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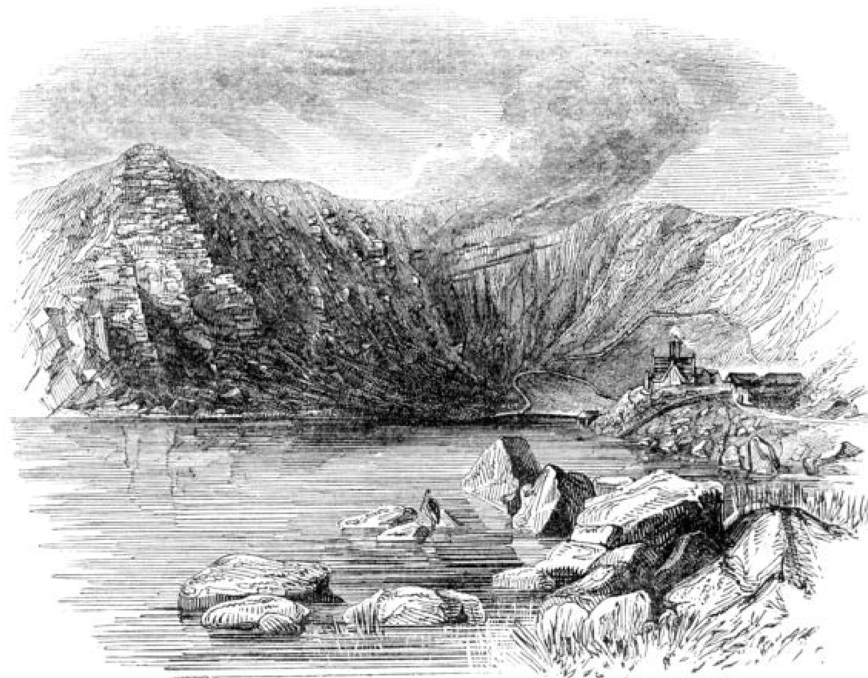
THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

NUMBER 5. SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1840. VOLUME I.



LOUGH BRAY.

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

lonely mountain glen with its cataracts and tiny trout-streams—the purple heath and the solitary tarn, or pool—the rural village and the gay watering-place; while in addition to all these, the interest imparted to natural scenery, by remains of ancient times, is every where present. In short, there is no class of scenery which the poet, the painter, the geologist, the botanist, or the mere man of pleasure, could desire, that may not be reached in a drive of an hour or two from any part of our city. Nature has showered on us, with a generous hand, her various riches—the riches derived from her and our Creator. It must, however, be confessed that, as yet, we have not learned sufficiently to appreciate these gifts, and, consequently, do not sufficiently enjoy them. "The world is too much with us"—and there are many scenes of striking interest within our reach, which are more frequently seen by the stranger visitant than by ourselves. Of these, one of the most remarkable is the mountain lake called Lough Bray, of which we give a sketch in our present number. How many thousands are there of the citizens of Dublin who have never seen, perhaps never heard of, this little mountain pool; and yet it is one of the most perfect examples of scenery of its kind in Ireland—one of those spots in which nature appears in her most stern and rugged aspect; solitary, gloomy, and unfit for the companionship of man. Still it is not wholly a desert. The eagles which build in its cliffs have seen a man of a kindred lofty spirit—an eagle among men—build himself a nest amongst these solitudes; and they have been often startled from their eyry by the sounds of aristocratic joy and merriment, when the shores of the dark lake have been enlivened by the presence of the most distinguished in beauty and rank in Ireland.

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

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

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

P.

THE SOD PARTY.

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

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

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

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

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

you desire John to step over to Mr Sharpe's, and tell him that the company is assembled. And, Mr O'Brien, will you permit me to send your servant to Mrs Molloy with a similar message?"

"Certainly, madam, with the greatest pleasure."

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

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

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

"I am afraid he must, my dear."

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

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

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

"Oh, my dear Mrs Harvey, I hope I hav'nt kept you waiting long. I totally forgot that this was the day appointed for your party, until Sparks reminded me of it by calling me up."

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

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

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

"The beef! What beef?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Who is Mulholland?"

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

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

Mr O'Gorman bolted, without making any reply.

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

In a very short time he re-appeared.

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

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

"The change of the guinea for himself! Why, Mr O'Gorman, instead of giving him more than he asked, you should have cut him down in his price. The change of the guinea for himself! Oh! gracious! did anyone ever hear of the like? Oh! dear me! the change for himself! Oh! dear!" and in a gentle repetition or two, in an under-tone, Mrs Molloy's surprise died away, like a retiring echo; for the bustle of departure claimed all attention now.

It has been but too frequently remarked, that a party of pleasure is seldom wholly unembittered by pain, and our party was doomed not to be an exception to the rule; although the point had been mooted, and the question discussed, at the first meeting (an evening party at Mrs Harvey's),

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When Xantippe, the wife of that great philosopher Socrates, had failed in her efforts to vex him by abuse, her last resource was to break some article of crockery upon his head: it is recorded that he coolly wiped his face, which had been deluged by the contents, merely saying, "After thunder comes rain." Now, I'd be bound that if we could ascertain what Socrates said to himself at the time, we should find that for all his smooth face and soft words he inwardly took some desperate liberties with the heathen deities, and pitched Xantippe, crockery, and all the makers of it, to Pluto, and all the infernal gods, in a hurry. However, he kept his countenance, which is more than can be said of Frank Costello, or Dick Fitzgerald, or of Mr Sharpe, who nearly went into convulsions with laughter; indeed, to do him justice, his was not the only laughter, for no one could resist the excitement to risibility contained in the picture before them. At the first moment each of the gentlemen had uttered a loud exclamation savouring strongly of impiety; then,

immediately recollecting the presence of ladies, they muttered what might have been supposed by the charitable to be half-suppressed prayers, but that their countenances were strangely discordant with pious thoughts, for each with his hand on his head, his teeth set, his lips apart and tightly drawn, and his eyes glaring with pain and vexation, sat looking, or rather grinning, like a hyena, at the other. That keen sense of the ridiculous which always comes upon us so inopportunely, made them at length get up, and the condolences offered on all sides, in the most tender inflections of voice, but with countenances which but too plainly showed how great was the effort to suppress laughter, excited their anger against one another most terribly; nor was it likely to be the more readily allayed by seeing Dan Sweeny walking off with the prize, the contention for which had caused their misfortune. It was with difficulty they could be kept from fighting. Leaving them to settle the matter as they pleased, Sweeny conducted the lady to her carriage, close to which a new scene awaited them.

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

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

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

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

Sweeny, who prided himself upon being quite a ladies' man, and who was just then immensely elated at having distanced all his competitors, but especially O'Gorman, whose retirement from the competition he considered to be a tacit acknowledgment of inferiority, offered a jesting sort of condolence to him, and recommended him strongly to rub the injured part with vinegar, or whisky, or salt and water; it might smart a little at first, to be sure, and make him grin and roar somewhat, but it would be well in no time! But in the midst of his badinage, Miss O'Brien missed her parasol, and he was obliged to run back to the drawing-room to look for it.

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

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

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

Naisi.

SUMMER FLOWERS,

A CITIZEN'S LAMENT.

Away with summer flow'rs,
   Twine not the wreath for me,
Unbind the myrtle from the rose,
And pansy, emblem of repose,
   Far let them scattered be;
The best, the loveliest, let them part,
Their very sweetness breaks my heart.

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

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

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

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

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

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

EQUIVOCAL GENTLEMEN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The equivocal gentleman *always* manages to have one or two of the component parts of his dress of unimpeachable quality, but never can manage to have the whole in this palmy state. There is always something wrong—something below par; and, we may add, generally something outré, absurd, or extravagant. Perfect consistency and propriety in dress he never can attain, and perhaps would not, if he could; for one of the most marked features of his character is a craving after singularity, in the art and fashion of his habiliments.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The equivocal gentleman, notwithstanding the dashy appearance he aims at, and the large style in which he speaks, is, we are sorry to say it, a bit of a rogue in grain, and a good deal of one in practice: he is, in short, somewhat of a scamp, partly from circumstances, and partly from the natural bent of his genius, which is ever urging him to take the shortest cuts towards the objects he desires to possess. He is, in truth, a sort of human bird of prey; tailors, bootmakers, and lodging-house keepers, being his favourite quarries, and the class who, therefore, suffer most from his non-paying propensities. On one or other of these he is ever and anon pouncing, and woe be to them if he once gets them within his clutches: he will leave his mark, be sure, if he does.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IRISH PROVERBS.

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

people." A vast body of such characteristic popular wisdom still remains hidden in the obscurity of its original vernacular form, and we trust that we shall render our readers an acceptable service in presenting them from time to time with translated portions, accompanied by the original Irish, which we are equally anxious to preserve.

1.

fearr mine na buirbe ṁor
fearr coir na dul ċum dliġe
fearr teaċ beag is teann loin
na teaċ mor is beagan biḋ

Gentleness is better than violent anger.
Compromising is better than going to law.
A small house and a plentiful store
Are better than a large house and little food.

2.

Iomad gloir ag neaċ
to ḃeir sin neiṁċion ara ċeill
deineann duine le hiomad gloir
spaidean don ċoir fein

Too much talkativeness in a man
Brings his good sense into disrepute;
Because a man by a superfluity of words
Only detracts from the force of truth.

3.

ni troimede an loċ an eala
ni troimede an t'eaċ a srian
ni troimede an ċaora a holann
'sni troimede an ċolann ciall

The lake is not incumbered by the swan,
The steed is not incumbered by its bridle,
The sheep is not incumbered by its wool,
Nor is the body incumbered by good sense.

4.

milis glor gaċ fir
ag a mbiḋ cuid agus spreiḋ
Searḃ glor an te ḃios loinin
bunoscionn do laḃrann se

Sweet is the voice of every man
Who possesses means and affluence;
But harsh is the voice of the indigent man;
His language seems topsy-turvy.

5.

naċ buaiḋearṫa ḃid na daoine ar uireasbaiḋ loin
'san uaiġ da lionaḋ dioḃ go memic san lo
ni luaiṫe ton ċill an fioṫal fuiriḋṫe dereoil
na an luaiṫḟear groiḋe no an naoiṫean lemiḃ ḃig oig

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

INTERESTING TRIAL.

The following account of an extraordinary criminal trial which took place in Hertfordshire in the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The other evidence was given against the prisoners, namely, the grandmother of the plaintiff, and against Okeman and his wife; that they confessed that they lay in the next room to the dead person that night, and that none came into the house till they found her dead the next morning; therefore, if she did not murder herself, they must be the murderers. To that end further proof was made.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JACK JOHNSTONE.

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

Mr John Henry Johnstone was born at Tipperary in 1750, and was the son of a small but respectable farmer, having a large family. At the early age of 18 he enlisted into a regiment of Irish dragoons, then stationed at Clonmel, commanded by Colonel Brown. Being smitten with the charms of a neighbouring farmer's daughter, Johnstone used to scale the barrack-wall after his comrades had retired to their quarters, for the purpose of serenading his mistress, having a remarkably sweet and flexible voice. He always returned, however, and was ready at parade the following morning. He was much esteemed throughout the regiment for a native lively turn of mind, and peculiarly companionable qualities. Two of his comrades (who had found out the secret of his nocturnal visitations) scaled the wall after him, and discovered him on his knee singing a plaintive Irish ditty beneath the window of his inamorata. They instantly returned to quarters, and were quickly followed by Johnstone. The serjeant of the company to which he belonged eventually became acquainted with the circumstance, but never apprised the colonel of the fact. Shortly after, Colonel Brown had a party of particular friends dining with him, whom he was most anxious to entertain: he inquired what soldier throughout the regiment had the best voice, and the palm of merit was awarded by the serjeant-major to Johnstone. The colonel sent for him, and he attended the summons, overwhelmed with apprehension that his absence from quarters had reached his commander's ears. He was soon relieved, however, on this point, and attended the party at the time appointed. The first song he sang was a hunting one, which obtained much applause, although he laboured under great trepidation. The colonel said that he had heard he excelled in Irish melodies, and bade Johnstone sing one of his favourite *love* songs. His

embarrassment increased at this order; but after taking some refreshment, he sang the identical ditty with which he had so often serenaded his mistress, in such a style of pathos, feeling, and taste, as perfectly enraptured his auditors. Having completely regained his self-possession, he delighted the company with several other songs, which all received unqualified approbation.

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

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

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

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

AMUSEMENTS—MUSIC.

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

These remarks show the importance of encouraging the efforts which have commenced among us, for spreading the accomplishment of music through our whole community. It is now proposed that this shall be made a regular branch in our schools; and every friend of the people must wish

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

Churchyards.—Formerly (says Captain Grose) few persons chose to be buried on the north side of a church; the original reason was this: in the times when the Roman Catholic religion prevailed, it was customary, on seeing the tombstone or grave of a friend or acquaintance, to put up a prayer for their soul, which was held to be very efficacious. As the common entrance into most churches was either at the west end or on the south side of the church, persons buried on the north side escaped the notice of their friends, and thereby lost the benefit of their prayers. This becoming a kind of refuse spot, only very poor, or persons guilty of some offence, were buried there: persons who, actuated by lunacy, had destroyed themselves, were buried on this side, and sometimes out of the east and west directions of the other graves. This is said to be alluded to in Hamlet, where he bids the grave-digger cut Ophelia's grave straight. The same was observed with respect to persons who were executed. Observe the yew-tree; in many churchyards they are of a prodigious size. Some have supposed that yew-trees were planted in churchyards in order to supply the parish with bow staves, but more probably it was from the yew being an evergreen, and conveying an allusion to the immortality of the soul, and therefore considered as a funereal plant. This reason is likewise given for the use of rosemary and rue; but, probably, these were carried to prevent any infection from the open grave on a near approach to the coffin.

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

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

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

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

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

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Transcribers' Note

Erratic placement of apostrophes [hav'nt, havn't, does'nt] as in the original

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL, VOL. 1 NO. 05, AUGUST 1, 1840 ***

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