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Title: The Irish Penny Journal, Vol. 1 No. 01, July 4, 1840

Author: Various

Release date: February 10, 2012 [EBook #38817]  
Most recently updated: January 8, 2021

Language: English

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# THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

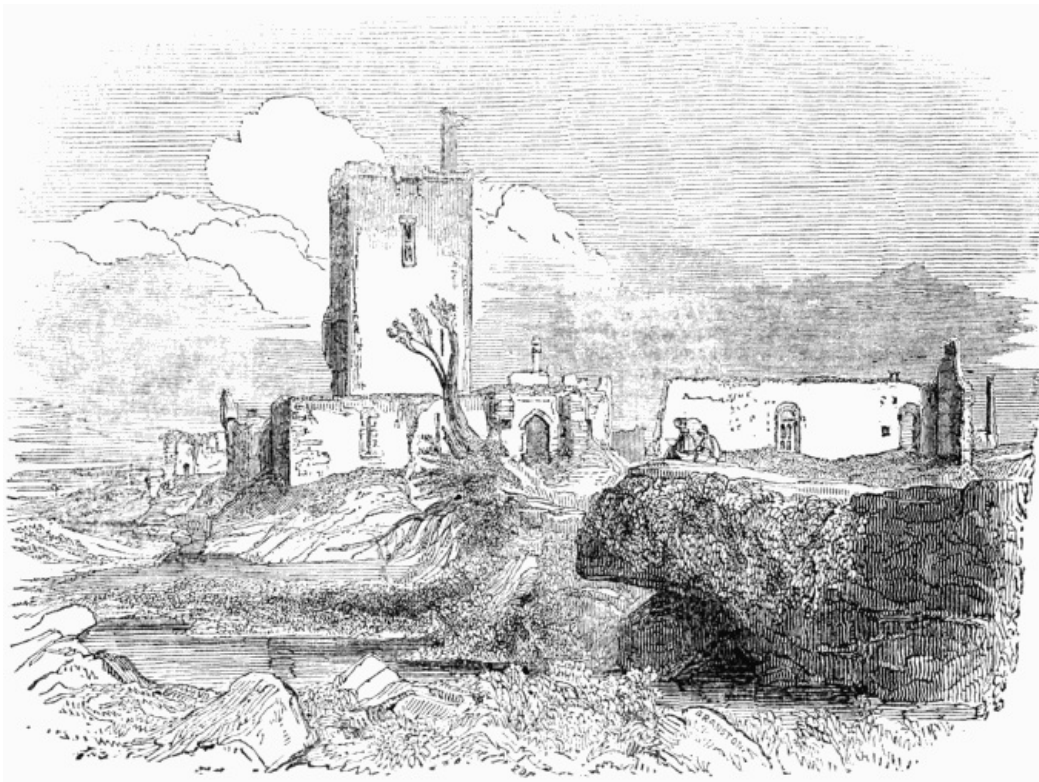
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NUMBER 1.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1840.

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 the little river which divides it from the castle, the picturesqueness 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.

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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 courtyard, surrounded by outworks 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 Beolain, his keeper of the black bell of St Patrick; O'Donnell, his master of revels; O'Kicherain and O'Conlachtna, the keepers of his bees; O'Murgaile, 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 Grania Waille, still possesses a good estate in its vicinity. P.

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## THE IRISH IN ENGLAND.

### NO. 1.—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 skillets; 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?—'t isn'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* afther them, they'd *skulk* afther 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.

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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 rend 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 tithe 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.

"Thru 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 cuntry, 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 cuntry; 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 sirloin 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 potations, "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 countrywoman.

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.

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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 *edication* 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'lanna, 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 oulder 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 throuble would be crushing me into the earth, I'd think of what I heard onct—that a ring was a thing like etarnity, 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 goolden 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 thrifle 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 curtsey—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 protégé, 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.

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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.*

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## THE IRISH IN 1644:

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### 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 [*Columkill*], but their faith is great in the church of Rome. Before the English revolution, when an Irish gentleman died, his Britannic majesty became seised 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 scyque [*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 [*Cashe*] 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."

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## 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 nothing to live upon but the worst bread and water; and the day that he eats he shall



## 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 unanimously 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 hardier 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 fourth urchin, just as he had untwisted his lash, and was immediately started from its momentary place of refuge by the pursuing imp. 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! 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 initiation 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.

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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 postilions—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 jockey-man 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 failing 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.

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## THE WORLD'S CHANGES.

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

*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 always,  
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 eld  
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 checquered Mortality's lot;  
But this is the darkest—for Knowledge and Truth  
Are but golden gates to the Temple of  
Sorrow! M.

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## ANCIENT MUSIC OF IRELAND.

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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 civilised 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.

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## **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!"

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## **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 and for some years in existence, though in all respects fitted for the introduction of the people, and enjoying such an extensive circulation in the Sister Island 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.

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## **TRANSCRIBERS' NOTES**

General: Corrections to punctuation have not been individually noted.

Page 2: skillits corrected to skilletts after "and the cleanest of all"

Page 3: eqally corrected to equally after "The housemaid is"

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL, VOL. 1 NO. 01,  
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