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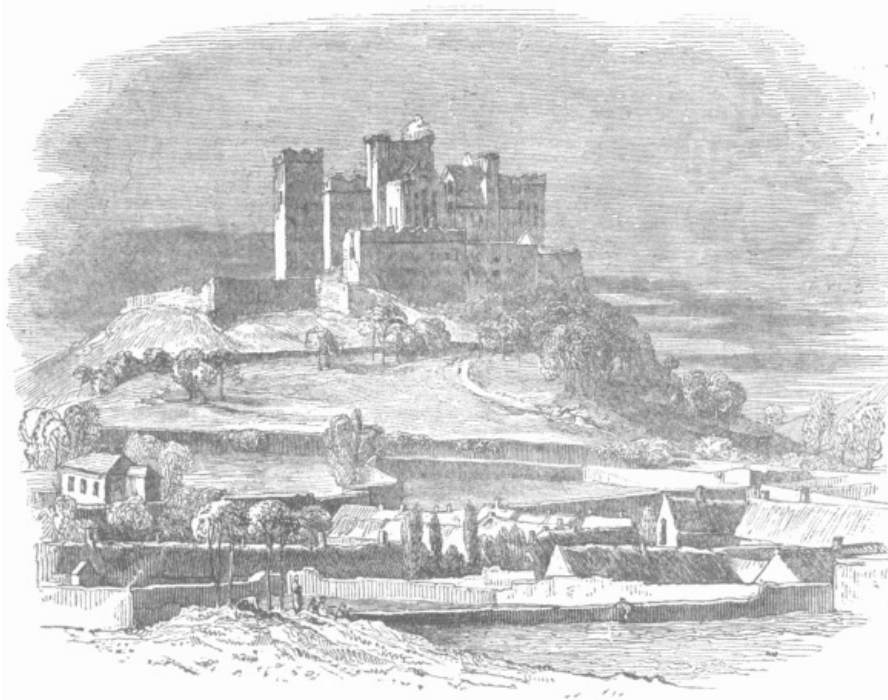
THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

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NUMBER 3.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1840.

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 Oilioll, being ordained monks, reigned at Cashel, from the time of St Patrick to the reign of Cinngeoghan, 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 Leoth 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."

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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 ourselfs 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 ourselfs 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 Phadraig, 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 incensus*: 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," 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, chambermaids, 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 pencilings, 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 curb-stones; 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 flogs; 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 doorpost 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 Dubufe’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?"

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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 clotted 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 idiotcy, 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 *nadir* 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

On the bounding 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.

[Pg 22]

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-cushla-machree, 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 need'nt 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 could'nt 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 could'nt 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 could'nt 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 would'nt refuse a good offer another time. Well, I asked him was he going to make me a good offer, and he said he would'nt 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 would'nt 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 acquirements 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, Pat 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.

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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 *share* 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 storye 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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General: Corrections to punctuation have not been individually noted

Pages 22-23: Position of apostrophes in contractions such as could'nt as in the original

Page 24: Releiving corrected to Relieving in title

Page 24: In An Irish Bull of 1630, spelling as in the original

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