snuff-taking, and to no other cause. He would complain bitterly of his wretchedness on those occasions, and ascribe it to the skyey influences—the humidity of our climate, the fogs, and I know not what besides; but it was nothing but "the snuff." Such intelligence would have doubtless been very unwelcome; for this very snuff—this actual *font et origo malorum*, ay, "more snuff"—was his most favourite remedy and consolation under these distressing visitations! So much for our ignorance of causes.

The late Doctor Adam Clarke was a great enemy to the tobacco leaf, and published a strong paper in condemnation of it. He takes high ground upon the subject.

"That it is sinful to use it, as most do," he says, "I have no doubt—if destroying the constitution, and vilely squandering away the time and money which God has given for other

purposes, may be termed sinful. I have observed some whole families, and very poor ones too, who have used tobacco in all possible ways, and some of them for more than half a century. Now, suppose the whole family, consisting of four, five, or six, to have used but 1s. 6d. worth a-week, then, in the mere article of tobacco, nearly £200 sterling is totally and irrecoverably lost in the course of fifty years. Were all the attending expenses, such as appropriate implements, neglect of business, and other concomitants, taken into account, probably four times the sum would be too small an estimate."

Captain Scott, in his interesting work "Rambles in Egypt and Candia," says—

"All the Arab race are addicted to the use of the pipe, and to this pernicious habit may be traced the origin of most of their vices, and a great proportion of their misery." And again, in a note, he observes—"Nothing tends so much as the pernicious and universal habit of smoking to retard all improvement amongst the natives of the East, producing habitual indolence, and occasioning an irreparable loss of time." He calls it elsewhere the "predominant vice of Mahomedanism." Now, with such warning and such examples before me, I own that I cannot contemplate the possibility of my countrymen becoming a nation of smokers, without the utmost pain. I would wish to put all parties, but especially the young, on their guard against the insidious and seductive approaches of the habit. The elegant pipe, the splendid snuff-box, and all the curious conveniences of tube, light, tobacco-pouch, and so on, are so many lures to the unwary; and many, by simply nibbling at these captivating baits, have been gradually led on, and at last turned into confirmed consumers. There is a temptation in the furniture of our fashionable snuff and cigar shops—"divans," as they are called, which it is hard to resist. It would seem almost worth while to "consume," for the sake of encompassing oneself with such beautiful toys; but I class all such resorts in the same category with the gin-palaces of London. Look to the end—observe what a confirmed habit of snuffing or smoking is—how wasteful, how enervating, how every way pernicious! The tyranny of it is dreadful. No man knows it thoroughly but he who has once been its slave. The craving of the nose once accustomed to be fed, for snuff—of the throat and fauces once seasoned to the use, for smoke—and of the teeth and gums once used to be drawn, for the reiterate chew—oh, it is dreadful!—and I say there is no remedy against the evil but teetotalism.

I have said nothing on those popular stimulants, tea and coffee, for, as generally used, I think they are both innocent, as they are certainly agreeable beverages. Let not my fair countrywomen, however, when they indulge in the "cup that cheers but not inebriates"—I mean the Howqua, or any other tea-mixture—aim at celebrity for preparing it over strong; for in this state, like other stimulants that we have been considering, I have no doubt that it is bad for weak nerves.

F.

**PEOPLE WITH ONE IDEA.**—There are people who have but one idea: at least if they have more, they keep it a secret, for they never talk but of one subject. There is Major C—; he has but one idea, or subject of discourse, Parliamentary Reform. Now, Parliamentary Reform is (as far as I know) a very good thing, a very good idea, and a very good subject to talk about; but why should it be the only one? To hear the worthy and gallant Major resume his favourite topic is like law-business, or a person who has a suit in Chancery going on. Nothing can be attended to, nothing can be talked of but that. Now it is getting on, now again it is standing still; at one time the Master has promised to pass judgment by a certain day, at another he has put it off again, and called for more papers; and both are equally reasons for speaking of it. Like the piece of pack-thread in the barrister's hands, he turns and twists it all ways, and cannot proceed a step without it. Some schoolboys cannot read but in their own book; and the man of one idea cannot converse out of his own subject. Conversation it is not, but a sort of recital of the preamble of a bill, or a collection of grave arguments for a man's being of opinion with himself. It would be well if there was any thing of character, any thing of eccentricity in all this; but that is not the case. It is a political homily personified, a walking common-place we have to encounter and listen to. It is just as if a man was to insist on your hearing him go through the fifth chapter of the Book of Judges every

time you meet, or like the story of the Cosmogony in the Vicar of Wakefield. It is a tune played on a barrel-organ. It is a common vehicle of discourse into which people get and are set down when they please, without any pains or trouble to themselves. Neither is it professional pedantry or trading quackery: it has no excuse. The man has no more to do with the question which he saddles on all his hearers than you have. This is what makes the matter hopeless. If a farmer talks to you about his pigs or his poultry, or a physician about his patients, or a lawyer about his briefs, or a merchant about stock, or an author about himself, you know how to account for this; it is a common infirmity; you have a laugh at his expense, and there is no more to be said. But here is a man who goes out of his way to be absurd, and is troublesome by a romantic effort of generosity. You cannot say to him, "All this may be interesting to you, but I have no concern in it;" you cannot put him off in that way. He has got possession of a subject which is of universal and paramount interest, and on that plea may hold you by the button as long as he chooses. His delight is to harangue on what nowise regards himself; how then can you refuse to listen to what as little amuses you? The business admits of no delay. The question stands first on the order of the day—takes precedence in its own right of every other question. Any other topic, grave or gay, is looked upon in the light of impertinence, and sent to Coventry. Business is an interruption to it, pleasure a digression from it. As Cicero says of study, it follows the man into the country, it stays with him at home; it sits with him at breakfast, and goes out with him to dinner. It is like a part of his dress, of the costume of his person, without which he would be at a loss what to do. If he meets you in the street, he accosts you with it as a form of salutation; if you see him at his own house, it is supposed you come upon that. If you happen to remark, "it is a fine day," or "the town is full," it is considered as a temporary compromise of the question; you are suspected of not going the whole length of the principle. Is not this a species of sober madness more provoking than the real? Has not the theoretical enthusiast his mind as much warped, as much enslaved by one idea, as the acknowledged lunatic, only that the former has no lucid intervals? If you see a visionary of this class going along the street, you can tell as well what he is thinking of and will say next as the man that fancies himself a tea-pot or the Czar of Muscovy. The one is as inaccessible to reason as the other: if the one raves, the other dotes!

—Hazlitt's Table-Talk.

**COMFORTABLE CIRCUMSTANCES FAVOUR FORESIGHT.**—It is a most remarkable fact, totally at variance with what might *a priori* be expected, but confirmed by the universal experience of mankind, that the dominion of reason over the passions, the habit of foresight, and the power of forming a systematic plan for the conduct of life, are just in proportion to the degree in which the danger of immediate or the pressure of actual suffering has been removed from mankind. The savage who has no stock whatever for his support—who is in danger of immediate starvation, if his wonted supplies from the chase or his herds were to fail—is totally regardless of the future in every part of the world; while the rich man, whose subsistence and affluence are almost beyond the reach of chance, is incessantly in disquietude about the manner in which his subsequent life is to be spent. The certain prospect of instant death to himself and all that are dear to him, from the occurrence of a probable event, is unable to draw the attention of the one from the enjoyments of the moment; while the slight and improbable chance of a diminution in the smallest articles of future comfort, renders the other indifferent to the means of present enjoyment which are within his reach.—*Alison's Principles of Population.*

**APPRECIATION.**—After all, it is appreciation rather than praise that is delightful. An artist, for instance, how tired he must be of hearing his pictures called "beautiful, exquisite!"—of being told for the one hundredth time that he has surpassed himself; but let any one point out to him one of his own thoughts on the canvass, which he supposed likely to escape the general eye, and how grateful it is!

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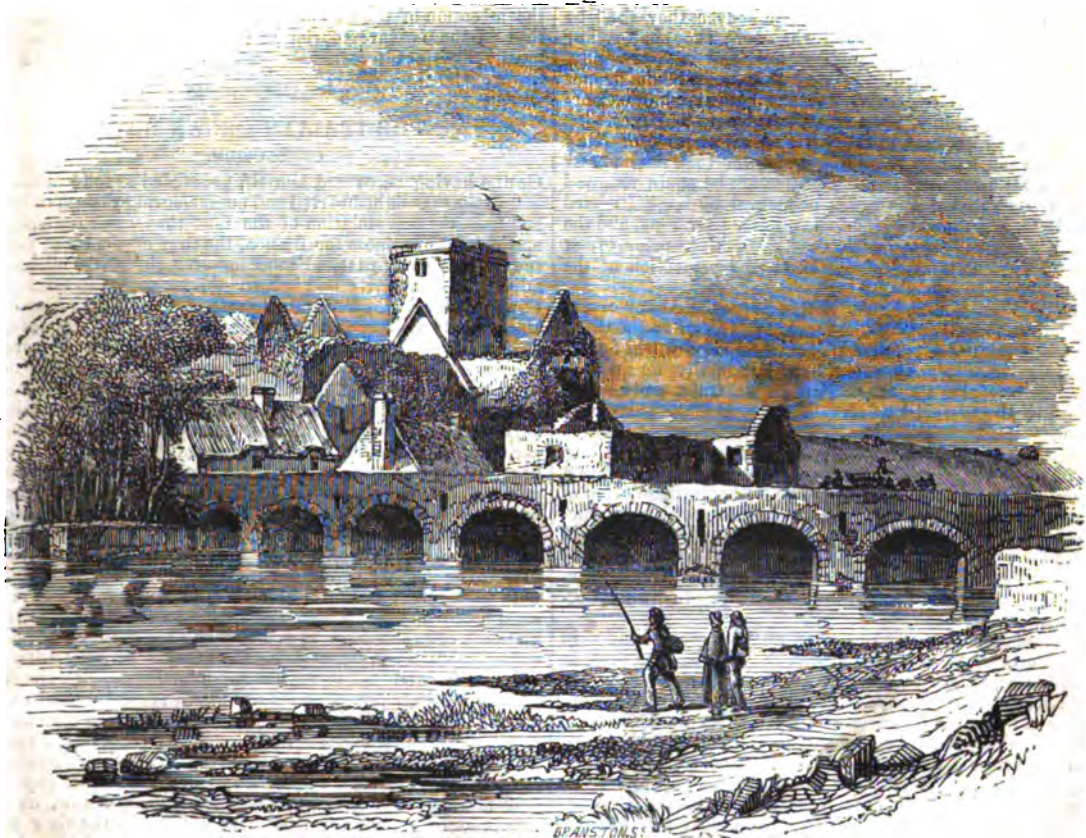


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



## HOLY-CROSS ABBEY, COUNTY OF TIPPERARY.

In a recent number of our Journal we led our readers to the banks of that beautiful river,

"The gentle Suir, that, making way  
By sweet Clonmel, adorns rich Waterford;"

and we now return to it with pleasure to notice another of the beautiful architectural remains of antiquity seated on its banks—the celebrated Abbey of the Holy Cross. This noble monastic ruin is situated in the barony of Eliogarty, county of Tipperary, three miles from Thurles, on the road to Cashel, and seven miles north-east of the latter.

The origin as well as the name of this celebrated monastery is derived from a piece of the holy cross for which it was erected as a fitting depository. This relic, covered with gold and ornamented with precious stones, was, as O'Halloran states, but without naming his authority, a present from Pope Pascal II, in 1110, to Murtoth O'Brien, monarch of Ireland, and grandson to Brian Boru, who determined to found a monastery in its honour, but did not live to complete it. But, however true this account may be as to the gift of the relic, there is every reason to doubt it as far as the date of the foundation of the monastery is concerned, which, as appears from the original charter still in existence, was founded by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, the son of the Murtoth above

named, as late as the year 1182, at which time it was richly endowed with lands for its support by its founder. These grants were confirmed in 1186, by King John, then Lord of Ireland, who further ordered that the monks of this abbey should enjoy all chartered liberties and freedoms, as appears from the following record of the 20th Edward I. A.D. 1320:—

"EDWARD, by the grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Aquitaine, to all to whom these presents shall come, greeting. Know ye that brother Thomas, Abbot of the Church of Mary of the Holy Cross, near Cashel, came into our Chancery of Ireland the day after the feast of Michael the Archangel, in the 13th year of our reign, at Cashel, and exhibited in our said Chancery a certain charter, not cancelled, nor in any respect vitiated, under the seal of John, formerly Lord of Ireland and Earl of Morton, in these words:

"JOHN, Lord of Ireland and Earl of Morton, to all justices, barons, &c., as well French as English, Welsh and Irish, and all other liege men of Ireland, greeting. Know ye, that, for the love of God, and for the salvation of my own and the souls of my predecessors and successors, I have granted and given, and by these presents do grant and give, to God and the blessed Mary of the Holy Cross, and to the Cistercian

Monks serving God there, in free, pure, and perpetual alms, the under-written lands, as fully and freely as Domuall O'Brien, King of Lymberick, gave and granted, and by this charter confirmed to the Cistercian Monks of the Holy Cross; to wit: Kelkaterlamun, Ballydubal, Ballyidugin, Ballygirryr, Ballymyoletobin, and Ballytheloth, Gardath, Ballaschelagh, Ballythougal et Ithologin. These lands I have given for the salvation of my soul, and those of my predecessors and successors, and for the souls of my soldiers who lie there, to enjoy peaceably, with all liberties and free customs, without any secular exactions in fields, ways, forests, fisheries, &c. I have also granted that they shall be free from all mulcts in my courts, for what cause soever they shall be amerced, and also free of all toll whatever; they shall sell or buy, for their own use, throughout my land of Normandy, England, Wales, and Ireland; and that their lands be not put in plevine.—Witnesses, a Bishop of Ferns; John de Courcy, de Angulo, Riddel, Chancellor, and David of Wales."

It appears also that in 1233 the above charter of King John was confirmed by King Henry III, who took this monastery into his protection, which protection he again renewed in 1234; and that it was again confirmed by King Richard II. in 1395, and that in 1414, James Earl of Ormond, and the Lord Deputy Thomas le Botiller or Butler, prior of St John of Jerusalem, further granted the protection of the crown to this house.

Thus protected and fostered by royalty, the Abbey of the Holy Cross became one of the most magnificent and wealthy in the kingdom, and its mitred abbot was styled Earl of Holy Cross, the lands belonging to the abbey constituting an earldom. He was also a baron of parliament, and usually vicar-general of the Cistercian order in Ireland. The abbey was originally a daughter of the Abbey of Maig, or Monaster-Nenagh, in the county of Limerick, and was subjected to that of Furnes in Lancashire by the Abbot of Clarevaux, in a general chapter of the order in 1249. After the dissolution of the monasteries in Ireland, Holy Cross Abbey with its appurtenances was granted by Queen Elizabeth in 1563 to Gerald Earl of Ormond, *in capite*, at the annual rent of £15, 10s. 4d.; and we believe this constitutes at present the estate, by purchase, of a worthy and deeply learned fellow of Trinity College, namely, Dr Wall.

As a monastic ruin, the Abbey of Holy Cross ranks in popular esteem as one of the first, if not the very first, in Ireland. But though many of its architectural features are of remarkable beauty, it is perhaps as a whole scarcely deserving of so high a character; and its effect upon the mind is greatly diminished by the cabins and other objects of a mean character by which it is nearly surrounded. Like most monastic structures of considerable importance, its general form is that of a cross, consisting of a nave, chancel, and transept, with a lofty square belfry at the intersection of the cross: but it is distinguished from other structures of the kind in having in both of its transepts two distinct chapels beautifully groined—a feature which imparts much interest and picturesqueness to the general effect. Between two of these chapels and the south transept there is a double row of three pointed arches, supported by twisted pillars, each distant about two feet four inches from the other, and having a similar pointed arch in front. The object of this singular feature has given rise to much conjecture, but the more rational opinion seems to be, that it was designed as a resting place for the dead bodies of the monks and other persons previous to interment in the abbey, or its cemetery. In addition to this, the interior of the church has another very unique and remarkable feature, namely, that the choir arch is not placed as usual beneath the tower, but thirty feet in advance of it, thus making the choir of greater length by fourteen feet than the nave, which is but fifty-eight feet long, the entire length of the church being one hundred and thirty feet. This peculiarity appears, however, to be an after-thought, and not the design of the original architect, which was evidently to limit, as usual, the length of the choir to the arch in front of the tower, and the second arch is unquestionably of more modern construction. The steeple rests on four beautifully groined arches, the supporters of which are connected in the centre by a great variety of ogives passing diagonally from their angles; and the roof of the choir, as well as those of the side chapels, is similarly enriched. The nave appears to have been of meaner architecture, and has lost its roof; but it has aisles formed by four pointed arches on each side, and which lead into the transepts. Of the windows in

this church we may observe generally, that they are of very elegant taste of design.

Thus much of the abbey church itself; but of the ruins of the cloisters, which are of meaner architecture, and of all the other edifices appertaining to a monastic establishment of this grandeur, though in a tolerable state of preservation, it would be tedious to the general reader to give a detailed account, nor would our present space permit it. Neither can we describe what is of higher interest, the magnificent monumental remains for which this abbey is so eminently distinguished. But we shall return to the subject in a future number, and in the mean time we shall only add, that this abbey is well worthy the attention of the antiquary and architectural student, and that to the pleasure tourist of cultivated tastes it is of the most delightful interest.

P.

## THE ITALIAN ORGAN BOY.

### CONCLUSION.

CARLO having recovered himself, proceeded as follows:—

"In the thus light-hearted and unmurmuring though tedious and toilsome accumulation of the fund that was to purchase station and happiness for Bianca, the first of the three years sped prosperously past. Francesco—for old Marcolini, confiding in the integrity and industry of my father to fulfil the conditional arrangement, laid no restraint upon him—was our almost daily visitor, and not rarely a cheerful assistant in the lighter labours of our garden, in tending our rich parterres, our fig-trees, and our vines. One serious drawback on our happiness—the first flush of devotion to Bianca over—we soon experienced. Ludovico, though at times he worked harder and longer than the rest, and rejected the occasional cheap indulgences my father permitted, had unfortunately been so entangled with his lawless and loose-living companions, that after a while he was again seduced by them into scenes of profligate amusement and disgraceful licence. It mischanced that near the close of the year, the very day before the great fair of Teleso, to which we had long looked forward as likely to swell our savings much, our father met with an accident which disabled him from going to it. The cart, laden with our richest and choicest garden produce, my mother's eggs and poultry, and Bianca's contribution of nose-gays, needlework, and straw plaits, was in his unfitness necessarily entrusted to the charge of Ludovico. At the fair he unfortunately fell in with some of his low-principled associates, who seduced him into a gambling booth, where soon, infected with the excitement of play, he hazarded a small sum, which by an evil chance was returned to him threefold. Inflamed by the easy acquisition, he thought with rapture how much readier a way this was for a lucky fellow, as he appeared to be, to make his money, than by the slow and dull and difficult returns of labour, and almost anticipated his returning home that night with Bianca's fortune in his pocket, and an immediate abridgement, in consequence, of the weary postponement of her wedding. He risked a higher sum with success, another with disappointment, and so on with varying fortune, till a friendly neighbour, who had heard where he was, came in and forced him with difficulty from the fatal fascination. He had been at the table but a short time, and had lost but little, which, to escape detection, he replaced by a loan; but he was inspired with a passion for play, which, whenever an occasion was afforded, he eagerly indulged. But notwithstanding this, and the occasional losses and anxious evasions to which it exposed us, our efforts flourished, and our reserved earnings increased apace. Never before had we gathered such abundant returns from our garden and few fields, for never before had we tended them with half the care. Our sales were quick as our produce was luxuriant, and before half the allotted period had expired, Bianca's purse was by the half more valuable than we had ventured to expect. At this time my father was induced by my mother's influence and representations to try and bring the suspense and postponement of the nuptials to a close, by borrowing on security what would complete the stipulated sum, and engage old Marcolini's consent to an immediate union. This was accordingly done, the necessary sum furnished by a money-lender, Marcolini's approval obtained, a day fixed, our festive arrangements made, and all was light and merriment. But, alas and alas! a cruel blow was in wait to dash to pieces our fond and joyous schemes, just as they seemed to approach reality. One morning, as by sunrise my father was going to the

garden—it was to decorate a bridal arbour which we had constructed for the occasion—I heard from him, as he passed through the inner room, a cry of astonishment and dismay, and hurrying in, found him gazing in horror upon an open and, alas, empty box—it was the one in which Bianca's long hoarded dower had been kept! All was gone—the hardly gathered earnings, the borrowed money, and with it all our mirthful plans and sparkling expectations; and, though a grave, strong-minded man, he was for the time quite crushed and broken by the shock. 'Carlo,' said he, 'we are ruined, utterly undone. Villains have plundered us: your sister's heart will be broken, and there is nothing left for us but despair. These weakened limbs could not go through such another term of trial in the face of such misfortune. It will be well if they last long enough to earn what will meet the demands of Bartolo the broker. Your brother, to whom we might else have looked for aid, is getting worse and worse in his evil ways: he has turned—that ever I should have to speak such words of son of mine!—yes, turned a worthless profligate and gambler. The God of Heaven grant,' continued he, turning ghastly pale, and staggering against the wall as his eye fell upon a well-known knife, that, with its blade broken, lay upon the floor, 'that it be not even worse. Carlo, look on that, and tell me, O tell me, that you know it not!' With horror I recognized my unhappy brother's knife; and a fragment of the steel fixed in the box showed too plainly in what base work it had been employed. I was struck speechless at the sight; but in defiance of all evidence, when I thought of my warm-hearted generous brother, I burned with anger at myself for my momentary misgiving, and almost fiercely chid my father for his dark suspicion. 'Carlo,' answered he gravely, 'you are yet childish and inexperienced, and know not the power of evil company, the blight of that accursed vice upon every principle of truth and honesty. Your brother, I have told you, is an abandoned gambler—consorts with all the dregs and refuse of the country, mocks at the entreaties of a mother, the warnings of a father, the honest, ay, till he bore it, the ever honest name of his family; and he who does all this, will, time and temptation pressing him, but feebly shrink from the basest act. But go,' added he with stern emphasis, 'call him. Though guilty, I will see him face to face before I lay my curse upon him.' With fear and trembling, for I knew how terrible my father's temper was when roused, I was obliged to confess that he had not spent the night at home; and his forehead grew still gloomier and more wrinkled as he listened.

He said nothing, but fell upon a seat, folded his arms, and remained looking fixedly upon the ground in great and fearful agony of thought.

About half an hour afterwards, my heart leaped within me as I caught the sound of Ludovico's cautiously approaching steps—for on such occasions he strove to steal in unnoticed—and I rushed to the door. There indeed he was coming up the walk in front. But what a figure!—his eyes were blood-shot, his face haggard, his dress disordered, his gait uneven, and altogether he appeared still under the power of a deep overnight debauch. My father upon hearing rose to meet him, and at the sight of his agitated and afflicted features, Ludovico, overcome with dismay and confusion, only afforded confirmatory evidence of guilt. Without a word, my father beckoned with his hand to him, and walking into the room, pointed to the forced and vacant box, fixing his eyes sternly and accusingly upon my poor brother, who with fainting knees accompanied him. With constrained silence he then lifted up the broken knife from the floor, fitted it before Ludovico's eyes to the fragment remaining in the lid, and then turning up the haft, presented it to him. A cry of dismay and horror broke from his lips as he recognized his knife, and the terrible truth burst upon him.

'I am innocent, oh, my father, I am innocent,' he cried as he fell on his knees before him. But, alas, the action, in place of removing, was about to rivet the evidence of his guilt, for as he stooped, a key fell from his pocket—a false one for the door which led from the very room into the garden, which he had privately procured for the purpose of secret admission when belated in his revels. My father, without other reply, seized it, applied it to the door, and opened the lock. He then turned to him, as if every stay and doubt were banished, and with a voice in which pain and sorrow only aggravated passion, exclaimed, 'Wretched boy, I disown thee! Never shall villain, gambler, robber, liar, be called son of mine. Away, then, from my presence and my roof for ever! He

who could so basely forget every lesson of honesty he was taught from his childhood, who could plunder his poor sister of what we have painfully earned for her by the sweat of our brows, and doom her to hopelessness and life-long loneliness, to feed his own vile profligacy, would not scruple to dip his hand in blood, ay, in the blood of his household, for their inheritance. We are not safe with such a one. Away to your brigand comrades of the hills—lead the villain life you incline to—do what you will—but never cross this threshold again!' My mother and Bianca, roused by the noise, now hurried fearfully into the room, and a glance at Ludovico's horror-struck and supplicating posture, at the shattered box, and my father's inflamed and convulsed countenance, was enough without words to inform them of the revolting truth.

'My father's heart is hardened against me,' exclaimed Ludovico, 'and I wonder not. I have indeed been loose-lived and disobedient, but never base nor dishonest, and let me not be now condemned because these appearances are against me. I solemnly swear by—' My father fiercely checked him. 'Add not perjury to infamy—it needs not swearing—the matter can be put beyond a doubt, ay, even beyond your own audacious denial. Mark those footprints in the soft soil before the door: that bed was left by me smooth and unruffled yesternight—they are those of the villain thief; and, Ludovico, I cannot mistake the footprints of him who has wrought by my side since boyhood—wretched father that I am! they are yours. Deny it if you can.' Convinced in my own heart of his innocence, I sprang forward to apply the test, but soon recoiled in horror, as before the anxious eyes of all I proved the accurate correspondence of the marks—a shock which for a moment crushed my own faith in my brother's truth. What now availed my mother's entreaties, my sister's tears, Ludovico's continued passionate assertion of his innocence, to change the stern conviction of my father? He vehemently reiterated his sentence of banishment, and counselled him, if he would mitigate the keenness of remorse, to confess his crime and return its ill-gotten fruits. Ludovico, stung to the quick by his reproaches, and by the agonies of my mother and Bianca, felt resentment rise in his heart to strengthen him to support his fate, and indignantly rose to depart. 'Cease your prayers, my mother and my Bianca. Carlo, you will live, I feel, to see me righted, and my father, too, to repent his harshness to his son, and his distrust in one whom he has often detected in error, but never yet in ignominy. My sister, if my heart's blood could at this moment be coined into treasure to replace that which you have lost, and build again your shattered hopes, freely would I pour it out. But words are idle to make your heart what it was but an hour ago. I go—better any where than here—and if you hear of me again, it will be of one who has learned seriousness from suffering, and proved by acts his love and interest for you all.' As he finished speaking, he hurried from the door without further farewell, and, plunging among the thickly wooded slopes, was speedily lost to my passionate pursuit.

That evening, however, a boy left a billet from him to Bianca, in which he mentioned his intention of trying to turn his musical talent to account, by proceeding to England, where he was told that money was but lightly thought of, and purses were ever open, and where he might readily glean both that would support himself, and supply something towards enabling my father to meet Bartolo the usurer, and perhaps, too, old Marcolini, upon the day first fixed for her union with Francesco. He concluded by asking pardon from our offended confidence and affection for once more scornfully denying the odious charge—a denial which, amid our joint tears over the letter, we believed as firmly as the words of holy writ.

Why need I stay to mention all the gloom and grief which was now spread over our but lately so bright and hopeful household, for Ludovico, despite his thoughtless frowardness, had been the life and spring of all our movements.

My father's dark locks soon became streaked with grey, for his pride of honesty in an unblemished name was sorely abased: his heart was wounded and enfeebled; and when the fever of his first anger was past, he began to think at times that perhaps he had dealt too hardly and hastily with Ludovico. My mother often wept: my sister's cheek became wan and pale even with Francesco by her side: my own heart was faint and joyless: a cloud of spiritless sadness and depression settled over all, and every thing seemed to lament him who was far away among strangers, in loneliness and disgrace—him whose bold spirit, athletic form, and buoyant beauty, had,



notwithstanding his frailties, been the pride and glory, secret or avowed, of all.

But Providence is able and merciful to cleanse the character of the innocent and calumniated in the end, and after many weary months Ludovico's was cleared before all the village by the death-bed confession of one of his former associates, who, under the impulse of a late remorse, stated that the robbery had been committed by himself—that Ludovico had on the night in question been designedly drugged by some of his accomplices—his knife taken and purposely left in the room, and his shoes borrowed for the same end, of warding search or suspicion from themselves by his condemnation. By way of expiation for the diabolical villany, he secretly menaced his partners in the plot that he would reveal their names and give them up to justice, unless the money with the interest in full was forthwith restored, which in consequence was quickly done. And now that his son's good fame was established in the light of day, my father's breast was lightened of the burthen of conscious disgrace, but only to suffer the more keenly the poignancy of self-reproach for the extreme and unjust severity of his treatment; and often would he bitterly accuse himself of savage inhumanity, and madly wish that by the sacrifice of his own life he could restore his exiled son to his embrace once more. As I listened to his painful lamentations and upbraidings, I formed a scheme, which was no sooner devised than I hurried to execute, of following Ludovico to England, of finding him, as in the credulity of inexperience I doubted not readily to do, and bringing him back with me to home, to reputation, and to happiness. Knowing the opposition I would meet if I mentioned my secret, I collected as speedily as I could what money I supposed would defray my first expenses, procured this organ, and my poor little marmoset, as I knew my wandering countrymen were wont to furnish themselves; and leaving a letter with a young neighbour to give when I was gone, took my way to Naples, whence I got a passage to London. My heart often died within me as I wandered through its great and busy streets, and many is the hour of sorrow and hardship I endured; but desire for Ludovico, and the hope of finding him which never failed me, carried me through all. For nearly a year I traversed England, much of Scotland and Ireland, supporting myself by grinding this poor music. I have not my brother's fine voice and skill, but the people here are for the most part indulgent, and not so delicate to please as those of Italy. But the good God guided me at last to a happy meeting with an old Neapolitan, who alone, of the hundreds whom I questioned, was able to give me any information of Ludovico, with whom he had fortunately fallen in a few months before in this very city. With that cordial confidence which one is apt to place in a fellow countryman when cast among strangers, Ludovico had made known to him all his story, adding that, having now by prudence and exertion of his talent for music—and few could touch a guitar or raise a voice like him—gathered a sufficient sum of money, he was about to return to Italy and to the neighbourhood of his native village, to apportion Bianca once more, and set on foot some inquiry to redeem, if possible, his forfeited character, and fix the guilt of the robbery upon the real offenders, whom long reflection on the circumstances had erewhile led him to suspect. Oh! how my heart thrilled and burned within me as I listened to the long-sought blissful words, and knew that in very deed I was at last upon the track of him—though the rapture of an unexpected meeting in this foreign land I was not to have—after whom I had made such a weary pilgrimage in vain. Not in vain neither. I have done what I could, and when I stand proudly amid my family once more, and receive their embraces and congratulations, say, shall I be without my reward? My daily gleanings I hoard with the eagerness of a miser: little do I spend on food or lodging: for when I think of my own dear Montanio, of those to complete whose happiness I alone am wanting, I have but one wish, one prayer—to have wherewithal to carry me to my own beautiful land again, to my father's blessing, my brother's love, my mother's and my sister's arms.

Tears of tenderness and rapture started to the eyes of the ardent and devoted youth as he thus concluded his narrative, in which the fervour and interest of truth were, as he told it, beautifully blended with much of the elevation and singularity of romance.

Further particulars respecting this generous witness to the disinterestedness and fortitude with which family and fraternal love can inspire the young, the delicate, and the undisci-

plined, my necessary limitation of space compels me to forego. I need scarcely add that I was instrumental in furnishing a supplement for his insufficient means, and I did not lose sight of the noble lad, till, with mixed emotions of buoyant anticipation, and perhaps momentarily regretful gratitude, he parted from me on his return to Italy. In imagination I often make one of the reunited family, and at times, too, indulge the hope that the chances and changes of a shifting lot may some time enable me in very deed to look on old Girardi and his spouse, Carlo and the reformed Ludovico, the fair Bianca and the faithful Francesco, and claim a return in kind—an evening spent among their gleeful rural party—for the fellow-feeling I had the good fortune to conceive for the desolation, and the part I was privileged to take in abridging the banishment, of the Italian Organ Boy.

J. J. M.

## KNOWLEDGE AND IGNORANCE.

Second Article.

BOULDERS—CONTINUED.

If the dreary waste of the sandy desert, when the hot and suffocating blast sweeps over its parched surface, appears to the affrighted traveller invested with all the characters of sublimity, not less impressed with awe is the wanderer of polar regions, when, gazing on the heart-chilling magnificence of the interminable ice which surrounds him, he hears the sigh of the coming snow-storm, fraught with danger or with death. But at a time when repeated voyages and spirit-stirring narratives have rendered familiar to every one the beauties and the dangers of ice in every conceivable form of floe, of field, or of berg, and have excited sympathy for the sufferings or admiration of the daring of those who, to advance the cause of science, or to pursue for commercial purposes the mighty whale, have ventured within the precincts of that icy kingdom, it is not necessary to describe the solitary grandeur of a scene in which ice spreads like a sea beneath the feet, and rises as a mountain above the head. Not even, then, by the side of a cheerful fire, in these more temperate regions, shall we unnecessarily indulge in shudderings at the thought of distant powers of congelation, or enter further into the subject of polar picturesqueness. It is as a geological agent that we have now to contemplate ice in the various forms of fields and bergs, or of glaciers; its efficiency as a moving power being first considered. Scoresby justly denominates ice-fields "one of the wonders of the deep. They are often," he says, "met with of the diameter of twenty or thirty miles; and when in a state of such close combination that no interstice can be seen, they sometimes extend to a length of fifty, or nearly a hundred miles." The average thickness of these fields is from ten to fifteen feet, and their surface is varied by hummocks, which rise to a height of from forty to fifty feet. The weight of a piece of field ice, one mile square and thirteen feet thick, is, according to Scoresby's estimate, 11,314,264 tons; and from the difference of specific gravity between ice and sea-water, this floating mass is sufficiently buoyant to support a weight of stones or other heavy bodies equal to 1,257,142, or in round numbers one million tons.

Grand, however, as such floating fields of ice are, they are exceeded in magnificence by bergs. One of these, Scoresby relates, was one mile in circumference, fifteen hundred feet square, and a hundred feet above the level of the sea; so that, allowing for the inequalities of its surface, he considered its depth in the water seven hundred feet, its total thickness eight hundred feet, and its weight about forty-five millions of tons—an enormous mass, capable of transporting at least five millions of tons of extraneous weight. In number, too, they are as remarkable as in magnitude: above five hundred were counted by Scoresby from the mast-head at one time, of which scarcely one was less than the hull of a ship, about a hundred as high as the ship's mast, and some twice that height, or two hundred feet above the surface of the sea; hence in total thickness about sixteen hundred feet. These, then, it must be admitted, are mighty engines fitted for the transport of rocks of colossal magnitude. But in the reasonings of sound philosophy, the apparent fitness of an object to perform some particular function cannot be deemed sufficient to establish the reality of its action: further proof is necessary, either derived from analogy or from positive facts. In respect to ice-fields, the easiest of observation, it is remarkable that neither of the Captains Scoresby speaks of having noticed ex-



traneous matter upon them, unless the expression "heaps of rubbish," in a passage of the voyage of Scoresby senior, means rubbish of stones as well as rubbish of ice. Examples will indeed be quoted from other writers, but the comparative scarcity of transported matter on the upper surface of the fields of ice, seems a natural consequence of their mode and place of formation. Formed in bays or gulfs, some portions of them are broken off by the violence of the waves at a distance from the shore, and never therefore come in contact with rocks or stones; whilst others, grounding in shallow water, encase many in the substance of their lower surface, although none are seen on the upper.

The conditions, indeed, which are necessary to ensure a load for the carrying ice, such as proximity to the rocks the detached fragments of which are to rest on its surface, are more peculiarly present in ice formed under or brought into contact with precipitous rocky banks, and in that formed in deep narrow gulfs—in short, in ice constituted after the manner of glaciers. A large portion, therefore, of field ice must necessarily float about unencumbered with rubbish or fragments of rocks. Boethlingk, in treating on the diluvial and alluvial formations of South Finland, incidentally touches upon this subject. "The dispersion," he observes, "of these blocks, is very probably in accordance with a phenomenon which may be observed on many seas and rivers, and which depends on the presence of blocks of stone near the shore. Through what force and in what manner the deposition of large blocks on the surface of all those formations which are at the water's brink even now happens, can be observed every spring, by any one who, at the breaking up of the ice, repairs to those parts of the coast where the shore bears testimony, by the numerous blocks heaped up one upon the other, of their forcible deposition. Near Kiwinjemei, on the Wwoxen, there is, as it were, a wall nine feet high, stretching along the flat shore, composed of blocks of stone which have been gradually raised by the masses of ice. In several places such stones, three feet in diameter, were lying on flakes of ice, which, pressing onwards to the shore, had been shoved one over the other to the height of six or eight feet; so that no one could doubt the fact that the ice-flakes had been the carriers of the stones; and also, where the steepness of the ground permits the near approach of ice-shoals to the shore, that the blocks would be heaped up one over the other into a terrace or wall; whilst, on the contrary, on shallow coasts they would be scattered in the water, at a distance from the shore. The deposition of blocks depends therefore on the shore being accessible to ice-shoals driven in by winds or currents. Small blocks, also, are often cemented together by ice when the water over shallows, the bottoms of which are covered with loose stones, freezes; and when the water rises in the spring, or in consequence of storms setting in from the sea, the ice also rises, and with it the encased stones; and being driven out to sea, the stones, by the melting of the icy cement, are dropped in various places. In this way it is very probable that the boulders which lie scattered over the surface of the countries south of the Baltic were transported from Scandinavia and Finland on ice-shoals, at a time when the East Sea yet spread over those regions. Banks also are thrown up along the shore by the ice; they are never composed of large stones, but on flat sandy shores principally of sand.

Where the water-level was constant for a considerable time, during which banks were formed, they show by their height above the present flow of the water how much the condition of the latter has been changed. When two such banks lie one behind the other, at the same level, or successively like terraces, we are justified in concluding that the level of the water has changed and the land been increased, or that the one has sunk and the other in consequence advanced upon it. In confined basins this sinking may have been the consequence of the outlet widening by wear, and in open seas by the upheaving of the land. On all the large lakes of Finland are seen banks and terraces, as well as single blocks of stone, on the slopes. The terraces often lie one above the other, which indicates sudden depressions of the water's surface at different periods, each bank or terrace marking the water-line of a particular period, in which were deposited in strata many kinds of detritus mixed up with vegetable substances." These remarks of Boethlingk, originally recorded in the "Bulletin of the Academy of Sciences of St Petersburg," are here cited from the "Neucs Jahrbuch von Leonhard und Bronn." They are valuable, as results of personal observation, and have

doubtless already given a tolerable inkling of the reasons upon which this species of explanation of the phenomenon of boulders has been founded. Captain Bayfield, of the Royal Navy, the able surveyor of the Canadian lakes and of the river St Lawrence, records similar facts observed by him in that river. The St Lawrence is in winter low, and the ice on the shallows along both banks of the river is frozen into one connected mass by a temperature which often sinks to thirty degrees below zero, or sixty-two degrees below the freezing point. When the thaw sets in, these masses are raised up and floated away, and with them an extraordinary quantity of blocks and stones which had been encased by the frost in their substance. In like manner, anchors which for the security of the ship in winter had been fixed near the shore, were obliged to be cut out of the ice, or they would have been carried away. Half a ton weight of one of the strongest chain cables was torn off and carried many yards away, when means were taken to cut it out. Captain Bayfield also mentions the fact that he had often seen at sea icebergs laden with stones. In the Straits of Belleisle the captain examined one amongst many which must have come from Baffin's Bay; it was thickly covered over with blocks, gravel, and stones. M. Reinecke, an officer of the Russian navy employed on a survey of the coast of Finland, relates two pleasing though minor incidents of a similar kind. The fishermen of Sweaborg pointed out to his officers that the sea-bottom of their coast was subject to frequent change, partly from the action of the waves in violent storms, but more particularly from the force of traction exercised by enormous bodies of ice which are set adrift at the breaking up of the frost, and being arrested in their progress by some of the numerous headlands of the coast, or by the shoals which there encumber the sea, are heaped up one upon the other into colossal masses, which, liberated by some new shock, are again violently urged forward, and drag along with them the sand of the bottom, and even large fragments of the rocks. At the village of Kittelholm, near Sweaborg, the inhabitants directed the officers' special attention to two such erratic blocks of stone, which at a very recent period had changed their place: resting on a rock of the coast called Wittbella, and at a height of three sagènes (about 21 feet) above the level of the sea, there now appears a block of granite, called by the sailors "sea calf," from its resemblance to a seal basking in the sun. This block was first seen in its present position in 1815. It had been encased in a mass of ice, which, raised up by the waves in a storm, had rested on the level top of the rock, and there melted as it thawed; the boulder, brought probably from a distant region, being left where it now stands. The other erratic block or boulder of Kittelholm had been observed by the inhabitants in the winter of 1806 to shift its place, being dragged on by the ice for a distance of about one-third of a mile. But all these were carriers of small note and name when compared to those of vast bulk and power described by Scoresby. "Many," says he, "of the icebergs contained strata of earth and stones, and some were loaded with beds of rock of great thickness, and weighing by calculation from 50,000 to 100,000 tons." When, therefore, we see such operations going forward in our own time—the iceberg loaded with its freight of gravel and of rocks, moving slowly from the frozen north to the south, where, melted by the increasing heat, it is destined to discharge its cargo indiscriminately on mud, on gravel, or on rock, in the plain or on the hill, in the valley or on the mountain top (for all these forms of matter and of feature may be reasonably assumed to diversify the bottom of the present ocean, as it did that of a former one, now the surface of our dry land)—may we not conclude with Lyell or with Wissman, with Murchison or with Darwin, that were that bottom exposed dry to our view, it would in like manner exhibit its phenomena of gravel and of boulders?

Nor would these appearances be confined to the northern regions; the reign of frost and snow has extended over a wider space in the antarctic than it has in the arctic circle. Mr Murchison quotes from a letter of Captain Harcourt, R. N., who in returning from South America met with a vast number of ice-floes in the Pacific, in latitude 50 degrees. Some of them were not less than two miles square, and 250 to 300 feet above the water, and consequently about 2000 feet thick. It is remarkable that this phenomenon occurred from 85 degrees west longitude, at a considerable distance from any land, to the meridian of Cape Pillar, while the immediate coasts of Chili and Cape Horn offered

no trace of them. The winter was comparatively mild, which might indeed account for the liberation of such large masses of ice from the South Pole, and their being wafted into seas usually quite free from them. The number and size of these ice-floes were so astonishing, that Captain Harcourt, during the long winter moonless nights of eighteen hours, had great difficulty in steering through them without shipwreck; their course seemed to be from south-east to north-west, and they were met with through five degrees of latitude (50 to 55 degrees), which would be the exact position of England if transferred to the other hemisphere. May we not then shudder at the thought of that dreary future, in which, by some physical changes of the earth's surface, according to the theory of Mr Lyell, the conditions of the earth's superficial temperature may be reversed, and bring down upon the coasts of our ill-fated island those frost-bearing monsters to bite up every living thing by one common congelation; for we may well suppose, that long ere that dismal period our cold-dispelling fuel, turf, coal, and all, will have been utterly consumed. But let us comfort ourselves with this selfish reflection—it will not be in our day.

Numerous as the icebergs of the antarctic regions are, they have as yet afforded few examples of transported materials. One, however, of very considerable interest, is thus recorded in a Journal of Discoveries in the Antarctic Ocean in 1839, by Mr John Balleny, communicated to the Geographical Society by Mr Enderby, the ship-owner. "March 18. Light variable winds from the eastward; surrounded by icebergs. In latitude 61 degrees, longitude 103 degrees 40 minutes, passed within a quarter of a mile of an iceberg about 800 feet high, with a block of rock attached to it." The rock is described as about 12 feet in height and about one-third up the berg. The nearest certainly known land (Enderby's Land) was distant from the spot 1400 miles; Sabrina Land, if such exists, was distant 450 miles; and it is very improbable that any land will be discovered within 100 miles. Mr Darwin, in an interesting note on this Journal, mentions a preceding case of an iceberg with a considerable block lying on it, seen east of South Shetland by Mr Sorrell, when in a sealing vessel; and though another voyager, Captain Briscoe, during several cruises in the antarctic seas, had never once seen a piece of rock in the ice, he remarks, that if but one iceberg in a thousand or in ten thousand transports its fragment, the bottom of the antarctic sea and the shores of its islands must already be scattered with masses of foreign rock, the counterpart of the erratic boulders of the northern hemisphere.

Such, then, are the facts on which modern geologists, and more especially Mr Lyell, have founded the theory of ice-transported boulders, appealing to the experience of that which is now occurring in existing seas as evidence of that which did occur in seas not now existing—seas which once covered or at least rose to the level of places which exhibit these relics of their presence. Presuming, then, for an instant, that the fact is conceded, that at some ancient epoch the low lands of a large portion of the northern and southern hemispheres were under water, whilst the higher hills and mountains were covered with snow, and their gorges and valleys filled with glaciers, which on descending to the ocean carried with them fragments of rocks, and became as icebergs their carriers to distant regions, do we not obtain an explanation of the phenomena of boulders more simple and rational than any of those previously advanced? For example, Kirwan in his Essays tells us that the Bay of Galway must have been occupied by a granitic mountain, which in a great catastrophe was shattered and swallowed up, because he found a mass of granite called "the Gregory" on one of the isles of Arran, 100 feet above the sea, and 8 or 10 miles from the nearest granitic locality, the islands themselves being limestone. But such a mass, though 20 feet long, 10 high, and 11 broad, if floated across on an iceberg, could have been deposited at its destined place by machinery more simple than such a catastrophe. In like manner, how easily the granitic blocks of Scandinavia could by similar means have been transported across the Baltic!—and at the same time many of the phenomena of drift (a name now given by many geologists to what was formerly called diluvian) might be explained, as shown by Mr Lyell in his account of the Norfolk drift, by the action of floating fields of ice carrying with them sand and gravel, or grating and heaping up the sand and gravel of shoals on which they were beginning to ground, as shown in the examples cited. The long lines of drift and boulders extending from north to south in northern Europe

were indeed in all probability the result of the joint operation of the marine current which moved onwards the floating ice, and of the ice itself. In these lines or trainées, two sets have been discovered—one crossing the other at a very acute angle, a circumstance which may possibly be explained by supposing two currents simultaneously running from the north being inflected by local peculiarities into slightly differing directions, and then, on meeting, proceeding in a direction the resultant of the two; the direction of the resultant varying at different epochs according as one or the other current, from varying local causes, possessed the greater or less velocity; if so, the natural result of such meeting currents would be to deposit along their resulting direction lines of drift, to form in this manner shoals on which the floating ice would occasionally ground, and by its load of gravel and boulders assist the work of detritic accumulation.

In as far, then, as the phenomenon of boulders is exhibited in the low lands of Europe (leaving other countries out of the question), it seems quite in conformity with the operations of causes such as have been here explained. But it may next be asked, How does the ice-transporting theory explain the boulders of the Alps? Had the waters been sufficiently elevated to convey icebergs over the Jura chain, the Scandinavian mountains would have been deeply submerged, and no longer, therefore, a source either of ice or of boulders. This is unquestionably a difficulty, unless it be assumed either that some great change of relative altitude has taken place by the uplifting of the Alps since the deposition of its boulders, or that the Alpine boulders have not been conveyed by marine agencies. Lyell supposed it possible that falling "hill-sides" might have dammed up the valleys of Switzerland, and have formed lakes, on which the icebergs from its uplifted glaciers might have floated across to the Jura, and have been carried down to the low country at the base of the Alps, by the sudden bursting of the barrier, and the flood following it; and Wissmann (who strangely enough ranks Lyell, manifestly his precursor in this idea, amongst the advocates of the theory of torrents) in like manner assumes the existence of a large sea extending over the low portion of Switzerland, the country now bordering on the Lake of Constance, and the greater part of Bavaria, on the waters of which the ice of falling glaciers with its cargo of boulders floated across. This sea was not however, like Lyell's, the result of a secondary accident, but arose, encircled and walled in by mountains, on the last upheaving of the Alps. Its waters overflowing their boundary at the lowest points, according to Wissmann enlarged the passages of discharge, which giving vent to the waters, gradually lowered and finally emptied the sea, leaving the valley of the Rhone and of the Rhine as a relic. If, however, hypotheses of at least equal probability have been rejected either as depending too much on supposititious data, or as being imperfect explanations of the phenomena, there seems no greater reason for admitting these. Such accidents as those suggested by Mr Lyell have indeed occurred in the Alpine regions; rivers have been dammed up either by falling hill-sides or by falling masses of ice, and on bursting through these obstacles, have poured down in fearful destruction on the plain below. But how diminutive are such catastrophes in comparison to that which must have attended on the dispersion of the Alpine boulders! and although the lake of Wissmann's hypothesis is sufficiently extensive to transport the boulders through a very wide space, it is insufficient to account for those in Franche-comté; whilst, if we suppose with him that the last elevation of the Alps was prior to the deposition of the Molasse, it seems improbable that all the great openings of discharge, or valleys, should have been formed since that period. Must we then turn from these explanations, and again suppose great relative changes of altitude by vast upheavings of mountain chains in comparatively recent times, giving rise to diluvial waves, or, as supposed by De Beaumont, such upheavings being accompanied by a sudden rise of temperature, to the sudden melting of huge masses of snow and ice, and to powerful torrents resulting from it? Are we in short to appeal with Kapp to the testimony of the Chinese Annals, elucidated by Edward Biot of the French Academy, for evidence of such changes? In them, mention is indeed made at dates of 2400 and 3300 years before our era, of the elevation of two mighty chains of mountains, by which an ancient sea was raised up and became the present Marsh of Gobi, having been drained by an arm of the Yellow River, or through the valley of Tsichi, and at the same time the course of the Yellow

and many other rivers were greatly changed. But, truly curious as such documents undoubtedly are, and worthy of the most attentive research in order to ascertain what support can really be given to geological theories by historical evidence, they could not be received as conclusive in respect to the face of Europe, unless something like a chain of deductive reasoning from observed facts could be adduced in support of them. What, then, is the state of the case? Must we reject the ice-transporting theory as insufficient, and stand in despair of ever finding a clue to our difficulties? Far from it: the very difficulty itself points to the true explanation. The northern or Scandinavian boulders are not mixed with the Alpine on the low grounds at the base of the Jura, and this circumstance shows us that there was a limit to the space over which these boulders were transported, and that limit was, probably, the result of the elevation at which the ocean then stood. Whilst, then, this ancient ocean was conveying from the Scandinavian peaks its falling glaciers loaded with fragments of rocks, the glaciers of the Alps were conveying over the ice-covered land the fragments of its broken pinnacles. Such a union of the two modes of transport, combined with sea currents, seems at once consistent with reason and efficient in explanation; for example, it explains the difficulty experienced in understanding the ancient glaciers of the northern face of our Dublin mountains, where we see limestone gravel and fragments of red sandstone accumulated against their base up to a certain point where they end abruptly, and gravel of primitive rocks begins. The limestone gravel and fragments of sandstone may have been conveyed there, and heaped up by the pressure of drifting ice, whilst the descending glacier conveyed primitive fragments, and pushed up before it into a heap the limestone gravel. We have therefore now come to the consideration of the glacier theory, which, propounded and explained by Agassiz, has assumed not merely a character of sublimity, but of demonstration. This I shall enter upon in another article, to which I shall also defer some necessary remarks on the supposed causes of that great and general refrigeration which Agassiz assumes, and the facts support. But even now I cannot refrain from answering a question which may possibly be asked by some, Why do you place so abstruse and difficult a subject before the readers of a popular work? I do so, because, though assuredly of no easy solution, the boulder question is one replete with interest, and calculated to excite the attention of many who perhaps never before thought that in those time-worn stones was matter to exercise the deepest reflection of the philosopher. But this is not all. To follow up the theories of the astronomer, instruments, and "appliances to boot," are necessary, which few can possess; but to seek for geological data, the inquirer needs only health, his hammer, and his bag. When, therefore, as so powerfully urged by Mr Patterson, in his beautiful address to the Natural History Society of Belfast, our national system of education shall include within it an elementary course of natural history, we may hope to see in each of its trained schoolmasters not a "village Hampden," but a "village White" or a "village Sansure," and in each locality around him a group of young and ardent naturalists growing up with a taste and enthusiasm for scientific research which not only will infuse happiness over their own breasts, but multiply the data for correct deductions. And in what branch of geological inquiry is such a multiplication of materials more required than in the one we have been discussing? Happy times, then, for science, morality, and religion, when a taste for research shall have been budded on the earliest shoot of man's intelligence!

J. E. P.

drop from their flight, weltering in their blood, or perhaps perishing with wounds and hunger, under the cover of some friendly thicket to which they have in vain retreated for safety; they triumph over the unsuspecting fish, whom they have decoyed by an insidious pretence of feeding, and drag him from his native element by a hook fixed to and tearing out his entrails; and to add to all this, they spare neither labour nor expense to preserve and propagate these innocent animals, for no other, and but to multiply the objects of their persecution. What name should we bestow on a superior being whose whole endeavours were employed and whose whole pleasure consisted in terrifying, ensnaring, tormenting, and destroying mankind?—whose superior faculties were exerted in fomenting animosity amongst them, in contriving engines of destruction, and inciting them to use them in maiming and murdering each other?—whose power over them was employed in assisting the rapacious, deceiving the simple, and oppressing the innocent?—who, without provocation or advantage, should continue from day to day, void of all pity and remorse, thus to torment mankind for diversion, and at the same time endeavour with the utmost care to preserve their lives, and to propagate their species, in order to increase the number of victims devoted to his malevolence, and be delighted in proportion to the miseries which he occasioned? I say, what name detestable enough could we find for such a being? Yet if we impartially consider the case, and our intermediate situation, we must acknowledge, that, with regard to inferior animals, just such a being is a sportsman.—*Disquisitions on Several Subjects, by Soame Jenyns.*

### HISTORY OF PAPER-HANGINGS.

Abridged from a paper by Mr Craze, read before the Royal Institute of Architects.

PAPER HANGINGS may be divided into three separate branches, the flock, the metal, and the coloured; and each of these seems to have been invented at a different time, as an imitation of a distinct material—the flock to imitate the tapestries and figured velvets, the metal in imitation of the gilt leather, and the coloured as a cheap substitute for painted decorations. Professor Beckman says that the former of these, the flock, was first manufactured in England, and invented by Jerome Langer, who carried on the art in London in the reign of Charles the First, and obtained a patent for his discovery, dated May 1st, 1634. Various French and German authors give us the credit of this invention, yet it is disputed by a Frenchman, M. Tierce, who in the *Journal Economique* says, that a man named Francois carried on this art at Rouen so early as the years 1620 and 1630, and affirms that the wooden blocks employed are still preserved with the before-mentioned dates inscribed on them. Francois was succeeded by his son, who followed the business with success for fifty years, and died at Rouen in 1748. M. Savary, in his *Dictionnaire de Commerce*, thus describes the manner in which the French manufactured their *torture de lane*, or flock hangings:—The artist having prepared his design, drew on the cloth, with a fat oil or varnish, the subject intended to be represented; and then the flogger, from a tray containing the different tints of flocks, arranged in divisions, took the colours he required, and sprinkled them in a peculiar manner with his finger and thumb, so that the various shadows and colours were properly blended, and an imitation of the wove tapestry produced.

Of the second branch, the metal papers, I do not find much mentioned by the older writers; and of the coloured papers I almost despaired of finding any early account, till, in an old French dictionary of commerce, printed in 1723, under the head of *Dominoterie*, I discovered an account which seems to give the origin of the present system of paper-staining. *Dominoterie* is an ancient French name for marble paper, such as used by bookbinders; and the early French paper-stainers were associated with the makers of that article, as a class called *dominotiers*. The manufacture is thus described:—

The design having been drawn in outline, on paper pasted together of the size required, the paper was then divided into parts of a suitable size, and given to the carver or wood engraver, to cut the designs on blocks of pear-tree, much in the same manner as at present. The outline thus cut was printed in ink with a press, resembling that then used by the letter-press printers, on separate sheets of paper. When dry, they were then painted and relieved with different colours in

**CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.**—Though civilisation may in some degree abate the native ferocity which prompts men to torture the brute creation, it can never quite extirpate it. The most polished are not ashamed to be pleased with scenes of barbarity, and, to the disgrace of human nature, to dignify them with the name of sports. They arm cocks with artificial weapons, which nature had kindly denied to their malevolence, and with shouts of applause and triumph see them plunge them into each other's hearts; they view with delight the trembling deer and defenceless hare, frying for hours in the utmost agonies of terror and despair, and at last sinking under fatigue, devoured by their merciless pursuers. They see with joy the beautiful pheasant and harmless partridge

*distemper*, and afterwards joined together, so as to form the required design. The author then adds, that grotesques and panels in which are intermingled flowers, fruits, animals, and small figures, have up to this time succeeded better than imitations of landscapes, or other tapestry hangings, which are sometimes attempted, and refers to article 61 of the French laws in 1686, which confirms the statutes published in 1586, 1618, and 1649, in which rules are given as to what kind of presses, &c. are to be used by the dominotiers, and prohibiting them under heavy penalties from printing with types.

Recurring to the subject as connected with this country: in the year 1754, a Mr Jackson, a manufacturer of paper-hangings at Battersea, published a work on the invention of printing in *chiaro oscuro*, and the application of it to the making of paper-hangings, illustrated with prints in proper colours. This book is a sort of advertisement of the kinds of papers made, and the mode of manufacture employed by him. He adopted a style of paper-hangings executed with blocks in *chiaro oscuro*, in imitation of the most celebrated classic subjects.

To use his words, "The persons who cannot purchase the statues themselves, may have these prints in their places, and thus effectually show their taste. 'Tis the choice and not the price which discovers the true taste of the possessor; and thus the Apollo Belvedere, the Medicean Venus, or the Dying Gladiator, may be disposed of in niches, or surrounded with a mosaic work in imitation of frames, or with festoons and garlands of flowers, with great taste and elegance; or, if preferred, landscapes after the most famous masters may be introduced into the paper. That it need not be mentioned to any person of taste how much this way of finishing with colours, softening into one another with harmony and repose, exceeds every other kind of paper-hanging hitherto known, though it has none of the gay, glaring colours in patches of red, green, yellow, and blue, &c. which are to pass for flowers and other objects in the common papers."

By the account of this gentleman we find that paper-hangings were then in common use, and had reached a certain degree of perfection, for that even arabesques were executed; and I therefore conceive that the art discovered by Lanyer had been continued from his time to the present; particularly as in the year 1712, the 10th of Queen Anne, a duty of 1½d. per square yard is imposed on this manufacture. In the reign of that queen the Chinese paper-hangings were very much employed, and have continued in fashion to the present day. These hangings, though parts of them may be executed by blocks or stencils, are almost wholly painted by hand. Cotemporary with Jackson, I have learned that a Mr Taylor, the grandfather of one of our present most eminent manufacturers, carried on this business to a considerable extent, and accumulated a large fortune. He was succeeded by his son, who, I am informed, visited France, and was enabled to give the manufacturers there considerable information. He said on his return that he found the French paper-hangings very inferior to our own, both as to execution and beauty of design. In those days we had an extensive export trade in this material to America and other foreign parts, but we are now driven out of this market by the French. The paper-hangings at that date, about 1770, were manufactured nearly in the same manner as at present; I have indeed seen a flock paper of a large rich damask pattern, more than 100 years old, which resembles in every way the modern material; it is singular that this art of flocking was disused and almost lost during a period of twenty years, and revived only about forty years ago; a mode of decorating papers was also formerly employed, which is now never adopted. I have seen papers ornamented with a substance commonly called frost, a species of talc.

In the year 1786, there was established at Chelsea a manufactory for paper-hangings of a superior description, conducted by Messrs George and Frederick Echarde, gentlemen of considerable taste and spirit. The mode of manufacture was different to that in general use; for, besides the usual printing blocks, copper plates, on which were engraved designs of great finish and beauty, were likewise employed, and they not only printed on paper, but also on silk and linen; and by an underground of silver or gold, they obtained very beautiful effects of colour.

Only parts of the design was given by printing; it was finished by artists constantly retained by the manufacturers, men of considerable talent, who again were assisted in the

inferior parts by young girls, of whom more than fifty were employed; and had this undertaking been supported by the government, it would, I think, have been more available as a school for our rising artists, and of infinitely greater service, than our present school of design, for it would have been a *working school*, and no other, I am convinced, will be of any use in forming a talented race of decorative artists in this country. There was also about this time another establishment similar to the former, conducted by Mr Sheringham, in Marlborough-street.

From this time the French began to excel in this superior branch of the art, which with us had fallen on such barren ground. Their manufacturers were encouraged in every way by their government and the Emperor Napoleon to attempt that perfection which they have now so successfully attained.—*Engineer and Architect's Journal.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—The following extract from the Diary of Sir Walter Scott (see his Life by Lockhart) touchingly exemplifies the state of his feelings at the period of his ruin, of the total loss of property and frustration of all his bright hopes by the bankruptcies of the Ballantynes and Constable:—"It is a bitter thought; but if tears start at it, let them flow. My heart clings to the place I have created. There is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me. What a life mine has been!—half educated, almost wholly neglected or left to myself; stuffing my head with most nonsensical trash, and undervalued by most of my companions for a time; getting forward, and held a bold and clever fellow, contrary to the opinion of all who thought me a mere dreamer; broken-hearted for two years; my heart handsomely pieced again, but the crack will remain till my dying day. Rich and poor four or five times; once on the verge of ruin, yet opened a new source of wealth almost overflowing. Now to be broken in my pitch of pride, and nearly winged (unless good news should come), because London chooses to be in an uproar, and in the tumult of bulls and bears, a poor inoffensive lion-like myself is pushed to the wall. But what is to be the end of it? God knows; and so ends the catechism. Nobody in the end can lose a penny by me; that is one comfort. Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall will make them higher, or seem so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and to hope that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. Sad hearts, too, at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? How live a poor indebted man, where I was once the wealthy—the honoured. I was to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish; but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters! There may be yet those, who loving me, may love my dog, because it has been mine. I must end these gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I feel my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere. This is nonsense, but it is what they would do, could they know how things may be. An odd thought strikes me—when I die, will the journal of these days be taken out of the ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, and read with wonder, that the well-seeming baronet should ever have experienced the risk of such a hitch? Or will it be found in some obscure lodging-house, where the decayed son of chivalry had hung up his scutcheon, and where one or two old friends will look grave and whisper to each other, "Poor gentleman"—"a well-meaning man"—"nobody's enemy but his own"—"thought his parts would never wear out"—"family poorly left"—"pity he took that foolish title." Who can answer this question?

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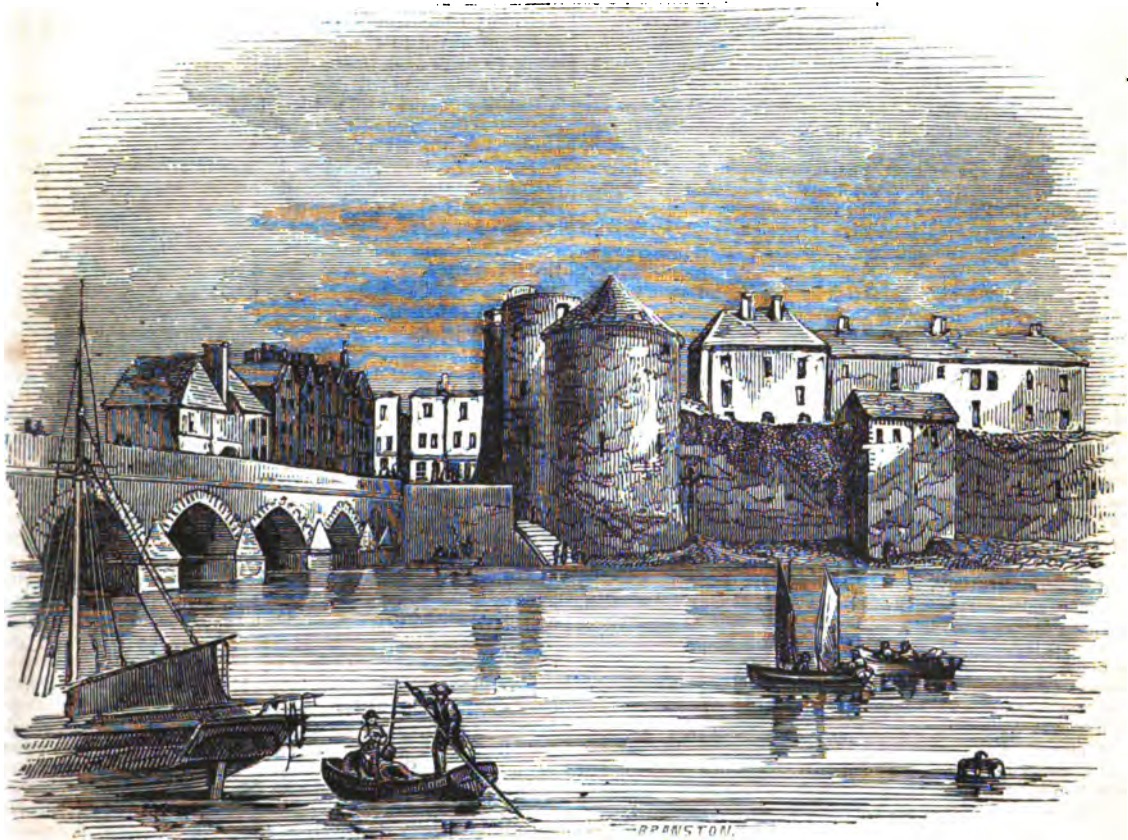


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



## THOMOND BRIDGE AND THE CASTLE OF LIMERICK.

THERE is scarcely in all Ireland a scene which has so many exciting associations connected with it as that which we have chosen as the pictorial subject for the present number of our Journal. The bridge is indeed a new one; but it is erected on the site of that most ancient one which was the scene of so many a hard-fought battle for all that men hold dear; and the castle—ruined and time-worn, it is true—is the same fortress which served in turn the race by whom it was erected, and, as if partaking of the change which our soil is said to make in the feelings of all those who settle on it, became the last and most impregnable stronghold of those it was designed to subdue.

But some of the events connected with this scene—and these events, too, the most important—though honourable to the manly character of all concerned in them, and such as all the members of the great family of the British empire may now feel a pride in—are still associated with remembrances which to many are of a saddening cast, and which require to be softened by distance or time before they can be distinctly awakened without giving pain—like our country's music, of which even some of the most exhilarating movements have strange tones of sorrow blended with them, which to many temperaments are too touching if strongly accented. And we do not

therefore regret that in the short notice of Limerick Bridge and Castle which we have to present to our readers, neither our plan nor our space will permit us to give any sketch of their history but such as may be read by all, if not with pleasure, at least without pain.

The Castle and Bridge of Limerick owe their origin to the first Anglo-Norman settlers in Ireland, and were erected to secure their possessions and facilitate the extension of them. It is probable, however, if not certain, that the site of the castle had been previously occupied by a stronghold of the Ostmen or Danes who settled in Limerick in the ninth century, and with whom, if they were not its founders, its authentic history as a city at least begins; for the earlier historical notices connected with it relate only to its church or churches.

These churches, with whatever town may have been connected with them, were plundered by the Danes as early as the year 812; and there is every reason to believe that they fortified the island in the Shannon, or what is now called the English town, with walls and towers very shortly afterwards, as our annalists record the predatory devastations of the Danes of Limerick in Connaught and Meath as early as the year 843, as well as at various years subsequent. They

were, however, at length conquered, but not removed, by the victorious arms of Brian Boru, and afterwards Limerick appears in history only as an Irish city, though its inhabitants were chiefly of Danish descent. It was here that Turlogh O'Brien, king of Munster, received in 1064 the homage of Donlevy, king of Ulidia; and his son and successor, Murtoth O'Brien, having given Cashel, the ancient metropolis of Munster, to the church, made Limerick his chief residence and the capital of the province, from which time it continued to be the seat of the kings of Thomond or North Munster, who were hence called kings of Limerick until its final conquest by the English in the commencement of the thirteenth century.

But though thus relieved from the terrors of foreign aggression, Limerick was not secured from the equally sanguinary attacks of the Irish themselves; and our annalists record the burning of the city by Dermot Mac Murrough in 1014, the very year after the death of Brian, and again in 1088 by Donnell Mac Loughlin, king of Aileach, or the Northern Hy Niall. It was besieged in 1157 by Murtoth, the son of Niall Mac Loughlin, at the head of the forces of the North and of Leinster, when the Danish inhabitants were forced to renounce the authority of Turlogh O'Brien, and to banish him east of the Shannon; and though he was soon after restored to a moiety of his principality, he was obliged in 1160 to give hostages to Roderic O'Connor, to escape his vengeance.

Thus weakened and harassed by the intestine divisions which so fearfully increased in Ireland after the successful and splendid usurpation of the supreme monarchy by their ancestor Brian Boru, it should not be wondered at if the kings of Limerick had made but a feeble resistance to the enthusiastic and disciplined bravery of the Anglo-Norman adventurers, or that their city should have been easily won and as easily kept by these bold warriors; and yet it was not till after many towns of greater importance, if not strength, had been taken by them and securely held, that Limerick ceased to acknowledge its ancient lords as masters. Its king, Donnell O'Brien, was indeed one of the first of the Irish princes, who, forsaking the Irish monarch after the arrival of Strongbow, leagued himself with the English in support of Mac Murrough, whose daughter, the half sister of the Earl's wife, he had married; and as a reward for his defection, the king of Limerick claimed the assistance of Strongbow in attacking the king of Ossory. The result of this request is so honourable to the character of one of the Norman chiefs, and is so graphically sketched by Maurice Regan, the king of Leinster's secretary, that we are tempted to relate it in his own words, as translated by Sir George Carew.

"The Erle was no sooner come to the city (Waterford) but a messenger from O'Brien, kyng of Limerick, repaired unto him from his master, praying hym with all his forces to march into Ossery against Donald, that common enemy. The cause of friendship between the Erle and O'Brien was, that O'Brien had married one of the daughters of Dermot, kyng of Leinster, and half sister to the Erle's wife. Unto the message the Erle made answer, that he would satisfie O'Brien's request, and they met at Ydough, and being joined, their forces were two thousand strong. Donald, fearing the approach of his enemies, sent to the Erle to desire hym that he mought have a safe guard to come unto him, and then he doubted not but to gyve hym satisfaction. The request was graunted, and Maurice de Prindergast was sent for hym; but he, for the more securitie, obtained the words of the Erle and O'Brien, and the othes of all the chieftains of the army, that the kyng of Ossery shuld come and return in safetie; which done, he went to Donald, and within fewe hours he brought hym to the campe in the presence of all the army. The Erle and O'Brien charged him with divers treasons and practices which he had attempted against his lord the kyng of Leinster, deceased; and O'Brien, and all the captains, disallowinge of his excuses, counceilled the Erle to hang him, and O'Brien, without delay, commanded his men to harrasse and spoile Donald's countrie, which willingly they performed. Maurice de Prindergast misliking these proceedings, and seeinge the danger the kyng of Ossery was in, presently mounted on his horse, commanded his companie to do the like, and said, 'My lords, what do you mean to do?' and turning to the captains, he tould them 'that they dishonoured themselves, and that they had falsified their faiths unto hym,' and sware by the cross of his sword that no man there that day shoulde dare lay handes on the kyng of Ossery; wherupon the Erle havinge sense of his honour, calling to mynde how far it was lagaged,

delivered Donald unto Maurice, commanding him to see him safely conveyed unto his men. Upon the way in their return they encountered O'Brien's men, laden with the spoiles of Ossery. Prindergast charged them, slaying nine or ten of those free booters; and having brought Donald to his men, lodged with him that night in the woods, and the next morning returned to the Erle."

For the part which Donnell O'Brien thus acted, he had to defend himself from the merited vengeance of the Irish monarch; and though he was for a time able to ward it off by the assistance of Robert Fitzstephen, he deemed it prudent, on the death of Mac Murrough in 1171, to return to his allegiance to Roderic, and give him hostages for his fidelity. On the arrival of King Henry II. in Ireland, however, in 1172, he again submitted to the authority of the English monarch, to whom he came upon the banks of the river near Cashel, swore fealty, and became tributary.

But these oaths were not long held sacred by Donnell. The return of the king to England was soon followed by a general outburst of the Irish princes against the unjust encroachments of the adventurers, and Donnell O'Brien, once more taking possession of Limerick, led his troops, which were strengthened by the battalions of West Connaught, into the strongholds of the English in Kilkenny, who hastily retreated before them into Waterford, and left the country a prey to their devastations. To punish these daring aggressions of Donnell, Earl Strongbow, in the following year, as stated in the Annals of Inisfallen, collecting a large body of the English from the various parts of Ireland, marched into the heart of O'Brien's territory, where he was met and encountered by him at Thurles, and defeated with a loss of four knights and seven hundred men. Strongbow, returning to Waterford, found the gates closed against him; the people, hearing of his defeat, having seized on the garrison in his absence, and put them to the sword. After a month's sojourn on the little island, as it is called, in the mouth of the river at Waterford, Strongbow returned to Dublin, and summoning a council of the chiefs, it was determined to carry on the war with the king of Limerick with the greatest vigour. The success which they experienced might, however, have been of a different kind, if they had not been joined on this occasion by the king of Ossory, who had been already so grievously treated by O'Brien, and who was naturally rejoiced at the opportunity thus afforded him of wreaking his revenge upon his old enemy.

"With the good likeinge," says Maurice Regan, "of all the chieftains, Reymond le Grosse, the Constable of Leinster, whose was a man discrete and valliant, and by his parents of good livelyhood, was designed to be general of the army: their randevouse for the assembling of their troops was Ossery. The kyng of Ossery joined with them, and undertook to guide the army upon O'Brien. Nevertheless, Reymond mistrusted his faith, whyche the kyng of Ossery perceiving, protested his integritie with suche fervency, as it gave full satisfaction, that he would be faithfull unto him; which Donald performed with sinceritie, in guiding the army until it came to the citie of Limericke, whyche was invironed with a foule and deepe ditch with running water, not to be passed over without boats, but at one foord onely. At the first approach the soldiers were discouraged, and mutinied to return, supposing the citie, by reason of the water, was impregnable. But that valliant knight, Meyler Fitz Henry, having found the foord, wyth a loud voice cried, 'St David, companions, let us courageous pass this foord.' He led the way, and was followed but by four horsemen, who, when they were gotten over, were assailed by the enemy."

The account given by Cambrensis of this affair, as translated by Sir R. C. Hoare, is somewhat different in its details. He says that "upon this occasion, one David Walsh clapped spurs to his horse, and, plunging boldly into the stream, reached the opposite shore in safety, and exclaimed loudly 'that he had found a ford,' yet never a man would follow him, save one Geoffrey Judas, who, on his return with David to conduct the army across the river, was carried away by the impetuosity of the current, and unfortunately drowned. Meyler, however, undismayed by this accident, and seeing the awkward manner in which his kinsman Reymond was placed, ventured into the river, and gained the opposite bank; and whilst he was engaged in defending himself against the citizens of Limerick, who attacked him with stones, and threatened to kill him, Reymond, who had hitherto been employed in the rear of his army, appeared on the river side, and seeing

the imminent danger to which his nephew Meyler was exposed, exhorted his troops to try the passage of the Shannon; and such was the influence of this brave leader over them, that at the risk of their lives they followed him across the river, and having put the enemy to flight, took quiet possession of their city.

Having left a strong garrison in Limerick under the command of his kinsman Milo of St David's, Raymond returned to Leinster with the remainder of his army. But in consequence of unfavourable representations respecting his conduct made to the king, he was on the point of returning to England, when intelligence reached Strongbow that Donnell O'Brien was again in arms, and investing Limerick with a powerful army; and that, as the garrison had nearly consumed their whole winter stock of provisions, immediate succour was absolutely necessary. Strongbow resolved accordingly to fly to their relief without loss of time; but the whole army refused to march to Limerick under any leader but Raymond, who was consequently persuaded to postpone his departure, and to take command of the troops. He set out, accordingly, for Munster, at the head of 80 knights, 200 cavalry, and 300 archers, to which were joined a considerable body of Irish, as they passed through Ossory and Hy Kinselagh, under the command of their respective princes. Donald O'Brien was not inactive, but advanced to meet him to the pass at Cashel, which was not only strong by nature, but rendered more difficult of access by trees and hedges thrown across it. Meyler's usual success, however, attended him. Whilst Donald was animating his troops to battle, the impatient Meyler burst forth like a whirlwind, destroyed the hedges, opened a passage by his sword, and putting the enemies to flight, again took possession of the city.

Shortly afterwards, a parley was held with Raymond by the king of Limerick and Roderic O'Connor, in which the Irish princes once more swore allegiance to King Henry and his heirs, and delivered up hostages as a guarantee of their fidelity.

The death of Earl Strongbow, however, which followed soon after these events, once more restored Limerick to its native prince, never again to be wrested from him but by death. In consequence of the necessary departure of Raymond from Ireland, it was deemed expedient, as well by himself as by his friends, to relinquish the possession of a city so surrounded by enemies, and which it required so large a force to defend, and particularly as no person could be found willing to take the command of its garrison after his departure. Making a virtue of necessity, therefore, Raymond unwillingly conferred the command on Donnell himself, as a liege servant of the king, who, in accepting of it, renewed his former promises of fidelity and service by fresh oaths of allegiance. But oaths were very lightly observed by all parties in those troubled times; and Raymond and his followers had scarcely passed the farther end of the bridge, than the citizens, at the instigation of Donnell, who declared that Limerick should no longer be a nest for foreigners, broke it down, and set fire to the city in four different quarters.

Yet it was not resigned to Donnell without another effort. In 1179, a grant of the kingdom of Limerick, then wholly in the possession of the Irish, having been made to Herbert Fitz-Herbert, who resigned it to Philip de Braosa, or Bruce, the English, with their Irish allies, led by Miles Cogan and Robert Fitzstephen, invested the city, with a view to establish Bruce in his principality; but they were no sooner perceived from the ramparts of the town than the garrison gave a striking proof of their inveterate hostility by setting it on fire; and though Cogan and Fitzstephen still offered to lead on the attack, Bruce and his followers refused to risk their lives in a contest whose first beginnings gave so bad an omen of success.

After a series of conflicts with the English in different parts of Munster, in which he was usually the victor, Donnell O'Brien died a natural death in 1194, and with him the line of Irish kings of Limerick may be said to have terminated. In the following year we find the town in the possession of the English, and though it was again taken from them in 1198, it was recovered shortly afterwards by the renowned William de Burgo, who formed a settlement, which from that period defied all the power of the Irish.

This result was in a great measure owing to the natural strength of position of the city itself; but it was not till years afterwards that its strength was rendered such as it might be supposed was impregnable, by the erection of the proud

fortress, of the ruins of which our view will give a tolerable idea. This castle, and the bridge, which has been recently rebuilt, were erected by King John in 1210; and though the former has since that period been the scene of many a national conflict, its ruins still display a proud magnificence, and are not an unworthy feature of the scenery on the banks of that mighty river which has so often witnessed its trials and contributed to its defence. P.

### EDITORIAL SQUABBLES.

THERE are not many things we like better than a row, a paper war between a couple of newspaper editors; there is something so delectable in the sincere cordiality with which they abuse each other—so amusing in the air of surpassing wisdom and knowledge with which they contradict, and in the easy confident superiority with which they demolish each other's assertions and positions. The most pleasant feature perhaps in the whole, however—and it is one that pervades all the manifestoes of their High Mightinesses—is the obvious conviction of each that he is demolishing, annihilating his antagonist; while you, the cool, dispassionate, and unconcerned reader, feel perfectly satisfied (and here lies the fun of the thing) that this said antagonist, so far from being demolished or annihilated, will become only more vigorous and rampant for the castigation inflicted on him.

Another amusing enough feature of editorial controversies is the infallibility of these worthy gentlemen. An editor is never wrong; it is invariably his "contemporary," who has misunderstood or misrepresented him, either through ignorance or wilfulness. He did not say that—what he did say was this; and if his contemporary had read his article with ordinary attention, he would have found it so.

The editorial war being carried on in different styles according to circumstances and the tempers of the belligerents, the hostile articles assume various characters, amongst which are what may be called the Demolisher or Smasher, the Contradictor (calm and confident), the Abuser, and the Rejoinder and Settler (with cool and easy accompaniments). Of these various styles we happen to have at this moment some pretty tolerable specimens before us, two or three of which we shall select for the edification of our readers. The first is from "The Meridian Sun," and is of the description which we would call

#### THE DEMOLISHER.

Our contemporary "The Northern Luminary," as that concentration of dullness and opacity has the effrontery to call itself, is, we see, at his old tricks again. In the present case he is amusing himself with nibbling and cavilling at our account of the great public political dinner given by the inhabitants of our good town to our independent member, Josiah Priggins of Parsley-green, Esq. Our veracious contemporary accuses us of having omitted all notice of the hisses with which, he says, some portions of Mr Priggins's speech were received. He further charges us with passing over in silence certain "disgraceful disturbances" by which, he asserts, the evening was marked, and concludes by stigmatizing the meeting as one of the lowest in character, and most unruly in conduct, that ever brought odium on a respectable community.

Now, can our readers guess the secret of all this spleen on the part of "The Northern Luminary," of which, by the way, a certain prominent feature of that gentleman's face is no bad type? We will tell them: he was not invited to the dinner! And, more, let us tell him, had he presented himself, he would not have been admitted!

Here, then, is the whole secret of the affair, and having mentioned it, we have explained all, and need not say that the "hisses" and "disgraceful disturbances" are gratuitous inventions of the enemy—in other words, downright fabrications.

We had the honour of being at the dinner in question, and sat the whole evening at Mr Priggins's left hand, and, thus situated, if there had been hissing, we certainly must have heard it. But there was none. Not a single hiss; and for the truth of this assertion we unhesitatingly pledge our word of honour. So far from any part or parts of Mr Priggins's speech being hissed, every sentiment, almost every word that gentleman uttered, was hailed with unanimous and unbounded applause. In fact, we never heard a speech that gave such general satisfaction. As to the "disgraceful disturbances,"

these we leave to the party of which the Northern Luminary is the avowed supporter.

Has he forgotten the scene that occurred at the last public dinner of his friends at the Hog and Pigs Tavern? He may, but we have not.

This statement, of course, rouses the utmost wrath of the editor of the "Northern Luminary," who to the Demolisher of his contemporary replies with a red-hot

#### ABUSER.

It is (says the editor of "The Northern Luminary") the nature of the serpent to sting, of the cur to bite, and of the editor of the Meridian Sun, save the mark!—the farthing candle—to fabricate falsehoods. This low scurrilous scribbler, this vile reptile, who leaves his slimy track on every subject over which he crawls, is again spitting his venom at us, and the friends of social order. But we will put our heel on the loathsome toad, and crush him as we would the disgusting little animal which he so much resembles. We were not invited to Mr Priggins's dinner! We were, thou prince of liars! We were invited to the dinner, but we treated the invitation with the contempt it deserved. We knew that you, the editor of the Farthing Candle, were to be there—(when did you refuse a dinner, pray?)—and on this account we declined the invitation. We would not be seen sitting in the company of a man so utterly devoid of the feelings and principles of a gentleman, as the person alluded to is well known to be; and this, we repeat, was the reason why we did not honour the dinner in question with our presence.

That Priggins was hissed, and that the evening was marked by a most disgraceful disturbance, we have most respectable and most undoubted authority for repeating, and we repeat it accordingly. The effrontery is indeed monstrous and unblushing that would deny facts so notorious. Let the dastardly editor of the Farthing Candle again deny these facts if he dare.

Our next specimen is from "The Patagonian," a paper of gigantic dimensions. It is

#### THE CONTRADICTOR

(with calm and confident accompaniments).

Our contemporary "The Watch Tower" is grossly mistaken when he asserts that Ministers were outvoted on the question of the potato monopoly. They were not outvoted. They merely abandoned the measure, as we foresaw they would do from the first, and as we from the first advised them to do. Our contemporary is equally wrong in ascribing to a certain political party an undue influence in the affairs of this city. We know for certain that the party alluded to have no such influence. The idea is absurd.

Pray what can "The Watch Tower" mean by saying that the balance of power would not be in the least disturbed by Russia's taking possession of Timbuctoo. Absurd! The balance of power would be disturbed, and very seriously too, by such a proceeding. By gaining possession of Timbuctoo, Russia would gain possession of Africa; and by gaining possession of Africa, Russia would gain possession of Cape Coast Castle, the coast of Guinea, and the Cape of Good Hope; and by gaining the Cape of Good Hope, she would deprive us of the East Indies. And, pray, where would we be then? We put the question to our contemporary with solemn earnestness, and with calm composure wait for his reply.

Really, our friend "The Watch Tower" is but a so-so hand at politics. He positively should be more cautious how he speaks of matters with which he is unacquainted. The consequence of an opposite conduct is a series of the most ridiculous blunders.

"The Watch Tower" is not to be contradicted and brow-beat in this way with impunity. He gives in return

#### A REJOINDER (with cool and easy settler).

In reply to certain captious remarks that appeared in yesterday's Patagonian on our leading article of the 15th instant, we beg to say, for the information of the editor of that paper, that we did not say that Ministers were outvoted on the potato question. What we did say was, that Ministers would have been outvoted on that question had they brought it to issue. Strange that our contemporary will not read us aright.

Again, in ascribing a certain influence to a certain party,

we guarded our expressions by the word "conditionally," which, however, our contemporary, with his usual candour, has chosen to overlook, and thus entirely altered our meaning. Our contemporary concludes his tirade by asking us what we mean by saying "that the balance of power would not be in the least disturbed by Russia's taking possession of Timbuctoo." Now, what will our readers think when we tell them that we made no such assertion? What we said was, that the balance of power would not be disturbed by Russia's occupying Timbuctoo, not possessing it, which difference of expression makes, we apprehend, a material difference in meaning. We supposed Russia occupying Timbuctoo as a friend, not possessing it as an enemy; and in this view of the case we repeat that the balance of power would in no ways be affected. We grant our contemporary's conclusions, but deny his premises.

With regard to our contemporary's sneer at our political knowledge, we would reply by calling his attention to his own blundering articles—(see his incomprehensible article on the corn-laws, his interminable article on the poor-rates, his unintelligible article on free trade and the Kamschatka loan, &c. &c. &c. The editor of the Patagonian may rest assured that he has much to learn in the science of politics, and much, too, that we could teach him, although it is no business of ours to enlighten his ignorance. C.

#### S L I G H T E D L O V E ,

FROM THE SPANISH, BY M.

"—And this is poor Anselmo's grave!

Ah, Juan! say of what he died—

For he was young, was young and brave,

Yet gentle as the cooing dove."—

"He died, alas!"—and Juan sighed,—

"He died, he died of slighted love."

"—Poor youth!—And, Juan!—spake he aught

Of what he felt, before he died?"—

"—He said that all his pains were nought

Save one—of which he would not speak—

Alas! we had not far to seek

For that;—it was the one dark thought

Wherewith in vain his spirit strove—

"He died, he died of slighted love."

"—And when Death hovered nearer still,

What said he of his mournful fate?"

"—That death was not so sharp an ill—

That Life, o' darkened by Despair,

Was bitterer far than Death to bear;

That rest awaits us in the tomb,

Where Anguish sleeps with Love and Hate.

Thus much he spake—and some were there

Who wept aloud his early doom;

But others knelt in silent prayer,—

And when they said that such as he

Were flowers that God took up to bloom

In Heaven, he smiled so thankfully!

And raised his falling eyes above—

He died, he died of slighted love."

"—And—Shepherd!—when the heavenly spark

Was flickering in its lamp of clay,

Before the glassy eye grew dark,

What said he more? or said he aught?"—

"—But this—'The pilgrim goes his way:—

Farewell the beauty of the moon!

Farewell the glory of the noon!

The home of rest my heart hath sought

So long in vain will soon be mine—

Soon will that heart, all quelled and cold,

Lie low aneath the trodden mould,

Which brings it Peace,—a welcome boon!

Yet Love, ah, Love is still divine,

And surely Goodness never dies!"—

He said no more—we closed his eyes—

We laid him in the grassy grove—

He died, he died of slighted love."

—Dublin University Magazine.



ROOSHKULUM, OR THE WISE SIMPLETON,  
A LEGEND OF CLARE.

BY J. G. M'TEAGUE.

CORNEY NEYLAN, our village schoolmaster, when any question of arithmetic may be proposed to him which he is in no humour to answer, and would rather turn off by a joke, has been frequently known to reply to it by asking *another* question, like this :—

"Now, boys, ye're striving to puzzle me; and I'll engage none of ye can answer something that I'll ask ye, now."

"What is it, Corney? Let's hear it!"

"How many grains of oatmeal are contained in ons given square foot of stirabout?"

This is, in its turn, a poser; but probably the number of schemes, tricks, and contrivances, in an Irish cranium, might be found as hard to be enumerated as the grains of meal in the aforesaid foot of stirabout!

Thus, while around the blazing turf fire, on a winter's evening, the story, the pipe, and the joke, take their rounds by turn, you will invariably discover that that tale always gains a double share of applause which may contain a relation of some clever successful scheme or trick, or the "sayings and doings" of some remarkably clever fellow, albeit perhaps a great rogue; in fact, such stories as these are suited to the conceptions and tastes of a shrewd and ready-witted people.

But without tiring my reader with any more "shanachus," for so we term "palaver" in Clare, let me endeavour to present him with one of these very stories, which, if it boasteth not of much interest, may perhaps amuse him by its originality. Honour to that man, whosoever he may be, who first rescued these curious legends from oblivion, and found in our Irish Penny Journal an excellent repository for their safer preservation!

The reader must not be surprised if my story contains a slight dash of the marvellous, probably bordering on the hyperbolical; but this, which I verily believe is but a kind of ornament, something superadded by the genius of the narrators, as it has descended, must be taken as it is meant, and will in most instances be found capable of translation, as it were, into language easily and naturally to be explained.

A very long time ago, then, somewhere in the western part of the province of Munster, lived, in a small and wretched cabin, a poor widow, named Moireen Mera. She had three sons, two of whom were fine young men; but the third—and of him we shall soon hear a good deal—though strong and active, was of a lazy disposition, which resulted, as his mother at least always thought, not so much from any fault of his own, as from his natural foolishness of character; in fact, she really considered him as of that class called in Ireland "naturals." But before we say anything of the third son, let us trace the histories of his two elder brothers.

Now, the first, whose name was Mihal More, or Michael Big Fellow, either that he considered the small spot of land which his mother held quite unable to support the family, or was actuated by some desire to improve his condition away from home, never let his mother rest one moment until she had consented to his starting, in order that he might, as he said, should he fall in with a good master, return, and perhaps make her comfortable for the remainder of her days.

To this plan, after much hesitation, Moireen Mera at length agreed, and the day was fixed by Mihal for starting. "And, mother," said he, "though you have but little left, and it is wrong to deprive you of it, if you would but bake me a fine cake of wheaten bread, and if you could but spare me one of the hens—ah! that would be too much to ask!—against the long road; could you, mother?"

"Why not, Michael? I could never refuse you any thing; and you will want the cake and the hen badly enough. And, Mihal, a vick ashore! if you should ever meet one of the good people, or any thing you may think is't right, pass it by, and say not a word."

It was evening when he began his expedition, nor did he stop on the road till daylight returned, when he found himself in the centre of a wood, and very faint and hungry. Seeing a convenient-looking rock near a place where he thought it most probable he should find water, he seated himself, with the intention of satisfying his hunger and thirst.

He had not been many moments engaged in eating some of his bread, and had just commenced an attack on the hen, by taking off one of her wings, when there came up to him a poor greyhound, which looked the very picture of starvation.

Greyhounds are proverbially thin, but this was thinner than the thinnest, and, it was easy to see, had doubtlessly left at home a numerous young family.

Mihal More was so very intent on eating that he heeded not the imploring look of the poor greyhound, and it was not till, wonderful to say, she addressed him in *intelligible Irish*, that he deigned to notice her. But when the first word came from her mouth, he was sure she must be one of those against any communication with whom his mother had so emphatically warned him, and accordingly determined to apply her maxim strictly to the occurrence.

"You are a traveller, I see," said the greyhound, "and were doubtless weary and fainting with hunger when you took your seat here. I am the mother of a numerous and helpless family, who are even now clamorous for subsistence; this I am unable to afford them, unless I am myself supported. You have now the means. Afford it to me, then, if only in the shape of a few of the hen's small bones; I will be for ever grateful, and may perhaps be the means of serving you in turn when you may most want and least expect it."

But Mihal continued sedulously picking the bones, and when he had finished, he put them all back into his wallet, still resolving to have nothing whatever to do with this fairy, represented, as he imagined, by the greyhound.

"Well!" said she, piteously, "since you give me nothing, follow me. You are perhaps in search of service; my master, who knows not my faculty of speech, lives near; he may assist you. And see," continued she, as he followed, "behold that well. Had you relieved me, it was in my power to have changed its contents, which are of blood, to the finest virgin honey; but the honey is beneath the blood, neither can it now be changed! However, try your fortune, and if you are a reasonably sensible fellow, I may yet relent, and be reconciled to you."

Mihal still answered not a word, but followed the greyhound, until she came to the gate of a comfortable farmer's residence. She entered the door, and Mihal saw her occupy her place at the side of the fire, and that she was quickly besieged by a number of clamorous postulants, whose wants she seemed but poorly adequate to supply.

At a glance he perceived that the house contained a master and a mistress; but an old lady in the chimney corner, having by her a pair of crutches, made him quail, by the sinister expression of her countenance. Still, nothing daunted, he asked the master of the house at once for employment.

"Plenty of employment have I, friend, and good wages," answered he, "but I am a man of a thousand; and I may also say, not one man of a thousand will stop with me in this house."

"And may I ask the reason of this, sir?" said Mihal, taking off his hat respectfully.

"I will answer you immediately; but first follow me into my garden. There," said he, pointing to a heap of bones which lay bleaching on the ground, "they are the bones of those unfortunate persons who have followed in my service; if now, therefore, you should so wish, you have my full permission to depart unhurt: if you will brave them, hear now the terms on which I must be served."

"Sir," answered Mihal, "you surprise me. I have travelled far, have no money, neither any more to eat; say, therefore, your terms; and if I can at all reconcile myself to them, I am prepared to stop here."

"You must understand, then," said the farmer, "that I hold my lands by a very unusual tenure. This is not my fault. However, you will find me an indulgent master to you, at all events; for, in fact, you may chance to be my master as much as I yours, or perhaps more; for these are the terms:—

"If I, at any time, first find fault with any one thing you may say or do, you are to be solemnly bound to take this (pointing to an immense and sharp axe), and forthwith, without a word, strike me till I shall be dead: but should you, at any one time, first find fault with one of my words or actions, I must be equally bound to do the very same dreadful thing to yourself. Blame me not, therefore, should you find fault with me, for it will be my destiny, nay, my duty, to do as I have described; and, on the contrary, if it happen otherwise, I must be ready to submit to my fate. Consider, and reply."

"O, my master!" said Mihal More, "I have but the alternative of starvation; I am in a strangely wild country, without a friend. I must die, if I proceed, and nothing more

dreadful than death can happen to me here. I therefore throw myself on your compassion, and agree to your terms."

They then returned to the house, and Mihal felt somewhat refreshed, even by the smell alone of the savoury viands which the mistress was then preparing for the afternoon's repast; the greyhound, too, cast occasionally wistful glances towards the operations going forward.

At length the dinner hour being all but arrived, the old lady in the chimney-corner then opened her lips for the first time since Mihal had come in, and expressed a wish to go out and take a walk; "for," said she, "I have not been out for some weeks, ever since our last servant left us. What is your name, my man?" So he told her. "Come out, then," said she, "Mihal, and assist me about the garden, for I am completely cramped."

Mihal muttered a few words about dinner, hunger, and so on, but was interrupted by the farmer, who said, "Mihal, you must attend my mother; she has sometimes strange fancies. Besides, remember our agreement. Do you find fault with me?"

"O, by no means, sir," said Mihal, frightened; "I must do my business, I suppose."

The dinner was actually laid out on the plates to every one when Mihal and the old lady walked out. No sooner had they done so, than the greyhound, before she could be prevented, pounced on his dinner, and devoured it in a moment!

The old lady thought proper to walk for some hours in the garden; and now was Mihal very hungry, for he had tasted nothing since he had finished the hen early that morning; he almost began to wish that he had relieved the greyhound.

When they came in at last, the supper was being prepared. Mihal was now quite certain that his wants would be attended to; but how woefully was he doomed to be disappointed! For, no sooner had they entered the house than the accursed old lady seized a large cake of wheaten bread, which was baking on the embers, and, hastily spreading on it a coat of butter, directed Mihal to attend her again into the garden! He could say nothing, for his master's eyes were on him. He was completely bewildered. In despair he went with the old lady, and as it was a lovely moonlight night, she stopped out an unusual time, and it was very late when they came in.

Mihal stretched himself, quite fainting, on the bed, but slept not a wink. How I wish, now, thought he, that I had given the greyhound not only the small bones, but even half my hen!

The next morning the family early assembled for breakfast, and again were the cakes put down to bake over the glowing fire. Again did the old lady seize one, and command Mihal into the garden!

He was now completely exhausted; and, determining to expostulate with his master when he came in, went up to him, craving some food.

"No," said the farmer; "we never eat except at stated times, and my mother keeps the keys."

"Ah, sir, have pity on me!" answered Mihal; "how can I exist, or do your business?"

"And can you blame me?" said the master.

Mihal, now quite losing sight of the agreement, and confused by the question, put in so treacherous a manner, answered, "that of course he could not but blame any person who would permit such infamous conduct."

Here was the signal. Mihal, in his enfeebled state, was no match for the sturdy farmer; in a moment his head was rolling on the floor by a vigorous stroke of the fatal axe, while grins of satisfaction might be seen playing on the countenances both of the old lady, and her greyhound!

The feelings of the poor widow may be imagined, when no tidings ever reached her of her Mihal More. But, on the expiration of a year, the second son, Pauthrick Dhuv, or Patrick Black Fellow, so called from his dark complexion, also prevailed on his mother to let him go in search of his brother, and of employment.

But why should I describe again the horrid scene? Let me satisfy you by merely saying that precisely the same occurrences also happened to poor Pauthrick Dhuv, and that his bones were added to those of his brother, and of the other victims behind the farmer's garden!

But when, in the course of another year, neither Mihal nor Pauthrick appeared, the widow's grief was unbounded. How was she, then, astonished, when "the fool," as he was yet always called, although his real name was Rooshkulum, actually volunteered to do the same! Nothing could stop

him: go he would. So the cake was baked, the hen was killed and roasted, and Rooshkulum, "the fool," set out on his expedition. And there, at the rock in the wood, was that very same greyhound; and as soon as she had looked him in the face, he said, "Why, poor thing! I have here what I cannot eat, and you seem badly to need it; here are these bones and some of this cake."

It was then the greyhound addressed him. "Come with me," said she; "lo! here is the well, of which your two brothers could not drink: behold! here is the honey on the top, clear and pure, but the blood is far beneath!"

When "the fool" had satisfied himself at this well, he followed the greyhound to the farmer's house. It may be barely possible that by the road he received from her some excellent advice.

The conversation that ensued when Rooshkulum arrived at the farmer's, and offered himself for his servant, was much of the same nature as I have before detailed while relating the former part of my story. "But," said Rooshkulum the fool, "I will not bind myself to these terms for ever; I might get tired of you, or you of me; so, if you please, I will agree to stop with you for certain till we both hear the cuckoo cry when we are together."

To this they agreed, and went into the house. However, just before they stepped in, the farmer asked Rooshkulum his name.

"Why," said he, "mine is a very curious name: it is so curious a name, indeed, that you would never learn it; and where is the occasion of breaking your jaws every minute trying to call me 'Pondracaleuthashochun,' which is my real name, when you may as well call me always 'the Boy?'"

"Well! that will do," answered the master.

The dinner was now prepared, and laid out on the plates, and the old tricks about to be played. Rooshkulum, as with the others, could not find fault, for, fool as he was, he knew the consequences. As he went out with the old lady, she too inquired his name.

"Why, really," said he to her, "mine is a name that no one, I venture to say, was ever called before. All my brothers and sisters died, and my father and mother thought that perhaps an unusual queer kind of name might have luck, so they called me 'Mehane.'"

And, reader, if thou understandest not our vernacular, know that "Mehane" signifies in English "myself."

They spent some hours, as usual, in the garden, and Rooshkulum returned tired and exhausted. But when he expected to get his supper, and when she again brought him out, and ate the fine hot buttered cake before his very eyes, it was more than flesh and blood could stand. However, he pretended not to mind it in the least, but was very civil to the old lady, amusing her by his silly stories. "And now, ma'am," said he, "let's walk a little way down this sunny bank before we go in."

Certain it was that the sun did happen to shine on the bank at that very time, but it was to what were growing on it that he wished to direct her close attention; for when he came to a certain place where there was a cavity filled by a rank growth of nettles, thistles, and thorns, he gave his charge such a shove as sent her sprawling and kicking in the midst of them, uttering wild shrieks, for the pain was great.

But Rooshkulum had no notion of helping her out, and ran into the house, which was some distance away, desiring the farmer to run, for that his mother would walk there, and had fallen into a hole, from which he could not get her out. And then the farmer ran, and cried, "O, mother, where are you? what has happened?"

"Alas, my son! here I am down in this hole! Help me out! I am ruined, disfigured for life!"

"And who is it," said the farmer, "that has dared to serve you thus?"

"O," said she, "it was Mehane! Mehane a cell Mehane!" (Myself has ruined myself!)

"Who?" said the farmer, as he helped her out.

"O, it was Mehane," answered she; "Mehane a cell Mehane!"

"Well, then," said the farmer, "I suppose it can't be helped, as it was yourself that did it. So here, 'Boy!' take her on your back, and carry her home; it was but an accident!"

So Rooshkulum carried her off and put her to bed, she all the time crying out, "Ah! but it was *Myself* that ruined *Myself*!" till her son thought her half cracked. She was quite unable to rise next morning; so Rooshkulum "the fool" made

an excellent and hearty breakfast, which he took care also to share with the greyhound.

But then the old lady called her son to her bedside, and explained how that it was "the Boy" who had done the mischief, "and I command you," said she, "to get rid of him, and for that purpose desire him at once to go and make 'cuiseeh na cuisshah na guirach' (the road of the sheeps' feet), that you have long been intending to do, and then to send him with the flock over the road to the land of the giant; we shall then never see him more; and it is better to lose even a flock of sheep than have him longer here, now that he has discovered our trick."

The farmer called Rooshkulum to him, and taxed him with what he had done to his mother.

"And," said Rooshkulum, "*could you blame me?*"

"Why, no," answered the farmer, remembering his part of the agreement, "*I don't blame you, but you must never do it any more. And now you must take these (pointing to the sheep), and because the bog is soft on the road to the 'land of the giant,' you must make 'the road of the sheeps' feet' for them to go over, and come back when they are fat, and the giant will support you while you are there. Do you blame me for that?*"

"No," said Rooshkulum, driving away the sheep.

But, contrary to all their expectations, in an hour's time in marched Rooshkulum, covered with bog dirt and blood. "O!" said he, "I have had hard work since, and made a good deal of the road of the sheeps' legs; but, indeed, there are not half enough legs after all, and you must give me more legs, if you would wish the road made firm."

"And, you rascal, do you tell me you have cut off the legs of all my fine sheep?"

"Every one, sir; did you not desire me? *Do you blame me?*"

"O dear no! by no means! Only take care, and don't do it any more."

They went on tolerably for a few days, for they were afraid of Rooshkulum, and let him alone, till one morning the farmer told him he was going to a wedding that night, and that he might go with him.

"Well," said Rooshkulum, "what is a wedding? what will they do there?"

"Why," answered the farmer, "a wedding is a fine place, where there is a good supper, and two people are joined together as man and wife."

"O, is that it? I should like much to see what they'll do."

"Well, then, you must promise me to do what I'll tell you with the horses when we are going."

"Why, what shall I do?"

"O, only when we are going, *don't take your eyes from the horses till we get there; then have your two eyes on my plate, and an eye on every other person's plate; and then you'll see what they'll do.*"

Rooshkulum said nothing. They went to the wedding; but when they sat down to supper, all were surprised to find a round thing on their plates, covered with blood, and not looking very tempting. But the farmer soon guessed the sad truth, and calling Rooshkulum aside, he sternly asked him what he had done.

"*Can you blame me?*" answered the provoking Rooshkulum; "did you not desire me not to take the eyes from the horses till I got here, and to put them on the plates, and two on your own plate, and that I would see what they would do then?"

"O, don't imagine I blame you," said the farmer; "but I meant your own eyes all the time; and, mind me, *don't do it any more!*"

They were all by this time heartily sick of Rooshkulum, especially the old lady, who had never left her bed; and one morning, feeling something better, she called the farmer to her bedside, and addressed him thus:—"You know, my son, that your agreement with that rascal will terminate when you both shall hear the cuckoo. Now, in my youth I could imitate the cuckoo so well that I have had them flying round me. Put me up, therefore, in the big holly bush; take him along with you to cut a tree near; I will then cry 'cuckoo!' 'cuckoo!' and the agreement will be broken!" said she, chuckling to herself.

This seemed a capital idea; so the farmer lifted his mother out of bed, and put her up into the holly bush, calling Rooshkulum to bring the big axe, for that he intended to fell a tree. Rooshkulum did as he was desired, and commenced cutting down a certain tree, which the farmer pointed out. And not

long had he been thus engaged when the old lady in the holly bush cried out "cuckoo!" "cuckoo!" "Hah! what's that?" said the farmer; "that sounds like the cuckoo!"

"O, that cannot be," said Rooshkulum, "for this is winter!"

But now the cuckoo was heard, beyond a doubt.

"Well," said Rooshkulum, "before I've done with you, I'll go and see this cuckoo."

"Why, you stupid fool!" said the farmer, "no man ever saw the cuckoo."

"Never mind!" said Rooshkulum, "it can be no harm to look. Wouldn't you think, now, that the cuckoo was speaking out of the holly bush?"

"O, not at all!—perhaps she is five miles away. Come away at once and give up your place. Did not we both hear her?"

"Stop!" said Rooshkulum; "stay back! don't make a noise! There! did not you see something moving? Ay! THAT must be the cuckoo!"

So saying, he hurled the axe up into the holly bush with his whole force, cutting away the branches, scattering the leaves and berries, and with one blow severing the head from the shoulders of the farmer's mother!

"O!" said the farmer, "my poor old mother! O! what have you done, you villain! You have murdered my mother!"

"And," said Rooshkulum (seemingly surprised), "*I suppose you BLAME me for this, do you?*"

And now was the farmer taken by surprise, and in the heat of his passion answered, "How dare you, you black-hearted villain, ask me such a question? Of course I do! Have you not murdered my mother? Alas! my poor old mother."

"O, very well!" said Rooshkulum, as the farmer continued looking at his mother, and lamenting, "perhaps you also remember our own little agreement. I have but too good reason to think that you and your accursed old mother, by your schemes, caused the death of my two fine brothers. But now for the fulfilment of my share of the bargain!"

In a moment the axe descended on his head; and Rooshkulum, the wise simpleton, having now got rid of his enemies, took possession of all the farmer's property, returned home for his mother, and lived free from care or further sorrow for the remainder of his happy life; but he never forgot the services of the greyhound, and never allowed her to want.

And here let us conclude our legend, by observing, by way of moral, "Be ever charitable to the distressed, whether of the brute or human kind, for you know not but that they also may belong to the ranks of 'the good people!'"

#### AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

THAT agricultural improvement is extending with very rapid strides in many parts of Ireland, is evident to all who have had an opportunity of observing the country; the best proof of which is, perhaps, that our agricultural exports have been greatly increased for some years past, whilst during the same period the population has been augmented to a degree unprecedented in any of the old countries of the world. That our exporting food to such an extent is a proof of the wealth or happiness of those who produce it, may well admit of doubt, otherwise the miserable serfs of Russia, Poland, and other corn-growing countries, would be entitled to rank higher in the scale of happiness than the English farmers, who are not able to raise sufficient food for their own country! But notwithstanding the pleasing proofs of improvements in farming which meet the eye of the tourist in various parts of the country, and particularly in the north, he will in too many places find it difficult to imagine anything worse either in the farms, the habitations, the cattle, or the implements, even should he extend the retrospect to a period ever so remote.

Agricultural schools, with even a single acre of land attached, and worked by the elder boys on a system of rotation adapted to the ground and to the district in which it happened to be situated, would soon effect a wonderful reformation in the farming of the country. That such would be the happy result, is self-evident; and we are strengthened in our conviction by having witnessed in very many instances the good effect of the agricultural education imparted at Templemoyle, in the county of Londonderry. Entertaining these views, we need hardly say how much we were gratified by a visit to one of these schools a short time since, situated in a remote and se-

cluded part of the county of Donegal. Here, on the estate of Sir Charles Styles, Bart., and under the direction of his efficient agent, whose anxiety and exertions towards bettering the condition of the poor of this county are well known and appreciated, we found a small piece of ground being laid out into five divisions, as an example of the five-course rotation suited to that part of the country; in the school-room were suspended tables, exhibiting at one view, plain, practical instructions as to the season for performing the different work on the farm; the quantity and best kind of seeds to be sown; and, in one word, the *modus operandi*, according to the most improved practice; and the proficiency of many of the boys, not only in agriculture, but in levelling and surveying, was most creditable. We cannot, perhaps, better second the exertions of Captain Kennedy and other philanthropists engaged in the regeneration of their country, than by bringing under the notice of the public an instance of the successful working of the system we have here advocated.

The undrained fenceless farm, with its many-angled small fields and crooked ridges, exhausted to the last degree by successive corn crops, is still but too general; and the habitations, notwithstanding the marked improvement in their appearance in many places, in many others accord but too faithfully with the melancholy picture that has been drawn of them by so many observers—"walls decayed, roofs bent and sunken, thatch tattered, no windows, no chimneys; the turf-smoke rolling slowly from the doors, or seeking its way through the chinks and crevices innumerable with which these hovels abound. The appearance of the inmates corresponds with that of the miserable tenements—ill clad, squalid, haggard, listless and idle, in every countenance discontent strongly marked, and in some an expression akin to despair." Such is the description given by Mr Weld in his Statistical Survey of Roscommon, taken in 1831. One epithet in that accurate description requires to be qualified to those who have not seen the interesting and highly valuable work from which it is taken. The poor of Elphin were "idle," not of choice, but because the employment which offered itself in the wastes and sites for manufactories with which he describes the country to abound, were not rendered available; and throughout the country, wherever idleness and its concomitant misery are observable, there also it will be found that these evils are traceable to a want of sympathy and exertion on the part of the owners of the soil; for abundantly remunerating employment abounds in every part of the country. We cannot resist, even at the risk of extending this paper beyond the limits which we had at first proposed to ourselves, the temptation to bring forward an instance of that industry which we have never seen wanting when the inducement or even the possibility of exercising it with effect was present, afforded too by these same "idle" people of Elphin, as recorded in the same work. "Girls," observes Mr Weld, "amongst whom some were really pretty and delicate, and of an age and frame of body seemingly but ill-suited to the task, sought a precarious and hard-earned livelihood in hawking turf about the town in cleaves, which they had carried on their backs from the bog, distant about two miles. The ordinary weight of one of these cleaves was three stones, or forty-two pounds, sometimes more. The price asked for two cleaves was only 3s. 3d., but as demands of this kind ordinarily exceed the selling price, 1s. 3d. might probably be set down as the utmost price of a single cleave; from this was to be deducted the price of the turf at the bog, the small surplus being all the gains for bearing this heavy burden, mostly up hill, and afterwards hawking it from house to house." The cattle in the demesnes of the gentry and on dairy farms have in like manner been greatly improved within a few years, but amongst the small farmers the description of stock is in many places bad in the extreme; improvement in this branch of economy cannot take place, however, except as the consequence of an improved system of farming. As a powerful means of extending a knowledge of improved husbandry, if properly exercised, we have regarded since their establishment the National Schools of Ireland.

A cotemporary says, "The agriculture of Bavaria has experienced a great improvement in consequence of the system of national education which has been adopted, and by the teaching of agriculture and gardening both by books and examples in the schools. One of the first consequences was an improved rotation of crops. Almost the whole of the details of agricultural improvement in Bavaria have originated with M. Hassi, an agricultural writer, and editor of an agricultural journal in Munich. The activity and patriotic benevolence of

this gentleman are beyond all praise. It was chiefly through his exertions that a piece of ground was added to every parochial school in Bavaria, to be cultivated by the scholars in their leisure hours, under the direction of the master. In these schools, Hassi's Catechism of Gardening, of Agriculture, of Domestic Economy and Cookery, of Forest Culture, of Orchard Culture, and others, all small duodecimo volumes with woodcuts, sold at about fourpence each, are taught to all the boys; and those of Gardening, the Management of Silk Worms, and Domestic Economy, to the girls. Since these schools have come into action, an entirely new generation of cultivators has arisen; and the consequence is, that agriculture in Bavaria, and especially what may be called cottage agriculture and economy, is, as far as we are able to judge, carried to a higher degree of perfection than it is any where else in the central states of Germany; at all events, we can affirm that we never saw finer crops of drilled Swedish and common turnips, or finer surfaces of young clover, than we observed along the road sides in October and November 1828. The fences also were generally in perfect order, and a degree of neatness appeared about the cottages which is far from common either in France or Germany. These remarks are not the results of observations made, as is frequently the case, from the cabriolet of a public diligence, but from deliberate inspection. The result of the whole of the information procured, and of the observations made, is, that we think the inhabitants of Bavaria promise soon to be, if they are not already, among the happiest people in Germany." M.

**CIRCISSIAN WOMEN.**—We observed two women looking out of a balcony, and earnestly beckoning to us. We entered the house, and saw two Russian grenadiers, who by a mistake of their corporal had taken their quarters here, and whose presence was the cause of the inquietude manifested by the two ladies, who, with an old man, were the only inhabitants of the house. Whilst the soldiers were explaining these things to us, they appeared at the top of the stairs, and again renewed their invitation by violent gesticulations. On a nearer approach, we guessed by their age that they were mother and daughter. The former, who still preserved much of the freshness and beauty of youth, wore very wide trousers, a short tunic, and a veil, which fell in graceful folds on her back; while round her neck she had some valuable jewels, though badly mounted. With respect to the daughter, who was scarcely fifteen years of age, she was so extraordinarily beautiful, that both my companion and myself remained awhile motionless, and struck with admiration. Never in my life have I seen a more perfect form. Her dress consisted of a short white tunic, almost transparent, fastened only at the throat by a clasp. A veil, negligently thrown over one shoulder, permitted part of her beautiful ebony tresses to be seen. Her trousers were of an extremely fine tissue, and her socks of the most delicate workmanship. The old man received us in a room adjoining the staircase; he was seated on the carpet, smoking a small pipe, according to the custom of the inhabitants of the Caucasus, who cultivate tobacco. He made repeated signs to us to sit down, that is to say, in the Asiatic manner—a posture extremely inconvenient for those who like ourselves wore long and tight trousers, whilst the two beautiful women on their side earnestly seconded his request. We complied with it, though it was the first time that either of us made the essay. The ladies, having left the room for a moment, returned with a salver of dried fruits, and a beverage made with sugar and milk; but I was so much engaged in admiring their personal attractions, that I paid but little attention to their presents. It appeared to me an inconceivable caprice of nature to have produced such prodigies of perfection amidst such a rude and barbarous people, who value their women less than their stirrups. My companion, who like myself was obliged to accept of their refreshments, remarked to me, whilst the old man was conversing with them, what celebrity a woman so transcendently beautiful as the daughter was, would acquire in any of the capitals of Europe, had she but received the benefits of a suitable education.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

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# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



## THE IRISH MIDWIFE, PART III.—DANDY KEHO'S CHRISTENING.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

THE following Sunday morning, Rose paid an early visit to her patient, for, as it was the day of young Dandy's christening, her presence was considered indispensable. There is, besides, something in the appearance and bearing of a midwife upon those occasions which diffuses a spirit of buoyancy and light-heartedness not only through the immediate family, but also through all who may happen to participate in the ceremony, or partake of the good cheer. In many instances it is known that the very presence of a medical attendant communicates such a cheerful confidence to his patient, as, independently of any prescription, is felt to be a manifest relief. So is it with the midwife; with this difference, that she exercises a greater and more comical latitude of consolation than the doctor, although it must be admitted that the one generally falls woefully short of that conventional dress with which we cover nudity of expression. No doubt many of her very

choicest stock jokes, to carry on the metaphor, are a little too fashionably dressed to pass current out of the sphere in which they are used; but be this as it may, they are so traditional in character, and so humorous in conception, that we never knew the veriest prude to feel offended, or the morosest temperament to maintain its sourness, at their recital. Not that she is at all gross or unwomanly in anything she may say, but there is generally in her apothegms a passing touch of fancy—a quick but terse vivacity of insinuation, at once so full of fun and sprightliness, and that truth which all know but few like to acknowledge, that we defy any one not irretrievably gone in some incurable melancholy to resist her humour. The moment she was seen approaching the house, every one in it felt an immediate elevation of spirits, with the exception of Mrs Keho herself, who knew that wherever Rose had the arrangement of the bill of fare, there was sure

to be what the Irish call "full an' plinty"—"lashins an' lavins"—a fact which made her groan in spirit at the bare contemplation of such waste and extravagance. She was indeed a woman of a very un-Irish heart—so sharp in her temper and so penurious in soul, that one would imagine her veins were filled with vinegar instead of blood.

"*Banaght Dheah in shoh*" (the blessing of God be here), Rose exclaimed on entering.

"*Banaght Dheah agus Murra ghuid*" (the blessing of God and the Virgin on you), replied Corny, "an' you're welcome, Rose ahagur."

"I know that, Corny. Well, how are we?—how is my son?"

"Begarra, thrivin' like a pair o' throopers."

"Thank God for it! Hav'nt we a good right to be grateful to him any way? An' is my little man to be christened to-day?"

"Indeed he is—the gossips will be here presently, an' so will *her* mother. But, Rose, dear, will you take the orderin' of the aitin' an' drinkin' part of it?—you're better up to these things than we are, an' so you ought, of course. Let there be no want of any thing; an' if there's an overplush, sorra may care; there'll be poor mouths enough about the door for whatever's left. So, you see, keep never mindin' any hint *she* may give you—you know she's a little o' the closest; but no matter. Let there, as I said, be enough an' to spare."

"Throth, there spoke your father's son, Corny: all the ould dacency's not dead yet, any how. Well, I'll do my best. But she's not fit to be up, you know, an' of course can't disturb us." The expression of her eye could not be misunderstood as she uttered this. "I see," said Corny—"devil a better, if you manage that, all's right."

"An' now I must go in, till I see how she an' my son's gettin' an: that's always my first start; bekase you know, Corny, honey, that *their* health goes afore every thing."

Having thus undertaken the task required of her, she passed into the bedroom of Mrs Keho, whom she found determined to be up, in order, as she said, to be at the head of her own table.

"Well, alanna, if you must, you must; but in the name of goodness I wash my hands out of the business teetotally. Dshk, dshk, dshk! Oh, wurra! to think of a woman in your state risin' to sit at her own table! That I may never, if I'll see it, or be about the place at all. If you take your life by your own wilfulness, why, God forgive you; but it mustn't be while I'm here. But since you're bent on it, why, give me the child, an' afore I go, any how, I may as well dress it, poor thing! The heavens pity it—my little man—eh?—where was it?—cheep—that's it, a ducky; stretch away. Aye stretchin' an' thrivin' an, my son! Oh, thin, wurra! Mrs Keho, but it's you that ought to ax God's pardon for goin' to do what might lave that darlin' o' the world an orphan, may be. Arrah be the vestments, if I can have patience wid you. May God pity you, my child. If anything happened your mother, what 'ud become of you, and what 'ud become of your poor father this day? Dahk, dshk, dshk!" These latter sounds, exclamations of surprise and regret, were produced by striking the tongue against that part of the inward gum which covers the roots of the teeth.

"Indeed, Rose," replied her patient, in her sharp, shrill, quick voice, "I'm able enough to get up; if I don't, we'll be harrished. Corny's a fool, an' it'll be only rap an' rive wid every one in the place."

"Wait, ma'am, if you please. Where's his little barrow? Ay, I have it. Wait, ma'am, if you please, till I get the child dressed, an' I'll soon take myself out o' this. Heaven preserve us! I have seen the like o' this afore—ay have I—where it was as clear as crystal that *there was something over them*—ay, over them that took their own way as you're doin'."

"But if I don't get up?"

"Oh, by all manes, ma'am—by all manes. I suppose you have a laise o' your life, that's all. It's what I wish I could get."

"An' must I stay here in bed all day, an' me able to rise, an' sich wilful waste as will go an' too?"

"Remember you're warned. This is your first baby, God bless it, an' spare you both. But, Mrs Keho, does it stand to reason that you're as good a judge of these things as a woman like me, that it's my business? I ax you that, ma'am."

This poser in fact settled the question, not only by the reasonable force of the conclusion to be derived from it, but by the cool authoritative manner in which it was put.

"Well," said the other, "in that case, I suppose, I must give in. You ought to know best."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am; have you found it out at last? No, but you ought to put your two hands undher my feet for preventin' you from doin' what you intinded. That I may never sup sorrow, but it was as much as your life was worth. Compose yourself; I'll see that there's no waste, and that's enough. Here, hould my son—why, thin, isn't he the beauty o' the world, now that he has got his little dress upon him?—till I pin up this apron across the windy; the light's too strong for you. There now: the light's apt to give one a headache when it comes in full bint upon the eyes that way. Come, alanna, come an now, till I show you to your father an' them all. Wurra, thin, Mrs Keho, darlin'." (this was said in a low confidential whisper, and in a playful wheedling tone which baffles all description), "wurra, thin, Mrs Keho, darlin', but it's he that's the proud man, the proud Corny, this day. Rise your head a little—aisy—there now, that'll do—one kiss to my son, now, before he leaves his mammy, he says, for a weeny while, till he pays his little respects to his daddy an' to all his friends, he says, an' thin he'll come back to mammy agin—to his own little bottle, he says."

Young Corny soon went the rounds of the whole family, from his father down to the little herd-boy who followed and took care of the cattle. Many were the jokes which passed between the youngsters on this occasion—jokes which have been registered by such personages as Rose, almost in every family in the kingdom, for centuries, and with which most of the Irish people are too intimately and thoroughly acquainted to render it necessary for us to repeat them here.

Rose now addressed herself to the task of preparing breakfast, which, in honour of the happy event, was nothing less than "tay, white bread, and Boxy," with a glass of poteen to sharpen the appetite." As Boxy, however, is a description of bread not generally known to our readers, we shall give them a sketch of the manner in which this Irish luxury is made. A basket of the best potatoes is got, which are washed and peeled raw; then is procured a tin grater, on which they are grated; the water is then shired off them, and the macerated mass is put into a clean sheet, or table-cloth, or bolster-cover. This is caught at each end by two strong men, who twist it in opposite directions until the contortions drive up the substance into the middle of the sheet, &c.; this of course expels the water also; but lest the twisting should be insufficient for that purpose, it is placed, like a cheese-cake, under a heavy weight, until it is properly dried. They then knead it into cakes, and bake it on a pan or griddle; and when eaten with butter, we can assure our readers that it is quite delicious.

The hour was now about nine o'clock, and the company asked to the christening began to assemble. The gossips or sponsors were four in number; two of them wealthy friends of the family that had never been married, and the two others a simple country pair, who were anxious to follow in the matrimonial steps of Corny and his wife. The rest were, as usual, neighbours, relatives, and *cleaveens*, to the amount of sixteen or eighteen persons, men, women, and children, all dressed in their best apparel, and disposed to mirth and friendship. Along with the rest was Bob M'Cann, the fool, who by the way could smell out a good dinner with as keen a nostril as the wisest man in the parish could boast of, and who on such occasions carried turf and water in quantities that indicated the supernatural strength of a Scotch brownie rather than that of a human being. Bob's qualities, however, were well proportioned to each other, for, truth to say, his appetite was equal to his strength, and his cunning to either.

Corny and Mrs Moan were in great spirits, and indeed we might predicate as much of all who were present. Not a soul entered the house who was not brought up by Corny to an out-shot room, as a private mark of his friendship, and treated to an underhand glass of as good poteen "as ever went down the red lane," to use a phrase common among the people. Nothing upon an occasion naturally pleasant gives conversation a more cheerful impulse than this; and the consequence was, that in a short time the scene was animated and mirthful to an unusual degree.

Breakfast at length commenced in due form. Two bottles of whisky were placed upon the table, and the first thing done was to administer a glass to each guest.

"Come, neighbours," said Corny, "we must dhrink the

good woman's health before we ate, especially as it's the first time, any how."

"To be sure they will, achora, an' why not? An' if it's the first time, Corny, it won't be tho— Musha! you're welcome, Mrs — I an' jist in time too"—this she said, addressing his mother-in-law, who then entered. "Look at this swaddy, Mrs —; my soul to happiness, but he's fit to be the son of a lord. Eh, a pet? Where was my darlin'? Corny, let me dip my finger in the whisky till I rub his gums wid it. That's my bully! Oh, the heavens love it, see how it puts the little mouth about lookin' for it agin. Throth you'll have the spunk in you yet, acushla, an' it's a credit to the Kehos you'll be, if you're spared, as you will, please the heavens!"

"Well, Corny," said one of the gossips, "here's a speedy uprise an' a sudden recovery to the good woman, an' the little stranger's health, an' God bless the baker that gives thirteen to the dozen, any how!"

"Ay, ay, Paddy Rafferty, you'll have your joke any way; an', throth, you're welcome to it, Paddy; if you were'nt, it is'nt standin' for young Corny you'd be to-day."

"Thru enough," said Rose, "an', by the dickens, Paddy is'nt the boy to be long under an obligation to any one. Eh, Paddy, did I help you there, avick? Aisy, childre; you'll smother my son if you crush about him that way." This was addressed to some of the youngsters, who were pressing round to look at and touch the infant.

"It won't be my fault if I do, Rose," said Paddy, slyly eyeing Peggy Betagh, then betrothed to him, who sat opposite, her dark eyes flashing with repressed humour and affection. Deafness, however, is sometimes a very convenient malady to young ladies, for Peggy immediately commenced a series of playful attentions to the unconscious infant, which were just sufficient to excuse her from noticing this allusion to their marriage. Rose looked at her, then nodded comically to Paddy, shutting both her eyes by way of a wink, adding aloud, "Throth you'll be the happy boy, Paddy; an' woe betide you if you are'nt the sweetest end of a honeycomb to her. Take care an' don't bring me upon you. Well, Peggy, never mind, alanna; who has a better right to his joke than the dacent boy that's—aisy, childre: saints above! but ye'll smother the child, so you will.—Where did I get him, Dinney? sure I brought him as a present to Mrs Keho; I never come but I bring a purty little babby along wid me—than the dacent boy, dear, that's soon to be your lovin' husband? Arfah, take your glass, acushla; the sorraharm it'll do you."

"Bedad, I'm afeard, Mrs Moan. What if it 'ud get into my head, an' me's to stand for my little godson? No, bad scan to me if I could—faix, a glass 'ud be too many for me."

"It's not more than half filled, dear; but there's sense in what the girl says, Dandy, so don't press it an her."

In the brief space allotted to us we could not possibly give any thing like a full and correct picture of the happiness and hilarity which prevailed at the breakfast in question. When it was over, they all prepared to go to the parish chapel, which was distant at least a couple of miles, the midwife staying at home to see that all the necessary preparations were made for dinner. As they were departing, Rose took the Dandy aside, and addressed him thus:

"Now, Dandy, when you see the priest, tell him that it is your wish, above all things, 'that he should christen it against the fairies.' If you say that, it's enough. And, Peggy, achora, come here. You're not carryn' that child right, alanna; but you'll know better yet, please goodness. No, avillish, don't keep its little head so closely covered wid your cloak; the day's a burnin' day, glory be to God, an' the Lord guard my child; sure the least thing in the world, where there's too much hait, 'nd smother my darlin'. Keep its head out farther, and just shade its little face that way from the sun. Och, will I ever forget the Sunday whin poor Mally M'Guigan wint to take Pat Feasthalagh's child from under her cloak to be christened, the poor infant was a corpse; an' only that the Lord put it into my head to have it privately christened, the father an' mother's hearts would break. Glory be to God! Mrs Dugan, if the child gets cross, dear, or misses any thing, act the mother by him, the little man. Eh, alanna! where was it? Where was my duck o' diamonds—my little Con Roe? My own sweetie little ace o' hearts—ch, alanna! Well, God keep it, till I see it again, the jewel!"

Well, the child was baptized by the name of his father, and the persons assembled, after their return from chapel,

lounged about Corny's house, or took little strolls in the neighbourhood, until the hour of dinner. This of course was much more convivial, and ten times more vociferous, than the breakfast, cheerful as that meal was. At dinner they had a dish, which we believe is, like the Boxtty, peculiarly Irish in its composition: we mean what is called *shilk*. This consists of potatoes and beans, pounded up together in such a manner that the beans are not broken, and on this account the potatoes are well champed before the beans are put into them. This is dished in a large bowl, and a hole made in the middle of it, into which a *miscawn* or roll of butter is thrust, and then covered up until it is melted. After this, every one takes a spoon and digs away with his utmost vigour, dipping every morsel into the well of butter in the middle, before he puts it into his mouth. Indeed, from the strong competition which goes forward, and the rapid motion of each right hand, no spectator could be mistaken in ascribing the motive of their proceedings to the principle of the old proverb, devil take the hindmost. *Shilk* differs from another dish made of potatoes in much the same way, called *colcannon*. If there were beans, for instance, in *colcannon*, it would be *shilk*. This practice of many persons eating out of the same dish, though Irish, and not cleanly, is of very old antiquity. Christ himself mentions it at the Last Supper. Let us hope, however, that, like the old custom which once prevailed in Ireland, of several persons drinking at meals out of the same mether, the usage we speak of will soon be replaced by one of more cleanliness and individual comfort.

After dinner the whisky began to go round, for in these days punch was a luxury almost unknown to the class we are writing of. In fact, nobody there knew how to make it but the midwife, who wisely kept the secret to herself, aware that if the whisky were presented to them in such a palatable shape, they would not know when to stop, and she herself might fall short of the snug bottle that is usually kept as a treat for those visits which she continues to pay during the convalescence of her patients.

"Come, Rose," said Corny, who was beginning to soften fast, "it's your turn now to thry a glass of what never seen wather." "I'll take the glass, Dandy—'deed will I—but the thruth is, I never dhrink it *hard*. No, but I'll jist take a drop o' hot wather an' a grain o' sugar, an' scald it; that an' es much carraway seeds as will lie upon a sixpence does me good; for, God help me, the stomach isn't at all strong wid me, in regard of bein' up so much at night, an' deprived of my natural rest."

"Rose," said one of them, "is it thru that you war called out one night, an' brought blindfouled to some grand lady belongin' to the quality?"

"Wait, avick, till I make a drop o' *wan-grace*\* for the mistress, poor thing; an', Corny, I'll jist trouble you for about a thimbleful o' spirits to take the smell o' the wather off it. The poor creature, she's a little weak still, an' indeed it's wonderful how she stood it out; but, my dear, God's good to his own, an' fits the back to the burden, praise be to his name!"

She then proceeded to scald the drop of spirits for herself, or, in other words, to mix a good tumbler of ladies' punch, making it, as the phrase goes, hot, strong, and sweet—not forgetting the carraways, to give it a flavour. This being accomplished, she made the *wan-grace* for Mrs Keho, still throwing in a word now and then to sustain her part in the conversation, which was now rising fast into mirth, laughter, and clamour.

"Well, but, Rose, about the lady of quality, will you tell us that?"

"Oh, many a thing happened me as well worth tellin', if you go to that; but I'll tell it to you, childre, for sure the curiosity's natural to yez. Why, I was one night at home an' asleep, an' I hears a horse's foot gallopin' for the bare life up to the door. I immediately put my head out, an' the horseman says, 'Are you Mrs Moan?'

'That's the name that's an me, your honour,' says myself.

'Dress yourself thin,' says he, 'for you're sadly wanted; dress yourself, and mount behind me, for there's not a moment to be lost!' At the same time I forgot to say that his hat was tied about his face in sich a way that I couldn't catch a glimpse of it. Well, my dear, we didn't let the grass grow under our feet for about a mile or so. 'Now,' says he, 'you must allow yourself to be blindfouled, an' it's useless to op-

\* A *wan-grace* is a kind of small gruel or meal tea sweetened with sugar.



pose it, for it must be done. There's the character, may be the life, of a great lady at stake; so be quiet till I cover your eyes, or,' says he, lettin' out a great oath, 'it'll be worse for you. I'm a desperate man; an' sure enough, I could feel the heart of him beatin' undher his ribs, as if it would burst in pieces. Well, my dears, what could I do in the hands of a man that was strong and desperate. 'So,' says I, 'cover my eyes in welcome; only, for the lady's sake, make no delay.' Wid that he dashed his spurs into the poor horse, an' he foam'n' an' smokin' like a lime-kiln already. Any way, in about half an hour I found myself in a grand bedroom; an' just as I was put into the door, he whispers me to bring the child to him in the next room, as soon as it would be born. Well, sure I did so, afther lavin' the mother in a fair way. But what 'ud you have of it?—the first thing I see, lyin' an' the table, was a purse of money an' a case o' pistols. 'Whin I looked at him, I thought the devil, Lord guard us! was in his face, he looked so black and terrible about the brows. 'Now, my good woman,' says he, 'so far you've acted well, but there's more to be done yet. Take your choice of these two,' says he, 'this purse, or the contents o' one o' these pistols, as your reward. You must murder the child upon the spot.' In the name of God an' his Mother, be you man or devil, I defy you,' says I; 'no innocent blood 'll ever be shed by these hands.' 'I'll give you ten minutes,' says he, 'to put an end to that brat there; an' wid that he cocked one o' the pistols. My dears, I had nothin' for it but to say in to myself a *pather an' aoe* as fast as I could, for I thought it was all over wid me. However, glory be to God! the prayers gave me great strength, an' I spoke stoutly. 'Whin the king of Jerusalem,' says I—'an' he was a greater man than ever you'll be—whin the king of Jerusalem ordered the midwives of Aigyp to put Moses to death, they wouldn't do it, and God preserved them in spite of him, king though he was,' says I; 'an' from that day to this it was never known that a midwife took away the life of the babe she aided into the world.—No, an' I'm not goin' to be the first that'll do it.' 'The time is out,' says he, puttin' the pistol to my ear, 'but I'll give you one minute more.' 'Let me go to my knees first,' says I; 'an' now may God have mercy on my sowl, for, had as I am, I'm willin' to die, sooner than commit murder an' the innocent.' He gave a start as I spoke, an' threw the pistol down. 'Ay,' said he, 'an' the innocent—an' the innocent—that is thrue! But you are an extraordinary woman: you have saved that child's life, and prevented me from committing two great crimes, for it was my intintion to murder you afther you had murdered it.' I thin, by his orders, brought the poor child to its mother, and whin I came back to the room, 'Take that purse,' says he, 'an' keep it as a reward for your honesty.' 'Wid the help o' God,' says I, 'a penny of it will never come into my company, so it's no use to ax me.' 'Well,' says he, 'afore you lave this, you must swear not to mention to a livin' sowl what has happened this night, for a year and a day.' It didn't signify to me whether I mentioned it or not; so being jack-indifferent about it, I tuck the oath, and kept it. He thin bound my eyes agin, hoisted me up behind him, an' in a short time left me at home. Indeed, I wasn't the better o' the start it tuck out o' me for as good as six weeks afther!"

The company now began to grow musical; several songs were sung; and when the evening got farther advanced, a neighbouring fiddler was sent for, and the little party had a dance in the barn, to which they adjourned lest the noise might disturb Mrs Keho, had they held it in the dwelling-house. Before this occurred, however, the "midwife's glass" went the round of the gossips, each of whom drank her health, and dropped some silver, at the same time, into the bottom of it. It was then returned to her, and with a smiling face she gave the following toast:—"Health to the parent stock! So long as it thrives, there will always be branches! Corny Keho, long life an' good health to you an' yours! May your son live to see himself as happy as his father! Youngsters, here's that you may follow a good example! The company's health in general I wish; an', Paddy Rafferty, that you may never have a blind child but you'll have a lame one to lead it!—ha! ha! ha! What's the world widout a joke? I must see the good woman an' my little son afore I go; but as I won't follow yez to the barn, I'll bid yez good night, neighbours, an' the blessin' of Rose Moan be among yez!"

And so also do we take leave of our old friend Rose Moan, the Irish Midwife, who we understand took her last leave of the world only about a twelvemonth ago.

## THE BAROMETZ, OR TARTARIAN LAMB.

BEFORE steam and all the other facilities for travel had made us so well acquainted with the productions of remote parts of the earth as we are at present, every traveller on his return astonished his auditors or the readers of his works with accounts of monsters which existed only as the creations of his ingenuity, and to give importance to his discoveries. One out of many which could be produced, and which, as they may afford innocent amusement, we purpose from time to time to bring under the notice of the readers of the Penny Journal, we lately met with in an account of Struy's Travels through Busia, Tartary, &c, in the seventeenth century. The object of wonder was in this case the Scythian or Tartarian lamb, a creature which, it was stated, sprang from the ground like a plant, and, restrained to the spot on which it was produced, devoured every vegetable production within its reach, and was itself in turn eaten by the wolves of the country. This singular production has since been found to be nothing more than a plant of the fern tribe, the *Aspidium barometz*, found occasionally in arid plains, where scarcely any other vegetable production can exist; it rises like many others of the tree ferns with a rugged or shaggy stem; and the plant having decayed or been uprooted by any accident, it is not impossible that by means of a storm or otherwise it might be found supported on its feet, namely, the stumps of the leaves; but that it pastured on other plants, or was mistaken by the wolves for a lamb, although speculations which the wonder-seeking traveller might be tempted to indulge in, it need hardly be said are ornamental additions introduced to suit the taste of the narrator, and to pander to that love of the marvellous which prevailed in the age in which he lived. The following is his account of this wonderful plant-animal:—

"On the western side of the Volga there is an elevated salt plain of great extent, but wholly uncultivated and uninhabited. On this plain (which furnishes all the neighbouring countries with salt) grows the boranex, or bornitch. This wonderful plant has the shape and appearance of a lamb, with feet, head, and tail distinctly formed. Boranex, in the language of Muscovy, signifies a little lamb. Its skin is covered with very white down, as soft as silk. The Tartars and Muscovites esteem it highly, and preserve it with great care in their houses, where I have seen many such lambs. The sailor who gave me one of those precious plants found it in a wood, and had its skin made into an under-waistcoat. I learned at Astrican from those who were best acquainted with the subject, that the lamb grows upon a stalk about three feet high, that the part by which it is sustained is a kind of navel, and that it turns itself round, and bends down to reach the herbage which serves it for food. They also said that it dries up and pines away when the grass falls. To this I objected, that the languor and occasional withering might be natural to it, as plants are accustomed to fade at certain times. To this they replied, that they had also once thought so, but that numerous experiments had proved the contrary to be the fact, such as cutting away, or by other means corrupting or destroying the grass all around it; after which they assured me that it fell into a languishing state and decayed insensibly. These persons also added, that the wolves are very fond of these vegetable lambs, and devour them with avidity, because they resemble in taste the animals whose name they bear, and that in fact they have bones, blood, and flesh, and hence they are called zoophytes, or plant-animals. Many other things I was likewise told, which might, however, appear scarcely probable to such as have not seen them." M.

**METHOD OF MAKING TAR AT ARCHANGEL.**—They dig a hole in the ground, of sufficient size, some two or three fathoms deep, and little more than half way down they make a platform of wood, and thereon heap earth about a foot deep, except in the middle, where a hole is left in the form of a tunnel. They then fill the pit with fir billets piled up from the platform, and rising about a fathom or more above ground, which part they wall about with turf and clay to keep in the fire. They command the fire by quenching: for which use they make a lixivium of the ashes of fir. When all is ready, they set fire a-top, and keep the wood burning, but very leisurely, till it has sunk within a foot or two of the partition; and then they heave out the fire as fast as it is possible; for if it once laid hold of the tar which is settled down into the lower pit, it blows all up forthwith. These tar-pits take up



a great deal of trouble, and many men to tend them during the time of their burning, that the fire may descend even and leisurely, whereby the tar may have time to soak out of the wood, and settle down into the pit. As it comes from the wood it is pure tar, but in the pit it mixes with water, which issues from the wood also; therefore it is afterwards clarified.

—*Life of Sir Dudley North.*

**AURORA BOREALIS.**—According to Crantz, the Greenlanders hold the northern lights for a game of tennis, or for a dance of departed souls; and this opinion is not a whit more irrational than the superstition of the oriental nations, the Greeks and Romans, and all the unenlightened people of the middle ages, who, in the aurora borealis, and other fiery meteors, saw fighting armies, flaming swords, chariots and spears, battles and blood, and even thought that they heard the clashing of arms and the sound of martial music. In the rainbow the ancient inhabitants of the north discovered a bridge from earth to heaven, and called it the bridge of the gods, which was watched by a dog, whom no art could elude, and whose auditory faculty was such, that he could hear the grass grow or the wool on the sheep's back; the Kamschatkades make of it a new garment for their aerial spirits, edged with fringes of red-coloured seal-skin, and leather thongs of various gandy dyes.

### THE ISLE OF SAINTS.

"Primus ordo sanctissimus; secundus ordo sanctorum; tertius sanctus. Primus sicut sol ardescit; secundus sicut luna; tertius sicut stellæ."—See the ancient catalogue of the three classes of Irish saints, as published by Usher and Lanigan.

There lived in Erin's hallowed borders,  
In days of yore, three saintly Orders.  
And first, the simply HOLY:—They  
Shed like the stars a flickering ray.  
The second—**HOLIER**—poured a light  
Moon-like, subdued and calmly bright.  
The third, or **HOLIERST** of all,  
Shone like the sun—or like Saint Paul.

But, oh, the state of man's unrest  
In good!—the last were first and best.  
The middle but a term between  
The purest and the least serene;  
Less than the greatest—greater far  
Than those whose emblem is the star.  
Waning they ran a downward race,  
With fainter faith and lessening grace,  
Till, reaching to the stage most lowly,  
The least and latest were the Holy.

Oh, that they there had staid!—that sin  
Had, to this swept and garnished inn  
Returning, found the entrance barred,  
And Faith still keeping watch and ward!—  
Alas!—they slept in Ease's bower;  
They could not "watch one little hour."  
The stars their ineffectual light  
In slumber sealed. † The thief by night  
Entered; and o'er the rich domain  
Sowed tares among the better grain.  
Sin flourished;—poverty and strife  
Embittered all the charms of life;  
And passion, with unbounded sway,  
Swept sun and moon and stars away.

And yet not ever such, sweet Isle,  
Shall be thy fate. The stars shall smile  
Again upon thy valleys green,  
Again the moon shall beam serene  
Upon thy mountains; and the bright  
Celestial sun clothe thee with light,  
With plenty bless, and warm and cheer  
Thy long-delayed millennial year.

Even now the sacred morning dawns,  
The clouds are fleeing from thy lawns;  
And, as light thickens in the sky,  
Lo! Riot and Intemperance fly;  
And chaste sobriety imparts  
Her cup, and industry her arts.  
Peace, Love, and Holiness once more  
Row their sweet ark towards thy shore;  
And Heaven renews the favouring smile  
That made thee once the SAINTLY ISLE.

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### ANIMAL CHARMING, OR THE SUBJUGATION OF ANIMALS BY MEANS OF CHARMS, SPELLS, OR DRUGS.

Third and Concluding Article.

In my last paper I endeavoured to show how exceedingly absurd and unfounded was the notion of the Abbé Dubois and Denon, that the serpent-charmers of India were and are a set of juggling impostors, who practise on the credulity of the vulgar, and vainly set forward pretensions to an art which has no actual existence, and which, consequently, possesses no legitimate claims on the attention of the philosophic inquirer. I now wish to bring all that I would observe upon this very curious subject to a conclusion. I acknowledge my inability to furnish my readers with a thorough explanation of the means by which these wonders are performed, but I think I may be able, at all events, to suggest such hints as may place them on the direct path to the attainment of the knowledge they desire; after which, nothing will be necessary but some degree of research and perseverance to afford them a complete gratification of their wishes.

It is evident, that whatever may be the supplementary means employed in serpent-charming, music is necessary to its accomplishment. I should not be satisfied on this point were it merely dependent upon the assertions of the jugglers themselves, as in such case it might not unnaturally be set down as a mere external cloak for some more important secret which the performers did not wish to be discovered; and for this reason I made the observation in my first article on this subject, that the precise importance of the music in these operations was not as yet entirely apparent. I wish it to be understood, however, that although the degree of importance in which music should be held as an adjunct to the charming of snakes, or as a primary part of the process, has not as yet been ascertained by those who have investigated or endeavoured to investigate the business, and published the results of their inquiries, I for my part am fully satisfied on the subject. To return, however, to our more immediate matter of discussion.

Many have conceived that serpent-charming depends in the first instance upon the snakes being previously deprived of their fangs, and thus rendered innocuous. This opinion I have already demonstrated as palpably erroneous. Others, again, hold that the jugglers possess a power, by eating certain herbs, or chewing the leaves or roots of certain plants, of rendering themselves proof against animal poisons. In order to render themselves perfectly secure, it is said that their practice is to chew the herbs, to inoculate various parts of their body with the juice, and even bathe themselves in water in which these herbs have been steeped. It is supposed that the bodies of the charmers thus become not merely proof against the most deadly poison should they chance to be bitten, but that those thus prepared exhale from their persons an odour which produces a benumbing or stupefying effect upon the reptiles, and renders them an easy capture. Whether or not it be true that such is the case, we know that the Psylli not merely profess the power of charming snakes, but also that of curing by spells, and the application of certain herbs, such as have been bitten by them. We are informed by the historian and biographer Plutarch, that Cato in his march through the desert took with him many of those persons called Psylli (then a distinct tribe, though at the present day that name is applied indiscriminately to all professing the art of serpent-charming) to suck out the poison from the wounds of any of his soldiers that might chance to be bitten by any of the numerous venomous serpents which infested his route. The powers of the Psylli were then always attributed to magic, and the performers themselves took care to confirm that opinion by accompanying the application of remedies to their patients with muttered spells or elaborately wrought and imposing incantations. This is a testimony respecting the ancient repute in which charmers were held, not lightly to be rejected.

While some travellers are too sceptical, I have likewise to complain that others are too credulous. For instance, while Dubois and Denon scout the idea of serpents being charmed at all, Bruce asserts, and that from minute personal observation, that all the blacks of Sennaar are completely armed by nature against the bite of either scorpion or viper. "They will," says he, "take their horned snakes (there the most common and one of the most fatal of the viper tribe) in their hands at all times, put them in their bosoms, and throw them at one

another as children will balls or apples, during which sport the serpents are seldom irritated to bite, or if they do, no mischief results from the wound." Of course it must be evident that Bruce in this instance ascribed rather too much to the bounty of nature, and forgot how far art might have aided in producing the appearance which astonished him.

Don Pedro D'Orbises Y. Vargas, who published in the year 1791 the result of a series of investigations he instituted to ascertain the secret on which serpent-charming depended, informs us that it is also extensively practised by the natives of South America, and that they produce the wished-for end by means of a certain plant named the quacho-mithy, so designated from its having been first observed to have been resorted to by the serpent-hawk, or, as the bird is sometimes styled, the "quacho-mithy," and by it sucked, preparatory to its encounters with the poisonous reptiles which it fought with and destroyed for its prey. Taking the hint from the naturally and instinctively instructed bird, the Indians chewed the plant thus discovered, and inoculated and washed their bodies with its juice, rubbing it into punctures made in their breasts, hands, and feet; and, thus prepared, they dreaded not the bite of the most venomous snake. Don Pedro himself, and the domestics of his household, used after these simple precautions to venture into the thickest woods and the most dangerous meadows, and fearlessly seize in their hands the largest and most poisonous serpents; the creatures seemed as if under the influence of a sort of charm or fascination, and very rarely attempted to bite; and at any rate, even if they did, no evil consequence resulted from the wound beyond the temporary inconvenience produced by the laceration of the flesh by the animals' teeth.

The same gentleman to whom I was indebted for the anecdote of the encounter with the cobra de capella, mentioned in a preceding paper, informed me that he had detected a snake-charmer in the act of chewing and inoculating himself with some plant, the name or character of which he could not however ascertain, though he offered the juggler a considerable sum for the information. One of the leaves of this plant, and the only one he saw, he states to have been of a long and narrow form, with the sides indented or scalloped, somewhat like those of our own common dandelion.

Now, it appears to me by no means difficult of deduction from the facts brought forward in this and the preceding papers on the same subject, that the secret of the snake-charmers is dependent upon two ingredients, viz. in the first place the employment of an antidote which will not only mollify the effects of the reptiles' venom, should the experimenters happen to be bitten, but, from some peculiar odour which it emits, stupify or intoxicate the snake, and indispose it from violence, inclining it rather to appreciate the melody with which they are treating it, and luxuriate in hearing of their fee; and, in the second place, the sounds of music which the whole class of reptiles appear more or less to be sensible of, and which will induce the serpents to quit their holes when they come within the sphere of the influence of the intoxicating odour, and, abandoning themselves to its effects, fall into a state of temporary oblivion, and are taken captive. We ourselves are well acquainted with several substances which are capable of producing upon such creatures as we are conversant with in these islands, effects no less astonishing than those produced upon the snakes by the charmers of India or South America. It is, for instance, a very common thing, and an experiment I have not only often seen tried, but have tried myself dozens of times, and that with success, to charm trout, perch, or roach, with assafoetida. If you sprinkle this substance, finely powdered, upon the surface of the water, you will presently see the fish crowding to the spot; and even if you rub your hands well with it, and, gradually approaching the water, gently immerse them in it, you will ere long find the fish attracted towards you, and, losing their natural timidity, actually permit themselves to be taken. Many have imagined that it was upon the use of a certain drug that the wonderful power possessed and successfully exerted by Sullivan, the whisperer, depended; but for my part I think the circumstance of Sullivan's son having been unable to produce similar effects, although instructed by his father in the mystery, is sufficient to show that Sullivan's trick depended upon some means less certain in operation than the mere employment of a drug would be, and in which mechanical dexterity and personal bearing occupied places of no mean importance.

Rat-catchers used formerly to employ certain drugs, or combinations of them, to collect these vermin into one place, and

thus destroy them wholesale, or to entice them into the trap; and it has been pretended by some worthy members of this ancient and mystic calling, that they are possessed of secrets by which they can, if they please, draw away all the rats from any premises on which they may be employed. I have, however, sought after the most talented living professors of rat-catching, and I cannot say I have ever witnessed miracles equal to that. I have, however, seen a trap placed in a cellar haunted by rats, and left there all night, filled next morning with these vermin to the number of thirty, and surrounded by a host of others, who actually could not enter from want of room! I have seen a tame white rat smeared with a certain composition, let loose in a vault, and in less than half an hour return, followed by at least half a dozen others, who appeared so enamoured of the white-coloured decoy, or of some scent that hung about him, that they suffered themselves to be taken alive in the rat-catcher's hand, and never so much as offer to bite. I purchased this secret from an old rat-catcher, and have much pleasure in communicating it to the public, and more especially to the discriminating patrons of the Irish Penny Journal. It consists of the following simple preparation:—

Powdered assafoetida .....	2 grains.
Essential oil of rhodium .....	3 drachms.
Essential oil of lavender .....	1 scruple.
Oil of aniseed.....	1 drachm.

Let the assafoetida be first well triturated with the aniseed, then add the oil of rhodium, still continuing to rub the material well up together in a mortar, after which add the oil of lavender, and cork up the mixture in a close bottle until required. The method of employing this receipt is very simple, and consists merely in smearing the decoy rat with it, in mixing a few drops of it with a little flour or starch, and employing the paste thus formed as a bait for the trap; and if you anoint your hands with this mixture, you may put them into a cage full of rats without the slightest danger of a bite. I have done so repeatedly myself, and never got bitten unless when I had prepared the composition improperly, or displayed timidity in proceeding to handle the animals—a defect of demeanour which appears capable of counteracting the working of the charm.

The liking which rats exhibit for the perfume produced by the above simple composition is truly wonderful, but will be readily admitted, even while as yet its efficacy remains untested, by any person who has witnessed the passion exhibited by cats for valerian, or of dogs for galbanum, and after much consideration and attentive observation I have come to the conclusion that the effects produced by different substances upon these animals have a common origin, viz. in the peculiar odour calling into play the sexual appetite, and that too in a more than commonly energetic manner; of course I only mean to apply this latter observation to the case of dogs, rats, and cats. I have no intention of thus seeking to explain away the effect produced upon serpents or fishes by certain odours, accompanied by music; indeed, in these instances I should rather ascribe the effects produced to a sort of intoxicating, fascinating influence, bearing no distant resemblance to the power exercised towards other animals by many of the serpent tribe themselves. The fascination of the rattle-snake, for example, seems in a great measure to depend upon the agency of a certain intoxicating odour which the reptile has the power of producing at pleasure. In support of this opinion I may adduce the testimony of Major A. Gordon, who thus explains the fascination of serpents in a paper read before the New York Historical Society. He adduced various facts in support of his opinions, and amongst the rest mentions a negro, who could by smell alone discover a rattle-snake when in the exercise of this power, at the distance of two hundred feet, and who, following such indications, never failed of finding some poor animal drawn within its vortex, and in vain struggling with the irresistible influence. By no means remotely allied to charming and fascination would appear to be that mysterious and as yet doubtful power, animal magnetism, a subject on which I shall not dilate, as it hardly falls within the limits indicated by the heading of this paper, which has now run to a length considerably greater than I contemplated at starting; and consequently I think it time to take my leave, trusting I have at least given a clue to the great secret on which depends the magical influence of the serpent-charmer.

H. D. R.

## WHY DO ROOTS GROW DOWNWARDS, AND STEMS TOWARDS THE HEAVENS?

Second Article.

Our readers may remember a very simple experiment, but pregnant with important results, which we described in our former article: namely, if an onion plant, exposed to day light, be laid horizontally on the ground, the extremities of the stem and roots will in the course of a few hours turn themselves in their natural directions, the one upwards and the other downwards; if a similar plant be placed in a dark cellar, to which no light has access, the same things will take place; but that which happens in a few hours in the one instance, will require as many days in the other. From this experiment we were led to conclude that in the production of the proper directions of stems and roots, two classes of causes operate, namely, the light; and, secondly, some other principle distinct from light. Our former article was devoted to the explanation of the manner in which light causes stems to ascend, and roots to descend; we shall now endeavour to investigate that other principle, less powerful, but more universal, which shares in the production of the same phenomena.

If the flower stalk of the common dandelion be split vertically into a number of portions, each of these will be seen, spontaneously, to curl outwards; the same tendency must be familiar to every one in celery dressed for the table; if the root of the dandelion be split vertically into two or more parts, these will likewise be found to curve, but in a contrary direction from those of the stem; they will curl inwards. We thus find that all the portions of stem placed round the central axis have a natural tendency to curl outwards; while all the portions of root round the central axis have a tendency to curl inwards. The stem may be therefore considered as consisting of a number of springs placed round a central axis, and all endeavouring to burst away from each other; while the root, in a like manner, may be regarded as composed of a number of springs placed round a central axis, and all pressing against each other. These natural tendencies are overcome, in the living plant, by the mutual cohesion of these parts or springs; but when this cohesion is removed by the knife, their influence becomes acknowledged.

Now, if we imagine a number of springs, all of equal strength, and either dragging away from each other or pressing together, it will be easily understood that in such cases perfect equilibrium should result: for, of two springs pulling in opposite directions, for either to overcome, it is necessary that one should be the more powerful; and the same applies to springs pressing against each other. As long, therefore, as a stem consists of a number of equal springs, all endeavouring to burst away from each other, its direction will be in a straight line; and as long as a root is composed of equal springs pressing towards each other, its direction, likewise, will be straight.

If a stem or root be placed for a certain length of time in a horizontal position, the peculiar tendency to curvation of its parts will become modified. If a stem which has been thus treated be split along its axis, the part which, while it was in a horizontal position, was superior, will have its tendency to curl outwards increased; while that which was under the same circumstances inferior, will have its tendency to curl outwards diminished. If a root be placed, during a certain period, horizontally, and then split along its axis, the superior portion will be found to have its tendency to curl inwards increased, while the inferior portion will have the same tendency diminished. A horizontal position is therefore found to increase the peculiar tendencies to curvation of the superior parts of stems and roots, and to lessen those of the inferior half.

Now, we have already ascertained that while equal springs either pull against or press towards each other, equilibrium is obtained; but if from any cause the springs become unequal, the greater power may be expected to overcome the less. When a stem or root has been kept for some time horizontally, the upper half has its elastic power increased, while the spring of the most depending portion has become diminished; we have therefore now springs of unequal power placed round a central axis, the superior being rendered more energetic, while their antagonists have become weakened; it is reasonable, therefore, to expect that the respective directions of roots and stems under such circumstances should be obedient to the excess of elasticity which the upper half has acquired over the lower; in other words,

these stems and roots ought to direct themselves in accordance with the natural tendencies of the superior springs which enter into the structure of these organs. Now, the superior springs of the stems have a natural tendency to curl outwards, or when placed horizontally, upwards; and the superior half of the root has an equally natural tendency to curl inwards, or, when placed horizontally, downwards. Need we be surprised, therefore, if in obedience to these more powerful springs the stems and roots of vegetables shall (as experience shows us they will do) curve, after having been placed for some time in a horizontal position, the former upward and the latter downward?

Let us now endeavour to explain the causes which produce these peculiar and different tendencies to curvation of stems and roots, and for this purpose it will be necessary for us to premise, that the fleshy substance which constitutes the basis of vegetable structure is composed of a multitude of little vesicles or cells, each perfectly distinct in itself, and merely adhering by its external surface with those surrounding it, while it contains a thick syrupy liquid; these cells, although pressed to a certain extent against each other, are not so closely approached as to obliterate completely the spaces existing between them, so that little passages, called intercellular passages, continue to remain, during the life of the plant, between the cells through which the ascending sap rises in its passage to the buds. This ascending sap is not so viscid a liquid as that contained in the cells: thus, the syrupy contents of the latter must, according to the principle of endosmose described in a previous article, absorb into the cells the ascending sap, in a way similar to that whereby syrup placed in a bladder, immersed in a basin of water, will attract the latter liquid through the membrane, until the bladder be filled. While the sap continues to ascend, therefore, the cells must necessarily continue swollen in proportion to their size.

If we examine the relative size of the cells in stems and roots, we will meet with a remarkable phenomenon: in stems the largest cells are situated towards the centre; but on the contrary, in roots, the largest cells are placed near the circumference. Now, we have ascertained in the preceding paragraph that all the cells have a tendency to swell in proportion to their size: it follows that the central cells of stems and the circumferential cells of roots possess the greatest tendency to swell. The centre of a stem has therefore greater elasticity than the circumference, while the circumference of a root has greater elasticity than the centre. When this elasticity in either case is permitted to exert itself by means of a vertical section, it causes each half of the stem to curl outwards, and each half of the root to curl inwards. If the influence of endosmose be acknowledged, the explanation is perfect.

But it may be said, what proof have we that endosmose operates in these cases? An experiment instituted by Dutrochet, and repeated by the writer of this article, sufficiently demonstrates its influence. A plant of dandelion was immersed in syrup, and after a certain time the root and stalk were severally split in a vertical direction: the tendencies to incurvation of these organs were now seen to be completely changed from what they are under ordinary circumstances; the parts of the stalk curled inwards, those of the root outwards: this was exactly what might be expected, if we suppose endosmose to be the cause of these phenomena; placed in syrup, this thick fluid attracted liquid out of the cells, which consequently shrunk in place of expanding; and the larger cells contracting more than the smaller, the former elasticities became reversed.

It remains to be seen why it is that when roots and stems are planted for some time in a horizontal position, the proper elasticities of the superior parts become increased, while those of the inferior become diminished. These phenomena can be explained by recollecting that the ascending sap is a heterogeneous fluid, composed of mucilage and syrup, mixed with light water and carbonic acid, which have been drawn up unchanged from the extremities of the roots, and are destined to escape, or undergo decomposition in the leaves. It is not difficult to imagine that this heterogeneous fluid contained in the intercellular passages should be subjected to the influence of gravity; if this be admitted, we can then understand how in a horizontal root or stem the heavier and more viscid portion of the sap should descend into the inferior half, and the lighter ascend between the cells of the superior half; endosmose will take place in proportion to the differ-

ence of density between the liquid in the intercellular passages and that contained in the cells; therefore it will take place more energetically in the superior half, where is the lighter fluid; and as the elasticity depends upon the energy of endosmose, the upper portion will, according to its nature, curve with greater force, while the elasticity of the lower part will be lessened. This explanation acquires increased weight from the fact that the specific gravity of the most depending portions of stems and roots growing horizontally in the dark, is greater than that of the upper.

But we have stronger arguments in favour of the supposition that gravity is essentially connected with the several directions of stems and roots. These directions take place naturally in the "line of gravity," that is, parallel to a line drawn from the centre of the mass towards the centre of the earth; at the same time it is to be remarked, that although roots grow in the direction of gravity, that is, towards the centre of the earth, stems grow in exactly the opposite way. An experiment made by Mr Knight has been repeated by different philosophers, to determine whether these directions of stems and roots bear to other physical laws the same relation they do to gravity. Seeds permitted to germinate in wet moss were attached to the circumference of a wheel made to revolve constantly in a vertical manner; under these circumstances the roots grew outwards, away from the circumference of the wheel, and the stems towards its centre; the roots were thus found to obey the centrifugal force, and the stems the centripetal; but while the wheel revolved vertically, gravity and the centrifugal force were operating in the same direction. It was necessary to cause them to act in different directions, and for this purpose the wheel was made to revolve horizontally: in this case the centrifugal force acted at right angles to the line of gravity, and it was accordingly found, in obedience to the law of the composition of forces, that the roots no longer grew towards the centre of the earth, nor towards the circumference of the wheel, but in a plane between these two forces; and the angle which they formed with the line of gravity could be rendered more or less acute by increasing or diminishing the velocity with which the wheel rotated. It was thus made evident that roots and stems were influenced by physical laws, although growing in opposite directions.

We have thus shown why roots grow downwards and stems towards the heavens: in the dark these things arise through the influence of gravity controlling endosmose, and thus producing the proper incurvations of the parts of stems and roots. Under the influence of light the same phenomena more energetically arise from the agency of this element over vegetable growth.

J. A.

### THE LADY WITH THE SPECTACLES.

BEAUTY in spectacles is like Cupid in knee breeches, or the Graces with pocket handkerchiefs—an excrescence of refinement; an innovation of the ideas which spiritualize woman into a goddess; a philosophical blossom of the "march of mind." Beauty in spectacles! and has it come to this? Burke said that the age of chivalry was past, and publishers say that the age of poetry has followed it; powder and periwigs destroyed the one, and spectacles have gone far to annihilate the other. Think of the queen of beauty of some tournament—thanks to my Lord Eglintoun for making such words familiar to us—looking on the encountering knights through a patent pair of spectacles!—picture to yourself a beautiful and romantic young lady parting from her lover, taking the "first long lingering kiss of love," as pretty Miss Pardoe terms it, and just imagine the figure the spectacles would cut in such an encounter; think of Mary Queen of Scots, Lady Jane Grey, Scott's "Jewess," or Shakspeare's "Lady Macbeth," with such appendages! think of a heroine in a novel taking off her spectacles to shed "salt tears" for her lover's absence, or in the emotion of a distressing juncture throwing herself at the feet of some obdurate tyrant, breaking the lenses of her "sight preservers;" think of all this, and judge of the effect which spectacles, as an ornament, have upon romance. Beauty has three stages—the coy, the dignified, and the intellectual. The first exists until about twenty, the second until twenty-five, and the last until beauty has made unto itself wings and flown away. It is in this last stage that women wear spectacles. The symptoms of spectacles begin at an early age. The young Miss has a primness, a staidness, and a miniature severity of aspect, at

variance from her years. They never seem young; there is no freshness of heart in them: they become women faster than other girls, and become old faster than other women; they are remarkable for thin lips, sharp noses, and white artificial teeth. They are walking strictures upon human life—bleak visions of philosophy in petticoats—daughters, not it would seem of love, but of Fellows of the Royal Society! They are fond of phrenology and meetings of scientific associations. They like a good pew in church, and write long letters to their unfortunate "friends in the country." They are generally spinsters, or, if married, motherless. No young wife with "six small children" ever wore spectacles. They go a good deal into company, where they are seen seated on sofas talking to ladies older than themselves, or turning over the leaves of a book, and with interesting abstraction poring over it. They dance quadrilles, but never waltz. Heaven and earth! think of a pair of spectacles whirling in a waltz. They have a genius for the "scholastic profession," and frequently exercise it as amateurs; "never eat suppers;" and are, many of them, members of the Horticultural Society. The lady with the spectacles! Half a century ago this would have been understood to refer to some one stricken in years, but now-a-days infirmity of eye-sight has been raised to the rank of a charm. The moment spectacles become really useful they are abandoned; it is the harmonious combination of youth and short-sightedness which gives beauty to the guise. Intense interest is expected to be felt towards her, who, still young and lovely, abandons the frivolities of her sex for the calm secluded pleasures of intellect. This is the point our heroines aim at. But we have done with them. They may be very good in their way, but their ways are not as our ways. Flirts, coquettes, prudes, and a host of other orders into which the sex are classified, have their failings, but they, at least, are women; while the "lady with the spectacles" seems hardly a daughter of Eve, but a mysterious being; a new creation, come into the world to gladden the lovers of modern science, and patronise the house of Solomons and Co. —*Court Gazette.*

MARRIAGE.—It is the happiest and most virtuous state of society, in which the husband and wife set out early together, make their property together, and with perfect sympathy of soul graduate all their expenses, plans, calculations and desires, with reference to their present means, and to their future and common interest. Nothing delights me more than to enter the neat little tenement of the young couple, who within perhaps two or three years, without any resources but their own knowledge or industry, have joined heart and hand, and engage to share together the responsibilities, duties, interests, trials, and pleasures of life. The industrious wife is cheerfully employing her own hands in domestic duties, putting her house in order, or mending her husband's clothes, or preparing the dinner, whilst, perhaps, the little darling sits prattling upon the floor, or lies sleeping in the cradle—and everything seems preparing to welcome the happiest of husbands and the best of fathers, when he shall come from his toil to enjoy the sweets of his little paradise. This is the true domestic pleasure, the "only bliss that survived the fall." Health, contentment, love, abundance, and bright prospects, are all here. But it has become a prevalent sentiment, that a man must acquire his fortune before he marries—that the wife must have no sympathy, nor share with him in the pursuit of it, in which most of the pleasure truly consists; and the young married people must set out with as large and expensive an establishment as is becoming those who have been wedded for 20 years. This is very unhappy. It fills the community with bachelors, who are waiting to make their fortunes, endangering virtue and promoting vice—it destroys the true economy and design of the domestic institution, and it promotes idleness and inefficiency among females, who are expecting to be taken up by a fortune, and passively sustained, without any care or concern on their part—and thus many a wife becomes, as a gentleman once remarked, not a "help-mate," but a "help-eat." —*Winslow.*

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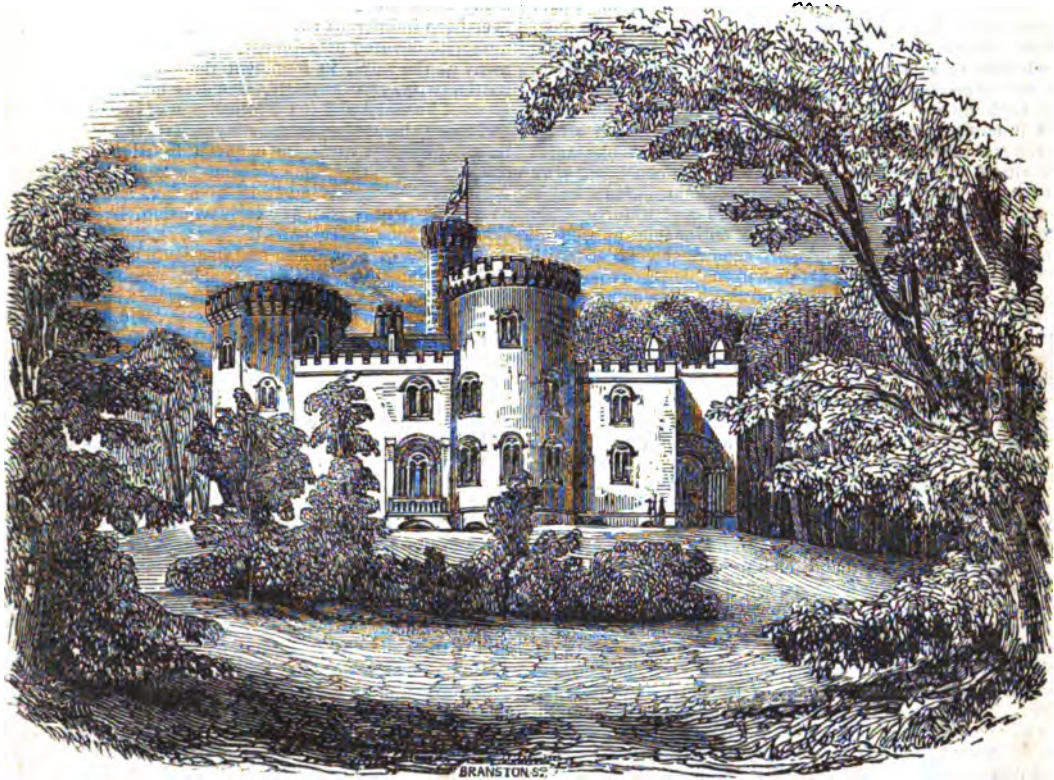


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



## KILLYMOON, COUNTY OF TYRONE,

THE RESIDENCE OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. STEWART

THE subject which we have chosen as an embellishment to our present number, is a view of one of the most aristocratic residences in the province of Ulster, or, as we might perhaps say, in all Ireland. It is therefore deserving of a place in our topographical illustrations from its own importance; but we confess that it is not on that account only that we have thus selected it for illustration, and that, even if its attraction had been less, it would still have paramount claims on our notice, as the residence, when delicate health permits, of one of the best of landlords, and most estimable and accomplished gentlemen in his native province. Such, at least, is the impression made on our mind from all that we have ever heard of Colonel Stewart's private character; and it is only, therefore, in harmony with what might be expected of such a proprietor, that the enjoyment of the beauty and magnificence which nature and art have conjointly contributed to create at Killymoon should not be restricted to himself or friends, but be freely extended without solicitation to all ranks of the community, whom indeed he may justly and proudly class under the same denomination.

Killymoon House, or Castle, as it is popularly called, is situated in the immediate vicinity of Cookstown, and on the north bank of the Ballinderry or Kildress river, a beautiful stream which winds through the demesne. It was erected for the father of the present proprietor by the celebrated English

architect Mr Nash, and cost, it is said, no less a sum than £80,000.

Like that of most architectural compositions of Mr Nash, the general effect of Killymoon is at once imposing and picturesque. Its form is that of a parallelogram; the north and east sides, which are the principal architectural fronts, and contain the chief apartments, being but little broken in their surfaces, and forming two sides of the square; while the remaining sides, which contain the offices, are of an irregular ground-plan, and are much hidden by trees. The east, or principal front, which is that represented in our wood-cut, has a large circular tower nearly at its centre, and is terminated at its northern angle by an octagon tower of inferior height, but otherwise equal dimensions; and the north front, extending from the octagon tower above mentioned, has a square tower at its west extremity, with which is connected, in a nearly continuous line, a structure in the style of a Gothic chapel, having stained glass windows, and buttresses intervening, and a belfry at its western termination: this portion of the building, however, is used as a library, and is the only part remaining of the original mansion which existed on the estate when the ancestor of Colonel Stewart purchased it from the Earl of Tyrone, and which was subsequently destroyed by an accidental fire. The north or entrance front is adorned with a porch leading into a small vestibule, and thence into the hall,

which is of great size, and is terminated by a stone staircase having two return flights leading to a corridor which communicates with the bed-chambers. This hall also communicates by doors with the several portions of the building below, those on the west side leading to the servants' rooms, and those on the east to the state apartments, which consist of a breakfast parlour, dining-room, ante-room, and drawing-room, all of which are of noble proportions, and their woodwork of polished oak.

It will be seen from the preceding description that the general character of this building is that of a castle; and we may add, that the details of its architecture are for the most part those popularly but erroneously called Saxon. But, like most modern structures of this kind, it has but little accurate resemblance to an ancient military fortress, and its architectural details present that capricious medley of styles of various ages, ecclesiastical, domestic, and military, so commonly found in modern buildings of this description. Such an incongruous amalgamation of styles, however, in an architectural composition, is, it must be confessed, not very consistent with refined taste, and cannot be too strongly reprobated; but it has existed for a considerable time, and will unfortunately continue till architects become skilful antiquaries as well as tasteful artists, and their employers acquire such an accurate judgment and knowledge of art as will enable them to form a correct opinion of the capabilities of those they employ, and not take their estimate of them, as now, from fashion or popular reputation.

The demesne attached to this noble residence ranks second to none in Tyrone in extent, the beauty of many of its features, and the fineness of its timber. The Kildress river, which passes through it, is crossed about the centre of the demesne by a picturesque bridge of five arches; and from this point the most favourable views of the surrounding scenery are to be had. Looking northwards, the sloping banks of the river, at the opposite sides of an extensive meadow, are thickly planted with larch, fir, beech, and ash, from the midst of which, an aged oak is here and there seen to rise above its younger and less aspiring companions; and, looking westward, the turrets of the castle overtop the deep masses of foliage which cluster round it on every side. In like manner, to the east, the river winds its way through a tract of rich meadow land, the banks of which are fringed with willows and thorn trees; and to the south, the grounds slope gently up from the river, and present detached groups of elms and oaks of the most luxuriant character. The views in this demesne are indeed such as might naturally be expected in conjunction with a mansion of such magnificence, and will, as we are persuaded, not create a feeling of disappointment in the minds of any, whether artist or pleasure tourist, who may be led by our remarks to visit them.

P.

### THE SPANISH MOTHER.

DURING that dark and ill-recorded period in which Spain was little more than a field of battle between the Moors and the Christians, the Sanchos of Navarre held the most conspicuous rank among the peninsular potentates, and Sanchez "et Mayor" was the most conspicuous of the Sanchos. Besides the throne of Navarre, he had succeeded to the royalty of Arragon, and the sovereignty of Castile was the dower of his queen. He had married the beautiful Elvira Muna early in life; and before he had reached the full prime of manhood, two of his sons, Garcia and Gonsalo, were able to bear the panoply of a knight; and a third, Fernando, a boy of thirteen, was fighting for the day to come when he too should have the spur upon his heel and the sword upon his thigh. Another son, also, King Sancho boasted of, but not by Donna Elvira. In his very first battle he had been taken prisoner by a Moorish captain of high rank, and confined in a dreary dungeon many days and nights, until at length his escape was effected by means of the daughter of his conqueror, a maiden of exquisite beauty named Caya, who had seen him, and fallen in love with him. This Moorish girl the generous young prince would gladly have married, if the political or religious laws of Navarre would have permitted him; but he tried to persuade himself and her, that, under such circumstances, the tie which bound them together after their flight from her father's fortress would be nearly as sacred as if it were a conjugal one. The offspring of their love was a boy, whom Sancho named Ramiro, and who grew up with the king's legitimate children. Caya too—it was the custom of those days—lived at court,

and was paid respect and honour besides, as the deliverer of the country's hope. She had abjured, at least outwardly, her Moslem creed, and, for the sake of her son, whom she tenderly loved, conformed in all respects to the customs of her adopted one. In truth, however, she was a quiet, unpretending creature, who never said or did anything to the injury of any one with malice prepense, and not being feared, was not hated. Even Elvira herself, hateful to Caya for giving her no reasonable cause for jealousy since her marriage with Sancho (which was a mere matter of state policy), made the Moorish woman the confidante of most of her joys and sorrows. And many were the sorrows of that gentle queen. Sancho had ever been indifferent towards her, though she repaid his coldness with devoted attachment. He was, besides, continually away at the wars, in imminent danger from the chances of battle, while she, at home, was ever mourning over the neglect of her lord and the disobedience of her children. Garcia had made, before his twentieth year, no fewer than three different attempts to excite a revolt in Ribagorza during the absence of the king, impatient as he was to seize the reins of command. Gonsalo, cunning as a fox, and darkly-working as a mole, was continually endeavouring, by secret machinations, to render the people of Navarre discontented with the government of his mother and her councillors; and even the child Fernando had exhibited signs of a rebellious nature, and was but too apt to listen to the dangerous instructions of his brothers. Elvira, therefore, was greatly to be pitied, debarred, as she thus found herself, from all the joys which she naturally yearned for as a wife and a mother. If Caya was an ambitious woman, as most of her nation were, or if she had cherished, under an outward show of meekness and contentedness, thoughts and purposes of bringing about by means of her opportunities the establishment of the Moorish dynasty in Christian Spain, she might have drawn hope of success in her schemes from the dissensions of the royal family; at least she might have sought in them some excuse for making her darling Ramiro a sharer in one of those arbitrary partitions of the Spanish kingdoms which the barbarous notions of the times rendered of frequent recurrence. But Caya was gifted with too noble a mind to seek any advantage, however tempting, by unworthy means. She still fondly loved the chivalrous prince with whom she fled from a cruel father's roof, and with whom, for a few happy, happy years, she had forgotten the pleasant olive groves of Granada, under the wild pine forests and glaciers of the Pyrenees. She sincerely compassionated the sorrows of Elvira, and therefore the afflicted queen had a safe and steady friend in her generous rival. Let the reader "judge with knowledge" these two women in their affection for one another—

In those old, romantic days,  
Mighty were the soul's commandments  
To support, restrain, or raise!

Their rivalry was of the forbearing kind which existed between the two wives of that old crusader mentioned in the *Orlandus* of Kenelin Henry Digby, and which the first poet of our day\* has thought it worth his while to embalm for all eternity in his "Armenian Lady's Love." But Elvira had another trusty friend in Sancho's "master of the horse," whom he was wont to leave behind him as deputy when he went to the wars. Don Pedro Sesse was a faithful minister and a merciful viceroy. A gallant soldier in his youth, he was an enemy to treachery and to everything that tended to infringe the laws of chivalry. He it was who had frustrated the designs of Garcia and Gonsalo, and had therefore earned their hatred. Elvira looked to him as her best guide and protector amidst the sorrows of her lot.

In this state was the kingdom of Navarre, when the news came of a great victory gained by Sancho over the Moors of Corduba, a place at that time the metropolis of Moorish Spain. As this event was considered a decisive blow to the hopes entertained by the Moors of obtaining possession of Castile, which was their principal object, Sancho's speedy return, after an absence of several years, was anticipated at home, and great were the preparations made for his triumphal entry to the fortress of Najara, where was the royal palace and the residence of the chief nobility. In the midst of these preparations, however, matters took place which turned the palace into a scene of mourning and dismay.

Don Pedro had a beautiful daughter named Blanca, whom the unprincipled Garcia had long but vainly tried to influence

\* Wordsworth.

by his dishonourable proposals. The virtuous Blanca repelled his advances with proper scorn; and when at length he found that he could not obtain her willing consent, he determined to carry her off by violence. An opportunity soon arrived. Blanca was sitting alone one day in her garden, enjoying the loveliness of the prospect that stretched from the terrace-foot to the summits of the distant mountains, when Garcia, who had been waiting for a favourable moment, seized her in his arms, and bore her away towards a spot where he had horses and attendants ready for the accomplishment of his villanous project. Before the maiden was out of the reach of aid from such as might be disposed to assist her, her shrieks were heard by Ramiro, who happened to be sauntering near the place. He was at her side in an instant with his drawn sword in his hand.

"Ruffian, desist!" exclaimed he, with wrath in his voice and eye, as, passing his left-arm round the waist of Blanca, he waved his armed right hand before the ravisher's face; "though thou bearest my father's blood in thy degenerate veins, it shall dye the turf at our feet, if thou loosest not hold of this maiden."

"Away! base-born hound—half-Spaniard, away! and dare not to thwart me in my pleasure," cried Garcia, foaming with rage and disappointment.

Ramiro answered not, but, freeing the frightened girl by a dexterous manœuvre from the grasp of Garcia, and placing himself between them, he struck the latter with the flat side of his weapon, as if he thought him unworthy of a severer blow, though the fire of his royal blood tingled in his cheeks at the insult.

Garcia quailed before the lofty scorn of Ramiro, and he shouted to his attendants to come to his aid.

"Now, for my father's kingdom I would not let thee escape, dastard as thou art!" said Ramiro, as he strode up to Garcia and forced him to defend himself. In a moment Ramiro was standing over his prostrate and bleeding antagonist with his sword lifted for the death-blow. As he was about to strike in self-defence, hearing the rapid step of Garcia's assistants, he saw that they were already panic-struck at the sight of their fallen master, and were turning back in flight. Staying his hand, he said,

"Rise, Garcia—for thy father's sake I spare thee. Thou wilt henceforth avoid the son of the Moorish Caya." Then taking the lady Blanca, who was fainting with the effects of her terror, once again in his arms, he bore her into the house of Don Pedro, and left the vanquished ravisher in pain of body and mortification of heart.

"Tell me, lady," said Ramiro, as he leant over the form of the reviving Blanca, "how art thou? Assure me that I leave thee well and happy."

"Leave me not yet, noble Ramiro," said Blanca sweetly. "How can I sufficiently repay thee for thy valiant protection?—all I can imagine would be too poor a recompense!"

"Oh, not too poor, dear Blanca," said Ramiro passionately, "is the gift thou canst bestow: give me thy love, if one who hath the stain of Moorish lineage may hope to deserve it, and I will bless the opportunity that gave thee to my arms."

Blanca only blushed in answer. She knew Ramiro had loved her long before, and that he was honoured and esteemed by her father. The lovers plighted their troth to each other that hour, and felt themselves worthy of one another.

The ferocious temper and evil heart of Garcia left him no repose until he had matured a scheme of vengeance to effect the ruin of Ramiro, if possible, before the return of his father. All the more violent means he rejected, as he was unwilling to compass so important an event except by plausible pretexts. He therefore determined to work upon the fears of Elvira, and as far as possible to arouse her jealousies. Having first simulated a show of repentance for his past ill treatment, which he did so well as effectually to deceive the unsuspecting queen, he next informed her that a secret correspondence had been carried on between Caya and the king during the whole period of the last expedition, forged proofs of which he showed her; and insinuated that Caya had succeeded in making the king promise to put Ramiro in possession of the fairest portion of his dominions, to the exclusion of Elvira's offspring. This latter stratagem did not succeed so well with Elvira, and she openly told him she had too great faith in Caya's friendship for her to believe she would seek to deprive her of her queenly prerogative, or her children of their just rights. Garcia for a long time continued to follow up his plan by these insinuations and others of a similar kind, but

when he found he was playing a wrong game, he could no longer conceal his rage, and he warned Elvira not to oppose him in his attempts to get rid of Ramiro, with a sincerity which the unhappy woman well knew was unaffected.

Garcia's first step was a demand that a council of the nobility should be held to determine upon a matter to be brought forward by him, at which council the queen should preside in person. This being granted, he formally accused Ramiro of having attempted his assassination, exhibited his wound, and produced his attendants, who had been suborned by him, to testify to the truth of the accusation. Ramiro was then summoned to answer to the grave charge of having attempted the life of the heir to the crown—a crime for which death by torture was the punishment in Navarre. Ramiro defended himself by narrating the circumstance of his encounter with Garcia simply as it occurred, along with the cause which led to it; and the beautiful Blanca shrunk not from appearing before the court and the nobles, to bear witness for her betrothed. Several of the nobles, however, who were in the interest of Garcia and the abettors of his projects, declared that the testimony of Blanca was not sufficient to clear Ramiro of the imputation, and demanded that judgment should be given against him. Don Pedro, who had been aware of the true facts of the case, burning as he was with resentment against Garcia, besought of the queen, for the sake of justice, and as a punishment due to a rebellious and unnatural son, that Garcia, on the contrary, should be made to plead against the charge of having offered violence to the daughter of the king's vicegerent. Elvira was about to decree that Garcia's charge had not been substantiated, when she caught the eye of the accusant fixed upon her with a look of demoniac malignity which chased the blood from her cheek, and made her tongue cleave to the roof of her mouth. Her fortitude was nearly deserting her, and her love of justice giving way to her fear of Garcia's cruel revenge, when a stir was heard at the entrance of the court, and Caya, with disordered dress, dishevelled hair, and eyes of fire, rushed up to the foot of the tribunal, and throwing herself on her knees on the marble step, clasped the feet of Elvira, and looked up into the queen's face without speaking a word.

"What does this Moorish devil in our hall of justice?" said Garcia, in a stern voice: "remove her."

No one stirred, for all were intently watching the scene. Caya still knelt without speaking, looking up to the queen's face; but now the large tears were gathering in her eyes, under their jet-black lashes, and now they rolled down upon her dark cheek, which was no longer lustrous with the hue which Sancho in his youthful years had loved to look upon.

Elvira gently stooped her head towards the suppliant, and was about to speak to her, when Garcia, with increased vehemence in his tone, again demanded her removal, and Elvira, shudderingly, drew back.

"Oh, listen not to him!" at length gasped Caya; "heed not his cruel voice. Thou wilt not give my boy to his bloody vengeance; thou wilt not put his precious limbs upon the wheel; thou wilt not tear his manly sinews with red-hot pincers! Oh, queen, give me back my Ramiro!"

"Nay, Caya, what will become of me?—there is misery before me whichever way I turn!" said Elvira, as she saw Garcia approaching.

"Stand back!" shouted Caya, springing to her feet, and speaking to Garcia; then turning to Elvira,

"I charge thee let him not touch me—if thou valuest the life of thy son, admonish him to beware of hurting a hair of the Moorish woman's head, or of that of his child: and not of my child alone—of the child of Sancho of Navarre. And thee, too, Elvira, I charge to beware how thou givest over to judgment the offspring of thy lord! Hast thou no pity, Elvira? Look not to Garcia—look to me. Dear Elvira (and here Caya ventured to take the queen's hand), pity thy poor Caya, thy servant, and Sancho's servant, who never willingly offended thee. Thou wilt—I see thou wilt. I am thy friend once more—thy sister!" she whispered, as her tears flowed upon the neck of the subdued Elvira, and she clasped her to her bosom.

The queen, then, confirmed in her decision by the assenting looks and murmurs of the lord deputy and the majority of the council, declared Ramiro guiltless of the crime imputed to him, and the assembly broke up.

"Caya," said Elvira, as they retired together, "I have done much for thee this day. I have leaned towards thy child against my own. I have made an enemy of the fruit of



my own womb for the sake of a rival in my husband's love."

"For the sake of truth and justice thou hast done it," replied Caya, "and thou shalt have thy reward."

"Thou knowest not what it is to fight against the temptations which nature puts in our path—pray that thou mayest not know them."

"I have had a victory many times over such," said Caya, "or thou wouldst not now be queen. Perchance other such temptations may arise—and oh, Elvira, be sure they shall not overcome me."

Caya spoke prophetically, but even *she* could not have guessed how soon or to what an extent her constancy was to be tried.

Garcia left the council maddened with rage, and burning with thoughts of vengeance, not only against Ramiro, who had supplanted him in his love, and Pedro, who had been made deputy, principally with the intent that he should watch and counteract his villainies, but against Elvira and Caya, and even Blanca. Some faint outlines of a design either to cut off Sancho himself, and usurp the whole of his father's possessions, or at least compel him to share the sovereignty with him, began also to connect themselves together in his thoughts. In short, he was determined that he should accomplish the ruin of all, and that some blow should be struck instantly, for Sancho was already on his way to Navarre.

A circumstance, of trifling moment in itself, furnished him with sufficiently plausible means of entering at once upon his plan. Sancho had taken in fight from a Moorish chieftain a most beautiful horse, which in a short time became such a favourite with him, that, fearing some accident would deprive him of the noble steed amidst the perils of war, he had sent him home to Elvira, with strict injunctions that no one should be suffered to mount him in his absence. These injunctions were forgotten by the queen, who suffered Don Pedro to use the animal occasionally. This fact Garcia laid hold of to sustain him in accusing the queen of adultery with Don Pedro, and he announced to the nobles his intention of so doing on the arrival of his father.

Sancho had been six years away, and had heard of nothing in the interim from Navarre that was not calculated to diminish the little love he ever felt for Elvira, and increase the romantic attachment he felt towards Caya. Ramiro, the offspring of that attachment, he loved beyond all his sons for his nobleness of nature and person, and he secretly wished for some excuse for distinguishing him above the others. For those six years he had been sojourning in the scenes of Caya's childhood, where every thing reminded him of her, and of his early amour; and as it would only have been of a piece with the practices of royalty in even later and more civilised times to have divorced himself from Elvira, he must not be over-harshly dealt with if he confessed to himself that he would be happier to find her dead than living on his return. What his thoughts were, therefore, may be guessed, when, as the gates of Najara were flung open for his entrance, he was met with the intelligence that his queen and her alleged paramour were conspiring against his honour, his kingdom, and his life!

Sancho could imagine no possible motive by which Garcia might be actuated in preferring his accusation, ignorant as the king was of what had lately occurred, so he at once ordered the queen to be arrested, and to be brought to trial in the Cortes of the kingdom. The unhappy Elvira was not allowed even to see her lord on his return, but was thrown into a dungeon, as was also Pedro, until the preparations for the trial were complete.

When the day arrived, Elvira and Pedro were led prisoners into that hall of justice in which they had so lately sat as judges. Elvira cast a mournful and reproachful look towards Sancho, who sat cold and severe upon his chair of state, but he did not notice her. She was so thin, and pale, and wretched-looking, that the very officials of the court wept at the sight of her; while those to whom she had been kind and merciful in her day of power, groaned audibly as they surmised the event of the trial. She was placed on a seat in the centre of the hall, and the preliminaries were at once proceeded with.

Garcia first came forward, and repeated his accusation, adding a tissue of circumstances calculated to confirm his statement. When he had finished, an officer desired the queen to defend herself against his testimony.

"If I had been unfaithful to Sancho," said she, "it was before thy birth, Garcia; for neither a gleam of Sancho's goodness, nor a feature of his face, has descended to thee! Some

devil betrayed me in my dreams, and left me his image to nurse at my bosom, and bring up at my knee."

"Is this thy answer?" said Garcia, with a bitter smile; "this reviling of the first-born of thy king will not save thee from the stake."

"The stake!" shrieked Elvira, "and is it to this thou bringest me?" And then rising, and standing before Garcia, she continued—"Man—for son I cannot call thee now—how canst thou be so cruel? Is there no voice in a mother's misery to touch thy heart?"

Garcia answered not, but desired the officer to proceed and summon the next witness. The officer called out the name of Gonsalo!

Not alone Elvira, but the whole court were surprised to see the king's second son presenting himself as his mother's accuser. Gonsalo had a new series of alleged facts to produce. He had been allured by the promises of Garcia, and his avarice and love of power outweighed whatever feelings of reluctance he might otherwise have experienced. His courage failed him, however, as he perceived those looks of aversion among the spectators which it required more firmness than he possessed to disregard; and having closed his testimony, he was slinking away, in order to escape the glance of Elvira, when she called him back, and catching his hand, addressed him:—

"What have I done to thee, Gonsalo, that thou shouldst blast my fame and take away my life? I would not injure a hair of *thy* head! Threetimes I snatched thee from the grave before thy childhood was past, when thou wert ailing. I lost strength and sleep and beauty while bending over thy cradle. I would I had been in my grave before thou sawest the light! I will not curse thee—I will not even beg thy pity; but when thou hast children of thine own, thou mayest guess what thou hast made me suffer, and that will be curse enough—go!"

"The infante Don Fernando, appear!" cried the officer.

A pang, as if her brain had been pierced with a fiery needle, smote the wretched mother as the boy answered to his name. A loud buzz of disapprobation ran through the assembly, and Sancho himself seemed as if he could bear the unnatural scene no longer; but intense curiosity now prevailed with all, and overcame every other feeling. A dead silence ensued while Fernando stood confronting the queen.

He was a pale, light-haired lad, with exceedingly soft blue eyes, which he inherited from the pure stock of the Gothic sovereigns of Spain, descending to him unbroken from that glorious time when Pelayo swayed the strongest European sceptre, before Tarik led his conquering bands from Africa. His ringlets streamed down his shoulders as he bent his head and crossed his small white hands upon his breast in token of reverence towards the king. As he appeared there in the graceful dress suited to his years, he looked more like a creature of dreams, when holy imaginations colour them, than a false witness against his own mother. Elvira looked at him for full a minute without moving or speaking, until at length his innocent-looking beauty gave birth to some vague confidence in her that he was not coming to destroy her, but perhaps the contrary. The moment this feeling took possession of her, she bounded forward with a shriek of delight, and flinging herself on the ground before him, she clasped his knees, and letting her head sink between her arms, she endeavoured to stay so, while she wept for the first time since she entered the hall. Fernando, however, drew back violently, and disengaged himself from her embrace. The queen looked up at him half-vacantly as he did so; and then she arose, and in a solemn though flattering voice she said,

"What art thou going to do or to say, Fernando? They may take me away to the stake and burn me, if thou believest me now, for thy crime will be worse torture to me than any they can inflict."

"Speak, Fernando," said the king.

Fernando trembled and hesitated, but a motion from Garcia caught his eye and emboldened him to go on. He told that he had seen Elvira giving to Don Pedro Sesse, from the royal stables, that favourite steed which the king had ordered should be ridden by none but himself.

Sancho's brow flushed with sudden anger when he heard this. "Elvira! Pedro!" said he, "is this true?"

"It is true," said Elvira, "but I alone am guilty! Pedro knew not of thy command. As I live, he did not. Let me suffer, oh, Sancho, for this one fault, but pardon the innocent!"

"She prays for pardon for her paramour!" cried Garcia, exultingly; "what other proof is needful?"



"Hast thou aught more to declare?" said the king to Fernando, in a tone of displeasure.

Again the boy trembled, and looked towards Garcia, whose eagle eye was like a guilty spell upon him.

"Let him look at the queen as he speaks," said Sancho.

The boy turned towards his mother, but his cheek reddened as he did so, and he cast his eyes towards the ground without speaking.

"Speak on!" said the king.

"He will not speak!" said Elvira; "he will not make a liar of Nature, who is telling the truth for him in his cheeks and eyes! Look, monsters, the tears are coming to his eyes. Oh holy drops, ye should be treasured among saintly relics—ye shall be balm to these parched and thirsty lips!" And here the queen bent to the earth, and kissed the tear-drops on the ground which had fallen from Fernando's eyes.

"Fernando, speak!" said Garcia.

In a voice broken by sobs and terror, Fernando began to say that he had seen Don Pedro stealing by night to the queen's chamber, when he was interrupted by Elvira, who again clung to him with frantic earnestness.

"Thou sawest it not! Oh, say thou sawest it not! My boy, the heavy wrath of God will fall upon thee if thou dost not unsay this fearful falsehood. I am not cursing thee, but I would avert the curse. Thou must unsay it. It is not possible mine own flesh could *all* rebel against me. What is it has bewitched thee, Fernando, to do what devils would leave undone? Dost thou know what thou art doing to me? They will burn thy poor mother in the market-place for an adulteress! Thou wilt give thy mother to die in the torments of the damned—thy mother, that never crossed thee in thy ways—that fed thee with the milk of her breasts—that rejoiced in thy beauty. Oh, my God! oh, my God! have pity upon me, and soften this boy's heart!" said she, looking up for a moment, and then coaxingly fawning upon Fernando, with a faint smile upon her features. She continued—"My child! my pretty boy Fernando! wilt thou not unsay those wicked words? Ah, let me kiss thee, and say I forgive thee, and we shall be mother and son together for the rest of our days in some far off place out of the ways of these people. I will love thee better than they, Fernando. They are killing thy soul now, and they will kill thy body after, as they are killing mine, if thou dost not hearken to me. Oh, that I might have life and length of days, only to be away with thee where I could look into thy blue eyes and play with thy golden curls from morning till night. Oh, child, have mercy upon me!"

"Mother!" cried Fernando, throwing himself upon the queen's neck, "forgive me, and I will unsay all!"

Elvira wound her arms about the infant's form, kissed him without saying a word, and fainted at his feet.

"Her artifices have prevailed with the boy," said Garcia, with ill-dissembled rage, "but the testimony of others is not to be thus overborne."

"Wilt thou enter the lists against her champion, if any dare to defend her with his sword?" said the king.

Garcia was silent.

"If thou wilt not," said Sancho, "Elvira shall be declared innocent, and her accusers traitors."

"Let her champion appear, then," replied Garcia. "What my tongue asserts, my sword shall ever prove. There lies my gauger," and he threw his glove into the centre of the floor.

But in all that crowded assembly there was not one who came forward to take up the gauger of Garcia. They all pitied the queen, and believed her innocent, but the dread of the future tyrant was too powerful a motive to keep them, so far at least, on his side.

"At the end of three days," said the king, "if no champion appear for the queen, she shall perish by the flames, and with her, her alleged paramour."

The lists were prepared, and at the noon of the second day a knight in bright silver armour, whose name was unknown, appeared in the queen's defence. His vizor was drawn over his face, and his device gave no clue to the curious. The whole court was assembled to witness the combat, and Elvira occupied a seat nearest to the side at which her champion appeared. The signal was given, and the contest commenced. It was soon decided. The unknown knight quickly unhorsed his antagonist, and after a brief struggle with the sword, Garcia fell to the earth desperately wounded.

"Confess the innocence of the queen," said the unknown

knight, in a voice which struck Garcia to the soul, "or thou diest on the spot."

"She is innocent!" feebly articulated Garcia, as he writhed in the agony of his wounds.

Taking up the sword of his vanquished adversary, the unknown cavalier brought it to the feet of Elvira, and then, gracefully bending on one knee, he lifted the vizor from his casque, and for the first time the queen knew that she had been indebted for life and the preservation of her fair fame to the son of the king by her Moorish rival.

"Madam," said Ramiro, "not to me alone, but to Cayathy friend, thy thanks are due. Thou hast been a sister to her—let me be a son to thee."

Elvira could only weep her thanks.

We find in Mariana, and also in Rodrigo of Toledo, that Sancho of Navarre, at his death, partitioned his kingdom thus:—To his eldest son Garcia he left Navarre and Biscay; to Gonsalo he left Ribagorza; to Fernando, Castile; and Arragon to a natural son named Ramiro. This was that Ramiro of whom mention is made in the preceding narrative. But we do not find in any of the old authors (and much we wonder that any event connected with so curious and touching a piece of history could have escaped them) that this same Ramiro enjoyed the lordship of Arragon with Blanca, the beautiful and virtuous daughter of the cavalier Don Pedro Sesse.  
R. M.

#### ON THE IMPORTANCE OF SELECTING CLEAN FLAX SEED.

In recent numbers of the Penny Journal, Martin Doyle has published two valuable papers upon the necessity of selecting good seed, and I would wish to call the attention of the cultivators of flax, who form so numerous a body amongst the small farmers of the north and west of Ireland, to the absolute necessity of attending to the seed of that plant, and not to purchase the cheaper seed that is sometimes offered to them, in preference to that which, although rather more expensive, is yet free from the seeds of a very noxious weed which are usually mixed with the cheaper flax-seed. The weed to which I refer is one of those curious plants, which, from their peculiar structure, are unable to draw their nourishment directly from the earth, but are obliged to feed themselves by sucking the juices of other plants, and thus destroying them, or weakening them so greatly as to prevent their producing a crop that will repay the cultivator for his labour and expense. In the case of the flax, the weed grows from seeds deposited in the earth with the seed of the flax, and at first appears as a slender pale thread, twisting about in different directions until it meets with one of the stems of the flax, when it immediately twists itself round it, and produces curious little knobs upon its inner side, which pierce the outer coat or bark of the stalk of the flax, and suck from it the juices which it has drawn from the ground, and prepared for its own nourishment. The root of the weed then withers away, but the weed itself commences its most vigorous growth, for until it had obtained a victim upon which to feed, it had been unable to produce any thing except the slender fibre that I have already mentioned, and would have soon died if it had not succeeded in seizing upon the flax. Its stem then increases in thickness, and, twisting round all the flax plants that it can reach, it receives enough of nourishment to produce its flowers, which form pretty little yellowish white heads, of about half the size of a nut, consisting of numerous small flowers so placed together as closely to resemble a small mulberry in form and appearance, although not in colour. This weed is called Dodder, or by botanists *Cuscuta epilinum*, and is commonly to be found in flax-fields in several parts of England and Scotland, but is happily less frequent in Ireland, although I have seen it (in 1840) in the county of Mayo. In England it often quite destroys the crop, and I understand that such was the case a few years since in the neighbourhood of Westport and Newport, county Mayo.

I have now to point out the way to avoid this pest. It is found that the seed of flax obtained from America is quite free from it, but that it is nearly always very plentiful in seed from Odessa and other parts of Russia. Now, the Russian seed is cheaper than that from America, and so the poor people are tempted to buy the former in preference to the latter, although, by following an opposite course, they would escape

the risk of loss which results from the use of seed which is mixed with seeds of the dodder.

This I consider as a remarkable proof of the necessity of obtaining clean seed rather than cheap, and deserves in my opinion to be made generally known throughout Ireland by means of the Penny Journal. I conclude by saying to all cultivators of flax, When buying your seed, always ask for that from America, and do not be tempted by the cheaper but dirty seed from Russia, as by doing this you will avoid the most destructive weed to which the crop is liable.

C. C. B.

## ORIGIN AND MEANINGS OF IRISH FAMILY NAMES.

BY JOHN O'DONOVAN.

First Article.

It has for a long time appeared to me a desirable object, as regards the history of Ireland and the information of the Irish people, to communicate to the public a correct account of the origin and signification of the proper names, tribe names, and surnames of the people of Ireland; more especially as some of the popular writers of the last century have misled them generally into the most erroneous notions with regard to these classes of names. The errors of these writers have not only been adopted by the usually shallow compilers of county surveys, county histories, and other topographical works down to the present time, but also to some extent by writers of a higher order and greater learning and research, as Lanigan and Moore. Indeed, strange as the fact may seem, it is nevertheless unquestionable that there are very few in the country whose ideas upon this subject are consonant with the truth; and hence, upon most occasions on which an Irishman adopts an anglicised form of his Christian name and surname, the effect of the alteration is such as completely to conceal, and not unfrequently to misrepresent, their original orthography and meaning. On this account it becomes unavoidably necessary for me, before I enter upon the series of articles which I propose furnishing on this subject, to exhibit and expose the ignorance of those writers to whom I have alluded, and whose theories have produced so erroneous an impression upon the minds of the Irish people; and to this object I purpose to devote the present introductory paper.

The fallacies which I have to expose were unknown to the Irish people until towards the close of the last century: the writers of an earlier period having been too well informed to lead their readers into error. But their works being for the most part in a dead language, and very rarely to be met with, they ceased to have an influence on the public mind, and left the way open for a new race of writers, very ignorant of the ancient language and history of Ireland, to impose their crude theories upon the uninstructed reader. A society of such persons, of whom General Vallancey, Mr Beauford,\* and Dr Ledwich, were the most active, was formed for the purpose of giving to the public a series of essays on the antiquities, ancient literature, and topography of Ireland; and the result of their joint labours made its appearance in a work published periodically under the title of "*Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*," and since popularly called Vallancey's *Collectanea*. These gentlemen, however, after a time found that their systems had nothing in common, each considering the other as insufficiently informed on the subjects treated of, and I think, with justice; for, as I trust I shall be able to show on a future occasion, all were alike ignorant of the matters they professed perfectly to understand. But though the labours of these gentlemen contributed generally to the propagation of erroneous theories on the subject, it was a work of Mr Beauford's, published in No. 11 of the *Collectanea*, which, treating more immediately of this subject, has had the greatest influence on the popular mind; an influence less owing to any celebrity attached to his own name than to that of Vallancey, whose sanction and approbation this work is generally supposed to have received. With this writer originated the novel theory that the names of tribes and families in Ireland, as usual among the Saxons and Normans, were derived from earlier appellations of the territories and localities which they occupied. To establish this hypothesis he adopts a process of etymological investigation unparalleled in the annals of

antiquarian research. In the first place, he takes the liberty of dividing the words into as many parts as he thinks proper; secondly, he makes such changes in the vocables thus obtained as he finds convenient to his purpose; thirdly, he gives each of these words new meanings of his own; and lastly, he places the tribes whose names he thus explains in localities which many of them never occupied.

As the errors of this writer, though so long before the public, have never been sufficiently exposed, I shall here undertake the task, by the exhibition of a few examples of his process of investigation, taken without selection, and given as a fair specimen of the whole. It will be necessary for me, however, in fairness, to quote in the first instance the author's own account of the theory which he has put forward to account, in his novel manner, for the origin of the names of men and tribes in Ireland.

"On the increase of population and the introduction of agriculture, these wandering tribes were under the necessity of confining themselves to certain permanent districts; which districts were generally denominated either from their situation or quality of the soil, and from which also the inhabitants obtained their collective appellation; whence, in the most ancient Irish poems and histories, we frequently find *clan* and *sliocht* added to the name of the country, to signify the inhabitants; as *clan Cuilean*, *sliocht Breoghain*, and *sliocht Gae*; wherefore the children and race of any division were the invariable names by which the ancient Hibernian septa were distinguished from the remotest antiquity, and not, as frequently asserted, the children and descendants of their respective leaders."

Again, "The chiefs of every district were elected from the elder branches of the dynasts; and the kings of the principalities from the senior chief of the subordinate districts, who on their advancement to the dignity obtained the name of the district or clan over which they presided; it being an universal custom amongst all the Celtic tribes to denominate the noblesse, with their other appellations, from the place of their residence; a custom in some measure yet retained in the Highlands of Scotland. The variety of names used by the ancient Irish have occasioned great confusion in their history; for before the tenth century surnames were not hereditary, and prior to the establishment of the Christian religion in this country no person was distinguished by one permanent nomination. It is true, during their pagan state every child at his birth received a name generally from some imaginary divinity under whose protection he was supposed to be; but this name was seldom retained longer than the state of infancy, from which period it was generally changed for others arising from some perfection or imperfection of the body, the disposition and qualities of the mind, achievements in war or the chase, the place of birth, residence, &c. so that it frequently happened that the same person was distinguished by several appellations. Our ancient historians, not properly attending to this, have committed great errors in relating the transactions of early periods, by asserting the same action to be performed by several different people, which in reality was performed by one only, thereby throwing their history and antiquities into too distant a period. A similar error has also been committed by not considering the dignitary names of the chiefs, who on their election to the government constantly obtained the name appertaining to the clan over whom they presided, or rather that of the district. These dignitary names becoming in the tenth century hereditary and family distinctions, created new difficulties to genealogists of latter ages."—*Collectanea*, vol. iii, p. 257.

Now, it will be very easy to prove that these assertions are wholly erroneous, and are mere conjectures, unsupported either by history or etymology. In the first place, the three instances above given to show that the words *clan* and *sliocht* were prefixed to the names of territories among the Irish, instead of supporting the author's assumption, go to prove the very contrary, for in the first two instances the names adduced are not names of territories, but of men; and with regard to the third instance, there was no such name among the ancient Irish, and it is a pure fabrication of Beauford's own imagination! As for his assertion that in the time of paganism every child at his birth received a name generally from some imaginary divinity under whose protection he was supposed to be, it is another pure fabrication; there is no authority in any of our ancient documents that men were called after their pagan deities, except in three instances, in the darkest period of Irish history; and even from these it does not appear that

\* Let not the reader confound this Beauford with the author of the ecclesiastical map of Ireland, for the latter was Dr Beauford, and his works are distinguished for their accuracy.

such names were given immediately after the birth of the individuals referred to, but that they assumed them after having arrived at the age of maturity. These instances are to be met with in ancient Irish MSS. concerning the history of the Tuatha De Dananns, a colony said to have preceded the Scoti in Ireland, at a period now generally believed to be beyond the reach of authentic history; but granting that what has been handed down to us concerning this colony is authentic, it does not follow from any thing stated that even among them every child at his birth received a name from a divinity under whose protection he was placed; for the sum of what has been handed down to us on this subject is, that on the arrival of the Scotie or Milesian colony in Ireland the Tuatha De Dananns were governed by three kings, who were distinguished by surnames derived from the names of the gods whom they worshipped. Thus, one of those kings, whose real name was *Eochy*, was, it is said, usually styled *Mac Greine*, because he worshipped the sun; the second, whose proper name was *Eathur*, was called *Mac Cuill*, because he worshipped the hazel tree, for I suppose men generally lived on nuts in his time; and the third, whose proper name was *Teathur*, was called *Mac Ceachta*, i. e. son of the plough, for he worshipped that useful implement as his god! We have no instance of men having been named after pagan deities but these three, and I venture to say that they are not sufficient to establish Beauford's hypothesis. But a stronger argument than this can be urged against his theory, namely, that among all the pagan names of men which have been preserved by our authentic annalists, not one appears to be called after a pagan deity; and if it had been a general custom to call children after such deities, it might be expected that at least a few of them would have been transmitted. Since, then, they have not been transmitted, how, I would ask, did Mr Beauford discover that such a custom had ever existed? It is true that after the establishment of Christianity in the fifth century, the descendants of the pagan Irish who entered into holy orders, or into the monastic state, had their pagan names sometimes changed, as we learn from the lives of the saints of the primitive Irish church, but no documents now remain to prove, or even suggest, that such a change had been made previous to the introduction of Christianity. It is undeniable that cognomens, epithets, or sobriquets, were frequently added to the first name from some warlike exploit, or from some perfection or imperfection of body, colour of hair, or disposition of mind; but this continued to be the custom in Christian times, and still continues so, but no authority has been discovered even to suggest that any change of the original pagan name had occurred previous to the introduction of Christianity; and we find that even long after that period many distinguished Irish bishops, abbots, and other ecclesiastics, bore the names of their pagan ancestors.

It is also a groundless assumption that the chief changed his name for that of the territory after his election to the government, or that the names of either the clan or district became surnames or family names in the tenth century. Can any one believe that Brian was the name of the territory of the O'Briens before the establishment of the name O'Brian? Was Donnell the name of the territory of the O'Donnells previous to the tenth century? Was Niall the name of the principality of the O'Neills?

So much then for Mr Beauford's general theory as put forward in the introduction to his work. I shall now proceed to show the equal fallacy of the etymological processes by which he attempts to sustain his theoretical assumptions in the work itself; namely, that the names of Irish tribes and families were derived from the situations and natural features of the territories they inhabited.

1. "CLANN CUILEAN, or the race or children of the corner of the water; called also *Hy na mor*, or the district of the sea; the chiefs of which were denominated *Mac na mor aois*, the sons of the elders of the sea, by contraction *Macamara*," &c.

Now, what will be thought of all this etymological induction, when it can be proved from history that *clann Cuileain* signifies the race of *Cullen*?

The *Cuilean* or *Cullen* from whom this tribe took their name is found in the pedigree of *Mac Namara*, within the authentic period of Irish history, for he flourished in the eighth century, a period to which our authentic annals reach with perfect historical certainty. Let us then see how this meaning "children of the corner of the water" is obtained from the compound *clann Cuileain*. Apparently by a very simple pro-

cess, thus: *clann* means descendants, *cuil* means corner, and *ean* water; but regular as this process appears, it is nevertheless utterly fallacious, for the word *clann* means children or descendants relatively to an ancestor, not to a locality; and though the name *Cuileain* (now anglicised *Cullen* or *Collins*) when cut in two, would apparently make the words *cuil* and *ean*, still the word is not compounded of *cuil*, a corner, and *ean*, water, for the first syllable is short, and the last syllable is a diminutive termination of the same power with the Latin *ulus*, as in the compounds *campulus*, *colliculus*, *catulus*; and the word *cuilean*, whether taken as a common noun substantive or as a proper name, is synonymous with the Latin *catulus*, or *Callulus*.

The next assertion above made, that *clann Cuileain* was also called *Hy na mor*, is untrue, for the name *Hy na mor* had never any existence except in Mr Beauford's fancy; and even if it had, the meaning given for it would not be correct, for *hy* does not properly mean district, nor does *mor* mean sea. The assertion that the chiefs of *clann Cuileain* were called *Mac na mor aois* is also untrue, for the name was never so written by any one except Mr Beauford. They were uniformly called *Mic Conmara*, as being the descendants of *Cu-mara*, who was chief of the *clann Cuileain* in the tenth century; and the name *Cumara*, signifying *hero of the sea*, was first given to a chief of this family, from his being an expert seaman, not from his dwelling on the sea, for the *clann Cuileain* or *Mac Namaras* were not located on the sea, or near the sea, but in an inland territory in the south-east of the county of Clare.

2. "CINEAL EOGHAN, or *Cean all Eoghain*, from *cean thuath oll Eogh-an*, pronounced *Connal Owen*, or the principal division of the northern county of the Oll or *Bolgæ*, an ancient district in the province of Ulster, comprehending originally the present counties of Tyrone, Armagh, Donegal, and part of the county of Derry, being the ancient divisions of *Eirgal* or *Orgall*," &c.

Here the name *Cineal Eoghain*, which had been translated *genus Eoghain*, i. e., race or progeny of *Eoghain*, by all the early Irish writers, is made to signify the principal division of the northern county of the Oll or *Bolgæ*. Let us examine how this interpretation has been wrested from *Cineal Eoghain*. In the first place, he spells the name incorrectly, though we cannot see that he gains any point by doing so; next he takes asunder what he conceives to be its component parts, first metamorphosing the word *Cineal*, which is cognate with the Latin *genus* and the English *kind*, *kindred*, into *Cean all*, which he made to signify "principal division," and resolving *Eoghain*, a man's name, into *Eogh-an*, to make it signify I know not what; but as the four vocables thus obtained would not answer his purpose, he took the liberty of adding one more of his own coining, thus making five distinct words of the two original ones. But even allowing that these five vocables are legitimately obtained from the two original ones, I have still a further objection to them, for they do not grammatically coalesce, or bear the meaning he affixes to them, as there is no word among the five to express *principal division* or *county*. And granting further that the five words thus formed could really bear the signification he gives them, it would not follow that the name *Cineal Eoghain* is so compounded, while in opposition to the testimony of all authentic history; and we have the testimony of all the authentic Irish annals, the lives of the Irish apostle, and of the most ancient genealogical books, to prove that the great northern race called *Cineal Eoghain* took that appellation from their great ancestor *Eoghain* (the son of *Niall* of the Nine Hostages), who was contemporary with *St Patrick*, as did a neighbouring race that of *Cineal Conaill*, from *Eoghain's* brother, *Conall Gulban*.

But the supporters of Mr Beauford's system may say that although it may be true that the *Cineal Eoghain* took their appellation from their ancestor *Eoghain*, still that this EOGHAN may have taken his name from the territory over which he ruled. I answer, that this does not bear even the semblance of probability, for we have the authority of *Cormac's Glossary* for asserting that the proper name *Eoghain* (still used as a man's name in every part of Ireland, and anglicised *Owen* and *Engene*) was understood by the ancient Irish literati to signify the *good offspring*, or the *goodly born*, and this looks much more probable than the signification which Mr Beauford wrings from it, for the Irish had many other names similarly compounded, as *Finghin* (now *Florence*), meaning the fair offspring; *Coemhghin* (now *Kevin*), the beautiful offspring, &c. Thus it appears that Beauford's derivation of the tribe name of *Cineal Eoghain* is a mere etymological

phantasy, unsupported by history or etymology. I have also to mention that the extent he gives to the territory of this tribe is too great, for it never comprised the one-fourth part of the present county of Donegal, or any part of Armagh.

But I am exceeding the space allowed me for this article, and must defer the remaining examples till next number.

### LETHE: AN ALLEGORY.

BY J. U. U.

Has it e'er crossed thy fancy to explore  
The mystery of that old forgetful river  
In which the Shade, permitted to renew  
Its servitude to clay, went down to drink  
Oblivion of itself and all it was:  
A dread completion of the work of Death!

Now lend a patient hearing, and I'll tell thee  
—Thou wilt receive it as a wayward dream—  
The course of this old river. Know it glides  
Beneath thy steps, with lapse invisible,  
For but by glimpses mortals may behold it;  
And these seem far too glorious for one thought  
Of dull oblivion ever to intrude  
On the rapt vision. Not a shadow there  
From gloomy Hades clouds the living light  
That glances gaily down the rippling stream.  
But past description a power, 'tis loud and bright  
With trumpet voices, and with silken sails  
Full-blown with Fortune's breath; while from the bank  
Hope lifts her siren strain, and bids them speed  
For ever on to happy isles afar.  
And every ripple teems with springing thoughts—  
In one sense faithful to the Samian's creed—  
A constant iteration of old fancies  
As if the wise and fools of time came back  
With their old dreams: forgetful of experience.  
There system swells on system, bubbles gay,  
Conventions, empires, powers, authorities,  
Song's intellectual fabric, pictures, modes,  
Those myriad lights, the glory and the glitter  
Which make that current gaily beautiful.  
And so it rolls, in its magnificence  
Tumbling and sparkling up into the sun  
Like an eternal thing: buoyant and bright  
Beneath the airs of Heaven that murmur mirth  
And hope, and life, and pauseless interest.  
While on its living course no spot is seen  
That is not far too bright and glorious  
For the approach of grim decay, or that  
More mighty and more terrible shadow Death  
To find a cave to lurk in.

..... Thou wilt say,  
This is not Lethe, whose dull waters glide  
Sunless among the silent fields of death,  
Oblivion's formless valley. Yet attend—  
Mark well the course of each bright-crested wave:—  
As it rolls by, the gallant barks it bore  
Are vanished, and have left no trace, as if  
They never had existence. Though for ever  
New shadows fast emerge into the Sun  
(So like the last, that scarce one notes the change),  
And take a look of immortality,  
Incredulous of the Past, blind to the Future;  
Not knowing whence they come, from what they are,  
Or whither tend. Alas, the stream  
With all that went before, is lost below  
In dim Oblivion's world: It were a dream  
Most fleeting and fantastic, were there not  
A chain of awful consequence that binds  
What has been, with what must be. Death and Life,  
The Past, the Present, and the Future, are  
But names bestowed on one perpetual stream,  
In different provinces beneath the Crown  
Of Him who is the source from whence all comes;  
And to whom all returns—we see no more  
But as the gazer from some narrow bridge  
Looks down upon the waters, when beneath  
They come from far, and so pass, and are gone.

THE DOMESTIC MAN.—There is no being of the masculine gender whom "the sex" so heartily despise as the domestic man. He is an anomaly—a sort of half-way house between the sexes—a concentration of weaknesses—a poor dribble of humanity—a vile caudle-drinker—an auditor of laundress's bills—an inquisitor of the nursery—a fellow that likes his bed warmed, and takes note of the decay of carpets—a reader of works on "cookery" and a "treatise on teething"—a pill bolter—a man that buys his wife's gowns and his children's dresses—a scolder of maid-servants—a frequenter of the kitchen—a person who can tell you the price of treacle, and how long a mop should last—a gazer at butchers' windows—a consumer of ginger wine—a slop eater—a market visitor—a tea maker—Faugh! He looks like the aborigine of a bed-room. He is lean and bilious—delights in black gaiters and a brown greatcoat. He gives his little bandy-legged child a walk in the Park, where he is taken for a brother of one of the nursery maids in delicate health. He entertains his visitors with his discoveries of the tricks of bakers and the machinations of grocers—cautions them to death with long stories about bad bread, and "coffee without adulteration." He always knows what is to be for dinner, what remains in the larder—and employs his gigantic intellect in considering the best mode of cooking it. He is naturally fretful and peevish, and in cold weather has a helplessness of aspect peculiar to himself. These men never look like Englishmen. They never acquire that manly bluff appearance which is the character of our nation. God knows what is the matter with them, but they always seem out of sorts. Their features are sharp—their voices are effeminate, and they are nearly all of them "troubled with colds." The business of life with them is to regulate the affairs of housekeeping—their tastes, habits, thoughts, and rivalries, are womanish. Their conversation is about "poor Mrs" this, and "poor Lady" that—antiquated matrons, with whom they occasionally compare notes in matters of condolence—yet who have enough of the spirit of their sex in them to despise their male coadjutor, and in their souls they think "poor Mr" so-and-so the greatest bore alive. They are always complaining; if not positively unwell themselves—a case of rare occurrence—some of their family is sure to be so—or, if all that should fail, then, at least, a dish has been broken, and there is always a number of standing grievances ready to be produced when occasion requires. "Well, heaven help them!" as Shakspeare says, "for they are sad fools." They live a long time, these fellows, but they die at last—all the pills and possets in the world will not avert death. The passenger who sees the hearse and mutes, thinks some rational being has died—the stranger, who reads the tombstone, thinks that a man moulders below. But are they deceived? We think so.—COURT GAZETTE.

PETREARCH'S OPINION OF MONEY.—He who expends it properly, is its master; he who lays it up, its keeper; he who loves it, a fool; he who fears it, a slave; and he who adores it, an idolator.

The whole of human virtue may be reduced to speaking the truth always, and doing good to others.

Many an acknowledged truth was once a controverted dogma; the basis of every science has been considered a fundamental error.

Truth is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to issue in a few words.—Spectator.

Let us hope the best rather than fear the worst, and believe that there never was a right thing done, or a wise one spoken in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated, or at the time expected.

George II., being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for having published a spurious King's speech, replied, that he hoped the punishment would be of the mildest sort, because he had read both, and as far as he understood either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own.

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VOLUME I.



ANTRIM CASTLE,

THE RESIDENCE OF THE EARL OF MASSARENE

THE fine old mansion of the noble family of Skeffington, of which our prefixed wood-cut will give a very correct general idea, is well deserving of notice, not only from its grandeur of size and the beauty of its situation, but still more as presenting an almost unique example, in Ireland, of the style of domestic architecture introduced into the British islands from France, immediately after the Restoration.

This castle is generally supposed to have been erected in or about the year 1662, by Sir John Clotworthy, Lord Massarene, who died in 1665, and whose only daughter and heir, Mary, by her marriage with Sir John, the fifth baronet of the Skeffington family, carried the Massarene estate and title into the latter family. But though there can be no doubt, from the architectural style of the building, that Antrim castle was re-edified at this period, there is every reason to believe that it was founded long before, and that it still preserves, to a great extent, the form and walls of the original structure. The Castle of Antrim, or Massarene, as it is now generally called, appears to have been originally erected early in the reign of James I., by Sir Hugh Clotworthy, who, by the establishment of King James I. had the charge of certain boats

at Massarene and Lough Sidney, or Lough Neagh, with an entertainment of five shillings Irish by the day, and 18 men to serve in and about the said boats, at ten-pence Irish by the day each. This grant was made to him by patent for life, in 1609; and on a surrender of it to the king in 1618, it was re-granted to him, and his son and heir John Clotworthy, with a pension of six shillings and eight-pence per day, and to the longer liver of them for life, payable out of the revenue. For this payment Sir Hugh Clotworthy and his son were to build and keep in repair such and so many barks and boats as were then kept upon the lough, and under his command, without any charge to the crown, to be at all times in readiness for his Majesty's use, as the necessity of his service should require. John Clotworthy succeeded his father as captain of the barks and boats, by commission dated the 28th January 1641, at 15s. a-day for himself; his lieutenant, 4s.; the master, 4s.; master's mate, 2s.; a master gunner, 1s. 6d.; two gunners, 12d.; and forty men at 8d. each.

On the breaking out of the rebellion shortly afterwards, the garrison at Antrim was considerably increased, and the fortifications of the castle and town were greatly strengthened

by Sir John Clotworthy, who became one of the most distinguished leaders of the parliamentary forces in the unhappy conflict which followed. Still commanding the boats of Lough Neagh, that magnificent little inland sea, as we may not very improperly call it, became the scene of many a hard contest between the contending parties, of one of which Sir R. Cox gives the following graphic account. It took place in 1642.

"But the reader will not think it tedious to have a description of a naval battle in Ireland, which happened in this manner: Sir John Clotworthy's regiment built a fort at Toom, and thereby got a convenience to pass the Ban at pleasure, and to make incursions as often as he pleased into the county of Londonderry. To revenge this, the Irish garrison at Charlemont built some boats, with which they sailed down the Black-water into Loughneagh and preyed and plundered all the borders thereof. Hereupon, those at Antrim built a boat of twenty two, and furnished it with six brass guns; and they also got six or seven lesser boats, and in them all they stowed three hundred men, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Owen O'Conally (the discoverer of the rebellion, who was a stout and active man) and Captain Langford. These sailed over the lough, and landed at the mouth of the Black-water, where they cast up two small forts, and returned. But the Irish found means to pass by these forts, in dark nights, and not only continued their former manner of plundering, but also raised a small fort at Clanbrahill, to protect their fleet upon any emergency. Upon notice of this, Conally and Langford manned out their navy again, and met the Irish near the shore of Clanbrahill; whereupon a naval battle ensued: but the rebels being fresh-water soldiers, were soon forced on shore; and the victors pursuing their fortune, followed them to the fort, and forced them to surrender it: and in this expedition sixty rebels were slain, and as many were taken prisoners, which, together with the boats, were brought in triumph to Antrim."

But Sir John Clotworthy's little fleet were not always so successful against the Irish as on this occasion. In an Irish MS. journal of the rebellion it is stated that on the 18th September 1645, a boat belonging to the governor of Massarene was captured by Sir Felim O'Neill, in which were two brass cannon, ten muskets, twelve barrels of salted fish, some sailors, and a company of soldiers. They brought it to the mouth of the river Black-water, at Charlemont. The journalist coolly adds, "Some of the men were hanged, and some redeemed!" And again, according to the same authority, in May 1646, Sir Felim had the good fortune to capture seven boats, taking fourteen men prisoners, and killing above twenty more. However, upon the whole, the governor of Massarene did good service to the cause of the Protector, for which, in consideration of the surrender of his pension of 6s. 8d. a-day, &c, an indenture was perfected on the 14th of August 1666 between the Protector and him, whereby a lease was granted him for 99 years of Lough Neagh, with the fishing and soil thereof, and the islands therein, and also the lough and river of Ban, and as far as the Salmon-leap, containing six salmon-fishings, and two mixed fishings of salmon and eels, &c.; and being instrumental in forwarding the restoration of King Charles II. after Cromwell's death, he was raised to the peerage by patent, dated at Westminster, Nov. 21, 1660, by the title of Baron of Lough Neagh and Viscount Massarene, entailing the honours, in case of failure of his issue male, on Sir John Skeffington and his issue male, with whom they have since remained. A new patent, constituting Sir John Skeffington captain of Lough Neagh, was granted to him in 1680.

We shall conclude with a few words upon the castle itself, which is beautifully situated at the extremity of the principal street of the town of Antrim, on the banks of the six-mile-water river, and immediately contiguous to Lough Neagh. The entrance from the town is through a fine gate-house, in the Tudor style of architecture, built of cut lime-stone, and closed by two folding-doors of cast iron, which are opened from a room overhead by means of machinery. The principal front of the castle faces the gate-house, and is in the centre of a curtain wall, connecting two large square towers placed at the angles of the building, and which again have smaller circular towers at three of their angles. This front is approached by a magnificent double stone staircase, and presents a great variety of enrichments in the French style of the seventeenth century, and is also decorated with shields having the armorial bearings of the founder's family, and with medallions containing the portraits of Charles I. and II.

The greatest length of the castle, however, runs parallel with the river, from which it is separated only by a low parapet wall, while the terraces of the gardens are situated on the other side. These gardens are no less attractive than the castle itself, with which they appear to be of equal age; they are laid out in the French style, the flower-beds being formed into a variety of patterns, among which that of the *fleur-de-lis* is the most common and conspicuous. This design is in its way extremely beautiful, and to carry it out fully, no expense or trouble seems to have been spared. The borders are often of triple and quadruple rows of box, between which is laid fine gravel of different colours, which adds greatly to the effect. It is said that a red kind of this gravel was imported from Holland, and cost upwards of 1s. 2d. a quart. This garden is traversed from east to west by a succession of fish-ponds, of which the most central one is circular, and the rest oblong; and miniature cascades conduct the water from the most elevated of these ponds to the lowest. The timber in this garden is of great age and beauty, particularly the lime and oak; and it contains two or three specimens of the rhododendron, which are celebrated for their magnificence, being fully fifteen feet in height, and of corresponding circumference.

The house contains some fine pictures and curious articles of antique furniture. P.

### ORIGIN AND MEANINGS OF IRISH FAMILY NAMES.

BY JOHN O'DONOVAN.

Second Article.

IN returning to the subject of the origin of Irish family names, I feel it necessary to adduce two or three additional instances of the erroneous statements put forward by Mr Beauford, as they have had such an injurious influence with subsequent Irish writers on this subject:—

3. "OSRAGH, derived from *Uys raigagh*, or the kingdom between the waters, the present Ossory, called also *Hy Pau-drug*, or the district of the country between the rivers, &c., the hereditary chiefs of which were denominated *Giolla Paudrug*, or the chief of the country between the rivers, called also *Mac Giolla Paudrug*," &c.

This seems an exquisite specimen of etymological induction, and I have often heard it praised as beautiful and ingenious; but it happens that every assertion made in it is untrue! *Osrage* is not the Irish name of this territory, but the Latinized form of the name of the inhabitants. Again, *Osrage* is not compounded of *Uys* and *raigagh*; and even if it were, these two vocables are not Irish words, and could not mean what is above asserted, the kingdom between the waters. Again, Ossory was never called *Hy Pau-drug*, and even if it were, *Hy Pau-drug* would not mean "district of the country between the rivers." Next, the hereditary chiefs were not denominated *Giolla Paudrug*, but *Mic Giolla Paudrug* (a name afterwards anglicized Fitzpatrick), from an ancestor called *Giolla Paudrug*, who was chief of Ossory in the tenth century, and who is mentioned in all the authentic Irish annals as having been killed by Donovan, the son of Imar, king of the Danes of Waterford, in the year 975. Moreover, *Giolla-Phadruic*, the name of this chieftain, does not mean "chief of the country between the rivers," as Mr Beauford would have us believe, but *servant of Saint Patrick*, which, as a man's name, became very common in Ireland shortly after the introduction of Christianity, for at this time the Irish were accustomed to give their children names not only after the Irish apostle, but also after other distinguished saints of the primitive Irish church; and the names of these saints were not at this period adopted as the names of the children, but the word *Giolla*, or *Mawl*, servant, was generally prefixed to the names of the saints to form those of the children: thus, *Giolla Paudrug*, the servant of St Patrick; *Giolla Ciarain*, the servant of St Kieran; *Giolla Caoimhghin*, the servant of St Kevin; *Giolla Colum*, the servant of St Colum, &c.

4. "CONMAICNE MARA, or the chief tribe on the great sea, comprehending the western parts of the county of Galway on the sea coast; it was also called *Conmaicne ira*, or the chief tribe in the west, and *Iar Connaught*, that is, west Connaught; likewise *Hy Iartagh*, or the western country; the chiefs of which were denominated *Hy Flaherty* or *O'Flaherty*, that is, the chief of the nobles of the western country, and con-

taining the present baronies of Morogh, Moycullen, and Ballinahinch."

This is also full of bold assertions, unsupported by history or etymology. *Conmaicne* does not mean the chief tribe, but the race of a chieftain called *Conmao*; *Conmaicne mara*, which is now anglicised *Connamara*, was never called *Conmaicne ira*, and *Conmaicne mara* and *Iar Connaught* are not now coextensive, nor were they considered to be so at any period of Irish history. *Conmaicne mara* was never called *Hy Iartagh*, and O'Flaherty was not the ancient chief of *Conmaicne mara*, for O'Flaherty was located in the plains of Moy Seola, lying eastwards of Lough Corrib, until he was driven across that lake into the wilds of *Connamara* by the De Burgos in the 13th century. Again, the surname O'Flaherty does not mean "the chief of the nobles of the western district," but is derived from *Flaithbheartach*, who was chief of *Hy Briuis Seola*, not of *Conmaicne mara*, in the tenth century; and this chief was not the first who received the name, for it was the name of hundreds of far more distinguished chieftains who flourished in other parts of Ireland many centuries before him, and O'Flaherty became the name of a far more powerful family located in the north of Ireland; which shows that the name has no reference to north or west, but must look for its origin to some other source. Now, to any one acquainted with the manner in which compound words are formed in the Irish language, it will be obvious that the name *Flaithbheartach* is not derived from a locality or territory, but that it is formed from *flaith*, a chief, and *beart*, a deed or exploit, in the following manner: *flaith*, a lord or chief, *flaith-beart*, a lordly deed or exploit; and by adding the adjective and personal termination *ach* (which has nearly the same power with the Latin *ax*), we have *flaithbheartach*, meaning the lordly-deeded, or a man of lordly or chieftain-like exploits. According to the same mechanism, which is simple and regular, are formed several other compound words in this language, as *oirbheart*, a noble deed; *oirbheartach*, noble-deeded, &c.

Finally, Mr Beauford is wrong in the extent which he gives to *Conmaicne mara*. He is wrong in giving *Morogh* as the name of a modern barony, for there is none such in existence; and we have the most indisputable evidence to prove that the territory of *Conmaicne mara*, now called *Connamara*, never since the dawn of authentic history comprised more than one barony. It is to be regretted that these etymological phantasies of Mr Beauford about the country of O'Flaherty are received as true history by the O'Flahertys themselves, and repeated in modern topographical and literary productions of great merit.

I shall give one specimen more of this writer's erroneous mode of explaining topographical names, and I shall then have done with him.

5. "CAIBRE AOBHDHA, or the district on the water, from *caibre*, a district, and *aobhdha*, waters; the present barony of Kenry, in the county of Limerick. This country was also denominated *Hy dua na bhán*, or the hilly district on the river; the ancient chiefs whereof were called *Hy Dun Navan* or O'Donovan, that is, the chiefs of the hilly country on the river."

Here every single assertion comprises a separate error. *Cairbre* does not mean a district, and *aobhdha* does not mean waters. This territory was not otherwise called *Hy Dunnavan*; and even if it were, that name would not mean "the hilly district on the river." Again, the territory of *Cairbre Aobhdha* is not the barony of Kenry, neither is it a hilly district, but one of the most level plains in all Ireland; and lastly, the name O'Donovan does not mean "chiefs of the hilly district on the river," for this family name was called after Donovan, the son of Cathal, chief of the *Hy Figeinte*, a people whose country extended from the river Shannon to the summit of Slieve Logher, in the county of Kerry, and from Bruree and the river Maigne westwards to the verge of the present county of Kerry. He flourished in the tenth century, and was killed by the famous Brian Boru in a pitched battle, fought in the year 977; and his name was derived, not from his "hilly country on the river" Maigne, as Mr Beauford would have us believe (though it must be acknowledged that he resided at Bruree, which is a *dun-abhan*, or dun of the river), but from the colour of his hair: for the name is written by Mac Firbis and others *Dondubhan*, which signifies *brown-haired chief*.

I trust I have now clearly proved the fallacy of Mr Beauford's mode of investigating the origin and meaning of the names of Irish families and territories. It is by processes

similar to the five specimens above given that he has attempted to demonstrate his theory, that the names of Irish tribes and families were derived from the territories and localities in which they dwelt, a theory never heard of before his time; for up to the time of the writers of the *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*, all were agreed that the Irish tribes took their surnames from certain distinguished ancestors, while the Saxons and Anglo-Normans took theirs generally from their territories and places of residence. For further information on this subject I refer the reader to Verstagan's work, entitled "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence" and Camden's "Remains." The learned Roderic O'Flaherty, in his *Ogygia Vindicated*, p. 170, speaks on this subject in terms which Mr Beauford could not have mistaken. "The custom of our ancestors was not to take names and creations from places and countries as it was with other nations, but to give the name of the family to the seignior by them occupied."

To prove that I am not alone in the estimate that I have thus formed of the speculations of Mr Beauford, I shall here cite the opinions of a gentleman, the best acquainted of all modern writers with this subject, the venerable Charles O'Conor, of Belanagare, who, in a letter to the Chevalier Thomas O'Gorman, dated May 31, 1783, speaking of two tracts which he had published, to refute some errors of Dr Ledwich and Mr Beauford, says—

"Both were drawn from me to refute very injurious as well as very false representations published in the 9th number of the same *Collectanea* by Mr Ledwich, minister of Achaboe, and Mr Beauford, a schoolmaster in Athy. Little moved by any thing I have written against these gentlemen, the latter published his *Topography of Ireland* in the 11th number, the most flagrant imposition that I believe ever appeared in our own or in any age. This impelled me to resume the subject of our antiquities, and add the topography of Ireland, as divided into districts and tribes in the second century; a most curious record, preserved in the Lecan and Glendaleugh collections, as well as in your *Book of Ballymote*. I have shown that Beauford, a stranger to our old language, had but very slight materials for our ancient topography, and distorted such as he had to a degree which has no parallel, except perhaps in the dreams of a sick man in a phrensy."

Again, the same gentleman, writing to his friend J. C. Walker on the same subject, expresses himself as follows:—

"Mr Beauford has given me satisfaction in his tract on our ancient literature, published in the *Collectanea*, and yet, in his ancient topography of Ireland, a book as large as his own might be written to detect his mistakes."

It is quite obvious from the whole testimony of authentic Irish history that the names of tribes in Ireland were not derived from the territories and localities in which they dwelt, but from distinguished ancestors; for nine-tenths of the names of territories, and of the names of the tribes inhabiting them, are identical. The tribe names were formed from those of the progenitors, by prefixing the following words:—

1. *Corc*, *Corca*, race, progeny, as *Corc-Modhrudh*, now *Corcomroe* in Clare, *Corca-Duibhne*, now *Corcaguiny* in Kerry.
2. *Cineal*, race, descendants; *cineal Eoghain*, the race of Eoghan; *cineal Conaill*, the race of Conall. This word is translated *Genus* throughout the *Annals of Ulster*.
3. *Clann*, children, descendants; as *clann Colmain*, the tribe name of a great branch of the southern *Hy-Niall*.
4. *Dal*, tribe, descendants, as *Dal-Riada*, *Dal-Araidhe*, *Dal-gais*, *Dal Mesincorb*, &c. This word has been explained by the venerable Bede, and from him by Cormac Mac Cullenan, archbishop of Cashel, as signifying *part* or *portion* in the Scottish language; but from the manner in which it is used in Irish genealogies, this would appear to be but a secondary and figurative meaning. O'Flaherty seems to doubt that this word could be properly translated *part*; but Charles O'Conor, who gave much consideration to the subject, writes in a note to *Ogygia Vindicated*, p. 175, "that *dal* properly signifies posterity, or descent by blood; but in an enlarged and figurative sense it signifies a district, that is, the division or part allotted to such posterity; that of this double sense we have numberless instances,

\* Original in possession of Messrs Hodges and Smith, College Green, Dublin.

and that in this *second sense* Bede's interpretation is doubtlessly admissible."

5. *Muintir*, family, people; as *Muintir Murchadha*, the tribe name which the O'Flahertys bore before the establishment of surnames.
6. *Síol*, seed, progeny; as *Síol Aodha*, seed of Hugh, the tribe name of a branch of the Mac Namaras in Thomond; *Síol Maoluidhir*, the progeny of Maeleer, a great tribe in Leinster, who gave name to the territory of Shelmalier, in the county of Wexford.
7. *Tealach*, family; as *Telach Eathach*, the family of Eochy, the tribe name of the Magaurans in Breffney.
8. *Sliocht*, posterity; as *Sliocht Aodha Slaine*, the progeny of King Hugh Slany in Meath.
9. *Ua*, grandson, descendant: nominative plural, *ui*; dative or ablative, *uibh*. This prefix in its upright uninflected form appears in the names of Irish tribes oftener than any of the other seven. Some ignorant Irish scribes have supposed that it signifies a region or country, and some of the modern transcribers of Keating's History of Ireland have taken the liberty to corrupt it to *aoibh*, a form not to be found in any ancient or correct MS. In support of the meaning above given may be adduced the high authority of Adamnan, abbot of Iona in the 7th century, who, in his life of his predecessor St Columbkille, invariably renders *ua*, *ui*, *uibh*, *nepos*, *nepotes*, *nepotibus*, in conformity with his habitual substitution of Latin equivalents for Irish tribe names, as often as he found it practicable. Thus, in the 18th chapter of the second book, he renders *Ua Briuin*, *nepos Briuni*; in the 5th chapter of the third book he translates *Ua Ainmirech*, *nepos Ainmirech*; in the 17th chapter of the same book he translates *Ua Liathain*, *nepos Liathain*; in the 49th chapter of the first book he renders *Ui Neill*, *neposes Nelli*, i.e., the race of Niall; and in the 22d chapter of the same book he translates *Ui Tuirtre*, *neposes Tuirtre*.

We have also for the same interpretation the authority of the annalist Tigernach, who, in his Annals of Ireland at the year 714, translates *Ui Eachach* (now Iveagh, in the county Down), *neposes Eochaidh*.

On this subject it may not be uninteresting to the reader to hear the opinion of the learned Roderic O'Flaherty. Treating of the Hy Cormaic, a tribe located near Lough Foyle, in the present county of Londonderry, he says—

"Hy or I (which calls for an explanation) is the plural number from *Hua* or *O*, a grandson, and is frequently prefixed to the names of progenitors of families, as well to particularize the families as the lands they possess, as *Dal*, *Síol*, *Clann*, *Kinel*, *Mac*, *Muintir*, *Tealach*, or any such name, pursuant to the adoptive power of custom."—*Ogygia*, Part III. Chap. 76.

Besides the words above enumerated, after which the names of progenitors are placed, there are others to be met with after which the names of territories are placed, as *Aes*, people; *Fir* or *Feara*, men; *Aicme*, tribe; and *Pobul*, people; as *Aes Greine*, i.e., the people of *Grian*, a tribe located in the present county of Limerick; *Aes tri Magh*, the people of the three plains, in the same county; *Feara Muighe Feine*, the men of *Moy Feine*, now Fermoy, in the county of Cork; *Fir Rois*, the men of *Ross*, the name of a tribe in the present county of Monaghan; *Feara Arda*, i.e., the men of *Ard*, a tribe in the present county of Louth; *Pobul Droma*, in Tipperary.

Many other names were formed by a mode not unlike the Latin and Greek method, that is, by adding certain terminations to the name or cognomen of the ancestors of the tribes. These terminations are generally *raighe*, *aighe*, *ne*, and *acht*, as *Caenraighe*, *Mucraighe*, *Darraighe*, *Calraighe*, *Ciarraighe*, *Tradraighe*, *Greagraighe*, *Ernaidhe*, *Mairtine*, *Connaicne*, *Olnegmacht*, *Connacht*, *Cianacht*, *Eoghanacht*, &c. &c. This is the usual form of the tribe names among the descendants of the Belgic families enumerated in the Books of Lecan and Glendalough, as existing in Ireland in the first century, and it is not improbable that the tribe names given on Ptolemy's Map of Ireland are partly fanciful translations, and partly modifications of them.

It appears from the authentic Irish annals, and the whole tenor of Irish history, that the Irish people were distinguished by tribe names only up to the period of the monarch Brian Boru, who published an edict that the descendants of the heads of tribes and families then in power should take name from them, either from the fathers or grandfathers, and that

these names should become hereditary and remain fixed for ever. To this period we must refer the origin of family names or surnames.

Previously to this reign the Irish people were divided into various great tribes commanded by powerful chieftains, usually called kings, and these great tribes were further subdivided into several minor ones, each commanded by a petty chieftain, but who was subject to the control of the *Rígh*, or head of the great tribe. Thus, in Thomond the name of the great tribe was *Dal Cais*, from Cormac Cas, the progenitor of the regal family, and of all the sub-tribes into which this great race was divided. Immediately before the establishment of surnames, Brian Boru, whose descendants took the name of O'Brien, was the leader and supposed senior representative of this great race; but there were various other tribes under him, known by various appellations, as the *Hy-Caisin* otherwise *clann Cuileain*, who after the reign of Brian took the name of Mac Namara; the *Kinel-Fearmaic*, who took the name of O'Dea; *Muintir Iffernain*, who took the name of O'Quin; the *Kinel Donghaile*, who took the name of O'Grady; the *Sliocht Dunchuain*, who took the name of O'Kennedy; the *Hy-Ronghaile*, who took the name of O'Shanaghan; the *Hy-Kearney*, who took the name of O'Abern, &c.

The chiefs of these tribes had generally the names of their fathers postfixed to their own, and sometimes, but not often, those of their grandfathers; but previous to the reign of Brian in the tenth century, these appellations changed in every generation.

The next article shall treat of surnames.

#### BOYHOOD AND MANHOOD.

Oh, for the merry, merry month of June,

When I was a little lad!

When the small birds' throats were all in tune,

And the very fields were glad,

And the flowers that alas! were to fade too soon,

In their holiday clothes were clad.

Oh, I remember—remember well,

The scent of the morning grass;

Nor was there a sigh, sweet sound, or sweet smell,

That can e'er from my memory pass:

For they lie on my heart with the power of a spell,

Like the first love I felt for a lass.

Ay, there is the river in which I swam,

The field where I used to play—

The fosse where I built the bridge and the dam,

And the oak in whose shade I lay:

But, oh, how changed a thing I am!

And how unchanged are they!

Time was—ah! that was the happy time!—

When I longed a man to be;

When a shaven chin was a thing sublime—

And a fine thing to be free:

And methought I had nought to do but climb

To the height of felicity.

But, alas! my beard is waxen grey

Since I mingled among men:

And I'm not much wiser, nor half so gay,

Nor so good as I was then:—

And I'd give much more than I care to say

To be a boy again.

N.

OLD AGE.—Remember, old man, that you are now in the waning, and the date of your pilgrimage well nigh expired; and now that it behoveth you to look towards your final accounting, your force languisheth, your senses impair, your body droops, and on every side the ruinous cottage of your faint and feeble flesh threateneth the fall; and having so many harbingers of death to premonish you of your end, how can you but prepare for so dreadful a stranger? The young man may die quickly, but the old man cannot live long; the young man's life by casualty may be abridged, but the old man's term by no physic can be long adjourned; and therefore, if green years should sometimes think of the grave and the judgment, the thoughts of old age should continually dwell on the same.—*Remains of Sir Walter Raleigh.*



## EXTRAORDINARY DETECTION OF MURDER.

It is a speculation perhaps equally interesting to the philosopher as to the untutored mind, and dwelt on with as much placidity by the one as by the other, to reflect on the various and extraordinary modes by which the hand of Providence has through all ages withdrawn the dark mantle of concealment from the murderer's form, and stamped condemnation on his brow—sometimes before the marks of the bloody deed were yet dried, and sometimes after long years of security had seemed to insure final escape, whether the detection arose from some peculiar circumstance awaking remorse so powerfully as to compel the murderer to self-accusation through an ungovernable impulse; from the hauntings of guilty terror; from over-anxiety to avoid suspicion; or from some utterly slight and unforeseen casualty.

The popular belief has always been, that of all criminals the shedder of blood *never* escapes detection and punishment even in this life; and though a very limited experience may show the fallacy of such belief as regards the vengeance man can inflict, who may conceive that inflicted by the tortured conscience?—that hell which even the unbeliever does not mock, which permits neither hope nor rest, invests the summer sunshine with a deeper blackness than that of midnight, peoples the air with moving and threatening spectres, embodies the darkness into terrible shapes, and haunts even slumber with visionary terrors more hideous than the worst realities.

The records of crime in our own and other countries contain numerous striking examples of the detection of murder by singular and sometimes apparently trivial means. These have appeared in a variety of published forms, and are of course generally known; but we shall select a few unpublished instances which have come within our own cognizance, and seem to us to possess peculiar and striking features of their own, in the hope that they may be found to possess some interest for the readers of the Irish Penny Journal.

The case we shall first select, not so much for the manner of the murderer's detection as for the singular plan he struck out to escape suspicion, and the strange circumstances connected with the crime and its punishment altogether, is that of a man named M'Gennis, for the murder of his wife.

M'Gennis, when we saw him on his trial, was a peculiarly powerful-looking man, standing upwards of six feet, strongly proportioned, and evidently of great muscular strength. His countenance, however, was by no means good, his face being colourless, his brow heavy, and the whole cast of his features stern and forbidding. From his appearance altogether he struck us at once as one eminently fitted and likely to have played a conspicuous part in the faction fights so common during his youth at our fairs and markets. But though we made several inquiries both then and since, we could not learn that he had ever been prominent in such scenes, or remarkable for a quarrelsome disposition. He was a small farmer, residing at a village nearly in a line between the little town of Claremorris, and the still smaller but more ancient one of Ballyhaunis, near the borders of Mayo. With him lived his mother and wife, a very comely young woman, it is said, to whom he had not been long married at the time of the perpetration of the murder, and with whom he had never had any previous altercation such as to attract the observation or interference of the neighbours.

It was on a market evening of Claremorris, in the year 1830, that the mother of M'Gennis, a withered hag, almost doubled with age, and who on our first seeing her strongly reminded us of the witches that used, in description at least, to frighten and fascinate our boyhood, hobbled with great apparent terror into the cabin nearest her own, and alarmed the occupants by stating that she had heard a noise in the potato room, and that she feared her daughter-in-law was doing some harm to herself. Two or three of them accordingly returned speedily with her, and, entering the room, saw the lifeless body of the unfortunate young woman lying on the potatoes in a state of complete nudity. There was no blood or mark of violence on any part of the body, except the face and throat, round the latter of which a slight handkerchief was suffocatingly tied, by which she had evidently been strangled, as both face and neck were blackened and swollen.

Who then had perpetrated the deed? was the question whispered by all the neighbours as they came and went. M'Gennis, according to his mother's account, had not yet

returned from the market; the hag herself would not have had strength to accomplish the murder even if bloody-minded enough to attempt it, and it was next to an impossibility that the young woman herself could have committed self-destruction in *that* manner.

While the callous hag was so skilfully supporting her part in the murderous drama, the chief performer, who had not been seen to return from the market, immediately after the commission of the horrid deed, through whatever motive he had done it, crossed a neighbouring river to Bricken, where it intersects the high-road by means of stepping-stones, as bridge it had none,\* though it is occasionally in winter a furious torrent. On the opposite side he chanced to meet a country tailor (we forget his name), who was proceeding from one village to another, to exercise his craft in making and mending; and the devil suggesting a plan on the spur of the moment, which was to recoil with destruction on his guilty head, he forced the tailor to take on his knees the most fearful oaths that he would never divulge what should then be revealed to him, and that he would act in strict conformity with the directions he should receive, threatening, if he refused compliance, to beat out his brains with a stone, and then fling him into the river.

The affrighted tailor having of course readily taken the required oaths, M'Gennis confessed to him the murder of his wife, using at the same time horrible imprecations, that if ever a word on the subject escaped the tailor's lips, he would, *dead or alive*, take the most deadly vengeance on him. He then proceeded to cut and dinge his hat in several places, and inflict various scratches on his hands and face, directing the tailor to assert that he had found *him* attacked by four men on the road, on his return from Claremorris; after which, to give the more appearance of probability to the tale, he obliged his involuntary accessory after the fact (as the law has it) to bear him on his back to a cabin at some distance, as if the murderer were too weak to proceed himself after the violent assault committed on him. And here, if we could venture to raise a smile in the course of so revolting a detail, we would observe, that it must have been a ludicrous sight to see the tailor, who was but a meagre specimen of humanity, trailing along the all but giant frame of the murderer. The poor tailor's own feelings were, however, at the time much more akin to mortal terror than to mirth or humour, as he found at the same time his mind burdened with an unwished-for, terrible, and dangerous secret, and himself in company with the murderer, who might at any moment change his mind, repent his confession, and take *his* life too.

On reaching the cabin, the tailor told the story of the pretended attack, as he had been directed, while M'Gennis himself, showing his scratches, and detailing in a weak voice the assault on him by men he did not know, affected such faintness as to fall from the chair on which he had been placed. A farrier was then procured at his request; and to such lengths did he proceed with the plan he had struck out, that he got himself blooded, though the farrier shrewdly perceived at the same time (according to his after evidence) that there seemed to be no weakness whatever about him, except in his voice, and that his pulse was strong and regular.

It may seem strange at first that M'Gennis should have divulged to the tailor, an entire stranger, the secret of his guilt, then unknown to any being on earth but his mother; but an instant's reflection will show us that when once the thought occurred to make use of the tailor's assistance in the manner described to aid him in avoiding detection, he might just as well confess the whole terrible secret, which, coming from *him*, would strike additional terror—the only engine on which he could rely for procuring the secrecy and assistance he required. Accordingly, so strongly was the terror impressed, that on the following day the tailor disappeared from that part of the country, and reappeared not, though M'Gennis and his mother were at once committed on suspicion, till the approach of the ensuing assizes, when he came forward, probably as much induced by the large reward offered for the murderer's conviction, as for the purpose of disburdening himself of his fearful secret in aiding justice.

There was much interest excited at those assizes, we recollect, by the trial of M'Gennis and his mother, who were arraigned together, and of a grey-haired man named Cuffe, for a murder committed twenty-four years previously, of which more anon; and with respect to the former parties, there was

\* There is a bridge now in progress of erection over it at this spot.

unmixed abhorrence expressed by the numerous auditors. It was indeed a revolting sight, and one not readily to be forgotten, the towering and powerfully proportioned son in the prime of life, and apparently with the most hardened callousness, standing side by side to be tried for the same heinous offence with his withered parent, whose age-bowed head scarce reached his shoulder, while her rheumed and still rat-like eye wandered with an eager and restless gaze round the court, as if she was only alive to the novelty of the scene, and utterly unconcerned for the fearful position she stood in. It was absolutely heart-sickening to see how repeatedly the wretched hag pulled her guilty son towards her during the trial, to whisper remarks and inquiries, frequently altogether unconnected with the evidence, and the crime she was accused of and believed to have instigated and aided in.

Even in the strongly guarded court, it was on the side of the dock remotest from where M'Gennis stood that the tailor ventured forward to give his evidence, though the murderer's reckless hardihood of bearing altered not for a moment, either in consequence of his appearance, or during the course of his evidence; in fact, he seemed to be principally occupied in answering his mother's queries, and quieting her.

The testimony of the tailor, bearing strongly the impress of truth, singular as it was, was strengthened by that of the brother of the deceased, who seemed greatly affected while deposing that he had met M'Gennis in Claremorris on the day of the murder, and that the handkerchief afterwards found round his sister's neck had been worn by the murderer on that occasion. There was not an iota of evidence for the prisoners, and accordingly a verdict against the son was instantly handed in, though the vile hag was acquitted for want of substantiating evidence against her, to the regret of a crowded court.

After condemnation, M'Gennis was placed in the same cell with Cuffe, the other murderer, who had been also convicted; and nothing could be more dissimilar than their demeanour while together. Cuffe was calm, communicative, and apparently penitent, while M'Gennis was sullen and silent; nor could all the exertions of the clergymen who attended him induce him to acknowledge either guilt or repentance. On the morning after conviction, an alarm was given in the cell by Cuffe, and on entering, the turnkeys found that M'Gennis had anticipated the hangman's office, by rather strangling than hanging himself. He had effected the suicide by means of a slight kerchief appended to the latch of the door, which was scarcely three feet from the floor, and on a level with which he had brought his neck, by shooting the lower portion of his body along the cell-flags from the door; and perhaps not the least remarkable fact connected with this extraordinary suicide is, that the handkerchief was the very one with which he had effected the murder of his wife, and which had been produced on the trial. It is very unusual for any article produced in evidence to find its way to the dock, but in this case it appears the handkerchief must by some strange casualty have come into the hands of the murderer again; and having soaped it highly (he was allowed soap even in the condemned cell), he consummated his fearful deeds with it.

Shortly after the discovery of the suicide, we among others visited the cell to see the body, when, in a conversation with the acute and highly intelligent physician to the prison, he observed what iron nerves the murderer must have possessed to effect such a suicide, as from his own height, and the lowness of the latch, he must, in order to complete the strangulation, have persevered for several minutes in keeping his neck strained, during any one of which, up to the last few, he might have readily recovered himself. The body was still stretched on the flags, and exhibited the appearance of a very powerful frame; and when we considered the desperate and utterly fearless mind that had actuated it, it struck us, and others who spoke on the same subject, with more surprise than ever, that M'Gennis should not have been implicated in outrage and bloodshed long before. Such, however, it would appear, was not the case.

On being examined at the inquest, the other occupant of that fearful cell denied all knowledge of his brother convict's intention to commit suicide, or of his having committed it, until morning, stating that he had slept soundly, and heard no noise whatever during the night—a circumstance which seems rather curious, as the cell was but of small dimensions, and M'Gennis must have certainly made some noise, from the manner in which he had perpetrated the horrid deed. On the other hand, it is well known that persons, no matter how

restless or uneasy they may have been previously, almost invariably sleep soundly on the night before execution. All doubts and uncertainty are then over: the mental struggle has ceased.

Rumours, indeed, were afloat that Cuffe had witnessed the commission of the suicide, and that M'Gennis had urged him to do the like also, in order not to give their enemies and the crowd the gratification of witnessing their execution. But how could this circumstance be known, as Cuffe himself did not admit it? Another rumour was, that M'Gennis's mother, at parting with him, had instigated him to the terrible act; and this we would be more inclined to give credit to, from what we have heard of her character, as well as from our own observation of her demeanour throughout the trial.

The crime of murder is always that most revolting and abhorrent to our nature; but when committed on our bosom partner, whom we have sworn to defend and cherish, and who in her helplessness looks up to us as her only stay and protection on earth, it assumes an utterly fiendish character. That it was felt to be so in M'Gennis's case, unfortunately prone as we sometimes are to have sympathy for crime, we were ourselves a witness, as, on the verdict against him being proclaimed, there was an audible buzz of applause through the court; and when the account of his suicide afterwards became public, men expressed the most heart-felt gratification that the world was rid of such a fiend. Yet, singular it is that never since has it transpired, at least as far as we could learn, what motive M'Gennis could have had for the murder of his wife, to whom, as was before stated, he had not been long married. Reports there were, to be sure, that the wife and mother had led an uncomfortable and bickering life since coming together—unfortunately a very frequent case, and one which often produces much misery and crime in humble life; and that it was in consequence of the division of some milk at their homely evening meal, that an altercation arose, which, through the hag's instigation, led to the destruction of the daughter-in-law, and eventually to that of the son. But as these rumours only became current after the murder, it is not easy to attach much credit to them, especially if we place any reliance on the statement that M'Gennis had returned home from Claremorris through fields and bye-paths to avoid being seen, as if he had been contemplating the crime. At all events, whether he had contemplated it, or whether it emanated from a sudden burst of wrath fanned by his parent's wicked suggestions, it seems clearly not to have arisen from jealousy, hatred, or revenge—those passions so generally productive of such crime; and there is no one now living to explain the mystery, as the hag died without a word in explanation of it.

The space we have limited ourselves to, prevents us from saying more in this number of Cuffe, whose crime was of a much more national character, and occupied a good deal the attention of the government of the period; and whose detection, after a lapse of twenty-four years—in fact, after his having declined gradually from the prime of manhood to hoary-headed age—seems to go farther in supporting the popular prejudice that the murderer can never escape detection. But we shall take an early opportunity to detail to the reader his case, and the state of society that led to it. A.

## THE BALD BARRYS,

OR

## THE BLESSED THORN OF KILDINAN.

"————— Make curl d-pate ruffians

Quite bald."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE breeze of the declining March day blew keenly, as I strode across the extensive fields towards the old burial-ground of Kildinan, in the county of Cork. On reaching the ancient church, I rested on the broken bank that enclosed the cemetery, to contemplate the scene before me, and pause upon the generations of men that have been impelled along the stream of time towards the voiceless ocean of eternity, since the day on which an altar was first erected on this desolate spot, in worship of the Deity. The most accurate observer would scarcely suppose that this enclosure had ever been a place of interment, save that certain little hillocks of two or three spans long, and defined by a rude stone, were scattered along its surface. To a fanciful imagination these would seem to have been the graves of some pigmy nation, concerning

which tradition had lost all remembrance. But the little sepulchres were the resting-places of unfortunate babes that die in the birth, or but wake to a consciousness of life—utter the brief cry of pain, and sleep in death for ever. These unbaptized ones are never permitted to mingle with Christian clay, and are always consigned to these disused cemeteries. With this exception, the old churchyard had long ceased to receive a human tenant, and its foundation could scarcely be traced beneath the rank grass. The father of the present proprietor of the land had planted the whole space with fir-trees, and these flourishing in the rich soil formed by decomposed human bodies for many a foot beneath, have shot up to an unusual size, and furnish a proof that even in death man is not wholly useless, and that, when his labour is ended, his carcase may fertilize the sod impoverished by his greedy toil. In these tall firs a colony of rooks had established their airy city, and while the young settlers were building new habitations, the old citizens of the grove were engaged in repairing the damage their homes had received from the storms of winter; and the shrill discordant voices of the sable multitude seemed to mock the repose of them that occupied the low and silent mansions beneath.

While indulging these *grave* reflections, I saw a man approach by the path I lately trod. He was far advanced in the decline of life; his tall figure, which he supported with a long staff, was wrapped in a blue-grey coat that folded close under a hair cincture, and the woollen hat, susceptible of every impression, was drawn over his face, as if to screen it from the sharp blast that rushed athwart his way. He suddenly stopped, then fixed his glance upon a certain spot of the burial ground where stood a blasted and branchless whitethorn, that seemed to have partaken of the ruin of the ancient fabric, over whose grass-grown foundation it yet lingered. Then raising his eyes to heaven, he sank upon his knees, while his lips moved as if in the utterance of some fervid ejaculation. Surely, thought I, this old man's elevated devotion, at such a place and time, proceeds not solely from the ordinary motives that induce the penitent to pray—some circumstance, some tradition connected with this ancient place, has wrought his piety to this pitch of enthusiasm. Thus did my fancy conjecture at the moment, nor was I mistaken.

As the old man rose from his attitude of supplication, I approached and said, "My friend, I hope you will pardon this intrusion, for your sudden and impassioned devotion has greatly awakened my curiosity."

He immediately answered in the Irish tongue, "I was only begging mercy and pardon for the souls who in the close darkness of the prison-house cannot relieve themselves, and beseeching that heaven would cease to visit upon the children the guilt of their fathers. This spot brought to my memory an act of sacrilege which my forefathers perpetrated, and for which their descendants yet suffer; and I did not conceive at the moment that a living being beheld me but God."

"Perhaps," he continued, "as you seem to be a stranger in these parts, you have never heard of the Bald Barrys, and the blessed Whitethorn of Kildinan. It is an old tradition, and you may be inclined to name it a legend of superstition; but yonder is the whitethorn, blasted and decayed from the contact of my ancestors' unholy hands; and here stands the last of their name, a homeless wanderer, with no other inheritance than this mark of the curse and crime of his race." So saying, he pulled off the old woollen hat, and exhibited his head perfectly smooth and guiltless of a single hair.

"That old heads should become bald, is no uncommon occurrence," I observed, "and I have seen younger heads as hairless as yours."

"My head," he returned, "from my birth to this moment, never knew a single hair; my father and grandfather endured the same privation, while my great-grandfather was deprived of his long and copious locks in one fearful moment. I shall tell you the story as we go along, if your course lies in the direction of this pathway."

As we proceeded, he delivered the following legend. The old man's phraseology was copious and energetic, qualities which I have vainly striven to infuse into the translation; for an abler pen would fail in our colder English of doing justice to the very poetical language of the narrator.

"Many a biting March has passed over the heads of men since Colonel Barry lived at Lisnegar. He was of the true blood of the old Strongbow chiefs, who became sovereign princes in the land; and forming alliances with the ancient owners of the soil, renounced the Saxon connection and name.

This noble family gloried in the title of M'Adam;\* and the colonel did not shame his descent. He kept open house for all comers, and every day an ox was killed and consumed at Lisnegar. All the gentlemen of the province thronged thither, hunting and hawking, and feasting and coshering; while the hall was crowded with harpers and pipers, *caroughs* and *buckaughes*, and *shanachies* and story-tellers, who came and went as they pleased, in constant succession. I myself," said the old man, sighing, "have seen a remnant of these good old times, but now they are vanished for ever; the genius of hospitality has retired from the chieftain's hall to the hovel on the moor; and the wanderer turns with a sigh from lofty groves and stately towers, to the shelter of the peasant's shed!

David Barry and his seven brothers lived with M'Adam, and were of his own name and race; and whether he enjoyed the sport of the chase, or took the diversion of shooting, or moved among the high and titled of the land, they always accompanied him, and formed a sort of body-guard, to share his sports or assert his quarrels. At that time, on the banks of the Bride, near the ruined tower of Shanacloch, lived a man named Edmund Barry. A thick and briary covert on his farm had been for many years the haunt of a fox celebrated all over the south of Ireland for the extraordinary speed and prowess he evinced in the many attempts made to hunt him down. Many gallant and noble huntsmen sought the honour of bearing home his brush, but in vain; and it was a remarkable fact, that after tiring out both hounds and horses in the arduous pursuit, and though his flight might extend over a considerable part of the province, he invariably returned at night to his favourite covert. A treaty of peace, it would seem, had been tacitly instituted between Edmund Barry and the fox. Barry's poultry for a series of years, whether they sought the banks of the Bride or the neighbourhood of the barn door, never suffered by the dangerous vicinity: Reynard would mix with Barry's dogs and spend an hour of social intercourse with them, as familiarly as if he belonged to the same species; and Barry gave his wild crafty friend the same protection and licence that he permitted his own domestic curs. The fame of this strange union of interests was well known; and to this day the memory of Barry's *madra roe* survives in the traditions of the country.

One evening as M'Adam and his train returned from a long and unsuccessful chase of Edmund Barry's fox, their route lay by the ruins of the ancient church of Kildinan; near this sacred spot a whitethorn tree had stood, and its beauty and bloom were the theme of every tongue. The simple devotee who poured his orisons to God beneath its holy shade believed that the hands of guardian spirits pruned its luxuriance and developed its form of beauty—that dews from heaven were sprinkled by angel hands to produce its rich and beautiful blossoms, which, like those of the thorn of Glastenbury, loaded the black winds of December with many a token of holy fragrance, in welcome of the heavenly advent of HIM who left his Father's throne to restore to the sons of Adam the lost inheritance of heaven. M'Adam was charmed with the beauty of the tree, and little regarding the sanctity or the superstitious awe attached to its character, was resolved to transfer it to Lisnegar, that his lawn might possess that rare species of thorn which blooms in beauty when all its sisters of the field are bare and barren.

Next day, when M'Adam signified his intention of removing the whitethorn of Kildinan, his people stood aghast at his impiety, and one and all declared they would suffer a thousand deaths rather than perpetrate so audacious a sacrilege. Now, M'Adam was a man of high blood and haughty bearing, and accustomed at all times to the most rigid enforcement of his commands. When he found his men unhesitatingly refuse to obey him, his anger sent the glow of resentment to flush his cheek; he spurned the earth in a paroxysm of rage, exclaiming, 'Varlets! of all that have eaten the bread of M'Adam, and reposed under the shadow of his protection, are there none free from the trammels of superstitious folly, to execute his commands?'

\* Dr Smith, in his History of the County of Cork, thus mentions Colonel Barry:—"The town of Rathcormack also belongs to this gentleman, who is descended from an ancient branch of the Barry family, commonly called M'Adam, who have been seated here 500 years, and formerly sat in parliament; particularly David de Barry of Rathcormack, who sat in the upper house, in a parliament held 20th Edward I., 1302. South of Rathcormack is a fair stone bridge over the *Bride*, upon which is this inscription.—'The foundation of this bridge was laid June 22, 1734; Colonel Edmund Barry, James Devonshire, and James Barry, gentlemen, being overseers thereof.'"

'Here are seven of your own name and race,' cried David Barry, 'men sworn to stand and fall together, who obey no commands but yours, and acknowledge no law but your will. The whitethorn of Kildinan shall leave its sacred tenement, if strong hands and brave hearts can effect its removal. If it be profanation to disturb the tree which generations have revered, the curse for sacrilege rests not with us: and did M'Adam command us to tear the blessed gold from the shrine of a saint, we would not hesitate to obey—we were but executing the will of our legal chief.'

Such was the flattering unction which the retainers of M'Adam applied to their souls, as they proceeded to desecrate the spot hallowed by the reverence of ages, and around whose holy thorn superstition had drawn a mystic circle, within whose limit human foot may not intrude. Men have not yet forgotten this lesson of the feudal school; the sack of cities, the shrieks of women, the slaughter of thousands, are yet perpetrated without ruth or remorse in obedience to superior command, and the sublime *Te Deum* swells to consecrate the savage atrocity.

On that evening M'Adam saw the beautiful whitethorn planted in his lawn, and many were the thanks and high the reward of the faithful few who rose superior to the terrors of superstition in the execution of his commands. But his surprise was great when David Barry broke in upon his morning's repose, to announce that the tree had disappeared during the night, and was again planted where it had stood for ages before, in the ancient cemetery of Kildinan. M'Adam, conjecturing that this object of the people's veneration had been secretly conveyed by them during the night to its former abode, dispatched his retainers again to fetch it, with strict injunctions to lie in watch around it till morning. The brothers, obedient to the call of their chief, brought the whitethorn back, and having supported its stem, and carefully covered its roots with rich mould, after the most approved method of planting, prepared to watch round it all night, under the bare canopy of heaven. The night was long and dark, and their eyes sleepless; the night-breeze had sunk to repose, and all nature seemed hushed in mysterious awe. A deep and undefinable feeling of dread stole over the hearts of the midnight watchers; and they who could have rejoiced in the din of battle, were appalled by this fearful calm. Obedience to the commands of M'Adam could not steel their bosoms against the goadings of remorse, and the ill-suppressed murmur rose against their sacrilegious chief. As the night advanced, impelled by some strange fear, they extended their circle round the mysterious tree. At length David, the eldest and bravest of the brothers, fell asleep. His short and fitful snatches of repose were disturbed by wild and indistinct dreams; but as his slumbers settled, these vague images passed away, and the following vision was presented to the sleeper's imagination:—He dreamt that as he was keeping watch where he lay, by the blessed thorn of Kildinan, there stood before him a venerable man; his radiant features and shining vesture lighted all the space around, and pierced awful and far into the surrounding darkness. His hand held a crozier; his head was crowned with a towering mitre; his white beard descended to the girdle that encircled his rich pontificals; and he looked, in his embroidered 'sandal shoon' and gorgeous array, the mitred abbot of some ancient monastery, which the holy rage of the Saxon reformation had levelled in the dust. But the visage of the sainted man was fearfully severe in its expression, and the sleeping mortal fell prostrate before the unearthly eye that sent its piercing regards to search his inmost soul.

'Wretch,' said the shining apparition, in a voice of thunder, 'raise thy head and hear thy doom, and that of thy sacrilegious brothers.'

Barry did raise his head in obedience to the terrific mandate, though his soul sank within him, before his dreadful voice and eye of terror.

'Because you,' continued the holy man, 'have violated the sanctity of the place consecrated to God, you and your race shall wander homeless vagabonds, and your devoted heads, as a sign and a warning to future times, shall abide the pelting of every storm, and the severity of every changing season, unprotected by the defence which nature has bestowed upon all men, till your name and race be faded from the land.'

At this wrathful denunciation the terrified man falls prostrate to deprecate the fearful malediction, and awakes with a cry of terror which alarms the listeners. As he proceeds to reveal the terrible vision which his sleeping eyes beheld, the crash of thunder, the flash of lightning, and the sweep of the

whirlwind, envelope them. As the day dawns, they are found senseless, at a considerable distance from the spot where they had lain the preceding night to guard the fatal tree. The thorn had likewise disappeared; and, strange to relate, the raven hair which clustered in long ringlets, that any wearer of the ancient *coolia* might well have envied, no longer adorns their manly heads. The fierce whirlwind, that in mockery of human daring had tossed them, like the stubble of the field, had realized the dream of the sleeper, and borne off their long profuse hair in its vengeful sweep.

Such was the narrative of the last representative of the "Bald Barrys." I bequeath it to the reader without note or comment. He of course will regard it according to his particular bias—will wonder how an imaginative people will attribute the downfall of families, or the entailment of hereditary disease, to the effect of supernatural intervention; or exclaim, as some very pious and moral men have done, that

"There are more things in heaven and earth,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

E. W.

**THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.**—How often have I seen a company of men, who were disposed to be riotous, checked all at once into decency by the accidental entrance of an amiable woman; while her good sense and obliging deportment charmed them into at least a temporary conviction that there is nothing so beautiful as female excellence, nothing so delightful as female conversation. To form the manners of men, nothing contributes so much as the cast of the women they converse with. Those who are most associated with women of virtue and understanding will always be found the most amiable characters. Such society, beyond everything else, rubs off the protrusions that give to many an ungracious roughness; it produces a polish more perfect and pleasing than that which is received by a general commerce with the world. This last is often specious, but commonly superficial; the other is the result of gentler feelings, and a more elegant humanity: the heart itself is moulded, and habits of undissembled courtesy are formed.—*Fordyce.*

**OUR ATTACHMENT TO LIFE.**—The young man, till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it indeed, and if needs were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now—shall I confess a truth? I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like misers' farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away "like a weaver's shuttle." Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide that smoothly bears human life to eternity, and reluctant at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth—the face of town and country—the unspeakable rural solitudes—and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived—to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age, or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave! Any alteration on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household gods plant a terribly fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me. Sun and sky, and breeze and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fire-side conversations, and jests and irony—do not these things go out with life? Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides when you are pleasant with him?—*Life and Remains of Charles Lamb.*

A man cannot get his lesson by heart so quick as he can practise it: he will repeat it in his actions.

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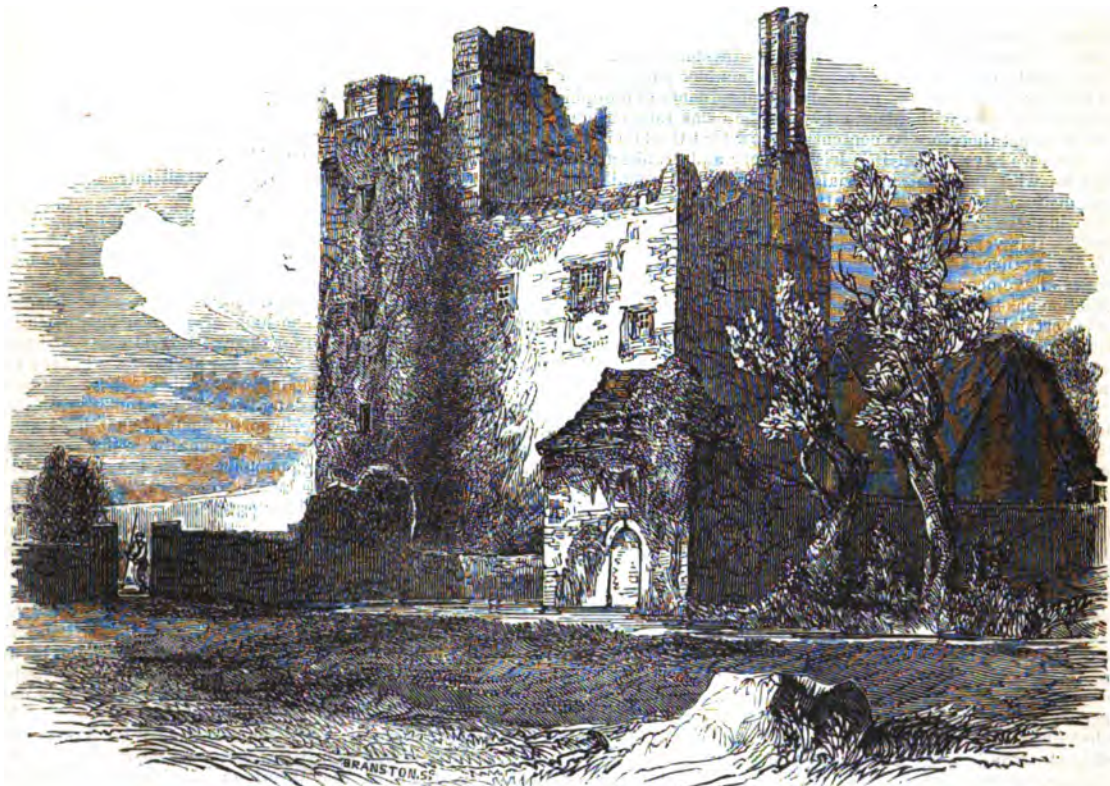


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



DRIMNAGH CASTLE, COUNTY OF DUBLIN.

Among the many objects of historical or picturesque interest in the immediate vicinity of our metropolis, there are few, perhaps, better worthy of a visit than the subject of our prefixed illustration—the old Castle of Drimnagh, which is situated between the villages of Crumlin and Clondalkin, and distant about three miles from the city. We have here presented to us an ancient castellated residence, of irregular but highly picturesque outline, still surrounded and protected by its ancient moat, and, though in good condition and inhabited, still retaining to such an extent its original character as a place of strength, that as we look upon it, we might almost imagine ourselves living in the ages of its military greatness, and belonging to a state of society very different from that secure and peaceful one in which we happily have our existence. In addition to these circumstances, the Castle of Drimnagh is highly interesting, from the beauty and picturesqueness of its situation, which is not only strikingly romantic in itself, but commands a variety of views of the most pleasing character; as the scenery of the City and Bay towards the east; that of the Park, Castleknock, and Clondalkin, towards the north; and, in congenial harmony with its ivied walls, the dark mountains of the county of Dublin towards the south—the wild fastnesses of the Irish clans whose predatory aggressions it was originally built to repress.

The date of the erection of this castle is not exactly known, but there is every reason to presume that it was originally founded as early as the reign of John, by Hugh de Bernivale, who it is probable came with that Prince into Ireland, and

at all events received in 1215 a grant from him of the lands of Drimnagh and Terenure, which continued in the possession of his descendants for four centuries afterwards. It is from this Hugh de Bernivale, who, as it is said, derived his descent from the ancient Dukes of Brittany, that the several noble families of Barnwall, in Ireland, descend. He died in 1221, leaving a son and heir, Hugo, who died without issue the 8th of October 1237; and another son, Reginald, who becoming heir to his brother, had his inheritance of four carracutes of land with their appurtenances in Drimnagh and Terenure confirmed to him by patent, by king Henry III. These possessions were ultimately, and after much litigation, alienated from the family in the reign of James I, when they passed into the hands of Sir Adam Loftus, ancestor of the noble family of Ely; but Drimnagh Castle is at present the property of the Marquis of Lansdowne.

The Castle of Drimnagh has been repaired or re-edified at various times, so that it is not an easy matter to determine at present what portions of it are of great antiquity, and what are altogether of more recent date: but upon the whole it will convey a very good idea of the fortified residence of a noble family in Ireland previous to the close of the seventeenth century. During the troubles consequent upon the great rebellion of 1641, it was considered a fortress of such consequence that the Duke of Ormond had, in 1649, some thoughts of strengthening its fortifications and making it his residence, but was dissuaded from doing so by General Purcell and other officers of his army.

P.

## THE FOSTER BROTHER.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

THERE is scarcely a trait of human nature involved in more mystery, or generally less understood, than the singular strength of affection which binds the humble peasant of Irish life to his foster-brother, and more especially if the latter be a person of rank or consideration. This anomalous attachment, though it may to a certain extent be mutual, is nevertheless very seldom known to be equal in strength between the parties. Experience has sufficiently proved to us, that whilst instances of equality in feeling have been known to characterize it, the predominant power of its spirit has always been found to exist in the person of the humbler party. How to account for this would certainly require a more philosophical acquaintance with human nature than has fallen to our lot; we must therefore be content to know that the fact is precisely as we have stated it. Irish history and tradition furnish us with sufficient materials on which to ground clear and distinct proofs that the attachment of habit and contiguity in these instances far transcends that of natural affection itself. It is very seldom that one brother will lay down his life for another, and yet instances of such high and heroic sacrifices have occurred in the case of the foster-brother, whose affection has thus not unfrequently triumphed over death itself. It is certainly impossible to impute this wild but indomitable attachment to the force of domestic feeling, because, whilst we maintain that the domestic affections in Ireland are certainly stronger than those of any other country in the world, still instances of this inexplicable devotion have occurred in the persons of those in whom the domestic ties were known to be very feeble. It is true, there are many moral anomalies in the human heart with which we are as yet but imperfectly acquainted; and as they arise from some wayward and irregular combination of its impulses, that operates independently of any known principles of action, it is not likely that we shall ever thoroughly understand them. There is another peculiarity in Irish feeling, which, as it is analogous to this, we cannot neglect to mention it. We allude to the *Parisheen*, a term which we must explain at further length to our readers. When the Dublin Foundling Hospital was in existence, the poor infants whom an unhappy destiny consigned to that gloomy and withering institution were transmitted to different parts of the country, to be nursed by the wives of the lower classes of the peasantry—such as day-labourers, cottiers, and small farmers, who cultivated from three to six or eight acres of land. These children were generally, indeed almost always, called *Parisheens*—a word which could be properly applied only to such as, having no known parents, were supported by the parish in which they happened to be born. It was transferred to the Foundlings, however; although, with the exception of the metropolis, which certainly paid a parish tax for their maintenance, they were principally supported by a very moral act of Parliament, which, by the wise provision of a large grant, held out a very liberal bounty to profligacy. At all events, the opprobrious epithet of *Parisheen* was that usually fixed upon them.

Now, of all classes of our fellow-creatures, one might almost naturally suppose that those deserted and forsaken beings would be apt, consigned as they uniformly were to the care of mercenary strangers, to experience neglect, ill-treatment, or even cruelty itself; and yet, honour be to the generous hearts and affectionate feelings of our humble people, it has been proved, by the incontestable authority of a Commission expressly appointed to examine and report on the working of the very hospital in question, that the care, affection, and tenderness with which these ill-fated creatures were treated by the nurses to whom they were given out, was equal, if not superior, to that which was bestowed upon their own children. Even when removed from these nurses to situations of incomparably more comfort—situations in which they were lodged, fed, and clothed, in a far superior manner—they have been known, in innumerable instances, to elope from their masters and mistresses, and return to their old abodes, preferring the indulgence of their affection, with poverty and distress, to any thing else that life could offer.

All this, however, was very natural and reasonable, for we know that even the domestic animal will love the hand that feeds him. But that which we have alluded to as constituting the strong analogy between it and the attachment of the foster-brother, is the well-known fact, that the affection of the children to the nurses, though strong and remarkable, was as nothing when compared with that which the nurses felt for

them. This was proved by a force of testimony which no scepticism could encounter. The parting scenes between them were affecting, and in many instances agonizing, to the last degree. Nay, nurses have frequently come up to Dublin, and with tears in their eyes, and in accents of the most unfeigned sorrow, begged that the orphans might be allowed to stay with them, undertaking, rather than part with them, that they would support them at their own expense. It would be very difficult to produce a more honourable testimony to the moral honesty, generosity, and exquisite kindness of heart which characterize our people, than the authentic facts we have just mentioned. They fell naturally in our way when treating of the subject which preceded them, and we could not, in justice to circumstances so beautiful and striking, much less in justice to the people themselves, pass them over in silence.

We shall now relate a short story, illustrating the attachment of a foster-brother; but as we have reason to believe that the circumstances are true, we shall introduce fictitious names instead of real ones.

The rebellion of ninety-eight was just at its height when the incidents we are about to mention took place. A gentleman named Moore had a daughter remarkable for her beauty and accomplishments. Indeed, so celebrated had she become, that her health was always drunk as the toast of her native county. Many suitors she had, of course, but among the rest two were remarkable for their assiduous attentions to her, and an intense anxiety to secure her affections. Henry Irwin was a high loyalist, as was her own father, whose consent to gain the affections of his daughter had been long given to his young friend. The other, who in point of fact had already secured her affections, was unfortunately deeply involved in, or we should rather say an open leader on, the insurgent side. His principles had become known to Moore, as republican, for some time before the breaking out of the insurrection; in consequence he was forbidden his house, and warned against holding communication with any member of his family. He had succeeded, however, before this, by the aid of Miss Moore herself, who was aware of his principles, in placing as butler in her father's family his own foster-brother, Frank Finnegan—an arrangement which never would have been permitted, had Moore known of the peculiar bond of affection which subsisted between them. Of this, however, he was ignorant; and in admitting Finnegan into his family, he was not aware of the advantages he afforded to the proscribed suitor of his daughter. This interdiction, however, came too late for the purposes of prudence. Ere it was issued, Hewson and his daughter had exchanged vows of mutual affection; but the national outbreak which immediately ensued, by forcing Hewson to assume his place as an insurgent leader, appeared to have placed a barrier between him and her, which was naturally considered to be insurmountable. In the meantime, Moore himself, who was a local magistrate, and also a captain of yeomanry, took an extremely active part in quelling the insurrection, and in hunting down and securing the rebels. Nor was Irwin less zealous in following the footsteps of the man to whom he wished to recommend himself as his future son-in-law. They acted together; and so vigorous were the measures of the young loyalist, that the other felt it necessary in some instances to check the exuberance of his loyalty. This, however, was not known to the opposite party; for as Irwin always seemed to act under the instructions of his friend Moore, so was it obviously enough inferred that every harsh act and wanton stretch of authority which he committed, was either sanctioned or suggested by the other. The consequence was, that Moore became, if possible, more odious than Irwin, who was looked upon as a rash, hot-headed zealot; whilst the veteran was marked as a cool and wily old fox, who had ten times the cunning and cruelty of the senseless puppet he was managing. In this, it is unnecessary to say, they were egregiously mistaken.

In the meantime the rebellion went forward, and many acts of cruelty and atrocity were committed on both sides. Moore's house and family would have been attacked, and most probably murder and ruin might have visited him and his, were it not for the influence of Hewson with the rebels. Twice did the latter succeed, and on each occasion with great difficulty, in preventing him and his household from falling victims to the vengeance of the insurgents. Moore was a man of great personal courage, but apt to underrate the character and enterprise of those who were opposed to him. Indeed, his prudence was by no means on a par with his bravery or zeal, for he has often been known to sally out at the head of a party in quest

of his enemies, and leave his own mansion, and the lives of those who were in it, exposed and defenceless.

On one of those excursions it was that he chanced to capture a small body of the insurgents, headed by an intimate friend and distant relative of Hewson's. As the law at that unhappy period was necessarily quick in its operations, we need scarcely say, that, having been taken openly armed against the King and the Constitution, they were tried and executed by the summary sentence of a court-martial. A deep and bloody vengeance was now sworn against him and his by the rebels, who for some time afterwards lay in wait for the purpose of retaliating in a spirit prompted by the atrocious character of the times.

Hewson's attachment to his daughter, however, had been long known, and his previous interference on behalf of her father had been successful on that account only. Now, however, the plan of attack was laid without his cognizance, and that with the most solemn injunctions to every one concerned in it not to disclose their object to any human being not officially acquainted with it, much less to Hewson, who they calculated would once more take such steps as might defeat their sanguinary purpose. These arrangements having been made, matters were allowed to remain quiet for a little, until Moore should be off his guard; for we must observe here, that he had felt it necessary, after the execution of the captured rebels, to keep his house strongly and resolutely defended. The attack was therefore postponed until the apprehensions created by his recent activity should gradually wear away, and his enemies might with less risk undertake the work of bloodshed and destruction. The night at length was appointed on which the murderous attack must be made. All the dark details were arranged with a deliberation at which, removed as we now are from the sanguinary excitement of the times, the very soul shudders and gets sick. A secret, however, communicated even under the most solemn sanction to a great number, stands a great chance of being no secret at all, especially during civil war, where so many interests of friendship, blood, and marriage, bind the opposing parties together in spite of the public principles under which they act. Miss Moore's maid had a brother, for instance, who, together with several of his friends and relatives, being appointed to aid in the attack, felt anxious that she should not be present on that night, lest her acquaintance with them might be ultimately dangerous to the assailants. He accordingly sought an opportunity of seeing her, and in earnest language urged her to absent herself from her master's house on the appointed night. The girl was not much surprised at the ambiguity of his hints, for the truth was, that no person, man or woman, possessing common sense, could be ignorant of the state of the country, or of the evil odour in which Moore and Irwin, and all those who were active on the part of government, were held. She accordingly told him that she would follow his advice, and spoke to him in terms so shrewd and significant, that he deemed it useless to preserve further secrecy. The plot was thus disclosed, and the girl warned to leave the house, both for her own sake and for that of those who were to wreak their vengeance upon Moore and his family.

The poor girl, hoping that her master and the rest might fly from the impending danger, communicated the circumstances to Miss Moore, who forthwith communicated them to her father, who, again, instead of flying, took measures to collect about his premises, during the early part of the dreaded night, a large and well-armed force from the next military station. Now, it so happened that this girl, whose name was Baxter, had a leaning towards Hewson's foster-brother Finnegan, who in plain language was her accepted lover. If love will not show itself in a case of danger, it is good for nothing. We need scarcely say that Peggy Baxter, apprehensive of danger to her sweetheart, confided the secret to him also in the early part of the day of the attack. Finnegan was surprised, especially when he heard from Peggy that Hewson had been kept in ignorance of the whole design (for so her brother had told her), in consequence of his attachment to her young mistress. There was now no possible way of warding off such a calamity, unless by communicating with Hewson; and this, as Finnegan was a sound United Irishman, he knew he could do without any particular danger. He lost no time, therefore, in seeing him; and we need scarcely say that his foster-brother felt stunned and thunderstruck at the deed that was about to be perpetrated without his knowledge. Finnegan then left him, but ere he reached home, the darkness had set in, and on arriving, he sought the kitchen and its comforts,

ignorant, as were indeed most of the servants, that the upper rooms and out-houses were literally crammed with fierce and well-armed soldiers.

Matters were now coming to a crisis. Hewson, aware that there was little time to be lost, collected a small party of his own immediate and personal friends, not one of whom, from their known attachment to him, had been, any more than himself, admitted to a knowledge of their attack upon Moora. Determined, therefore, to be beforehand with the others, he and they met at an appointed place, from whence they went quickly, and with as much secrecy as possible, to Moore's house, for the purpose not only of apprising him of the fate to which he and his were doomed, but also with an intention of escorting him and all his family as far from his house as might be consistent with the safety of both parties. Our readers are of course prepared for the surprise and capture of honest Hewson and his friends, of whose friendly intentions they are aware. It is too true. Not expecting to find the house defended, they were unprepared for an attack or sally; and the upshot was, that in a few minutes two of them were shot, and most of the rest, among whom was Hewson, taken prisoners on the spot. Those who escaped communicated to the other insurgents an account of the strength with which Moore's house was defended; and the latter, instead of making an attempt to rescue their friends, abandoned the meditated attack altogether, and left Hewson and his party to their fate. A gloomy fate that was. Assertions and protestations of their innocence were all in vain. An insurgent party were expected to attack the house, and of course they came, headed by Hewson himself, who, as Moore said, no doubt intended to spare none of them but his daughter, and her, only, in order that she might become a rebel's wife. Irwin, too, his rival in love and his foe in politics, was on the court-martial, and what had he to expect? Death; and nothing but the darkness of the night prevented his enemies from putting it into immediate execution upon him and his companions.

Hewson maintained a dignified silence; and upon seeing his friends guarded from the hall where they were now assembled into a large barn, he desired to be placed along with them.

"No," said Moore; "if you are a rebel ten times over, you are a gentleman; you must not herd with them; and besides, Mr Hewson, with great respect to you, we shall place you in a much safer place. In the highest room in a house unusually high, we shall lodge you, out of which if you escape, we will say you are an innocent man. Frank Finnegan, show him and those two soldiers up to the observatory; get him refreshments, and leave him in their charge. Guard his door, men, for you shall be held responsible for his appearance in the morning."

The men, in obedience to these orders, escorted him to the door, outside of which was their station for the night. When Frank and he entered the observatory, the former gently shut the door, and, turning to his foster-brother, exclaimed in accents of deep distress, but lowering his voice, "There is not a moment to be lost; you must escape."

"That is impossible," replied Hewson, "unless I had wings and could use them."

"We must try," returned Frank; "we can only fail—the most they can only take your life, and that they'll do at all events."

"I know that," said Hewson, "and I am prepared for it."

"Hear me," said the other; "I will come up by and bye with refreshments, say in about half an hour; be you stripped when I come. We are both of a size; and as these fellows don't know either of us very well, I wouldn't say but you may go out in my clothes. I'll hear nothing," he added, seeing Hewson about to speak; "I am here too long, and these fellows might begin to suspect something. Be prepared when I come. Good bye, Mr Hewson," he said aloud, as he opened the door; "in troth an' conscience I'm sorry to see you here, but that's the consequence of turnin' rebel against King George, an' glory to him—soon and sudden," he added in an undertone. "In about half an hour I'll bring you up some supper, sir. Keep a sharp eye on him," he whispered to the two soldiers, giving them at the same time a knowing and confidential wink; "these same rebels are like eels, an' will slip as aisily through your fingers—an' the devil a better one yez have in there;" and as he spoke, he pointed over his shoulder with his inverted thumb to the door of the observatory.

Much about the time he had promised to return, a crash was heard upon the stairs, and Finnegan's voice in a high key exclaiming: "The curse o' blazes on you for stairs, an' hell pre-



same all the rebels in Europe, I pray heavens this night! There's my nose broke between you all!" He then stooped down, and in a torrent of bitter imprecations—all conveyed, however, in mock oaths—he collected and placed again upon the tray on which they had been, all the materials for Hewson's supper. He then ascended, and on presenting himself at the prisoner's door, the blood was copiously streaming from his nose. The soldiers—who by the way were yeomen—on seeing him, could not avoid laughing at his rueful appearance—a circumstance which seemed to nettle him a good deal. "Ye may laugh!" he exclaimed, "but I'd hould a wager I've shed more blood for his majesty this night than either of you ever did in your lives!"

This only heightened their mirth, in the midst of which he entered Hewson's room; and ere the action could be deemed possible, they had exchanged clothes.

"Now," said he, "fly. Behind the garden Miss Moore is waitin' for you; she knows all. Take the bridle-road through the broad bog, an' get into Captain Corny's demesne. Take my advice too, an' go both of you to America, if you can. But, aisy. God forgive me for pullin' you by the nose instead of shakin' you by the hand, an' me may never see you more."

The poor fellow's voice became unsteady with emotion, although the smile at his own humour was upon his face at the time.

"As I came in with a bloody nose," he proceeded, giving that of Hewson a fresh pull, "you know you must go out with one. An' now God's blessin' be with you! Think of one who loved you as none else did."

The next morning there was uproar, tumult, and confusion in the house of the old loyalist magistrate, when it was discovered that his daughter and the butler were not forthcoming. But when, on examining the observatory, it was ascertained that Finnegan was safe and Hewson gone, no language can describe the rage and fury of Moore, Irwin, and the military in general. Our readers may anticipate what occurred. The noble fellow was brought to the drum-head, tried, and sentenced to be shot where he stood; but ere the sentence was put in execution, Moore addressed him. "Now, Finnegan," said he, "I will get you off, if you tell us where Hewson and my daughter are. I pledge my honour publicly that I'll save your life, and get you a free pardon, if you enable us to trace and recover them."

"I don't know where they are," he replied, "but even if I did, I would not betray them."

"Think of what has been said to you," added Irwin. "I give you my pledge also to the same effect."

"Mr Irwin," he replied, "I have but one word to say. When I did what I did, I knew very well that my life would go for his; an' I know that if he had thought so, he would be standin' now in my place. Put your sentence in execution; I'm prepared."

"Take five minutes," said Moore. "Give him up and live."

"Mr Moore," said he, with a decision and energy which startled them, "I AM HIS FOSTER-BROTHER!"

This was felt to be sufficient; he stood at the appointed place, calm and unshrinking, and at the first discharge fell instantaneously dead.

Thus passed a spirit worthy of a place in a brighter page than that of our humble miscellany, and which, if the writer of this lives, will be more adequately recorded.

Hewson, finding that the insurgent cause was becoming hopeless, escaped, after two or three other unsuccessful engagements, to America, instigated by the solicitations of his young wife. Old Moore died in a few years afterwards, but he survived his resentment, for he succeeded in reconciling the then government to his son-in-law, who returned to Ireland; and it was found by his will, much to the mortification of many of his relatives, that he had left the bulk of his property to Mrs Hewson, who had always been his favourite child, and whose attachment to Hewson he had himself originally encouraged.

There are two records more connected with this transaction, with which we shall close. In a northern newspaper, dated some fifteen years afterwards, there occurs the following paragraph:—

"AFFAIR OF HONOUR—FATAL DUEL.—Yesterday morning, at the early hour of five o'clock, a duel was fought between A. Irwin, Esq. and J. Hewson, Esq. of Mooredale, the former of whom, we regret to say, fell by the second fire. We hope the words attributed to one of the parties are not correctly reported. The blood of Frank Finnegan is now avenged."

The other record is to be found in the churchyard of —, where there is a handsome monument erected, with the following inscription:—

"Sacred to the memory of Francis Finnegan, whose death presented an instance of the noblest virtue of which human nature is capable, that of laying down his life for his friend. This monument is erected to his memory by James Hewson, his friend and foster-brother, for whom he died."

#### TRINITY COLLEGE LIBRARY.

With awe around these sacred walks I tread;

These are the lasting monuments of the dead:—

"The dead!" methinks a thousand tongues reply:

"These are the tombs of such as cannot die!

Crown'd with eternal fame, they sit sublime,

And laugh at all the little strife of time."—CRABBE.

Our College Library is a creditable establishment—a goodly structure to look at, both inside and out—and has a choice and ample collection of books of all sizes and in all languages. Gentle reader, have you ever felt the book passion? Know you what it is? If not, belike you might walk down our noble library's length, and survey the books and busts, and stalls and gallery at each side, and the beautiful antique manuscripts in glass cases at the end just before you enter the Fagel Library, and be no more impressed—you will excuse us—no more than a grave-digger in knocking about an old coffin or a skull, yea, though the skull should once have belonged to poor Yorick, the king's jester! Ah, sir, the passion is a tender one, if you knew but all—full of lack-a-daisical and melancholy, yet pleasing fancies. There are people smitten by the mere outside of a book—by the fineness of the paper, the breadth of the margin, or the beauty of the letter-press; but they know nothing of the true affection. Give them an annual, or an album, or any other bit of gilt ginger-bread, and they will have all they require to their hearts' content. Let them make sonnets to their mistress's eyebrow; there is no soul in them; they are mere dandies; they have nothing congenial with the true passion. To be a proper lover of books a man must have been a great reader of them; and the more his reading, the stronger will be his love for them. They then present themselves to him with their train of associations, and as his eye passes along the shelves, he recognises each volume as an old acquaintance; some he shakes hands with cordially; with some he exchanges a few words; others he just nods to, and to some perhaps he may give the cut direct; but he knows them all in some way or other. As the review of a fine army to an old general, so is a fine library to a true student. He loves to see his levy en masse, and in detail. The sight of them cheers his spirits, elevates his mind, and—mark this, gentle reader—gives him the idea of power. There lies a great secret, which in these costermonger days we deserve great credit for communicating to the world free-gratis for nothing.

Knowledge is power—that's our major; there one stands in the midst of a noble army of books—that's our minor, or lieutenant; then a man feels strong, and vastly well pleased with himself—and that is our rifle and drum, or conclusion, by every law of drill or logic.

In our juvenile days, before we were A-B-C'd, and therefore before we enjoyed the privilege of free ingress and egress at the superb Old Trinity, we used to pass whole days of rumination in the quiet pastures of Marsh's. This library, situate in an antique building to one side of Saint Patrick's Cathedral, is graciously open to the public in general, and to all under-graduates of the University in particular, and wears a secluded, cloistered, antiquated air about it, that invites to contemplation. You are there on classic ground. The genius of Swift seems to hover o'er you. You fancy yourself with an age that has passed away, and among spirits that have long since winged their flight from earth. Many a summer's day have we mused and read, and read and mused, in its delightful solitude, without any other interruption save the cackling of hens and crowing of cocks in some of the neighbouring yards, the playing or screaming of children in Kevin-street or Mitre-alley, the scolding of women in some of the adjoining houses, or a few words of conversational politeness interchanged between us and the Rev. Mr Cradock, the librarian, chiefly on the news of the morning.

But as a book-store, Marsh's is not to be compared with the College Library. Formerly this splendid repository was open only four hours in the day for public use, from eight till



ten in the morning, and from eleven till one; but a more liberal access to its treasures has been conceded of late; the entire is now free from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon, without interruption. This is a great acquisition to the privileged, and has been attended by a vast increase of readers and visitors; but there is still room for amendment in particulars of no small importance to general convenience. We are happy to say, however, that to some of these the attention of the enlightened heads of the University has been directed, and that great improvements in the economy of the institution may at no distant day be expected. In the first place, the books are exceedingly ill arranged, and there is no printed catalogue of them, so that the visitor finds great difficulty in laying his hand upon those he may be in quest of; in addition to which it may be stated, that there is no attendant librarian, or other official whose duty it is to give information, or procure the work which the visitor may require. They order this matter better in France; but whatever may be intended as to such functionaries, we have learned with much satisfaction that a new catalogue is now in course of preparation, and that it is to be a printed one. The preparing of so great a work for the press must necessarily occupy a good deal of time. It has been, we understand, now about two years in hands, and will be completed, it is expected, in about two more. There are six writing-clerks constantly employed in preparing slips for the printer, under competent direction. A greatly improved classification will be effected, and the printed volumes, when perfected, will be offered for sale. Incidental to the execution of this great work, there will be a new and improved arrangement of the books on the shelves to correspond with that in the catalogues; and when both these important matters are effected, it is obvious that the difficulties which are now experienced in the pursuit of knowledge within this venerable gallery, will be in a great degree removed.

There is another point on which complaints are sometimes made, namely, the excessive cold of the building in winter. It was originally intended that no fires should be lit in it, as a security to its valuable but highly combustible contents against accident through that medium; but in this provision, it is plain, the preservative principle was much more attended to than the utilitarian, and is carried, as we conceive at the present day, to an unreasonable length. But, at all events, modern ingenuity can meet the difficulty; for the air may be heated by means of tubes, without the immediate presence of combustion; wherefore we are led to expect that the same liberal and enlightened spirit which has suggested and directed the realization of other improvements, will direct and realize this also in due time.

By the bye, the origin of this great establishment is curious. On the defeat of the Spaniards by the English at the battle of Kinsale in 1603, we are told that the triumphant soldiery determined to commemorate their victory by some permanent monument, and that they collected among themselves the sum of £1800, which they resolved should be laid out in the purchase of books for a library, to be founded in the then infant establishment of Trinity College.\* This sum was handed to the celebrated Ussher, and by him judiciously expended, conformably to the wishes of the generous conquerors at Kinsale. And here we pause to pay our most profound respects to the memory of these literary warriors. Who would have expected that the most scientific, and studious, and intellectual men of our age, would owe the most splendid temple dedicated to their use, which the country can boast, to the bounty of a victorious soldiery in the beginning of the seventeenth century? There was a spirit of chivalry in this transaction which we cannot sufficiently admire; and though we live in an age in which we pique ourselves excessively on the march of intellect, we doubt that any testimonial more solid and convincing is producible by us to show that our organ of veneration in this respect is at all more highly developed than that of men who went before us in the days of Queen Elizabeth. The bequest at all events does honour to the profession of arms, and we are sure would be duly appreciated by a grateful posterity, as a memorial of their mind and achievements, if it were only more generally known.

So began our splendid University Library. In process of time its collection of volumes was increased by many valuable donations, till at length their growing number demanding a

corresponding increase of room, the present edifice was erected for their reception. It is built of hewn stone, with a rich Corinthian entablature, crowned with a balustrade, reminding us in its appearance of the gallery of the Louvre at Paris, and was completed in 1792. The room is certainly the finest in the empire appropriated to such a purpose. It is 210 feet long, 41 feet broad, and 40 feet high, and is very elegantly and suitably fitted up. At its farther end, in the eastern pavilion, is a fine apartment 52 feet long, 26 wide, and 22 high, containing the Fagel library, purchased at an expence of £8000, and comprising upwards of 17,000 volumes. This library was the property of Mr Fagel, Pensionary of Holland, who had it removed to London on the French invasion of Holland in 1794; the purchase money was a grant to the College from the Governors of Sir Erasmus Smith's schools. The total number of volumes now in the entire building, including the Fagel library, and 1419 volumes of manuscripts, is 89,455. The manuscripts are in Greek, Latin, English, Irish, Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, and other languages. Many of them relate to Irish history and antiquities, particularly to the troubles of 1641, all the depositions relating to which are here; as also the particulars of the settlement of Ireland and plantation of it by James I. There are many Latin manuscripts of the sacred scriptures, particularly of the New Testament, of various ages and remote antiquity. Several are in the Irish character but Latin language. There is also the Greek manuscript of the New Testament that belonged to Montfortius, and is the only one extant that reads the once contested verse, 1 Ep. John, ch. 5, v. 7. There are old translations of the Bible by Wickliffe, Pervie, Ambrose, Ussher, &c. There is no fund for the augmentation of the library except what the Board may please to allot for the purpose; but it receives a great annual increase by being entitled to one copy of every work entered at Stationers' Hall.

Our library and the Bodleian at Oxford are exactly of the same age; and it is another curious fact, that while Ussher was laying out the soldiers' money in London to the best advantage, he met there Sir T. Bodley engaged in a similar business for his establishment at Oxford. If there were auction rooms in those days, we have no doubt the two gentlemen were acceptable visitors, heartily welcome to the auctioneers, and that they seldom let a good thing go without a smart competition.

With regard to Marsh's Library, we may mention that it was founded in 1707 by Doctor Narcissus Marsh, then Archbishop of Dublin, and that the building is erected on part of the ground attached to what was formerly the archbishop's palace. The books were originally the collection of the celebrated Bishop Stillingfleet, and were purchased by Doctor Marsh for the public use. Once upon a time each book was fastened by a chain to an iron rod which ran along the shelves, so that all who partook of the bounty of the good archbishop might read and satisfy their souls without any danger of violating the eighth commandment; but this stringent system is now abolished: the chains are broken; the prisoners are free; the books are emancipated! The change may be considered as a compliment to the honesty of modern times; and all we say is, we wish they may deserve it. Much as we admire and commend these great public institutions, however, it is not to be denied that their real amount of utility is limited enough—limited at least when one compares the end with the means. Many thousand volumes must lie on their shelves from year to year, without ever being opened; there must be many that are fit only for burning, and that just occupy good room to the exclusion of their betters; and as to the very best books, how limited must the access to them necessarily be in a great public room! Their use consists chiefly in their being available for consultation—a most important purpose, no doubt, but yet one the accomplishment of which still leaves a vast hiatus in our reading hours to be filled up by other means. Now, every individual, we humbly think, should have a library of his own, if it were ever so small. No man ever made a good gardener that had not a small garden, his own property, to begin with; and it is something the same with a good reader. The careful, and leisurely, and repeated study of a few good books, does one more real good than a cursory and indigestive perusal of a vast number. This is well known; and, therefore, without detracting from the just value of public libraries, we would wish that a taste for book-collecting, as

\* The first stone of Trinity College was laid on the 13th March 1591, by Thomas Smith, Mayor; it was opened two years afterwards, in 1593.

\* This return is given from the most recent calculation officially made, and may be depended on.

well as book-reading, were widely diffused among us. Take our word for it, there is no better company than good books; you may choose from among them companions for all hours, and for all moods of the mind. Ask them questions, and they will be sure at all times to give you at least a civil answer. They are finger-posts to the travelling man, and travel through all regions to him who never moves from the chimney corner. They are implements of trade to the professional man, and a profession itself to him that has none. They are music to the melancholy, and as a dance to the merry; as salt are they to the solid, and to the solid as salt. They are as a new world to him that has exhausted the old, for "of making many books," as the preacher saith, "there is no end." But we must come to an end ourselves. We would, in short, advocate the claims of literature in general, and its high title to consideration, as it commends itself to all men in common; and we plead guilty to the ambition of adding to the numerous honourable characteristics of our countrymen, that of being in an eminent degree a reading people. Irishmen ought to remember that their country was famous in ancient days for its learning, and cherish an honest ambition in modern times to retrieve its character. As one means of forwarding this object, we would seek to diffuse among them a reading habit, and give our best encouragement to whatever instrumentalities might tend to increase libraries, and make reading easy to all classes. Cheap literature is a luxury of sterling value; but until people have acquired a taste for it, they will hold it cheap enough. Never do we pass a book-shop, or an humble bookseller's stall, without a feeling of reverence for the profession. There, say we, is a dispensary of ideal aliment indispensable to our mental existence, and, if properly used, yielding nothing but health, prosperity, and enjoyment to the soul. If our countrymen read, they will become informed—learned; and if they read good books, they must not only become informed and learned, but wise. The vivacity of their conversation will then be enriched with all the streams both of useful and entertaining knowledge. Reading will be a delightful resource to the working man, and no bad employment at least to the idle. Poverty will have its compensations. There will be another distinction set up in society besides that of having, or not having, mere worldly professions. The dignity of mind will be asserted. Mind with its congenial influences must act upon manners; and if, as the inscription upon the old gate at Oxford beareth record, "manours maketh ye man," our country will be once more exalted among the nations. X. D.

### SANTA CROCE.

BY J. U. U.

I stood and saw the pictured gloom unfold  
 Grey Santa Croce, crossed by dusky rays  
 That dimmed its columned aisle: as from of old  
 Its ancient air lay slumbering o'er the cold  
 Dark dwellers underneath. When to my gaze,  
 Shade-like, 'mid that grey gloom of distant days  
 She stood, whom Petrarch looked on there and caught  
 That love too strong for death! A tender gleam  
 Like moonlight fell around her, baffling thought;  
 Strange! 'twas remembrance thither stole, and brought  
 That smile of sweetness from my breast's deep stream  
 More strong than fancy, and transformed the dream  
 To thee—from her, whom a less hallowed fire  
 Hath made immortal with the love-devoted lyre.

**SENSIBLE ADVICE.**—Avoid condolence with those who are mourning the loss of friends. Condolences, as well as mournings, are bad things. Men, and more especially women, give actual increase to their grief while, under the notion of duty, and even of merit, they make display of it. If mournings were altogether out of use, a vast mass of suffering would be prevented from coming into existence. Some savage or barbarous nations make merry at funerals: they are wiser, in this respect, than polished ones.—*Bowring's Deontology.*

When a native of Java has a child born, he immediately plants a cocoa-tree, which, adding a circle every year to its bark, indicates the age of the tree, and therefore the age of the child. The child, in consequence, regards the tree with affection all the rest of its life.—*Buck's Harmonies, &c., of Nature.*

### THE THUGS.

The Thugs were known in the time of the Emperor Akbar of Delhi, by whom many were executed. They were first known to the British government in 1812, and then many were hanged in Bundelkond. Again, in 1817, they attracted notice by their horrible acts, and twelve villages in Bundelkond, which were peopled almost entirely by them, were taken by a force sent against them. They were then dispersed, but assembled in various parts in Sindhia's and the Nagpoor country, also in Holkar's dominions. From 1817 till 1831 they were not molested, and, in consequence, increased greatly in the latter year. Measures were taken to suppress them, which have been attended with great success. One hundred and eleven were executed at Jubbulpoor, and upwards of four hundred transported for life to the eastern settlement of Pinang.

The Thugs form a perfectly distinct class of persons, who subsist almost entirely upon the produce of the murders they are in the habit of committing. They appear to have derived their denomination from the practice usually adopted by them of decoying the persons they fix upon to destroy, to join their party; and then, taking advantage of the confidence they endeavour to inspire, to strangle their unsuspecting victims. There are several peculiarities in the habits of the Thugs, in their mode of causing death, and in the precautions they adopt for the prevention of discovery, that distinguish them from every other class of delinquents; and it may be considered a general rule whereby to judge of them, that they affect to disclaim the practice of petty theft, housebreaking, and indeed every species of stealing that has not been preceded by the perpetration of murder.

The Thugs adopt no other method of killing but strangulation, and the implement made use of for this purpose is a handkerchief, or any other convenient strip of cloth. The manner in which the deed is done will be described hereafter. They never attempt to rob a traveller until they have in the first instance deprived him of life; after the commission of a murder, they invariably bury the body immediately, if time and opportunity serve, or otherwise conceal it; and never leave a corpse uninterred in the highway, unless they happen to be disturbed.

To trace the origin of this practice would now be a matter of some difficulty, for if the assertions of the Thugs themselves are entitled to any credit, it has been in vogue from time immemorial; and they pretend that its institution is coeval with the creation of the world. Like most other inhuman practices, the traditions regarding it are mixed up with tales of Hindoo superstition; and the Thugs would wish to make it appear, that, in immolating the numberless victims that yearly fall by their hands, they are only obeying the injunctions of the deity of their worship, to whom they say they are offering an acceptable sacrifice.

A very considerable number of the Thugs are Mussulmans. No judgment of the birth or caste of a Thug can, however, be formed from his name; for it not unfrequently happens that a Hindoo Thug has a Mussulman name with a Hindoo *alias* attached, and *vice versa* with respect to the Thugs who are by birth Mahomedans. In almost every instance the Thugs have more than one appellation by which they are known. They usually move in large parties, often amounting to one hundred or two hundred persons, and resort to all sort of subterfuges for the purpose of concealing their real profession. If they are travelling southward, they represent themselves to be either proceeding in quest of service, or on their way to rejoin the regiments they belong to in this part of the country. When, on the contrary, their route lies towards the north, they represent themselves to be sepoya from corps of the Bombay or Nizam's army, who are going on leave to Hindustan. The gangs do not always consist of persons who are Thugs by birth. It is customary for them to entice, by the promise of monthly pay or the hopes of amassing money that are held out, many persons who are ignorant of the deeds of death that are to be perpetrated for the attainment of these objects, until made aware of the reality by seeing the victims of their cupidity fall under the hands of the stranglers; and the Thugs declare that notices have occasionally been so horrified at the sight as to have effected their immediate escape.

Many of the most notorious Thugs are the adopted children of others of the same class. They make it a rule, when a murder is committed, never to spare the life of any one,

either male or female, who is old enough to remember and relate the particulars of the deed. But in the event of their meeting with children of such a tender age as to make it impossible they should be enabled to relate the fact, they generally spare their lives, and, adopting them, bring them up to the trade of Thugs. These men of course eventually become acquainted with the fact of the murder of their fathers and mothers by the very persons with whom they have dwelt since their childhood, but are still not deterred from following the same dreadful trade. It might be supposed that a class of persons whose hearts must be effectually hardened against all the better feelings of humanity, would encounter few scruples of conscience in the commission of the horrid deeds whereby they subsist; but, in point of fact, they are as much the slaves of superstition, and as much directed by the observance of omens in the commission of murder, as the most inoffensive of the natives of India are in the ordinary affairs of their lives.

In the event of an expedition proving more than ordinarily successful, a pilgrimage is usually made to Bhowanee, and a portion of the spoil taken by the gang is set aside for the purpose of being sent to the pagoda at Bindu Chul, near Mirzapoor, as an offering to the goddess Kalee. Propitiatory offerings are also made, and various ceremonies performed, should the Thugs have failed in obtaining any plunder for a length of time.

In every gang of Thugs are to be found one or more officers, who appear to hold that rank not by the choice of their followers, but in consequence of their wealth and influence in their respective villages, and having assembled their immediate followers in the vicinity of their homes. The profits of an officer are of course greater than those of his followers; he receives six and a half or seven per cent. on all silver coin and other property, and then shares in the remainder in common with the other Thugs of the party. When gold is obtained in coin or in mass, the tenth part is taken by the officer, previous to dividing it; and he has a tithe of all pearls, shawls, gold embroidered cloths, brass and copper pots, horses, &c. Next to the officer, the most important person is the *bhuttoot*, or strangler, who carries the handkerchief with which the Thugs usually murder their victims. This implement is merely a piece of fine strong cotton cloth, about a yard long; at one end a knot is tied, and the cloth is slightly twisted, and kept ready for use in front of the waistcoat of the person carrying it. There is no doubt but that all Thugs are expert in the use of the handkerchief; but if they are to be believed, only particular persons are called upon or permitted to perform this office. When a large gang is collected, the most able-bodied and alert of their number are fixed upon as stranglers, and they are made the bearers of the handkerchief only after the performance of various and often expensive ceremonies, and only on the observance of a favourable omen. The junior Thugs make a merit of attending upon the older and more experienced Thugs, shampooing their bodies, and performing the most menial offices. They gradually become initiated into all the mysteries of the art, and if they prove to be powerful men, these promising disciples are made stranglers. When a murder is to be committed, the strangler usually follows the particular person whom he has been nominated by the jemadar to strangle; and on the preconcerted signal being given, the handkerchief is seized with the knot in the left hand, the right hand being about nine inches farther up, in which manner it is thrown over the head of the person to be strangled from behind; the two hands are crossed as the victim falls; and such is the certainty with which the deed is done, as the Thugs frequently declare, that before the body falls to the ground, the eyes start out of the head, and life becomes extinct. Should the person to be strangled prove a powerful man, or the strangler inexpert, another Thug lays hold of the end of the handkerchief, and the work is completed. The perfection of the act is said to be, when several persons are simultaneously murdered without any of them having time to utter a cry, or to be aware of the fate of their comrades.

Favourable opportunities are given for stranglers to make their first essay in the art of strangling. When a single traveller is met with, a novice is instructed to make a trial of his skill; the party sets off during the night, and stops while it is still dark to drink water or to smoke. While seated for the purpose, the jemadar inquires what time of the night it may be, and the Thugs look up at the stars to ascertain. This being the preconcerted signal, the strangler is immediately on

the alert, and the unsuspecting traveller, on looking up at the heavens in common with the rest of the party, offers his neck to the ready handkerchief, and becomes an easy prey to his murderer. The strangler receives half a rupee extra for every murder that is committed, and if the plunder is great, some article of value is assigned to him over and above his share.

One of the most necessary persons to a gang of Thugs is he who goes by the name of Tillace, or spy. The Thugs do not always depend upon chance for obtaining plunder, or roam about in the expectation of meeting travellers, but frequently take up their quarters in or near a large town, or some great thoroughfare, from whence they make expeditions, according to the information obtained by the spies. These men are chosen from among the most smooth-spoken and intelligent of their number, and their chief duty is to gain information. For this purpose they are decked out in the garb of respectable persons, whose appearance and manners they must have the art of assuming. They frequent the bazaars of the town near which their associates are encamped, and endeavour to pick up intelligence of the intended dispatch or expected arrival of goods or treasure, of which information is forthwith given to the gang, who send out a party to intercept them. Inquiry is also made for any party of travellers who may have arrived, and who put up in the inns, or elsewhere. Every art is brought into practice to scrape an acquaintance with these people. They are given to understand that the spy is travelling the same road. An opportunity is taken to throw out hints regarding the unsafeness of the roads, and the frequency of murders and robberies; an acquaintance with some of the friends or relatives of the travellers is feigned, and an invitation from them to partake of the repast that has been prepared where the spy has put up—the conveniences of which, and the superiority of the water, are abundantly praised. The result is, that the travellers are inveigled into joining the gang of Thugs, and they are feasted and treated with every politeness and consideration by the very wretches who are at the time plotting their murder, and calculating the share they shall acquire in the division of their property.

Instances sometimes occur where a party of Thugs find their victims too numerous for them while they remain in a body, and they are seldom at a loss for expedients to create dissensions, and a consequent division among them. If all their arts of intrigue and cajolery fail in producing the desired effect, an occasion is taken advantage of to ply the travellers with intoxicating liquors; a quarrel is got up, and from words they proceed to blows, which end in the dissension of the company, who, proceeding by different roads, fall an easier prey to their remorseless destroyers. Having enticed the travellers into the snare they have laid for them, the next object is to choose a convenient spot for their murder. This, in their technical language, is called a *bhil*, and is usually fixed upon at some distance from a village on the banks of a small stream, where the trees and underwood afford a shelter from the view of occasional passengers. The Thug who is sent on this duty is called a *bhilla*; and having fixed on the place, he either returns to the encampment of his party, or meets them on the way to report the result of his inquiry. If the *bhilla* returns to the camp with his report, the grave-diggers are sent out with him to prepare a grave for the interment of the persons it is intended to murder. Arrangements are previously made, so that the party in company with the travellers shall not arrive at the *bhil* too soon. At the particular spot agreed on, the *bhilla* meets the party. The jemadar calls out to him, "Have you cleared out the hole?" The *bhilla* replies, "Yes," on which the concerted signal is given that serves as the death-warrant of the unsuspecting travellers, who are forthwith strangled.

The division of plunder, as may be supposed, often leads to the most violent disputes, which it is astonishing do not end in bloodshed. But it might almost be supposed the Thugs have a prejudice against spilling blood; for, when pursued, they refrain from making use of the weapons they usually bear, even in defence of their own persons. The most wanton prodigality occurs when plunder is divided; and occasionally the most valuable shawls and brocades are torn into small strips, and distributed amongst the gang, should any difference of opinion arise as to their appropriation. The Thugs say this is also done that every person may run the same risk, for such an article could not be shared among them until converted into money, and some danger is attendant upon the transaction. They appear invariably to destroy all bills of exchange that fall into their hands, as well as many other

articles that are likely to lead to detection. Ready money is what they chiefly look for; and when they have a choice of victims, the possessors of gold and silver would certainly be fixed upon in preference to others.

To facilitate their plan of operations, the Thugs have established a regular system of intelligence and communication throughout the countries they have been in the practice of frequenting, and they become acquainted, with astonishing celerity, with proceedings of their comrades in all directions. They omit no opportunity of making inquiries regarding the progress of other gangs, and are equally particular in supplying the requisite information of their own movements. For this purpose they have connected themselves with several persons of note residing in the Nizam's dominions, who follow the profession of Thugs in conjunction with their agricultural pursuits.

Such is the extent to which this dreadful system has been carried, that no idea can be formed of the expenditure of human life to which it has given occasion, or the immensity of the wealth that has been acquired by its adoption. When it is taken into consideration that many of the Thugs confess to their having, for the last twenty-five or thirty years, annually made a tour with parties of more than a hundred men, and with no other object than that of murder and rapine; that they boast of having successively put their tens and twenties to death daily; and that they say an enumeration of all the lives they have personally assisted to destroy would swell the catalogue to hundreds, and, as some declare, to thousands—some conception of the horrid reality may be formed; of the amount of the property that they have yearly made away with, it must be impossible to form any calculation; for, independent of the thousands in ready money, jewels and bullion, the loads of valuable cloths, and every description of merchandise, that continually fall into their hands, the bills of exchange that they invariably destroy must amount to a considerable sum.

The impunity with which the Thugs have heretofore carried on their merciless proceedings, the facility they have possessed of recruiting their numbers—which are restricted to no particular caste or sect—the security they have had of escaping detection, and the ease with which they have usually purchased their release when seized by the officers of the weak native governments in whose dominions they have usually committed their greatest depredations, have altogether so tended to confirm the system, and to disseminate it to the fearful extent to which it has now attained, that the life of no single traveller on any of the roads in the country has been safe, and but a slight chance has been afforded to large parties of escaping the fangs of the blood-thirsty demons who have frequented them.—*Abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.*

**LOVE AND POETRY.**—"You know," says Burns, "our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labours of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; she was a *bonnie, sweet, sounsie lass*. In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our sweetest blessing here below. How she caught the contagion I cannot tell; you medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c., but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labours; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an *Æolian harp*; and particularly why my pulse beat such a furious ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities she sang sweetly; and it was her favourite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sang a song which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one of his father's maids with whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could smear sheep, and cast peats, his father living on the moorlands, he had no more scholarcraft than myself. Thus with me began Love and Poetry."—*Burns in a Letter to Dr Moore, 1787.*

**PHENOMENA OF SOUND.**—In the Arctic regions persons can converse at more than a mile distant when the thermometer is below zero. In air, sound travels from 1130 to 1142 feet per second. In water, sound passes at the rate of 4708 feet per second. Sound travels in air, about 900 feet for every pulsation of a healthy person at 75 in a minute. A bell sounded under water may be heard under water at 1200 feet distant. Sounds are distinct at twice the distance on water that they are on land. In a balloon, the barking of dogs on the ground may be heard at an elevation of three or four miles. On Table Mountain, a mile above Cape Town, every noise in it, and even words, may be heard distinctly. The fire of the English on landing in Egypt was distinctly heard 130 miles on the sea. Dr Jameson says, in calm weather he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles! Water is a better conductor of sound than air. Wood is also a powerful conductor of sound, and so is flannel or ribband. Sound affects particles of dust in a sunbeam, cobwebs, and water in musical glasses; it shakes small pieces of paper off a string in concord. Deaf persons may converse through deal rods held between the teeth, or held to the throat or breast. Echoes are formed by elliptical surfaces combined with surrounding surfaces, or by such of them as fall into the respective distances of the surface of an ellipse, and are, therefore, directed to the other focus of the ellipse; for all the distances from both foci to such surface are equal, and hence there is a concentration of sounds at those points direct from one focus, and reflected back again from the other focus. An echo returns a monosyllable at 70 feet distance, and another syllable at every 40 feet additional. The echo of artillery is increased or created by a cloud or clouds. Miners distinguish the substance bored by the sound; and Physicians distinguish the action of the heart or lungs by a listening tube. Gamblers can distinguish, in tossing money, which side is undermost, though covered by the hand.

**GENERAL RUN OF FACULTIES.**—Society is a more level surface than we imagine. Wise men or absolute fools are hard to be met with, as there are few giants or dwarfs. The heaviest charge we can bring against the general texture of society is, that it is common-place; and many of those who are singular had better be common-place. Our fancied superiority to others is in some one thing, which we think most of, because we excel in it, or have paid most attention to it; whilst we overlook their superiority to us in something else, which they set equal and exclusive store by. This is fortunate for all parties. I never felt myself superior to any one who did not go out of his way to affect qualities which he had not. In his own individual character and line of pursuit every one has knowledge, experience, and skill; and who shall say which pursuit requires most, thereby proving his own narrowness and incompetence to decide? Particular talent or genius does not imply general capacity. Those who are more versatile are seldom great in any one department; and the stupidest people can generally do something. The highest pre-eminence in any one study commonly arises from the concentration of the attention and faculties on that one study. He who expects from a great name in politics, in philosophy, in art, equal greatness in other things, is little versed in human nature. Our strength lies in our weakness. The learned in books are ignorant of the world. He who is ignorant of books is often well acquainted with other things; for life is of the same length in the learned and the unlearned; the mind cannot be idle; if it is not taken up with one thing it attends to another through choice or necessity; and the degree of previous capacity in one class or another is a mere lottery.—*Hazlitt's Characteristics.*

**TRUTH.**—The confusion and undesigned inaccuracy so often to be observed in conversation, especially in that of uneducated persons, proves that truth needs to be cultivated as a talent, as well as recommended as a virtue.—*Mrs Fry.*

Knowledge is an excellent drug, but no drug has virtue enough to preserve itself from corruption and decay, if the vessel be tainted and impure wherein it is put to keep.—*Montaigne's Essays.*

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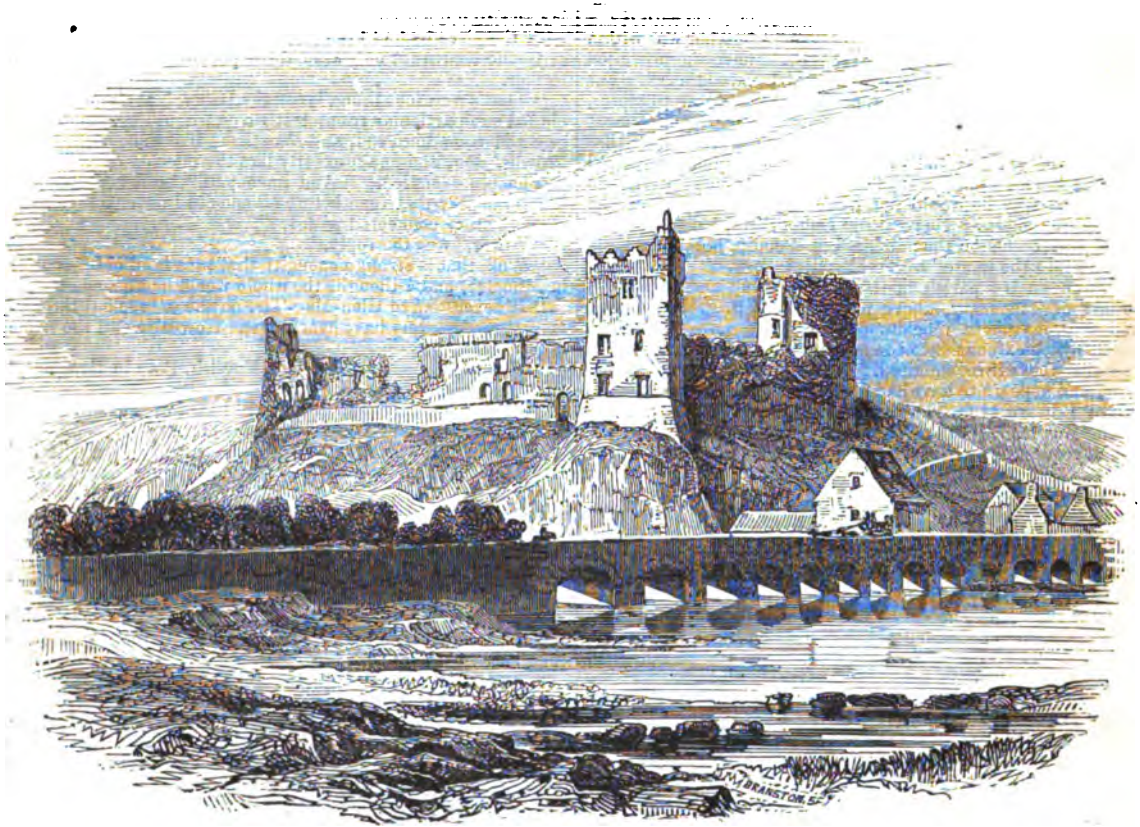


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



ARDFINNAN CASTLE, COUNTY OF TIPPERARY.

In some of the recent numbers of our Journal we presented our readers with views of two or three of the many striking objects of picturesque and historic interest for which, among our numerous beautiful rivers, the gentle Suir is more than ordinarily remarkable; and we return again with pleasure to its green pastoral banks, to notice another of its attractive features—the magnificent ruin of Ardfinnan Castle. This is a scene that must be familiar to many of our readers, for the traveller must have been a dull and unobserving one, who, journeying between Cork and Dublin by way of Cahir, has not had his attention roused by its romantic features, and an impression of its grandeur and picturesqueness made upon his memory, not easily to be effaced. Ardfinnan is indeed one of the very finest scenes of its kind to be found in Ireland, and is almost equally imposing from every point from which it can be viewed. The Castle crowns the summit of a lofty and precipitous rock, below and around which the Suir winds its way in graceful beauty, while its banks are connected by a long and level bridge of fourteen arches, which tradition states is of coeval erection with the fortress, and which, at all events, is of very great antiquity. On every side the most magnificent outlines of mountain scenery form the distant back-grounds; and every object which meets the eye is in perfect harmony with the general character of the scene.

Ardfinnan is a village of considerable antiquity, and derives its present name, which signifies Finnan's Height or Hill, from St Finnan the leper, a celebrated ecclesiastic who founded a church and monastery here in the seventh century, previously to which the place had borne the name of *Drum-abradh*.

Of this religious establishment there are however no remains, as it was plundered and burnt by the English in 1179; and the present castle was erected on its site in 1185, by Prince John, then Earl of Morton, of whom it has been remarked that he achieved nothing during his stay of eight months in Ireland, but the construction of this and two other castles, namely, Lismore and Tiobrad Fachtna, now Tibraghny on the Suir, which he erected with a view to the conquest of Munster. From these castles he sent parties in various directions to plunder the country; but being met by the Irish under the command of Donall O'Brien, Dermot Mac Carthy, and Roderick O'Conor, they were defeated with great slaughter, four knights having been killed at Ardfinnan; after which John was glad to return to England.

Prince John, however, or those under whose advice he acted, showed a considerable degree of judgment and military skill in the selection of Ardfinnan as the site of a fortress, which commanded one of the chief passes into South Munster; and the castle itself was of a princely magnificence, and of such a degree of strength as must have rendered it impregnable before the use of artillery. Its general form, as its ruins still sufficiently show, was that of a parallelogram, strengthened by square towers at the corners, and having a strong entrance gateway. This gateway still remains, as well as the greater part of the walls; but the edifices of the interior are in a state of great dilapidation, and only part of the roof of one room remains. It is stated by the editor of Lewis's Topographical Dictionary, but on what authority we know not, that this castle belonged to the Knights Templars, and that

on the suppression of that establishment it was granted to the Knights of St John of Jerusalem, and subsequently to the Bishop of Waterford. But be this as it may, it was preserved as a military fortress till it was dismantled in 1649 by that great destroyer of Irish castles, Oliver Cromwell, who, planting his cannon on the opposite hill near the bridge, made a breach in the walls, which speedily induced the garrison to surrender. The breach there is still shown, and according to an old tourist the following story is told in connection with it:—"When the place was besieged by Oliver, a butcher was within the walls, who while the siege lasted could never be prevailed on to come out of the room where he had placed himself: but when the breach was made, and the soldiers began to storm, he took up a handspike, and defended the breach almost alone for some time, and knocked down several soldiers that strove to enter; but finding none to second him, he retired without the least hurt. When the castle was surrendered, he was asked why he would not come to the walls before the breach was made? He replied, 'Damn them, I did not mind what was doing on the outside, but I could not bear their coming into the house,' as he called it."

Ardinnan is a parish in the barony of Iffa and Offa west, county of Tipperary, above four miles S. S. E. from Cahir, and contains about nine hundred inhabitants. The village itself, which extends into the adjoining parish of Ballybacon, contains above three hundred. It was once a place of greater note, and appears to have had a corporation, as it is on record, 4th of Edward II (1311), that a grant of "pontage for three years" was made "to the Bailiffs and good men of Ardfynan" at the request of the Bishop of Limerick. P.

## PUSS IN BROGUES,

### A LEGEND.

It was about Christmas in the year 1831 that I received an invitation to spend the holidays with a friend who resided in a valley embosomed amongst the loftiest of those mountains which form the boundary between the King's and Queen's counties. The name of my host was Garret Dalton; he held a considerable tract of land at a low rent, and by hard working and thrifty living contrived not only to support his family in comparative comfort, but to "lay up a snug penny in the horn" for his only daughter Nanny, who was at this time about fourteen years of age, and, as her fond father often proudly boasted, "the pattrern ov as purty a colleen as you'd find from the seven churches of Clonmacnoise to the hill ov Howth—wherever that was."

Garret was generous and hospitable; his house "was known to all the vagrant train," and the way-worn pilgrim, the wandering minstrel, the itinerant "bocough," and the strolling vender of the news and gossip of the day, were always secure of a welcome reception at his comfortable fireside.

Amongst the most constant of his guests was one Maurice O'Sullivan, a native of the county of Cork. Maurice was a most venerable-looking personage—tall, gaunt, athletic, and stone blind. He was about eighty years of age; his white hair flowed on his shoulders, and he played the Irish bag-pipes delightfully. He was the lineal descendant of a family still famous in the annals of the "green isle;" and although now compelled to wander through his native land in the garb and character of a blind piper, he had once seen better days, and was possessed of education and intelligence far superior to most of his caste. He was intimately acquainted with the sad history of his country, was devotedly attached to the dogmas of the fairy creed, could recite charms and interpret dreams, and was deeply conversant in all those witch legends and traditions for which the Munster peasantry are so peculiarly celebrated. Hence Maurice was always a special favourite with my enthusiastic friend, who regularly entertained him at his own table, and who, when they would have disposed of their plain but comfortable and substantial meal, would treat his blind guest to repeated "rounds" of good "half and half," composed of water from the spring, and the *potteen* of the valley. It was night-fall when I arrived, and the happy family, consisting of Garret and his wife, Nanny their eldest girl, and her two little brothers, with Paddy Bawn the "sarvint boy," and Ounny the "girl," including blind Maurice, were collected in a smiling group around the immense turf fire. In that day teetotalism had made little progress in Ireland; a huge copper kettle was therefore seen hissing on the fire; a large grey-beard of mountain-

dew stood on the huge oak-table; tumblers and glasses glittered in their respective places: and, in a few minutes we were all engaged in discussing the merits of a large jug of potteen punch. All were happy; Garret talked, his wife smiled; told all the "new news" of the Queen's county; whilst the spaces were filled up by blind Maurice, who played several of his most delightful national airs on his antique-looking pipes, whilst invariably as he concluded each successive lay, he would enrich the treat by some tradition connected with the piece he had been playing, and which threw an indescribable charm not only around the performance, but the performer.

"That's a curious thing," remarked Garret, as the piper concluded one particular rant; "it's a quare medley, sometimes gay and sometimes sad, and sometimes like the snarlin' of a growlin' dog, and again exactly like the mewin' of a cat."

The piper smiled. "And have you," he asked, "never heard me play that tune before?—and did I never tell you the strange story connected with it?"

"Never," was the reply.

"Well, that is strange enough; that tune is an old favourite in Munster, and I thought the whole world had heard of it."

"It never kem to Glen-Mac-Tir, any how," replied the farmer, "or I'd surely have heard of it. How d'ye call the name of it?"

"*Caith-na-broqueen*—that is in English, Puss in Brogues," said the piper.

"Well," said Garret, "it's often I heard of Puss in Boots, but I never heard of Puss in Brogues afore."

"Well, I'll tell you and this good company all about it," said Maurice, laying down his pipes and wiping his forehead.

"Ay, but afore you begin," said Garret, "take another dhrup to wet your whistle, and you'll get on the betther with your story."

The piper seized the flowing tumbler again, and raising it to his lips, gaily exclaimed, whilst his attenuated hand shook nervously beneath the weight of the smoking goblet,

"*Sho-dhurth*, your healths, my friends, glory to our noble selves; and if this be war, may we never have more peaceable times."

"Amen," was the fervent response of every one present.

"Now for the *Caith-na-broqueen*," said Garret.

"Ay, and a wild and strange tale it is," said Maurice. "However, it is a popular tradition in South Munster, and often when a boy have I listened to it, whilst my eyes, now dark for ever, would glisten with delight, and I would even fear to breathe the last one syllable of the legend might escape me." Then emitting a deep-drawn sigh, and again wiping his polished brow, he thus began.

"At the foot of a hill in a lonely district of the county of Cork, about a dozen miles from my native village, there lived in old times a poor man named Larry Roche. He was, they say, descended from that family of the Roches once so mighty in the south of Ireland, and some branches of which still retain a considerable degree of their former consequence and respectability. Poor Larry, however, although the blood of kings might flow through his veins, was neither rich nor respectable; and his only means of support was a patch of barren land, which he held from that celebrated sportsman Squire B—, in consideration of his services as care-keeper of a vast extent of bog and heath, the property of the squire, and which extended far westward of poor Larry Roche's cabin. Yet Larry was not discontented with his situation. His father and grandfather had lived and died in the same cabin; and although sometimes he might feel disposed to envy the fine times which the sporting squire enjoyed, yet on cool reflection he would console himself with the consideration that "it was not every one that was born with a silver spoon in his mouth," and that even squire B— himself, as grand as he was, was on the "look down," or he would not spend so much of his time wading through fens and bogs at home, but like his ancestors be lavishing his thousands amongst the *Sassenaghs* at the other side of the lough, or driving about on the continent. Thus rolled away poor Larry's days in poverty and contentment. In the shooting season his time was occupied in following his master over heath and hillock with his game-bag on his shoulder, and his "dhudeen" in his teeth, whilst the rest of the year was spent in lounging about the ditches of the neighbourhood, chatting with the crones of the vicinity about his family connexions, or the fairies of Glendharig, or squabbling with his good woman and his young ones: for Larry was married; and as his wife was exactly a counterpart of himself, every hour

of course gave fresh cause for that bickering and disagreement so often the result of untimely and ill-assorted marriages.

The only domestic animal in or about Larry Roche's cabin was a ferocious-looking old black tom-cat, far bigger and stronger than any cat ever seen in that part of the country. His fur was black, he had strong whiskers, his nails were like a tiger's, and at the end of his tail was fixed a claw or "gaff" as sharp and hooked as a falcon's beak; his eyes also flashed by night with an appalling glare, and his cry was a savage howl, baffling all description, and unlike any sound ever heard from any other animal. He was as singular in his habits, too, as in his appearance. He was never known to demand a morsel of food; and if offered any, he would reject it with indignation. Every evening at twilight he left the fireside, and spent the night scouring over moor and heather, and at day-break would return from his foray, gaining access through the low chimney of the cabin, and be found in the morning in his usual position on the hob-stone. There he would sit from morning till night; and when Larry and Betty and the "childre" were chatting in a group around the fire, the cat would watch them intently, and if the nature of their conversation was such as to excite laughter or merriment, he would growl in a low tone, evidently dissatisfied; but if their dialogues were held in a jarring, angry strain, as sometimes happened, he would purr hoarsely and loudly, whilst the wagging of his tail testified the pleasure he felt in their feuds and dissensions. The family had often been advised to make away with him, but superstitious awe or family prejudice prevented them; and although the whole neighbourhood averred that "he was no right thing," yet for the reasons I have stated his owners never could be induced to make any attempt to banish or destroy him.

One dreary evening in October, Larry returned from his day's wandering with the squire over the bleak bogs, and although it rained, and the wind blew bitterly, he appeared in much better spirits than was usual with him on similar occasions. His wife wondered, and made more than usual preparations to please him. She trimmed the fire, and assisted him in taking off his dripping clothes, and then commenced pouring out her sympathy for his sufferings.

"Oh, never mind," said Larry; "I have good news."

"Arrah, sit down," said Betty, "and tell us what it is."

Larry sat down, and putting his hand in his pocket, pulled out a glittering gold coin.

"Arrah, Larry, avourneen, what's that?" asked the woman.

"Faith, it's a rare yellow boy, a good goold guinea," replied Larry. "The squire gev it to me, and tould me to buy a pair of brogues with it, and drink his health with the balance."

"Och, musha I then, long life to him," vociferated Betty; "and, Larry, a-hagur, will you buy the brogues?"

"Faix and I will," said Larry, "and another rattling pair for yourself, a-chorra."

"Ay, daddy, and another pair for me," shouted young Larry.

"And another for me," cried Thady.

"And another for me," chuckled Charley.

"Ay, and two pair for me," cried the black cat, speaking in a wild unearthly tone from the hob-stone, and breaking forth into a horrible laugh.

"Devil knock the day-lights out of yez all," cried Larry, without seeming to take any notice of the strange circumstance, though his heart died within him with terror and surprise.

"Lord have mercy on us!" faintly ejaculated Betty, signing her brow, whilst all the children started up in terror, and ran behind their parents in the chimney-corner.

All this time the cat remained silent on the hob; but his aspect, at all times terrible, now seemed perfectly monstrous and hideous. For some time a death-like silence was preserved, but at last Larry plucked up courage to address the speaking animal.

"And, in the name of God," he began, "what business have you with brogues?"

"Ask me no questions," replied the cat, "but get me the brogues as soon as possible."

"Oh, by all means," replied Larry, quite gently, "you must have them; and why did you not ask them long ago, and you should have got them?"

"My time was not come," replied Puss, briefly.

"Well," resumed Larry, "to-morrow is Sunday, and at day-break I will start off to my gossip Phadruig Donovan's, in Mill-street, to engage the brogues; he is the best brogue-

maker in the county, and he is, my first gossip besides."

"I know all that," said the cat, as he leaped up the chimney, on his departure to the scene of his midnight wanderings. "Good night, Larry, and don't forget your engagement;" and he disappeared through the gathering gloom, to the great relief of poor Larry and his terrified family.

That was a sad and uneasy night with poor Larry and his wife and children. They did not go to bed at all, but sat trembling at the fire, expecting every moment that the black imp would return with legions of fiends to carry them away, body and bones, to the regions below. Numerous were the plans proposed for getting rid of their old companion, but all were rejected—some as inefficient, others as impracticable; and the only point on which they could finally agree, was, that their days were numbered, and that perhaps before morning their blood would be streaming on the hearth-stone, and their souls wandering through mire and morass, the prey of troops of fiends.

At last the morning dawned, and as Larry disconsolately enough was preparing to set forward on his journey to Mill-street, the cat jumped down the chimney, and took his usual place on the hob.

"Well, I am going now," said Larry; "have you any directions to give about the brogues?"

The cat did not reply, but uttered a hideous growl, which fell heavily on the poor fellow's heart; so kissing his wife and children, and commending them to the protection of God, he set out on his sorrowful journey.

He had not gone far when he perceived through the dim grey of the morning a human figure approaching; and on advancing a little nearer, he found that it was a very old man, of extremely diminutive stature and forbidding aspect. He wore an old grey coat and an equally old woollen cap, and his thin white hair descended to his knees; he was bare-foot, and carried a walking-stick in his hand.

"Good morrow, and God save you, Larry Roche," said the old man as he came up.

"A bright morning to you," answered Larry.

"How is every rope's length of you, Larry, and how is the woman and the childre at home?" demanded the stranger.

"Faix, purty well, considerin'," replied Larry. "But you have a great advantage of me."

"How's that?" said the old man.

"Why, because you know me so well, while I have no more knowledge of you than of the man in the moon."

"Och, I'd know your skin in a tan-yard," said the old chap, laughing. "But is it possible you don't know me?"

"Faix if God Almighty knows no more about you than I do, the devil will have a prey of you one of those days," replied Larry.

"Well, say no more about that," said the old fellow, rather angrily. "But where are you going this blessed Sunday morning, Larry?"

"To Mill-street," said Larry.

"All the ways—musha! what's taking you to Mill-street, Larry?"

"My feet and my business," said Larry, something piqued at the old fellow's inquisitive importunity.

"You are very stiff this morning, Larry," said the stranger with a grin.

"I am worse than that," said the poor fellow; "the heart within me is sick and sore."

"And what troubles you now, Larry?"

Larry hereupon told the whole of his strange misfortunes to the stranger, ending with a deep "ochone," and wishing, if it was the will of God, that "his four-bones were stretched in the church-yard of Kilebawn."

"You'll be there time enough for your welcome, may be," said the old chap, "but that's neither here nor there. What will you do with the black cat?"

"Och, sweet bad luck to all the cats alive, both black and white," imprecated Larry.

"That cat's a devil—a fiend," said the stranger; "and more than that, he intends to murder you and your family this very night."

Larry groaned and crossed his forehead, whilst the stranger's hideous countenance was convulsed with half-suppressed laughter.

"Well, Larry," said he again, "I am your friend, and I have power to save you and yours, on one condition; and that is, that you will stop up the window in the back wall of your cabin."

"Faith and I'll do that with a heart and a half," said Larry.

"But what do you want that for?"

"I'll tell you that another time," said the little man.

"Go home now, and say you can't proceed to Mill-street without taking the wife and children with you, to leave the measure of their feet for the brogues. Tell the cat also that he must come too, to have his fit taken; then tie him up in a bag, and bring him with you; fasten this hair around your neck," added the old man, at the same time extracting a single white hair from his head, "and all the imps of hell cannot hurt you. But mind and don't open your lips from the time you leave home till you come to this spot; and when you arrive here with the cat, sit down and wait the event."

A thick fog now suddenly rose, and the old man was hidden from the sight of Larry, who, greatly overjoyed, returned to his cabin to execute the orders he had got, and was met by his wife, who was trampling for his safe return, but did not expect him sooner than night.

"Musha! Larry agragal, you're welcome," she exclaimed; "and what in the name of God turned you back?"

"I am coming for you and the gorsoons; you must all come to Mill-street to have your measure taken for the brogues."

"And must I go too?" asked the cat.

"Faix you must," said Larry; "if natural Christians could not be fitted without bein' on the spot, it's hard to expect that you could."

"And how am I to travel?" he asked.

"In a bag on my back," replied Larry. "I'll whip you through the country like a dinner to a hog, and man or mortal shall never be the wiser, if the brogue-maker keeps his tongue quiet."

"I'll go bail he will," said Puss, "for I'll kill him the very night the brogues is brought home."

"Lord have mercy on him!" ejaculated Larry, his heart sinking within him.

"Pray for yourself—may be you want mercy as well as him," said the cat.

The preparations were soon completed, and the cat being put into the bag, Larry tied the mouth of it firmly with a piece of cord, and then slung it on his shoulder; and after acquainting his wife with his adventure with the old man on "Moin-more," he departed, whistling the air of "Thamama Thulla."

He soon gained the spot where he had parted with the old man, and looking round and perceiving nobody, he sat down on the green fern, still holding the bag which contained his terrible fellow-traveller.

"What stops you Larry?" asked the cat.

Larry, recollecting the old man's injunction, spoke not, but continued whistling.

"Does anything all you, Larry?"

"Whoo, hoo, phoo, hoo—Thamemo Chodladh."

"Is Betty and the childre to the fore?"

"Thamemo Chodladh."

"Bad luck to you and your 'Thamemo Chodladh,'" cried the cat.

"That the prayers may fall on the preacher," said Larry to himself.

The cat now began to make desperate efforts to escape from the bag, whilst Larry redoubled his exertions to detain him. His attention, however, was soon arrested by the cry of hounds, and on looking westward, he perceived, rapidly approaching over the morass, a big black man mounted on a black horse, and accompanied by a numerous pack of black dogs.

"Ochone," thought Larry, "now I am coached of all ever happened me. Here is the chap's black friends coming to rescue him, and they wont leave a toothful a-piece in my carcass."

"Let me go, Larry," said the cat, "let me go, and I'll show you where there's a cart-load of gold buried in the ground." But Larry remained silent, and meantime the horse-man and hounds came up.

"Good morrow and good luck, Larry Roche," said the black equestrian, with a grim smile.

"Good morrow, kindly, your worship," said Larry.

"Is that a fox you have in the bag, Larry?"

"No, in troth," said Larry, "though I believe he is not much honeste than a fox."

"I must see what it is, any how," said the sable horseman, with a gesticulation which convinced Larry at once that he was the fellow whom he had seen before.

So Larry opened the bag, and out jumped Puss, and away with him over the bog like a flash of lightning. The wild huntsman hallooed his dogs, and the pursuit commenced, but the cat was soon surrounded and torn to pieces.

"Now," said the horseman, "I must bid you farewell;" and off he went; and then Larry returned home with the happy tidings, and the squire's guinea was spent in the purchase of sundry bottles of "Tom Corcoran's" best potteen; but we must do Larry the justice to say that his agreement with the old man was punctually performed, and the back window stopped as effectually as mud and stones could do it.

A few nights after, Larry was aroused from his sleep by the merry tones of bagpipes at his fire-side, and getting up, he perceived the kitchen illuminated with a bright, reddish glare, whilst on the hob-stone he saw, snugly seated, the ever remembered little old man playing a set of bagpipes, to the delightful tones of which hundreds of little fellows with red caps and red small-clothes were capering about the floor.

"God bless the man and the work" said Larry, "and warm work yez have ov it this hour ov the night."

The little fellow hereupon set up a shout, and rushing to the door, flew through it, one of them striking poor Larry a box on the right eye, which blinded it.

"Good night, Misthur Larry," said the piper; "and how is your four bones? and how is the good woman that owns you?"

"Och, no fear at all ov the woman," replied Larry; "and as for my bones, they are well enough; but, faith, my right eye, I believe, is in whey in my head."

"Well, it will teach you how to speak to your betters in future," said the little piper; "never minton the holy name again, when talking to the 'good people.'"

"But, Larry, listen: I'll now tell you why I wanted you to stop up your back window."

"You must know that this cabin of yours stands on the middle of a fairy pass. We often come this way in our wanderings through the air in cold nights, and often we wished to warm ourselves at your fire-side; but as there was a window in the back of your cabin, we had not power to stop, but were compelled to pursue our journey. Now that the window is stopped, we can come in and remain as long as we wish, and resume our journey through the door by which we enter. We pass this way almost every night, and you need never feel in the least apprehensive of injury so long as you let us pursue our pastimes undisturbed."

"I'll be bound me or mine shall never annoy one of yez," said Larry,

"That's a good fellow, Larry," said the little chap; "and now take those pipes and play us a tune."

"Och, the devil a chanter I ever fingered," said Larry, "since I was christened."

"No matter," said the little fellow; "I'll go bail you'll play out of the soot."

Larry "yoked" on the pipes, and lilted up in darling style a merry tune, whilst the old chap was ready to split with laughing.

"What's the name of that tune?" said Larry.

"*Caith-na-brogueen*," replied the fairy piper; "a tune I composed in memory of your escape from the cat; a tune that will soon become a favourite all over Munster."

Larry handed back the pipes; the little man placed them in a red bag, and, bidding his host "good night," dashed up the chimney.

The next night, and almost every following night, the din of fairy revels might be heard at Larry Roche's fire-side, and Larry himself was their constant companion in their midnight frolics. He soon became the best performer on the bagpipes in the south of Ireland, and after some time surrendered his cabin to the sole occupation of the "good people," and wandered with his family through all the Munster counties, and was welcome and kindly treated wherever he came. After some time, the cabin from neglect fell, and offered no further impediment to the fairy host in their midnight wanderings, whilst Larry followed a life of pleasure and peace, far from the scene of his former perils and privations.

The cat, of course, was never seen after; but the peasantry of the neighbourhood say that the screams of the infernal fiend, mingled with the deep howlings of hell-hounds and the savage yellings of the sable hunter, may be distinctly heard in horrid chorus amongst the fens and morasses of the broad Moin-more.

Thus ended the strange tale of Maurice O'Sullivan, who



in addition to the unanimous applause of the company present, was treated to another flowing tumbler of the barley bree, which he tossed off to the health of those who, to use his own words, were "good people" in earnest—not fays or fairies, however, but the hospitable folks of Glen-Mac-Tir; adding at the same time that he was resolved to gratify the lovers of legendary lore with another of his wild Munster tales on the following night.

J. K.

### ITINERANT GOLDSMITHS OF INDIA AND SUMATRA.

In the production of beautiful specimens of mechanical art, much more depends upon the natural taste and ingenuity of the workman than upon the completeness and perfection of his tools. To those who are not much acquainted with the mechanical arts, this may sound somewhat like a self-evident proposition; yet it is far, very far indeed, from being considered such by European mechanics in general, and by our own in particular. So commonly is the blame of clumsy workmanship laid upon the badness or the want of tools, that an anecdote is related of a man, who, upon being spoken to by a friend for having committed numerous grammatical errors in a letter which he had just written, cursed his pen, and asked his friend how he could be so excessively unreasonable as to expect him or any man to write good English with such a wretched implement!

To such a degree of excellence has the manufacture of mechanical tools and instruments arrived in these countries, that a British mechanic would be utterly astonished could he but behold the process of manufacturing various articles in the East; such for example as the shawls of Persia and Cashmere, the carvings in wood and ivory of China, the extraction of metal from the ore in the same country, by which malleable iron is produced fit for immediate use, and of the finest quality, by a single process; and, not to tire by enumeration, the productions of the itinerant goldsmiths of India and the island of Sumatra. These last excel in filagree work, for which they are celebrated, far exceeding even the Chinese in its extraordinary delicacy; yet their tools are ruder than those of the Indian goldsmith of the continent.

When a Sumatran goldsmith is engaged to manufacture some piece of gold or silver work, he first asks for any little piece of thin iron—a bit of an iron hoop will answer his purpose—and with this he makes an instrument for drawing his wire. The head of an old hammer stuck in a block of wood serves for an anvil; and for a pair of compasses he is contented with two old nails tied together at the heads. If he has a crucible, good; if not, a piece of a broken rice-pot or a china tea-cup answers his purpose. His furnace is an old broken *qualles* or iron pot, and his bellows a joint of bamboo, through which he blows with his mouth. If the work be heavy, and the quantity of metal to be melted considerable, three or four sit round the furnace, each with his bamboo, and blow together. It is only at Padang, where the manufacture is carried on extensively, that the Chinese bellows has been introduced. The art of wire-drawing not having been considerably improved upon since the time of Tubalcain, the Sumatran method differs little from the European.

When drawn sufficiently fine, the wire is flattened by beating it upon the anvil, and when flattened, it is twisted by rubbing it upon a block of wood with a flat stick. Having twisted it, the goldsmith again flattens it upon the anvil, and it is then a flat wire with serrated or indented edges, suitable for forming leaves or portions of flowers; these he makes by turning down the end of the wire with a rude pincers, and then cutting it off; this process is repeated until he has a sufficient number prepared for his work. The pattern he has drawn on a piece of paper or card, to the size and shape of which the intended piece of workmanship must correspond. If the work is to be formed upon a plate of gold, he cuts the plate to the shape of his pattern, and proceeds to dispose the various bits of foliage, assorted according to size, and adjusts wire of various thickness for the stems, tendrils, &c., fastening them temporarily together, and upon the plate, with the sago berry, called *boca sago*, which they reduce to a pulp by grinding upon a rough stone; and a young cocoa nut, about the size of a walnut, forms the ointment-box for this gelatinous preparation. When the work has been all placed in order, the operator prepares his solder, which consists of gold filings and borax mingled with water; this he strews upon the plate and applies to the several points of contact of the finer por-

tions of his work; and then, exposing the whole to the action of the fire, in a few moments the soldering is completed. But if it is open work, he lays out the foliage and other parts upon a card or thin bit of soft wood, and attaches them together, as before described, with the pulp of the sago berry, applies the solder to the points of junction, and puts his work into the fire as before; the card or wood burns away, the solder unites the parts, and the work is completed; but if the piece be very large, the soldering is done at several times. When the work is finished as to the manufacturing part, it is cleaned and brightened by boiling it in water with common salt and alum, or lime juice; and when the goldsmith wishes to give it a fine purple colour, he boils it in water with sulphur. The beautiful little balls with which the Sumatran filagree work is sometimes ornamented, are very simply made. The maker merely drills a small hole in a piece of charcoal, into which he puts some grains of gold dust, and upon exposing it to the fire, it runs into a perfect ball.

At finishing plain work, however, it must be confessed that the Sumatran and Indian goldsmiths fall short of the European; but if the latter excel in this, which may be considered the lowest department of the art, they are, despite their improvements and the superiority of their instruments, vastly inferior in the elegance and delicacy of the finer parts.

The Sonah Wallah (which signifies in Hindoostanee "the gold fellow"), or itinerant goldsmith of India, is far better supplied with tools and implements of his trade than the Sumatran; and being thus a step higher in the grade of civilization, he exhibits evidences of his advance in refinement by being such a confounded rogue, that it is almost impossible for *even his European employer* to detect him, or prevent him from pilfering some portion of the metal consigned to his ingenuity. The Sonah Wallah may be hired for half a rupee (a little over a shilling) a-day, and, like the tinkers in these countries, he brings his implements with him. These consist of a small forge, to the edge of which are attached several iron rings, which may be turned up over the charcoal to receive his crucibles; a tin tube to blow through, a pair of slight iron tongs, a pair of small pliers, a hammer, a couple of earthen saucers, and a rude anvil consisting of a piece of flint secured in a rough iron frame. The gold usually presented to him for working is the gold mohur, a coin worth about 32s. sterling; this coin he places in a crucible with a little borax, to make it fuse the more readily; and having fixed the crucible in one of the rings, and lighted the charcoal under and around it, he blows with his tin tube until the metal is melted, when he practises a trick of his trade by throwing in a small quantity of nitro-muriatic acid, which causes a sudden expansion or slight explosion, by which a portion of the metal is thrown out of the crucible into the fire, from the extinguished embers of which the rogue separates it at a convenient opportunity; and lest his employer should try to detect him by weighing the material both before and after working, he uses a copper rod for stirring the contents of the crucible, a portion of which rod melts and mingles with the gold, and so compensates for the deficiency in weight, or at least so nearly as invariably to escape detection, although it is more than probable that an instance seldom or never occurs in which they do not defraud their employers of a portion of the gold put into their hands. The fact is, that their admirable skill so completely compensates for their knavery, that few would think of questioning too closely, for, rude and simple as are their tools, they far exceed European workmen in the production of delicate and intricately formed trinkets; their small, taper, and flexible fingers more than supplying the place of the numerous varieties of implements which the mechanic of Birmingham or Sheffield finds indispensably necessary. Indian chains of gold and silver have been ever celebrated for the beauty and complication of their structure; and although the Sonah Wallah may be considered to excel particularly in this branch of his art, yet he still must be admitted to surpass, or at least equal the European even in the manufacture of finger rings, bracelets, and armlets.

Much of the superior ingenuity of the Indian goldsmith may be attributable to the division of the people into castes or sections, by which fundamental law the same profession is carried on by the same people or family through countless generations; the Shastra, or code of Hindoo laws, forbidding the mixture of the castes, or interference with any business or profession not carried on by their progenitors.

There are four integral divisions of the people. The first caste, the Brahmins, are said by the Hindoo scriptures to

have issued, at the creation, from Brahma's mouth; and being thus the most excellent and dignified, are set apart for the priesthood and legislative departments of the state. The second, the Cahatryas, are said to have issued from Brahma's arms, and to them is committed the executive—these consequently form the armies. The third caste, the Vaisyas, are said to have proceeded from Brahma's thighs; they are the merchants, and consequently amongst them are to be found some of the wealthiest men of Hindostan. The fourth caste, called Soodras, being said to have issued from the feet of Brahma, are considered the most ignoble and degraded, and to them are left all mechanical arts and servile employments, as being beneath the dignity of the superior castes. Amongst the Soodras, consequently, are the goldsmiths; and as the different professions form a sort of minor castes amongst the greater ones, the same business is transferred from father to son; and all the powers of the mind being directed undistractedly to the single object, pre-eminence in that line is naturally to be expected. N.

### BARNY O'GRADY.

BEHOLD me safely landed at Philadelphia, with one hundred pounds in my pocket—a small sum of money; but many, from yet more trifling beginnings, have grown rich in America. Many passengers who came over in the same ship with me had not half so much. Several of them were indeed wretchedly poor. Amongst others there was an Irishman, who was known by the name of Barny—a contraction, I believe, for Barnaby. As to his surname, he could not undertake to spell it, but he assured me there was no better. This man, with many of his relatives, had come to England, according to their custom, during harvest time, to assist in reaping, because they gain higher wages than in their own country. Barny had heard that he should get still higher wages for labour in America, and accordingly he and his two sons, lads of eighteen and twenty, took their passage for Philadelphia. A merrier mortal I never saw. We used to hear him upon deck, continually singing or whistling his Irish tunes; and I should never have guessed that this man's life had been a series of hardships and misfortunes.

When we were leaving the ship, I saw him, to my great surprise, crying bitterly; and upon inquiring what was the matter, he answered that it was not for himself, but for his two sons, he was grieving; because they were to be made *redemption men*; that is, they were to be bound to work, during a certain time, for the captain, or for whomsoever he pleased, till the money due for their passage should be paid. Although I was somewhat surprised at any one's thinking of coming on board a vessel without having one farthing in his pocket, yet I could not forbear paying the money for this poor fellow. He dropped down on the deck upon both his knees, as suddenly as if he had been shot, and holding up his hands to heaven, prayed, first in Irish, and then in English, with fervent fluency, that "I and mine might never want; that I might live long to reign over him; that success might attend my honour wherever I went; and that I might enjoy for evermore all sorts of blessings and crowns of glory." As I had an English prejudice in favour of silent gratitude, I was rather disgusted by all this eloquence; I turned away abruptly, and got into the boat which waited to carry me to shore.

I had now passed three years in Philadelphia, and was not a farthing the richer, but, alas, a great deal poorer. My inveterate habit of procrastination—of delaying every thing till to-morrow, always stood betwixt me and prosperity. I at last resolved upon leaving the land of the star-spangled banner; but when I came to reckon up my resources, I found that I could not do so, unless I disposed of my watch and my wife's trinkets. I was not accustomed to such things, and I was ashamed to go to the pawnbroker's, lest I should be met and recognised by some of my friends. I wrapped myself up in an old surtout, and slouched my hat over my face. As I was crossing the quay, I met a party of gentlemen walking arm in arm. I squeezed past them, but one stopped and looked after me; and though I turned down another street to escape him, he dodged me unperceived. Just as I came out of the pawnbroker's shop, I saw him posted opposite me; I brushed by; I could with pleasure have knocked him down for his impertinence. By the time that I had reached the corner of the street, I heard a child calling after me; I stopped, and

a little boy put into my hand my watch, saying, "Sir, the gentleman says you left your watch and these thingumbobs by mistake."

"What gentleman?"

"I don't know, but he was one that said I looked like an honest chap, and he'd trust me to run and give you the watch. He is dressed in a blue coat, and went towards the quay. That's all I know."

On opening the paper of trinkets, I found a card with these words:—"Barny—with kind thanks."

"Barny! poor Barny! An Irishman whose passage I paid coming to America three years ago. Is it possible?"

I ran after him the way which the child directed, and was so fortunate as just to catch a glimpse of the skirt of his coat as he went into a neat, good-looking house. I walked up and down for some time, expecting him to come out again; for I could not suppose that it belonged to Barny. I asked a grocer who was leaning over his hatch-door, if he knew who lived in the next house?

"An Irish gentleman of the name of O'Grady."

"And his Christian name?"

"Here it is in my books, sir—Barnaby O'Grady."

I knocked at Mr O'Grady's door, and made my way into the parlour, where I found him, his two sons, and his wife, sitting very sociably at tea. He and the two young men rose immediately, to set me a chair.

"You are welcome, kindly welcome, sir," said he. "This is an honour I never expected, any way. Be pleased to take the seat next the fire. 'Twould be hard indeed if you should not have the best seat's that to be had in this house, where we none of us ever should have sat, nor had seats to sit upon, but for you."

The sons pulled off my shabby greatcoat, and took away my hat, and Mrs O'Grady made up the fire. There was something in their manner, altogether, which touched me so much that it was with difficulty I could keep myself from bursting into tears. They saw this, and Barny (for I shall never call him any thing else), as he thought that I should like better to hear of public affairs than to speak of my own, began to ask his sons if they had seen the day's paper, and what news there were.

As soon as I could command my voice, I congratulated this family upon the happy situation in which I found them, and asked by what lucky accident they had succeeded so well.

"The luckiest accident ever happened me before or since I came to America," said Barny, "was being on board the same vessel with such a man as you. If you had not given me the first lift, I had been down for good and all, and trampled under foot, long and long ago. But after that first lift, all was as easy as life. My two sons here were not taken from me—God bless you; for I never can bless you enough for that. The lads were left to work for me and with me; and we never parted, hand or heart, but just kept working on together, and put all our earnings, as fast as we got them, into the hands of that good woman, and lived hard at first, as we were born and bred to do, thanks be to heaven! Then we swore against all sorts of drink entirely. And as I had occasionally served the masons when I lived a labouring man in the county of Dublin, and knew something of that business, why, whatever I knew, I made the most of, and a trowel felt noways strange to me, so I went to work, and had higher wages at first than I deserved. The same with the two boys: one was as much of a blacksmith as would shoe a horse, and the other a bit of a carpenter; so the one got plenty of work in the forges, and the other in the dockyards as a ship-carpenter. So, early and late, morning and evening, we were all at the work, and just went this way struggling on even for a twelvemonth, and found, with the high wages and constant employ we had met, that we were getting greatly better in the world. Besides, the wife was not idle. When a girl, she had seen baking, and had always a good notion of it, and just tried her hand upon it now, and found the loaves went down with the customers, who came faster and faster for them; and this was a great help. Then I turned master mason, and had my men under me, and took a house to build by the job, and that did; and then on to another; and after building many for the neighbours, 'twas fit and my turn, I thought, to build one for myself, which I did out of theirs, without wronging them of a penny. In short," continued Barny, "if you were to question me how I have got on so well in the world, upon my conscience I should answer, we never made Saint Monday, and never put off till to-morrow what we could do to-day."

I believe I sighed deeply at this observation of Barry's notwithstanding the comic phraseology in which it was expressed.

"And would it be too much liberty to ask you," said Barry, "to drink a cup of tea, and to taste a slice of my good woman's bread and butter? And happy the day we see you eating it, and only wish we could serve you in any way whatsoever."

I verily believe the generous fellow forgot at this instant that he had redeemed my watch and wife's trinkets. He would not let me thank him as much as I wished, but kept pressing upon me fresh offers of service. When he found I was going to leave America, he asked what vessel we should go in. I was really afraid to tell him, lest he should attempt to pay for my passage. But for this he had, as I afterwards found, too much delicacy of sentiment. He discovered, by questioning the captains, in what ship we were to sail; and when we went on board, we found him and his sons there to take leave of us, which they did in the most affectionate manner; and after they were gone, we found in the state cabin, directed to me, every thing that could be useful or agreeable to us, as sea stores for a long voyage.—*Incident in a Tale entitled "To-morrow," by Miss Edgeworth.*

**DECISION OF CHARACTER: HOWARD THE PHILANTHROPIST.**—In decision of character no man ever exceeded, or ever will exceed, the late illustrious Howard. The energy of his determination was so great, that if, instead of being habitual, it had been shown only for a short time on particular occasions, it would have appeared a vehement impetuosity; but by being unintermitted it had an equability of manner which scarcely appeared to exceed the tone of a calm constancy, it was so totally the reverse of anything like turbulence or agitation. It was the calmness of an intensity kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and by the character of the individual forbidding it to be less. The habitual passion of his mind was a measure of feeling almost equal to the temporary extremes and paroxysms of common minds; as a great river, in its customary state, is equal to a small or moderate one when swollen to a torrent. The moment of finishing his plans in deliberation, and commencing them in action, was the same. I wonder what must have been the amount of that bribe in emolument or pleasure that would have detained him a week inactive after their final adjustment. The law which carries water down a declivity was not more unconquerable and invariable than the determination of his feelings towards the main object. The importance of this object held his faculties in a state of excitement which was too rigid to be affected by lighter interests, and on which therefore the beauties of nature and of art had no power. He had no leisure feeling which he could spare to be diverted among the innumerable varieties of the extensive scenes which he traversed: all his subordinate feelings lost their separate existence and operation by falling into the grand one. There have not been wanting trivial minds to mark this as a fault in his character. But the mere men of taste ought to be silent respecting such a man as Howard: he is above their sphere of judgment. The invisible spirits who fulfil their commission of philanthropy among mortals do not care about pictures, statues, and sumptuous buildings; and no more did he, when the time in which he must have inspected and admired them would have been taken from the work to which he had consecrated his life. His labours implied an inconceivable severity of conviction that he had *one thing to do*, and that he who would do some great thing in this short life must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces as, to idle spectators who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity. His attention was so strongly and tenaciously fixed on his object, that even at the greatest distance, as the Egyptian pyramids to travellers, it appeared to him with a luminous distinctness as if it had been nigh, and beguiled the toilsome length of labour and enterprise by which he was to reach it. It was so conspicuous before him that not a step deviated from the direction, and every movement and every day was an approximation. As his method referred every thing he did and thought to the end, and as his exertions did not relax for a moment, he made the trial, so seldom made, what the utmost effect is, which may be granted to the last possible efforts of a human agent; and, therefore, what he did not accomplish he might conclude to be placed beyond the

sphere of mortal activity, and calmly leave to the immediate disposal of Omnipotence.—*Foster's Essays.*

### KISSING OFF SAILORS.

AN Irish Guineaman had been fallen in with by one of our cruisers, and the commander of his majesty's sloop the Hummingbird made a selection of thirty or forty stout Hibernians to fill up his own complement, and hand over the surplus to the admiral. Short-sighted mortals we all are, and captains of men-of-war are not exempted from human imperfection. How much also drops between the cup and the lip! There chanced to be on board of the same trader two very pretty Irish girls, of the better sort of bourgeoisie, who were going to join their friends at Philadelphia. The name of the one was Judy, and of the other Maria. No sooner were the poor Irishmen informed of their change of destination, than they set up a howl loud enough to make the scaly monsters of the deep seek their dark caverns. They rent the hearts of the poor-hearted girls; and when the thorough-bass of the males was joined by the sopranos and trebles of the women and children, it would have made Orpheus himself turn round and gaze.

"Oh, Miss Judy! oh, Miss Maria! would you be so cruel as to see us poor crathurs dragged away to a man-of-war, and not for to go and spake a word for us? A word to the captain from your own purty mouths, and no doubt he would let us off."

The young ladies, though doubting the powers of their own fascinations, resolved to make the experiment. So, begging the lieutenant of the sloop to give them a passage on board to speak with his captain, they added a small matter of finery to their dress, and skipped into the boat like a couple of mountain kids, caring neither for the exposure of ancles nor the spray of the salt water, which, though it took the curls out of their hair, added a bloom to their cheeks, which perhaps contributed in no small degree to the success of their project. There is something in the sight of a petticoat at sea that never fails to put a man into a good humour, provided he be rightly constructed. When they got on board the man-of-war, they were received by the captain.

"And pray, young ladies," said he, "what may have procured me the honour of this visit?"

"It was to beg a favour of your honour," said Judy. "And his honour will grant it too," said Maria, "for I like the look of him."

Flattered by this shot of Maria's, the captain said that nothing ever gave him more pleasure than to oblige the ladies; and if the favour they intended to ask was not utterly incompatible with his duty, that he would grant it.

"Well, then," said Judy, "will your honour give me back Pat Flannagan, that you have pressed just now?"

The captain shook his head.

"He's no sailor, your honour, but a poor bog-trotter; and he will never do you any good."

The captain again shook his head. "Ask me anything else," said he, "and I will give it you."

"Well, then," said Maria, "give us Phelim O'Shaughnessy."

The captain was equally inflexible.

"Come, come, your honour," said Judy, "we must not stand upon trifles now-a-days. I'll give you a kiss if you give me back Pat Flannagan."

"And I another," said Maria, "for Phelim."

The captain had one seated on each side of him; his head turned like a dog-vane in a gale of wind. He did not know which to begin with; the most ineffable good humour danced in his eyes; and the ladies saw at once the day was their own. Such is the power of beauty, that this lord of the ocean was fain to strike to it. Judy laid a kiss on his right cheek; Maria matched it on his left; and the captain was the happiest of mortals. "Well, then," said he, "you have your wish; take your two men, for I am in a hurry to make sail."

"Is it sail ye are after makin'? and do ye mane to take all these poor crathurs away wid you? No, faith; *another kiss and another man.*"

I am not going to relate how many kisses these lovely girls bestowed on the envied captain. If such are captains' perquisites, who would not be a captain? Suffice it to say, they got the whole of their countrymen released, and returned on board in triumph.

Lord Brougham used to say that he always laughed at

the settlement of pin-money, as ladies were generally either kicked out of it, or kissed out of it; but his lordship, in the whole course of his legal practice, never saw a captain of a man-of-war kissed out of forty men by two pretty Irish girls. After this, who would not shout " Erin go bragh !"

ANCIENT IRISH LITERATURE.

Number 5.

THE specimen of our ancient Irish Literature which we now present to our readers, is one of the most popular songs of the peasantry of the counties of Mayo and Galway, and is evidently a composition of that most unhappy period of Irish history, the seventeenth century. The original Irish which is the composition of one Thomas Lavelle, has been published without a translation, by Mr Hardiman, in his Irish Minstrelsy; but a very able translation of it was published in a review of that work in the University Magazine for June 1834. From that translation the version which we now give has been but slightly altered so as to adapt it to the original melody, which is of very great beauty and pathos, and one which it is desirable to preserve with English words of appropriate simplicity of character:—

THE COUNTY OF MAYO.

I.

On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sit in woful plight,  
Through my sighing all the weary day, and weeping all the night.  
Were it not that full of sorrow from my people forth I go,  
By the blessed sun, 'tis royally I'd sing thy praise, Mayo!

II.

When I dwelt at home in plenty, and my gold did much abound,  
In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale went round—  
'Tis a bitter change from those gay days that now I'm forced to go,  
And must leave my bones in Santa Cruz, far from my own Mayo!

III.

They are altered girls in Irrul now, 'tis proud they're grown and high,  
With their hair-bags and their top-knots, for I pass their buckles by—  
But it's little now I heed their airs, for God will have it so,  
That I must depart for foreign lands, and leave my sweet Mayo!

IV.

'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl in Irrul still,  
And that Brian Duff no longer rules as Lord upon the hill:  
And that Colonel Hugh Mac Grady should be lying dead and low,  
And I sailing, sailing swiftly from the county of Mayo!

For the satisfaction of our Gaelic readers, we annex the original Irish words:

CONRAD MHAIRSEO.

Jr ar an loingreo Phairio loingris do zhuire an  
Dubhion  
Ag ornao an rath ordoche ir ag rionzol ran lo  
Muna mberoi zuri ballao mhinneleacht ir me a b'eo  
om mhuinnon  
Dair a mairnean! ir mairt a chaoimhionn conrad  
Mhairseo.  
An uair a mair mo chaire de buo breaz mo churo oir  
Dolainn ionn Spameach, zomhuadair ban oz  
Muna mberoi rion ol na zcaira, ran ois bheir no  
Lairion  
Nj a Santicruir a o'acraim mo enama ran bh'eo.  
Tair zadoimise na h'ise reo ag eirzeao zo  
h'oi  
Fa chotaao ir fa hainbaz zan traot ar bhiclaao  
b'ioz  
Da mairneao damra an ian-umail do zeanfionn  
o'obh cianach  
Muna mberoi zuri tazair oia oam bheir a zcain-  
taibh fa bhion.  
Da mberoi Patruis Lochlainn ma iarla air ian-  
umail zo foil  
Briar Dubh a chliamhan na t'zhearra air o'uhach-  
hionn  
Aos Dubh mac Zruao 'na chionnel a zclara  
Ir an n' bheir mo t'pailra zo conrad Mhairseo.

CAMEO-CUTTING.—This art is of great antiquity, and is pursued with most success in Rome, where there are several very eminent artists now living. Cameos are of two descriptions, those cut in stone, or *pietra dura*, and those cut in shell. Of the first, the value depends on the stone, as well as in the excellence of the work. The stones most prized now are the oriental onyx and the sardonyx, the former black and white in parallel layers, the latter cornelian, brown and white; and when stones of four or five layers of distinct shades or colours can be procured, the value is proportionably raised, provided always that the layers be so thin as to be manageable in cutting the cameo so as to make the various parts harmonize. For example, in a head of Minerva, if well wrought out of a stone of four shades, the ground should be dark grey, the face light, the bust and helmet black, and the crest over the helmet brownish or grey. Next to such varieties of shades and layers, those stones are valuable in which two layers occur of black and white of regular breadth. Except on such oriental stones no good artist will now bestow his time; but, till the beginning of this century, less attention was bestowed on materials, so that beautiful middle-age and modern cameos may be found on German agates, whose colours are generally only two shades of grey, or a cream and a milk-white, and these not unfrequently cloudy. The best artist in Rome in *pietra dura* is the Signor Girometti, who has executed eight cameos of various sizes, from 1½ to 3½ inches in diameter, on picked stones of several layers, the subjects being from the antique. These form a set of specimens, for which he asks £3,000 sterling. A single cameo of good brooch size, and of two colours, costs £22. Portraits in stone by those excellent artists Diex and Saulini may be had for £10. These cameos are all wrought by a lathe with pointed instruments of steel, and by means of diamond dust.

Shell cameos are cut from large shells found on the African and Brazilian coasts, and generally show only two layers, the ground being either a pale coffee-colour or a deep reddish-orange; the latter is most prized. The subject is cut with little steel chisels out of the white portion of the shell. A fine shell is worth a guinea in Rome. Copies from the antique, original designs, and portraits, are executed in the most exquisite style of finish, and perfect in contour and taste, and it may be said that the Roman artists have attained perfection in this beautiful art. Good shell cameos may be had at from £1 to £5 for heads, £3 to £4 for the finest large brooches, a comb costs £10, and a complete set of necklace, ear-rings, and brooch cost £21. A portrait can be executed for £4 or £5, according to workmanship.

VENETIAN PAVEMENTS.—A most beautiful art may be mentioned here in connection with the last, I mean that of making what are termed Venetian pavements which might advantageously be introduced into this country. The floors of rooms are finished with this pavement, as it is somewhat incongruously termed, and I shall briefly describe the mode of operation in making these, but must first observe that they are usually formed over vaults. In the first place, a foundation is laid of lime mixed with *pozzolana* and small pieces of broken stone; this is in fact a sort of concrete, which must be well beaten and levelled. When this is perfectly dry, a fine paste, as it is termed by the Italians, must be made of lime, *pozzolana*, and sand; a yellow sand is used which tinges the mixture; this is carefully spread to a depth of one or two inches, according to circumstances. Over this is laid a layer of irregularly broken minute pieces of marble of different colours, and if it is wished, these can be arranged in patterns. After the paste is completely covered with pieces of marble, men proceed to beat the floor with large and heavy tools made for the purpose; when the whole has been beaten into a compact mass, the paste appearing above the pieces of marble, it is left to harden. It is then rubbed smooth with fine grained stones, and is finally brought to a high polish with emery powder, marble-dust, and, lastly, boiled oil rubbed on with flannel. This makes a durable and very beautiful floor, which in this country would be well adapted for halls, conservatories, and other buildings.—*The Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*.

How destitute of humanity is he, who can pass a coarse joke upon the emblem of unfeigned sorrow.



# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



## THE IRISH WOLF-DOG.

The greyhound ! the great hound ! the graceful of limb !  
Rough fellow ! tall fellow ! swift fellow, and slim !  
Let them sound through the earth, let them sail o'er the sea,  
They will light on none other more ancient than thee !

OLD MS.

No individual of the canine race has attained an equal amount of fame, or excited an equal degree of attention through Europe, not merely in the days of his acknowledged existence amongst our dogs of chase, but even now, that he is considered to be extinct, with that once possessed by the superb creature whose picture adorns our title-page, and an account of whom forms the subject of the present article. Public opinion has long been divided respecting the precise appearance and form of this majestic animal, and so many different ideas have been conceived of him, that many persons have been induced to come to the conclusion that no particular breed of dogs was ever kept for wolf-hunting in this country, but that the appellation of "wolf-dog" was bestowed upon any dog swift enough to overtake and powerful enough to contend

with and overcome that formidable animal. There are those who hold this opinion, and there are likewise those who hold that while a particular breed was used, it was a sort of heavy mastiff-like dog, now extinct. It is the object of the present paper to show that not only did Ireland possess a peculiar race of dogs exclusively devoted to wolf-hunting, but that those dogs, instead of being of the mastiff kind, resembled the greyhound in form; and instead of being extinct, are still to be met with, although we are compelled to acknowledge that they are very scarce. I myself was once in very gross error respecting this dog, for I like many others conceived him to have been a mastiff, and implicitly believed that the dogs of Lord Altamont, described in the 3d vol. of the Linnæan Transactions by Mr Lambert, were the sole surviving representatives of the Irish wolf-dog. An able and talented paper, read by Mr A. Hafield of this city, about a year ago, before the Dublin Natural History Society, served to stagger me in my belief, and subsequent careful inquiry and research have completed my conversion. I proceed to lay before my readers the

result of that inquiry, and I feel confident that no individual after reading the evidences which I shall adduce, will continue to harbour a doubt respecting the true appearance and form of the ancient Irish wolf-dog.

We are informed by such disjointed scraps of Celtic verse as *Time*, that merciless destroyer, has suffered to come down, though in a mutilated form, to our days, that in the times of old, when Fionn Mac Cumhail, popularly styled Fin Mac Coil, wielded the sceptre of power and of justice, we possessed a prodigious and courageous dog used for hunting the deer and the wild boar, with, though last not least, the grim and savage wolf which ravaged the folds and slaughtered the herds of our ancestors. We learn from the same source that these dogs were also frequently employed as auxiliaries in war, and that they were "mighty in combat, their breasts like plates of brass, and greatly to be feared." We might adduce the songs of Ossian, but that we fear to draw upon ourselves the envious rancour of some snarling critic. We cannot, however, avoid observing, that the epithets "hairy-footed," "white-breasted," and "bounding," are singularly characteristic of some of the striking peculiarities of the dog in question, and strangely coincide with the descriptions furnished by other writers respecting him; so that M'Pherson must at all events have been at the pains of considerable research if he actually forged the beautiful poems which he put forth to the world under Ossian's name. The word "Bran," the name given to Fingal's noble hound, employed by others than Ossian, or I should not mention it, is Celtic, and signifies "mountain torrent," implying that impetuosity of course and headlong courage so characteristic of the subject of my paper. I have said that many assert the Irish wolf-dog to be no longer in existence. I have ventured a denial of this, and refer to the wolf-dog or deer-dog of the Highlands of Scotland as his actual and faithful living representative. Perhaps I am wrong in saying "representative." I hold that the Irish wolf-dog and the Highland deer-dog are one and the same; and I now proceed to cite a few authorities in support of my positions.

The venerable Bede, as well as the Scotch historian John Major, informs us that Scotland was originally peopled from Ireland under the conduct of Reuda, and adds, that even in his own days half Scotland spoke the Irish language as their mother tongue; and many of my readers are doubtless aware that even at this present time the Gaelic and the Erse are so much alike that a Connaught man finds no difficulty in comprehending and conversing with a Highlander, and I myself have read the Gaelic Bible with an Irish dictionary. Scotland also was called by the early writers Scotia Minor, and Ireland Scotia Major. The colonization, therefore, of Scotland from Ireland, admits of little doubt. As the Irish wolf-dog was at that time in the enjoyment of his most extended fame, it was not to be expected that the colonists would omit taking with them such a fine description of dog, and which would prove so useful to them in a newly established settlement, and that too at a period when hunting was not merely an amusement, but one of their main occupations, and their main source of subsistence. The Irish wolf-dog was thus carried into Scotland and became the Highland or Scottish wolf-dog, changing in process of time his name with his country; and in the course of ages when the wolves died out of the land, his occupation being no longer the hunting of those animals but of deer, he became known no longer as the Highland wolf-dog, but as the Highland deer-dog, though indeed he is to the present called by the former of these appellations by many writers both Irish and Scottish. In Ireland the wolves were in existence longer than in Scotland; but as soon as the wolves ceased to exist in this country, the dogs were suffered to become extinct also, while in Scotland there was still abundant employment for them after the days of wolf-hunting were over, for the deer still remained; and useful as they had been as wolf-dogs, they proved themselves if possible more so as deer-hounds. That the Irish wolf-dog was a tall rough greyhound, similar in every respect to the Highland dog of the present day, I beg to adduce in proof the following authorities:—Strabo mentions a tall greyhound in use among the Pictish and Celtic nations, which he states was held in high esteem by our ancestors, and was even imported into Gaul for the purposes of the chase. *Campion* expressly speaks of the Irish wolf-dog as a "greyhound of great bone and limb." *Silvaus* calls it also a greyhound, and asserts that it was imported into Ireland by the Belgæ, and is the same with the renowned Belgic dog of antiquity, and that it was, during the days of Roman grandeur, brought to Rome for the combats of the amphitheatre.

*Pliny* relates a combat in which the Irish wolf-dogs took a part; he calls them "*Canes Graii Hibernici*," and describes them as much taller than the mastiff. *Hollinshed*, in speaking of the Irish, says, "They are not without wolves, and greyhounds to hunt them." *Evelyn*, speaking of the bear-garden, says, "The bull-dogs did exceeding well, but the Irish wolf-dog exceeded, which was a tall greyhound, a stately creature, and beat a cruel mastiff."

*Llewellyn*, Prince of Wales, was presented by King John with a specimen of this kind of dog, "the greyhound, the greathound, the graceful of limb;" and most of my readers are familiar with that beautiful poem, the "Grave of the Greyhound." These animals were in those days permitted to be kept only by princes and chiefs; and in the Welch laws of the ninth century we find heavy penalties laid down for the maiming or injuring of the Irish greyhound, or, as it was styled in the code alluded to, "*Canis Graius Hibernicus*;" and a value was set upon them, equal to more than double that set on the ordinary greyhound.

*Moryson*, secretary to Lord Deputy Mountjoy, says, "The Irish men and greyhounds are of great stature." *Lombard* says that the finest hunting dogs in Europe were produced in Ireland: "Greyhounds useful to take the stag, wild boar, or wolf." *Pennant* describes these dogs as scarce, and as being led to the chase in leather slips or thongs, and calls them the "Irish greyhound." *Ray* describes him as the "greatest dog" he had ever seen. *Buffon* says he saw an "Irish greyhound" which measured five feet in height when in a sitting posture, and says that all other sorts of greyhounds are descended from him, and that in Scotland it is called the *Highland greyhound*, that it is very large, deep chested, and covered with long rough hair.

Scottish noblemen were not always content with such specimens of this dog as their own country produced, but frequently sent for them to Ireland, conceiving doubtless that they would be found better and purer in their native land. The following is a copy of a letter addressed by Deputy Falkland to the Earl of Cork in 1623:—

"MY LORD,

I have lately received letters from my Lord Duke of Buccleuch and others of my noble friends, who have entreated me to send them some greyhound dogs and bitches out of this kingdom, of the largest sort, which I perceive they intend to present unto divers princes and other noble persons; and if you can possibly, let them be white, which is the colour most in request here. Expecting your answer by the bearer, I commit you to the protection of the Almighty, and am

Your lordship's attached friend,

FALKLAND."

*Smith*, in the second edition of his *History of Waterford*, says, "The Irish greyhound is nearly extinct: it is much taller than a mastiff, but more like a greyhound, and for size, strength, and shape, cannot be equalled. *Roderick*, King of Connaught, was obliged to furnish hawks and greyhounds to Henry II. *Sir Thomas Rue* obtained great favour from the Great Mogul in 1615 for a brace of Irish greyhounds presented by him. *Henry VIII.* presented the Marquis of Desarrages, a Spanish grandee, with two goshawks and four Irish greyhounds."

I have now adduced, I think, a sufficient number of authorities to demonstrate the identity of the Irish wolf-dog with the Highland deer-hound. I might adduce many more, but want of space prevents my doing so. I may however, ere concluding, take the liberty of extracting from the excellent paper of Mr *Haffield*, already alluded to as having been read before the Dublin Natural History Society, the following communication, received by that gentleman from *Sir William Betham*, Ulster King at Arms, an authority of very high importance on any subject connected with Irish antiquities. *Sir William* says:—"From the mention of the wolf-dogs in the old Irish poems and stories, and also from what I have heard from a very old person, long since dead, of his having seen them at the Neale, in the county of Mayo, the seat of *Sir John Browne*, ancestor to Lord Kilmaine, I have no doubt they were a gigantic greyhound. My departed friend described them as being very gentle, and that *Sir J. Browne* allowed them to come into his dining-room, where they put their heads over the shoulders of those who sat at table; they were not smooth-skinned like our greyhounds, but rough and curly-haired. The Irish poets call the wolf-dog '*Cu*' and the common hound '*Gayer*,' a marked distinction, the word '*Cu*' signifying a champion."

The Highland or Irish wolf-dog is a stately majestic animal,

extremely good tempered and quiet in his disposition unless when irritated or excited, when he becomes furious, and is, in consequence of his tremendous strength, a truly formidable animal. The size of these dogs has been much exaggerated. Goldsmith asserts that he saw several, some of which were four feet high! We cannot of course credit this, but there is no doubt that they were larger than most other dogs, and indeed the Highland deer-hound is now the tallest dog in existence.

This animal is nearly extinct. Even Glengarry, whose dogs were once so famous, has not one genuine specimen left, and but a few remain scattered here and there through the north of Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland. Mr Nolan's dog "Oscar," whose portrait heads this article, is the finest specimen of the kind I have ever seen, standing 23½ inches in height at the shoulders; their average height in their very best days seems to have been about 30 inches. The colour of these dogs varies, but the most esteemed are dark iron-grey, with white breast. This is the colour of Oscar. They are, however, to be found of a yellowish or sandy hue, brindled, and even white. In former times, as will be seen from Lord Falkland's letter quoted above, this latter colour was by many preferred. One of the most remarkable facts respecting the size of this dog, is the great disparity which exists between the sizes of the male and female of the breed, many of the latter being very diminutive, while their male offspring invariably attain the full stature of its race. Why will not some of our Irish gentlemen and sportsmen turn their attention to this splendid breed of dogs, and seek to prevent, ere it be too late, its total extirpation?

Now, readers, there may be some among you who have thought my paper somewhat dry and prosy; and in case you should forget the many times I have amused you before, and cast me forth altogether from your good graces, I shall conclude with an authentic statement of how the last wolves existing in the county Tyrone were destroyed by means of the Irish greyhound; my account is taken from a biography of a Tyrone family published in Belfast in 1829. I thus venture to abridge the note to page 74.

In the mountainous parts of the county Tyrone the inhabitants suffered much from the wolves, and gave from the public fund as much for the head of one of these animals as they would now give for the capture of a notorious robber on the highway. There lived in those days an adventurer, who, alone and unassisted, made it his occupation to destroy these ravagers. The time for attacking them was in the night, and midnight was the best time for doing so, as that was their wonted time for leaving their lair in search of food, when the country was at rest and all was still; then issuing forth, they fell on their defenceless prey, and the carnage commenced. There was a species of dog for the purpose of hunting them, called the wolf-dog; the animal resembled a rough, stout, half-bred greyhound, but was much stronger. In the county Tyrone there was then a large space of ground inclosed by a high stone wall, having a gap at each of the two opposite extremities, and in this were secured the flocks of the surrounding farmers. Still, secure though this fold was deemed, it was entered by the wolves, and its inmates slaughtered. The neighbouring proprietors having heard of the noted wolf-hunter above mentioned, by name Rory Carragh, sent for him, and offered the usual reward, with some addition, if he would undertake to destroy the two remaining wolves that had committed such devastation. Carragh undertaking the task, took with him two wolf-dogs, and a little boy only twelve years old, the only person who would accompany him, and repaired at the approach of midnight to the fold in question. "Now," said Carragh to the boy, "as the two wolves usually enter the opposite extremities of the sheep-fold at the same time, I must leave you and one of the dogs to guard this one while I go to the other. He steals with all the caution of a cat, nor will you hear him, but the dog will, and positively will give him the first fall; if, therefore, you are not active when he is down to rivet his neck to the ground with this spear, he will rise up and kill both you and the dog. So good night."

"I'll do what I can," said the little boy, as he took the spear from the wolf-hunter's hand.

The boy immediately threw open the gate of the fold, and took his seat in the inner part, close to the entrance; his faithful companion crouching at his side, and seeming perfectly aware of the dangerous business he was engaged in. The night was very dark and cold, and the poor little boy being

numbed with the chilly air, was beginning to fall into a kind of sleep, when at that instant the dog with a roar leaped across him, and laid his mortal enemy upon the earth. The boy was roused into double activity by the voice of his companion, and drove the spear through the wolf's neck as he had been directed, at which time Carragh appeared, bearing the head of the other.

I have not been able to ascertain with certainty the date of the death of the last Irish wolf, but there was a presentment for killing wolves granted in Cork in the year 1710. I am at present acquainted with an old gentleman between 80 and 90 years of age, whose mother remembered wolves to have been killed in the county of Wexford about the year 1730-40; and it is asserted by many persons of weight and veracity that a wolf was killed in the Wicklow mountains so recently as 1770. I have other legends on the subject of wolf-hunting in Ireland in former times, but want of space compels me, for the present at all events, to conclude, which I do, trusting that what I have already written will gratify my readers.

An ancient Irish harp, popularly known as the harp of Brian Boriumha, still preserved in Trinity College, Dublin, is ornamented with a figure of the wolf-dog, which, as representing him under the form of a rough strong greyhound, precisely similar to the animal now known as the Highland deer-hound, furnishes an additional argument to the correctness of the position above advanced. H. D. R.

**MOSAIC WORK.**—The art of mosaic work has been known in Rome since the days of the republic. The severer rulers of that period forbade the introduction of foreign marbles, and the republican mosaics are all in black and white. Under the empire the art was greatly improved, and not merely by the introduction of marbles of various colours, but by the invention of artificial stones, termed by the Italians *smalti*, which can be made of every variety of tint. This art was never entirely lost. On the introduction of pictures into Christian temples, they were first made of mosaic; remaining specimens of these are rude, but profoundly interesting in a historical point of view. When art was restored in Italy, mosaic also was improved, but it attained its greatest perfection in the last and present century. Roman mosaic, as now practised, may be described as being the production of pictures by connecting together numerous minute pieces of coloured marble or artificial stones; these are attached to a ground of copper by means of a strong cement of gum mastic, and other materials, and are afterwards ground and polished as a stone would be to a perfectly level surface; by this art not only are ornaments made on a small scale, but pictures of the largest size are copied. In former times the largest cupolas of churches, and not unfrequently the entire walls, were encrusted with mosaic. The most remarkable modern works are the copies which have been executed of some of the most important works of the great masters for the altars in St Peter's. These are in every respect perfect imitations of the originals; and when the originals, in spite of every care, must change and perish, these mosaics will still convey to distant ages a perfect idea of the triumphs of art achieved in the fifteenth century. The government manufactory in Rome occupies the apartments in the Vatican which were used as offices of the Inquisition. No copies are now made, but cases of *smalti* are shown, containing, it is said, 18,000 different tints. Twenty years were employed in making one of the copies I have mentioned. The pieces of mosaic vary in size from an eighth to a sixteenth of an inch, and eleven men were employed for that time on each picture. A great improvement was introduced into the art in 1775 by the Signor Raffaelli, who thought of preparing the *smalti* in what may be termed fine threads. The pastes or *smalti* are manufactured at Venice in the shape of crayons, or like sticks of sealing-wax, and are afterwards drawn out by the workman at a blow-pipe, into the thickness he requires, often almost to a hair, and now seldom thicker than the finest grass stalk. For tables and large articles, of course, the pieces are thicker; but the beauty of the workmanship, the soft gradation of the tints, and the cost, depend upon the minuteness of the pieces, and the skill displayed by the artist. A ruin, a group of flowers or figures, will employ a good artist about two months when only two inches square, and a specimen of such a description costs from £5 to £20., according to the execution; a landscape, six inches by four, would require eighteen months, and would cost from forty to fifty pounds. This will strike you as no adequate remuneration.



ration for the time bestowed. The finest ornaments for a lady, consisting of necklace, ear-rings, and brooch, cost forty pounds. For a picture of Paestum, eight feet long, and twenty inches broad, on which four men were occupied for three years, £1,000 sterling was asked.

I shall now notice the mosaic work of Florence. It differs entirely from Roman mosaic, being composed of stones inserted in comparatively large masses; it is called work in *pietra dura*. The stones used are all more or less of a rare and precious nature. In old specimens the most beautiful works are those in which the designs are of an arabesque character. The most remarkable specimen of this description of *pietra dura* is an octagonal table in the *Gabinetto di Baroccio*, in the Florence Gallery. It is valued at £20,000 sterling, and was commenced in 1623 by Jacopo Detelli, from designs by Ligozzi. Twenty-two artists worked upon it without interruption till it was terminated in the year 1649. Attempts at landscapes, and the imitation of natural objects, were usually failures in former times, mere works of labour, which did not attain their object; but of late works have been produced in this art, in which are represented groups of flowers and fruit, vases, musical instruments, and other compatible objects, with a truth and beauty which excite the utmost admiration and surprise. These pictures in stone are, however, enormously expensive, and can only be seen in the palaces of the great. Two tables in the Palazzo Pitti are valued at £7,000, and this price is by no means excessive. These are of modern design, on a ground of porphyry, and ten men were employed for four years on one of them, and a spot is pointed out, not more than three inches square, on which a man had worked for ten months. But Florentine mosaic, like that of Rome, is not merely used for cabinets, tables, or other ornamental articles; the walls of the spacious chapel which is used as the burial-place of the reigning family at Florence are lined with *pietra dura*, realising the gem-encrusted halls of the Arabian tales. Roman mosaic, as we have seen, is of great value as an ally to art; but Florentine mosaic can have no such pretensions, and time and money might be better bestowed. The effect is far from pleasing in the chapel I have alluded to, and I think that the art might be advantageously confined to the production of small ornaments, for which it is eminently adapted.—*The Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*.

### SEALS OF IRISH CHIEFS.

An Essay read at a Meeting of the Royal Irish Academy,  
by George Petrie, R.H.A., M.R.I.A.

HAVING a few months since succeeded in deciphering an ancient and somewhat difficult inscription on the seal of a distinguished Irish chief, which the Dean of St Patrick's had but just previously added to his magnificent collection of our national antiquities, it occurred to me that a notice of this seal, and of a few others of the same class, preserved in that collection and in my own, might be somewhat interesting to the Academy, and at the same time prove useful in showing the importance of forming collections of this kind. In an assembly so enlightened as that which I have the honour to address, it would be impertinent to offer any remarks on the value of ancient seals, not only as evidences of the truth of history, both local and national, but also as illustrations of the state and progress of the arts in times past. As has been justly remarked, it is from the great seals of England that we have been supplied with the surest criteria for estimating the progressive advancements made in architectural taste, and the various successive phases which it has from time to time exhibited in the country; and if all other historical evidences were lost, this alone would perhaps be sufficient to compensate for the want. The importance of this branch of archæology has indeed been felt and acknowledged in every other country of Europe, in proportion to the progress which it has made in civilization and refinement; and we should perhaps feel some mortification at being necessitated to confess that in Ireland alone it has hitherto received scarcely any attention. I shall not say that this neglect on the part of our antiquaries has arisen from a distaste for investigations which, as they require merely a little learning and common sense, allow no indulgence for the mind to soar into the dim and distant upper regions of romance and fanciful conjecture, where such qualities would be found but weighty and earthly incumbrances. A sufficient reason may be found in the fact, that until very recently there were no collections of antiquities of this

class in existence to which investigators could refer; and hence, if the Irish antiquary had been only a few years back asked the question whether the Irish ever had the use of signets commonly among them, he would have been constrained to confess his inability to give an answer. Such a question, however, can be replied to now in a more satisfactory manner. It is ascertained that not only the Irish kings and petty princes, from the period of the Anglo-Norman conquest, used signets, but also that they were common among persons of inferior rank. It can be also shown that such signets closely resembled in style and device those of the Anglo-Normans of similar ranks. Still, however, from the imperfection consequent on the recent formation of our collections of antiquities, the era at which seals began to be used in Ireland remains undecided; for although we have no seals of an earlier age than the thirteenth century, it would be as yet premature to conclude that none such ever existed. Till a recent period it was the opinion of the English antiquaries generally that the use of signets was unknown to the Saxons, and was introduced into England by the Normans; and this opinion was grounded on the fact that no Saxon seals had ever been discovered. But of late years there have been found seals, unquestionably of the Saxon times; and no doubt can now be reasonably entertained of their general use among that people; and hence, although no seals of cotemporaneous with the Saxon times have as yet been met with in Ireland, the similarity that prevailed between the two countries in customs, and in knowledge of the arts, would very strongly warrant the conclusion that the use of signets could not have been unknown or perhaps uncommon in Ireland.

To these prefatory remarks I have only to add, that though the use of signets was common not only among the Greeks and Romans, but also among the earlier civilized nations of the East, we have no evidence that such a use had ever been introduced into Ireland by its original colonists.

With these few general introductory observations I shall now proceed to exhibit to the Academy the seals which it appeared to me desirable to bring under their notice.



The first, unfortunately, I can only exhibit in a drawing, as the original is not now known to exist. It is the seal of Felim O'Connor, who was allowed by the English government to bear the hereditary title of king of Connaught in the thirteenth century, and the legend is *S. Fedlimid Regis Connahtie*. The impression of this seal has been published in Ware's *Antiquities*, where it is adduced as an evidence that some of the Irish chiefs retained the title of king subsequently to the Anglo-Norman conquest. The following is the passage in which the statement occurs:—

“Thus far the kings of Ireland, who lived before the arrival of the English under King Henry II, but even after that period, some, though subjects, enjoyed the regal title, and were styled kings even by the kings of England. For Hoveden cites the following passage under the year 1175. *Hic est Finis et Concordia*, &c. ‘This is the final end and concord, which was made at Windsor on the octaves of St Michael in the year of grace 1175, between our Lord Henry king of England, son of the Empress Maude, and Roderick king of Connaught, by Catholicus, Archbishop of Tuam, and Cantord, Abbot of St Brendan, and Master Laurence, chancellor of the king of Connaught, viz., that the king of England grants to the said Roderick, his liege man, king of Connaught, that as long as he shall faithfully serve him, he shall be king under him, ready to do him service as liege man, &c.’ The letters patent of king Henry II., by which he committed the management of his Irish affairs to William Fitz-Adelm, his sewer, shew us the rank in which these nominal kings were at that time placed. They begin thus: ‘*Henricus*, &c. Henry by the grace of God, king of England, lord of Ireland, duke of Normandy and Aquitain, and earl of Anjou, to the arch-



bishops, bishops, kings, earls, barons, and to all his faithful subjects of Ireland, greeting.' It appears also out of the close roll An. 6th of king John in the Tower of London, that the successor of Roderick was in like manner called king of Conaught. So in the close roll of the 5th of Henry III, some of the king's letters patent were directed, among others to K. king of Conaught, and to O. king of Kinel-ean; and in the following year the same king granted to the king of Tosmond the land of Tosmond. For thus it is in the charter roll of the 6th of Henry III, Membr. 2. 'Res, &c. The king to the king of Tosmond, greeting. We grant unto you the land of Tosmond, (i. e. Thumond) which you formerly held at the farm of 130 marks, to be held of us until we come of age.' Concerning the suit exhibited at London by Fedlimid O'Connor before K. Henry III. and his court, see Matthew Paris under the year 1140, where that writer calls him "*Petty King of that part of Ireland, which is called Cunnoch, i. e. Conaught;*" and that Fedlimid himself took upon him the name of king of Connaught, appears from his seal, the impression of which is exhibited to the reader, plate 1, No 3.—[It appears by the Lord Stafford's letters (c.) that the seal here mentioned was presented to King Charles I. in the year 1636.]

From the letter here alluded to, which was addressed to Lord Strafford by Secretary Cooke in 1636, it appears that this seal was presented by Sir Beverley Newcomen to the king in person, by whom, as the letter states, the seal was much esteemed, and well accepted. As this seal is not known to exist at present, it may be supposed that it was lost in the civil wars which followed so soon afterwards.

As the life of Felim O'Connor constitutes a portion of the general history of Ireland, it is unnecessary for me to advert more in detail to it, than to mention that he was elected to the throne of Connaught by the English of that province in 1230, was deposed by them in 1232, was restored again soon afterwards, died in 1265, and was interred in the abbey of Roscommon, where a magnificent tomb was raised over his remains, which is still to be seen. His death is thus recorded in the Annals of the Four Masters:—"1265. Felim, the son of Charles the red-handed O'Connor, defender and supporter of his own province and of his friends on every side; expeller and plunderer of his enemies; a man full of hospitality, valour, and renown; patron of the orders of the clergy and of men of science; worthy heir to the throne of Ireland for his nobility, justice and valour, wisdom, personal shape, and love of truth; died after extreme unction and penance, in the monastery of the Dominican Friars at Roscommon, which he himself had granted to God and that order."

It will be observed that the style and device of this seal are very similar to those of the Norman and Anglo-Norman seals of the same age; and it can scarcely admit of doubt that its type was derived from that source. As to its general form, we have no description left; but a nearly cotemporary seal of a king of Desmond, which I have now the honour to exhibit will probably enable the Academy to form an accurate idea of it.



This seal, which is from my own cabinet, is, as the inscription shows, the seal of Donald Og, the son of Donald Roe Mac Carthy, who, as appears from the notices in the Irish and English authorities, became king or lord of Desmond by the murder of his father, Donald Roe, in 1306, or, as some accounts state, in 1302, and was himself killed in 1309. The legend runs thus:—*S. Dovenaldi : Og : Fili : D : Roth Mac-Carthy.* The name of this prince appears in the pedigree of the Mac Carthy family as fifteenth in ascent from the last Earl of Clancarty and the thirtieth in descent from their great ancestor Oilioll Olum. It will be seen that its device is very similar to that of the king of Connaught, but the form of the letters in the inscription indicates a somewhat later age. This seal was found about twenty years ago in the county of Cork, and was purchased originally by a watchmaker in that city.



The next seal that I have the honour to exhibit is from the collection of the Dean of St Patrick's, and is that to which I made allusion at the commencement of this paper. It was discovered by that zealous collector among some old silver in a jeweller's shop. In its general features it is similar to the seals already noticed, but the character of the letters in the legend indicate a still later age; and this circumstance, unimportant as it may appear, is of consequence, as it enables us with certainty to determine its owner, which would otherwise have been with difficulty ascertained, as there were two chiefs of the name in the legend in the family to which it belongs. The inscription on this seal reads thus:—*Si. Mac Con, ducis de Ui Cassin.* The territory called Hy-Caisin comprehended a considerable tract of the ancient Thomond in the county of Clare, of which the Macnamaras were hereditary lords; and the Mac Con whose name appears on this seal is found in all the pedigrees of that illustrious family, as the 28th in descent from Oilioll Olum, the common ancestor of the Mac Carthys, O'Briens, and other princely families of Munster. According to the Annals of Innisfallen, which are the best authority for the history of Munster, the first Mac Con Mara was elected to be chief head of the tribe of O'Coilean in 1313; and again, at the year 1315, it is stated that Macnamara, and Mahon the son of Cumea, went to the tower of De Clare to compel him to enter into an agreement, which De Clare acceded to, to give Mac Con and his heirs the cantred of Ua Caisin, the charters whereof had been given to De Clare. The second Mac Con, to whom as I conceive this seal should be assigned, and who was grandson to the former, became chief of Hy-Caisin about the year 1340, and died about ten years afterwards.

[The remainder of this article shall be given in an early number.] p. 350

### THE GIRLS OF THE WEST.

Air—"Teddy ye gander."

You may talk, if you please,  
Of the brown Portuguese,  
But, wherever you roam, wherever you roam,  
You nothing will meet,  
Half so lovely or sweet,  
As the girls at home, the girls at home.

Their eyes are not sloes,  
Nor so long is their nose,  
But, between me and you, between me and you,  
They are just as alarming,  
And ten times more charming,  
With hazel and blue, with hazel and blue.

They don't ogle a man,  
O'er the top of their fan,  
Till his heart's in a flame, his heart's in a flame,  
But though bashful and shy,  
They've a look in their eye,  
That just comes to the same, just comes to the same.

No mantillas they sport,  
But a petticoat short,  
Shows an ankle the best, an ankle the best,  
And a leg; but, O murderer!  
I dare not go further,  
So here's to the West, so here's to the West.

—From "Charles O'Malley."

## SOME ACCOUNT OF AN IRISH DARE-DEVIL.

PEOPLE may talk about the idleness and indolence of Irishmen, but in my mind they merely betray their ignorance in so doing. Positively there is no other country on the face of the earth, the inhabitants of which have wrought out for themselves so many different professions, occupations, and ingenious expedients, to make the time pass agreeably; let any change in the constitution of society require the exercise of any particular faculty for good or for evil, and straightway the vacancy is filled up with an expedition and efficiency truly wonderful. Astounding as the proposition may sound to the wise men and women of the empire, the fact is, that Irishmen hate idleness; it is an intolerable load to them; they are ever on the look-out for something to do; and as all parties concede to them the possession of almost infallible ingenuity, it would be strange indeed, if, in a spot of land so fertile in adventure, any one of them should be long at fault in such a pursuit.

That the occupations upon which they occasionally fix, in their amiable detestation of idleness, are not always the best calculated to promote the well-being or comforts of the rest of the community, I am quite free to confess; but this is all matter of taste, and does not at all interfere with the validity of my argument, which merely seeks to assert that an Irishman will do anything sooner than be doing nothing. To be sure they have their propensities, among the most favourite of which are fighting, farming, and love-making; but should any untoward obstacle prevent their indulgence in any of these tastes, they by no means sink into an apathetic despondency like many of their neighbours: they have too many resources for that, upon some one of which they immediately fall back with as much zeal and energy as if it had been the original occupation of their choice. Nor are they fastidious: in the generality of cases it is quite immaterial to them whether they are practising gunnery upon a denounced landlord, or figuring in a procession: they are ready for anything, good, bad, or indifferent—anything but idleness. It was said of old that were you to put an Irishman on the spit, you would not long be at a loss for another to turn it. Whoever he was that first propounded that maxim, certes he knew our nation well; nay, I would venture to say that in ninety-nine cases an Irishman would roast his mother, if driven to that melancholy alternative, sooner than remain either idle or inactive. Joking apart, I wish those who grumble most about Ireland would give us something to do, and find for us some rational occupation which might obviate the daily occurrence of those little extravagances of conduct which render our people a puzzle and a wonder to better regulated communities.

Such a state of society as this, and such restless activity alone, could give birth to the extraordinary character whose turbulent career I am about inditing; but ere I proceed, it would perhaps be well to allude to the circumstances and emergencies which, on the principles I have laid down, threw such an individual to the surface. Little more than allusion will be necessary; for in these days, when so much has been said and sung about Ireland—while Carleton in his soul-searching tales anatomises the very inmost heart of our countrymen, and Mrs Hall skims the surface of all that is good and beautiful amongst us—while attorneys make fortunes, and lawyers found families, who can be ignorant of the lamentable mismanagement of property which has beggared so many of our oldest families? The history of one will almost tell the fate of them all. Incumbrances accumulating for perhaps half-a-dozen generations, some probably long before discharged, but still allowed to remain on record as if unpaid, through mere neglect and carelessness, until the fact of their ever having been paid falls into oblivion, or becomes incapable of proof; others permitted to continue, in the hope that some lucky accident would some time or other, and somehow or other, transfer them by inheritance to the heir, or else enable him to liquidate them more conveniently than at the present. At last, in the changes of mortal affairs, they fall into the hands of strangers or persons who must have their own. A settlement is demanded—the inheritor finds himself fifty per cent worse than nothing—redemption is out of the question—he plunges into tenfold dissipation and extravagance, knowing that he wastes nothing which it is in his power to retain or retrieve. A short life and a merry one, is his maxim; to protract it, he litigates every claim right and left—seeks to baffle every process of the law—calls his tenantry to his assistance—while they, taking advantage of his distresses, and the confusion of all rights, assume an independent position,

playing off the landlord and his adversaries against one another—now rebelling against his weak claims—now affording him protection against the advances of the law, throwing their weight into whatever scale promises the most firm and the most advantage—half-a-dozen bailiffs are maimed or murdered—half-a-dozen examples are made to the offended dignity of justice. Affairs come to their crisis at last in spite of all opposition. The attorneys get their costs—the creditors get the surplus—the unfortunate debtor gets the turn-out—and so ends an old song and an old family.

This terrible ultimatum of the law did not, however, in all cases put an end to the hopes and energies of the discomfited litigant. Another card still remained to be played, by any one reckless and desperate enough to avail himself of it: this was no less than to rise in open opposition to all law, set the sheriff and his subalterns at defiance, and hold possession with a strong hand after the manner of the ancients. Before matters came to this, the tenantry were usually, from the causes I have mentioned, sufficiently demoralized for any purpose; and whatever might have been their previous conduct, those sympathies which seldom fail a ruined master, were of course roused to their highest pitch; in addition to which stimulant, it was manifestly their advantage that the reign of misrule should continue, so that, when a man was thus turned at bay, there was no saying how the matter might end. I believe it very often happened, during the weak and uncertain administration of justice in the past century, that a pertinacious adherence to this desperate line of policy has tired out the persecution of all adversaries, and been crowned with final success. Any money, therefore, for a partizan able and willing to undertake the support of such a desperate cause; one who, while his principal kept in the background, had no fear or shame to prevent him from putting himself forward—drilling the tenants—collecting adherents and information—concentrating all the lawlessness of the district against the operations of the law—holding his own life at nought, and the lives of all others at a lower standard, if possible.

In those days society required Dare-devils, and if old stories be true, Dare-devils galore arose to supply the want. But what were they all to Mick Connell of Thurles? The desperado whose name is still remembered with terror and admiration through the district which was the scene of his turbulent career fifty years ago, was, as my informant described him to me, a man of the most indomitable resolution, endowed with a strength of body truly formidable, though of small stature and mean appearance, and withal one of the most mortal opponents of the king's writ that ever figured, even in Tipperary. This fellow was not slow to perceive that a more pleasing and profitable occupation could be found for the exercise of the daring qualities which he possessed, than was afforded in the occasional outbreak at fair or pattern, to which he had hitherto in his simplicity restricted himself. A gentleman in the neighbourhood got into difficulties, and, poor man, had not a soul belonging to him who could direct the laudable exertions his tenants and followers were willing to make in his behalf, or show them how even to dispose of a bailiff. Common humanity induced Mick to come forward, and never was an act of humanity more richly rewarded. The most brilliant and unexpected success crowned his labours. Under his guidance the tenants became a phalanx, able to bother the twelve judges themselves, or tire the patience even of a Chancery suit. Writs were sent out, but had no return, and now and then the same might be said of the bailiffs who ventured to bear them. Everything was reduced to the most perfect system; and the attorneys, dismayed and discomfited, declared themselves conquered by a line of tactics hitherto unknown, the discoverer of which deserved to be immortalised. The result was, that the party who had been so fortunate as to awaken for his service the slumbering energies of this determined partizan, was allowed an honourable capitulation, while the discovery of these happy improvements in the noble art of self-defence gained for Connell himself the character of public benefactor of all distressed country gentlemen.

His fame increased, and business came thick upon him. Many a man who was half inclined to die soft before, without one effort to save himself, took courage now, and hastened to avail himself of the prowess and protection of this new and unhopd-for auxiliary; until, at length, in all desperate cases the first step taken was to secure his services. In process of time his sons grew to manhood, fitted in every respect to cooperate with such a father; and of course the extent and boldness of his operations increased along with his family.

The local authorities connived at him; many of them probably having received the benefit of his assistance already, while the rest of them knew not what day would fling them upon his protection. Touch Connell!—they would as soon touch the apples of their own eyes; they might as well yield themselves at once to the hated touch of the bailiffs. Gratitude for past services, and a prudent view to those which he might ere long be called to render, procured him an immunity from the harassing regulations which were made for the control of gentlemen of his kidney; and, accordingly, under this reciprocal patronage he grew and flourished, and waxed famous. Gradually he became enabled to form a gang, and, that point gained, he became irresistible. The beauty and simplicity of his system caused it to triumph every where. Debts were at a discount—judgments were condemned—incumbrances ceased to be a burden—and, alas for the mutability of mortal greatness, the sheriff, the very sheriff, was so lightly regarded that not a soul in the place would be bothered bribing him!

Respectable and remunerative as his line of business had become, it was not long until a wider field was opened to his increased powers, and the experience he had accumulated. The representative of an old and considerable family was threatened with an ejectment by some of his relatives, who possessed a clearer claim to the property than he did; while, in addition to the doubtfulness of his cause, he had to bemoan that the improvident manner in which he lived had deprived him of the means necessary to defend it. Nor were his troubles confined to one law-suit. Other parties, conceiving their rights were as feasible as those of his original adversary, determined on a similar assertion of them, and on one day the luckless wight was served with, I believe, no less than four ejectments. I suppose every body is aware of the indiscretions, irregularities, and extravagances which in that factitious process are alleged against the person whom it seeks to disturb. I need not, therefore, say with what amazement the poor man perused the weighty charges of assault and battery so circumstantially laid against him, or how deeply he puzzled his memory in ransacking it to discover when he could, by any possibility, have committed all these outrages. And who the deuce was John Thrustout, that seemed mixed up so much in the transaction?—he was a civil fellow, anyhow, for he warned him fairly of his danger, and advised him to make the best fight he could. "And, by the powers, so I will," he ejaculated; "since they say we walloped them, I may as well have the gains as the name—let them do their best. If Mike Connell helps me, I'll take the hint, and maybe they won't have trush on their side the next time they complain of me."

It usually happens that where a great many people are endeavouring each to get a blow at one unfortunate, he against whom this united ill will is directed comes off pretty safe in the scramble. In Ireland, at all events, the luxury of thrashing one's neighbour is so highly prized, that one can bear no interference when enjoying it, and thus a well-meaning auxiliary in the grateful occupation is likely to fall in for worse treatment than was originally intended for the first victim. So it was in the present instance. The discordant interests of the different claimants bred such confusion and disturbance in the several suits instituted, that for a long time the poor wretch whom all sought to disinherit was left in comparative quiet, and leisure was afforded him to overcome the scruples which Connell raised when it was first proposed to him to undertake the piece of unheard-of atrocity required of him, no less, in fact, than to place himself in direct and open outlawry, by seizing possession of the property in dispute, and holding it by force of arms against all comers. But the bribe was too large, and the adventure altogether too tempting, notwithstanding its concomitant perils, for Connell's virtue or prudence to persist in refusing; so, casting aside all minor matters as unworthy of the bright prospects now opening before him, he gathered his troop of brigands, strengthened it with some new hands, cleared it of all doubtful characters, and, to use a transatlantic term, squatted in full force on the disputed territory, dividing its richest farms between himself and his followers, as the price of his and their services.

Wary on these law-suits!—terminate as they may, they invariably end by sucking away the very life-blood of the fools who rush into them. In the case to which I allude, the unfortunate defendant had not the poor satisfaction of living to see the discomfiture which he had prepared for his assailants. The daily watch for ruin, still deferred, was to him as sickening as ever was the watch for hope under like circumstances; and he died ere it came, leaving his curse among his adversa-

ries on an average, and his strong injunction to Connell to hold out against them all—an injunction he was by no means inclined to disobey; for, now that he had undertaken the job, he was as eager to see out the fun as if he had himself originally concocted it, not to speak of the snug homesteads which he and his gang possessed on the sole tenure of their resistance to all intruders. Accordingly, no sooner had he disposed of the mortal remains of his defunct employer, than he betook himself with almost religious zeal to obey his behests, by strengthening himself against the storm which he foresaw would soon burst upon him. The mansion-house was a strong substantial building, and there, with a judgment that would have been creditable to the most eminent general who ever conquered on a field of battle, he removed his head-quarters, and proceeded to lay in such stores of food, arms, and ammunition as would enable him to meet the danger in a manner worthy of the stake he was playing for. It is needless to paint the dismay which these bold arrangements scattered through the camps of the various claimants, who thus, at the very moment when each congratulated himself upon the immediate prospect of snatching the prize which the operation of nature, anticipating that of law, had thrown into his hands, found this unexpected and formidable opponent start up in their path, with his audacious pretensions, so audaciously, but at the same time so seriously supported. Had there been anything like confidence among them, their co-operation might probably have effected his expulsion; but it was not without reason that the cunning freebooter reckoned upon their mutual distrust precluding the possibility of such a coalition. Each of course sought to make terms with him; and with each, of course, he coquetted as naturally as if he had been bred, born, and reared in the best society. But in vain each importuned him to give up the possession—to all such demands he returned the same modest answer, "Truly it would not become an ignorant simple man like him to pretend to settle a question which puzzled the judges themselves. As soon as the rightful owner was declared, he would be ready to quit in his favour; but until then, it was his duty to keep all out with perfect impartiality."

One of the parties whose demands were thus evaded, happened to be a wrongheaded, positive sort of customer of the old school, who viewed the power and decisions of the wigged brotherhood with almost as much contempt as Connell himself could regard them, and being too impatient to await the slow and sinuous progress of the law, undertook the desperate resolution of forcing that redoubted personage to evacuate, even by force of arms. It never was a hard matter in Tipperary, when a rookawn was on foot, to gather auxiliaries; and at the time of which I write, the facilities were perhaps more numerous than ever; not even the formidable character of the garrison and its commander could deter numbers of the adventurous spirits of that famed region from the enterprise. They entered into the spirit of the thing with heart and soul; and, accordingly, one fine morning, with a goodly band at his heels, and prepared with all the needful appliances, this old-fashioned vindicator of his rights set out to storm the stronghold. It is unnecessary to say that an awful riot ensued—barricades were broken down, outposts driven in, houses wrecked, and numbers of his then majesty's subjects wofully maltreated; until at length, in spite of all opposition, they reached the house, than which even valour's self could no farther go. Scaling-ladders and battering-rams were in requisition; the fun began to thicken, and the result to grow doubtful. Saragossa was not more nobly defended, nor Badajos more gallantly assailed. It is possible, however, to push a joke too far, even on the best tempered people; and Connell, feeling that this was the case, determined to give a gentle intimation of it to his assailants. A large window had been burst in and ladders placed against the breach—a rush was made to ascend them in defiance of the threats which he denounced against whoever should attempt it, and which he executed by pouring a discharge of fire-arms into the very thickest of the mass. But it was too late to intimidate; the enraged mob rushed over the bodies of the fallen—a simultaneous attack was made upon all points—and, alas for the brave, the post was won. In the mêlée that ensued, all escaped but the leader; and before the relatives of the slain, or the general mass of the victorious party, were aware of his capture, he was judiciously hurried out of their reach, and handed over to the civil power on a charge of murder. There is no part of the world, however, in which the distinction between killing and murder was so well understood as in Ireland in those days; and in point of

fact, I believe the man was free from the *legal* charge—at least so it appeared to the jury who tried him, for he was acquitted. Short-lived, indeed, was the triumph of his adversaries, and immediately on his liberation they began to tremble for the security of their tenure. He had sworn that though it should cost him his life, he would endeavour to recover the premises of which he had been dispossessed, and they knew him too well to doubt him: a council of war was held, and the question proposed, should the place be defended or evacuated? The latter alternative was adopted, not without good reason; but it was likewise determined that it should never again afford such protection to Connell as it had, or present an obstacle to the entry of the legitimate claimant, when fortune should so far favour him; and in pursuance of this policy the stately mansion was levelled to the ground—house and offices, even to the walled enclosures, every spot that could again harbour a freebooter.

But it was not so easy to baffle that indefatigable customer: half of his resources were not yet expended; his followers, reanimated by his escape, gathered round him again; and before his dismayed antagonists recovered from their disappointment, he was strongly and securely entrenched in an earthen fort of his own construction, in which he displayed as much science and foresight as would have done credit to Carnot. This was the period of his highest triumph; his insolence became unbounded; and he used, I am informed, to stalk through the streets of Thurles, on the most public occasions, armed to the teeth, and defying the best man in the town "to lay a wet finger on him." It is not to be supposed that these extraordinary proceedings could fail of reaching the ears of the high functionaries who were called upon to decide upon the rights of the rival claimants, and who, not regarding Connell as the very fittest person to undertake the care of the litigated property, ordered him to be instantaneously dispossessed, and forwarded writs to that purport to the sheriff. That officer, no way astray as to the dangers and difficulties he should encounter in any attempt to dislodge such a desperado, collected as much of the civil and military force of the district as was available, and proceeded to execute his perilous behest. Of course he was resisted, and it was soon found that the most violent measures should be resorted to. An order was given to storm the fort, and the attempt was answered by a volley from within, that tumbled a couple of the assailants, and drove back the remainder. The conflict became deadly, but so securely were the banditti posted, that all the efforts of the besiegers made scarce any impression upon them: cannon alone could be effectual, and a dispatch was sent for it. In the meantime a general assault was given, with partial success, which seemed to dishearten Connell so far as that he attempted a sortie for the purpose of escaping. Two of his sons fell in the mêlée, but all the rest of the party succeeded in getting off, leaving some half dozen of the assailants half dead or dying. He was now, undoubtedly, within the reach of the law, and warrants were issued for his apprehension; but for a long time no one dared to attempt executing them, notwithstanding that very large rewards were offered. At length, a bailiff who had some private pique against him, to act as an additional stimulant, undertook the dangerous enterprise—succeeded in dogging him to his retreat, and on his attempting to snatch a pistol to defend himself, shot him through the head, and put an end to the career of a real Irish Dare-Devil.

A. M'C.

**PERVERSE CONDUCT OF MAN.**—Among the many properties of human nature which almost exceed comprehension, comes the parsimony of the rich and the extravagance of the poor. Some rich men spare to-day, as if they feared starving to-morrow, and the indigent often consume in an hour what they may feel the want of for a week. These properties are the more unaccountable, because parsimony is chiefly found to predominate in aged people, who may expect death every day, and extravagance chiefly in the young, who may reasonably hope to live many years; as if old people hoard money because they cannot want it, and young ones throw it away because it is necessary to their subsistence.

**FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.**—While we value the praise of our friends, we should not despise the censures of our enemies; as from the malice of the latter we frequently learn our faults, which the partiality of the former led them to overlook or conceal.

**GHOSTS EVERYWHERE.**—Could anything be more miraculous than an actual authentic ghost? The English Johnson longed, all his life, to see one, but could not, though he went to Cock-lane, and thence to the church-vaults, and tapped on coffins. Foolish doctor! Did he never, with the mind's eye, as well as with the body's, look round him into that full tide of human life he so loved? did he never so much as look into himself? The good doctor was a ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could wish; well nigh a million of ghosts were travelling the streets by his side. Sweep away the illusion of time; compress the three-score years into three minutes: what else was he—what else are we? Are we not spirits, shaped into a body, into an appearance, and that fade away again into air and invisibility? This is no metaphor; it is a simple scientific fact: we start out of nothingness, take figure, and are apparitions; round us, as round the veriest spectre, is eternity; and to eternity minutes are as years and eons. Where now is Alexander of Macedon?—does the steel host that yelled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and Arbela remain behind him; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed goblins must? Napoleon too, and his Moscow retreats and Austerlitz campaigns—was it all other than the veriest spectre-hunt, which has now, with its howling tumult that made night hideous, flitted away? Ghosts!—there are nigh a thousand millions walking the earth openly at noontide; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once. Generation after generation takes to itself the form of a body, and, forth issuing from Cimmarian night on heaven's mission, APPEARS. What force and fire is in each he expends: one grinding in the mill of industry; one, hunter-like, climbing the giddy Alpine heights of science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of strife, in war with his fellow; and then the heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly vesture falls away, and soon even to sense becomes a vanished shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of heaven's artillery, does this mysterious mankind thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane, haste stormfully across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the Inane. But whence? Oh, heaven, whither? Sense knows not; faith knows not, only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God and to God.—*Carlyle's Essays.*

**THE METROPOLIS.**—London in length is nearly 8 miles, its breadth 3, and its circumference 26. It contains above 8,000 streets, lanes, alleys, and courts, and more than 65 different squares. It has 246 churches and chapels, 207 meeting houses for Dissenters, 43 chapels for foreigners, and 6 synagogues for Jews—making 502 places of public worship. The number of inhabitants during the sitting of Parliament is estimated at 1,250,000. In this vast city there are upwards of 4,000 seminaries for education, 10 institutions for promoting the arts and sciences, 122 asylums for the indigent, 17 for the sick and lame, 13 dispensaries, 704 charitable institutions, 58 courts of justice, 7,040 professional men connected with the various departments of the law. There are 13,300 vessels trading to the river Thames in the course of a year, and 40,000 waggons going and returning to the metropolis in the same period, including their repeated voyages. The amount of exports and imports to and from the Thames is estimated at £66,811,922 sterling annually, and the property floating in this vast city every year is £170,000,000 sterling. These circumstances may be sufficient to convince us of the amazing extent and importance of the capital of the British empire.

No person can be happy without friends. The heart is formed for love, and cannot be satisfied without the opportunity of giving and receiving affection. If we love others, they will love us; and in order to have friends, we must show ourselves friendly. Hence it is every one's duty to cultivate a cheerful and obliging disposition. It is impossible to be happy without it.

He who would do justly to all men, must begin from knowing to be not unjust to himself.

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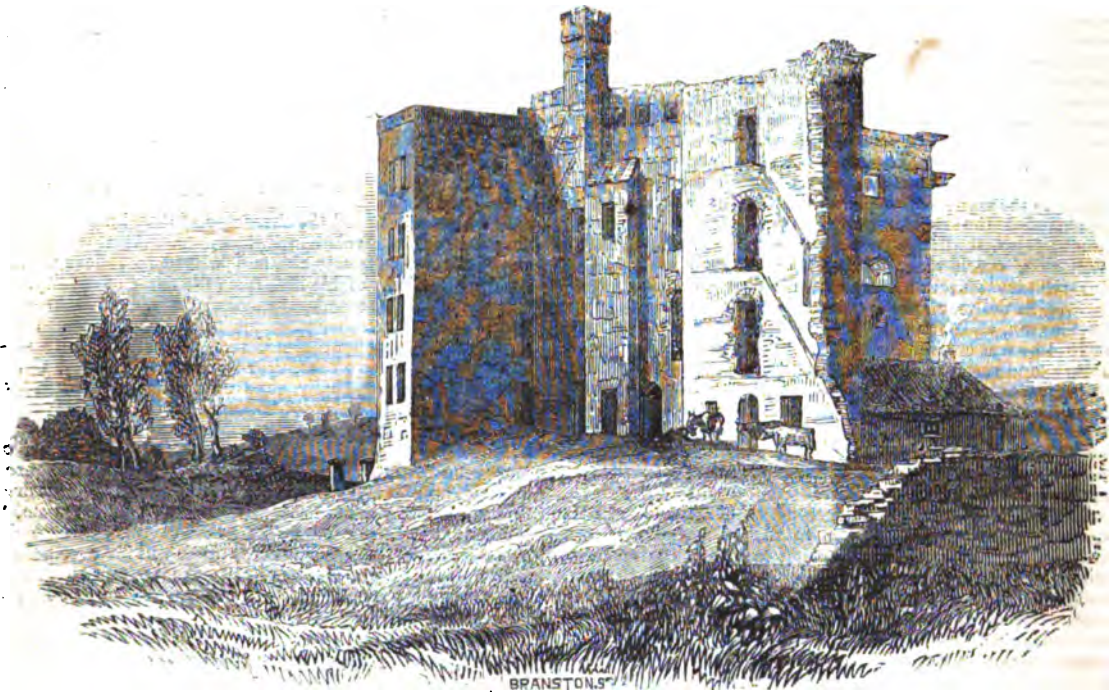


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



DANGAN CASTLE, COUNTY OF MEATH.

THE ruins of Dangan Castle, situated about two miles of the village of Summerhill, in the county of Meath, stand in the centre of an extensive demesne, once richly wooded, and within which, formerly spread the placid waters of a small but handsome lake, since drained. The grounds have been almost entirely deprived of their ancient timber, but still retain some traces of their former beauty. The remains of this once noble mansion, of which our engraving represents the mere, consist of a massive keep, which, with outworks long since destroyed, formed the ancient fortress: attached to this is the mansion built in the Italian style, the front of which is surmounted by a heavy and richly-moulded cornice. Of this part of the building (apparently erected about the beginning of the last century) nothing but the outer walls remain, and the interior space, once formed into ample halls and chambers, has been converted into a flower garden.

It would perhaps be impossible now to determine with any degree of certainty the age to which the original erection of this castle should be referred, its ancient architectural peculiarities having been completely destroyed in the endeavour to make it harmonize with the buildings of more recent erection, which have been appended to it, and the property having changed masters so often; but it is doubtless of no small antiquity.

Dangan was anciently part of the possessions of the Fitz-Eustace family, who were long distinguished for loyalty and valour, as a reward for which the title of Baron of Portlester was bestowed upon Rowland Fitz-Eustace in the year 1462, by King Edward IV. In the fifteenth century it came into the possession of the Earl of Kildare, by marriage with Anne, the daughter and heiress of Sir Nicholas Fitz-Eustace of Castle-martin; but in the same century a daughter of this earl married Christopher Plunket, son of the Baron of Killeen, and

in her right he succeeded to this and several other estates.\*

Dangan afterwards (but at what time we are uncertain) became the property of the De Wellesleys or Westleys, alias Posleys, a family of the greatest antiquity and of Saxon origin, who had settled in the county of Sussex in England, one of whom was standard-bearer to King Henry II., in which capacity he accompanied that monarch into Ireland, and was rewarded for his services with large grants of lands in the counties of Meath and Kildare. From this illustrious ancestor sprang a numerous and respectable family, who received several distinguished marks of royal favour; and we find that in the year 1303 "Wulfrane de Wellesley and Sir Robert Percival were slain the second day before the calends of November" fighting against the Irish; and that John de Wellesley, who received from King Edward II. a grant of the custody of the Castle of Arden, was the first of the family created a Baron of Parliament, these honours being conferred on him as a reward for having in the year 1327 overthrown the Irish of Wicklow in a battle in which their leader David O'Toole was taken prisoner.

But it is the modern, not the ancient history of Dangan Castle, which gives to it a more than ordinary degree of interest. Within those now silent chambers and tottering walls, on the 1st of May 1769, the great Duke of Wellington, the illustrious hero of Waterloo, commenced that auspicious life which was afterwards so replete with honour and renown. The grandfather of this truly great man, Richard Colley, succeeded to the possession of this castle and estate by bequest from his cousin Garrett Wesley or Wellesley, in the year 1728. He was descended from the Colleys of the county of Rutland, of whom

\* The preceding statement of our correspondent appears to be somewhat erroneous; Dangan was the seat of the Wellesley family at an earlier period.—Ed.

the first who came to Ireland was Walter Colley, who migrated hither in the reign of King Henry VIII, and he settling at Kilkenny, was in the year 1537 appointed Solicitor-General, which office he resigned in 1546, but was soon after created Surveyor-General of Ireland. Richard Colley with the estate also took the name of Wesley or Wellesley, and was created Baron of Mornington in the year 1746. His son and successor Garret Colley Wellesley was on the 20th of October 1760 created Viscount Wellesley of Dangan, and Earl of Mornington. This nobleman died on the 22d of May 1781, leaving seven sons, the eldest of whom, Richard, second Earl of Mornington, was created Marquis Wellesley on the 2d day of December 1799; and the fifth was no less a person than the present Arthur Duke of Wellington, who was born (an extraordinary coincidence) in the same year which gave birth to Napoleon Bonaparte. In the year 1788 he received his first commission as ensign in the 73d regiment, and after going through the regular gradation he was presented with the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 33d regiment in 1793. Step by step he advanced, till, raised to the high pinnacle of rank on which he now stands. He commanded the British army in twenty-eight victoriously fought fields, the final one of which was the glorious battle of Waterloo, which victory added the last and most illustrious military laurel to the wreath which crowns his noble brow. In the year 1811 he was made Earl and Marquis of Wellington, and Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo and Vittoria, and in 1814 he was created Duke of Wellington and Marquis of Douro, and received from Parliament a grant of £300,000. All subjects bordering on religion or politics being forbidden in our publication, we must say nothing of the subsequent life of the Duke of Wellington; and shall only add, that there exists not an unprejudiced man in Ireland of any sect or party who does not feel a pride in the honour of being a fellow-countryman of the hero of Waterloo.

While the most eminent descendant of its ancient noble owners was thus progressing to distinction and renown, Dangan Castle was as fast hastening to decay and desolation; it was sold by the Marquis Wellesley to Colonel Burrows, by whom it was underlet to Mr Roger O'Connor, during whose tenancy it was completely destroyed by a conflagration, not supposed to be accidental; and if report be true, it was converted (at no distant period) into a place of concealment for plunder, and a resort of thieves.

J. G. S. P.

### A LEGEND OF CLARE,

BY J. GERAGHTY M'TEAGUE.

THE author of a "Tour in Connaught" has some curious and interesting remarks and notes concerning the almost universal belief of the inhabitants of the West, that not only in former ages was this our native island much more extensive than at present, but that the land of ERIN itself is but a mere corner, a little slice as it were of that which was once an immense continent. He adduces in support of this, and gravely and seriously too, by the bye, many most ingenious proofs; nor does he at all discard or hesitate to bring forward the more "circumstantial evidence" of tradition to his aid. He relates too the popular story about O'Brassil, or the Enchanted Island, and another of the island of the "Bo-Flu," (or "Fiune,") *the fair cow*, which had lain beneath the waves spell-bound.

There are points in which all these traditions concerning the islands undoubtedly agree; but there is one among them remarkable on many accounts, which has excited my own curiosity more than once; and as it certainly confirms rather than invalidates the opinions of "C. O." on the subject, I will relate it, perhaps with less hesitation.

But, oh ye geologists! who by a single word (if ye should so will it) can overturn all our theories—who have but to say "it is impossible," when all our speculations, nay, even our firmly rooted belief, would be scattered, like the Atlantic wave, against the cliffs of Moher—oh, spare us! Let not the delicious, the hallowed lands of "legendary lore" be invaded by one of you heartless monsters! Let us but picture to ourselves the sturdy figure of this investigator of pyrogenous and heterogeneous stratifications, hammer in hand, attending to the account of some magic island or delightful land which once stretched out far and wide before him; he listens with apparent earnestness. But beware!—suddenly he is seen to stoop; he cracks off with his execrable instrument a little "specimen" of some overhanging romantic-looking cliff; anon he shakes his head portentously, and out comes an awful

volley from his well-stored vocabulary of Greek derivatives, and Latin or German jaw-smashers. Out upon him, the horrid creature!

Our tale, nevertheless, may be as *geologically* true as the strictest of the Bucklands or Sedgwicks could desire; we hope so too; but may he, if one *should* do us the honour to read our story, at least dissemble for the nonce, and *pretend* to be as ignorant and as happy as ourselves!

The land of Kylestafeen extended in former ages more than a hundred miles to the westward of the present boundary of Ireland. There was also contiguous to it, to the northward, the far-famed island of O'Brassil, besides others of inferior note. But Kylestafeen surpassed them all, not only in superior extent, but in the fertility of its soil, and in the number and capacity of its magnificent harbours; near which, under the wise and gentle sway of its beneficent monarch, flourished splendid cities. Its lovely valleys were watered by the clearest rivers, and in the grandeur of its mountains, and the beauty of its plains, by no other country under heaven could it be rivalled.

We have mentioned the character of that king who at the period of our tale ruled in Kylestafeen. At this time King Loydann was extremely old, and wished to relieve his mind, for the remainder of his life, from the cares of royalty. So, on a certain day, he made a formal abdication of his throne and power to his two sons, pursuant to an old-established law in that country, which ordained, that in case the king should leave behind but two sons, they were to reign conjointly.

But ere the king finally gave up the important charge to his sons, he called them to him, and bound them by the most solemn vows to conform to the following promise:—That if at any moment one of them should by any act of his own incur the displeasure of his brother, he should at once be chained, and his sides pierced by two daggers. "This dreadful oath I now exact from you, my sons," said Loydann, "in order that you never may be liable to the slightest disagreement, for the remembrance of it will for ever hold you both united; and if, in whatsoever you do, you consult each other, the most remote possibility of such a contingency will be avoided."

Though the strict propriety of this act may be considered questionable, Loydann did it from the best motives; and this too will be apparent, if we consider the respective characters of the two brothers Fahune and Niall; the elder, Fahune, being of a remarkably fiery, and, as his father feared, unforgiving disposition, whilst the younger was famed for gentleness; both were brave and impetuous, yet of dissimilar tempers and habits.

Now, at the time this act of abdication was performed, a series of rejoicings took place at the court of Kylestafeen, which were conducted with great magnificence. The days were spent in the manly recreations of the chase, while the dance and the strains of music enlivened their evenings' entertainments.

Amidst a number of lovely forms which graced the court of Kylestafeen, the daughter of the Prince of O'Brassil was peculiarly conspicuous. The inhabitants of both countries had ever been on the most amicable terms, and by the request of Teartha, the young and graceful sister of the princes, Corgeana had been invited to pass the pleasant hours of summer at Kylestafeen, and to be present at the festivities.

Corgeana was dangerously beautiful. Both brothers had frequent opportunities of converse with her; both admired her, struck with the elegance of her manners, and her many accomplishments; each, in short, wished her for his own! Yet it was only towards Niall, that, on her part, a corresponding affection existed. The imperious spirit of Fahune was ungenial to her. But unfortunately Fahune thought even now that she was his, and that he had but to signify his intention, and her compliance would succeed, while at the same time she had already listened to and favourably received the solicitations of his brother!

But now the dreary winter approached, and the time came when Corgeana should depart from the hospitable shores of Kylestafeen. Their galleys were prepared, and all being ready, they took their farewell of her, and she sailed for the island of O'Brassil.

Not many days elapsed, ere from the distant horizon a vessel was seen approaching the harbour. It anchored, and bore the distressing intelligence that a horde of Northern pirates were daily expected to land at the island of O'Brassil, while the messenger delivered a most earnest request that both the

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brothers would immediately send assistance to his master, and help to drive away the treacherous Northmen from their coasts.

But this duty the brothers resolved to execute themselves. Accordingly, the numerous galleys of war belonging to Kylestafeen were speedily equipped, and the full number of warriors allotted to each. The evening before the fleet set sail, a conference was held, and the plans of action arranged, after which the brothers separated, each to his galley; for it had been determined at the council that the larger number of the ships, commanded by Fahune, should scour the seas in pursuit of the enemy, while that portion headed by Niall should proceed at once to O'Brassil, to join forces with the king. This duty too did Niall undertake the more willingly, as it gave him hope of a more speedy meeting with his beloved Corgeana.

On the third day after the last-mentioned division of the fleet had sailed from Kylestafeen, two strange sails were plainly observed from the deck of Niall's galley, and it soon became too evident that the ship in which Corgeana had sailed had been taken by the Northmen, and that she was even now in their power; for one of the vessels was hers, and the other was also well known, for it was the favourite galley of Frokos, the most rapacious and cruel savage of them all!

Fearful was the suspense and the agony of mind which Niall endured, till he had overtaken this hostile ship and its prize; for though sure of success, and that the pirate would be captured, yet he knew not what the crafty chief might have already perpetrated. However, having surrounded them with his vessels, the pirates at once perceived the futility of resistance, and accordingly surrendered to Niall. And who can imagine the mutual joy experienced by these lovers, when they saw that each was safe! In triumph did Niall at once make sail for O'Brassil, and land with his precious freight, where he was received by the old king with every demonstration of gratitude and joy.

"And why," said Niall to Corgeana, "why now should we delay our nuptials? Shall they not at once be celebrated? Oh, return with me as one of the Queens of Kylestafeen!"

But the king her father would have overruled this, in his opinion, too precipitate determination, and would at least have waited till the arrival of Fahune and his squadron; but Niall would not listen, and it was then determined that if Fahune made not his appearance for the space of seven days, the marriage should take place.

"And, surely," said Niall to himself, "the vow which I have made can never interfere with this! How could my marriage, at which he would rejoice, possibly be displeasing to him? When he considers the circumstances of the case, he will, even though I do infringe the strict letter of the oath in not consulting him, cheerfully forgive me."

Seven days had now passed, but Fahune was even then chasing and capturing numerous fleets of pirates. At length the day arrived, and the ceremonies of marriage were performed amidst banquetings and joyful celebrations.

And now it was judged prudent that they should set sail for Kylestafeen; and a great feast having been given to Niall and Corgeana, and to the whole of the squadron, they took their departure and put to sea.

O'Brassil was but three short days' sail at farthest from Kylestafeen, and they hoped soon to reach their destination, when lo! a dreadful tempest suddenly sprang up, which dispersed the fleet in all directions. The most expert seamen were completely foiled in all their efforts; the vessel laboured and creaked as if she would each moment fall to pieces, and was driven, being quite unmanageable, far away out to sea, and for many days and nights were they drifted onwards with irresistible fury.

But at length the storm abated, the waves gradually subsided, and after another day the wind was completely gone. The gallant vessel, which had heretofore been impelled with terrific violence, now, with all her sails unfurled, hardly crept along; and the men, who had been almost all constantly employed during the hurricane, had retired below.

And now the grey dawn was just apparent in the east, when all on board were suddenly aroused by the cries of the watchman, who proclaimed that a vessel with the flag of Kylestafeen was rapidly approaching, and would almost immediately be alongside. Niall arose, and looking forth, saw with the rest that it was the galley of his brother, while he fondly anticipated a joyful reunion with Fahune, when they could relate their several exploits and dangers. But how were these hopes about to be realised?

The vessels neared each other, and greetings were exchanged. A boat was now lowered from the side of Niall's galley, and he went on board that of his brother. After some inquiries and salutations, Fahune questioned Niall concerning his voyages and adventures. This Niall commenced, and Fahune seemed to rejoice, and a smile, as if of triumph, crossed his features when he learnt that Corgeana was safe; but when Niall proceeded, and told of the nuptials, the countenance of Fahune became as pale as death.

"Miserable man," said he, "prepare to die! You have broken through our solemn vow; you have taken this step without having consulted me; this alone would have condemned you, but to this dreadful dereliction you have added a still greater insult—you have supplanted me in the affections of one to whom I was engaged. But she"—he could utter no more; he was convulsed with passion. Niall was now about to reply, but Fahune shouted, "Let him be gagged! Let me not hear a word from him whom once I loved; for the sound of his voice might tempt me to relent. Executioners, at once bind him to the mast." It was done; and in another moment, by Fahune's directions, his sides were deeply pierced by the fatal daggers!

When the dreadful tale was related to the bereaved Corgeana, she lay for some hours insensible; but when at length she awoke, it was but to be compelled to endure still greater miseries. The sentence of Fahune was at once put in execution, namely, that Corgeana should be turned adrift in a small open boat, with a scanty supply of food, and left to perish, while the body of her husband should also be cast along with her into the boat.

But whilst the implacable Fahune was sailing towards the shores of Kylestafeen, and even now repented of his cruelty and rashness to those who were once beloved by him, Corgeana was wafted over the trackless ocean in her frail bark, alone, and wretched; yet still that bark was guided by myriads of fairy beings, who were even then conducting her to a haven of safety.

When the seventh weary night had passed, and daylight appeared, Corgeana found herself quite close to shore, but in what part of the world she was, she knew not. Her little boat was quietly drifted to the beach. She landed, and walking forth, soon found herself in view of a palace of magnificent appearance, to which she bent her steps.

Now, on entering this beautiful structure, which appeared to be ornamented with the utmost splendour, she was surprised exceedingly when she heard sounds of lamentation and loud wailing issuing from the apartments and halls. Advancing, she discovered an immense multitude of obsequies of noble mien, together with a number of youths and attendants, who, wearied, exhausted, and covered with wounds, reclined on couches; many, who seemed more severely hurt, uttering piercing shrieks, while others appeared binding up their wounds, and administering the comforts of medicine.

She watched these proceedings, unnoticed, for some time, and her attention was more particularly attracted to one venerable personage, who, going round to all, and bathing their wounds, at once relieved them from their agony; and, strange to say, she remarked many who appeared to possess but few signs even of existence, at once restored to the use of their faculties.

At length she was perceived by him who was apparently a king or chief, who demanded her history, and an account of her adventures. This she commenced. Her great beauty, the violence of her grief, as well as the interest which the relation of her sufferings occasioned, caused the emperor (for so he was) to take compassion on her, and he listened intently to her narrative. But when Corgeana came to that part of her mournful tale in which she spoke of the cruelty of Fahune, and how her husband had been, as she supposed, inhumanly murdered, the emperor manifested signs of extreme impatience, and summoning his attendants—"Hasten," said he, "to the beach, and bring hither, without delay, the body of the prince." This was at once done, and they returned, bearing Niall in their arms.

"And now," said the emperor, "we will leave him with our venerable physician, whose skill was never known to fail, and whom we have remembered often to recall to existence many who have been considered for ever as lost to us."

When the physician was taken to the apartment in which the body of Niall lay, a smile of hope might have been seen upon his countenance, and he proceeded to exert his utmost skill. After he had himself applied his far-famed remedies,

he left for a moment, to deliver his opinion to the emperor his master.

But in that moment had Niall recovered! Faintly and slowly his eyes opened, and he looked around. But what were then his thoughts? Remembering the dreadful scene in the galley of his brother, even then he saw the executioners plunging the daggers into his side, and the words of Fahune still rang in his ears: again he looked, and thought he was in another world—that region, where he had often heard the spirits of the brave would congregate. And then of Corgeana!—but was this her voice he heard? Was she too murdered?

The physician now entered, and all was soon explained; his great skill had indeed been successful. Who can picture the joy experienced by Niall and Corgeana when they found themselves so unexpectedly re-united!

The recovery of Niall was exceedingly rapid; he frequently expressed his gratitude to his benefactors, and on one particular day, being engaged in conversation with the emperor, he ventured to address him thus. "How comes it, oh king, that you, the undisputed sovereign of this magnificent and powerful empire, are so frequently dejected, and that the nobles of your court give way to melancholy in your presence? Your very musicians appear to have forgotten the strains of gladness, and the raven of despondency seems to overshadow the royal court with its foreboding wings! Is it thus, oh king? No; it must be my own gloomy thoughts which possess me, and render me insensible to happiness!"

"That which you now remark is but too true," said the emperor; "how can we be otherwise, when our dominions though extensive, and our army though possessed of courage, are each moment assailed by a cruel and still more powerful enemy, who live in an adjoining island, and against whom we have never been able to obtain any decided victory? If we attack them, we are repulsed with disgrace and shame, while they are continually making inroads, and devastating our beautiful country. Even the day which brought you in so extraordinary a manner to our shores, was the last of our encounters with them, and on which most of our bravest commanders were dreadfully mangled by our cruel opponents, and I myself was wounded; to-morrow, however, we intend to renew our armaments against them; but, alas! all will be unavailing, for ever since I came to this throne, and even in the reign of my father, have we been thus oppressed. It is true, we possess an elixir of inestimable value, the effect of which is almost immediately to heal the most dreadful wound, and to which, applied by our chief physician, you doubtless owe the preservation of your life; but on the other hand, our enemies have on their side auxiliaries still more powerful; so that, while we are all but invulnerable, they are completely invincible; and though our commanders are preparing with all possible alacrity, and seem confident of success, I for one already too well know the result!"

"Nay, speak not thus, oh king!" said Niall; "I myself, for I am now recovered, will accompany you; I perhaps was accounted brave in my own country, and will not spare my blood, if occasion require, in your service; allow me then a number of men under my command, and, with the help of the gods, we will certainly cause these formidable foes to yield to our superior prowess."

"Niall," answered the emperor, "your words are as those of the brave; but did you know, or could you catch a single glance of our enemy, your utterance would be frozen with dread; horror would be on your countenance; and if you were not immediately overwhelmed, you would turn and fly as we do."

"And wherefore, oh king?" said Niall.

"Listen!" said the emperor. "These giants, for they far exceed us in ordinary stature, are commanded by one who excels them in even a greater degree in height, in strength, and in the awfulness of his appearance: he marches at the head of the army to the accompaniment of music—oh, accursed music!—the first sound of which, though at a distance, has the dreadful effect of at once stupifying us, and causing an unnatural drowsiness to come over us; we fall, and he, marching up with his men, cuts us to pieces like sheep. But, oh Niall! how can I describe or give you the slightest idea of the horrid hag, this giant's wife? One sight of her is sufficient to unnerve the most courageous mortal; afar off she is seen; her eyes are as glowing coals; her feet like enormous ploughshares, tearing up the earth before her as she walks; whilst her hair, trailing far behind her, is like as many harrows fol-

lowing in her track; lurid flames issue from her nostrils! Frightful indeed is she to behold; but should a glance of her accursed eye meet yours, no earthly power could for an instant save you from immediate death! She is followed by a horde of demons, who I hear are her children, imps that spare no life, but revel in slaughter and mischief. Such are our enemies!"

"Your description horrifies me," said Niall; "nevertheless, let us summon all our energies to the encounter, and I trust I may bear my part in the struggle with fortitude."

And now the day arrived when this resolution was to be tested. The emperor himself took Niall into his armoury, and bade him choose any kind of weapon which that place could afford; but of all the implements of war collected there, none seemed to suit his purpose but one small sword with a sharp point, with which having equipped himself, he prepared for the engagement. They embarked, and soon reached the hostile island, where immediately the giants collected, headed by the chief and his wife, who now seemed invested with double their usual horrors. As they advanced, his friend the emperor frequently called on Niall to retrace his steps, but this he firmly refused. The fatal languor was now fast overcoming him, but, drawing his small sword, he continued pricking himself in various places, which prevented his sinking altogether to sleep. Meantime the giant came on, trusting as usual for conquest to the power of the music; however, he was for once mistaken. Feigning sleep, Niall lay still, in the best position for his purpose; and when the giant, confidently marching on, had come up, and stooped over to kill him, he seized his opportunity, and at one blow severed his head from his shoulders.

Fortunately this brave act was not witnessed by the old hag his wife, who had delayed by the way; it is enough for us to know that the same success here also attended him, and she fell a sacrifice also to his valour. Nor was this all—the emperor came up with his army, and an easy conquest soon decided the long-continued hostilities. Niall was immediately given by the emperor the sovereignty of the island, and took possession of the giant's palaces, where he and Corgeana long lived in mutual love, and crowned with the enjoyment of all happiness, dwelt in perfect amity with the emperor their benefactor. He built an immense number of the most beautiful galleys, and maintained an army disciplined and instructed completely in all the arts of war.

But we must now hasten to the conclusion of our legend, though volumes might be filled by a recital of the well-remembered acts of Niall the good, and Corgeana his queen.

They held, then, frequent conversations about Fahune, and were accustomed to recount the many dangers they had experienced, when on a certain day Niall appeared to be engaged in the deliberation of some affair of more than ordinary importance. His brows were bent as in earnest thought, and even tears were observed on his cheek. This was remarked by Corgeana, who gently demanded what new design he was arranging.

To this Niall answered, "Oh, Corgeana, my awful parting from Fahune my brother frequently recurs to me; I begin to fear his life is most unhappy; he thinks me dead, and the injustice of his mad decree must certainly be fearfully apparent to him also; it is therefore my intention, shouldst thou approve of it, to prepare an expedition to revisit the land of my birth, my beloved Kylestafeen; and wouldst thou not also wish to see again the lovely O'Brassil? I am now powerful, and would go attended by a large fleet; so that if Fahune should still be vindictive, I might be supported; nor should I dread his power, or that of any other monarch."

To this Corgeana most willingly assented, and resolved herself to accompany the squadron, which having been made ready in an extraordinarily short space of time, put to sea.

Niall well remembered the direction that dreadful tempest had taken which had conveyed him to Fahune, and accordingly sailed onwards. Not many days elapsed ere the men reported with joy that land was in sight. It was true; and all assembled on the decks of their galleys, hailing with shouts their near approach.

But lo! what is that which now rivets their attention, and causes them to stand like men bereft of reason, gazing on the mountains of Kylestafeen? And nearer and nearer they approached, and fixed their eyes in silent wonder on the awful scene; those hills, the shapes of which were at once recognized by Niall and Corgeana, were too apparently sinking into the ocean! Still nearer they sailed, and the noble bay at the head of which was the city, lay before them.



They came close to the shore, and now was their astonishment intense. That beautiful valley through which the gentle stream took its course was quickly enlarging its boundaries; and while it sank, the waters from the ocean were madly rushing in, causing devastation to all. Hundreds of human forms were wildly rushing to and fro, and those who were able to reach the shore screamed loudly for assistance, or for boats to carry them away; while all who could not profit by this mode of escape climbed the summits of the highest mountains, and escaped immediate death, only to endure a protraction of their sufferings.

In the midst of this confusion and these dreadful scenes, many galleys, densely crowded with beings, put off from shore. Niall anxiously looked for his brother; nor was he destined to be disappointed, for Fahune, observing the strange ships, immediately directed his course to the galley of his brother, where a reconciliation having at once taken place, all re-assembled to witness the consummation of this most dreadful catastrophe.

Gradually, yet continually, did the waves close round thousands of the helpless inhabitants, and innumerable multitudes of animals were buried beneath them, while all who could avail themselves of boats took to the sea, though these could hardly tell in what direction to proceed, and hundreds miserably perished.

Soon did night veil the awful vision from the eyes of the fleet; and next morning, a wild waste of turbulent waters was all that could be perceived where once was the glorious and happy land of Kylestafeen, and a long dark line of frowning cliffs was the only boundary visible in the direction of that lovely country.

We may add the general belief, that a remnant of those saved were cast on shore, and from their descendants we still can learn even the modes of government once practised in Kylestafeen.

But where now is Kylestafeen?

It remains under a spell—its inhabitants are still employed in constructing fleets and armaments; even now,

"In the wave beneath you shining,"

the "towers of other days" may yet be seen. Every seven years, "this delightful land" may be seen in all its primeval beauty, as it appeared before it sank; and if, reader, at that critical moment when all smileth before thee, thou canst drop but one particle of earth on any portion of it, it will be for ever re-established.

And this, reader, is the legend of Kylestafeen, from which thou canst draw thine own moral.

## ORIGIN AND MEANINGS OF IRISH FAMILY NAMES.

BY JOHN O'DONOVAN.

Third Article.

### SURNAMES AND FAMILY NAMES.

DR KEATING and his cotemporary Gratianus Lucius have asserted, on the authority of the ancient Irish MSS, that family names or surnames first became hereditary in Ireland in the reign of Brian Boru, in the beginning of the seventh century. "He [King Brian] was the first who ordained that a certain surname should be imposed on every tribe, in order that it might be the more easily known from what stock each family was descended; for previous to his time surnames were unfixed, and were discoverable only by tracing a long line of ancestors."

This assertion has been repeated by all the subsequent Irish writers, but none of them have attempted either to question or prove it. It seems, however, generally true, and also that in the formation of surnames at this period, the several families adopted the names of their fathers or grandfathers. It would appear, however, from some pedigrees of acknowledged authenticity, that in a few instances the surnames were assumed from remoter ancestors, as in the families of the O'Dowds and O'Kevans in Tireragh, in which the chiefs from whom the names were taken were cotemporary with St Gerald of Mayo, who flourished in the seventh century, and in the family of O'Neill, who took their surname from Niall Glunduv, monarch of Ireland, who was killed by the Danes in the year 919. It is obvious also from the authentic Irish annals, that there are many Irish surnames now in use which were called after ancestors who flourished long subsequent to the reign of Brian. But it is a fact that the

\* Translation from original Latin MS.

greater number of the more distinguished Irish family names were assumed from ancestors who were cotemporary with this monarch; and though we have as yet discovered no older authority than Dr Keating for showing that surnames were first established in Ireland in his time, I am satisfied that authorities which would prove it, existed in the time of Keating, for that writer, though a very injudicious critic, was nevertheless a faithful compiler. Until, however, we discover a genuine copy of the edict published by the monarch Brian, commanding that the surnames to be borne should be taken from the chieftains who flourished in his own time,—if such edict were ever promulgated, we must be content to relinquish the prospect of a final decision of this question. At the same time it must be conceded that the evidences furnished by the authentic annals and pedigrees in behalf of it are very strong, and may in themselves be regarded as almost sufficient to settle the question.

It appears, then, from the most authentic annals and pedigrees, that the O'Briens of Thomond took their name from the monarch Brian Boru himself, who was killed in the battle of Clontarf in the year 1014, and that family names were formed either from the names of the chieftains who fought in that battle, or from those of their sons or fathers:—thus, the O'Mahonys of Desmond are named from Mahon, the son of Kian, King of Desmond, who fought in this battle; the O'Donohoes from Donogh, whose father Donnell was the second in command over the Eugenic forces in the same battle; the O'Donovans from Donovan, whose son Cathal commanded the Hy-Cairbre in the same battle; the O'Dugans of Fermoy from Dugan, whose son Gevenagh commanded the race of the Druid Mugh Roth in the same battle; the O'Faelans or Pheians of the Deses from Faolan, whose son Mothla commanded the Desii of Munster in the same memorable battle, as were the Mac Murroghs of Leinster from Murrogh, whose son Maelmordha, King of Leinster, assisted the Danes against the Irish monarch.

The Mac Carthys of Desmond are named from Carrthach (the son of Saerbhreachach), who is mentioned in the Irish annals as having fought the battle of Maelkenny, on the river Suir, in the year 1043; the O'Conors of Connaught from Conor or Concovar, who died in the year 971; the O'Melaghins of Meath, the chiefs of the southern Hy-Niall race, from Maelseachlainn or Malachy II, monarch of Ireland, who died in the year 1022; the Magillpatrickes or Fitzpatrickes of Ossory from Gillpatrick, chief of Ossory, who was killed in the year 995, &c. &c.

From these and other evidences furnished by the Irish annals, it appears certain then that the most distinguished surnames in Ireland were taken from the names of progenitors who flourished in the tenth or beginning of the eleventh century. But there are instances to be met with of surnames which had been established in the tenth century having been changed to others which were called after progenitors who flourished at a later period, as O'Malroni of Moylurg, to Mac Dermot, and O'Laughlin, head of the northern Hy-Niall, to Mac Laughlin. There are also instances of minor branches of great families having changed the original prefix O to Mac and Mac O, or Mac I, when they had acquired new territories and become independent families, as O'Brien to Mac I-Brien, and Mac Brien in the instances of Mac I-Brien Arra, Mac Brien Coonagh, and Mac Brien Aharlagh, all off-shoots from the great family of Thomond; and O'Neill to Mac I-Neill Boy, in the instance of the branch of the great Tyrone family who settled in the fourteenth century eastward of the river Bann, in the counties of Down and Antrim.

This is all that we know of the origin of Irish surnames. Sir James Ware agrees with Keating and Gratianus Lucius that surnames became hereditary in Ireland in the tenth or beginning of the eleventh century; and adds, that they became hereditary in England and France about the same period.

Irish family names or surnames then are formed from the genitive case of names of ancestors who flourished in the tenth century, and at later periods, by prefixing O, or Mac, as O'Neill, Mac Carthy, &c. O literally signifies grandson, in which sense it is still spoken in the province of Ulster; and in a more enlarged sense any male descendant, like the Latin *nepos*; and Mac literally signifies son, and in a more extended sense any male descendant. The former word is translated *nepos* by all the writers of Irish history in the Latin language, from Adamnan to Dr O'Conor, and the latter, *filius*; from which it is clear that it is synonymous with the Welsh prefix *Map* (abbreviated to *Ap*), and with the Anglo-Norman *Fitz*,

which Horne Tooke has proved to be a corruption of the Latin *filius*. Giraldus Cambrensis latinizes the name of the King of Leinster, Dermot Mac Murchadh, *Dermotus Murchardides*, from which it may be clearly perceived that he regarded the prefix Mac as equivalent to the Greek patronymic termination *ides*. The only difference therefore to be observed between O and Mac in surnames is, that the family who took the prefix of Mac called themselves after their father, and those who took the prefix O formed their surname from the name of their grandfather. Ni, meaning daughter, was always prefixed to names of women, as O and Mac meant male descendants; but this usage is now obsolete.

It is not perhaps an unlikely conjecture that at the period when surnames were first ordered to be made hereditary, some families went back several generations to select an illustrious ancestor on whom to build themselves a name. A most extraordinary instance of this mode of forming names occurred in our own time in Connaught, where John Mageoghegan, Esq. of Bunowen Castle, in the west of the county of Galway, applied to his Majesty King George IV. for licence to reject the name which his ancestors had borne for eight hundred years from their ancestor Eochagan, chief of Kinel Fiacha, in the now county of Westmeath, in the tenth century, and to take a new name from his more ancient and more illustrious ancestor Niall of the Nine Hostages, monarch of Ireland in the fourth century. His majesty granted this licence, and the son of John Mageoghegan is now called John Augustus O'Neill, that is, John Augustus, DESCENDANT of Niall of the Nine Hostages. The other branches of the family of Mageoghegan, however, still retain the surname which was established in the reign of Brian Boru as the distinguishing appellation of the race of Fiacha, the son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, and the ancestor from whom the Mageoghegans had taken their *tribe* name.

From the similarity and almost complete identity of the meanings affixed to the words O and Mac in surnames, it might be expected that they should be popularly considered as conferring each the same respectability on the bearer; yet this is far from being the case, for it is popularly believed in every part of Ireland that the prefix O was a kind of title among the Irish, while Mac is a mark of no distinction whatever, and that any common Irishman may bear the prefix Mac, while he must have some claims to gentility of birth before he can presume to prefix O to his name. This is universally the feeling in the province of Connaught, where the gentry of Milesian descent are called O'Conor, O'Flaherty, O'Malley, &c.; and the peasantry, their collateral relatives, Connor, Flaherty, Mailey. All this, however, is a popular error, for the prefix O is in no wise whatever more respectable than Mac, nor is either the one or the other an index to any respectability whatever, inasmuch as every single family of Firbolgic, Milesian, or Danish origin in Ireland, is entitled to bear either O or Mac as the first part of their surname. It is popularly known that O'Neill was King of Ulster, and O'Conor King of Connaught, and hence it is assumed that the prefix O is a title of great distinction; but it is never taken into consideration that O'Hallion was the name of the Irish Geocach or beggar who murdered O'Mulloy of Faara-Keall in the year 1110, or that Mac Carthy was King of Desmond or Mac Murrrough was King of Leinster! It is therefore a positive fact that the prefixes O and Mac are of equal import, both meaning male descendant, and that neither is an indication of any respectability whatever, except where the pedigree is proved and the history of the family known. To illustrate this by an example: The O prefixed to my own name is an index of my descent from Donovan, the son of Cathal, Chief of the Hy-Figeinte, who was killed by Brian Boru in the year 977; but the Mac prefixed in the surname Mac Carthy is an indication of higher descent, namely, from Carrthach, the great-grandson of Callaghan Cashel, King of Munster, whose descendants held the highest rank in Desmond till the civil wars of 1641.

It would be now difficult to show how this popular error originated, as the meanings of the two prefixes O and Mac are so nearly alike. It may, however, have originated in a custom which prevailed among the *ancient* Irish, namely, that, for some reason which we cannot now discover, the O was never prefixed in any surname derived from art, trade, or science, O'Gowan only excepted, the prefix Mac having been always used in such instances, for we never meet O'Saor, O'Baird; and surnames thus formed, of course never ranked as high among the Irish as those which were formed from the names of chieftains.

It may be here also remarked, that the O was never prefixed to names beginning with the word *Giolla*. I see no reason for this either, but I am positive that it is a fact, for throughout the Annals of the Four Masters only one O'Giolla, namely, O'Giolla Phadruig, occurs, and that only in one instance, and I have no doubt that this is a mere error of transcription.

Another strange error prevails in the north of Ireland respecting O and Mac, viz. that every name in the north of Ireland of which Mac forms the first part, is of Scotch origin, while those to which the O is prefixed is of Irish origin; for example, that O'Neill and O'Kane are of Irish origin, but Mac Loughlin and Mac Closkey of Scotch origin. But it happens in these instances that Mac Loughlin is the senior branch of the family of O'Neill, and Mac Closkey a most distinguished offshoot from that of O'Kane. This error had its origin in the fact that the Scotch families very rarely prefixed the O (there being only three instances of their having used it at all on record), while the Irish used O tenfold more than the Mac. This appears from an Index to the genealogical books of Lecan, and of Duaid Mac Firbis, in the MS. library of the Royal Irish Academy, in which mention is made of only three Scotch surnames beginning with O, while there are upwards of two thousand distinct Irish surnames beginning with O, and only two hundred beginning with Mac.

Another strange error is popular among the Irish, and those not of the lowest class, namely, that only five Irish families are entitled to have the O prefixed; but what names these five are is by no means agreed upon, some asserting that they are O'Neill, O'Donnell, O'Conor, O'Brien, and O'Flaherty; others that they are O'Neill, O'Donnell, O'Kane, O'Dowd, and O'Kelly; a third party insisting that they are O'Brien, O'Sullivan, O'Connell, O'Mahony, and O'Driscoll; while others make up the list in quite a different manner from all these, and this according to the part of Ireland in which they are located; and each party is positive that no family but the five of their own list has any title to the O. None of them would acknowledge that even the O'Melaghlines, the heads of the southern Hy Niall race, have any claims to this prefix, nor other very distinguished families, who invariably bore it down to a comparatively late period. On the other hand, it is universally admitted that any Irish family from Mac Carthy and Mac Murrrough, down to Mac Guken and Mac Phauden, has full title to the prefix Mac; and for no other reason than because it is believed to have been a mark of no distinction whatever among the ancient Irish. This error originated in the fact that five families of Irish blood were excepted by the English laws from being held as mere Irishmen. But of this hereafter.

There is another error prevalent among the Irish gentry of Milesian blood in Ireland (which is the less to be excused, as they have ample opportunities of correcting it), namely, that the chief or head of the family only was entitled to have the O prefixed to his name. This is the grossest error of all, for there is not a single passage in the authentic annals or genealogical books which even suggests that such a custom ever existed amongst the ancient Irish chieftain families, for it is an indubitable fact that every member of the family had the O prefixed to his surname, as well as the chief himself. But a distinction was made between the chief and the members of his family, in the following manner:—In all official documents the chief used the surname only, as O'Neill, O'Donnell, &c. In conversation also the surname only was used, but the definite article was frequently prefixed, as *the* O'Neill, *the* O'Brien, &c., while in annals and other historical documents in which it was found necessary to distinguish a chief from his predecessors or successors, the chief of a family was designated by giving him the family name first, and the christian or baptism name after it in parenthesis. But the different members of the chief's family had their christian names always prefixed as at the present day.

I have thus dwelt upon the errors respecting surnames in Ireland, from an anxious wish that they should be removed, and I trust that it will be believed henceforward that the Mac in Irish surnames is fully as respectable as the O, and that, instead of five, there are at least two thousand Irish families who have *full title* to have the O prefixed to their surnames.

Many men would have more wisdom if they had less wit.

Women are like gold, which is tender in proportion to its purity.

Excessive sensibility is the foppery of modern refinement.

## IRELAND'S WEALTH.

Oh do not call our country poor,  
Though Commerce shuns her coast;  
For still the isle hath treasures more  
Than other lands can boast.

She hath glorious hills and mighty streams,  
With wealth of wave and mine,  
And fields that pour their riches forth  
Like Plenty's chosen shrine.

She hath hands that never shrink from toil,  
And hearts that never yield,  
Who reap the harvests of the world  
In corn or battle field.

She hath blessings from her far dispersed  
O'er all the earth and seas,  
Whose love can never leave her—yet  
Our land hath more than these.

Her's is the light of genius bright,  
Among her children still;  
It shines on all her darkest homes,  
Or wildest heath and hill.

For there the isle's immortal lyre  
Sent forth its mightiest tone;  
And starry names arose that far  
On distant ages shone.

And want among her huts hath been;  
But never from them past  
The stranger's welcome, or the hearts  
That freely gave their last.

She hath mountains of eternal green,  
And vales for love and health,  
And the beautiful and true of heart—  
Oh these are Ireland's wealth!

And she is rich in hope, which blest  
Her gifted ones and brave,  
Who loved her well, for she had nought  
To give them but a grave.

Through all her clouds and blasted years,  
That star hath never set;  
Will not our land arise and shine  
Among the nations yet?

F. B.

## EXTRAORDINARY DETECTION OF MURDER.

NO. II.

SCARCELY the most youthful reader needs now to be informed that for an indefinite period our country has unfortunately seldom been without bands of misguided men, more or less numerous, combined for illegal purposes, and who have from time to time wrought much ruin and misery to themselves and others, whether they went under the denomination of rapparees, defenders, peep-o'-day-boys, steelboys, whiteboys, united Irishmen, carders, houghers, thrashers or ribbonmen, the last of the species—may they prove the last indeed! The manifold causes that produced those lawless and destructive combinations the nature of this Journal wisely precludes us from meddling with; their objects were perfectly apparent. We therefore pass both by with a single remark, namely, that since the disastrous and desolating insurrection and invasion of '98, there has been no person of weight or property connected with any of the numerous confederacies that have continued unceasingly to distract the country, with the exception of that which involved the fate of the wild but amiable visionary Robert Emmett—certainly not in Connaught; nor would it appear that in any one of them since was any serious opposition to government contemplated. In fact, the conspirators being, with but few exceptions, invariably of the very lowest class, their object, however guilty, was limited to the obtaining of personal advantage, the gratification of private revenge, or petty opposition to tithes and the local authorities.

In 1806, the combinator were designated in Connaught, *thrashers*. Their vengeance seemed to be chiefly wreaked on the haggards of such gentlemen or middlemen as excited the wrath or suspicions of the brotherhood; and frequently, where at evening had been seen a large and well-filled haggard,

nought was visible in the morning but empty space, the wasted grain and the *then* valuable hay being scattered over the adjacent fields and roads, often to a considerable distance.

Tirawley, the northern barony of Mayo, was at this period infested with a gang of thrashers of peculiar daring and activity, the most prominent of whom was Murtagh Lavan, usually termed "Murty the Shaker," a *soubriquet* which he derived from his remarkable dexterity in scattering the contents of the various haggards; and for a considerable period this reckless gang was a terror to the entire barony. But there is, fortunately, neither union nor faith among the wicked. After having been the principal in numberless acts of destruction and lawlessness, Murty became a private informer against guilty and innocent, in consequence of the large rewards offered by government for the detection of the offenders, and had given in the names of a large number of accomplices, as well as of those who he knew were likely to be suspected, when his career was cut short by a violent death.

Secretly as his informations were given, it appears it was discovered that he had become an informer; and in consequence, a band of the most desperate of his former accomplices planned and accomplished his murder in a singularly daring manner. His wife and himself were guests at a christening when he was called out: she followed him, and in her presence he was assailed by a number of blackened and partly armed men, one of whom felled him with a hatchet like an ox in the slaughter-house. He was never allowed to rise, for the others trampled on him when down, and struck him with various weapons. The wretched woman fled into a corner, and remained there an unharmed spectatress of the whole murderous scene, and, what has rarely occurred in similar circumstances, without making any attempt to fling herself between her husband and the murderers.

Immediately on information being forwarded to the government of the audacious murder of the informer, proclamations offering large rewards for the discovery and conviction of the perpetrators were issued; great activity was exhibited by the magistrates and the yeomanry, put under permanent pay, as is well remembered in the localities where they were stationed, the inhabitants of which were soon left minus their geese and hens with miraculous rapidity, after the arrival of their *defenders*. The yeomen! God forgive us: dark as is our theme, so strangely does levity mingle with gloom and even with sorrow in our national temperament, that a host of humorous recollections come rushing on us, called up by the name, as we recal our boyish enjoyment in witnessing some of their inspections. Their motley dress—their arms—the suggaun often binding a dislocated gun—and their discipline—oh, their discipline! Why, reader, believe us or not as you please, we knew of a captain of yeomanry standing in front of his corps, during an inspection of all the yeomen in the district by a distinguished general officer, with his drawn sword held with great gallantry in his *left* hand, till his serjeant-major besought him in a whisper to change it to the other hand, until the general should have passed him. But we say *avaunt* to the evil temptation that has beset us at so awkward a time, to descant on yeomanry frolics, though we promise the readers of the Journal a laugh at them on some more fitting occasion.

Five of the murderers were apprehended and executed together in 1806; and, some years afterwards, one of them, named M'Ginty, whose troubled conscience would not permit him to remain in England, whither he had fled after the commission of the crime, and who was apprehended the very night after his return to this country, died a fearful death. Indeed, in our experience of public executions we never witnessed a more terrible one. He was a man of a large, athletic frame, and when on the lapboard ramped about with frightful violence, got his fingers several times between the rope and his neck, and attempted to pull down the temporary beam, and drag out the executioner with him, the latter of which objects he nearly effected. He spurned at all exertions to induce him to forgive his prosecutors and captors, and was in the act of denouncing vengeance against them, dead or alive, when he was flung off.

We remember a curious point was saved in this man's favour after conviction, when an arrest of judgment was moved on the ground that the principal evidence against him (an accomplice) was himself, after having been tried, and sentenced to capital punishment, and, therefore, being dead in law, could not be received as a competent witness. The objection was, however, overruled by the judges in Dublin, on

the ground that the man had received a pardon, and could be, therefore, considered a living witness again.

It was twenty-four years after the murder of Murty, namely, in the spring of 1830, that a woman was making her way across a stream running through a gentleman's grounds in the county of Sligo, when she was prevented by a caretaker, who obliged her to turn back.

"*Skirria sniurth*," exclaimed the woman with bitter earnestness, "but don't think, *durneen sollagh* (dirty Cuffe) but I know you well; an' thank God, any way ye can't murder us, as ye did Murty Lavan long ago."

Her words were heard by a policeman who chanced to be angling along the stream, and who promptly brought her into the presence of a magistrate, where, after the policeman had stated what he heard, she attempted at first to draw in her horns and retract her words.

"Well, my good woman," said the magistrate, "what expressions were those you used just now?"

"Ou, only some *ramask* (nonsense), yer honour."

"Did you not accuse a man of murder?"

"In onough, I dunno what I sed when the spalpeen gev us the round, and the vexation was upon us."

"You must speak to the point, woman."

"Wethen sure yer honour wouldn't be after mindin' what an oul' hag sed when she was in the passion."

"Policeman, repeat the expressions exactly."

The policeman repeated his former statement.

"Now swear the hag, and I warn her if she doesn't tell the whole truth, I will myself see her transported."

The woman, now thoroughly frightened, admitted that she knew the person who prevented her from crossing the stream to be Cuffe or Durneen, who was charged with having been the principal in the murder of Murty the Shaker. Cuffe was accordingly apprehended, and having been fully identified by Murty's wife, who was still in existence, having continued a pensioner of the Mayo grand jury since her husband's murder, was committed to the Mayo jail, to the astonishment and regret of his employer.

The extraordinary part of Cuffe's case seems to us not by any means that he should have been detected after the lapse of twenty-four years, but it does seem a singular fact indeed, that, notwithstanding a description of him in the *Hue and Cry* as the person who had struck the mortal blow with the hatchet, and the large rewards offered for his apprehension, he should have remained undiscovered for such a protracted period, so immediately adjacent to the scene of his crime. Most of our readers are aware that Sligo adjoins Mayo—nay, the barony of Tirawley, in which the murder was perpetrated, is only separated by the river Moy from the county of Sligo, so that one portion of the town of Ballina is in Mayo, and the other in Sligo; and yet, in all probability, were it not that Providence directed the steps of the woman to that stream for the first and last time in her life, he might have remained there undiscovered to the end of his natural life, which could not then be far distant, his head being completely silvered at the time of his apprehension.

While in prison, both before and after conviction, Cuffe's conduct, as it had been all along prior to his detection, was peaceful, obliging, and amenable, comporting much better with a pleasant and rather benevolent countenance, in which there did not seem to be a single line indicative of an evil disposition, than with the terrible crime he had been the principal in committing.

On the morning after M'Gennis had committed the extraordinary suicide detailed in a former number, in the same cell with him, Cuffe's gaze continued to be fastened, as if by fascination, on the body while it remained in the cell, and his countenance wore an expression resembling a smile of gratified wonder, as he frequently exclaimed in an under tone, "didn't he do it clever?" He strongly denied, however, as was before stated, having witnessed the suicide, or known anything of its being intended.

His own death was calm and easy: in fact he seemed to have died without a struggle; and so little did his punishment after such a lapse of years seem to be considered as a necessary atonement to justice, that we heard, during his execution, Murty's own brother, who was among the spectators, use the expression, that it was a pity so many lives should be lost for such a rascal.

We should have remarked that on the morning of his execution he requested of the benevolent and intelligent inspector to allow him a tea breakfast. Indeed, it is a curious consider-

ation that animal gratification seems to be the predominant object with a large proportion of persons on the eve of execution, when hope becomes as nearly extinct as it can become while life remains. In general, in such cases among the lower class, there is a petition for a meat dinner, or a tea breakfast, or both—a petition which, we need scarcely say, is in Ireland generally granted.

We recollect an instance where two persons under sentence were breakfasting together, just previous to their execution, having, among other materials, three eggs between them, when one of them, having swallowed his first egg rapidly, seized upon the other with the utmost greediness, while his companion eyed him with a sickly smile that seemed to say "you have outdone me to the last."

On another occasion we remember to have seen two convicts on a cart with the ropes about their necks, who were to be executed about fourteen miles from the prison, one of them bearing with him in his fettered hands the remains of a loaf he had been unable to finish at his breakfast, but still begged permission to take with him, as he purposed to eat it, and did so, on his way to the gallows. A.

**EVIL INFLUENCE OF FASHION.**—Never yet was a woman really improved in attraction by mingling with the motley throng of the fashionable world. She may learn to dress better, to step more gracefully; her head may assume a more elegant turn, her conversation become more polished, her air more distinguished; but in point of attraction she acquires nothing. Her simplicity of mind departs; her generous confiding impulses of character are lost; she is no longer inclined to interpret favourably of men and things; she listens without believing, sees without admiring; has suffered persecution without learning mercy; and been taught to mistrust the candour of others by the forfeiture of her own. The freshness of her disposition has vanished with the freshness of her complexion; hard lines are perceptible in her very soul, and crows-feet contract her very fancy. No longer pure and fair as the statue of alabaster, her beauty, like that of some painted waxen effigy, is tawdry and meretricious. It is not alone the rouge upon the cheek and the false tresses adorning the forehead which repel the ardour of admiration; it is the artificiality of mind with which such efforts are connected that breaks the spell of beauty.—*Mrs Gore*.

**IMPOSSIBILITY OF FORGETTING.**—In these opium ecstasies, the minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived. I could not be said to recollect them; for if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts of my past experience. But, placed as they were before me, in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings, I recognised them instantaneously. I was once told by a near relative of mine, that having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the critical assistance which reached her, she saw in a moment her whole life, in its minutest incidents, arrayed before her simultaneously, as in a mirror, and she had a faculty developed as suddenly, for comprehending the whole and every part. This, from some opium experiences of mine, I can believe. I have indeed seen the same thing asserted twice in modern books, and accompanied by a remark which I am convinced is true, viz, that the dread book of account which the Scriptures speak of, is in fact the mind of each individual. Of this at least I feel assured, that there is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind; accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil, and that they are waiting to be revealed when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.—*Confessions of an Opium Eater*.

There are few roses without thorns, and where is the heart that hides not some sorrow in its secret depths?

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# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



## JIMMY DELANY, OR THE ASCENDANT IDEA.

"A MERRY morning to Father Connellan! Well, I dare north, south, east, and west, of our sweet county of Wexford, to produce such another comfortable domicile as this of your reverence; and the proof that it is so in every respect, is, that master, man, dog, cat, cow, and horse, have the same sleek sides and sleek looks. I wish I could say as much for some of the poor parsons." "Alack! alack!" sighed Father Connellan in a lachrymose tone, "you speak of what we *were* rather than what we *are*. Poor things! neither biped nor quadruped *here* carries the same port as formerly. Now, how can you speak of sleek sides and sleek cheeks to me?—to me? Take another glance at me: fancy me with a pink jacket and black cap, and am I not just the cut, weight, and girth for a jockey? 'Ah! what a falling off is *here*,'" pointing to a paunch that he asserted, with serio-comic phiz, was lamentably diminished.

"Oh, most lamentably!" cried I, entering into his humour. "Bless me! what is the matter? Oh, thou *poor, poor* disciple of holy mother church! black was the fast indeed that hath reduced thee to this pickle!"

"*Black* it has been more than once, sure enough," returned the priest, laughing; "and as I am a christianable man, this

strict Lent has been for the sins and follies of *others*, and not for my own. But you shall know all." Then raising his voice, he called, "Jimmy! Jimmy Delany!"

Thrice he shouted, and was still unanswered. "Ay," continued his reverence, shaking his head and turning up his eyes, "this is the cut! Job's boils and blisters were nothing to this! I may call and call, and have nothing but the echo of my own voice for my pains. Once more I'll try, and if he doesn't come then"—and, placing his mouth close to the wall, he sang out, "Jimmy Delany!" so tremendously loud, that the delinquent must have heard it at half a mile's distance. At this fourth summons, shuffling, lagging steps faltered up the hall, the parlour door opened, and the anatomy of a man presented itself—

So faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in look, so woe begone.

While gazing on him, I thought that if such a man were to "draw my curtains in the dead of night," he need not cry out "fire!" to appal me.

"Well, Mither Delany," began Father Connellan, "since you have condescended to appear—(why don't you make your obeisance, sirrah?—draw back your shovel foot, bob

forward your great mop-head, and bow to the lady—soh, that will do)—be pleased to explain how and why I, your spiritual pastor and lawful master, am reduced to half my natural dimensions, 'clipt of my fair proportions.' As some one says"—

But ere the priest could proceed with his quotation, I broke in with an exclamation of amazement.

"That spectre—plump, grinning, mutton-headed Jimmy Delany! who used to wish for a gold chain but long enough to encircle the *disc* of his face twice, and it would be as long as the chain of my lord mayor of Dublin? Impossible! No, no! Reverend father, you may make me believe much; you are a man of mystery and mirth, potent and pleasant; but you will hardly bring me to believe that *that* shadow represents my plump and good-humoured old acquaintance Jimmy Delany." "I have my doubts too," said his reverence.

All this time the ghost-like subject of our observations stood mute and motionless, gazing at me with lack-lustre eyes, in which there was no beam of recognition. Indeed, he seemed dubious of his own identity; for when I refused to acknowledge him, he passed his hand deliberately and cautiously over his face and person, much in the way a blind man would do; and it was a considerable time before he ventured to assert "that he was Jimmy Delany still—if not in flesh and blood, at laist in skin and bone."

"Alas! and has it come to this with thee, Jimmy? I recognise thy voice, though somewhat tremulous and less stentorian than of old, and I would fain inquire for what unheard of crime has this severe penance been imposed upon thee?—the direst that the dire church can inflict, it must have been! Hast thou made a pilgrimage with *unboiled* peas in your shoes, my poor, poor Jimmy?"

"Speak, sirrah!" cried the priest.

"Must I tell the *thruth*, sur?" asked the spectre, reddening, and scratching his head in a dilemma.

At this juncture I perceived that the person appealed to could hardly command gravity to answer the important query addressed to him, and, but that a fit of coughing came to his aid, alas for the decorum of Father Connellan!

"You are a good boy, Jimmy," said his reverence with becoming sedateness, when the teasing cough had subsided; "a very good boy to apply to me ere you answered a question under circumstances which induce you to conceal the truth if you could. But, my poor, poor fellow, as I have said and thundered forth a hundred times from the pulpit, *TRUTH* should be spoken at all times, however painful to us; and it is especially necessary on this occasion, as I perceive a something like a fling at the discipline of our church; because, forsooth, you have dwindled from a mould four to a farthing candle! Tell the truth and shame the *devil*."

Thus admonished, with a desperate effort poor Jimmy proceeded to inform me that the cause of all his woe and waste of flesh was "Betsy Kelly, an' the urchint!"—Here he stuck fast, and I waited in vain for the finishing of the sentence. I next looked to the merry priest for an explanation, but I found that it was equally fruitless to expect one from him *then*. He had fallen back in his chair, in a fit of (to me inexplicable) laughter; and the confused Delany, still more confounded, took the opportunity to escape from the room, saying, as he retreated, "I'll lave it all to his rivirince!—let him tell what he will—I won't deny it." "A fair stage for a fertile imagination, Father Connellan?" said I.

"Egad, there is no occasion for a fertile imagination in *this* case," he replied. "Too true it is that the drama of every-day life surpasses that exhibited on the stage. Now, here is my poor Jimmy—*fiddle-string*, I may call him, because I play upon him daily, and he is almost reduced to one. If an actor ever so clever were to show off his blunders and absurdities on the stage, he'd be pelted to a mummy, or hooted into a coal-hole for the rest of his days, for attempting (mind) to impose on a discerning public with an outrageous caricature of nature.

*Baithershin!* let them come to Father Connellan's cabin for a week, and I'll promise them more amusement for *nothing* than they could get at the theatre in a year, and pay dearly for it. But the farce is drawing to a conclusion now."

"Farce, call you it? My good sir, to look at poor Jimmy, I should suppose he has been enacting a very deep tragedy indeed, and that the bowl or dagger must end it."

"Or a marl-hole, or his garters," said his reverence laughing! "But is it possible," continued he, "that you have not divied into the mystery yet? Is it possible that I, a poor se-

cluded priest, dead to the world these twenty years, minding nothing but my breviary, the souls of my flock, the Pope's bulls, and—and an occasional beef-steak and glass of punch, was up to the secret in a trice, while you, a gay member of society, are still in the dark? What direful, by me unmentionable disease, doth these four ugly, sinful capitals spell, L, O, V, E?"

"Love!—Ha! ha! ha! So Jimmy, poor Jimmy, is a lover! 'Oh, Cupid, thou *urchint*,' as thy woe-begone disciple calls thee, thou wert not blind, but *blind-folded*; thou stolest a peep, and the barbed dart that rankles in the heart of poor Jimmy was directed with laughter-loving malice!"

"Pray tell me, reverend Father, was the heroine—for heroine she must have been, to have achieved such a victory over dullness—a living woman? or did she smite him through the pages of a book? for I recollect his reading mania at one time."

"Arm yourself with the seven-fold fence of patience for half an hour, and I shall tell you all I know of the matter. But I must begin with the beginning, according to the method of all story-tellers. Now, a pinch of Lundy, a preliminary hem! and here goes:—

"About five years come Michaelmas, I buried my old house-keeper Nell Gray—I was going to say with military honours, for she was quite a *trooper* of a woman—but with the honours due to a faithful deserving servant which she was, and a treasure in a family, especially for dressing beef-steaks. But as I saw even in her a good deal of the tricks of the sex (excuse me), I was determined to have no more womenkind about me. I therefore set about searching for a good, quiet lad, who would be tractable enough to learn to do all the ordinary work of the house; and my wishes being made known to my flock, boys of all ages and sizes soon clustered about me like sparrows round a wheat stack. Out of twenty-five 'cute-looking chaps, I chose our friend Jimmy Delany, to the rapturous delight of his mother, a widow, who, as she brought her precious son to me, with a shining Sunday face, and a clean shirt—or at least a collar—assured me that though 'her Jimmy was the laist taste slow at takin' up the larnin', yit wanst he got a houl't ov it, it was he that would take the houl't in airnest!"

"Very well," said I, 'he is slow, but sure; the very sort I want. Your quick people forget as soon as they learn.'

Well, Jimmy entered on his service, and, egad, ere the first day closed, I found that his mother had told truth to the letter! He was 'slow,' sure enough, and it was equally true that the houl't he took was a 'houl't in airnest'; but the pertinacious 'houl't' was a hold of any eatable that fell in his way, for he was a furious eater.—God bless us! By and bye, I found out more of Jimmy's perfections, and I lauded my sagacity in having discovered and appropriated such a treasure. 'Happy old parish priest!' ejaculated I in an ecstasy, 'thou hast but one servitor in this teeming world, and the head of that chosen attendant admits but of one isolated idea for a time, which 'idea,' be it never so extravagant, rules his brains, words, and actions, as certainly and despotically as the moon rules the tides!"

Into that head, by dint of hammering at it day and night, his mother had instilled the 'idea' that he was to renounce his old habits, playmates, and plays, as surely as he was to fling away his old clothes, and henceforth to think of nothing but of being a faithful diligent man-of-all-works to his reverence the priest. In fine, in words suited to his capacity, he was told that he was to forget the idle gorseon, and to put on the sarvint boy. For a week this song was sung to him in a variety of tones, without producing any other effect on Jimmy than causing a grin. At last, 'Ov all works, mother?' quoth he. 'Bedad I thinks I'll have somethin' to do. Howsomdever, since I *must* be a sarvint, why it's best to begin.' And thenceforward he laid his whole soul to the task; and so earnest and anxious was he, that in little more than three months he could do a few things decently without having me perpetually pinned to his tail, and in a year he went through the routine of household affairs without a blunder, not one thought or wish interfering with his business. Like the churning-horse of my neighbour Giles, he plodded over the dull ground allotted for him without grumbling, and without being conscious that any other mode of life might produce equal happiness. Happy being I contented, stolid Jimmy Delany!

Things were going on thus smoothly with master and man, while the mother was inwardly and outwardly fretting. She expected by this time that her boy was taking a short cut

towards being a learned man, if not a *janius* all out; and great was her dismay when she heard the truth! So she comes to me with her humble petition 'that I would be pleased to enlighten her gorsoon's brains.' 'I fear that is what no mortal can do,' said I, 'but I will do my best for him.' Indeed, I was attached to the creature, and I thought it my duty to endeavour to stretch his capacity if I could; and, accordingly, I bought a Primer, and set him to learn his letters. Oh! it was the unfortunate moment that I did so! From that hour the man has never been himself; the four walls of my quiet house have been eternally frightened with strange sounds; and I have never had a comfortable meal since. A new 'idea' displaced the old one:—'he was no longer a *sarvint*, but a *schollard*;' business was nearly suspended; and when strong custom, or my stronger reproofs, so far prevailed that he could not help going over the most urgent of the household employments, it was not with even-handed justice; for, let the *left* hand be occupied as it might, the *right* was sure to clutch the book; so that every day and every hour he might be taken for a clumsy leaden personification of Knowledge extending the volume to the uninitiated, till the strange sounds issuing from the blubber lips destroyed the illusion.

These strange sounds were first heard when he had surmounted the Alps of the alphabet, and attacked the A, B, *abs*; and from morning till night I could obtain no reply to any question I asked him, without having a string of *abs* and *obs* tacked to it, till my brains and patience could scarce bear the repetition. Soon after, still sailing away on the stream of learning, that notable piece of literature the 'Read-a-made-aisy' got into his hands, of which he made such excellent use, that in a few days he could append a sort of poetical illustration to his replies, according as my queries were shaped, and sometimes he let fly a squib at me through their medium. I'll give you a sample of our colloquies:—

'Ah, then, Jimmy, did you shoot any birds this morning?'

'One big fella, sur, choke-full ov the currans,' quoth Jimmy, bringing in as chorus, 'A was an archer that shot at a frog.'

'Well, what shall we have for dinner to-day, Jimmy?'

'*Mait* to be sure, sur—B was a butcher that kept a big dog.'

'Right, Jimmy, well thought of! Down with you as fast as you can to Doyle the butcher's, and see what meat he has got. I think our friend the *constable* will dine with me to-day.'

'I will, sur,' said Jimmy. 'C was a captain all covered with lace.'

'And,' continued I, 'as my dinner wont be very splendid, and I'm sure to have it very vilely cooked, I'll bring forth a bottle or two of my *supernaculum*—the rale mountain dew.'

'Ay, ay, sur,' responds Jimmy. 'D was a drunkard that had a red face.'

There was a good hit of stupidity! By the staff of St Patrick, the patron of drunkards, it was the keenest *cut* I ever received in my life, and the innocence with which it was spoken gave it double effect. I fairly blushed, and dropped my face over my breast like a great bursting peony whose stalk is too weak to support it. Ah! my friend, happy would I have been to endure those little embarrassments—however unbecoming for me to blush—did I foresee the losses, crosses, confusions and contusions which followed in the train of this comet, and which I might have expected, for I partly concur in the old opinion that the fiery prodigies of the heavens prognosticate dire disasters to man; and the eccentric course of this 'hairy star' in this little world of mine called Ballygrish was equally portentous. But hitherto he had kept within bounds. So long as he believed himself the *schollard* and I the *schoolmaster*, he conducted himself according to the belief; and the most fault-finding teacher could not complain of Jimmy's want of diligence. Indeed, he rehearsed his lesson much oftener than necessary, in season and out of season, in bed and out of bed, and that in such a thundering tone, that I told him his constant petition to 'hear him his task' was unnecessary, as I always 'heard' him sufficiently well, though stone walls were betwixt us. But once he became independent of an instructor, once he was quit of my assistance, I do assure you severe chastisement was frequently necessary to restrain his lunacies, and I much wonder how his skull bore the thumps and cracks which from day to day I was obliged to inflict, in lieu of shaving and blistering, to moderate the brain fever of the imagination—of 'the *ascendant idea*.'

I put up with various annoyances and inconveniences with admirable patience and temper, and which I shall not now stop to particularise; but one affair I cannot pass over, as it made a haul on my purse, and I'll relate it.

Just about the time that he set up to study for himself, I was much in want of a pair of new *inexpressibles*. My velveteens were much the worse for wear, and I was determined to have a bran-new pair for the ensuing Sunday. So I sent, very thoughtlessly indeed, the said student Jimmy Delany with an order to Bryan the tailor to get the requisite stuff at a certain shop. Unfortunately I did not specify any particular colour or material, thinking naturally that all the world knew the colours and materials fitting for clergymen; but the shopkeeper and tailor—neither very much wiser than my messenger, I fancy—were quite astray, and in their dilemma they applied to my man-of-all-works for information. Alas! they knew little of poor Jimmy. They knew not that he was then under the dominion of 'one idea'—that he was a learned *schollard*, and not a *sarvint*.

Now be it known to you that his then study was the Universal Spelling Book (I believe he had it in his pocket at the time), in which is the story of the town in danger of being besieged. The mason, the currier, and the carpenter, give their opinion as to the best method of fortifying it, and each, of course, with an eye to self-interest. The mason recommends stone, the carpenter oak, and the currier leather.

Well, at the instant of the shopkeeper's and tailor's deliberations on my wearables, Jimmy stood at the shop-door, staring up and down the street, as far as it was in his ken; and when the tailor appealed to him to know 'what sort of *inexpressibles* did his master order,' honest Jimmy, thinking but of the 'town in danger of being besieged,' answered in the words of the currier, 'take my word for it, there is nothing like leather.'

'Leather!' echoed the shopkeeper.

'Leather!' screamed the tailor.

'Ay,' repeated Jimmy decidedly, 'there is nothing like leather!'

Well! patience is a virtue. Were it not that the gentle spirit had made my half-starved frame her tabernacle, I should have been a tenant for Bedlam on the succeeding Saturday night, when the rascal Bryan brought himself and his green bag, with a sort of grin, into my parlour, and untying it, shook out before my amazed eyes a dashing pair of—you shall hear *what*, presently.

'They're a very neat piece of work, Bryan,' said I, examining them without much interest, thinking they could not possibly be for me; 'they seem to be well seamed and stitched for aught I know, and I only hope for your sake that they will fit him for whom you have made them.'

'I hope so too, sur,' quoth the tailor, smirking complacently.

'Be pleased to thry them on sur, an' I'll engage they'll fit to the peelin' ov an ingin.'

'Pooh, pooh,' returned I, good humouredly, still in the dark, 'what use in my trying them on? Indeed, if they had come in my way thirty years ago, and the red *rogue* in full chase, I wouldnt say but I'd pop them on, priest or no priest; but now there's no use in talking about them. Hand me out the *velvets*, and let me try them on.'

'The *velvets*, yer rivirince?'

'Ay, the *velvets*, Sir Tailor; and I hope these you bring me now are roomier than the last pair.'

'Oh, faix, sur,' cried the fellow, still shaking the *unmentioned unmentionables* at me, 'those are roomy enough in all conscience, for I thought as how you wouldnt like them quite to the akin.' And there he stood, holding forth his wearables, and expatiating in their praise; and there I stood expecting my *velvets*—but in vain! I caught up the bag, and turning it inside out, I found I had nothing more to expect—those forbidden ones were for ME!

'What colour are these in day-light?' asked I, in that still calm that precedes the tempest.

'An iligant yellow, sur!' responded the stitcher with alacrity, his countenance brightening with hope.

'And thou vile fraction of a man!' thundered I in full storm, and darting a withering scowl that almost put the little animal into the earth, 'hast thou no more reverence for thy church than that, to suit thy petty interests, thou wouldst see thy venerable parish priest, of seventy-six, figure in a pair of yellow buckskin breeches, like a huntsman or postilion? Away with them, sirrah, or by the soul of your grandmother in purgatory—where she shall stay those hundred years for your assurance—these same breeches shall case your own diminutive limbs to-morrow, and you placed upon the altar as an exhibition, with *Tally-ho!* in capitals upon your back. What a beautiful spectacle for the congregation!'



Soon I had the dismayed stitchee upon his knees, deprecating my wrath, and recounting the particulars I have already related in explanation; ending with 'my backward blessing on Jimmy Delany!' intending of course that all my ire should fall upon the real delinquent. And so it would, but that there is something in the very name 'Jimmy Delany' that invariably mollifies me. I knew he did nothing out of malice or mischief, but from the greatest simplicity; and when I demanded to see the book he was then busy with, and his thumb-marks pointing to the 'town in danger of being besieged,' I was at home in the matter at once. But I had to pay for the leather, and the tailor for making the breeches, which I lost afterwards at a game of backgammon with Squire Hooligan.

About a month afterwards, a nephew of mine, a midshipman, came on a visit to me, bringing with him some volumes of Cook's Voyages. These books seemed to have a fascinating charm for him, but it was nothing to the charm they had for Mister Delany. It was downright idolatry—he knelt to them, I believe—I know he slept with them, ate with them, and drank with them, and finally became so incorporated with the work—he was its hero! Yes! all the old 'ruling passions' were clean forgotten, and Captain Cook was lord of the ascendant. Oh! how the young seaman laughed, and roared, and flung himself on the ground again and again, in ecstasies of mirth, when he discovered what a jewel of a shipmate Providence had provided for him in an old priest's house in the country, where he had expected little but long faces and long fasts!—how he kicked up his heels in all the obstreperousness of a sailor's joy! Still the ludicrous perfections of my poor Jimmy unfolded themselves—still his matchless simplicity, his inconceivable infatuation under the dominion of the new 'idea,' became apparent! And no wonder; for surely his wholesale assumption of the renowned navigator, his pompous action, and conversations in *character*, and the total and absolute oblivion of all former ties and duties, altogether were enough to raise laughter under the ribs of Death, and was almost too much for the living. If I asked him, after several hours' daily absences, where he had been, his prompt reply would be, 'at New Zealand,' or 'Otaheite.' And if I begged to know what he had been doing in these favoured places, I was instantly told, 'getting in a supply of fresh water and provisions for the ship's company,' and this with an earnestness of look and manner absolutely irresistible. 'So, so,' I would then say, convinced of the infatuation, and letting things take their course, 'I perceive I have got the illustrious Captain Cook in my house. I thought the great man had disappeared from earth long ago: but in this age of miracles, either through the power of steam, or a galvanic battery, here he is again, and I must make his stay as agreeable as possible. Pray be seated, captain; and if not too much trouble, I would be delighted to hear some of your adventures.'

Down would Jimmy seat himself, and out would come a fluent description of the different places he had 'touched at,' the customs and manners of the different islands, the ferocious looks of some savages, and the gentle countenances of others; the birds, beasts, fruits, flowers, &c. &c.; and I do declare to you I desired no higher entertainment. For whole hours would I sit listening to him; and the captain, gratified by my attention, and utterly unconscious of anything ludicrous, continued from day to day to pour forth his wonderful discoveries for my amusement.

Meanwhile I missed a fine bathing-tub, a fine spacious fellow, in which I could float as comfortably as in a little lake. I made various inquiries about it, but could hear nothing of it. I even spoke of it in the chapel, but all to no purpose. However, one day as I was returning from seeing a sick person, I came upon an unfrequented path that led by the side of a large and deep marl-hole, about half a mile from my house; and as I got on a height over it, what should I see but my bathing-tub floating majestically on the water, a pole stuck up in the middle, with a red handkerchief by way of a flag, and a person seated at one end with another pole for steering! With half an eye I saw who it was, and I took measures accordingly. I alighted from my horse, and, getting behind a clump of ash-trees, quite unnoticed by the navigator, who was enjoying the fineness of the day, I gathered up all the large stones I could find into a heap beside me, and, taking deliberate aim, I let fly two or three huge ones at the stern, in which the captain was seated. At the first assault he started, and looked about in every direction, quite thunderstricken and alarmed; at the second volley, as none of them had hit himself as yet, he shouted in character, 'The natives! the natives are upon us!'

and began to paddle with might and main for shore; but as the stones flew thicker and faster, hopping off his head and shoulders, whacking, banging, cracking at all sides of him, he lost all self-command, dropped his oar, and finally, in floundering about, and starting from one end to the other, in his confusion to avoid the stones, the boat turned keel upwards, and the captain disappeared to the bottom, yelling all sorts of 'murder!' And I can assure you, my gentleman forgot all *ideas* but that *plain Jimmy Delany* was on the point of being smothered, and no sailor with a shark in his wake ever showed more dexterity. Nobly did he buffet and plunge, and kick and puff for his life, till he got to dry land, where I was ready to receive him.

'Are you safe, captain?' inquired I in a tone of much commiseration.

'Och, masher jewel!' quoth Jimmy ruefully, his teeth chattering between fright and cold, 'I never was so near death in my life! I was well-nigh smothered between the eels and the mud at the bottom of that curst marl-hole!'

'Ah! my Jimmy,' observed I pathetically, 'we should never meddle with unknown elements. See how uncertain is the life of a sailor!—one moment floating majestically on the bosom of the ocean, and the next at the bottom with the fishes.'

'Thru for ye, masher darlint!' replied my man, *once more my man*; and home I drove my man before me, covered with mud, as if he was preparing a cast of his beautiful person; and so efficacious were the stoning, the ducking, my lecture, and the shouts of laughter his appearance raised amongst the workmen and neighbours, that I had soon the pleasure to see him return to his original '*idea*' that he was 'servint man to the priest,' and become undividedly attentive.

But I believe this life is to be one of change and crosses. No sooner had I sat myself down with the hope of peace and ease for the rest of my days, than there comes another, and the greatest of all annoyances, the more so that it was totally unexpected. No! I never dreamt that Jimmy Delany would become a *lover*! and when I *did* become aware of the state of affairs, I was as much a stricken deer as himself—paralyzed, bewildered what to do or say under the circumstances.

I will not trouble you with a detail of the first symptoms I observed, nor a description of the many outrageous blunders he committed under the influence of this worst of all '*ideas*' but one—and here it is:—

It was on a Thursday: I had ordered a beef-steak for dinner. You know it is my favourite dish, and that I am particular to have it dressed to a turn. I had taught Jimmy the art; but warned by late failures and mistakes, I called in one of the neighbours' wives to have an eye to Jimmy while dressing dinner. Well, at the hour appointed the dinner smoked on the table sure enough, and, tucking a napkin under my chin, I sat down 'richly to enjoy; when lo! a loud scream, or rather yell, from the kitchen, startled me, and the next instant in rushed Mrs Flanagan, with outstretched arms, apparently panic-stricken.

'Oh, holy Mary! did you ait any ov it yet, sir?' she asked in breathless haste.

'Eat what?' demanded I, surprised.

'That thing in the dish,' screamed she.

'No,' said I gruffly, and angry at the unseasonable interruption.

'Nor never shall, please God,' exclaimed she, striding over, and advancing her profane hands to seize the dish, whilst I, holding it with one hand, motioned her off with the other, as I angrily desired her to leave the room, and leave me to my meal in peace.

'Never, by the hob!' exclaimed the determined vixen; 'I'll never quit till I get that thing in the dish; and here I'll stay'—and there she staid in audacious determination. My mind began to misgive me that there was something the matter with what I was so pertinaciously defending; so I raised the cover of the dish. There lay a substance black as the ace of spades. 'So, so!' I began, 'here is a fine morsel for a hungry man!'—here's frying with a vengeance! Woman, woman! cried I solemnly, and turning to my obtrusive companion with the dignity of a man who had received a mortal affront, but who yet had some feeling of God-like charity—'Woman, woman! is there never to be any dependence on your sex? I am wasted to a thread; I am worked to a skeleton; and I think this carcase hath need of a little indulgence on one day out of seven. I pay sixpence a pound for a tender, delicate rump-steak, and I call you in to superintend the dressing of it, decidedly telling you to have it done the colour of your own skin.'



and no darker (dark enough in all conscience). But here it is now—neither Bedford-brown, Vandyke-brown, Adelaide-brown, nor *Flanagan-brown*, but a sapless, fatless, cinder *black!* Nevertheless, such is my resignation under all trials, I shall endeavour to make a meal of it, if possible: do you but leave me in peace—vanish! and I muttered some words in Latin, and gave two or three figurative flourishes with my hands, by way of letting her think I was performing some important ceremony of the church, at which her absence would be necessary. But she stuck fast.

'Why, thin, indeed, sur,' she persisted, 'if you war to praich Latin an' Greek from this till mornin', you'll never convart an ould black wisted stockin' into a beef-staik!'

'A what, woman, in the name of heaven!'

'I said it, sur—a black wisted stockin' into a beef-staik.'

I stuck my fork into the black substance plentifully covered with onion and gravy. I held it up: it was long, and, like Italy, shaped like a boot; and however it might appertain to the leg, it had nothing whatever to do with the rump-steak I had bought in the morning.

'Ay,' sighs Mrs Flanagan sentimentally, 'sitch things comes ov love an' larnin'! I was mendin' a pair ov yer reverence's black stockings at the kitchen-table, where Jimmy was dhressin' the dinner. One of the workmen called me out in a hurry, an' I threw the stockin' out of my hands upon the table: it fell upon the dish. Jimmy turned his head about for a minnit, and the dog snapped up the mait, an' carried it off. When Jimmy looked round agin, he seen a black thing lyin' on the dish, an' the crathur's eyes, bein' blinded with this same love an' larnin', he pours the gravy on the top ov it, an' carries it off to table. So there's the explanation.'

I still held up the black stocking on the point of my fork: I gazed on it in silence: but the blood was boiling in my veins, and I was on the eve of righteously overwhelming all that had animal life near me with a fearful burst of volcanic passion, when my frenzied eye caught a glimpse of a face at the half-opened door. It was a side-face: the mouth and chin had dropped as if in death, the goggle eyes were fixed and unturned in all the rigidity of despair—not drops, but streams of perspiration ran down the pallid jaws: motion seemed annihilated, the senses defunct; and one loud, angry word would have been a cannon-ball through the heart of poor Jimmy, had not Mercy or Momus tickled my risibilities at the critical moment, and a long, loud burst of irrepressible laughter closed the scene, and saved his life! At the first burst the delinquent fell on his knees, clasped his hands together, and looked imploringly at me, and in that humble posture remained till I got breath to say 'I forgive you.'

Now, my friend, tell me can flesh and blood, especially dedicated to the service of the church, put up with such treatment long? Impossible. In addition to my fastings and mortifications on *principle*, is it not the deuce to be obliged to fast for folly? I have played many a trick on Jimmy, but he is ever more than even with me. I can get no good of him. But this I am resolved on: come weal come woe, Jimmy Delany and Betsy Kelly shall be man and wife on Monday next, and I bespeak your company at the wedding.'

"Agreed; and I think, reverend Father, this is the very best *idea* that has been struck out by you, or JIMMY DELANY."

M. G. R.

### THE COMMON BADGER.

Of all the animals with which man has become acquainted, and over which he has succeeded in establishing his dominion, none have had greater cause to deprecate his tyranny, and to exclaim, had they the gift of speech, against his wanton barbarity, than the unfortunate creature whose simple and unoffending habits I have selected for the subject of the present paper.

With the appearance and form of this animal most of my readers are doubtless tolerably acquainted, as it is a pretty common inhabitant of this country, and would be still more abundant, were not its numbers checked by that barbarous and brutal amusement, badger-baiting, to which, despite the interference of the laws, hundreds yearly fall victims. In general appearance as well as internal structure the badger approximates closely to the bear, and may, I think not unaptly, be regarded as the existing representative of that once formidable denizen of the wilds of our native land. Like the bear, the badger walks upon his heels, and his legs being very short, and his hair remarkably thick and long, his belly appears almost to touch the ground; a little observation is how-

ever sufficient to show that it does not actually do so. He is a nocturnal animal, that is to say, he sleeps during the day, and at the approach of evening leaves his habitation in search of food; yet nocturnal though his habits, and however closely he may in that respect resemble the predacious tribes, the food of the badger is of such a description that its appropriation injures no one, but is on the contrary productive of great benefit to the agriculturist, consisting as it does chiefly, if not solely, of roots and reptiles, as frogs, worms, grubs, beetles, &c. The badger is, as far as I have been able to discover, monogamous, lives affectionately with his mate and little ones in his secluded burrow, and in his deportment to them displays feelings of ardent devotion and disinterested attachment which many of this poor creature's biped persecutors would do well to imitate.

The common badger is about as large as a middle-sized dog, from two feet to two feet and a half in length, exclusive of the tail, and about a foot or fifteen inches high. He weighs from twenty to thirty-five pounds, sometimes even more—I saw a badger in Edinburgh about six years ago which weighed forty-seven pounds; such a growth is however very rarely attained. In coat the badger presents a remarkable peculiarity. Among nearly all mammiferous animals the dorsal region of the body is of a darker or deeper colour than the under parts, or ventral region. The colour of the badger is on the contrary greyish above and black underneath. The fur of the badger is thick, rough, and by no means glossy; the skin, with the hair on, is dressed and manufactured into pistol cases. The skin of the head and face may be frequently seen forming the "*sporran*" or purse which depends from the girdle of the Scottish highlander; and the hairs of the tail are in great request for the manufacture of paint and lather brushes. The badger is an inhabitant of all the temperate parts of Europe and Asia. In Great Britain and France it is scarcer, from the assiduity with which it is hunted and destroyed. Doctor Richardson has identified various new species in his account of the zoology of the arctic regions. As the object of the present paper is however a sketch of the European animal, I shall not notice any other at present, but merely refer such of my friends as may feel curious on the subject, to Doctor Richardson's splendid work entitled "*Fauna Boreali Americana*."

In his internal conformation the badger presents two remarkable features, namely, in the first place a peculiar formation of jaws, which not merely enables him to retain a firm hold of whatever object he seizes with his teeth, but absolutely *lock* in such a manner, that he himself does not always possess the power of instantaneously unclosing them; and, secondly, a pouch or bag placed just below the tail, whence exudes a thick and fetid substance. It is upon this that the strong smell given forth by this animal depends.

I had once a badger in my own possession, and the study of his habits afforded me much interest and gratification. He was more than half grown when I obtained possession of him, and I can assure my readers that the task of taming him was no sinecure. The first agent I employed for effecting his domestication was hunger. I kept him fasting for three whole days, allowing him only a little water in his bowl, which humanity would not suffer me to deny him. Starvation, however, did not produce any immediate good effects, and the animal remained as fierce and irreconcilable as ever. It would but needlessly occupy the readers' time were I minutely to recount the process of taming him; let it suffice to refer them to my late papers in this *Journal* on the taming of animals. I followed the rules therein laid down, and I had the satisfaction of finding them ultimately successful, after from six to eight months of anxious care, enlivened occasionally by the variety of a severe bite, a casualty for which every practical zoologist must be prepared, and at which it would be ridiculous for him to grumble. I have only to observe, that were any one to present me with a hundred pounds for the mark of every gash received by its teeth, of which the scars still remain on my hands and legs, I should be tolerably rich.

After about eight months, however, he gave up his practice of constantly biting when attempted to be handled, unless under great provocation or excitement, and was not merely so gentle as to be with safety indulged with partial liberty, but would come and go when I called him or drove him from me, would feed from my hand or mount upon my knee, and was, moreover, soon afterwards entrusted with entire liberty without any danger of his running away. He was a very cleanly creature, carefully scraping into one end of his cage whatever unpleasant matters might collect in it, and he always contri-

ved as much as possible to keep his bed free of soil. Finding him so remarkably cleanly, I used to let him out morning and evening, on such days as my absence from home obliged me to keep him in a state of confinement.

I did not of course give him his liberty all at once, but according as he grew tame I used to let him out in a room or enclosed yard, according to the state of the weather, for an hour or two daily, and did not give him his liberty altogether until his increased tameness gave me confidence in his thorough domestication. This creature's diet consisted of bread and milk, varied with oatmeal porridge or *strabout*, and potatoes boiled soft and bruised down fine with milk, with occasionally a bit of raw butcher's meat. He was singularly nice respecting his meat; indeed I suspect rather from the effects of good living in his easy state of captivity, than from an impulse of nature; for had a piece of meat once, and that no matter how slightly, known the fire, he would on no account touch it, unless indeed when very hungry, and no raw flesh to be had. Milk he appeared very fond of, and would drink freely; potatoes, especially if mashed up with butter or milk, he would always dine heartily off; but, which not a little surprised me, I frequently observed him devouring them raw, and that too in the absence of hunger, and while surrounded with what might naturally be supposed to be more palatable food. He had a very strong and by no means very agreeable smell. I had an old terrier named "Wasp," who had been a good dog in his day, but, weighed down by a load of years, was fast hurrying onward towards the grave. Wasp's teeth had failed him, his eyes had become dim, his clogged and tattered ears scarcely informed him when I called his name, yet his fondness for sport still remained, and he would lie for hours each day at the door of the little yard in which the badger was confined, as if resolved that, though his powers no longer admitted of his discovering and attacking his enemy, yet he would, while he could, inhale the (to him) delightful odour of his favourite game.

My badger passed nearly the whole of his days in sleep, and I attempted to disturb him, he would be sulky and peevish, and in no humour for play. When evening drew near, however, he might be seen first stirring, then opening his eyes and stretching himself, with many a long and hearty yawn. The process of thoroughly waking himself usually occupied about twenty minutes, commencing with the decline of day, and terminating with the arrival of darkness. The beginning of night usually found him regularly astir; he was then restless and active, pacing to and fro, examining every nook and cranny, climbing upon everything upon which he was able to mount, and seizing, if out of doors, upon worms, beetles, cockchafer, and snails, and if within, seeking for drosow flies upon the walls, or for beetles or crickets about the kitchen hearth, or in the cellars when he could obtain access to them.

Many naturalists hold the opinion that the badger sleeps during the winter, or at all events hibernates partially, that is to say, sleeps, like the squirrel, for a few weeks, awakes, and takes a hearty meal of the store of food it had sagaciously laid by in its nest ere retiring to winter quarters, and then, coiling itself up in its nest, goes off to sleep again. Whether this be true or not, I cannot with certainty affirm; but this I can safely declare, that I endeavoured as much as possible to make my badger hibernate, by exposing him to the unmitigated cold of an unusually severe winter, by furnishing him with straw and wool to line his nest, and with a stock of bread, snails, and potatoes, to lay up for winter use. He did not, however, avail himself of my assistance, but remained wakeful as usual during the entire winter. A remarkable fact worthy of notice here is, that although this badger exhibited no inclination to hibernate or sleep during the winter, he did display considerable disposition to aestivate, or sleep during the hot months of summer, for during that season he became languid and drowsy, lost his appetite and flesh, became ragged and foul in the coat, and in short pined away so rapidly that I feared I should lose him altogether; he however revived completely as winter, and that a cold one, approached.

I made diligent inquiry of those who were in the habit of keeping badgers for baiting them, and also of the proprietors of several menageries, and learned from them that this disposition on the part of the badger to become weak and lose its condition in summer, is not confined to isolated individual cases, but is common to the entire tribe.

It is truly astonishing to observe with what quickness and dispatch the badger forms a burrow, for which task indeed he is admirably adapted by nature, in the construction of his

anterior extremities. To give my readers some idea of these powers, I shall conclude the present sketch with the following anecdote of an individual in my possession:—Wishing to increase the happiness of my pet, I procured a female of his own species to keep him company, and while preparing a large enclosure for their reception, I shut them both up in an outhouse: I do not think I was half an hour absent, when on my return I found my new badger gone. A moment's investigation discovered the place of her concealment: the animal had during my short absence formed a considerable burrow under the wall of the outhouse, which, I must observe, was built against a bank forming the side of a road. It was into that bank that the creature had worked its way, and on listening I could hear it delving and scraping at a great rate, about a yard from the back of the wall. I hastily procured the assistance of a mason, who pulled down part of the wall, and by working rapidly, succeeded in overtaking the badger just as she had worked her way across the road to within a foot of the Edinburgh Botanic Garden wall, beside which I lived. I may observe that the ground was by no means soft, the burrow being formed under a hard macadamized road.

H. D. R.

### EXTRAORDINARY DETECTION OF MURDER.

NO. III.

SOME fourteen years ago there was living in the city of Galway a victualler named Hughes: he was not a Galwaygian by birth, nor originally a victualler by trade; but having settled there some years previously, and married a butcher's daughter, he entered into the business, and thrrove apace. At the time we are now speaking of, there were few gentlemen in the county of Galway with whom his word would not be sufficient for a hundred pounds' worth of cattle, and upwards; and the man who was the envy of all his brother victuallers bore strongly the apparent marks of prosperity, and a contented mind in his florid, good-humoured, open countenance. So little do appearances consort with character and circumstances at times!

He was a kind husband and father, and reared his family well and religiously; attending himself regularly to his devotions. He was also a hospitable, off-handed fellow, that would not higgie for a trifle, either in buying or selling; was equally ready to take or "stand a treat" at fairs and markets where his business frequently brought him, and was in consequence a general favourite with high and low. In short, every one said he was in the way of making a larger fortune than had been made in his business for many a year in the city; and every one said he deserved it, as he was an honest, a hard-working, and a worthy man. There were apparently but two drawbacks on his character, namely, a violent temper, which at times hurried him on with irresistible impetuosity, particularly when under the influence of liquor, and a habit of jeering and jibing in season and out of season. These defects, however, as they never led to anything serious, were rather pitied than censured, as being the only blemishes on an otherwise excellent disposition.

Hughes was standing one day at his stall, tapping his highly polished boots with his whip, and feeling his well-filled pocket, as he was preparing to set out on a journey for the purchase of cattle. He was in high spirits, and was liberally scattering about his jibing witticisms among his admiring brethren, when a travelling basket-maker entered the shambles. Instantly Hughes directed the current of his jeering towards the humble newcomer.

"You look as if a good beef steak would lie in your way this morning, friend."

"Be goxty ye might sing that, sir, if ye had an air to it."

"Well, it's lucky there's so much about you, any how, as, to tell you the thruth, I don't much like your looks, and wouldn't thrust you with your own brogues to the brogue-maker's."

"Faix, may be you'd be right too, sir," rejoined the stranger slowly, as he surveyed, with an eager and a half bewildered gaze, the jiber's face, like one striving to recall portions of a half-forgotten dream, "though it isn't every one that's to be taken by his looks."

"I wish, any way, I had as good a house as you'd rob. But how come you to be trading in twigs? You mistook your thrade surely; it's in hemp you ought to be dealing."

"Faix, if every man got his due," said the basket-maker in a decided tone, "more nor me would be dailin' in himp. But ye needn't be so hard intirely on us, *Mr M'Caan*."

On hearing this name, which had not met his ears for many a year, the victualler gave a convulsive start as if he had received a shot, while a fierce blaze deepened the hue of his cheek, flitted across his brow, and the next moment subsided into monumental paleness. He recovered himself, however, immediately; and, remarking laughingly how curiously people were often mistaken for others, took an opportunity of following the basket-maker, who had advanced into the shambles, and invited him to breakfast the next morning.

Accordingly, punctual to the hour, the rambling mechanic made his appearance at Hughes's house, situated in one of those archways characteristic of the Spanish built city, and which strike the stranger so much in wandering through it for the first time. The breakfast was excellent and ample; and the basket-maker was received with great apparent cordiality and welcome, and pressed immoderately to consider himself at home, and partake plentifully of such fare as he was seldom regaled with—a request with which he complied to the utmost of his ability, notwithstanding that he discovered his entertainer several times scanning him with an expression of countenance he by no means liked. The breakfast over, Hughes invited his guest to take a walk, stating that he would show him part of the city; and accordingly they sallied forth from the archway, which was off Shop-street, immediately contiguous to the fine old church of St Nicholas, and within pistol shot of the house over the door of which is inserted the slab containing the far-famed death's head and cross-bones.

"The Queen of Connaught" has been so often and so well described, particularly by her own gifted son James Hardiman, the distinguished antiquary, of whom she has such just reason to be proud; and has, these late years, been so much visited by tourists on their route to the wild territory of mountain, bog, and lake, Connemara, during the touring season, that her localities are generally known. Many of our readers will then, at once, understand the direction taken by the pair, and conceive Hughes's probable motive for taking that, when we state that he led his guest to the eminence on the south-east side of the city, designated Fort-hill, which terminates in a precipice lashed by the waves when the tide is in, while scattered over its surface are several deep wells.

The victualler had made no allusion whatever, during the breakfast, to the basket-maker's having called him M'Cann, nor to the county they both came from. As they went along, however, he began to make some inquiries as if to sound his companion. But the latter had become wary. In fact, as they left the crowded parts of the town behind, fear began to grow on him, on finding himself alone even in the daylight, and adjoining a bustling city, with one whom he knew to be a murderer; and that fear was strengthened by the manner of Hughes, who sometimes strode on a few steps rapidly, as if labouring under some excitement, and then halted to stammer out some observation to his companion, while he occasionally flung searching glances around, as if to ascertain who might be in view. So, after having twice or thrice expressed his wish to return to the city, on reaching the first of the wells, the basket-maker refused to proceed any farther, and turned to retrace his steps at an increased pace, though he did not venture to run. Calling on him in vain to return, Hughes now darted furiously after him with the intention of forcing him back; but he was restrained by the sight of approaching persons, and the basket-maker pursued his way back into the city with a step quickened by fear, though he still durst not run.

On regaining his humble lodgings the stranger lost no time in repairing to the abode of the mayor, Mr Hardiman Burke we think, an active, intelligent magistrate, to whom he accused Hughes, or M'Cann as his real name was, of having perpetrated a murder in the county of Down, eighteen years previously. The charge was so extraordinary and so utterly at variance with the peaceable, prosperous, and even humorous habits of the accused, that the mayor at first utterly scouted the tale, saying that the accuser must be completely mistaken as to the identity of M'Cann. But the basket-maker was so clear in his statement, recollected M'Cann so well while a journeyman baker (his original trade) before the commission of the murder, or his arrival in Galway, and was so intimately acquainted with everything connected with him, that, in a short time, after having detailed the morning's proceedings, he satisfied the mayor of the well-groundedness of the charge, terrible as it was, and reluctant as he naturally was to believe it; and the magistrate proceeded forthwith to act on the information.

At that period the city of Galway containing probably nearly forty thousand inhabitants, some of them certainly not among the most peaceable in Ireland, did not possess even a single town constable for the protection of its peace. Indeed, some years subsequently, when we first visited it, it had no constabulary, though that force had been for years appointed in every other portion of the province, and was in consequence a peculiarly lawless place; so much so, that it was quite a risk for strangers or natives to venture abroad at all after dark, unless in numbers, as, were you foolhardy enough to do so, some of a gang of desperate and daring ruffians that infested the streets by night, and traversed them openly in the day-light, though branded with a hundred crimes, were sure to assault you, and take your money, if you carried any, and if you did not, to give you still worse usage for not having it. We learned one night while passing the West Bridge, a favourite haunt of those desperadoes, that the *brother of a priest* had been just flung into the river there. Galway is now, however, as efficiently protected and as well ordered as any town in her majesty's dominions, west of the Shannon at least.

The mayor's first step, then, was to obtain a file of soldiers whom he placed in his own house; after which he proceeded at once to the shambles, where he found M'Cann after having returned, not deeming, probably, that the basket-maker's informations would be so rapidly given. The victualler was apparently engaged in his usual avocations, but as the mayor watched him attentively for a few moments, his motions were so irregular and so unlike his usual active, bustling habits, as if he was labouring under some spell, that they utterly put to flight any slight doubts the magistrate was still inclined to entertain of his being the guilty person. Accordingly, he proceeded to purchase a quarter of beef from M'Cann, whom he begged to come at once to his house and cut it up there. To this request M'Cann made some objections, stating that he could not then conveniently spare time, but would send an assistant; his reluctance arising probably from the connection in his mind between the terrors of discovered guilt and the mayor's legal functions—the latter's having been made acquainted with his secret crime he had not then the least conception. After much persuasion, however, he assented, chiefly through the clever cajolery of the mayor, who stated that he never could get one to please him in cutting up beef but M'Cann himself and he accordingly accompanied Mr Burke entering which he was instantly delivered to the military to his house, on stationed there.

He was forthwith transmitted to Downpatrick, and at the ensuing assizes there, convicted of the murder of another journeyman baker with a peel (an instrument used for placing bread in the oven and drawing it when baked), eighteen years previously. His death, it would appear, was a torturing one, as the rope broke, and, previous to the consummation of his terrible fate he was obliged to be strengthened with a draught whilst seated on his coffin—this last receptacle of humanity being frequently placed at the gallows foot during an execution.

The singular detection of M'Cann created a great sensation from the extremity of the Claddagh to that of Bohermore. Yet was it not more extraordinary than the blameless and perseveringly industrious tenor of his life, and the apparently utter want of all compunction after the perpetration of the fearful deed; though these have been paralleled in numerous instances, as well as in the celebrated one of Eugene Aram; we allude to the real case, not to Bulwer's magnificent fiction. His striking and sudden abstraction from among them, as if a thunderbolt had cleft him—though every thing connected with him and his family has long since disappeared from the city, forms still a frequent and exciting theme among the Galwaygians, who invariably seem to be of opinion that M'Cann's object in leading the basket-maker to Fort-hill was for the purpose of adding another murder to his crimes, by pitching the stranger into a well, or hurling him over a precipice into the sea. In this opinion we also fully coincide, as we have little doubt that the murderer, but for the approach of the chance visitors, would have attempted, at all risks, to precipitate his companion into a well, where, entire stranger as he was, he might have remained long undiscovered; or to consign himself and his fearful secret for ever to those faithful preservers of innumerable dark secrets, the waves.

A.

To produce as much happiness as we can, and to prevent as much misery, is the proper aim and end of all true morality and all true religion.

## THE GEOLOGY OF KILLINEY.

Few cities can boast of such a variety of beautiful scenery in its immediate vicinity as occurs within a short distance from Dublin. We need not allude to the objects of deep historical interest with which the natural beauties of Dublin are associated, as they have often been illustrated in these pages. The picturesque beauties of Dublin Bay and the county of Wicklow are known to all; but it is less generally known that the same localities abound in matters well calculated to excite the curiosity of the naturalist. From the great variety of rocks, and consequently of soil, around Dublin, we find a corresponding variety in its vegetable productions; and we believe we are pretty correct when we state that the botanist may collect specimens of nearly two-thirds of the indigenous plants of Ireland within the distance of a few miles from the capital. As regards Zoology, or the study of animals, our position is equally fortunate. The shores near Malahide are uncommonly rich in marine productions, especially shells; and the Bay of Dublin is not inferior to the coasts of Devonshire for the variety of its zoophytes and corallines. In the work of Ellis on British Corallines, we find that, although that admirable naturalist resided in London, he obtained many of his finest specimens from Dublin. In respect to mineralogical and geological pursuits, we are equally well situated. At Killiney and in the mines of Wicklow several interesting and some very rare minerals may be collected. In geology, in the strict sense of the word, there are many curious phenomena which should be repeatedly examined by the student, and he will find such a mode of proceeding infinitely more profitable than the more indolent method of confining his researches to such instruction as can be found in books and sections. At Howth, or the promontory of Bray, he may examine every diversity of stratification, and may observe all the upheavings and contortions to which rocks have been exposed, displayed as in a model, open to the contemplation of the man of science, and to the instruction of all. The granite veins of Killiney are also extremely curious, and well deserve to be repeatedly visited by the beginner in geological pursuits. It is true that the questions to which such phenomena gave rise have been long since set at rest; but it is also true that the questions must be mastered by every student, and we know of no place where this can be done to more advantage than at Killiney.

Every one is aware that rocks are formed in two very different ways: they may be produced either from the decayed materials of older rocks, carried down to the sea or lakes by the rivers, and subsequently consolidated by various processes, which geologists have explained, or they may be formed by the solidifying of liquid matter poured forth through some volcanic aperture from the deeper parts of the earth. The first kind of rocks are disposed in layers, beds, or strata, by the return of water, and hence are called stratified, and also aqueous or water-formed; the second, being liquid matters which have become hard from cooling, are called igneous, or fire-produced rocks. As volcanoes are at present confined to particular regions of the earth, some may imagine that such igneous rocks should only be found in volcanic regions. This, however, is a mistaken supposition, for geology assures us that igneous rocks are to be found in every mountain range. The mode of reasoning which they follow is equally simple and convincing. If we visit Howth, for example, we find many of the strata resting on their edges, or variously twisted. At the Killierys in the west of Ireland we find strata composed of rolled pebbles, elevated to a very considerable angle. It is impossible that strata of loose sand or gravel would have been originally deposited in such inclined positions, and we know of no natural power which would elevate them but that of the igneous agency, producing either a violent earthquake, or a long-continued upward pressure. This opinion is much strengthened, when we find in every country, whether volcanic or not, a series of rocks which appear to have been violently inserted among the strata, and which we can prove were once in a state of intense heat and fusion, like the lavas from a modern volcano.

The granite of Killiney is one of those igneous rocks, and the appearances which we detect in that interesting locality afford satisfactory evidence of its mode of formation. When we descend to the shore by the stairs, a little to the east of the Obelisk, we find ourselves in a little way bounded by perpendicular rocks. These rocks are of two kinds—granite, and a schistose or slaty rock, of a bluish colour, which we

may term mica-schist. We then observe that the mica-schist rests on its edges, on a pavement of granite, and also reclines against that rock. The junction of the two rocks may be seen with the utmost perspicuity; and there is no blending of their characters, even where they are in absolute contact. We may next observe a ledge of rock partly covered by the waves, and extending in nearly a north and south course along the shore. This is a granite vein of many feet in breadth, and several hundred yards in length, and may easily be traced for a considerable distance. This granite vein is bounded on both sides by mica-schist; and, what is still more important, we may follow the vein till it is lost in the general mass of granite of the hill. When we now remember that the water-formed rock (the mica-schist) is standing on edge, a suspicion arises that the granite is a fire-produced rock, and has been the agent of this elevation, and the large wall of granite may have been intruded in a molten state between the beds of mica-schist. If it be objected that the granite vein is merely a portion of the strata of mica-schist, and was like them deposited from water, an inspection will dissipate this illusion; for we observe that the great vein running parallel to the strata gives off a smaller vein at right angles to the direction of the strata. On examining this smaller vein, which may be seen a little to the north of the stairs, all doubts respecting its nature or origin are very soon removed. We are surprised to find that this vein contains fragments of the mica-schist. We may therefore conclude from this that originally fissures were produced in the schist, and these fissures were filled up by molten granite, which entangled fragments of the mica-schist which fell from the sides of the fissure. It is scarcely necessary to add, that we know of no agent capable of melting granite but heat.

When we examine this interesting spot a little more minutely, we detect many other granite veins, each affording some curious and minute fact in harmony with the preceding remarks. Every one knows that it is easier to split a piece of wood in the direction of the grain, than transversely to that direction. In the same way we may infer that it is easier for a liquid granite to insinuate itself *between* the strata than to force its way *across* them, and on examination we find this to have been the case. In the first place, the large vein first mentioned running in the course of the strata is broader than all the transverse veins put together. Secondly, when we examine the cross veins, we find they have had more difficulty in forcing their way: hence they frequently contain fragments. Perhaps, however, an examination at another point near the entrance of the abandoned lead-mine affords the most curious evidence of these remarks, for there we perceive that the vein does not hold a straight course, nor is it of equal thickness throughout, but, on the contrary, is of unequal breadth, and serpentine, as if the strata had been violently lacerated instead of being split. In this case the vein has cut across the strata, and includes fragments of the mica-schist. But the most curious circumstance in this example is, that the vein itself has been broken, and its fractured extremities a little displaced and detached, thus proving that the strata had been exposed to concussion and displacement at a period posterior to that when the vein was formed.

If this very brief description will induce any of our readers to visit the granite veins of Killiney, we are sure he will find that his excursion will not be an unimproving one, and he will perhaps be convinced that he has only to look about him to find sources of enjoyment which so many are ignorant of, but which are within the command of all. S.

**DOMESTIC DISCIPLINE OF THE DUTCH.**—There are two things of a peculiar character in Holland, which deserve to be noticed. One is the enactment authorising husbands, wives, and children to be imprisoned in a house of correction set apart for the chastisement of offences against the laws by which the relations of social life are governed—the other, a contrivance for compelling the incorrigibly idle to work. In one of the rooms is a pump, and a stream of water runs in from the ceiling; so that unless the prisoner labours continually, he must be inevitably drowned.

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# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



ORMEAU, COUNTY OF DOWN, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUESS OF DONEGAL.

In the selection of subjects for illustration in our Journal, there are none which we deem more worthy of attention, or which give us greater pleasure to notice, than the mansions of our resident nobility and gentry; and it is from this feeling chiefly that we have made choice of Ormeau, the fine seat of the Marquess of Donegal, as eminently deserving an early place among our topographical notices. Many finer places may indeed be seen in Ireland, belonging to noblemen, of equal or even inferior rank; but there are, unfortunately, few of these in which the presence of their lordly owners is so permanently to be found cementing the various classes of society together by the legitimate bond of a common interest, and attracting the respectful attachment of the occupiers and workers of the soil by the cheering parental encouragement which it is the duty of a proprietor to bestow.

Ormeau is situated on the east side of the river Lagan, above a mile south of Belfast.

The mansion, which, as our view of it will show, is an extensive pile of buildings in the Tudor style of architecture, was originally built as a cottage residence in the last century, and has since gradually approximated to its present extent and importance, befitting the rank of its noble proprietor, by subsequent additions and improvements. It has now several very noble apartments, and an extensive suite of offices and bed-rooms; but as an architectural composition, it is defective as a whole, from the want of some grand and elevated feature to give variety of form to its general outline, and re-

lieve the monotonous effect of so extensive a line of buildings of equal or nearly equal height.

The original residence of the family was situated in the town of Belfast, which may be said to have grown around it, and was a very magnificent castellated house, erected in the reign of James I. Its site was that now occupied by the fruit and vegetable markets, and it was surrounded by extensive gardens which covered the whole of the ground on which Donegal-place and the Linen Hall now stand. Of this noble mansion, however, there are no vestiges now remaining. It was burnt in the year 1708, by an accidental fire, caused by the carelessness of a female servant, on which occasion three daughters of Arthur, the third Earl of Donegal, perished in the flames; and though a portion of the building which escaped destruction was afterwards occupied for some years, the family finally removing to their present residence, its preservation was no longer necessary.

The demesne surrounding Ormeau is not of great extent, but the grounds are naturally of great pastoral beauty, commanding the most charming views of Belfast Lough and adjacent mountains, and have received all the improvements that could be effected by art, guided by the refined taste of its accomplished proprietress.

We have only to add, that ready access to this beautiful demesne is freely given to all respectable strangers—a privilege of which visitors to the Athens of the North should not fail to avail themselves.

P.

## THE IRISH SHANAHUS,

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

THE state of Irish society has changed so rapidly within the last thirty or forty years, that scarcely any one could believe it possible for the present generation to be looked upon in many things as the descendants of that which has immediately gone before them. The old armorial bearings of society which were empanelled upon the ancient manners of our country, now hang like tattered scutcheons over the tombs of customs and usages which sleep beneath them; and unless rescued from the obliterating hand of time, scarcely a vestige of them will be left even to tradition itself. That many gross absurdities have been superseded by a social condition more enlightened and healthy, is a fact which must gratify every one who wishes to see the general masses actuated by those principles which follow in the train of knowledge and civilization. But at the same time it is undeniable that the simplicity which accompanied those old vestiges of harmless ignorance has departed along with them; and in spite of education and science, we miss the old familiar individuals who stood forth as the representatives of manners, whose very memory touches the heart and affections more strongly than the hard creations of sterner but more salutary truths. For our own part, we have always loved the rich and ruddy twilight of the rustic hearth, where the capricious tongues of blazing light shoot out from between the kindling turf, and dance in vivid reflection in the well-scoured pewter and delf as they stand neatly arranged on the kitchen-dresser—loved, did we say? ay, and ever preferred it to philosophy, with all her lights and fashion, with all her heartlessness and hypocrisy. For this reason it is, that whilst retracing as it were the steps of our early life, and bringing back to our memory the acquaintances of our youthful days, we feel our hearts touched with melancholy and sorrow, because we know that it is like taking our last farewell of old friends whom we shall never see again, from whom we never experienced any thing but kindness, and whose time-touched faces were never turned upon us but with pleasure, and amusement, and affection.

In this paper it is not with the Shanahus whose name and avocations are associated with high and historical dignity, that we have any thing to do. Our sketches do not go very far beyond the manners of our own times; by which we mean that we paint or record nothing that is not remembered and known by those who are now living. The Shanahus we speak of is the dim and diminished reflection of him who filled a distinct calling in a period that has long gone by. The regular Shanahus—the herald and historian of individual families, the faithful genealogist of his long-descended patron—has not been in existence for at least a century and a half, perhaps two. He with whom we have to do is the humble old man who, feeling himself gifted with a strong memory for genealogical history, old family anecdotes, and legendary lore in general, passes a happy life in going from family to family, comfortably dressed and much respected—dropping in of a Saturday night without any previous notice, bringing eager curiosity and delight to the youngsters of the house he visits, and filling the sedate ears of the old with tales and legends, in which, perhaps, individuals of their own name and blood have in former ages been known to take a remarkable and conspicuous part.

Indeed, there is no country in the world where, from the peculiar features of its social and political changes, the chronicles of the Shanahus would be more likely to produce such a powerful effect as in Ireland. When we consider that it was once a country of princes and chiefs, each of whom was followed and looked up to with such a spirit of feudal enthusiasm and devoted attachment as might naturally be expected from a people remarkable for the force of their affection and the power of imagination, it is not surprising that the man who, in a state of society which presented to the minds of so many nothing but the records of fallen greatness or the decay of powerful names, and the downfall of rude barbaric grandeur, together with the ruin of fanes and the prostration of religious institutions, each invested with some local or national interest—it is not surprising, we say, that such a man should be welcomed, and listened to, and honoured, with a feeling far surpassing that which was awakened by the idle jingling of a Provençal Troubadour, or the gorgeous dreams begotten by Arabian fiction. Neither the transition state of society, however, nor the scanty diffusion of knowledge among the

Irish, allowed the Shanahus to produce any permanent impression upon the people; and the consequence was, that as the changes of society hurried on, he and his audience were carried along with them; his traditional lore was lost in the ignorance which ever arises when a ban has been placed upon education; and from the recital of the high deeds and heroic feats of by-gone days, he sank down into the humble chronicler of hoary legends and dim traditions, for such only has he been within the memory of the oldest man living, and as such only do we intend to present him to our readers.

The most accomplished Shanahus of this kind that ever came within our observation, was a man called Tom Grassiey, or Tom the Shoemaker. He was a very stout well-built man, about fifty years of age, with a round head somewhat bald, and an expansive forehead that argued a considerable reach of natural intellect. His knowing organs were large, and projected over a pair of deep-set lively eyes, that scintillated with strong twinklings of humour. His voice was loud, his enunciation rapid, but distinct; and such was the force and buoyancy of his spirits, added to the vehemence of his manner, that altogether it was impossible to resist him. His laughter was infectious, and so loud that it might be heard of a calm summer evening at an incredible distance. Indeed, Tom possessed many qualities that rendered him a most agreeable companion: he could sing a good song for instance, dance a hornpipe as well as any dancing-master, and we need not say that he could tell a good story. He could also imitate a Jew's harp or trump upon his lips with his mere fingers in such a manner that the deception was complete; and it was well known that flocks of the country people used to crowd about him for the purpose of hearing his performance upon the ivy leaf, which he played upon by putting it in his mouth, and uttering a most melodious whistle. Altogether, he was a man of great natural powers, and possessed such a memory as the writer of this never knew any human being to be gifted with. He not only remembered everything he saw or was concerned in, but everything he heard also. His language, when he spoke Irish, was fluent, clear, and sometimes eloquent; but when he had recourse to the English, although his fluency remained, yet it was the fluency of a man who made an indiscriminate use of a vocabulary which he did not understand. His pedantry on this account was highly ludicrous and amusing, and his wit and humour surprisingly original and pointed. He had never received any education, and was consequently completely illiterate, yet he could repeat every word of Gallagher's Irish Sermons, Donlevy's Catechism, Think Well On't, the Seven Champions of Christendom, and the substance of Pastorini's and Kolumb Kill's Prophecies, all by heart. Many a time I have seen him read, as he used to call it, one of Dr Gallagher's Sermons out of the skirt of his big-coat; a feat which was looked upon with twice the wonder it would have produced had he merely said that he repeated it. But to read it out of the skirt of his coat! Heavens, how we used to look on with awe and veneration, as Tom, in a loud rapid voice, "rhymed it out of him," for such was the term we gave to his recital of it! His learning, however, was not confined to mere English and Irish, for Tom was also classical in his way, and for want of a better substitute it was said could serve mass, which must always be done in Latin. Certain it was that he could repeat the *Deprofundis*, and the Seven Penitential Psalms, and the *Dies Irae*, in that language. We need scarcely add, that in these learned exhibitions he dealt largely in false quantities, and took a course for himself altogether independent of syntax and prosody; this, however, was no argument against his natural talents, or the surprising force of his memory.

Tom was also an easy and happy *Improviser* both in prose and poetry; his invention was indeed remarkably fertile, but his genius knew no medium between encomium and satire. He either lashed his friends, for the deuce an enemy he had, with rude and fearful attacks of the latter, or gave them, as Pope did to Berkley, every virtue under heaven, and indeed a good many more than ever were heard of beyond his own system of philosophy and morals.

Tom was a great person for attending wakes and funerals, where he was always a busy man, comforting the afflicted relatives with many learned quotations, repeating *vans*, or spiritual songs, together with the *Deprofundis* or *Dies Irae*, over the corpse, directing even the domestic concerns, paying attention to strangers, looking after the pipes and tobacco, and in fact making himself not only generally useful, but esse-

tially necessary to them, by his happiness of manner, the cordiality of his sympathy, and his unextinguishable humour.

At one time you might see him engaged in leading a Rosary for the repose of the soul of the departed, or singing the Hermit of Killarney, a religious song, to edify the company; and this duty being over, he would commence a series of comic tales and humorous anecdotes, which he narrated with an ease and spirit that the best of us all might envy. The Irish heart passes rapidly from the depths of pathos to the extremes of humour; and as a proof of this, we can assure our readers that we have seen the nearest and most afflicted relatives of the deceased carried away by uncontrollable laughter at the broad, grotesque, and ludicrous force of his narratives. It was here also that he shone in a character of which he was very proud, and for the possession of which he was looked up to with great respect by the people; we mean that of a polemic, or, as it is termed, "an arguer of Scripture," for when a man in the country parts of Ireland wins local fame as a controversialist, he is seldom mentioned in any other way than as a great arguer of Scripture. To argue scripture well, therefore, means the power of subduing one's antagonist in a religious contest. Many challenges of this kind passed between Tom and his polemical opponents, in most or all of which he was successful. His memory was infallible, his wit prompt and dexterous, and his humour either broad or sarcastic, as he found it convenient to apply it. In these dialectic displays he spared neither logic nor learning: where an English quotation failed, he threw in one of Irish; and where that was understood, he posed them with a Latin one, closing the quotation by desiring them to give a translation of it; if this too were accomplished, he rattled out the five or six first verses of John in Greek, which some one had taught him; and as this was generally beyond their reading, it usually closed the discussion in his favour. Without doubt he possessed a mind of great natural versatility and power; and as these polemical exertions were principally conducted in wake-houses, it is almost needless to say that the wake at which they expected him was uniformly a crowded one.

Tom was very punctual in attending fairs and markets, which he did for the purpose of bringing to the neighbouring farmers a correct account of the state of cattle and produce; for such was the honour in which his knowledge and talents were held, that it was expected he should know thoroughly every topic that might happen to be discussed. During the peninsular war he was a perfect oracle, but always maintained that Bonaparte never would prosper, in consequence of his having imprisoned the Pope. He said emphatically, that he could not be shot unless by a consecrated bullet, and that the said bullet would be consecrated by an Irish friar. It was not Bonaparte, he insisted, who was destined to liberate Ireland; that could never be effected until the Mill of Louth should be turned three times with human blood, and that could not happen until a miller with two thumbs on each hand came to be owner of the mill. So it was prophesied by *Beal Dearg*, or the man with the red mouth, that Ireland would never be free until we first had the Black Militia in our own country, and that no rebellion ever was or could be of any use that did not commence in the Valley of the Black Pig, and move upwards from the tail to the head. These were axioms which he laid down with great and grave authority; but on none of his authentic speculations into futurity did he rely with more implicit confidence than the prophecy he generously ascribed to St Bridget, that George the Fourth would never fill the throne of England.

Tom had a good flexible voice, and used to sing the old Irish songs of our country with singular pathos and effect. He sang Peggy Slevin, the Red-haired Man's Wife, and Shula Na Guira, with a feeling that early impressed itself upon my heart. Indeed we think that his sweet but artless voice still rings in our ears; and whilst we remember the tears which the enthusiasm of sorrow brought down his cheeks, and the quivering pause in the fine old melody which marked what he felt, we cannot help acknowledging that the memory of these things is mournful, and that the hearts of many, in spite of new systems of education and incarcerating poor-houses, will yearn after the homely but touching traits which marked the harmless Shanabus, and the times in which he lived. Many a tear has he beguiled us of in our youth when we knew not why we shed them. One of these sacred old airs, especially, we could never resist, "the Troughs," or "the Green Woods of Trough;" and to this day we remember with a true and melancholy recollection that whenever Tom happened to be asked for it, we used

to slink over to his side and whisper, "Tom, don't sing that; it makes me sorrowful;" and Tom, who had great goodness of heart, had consideration for the feelings of the boy, and sang some other. But now all these innocent fireside enjoyments are gone, and we will never more have our hearts made glad by the sprightly mirth and rich good humour of the Shanabus, nor ever again pay the artless tribute of our tears to his old pathetic songs of sorrow, nor feel our hearts softened at the ideal miseries of tale or legend as they proceeded in mournful recitative from his lips. Alas! alas! knowledge may be power, but it is not happiness.

Such is, we fear, an imperfect outline of Tom's life. It was one of ease and comfort, without a care to disturb him, or a passion that was not calmed by the simple but virtuous integrity of his life. His wishes were few, and innocently and easily gratified. The great delight of his soul was not that he should experience kindness at the hands of others, but that he should communicate to them, in the simple vanity of his heart, that degree of amusement and instruction and knowledge which made them look upon him as a wonderful man, gifted with rare endowments; for in what light was not that man to be looked upon who could trace the old names up to times when they were great, who could climb a genealogical tree to the top branch, who could repeat the Seven Penitential Psalms in Latin, tell all the old Irish tales and legends of the country, and read Paddy Crudden the Methodist horse-jockey, who had the whole Bible by heart, at arguing Scripture? Harmless ambition! humble as it was, and limited in compass, to these it was all in all; and yet thou wert happy in feeling that it was gratified. This little boon was all thou didst ask of life, and it was kindly granted thee. The last night we ever had the pleasure of being amused by Tom was at a wake in the neighbourhood, for it somehow happened that there was seldom either a wake or a dance within two or three miles of us that we did not attend; and God forgive us, when old Poll Doolin was on her death-bed, the only care that troubled us was an apprehension that she might recover, and thus defraud us of a right merry wake! Upon the occasion we allude to, it being known that Tom Grassiey would be present, of course the house was crowded. And when he did come, and his loud good-humoured voice was heard at the door, heavens! how every young heart bounded with glee and delight!

The first thing he did on entering was to go where the corpse was laid out, and in a loud rapid voice repeat the *De profundis* for the repose of her soul, after which he sat down and smoked a pipe. Oh, well do I remember how the whole house was hushed, for all was expectation and interest as to what he would do or say. At length he spoke—"Is Frank Magaveen there?"

"All's that left o' me's here, Tom."

"An' if the sweep-chimney-general had his due, Frank, that wouldn't be much; and so the longer you can keep him out of that same, the better for yourself."

"Folly on Tom! you know there's none of us all able to spake up to you, say what you will."

"It's not so when you're beside a party girl, Frank. But sure that's not surprisin'; you were born wid butther in your mouth, an' that's what makes your orations to the fair sect be so soft an' meltin', ha, ha, ha! Well, Frank, never mind; there's worse where you'll go to: keep your own counsel fast; let's salt your gums, an' you'll do yet. Whisht, boys; I'm goin' to sing a *rann*, an' ather that Frank an' I will pick a couple o' dozen out o' ye 'to box the Connaughtman.'" Boxing the Connaughtman is a play or diversion peculiar to wakes; it is grotesquely athletic in its character, but full, besides, of comic sentiment and farcical humour.

He then commenced an Irish *rann* or song, the substance of which was as follows, according to his own translation:—

"St Patrick, it seems, was one Sunday morning crossing a mountain on his way to a chapel to say mass, and as he was an humble man (soches weren't then invented, at any rate) an' a great pedestrian (pedestrian), he took the shortest cut across the mountain. In one of the lonely glens he met a herd-caddy, who spent his time in eulogising his master's cattle, according to the precepts of them times, which was not by any means so larned an' primogenitive as now. The countenance of the dog was clear an' extremely sabbathical; every thing was at rest barring the little river before him, an' indeed one would think that it flowed on with more decency an' better behaviour than upon other sympathising occasions. The birds, to be sure, were singin', but

it was aisy to see that they chirped out their best notes in honour of the day. 'Good morrow on you,' said St Patrick; 'what's the raison you're not goin' to prayers, my fine little fellow?'

'What's prayers?' axed the boy. St Patrick looked at him with a very pitiful and calamitous expression in his face. 'Can you bless yourself?' says he. 'No,' said the boy, 'I don't know what it means?' 'Worse and worse,' thought St Patrick.

'Poor bouchal, it isn't your fault. An how do you pass your time here?'

'Why, my mate (food)'s brought to me, an' I do be makin' kings' crowns out of my rushes, whin I'm not watching the cows an' sheep.'

St Patrick sleeked down his head wid great dereliction, an' said, 'Well, acushla, you do be operatin' kings' crowns, but I tell you you're born to wear a greater one than a king's, an' that is a crown of glory. Come along wid me.'

'I can't lave my cattle,' said the other, 'for fraid they might go astray.'

'Right enough,' replied St Patrick, 'but I'll let you see that they won't.' Now, any how St Patrick understood cattle irresistibly himself, havin' been a herd-caudy (boy) in his youth; so he clapped his thumb to his thrapple, an' gave the Soy-a-loa to the sheep, an' behould you they came about him wid great relaxation an' respect. 'Keep yourselves sober an' fictitious,' says he, addressin' them, 'till this boy comes back, an' don't go beyant your owner's property; or if you do, it'll be worse for yez. If you regard your health durin' the approximat' season, mind an' attend to my words.'

Now, you see, every sheep, while he was spakin', lifted the right fore leg, an' raised the head a little, an' behould when he finished, they kissed their foot, an' made him a low bow as a mark of their estimation an' superfluity. He thin clapped his finger an' thumb in his mouth, gave a loud whistle, an' in a periodical time he had all the other cattle on the hill about him, to which he addressed the same undeniable oration, an' they bowed to him wid the same polite gentility. He then brought the lad along wid him, an' as they made progress in the journey, the little fellow says,

'You seem frustrated by the walk, an' if you'll let me carry your bundle, I'll feel obliged to you.'

'Do so,' said the saint; 'an' as it's rather long, throw the bag that the things are in over your shoulder; you'll find it the aisiest way to carry it.'

Well, the boy adopted this insinuation, an' they went ambiguously along till they reached the chapel.

'Do you see that house?' said St Patrick.

'I do,' said the other; 'it has no chimley on it.'

'No,' said the saint; 'it has not; but in that house, Christ, he that saved you, will be present to-day.' An' the boy thin shed tears, when he thought of the goodness of Christ in saving one that was a stranger to him. So they entered the chapel, an' the first thing the lad was struck with was the beams of the sun that came in through the windy shinin' beside the altar. Now, he had never seen the like of it in a house before, an' thinkin' it was put there for some use or other in the intarior, he threw the wallet, which was like a saddle-bag, across the sunbeams, an' lo an' behould you the sunbeams supported them, an' at the same time a loud sweet voice was heard, sayin', 'This is my servant St Kieran, an' he's welcome to the house o' God!' St Patrick then tuck him an' instructed him in the various edifications of the larned languages until he became one of the greatest saints that ever Ireland saw, with the exception an' liquidation of St Patrick himself."

Such is a faint outline of the style and manner peculiar to the narratives of Tom Grassiey. Indeed, it has frequently surprised not only us, but all who knew him, to think how and where and when he got together such an incredible number of hard and difficult words. Be this as it may, one thing was perfectly clear, that they cost him little trouble and no study in their application. His pride was to speak as learnedly as possible, and of course he imagined that the most successful method of doing this was to use as many sesquipedalian expressions as he could crowd into his language, without any regard whatsoever as to their propriety.

Immediately after the relation of this legend, he passed at once into a different spirit. He and Frank Magaveen marshalled their forces, and in a few minutes two or three dozen young fellows were hotly engaged in the humorous game of "Boxing the Connaughtman." Boxing the Connaughtman was followed by "the Standing Brogue" and "the Sitting

Brogue," two other sports practised only at wakes. And here we may observe generally, that the amusements resorted to on such occasions are never to be found elsewhere, but are exclusively peculiar to the house of mourning, where they are benevolently introduced for the purpose of alleviating sorrow. Having gone through a few more such sports, Tom took a seat and addressed a neighbouring farmer, named Gordon, as follows:—"Jack Gordon, do you know the history of your own name and its original fluency?"

"Indeed no, Tom, I cannot say I do."

"Well, boys, if you derogate your noise a little, I'll tell you the origin of the name of Gordon; it's a story about ould Oliver Crummlle, whose tongue is on the look-out for a drop of wather ever since he went to the lower story. "This legend, however, is too long and interesting to be related here: we are therefore forced to defer it until another opportunity.

### SEALS OF IRISH CHIEFS.

By George Petrie, R.H.A., M.R.I.A.

(Concluded from No. 48.)

THE next seal which I have to exhibit, belongs to a chief of another and nobler family of Thomond, the O'Briens, kings of the country, and descendants of the celebrated monarch Brian Boru. This seal is also from the collection of the Dean of St Patrick's, and was purchased a few years since in Roscrea. Its type is unlike the preceding, as, instead of the armed warrior, it presents in the field the figure of a griffin.

The inscription reads, *Sigillum: Brian: I Brian.*



In the genealogies of this illustrious family, which are remarkable for their minuteness and historical truth, two or three chiefs bearing the Christi an name of Brian occur. But from the character of the letters on this seal, I have little hesitation in assigning it to Brian O'Brian, who, according to the Annals of the Four Masters, succeeded to the lordship of Thomond in 1343, and was killed in 1350.

The next seal which I have to exhibit is also from the Dean's collection, and, though of later date, is on many accounts of still higher interest than perhaps either of the preceding. It is the seal of a chief of the O'Neills, whose family were for seven hundred years the hereditary monarchs of Ireland.



This seal was found about ten years since in the vicinity of Magherafelt, in the county of Derry, and was purchased by the Dean from a shopkeeper in that town some years after. The arms of O'Neill, the bloody hand, appear on a shield, and the legend reads, *Sigillum Maurisii [Maurisii] ni Neill.* The name Maurisius, which occurs in this inscription, does not occur in the genealogies of the O'Neill family, and is obviously but a latinised form of the name Murtoogh or Muircheartach, which was that of two or three chiefs of the family; and of these I am inclined to ascribe this seal to Murtoogh Roe, or the Red O'Neill, lord of Clanaboy, who, according to the Annals of the Four Masters, died in 1471.

These are all the seals of Irish princes which have fallen under my observation. But there remain two of equal antiquity, but which belonged to persons of inferior rank, which



it may interest the Academy to see. The first, which is in my own collection, exhibits the figure of an animal, which I must leave to the zoologists of the Academy to describe, with the legend *Sigillum Mac Craith Mac I'Dafid*.



The O'Dafys were an ancient family in Thomond, and are still very numerous in the county of Clare.

The next and last is from the cabinet of the Dean, and is very remarkable in having the head of a helmeted warrior cut on a cornelian within the legend, which reads, *Sigillum Brian : O'Harny*.



The O'Harnys are a very ancient and still numerous family in Kerry, descendants of the ancient lords of that country, and remarkable in history as poets and musicians.

I have only to add, that it will be observed that these seals are all of a round form, which characterises the seals of secular persons, while those belonging to ecclesiastics were usually oval.

#### ORIGIN AND MEANINGS OF IRISH FAMILY NAMES.

BY JOHN O'DONOVAN.  
Fourth Article.

HAVING in the last article spoken of the origin of surnames in Ireland, and of the popular errors now prevailing respecting them, I shall next proceed to notice certain epithets, sobriquets, &c, by which the Irish chieftains and others of inferior rank were distinguished.

Besides the surnames, or hereditary family names, which the Irish people assumed from their ancestors, it appears from the authentic annals that most, if not all, of their chieftains had attached to their Christian names, and sometimes to their surnames, certain cognomens by which they were distinguished from each other. These cognomens, or, as they may in many instances be called, sobriquets, were given them from some perfection or imperfection of the body, or some disposition or quality of the mind, from the place of birth, or the place of fosterage, and very frequently from the place of their deaths. Of the greater number of these cognomens, the pedigree of the regal family of O'Neill furnishes examples, as Niall Roe, *i. e.* Niall the Red, who flourished about the year 1225, so called from his having red hair; Hugh Toineleac (a name which requires no explanation), who died in 1280; Niall More, *i. e.* Niall the Great, who died in 1397; Con Bacach, *i. e.* Con the Lame, who was created Earl of Tyrone in 1542. Among the same family we meet Henry Avrey, *i. e.* Henry the Contentious, Shane an Dimais, *i. e.* John the Proud. Of the cognomens derived from the places in which and the families by whom they were fostered, the pedigree of the same family affords several instances, as Turlogh Luineach, so called from his having been fostered by O'Luney, chief of Munterluney in Tyrone; Niall Conaíach, so called from his having been fostered by O'Donnell, chief of Tireconnell; Shane Donnellach, so called from his having been fostered by O'Donnelly (An Four Masters, 1531 and 1567); and Felim Devlinach, so called from his foster-father O'Devlin, chief of Munter-Devlin, near Lough Neagh, in the present county of Londonderry. Various examples of cognomens given to chief-

tains from the place or territory in which they were fostered, are to be met with in other families, as, in that of O'Brien, Donogh Cair-breach, who was so called from his having been fostered by O'Donovan, chief of Carbery Aeva, the ancient name of the plains of the county of Limerick. In the regal family of Mac Murrough of Leinster, Donnell Cavanagh was so called from having been fostered by the Coarb of St Cavan, at Kilcavan, near Gorey, in Hy-Dea, in the present county of Wexford. This cognomen of Donnell has been adopted for the last two centuries as a surname by his descendants, a thing very unusual among Irish families. In the family of Mac Donnell of Scotland, John Cahanach was so called from his having been fostered by O'Cahan or O'Kane, in the present county of Londonderry.

In the pedigrees of other families, various instances are on record of cognomens having been applied by posterity to chieftains from the place of their deaths; in the family of O'Neill, for example, Brian Chatha an Duin, or "of the battle of Down," was so called by posterity from his having been killed in a battle fought at Downpatrick in the year 1260; in the family of O'Brien, Conar na Siudaine, from the wood of Siudain in Burren, in which he was killed in the year 1267; and in the family of Mac Carthy, the celebrated Fineen Reanna Roin, from his having been killed at the castle of Rinn Roin in the year 1261, after a brilliant career of victory over the English.

On this subject of cognomens and sobriquets among the Irish, Sir Henry Piers wrote as follows in the year 1682, in a description of the county of Westmeath, written in the form of a letter to Anthony Lord Bishop of Meath, and published in the first volume of Vallancey's *Collectanea*:—

"Every Irish surname or family name hath either O or Mac prefixed, concerning which I have found some make this observation, but I dare not undertake that it shall hold universally true, that such as have O prefixed were of old superior lords or princes, as O'Neal, O'Donnell, O'Melaghlin, &c, and such as have Mac were only great men, viz, lords, thanes, as Mac Gennis, Mac Loughlin, Mac Doncho, &c. But however this observation [may] hold, it is certain they take much liberty, and seem to do it with delight, in giving of nicknames; and if a man have any imperfection or evil habit, he shall be sure to hear of it in the nickname. Thus, if he be blind, lame, squint-eyed, grey-eyed, be a stammerer in speech, be left-handed, to be sure he shall have one of these added to his name; so also from his colour of hair, as black, red, yellow, brown, &c; and from his age, as young, old; or from what he addicts himself to, or much delights in, as in draining, building, fencing, or the like; so that no man whatever can escape a nickname who lives among them, or converseth with them; and sometimes so libidinous are they in this kind of railery, they will give nicknames *per antiphrasim*, or contrariety of speech. Thus a man of excellent parts, and beloved of all men, shall be called *grana*, that is, naughty or fit to be complained of; if a man have a beautiful countenance or lovely eyes, they will call him *Cueegh*, that is, squint-eyed; if a great housekeeper, he shall be called *Ackerisagh*, that is, greedy." (*Collectanea*, vol. I. p. 113.)

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when the Irish families increased, and their territories were divided into two and three parts among rival chieftains of the same family, each of the chieftains adopted some addition to the family surname for the sake of distinction. Thus, among the O'Connors of Connaught we find O'Conor Don, *i. e.* O'Conor the brown-haired, and O'Conor Roe, or the red-haired. This distinction was first made in the year 1384, when Torlogh Don and Torlogh Roe, who had been for some time in emulation for the chieftainship of the territory of Shilmurry, agreed to have it divided equally between them; on which occasion the former was to be called O'Conor Don, and the latter O'Conor Roe. (See *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Charles O'Conor*.) It is now supposed by many of the Irish that the epithet Don postfixed to the name of the chief of the O'Connors is a Spanish title! while those who are acquainted with the history of the name think that he should reject it as being a useless sobriquet, and more particularly now, as there is no O'Conor Roe from whom he needs to be distinguished. It is true that the O'Conor Don might now very lawfully be called the O'Conor, as there is no O'Conor Roe or O'Conor Sligo, at least none who take the name; but as he had borne it before O'Conor Roe disappeared, we would not advise it to be rejected for another generation, as we think that an O'Conor Roe will in the meantime make his appearance, for we are acquainted with an individual of that name who knows his pe-

digree well, but is not sufficiently wealthy to put himself forward as an Irish chieftain.

In the same province we find the Mac Dermots of Moylurg divided into three distinct families, the head of whom was, *par excellence*, styled the Mac Dermot, and the other two who were tributary to him called, the one Mac Dermot Roe, *i. e.* the Red, and the other Mac Dermot Gall, or the Anglicised. In Thomond we find the Mac Namaras split into two distinct families, distinguished by the names of Mac Namara Fin, *i. e.* the Fair, and Mac Namara Reagh, or the Swarthy. In Desmond the family of Mac Carthy split into three powerful branches, known by the names of Mac Carthy More or the Great, Mac Carthy Reagh or the Swarthy, and Mac Carthy Muscryagh, *i. e.* of Muskerry. Beauford asserts with his usual confidence that Mac Carthy Reagh signifies Mac Carthy the King, but this is utterly fallacious, for the epithet, which is anglicised Reagh, is written *riach* and *riabhach*, in the original annals of Inisfallen and of the Four Masters, and translated *fuscus* by Philip O'Sullivan Beare (who knew the import of it far better than Beauford) in his History of the Irish Catholics published at Lisbon in 1621. The O'Sullivan split into the families of O'Sullivan More and O'Sullivan Beare; the O'Donovans into those of O'Donovan More, O'Donovan Locha Crot, and O'Hea O'Donovan; the O'Kennedys of Ormond into those of O'Kennedy Finn, O'Kennedy Roe, and O'Kennedy Don; the O'Farrells of Annally into those of O'Farrell Bane, *i. e.* the White, and O'Farrell Boy, or the Yellow, &c. &c.

The foregoing notices are sufficient to show the nature of the surnames in use among the ancient Scotic or Milesian Irish families. It will be now expected that I should say a few words on the effect which the Anglo-Norman invasion and the introduction of English laws, language, and names, have had in changing or modifying them, and on the other hand the influence which the Irish may have had in changing or modifying the English names.

After the murder, in 1333, of William de Burgo, third Earl of Ulster of that name, and the lessening of the English power which resulted from it, many if not all of the distinguished Anglo-Norman families located in Connaught and Munster became hibernicised.—*Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*—spoke the Irish language, and assumed surnames in imitation of the Irish by prefixing Mac (but never O in any instance) to the Christian names of their ancestors. Thus the De Burgos in Connaught took the name of Mac William from their ancestor William de Burgo, and were divided into two great branches, called Mac William Oughter and Mac William Eighter, *i. e.* Mac William Upper and Mac William Lower, the former located in the county of Galway, and the latter in that of Mayo; and from these sprang many offshoots who took other surnames from their respective ancestors, as the Mac Davids of Glinsk, the Mac Philbins of Dun Mugdord in Mayo, the Mac Shoneens, now Jennings, and the Mac Gibbons, now Fitzgibbons. The Berminghams of Dunmore and Athenry in Connaught, and of Ofaly in Leinster, took the name of Mac Feoiris, from Pierce, the son of Meyler Bermingham, who was one of the principal heads of that family in Ireland. The head of the Stauntons in Carra took the name of Mac Aveely. The chief of the Barretts of Tirawley took the name of Mac Watin, and a minor branch of the same family, located in the territory of the Two Backs, lying between Lough Con and the river Moy, assumed that of Mac Andrew, while the Barretts of Munster took the now very plebeian name of Mac Phauden, from an ancestor called Pauden, or Little Patrick. The De Exeters of Gallen, in Connaught, assumed the surname of Mac Jordan from Jordan De Exeter, the founder of that family; and the Nangles of the same neighbourhood took that of Mac Costello. Of the Kildare and Desmond branches of the Fitzgeralds there were two Mac Thomases, one in Leinster, and the other in the Desies, in the now county of Waterford, in Munster. A branch of the Butlers took the name of Mac Pierce, and the Poers, or Powers, that of Mac Shere. The Freynes of Osory took the name of Mac Rink, and the Barrys that of Mac Adam. In the present county of Kilkenny were located two families, originally of great distinction, who took the strange name of Gaul, which then signified Englishman, though at an earlier period it had been a term applied by the Irish to all foreigners; the one was Stapleton, who was located at Gaulstown, in the parish of Kilcolamb, barony of Ida, and county of Kilkenny; the other a branch of the Burkes, who obtained extensive estates in that part of Ireland, and

dwelt at Gaulstown, in the barony of Igrine. The writer, who is the sixth in descent from the last head of this family, has many of his family deeds, in which he styles himself sometimes Galle and sometimes Galle alias Burke; on his tomb, however, in his family chapel at Gaulskill, he is called Walterus De Burgo without the addition of Galle, and is there said to be descended from the Red Earl of Ulster. His descendants now all retain the name of Gaul, as do those of his neighbour Stapleton. The Fitzsimons, in Westmeath, took the name of Mac Ruddery, and the Wesleys that of Mac Falrene, &c. &c.

Edmund Spenser, secretary to the Lord Arthur Grey (deputy of Ireland under Queen Elizabeth in the year 1580), attempted to prove that many distinguished families then bearing Irish surnames, and accounted of Irish origin, were really English. This, however, is undoubtedly false, and is a mere invention of the creative fancy of that great poet and politician: but as it has been received as truth by Sir Charles Coote and other English writers, we shall show how Spenser deceived himself or was deceived on this point. He instances the following families: 1, The Mac Mahons of Oriel in Ulster, who, as he states on the authority of the report of some Irishmen, came first to Ireland with Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, under the name of Fitz-Ursula; 2, The Mac Mahons of the South; 3, The Mac Sweenys of Munster; 4, The Mac Sheehys of Munster; 5, The O'Brins or O'Byrnes of Leinster; 6, The O'Tooles of the same province; 7, The Cavanaghs; 8, The Mac Namaras of Thomond. But he gives no proof for his assertions but the report of some Irishmen, corroborated by etymological speculations of his own; and as the report of some unnamed persons can have no weight with us when in direct contradiction of the authentic annals of the country, I shall slightly glance at some of the most important of his etymological evidences, and then give my own proofs of the contrary. To prove that the Mac Mahons of Oriel are the Fitz-Ursulas, he says that *Mahon* signifies *bear* in Irish, and hence that Mac Mahon is a translation of Fitz-Ursula; but granting that *Mahon* does mean a bear, it does not follow that Mac Mahon is a translation of Fitz-Ursula. But we have stronger reasons to urge than to prove that this is a *non sequitur*, for we have the testimony of the authentic pedigree of the Mac Mahons of Oriel, and of the annals of Ulster, that the Mac Mahons had been located in Oriel and had borne that name long before the English invasion. The Mac Mahons and Mac Namaras of the south are a branch of the Dal-Cais, a great tribe located in Thomond, whose history is as certain from the ninth century as that of any people in Europe. The Mac Sweenys and Mac Sheehys of Munster are of Irish origin, but their ancestors removed to Scotland in the tenth century, or beginning of the eleventh, and some of their descendants returned to Ireland in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and were hereditary leaders of Gallowglass to many Irish chieftains. To prove that the Byrnes, Tooles, and Cavanaghs, are of British origin, he has recourse also to etymology, which is a great lever in the hand of a historical charlatan, and says, in the first place, that *Brin* in the Welsh language means woody, and that hence the O'Brins or O'Byrnes must be of Welsh origin. But admitting that Brin does in the Welsh language mean woody, what has that to do with O'Brain, the original Irish name of O'Byrne, especially when it can be proved that that surname was called after Bran, king of Leinster, who was usually styled Bran Duv, *i. e.* the Black Raven, from the colour of his hair, and his thirst for prey. Secondly, to prove that O'Toole is a Welsh name, he says that *tol* means hilly in the Welsh language! and so does *tol* in Irish bear this meaning. But what, I would ask, has that to do with O'Tuathail, or descendants of Tuathal, the son of Ugair, from whom this family have taken their surname? The name Tuathal, signifying *the lordly*, has no more to do with *tol*, a hill, than it has with the English word *tool*, to which it has been anglicised for the last two centuries. Thirdly, to prove that the name Cavanagh is of Welsh origin, he asserts that *Kaevan* in Welsh signifies *strong* in English. This may be true; but what has the signification of the Welsh word *Kaevan* to do with the name of the Mac Murroghs of Leinster, who assumed the cognomen of Cavanagh from Donnell Cavanagh, the son of Dermot Mac Murrogh, who had himself received this name from his having been fostered at Kilcavan in the north-east of the present county of Wexford? *Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?*

Those errors of Spenser have been already exposed by Dr Jeffrey Keating, a man of learning and undoubted honesty, but of great simplicity, which is characteristic of the age in which

he lived, also by Gratianus Lucius, and by the learned Roderic O'Flaherty, who has devoted a chapter of his *Ogygia* to prove that Spenser, though a distinguished poet, can have no claim to credit as a historian. Spenser's purpose in fabricating this story about the Mac Mahons was to hold them up as objects of hatred to the Irish and English people, as being descended from the murderer of Thomas à Becket. He never succeeded, however, in convincing Ever Mac Cooley, or any other of the rebels of the Farney, that they were descended from the Beares of England! Spenser also asserts that *it was said* that most of the surnames ending in *an*, though then considered Irish, were in reality English, such as Hernan, Shinan, Mungan, &c. I do not, however, believe a word of this latter assertion of the great English poet, but conclude, with the simple and honest Keating, that, "as being a poet, he gave himself, as was usual with the profession, licence to revel in poetic fictions, which he dressed in flowery language to decoy his reader." For we know that there is not a single instance on record of any Anglo-Norman family having taken any Irish names except such as they formed from the names or titles of their own ancestors by prefixing Mac, which they considered equivalent to the Norman Fitz, as Mac Maurice, Mac Gibbon, Mac Gerald, Mac William, which are equivalent to Fitz-Maurice, Fitz-Gibbon, Fitz-Gerald, Fitz-William. In this manner, however, the great Anglo-Norman families of the south and west of Ireland, who were after all more French and Irish than they were English (their ancestors having dwelt scarcely a century in England), nearly all hibernicised their names. It seems rather curious that Spenser has not furnished any list of those Anglo-Norman families who really hibernicised their names, while he was so minute in naming those who were not English, but whom he wished to make appear as such, in order to be enabled to censure them the more harshly for their treasons and rebellions. He contents himself by stating that there were great English families in Ireland who, he regretted to say, had become Irish in name and feeling. The manner in which he states this fact is worthy of consideration, and I shall therefore insert his very words here as they appear in the Dublin edition:—"Other great houses there bee of the English in Ireland, which thorough licentious conversing with the Irish or marrying or fostering with them, or lacke of meet nurture [i. e. education or rearing], or such other unhappy occasions, have degenerated from their ancient dignities, and are now growne 'as Irish as O'Hanlon's breech,' as the proverb there is."

Sir Henry Piers of Tristernagh, in the county of Westmeath, complains of the same custom among the families of English descent, in about a century after Spenser's period.

"In the next place, I rank the degeneracy of many English families as a great hindrance of the reducing this people to civility, occasioned not only by fostering, that is, having their children nursed and bred during their tender years by the Irish, but much more by marriages with them, by means whereof our English in too many great families became in a few generations one both in manners and interest with the Irish, inasmuch as many of them have not doubted [i. e. hesitated] to assume even Irish names and appellations: instances whereof are but too many even to this day: thus a Birmingham is called by them Mac Yoris, Fitz-Simmons, Mac Kuddery [recte Mac-Ruddery], Wesley [i. e. Wellesley], Mac Falrene, &c. and from men thus metamorphosed what could be expected?"—*Collectanea*, vol. I. p. 105.

On the other hand, the Irish families who lived within the English pale and in its vicinity gradually conformed to the English customs, and assumed English surnames; and their doing so was deemed to be of such political importance that it was thought worthy the consideration of parliament: accordingly it was enacted by the statute of 5 Edward IV (1465), that every Irishman dwelling within the English pale, then comprising the counties of Dublin, Meath, Louth, and Kildare, should take an English surname. This act is so curious as illustrating the history of Irish family names, that it demands insertion in this place.

"An act, that the Irish men dwelling in the counties of Dublin, Myeth, Uriell, and Kildare, shall goe apparelled like English men, and weare their beards after the English manner, sweare allegiance, and take English surname."—*Rot. Parl.* cc. 16.

"At the request of the Commons it is ordeyned and established by authority of the said parliament, that every Irish man that dwells betwixt or amongst Englishmen in the county of Dublin, Myeth, Uriell, and Kildare, shall goe like

to one Englishman in apparell, and shaving off his beard above the mouth, and shall be within one yeare sworne the liege man of the king in the hands of the lieutenant or deputy, or such as he will assigne to receive this oath for the multitude that is to be sworne, and shall take to him an English surname of one towne, as Sutton, Chester, Trym, Skryne, Corke, Kinsale; or colour, as white, blacke, browne; or arte or science, as smith or carpenter; or office, as cooke, butler; and that he and his issue shall use this name under payne of forfeiting of his goods yearly till the premises be done, to be levied two times by the yeare to the king's warres, according to the discretion of the lieutenant of the king or his deputy."—5 Edward IV. cap. 3.

"In obedience to this law," observes Harris, in his additions to Ware, the Shanachs took the name of Foxes, the Mac Gabhans of Smiths, Geals of Whites, the Branachs of Walshes, and many others; the said words being only literal translations from the Irish into the English language." Harris, however, I may remark, is very much mistaken when he supposes that the Branachs (Бреатһаг, i. e. *Britones*) of the English pale in Ireland are an Irish family, or that any ancient Irish family had borne that name before the Anglo-Norman and Welsh families settled in Ireland towards the latter end of the twelfth century; and he is also wrong in assuming that the Irish word for *Geal*, white, was by itself ever used as the name of any family in Ireland. In the other two instances he is correct; for the head of the O'Caharnys of Tefia, who was usually stiled the Shinnagh, translated his name into Fox, and the Mac-an-Gowans and O'Gowans translated their name into Smith.

The importance thus attached by this act to the bearing of an English surname soon induced many of the less distinguished Irish families of the English pale and its vicinity to translate or disguise their Irish names, so as to make them appear English ones, as Mac Intire to Carpenter, Mac Spallane to Spenser, Mac Cogry to L'Estrange, &c.; but the more distinguished families of the pale and its vicinity, as Mac Murrough, O'Brennan, O'Kayly, and others, retained with pride their original Irish names unaltered; for while they could look back with pride on a long line of ancestors, they could not bear the idea of being considered as the descendants of tradesmen and petty artisans, a feeling which prevails at the present day, and will prevail for ever; for though a man has himself sunk into poverty, he still feels a pride in believing that he is of respectable origin. It is certain, however, that the translation and assimilation of Irish surnames to English ones was carried to a great extent in the vicinity of Dublin and throughout Leinster; and hence it may at this day be safely concluded that many families bearing English surnames throughout the English pale are undoubtedly of Milesian or Danish origin.

It appears, however that this statute had not the intended effect; for, about a century after its having passed, we find Spenser recommending a renewal of it, inasmuch as the Irish had then become as Irish as ever. His words on this point are highly interesting; as throwing great light on the history of Irish surnames towards the close of the sixteenth century, and we shall therefore lay them before the reader:—

"Moreover, for the better breaking of these heads and [of?] septes which (I told you) was one of the greatest strengthes of the Irish, methinks it should be very well to renewe that old statute which was made in the reigne of Edward the Fourth in Ireland, by which it was commanded, that whereas all men used to be called by the name of their septes, according to the severall nations, and had no surnames at all, that from henceforth each one should take upon himself a severall surname, either of his trade and faculty, or of some quality of his body or minde, or of the place where he dwells, so as every one should be distinguished from the other, or from the most part, whereby they shall not only not depend upon the head of their sept, as now they do, but also in time learne quite to forget his [their] Irish nation. And herewithall would I also wish all the O's and the Mac's which the heads of septes have taken to their names, to be utterly forbidden and extinguished. For, that the same being an ordinance (as some say) first made by O'Brien for the strengthening of the Irish, the abrogating thereof will as much enfeeble them."

Towards the close of the next century we find Sir Henry Piers of Tristernagh, in his account of the county of Westmeath, rejoicing that the less distinguished Irish families were beginning to take English surnames:—

"These, I suppose, may be reckoned among the causes of the slow progress this nation hath made towards civility and

accommodation to our English laws and customs; yet these notwithstanding, this people, especially in this and the adjoining counties, are in our days become more polite and civil [civilized] than in former ages, and some very forward to accommodate themselves to the English modes, particularly in their habit, language, and surnames, which by all manner of ways they strive to make English or English like; this I speak of the inferior rank of them. Thus you have Mac Gowan surname himself Smith; Mac Killy, Cock; Mac Spallane, Spenser; Mac Kegry, L'Estrange, &c, herein making small amends for our degenerate English before spoken of."

But I have exceeded the space which the Journal allows for this article, and I must defer the remainder to a future number, promising the reader that I shall make every effort to bring the subject of Irish surnames to a conclusion in two additional articles.

**ARISTOCRATIC TRAVELLING.**—Mr Theobald was at that instant speaking to Lord Bolsover. "Listen," said the Earl of Rochdale to Arlington, "and you will hear some of the uses and advantages of travel." Arlington accordingly directed his attention to the speakers. "I will just tell you what I did," said Mr Theobald. "Brussels, Frankfort, Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Milan, Naples, and Paris, and all that in two months. No man has ever done it in less." "That's a fast thing; but I think I could have done it," said Lord Bolsover, "with a good courier. I had a fellow once who could ride a hundred miles a-day for a fortnight." "I came from Vienna to Calais," said young Leighton, "in less time than the government courier. No other Englishman ever did that." "Hem! I am not sure of that," said Lord Bolsover. "But I'll just tell you what I have done: from Rome to Naples in nineteen hours; a fact, upon my honour; and from Naples to Paris in six days." "Partly by sea?" interrogated Leighton. "No! all by land," replied Lord Bolsover, with a look of proud satisfaction. "I'll just tell you what I did," Mr Leighton chimed in again, "and I think it is a good plan—it shows what one can do. I went straight on end, as fast as I could, to what was to be the end of my journey. This was Sicily. So straight away I went there at the devil's own rate, and never stopped anywhere by the way; changed horses at Rome and all those places, and landed in safety in—I forget exactly how long from the time of starting, but I have got it down to an odd minute. As for the places I left behind, I saw them all on my way back, except the Rhine, and I steamed down that in the night-time." "I have travelled a good deal by night," said Theobald. "With a *dormeuse* and travelling lamp I think it is pleasant, and a good plan of getting on." "And you can honestly say, I suppose," said Denbigh, "that you have slept successfully through as much fine country as any man living?" "Oh, I did see the country," replied Theobald, "that is, all that was worth seeing. My courier knew all about that, and used to stop and waken me whenever we came to anything remarkable. Gad! I have reason to remember it, too, for I caught an infernal bad cold one night when I turned out by lamp-light to look at a waterfall. I never looked at another." There was a pause in the conversation, and the group moved onwards to another room.—*Arlington, a Tale, by the Hon. Mr Lister.*

Truth will never be palatable to those who are determined not to relinquish error, but can never give offence to the honest and well-meaning; for the plain-dealing remonstrances of a friend differ as widely from the rancour of an enemy as the friendly probe of a physician from the dagger of an assassin.—*E. W. Montague.*

**PARENTAL DUTIES.**—Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance and convenient maintenance, otherwise thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death they will thank death for it, and not thee. And I am persuaded that the foolish cockering of some parents, and the overstern carriage of others, cause more men and women to take ill courses than their own vicious inclinations. Marry thy daughters in time, lest they marry themselves; and train not up thy sons in the wars, for he that sets up his rest to live by that profession can hardly be an honest man or a good Christian; besides, it is a science no longer in request than use, for soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.—*Lord Burleigh's Maxims.*

## HALF AN HOUR IN IRELAND.

(From Charles O'Malley.)

WHEN the Bermuda transport sailed from Portsmouth for Lisbon, I happened to make one of some four hundred interesting individuals, who, before they became food for powder, were destined to try their constitutions on pickled pork. The second day after our sailing, the winds became adverse; it blew a hurricane from every corner of the compass but the one it ought; and the good ship, that should have been standing straight for the Bay of Biscay, was scudding away with a double-reefed topsail towards the coast of Labrador. For six days we experienced every sea-manceuvre that usually preludes a shipwreck; and at length, when, what from sea sickness and fear, we had become utterly indifferent to the result, the storm abated, the sea went down, and we found ourselves lying comfortably in the harbour of Cork, we had a strange suspicion on our minds that the frightful scenes of the past week had been nothing but a dream.

"Come, Mr Medicot," said the skipper to me, "we shall be here for a couple of days to refit; had you not better go ashore and see the country?"

I sprang to my legs with delight; visions of cowslips, larks, daisies, and mutton chops, floated before my excited imagination, and in ten minutes I found myself standing at that pleasant little inn at Cove, which, opposite Spike Island, rejoices in the name of the Goat and Garters.

"Breakfast, waiter," said I; "a beefsteak—fresh beef, mark ye; fresh eggs, bread, milk, and butter, all fresh." No more hard tack, thought I, no salt butter, but a genuine land breakfast.

"Up stairs, No. 4, sir," said the waiter, as he flourished a dirty napkin, indicating the way.

Up stairs I went, and in due time the appetizing little *dejeune* made its appearance. Never did a miser's eye revel over his broad acres with more complacent enjoyment than did mine skim over the mutton and the muffin, the teapot, the trout, and the devilled kidney, so invitingly spread out before me. Yes, thought I, as I smacked my lips, this is the reward of virtue; pickled pork is a probationary state that admirably fits us for future enjoyments. I arranged my napkin upon my knee, I seized my knife and fork, and proceeded with most critical acumen to bisect a beefsteak. Scarcely, however, had I touched it, when with a loud crash the plate smashed beneath it, and the gravy ran piteously across the cloth. Before I had time to account for the phenomenon, the door opened hastily, and the waiter rushed into the room, his face redolent with smiles, while he rubbed his hands in an ecstasy of delight.

"It's all over, sir;" said he, "glory be to God, it's all done."

"What's over? what's done?" said I with impatience.

"M'Mahon is satisfied," replied he, "and so is the other gentleman."

"Who and what the devil do you mean?"

"It's over, sir, I say," replied the waiter again; "he fired in the air."

"Fired in the air," said I. "Did they fight in the room below stairs?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter with a benign smile.

"That will do," said I, as seizing my hat I rushed out of the house, and hurrying to the beach took a boat for the ship. Exactly half an hour had elapsed since my landing, but even those short thirty minutes had fully as many reasons, that although there may be few more amusing, there are some safer places to live in than the green island.

All men are masked; the world is one universal disguise, each individual endeavouring to fathom his neighbour's intentions, at the same time wishing to hide his own, and, above all, striving to secure a reputable character rather by words than deeds.

Persons who are always innocently cheerful and good-humoured are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live around them.—*Miss Talbot.*

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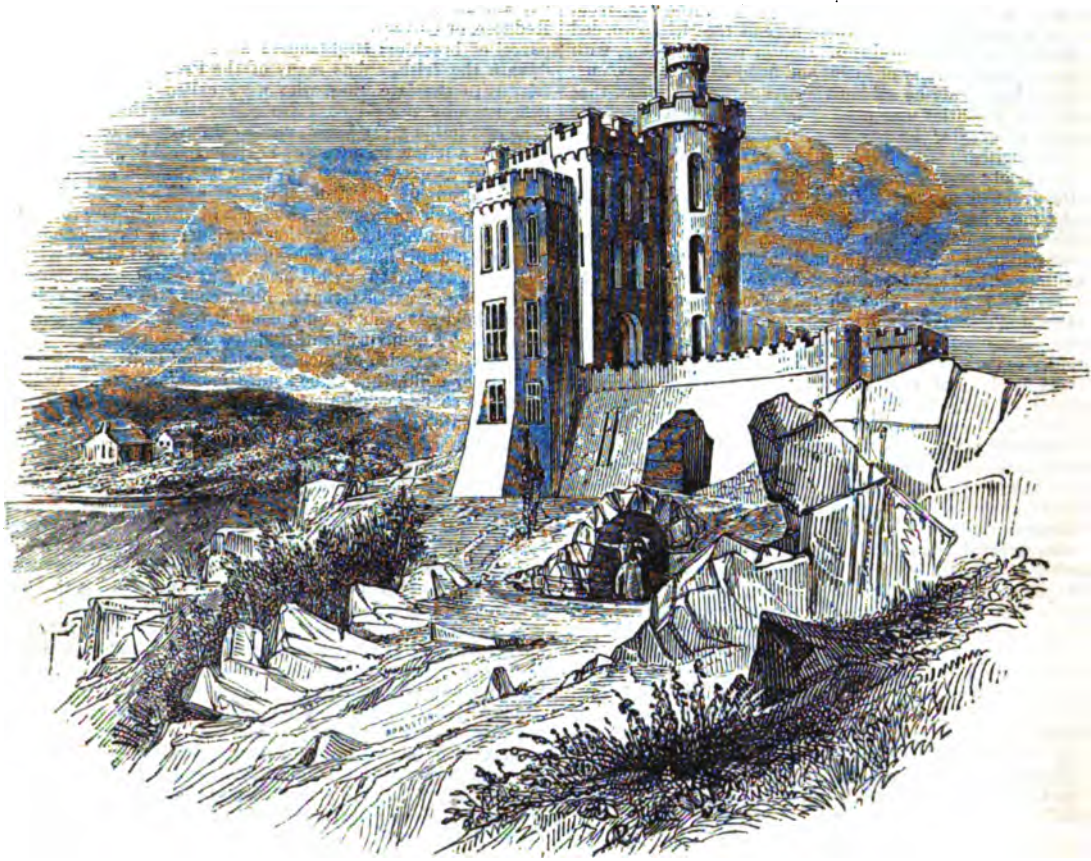


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VOLUME I.



VICTORIA CASTLE, KILLINEY, COUNTY OF DUBLIN.

Our metropolitan readers, at least, and many others besides, are aware of the magnificent but not easily to be realised project, recently propounded, of erecting a town on the east side of Malpas's or Killiney Hill—a situation certainly of unrivalled beauty and grandeur. Plans, most satisfactory, and views prospective as well as perspective of this as yet non-existent Brighton or Clifton, have been laid before the public, with a view to obtain the necessary ways and means to give it a more substantial reality; but alas! for the uncertainty of human wishes! Queenstown, despite the popularity of our sovereign, is not likely, for some time at least, to present a rivalry, in any thing but its romantic and commanding site, to the busy, bustling, and not very symmetrically built town which has been erected in honour of Her august eldest uncle. The good people of Kingstown may therefore rejoice; their glory will not for some time at least be eclipsed; and the lovers of natural romantic scenery who have not money—they seldom have—to employ in promising speculations, may also rejoice, for the wild and precipitous cliffs of Killiney are likely to retain for some years longer a portion of their romantic beauty; the rocks will not be shaped into well-dressed forms of prim gentility; the purple heather and blossomy furze, “unprofitably gay,” may give nature's brilliant colouring to the scenery, and the wild sea-birds may sport around: the time has not arrived when they will be destroyed or banished from their ancient haunt by the encroachment of man.

But however this may be, the first stone of the new town

has been laid; nay, the first building—no less a building than “Victoria Castle”—has been actually erected; and, as a memorial of one of the gigantic projects of this speculating nineteenth century of ours, we have felt it incumbent on us to give its fair proportions a place in our immortal and universally read miscellany, in order to hand down its pristine form to posterity in ages when it shall have been shaped by time into a genuine antique ruin.

Of the architectural style and general appearance of Victoria Castle, our engraving gives a good idea. Like most modern would-be castles, it has towers and crenellated battlements and large windows in abundance, and is upon the whole as unlike a real old castle as such structures usually are. It is, however, a picturesque and imposing structure of its kind, and, what is of more consequence to its future occupants, a cheerful and commodious habitation, which is more than can be said of most genuine castles, or of many more classical imitations of them; and its situation, on a terrace on the south side of Killiney Hill, is one as commanding and beautiful as could possibly be imagined.

Nothing in nature can indeed surpass the beauty, variety, and extent of the prospects which may be enjoyed from this spot or its immediate vicinity, and we might fill a whole number of our Journal in describing their principal features. To most of our readers, however, they must be already familiar, and to those who have not had the pleasure of enjoying a sight of them, it will convey a sufficient general idea of what

they must be, to acquaint them that Killiney Hill from the same point commands, towards the west, views of the far-famed Bay of Dublin, the city, and the richly-cultivated and villa-studded plains by which it is surrounded, towards the north, the bold, rugged promontory of Howth, with the islands of Dalkey, Ireland's-eye, Lambay, and the peaked mountain-ranges of Down and Lowth in the extreme distance; and lastly, towards the east and south, the sea, and the lovely Bay of Killiney, with its shining yellow strand, curved into the form of a spacious and magnificent amphitheatre, from which, as in seats above each other, ascend the richly-wooded hills, backed by the mountains of Dublin and Wicklow, with all their exquisite variety of forms and fitful changes of colour. In short, it may truly be said of this delightful situation, that though other localities may possess some individual character of scenery of greater beauty or grandeur, there are few if any in the British empire that could fairly be compared with it for its variety and general interest.

Of the great interest of Killiney to the naturalist, and the geologist more particularly, we have already endeavoured to give our readers some notion in a paper, in a recent number, from the pen of our able and accomplished friend Dr Schouler; and Killiney is scarcely less interesting to the antiquary than to the man of science. Though till a recent period its now cultivated and thickly inhabited hills and shores presented the virgin appearance of a country nearly in the state which nature left it, the numerous monuments of antiquity scattered about them clearly evinced that man had been a wanderer if not an inhabitant here in the most remote times. Numerous kistvaens containing human skeletons have been found between the road and the sea, undoubtedly of pagan times; and we have ourselves seen in our young days six very large urns of baked clay, containing burned bones, which were discovered in sinking the foundations for a cottage, near the road between the Killiney and Rochestown hills. We have also seen several sepulchral stone circles, now no longer remaining; and there is yet to be seen of the same period, a fine cromlech, situated near Shanganagh, and that most remarkable and interesting pagan temple, near the Martello tower, with its judgment chair, and the figures of the sun and moon sculptured on one of the stones within its enclosure. Nor is Killiney without its monument of Christian piety of as early date as any to be found in Ireland. In the beautiful ivied ruin of its parish church, the antiquary may enjoy a sight of one of the most characteristic examples of the temples erected by the Irish immediately after their conversion to Christianity, and make himself intimate with a style of architecture not now to be found in other portions of the British empire.

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## THE CASTLE OF AUGHENTAIN, OR A LEGEND OF THE BROWN GOAT,

A TALE OF TOM GRASSIEY, THE SHANARDS.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

WHEN Tom had expressed an intention of relating an old story, the hum of general conversation gradually subsided into silence, and every face assumed an expression of curiosity and interest, with the exception of Jemmy Baccagh, who was rather deaf, and blind George McGivor, so called because he wanted an eye; both of whom, in high and piercing tones, carried on an angry discussion touching a small law-suit that had gone against Jemmy in the Court Leet, of which George was a kind of rustic attorney. An outburst of impatient rebuke was immediately poured upon them from fifty voices. "Whisht with yez, ye pair of devils' limbs, an' Tom goin' to tell us a story. Jemmy, your sowl's as crooked as your lame leg, you sinner; an' as for blind George, if rognery would save a man, he'd escape the devil yet. Tarenation to yez, an' be quiet till we hear the story!"

"Ay," said Tom, "Scriptur says that when the blind leads the blind, both will fall into the ditch; but God help the lame that have blind George to lead them; we might aisyly guess where he'd guide them to, especially such a poor innocent as Jemmy there." This banter, as it was not intended to give offence, so was it received by the parties to whom it was addressed with laughter and good humour.

"Silence, boys," said Tom; "I'll jist take a draw of the pipe till I put my mind in a proper state of transmigration for what I'm goin' to narrate."

He then smoked on for a few minutes, his eyes complacently but meditatively closed, and his whole face composed into the

philosophic spirit of a man who knew and felt his own superiority, as well as what was expected from him. When he had sufficiently arranged the materials in his mind, he took the pipe out of his mouth, rubbed the shank-end of it against the cuff of his coat, then handed it to his next neighbour, and having given a short preparatory cough, thus commenced his legend:—

"You must know that after Charles the First happened to miss his head one day, havin' lost it while playin' a game of 'Heads an' Points' with the Scotch, that a man called Nolly Rednose, or Oliver Crumme, was sent over to Ireland with a parcel of breekless Highlanders an' English Bodaghs to subduvate the Irish, an' as many of the Protestants as had been friends to the late king, who were called Royalists. Now, it appears by many larned transfigurations that Nolly Rednose had in his army a man named Balgruntie, or the Hog of Cupar; a fellow who was as coorse as sackin', as cunnin' as a fox, an' as gross as the swine he was named after. Rednose, there is no doubt of it, was as nate a hand at takin' a town or castle as ever went about it; but then, any town that didn't surrendher at discretion was sure to experience little mitigation at his hands; an' whenever he was bent on wickedness, he was sure to say his prayers at the commencement of every siege or battle; that is, he intended to show no mercy in, for he'd get a book, an' openin' it at the head of his army, he'd cry, 'Ahem, my brethern, let us praise God by endeavourin' till sing sich or sich a psalm; an' God help the man, woman, or child, that came before him after that. Well an' good: it so happened that a squadron of his psalm-singers were dispatched by him from Enniskillen, where he stopped to rendher assistance to a part of his army that O'Neill was leatherin' down near Dungannon, an' on their way they happened to take up their quarters for the night at the Mill of Aughtentain. Now, above all men in the creation, who should be appointed to lead this same squadron but the Hog of Cupar. 'Balgruntie, go off wid you,' said Crumme, when administering his instructions to him; 'but be sure that wherever you meet a fat royalist on the way, to pay your respects to him as a Christian ought,' says he; 'an', above all things, my dear brother Balgruntie, don't neglect your devotions, otherwise our arms can't prosper; and be sure,' says he, with a pious smile, 'that if they promulgate opposition, you will make them bleed anyhow, either in purse or person; or if they provoke the grace o' God, take a little from them in both; an' so the Lord's name be praised, yeamen!'

Balgruntie sang a psalm of thanksgivin' for bein' elected by his commander to such a holy office, set out on his march, an' the next night he an' his choir slep in the mill of Aughtentain, as I said. Now, Balgruntie had in this same congregation of his long-legged Scotchman named Sandy Saveall, which name he got by way of etymology, for his charity; for it appears by the historical elucidations that Sandy was perpetually rantizin' about sitherly affection an' brotherly love: an' what showed more taciturnity than any thing else was, that while this same Sandy had the persuasion to make every one believe that he thought of nothing else, he shot more people than any ten men in the squadron. He was indeed what they call a dead shot, for no one ever knew him to miss any thing he fired at. He had a musket that could throw point blank an English mile, an' if he only saw a man's nose at that distance, he used to say that with aid from above he could blow it for him with a leaden handkerchy, meaning that he could blow it off his face with a musket bullet; and so by all associations he could, for indeed the facts he performed were very insinuating an' problematical.

Now, it so happened that at this period there lived in the castle a fine wealthy ould royalist, named Graham or Grimes, as they are often denominated, who had but one child, a daughter, whose beauty an' perfections were mellifluous far an' near over the country, an' who had her health drunk, as the toast of Ireland, by the Lord Lieutenant in the Castle of Dublin, under the sympathetic appellation of 'the Rose of Aughtentain.' It was her son that afterwards ran through the estate, and was forced to part wid the castle; an' it's to him the proverb colludes, which mentions 'ould John Grame, that swallowed the castle of Aughtentain.'

Howsoever, that bears no prodigality to the story I'm narratin'. So what would you have of it, but Balgruntie, who had heard of the father's wealth and the daughter's beauty, took a holy hankerin' after both; an' havin' as usual said his prayers an' sung a psalm, he determined for to 'eap his thumb upon the father's money, thinkin' that the daughter

would be the more aisily superinduced to folly it. In other words, he made up his mind to sack the castle, carry off the daughter and marry her righteously, rather, he said, through a sincere wish to bring her into a state of grace, by a union with a God-fearin' man, whose walk he trusted was Zionward, than from any cardinal detachment for her wealth or beauty. He accordingly sent up a file of the most pious men he had, picked fellows, with good psalm-singin' voices and strong noses, to request that John Graham would give them possession of the castle for a time, an' afterwards join them at prayers, as a proof that he was no royalist, but a friend to Crummlie an' the Commonwealth. Now, you see, the best of it was, that the very man they demanded this from was commonly denominated by the people as 'Gunpowder Jack,' in consequence of the great signification of his courage; an', besides, he was known to be a member of the Hell-fire Club, that no person could join that hadn't fought three duels, and killed at least one man; and in order to show that they regarded neither God nor hell, they were obligated to dip one hand in blood an' the other in fire, before they could be made members of the club. It's aisly to see, then, that Graham was not likely to quail before a handful of the very men he hated wid all the vociferation in his power, an' he accordingly put his head out of the windy, an' axed them their tergiversation for bein' there.

'Begone about your business,' he said; 'I owe you no regard. What brings you before the castle of a man who despises you? Don't think to determinate me, you canting rascals, for you can't. My castle's well provided wid men, an' ammunition, an' food; an' if you don't be off, I'll make you sing a different tune from a psalm one.' Begad he did, plump to them, out of the windy.

When Crummlie's men returned to Balgruntie in the mill, they related what had tuck place, an' he said that afther prayers he'd send a second message in writin', an' if it wasn't attended to, they'd put their trust in God an' storm the castle. The squadron he commanded was not a numerous one; an' as they had no artillery, an' were surrounded by enemies, the takin' of the castle, which was a strong one, might cost them some snuffication. At all events, Balgruntie was bent on makin' the attempt, especially afther he heard that the castle was well vittled, an' indeed he was meritously joined by his men, who piously licked their lips on hearin' of such glad tidings. Graham was a hot-headed man, without much ambidexterity or deliberation, otherwise he might have known that the bare minton of the beef an' mutton in his castle was only fit to make such a hungry pack desperate. But be that as it may, in a short time Balgruntie wrote him a letter, demandin' of him, in the name of Nolly Rednose an' the Commonwealth, to surrender the castle, or if not, that, ould as he was, he would make him as soople as a two-year-ould. Graham, afther readin' it, threw the letter back to the messengers wid a certain recommendation to Balgruntie regardin' it; but whether the same recommendation was followed up an' acted on so soon as he wished, historical retaliations do not inform.

On their return the military narrated to their commander the reception they resaved a second time from Graham, an' he then resolved to lay regular siege to the castle; but as he knew he could not readily take it by violence, he determined, as they say, to starve the garrison leisurely an' by degrees. But, first an' foremost, a thought struck him, an' he immediately called Sandy Saveall behind the mill-hopper, which he had now turned into a pulpit for the purpose of expoundin' the word, an' givin' exhortations to his men.

'Sandy,' said he, 'are you in a state of justification to-day?'

'Towards noon,' replied Sandy, 'I had some strong wristlings with the enemy; but I am able, under praise, to say that I defated him in three attacks, and I consequently feel my righteousness much recruited. I had some wholesome commandings with the miller's daughter, a comely lass, who may yet be recovered from the world, an' led out of the darkness of Aigry, by a word in season.'

'Well, Sandy,' replied the other, 'I lave her to your own instructions; there is another poor benighted maiden, who is also comely, up in the castle of that godless sinner, who belongeth to the Perdicion Club; an', indeed, Sandy, until he is somehow removed, I think there is little hope of plucking her like a brand out of the burning.'

He serenaded Sandy in the face as he spoke, an' then cast an extemporary glance at the musket, which was as much as to say 'can you translate an innivation?' Sandy concocted

a smilin' reply; an' takin' up the gun, rubbed the barrel, an' pattin' it as a sportsman would pat the neck of his horse or dog, wid reverence for comparin' the villain to either one or the other.

'If it was known, Sandy,' said Balgruntie, 'it would harden her heart against me; an' as he is hopeless at all events, bein' a member of that Perdicion Club—'

'True,' said Sandy, 'but you lave the miller's daughter to me?'

'I said so.'

'Well, if his removal will give you any consolidation in the matter, you may say no more.'

'I could not, Sandy, justify it to myself to take him away by open violence, for you know that I bear a conscience if any thing too tender and dissolute. Also I wish, Sandy, to preserve an undeniable reputation for humanity; an', besides, the daughter might become as reprobate as the father if she suspected me to be personally concerned in it. I have heard a good deal about him, an' am sensibly informed that he has been shot at twice before, by the sons, it is thought, of an enemy that he himself killed rather significantly in a duel.'

'Very well,' replied Sandy; 'I would myself feel scruples; but as both our consciences is touched in the business, I think I am justified. Indeed, captain, it is very likely afther all that we are but the mere instruments in it, an' that it is through us that this ould unrighteous sinner is to be removed by a more transcendent judgment.'

Begad, neighbours, when a rascal is bent on wickedness, it is aisly to find cogitations enough to back him in his villany. And so was it with Sandy Saveall and Balgruntie.

That evenin' ould Graham was shot through the head standin' in the windy of his own castle, an' to extenuate the suspicion of sich an act from Crummlie's men, Balgruntie himself went up the next day, beggin' very politely to have a friendly explanation with Squire Graham, sayin' that he had harsh orders, but that if the castle was peaceably delivered to him, he would, for the sake of the young lady, see that no injury should be offered either to her or her father.

The young lady, however, had the high drop in her, and becoveer the only answer he got was a flag of defiance. This nettled the villain, an' he found there was nothin' else for it but to plant a strong guard about the castle to keep all that was in, in—and all that was out, out.

In the mean time, the very appearance of the Crumwellians in the neighbourhood struck such terror into the people, that the country, which was then only very thinly inhabited, became quite deserted, an' for miles about the face of a human bein' could not be seen, barrin' their own, sich as they were. Crummlie's track was always a bloody one, an' the people knew that they were wise in puttin' the hills an' mountain passes between him an' them. The miller an' his daughter bein' encouraged by Sandy, staid principally for the sake of Miss Graham; but except them, there was not a man or woman in the barony to bid good-morrow to, or say Salvey Dominey. On the beginnin' of the third day, Balgruntie, who knew his officialities extremely well, an' had sent down a messenger to Dungannon to see whether matters were so bad as they had been reported, was delighted to hear that O'Neill had disappeared from the neighbourhood. He immediately informed Crummlie of this, and told him that he had laid siege to one of the leadin' passes of the north, an' that, by gettin' possession of the two castles of Aughentain and Augher, he could keep O'Neill in check, and command that part of the country. Nolly approved of this, an' ordered him to proceed, but was sorry that he could send him no assistance at present; however, said he, 'with a good cause, sharp swords, an' aid from above, there is no fear of us.'

They now set themselves to take the castle in airnest. Balgruntie an' Sandy understood one another, an' not a day passed that some one wasn't dropped in it. As soon as ever a face appeared, pop went the deadly musket, an' down fell the corpse of whoever it was aimed at. Miss Graham herself was spared for good reasons, but in the coorse of ten or twelve days she was nearly alone. Ould Graham, though a man that feared nothing, was only guilty of a profound swagger when he reported the strength of the castle and the state of the provisions to Balgruntie an' his crew. But above all things, that which eclipsed their distresses was the want of water. There was none in the castle, an' although there is a beautiful well beside it, yet, *fareer gair*, it was of small responsibility to them. Here, then, was the poor young lady placed at the marcy of her father's murderer; for however



she might have doubted in the beginnin' that he was shot by the Crumwellians, yet the death of nearly all the servants of the house in the same way was a sufficient proof that it was like mather like man in this case. What, however, was to be done? The whole garrison now consisted only of Miss Graham herself, a fat man cook advanced in years, who danced in his distress in order that he might suck his own perspiration, and a little orphan boy that she tucked under her protection. It was a hard case, an' yet, God bless her, she held out like a man.

It's an ould sayin' that there's no tyin' up the tongue of Fame, an' it's also a true one. The account of the siege had gone far an' near in the country, an' none of the Irish, no matter what they were who ever heard it, but wor sorry. Sandy Saveall was now the devil an' all. As there was no more in the castle to shoot, he should find something to regenerate his hand upon: for instance, he practised upon three or four of Graham's friends, who under one pretence or other were seen skulkin' about the castle, an' none of their relations durst come to take away their bodies in order to bury them. At length things came to that pass, that poor Miss Graham was at the last gasp for something to drink; she had ferreted out as well as she could a drop of moisture here an' there in the damp corners of the castle, but now all that was gone; the fat cook had sucked himself to death, and the little orphan boy died calmly away a few hours after him, lavin' the helpless lady with a tongue swelled an' furred, and a mouth parched and burned, for want of drink. Still the blood of the Grahams was in her, and yield she would not to the villain that left her as she was. Sich then was the transparency of her situation, when, happening to be on the battlements to catch, if possible, a little of the dew of heaven, she was surprised to see something flung up, which rolled down towards her feet: she lifted it, an' on examinin' the contents, found it to be a stone covered with a piece of brown paper, inside which was a slip of white, containing the words, 'Endure—relief is near you!' But, poor young lady, of what retrospection could these tidings be to one in her situation?—she could scarcely see to read them; her brain was dizzy, her mouth like a cinder, her tongue swelled an' black, an' her breath felt as hot as a furnace. She could barely breathe, an' was in the very act of lyin' down under the triumphant air of heaven to die, when she heard the shrill voice of a young kid in the castle yard, and immediately remembered that a brown goat which her lover, a gentleman named Simpson, had, when it was a kid, made her a present of, remained in the castle about the stable during the whole siege. She instantly made her way slowly down stairs, got a bowl, and havin' milked the goat, she took a little of the milk, which I need not asseverate at once relieved her. By this means she recovered, an' findin' no further anticipation from druth, she resolved like a hairo to keep the Crumwellians out, an' to wait till either God or man might lend her a helpin' hand.

Now, you must know that the miller's purty daughter had also a sweetheart called *Suil Gair* Maguire, or sharp-eye'd Maguire, an humble branch of the great Maguires of Ennis-killen; an' this same Suil Gair was servant an' foster-brother to Simpson, who was the intended husband of Miss Graham. Simpson, who lived some miles off, on hearin' the condition of the castle, gathered together all the royalists far an' near; an' as Crummle was honestly hated by both Romans an' Prodestans, faith, you see, Maguire himself promised to send a few of his followers to the rescue. In the mean time, Suil Gair dressed himself up like a fool or idiot, an' under the pertuction of the miller's daughter, who blarried Saveall in great style, was allowed to wandher about an' joke wid the sogers; but especially he took a fancy to Sandy, and challenged him to put one stone out of five in one of the port-holes of the castle, at a match of finger-stone. Sandy, who was nearly as famous at that as the musket, was rather relaxed when he saw that Suil Gair could at least put in every second stone, an' that he himself could hardly put one in out of twenty. Well, at all events it was durin' their sport that fool Paddy, as they called him, contrived to fling the scrap of writin' I spoke of across the battlements at all chances; for when he undhertook to go to the castle, he gave up his life as lost; but he didn't care about that, set in case he was able to save either his foster-brother or Miss Graham. But this is not at all indispensable, for it is well known that many a foster-brother sacrificed his life the same way, and in cases of great danger, when the real brother would beg to decline the compliment,

Things were now in a very connubial state entirely. Balgruntie heard that relief was comin' to the castle, an' what to do he did not know; there was little time to be lost, however, an' smethin' must be done. He praiched flowery discourses twice a-day from the mill-hopper, an' sang psalms for grace to be directed in his righteous intentions; but as yet he derived no particular predilection from either. Sandy appeared to have got a more bountiful modelum of grace than his captain, for he succeeded at last in bringin' the miller's daughter to sit under the word at her father's hopper. Fool Paddy, as they called Maguire, had now become a great favourite wid the sogers, an' as he provd to be quite harmless and inoffensive, they let him run about the place widout opposition. The castle, to be sure, was still guarded, but Miss Graham kept her heart up in consequence of the note, for she hoped every day to get relief from her friends. Balgruntie, now seein' that the miller's daughter was becomin' more serious under the taichin' of Saveall, formed a plan that he thought might enable him to penetrate the castle, an' bear off the lady an' the money. This was to strive wid very delicate meditation to prevail on the miller's daughter, through the renown that he thought Sandy had over her, to open a correspondency wid Miss Graham; for he knew that if one of the gates was unlocked, and the unsuspectin' girl let in, the whole squadron would soon be in after her. Now, this plan was the more dangerous to Miss Graham, because the miller's daughter had intended to bring about the very same denouncement for a different purpose. Between her friend an' her enemies it was clear the poor lady had little chance; an' it was Balgruntie's intention, the moment he had sequestered her and the money, to make his escape, an' lave the castle to whosomever might choose to take it. Things, however, were ordered to take a different bereavement: the Hog of Cupar was to be trapped in the hydrostatics of his own hypocrisy, an' Saveall to be overmatched in his own premises. Well, the plot was mentioned to Sandy, who was promised a good sketch of the prog; an' as it was just the very thing he dreamt about night an' day, he snapped at it as a hungry dog would at a sheep's trotter. That night the miller's daughter—whose name I may as well say was Nannie Duffy, the purtiest girl an' the sweetest singer that ever was in the country—was to go to the castle an' tell Miss Graham that the sogers wor all gone, Crummle killed, an' his whole army massacrayed to atoms. This was a different plan from poor Nannie's, who now saw clearly what they were at. But never heed a woman for bein' witty when hard pushed.

'I don't like to do it,' said she, 'for it looks like thrachery, espially as my father has left the neighbourhood, and I don't know where he is gone to; an' you know thrachery's on-dancin' in either man or woman. Still, Sandy, it goes hard for me to refuse one that I—I—well, I wish I knew where my father is—I would like to know what he'd think of it.'

'Hut,' said Sandy, 'where's the use of such scruples in a good cause?—when we get the money, we'll fly. It is principally for the sake of wainin' you an' her from the darkness of idolatry that we do it. Indeed, my conscience would not rest well if I let a soul an' body like yours remain a prey to Sathan, my darlin'.'

'Well,' said she, 'does'nt the captain exhort this evenin'?

'He does, my beloved, an' with a blessin' will expound a few verses from the Song of Solomon.'

'It's better then,' said she, 'to sit under the word, an' perhaps some light may be given to us.'

This delighted Saveall's heart, who now looked upon pretty Nannie as his own; indeed, he was obliged to go gradually and cautiously to work, for cruel though Nolly Rednose was, Sandy knew that if any violent act of that kind should raich him, the guilty party would sup sorrow. Well, accordin' to this pious arrangement, Balgruntie assembled all his men who were not on duty about the hopper, in which he stood as usual, an' had commenced a powerful exhortation, the substratum of which was devoted to Nannie; he dwelt upon the happiness of religious love; said that scruples were often suggested by Satan, an' that a heavenly duty was but terrestrial when put in comparison wid an earthly one. He also made collusion to the old Squire that was popped by Sandy; said it was often a judgment for the wicked man to die in his sins: an' was gettin' on wid great eloquence an' emulation, when a low rumblin' noise was heard, an' Balgruntie, throwin' up his clenched hands an' grindin' his teeth, shouted out, 'Hell and d—n, I'll be ground to death! The mill's goin' on! Murder! murder! I'm gone!' Faith, it was true enough



—she had been wickedly set a-goin' by some one; an' before they had time to stop her, the Hog of Cupar had the feet and legs twisted off him before their eyes—a fair illustration of his own doctrine, that it is often a judgment for the wicked man to die in his sins. When the mill was stopped, he was pulled out, but didn't live twenty minutes, in consequence of the loss of blood. Time was pressin', so they ran up a shell of a coffin, and tumbled it into a pit that was hastily dug for it on the mill-common.

This, however, by no manner of manes relieved poor Nannie from her difficulty, for Saveall, finding himself now first in command, determined not to lose a moment in tolerating his plan upon the castle.

'You see,' said he, 'that a way is opened for us that we didn't expect; an' let us not close our eyes to the light that has been given, lest it might be suddenly taken from us again. In this instance I suspect that fool Paddy has been made the chosen instrument; for it appears upon inquiry that he too has disappeared. However, heaven's will be done! we will have the more to ourselves, my beloved—ehem! It is now dark, he proceeded, 'so I shall go an' take my usual smoke at the mill window, an' in about a quarter of an hour I'll be ready.'

'But I'm all in a tremor after sich a frightful accident,' replied Nannie: 'an' I want to get a few minutes' quiet before we engage upon our undbertakin.'

This was very natural, and Saveall accordingly took his usual seat at a little windy in the gable of the mill, that faced the miller's house; an' from the way the bench was fixed, he was obliged to sit with his face exactly towards the same direction. There we leave him meditat'in' upon his own righteous approximations, till we folly *Suil Gair* Maguire, or fool Paddy, as they called him, who practicated all that was done.

Maguire and Nannie, findin' that no time was to be lost, gave all over as ruined, unless somethin' could be acted on quickly. *Suil Gair* at once thought of settin' the mill a-goin', but kept the plan to himself, any further than tellin' her not to be surprised at any thing she might see. He then told her to steal him a gun, but if possible to let it be Saveall's, as he knew it could be depended on. 'But I hope you won't shed any blood if you can avoid it,' said she; 'that I don't like.' 'Tut,' replied *Suil Gair*, makin' evasion to the question, 'it's good to have it about me for my own defence.'

He could often have shot either Balgruntie or Saveall in daylight, but not without certain death to himself, as he knew that escape was impossible. Besides, time was not before so pressin' upon them, an' every day relief was expected. Now, however, that relief was so near—for Simpson with a party of royalists an' Maguire's men must be within a couple of hours' journey—it would be too intrinsic entirely to see the castle plundered, and the lady carried off by such a long-legged skyhill as Saveall. Nannie consequentially, at great risk, took an opportunity of slipping his gun to *Suil Gair*, who was the best shot of the day in that or any other part of the country; and it was in consequence of this that he was called *Suil Gair*, or Sharp Eye. But, indeed, all the Maguires were famous shots; an' I'm tould there's one of them now in Dublin that could hit a pigeon's egg or a silver sixpence at the distance of a hundred yards.\* *Suil Gair* did not merely raise the sluice when he set the mill a-goin', but he whipped it out altogether an' threw it into the dam, so that the possibility of saving the Hog of Cupar was irretrievable. He made off, however, an' threw himself among the tall ragweeds that grew upon the common, till it got dark, when Saveall, as was his custom, should take his evenin' smoke at the windy. Here he sat for some period, thinkin' over many ruminations, before he lit his cutty pipe, as he called it.

'Now,' said he to himself, 'what is there to hinder me from takin' away, or rather from makin' sure of the grand lassie, instead of the miller's daughter? If I get intil the castle, it can be soon effected; for if she has any regard for her reputation, she will be quiet. I'm a braw handsome lad enough, a wee thought high in the cheek bones, soaly in the skin, an' knock-kneed a trifle, but stout an' lathy, an' tough as a withy. But, again, what is to be done wi Nannie? Hut, she's but a miller's daughter, an' may be disposed of if she gets troublesome. I know she's fond of me, but I dinna blame her for that. However, it wadna become me now to entertain scruples, seein' that the way is made so plain for me. But, save us! eh, sirs, that was an awful death, an' very like

\* The celebrated Brian Maguire, the first shot of his day, was at this time living in Dublin.

a judgment on the Hog of Cupar! It is often a judgment for the wicked to die in their sins! Balgruntie wasna that!—Whatever he intended to say further, cannot be analogized by man, for, just as he had uttered the last word, which he did while holding the candle to his pipe, the bullet of his own gun entered between his eyes, and the next moment he was a corpse.

*Suil Gair* deserved the name he got, for truer did never bullet go to the mark from Saveall's own aim than it did from his. There is now little more to be superadded to my story. Before daybreak the next mornin', Simpson came to the relief of his intended wife; Crummle's party was surprised; taken, an' cut to pieces; an' it so happened that from that day to this the face of a soger belongin' to him was never seen near the mill or castle of Aughentain, with one exception only, and that was this:—You all know that the mill is often heard to go at night when nobody sets her a-goin', an' that the most seven-dable screams of torture come out of the hopper, an' that when any one has the courage to look in, they're sure to see a man dressed like a soger, with a white mealy face, in the act, so to say, of havin' his legs ground off him. Many a guess was made about who the spirit could be, but all to no purpose. There, however, is the truth for yez; the spirit that shrieks in the hopper is Balgruntie's ghost, an' he's to be ground that way till the day of judgment.

Be coorse, Simpson and Miss Graham were married, as war Nannie Duffy an' *Suil Gair*; an' if they all lived long an' happy, I wish we may all live ten times longer an' happier; an' so we will, but in a better world than this, please God.

'Well, but, Tom,' said Gordon, 'how does that account for my name, which you said you'd tell me?'

'Right,' said Tom; 'begad I was near forgettin' it. Why, you see, sich was their veneration for the goat that was the manes, undher God, of savin' Miss Graham's life, that they changed the name of Simpson to Gordon, which signifies in Irish *gor dhan*, or a brown goat, that all their posterity might know the great obligations they lay undher to that reverend animal.'

'An' do you mane to tell me,' said Gordon, 'that my name was never heard of until Oliver Crummle's time?'

'I do. Never in the wide an' subterraneous earth was sich a name known till after the prognostication I tould you; an' it never would either, only for the goat, sure. I can prove it by the pathepathetics. Denny Mullin, will you give us another draw o' the pipe?'

Tom's authority in these matters was unquestionable, and, besides, there was no one present learned enough to contradict him, with any chance of success, before such an audience. The argument was consequently, without further discussion, decided in his favour, and Gordon was silenced touching the origin and etymology of his own name.

This legend we have related as nearly as we can remember in Tom's words. We may as well, however, state at once that many of his legends were woefully deficient in authenticity, as indeed those of most countries are. Nearly half the Irish legends are *ex post facto* or *postliminious*. There is no record, for instance, that Oliver Cromwell ever saw the castle of Aughentain, or that any such event as that narrated by Tom ever happened in or about it. It is much more likely that the story, if ever there was any truth in it, is of Scotch origin, as indeed the names would seem to import. There is no doubt, however, that the castle of Aughentain, which is now in the possession of a gentleman named Browne we think, was once the property of a family called Graham. In our boyhood there was a respectable family of that name living in its immediate vicinity, but we know not whether they are the descendants of those who owned the castle or not.

## THE HERRING.—SECOND ARTICLE.

### THE FISHERY.

HAVING given in a former number some account of the natural history of this valuable little creature, we now proceed, in accordance with our promise, to give a description of the various modes of taking and curing it; and as the Dutch were the first to see the importance, and devote themselves to the improvement, of the herring fishery, we shall commence with them.

So early as the year 1307, the Dutch had turned their attention to this subject; and lest any of our more thoughtless or less informed readers should deem the matter one of secondary consideration, or probably of even less, we shall lay before them some statistical accounts of the Dutch fisher-

ies, extracted from returns of the census of the States-General, taken in the year 1669. In that year the total amount of population was 2,400,000.

Of whom were employed as fishermen, and in equipping fishermen with their boats, tackle, conveying of salt, &c. ....	450,000
Employed in the navigation of ships in foreign trade, .....	250,000
Shipwrights, handicraftsmen, and manufacturers, .....	650,000
Inland fishermen, agriculturists, and labourers, ...	200,000
Gentry, statesmen, soldiers, and inhabitants in general, ... ..	890,000

Total, 2,400,000

Thus nearly a fifth of the population of Holland was entirely engaged in and supported by the herring and deep-sea fishery, and thus arose the saying that "the foundations of Amsterdam were laid on herring bones;" and hence did De Witt assert that "Holland derived her main support from the herring fishery, and that it ought to be considered as the right arm of the republic."

Before Holland was humbled upon the seas, and whilst she was at the pinnacle of her prosperity, she had ten thousand sail of shipping, with 168,000 mariners, afloat. Of these no less than 6400 vessels, with 112,000 mariners, were employed in and connected with the herring fishery alone, "although the country itself affords them neither materials, nor victual, nor merchandise, to be accounted of, towards their setting forth." When we come to the subject of curing, we shall take occasion to point out the modes by which the Dutch attained their excellence, and established this surprising trade: but at present we have but to describe their manner of fishing.

The GREAT FISHERY commences on the 24th of June, and terminates on the 31st of December, and is carried on in the latitudes of Shetland and Edinburgh, and on the coast of Great Britain, with strong-decked vessels called busses, manned by fourteen or fifteen men, and well supplied with casks, salt, nets, and every material requisite for catching and curing at sea. Each buss has generally fifty, and must not have less than forty nets of 32 fathoms in length each, 8 fathoms in depth, and a buoy-rope of 8 fathoms; an empty barrel less than a herring barrel is attached to each buoy-rope. This fleet of nets, as it is called, is divided by buoys into four parts, by which their position is marked and their taking in facilitated; the buoys at the extreme ends are painted white, with the owners' and vessels' names upon them. By the Dutch fishery laws it is provided that the yarn of the nets must be of good unmixed Dutch or Baltic hemp, which must be inspected before use by sworn surveyors; the yarn must be well spun; and each full net, or fourth part of a fleet, must be 740 meshes in length and 68 in depth, and the nets must be inspected and marked before they can be used.

The Dutch always shoot their nets, that is, cast them into the sea, at sunset, and take them in before sunrise. In shooting them they cast them to windward, so that the wind may prevent the vessel from coming upon them. The whole of the nets are attached to four strong ropes joined to each other, and are taken in by means of the capstan, to which four or five men attend, whilst four more shake out the fish.

The SMALL FISHERY, or fresh-herring fishery, is carried on to the east of Yarmouth in deep water, with flat-bottomed vessels without keels, so formed for the purpose of being run ashore in any convenient place.

It is forbidden by the 15th and 16th articles of the Dutch fishery laws to gut the herrings taken by the small fishery either at sea or ashore, under pain of one month's imprisonment, and a fine of five guilders for every hundred herrings, as well as the confiscation of the herrings, unless special permission has been obtained from the king, at the request of the States.

The PAN FISHERY is carried on in the rivers, inland seas, and on the coast of Holland, within three miles of the shore.

The same prohibition, under similar penalties, that exists against curing fish taken in the small fishery, extends to this.

We have given the first place to the Dutch in this account, in consequence of their having been the first to see the importance of the fishery, but they take the lead no longer; the English and Scotch have successfully rivalled them in curing, and for the quantity taken during the season the Norwegians surpass all others. The Norwegian is a wholesale fishery, every description of ship and boat being in demand. They have curing stations on shore, to which the boats bring the

fish as fast as they are caught; and there are large vessels with barrels and salt lying out amongst the fishers, buying from those who do not wish to lose time by going ashore. Every description of net, as well as every sort of vessel, is in requisition: some fishing at anchor, some sailing, and others hauling their seines on shore, but the grand method is as follows:—

An immense range of nets with very small meshes, so small as to prevent the herrings from fastening in them, is extended round a shoal of fish, and gradually moved towards some creek or narrow inlet of the sea. The nets are drawn close and made fast across the entrance, and the enormous body of herrings thus crowded up into a narrow space is taken out and cured at leisure. This mode of fishing is called a "lock."

The following passage from a letter written by a gentleman who witnessed the fishery near Hitteroe, to Mr Mitchell of Leith, will give our readers some idea of its extent:—

"On the other side of the Sound we saw what is termed a *lock*, that is, several nets joined together, forming a bar before a small bay, into which the herrings were crowded. In this place there were several thousand barrels of herrings, so compactly confined together that an oar could stand up in the mass. There were in the neighbourhood of Hitteroe altogether about four or five thousand nets, and about two thousand boats and vessels; and there were caught, according to the opinion of several intelligent persons, this day (24th January 1833), not less than ten thousand barrels."

The entire quantity taken on the coast of Norway during the fall of 1832 and the spring of 1833 was estimated at 680,000 barrels, which was considered to be a fair average take.

We come now to the home fishery, in which Yarmouth takes the lead in the size of vessels and magnitude of tackle employed. The fishing is carried on by the Yarmouth men in decked vessels called "luggers," from 20 to 30 tons burthen, having three masts, and rigged with three lugsails, topsails, mizen, foresail, and jib: the crew of the largest consisting of twelve men and a boy, who are paid according to the quantity of fish caught. Each ordinary vessel carries two hundred nets of 48 feet in length and 30 in depth, each having meshes of 1 inch or 1½ inch, as usual in herring nets. Of these nets they shoot one hundred at a time, reserving the other hundred for cases of accident or mishap. When launched, each net is attached by two seizings of 1½ inch rope, having a depth of 18 feet, to a four-stranded (generally 4 inch) warp of 3600 feet in length; this warp is made fast to a rope from the bow of the vessel, which in stormy weather can be let out to ease the strain, to the extent of 100 fathoms, or 600 feet. For each net there are two buoys (4-gallon barrels) made fast to the warp, and there are four buoys besides, to mark the distances, two for the quarter and three-quarter stations, painted red and white quarterly, one for the half distance or middle of the fleet, painted half red and half white, and one for the extremity, painted all white; each of them has painted on it the names of the ship, master, owner, and port, in order that they may be restored in case of breaking away during bad weather; and so good an understanding exists upon this subject amongst the fishermen, that the nets are always restored by the finder to the owner upon payment of only 1s. for each net; and no one must suffer a stray net to drift away; if seen, it must be taken in. This fishery commences in the beginning of October, and lasts little more than two months. The nets are shot after the Dutch fashion, at sunset; but if the appearances are favourable, they are taken in once or twice during the night, and again at sun-rise. 100 barrels of herrings are frequently taken by these nets at a single haul, and 600 barrels may be considered as a fair average fishing for one vessel during the season. The number of decked vessels employed at Yarmouth alone in the fishery is about 500.

Next, and likely from its steady increase soon to become the first, is the Scotch fishery.

Like the Norwegian, every description of boat and net is to be found employed amongst the Scottish islands, but the most regularly employed vessels are open undecked boats, of 26 to 32 feet in length, or thereabouts, and 9 to 11 feet in breadth, usually rigged with two masts and two sails. They have on board from twelve to thirty nets of from 150 to 186 feet in length each, and from 20 to 31 feet in depth.

From the Report by the Commissioners of the British Herring Fishery, of the fishery of 1838, year ending 5th April 1839, it appears that there were then engaged in the fishery 11,357 boats, decked and undecked, throughout England and

Scotland, manned by 50,238 men and boys, and employing 85,573 persons in all, including coopers, packers, curers, and labourers.

Of the entire number of vessels, about 9000 belonged to Scottish ports.

The entire quantity of herrings exported amounted to 239,730½ barrels, of which 195,301 barrels were Scotch; and of those exported, 149,926 barrels were sent to and disposed of in Ireland.

The entire quantity of herrings taken by Scottish boats, and cured both for home use and exportation, was 495,589 barrels; the total by English and Scotch 555,559½ barrels; but this return does not include the Yarmouth fishery, the herrings there being always smoked, or made into what are called *red herrings*.

We need not describe the Prussian and other methods, as they resemble some one or other of those already mentioned. Come we now to our own, which we have purposely reserved to the last.

Amongst the fishermen of Ireland, the men of Kinsale have long been the admitted leaders; and the Kinsale hookers are celebrated throughout the nautical world as among the best sea-boats that ever weathered a gale. They are half-decked vessels, with one mast, carrying a fore and aft mainsail, foresail, and jib, and are usually manned by four men and a boy. They are seldom used in the herring fishery, being for the most part confined to the deep-sea line fishery upon the Nymph bank, where cod, ling, hake, haddock, turbot, plaice, &c, abound in such quantity that many persons affirm it to be second only to the banks of Newfoundland. But the usual mode of fishing for herrings, and which is adopted all along the south, south-west, and west coast of Ireland, especially at Valencia and Kenmare, is with the deep-sea seine. This is formed sometimes for the express purpose, but frequently by a subscription of nets. Fifteen men bring a drift-net each, 20 fathoms or 120 feet in length, and 5 fathoms or 30 feet in depth; these are all joined together, five nets in length, and three in depth, so that the whole seine is 600 feet in length and 90 feet in depth, with a cork-rope (that is, a rope having large pieces of cork attached to it at intervals) at the top, and leaden sinkers attached to the foot-rope, which unites all the nets at the bottom. Two warps of 60 fathoms each are requisite, and there are brails (small half-inch ropes) attached to the foot-rope, which are of use to haul upon, in order to purse up the net and prevent the fish from escaping.

The seine is shot from a boat whilst it is being pulled round the shoal of fish. All having been thrown over, the warp is hauled upon until the net is brought into ten fathoms' depth of water, when the brails and foot-rope are hauled in, and the fish is tucked into the largest boat. In this manner 80,000 to 100,000 herrings (about 100 barrels) may be taken at a haul. But where the people are too poor to supply themselves with nets or boats, many contrivances are made use of. For boats, the *curragh*, made of wicker and covered with a horse's skin, or canvass pitched, is used, and often even this cannot be had; sometimes the people load a horse with the nets, mount him and swim him out, shooting the nets from his back; and for nets, in many places, the people use their sheets, blankets, and quilts, which they subscribe and sew together, often to the number of sixty, and the fish thus taken are divided in due proportion amongst the subscribers.

After the foreign statistics which we have laid before our readers, they will doubtless expect us to inform them how many vessels and what number of hands are now employed in the Irish fishery. This, however, we are unable to do. The Commissioners of the Herring Fishery have their jurisdiction confined to Scotland and England, almost exclusively to Scotland, the fishery of which is thriving under their fostering care in a most surprising manner. By their judicious attention to the encouragement of careful curing, and the distribution of small aids in money to poor fishermen, the number of boats employed in 1839 exceeded that of the former year by 78; and the progressive increase in the fishery is fully exemplified by the following table, showing the quantity of herrings cured during the five years preceding the return now before us:—

Year 1835	...	...	277,317 barrels.
... 1836	...	...	497,614½ ...
... 1837	...	...	397,829½ ...
... 1838	...	...	507,774½ ...
... 1839	...	...	555,559½ ...

By this table it appears that the Scotch fishery has doubled its amount in five years, without any description of bounty being given. It may, however, be as well to state, before concluding this paper, that it appears, by the Reports of the Irish Commissioners, whose sittings terminated in the year 1830, that during the time that Ireland possessed a Fishery Board, the number of persons employed in the fishery had more than doubled. At the time of the first appointment of Commissioners of Irish Fisheries in 1819, the number of men employed was estimated at 30,000. By the first return which they could venture to pronounce accurate, being for the year ending 5th April 1822, the number was 36,192 men; 5th April 1823, the number was 44,892 men, being an increase of 8,700; at 5th April 1824, the number was 49,448, being an increase on the preceding year of 4556; 5th April 1825, the number was 52,482, being an increase on the preceding year of 3034; and the numbers went on regularly progressing every year during the existence of the Board, until its termination, as the following extract from the last Report will best exhibit. It is for the year 1830, at which time the bounty had been reduced to one shilling per barrel:—

“The Commissioners have still the gratification to find, from the returns made by the local inspectors, that the number of fishermen still continues to experience a yearly increase. The gross amount, as taken from the returns of the preceding year, was 63,421 men. The gross amount, as taken from the returns of the present year, is 64,771 men, being an increase on the past year of 1350 men.”

By the same report it appeared that the number of decked vessels was 345; tonnage 9810; men 2147—half-decked vessels 769; tonnage 9457; men 3852—row-boats 9522; men 46,212.

The quantity of herrings cured for bounty in the year ending 5th April 1830, was 16,855 barrels, the bounty on which was £842 15s.

The tonnage bounty paid to vessels engaged in the cod and ling fishery was £829 10s; and the bounty on cured cod, &c. was £960.

There is not in the reports that we have seen any attempt at estimating the quantity of herrings caught, which is somewhat extraordinary, considering the accuracy with which the number of fishermen, curers, coopers, &c, was ascertained; but the quantity cured is given above.

Whilst, however, the number of fishermen employed in the fisheries generally, increased so very considerably during the period that the Irish Fishery Board was in operation, it is an extraordinary, and to us inexplicable fact, that the quantity of herrings cured for bounty in any one season never exceeded 16,855 barrels, so that even the high bounty of 4s per barrel was not sufficient to induce the Irish fishermen to cure their herrings in a proper manner. In short, the fishery board, in so far as the primary object of its formation was concerned, totally inoperative, and the people of this country were as dependent then as now upon the Scotch curers for the requisite supply of the staple luxury of the poorer classes.

It is impossible to say to what extent the fisheries may have fallen off, if at all, in Ireland, since the abolition of the fishery board; but as the quantity of salted herrings imported into Ireland from Scotland has not materially increased since, it may be presumed that as many herrings are caught and cured now as at any former period.

The alleged decline of the Irish fisheries has by many been attributed entirely to the withdrawal of the bounties and the fishery board. But when we consider the exceedingly trifling amount of bounty paid on herrings in any one year, the discontinuance of so small a sum as £842 15s 7d (the amount in 1829-30) could not possibly have any perceptible influence upon a branch of industry which gave employment to 75,366 persons.

Nor could the discontinuance of the grants made for harbours and small loans to poor fishermen have produced any material influence upon the fisheries, as the total amount advanced in ten years for these two objects was only £39,508 18s 2d, or less than £4000 a year.

There is then but one other point of view in which the withdrawal of the fishery board could have operated injuriously, namely, the absence of that supervision and authority in regulating the fisheries which the officers of the board exercised to a certain extent, and which in our opinion ought to have been continued.

The various modes of curing herrings will form the subject of a future article.

## CASTLECOR, A REVERIE,

BY J. U. U.

Ancient oaks of Castlecor,  
Which the wreck of weathery war,  
Summer's sun or winter blast,  
Chance and change still sweeping past,  
Still have left thus hoar and high  
While the world hath fleetly by.

Many a race of pride hath run,  
Many a field been lost and won;  
Many a day of shame and glory  
Past into the dream of story,  
Since the spring time of your birth  
Revelled on this ancient earth.

Well your crown of age ye wear—  
High upon this noon-day air,  
Broadly waving in the light,  
Thicket tufts of verdure bright;  
While, beneath, your massive shade  
Sleeps upon the ferny glade.

Where the summer sunbeam plays  
O'er the long-drawn leafy ways,  
Down through tremulous gleams of green,  
On some spot at distance seen;  
Where the foliage opens brightly,  
If the fallow-deer bound lightly:

Well the swiftly passing gleam  
Mingles into fancy's dream,  
See in shadowy light appear  
Some old hunter of the deer,  
Through the stillness of the wood,  
Bent in listening attitude;  
Then amid the haunted glade  
Melt away in distant shade.

Were not life as brief and frail  
As a gossip's idle tale,  
What eventful hours might be  
Here recalled to memory!

Straight upon the visioned sight,  
Through the rifts of leafy light,  
Where you verdurous dusk disparts,  
What strange cloud of blackness starts

'Tis the grin: and gloomy hold;  
Which ruled here in days of old,  
Leaving a name where once it stood:  
'Tis the "castle in the wood."

Lo! from parapet and tower  
Frowns the pride of ancient power—  
Lo! from out the cullised port  
Pours the storm of raid or sport;  
Haughty eye and ruthless hand  
Iron chief and ruthless band;  
Well the robber chief I know,  
Tracked by many a home of woe.  
Onward bound; nor far behind  
Swells a murmur on the wind—  
From his kerne and lowering prey,  
Pride of pastures far away.  
Hither bound from foray rude,  
To his "castle in the wood."  
Still the pageant nears—but lo!  
Fancy shifts the gliding show,  
To a sight of gayer mood.

On free air in sunshine glancing,  
See a jovial train advancing,  
Bright hous'd steed and palfrey prancing.  
Horn and hound and hawk are there,  
Spear and scarf, and mantle fair,  
Sport and jest, and laughter gay,  
Shout and jolly hark away!  
On the glittering pageant streams,  
Vanishing in golden gleams.

Next across the shadowy lawn,  
Cowed and cinctured form glides on  
With ruddy cheek though solemn gear,  
Full glad it seems of journey done,  
That started with the rising sun,  
And confident of jovial cheer;  
Such never yet was wanting here.

Who follows fast, with footstep light,  
And eye of fire, and garment white?  
O, now the child of song I know,  
For the sun on his tuneful harp is bright!  
And free on the wind his long locks flow—  
O! glad will they be in yon halls below.

But all is gone—one sober glance  
Hath whirled in air the fitful trance;  
The visioned wood that fanc' ranged,  
Is still a wood, but O, how changed!

Ancient Power's, barbaric sway,  
Iron deeds have passed away—  
Superstition's gloomy hour,  
With the tyrant's feudal power—  
All have passed!—and in their stead,  
Piety with reverent head,  
Sense, and mild humanity,  
Polished hospitality,  
Taste that spreads improvement round,  
On the old paternal ground;  
And without its blood and crime,  
Keeps the grace of elder time.

## SCRAPS FROM THE NORTHERN SCRIP.

[The following specimens of the Icelandic Sagas have been closely translated for the Irish Penny Journal, from the publications of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen.]

## NO. I.—KING OLAVE AND THE DEVIL.

AND NOW the enemy of the whole human race, the devil himself, saw how his kingdom began to be laid waste, he who always persecutes human nature, and he saw how much on the other hand God's kingdom prospered and increased; thereat he now felt great envy, and he puts on the human form, because he could so much the more easily deceive men, if he looked like a man himself. It so happened that King Olave was on a visit at Egvald's Ness,\* about the anniversary of our Lord Jesus Christ's nativity; and as all were regularly seated in the evening, and preparatious were making for the drinking bout, and they were waiting until the royal table should be covered, there came an old one-eyed man into the hall with a silk hat on his head; he was very talkative, and could relate divers kinds of things; he was led forward before the king, who asked him the news, to which he replied, that he could relate various matters about the ancient kings and their battles. The king asked whether he knew who Egvald was, he whom the Ness was called after. He answered, "He dwelt here on the Ness, and dearly loved a cow, so that she would follow him wherever he led her, and he would drink her milk; and therefore people that love cattle say that man and cow shall go together. This king fought many a battle, and once he strove with the king of Skorestrand; in that battle fell many a man, and there fell also King Egvald, and he was afterwards buried aloft here on the Ness, and his barrow will be found here a little way from the house; in the other barrow lies the cow." The drinking bout was now held according to usage, and all the diversions that had been appointed. Afterwards many went away to sleep. Then the king had that old man called to him, and he sat on the footstool by the king's bed, and the king asked him about many matters, which he explained well, and like an experienced man. And when he had related much and explained many things well, the king became constantly the more desirous to hear him; he therefore staid awake a great part of the night, and continued to ask him about many things. At last the bishop reminded him in a few words that the king should stop speaking with the man; but the king thought he had related a part, but that another was still wanting. Far in the night, however, the king at last fell asleep, but awoke soon after, and asked whether the stranger was awake; he did not answer. The king said to the watchers that they should lead him up, but he was not found. The king then stood up, had his cupbearer and cook called to him, and asked whether any unknown man had gone to them when they were preparing the guest-chamber. The head cook said, "There came a little while ago, sire, a man to us, and said to me, as I was preparing the meat for a savoury dish for you, 'Why do you prepare such meat for the king's table as choice food for him, which is so lean?' I told him then to get me some fatter and better meat, if he had any such. He said, 'Come with me, and I will show you some fat and good meat, which is fit for a king's table.' And he led me to a house, and showed me two sides of very fat flesh; and this have I prepared for you, sire!" The king now saw it was a wile of the devil, and said to the cook, "Take that meat now, and cast it into the sea, that none may eat thereof; and if any one tastes of it, he will quickly die. But whom do you suppose that devil to have been, the stranger guest?" "We know not," said they, "who it is." The king said, "I believe that devil took upon himself Odin's form." According to the king's command the meat was carried out, and cast into the sea; but the stranger was nowhere found, and search was made for him round about the Ness, according to the king's commandment.—From *Olave Tryggvason's Saga*.

\* The Norse word which becomes *ness* as the termination of several British localities, and *the Ness* in our maps of Norway, means "promontory" (literally "nose") and must not be confounded with *The Ness* in the county of Londonderry, which is in Irish "the waterfall."



# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



## THE IRISH PROPHECY MAN.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

THE individual to whom the heading of this article is uniformly applied, stands among the lower classes of his countrymen in a different light and position from any of those previous characters that we have already described to our readers. The intercourse which they maintain with the people is one that simply involves the means of procuring subsistence for themselves by the exercise of their professional skill, and their powers of contributing to the lighter enjoyments and more harmless amusements of their fellow-countrymen. All the collateral influences they possess, as arising from the hold which the peculiar nature of this intercourse gives them, generally affect individuals only on those minor points of feeling that act upon the lighter phases of domestic life. They bring little to society beyond the mere accessories that are appended to the general modes of life and manners, and consequently receive themselves as strong an impress from those with whom they mingle, as they communicate to them in return.

Now, the Prophecy Man presents a character far different from all this. With the ordinary habits of life he has little sympathy. The amusements of the people are to him little else than vanity, if not something worse. He despises that class of men who live and think only for the present, without ever once performing their duties to posterity, by looking into those great events that lie in the womb of futurity. Domestic joys or distresses do not in the least affect him, because

the man has not to do with feelings or emotions, but with principles. The speculations in which he indulges, and by which his whole life and conduct are regulated, place him far above the usual impulses of humanity. He cares not much who has been married or who has died, for his mind is, in point of time, communing with unborn generations upon affairs of high and solemn import. The past, indeed, is to him something, the future every thing; but the present, unless when marked by the prophetic symbols, little or nothing. The topics of his conversation are vast and mighty, being nothing less than the fate of kingdoms, the revolution of empires, the ruin or establishment of creeds, the fall of monarchs, or the rise and prostration of principalities and powers. How can a mind thus engaged descend to those petty subjects of ordinary life which engage the common attention? How could a man hard at work in evolving out of prophecy the subjugation of some hostile state, care a farthing whether Loughlin Roe's daughter was married to Gustly Given's son, or not? The thing is impossible. Like fame, the head of the Prophecy Man is always in the clouds, but so much higher up as to be utterly above the reach of any intelligence that does not affect the fate of nations. There is an old anecdote told of a very high and a very low man meeting. "What news down there?" said the tall fellow. "Very little," replied the other: "what kind of weather have you above?" Well indeed might the Prophecy Man ask what news there is below

for his mind seldom leaves those aerial heights from which it watches the fate of Europe and the shadowing forth of future changes.

The Prophecy Man—that is, he who solely devotes himself to an anxious observation of those political occurrences which mark the signs of the times, as they bear upon the future, the principal business of whose life it is to associate them with his own prophetic theories—is now a rare character in Ireland. He was, however, a very marked one. The Shanahus and other itinerant characters had, when compared with him, a very limited beat indeed. Instead of being confined to a parish or a barony, the bounds of the Prophecy Man's travels were those of the kingdom itself; and indeed some of them have been known to make excursions to the Highlands of Scotland, in order if possible to pick up old prophecies, and to make themselves, by cultivating an intimacy with the Scottish seers, capable of getting a clearer insight into futurity, and surer rules for developing the latent secrets of time.

One of the heaviest blows to the speculations of this class was the downfall and death of Bonaparte, especially the latter. There are still living, however, those who can get over this difficulty, and who will not hesitate to assure you, with a look of much mystery, that the real "Bonyparty" is alive and well, and will make his due appearance *when the time comes*; he who surrendered himself to the English being but an accomplice of the true one.

The next fact, and which I have alluded to in treating of the Shanahus, is the failure of the old prophecy that a George the Fourth would never sit on the throne of England. His coronation and reign, however, puzzled our prophets sadly, and indeed sent adrift for ever the pretensions of this prophecy to truth.

But that which has nearly overturned the system, and routed the whole prophetic host, is the failure of the speculations so confidently put forward by Dr Walmsey in his General History of the Christian Church, vulgarly called Pastorini's Prophecy, he having assumed the name Pastorini as an *incognito* or *nom de guerre*. The theory of Pastorini was, that Protestantism and all descriptions of heresy would disappear about the year eighteen hundred and twenty-five, an inference which he drew with considerable ingenuity and learning from Scriptural prophecy, taken in connexion with past events, and which he argued with all the zeal and enthusiasm of a theorist naturally anxious to see the truth of his own prognostications verified. The failure of this, which was their great modern standard, has nearly demolished the political seers as a class, or compelled them to fall back upon the more antiquated revelations ascribed to St Columkille, St Bridget, and others.

Having thus, as is our usual custom, given what we conceive to be such preliminary observations as are necessary to make both the subject and the person more easily understood, we shall proceed to give a short sketch of the only Prophecy Man we ever saw who deserved properly to be called so, in the full and unrestricted sense of the term. This individual's name was Barney M'Haighery, but in what part of Ireland he was born I am not able to inform the reader. All I know is, that he was spoken of on every occasion as The Prophecy Man; and that, although he could not himself read, he carried about with him, in a variety of pockets, several old books and manuscripts that treated upon his favourite subject.

Barney was a tall man, by no means meanly dressed; and it is necessary to say that he came not within the character or condition of a mendicant. On the contrary, he was considered as a person who must be received with respect, for the people knew perfectly well that it was not with every farmer in the neighbourhood he would condescend to sojourn. He had nothing of the ascetic and abstracted meagreness of the Prophet in his appearance. So far from that, he was inclined to corpulency; but, like a certain class of fat men, his natural disposition was calm, but at the same time not unmixed with something of the pensive. His habits of thinking, as might be expected, were quiet and meditative; his personal motions slow and regular; and his transitions from one resting-place to another never of such length during a single day as to exceed ten miles. At this easy rate, however, he traversed the whole kingdom several times; nor was there probably a local prophecy of any importance in the country with which he was not acquainted. He took much delight in the greater and lesser prophets of the Old Testament; but his heart and soul lay, as he expressed it, "in the Revelations of St John the Divine."

His usual practice was, when the family came home at

night from their labour, to stretch himself upon two chairs, his head resting upon the hob, with a boss for a pillow, his eyes closed, as a proof that his mind was deeply engaged with the matter in hand. In this attitude he got some one to read the particular prophecy upon which he wished to descant; and a most curious and amusing entertainment it generally was to hear the text, and his own singular and original commentaries upon it. That he must have been often hoaxed by wags and wits, was quite evident from the startling travesties of the text which had been put into his mouth, and which, having been once put there, his tenacious memory never forgot.

The fact of Barney's arrival in the neighbourhood soon went abroad, and the natural consequence was, that the house in which he thought proper to reside for the time became crowded every night as soon as the hours of labour had passed, and the people got leisure to hear him. Having thus procured him an audience, it is full time that we should allow the fat old Prophet to speak for himself, and give us all an insight into futurity.

"Barney, ahagur," the good man his host would say, "here's a lot o' the neighbours come to hear a whirranging from you on the Prophecies; and, sure, if you can't give it to them, who is there to be found that can?"

"Throth, Paddy Traynor, although I say it that should not say it, there's truth in that, at all events. The same knowledge has cost me many a weary blisthur an' sore heel in huntin' it up an' down, through mountain an' glen, in Ulster, Munster, Leinster, an' Connaught—not forgettin' the Highlands of Scotland, where there's what they call the 'short prophecy,' or second sight, but wherein there's after all but little of the Irish or long prophecy, that regards what's to befall the winged woman that flew into the wilderness. No, no—their second sight isn't throth prophecy at all. If a man goes out to fish, or steal a cow, an' that he happens to be drowned or shot, another man that has the second sight will see this in his mind about or after the time it happens. Why, that's little. Many a time our own Irish drames are aigual to it; an' indeed I have it from a knowledgeable man, that the gift they boast of has four parents—an empty stomach, thin air, a weak head, an' strong whisky, an' that a man must have all these, espishilly the last, before he can have the second sight properly; an' it's my own opinion. Now, I have a little book (indeed I left my books with a friend down at Errigle) that contains a prophecy of the milk-white hind an' the bloody panther, an' a forebodin' of the slaughter there's to be in the Valley of the Black Pig, as foretold by Beal Derg, or the prophet wid the red mouth, who never was known to speak but when he prophesied, or to prophesy but when he spoke."

"The Lord bless an' keep us!—an' why was he called the Man wid the Red Mouth, Barney?"

"I'll tell you that: first, bekase he always prophesied about the slaughter an' fightin' that was to take place in the time to come; an', secondly, bekase, while he spoke, the red blood always trickled out of his mouth, as a proof that what he foretold was true."

"Glory be to God! but that's wonderfull all out. Well, well!"

"Ay, an' Beal Derg, or the Red Mouth, is still livin'."

"Livin'! why, is he a man of our own time?"

"Our own time! The Lord help you! It's more than a thousand years since he made the prophecy. The case you see is this: he an' the ten thousand witnesses are lyin' in an enchanted sleep in one of the Montherlony mountains."

"An' how is that known, Barney?"

"It's known. Every night at a certain hour one of the witnesses—an' they're all sogers, by the way—must come out to look for the sign that's to come."

"An' what is that, Barney?"

"It's the fiery cross; an' when he sees one on aich of the four mountains of the north, he's to know that the same sign's abroad in all the other parts of the kingdom. Beal Derg an' his men are then to waken up, an' by their aid the Valley of the Black Pig is to be set free for ever."

"An' what is the Black Pig, Barney?"

"The Prospitarian church, that stretch from Enniskillen to Darry, an' back again from Darry to Enniskillen."

"Well, well, Barney, but prophecy is a strange thing to be sure! Only think of men livin' a thousand years!"

"Every night one of Beal Derg's men must go to the mouth of the cave, which opens of itself, an' then look out for the sign that's expected. He walks up to the top of the moun-

tain, an' turns t' the four corners of the heavens, to thry if he can see it; an' when he finds that he can not, he goes back to Beal Derg, who, afther the other touches him, starts up, an' axis him, 'Is the time come?' He replies, 'No; the man is, but the hour is not!' an' that instant they're both asleep again. Now, you see, while the soger is on the mountain top, the mouth of the cave is open, an' any one may go in that might happen to see it. One man it appears did, an' wishin' to know from curiosity whether the sogers were dead or livin', he touched one of them wid his hand, who started up an' axed him the same question, 'Is the time come?' Very fortunately he said 'No;' an' that minute the soger was as sound in his trance as before."

"An', Barney, what did the soger mane when he said, 'The man is, but the hour is not?'"

"What did he mane? I'll tell you that. The man is Bonnyarty; which manes, when put into proper explanation, the right side; that is, the true cause. Larned men have found that out."

"Barney, wasn't Columkill a great prophet?"

"He was a great man entirely at prophecy, and so was St Bridget. He prophesied that the cock wid the purple comb is to have both his wings clipped by one of his own breed before the struggle comes. Before that time, too, we're to have the Black Militia, an' afther that it is time for every man to be prepared."

"An', Barney, who is the cock wid the purple comb?"

"Why, the Orangemen to be sure. Isn't purple their colour, the dirty thieves?"

"An' the Black Militia, Barney, who are they?"

"I have gone far an' near, through north an' through south, up an' down, by hill an' hollow, till my toes were corned an' my heels in griskins, but could find no one able to resolve that, or bring it clear out o' the prophecy. They're to be sogers in black, an' all their arms an' coutrements is to be the same colour; an' farther than that is not known as yet."

"It's a wondher you don't know it, Barney, for there's little about prophecy that you haven't at your finger ends."

"Three birds is to meet (Barney proceeded in a kind of recitative enthusiasm) upon the saes—two ravens an' a dove—the two ravens is to attack the dove until she's at the point of death; but before they take her life, an eagle comes and tears the two ravens to pieces, an' the dove recovers."

There's to be two cries in the kingdom; one of them is to rache from the Giants' Causeway to the centre house of the town of Sligo; the other is to rache from the Falls of Beleek to the Mill of Louth, which is to be turned three times with human blood; but this is not to happen until a man with two thumbs an' six fingers upon his right hand happens to be the miller."

"Who's to give the sign of freedom to Ireland?"

"The little boy wid the red coat that's born a dwarf, lives a giant, and dies a dwarf again! He's lightest of foot, but leaves the heaviest foot-mark behind him. An' it's he that is to give the sign of freedom to Ireland!"

"There's a period to come when Antichrist is to be upon the earth, attended by his two body servants Gog and Magog. Who are they, Barney?"

"They are the sons of Hegog an' Shegog, or in other words, of Death an' Damnation, and cousin-jarmins to the Devil himself, which of coorse is the raison why he promotes them."

"Lord save us! But I hope that won't be in our time, Barney!"

"Antichrist is to come from the land of Crame o' Tarthar (Crim Tartary, according to Pastorini), which will account for himself an' his army breathin' fire an' brimstone out of their mouths, according to the glorious Revelation of St John the Divine, an' the great prophecy of Pastorini, both of which beautifully compromise upon the subject."

The prophet of the Black Stone is to come, who was born never to prognosticate a lie. He is to be a mighty hunter, an' instead of riding to his fetlocks in blood, he is to ride upon it, to the admiration of his times. It's of him it is said 'that he is to be the only prophet that ever went on horseback!'

Then there's Bardolphus, who, as there was a prophet wid the red mouth, is called 'the prophet wid the red nose.' Ireland was, it appears from ancient books, undher wather for many hundred years before her discovery; but bein' allowed to become visible one day in every year, the enchantment was broken by a sword that was thrown upon the earth, an' from

that out she remained dry, an' became inhabited. 'Woe, woe, woe,' says Bardolphus, 'the time is to come when we'll have a second deluge, an' Ireland is to be undher wather once more. A well is to open at Cork that will cover the whole island from the Giants' Causeway to Cape Clear. In them days St Patrick will be despised, an' will stand over the pleasant houses wid his pastoral crook in his hand, crying out *Cead mille faitha* in vain! Woe, woe, woe,' says Bardolphus, 'for in them days there will be a great confusion of colours among the people; there will be neither red noses nor pale cheeks, an' the divine face of man, alas! will put forth blossoms no more. The heart of the times will become changed; an' when they rise up in the morning, it will come to pass that there will be no longer light heads or shaking hands among Irishmen! Woe, woe, woe, men, women, and children will then die, an' their only complaint, like all those who perished in the flood of ouid, will be wather on the brain—wather on the brain! Woe, woe, woe,' says Bardolphus, 'for the changes that is to come, an' the misfortunes that's to befall the many for the noddification of the few! an' yet such things must be, for I, in virtue of the red spirit that dwells in me, must prophesy them. In those times men will be shod in liquid fire an' not be burned; their breeches shall be made of fire, an' will not burn them; their bread shall be made of fire, an' will not burn them; their meat shall be made of fire, an' will not burn them; an' why?—Oh, woe, woe, woe, wather shall so prevail that the coolness of their bodies will keep them safe; yea, they shall even get fat, fair, an' be full of health an' strength, by wearing garments wrought out of liquid fire, by eating liquid fire, an' all because they do not drink liquid fire—an' this calamity shall come to pass,' says Bardolphus, the prophet of the red nose.

Two widows shall be grinding at the Mill of Louth (so saith the prophecy); one shall be taken and the other left."

Thus would Barney proceed, repeating such ludicrous and heterogeneous mixtures of old traditionary prophecies and spurious quotations from Scripture as were concocted for him by those who took delight in amusing themselves and others at the expense of his inordinate love for prophecy.

"But, Barney, touching the Mill o' Louth, of the two widows grindin' there, whether will the one that is taken or the one that is left be the best off?"

"The prophecy doesn't say," replied Barney, "an' that's a matter that larned men are very much divided about. My own opinion is, that the one that is taken will be the best off; for St Bridget says 'that betune wars an' pestilences an' famine, the men are to be so scarce that several of them are to be torn to pieces by the women in their struggles to see who will get them for husbands.'\* That time they say is to come."

"But, Barney, isn't there many ould prophecies about particular families in Ireland?"

"Ay, several: an' I'll tell you one of them, about a family that's not far from us this minute. You all know the hangin' wall of the ould Church of Ballynassagart, in Errigle Keeran parish?"

"We do, to be sure; an' we know the prophecy too."

"Of coorse you do, bein' in the neighbourhood. Well, what is it in the mean time?"

"Why, that it's never to fall till it comes down upon an' takes the life of a M'Mahon."

"Right enough; but do you know the raison of it?"

"We can't say that, Barney; but, however, we're at home when you're here."

"Well, I'll tell you. St Keeran was, may be, next to St Patrick himself, one of the greatest saints in Ireland, but any rate we may put him next to St Columkill. Now, you see, when he was building the church of Ballynassagart, it came to pass that there arose a great famine in the land, an' the saint found it hard to feed the workmen where there was no vittles. What to do, he knew not, an' by coorse he was at a sad amplush, no doubt of it. At length says he, 'Boys, we're all hard set at present, an' widout food bedad we can't work; but if you observe my directions, we'll contrive to have a bit o' mate in the mean time, an', among ourselves, it was seldom more wanted, for, to tell you the thruth, I never thought my back an' belly would become so well acquainted. For the last three days they haven't been asunder, an' I find they are perfectly willing to part as soon as possible, an' would be glad of any thing that 'ud put betune them."

Now, the fact was, that, for drawin' timber an' stones, an

\* There certainly is such a prophecy.



all the necessary matayrials for the church, they had but one bullock, an' him St Keeran resolved to kill in the evening, an' to give them a fog meal of him. He accordingly slaughtered him with his own hands, 'but,' said he to the workmen, 'mind what I say, boys: if any one of you breaks a single bone, even the smallest, or injures the hide in the laste, you'll destroy all; an' my sowl to glory but it'll be worse for you besides.'

He then took all the flesh off the bones, but not till he had boiled them, of course; after which he sewed them up again in the skin, an' put them in the shed, wid a good wisp o' straw before them; an' glory be to God, what do you think, but the next mornin' the bullock was alive, an' in as good condition as ever he was in during his life! Bether fed workmen you couldn't see, an', bedad, the saint himself got so fat an' rosy that you'd scarcely know him to be the same man after it. Now, this went on for some time: whenever they wanted mate, the bullock was killed, an' the bones an' skin kept safe as before. At last it happened that a long-sided fellow among them named M'Mahon, not satisfied wid his allowance of the mate, took a fancy to have a lick at the marrow, an' accordingly, in spite of all the saint said, he broke one of the legs an' sucked the marrow out of it. But behold you!—the next day when they went to yoke the bullock, they found that he was useless, for the leg was broken an' he couldn't work. This, to be sure, was a sad misfortune to them all, but it couldn't be helped, an' they had to wait till bether times came; for the truth is, that after the marrow is broken, no power of man could make the leg as it was before until the cure is brought about by time. However, the saint was very much vexed, an' good right he had. 'Now, M'Mahon,' says he to the guilty man, 'I ordher it, an' prophesy that the church we're building will never fall till it falls upon the head of some one of your name, if it was to stand a thousand years. Mark my words, for they must come to pass.'

An' sure enough you know as well as I do that it's all down long ago wid the exception of a piece of the wall, that's not standin' but hangin', widout any visible support in life, an' only propped up by the prophesy. It can't fall till a M'Mahon comes under it; but although there's plenty of the name in the neighbourhood, ten o' the strongest horses in the kingdom wouldn't drag one of them widin half a mile of it. There, now, is the prophesy that belongs to the hangin' wall of Ballynasaggart church."

"But, Barney, didn't you say something about the winged woman that flew to the wilderness?"

"I did; that's a deep point, an' it's few that understands it. The baste wid seven heads an' ten horns is to come; an' when he was to make his appearance, it was said to be time for them that might be alive then to go to their padareens."

"What does the seven heads and ten horns mane, Barney?"

"Why, you see, as I am informed from good authority, the baste has come, an' it's clear from the ten horns that he could be no other than Harry the Eighth, who was married to five wives, an' by all accounts they strengthened an' ornamented him sore against his will. Now, set in case that each o' them—five times two is ten—hut! the thing's as clear as crystal. But I'll prove it better. You see the woman wid the two wings is the church, an' she flew into the wilderness at the very time Harry the Eighth wid his ten horns on him was in his greatest power."

"Bedad that's puttin' the explanations to it in great style."

"But the woman wid the wings is only to be in the wilderness for a time, times, an' half a time, that's exactly three hundred an' fifty years, an' after that there's to be no more Prodestans."

"Faith that's great!"

"Sure Columkill prophesied that until H E M E I A M should come, the church would be in no danger, but that after that she must be under a cloud for a time, times, an' half a time, jist in the same way."

"Well, but how do you explain that, Barney?"

"An' St Bridget prophesied that when D O C is uppermost, the church will be hard set in Ireland. But, indeed, there's no end to the prophesies that there is concernin' Ireland an' the church. However, neighbours, do you know that I feel the heat o' the fire has made me rather drowsy, an' if you have no objection, I'll take a bit of a nap. There's great things near us, any how. An' talkin' about DOC brings to my mind another ould prophesy made up, they say, betune Columkill and St Bridget; an' it is this, that the triumph of the country will never be at hand till the DOC flourishes in Ireland."

Such were the speculations upon which the harmless mind of Barney M'Haighrey ever dwelt. From house to house, from parish to parish, and from province to province, did he thus trudge, never in a hurry, but always steady and constant in his motions. He might be not inaply termed the Old Mortality of traditionary prophesy, which he often chiselled anew, added to, and improved, in a manner that generally gratified himself and his hearers. He was a harmless kind man, and never known to stand in need of either clothes or money. He paid little attention to the silent business of ongoing life, and was consequently very nearly an abstraction. He was always on the alert, however, for the result of a battle; and after having heard it, he would give no opinion whatsoever until he had first silently compared it with his own private theory in prophesy. If it agreed with this, he immediately published it in connection with his established text; but if it did not, he never opened his lips on the subject.

His class has nearly disappeared, and indeed it is so much the better, for the minds of the people were thus filled with antiquated nonsense that did them no good. Poor Barney, to his great mortification, lived to see with his own eyes the failure of his most favourite prophesies, but he was not to be disheartened even by this; though some might fail, all could not; and his stock was too varied and extensive not to furnish him with a sufficient number of others over which to cherish his imagination and expatiate during the remainder of his inoffensive life.

#### ORIGIN AND MEANINGS OF IRISH FAMILY NAMES.

BY JOHN O'DONOVAN.

Fifth Article.

ACCORDING to Mabillon, hereditary surnames were first established in Italy in the tenth and eleventh centuries; but Muratori shows that this statement cannot be correct, as in the MSS. of the tenth century in the Ambrosian Library of Milan, no trace can be found of surnames. In the ninth and tenth centuries, to distinguish persons, their profession or country is added to the Christian name, as Johannes Scotus Erigena, Dungallus Scotus, Johannes Presbyter, Johannes Clericus; the dignity is also sometimes added, as Comes Marchio, without stating of what place. In the tenth century, "A, the son of B, the son of C," was another mode of designation. It is said that the Venetians in the beginning of the eleventh century adopted hereditary surnames, a custom which they borrowed from the Greeks, with whom they carried on a great trade. The Lombards adopted the same practice after the fashion of the Venetians, and accordingly the great family of Monticuli took that name from their castle in Lombardy called Montecuculi, it being on the top of a hill. The great house of Colonna took its name from the town and castle of Columna about the year 1156; and about the same time the noble family of Ursini derived its name from an ancestor nicknamed Ursus, or Orso, on account of his ferocity. Other noble families adopted names from the nickname given to an ancestor, as the illustrious family of Malaspina (the bad thorn) of Pavia, and the family of Malatesta (the bad head). The family of Frangipani, so formidable to the Popes, took that name in the twelfth century. The Rangones of Rome took their name from an estate of theirs in Germany. The Viscontes of Milan were so called from their title of Viscount, which was borne by one of the family. These names appear for the first time in the latter end of the twelfth century. I consider it but proper to observe, that for this information on the subject of Italian surnames we are indebted to the antiquary whose name I have already mentioned, the accurate and laborious Muratori.

To resume the history of surnames in Ireland. We have seen in the last article that in the year 1682 the inferior classes in Ireland, especially in Westmeath and the adjoining counties, were very forward in accommodating themselves to the English usages, particularly in their surnames, "which by all manner of ways they strove to make English or English-like." This was more particularly the case after the defeat of the Irish at the Boyne and Aughrim, when the Irish chieftains were conquered, and the pride of the Irish people was humbled. At this period, the Irish people, finding that their ancient surnames sounded harshly in the ears of their conquerors and new English masters, found it convenient to reduce them as much as possible to the level of English pronunciation: and they accordingly rejected in almost every in-



stance the O' and Mac, and made various other changes in their names, so as to give them an English appearance. Thus a gentleman of the O'Neills in Tyrone changed his old name of Felim O'Neill to Felix Neele, as we learn from an epigram written in Latin on the subject by a witty scholar of the name of Conway or Mac Conway, whose Irish feeling had not been blunted by the misfortunes of the times. The following translation of this epigram is perhaps worth preserving:—

All things has Felix changed; he has changed his name;  
Yea, in himself he is no more the same.  
Scorning to spend his days where he was reared,  
To drag out life among the vulgar herd,  
Or trudge his way through bogs in bracks and brogues,  
He changed his creed and joined the Saxon rogues  
By whom his sires were robbed; he laid aside  
The arms they bore for centuries with pride.  
The Ship, the Salmon, and the famed Red Hand,  
And blushed when called O'Neill in his own land!  
Poor, paltry skulker from thy noble race,  
Infelix Felix, weep for thy disgrace!

Many others even of the most distinguished family names were anglicised in a similar manner, as O'Conor to Conors and Coniers, O'Brien to Brine, Mac Carthy to Carty, &c. The respectability of the O's and Macs, however, was kept up on the Continent by the warriors of the Irish Brigade, who preserved every mark that would prove them to be of Irish origin; the Irish having at this period become so illustrious for their military skill, valour, and politeness, that they were sought after by all the powers on the Continent of Europe. Thus we find O'Donnell made Field Marshal, Chief General of Cavalry, Governor-General of Transylvania, and Grand Croix of the Military Order of St Theresa. The O'Flanigan of Tuaraah (John), in the county of Fermanagh, became Colonel in the imperial service; and his brother James O'Flanigan was Lieutenant-General of Dillon's regiment in France. O'Mahony became a Count and Lieutenant-General of his Catholic Majesty's forces, and his Ambassador Plenipotentiary at the Court of Vienna; Mac Gawley of the county of Cork became Colonel of a regiment in Spain; O'Neny of Tyrone settled at Brussels, and became Count of the Roman Empire, Councillor of State to her Imperial Majesty, and Chief President of the Privy Council at Brussels. A branch of the family of O'Callaghan, who followed the fortunes of King James II, became Baron O'Callaghan, and Grand Veneur (chasseur) to his Serene Highness the Prince Margrave of Baden-Baden. The head of the O'Mullallys, or O'Lallys of Tulachna dala, two miles to the west of Tuam, in the county of Galway, settled in France and became Count Lally-Tolendal and a General in the French service. O'Conor Roe became Governor of Civita Vecchia, a sea-port of great trust in the Pope's dominions, &c, &c.

The lustre derived from the renown of these warriors kept up the respectability of the O's and Macs on the Continent, and induced many of the Irish at home to resume these prefixes, especially the O'. Thus in our own time the name O'Conor Don was assumed by Owen O'Conor, Esq. of Belanagare, whose line was seven generations removed from the last ancestor who had borne the name; and the name of the O'Grady has also been assumed by Mr O'Grady of Kilballyowen, in our own time, though none of his ancestors had borne it since the removal of that family from Tomgraney, in the county of Clare. Myles John O'Reilly, late of the Heath House, Queen's County, was at one time disposed to style himself the O'Reilly, but I regret to say that his circumstances prevented him. Daniel O'Connell, Esq. of Derrynane Abbey, prefixed the O', after it had been dropped for several generations; and I have heard it constantly asserted that he has no title to the O', because his father, who did not know his pedigree, never prefixed it; but such assertions have no weight with us, for we know that O'Connell's father never mentioned his own name in the original Irish without prefixing O', because it would be imperfect without it. And whether O'Connell can trace his pedigree with certainty up to Connal, chief of the tribe in the tenth century, we know not, but we know that he ought to be able to do so.

In like manner, Morgan William O'Donovan, of Mountpelier, near Cork, has not only re-assumed the O' which his ancestors had rejected for eight generations, but also has styled himself the O'Donovan, chief of his name, being the next of kin to the last acknowledged head of that family, the late General Richard O'Donovan of Bawnlahan, whose family became extinct in the year 1820. His example has been followed by Timothy O'Donovan, of O'Donovan's Cove, head of a respectable branch of the family. We like this Irish pride of ances-

try, and we hope that it will become general before many years shall have passed.

There are other heads of families who retain their Irish names with pride, as Sir Lucius O'Brien of Dromoland, in Clare; Mac Dermot Roe of Alderford, in the county of Roscommon; Mac Dermot of Coolavin, who is the lineal descendant of the chief of Moylurg, and whose pedigree is as well known as that of any royal family in Europe; O'Hara of Leyny, in the county of Sligo; O'Dowda of Bunycconnellan, near Ballina, in the county of Mayo; O'Loughlin of Burren, in the north of the county of Clare; Mac Carthy of Carrignavar, near Cork, who represents one of the noblest families in Ireland; Mac Gillicuddy of the Reeks, in the county of Kerry, a collateral branch of the same great family; O'Kelly of Ticooly, in the county of Galway; O'Moore of Glough Castle, in the King's County; More O'Ferrall, M.P. O'Flahertie, of Lemonfield, in the same county; and John Augustus Mageoghegan O'Neill, of Bunowen Castle, in the west of Connamara, in the same county. We are not aware that any of the old families of Leinster have preserved their ancient names unadulterated. Of these, the Cavanaghs of Borris, in the county of Carlow, are the most distinguished; and we indulge a hope that the rising generation will soon resume the name of Mac Murrough Cavanagh, a name celebrated in Irish history for great virtues as well as great vices.

Among the less distinguished families, however, the translation and anglicising of names have gone on to so great a degree as to leave no doubt that in the course of half a century it will be difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish many families of Irish name and origin from those of English name and origin, unless, indeed, inquirers shall be enabled to do so by the assistance of history and physiognomical characteristics. The principal cause of the change of these names was the difficulty which the magistrates and lawyers, who did not understand the Irish language, found in pronouncing them, and in consequence their constant habit of ridiculing them. This made the Irish feel ashamed of all such names as were difficult of pronunciation to English organs, and they were thus led to change them by degrees, either by translating them into what they conceived to be their meanings in English, by assimilating them to local English surnames of respectable families, or by paring them in such a manner as to make them easy of pronunciation to English organs.

The families among the lower ranks who have translated, anglicised, or totally changed their ancient surnames, are very numerous, and are daily becoming more and more so. Besides the cause already mentioned, we can assign two reasons for this rage which prevails at present among the lower classes for the continued adoption of English surnames. First, the English language is becoming that universally spoken among these classes, and there are many Irish surnames which do not seem to sound very euphoniously in that modern language; and, secondly, the names translated or totally changed are, with very few exceptions, of no celebrity in Irish history; and when they do not sound well in English, the bearers naturally wish to get rid of them, in order that they should not be considered of Atticotic or plebeian Irish origin. As this change is going on rapidly in every part of Ireland, I shall here, for the information, if not for the amusement, of the reader, give some account of the Milesian or Scotie names that have thus become metamorphosed.

And first, of names which have been translated correctly or incorrectly. In the county of Sligo the ancient name of O'Mulclohy has been metamorphosed into Stone, from an idea that *clohy*, the latter part of it, signifies a *stone*, but it is a mere guess translation; so that in this instance this people may be said to have taken a new name. In the county of Leitrim, the ancient and by no means obscure name of Mac Connava has been rendered Forde, from an erroneous notion that *ava*, the last part of it, is a corruption of *atha*, of a *ford*. This is also an instance of false translation, for we know that Mac Connava, chief of Munter Kenny, in the county of Leitrim, took his name from his ancestor Cusnava, who flourished in the tenth century. In Thomond the ancient name of O'Knavin is now often anglicised Bowen, because Knavin signifies a *small bone*. This change was first made by a butcher in Dublin, who should perhaps be excused, as he conformed so well to the act of 5 Edward IV. In Tirconnell the ancient name of O'Mulmoghery is now always rendered Early, because *moch-sirghe* signifies *early rising*. This version, however, is excusable, though not altogether correct. In Thomond, O'Marcachain is translated Ryder by

some, but anglicised Markham by others; and in the same territory O'Lahiff is made Guthrie, which is altogether incorrect. In Tyrone the ancient name of Mac Rory is now invariably made Rogers, because Roger is assumed to be the English Christian name corresponding to the Irish Ruaidhri or Rory. In Connamara, in the west of the county of Galway, the ancient name of Mac Conry is now always made King, because it is assumed that *ry*, the last syllable of it, is from *right*, a king; but this is a gross error, for this family, who are of Dalcassian origin, took their surname from their ancestor Curoi, a name which forms Conroi in the genitive case, and has nothing to do with *right*, a king; and the Kings of Connamara would therefore do well to drop their false name, a name to which they have no right, and re-assume their proper ancient and excellent name of Mac Conry, through which alone their pedigree and their history can be traced.

These examples, selected out of a long list of Irish surnames, erroneously translated, are sufficient to show the false process by which the Irish are getting rid of their ancient surnames. I shall next exhibit a few specimens of Irish surnames which have been assimilated to English or Scotch ones, from a fancied resemblance in the sounds of both.

In Ulster, Mac Mahon, the name of the celebrated chiefs of Oriel, a name which, as we have already seen, the poet Spenser attempted to prove to be an Irish form of Fitzursula, is now very frequently anglicised Matthews; and Mac Cawell, the name of the ancient chiefs of Kinel Ferady, is anglicised Campbell, Campbell, Howell, and even Cauldfield. In Thomond, the name O'Hiomhair is anglicised Howard among the peasantry, and Ivers among the gentry, which looks strange indeed! And in the same county, the ancient Irish name of O'Beirne is metamorphosed to Byron; while in the original locality of the name, in Tir-Briuin na Sinna, in the east of the county of Roscommon, it is anglicised Bruin among the peasantry; but among the gentry, who know the historical respectability of the name, the original form O'Beirne is retained. In the province of Connaught we have met a family of the name of O'Heraghty, who anglicised their old Scotch name to Harrington, an innovation which we consider almost unpardonable. In the city of Limerick, the illustrious name of O'Shaughnessy is metamorphosed to Sandys, by a family who know their pedigree well; for no other reason, perhaps, than to disguise the Irish origin of the family; but we are glad to find it retained by the Roman Catholic Dean of Ennis, and also by Mr O'Shaughnessy of Galway, who, though now reduced to the capacity of a barber in the town of Galway, is the chief of his name, and now the senior representative of Guaire Aidhne, king of Connaught, who is celebrated in Irish history as the personification of hospitality. Strange turn of affairs! In the county of Londonderry, the celebrated old name O'Brollaghan is made to look English by being transmuted to Bradley, an English name of no lustre, at least in Ireland. In the county of Fermanagh, the O'Creighans have changed their name to Creighton, for no other reason than because a Colonel Creighton lives in their vicinity; and in the county of Leitrim, O'Fergus, the descendant of the ancient Erenachs of Rossinver, has, we are sorry to say, lately changed his name to Ferguson. Throughout the province of Ulster generally, very extraordinary changes have been made in the names of the aborigines; as, Mac Teige, to Montague; O'Mulligan, to Molyneux; Mac-Gillycuskly, to Cosgrove; Mac Gillyglass, to Greene; O'Tuathlain, to Toland and Thulis; O'Hay to Hughes; O'Carellan to Carleton, as, for instance, our own William Carleton, the depicter of the manners, customs, and superstitions of the Irish, who is of the old Milesian race of the O'Carellans, the ancient chiefs of Clandermot, in the present county of Londonderry; O'Howen, to Owens; Mac Gillyfinen, to Leonard; Mac Shane, to Johnson, and even Johnston; O'Gneave, to Agnew; O'Clery, to Clarke; Mac Lave, to Hande; Mac Guiggin, to Goodwin; O'Hir, to Hare; O'Luane, to Lamb; Mac Conin, to Canning; O'Haughey, to Howe; O'Conwy, to Conway; O'Loingsy, to Lynch; Mac Namee, to Meath, &c, &c.

In Connaught, O'Greighan is changed to Graham; O'Clunan, to Coalman; O'Naghton, to Norton; Mac Rannal, to Reynolds; O'Heosa, to Hussey; Mac Firbis, to Forbes; O'Hargadon, to Hardiman (the learned author of the History of Galway, and compiler of the Irish Minstrelsy, is of this name, and not of English origin, as the present form of his name would seem to indicate); O'Mulfover, to Milford; O'Tiompain, to Tenpenny; O'Conagan, to Conyngham; O'Heyne, to Hlades and Hynes; O'Mulvihill, to Melville;

O'Rourke, to Rooke; Mac Gillakilly, to Cox and Woods. In Munster, O'Sesnan is changed to Sexton; O'Shanahan, to Fox; O'Turran, to Troy; O'Mulligan, to Baldwin; O'Hiskeen, to Hastings; O'Nia, to Neville (in every instance!); O'Corey, to Curry; O'Sheedy, to Silke; O'Mulfaver, to Palmer; O'Trehy to Foote; O'Honeen, to Greene; O'Connaing, to Gunning; O'Murgaly, to Morley; O'Kinsellagh, to Kingsley and Tinsly; Mac Gillymire, to Merryman; O'Behir, to Hare; O'Faelchon, to Wolfe; O'Barran, to Barrington; O'Keatey, to Keating; O'Connows, to Conway; O'Credan, to Creed; O'Feehily, to Pickley; O'Ahern, to Heron, &c, &c.

Scores of similar instances might be given, but the number exhibited is sufficient to show the manner in which the Irish are assimilating their names with those of their conquerors.

#### SCRAP FROM THE NORTHERN SCRIP.

Translated for the Irish Penny Journal, from the publications of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen.]

##### NO. II.—AN IRISH HERDSMAN'S DOG.

After King Olave had married his Irish spouse Gyda, he dwelt partly in England, partly in Ireland. While King Olave was in Ireland, it so happened that he was engaged in a certain expedition attended by a great naval force. When they were short of plunder, they went ashore, and drove off a great multitude of cattle. Then a certain peasant followed them, begging that they would return him the cows which belonged to him in the herd they were driving away. King Olave answered, "Drive off your cows, if you know them, and can separate them from the herd of oxen, so as not to delay our journey; but I believe that neither you nor any one else can do this, from among so many hundreds of oxen as we are driving." The peasant had a large herdsman's dog, which he ordered to sort the herds of oxen that were collected. The dog ran about through all the herds of oxen, and drove off as many oxen as the peasant had said he wanted; all these oxen were marked in the same manner, from which they inferred that the dog had rightly distinguished them. Then the king says, "Your dog is very sagacious, peasant! will you give me the dog?" He answered, "I will, with pleasure." The king immediately gave him a large gold ring, and promised him his friendship. This dog was named Vignis, and he was of all dogs the most sagacious and the best; that dog was long in King Olave's possession.

G. D.

#### ANIMAL HEAT.

##### First Article.

A FEW years ago a conjuror made his appearance in London, whose performances were so wonderful that his audience, instead of being confined to the foolish and thoughtless people who usually encourage such exhibitions, included many of the most eminent philosophers and scientific men of the day. It may naturally be supposed that his feats must have been more than usually ingenious, to attract persons of such consequence; and indeed many of them were so wonderful, that, had he ventured to exhibit them a century or two ago, they would inevitably have led him to the stake or the scaffold, for having too intimate an acquaintance with a certain disreputable personage whom it is not necessary to particularize by name. This great conjuror defied all the ordinary laws of nature. He would not condescend to exhibit such vulgar mountebank tricks as crunching red-hot coals in his mouth, and dining on tenpenny nails; but he struck the faculty with the greatest horror, by making poison of all kinds his common food; breakfasting on a strong solution of arsenic, and taking a short drachm of prussic acid before dinner, as a whet for his appetite. More wonderful still was his manner of preparing this dinner: he used to have an oven heated intensely, every day, into which he walked, or crawled, with the greatest composure, taking with him a raw beef-steak, which in the course of seven or eight minutes was well cooked by the intense heat of the place, whilst the only effect of its high temperature on him was to quicken his pulse a little, and produce a gentle perspiration. Fire, indeed, appeared his element, and so perfectly could he control and master it, that he received almost by acclamation the title of "the Fire King."

Human greatness, however is but transitory, and even the laurels of the Fire King were wrested from him by the envious doctors of the metropolis, who wished him to drink prussic acid of *their own manufacture*, an invitation which he very politely and prudently declined. But though on this account

suspicion was cast on his pretensions as a poison-drinker, yet his reputation as a "Fire King" remained untarnished. He could continue in an oven heated above the temperature at which water boils, and he did so daily. There was no trick in this performance, for he used to take raw eggs into the oven with him, and send them out to the company, well done by the heat of the place alone. It was thought no man could imitate his example. But however wonderful the feats of this conjuror may appear to persons unacquainted with science, and while it must be confessed they were performed with an appearance of daring and temerity which certainly entitled the exhibitor to some degree of praise, yet his performances were merely a striking illustration of the power which every individual possesses of regulating the temperature of his own body; and there was scarcely one person of his audience but might himself have been the exhibitor, with very little training and with very little courage.

Of all the functions of the human body one of the most wonderful is that by which it maintains in every climate, and in every variety of season, an almost equal temperature. It would appear to be necessary for the due performance of the vital functions that this temperature should never suffer any great degree of variation, and nature has accordingly provided the means by which, when exposed to cold, the body can generate heat; and when exposed to heat, so reduce its temperature that no inconvenience shall result. Before considering the manner in which these very different though equally necessary results are produced, it will not be uninteresting to notice a few examples of the power of endurance shown by human beings and the lower animals in regard to extremes of temperature. In another paper we will endeavour to explain the cause.

One of the most striking and familiar of the laws of heat is what is termed by philosophers "its tendency to an equilibrium." For instance, if a heated iron ball is suspended nearly in contact with one quite cold, the former in a short time will have imparted so much of its heat to the latter that they will soon become almost of equal temperature. If a penny piece is thrown into a kettle of boiling water it will soon become as hot as the boiling water itself. If a cup of water is exposed to a temperature below 32 degrees, it parts with so much of its natural heat, to come into a state of equilibrium with the medium in which it is placed, that it is converted into ice. These and many more familiar instances might be mentioned as illustrating the law of heat above alluded to. In short, it may be received as one of the best established facts in philosophy, that any substance, no matter what may be its texture or natural qualities, provided it does not possess life, will soon acquire and maintain the same temperature as that of the medium in which it is placed, so long as it continues in that medium. A piece of the metal platinum in the furnace of a glass-house may be kept at a white heat for years; a similar piece of metal, in an ice-house, will remain below 32 degrees so long as it is kept there.

It would be unnecessary to notice so particularly these well-known facts, but that they will tend to render more striking the power which living bodies possess of resisting the law to which all unorganized bodies are subject. Any thing possessing life can maintain a different temperature to the medium in which it lives. The natural heat of fishes is two or three degrees above that of the water in which they live; the natural heat of creatures which live within the bowels of the earth, like the earth-worm for example, is as much above the usual temperature of the earth; while man himself maintains the heat of his body, as shown by the thermometer placed under the tongue or armpits, at about 98 degrees, under every variety of season, and in every climate under the sun. Were a human being to be kept imprisoned in an ice-house, the heat of his body could never sink to 32 degrees (the freezing point) while life remained. In these mighty reservoirs of ice and cold, the arctic regions, the blood of the rude creatures who exist there is as warm as that of ourselves; and at the torrid zone, where the heat of the sun is almost insupportable, the animal heat of the human frame is only one or two degrees higher than it is at the frozen poles.

The power of the superior animals, and especially of man, to resist high degrees of temperature, is very extraordinary. The account of the performances of the "Fire King" already noticed, is a sufficient proof of this. Dr Southwood Smith, in his excellent treatise on "Animal Physiology," gives a far more interesting description, however, of the accidental discovery of this property of life, from which we quote the fol-

lowing particulars:—"In the year 1760, at Rochefoucault. Messrs Du Hamel and Tillet, having occasion to use a large public oven on the same day in which bread had been baked in it, wished to ascertain with precision its degree of temperature. This they endeavoured to accomplish by introducing a thermometer into the oven at the end of a shovel. On being withdrawn, the thermometer indicated a degree of heat considerably above that of boiling water; but M. Tillet, convinced that the thermometer had fallen several degrees on approaching the mouth of the oven, and appearing to be at a loss how to rectify this error, a girl, one of the attendants on the oven, offered to enter and mark with a pencil the height at which the thermometer stood within the oven. The girl smiled at M. Tillet's appearing to hesitate at this strange proposition, and entering the oven, marked with a pencil the thermometer as standing at 260 degrees of Fahrenheit's scale. M. Tillet began to express his anxiety for the welfare of his female assistant, and to press her return. This female splamander, however, assuring him that she felt no inconvenience from her situation, remained there ten minutes longer, when at length, the thermometer standing at that time at 289 degrees, or 76 degrees above that of boiling water, she came out of the oven, her complexion indeed considerably heightened, but her respiration by no means quick or laborious. The publication of this transaction exciting a great degree of attention, several philosophers repeated similar experiments, amongst which the most accurate and decisive were those performed by Doctors Fordyce and Blagden. The rooms in which these celebrated experimenters conducted their researches were heated by flues in the floor. There was neither any chimney in them, nor any vent for the air, excepting through the crevice at the door. Having taken off his coat, waistcoat, and shirt, and being furnished with wooden shoes tied on with lint, Dr Blagden went into one of the rooms as soon as the thermometer indicated a degree of heat above that of boiling water. The first impression of this heated air upon his body was exceedingly disagreeable, but in a few minutes his uneasiness was removed by a profuse perspiration. At the end of twelve minutes he left the room, very much fatigued, but no otherwise disordered. The thermometer had risen to 220 degrees; the boiling point is 212 degrees. In other experiments it was found that a heat even of 260 degrees could be borne with tolerable ease. At these high temperatures every piece of metal about the body of the experimenters became intolerably hot; small quantities of water placed in metallic vessels quickly boiled. Though the air of this room, which at one period indicated a heat of 264 degrees, could be breathed with impunity, yet of course the finger could not be put into the boiling water, which indicated only a heat of 212 degrees; nor could it bear the touch of quicksilver heated only to 120 degrees, nor scarcely that of spirits of wine at 110 degrees. But in a physiological view, the most curious and important point to be noticed is, that while the body was thus exposed to a temperature of 264 degrees, the heat of the body itself never rose above 101 degrees, or at most 102 degrees. In one experiment, while the heat of the room was 202 degrees, the heat of the body was only 99½ degrees; its natural temperature in a state of health being 98 degrees.

A similar power of withstanding extreme degrees of temperature is one of the peculiar properties of every thing possessing life. It is well known that an egg containing the living principle possesses the power of self-preservation for several weeks, although exposed to a degree of heat which would occasion the putrefaction of dead animal matter. During the period of incubation (hatching) the egg is kept at a heat of 103 degrees, the hen's egg for three, that of the duck for four weeks; yet when the chick is hatched, the entire yolk is found perfectly sweet, and that part of the white which has not been expended in the nourishment of the young bird is also quite fresh. It is found that if the living principle be destroyed, as it may be instantaneously, by passing the electric fluid through the egg, it becomes putrid in the same time as other dead animal matter. The power of the egg in resisting cold is proved to be equally great by several curious experiments of Hunter, the celebrated physiologist, which were so managed as to show at the same time both the power of the vital principle in resisting the physical agent, and the influence of the physical agent in diminishing the energy of the vital principle. Thus he exposed an egg to the temperature of 17 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, he found that it took about half an hour to freeze it. When thawed,

and again exposed to a cold atmosphere, it was frozen in one half the time, and when only at the temperature of 25 degrees. He then put a fresh egg, and one that had previously been frozen and again thawed, into a cold mixture at 15 degrees: the dead egg was frozen twenty-five minutes sooner than the fresh one. It is obvious that in the one case the undiminished vitality of the fresh egg enabled it to resist the low temperature for so long a period; in the other case the diminished or destroyed vitality of the frozen egg occasioned it speedily to yield to the influence of the physical agent.

Animals can withstand the effects of heat far better than the severity of cold. The human frame suffers comparatively little even in the burning deserts of Arabia, compared with what it endures in those wastes of ice and snow which form the polar regions. Here the body is stunted in its growth; there is no energy of mind or character; and life itself is only preserved by extraordinary care and attention. When a person is exposed to intense cold, it produces partial imbecility; he neglects even those precautions which may enable him to withstand its severity. He refuses to exercise his limbs, without which they become torpid; and, unable to resist the drowsiness that seizes on his frame, he resigns himself to its influence, becomes insensible, and dies. Even in our own climate this is not an unfrequent occurrence; and we cannot conclude this paper better than by quoting the expressive lines of Thomson, describing the death of an unhappy peasant from the severity of a winter storm:—

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,  
All winter drives along the darkened air;  
In his own loose revolving fields, the swain  
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,  
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,  
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:  
Nor finds the river nor the forest, hid  
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on  
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,  
Impatient bounding through the drifted heaps,  
Stung with the thoughts of snows; the thoughts of home  
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth  
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!  
What black despair, what horror fills his breast!  
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd  
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,  
He meets the roughness of the middle waste  
Far from the track and blest abode of man,  
While round him night resistless closes fast,  
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,  
Renders the savage wildness more wild.  
Then through the busy shapes into his mind,  
Of covered pits unfathomably deep,  
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;  
Of faithless bogs: Of precipices huge  
Smoothed up with snow; and what is land, unknown,  
What water of the still unfrozen spring,  
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,  
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.  
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks  
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,  
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,  
Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots  
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man—  
His wife—his children—and his friends unseen.  
In vain for him the officious wife prepares  
The fire, fair, blazing, and the vestment warm.  
In vain his little children, peeping out  
Into the mingling storm, demand their share  
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!  
Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold—  
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve  
The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense,  
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,  
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,  
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

J. S. D.

**GRAVITY.**—Gravity is an arrant scoundrel, and one of the most dangerous kind too, because a sly one; and we verily believe that more honest, well-meaning people are bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. The very essence of gravity is design, and consequently deceit; it is in fact a taught trick to gain credit with the world for more sense and knowledge than a man is really worth.

W A R .

WAR, it is said, kindles patriotism; by fighting for our country we learn to love it. But the patriotism which is cherished by war, is ordinarily false and spurious, a vice and not a virtue, a scourge to the world, a narrow unjust passion, which aims to exalt a particular state on the humiliation and destruction of other nations. A genuine enlightened patriot discerns that the welfare of his own country is involved in the general progress of society; and in the character of a patriot, as well as of a Christian, he rejoices in the liberty and prosperity of other communities, and is anxious to maintain with them the relations of peace and amity.

It is said that a military spirit is the defence of a country. But it more frequently endangers the vital interests of a nation, by embroiling it with other states. This spirit, like every other passion, is impatient for gratification, and often precipitates a country into unnecessary war. A people have no need of a military spirit. Let them be attached to their government and institutions by habit, by early associations, and especially by experimental conviction of their excellence, and they will never want means or spirit to defend them.

War is recommended as a method of redressing national grievances. But unhappily the weapons of war, from their very nature, are often wielded most successfully by the unprincipled. Justice and force have little congeniality. Should not Christians everywhere strive to promote the reference of national as well as of individual disputes to an impartial umpire? Is a project of this nature more extravagant than the idea of reducing savage hordes to a state of regular society? The last has been accomplished. Is the first to be abandoned in despair?

It is said that war sweeps off the idle, dissolute, and vicious members of the community. Monstrous argument! If a government may for this end plunge a nation into war, it may with equal justice consign to the executioner any number of its subjects whom it may deem a burden on the state. The fact is, that war commonly generates as many profligates as it destroys. A disbanded army fills the community with at least as many abandoned members as at first it absorbed.

It is sometimes said that a military spirit favours liberty. But how is it, that nations, after fighting for ages, are so generally enslaved? The truth is; that liberty has no foundation but in private and public virtue; and virtue, as we have seen, is not the common growth of war.

But the great argument remains to be discussed. It is said that without war to excite and invigorate the human mind, some of its noblest energies will slumber, and its highest qualities, courage, magnanimity, fortitude, will perish. To this I answer, that if war is to be encouraged among nations because it nourishes energy and heroism, on the same principle war in our families, and war between neighbourhoods, villages, and cities, ought to be encouraged; for such contests would equally tend to promote heroic daring and contempt of death. Why shall not different provinces of the same empire annually meet with the weapons of death, to keep alive their courage? We shrink at this suggestion with horror; but why shall contests of nations, rather than of provinces or families, find shelter under this barbarous argument?

I observe again: if war be a blessing, because it awakens energy and courage, then the savage state is peculiarly privileged; for every savage is a soldier, and his whole modes of life tend to form him to invincible resolution. On the same principle, those early periods of society were happy, when men were called to contend, not only with one another, but with beasts of prey; for to these excitements we owe the heroism of Hercules and Theseus. On the same principle, the feudal ages were more favoured than the present; for then every baron was a military chief, every castle frowned defiance, and every vassal was trained to arms. And do we really wish that the earth should again be overrun with monsters, or abandoned to savage or feudal violence, in order that heroes may be multiplied? If not, let us cease to vindicate war as affording excitement to energy and courage.—*Channing.*

Suffer not your spirit to be subdued by misfortunes, but, on the contrary, steer right onward, with a courage greater than your fate seems to allow.

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# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



SAINT SENAN'S WELL, COUNTY OF CLARE.

THESE are perhaps no objects in our own dear Ogygia, or Sacred Island, as it was also anciently called, which strike the minds of strangers with greater surprise, and excite them to more meditative reflection, than the holy wells which are so numerous in it, and the religious observances—to them so strange—which they see practised at them. By the devout of the reformed creeds, among such observers, these sacred fountains, with their adjacent and almost equally sacred trees, covered with bits of rag and other votive offerings of propitiation or gratitude to the presiding spirit of the spot, who is generally the patron saint of the district, are usually regarded with horror, as objects closely allied to pagan idolatry; and the religious devotions which they see practised at them excite only feelings of pity or contempt for what they consider the debased intellect of the votaries who frequent them. By the painter, poet, and the mere man of taste, however, they are viewed in a spirit of greater toleration, and with a more pleasing interest, particularly in the western portions of our island, where the wild scenery amid which they are generally to be met with, the symmetrical forms and often beautiful faces of the devotees, and the brilliant colours of their ancient national costumes, impart that interest and picturesqueness to the spectacle of which our own great national painter Burton has so admirably availed himself, and made familiar to the world, in his picture of the Blind Girl at the Holy Well. It

is, however, by the antiquary and the philosopher that they are viewed with the deepest interest, for to the one they present in all their vividness the still existing images of customs which originated in the earliest period of the history of our race, while to the other they supply the most touching evidences of the strength of that devotional instinct, however blind and misapplied, that humble faith in the existence and omnipotence of a Divine Intelligence, which are among the loftiest feelings of our nature, and which, when properly directed, must lead to the noblest results. In the minds of such philosophers, a contemplation of the usages to which we have referred will be apt to excite, not feelings of depression and despondency, but rather cheering anticipations of hope for the future prospects and ultimate happiness of the human race; and they who practise those usages will be regarded, even in their present meanness of garb, and concomitant vulgarity of habits, not as degraded outcasts from society, grovelling in the mire of ignorance and superstition, but as members of the universal human family, to be tolerated and cherished in all kindness; while, with respect to their peculiar devotion, for which so many censure them, it can still be said,

———“ This may be superstition, weak or wild,  
But even the faintest relics of a shrine  
Of any worship, wake some thoughts divine.”

The Pagan origin of well-worship is now established beyond the possibility of contradiction, and its extreme antiquity is lost in the night of time. This has been satisfactorily shown in a very interesting essay, written with a view to the annihilation of its remains in Ireland, by a Roman Catholic clergyman of distinguished abilities and learning, the late Dr Charles O'Connor. This learned writer attributes its introduction into the British islands, and Ireland in particular, to the Phœnicians, and quotes several authorities to show that if it had not its origin with the Chaldeans, it can at least be traced as far back as to them, and that from Chaldea and Persia it passed into Arabia, thence into Egypt and Lybia, and lastly into Greece, Italy, Spain, and Ireland. In all these countries its vestiges are still to be found, but in none of them at this day so numerous as in Ireland; and it is remarkable that its usages are still identical in the far distant regions of the east with those in our own *Ultima Thule* of the west. This identity is clearly evidenced by Hanway, in his "Travels in Persia," in which he says, "We arrived at a desolate caravansera, where we found nothing but water. I observed a tree with a number of rags to the branches. These were so many charms which passengers coming from Ghilan, a province remarkable for agues, had left there in a fond expectation of leaving their disease also in the same spot." Similar instances have been adduced by later travellers in the east, in reading whose descriptions we might almost suppose that they were depicting scenes in Ireland; and if all other evidences were wanting, these facts alone would be sufficient to establish the conclusion that the worship of fountains in Ireland was of Pagan origin. But we have in our ancient manuscripts the most satisfactory historical evidences to establish the fact. Thus, in Tirechan's Life of St Patrick, preserved in the Book of Armagh, and St Evin's Life as published by Colgan, it is stated, in detailing the progress of the Irish Apostle through Ireland, that he came to the fountain called Slán [that is, health], "because it was indicated to him that the Magi honoured this fountain, and made donations to it as gifts to God." This fountain was square, and there was a square stone in the mouth of it, and the water came over the stone, that is, through the interstices; and the Pagans told him that a certain Magus, who worshipped water as a divinity, and considered fire as a destroyer, when dying, made a shrine for his bones in the water beneath the stone, in order that they might be preserved. Patrick told the assembled congregation that it was not true that the king of the waters was in the fountain, and bade them raise up the stone, remarking that the bones of a man were not beneath it, but that he thought there was some gold and silver appearing through the joinings from their impious offerings; no such valuable offerings were, however, found; and Patrick consecrated the stone so raised to the true Divinity. It may not be unworthy of remark, that the well of Finnagh is still, as in the time of St Patrick, equally revered, though under a different name and with a different faith. It is now called Tober Brighde, or Bride's Well, having been subsequently dedicated to that saint as well as all the churches in the plain of Finnagh, and under this name the Druidical well of *Slán* is one of the most frequented and honoured in the whole of the county of Roscommon.

Several authorities of the same character as that now adduced may be found in the lives of other early Irish saints, but it is not necessary to our purpose to quote them.

Dr O'Connor shows from various evidences that on the firm establishment of Christianity in various parts of Europe the most severe ordinances of the church were promulgated against the continuance of well-worship in any form. "I have already stated," he observes, "that well-worshipping has been utterly abolished by the Catholic religion in Italy. The *Fontinalia* exist no longer; the fountain of Egeria, which I have seen near Rome, is known only to the learned; and I have seen the common peasantry of Castel Gandolfo and Marino washing their linen in the sacred waters of the *Ferentine Assemblies of Latium* and of Rome!"

In reference to its abolition in England, he adduces a canon made in the reign of Edgar, A.D. 960, by which it was ordained "that every priest do forbid the worship of fountains, and necromancy, and auguries, and enchantments, and sooth-sayings, and false worship, and legerdemain, which carry men into various impostures, and to groves and Ellens, and also many trees of divers sorts, and stones."

He also shows that similar ordinances appear in the Capitularies of Charlemagne, and that amongst the laws of the

reign of Ecgbright, A.D. 740, the 148th canon is:—"If any man, following the custom of the Pagans, introduce diviners or sorcerers into his house, or attend the *lustrations* of Pagans, let him do penance for five years."

It may be asked, then, how has it happened that the veneration paid to wells has continued in Ireland even to the present day, and to this question it is not very easy to give a satisfactory answer. It may be remarked, however, that no evidences have yet been discovered to show that similar local ordinances were made to destroy their continuance in Ireland, and that it may hence be inferred that the attachment of the Irish people generally to their ancient usages in this instance, as well as in their funeral lamentations, May-fires, and many other ceremonies of a religious character derived from the same eastern and Pagan origin, was too strong even for the power of the clergy to eradicate or greatly diminish. Certain it is, that the pilgrimages to Lough Derg, which, there is every reason to believe, derive their origin from the same source, were abolished by an order of Pope Alexander VI, in 1497, and yet the people returned to them again, and they are at the present moment as numerous as ever, if not more so than ever. And, in like manner, the pilgrimages to wells, even where discountenanced and punished by the Roman Catholic clergy, as they are now in almost every part of Ireland, are still continued in secrecy, with a tenacity to ancient usages singularly characteristic of the Irish race, and which will ensure their existence for a considerable time longer.

St Senan's Well, which we have selected as a characteristic example of the holy wells of Ireland, is situated near the west bank of the Shannon, near Dunass, in the county of Clare. There is nothing very peculiar to distinguish this well from a thousand other fountains of the same kind, but the unusual character of the votive offerings made at it, which, as our engraving exhibits, consist chiefly of wooden bowls, tea-cups whole and broken, blacking-pots, and similar odd offerings of gratitude to St Seannan Liath, or Sennan the Hoary, the patron saint of the parish. P.

## A FAIR-DAY IN NORMANDY,

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

HAVING a strong desire to procure some of the small compact Norman draught horses for my farm-work, I ventured last year to visit Normandy, for the purpose of making the desired selections. I took with me a young friend, who had been partly educated in France, as my interpreter with the French horse-dealers, and to arrange every particular for me during my intended hasty intercourse with the foreigners. But previously we went for passports to the office in Poland-street, where the Consul filled up the documents without ever looking at our faces, and I believe very incorrectly as to portraiture. "Your profession?" inquired he in French, as he was scribbling down the length of my nose, the colour of my hair and eyes, &c. "Homme de lettres," responded my companion for me. I nodded my head in acquiescence, without knowing anything about the matter; but I was quite satisfied when my friend explained it afterwards to me, and assured me that Lord Brougham, when Lord Chancellor, had from sheer modesty sunk his rank and other artificial honours on going to Paris, and simply designated himself as "Avocat, et homme de lettres." "Does not all the world," said my companion, "know perfectly well that you are, in the first place, one of the props of the Irish Penny Journal?" "Enough," said I, somewhat tickled by the reference to Lord Brougham; "be it as you please—though I think that, as a farmer going to France merely to buy horses, I might as well have been written down under the useful character of 'agriculturist.'" My passport, however, was by this time in my pocket, and any alteration in it was out of the question.

I had ascertained that a fair would be held on a particular day at Falaise, and having time enough to make a long journey by land, and much curiosity to see Calais, I determined to go there: we reached that port early in the day.

"Well, then, I am in France," said I, as we landed from the steamer on the pier; "here I am, actually on the Continent, looking at French soldiers, who won't shoot me, stab me, nor take me prisoner, and on fishwomen, with kerchiefs tastily arranged on their heads, large ear-rings, and brown faces, and hearing a language altogether strange to me." After staring about me there for half a day, and eating a very nice dinner in a very grand hotel, fitted up as if there was never

any winter in that part of France, we moved onwards in a most extraordinary kind of coach: such a lumbering machine!—less than an entire troop of cavalry appeared to me insufficient to move its prodigious wheels; yet five miserable-looking horses, with dirty half rotten harness, were compelled to pull it along towards Boulogne at the rate of more than four miles an hour.

I know not how it happened—perhaps it was fatigue—possibly a dose of claret, which caused me to fall asleep in the cuppy\* soon after I had passed the barriers of Calais. Be this as it may, while I was dreaming of home, there was a sudden stop, which aroused me. I could have sworn at the moment that I was upon a dreary part of the road between Wexford and Dungarvan; for, besides the general features of the locality, I saw on the door of a very Irish-like looking public-house, these words—“John Cullen sells beer and brandy.” “Where am I?” said I to myself; “surely not in France.” The matter was explained to me. There are several hundred families of English manufacturers, principally from Nottingham, employed at their trade in Calais and its vicinity; and John Cullen, who says he is a Yorkshireman, and has certainly been for more than twenty years established where he now is, and has married a Frenchwoman, finds it his interest to brew good beer, and to keep a public-house for the entertainment of his neighbours and the operatives of Calais, although the town is three miles distant. But at the moment I was fully impressed with the notion that John Cullen and his house were in the barony of Bargy, or in that of Forth.

As the horses at this place were not disposed to run away with the diligence, and the conductor had no indisposition to a glass of brandy, I contrived to enter John Cullen's house, which certainly has nothing English about it, and asked for the landlord, who soon appeared—an apparently thoroughbred Irishman, and with a fry of half-bred youngsters at his heels, speaking the oddest jargon that ever man heard. At first I hoped that it might have been the old dialect of the barony of Forth, but I was grievously disappointed. Though John Cullen brews very good beer, which he sends regularly into Calais, and sells very fair brandy, it would be no harm, from what I could learn, if Father Mathew could spare time to make a morning visit to his neighbourhood.

The greater part of the way from Calais to Boulogne is bleak, open, and ill drained, and altogether more of a snipe-shooting country than a farmer would desire to see, with a good deal of wheat, however, here and there, but not in the regularly formed ridges which I had seen in England.

We reached Boulogne that night, and fixed ourselves quietly in an English kind of hotel, after having been well tormented, before we were fairly housed, by emissaries from half a dozen establishments, pressing us in French, English, and German, to patronise their respective employers. We started at five o'clock the next morning from a coach-office very like one of our own in its arrangement of desks, clerks, way-bills, and weighing machines.

On some parts of my journey, as we receded from the coast, the drill husbandry, the garden-like culture, and the open country entirely under tillage, resembled portions of England, especially in those districts where the rural population is confined to villages very distant from each other, and concealed from the road. The French peasants are very early risers; I saw many of them at their various labours at four o'clock in the morning; some women at that hour were leading cows by a string—three very frequently connected together—or a few wretched-looking sheep, to pasture on the margin of the road. The dresses of these people, and the appearance of the sheep, in those spots, informed me very unmistakably that I was no longer in England. Sometimes, however, an entire flock of sheep met our observation. One of these, under the care of a shepherd, and two dogs which showed remarkable sagacity, we particularly noticed. The sheep, when I caught the first view of them, were huddled together in a fallow field, looking wistfully at, but not presuming to touch, a compartment of luxuriant clover within a few feet of them. The shepherd, leaving one of the dogs with the flock, and having the other at his heels, paced off a square of ten or twelve yards, slightly marking the limits with his foot; he then made a signal to the sentry dog, which at once allowed the sheep to pass on to the clover, while the other dog perambulated the prescribed limits, and prevented them from encroaching a single foot.

As I do not mean to trouble the reader with all the details

\* Mr Doyle probably means the coupée.—EDITORS.

of my journey. I need only say that I reached in safety the very heart of Normandy; and on the way, while admiring the woods, rivers, meadows, and undulating scenery through which we passed, I perceived a resemblance to the county of Wicklow, and many other well-wooded and fertile parts of Ireland.

I had been unable to reach Falaise the night before the fair, but I was there in time for an early breakfast; and certainly this breakfast was of an extraordinary kind. We had broth well thickened with vegetables; the bouilli from which the juices had been extracted made its appearance as a matter of course, and the whole company took a bit of it. Then came the liver of a sheep fried in oil, a dish of white beans well mashed and buttered, cheese, cider, and (though last not least appropriately to the breakfast table) coffee and boiled milk, with eggs and bread and butter. Many of the company, including some lady-like looking females, dipped their well-buttered bread into their coffee, and swallowed it in this nasty greasy manner with great apparent relish, and several of the party pocketed the lumps of sugar which they did not use with their coffee. But every country has its own fashions; and if people are here put upon an allowance in the article of sugar, and pay for a fixed quantity, why should they not take away that for which they pay, if they please?

I hastened away from the breakfast table to the place where the fair was held, and was surprised at the similarity of the scene before me to those which I have so often witnessed at home. It had nothing of the English character, excepting some wooden drinking-booths and caravans for showmen; there were no smart-looking horse-jockeys, no well-dressed grooms, not a white smock-frock, a laced buskin, a well-trimmed bonnet, nor a neatly appointed tax-cart or gig in view; but a crowd of men generally dressed in blue jackets and trousers and glazed hats, among whom were interspersed some wearing the blue blouse, and a cloth cap or red worsted nightcap, and a great number of women in their striped woollens, and high white linen or muslin coifs—nay, some of these (on the heads of the rich farmers' wives) were of lace, and worth scores of pounds sterling. The whole assemblage (combining with it groups of country fellows mounted on bardy ponies, with here and there a woman *en croupe*, or independently on a pad, with bags behind and before her, kicking away at the ribs of their horses with their heavy sabots) reminded me of what we see on a market-day in several parts of Ireland. Then, to render the similitude more striking, there were the clamour and jargon of persons buying and selling; and now and then a half drunken fellow singing in the lightness of his heart, or very noisy in argument; but generally courteous, and never daring to strike a blow, and a pedlar selling beads and almanacks amidst a din of oaths and imprecations, and the embarrassments occasioned by the movements of a team of four bullocks and three little horses in single file, dragging each other along with a huge tonneau of cider for the refreshment of the thirsty crowd, on a two-wheeled waggon, in the rear. We had passed this rude and very dirty vehicle, when the roll of a drum startled me. Thinks I to myself, “war is about to commence in earnest,” but it was only the preliminary flourish of a drummer, who immediately afterwards read out a notice that a celebrated dentist was about to appear in his voiture, for the purpose of relieving sufferers from those ailments which, alas! are incidental to us in every stage of life. Having raised his hat from respect to the majesty of the sovereign people, he moved off to an adjacent street, while the great operator himself appeared at hand in a showy kind of cab drawn by two horses (one in the shafts and the other in the outrigger style), with a tawdrily dressed postilion to guide them. Being in haste to reach the open square where the horse fair was held, I had little time for witnessing the operations of the tooth-drawer, who was flourishing his case of instruments in a most attractive way. When he had trapped his victim, he blew a long loud blast upon a horn to intimate that he was going to operate before the crowd, and after keeping the sufferer in an agony of suspense and nervousness, he pulled out one or more teeth with a *large nail* (sometimes a screw) in the twinkling of an eye, and with a degree of dexterity which I had conceived impossible. I was afterwards told that he had several patients in succession, from whom, as they sat backwards in the cab, within view of hundreds of spectators, he extracted teeth at the rate of sixpence each. This practitioner, however, was not without a rival: another dentist was mounted on a high, raw-boned horse, with his case



of instruments, and some physic for curing the rheumatism, in a leather portmanteau strapped upon the pommel of his saddle: his dress was of a military character—his coat being braided like an undress frock; his bridle and saddle of the cavalry form; his headpiece, a forage cap; and his boots and spurs like those of a dragoon in the days of the Duke of Marlborough; a coronet hung from his saddle-bow; and whenever the other dentist sounded his bugle, this man blew from beneath the overhanging cover of thick hair on his upper lip, a longer and a louder strain. But the peculiarity of his style of operating was really striking: instead of dismounting and removing the tooth, he remained steadily in his saddle, examined the mouths of the patients who presented themselves for relief, and from his vantage ground pulled or rather pushed out the diseased grinder. While I was looking on, he poked out three with a hooked nail for one sou, saying, successively, as he drew them in a few seconds (as my companion translated his expressions for me), "Here's a long one; here's a longer; and here's the longest of all."

A quack doctor in a huge caravan drawn by four horses, appeared next, and apparently with much profitable practice, among the dupes who crowded about him to read his puffs and buy his physic. A pedlar in another part of the place where the crowd was considerable, without coat or waistcoat (the wind was at north-east), and labouring very hard with his hands and lungs, was disposing of coloured cotton handkerchiefs by a sort of auction form. He took a piece from a lot of the same pattern, tied it round his waist or on his head as an indication that the handkerchiefs he was about to put up for sale were of the same sort, and then named a price, lowering the amount, perhaps, from twenty to fourteen sous, until he heard such an amount bid as satisfied him; then with the rapidity of a conjuror he flung the article to the bidder. Another and another purchaser followed as fast as he could unfold and throw the handkerchiefs at their faces, stopping occasionally for a few seconds to receive payments from many customers; then he opened a fresh lot, and thus perpetually exhibited varieties, selling all the time at a rate of rapidity which I had never seen equalled, and which could only occur where every individual in the little crowd is strictly honest.

Little bags of silver and copper were, in the open booths, carelessly slipped into unlocked boxes, from which any clever rogue might easily have helped himself; but such an occurrence is almost unknown in the provincial parts of France. These latter exhibitions were certainly neither English nor Irish.

It would afford no interest to any of my readers to inform them of the number of horses which I purchased, nor of the prices which I paid, nor of the arrangements which I made for sending them to Liverpool. It is enough to tell them that out of the many strings of horses which had been conducted to the fair in the English way by ropes from the head to the tail, and the tail to the head, in succession, and were now drawn up in rank and file under the shade of a wall for inspection, I bought some of those which were most free from the characteristic defects of the Norman horses, and had them safely stabled.

I returned to the scene of gaiety and confusion. There was a young woman there, bare-headed, but decently dressed in the main, playing upon a violin, while her male partner blew a terrible blast upon a bugle at intervals, at the conclusion of each, announcing a grand spectacle for the evening. The female had given a finishing scrape, and in a moment was on the ground, flat upon her back, but fortunately without injury to herself or her fiddle. I looked about and perceived the cause of the disaster: a horse had been pressed forward very rudely through the crowd, with a calf dangling from each of his sides, and one of these coming into violent contact with the fair musician, had thrown her down.

The mode by which those wretched animals had been conveyed to the fair was truly horrible. The four legs of each being bound, a rope connecting the poor creatures together by their tortured limbs was passed over the back of the horse, keeping them in *equilibrium*, and with the heads hanging downwards in agony, while the ligatures confining the legs by which they were suspended were impressed, by the weight of the body below, into the very bone! Oh, for a Humane Society in France to prevent such monstrous cruelty, taking for their motto this sentiment of her own Montaigne: "even theology enjoins kindness to brute animals; and considering that the same Master has given us our dwelling-place with them, and that

they like ourselves are of his family, we should have a *fellow feeling* for them!"

Attracted by a concourse of children in another spot, I soon found myself standing close to an old woman who was dealing out small thin cakes in a curious kind of manner. Before her was placed what appeared to be a small round table, but with an index, which, after being set in motion by a boy, stopped suddenly, and pointed like the hand of a clock to one of twelve numbers described in a circle. The perpetual invitation was, "Play, play! twelve cakes for a halfpenny;" and the little urchins, preferring the chance of twelve cakes for a halfpenny to the certainty of perhaps only three or four from a regular vender elsewhere, came up in rapid succession and with eager eyes to the game. Joy sparkled in the countenance of the juvenile speculator if the hand pointed to a high number; disappointment lowered upon his brow if a unit or two was the number which fortune assigned to him; while the hearty laugh of the spectators increased the acrimony of his temper.

I tried my own luck, and had one cake for my share, to the unrestrained delight of the little folk.

"Cakes for a halfpenny!" said I to myself. "What a good subject for a moral reflection!"

Here we have the seeds of gambling sown at an early season in the lively soil, and the systematic culture of this baneful and vivacious principle subsequently ensures its establishment in the human heart through the length and breadth of the land; it finds its congenial bed every where, from the child of the poorest mechanic to the grey-headed gamester in the polished societies of higher life. The avaricious principle thus precociously introduced into the youthful heart among the many natural weeds which are but too ready to spring up there, has its own distinctive fruits; and though it may be urged by those who think not deeply on the effects of early impressions on the ductile mind of childhood, that the disappointment which the little gamester experiences in his play of "twelve cakes for a halfpenny" counterbalances (as a trial of temper) the evils arising on the other hand from success in his object, this defence is really untenable in its general points.

In the little party before me I saw the willing and prepared pupils of a higher order of play—of rouge-et-noir, and hazard, and *ecarté*—by which so many of our own countrymen are infatuated, and sometimes ruined, when they take up their residence in France, heedless of the value of that time and those opportunities for the right use of which they are responsible to the bountiful Giver of them.

We now entered a low kind of café, in which the next scene of the serious drama of "twelve cakes for a sou" was exhibited. In one room was a billiard-table, at which two common-looking fellows were playing, at the rate of three-pence an hour for the tables, for a cup of coffee and a glass of brandy. In a corner sat a bloated, half-drunken looking old man in a blouse and nightcap, while his bustling wife discharged all the labours of the establishment.

In walked a burly-looking customer, who ordered a glass of brandy for himself, and another for the landlord Nicole. Immediately afterwards—and this was a daily practice with old Nicole—a game of cards was proposed, which terminated in favour of the customer, who walked off scot free.

In several instances the old man played in this way—double or quits with his customers—for the amount of coffee, wine, cider, or brandy, consumed in his company (he himself copiously partaking of all), and no one seemed without some play for it, to pay for what he had ordered. At several tables there were many parties playing in this way at different rates; and certainly if some of them had seen the contortions of their faces in a mirror, they would have been disgusted with a vice which so agitates the human frame, and unfits for every wise and rational pursuit.

Having only played "spoil-five" and "five-and-forty" in my youth, I neither understood nor wished to learn the game which was played around me. My young friend and I went to our hotel, and there found the chambermaid and the waiter, while they were awaiting our arrival, playing *ecarté* together on the dinner table for the amount of their morning's gratuities. "Twelve cakes for a halfpenny!" said I to myself again.

It only remains for me to tell how I got back to England.

I had reached Havre, by the beautiful Seine from Rouen, in the evening, without any particular adventure, and gone to an hotel kept by an Englishman, just as a waiter was cursing



an unlucky boy, who had broken a wine-glass, in true English style. I heartily regretted that I had not gone to a French house, in which, if the waiter had cursed for a month in his own language, I should not have understood him.

An accident had happened to the regular steamer for London, and there appeared no chance of my getting off for three days; I was in despair, especially as my horses had preceded me from another port, and I wished to be in Liverpool contemporaneously with their arrival there.

In the course of the night I was informed that a steam-vessel had just arrived in Havre from Gibraltar, with some of the Braganza family on their way to Paris, and that she was going on to London at day-break. I tucked up my portmanteau under my arm, and my young friend and I sallied out to the part of the quay where the steamer lay, in profound darkness and the most perfect silence. "Qui vive?" said a watchman, as he put his lantern to my face and a hand upon my throat, while I was advancing to the gang-board. My companion explained; and as I had the prudence to give a franc to the watchman, he lighted us carefully to the side of the vessel.

Down we groped our way to the cabin; all was darkness there, and every one on board was asleep. The vessel was so full that the steward and his wife were lying on the floor (in a heavy slumber), and directly in my way. I spoke: no one answered. I caught the stewardess by the nose, and could not conceive what it was that I had in my hand. She screamed, and gave her husband a smart blow on the head, thinking that he was the assailant. "Pardonnez," said I, trying to speak civilly in French, and supposing they could not understand English. "Who the deuce is there?" roared out the steward. "Oh, English," said I to myself. I explained, and slipped a five-franc piece into the man's hand, and apologized at the same time to his wife for having pulled her nose instead of the bell-handle.

"The captain is asleep," said he, "but I shall awake him." "Good fellow," said I.

My interpreter and I followed him, and the captain, who had heard the bustle, opened his cabin door. I repeated the purport of my unseasonable visit, telling him, by way of a clincher, that the Irish Penny Journal, to which I contributed by far the best articles ("and which," said I, "you of course take for the gratification of your passengers"), could not flourish during my absence from home.

"Come on board, both of you," said he, "if you like, but don't bother me with any more talk at this unseasonable hour of the night."

"An Irishman!" thought I to myself.

He banged the door, and I suppose was instantly asleep again.

I was soon in the same condition, and did not awake until we had made considerable progress with the very next tide towards London.

## ORIGIN AND MEANINGS OF IRISH FAMILY NAMES.

BY JOHN O'DONOVAN.

Sixth Article.

In my last article I gave examples of the process now in progress in the several provinces of Ireland among the people generally in changing their original names into names apparently English or Scottish: there are others in Ireland among the genteeler classes who have changed their old Milesian names in such a manner as to give them a French or Spanish appearance; and the adopters of these names now wish to be deemed as of French or Spanish origin (any thing but Irish!) These, it is true, are few in number, but some of them are respectable; and their effort at concealing their origin is not to be recommended. We shall therefore exhibit a few instances of this mode of rendering Irish names *respectable-looking* by giving them a foreign aspect, which the bearers cannot by any effort give their own faces. The most remarkable of these changes has been made by the family of O'Dorcey, in the west of the county of Galway, who have assumed not only the name of D'Arcy, but also the arms of the D'Arcys of England. But it is well known that the D'Arcys of Galway are all descended from James Reagh Darcy, of Galway, merchant, whose pedigree I know to be traced by Duaid Mac Firbis, not to the D'Arcys of Meath, who are of Anglo-Norman origin, but to the Milesian O'Dorceys of West Connaught, who were the ancient chiefs of Partree, a well-known territory extend-

ing from the lakes of Lough Mask and Lough Carra, westwards, in the direction of Croaghpatrick.

The next instance of this kind of change which I shall adduce, is found in the adjacent county of Mayo, where a gentleman of the ancient and celebrated family of O'Malley wishes all his friends to call him not O'Malley, for that is Irish, but De Maillet; but though his friends condescend sometimes to call him by this name, they can scarcely refrain from laughter while pronouncing it, for they know very well that he descends from Owen O'Malley, the father of the famous heroine Grania Wael, and chief of Umallia or the Owles, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The third instance I have met with of this false Irish vanity is in the far-famed Thomond, where a gentleman of the O'Malronies has followed the plebeian corruption of that name, by which it is metamorphosed to Moroni, by which he affects to pass as one not of Irish but of Spanish descent; but he cannot prevent his neighbours from calling him O'Murruana when they speak the native language, for by a strange corruption in that part of Ireland, where the Irish language is in most other instances very correctly pronounced, when the prefix *maol* is followed by *r*, the *l* is itself pronounced *r*, as in the instance under consideration, and in O'Mulryan, a well-known name in Munster, which they now pronounce O'Murryan. Thus an accidental corruption in the pronunciation of a consonant is taken advantage of to metamorphose a famous old Irish name into a Spanish one. It is indeed most lamentable to see the native Irish think so little of their names and of their own natural country.

I have many other instances of this audacious kind of change of surnames at hand, but I refrain from enlarging on them, from the apprehension of exceeding my limits without being enabled to bring this subject to a close in the stipulated space. A few others, however, are necessary to be exhibited to public scorn. The next instance, then, which has come under my notice, is in the province of Connaught, where the family of O'Mulaville have all changed their name to Lavelle, and where those who know nothing of the history of that family are beginning to think that they are of French descent. But it is the constant tradition in the county of Mayo that they are of Danish origin, and that they have been located in Iarowle since the ninth century. Of this name was the late Editor of the Freeman's Journal; a man of great abilities and extensive learning, who among other ancient languages had acquired a profound knowledge of his own native dialect. This name is scotticised Mac Paul in the province of Ulster.

Another name which some people are apt to take for a French or Anglo-Norman name, is Delany, as if it were De Lani; but the Irish origin of this family cannot be questioned, for the name is called O'Dulain in the original language, and the family were originally located at the foot of Slieve Bloom in Upper Ossory. Another instance is found in the change of O'Dowling to DuLaing, but this is seldom made, and never by any but people of no consequence.

Some individuals of the name of Magunshina, or Maghainan, upon leaving their original localities in Cavan and Meath, have assumed, some the name of Nugent, and others that of Gilson. Of this family was Charles Gilson, the founder and endower of the public school of Old Castle, a man of great benevolence, who found it convenient on his removal to London to shorten his name to Gilson.

Other individuals of Irish name and origin, upon settling in London and other parts of England, have changed their surnames altogether, as the ancestor of the present Baron of Lower Tabley, whose name was Sir Peter Byrne, but who was obliged to change his name to Leicester, to conform to the will of his maternal grandfather, who had bequeathed him large estates in England, on condition of his dropping his Irish name and adopting that of the testator. He is the most distinguished man of the O'Byrne race now living, and we regret that his Irish origin is entirely disguised in his present name of Warren. He descends from Daniel, the second son of Loughlin Duff of Ballintlea, in the county of Wicklow, a chief of great distinction, and is related to the Byrnes of Fallybeg, near Stradbally, in the Queen's County, who descended from the first son of this Loughlin—a fact with which his lordship is altogether unacquainted; and the writer of these remarks has often regretted that his lordship has not been made acquainted with this fact, as it might be in his power to serve the sons of the late venerable Laurence Byrne of Fallybeg.

Other changes have been made in Irish surnames by abbreviation; but though we regret this, we are not willing to condemn it altogether, especially when the changes are made for the purpose of rendering such names easy of pronunciation in the mouths of magistrates and lawyers, who could not, in many cases, bring their organs of speech to pronounce them in their original Irish form. Of these we could give a long list, but we shall content ourselves with a selection.

In the province of Connaught the name Mac Eochy has been shortened to M'Keogh, and latterly to Keogh; O'Mulconry to Conry and Conroy. In Ossory, Mac Gillpatrick has been manufactured into Fitzpatrick. In the county of Galway, and throughout the province of Connaught generally, Mac Gillakelly has been manufactured into Kilkelly; O'Mullally to Lally; Mac Gillakenny, to Kilkenny; Mac Gillamurry, to Kilmurry; Mac Gilladuff to Kilduff; Mac Geraghty, to Geraghty and Gearty; Mac Phauden, to Paten; O'Houlahan, to Nolan. This last change is not to be excused, for it entirely disguises the origin of the family; and we would therefore recommend the Nolans of the county of Galway to reject their false name, and re-assume that of O'Houlahan. This family were removed from Munster into Connaught by Oliver Cromwell, under the name of O'Houlahan, and they have therefore no just right to assume the name of another Irish family to whom they bear no relation whatsoever. The real Nolans of Ireland are of Leinster origin, and were the ancient chiefs of the barony of Forth, in the now county of Carlow, anciently called Foharta Fea, where they are still numerous; but the Connaught Nolans are not Nolans at all, but O'Houlahans, and are a family who bore the dignity of chieftains in ancient times, though it happens, that, not knowing their history, or taking a dislike to the sound of the name, they have, with questionable propriety, assumed the name of a Leinster family, which seems to sound somewhat better in modern ears. In the province of Ulster, the name Mac Gillaroe has been shortened to Gilroy and Kilroy; Mac Gillabride, to Mac Bride; Mac Gillacuskly, to Cuskly, and impertinently to Cosgrove and even Costello! Mac Gilla-Finnen, to Linden and Leonard; Mac-Gennis, to Ennis and Guinness; Mac Blosky, to Mac Closky. In Munster the noble name of Mac Carthy (or, as it is pronounced in the original Irish, Maw Caurhá) has dwindled to Carty (a vile change!); O'Mulryan, to O'Ryan and Ryan; Mac Gilla-Synan, to Shannon; Mac Gillaboy, to Mac Evoy, &c. &c. In Leinster, all the O's and Macs have been rejected; and though a few of them are to be met there now, in consequence of the influx of poor strangers of late into that province, it is certain that there is not a single instance in which the O' or Mac has been retained by any of the aboriginal inhabitants of that province, I mean the *ancient Irish* Leinster, not including Meath. The most distinguished of these was Mac Murrough, but there is not a single individual of that name now living in Leinster; the descendants of Donnell Mac Murrough Cavanagh, who, although illegitimate, became by far the most distinguished branch of that great family, having all changed their surnames to Cavanagh, and the other branches having, as the present writer has strong reasons to believe, changed it to Murphy. The writer has come to this latter conclusion from having ascertained that in the territory of the Murrows, in the county of Wexford, once the country of a great and powerful sept of the Mac Murroughs, the greater number of the inhabitants, who are perhaps the finest race of men in Ireland, are now called Murphy. He has therefore come to the conclusion, and he hopes not too hastily, that the Murphys of this territory are all Mac Murroughs. At the same time, however, he is well aware that the name generally anglicised Murphy is not Mac Murrough, but O'Murchoo, which was that of a branch or offshoot of the regal family of Leinster, who became chiefs of the country of Hy-Felimy, and whose chief seat was at Tullow, in the now county of Carlow. The writer is well aware that the Murphys of the county of Carlow and Kilkenny are of this latter family, but he cannot get rid of the conviction that the Murphys of the Murrows, in the east of the county of Wexford, are Mac Murroughs. On the subject of the difference between these two families, we find the learned Roderic O'Flaberty thus criticising Peter Walsh towards the close of the seventeenth century:—

"An O' or a Mac is prefixed in Irish surnames to the proper names of some of their ancestors, intimating that they

were the sons, grandsons, or posterity of the person whose name they adopted; but it was not proper to use one name promiscuously in the place of another, as he writes O'Murphy, king of Leinster, instead of Mac Murphy, or rather Mac Murchadh; but the family of O'Murchadha, which in English is Murphy, is very different from and inferior to this family." —Ogygia, Part III, cap. xxvii.

There are also some few instances to be met with, in which the O' has been changed to Mac, and *vice versa*, as in the remarkable instance of O' Melaghlin, chief of the Southern Hy-Niall race, to Mac Longhlin; also in those instances in which O'Duvyerna has been changed to Mac Dermot, O'Donogh to Mac Donogh, O'Knavin to Mac Nevin, O'Heraghty to Mac Geraghty, and a few others.

These latter changes are not calculated to disguise the *Irish origin* of the families who have made them, but they are still to be regretted, as they tend to disguise the origin, race, and locality of the respective families, and we should therefore like to see the original names restored.

Similar changes have been made in the family names among the Welsh, as Ap-John into Jones, Ap-Richard into Prichard and Richards, Ap-Owen into Owens, Ap-Robert into Probert and Roberts, Ap-Gwillim into Willims, &c. &c.

Having thus treated of the alterations the Irish have made in their surnames, or family names, for the purpose of making them appear English, I shall next proceed to point out the changes which they have likewise made in their Christian or baptism names, for the same purpose. Many of their original names they have altogether rejected, as not immediately reducible to any modern English forms; but others they have retained, though they have altered them in such a manner as to make them appear English. The writer could furnish from the authentic Irish annals and pedigrees a long list of proper names of men which were in use in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and which have been for a long time laid aside; but the limits of this Journal would not afford room for such a list: he must therefore content himself by pointing out the original forms of such names as have been retained in an anglicised shape. These changes in the Christian names have been made, not only by those families who have adopted English surnames, but also by those who have retained the Milesian O's and Macs; but these families have assumed that the English forms which they have given this class of names are perfectly correct. This was assumed to be true so early as the year 1689, in which we find Sir Richard Cox writing on the subject as follows:—

"The Christian names of the Irish are as in England: Aodh i. e. Hugh, Mahoone i. e. Matthew, Teige i. e. Timothy, Dermond i. e. Jeremy, Cnogher i. e. Cornelius, Cormac i. e. Charles, Art i. e. Arthur, Donal i. e. Daniel, Goron i. e. Jeffry, Magheesh i. e. Moses."

Now, I absolutely deny that these names are identical, though I acknowledge that they are at present universally received and used as such. In the first place, the name *Aodh*, which has been metamorphosed to Hugh, is not synonymous with it, for the name *Aodh* signifies *fire*, but *Hugh*, which has been borrowed from the Saxon, signifies *high* or *lofty*. Since, then, they bear not the same meaning, and are not made up of the same letters, in what, may it be asked, does their identity consist? It is quite obvious that they have nothing in common with each other. In the second place, Mahon, or, as Sir Richard Cox writes it, Mahoone, is not Matthew; for if we believe Spenser and some Irish glossographers, Mahon signifies a *bear*; and if they be correct, it cannot be identical, synonymous, or cognate with the Scriptural name Matthew, which does not signify a *bear*, but a *gift*, or a *present*. In the third instance, the Irish name Teige, which according to all the Irish glossaries signifies a *poet*, is not synonymous with Timothy, which means the *God-fearing*, and therefore is not identical or cognate with it; and I therefore doubt that the Irish people have any right to change Teige into Timothy. It was first anglicised Thady, and the writer is acquainted with individuals who have rendered it Thaddæus, Theophilus, and Theodosius.

In the fourth instance, Dermot, or, as Sir Richard Cox writes it, Dermond, is not identical with Jeremy, nor is it synonymous or even cognate with it. On this name, which was first very incorrectly anglicised Darby, the learned Dr O'Brien writes as follows:—"Diarmid, the proper name of several great princes of the old Irish. This name [which had its origin in Pagan times] is a compound of *Dia*, god, and *armaid*, the genitive plural of the Irish word *arm*, Latin *arma*,

*armorum*, so that *Dia-armaid* literally signifies the same as *Deus armorum*, the god of arms. Such is the exalted origin of this Irish name, which does not screen it from being at times a subject of ridicule to some of our pretty gentlemen of the modern English taste."

It must, however, in candour be acknowledged that this is not the meaning of the name Dermot, and that Dr O'Brien invented this explanation to gain what he considered respectability for a name common in his own illustrious family, and which was considered vulgar by the fashionable people of the period at which he wrote. We have the authority of the Irish glossaries to show that *Diarmid*, which was adopted at a remote period of Irish history, as the proper name of a man, signifies a freeman; and though this meaning does not sound as lofty as the *Deus armorum* of Dr O'Brien, still it is sufficiently respectable to show that Dermot is not a barbarous name, and that the Irish people need not be ashamed of it; but they will be ashamed of every Irish name in despite of all that can be said, as the writer has very strong grounds for asserting. The reason is obvious—because they have lost their nationality.

In the fifth instance, Concovar, or, as Sir Richard Cox writes it, Cnogher, is not identical, synonymous, or even cognate with Cornelius; for though it has been customary with some families to latinize it to Cornelius, still we know from the radices of both names that they bear not the slightest analogy to each other, for the Irish name is compounded of *Cona*, strength, and *Cobhair*, aid, assistance; while the Latin Cornelius is differently compounded. It is, then, evident that there is no reason for changing the Irish Concovar or Conor to Cornelius, except a fancied resemblance between the sounds of both; but this resemblance is very remote indeed.

In the sixth instance, the name Cormac has nothing whatsoever to do with Charles (which means *noble-spirited*), for it is explained by all the glossographers as signifying "Son of the Chariot," and it is added, "that it was first given as a sobriquet, in the first century, to a Lagenian prince who happened to be born in a chariot while his mother was going on a journey, but that it afterwards became honourable as the name of many great personages in Ireland." After the accession of Charles the First, however, to the throne, many Irish families of distinction changed Cormac to Charles, in order to add dignity to the name by making it the same with that of the sovereign—a practice which has been very generally followed ever since.

In the seventh instance, Sir Richard is probably correct. I do not deny that Art may be synonymous with Arthur; indeed I am of opinion that they are both words of the same original family of language, for the Irish word *Art* signifies *noble*, and if we can rely on the British etymologists, Arthur bears much of a similar meaning in the *Gomraeg* or Old British.

With respect to the eighth instance given by Sir Richard Cox, I have no hesitation in asserting that the Irish proper name *Domhnall*, which was originally anglicised *Donnell* and *Donald*, is not the same with the Scriptural name *Daniel*, which means *God is judge*. I am at least certain that the ancient Irish glossographers never viewed it as such, for they always wrote it *Domhnall*, and understood it to mean a great or proud chieftain. This explanation may, however, be possibly incorrect; but the *m* in the first syllable shows that the name is formed from a root very different from that from which the Scriptural name *Daniel* is derived.

With respect to the names *Goron* (which is but a mistake for *Searoon*), *Jeofry*, and *Magheesh*, *Moses*, the two last instances furnished by Sir Richard Cox, they were never borne by the ancient Irish, but were borrowed from the Anglo-Normans, and therefore I have nothing to do with them in this place. What I have said is sufficient to show that the Christian names borne by the ancient Irish are not identical, synonymous, or even cognate with those substituted for them in the time of Sir Richard Cox.

The most valuable part of every man's education is that which he receives from himself, especially when the active energy of his character makes ample amends for the want of a more finished course of study.

"Would you know this boy to be my son from his resemblance to me?" asked a gentleman. Mr Curran replied, "Yes, sir; the maker's name is stamped upon the blade."

## ELEGIAC STANZAS

ON A SON AND DAUGHTER.

In Merrión, by Eblana's bay,  
They sleep beneath a spreading tree;  
No voices from the public way  
Shall break their deep tranquillity.

Clontarf may bloom, and gloomy Howth  
Behold the white sail passing by,  
But never shall the spring-time growth  
Or stately bark delight their eye.

Clontarf may live, a magic name;  
To call up recollections dear—  
But never shall great Brian's fame  
Delight the sleeper's heedless ear.

They fell, ere reason's dawn arose—  
They, sinless, felt affliction's rod;  
Oh, who can tell their wordless woes  
Before they reached the throne of God?

What being o'er the cradle leans,  
Where innocence in anguish lies;  
Writhing in its untold pains—  
That feels not awful thoughts arise!

'Tis dreadful eloquence to all  
Whose hearts are not of marble stone—  
Such eloquence as could not fall  
E'en from the tongue of Massillon.

Their ills are o'er—a father's cares—  
A mother's throes—a mother's fears—  
A wily world with all its snares,  
Shall ne'er begloom their joyless years.

They sleep in Merrión by the bay,  
From passions, care, and sorrow free;  
No voices from the public way  
Shall break their deep tranquillity.

T.

## TESTIMONIALS.

EVERY one who has had any thing to do with the filling up of appointments for which there has been any competition, must have been struck—taking the testimonials of candidates as criteria to judge by—with the immense amount of talent and integrity that is in the market, and available often for the merest trifle in the shape of annual salary. In truth, judging by such documents as those just alluded to, one would think that it is the able and deserving alone that are exposed to the necessity of seeking for employment. At any rate, it is certain that all who do apply for vacant situations are without exception persons of surpassing ability and incorruptible integrity—flowers of the flock, pinks of talent, and paragons of virtue. How such exemplary persons come to be out of employment, we cannot tell; but there they are.

The number of testimonials which one of these worthies will produce when he has once made a dead set at an appointment, is no less remarkable than the warmth of the strain in which they are written. Heaven knows where they get them all! but the number is sometimes really amazing, a hatful, for instance, being a very ordinary quantity. We once saw a candidate for an appointment followed by a porter who carried his testimonials, and a pretty smart load for the man they seemed to be. The weight, we may add, of this gentleman's recommendations, as well it might carried the day.

In the case of regular situation-hunters of a certain class, gentlemen who are constantly on the look-out for openings, who make a point of trying for every thing of the kind that offers, and who yet, somehow or other, never succeed, it may be observed that their testimonials have for the most part an air of considerable antiquity about them, that they are in general a good deal soiled, and have the appearance of having been much handled, and long in the possession of the very deserving persons to whose character and abilities they bear reference. This seems rather a marked feature in the case of such documents as those alluded to. How it should happen, we do not know; but you seldom see a fresh, clean, newly written testimonial in the possession of a professed situation-hunter. They are all venerable-looking documents, with something of a musty smell about them, as if they had long been associated in the pocket with cheese crumbs and half-burnt cigars.

A gentleman of the class to which we just now particularly refer, generally carries his budget of testimonials about with him, and is ready to produce them at a moment's notice. Not knowing how soon or suddenly he may hear of something eligible, he is thus always in a state of preparation for such chances as fortune may throw in his way. It is commendable foresight.

As regards the general style of testimonials, meaning particularly that extreme warmth of eulogium for which these documents are for the most part remarkable, it is perhaps in the case of aspirants for literary situations that we find it in its greatest intensity. It is in these cases we make the astounding discovery that the amount of literary talent known is really nothing to that which is unknown; that in fact the brightest of those geniuses who are basking in the sunshine of popular favour, and reaping fame and fortune from a world's applause, is a mere rushlight compared to hundreds whom an adverse fate has doomed to obscurity, of whose merits the same onward destiny has kept the world in utter ignorance. As proof of this, we submit to the reader the testimonials of a couple of candidates for the editorship of a certain provincial paper, with which, along with two or three others, we had a proprietary connexion. There were in all one hundred and twenty applicants, and each had somewhere about a score of different testimonials, bearing witness to the brilliancy of his talents and the immaculateness of his character. We, the proprietors, had thus, as the reader will readily believe, a pretty job of it. One hundred and twenty candidates, with each, taking an average, 20 letters of recommendation; 20 times 120—2,400 letters to read!

In the present case we confine ourselves merely to one or two of the most remarkable, although we cannot say that the difference between any of them was very material. They were all in nearly one strain of unqualified, and, as regarded their subjects, no doubt deserved laudation. The testimonials were for the most part addressed to the applicants themselves, as in the following case:

"Dear Sir—In reply to your letter stating that you meant to apply for the editorship of a provincial paper, and requesting my testimony to your competency for such an appointment, I have sincere pleasure in saying that you possess, in an eminent degree, every qualification for it. Your style of writing is singularly elegant, combining energy with ease, and copiousness with concentration; nor is the delicacy and correctness of your taste less remarkable than the force and beauty of your language. But your literary achievements, my dear sir—achievements which, although they have not yet, will certainly one day raise you to eminence—bear much stronger testimony to your merits than any thing I can possibly say in your behalf; and to these I would refer all who are interested in ascertaining what your attainments are. As an editor of a paper, you would be invaluable; and I assure you, they will not be little to be envied who shall be so fortunate as to secure the aid of your able services," &c. &c. &c.

Well, this was one of the very first testimonials we happened to open, and we thought we had found our man at the very outset, that it would be unnecessary to go farther, and we congratulated ourselves accordingly. We were delighted with our luck in having thus stumbled on such a genius at the first move. It is true, we did not know exactly what to make of the reference to the candidate's literary achievements, what they were, or where to look for them; for neither of these achievements, nor of the candidate himself, had we ever heard before; but as the writer of the letter was not unknown to us, we took it for granted that all was right.

What, however, was our surprise, what our perplexity, when, on proceeding to the testimonials of the next candidate, we found that he was a gentleman of still more splendid talents than the first; that, in short, the light of the latter's genius, compared to that of the former's, was but as the light of a lucifer match to the blaze of Mount Etna.

"Gentlemen," said the first testimonial of this person's we took up (we, the proprietors, being addressed in this case), "Gentlemen, having learnt that you are on the look-out for an editor for your paper, and learning from Mr Josephus Julius Augustus Bridgeworth that he intends becoming a candidate for that appointment, I at his request most cheerfully bear testimony to his competency, I might say pre-eminently fitness, for the situation in question. Mr Bridgeworth is a young man of the highest literary attainments; indeed, I should not be going too far were I to say that I know of no writer, ancient or modern, who at all approaches him in force and beauty of style, or who surpasses him in originality of thought and brilliancy of imagination: qualities which he has beautifully and strikingly exhibited in his inimitable Essay on Bugs, which obtained for him the gold prize-medal of the Royal Society of Entomologists, and admission to that Society as an honorary member, with the right of assuming the title of F. R. S. In fine, gentlemen, I would entreat of

you, as much for your own sakes as for that of my illustrious young friend Mr Bridgeworth, not to let slip this opportunity—one that may never occur again—of securing the services of one of the most talented gentlemen of the day; one who, I feel well assured, will one day prove not only an honour to his country, but an ornament to the age in which he lives. With regard to Mr B.'s moral character, I have only to say that it is every thing that is upright and honourable; that he is, in truth, not more distinguished for the qualities of his head than of his heart."

We have already said that the circumstance of finding in the bug essayist a greater genius than in the candidate who preceded him, most grievously perplexed us. It did. But what was this perplexity compared with that by which we were confounded, when, on proceeding to look over the testimonials of the other candidates, we found that the merits of every new one we came to surpassed those of him who had gone before, and this so invariably, that it became evident that we had drawn around us all the talent and character of the country; that in fact all the talent and character of the country was striving for the editorship of our paper.

Thus placed as it were in the midst of a perfect galaxy of genius, thus surrounded by the best and brightest men of the age, we had, as will readily be believed, great difficulty in making a choice. A choice, however, we did at length make; fixing on the brightest of the brilliant host by which we were mobbed. Need I tell the result? Need I say that this luminary turned out, after all, but a farthing candle!—a very ordinary sort of person. He did, indeed, well enough, but not better than a thousand others could have done.

While on this subject of testimonials, let us add that we had once, with one or two others, the bestowal of an appointment to a situation of trust, and for which integrity was the chief requisite. We had in this, as in the former case, an immense number of applicants, and, as in the former case, each of these produced the most satisfactory testimonials. We chose the most immaculate of these honest men—we appointed him. In three weeks after, he decamped with £500 of his employer's cash!

C.

**FRIENDSHIP.**—Friendship derives all its beauty and strength from the qualities of the heart, or from a virtuous or lovely disposition; or should these be wanting, some shadow of them must be present; it can never dwell long in a bad heart or mean disposition. It is a passion limited to the nobler part of the species, for it can never co-exist with vice or dissimulation. Without virtue, or the supposition of it, friendship is only a mercenary league, or a tie of interest, which must of course dissolve when that interest decays, or subsists no longer. It is a composition of the noblest passions of the mind. A just taste and love of virtue, good sense, a thorough candour and benignity of heart, and a generous sympathy of sentiment and affections, are the essential ingredients of this nobler passion. When it originates from love, and esteem is strengthened by habit, and mellowed by time, it yields infinite pleasure, ever new and ever growing. It is the best support amongst the numerous trials and vicissitudes of life, and gives a relish to most of our engagements. What can be imagined more comfortable than to have a friend to console us in afflictions, to advise with in doubtful cases, and share our felicity? What firmer anchor is there for the mind, tossed like a vessel on the tumultuous waves of contingencies, than this? It exalts our nobler passions, and weakens our evil inclinations; it assists us to run the race of virtue with a steady and undeviating course. From loving, esteeming, and endeavouring to felicitate particular people, a more general passion will arise for the whole of mankind. Confined to the society of a few, we look upon them as the representatives of the many, and from friendship learn to cultivate philanthropy.—*Sir H. Davy.*

**HUMILITY.**—An humble man is like a good tree; the more full of fruit the branches are, the lower they bend themselves.

No dust affects the eyes so much as gold dust.

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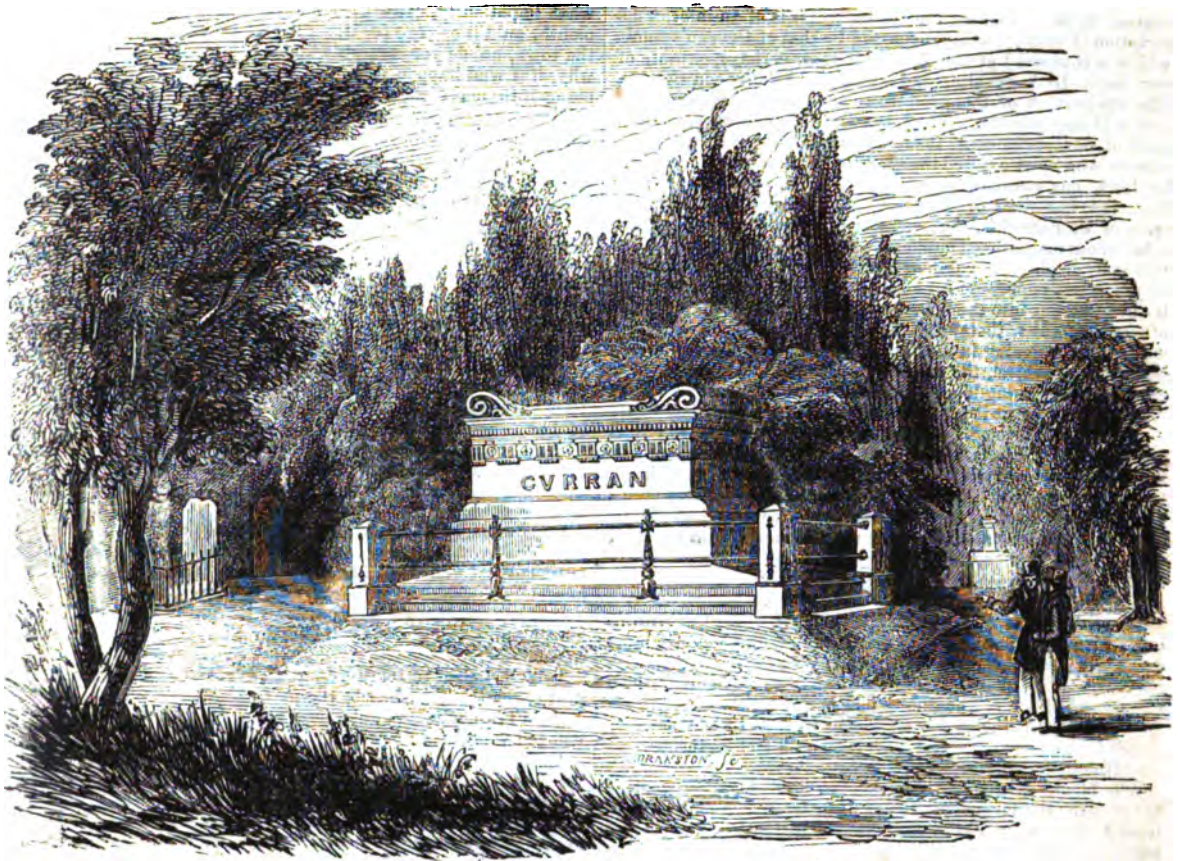


# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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VOLUME I.



## TOMB OF CURRAN.

TWENTY years had nearly elapsed, and no stone marked the grave where Curran was interred: still Ireland continued unpossessed of the remains of one of the ablest of her orators and purest of her patriots, and seemed, in this instance especially, to justify the reproach of her habitual neglect towards the posthumous reputation of her great men.

To the managing committee of the cemetery at Glasnevin belongs the merit, in this eminent instance, of setting an example which may remove or mitigate the humiliating truth of that too just reproach.\* They reclaimed for Ireland the bones of Curran, which were transferred from England to the cemetery over which they preside.

To Lord Cloncurry, ever foremost or forward in aught affecting the public weal, and through life distinguished as the munificent supporter of all the elegant and useful arts—of every object proposing to advance the interests of his country or honour of her name—to him belongs the merit of originating a subscription from which has resulted the monument at Glasnevin, and the other now in progress at the church of St Patrick.† Thus at the northern extremity of Dublin the tomb of Cur-

ran stands over his remains; and at the southern extremity, in our metropolitan Cathedral Church, which may be called our little Westminster, a cenotaph, now begun, will soon bear witness that after a lapse of 23 years, new recorded honours gather round his monument, and his glory still freshens in the memory of posterity.

A senior fellow of our University, who had no other share in his subsequent elevation to a mitre than the circumstance of having rendered himself worthy of it, observes on the subject of this commemoration as follows:—"It (a letter) shows me, however, that you intended to apply to me on a subject well calculated to excite my sympathy; and it gives me an opportunity of indulging my own feelings, and of promoting my own honour, in avowing my admiration and respect for splendid talents and disinterested patriotism. I shall therefore be flattered by the insertion of my name in your list, though I do not entertain the ambitious thought of my doing honour to the memory of a man who has erected for himself a monument greater and more lasting than can be contained in any cemetery."

The wood-cut engraving prefixed to this article is descriptive of Curran's tomb at Glasnevin, of which Mr J. T. Papworth, A.R.H.A., architect of the Royal Dublin Society, was the architect, and conductor of its construction and successful execution. It is a fac simile of the celebrated chef-d'œuvre of the antique known as the tomb of Scipio Barbaticus,

\* This monument, if not insuencing, has certainly been followed by monuments now in progress of erection to the late Chief Baron Joy, Mr Drummond, the Dean of St Patrick's, Lord Clements, and others.

† The contract has been made with Mr Christopher Moore, an Irish sculptor of much celebrity. The foundation is laid in granite, the structure will be marble, and the situation fronts the monument of the late Sergeant Ball.

exemplars of which are favourite objects of purchase to the visitors of Rome, and lovers of virtue. It is a magnificent specimen of that simple, durable, massive grandeur, which the early artists of the mistress of the world deemed suitable to the character of a great man's sepulchre; fit to outlive, like its great Roman prototype, numerous generations of men; and bear down the name of its honoured object to the admiration of a most distant posterity. Napoleon's tomb at St Helena was of course the suggestion of the best taste of France and Italy combined. It bears a close resemblance to that of Scipio. The material of the latter is of an inferior description of stone, greatly surpassed by that of Curran's tomb, which is composed of the best specimen, perhaps, extant, of our finest Irish granite, and sparkles like silver in the sun. The application of this product to sepulchral purposes is recent and appropriate. The late palace of our dukes, the late halls of our parliament, the testimonials commemorating the victors who most exalted the glory of Britain on the ocean and by land, our custom-house and post-office, our courts of justice, the harbours of Wicklow, Howth, and Dunleary, the spire of St Patrick's, the grandest of our bridges, with most other of our magnificent public edifices, have long displayed and will long display the value of our granite for beauty and solidity. It has superseded the use of Portland stone, for, capable of being cut into the finer figures of architecture, it admits of any shape, it withstands any weather; and harder than freestones, and hardening in the air, and susceptible of every formation from the chisel, the mallet, and the hammer, it stands of all the mineral kingdom most faithful to the trust of monumental fame. But it is not by such memorials, as was justly observed by the eminent prelate already referred to; it is not by such memorials as art may construct from marble or brass, or our own enduring granite, that the immortality of Curran's fame can be achieved, it is in the great efforts of his transcendent genius we best can contemplate his deathless monument, and in that respect it may be said of him as Johnson said on a like occasion,

"A mortal born, he met a mortal's doom,  
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb."

The tomb is in the form of a Sarcophagus, of the Doric order of architecture, richly sculptured. The triglyphs are most delicately wrought, and the metopes are ornamented with pateras. It is erected so as to appear upon a tumulus, which has a good effect. The dimensions are as follow:—

The plinth..... 11 feet 2½ inches by 5 feet 6½ inches.  
The dado ..... 8 feet 11 inches by 3 feet 8½ inches.  
Height ..... 8 feet 2 inches.

The blocks of granite of which the tomb has been formed are perhaps the largest made use of in Ireland, each weighing from 4 to 5 tons. The joints between the blocks have been so managed as to be imperceptible, and the tomb thus appears to be one entire mass of granite. F.

## THE MARKET-WOMAN.

BY M. G. R.

SOME of the pleasantest of the many pleasant reminiscences of my childhood are associated with the recollection of a very ugly uncouth woman, with a very ugly uncouth name, "Moll Miskellagh," our market-woman. If the cognomen "Moll" was intolerable to "ears polite," what was it to the euphonious appellation of her better half, "Mogue Miskellagh?" The English groom of an Irish gentleman once overheard some person calling "Mogue Miskellagh!" "Mogue Miskellagh!" "Mogue Miskellagh!" he thrice exclaimed, voice, eyes, and hands in their various ways expressing astonishment, "does that 'ere name belong to a Christian?"

The home of my early days was situated five miles from the nearest market-town; and as it was not always convenient to send a servant and horse for the various commodities necessary for a tolerably large family, a regular drudging market man or woman was deemed indispensable. Moll Miskellagh heard of "the lady's" wants and wishes, and believing her own limbs to be stout, and her memory retentive, offered herself as the "beast of burden."

"Mistress, jew'l," pleaded Moll, with the most persuasive brogue imaginable, "sorra sitch a pair ov legs in the whole country; an' for my back, it bangs Banagher for the strinth! As to my karracter, thank God I need say nothin' about it, as I may safely lave it to my naiburs for its honesty."

"And honesty must have its reward," returned the amiable

and well-beloved "Mistress," whose business it was to engage the market-woman. "But do you read?"

"Augh! sorra bit ov me, yer honour," quoth Mrs Miskellagh, with a groan; "larnin' was'nt the fashin in my young days, or I 'spose I'd have got a lick ov it like the rest. But what ov that, mistress?"

"Why, it would be better for all parties that you did read, as you will have so many notes to carry to different shops, and you cannot fail to be sadly puzzled."

"Augh, lave out the notes, ma'am," interrupted Moll, somewhat impatiently, "an' give me yer commands by word ov mouth, an' I'll engage for it. I'll go to the four quarters of the town, an' do yer errands without a single mistake: bekase why, if I wud happen to forget one or two, I have a way ov me own to make me remember agin. So, for God's an' me childher's sakes, yer honour, give me the berth, an' I'll sarve ye faithful. Throth I'll drag as much as an ass!"

"Well, I believe I shall try you, Molly," said the lady, smiling kindly, the appeal of distress never lost upon her. "Thursdays and Saturdays are the days we send to town; be you ready to attend me at ten o'clock next Thursday."

I was present at this engagement, and though I was very young at the time, never shall I forget the frightful grins with which Moll Miskellagh graced her exuberant thanks, nor her extra-extraordinary curtsies! I have seen an elephant attempt such movements since, and I can declare that the quadruped was the more graceful of the two: The "quadruped!" do I say? I would not vow that our market-woman was not akin to a camel: she was as enduring as one, I am sure, and seldom have I seen her without her burthen behind.

Well, on Thursday Moll Miskellagh was punctual; she came with eyes, ears, and hands all prepared for "town."

"I am sadly afraid——" began the lady, pausing, and looking doubtfully at her messenger.

"Of what, yer honour?" inquired Molly briskly.

"That your memory cannot retain all the commissions I must entrust you with, and not only me, but every one in the house."

"Thry me, madam—go on, jew'l! Never fear me! Give me a hundred ov them if you like, for I have a way ov me own to remember."

"Well, I wish to serve you at all events. Then you must first carry this post-bag to the post-office."

"So I can, madam; an' I need say nothin' there, as the bag will tell what it wants ov itself. Go on, darlint!"

"Then you are to go to the baker's in New-street, to the butcher's in Market-street, to F——'s for groceries, to Mrs R—— of Church-street with this note, and to Mrs L—— of Castle-hill with this other. And here is a list of articles you are to purchase for me at any shop you please. But what operation are you performing on your fingers?"

"Augh, there's my saicret!" quoth the market-woman triumphantly. "Ye see, mistress, I have three sorts ov thread, black, white, an' grey; an' when I am not sure that I'll think ov a thing perfectly, I tie one ov those threads on one ov me fingers; an' when I am at a loss, I keep lookin' at the thread till I remember what I tied it on for, an' so at last it comes into my mimicry. Go on, mistress, if you please; the day is gettin' late with us."

"I have no more commissions, Molly; but here comes your master with his."

"Well, Mrs Miskellagh, have you got all your *commandments*?" inquired the "ministhur," smiling.

"Augh, be lanient, yer rivirince! the mistress has given me a power to do to-day."

"Well, Moll, I will be lenient. I have only two or three trifling commissions to give you. First, you must go to the post-office, and then to B——'s for my boots; neither person nor priest can do without them, you know. Did you ever hear of the 'priest in his boots,' Moll?"

"Throth I have, an' danced it too, sur. Go on, yer rivirince: what next?"

"Next you are to go to Mr W——, the attorney, with this note, and be sure to wait for his answer. I have no more commissions to-day. But now, Moll, take care of the youngsters; and here they come, ready to overwhelm you!"

"Ogh! Lard help me!" ejaculated the poor market-woman, as a troop of laughing, romping children bounded into the room and surrounded her.

Now, grandpapa, for a little innocent mischief, privately slid silver to each of the youngsters, to gratify their various

tastes in toys, purposely to test poor Moll's system of mnemonics. The eldest boy was about to give his orders in a loud key, when Moll Miskellagh, with a proper reverence for her own sex, pushed him aside, and desired the "young Miss" to "spauk up first."

"A sixpenny doll, and two dishes for my baby-kitchen," squeaked miss.

"Now, young masther, yours?"

"A top, Moll—not a pegging-top, but a humming-top I want."

"A hummin'-top!" cried the market-woman, impatiently; "arrah, what the dhioul is a hummin'-top?"

"Why, a humming-top is a-a-a-humming top," quoth young master, somewhat posed. "It makes a noise this way—hum, hum, hum—for all the world like a droning beetle."

Poor Moll had no acquaintance with any beetle but a sort of wooden instrument with which peasant maidens pound their coarse clothes when washing them at a stream or river; and "a dhronin' beetle!" she ejaculated, opening wide her small grey eyes, and looking from one to the other for an explanation; while grandpapa, his face bathed with tears from excessive laughter, prepared to make matters clear, but in reality to make "confusion worse confounded." But the hero of the humming-top thought no one knew its peculiarities so well as himself, and he ended the dilemma by describing a humming-top to be "a great deal larger than a common top, had a square hole in one side, and it was always painted red."

"That'll do," said Moll Miskellagh, trying to be satisfied. "I'll inquire about stich a thing, any how. An' now, little masthers, what's your pleasures?"

One chose "a whip," and the other "cakes," and then we thought poor Moll had her quantum, and that she might proceed on her journey. But so thought not Moll. Confident of her retentive powers and strength of frame, she seemed determined to test herself to the utmost: and before she left the house, she descended to the lower regions to offer her services to the dignitaries of the kitchen. She was expected, it seemed, for cook had a lot of "kitchen stuff" to be disposed of in town, the butler to send for a new razor, the housemaid to have a letter put into the post-office, directed to "John Fitz-Garald, at Mr Crosbie's, esquire, Dublin, Great Britain-street, Ireland," and the kitchen-maid to send for a wirecomb to support her redundant tresses.

"Any thing else, now?" demanded the messenger, her foot on the threshold of the outer door.

"No! no! no!" exclaimed all the voices at once; "away with ye, an' God speed ye!"

"Amin!" muttered the market-woman, striding up the steep stone steps, through the yard, and down the avenue, without "casting a longing, lingering look behind."

I will not say how often we children teased our dear, good, angel-tempered grandmother with "when will Moll Miskellagh return?" Suffice it to say, we thought of nothing but Moll, looked for no one but Moll; and until we actually beheld Moll panting up the steep avenue with a prodigious load on her back, a huge basket on one arm, and the post-bag on the other, her two pockets or rather wallets filled to the brim, we never gave ourselves or others rest or peace!

But the market-woman was triumphant! Not one single commission did she forget, and every one was satisfied with her dealings and bargains except the butler, whose razor was base metal, instead of steel, or even iron! But who could blame Moll Miskellagh? Able persons, and of the sex that used such scrapers, had been imposed on ere then. Witness—

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,

Hodge now began with grinning face to scrub,

Just like a hedger cutting furze;

'Twas a vile razor! Then the rest he tried—

All were impostors! "Ah!" Hodge sighed,

"I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse!"

Yes! our market-woman was triumphant! and for many years she retained her situation, exhibiting the same strength of memory, fidelity, and honesty, to the last. But I must mention how nicely we nicked our grandpapa for his indiscreet attempt to puzzle our purveyor on her first essay. Ever after, we regularly called upon him for "means to test the market-woman's memory," and he good-humouredly always complied with the demand. Then, oh! what an interesting object Moll became to us! How we used to watch for the first glimpse of the huge white load resting on her back, and rising considerably above her head! And how often in our eagerness we mistook white cows, ladies dressed in white, and white horses, for our dearly beloved Moll Miskellagh!

One evening we expected some particularly nice things by our market-woman. It was somewhere about Christmas, when our means swelled considerably by the addition of Christmas gifts. Many times during the evening we had seen things very like Moll in the distance, but which turned out most bitter disappointments. All four were stuck in a window that commanded a full view of the road to E—; and never did the unfortunate lady of Bluebeard put more earnest eager inquiries to her sister Anne, "is there any body coming?" than we did to each other on this momentous occasion. At length, oh, sight of joy! we beheld a white object descending the opposite hill. "She is coming! she is coming!" screamed a quartetto of young voices, and down we flew to the avenue gate. Alas and alack! it was not Moll, but a gentleman on a white horse! We gazed on each other in breathless dismay; but one of the party, though sadly confounded, resolved to hear of our messenger if possible, since he could not see her, and, boldly advancing, demanded of the traveller "if he were coming from E—?"

The gentleman, for he was a gentleman, appeared somewhat surprised at this address, but observing a group of rosy, merry-looking children, he reined in his horse, and smiling good-naturedly, replied that "he was then returning from that town."

Emboldened by this condescension, the next query was, "had he seen Moll Miskellagh?"

The stranger laughed outright. "Really, my dear," said he, "I have not the pleasure to know any one of that name. Pray who and what is Moll Miskellagh?"

"Our market-woman, sir," quoth our spokesman.

"Ha! What sort of person is she, pray? Perhaps I did see her."

We looked at one another doubtfully, the look plainly expressing "How shall we describe her?" when at last the first speaker, with the air of an incipient judge of female beauty, took on himself to reply, "that Moll Miskellagh was a very ugly woman indeed, that she had a pale yellow face, and a great wart near her nose; that she wore a dark blue cloak, an old black bonnet, and that she carried a prodigious, oh! a very big load on her back."

"Never was description more graphic!" exclaimed the traveller, still laughing. "I did indeed see your market-woman. I passed her about a quarter of a mile from this; and if you have patience, my dears, you will soon see her. You expect some nice things by her, I am sure—Eh?"

"Oh dear, yes, sir"—and thereupon we eagerly enumerated all that Moll was charged to purchase. The kind gentleman seemed to enjoy our delightful anticipations, asked us our names, and various other questions, and charitably kept us employed till poor over-laden Moll actually came in sight, and until he witnessed our clamorous welcomes, and saw us in possession of our treasures. Nay, he lingered to laugh at our expedient to facilitate Mrs Miskellagh's tardy movements up the very steep avenue—one and all of the four juveniles getting behind her and pushing her up (much in the way the veritable Captain Kearney's fair but fat cousin was sent up the companion-ladder, as described in "Peter Simple"), the boys shouting "Yo heave ho!" as the good ship Old Moll got into port.

Peace to the poor market-woman! In some lone and humble church-yard she now rests after her life of labour—in the memory of those who knew her, her only epitaph, |

"Simple, faithful, honest, much-enduring Moll Miskellagh!"

## ANIMAL HEAT.

Second Article.

In the last paper on this subject a few instances were quoted, showing the great extremes of temperature which human beings and the lower animals are capable of enduring without injury, and in many cases without inconvenience. We propose in the present article to notice briefly the means by which it is believed living creatures are enabled to exhibit this power; and although physiologists are not unanimous in their opinions on the subject, yet the views we shall endeavour to explain are those which are held by the majority of scientific men, and which are best supported by experiment, by analogy, and by the authority of illustrious names.

For the purpose of making the subject clear to those who may not be acquainted with the principles of physiology, "the science of life," as it has been happily termed, it may be



useful to explain the *rationale* of an operation continually being performed by all of us, and yet very little thought of or understood—we mean the process of breathing. It is found that the natural heat of animals depends on the perfection of the apparatus by which respiration is performed; those animals which have a complicated respiratory organization having a high degree of bodily heat, while those which have more simple and less delicately formed organs have a temperature very little raised above the medium in which they live.\* It is necessary, therefore, to have a clear idea of the process of respiration before we can understand the connection between it and animal heat.

The object of respiration is to purify the blood and render it fit for the various offices it performs in the animal economy. When the blood leaves the heart to be distributed through the body, it is of a very bright red colour, but as it proceeds in its course it gradually loses this and assumes a purple hue; and when, having completed its circulation through the body, it is returned to the heart again by the veins, it has entirely lost its former bright colour, and is then very dark, and, from the impurities it has acquired in its course, unfit for the purposes of life. To restore its former qualities it is necessary that it should be brought into contact with the atmosphere, and this takes place in the lungs. By the action of the muscles of the chest and abdomen, the interior of the chest is increased in size, an empty space is formed into which the air instantly descends by the mouth or nostrils, constituting what is termed the act of inspiration. At the same moment that the muscles of the chest increase its size and make room for the air to descend, at that very moment the heart contracts, or in popular language pulsates or beats, the effect of which is to force the dark-coloured (venous) blood from the portion of the heart in which it was contained, into the lungs. The lungs are composed almost entirely of an innumerable number of vesicles, or minute air-bladders, into which the air descends, as we have stated. These vesicles are covered with a network of extremely fine blood-vessels. When the heart pulsates, it fills these vessels with the dark-coloured blood; and as the air is capable of passing through both the coats of the vesicle and of the blood-vessels, it of course comes into direct contact with the blood, and a chemical change immediately takes place.

This chemical change is necessary for life: the air is changed in its qualities, and the blood is also changed in its qualities. The air is changed by having one of its constituent elements (oxygen) abstracted from it; and the blood is changed by its being impregnated with this gas, and relieved of another kind called carbonic acid. If from any circumstance this process is interfered with, the individual dies of suffocation. A person may be suffocated for want of air, or for want of pure air. In the former case his death is caused in this manner:—The wind-pipe being closed, either by pressure, as in the case of criminals who die by hanging, or by something entering and obstructing it, it happens that although the muscles of the chest enlarge its internal area, as before mentioned, the air cannot descend into it. This does not, however, interfere with the action of the heart, which forces the dark blood into the minute blood-vessels of the chest, as usual; the blood passes onward unchanged; it receives no oxygen, nor is its bright red colour restored. In this state it reaches the chamber of the heart, from whence it is to be distributed to the head and body; a portion of it is forced up the vessels which convey it to the brain, and the moment it reaches this organ, it produces violent convulsions, insensibility, and in a few moments death. A similar result takes place from breathing foul air. In this case, although air may descend into the air-vessels of the lungs, yet, as the grand element, the oxygen, is not present, no change is pro-

\* Animals are divided by naturalists into two classes, cold-blooded and warm-blooded; the latter breathe by lungs, through which all the blood of the body is continually passed, and which has direct communication with the air. Cold-blooded creatures, such as fishes, breathe by means of gills, and the air, instead of coming into direct contact with their vital fluid, is absorbed from the water. In the case of reptiles, which are cold-blooded, although the air may come into direct contact with the blood, as in the respiration of the frog, yet, by the peculiar structure of his lungs, only half the blood is sent to them to be purified; and thus his superiority over the fish in receiving air direct, is balanced by the circumstance that his blood is only half purified, in consequence of being only in part exposed to the action of the air. The temperature of animals is found to have relation to their activity and vital energy. The following list exhibits the temperature of the animals mentioned.—

Birds, .. 108 degrees Fahrenheit.	Frog, .. 40 degrees Fahrenheit.
Sheep, .. 100 degrees ..	Snail, .. 36 degrees ..
Worms, .. 58 degrees ..	Fish, .. 60 degrees ..

duced in the blood; it pursues the same course as that just pointed out, unchanged in its quality, and the same fatal result is the inevitable consequence.

The atmosphere in a state of purity is composed of two gases mixed together; the one termed oxygen, the other nitrogen. After escaping from the lungs, the air is found to have undergone a remarkable change; the oxygen has disappeared, and its place is supplied with an equal volume of another gas called carbonic acid; while at the same time the air is altogether altered in many of its more important qualities; it is no longer fit for the purposes of life, nor will a light burn in it. A person shut up in a confined place without a supply of fresh air, very soon expires: and a candle placed under a glass vessel filled with air that has been breathed, immediately goes out. In short, respiration and combustion are similar processes, and the same result is produced by both, namely, carbonic acid gas.

This gas is formed by the mixture of oxygen with carbon (charcoal). It is absorbed very readily by water, and is perhaps best known in the form of soda water; the aerated liquid sold under that name being nothing more than water strongly impregnated with carbonic acid gas. It is formed by a variety of processes—by breathing, by combustion, by fermentation, and otherwise. In every case, however, its formation is attended with heat. And now, having thus briefly introduced the subject, we may mention, that on this fact is founded the theory which attempts to explain the means by which the animal temperature is produced and maintained. It is founded on the fact, that whenever oxygen enters into combination with carbon, and forms carbonic acid gas, heat is always produced.

The most usual manner in which this is effected is by combustion; the substance which burns, such as wood, or tallow, or coal gas, for example, consists principally of carbon, and on being ignited, the oxygen of the atmosphere is made to combine with it, and carbonic acid is the result. Every body knows that heat is produced by this process; but there are many instances in which the same effect may take place without being so readily understood. Heat and light are so constantly found united, that we can hardly conceive how so large a substance as the human body can be kept constantly warm without the aid of fire. It is, however, effected by a chemical process identically the same as combustion, except that light is not produced. The lungs may be regarded as the furnace of the body, from which it derives its supply of heat; the fuel is the carbon in the blood; and the wind-pipe is a chimney serving a double purpose: first, to allow of the passage of fresh air for the process, and then to convey away the vapour which is produced by it; for the breath which issues from our lungs is just as much deteriorated in quality as that which escapes from the chimney of a large furnace after passing through the fire.

This, then, is the process by which the animal heat is maintained. The blood comes to the lungs loaded with carbon; the air descends the wind-pipe, consisting of one-third oxygen; the carbon of the blood and the oxygen of the air unite; the blood is purified, and carbonic acid gas is produced. This is attended with heat; the purified blood is capable of absorbing all this heat, and does so. In its progress through the body, as the blood again becomes impure, it gradually parts with the heat so acquired, and on again being purified, it receives a fresh supply. Nothing can be more simple and beautiful than this process; it is in accordance with every great operation in nature, which is always effected in the most direct and simple manner; and the proofs that this is the manner in which nature effects her object in this instance, are numerous and unanswerable.

There are two circumstances which at first sight may appear to interfere with the explanation above given of this very beautiful phenomenon. First, the lungs are found to be but very little warmer than any other part of the body, although, as we have stated, the animal heat is produced in them: and, secondly, the quantity of carbon produced by respiration is very small compared with the genial heat produced by its conversion into carbonic acid. With regard to the heat of the lungs, a series of experiments instituted for the purpose of ascertaining how they were kept at so moderate a degree of temperature, led to the discovery of an extraordinary change which takes place in the vital fluid after being purified, which satisfactorily explains the circumstance. The pure blood is found to have a greater capacity for heat than impure blood; it will absorb more; and in consequence, all the heat



produced by its purification is immediately absorbed by it, and carried away as fast as it is generated, to be distributed over the body. As the blood becomes impure in its progress, it gradually loses its power of retaining the heat it had so imbibed; and the heat therefore is distributed during the circulation of the blood, and every part receives a due supply. This change in the power of the vital fluid to absorb heat, according as it is more or less pure, is a fact that was not established in the time of Paley, or he would have been able to add another proof of design to his unequalled argument.

The quantity of fuel (if we may use the expression) required for generating the heat of the animal frame, is certainly less than we might anticipate. All animal and vegetable food contains a considerable portion of carbon, which of course, after being digested, becomes a part of the vital fluid, and in this way it is supplied for the process. It is well known also that in cold climates, where a greater quantity of animal fuel is required, the inhabitants are extremely fond of fat and oily matters, which contain more carbon than any other kind of food; yet it would hardly be imagined that so small a quantity as the eighth part of an ounce of carbon per hour would be sufficient to maintain the heat of the body at an uniform temperature of 98 degrees. We are assured by the best chemists, however, that the average quantity of carbonic acid generated by a person in health in twenty-four hours is about 40,000 cubic inches, and this contains only about 11½ ounces of pure carbon. Rather less than half an ounce is therefore used per hour in preserving the body at its usual temperature.

The limits of this article prevent our noticing other objections which have been urged against the theory just described, but the facts it rests upon can only be overturned by opposing facts which have never yet been produced. It is certain that carbonic acid is produced during respiration, that its production is always attended with heat, that pure (arterial) blood is capable of absorbing a greater portion of heat than impure (venous) blood, and that the temperature of any part of the body is according to the supply of blood which it receives; an inflamed part becoming very hot, and a limb in which the circulation has been stopped by a bandage becoming cold. These facts taken together sufficiently prove the truth of the conclusion that has been drawn from them, and which we have above very briefly illustrated.

It remains to say a few words on the manner in which the body is relieved of its superabundant heat, and enabled to bear such high degrees of temperature as mentioned in the former paper. Franklin was the first who gave a rational explanation of the phenomenon. He observed that the evaporation of a small quantity of a liquid from the surface of any substance would reduce the temperature of a very large body. If we place a little ether on our hand, and allow it to evaporate, we shall soon become sensible how much cold may be produced in this way. Wine-coolers are formed on this principle; they are made of porous earth, through which the water they contain oozes very gradually, and is evaporated by the heat of the air: this cools the liquid within, and of course the decanter of wine contained in it. Now, perspiration cools the body in a similar manner. If any person looks closely at the fleshy part of his hand, he will observe that the minute ridges which lie nearly parallel to each other are covered with an innumerable number of small pores, through which the perspiration may be seen issuing when the hand is warm. From microscopic observations it is calculated that the skin is perforated by 1000 of these pores, or holes, in every square inch, and that the whole surface of the body therefore contains not less than 2,304,000 pores! When the body is heated to a certain degree, the fluid portions are all directed to the skin, and escape gradually through these pores in the form of perspiration, and the cooling power thus produced is capable of immediately removing the superabundant heat. The moment perspiration broke out on the bodies of the experimenters who ventured into the heated oven, all sense of pain was removed; and in many fatal disorders to which man is subject, the first symptom of returning health is a similar occurrence. We may add, that a common cold is the effect of the perspiration being suddenly checked, and that the health of the body depends on the minute pores we have referred to being kept open and in action.

J. S. D.

Society makes criminals, and then punishes them for their misdeeds.

## ORIGIN AND MEANINGS OF IRISH FAMILY NAMES.

BY JOHN O'DONOVAN.

The Seventh and Concluding Article.

At the present day very few of the original Irish names remain without being translated into or assimilated with those borne by the English. Of this I shall next furnish instances, the truth and correctness of which cannot be controverted. Among the O'Conors of Connaught, the name Cathal, which is synonymous with the Welsh Cadell, and signifies *warlike*, was changed to Charles after the accession of Charles I. to the throne; for the Irish, who were attached to this monarch, went great lengths to assimilate several of their Christian names to Charles. Thus, while among the O'Conors of Connaught, Cathal was manufactured into Charles (with which, it will be readily granted, it has nothing in common, either in meaning or sound), among the O'Conors of Faly in Leinster, Cahir, which signifies *warrior*, was metamorphosed into the same; and at the same time the Mac Carthys of Desmond substituted it for their Cormac, and the O'Hagans and other northern families for their Turlogh. This was paying their court to the king with a vengeance!

In the families of Mac Carthy, O'Sullivan and O'Driscoll, Finghin [Fíneen], a name very general among them, and which signifies *the fair offspring*, has been anglicised to Florence. Among the same southern families the name Saer-brethach, which prevails among the Mac Carthys in particular, and which signifies *the noble judge*, is translated Justin. In the family of O'Donovan, as the writer has had every opportunity of knowing, the name Murrogh has been metamorphosed to Morgan; Dermot, to Jeremiah; Teige, to Timothy; Conor or Concovar, to Cornelius; Donogh, to Denis; and Donnell, to Daniel. In the family of O'Brien, the hereditary name of Turlogh has been changed to Terence; Mahon, to Matthew; Murtogh or Moriortagh, to Mortimer (but this very lately); and Lachtna and Laoiseach, to Lucius. Among the O'Grady's the name Aneslis is rendered Stanislaus and Standish. In the families of O'Donnell, O'Kane, and others, in the province of Ulster, Manus, a name borrowed by those families from the Danes, is now often rendered Manasses. In the families of Mac Mahon and Mac Kenna, in Ulster, the name Amgal or Ardal, signifying *of high prowess or valour*, is always anglicised Arnold. In the family of O'Madden of Shilnamchy, in the south-east of the county of Galway, the hereditary name of Anncha, which is translated Animosus by Colgan, is now always rendered Ambrose, to which, it will be readily granted, it does not bear the slightest analogy. Among the families of Doyle, Cavanagh, and others, in the province of Leinster, the name Maidoc, or Mogue, which they adopted from St Maidoc, or Aidan, the patron saint of the diocese of Fernes, is now always rendered Moses among the Roman Catholics, and Aidan among the Protestants! (any thing to make a difference.) Among the O'Neills in the province of Ulster, the name Felim, or Feimiy, explained as meaning *the ever good*, is now made Felix; Con, signifying *strength*, is made Constantine; and Ferdoragh, meaning *dark-visaged man*, is rendered Ferdinand. Among the O'Conors of Connaught, the name Ruaidhri, or Rory, is anglicised Roderic, but among most other families it is rendered Roger. In the same family, Tomaltach is rendered Thomas; Aodh, Hugh; and Eoghan, Owen. In the families of Mac Donnell and others in Scotland, and in the north of Ireland, the name Aengus, or Angus, is always rendered Æneas. Among the O'Hanlys of Slieve Bawn, in the east of the county of Roscommon, the name Berach, which they have adopted from their patron saint, and which is translated by Colgan, *directe ad scopum collimans*, is now always and correctly enough rendered Barry. Throughout Ireland the old name of Brian is now rendered Bernard, and vulgarised to Barney, which is more properly an abbreviation of Barnaby than of Bernard. Among the O'Haras and O'Garas in the county of Sligo, the name Kian, which they have adopted from their great ancestor Kian, the son of Oilioll Olum, king of Munster, is now rendered Kean; and I observe that the chief O'Hara has suffered himself to be called Charles King O'Hara in a book lately dedicated to him! In the family of Maguire, Cuconnaught is rendered Constantine, while in other families Conavny undergoes precisely the same change. In the family of O'Kane, the name Coowy, written Cu-maighe in the original language, and signifying *"dog of the plain,"* is now rendered Quintin. In the family of O'Dowd, the ancient name

of Dathi, which they have adopted from their great ancestor of that name, who was the last Pagan king of Ireland, is now rendered David, a name with which it is supposed to be synonymous. In the north and west of Ireland the names Duvaltach, Duv-da-lethe, and Duvdara, are all anglicised Dudley. In the family of Mac Sweeny, the very ancient name of Heremon is anglicised Irwin, but it is now almost obsolete as a Christian name. In the families of O'Hanlon, O'Haran, and O'Heany, in the province of Ulster, the name Eochy, signifying *horseman*, and which was latinized Eochodius, Achaius, Euthichius, and Equitius, is anglicised Auh and Atty; but this name is also almost obsolete, the writer having never met more than one person who bore the name, in his travels through Ireland. Among the O'Mulconrys, now Conrys, the names Flann, Fithil, and Flaithri, have been anglicised Florence. In the family of O'Daly, the name Baothghalach, which was formerly latinized Boethius, is now always rendered Bowes; and in that of O'Clery, the name Lughaidh is anglicised Levy and Lewis. Among the O'Reillys of Cavan, the hereditary name of Maelmora, which signifies *majestic chief*, is now invariably rendered Myles, and among the O'Kellys of Hy-Many, the name Faehna is rendered Festus. In every part of Ireland, Maelseachlainn, or Melaghlín, which signifies *servant of St Secundinus*, has been changed to Malachy, to which it bears no analogy whatever, excepting some fancied resemblance in sound. In every part of Ireland the name of Gilla-patrick has been changed to Patrick; and, by the way, it is curious to observe, that common as the name Patrick has now become in Ireland, especially among the lower classes, it was never in use among the ancient Irish, for they never called their children by the name itself of the Irish apostle, deeming it more humble and more auspicious to call them his *servants*; and hence we find the ancient Irish calling their children, not Patrick, but Maelpatrick, or Gillapatrick; and these names they latinized Patricianus, not Patricius. The name of Patrick is now looked upon as the most vulgar in use among the Irish, which is a very strange and almost unaccountable prejudice, for Patricius was one of the most honourable names in all antiquity, as the reader will see if he will take the trouble to read the work on the antiquity of British Churches, by Ussher, pp. 841-1046, in which that learned primate gives the history and derivation of the name.

The names of women have been also very much metamorphosed, and many of the most curious of them entirely rejected. I have now before me a list of the names of women, drawn up from the authentic Irish annals, and from the History of Remarkable Women—a curious tract in the Book of Lecan, fol. 193; but as the limits allotted to me in this Journal will not allow me to furnish such a list, I must rest satisfied with giving such names as are still retained, with a selection from the most curious of those which have been rejected, adding their meanings as far as they are certain. The following are the ancient Irish names of women still retained, as the writer has determined by examining the provinces of Ulster, Connaught, Leinster, and the greater part of Munster:—

1. *Ainé*, now Hannah.
2. *Brighid*, now anglicised Bridget, from its resemblance to the name of the celebrated Swedish virgin of that name. Brighid is a woman's name of pagan origin in Ireland; it has been explained *fiery dart* by the Irish glossographers, especially by Cormac, Archbishop of Cashel, who distinctly states in his glossary that it was the name of the Muse who was believed to preside over poetry in pagan times in Ireland. *Brighid* is now very common in Ireland as the name of a woman, in consequence of its being that of the most celebrated of the female saints of Ireland—the patroness of Kildare—who is well known all over Europe as the great patroness of Ireland.
3. *Finola*, though a beautiful name, has nearly become obsolete since the beginning of the eighteenth century, but some few still retain it in the abbreviated form of Nuala.
4. *Graine*, now Grace.
5. *Lasserina*, also, though in use not long since, has lately become obsolete.
6. *Meadhbh*, pronounced Meave. This is still preserved and anglicised Maud, Mab, and Mabby; and the writer is acquainted with several old women of the Milesian race who still retain it. This was the name of a celebrated queen of Connaught, who flourished in the first century, and who is now known in the legends of the mountainous districts of Ireland as the queen of the fairies. From this country her spi-

rit found way into Scotland, and thence into the north of England, where Shakspeare met with her, but in rather too diminutive a form for the shade of the Irish heroine.

7. *Mor*, pronounced More. The writer believes that there are a few women of this name still living in Ireland; but he is confident that there are but very few, though it was the name of many honourable ladies in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and for a century later. In our own times, however, it has been almost invariably anglicised Mary, with which it is neither synonymous nor cognate.

8. *Sadhbh*, pronounced Soyv, is the name of several women of the old Irish race, and who are known to the writer. It is now almost invariably anglicised Sally, to which it bears no analogy.

9. *Sorcha* is still the name of several women in Ireland, especially in the province of Ulster; but the rising generation are beginning to object to it as being too Irish, and are determined on having it changed to Sarah or Sally. The writer is acquainted with families in whom this name is hereditary, and among whom the mother is always called Sorcha, and the daughter Sally; and though the latter knows that her own and her mother's name are the same, still would she blush to hear her own name pronounced *Sorcha*. The name Sorcha signifies clear, bright, and might be well rendered Lucy or Lucinda; but we should like to see it preserved in its primitive form, which is not to be despised either for its sound or signification.

10. *Una*. This name is still in constant use among the women of Ireland, but when speaking English, they invariably anglicise it to Winifred or Winny.

The writer is not aware that any other name which was in use in the ancient Irish times is now retained, except the foregoing.

The names Catherine, Evlin, Eleanor, Isabella, Mary, Honora, Sheela (Celia), and many others now in use, and supposed to be of Irish origin, do not occur in the Account of Remarkable Women above referred to, and there is no reason to believe that they were ever in use in ancient Ireland.

The following is a list of curious names of women which occur in the authentic annals and in the History of Remarkable Women. It is highly probable that a few of them are of Danish origin:—

1. Aevin, *i. e.* Amoena; 2, Africa; 3, Albi and Albin; 4, Allin; 5, Alma, all good; 6, Alphin; 7, Athracta. This name has been restored by the Mac Dermott of Coolavina. 8, Barduv, blackhaired; 9, Bebail, woman of prosperity; 10, Bebin, melodious woman; 11, Blanaid, Florida, from blath a blossom; 12, Brigh, vigour; 13, Cacht, bondmaid; 14, Cailleach-De, *i. e.* female servant of God; 15, Cailleach-Kevin, the female servant of St Kevin; 16, Cailleach-Aengus, the female servant of St Aengus; 17, Caintigern, fair lady; 18, Keara, the ruddy; 19, Cochrand; 20, Corfa, *i. e.* Victoria; 21, Coca; 22, Corcar, the ruddy; 23, Crea; 24, Devnet; 25, Derval, the true request; 26, Derforgal, the true pledge, latinized Dervorgilla; 27, Dianiv and Diniv; 28, Dechter; 29, Derrda, alarm; 30, Dorenn, the sullen; 31, Duv-Corfa, victoria nigra; 32, Duvessa, nigra nutrix; 33, Duns, the brown-haired; 34, Dunlah, lady of the fort; 35, Edwina; 36, Eithné; 37, Elbrigh; 38, Emeria; 39, Eri; 40, Essa, nutrix; 41, Euginia, female of Eogan; 42, Fedhmi, the ever-good; 43, Fhabhl, the white blossom; 44, Findelg, fair countenance; 45, Finnavor, of the fair eye-hds; 46, Finn, the comely; 47, Finscoth, the fair flower; 48, Findah, the fair colour; 49, Flanna, the ruddy; 50, Geigés, swan-white; 51, Gemlorg, gem-like; 52, Gnahat; 53, Gobnet, female of Gobban; Gormlah, the blue lady; 55, Ida, the just; 56, Lann; 57, Lasser, a flame; 58, Lasserina, flame or blush of the wine; 59, Lerthan; 60, Lithan; 61, Luanmasi, beautiful as the moon; 62, Ligach, pearly, or like a precious stone; 63, Maelmaiden, servant of the morning; 64, Mongfin, of the fair hair; 65, Moncha, the same as Monica; 66, Murgel, the fair one of the sea; 67, Murrin, crinita, or of the long hair; 68, Neave, effulgence; 69, Orlah, or Orflah, the golden lady; 70, Ranalt, female of Randal; 71, Ronat, female of Ronan; 72, Saraid, the excellent; quere, the same as Sarah; 73, Selvlah, lady of possessions; 74, Shimah, the good tranquillity; 75, Sodelva, of the goodly aspect; 76, So-Domina, the good lady; 77, Temar, the conspicuous; 78, Tailah, quere Dallah; 79, Tindi, the tender; 80, Tressi, strength; 81, Tualah, the noble lady; 82, Uaisi, the proud; 83, Unisli, the gentle; 84, Uallach, the proud; 85, Uchdelva, of the fair breast; 86, Unchi, the contentious.

We have now seen the process by which the Irish people

have assimilated their names and surnames to those of the English, and the reasons which have led them to do so. I would not so much regret their having done so, if I were not aware that some of the families who have thus Anglicised their names wish to conceal their Irish origin, as if they were ashamed of their ancestors and country, and that another result of these changes must soon be, that statistical writers will be apt to infer from the small number of ancient Irish surnames retained in Ireland, that all the old Irish race were supplanted by the English.

I shall close these notices of the surnames of the Irish people by a remark which I should wish to be universally believed, namely—That no ancient Irish surname is perfect unless it has either O or Mac prefixed, excepting in those instances where the soubriquet or cognomen of the ancestor is used as the surname, as Cavanagh, &c., and, accordingly, that nine-tenths of the surnames at present borne by the Irish people are incorrect, as being mere mutilations of their original forms.

"Per Mac atque O, tu veros cognoscis Hibernos  
His duobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest ;

By Mac and O  
You'll surely know  
True Irishmen away ;  
But if they lack  
Both O and Mac,  
No Irishmen are they."

The truth of this well-known distich may now be questioned, though it was correct a few centuries since.

It is but natural to suppose that a conquered people should look upon themselves as inferior to their conquerors ; and this rage for adopting English surnames which prevails at present, is, in the opinion of the writer, a clear proof of the prevalence of this feeling, that the Irish consider themselves inferior to the English. Spenser, while he advises that the Irish be compelled to reject their O's and Macs, and to adopt English surnames, dissuades his own countrymen from adopting Irish ones, as some of them had done, in the following words, which the writer, being as Irish as Spenser was English, now adopts as his own :—"Is it possible that any should so farre growe out of frame, that they should in so short space, quite forget their country and their own names ! that is a most dangerous lethargie, much worse than that of Messala Corvinus, who being a most learned man, thorough sickness forgot his own name."—*State of Ireland, Dub. Ed. p. 107.*

And again :—

"Could they ever conceive any such dislike of their own natural countreys as that they would be ashamed of their name, and byte at the dugge from which they sucked life ?"  
—*Ibid, p. 108.* ✕

THE ICHNEUMON.

Of this animal many very absurd stories have been told, amongst which not the least ridiculous is, that it watches its opportunity when the huge crocodile of the Nile slumbers upon the river bank, and, artfully inducing the monster to yawn by tickling his nostril with its tail, rushes fearlessly and with wondrous agility between the terrible jaws and their formidable rows of teeth, and, forcing its daring way down its throat, retains possession of its strange citadel until it has destroyed its unwieldy victim, when it gnaws its way out, and leaves the carcass to wither in the sun. Other travellers have pretended to contradict the above story, but their mode of doing so involves a piece of absurdity no less glaring than the equally unfounded legend they assume to themselves the merit of correcting ; for by their account the Ichneumon does not enter the throat of the crocodile with a hostile intent at all, neither does it use its tail to cause that creature to open its jaws, for of that is there no need, seeing that the crocodile opens them of his own will, and likewise with pleasure allows the Ichneumon to enter for the purpose of clearing his throat of swarms of tormenting insects which lodge therein, and by their stinging produce intolerable pain. I can however assure my readers that this subject has been, since the above conflicting statements reached us, effectually cleared up ; and you may confidently rely upon it that the Ichneumon no more enters the crocodile's mouth whether as a friend or as an enemy, whether to destroy him or destroy his tormentors the flies, than that he attacks him while awake.

The Ichneumon is shaped somewhat like a ferret, but is rather more slender in its form, and its head is likewise longer and narrower ; it is also an animal of far greater activity and lightness of movement, being able to clear at one spring a

distance of a couple of yards. It is further a most expert climber, and it will be a very high wall indeed that will confine it within an enclosure. The colour of the Ichneumon is a brownish grey, or a light brown barred with white ; the animal indeed appears speckled with a dirty white, but it is so only in appearance, the fact being, that each several hair has brown and white rings upon it. Upon the back, sides, and tail, these rings are small, and the hair longer than upon the head and extremities of its limbs ; hence these latter parts appear of a darker hue. The hair upon the feet is very short and thin, and they are nearly as naked as those of the common rat. The tail of the Ichneumon is very long, usually one-sixth longer than its body, and upon its extremity is a tuft of very long black hair. The hair of this creature is drier, thicker, and weaker, than in any other member of the same genus.

The length of a full-grown Ichneumon, from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, is about two feet six inches, of which the tail occupies about sixteen inches, and the body fourteen. The length of the head is about three inches, measuring from the back of the ears to the point of the muzzle. The height of the Ichneumon at the most elevated part of the back is about six inches ; but this of course varies according to the animal's position at the time of measurement.

The habits of the Ichneumon present a sort of admixture of those of the ferret and the cat ; like the former, it delights in blood, and where it has once fastened itself, maintains a tenacious hold ; but like the latter, and unlike the former, it has but little stomach for braving danger, and will rather go without its dinner than run the chance of a battle in obtaining it. He is strictly a nocturnal animal, and usually remains in his covert until the shades of evening begin to fall around, when he sallies forth on his career of havoc and blood. Were it not necessary for the satisfying of his appetite, I doubt whether he would leave his haunt at all, so timid is he : he steals along the ground with light and cautious steps, his motions resembling the gliding of the snake rather than the progressive steps of the quadruped. His sharp, vigilant, sparkling black eyes are anxiously reconnoitring every side of him, and carefully examining the character and bearings of every object which meets his view ; stealthily he creeps along until he comes upon the spot where the crocodile has hidden her eggs in the sand ; nimbly and cleverly he pounces upon them, guided to their place of concealment by his exquisite sense of smell, and, biting a hole in their side, banquets on their contents. It is thus that the Ichneumon thins the numbers of that formidable reptile the crocodile, not by directing its attacks against that creature himself, but by insidiously searching after and destroying his embryo offspring. The Ichneumon likewise kills and devours with extreme greediness such small snakes and lizards as are common in its native country, many of which are highly dangerous, and all annoying enough to make their destruction desirable, to which the Ichneumon appears guided by a powerful instinct. It is sometimes bitten in these encounters, when it is said immediately to search for and devour the root of a certain plant, said to be an antidote against the bite of the most venomous reptile. It is alleged that this little animal will frequently kill even the Cobra di Capello. Lucan in his Pharsalia describes the manner in which it contrives to destroy the Asp, one of the most poisonous serpents in existence. The passage I refer to has been translated thus :—

Thus oft the Ichneumon on the banks of Nile  
Invades the deadly Asp by a wile ;  
While artfully his slender tail is play'd,  
The serpent darts upon the dancing shade,  
Then turning on the foe with swift surprise,  
Falls on the throat the nimble spider flies.  
The gasping snake expires beneath the wound,  
His gushing jaws with poisonous floods abound,  
And shed the fruitless mischief on the ground.

In consequence of the vigilance and success of this little animal in destroying these noxious creatures, he was held in great veneration by the Egyptians and Hindoos ; but by the former he was actually regarded as a disguised divinity, clothed in that form for the purpose of putting his benevolent purposes into practice with the greater readiness ; and we accordingly find him occupying a prominent position in the sacred symbols of that people, who were indeed commonly in the habit of deifying whatever afforded them peculiar benefit of any kind, as they likewise adored the river Nile, on account of the fertilizing effect produced by its periodical inundations.

The Ichneumon is said, if taken young, to be capable of perfect domestication, to form a strong attachment to the person who reared him, as well as to the house he inhabits ;

✕ See a Paper in High ...  
Edmund Mac Cleary - Proceedings R.I. ...  
... 1835 ...

whence from his zeal and activity in the destruction of rats and mice, he forms a valuable substitute for the cat, which indeed he is in Egypt used instead of. He is also said to be very domestic in his habits, quite a tarry-at-home kind of gentleman, and, unlike puss, never on any account given to ramble; when lost, he is said to seek his patron with indefatigable zeal until he finds him, and to express his joy at rejoining him by the most tender and affectionate caresses. When he eats, however, nature asserts her prerogative, and the natural disposition of the animal resumes its place, whence it had for a time been driven by artificial means.

Indeed it requires but little to awaken in this creature all its natural fierceness and love of slaughter, notwithstanding that so much has been said and written of its amiability and docility. Mr D'Obsonville, in his "Essay on the Nature of Animals," gives an account of a domesticated individual which he had in his possession, which places its disposition in a correct point of view. He got the animal very young, and fed it upon milk, and as it grew older, upon baked meat, mixed with rice. He states that it soon became even tamer than a cat, would come to his call, and if at liberty, follow him everywhere, even in his walks. One day Mr D'Obsonville brought him a small living water-serpent, curious to ascertain how far his instinct would carry him against a creature with which he had been hitherto totally unacquainted. "His emotion," says Mr D'Obsonville, "seemed at first to be that of astonishment mixed with anger, for his hair became erect; but in an instant after, he slipped behind the reptile, and with remarkable swiftness and agility leaped upon its head, seized it, and crushed it between his teeth. This essay and new aliment seemed to have awakened in him his innate and destructive voracity, which till then had given way to the gentleness he had acquired from his education. I had about my house several curious kinds of fowls, among which he had been brought up, and which till then he had suffered to go and come unmolested and unregarded; but a few days after, when he found himself alone, he strangled them every one, ate a little, and, as it appeared, drank the blood of two."

I have already stated that the Ichneumon is said to eat of the leaves or root of a certain plant in the event of his being bitten by a poisonous serpent. I revert to the circumstance, because it is an extraordinary one, inasmuch as the Indians follow the example of the animal, and use the same plant successfully as an antidote when they themselves happen to get a bite, and call the plant after the animal. This is curious, as being parallel with the case of the Guacomithy or Serpent Hawk of South America, mentioned in one of my papers on Serpent Charming; nor is it upon light authority that I relate this fact of the Ichneumon. Mr Percival, that close and scrupulous observer, saw the experiment tried of presenting a snake to the animal in a closed room, when, instead of attacking, it did all in its power to avoid it. On the snake, however, being carried out of the house, and laid near its antagonist in a plantation, he immediately darted at and soon destroyed it. The Ichneumon then retired to a wood, and ate a portion of that plant which is said to be an antidote to the serpent's bite, and no harm came to him, although he had received a bite in the encounter.

I for my part can speak but little for the gentleness of the Ichneumon, or the facility with which it may be tamed, having one in my own possession, which has now for a considerable period baffled all my endeavours to domesticate it, and will not even now suffer me to approach the case in which it is kept, without growling fiercely at me, and spitting in the manner of an enraged cat, springing also against the bars of its prison, and using its utmost endeavours to fly in my face. I have tried starvation, high feeding, kindness, chastisement, hard usage, and tenderness, all by turns, and as yet unsuccessfully. I was never so baffled in taming an animal before, though the polecat, weasel, fox, and badger, have with the otter successively owned my mastery, and acknowledged me as their subjugator. I have not even handled this animal yet, unless with a thick glove upon my hand, and even with that protection I have received several severe bites. I saw one, however, in the Royal Zoological Gardens some time ago, which was very tame, and would suffer itself to be caressed even by strangers; so I shall persevere; and should I eventually succeed in taming the little savage, depend upon it the reader shall be advertised of the fact, and of all the circumstances attendant thereupon.

Until lately the Ichneumon had not a well-determined name in the methodical catalogues. Naturalists have mostly described it rather by character than figure. Figures were

indeed given by Gesner, Aldrovandi, and others, but not sufficiently distinct to guard against mistake. Even Buffon mistook the Mangouste for it, to which he has applied all the descriptions properly belonging to the Ichneumon. The name "Ichneumon" is Greek, and is indicative of the habits of the animal, and was first applied to it by Herodotus.

I trust that the above sketch may serve to point out the animal and its habits to the reader with sufficient distinctness.

H. D. R.

MODERN EDUCATION.—"Larning—larning—larning," is the cry of father and mother—if my boy had the "larning," what a janius he'd be! In oooorse, ye old fools, your *bouchal* would be a swan among the goslings; but it isn't "larning" half the world want: instead of "larning," by which they mean cobwebs picked out of dead men's brains, if they would get some discipline. Discipline—discipline—discipline, that's the only education I ever saw that brought a boy to any good. What's the use of battering a man's brains full of Greek and Latin pothooks, that he forgets before he doffs his last round jacket, to put on his first long-tailed blue, if ye don't teach him the old Spartan virtue of obedience, hard living, early rising, and them sort of classics? Where's the use of instructing him in hexameters and pentameters, if you leave him ignorant of the value of a penny piece? What height of bletherin' stupidity it is to be fillin' a boy's brains with the wisdom of the ancients, and then turu him out like an *omadhem* to pick up his victuals among the moderns!—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

#### TO OUR READERS.

It becomes our duty to acquaint our readers that the present Number of the IRISH PENNY JOURNAL, which will complete a volume, will also be the last presented to them, at least by its original projectors and present proprietors. Our readers will hardly deem it necessary that we should trouble them with any detail of the circumstances which have led to this determination, it will be sufficient to state, that while the success of the work has in some respects even exceeded the anticipations of its proprietors, it has disappointed them in others. The sale of the Journal, although great and steadily progressing in those distant localities where any increase of sale was least to be expected, has been either stationary or diminishing in those portions of the kingdom for whose use and advantage it was especially intended, and to which, therefore, the proprietors naturally looked for the greatest degree of encouragement. However humbling it may be to the national feeling of most of our Irish readers, the fact must be acknowledged, that the sale of the Journal in London alone has exceeded that in the four provinces of Ireland, not including Dublin; and that in other cities at the other side of the Channel it has been nearly equal to half the Irish provincial sale. And it may be added that in London, as well as in most other cities in the sister island, the sale has to the present moment continued to increase, while in all parts of Ireland, with the exception of the metropolis, it has gradually declined. In short, nearly two-thirds of the amount of sales of the IRISH PENNY JOURNAL have been effected out of Ireland. Whatever may be the causes of this result, it is sufficient for the proprietors to have ascertained, that the object which they had originally in view in starting this little publication, have not been attained to the extent which they had anticipated, and that, under such circumstances, it would be visionary in them further to indulge hopes which there is so little probability of ever being realised.

The proprietors have only therefore to take a respectful leave of their numerous readers and supporters, and return their grateful acknowledgments to all who have taken an interest in their publication. To the Press of the British Empire such an expression of gratitude is especially due, for from those influential organs of public opinion it has received during its progress the most cheering encouragement, and this, too, wholly unmingled with even a portion of censure or dispraise. That such commendations have not been altogether undeserved, and that the promises made in the original prospectus have not been left unfulfilled, the proprietors fondly anticipate will be the permanent opinion of the public; and they indulge, moreover, the pleasing conviction, that the volume now brought to a termination will live in the literature of Ireland as one almost exclusively Irish, and possessing what may be considered as no trifling distinction for such a work—a spirit throughout its pages wholly national, and untinged by the slightest admixture of prejudices either political or sectarian.

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