

THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

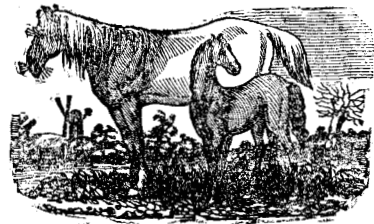
CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

Vol. III.

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No. 126.

A PAGE FOR OUR JUVENILE FRIENDS.



It is now nearly twelve months since we devoted an entire number of our little work to the gratification and instruction of our juvenile readers, with a promise of an occasional page from time to time. The engravings in our present number may, therefore, be considered as especially intended for their amusement: the designs, although miniatures, they will perceive are good of their

kind. They are from the pencil of an eminent artist, and from their variety, they will, we doubt not, be to many of our young friends an agreeable change from our monotony of old castles, moates, and monasteries. To describe them were a work of supererogation—as each one does, what every picture ought to do—speak for itself.

AMERICAN MANNERS IN 1833.

Translated from a German work by a Correspondent of the Athenæum.

BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Broadway, the principal street in New York, is one of the noblest in the world. It is always thronged with carriages—but the equipages are not so brilliant as the European; the coachmen and footmen are invariably blacks, and the whole concern is merely hired; for not a creature has carriage and horses of his own, excepting those who keep them to let out on hire. The liveliest part of this street is the middle. The beginning of it is formed by the neat but not spacious dwellings of the oldest wealthy families. Those who have enriched themselves in later times, and these are almost exclusively native Americans, were therefore obliged to build their magnificent habitations in the third mile of the street. Here they stand, at first intermixed with wretched houses, then with sheds and huts, and, finally, quite detached, and further apart, scattered among heaps of rubbish, on vacant spots that have never been levelled. A mile in advance are the streets to be occupied by future generations, scarcely indicated on the wild, uneven, rocky soil, upon which here and there a crippled forest-tree owes its existence to the victory of indolence over the love of gain.

The shops and the throng of people next claim our attention. The Parisians, it is well known, are masters in the art of tastefully decorating their *magazines*, as they pompously style the most petty shops—of setting off their goods to the best advantage, and displaying them in the most striking and attractive manner: in this accomplishment, the people of New York are not a whit behind them; and when you see the troops of dressy ladies and officious gentlemen parading the streets and pouring into the shops, you have not the least doubt that a great deal of business must be done; but I was soon convinced of the contrary. All the shops which I entered were full of ladies; the master, as well as the shopmen, was busily engaged in taking down parcels of goods, opening and tying them up again. Each lady wished to see everything, to learn the price of everything, when it arrived, by what ship, from what place, and the like. It is amusing to see the fair querists tumbling over the silks and ribbons with their delicate hands, unrolling everything, asking a thousand questions whilst examining the quality; at last laying the stuffs in folds, the ribbons in bows, forming the most elegant draperies, nay, extemporizing whole tableaux with astonishing celerity. When this is over, they leave the shop, promising to call again, and go into the next to repeat the same game, which is kept up from eight in the morning till two in the afternoon. At that hour every body goes to dinner; they eat much and quick, then rest for an hour, and by half-past four the Broadway is again in full bloom.

In spite of the good example, I could not help buying, whenever I went into a shop, some trifle or other, for which, of course, as a foreigner, I was obliged to pay double price; but the lesson which I learned at the same time, amply indemnified me. For the first thing I bought I was asked one dollar and fifty cents. I laid a bank note of two dollars on the counter. The shopkeeper immediately put it into his till, and went to attend to something else. When I reminded him that he had not given me the change, he coolly asked whether I was sure that I had paid him. I was speechless at this impudence, when a gentleman interfered, and said with a French accent, "The lady has paid—for I saw her." Upon this the shopkeeper, without betraying the least embarrassment, gave me back twenty cents; I told him that he ought to have given me fifty. He reckoned for some time, and then handed me six more cents. Hoping to shame him out of it, I requested him to lend me the slate, and wrote down for him the little account. He immediately rubbed out what I had written, made figures for a couple of minutes, and gave me a few more cents, saying, "Now it is quite right." It was not right by a great deal; but, being disgusted, I turned away, made an obeisance of acknowledgment to my unknown protector, and was preparing

to leave the shop, when he addressed me. "I see," said he, in French, "that you are a stranger. Permit me to inform you, that in this country a person never pays even the smallest trifle, without taking a bill and receipt in one hand, while he pays the money with the other: and even then it is highly advisable to have at least one witness to the transaction. Whoever has no time to lose provides himself with change, so that he can pay the exact sum; for it is a principle with the people here to make a profit by everything, and of course by giving change." I thanked him for the hint.

The pedestrians in the Broadway confine their perambulations to its west side: it is not the fashion, and it would be considered vulgar to walk on the other. Still the carriage-way is crossed here and there by broad stripes paved with large flag stones, like the foot pavement, to keep up the communication. In crossing these stripes, the drivers of carriages are expected to be very cautious. The most urgent business would not induce an American to shorten his way by crossing the street at any other place, that should he suffer any injury from a carriage, he may have a right to claim compensation from the owner. The precipitate crossing of the street, therefore, indicates the foreigner. Independently of this voluntary regulation of street police, the stranger, on his part, immediately discovers the genuine American among the streaming masses. A long, pale face, that appears to be stuffed out on one side by a quid of tobacco; lips embrowned by the same herb, deep-seated, large, light, gray eyes; a thoughtful brow, furrowed by the incessant arithmetical exertions of the brain; a decent, but negligent dress. Such is the picture of the native American.

The American, when sitting, may be distinguished at the slightest glance from the native of any other country in the world. If you see a pair of legs stuck up against a window, they belong to some American dandy, who sits rocking himself upon his chair, smoking a cigar or chewing tobacco, and is employed, to a certainty, in trimming his nails with a pen-knife. If you pass coffee-houses, hotels, pastry-cooks, taverns, and such like places, the street is full of chairs on which loll human bodies, while the legs belonging to them are shored against the wall, or against the pillars that support the awning, spread over the whole breadth of the pavement in front of houses of that kind. From the windows beneath the awning dangle as many boots and shoes as can find room at them. Such feet as cannot here find a point of support, usurp the back of a chair that is already occupied, and completely bar the way. At such places the tobacco juice is squirted about like a fire of rockets.

Among the fair sex may be seen many extremely interesting, but mostly pale faces. The stature is noble, the contours charming; but a fine bosom, and the fresh colours of youth and health are universally wanting. The costume is Parisian, but highly exaggerated, and the most amiable creatures run about like maniacs. In their toilette they are extremely economical. At the end of April the fashions are fixed for the year. Every one then procures a dress and a dress bonnet, in the form of which only regard is paid to the fashion, and which is in general made of some cheap stuff. The low prices result from the bad quality of the foreign goods, made up expressly for this market; and hence, rich and poor, white and black, are all dressed alike. You see nothing but *élegant* people; and as in both sexes one imitates another, and all have the greatest resemblance to each other in character, it may be asserted with truth, that whoever has seen and heard one American, has seen and heard all.

* * * * *

AN AMERICAN HOTEL.

He invited us in; it was the landlord himself, and to our great joy, we found ourselves in the Hotel de Commerce. Under such circumstances, we could not be particular about price; still my husband did not omit to settle that point before-hand, a precaution which, in America, ought never to be neglected. It was agreed, that for board (without drink) and lodging we should pay one dollar a day per head, without distinction of age; and we were then conducted up handsomely carpeted stairs, to a

spacious apartment, also covered with a magnificent carpet. It was soon evident that carpets constituted the principal luxury.

No sooner had we retired to rest, and closed our weary eyes, than we were roused by a fresh alarm. Gleaner opened the window. Gracious heaven! what a tumult! fire-engines, with their endless water-pipes, drawn by hundreds of sturdy Americans—the lights of numberless torches—the clang of trumpets—the shouts of people—all failed to waken a creature in the house; the neighbours, also, were quiet; so we, too, would have gone to sleep again, but, on opening the windows, such a host of gnats, three times as large as those of Europe, had penetrated into the room, that we could scarcely breathe.—They tormented us horridly, and next morning we were all lamentably stung. The sufferings to which we were thus exposed, rendered us indifferent to what was passing abroad; so that in this first painful night we could hear a third alarm of fire with truly American phlegm, without being tempted to open the window again. On the other hand, we waited impatiently for the first dawn of light, in hopes that our nocturnal persecutors would then allow us some rest. This they actually did, probably needing it themselves, for they must have been weary with the work which they had done upon us.

We went down to the breakfast-room, where we found the long table covered with a variety of hot and cold meats and fish, and surrounded by about thirty guests.—Each helped himself to what stood before him. One began with salad, then eggs, and then he took a slice of roast beef, washing it down with coffee, and following that up with cold fish; while his neighbour, reversed the order. Before we could recover from the astonishment, everything in the shape of eatables was consumed. So much the more was I surprised to hear calls from all sides for forks, the use of which I could not divine; as I had already seen that the American has no need of them for eating, but uses his knife alone, with wonderful dexterity. A waiter brought several plates full of forks, and set them in the middle of the table. The gentlemen—what signification these genuine republicans attach to this term, I really do not yet know—immediately fell upon the forks; each secured one, rose, and repaired to some part of the room where he could support his feet against the wall. Some even put their legs upon the table, and in this posture began at their ease to pick their teeth and pare their nails. When this operation was finished, each drew from his waistcoat pocket a bit of tobacco prepared for chewing, shoved it with his finger high up beneath the cheek, and hurried away to business.

Our host now came to us. "If," said he, "you would not rise from the table hungry, you must fall to immediately. I have frequently the most distinguished gentlemen in the country, with their whole families, at my table, but the meal never lasts longer than ten minutes.—But let me ask," proceeded our comforter, "have you not slept with your windows open?" I was just bursting forth into bitter complaints of the past night, when the landlord resumed with a smile—"it is a pity that the mosquitoes should have used you so ill the very first night; but they will let you alone the sooner; you cannot get rid of the persecution of these insects till they have had the last drop of European blood out of you. In two years, not a mosquito will touch you any more than a native American." "Aha!" cried Gleaner, rather peevishly, "so then a foreigner must part with everything, even with his blood!" "Just so," replied our host, dryly, and a foreboding shudder came over me.

ON THE BEST BOOKS FOR ATTAINING A CORRECT KNOWLEDGE OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

In compliance with the request of our correspondent, J. C. Y., we subjoin a list of a few elementary books; the first on our list we would especially recommend as decidedly the best book for a learner:

Owen Connellan's Gospel, according to St. John, in Irish, with an interlined English translation, a Grammatical

Praxis, and an appendix of Familiar Conversations, which may be had of Tims, Dublin; Hamilton and Adams, Pater-noster-row, London: Thady Connellan's English Primer, Guide to the Irish Language, Irish and English Spelling Book, Irish Grammar, Irish English Dictionary, English Irish Dictionary, and his other elementary books, published by Walls, Temple-bar; Hatchard, Rivingtons, &c., London. The best grammars are—Dr. Neilson's of Belfast, and that published by John Barlow, of Dublin, in 1808; the latter a very learned and able work, by the late Mr. Halliday, who was certainly one of the best Irish scholars of modern times. This work, we fear, is out of print: *The Common Prayer*, in English and Irish, of which there are many editions; Watts, London; Grierson, Dublin; &c.—the last the best: *The New Testament*, Watts, London; Grierson, Dublin; and the Bible Societies: *The Holy Bible*, do. do.: The first volume of Keating's History of Ireland, by the late William Halliday, in opposite pages, Irish and English. There is no good English-Irish Dictionary; the Irish-English Dictionaries—O'Brien's, of which a new edition has lately been published, consisting chiefly of the words in the Sacred Scriptures—O'Reilly's, which is a much more extended and useful work: Armstrong's Scottish-Gaelic Dictionary contains both English and Gaelic, and Gaelic and English; and as the Gaelic and Irish are but dialects of the same tongue, with very slight and almost imperceptible variations, this book is a most useful assistant to the Irish scholar: The magnificent Gaelic Dictionary, published by the Highland Society of Scotland, is a very learned and elaborate work, but for all useful purposes we consider Armstrong's sufficient.

We rejoice to find the Irish language exciting curiosity in England; to the grammarian and lexicographer it will afford a valuable mine of etymological wealth, and will supply the radicals for many words which have baffled enquiry hitherto in the most ancient as well as the modern languages of Europe; also the meaning of numerous names of the prominent geographical features of Europe—the promontories, estuaries, rivers, mountains, cities, &c. Indeed, we cannot do better than refer to the volume by Sir W. Betham, which we noticed in our 124th number, for proof of this assertion, where the reader will find many names collated and explained in a manner which clearly and satisfactorily demonstrates them to be Irish. That the similarity could have been the effect of chance, appears to us not only improbable but altogether impossible. Sir William Betham maintains, and to our mind has most satisfactorily proved, that the ancient Irish were a colony of Phenicians; the names, therefore, were Phenician, and should not in fact be called Irish, as they were mostly given before the Phenicians settled in Ireland.

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.

Frederick the Great had heard that a corporal in his regiment of body-guards, who was well known as a remarkably handsome and brave young man, wore out of vanity a watch chain, suspended from a leaden bullet in his fob. The king had the curiosity to enquire into the circumstance himself; and an opportunity was contrived that he should meet the corporal as by chance.

"Apropos, corporal," said the king, "you are a brave fellow, and prudent too, to have spared enough from your pay to buy yourself a watch."

"Sire," replied the soldier, "I flatter myself that I am brave; but as to my watch, it is of little signification."

The king, pulling out a gold watch, set with diamonds, said, "By my watch it is five—what o'clock are you, pray?"

The corporal, pulling out his bullet with a trembling hand replied—"My watch neither tells me five nor six, but shows me clearly the death I am to die in your Majesty's service."

"Well, then," returned the king, "that you may likewise see the hour among the twelve, in which you are to die in my service, I will give you mine."

THE COMIC OFFERING.

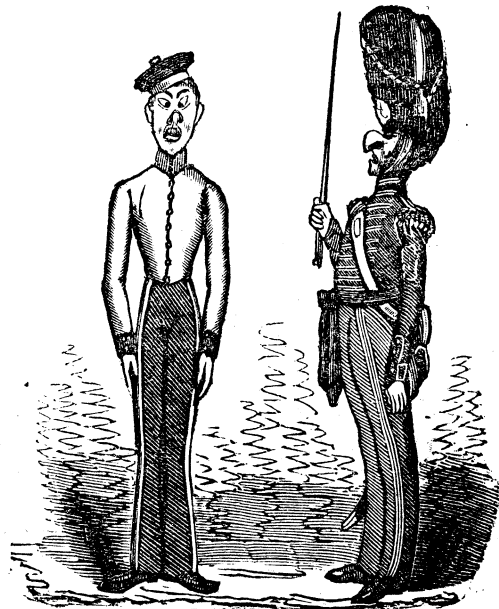
BY LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERIDAN.

Among a number "of old friends, with new faces" the "Comic Offering" for 1855 presented itself to our notice; and although, from the elegance of their outward trappings, as well as from the intrinsic value of their inward contents, some of the others seemed to bespeak our earliest attention, still, being at the moment in a mood rather to have our fancy tickled than our mind or our imagination deeply impressed, we turned mechanically, we might say instinctively, to Miss Sheridan's little work, which we

find is equally full of fun and frolic as her last year's "Offering." Indeed, were it merely for the humour and point in the engravings, we might fairly recommend it to the patronage and support of our laughter-loving countrymen. As it is an old adage, however, that example goes far beyond precept, we shall allow our readers to judge of its merits by giving them, in our rude way, a copy of *four* out of *sixty designs*, with which the little work is embellished; and by adding to these, one of the *least* comical, though certainly not *worst* stories in the volume, together with a specimen of the poetry, we think they will be able to form a tolerably correct opinion.



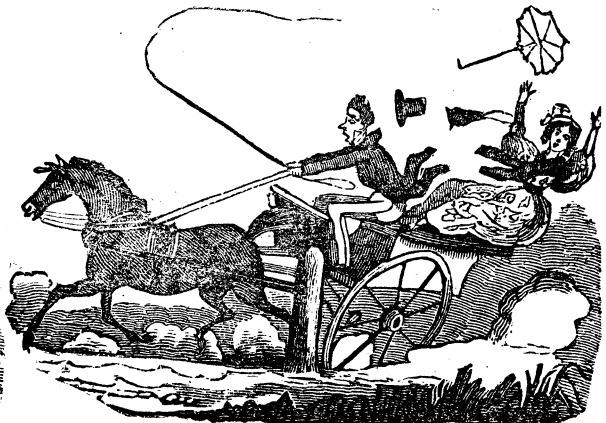
Organic remains!



"Eyes right!"
"Please, Sir, I can't!"



Offer of a hand!



Delivery by the Post!

THE MYSTERIOUS LODGER—A FACT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WHO CARRIED HIS OWN BUNDLE."

An uncommonly dull season at the demi-semi-fashionable bathing town of Scratchby had concluded, leaving things in a more melancholy state of stagnation than it had found them! The few migrating idlers who had ventured thither, fled before the chilling blast of an early au-

turn; the proprietors of furnished villas and apartments were in despair. Tradesmen scarcely dared look at the gazette, lest they should behold their own names among the bankrupts; the milliners walked about with rueful looks, dressed in their own unsold finery, wondering how it was to be paid for; and the owners of bathing machines were ready to drown themselves off their own steps!

Dismal November, with all its fogs had set in; and if

November in London be proverbial for its gloom, what must it be in a little ill-built smoky town, on the eastern coast of England, where people have nothing to amuse them but watching the arrival of herring-boats, or the departure of sprat-fishers, the flight of sea-gulls, or the periodical ebb and flow of the tide!

The most inveterate gossips of Scratchby became at length weary of propounding to each other the question, "What news?" on account of the eternal reply, "No news!"—when a sudden excitement was given to their suspended animation, by hearing that a stranger had actually arrived—how, when, or whence, no one knew; but he occupied the best apartments at the principal hotel, rose at twelve, breakfasted at one, dined at eight, excommunicated steel forks, ordered dishes with unheard of names, and called for wines, the mention of which made the landlord's wig stand on end! Moreover he burned wax-lights, and read no newspaper but the Morning Post: "by all which tokens it was plain that he was a person of consequence," said the landlady, who had once filled the situation of lady's maid in a nobleman's family.

The landlord said he was quite satisfied respecting guests, if they paid their reckoning, which the stranger had insisted on doing every night; the young ladies of the house thought it very singular that the gentleman had no baggage; yet his dress was scrupulously neat, and fresh every day, though no one could discover what became of the clothes he took off!

Yet, notwithstanding this disqualifying circumstance, the young ladies were sure he was somebody extraordinary. He was so tall and thin, and interestingly sallow, and had such expressive dark eyes: besides he wore no cravat. Had it been ten years sooner, he *must* have been Lord Byron, or the Great Unknown, or Prince Leopold looking out for a second wife at Scratchby; as it was, they only ventured to surmise him into the ex-duke of Brunswick, one of the Buonapartes, or some titled sentimentalist, in search of disinterested love. It is the disposition of the world at large, much more the word *in little*, to surmise the *worst* of every one: but the mysterious lodger, though a man without a name, and without baggage, was evidently the master of a well-filled purse, which in these virtuous days compensates for the lack of every thing else! The report of this having transpired, there was a meeting of the Scratchby exclusives, to debate whether the mysterious lodger should be admitted to the society of "the head persons of the borough," at which the majority considered mine hostess's standard of aristocracy as quite orthodox; and "the breakfast at one, dinner at eight, French dishes, Rhenish wines, silver forks, wax lights, and the Morning Post," must be indubitable symptoms of high breeding!

After the adventure of Lord A——B——'s incognito, these worthies were disposed to look upon every pedlar, who carried a smaller pack than usual, as a peer of the realm in disguise. So they came to the conclusion, that the mysterious lodger at the Mermaid was an itinerant of rank, whose friendship it would be desirable to cultivate, and they would favour him with a visit: but as it is *rather* awkward to call on a person without even knowing his name, they summoned mine host of the Mermaid, and put him to the question ordinary and extraordinary—Mine host professed his ignorance respecting his lodger, observing that it would be vastly impertinent to question any one who behaved so *genteelly* as to pay his reckoning every night. "Besides," added he, "had it been a possible thing for *any* one to do, our mistress, Sir, would have found out his name before he had been in the house six hours, for she is a special person at secrets."

"It is only a walk to the post-office, at the worst," so-liloquized Mr. Fox, the recorder, taking up his hat.

"Yes, yes, sure to find it out there," rejoined the sagacious mayor, nodding his head, and all the corporation nodded their heads also, while the great man of the town, Mr. Loftus, the banker, whistled, "We are a noddin."

Mr. Fox presently returned with a blank countenance. "The gentleman at the Mermaid had never received a letter!"

The exclusives were now in greater perplexity than

ever respecting the incognito "who breakfasted at one, dined at eight," &c. &c.

"You shall wait upon him with the subscription book of the reading-rooms, Mr. Hawk," said the mayor, after a pause, "and request him to add his name to the list."

"And if he ask what papers and periodicals we take, be sure to say, the Morning Post, St. James's Chronicle, and the Courier; Blackwood's Magazine, and the Quarterly," added Mr. Loftus.

"We'll write by this day's post, and stop the Times, and the Traveller, and the Star," said Mr. Fox, "and we'll order John Bull, and the Tory County paper."

"Very good," observed the town clerk; and do you, Boniface, present my compliments to your lodger, and say I wish to speak to him."

Mine host, who had formed a shrewd idea of his guest's peculiarities, undertook the office with any thing but alacrity.

His mysterious lodger was reposing at full length on a hard narrow sofa, with a crumpled red-and-yellow chintz cover, dosing over the Morning Post, when he entered and delivered Mr. Hawk's message.

"Hey, what d'ye say? a new sort of fish in town?" yawned the object of universal interest.

"No, Sir; Mr. Hawk, the town-clerk's compliments, and he will be happy to speak to you."

"What does he want? let him send his business."

"Send his business! why, to be sure, Sir, you don't know what sort of a gentleman our town-clerk is."

"No, nor do I wish to acquire any knowledge of him; I am acquainted with too many troublesome persons already!"

"Well, Sir, to be sure, Sir, it's all very true, Sir, but pray, Sir, what am I to say to Mr. Hawk, Sir?"

"Any thing you like, except that I shall be happy to see him—for I have an especial dislike to busy bodies!"

"And you wish him to send his business, Sir."

"No, I do not wish to be plagued with it, but, if he insists upon it, I suppose I must."

Mine host descended to the committee below, and, with some amendments, repeated the ungracious speeches of his mysterious lodger.

Mr. Hawk looked white; the corporation and the mayor looked at Mr. Loftus.

"Person of consequence, no doubt," observed the latter, who did not rightly understand the difference between persons of consequence, and consequential persons. "Here, landlord, take the book of subscribers to the gentleman, and say Mr. Loftus and the gentlemen of Scratchby desire their compliments, and hope he will do them the honour of adding his distinguished name to their society at the reading-room."

"Society at the reading-room!—add my distinguished name, (what do they know of that I wonder?)—to such a set as this!" muttered the mysterious lodger, glancing his eye quickly over the list of the little great of Scratchby; then contemptuously tossing the sacred book from him, he resumed the study of the Morning Post.

The message, if message it could be called, was repeated to the eagerly-expecting conclave.

"Are you certain he observed *my* name?" demanded Mr. Loftus.

"And mine? and mine? and mine?" inquired the mayor, Mr. Fox, and every member of the corporation, and genteel resident in the town, from class A, down to about class G.

"Don't you think we had better commit him as a vagrant or ill-disposed person, Mr. Worshipful?" said the attorney, hesitatingly.

"And then you can *compel* him to give some account of himself," observed the offended town-clerk.

"Of what can we accuse him?" asked the chief magistrate.

"Of being a Radical," said Mr. Loftus.

"But he reads the Morning Post," rejoined the curate.

"All art and grimace," said Mr. Hawk. "I'll wager any thing that he has some of Cobbett's thrash in his possession, if he were now searched."

"Farmer Rickman's stacks were fired the night before last, you know, gentlemen, by some maliciously-disposed

person, whose name is unknown," said the attorney, significantly.

"And whom are we to suspect, unless it be a suspicious person?" rejoined Mr. Hawk.

"Very true," said Mr. Loftus, "and it was only yesterday that I received myself a threatening letter, signed 'Swing.'"

"Indeed!" exclaimed the whole conclave.

"Then, Sir," said the attorney, "you may depend this mysterious lodger at the Mermaid is neither more nor less than that *ignis fatuus* villain, Swing himself, and, perhaps, cousin germain to the Irish Captain Rock, whom no one has yet been able to catch."

This speech was received with universal applause; and the corporation were now far more desirous of hanging the mysterious lodger, than they had been a few minutes before of cultivating his acquaintance. Mine host was summoned and cross-examined as to his guest's mode of spending his time; when, to their infinite satisfaction, Mr. Boniface admitted that the party suspected went out about six o'clock on the evening the conflagration took place; and, though he had ordered dinner at the usual hour, did not return until after midnight.

"A plain case, a plain case," was murmured through the room.

"Have you ever observed any thing of a suspicious nature lying about in his apartments?" queried Mr. Fox.

"No, Sir," replied mine host; "no, Sir, not so much as a nightcap; and our Betty is of opinion he does not wear such a thing."

"Had you not better summon Betty, Mr. Mayor, to give her evidence?" asked Mr. Fox.

"Certainly, by all means," responded Mr. Worshipful; and Mrs. Betty, smirking and curtesying, yet frightened at the awful presence, entered the room.

"Well," said the mayor, with an encouraging nod, "what have you to say of the suspicious character who has taken up his abode in this house?"

"Why, lawk, Sir, I doesn't wish to say any thing against the gentleman, though he be rather a spicious person, as you say."

"Mr. Hawk, take down, that Betty Brown, the chambermaid, considers him a very suspicious character," said the mayor.

"Oh, pray, my honours, don't go to set down any thing that I should say against the gentleman's character," exclaimed Betty, in great agitation. "I am sure he has always behaved in the genteelst manner to me, giving me a shilling every evening when I brings him his night candle, and what was still genteeler than that, when he gave me half-a-crown the day of the fire, to go and buy him a sixpenny box of Lucifers, he wouldn't take none of the change, but said, 'Molly, never mind the change, it will do to buy you a ribbon, for you are a very honest girl in bringing me back so much money, for I never got a box of Lucifers so cheap before, and I use a good many,' says he."

"Now, gentlemen," exclaimed the mayor, "I think we may congratulate ourselves on being instrumental in bringing such a notorious delinquent to justice. You find, by his own voluntary confession to Betty, that he has long been addicted to the infernal practice of purchasing Lucifers to assist in his demoniacal amusement of incendiarism. I say that hanging is too good for such a villain."

"Very true," observed Mr. Loftus, "and it is a pity the laws will not admit of his being burned alive."

"Sir," I quite agree with you," said Mr. Hawk; "but, Mr. Mayor, you had better commit him on strong suspicion of having been the author of the late conflagration."

"Very good," replied the mayor; "but I must summons him before my worshipful self first, you know, and examine him myself on the charge of having maliciously and wilfully set fire to neighbour Rickman's stack."

So a summons was issued without further delay; but to their infinite disappointment, the constable who had been dispatched with it, after searching every nook and corner of the hotel, returned with the information, "that he was no where to be found!"

"Absconded by all that's circumstantial!" exclaimed Mr. Hawk.

"Lawk, gentlemen," simpered Betty, "he is only gone out for a walk as he do every day into the country, to look about him a bit, and he's sure to be home to dinner, because he have ordered some of his heathen messes, to be ready by eight o'clock; for I heard him tell our *missus*, he chose some 'mutton-go-lawney' soup, and a homlet, and some *petticoat lays*, which are nothing in the world but some lamb-chops, and a *stew-flea* by way of pudding; so you may be sure, my honours, he will be home to eat such a dinner as that; for if he don't I am sure nobody else will."

"It is my opinion that this person ought to be pursued in all directions, without loss of time," said Mr. Hawk.

And so thought the mayor, and every member of the corporation who was possessed of a horse, or could afford to hire one, or knew how to play the equestrian: and within half an hour all the cavalry of Scratchby was in motion, with Mr. Loftus at their head; for Mr. Worshipful, though a mayor, was a poor manager of a horse, and preferred bringing up the rear in his comfortable stanhope.

Although there were several bowery green lanes in which a fugitive might have sought temporary shelter from the formidable pursuit of the civil authorities, they disdained to diverge from the straight line of the turnpike road, and had not proceeded more than three miles before they overtook the object of their suspicion; nay, more, detected him in the very act of striding across the pales of Sir Mowbray Mortimer's park!

Mr. Loftus being a resolute man, instantly leaped from his saddle, and with the town clerk, the recorder, the constable, and one or two of the most courageous members of the corporation, succeeded in surrounding, and taking into custody, the suspected incendiary, whom, though an elegant and fashionably dressed man, they loaded with every vituperative epithet which their indignation at his evil deeds could suggest.

The mysterious lodger protested against the violence and illegality of their very extraordinary proceedings, in terms which indicated his familiarity with the technicalities of the bar, to the infinite astonishment of his arch enemies—the town clerk, and the recorder, who were not prepared to find a professional brother in a villainous incendiary.

The mayor now coming up, insisted (as he had passed the bounds of his own jurisdiction) on taking the object of their suspicions before Sir Mowbray Mortimer, who being a very active J. P., (and moreover, a strict manorist!) was not very likely to look favourably on the trespass and character of the mysterious lodger.

Sir Mowbray hastened to give audience to these bustling civilians and *incivilians*, secretly wondering for which of his sins he was punished with the infliction of a visit from such a set of intolerable bores! However, as the aristocracy are "the politest" people in the world, he received the Scratchby *consequentials* with all the courtesy of "a person of consequence," and, instead of asking their business, waited for them to unfold it.

"Sir Mowbray Mortimer, sir," commenced the mayor, "I dare say you are surprised to see me here so far out of the bounds of my jurisdiction; but, Sir, as a brother magistrate, I beg to state that I and my corporation left Scratchby this afternoon in pursuit of the celebrated incendiary, Swing, whom we happily caught on your manor, Sir Mowbray, in the illegal and felonious act of striding over your park pales!"

"Indeed, Sir!" said Sir Mowbray, whose curiosity now began to be excited; "and where is he?"

"Sir, he is waiting, handcuffed, in the hall, under charge of Dick, the constable."

Sir Mowbray having signified his wish to see the object of suspicion, Dick, the constable, was desired to bring his prisoner forward; the latter advanced with greater alacrity than could be expected from a person under his circumstances—but what was the surprise of his captors when they heard Sir Mowbray greet him with,

"Why, my dear Littleton, what riots have you been engaged in, since you were last here, to entitle you to those bracelets?" laughing, and pointing to the handcuffs,

"So far from engaging in riots, my dear fellow, re-

sponded the prisoner, "that, as I had heard what bell-cose people the men of Scratchby were, I eschewed their society altogether till the arrival of my fellow commissioner, Mr. Boreham Brushall, might enable me to inquire into the abuses of this corporation with sufficient effect. But in the mean time, Mr. Mayor and the rest of them having determined to be beforehand with me, I suppose, accuse me of being no less a person, Mortimer, than that notorious will-o'-the-wisp, Mr. Swing!"

"On what grounds, may I ask, have this worshipful assemblage brought this accusation against my friend here, who is the Honourable Blackstone Littleton, of the Inner Temple, one of the commissioners empowered by ministers to inquire into the abuses of corporate bodies?" asked Sir Mowbray, as soon as he could conquer his risibility.

"Will Mr. Littleton be pleased to account for his absence from the Mermaid between six in the evening, and an hour past midnight on the night of the conflagration on Farmer Rickman's premises?" said Mr. Hawk, the only one who was not struck speechless by the ominous name and business of the mysterious lodger.

"Mr. Littleton did me the honour of dining with me at seven that evening, and kindly remained here till nearly the hour you mention;" said Sir Mowbray.

"But, sir, the purchase of the box of Lucifers still remains to be explained," said the abashed, yet pertinacious town-clerk.

"Sir," replied Mr. Littleton, "I always use Lucifers to ignite my cigars, for which purpose I purchased a box of these articles on the day of which you speak. I happen to have it about me, gentlemen, and beg to produce it for your satisfaction, still unopened. And now, gentlemen, I hope when I, in conjunction with my colleague, Mr. Brushall, (whom I expect to-morrow) proceed to inquire into corporation abuses, you will be able to return as satisfactory answers to *our* queries, as I have done to *yours*!"

The mayor and corporation, who had dreaded the long threatened advent of these commissioners of inquiry, worse than the cholera, stood aghast at the adventure, while Dick, the constable, scarcely needed their sign to release the wrists of this important personage from the handcuffs.

"Indeed, Sir," apologized Mr. Fox, "if you had only been kind enough to add your name to the list of the reading-room, we should have been aware who you were, and conducted ourselves with proper respect."

"I am sure, Sir, if we had taken you for a gentleman, it would have been very different," whined the mayor.

"And if you had suspected me of being a commissioner of inquiry," said Mr. Littleton, "I suppose I might have purchased Lucifers enough to put the whole county in a blaze, without being called to an account for it—so that I had not thrown too much *light* on your proceedings."

For the benefit of such of my readers as may be curious respecting the development of minor mysteries, I beg to state that Mr. Commissioner Littleton's portmanteau having been mis-sent, he was reduced to the necessity of borrowing articles of dress of his friend, Sir Mowbray Mortimer, at whose mansion he had regularly performed his mysterious toilet, while he had been the "mysterious lodger" at the Mermaid!

A MARRYING MAN.

BY MRS. AEDY.

Never warn me, my dear, to take care of my heart,
When I dance with yon Lancer, so fickle and smart;
What phantoms the mind of eighteen can create,
That boast not a charm at discreet twenty-eight;
A partner, 'tis true, I would gladly command,
But that partner must boast of wealth, houses, and land;
I have looked round the ball-room, and, try what I can,
I fail to discover one Marrying Man!

Time was, in the pride of my girlhood's bright dawn,
All but talented men I regarded with scorn,

Wits, authors, and artists, then beamed me about,
Who might each have passed muster at Lady Cork's
rout;

In duets, I had always a second well skilled;
My album with sonnets and sketches was filled;
I went on the brisk "march of intellect" plan,
But the "march" countermands ev'ry Marrying Man!

How oft, when mamma would sage counsels impart,
Have I pouted and wept at her hardness of heart;
She cared not for genius—her idol was pelf;
Now I've grown just as icy and hard as herself.
Alike I am rock to the handsome and wise,
To wit and to waltzing, to singing and sighs,
Nay, Phœbus himself would come under my ban,
For *he* certainly is not a Marrying Man!

Finding London a failure, I varied my path,
I "took tea" with the painted old ladies of Bath;
At Hastings, the hills laboured panting to reach;
At Ramsgate, sat out with a book on the beach;
At Cheltenham walk'd to the band's matin sound,
At Brighton, "missed aim" on the archery ground!
Through each place pointed out by the "Guide," have I
ran,

But the Guide would not point to one Marrying Man!

That object seems still the philosopher's stone,
Another "ninth statue," a new "Great Unknown";
I have tried all the schemes and manœuvres of old,
And must strike out some measure decisive and bold.
I'll try a *deep* plan in the diving-bell soon,
Or, with Green's assistance, I'll visit the moon!
Yes, yes—sure the last's an infallible plan,
If the "Man in the Moon" be—A MARRYING MAN!

MONASTERY OF CLONARD IN THE COUNTY OF MEATH.

This now insignificant spot, which is situate near the river Boyne, in the barony of Moyfeurath, and county of Meath, was formerly a place of great splendour and considerable importance. It was heretofore called Cluain-raird, which signifies the retirement on the western height, and more anciently Rossfunchuill. However inconceivable it appears at present, it was once famed as a bishop's see, and boasted of an abbey of regular canons as well as of a nunnery for regular canonesses, dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

St. Kyran, the son of Bœtius and Dasercha, who was called the son of the artificer, and in the year 548 founded the famous abbey of Clonmacnoise, in the King's County, having received a grant of that place, together with Inis-Aingin and one hundred churches in Meath, from Dermid, the son of Cervail, monarch of Ireland, a short time before his death, which took place in 549, bestowed Clonard upon St. Finian. Finian, who was of high descent, and eminent as a divine and philosopher, founded here an abbey, and dedicated it to St. Peter. He also established a school here, at which were instructed several men remarkable for learning and piety. In the year 548 he died of the plague, on the 12th of December, on which day annually he is commemorated at Clonard.

From the annals of the abbey of Clonard we collect the following, as the most remarkable of the vicissitudes to which it was exposed. In the year 858 the Danes destroyed it and put the clergy to the sword. These ruthless invaders also destroyed it in 888. King Congalagh, in 949, exempted it from cess and other charges. In 1156, the people of Brefney (now the county of Leitrim and part of Cavan) not only rivalled but surpassed the Danes in the ruthlessness of their conduct towards this religious house; for they not only ravaged and sacked the abbey, but stripped naked O'Daly, then chief poet of Ireland, leaving him in that situation. They at the same time carried away *the sword* of St. Finian, an instrument which, indeed, must have been better suited to the hands of such freebooters than to those of the inmates of a peaceful monastery. Dorunald O'Doin Fhiacha, lord of Teaffia, became a great penitent, and died here in 1141; and a great part of the abbey, and all the library was consumed by

accidental fire in 1143. The abbey and town were despoiled and burnt in 1170, by M'Murcha, aided by Earl Strongbow and the English; and having been afterwards rebuilt, they suffered a similar fate in the year 1175, about which time Walter, son of Hugh de Lacy, erected a monastery here, under the invocation of Saint Peter, for Canons Regular of St. Augustine.

The nunnery was founded and endowed by O'Melaglin, King of Meath, who dedicated it to the Virgin Mary, before the arrival of the English. About the year 1195, when Agnes was abbess, Pope Celestine the Third confirmed the possessions of this nunnery, which, having afterwards become reduced to great penury, became a cell to the nunnery of St. Brigid of Odra or Odder.

As to the bishopric of Clonard, it was, before the year 1152, united to that of Trim and others, all of which were annexed to Meath about the commencement of the following century.

Having thus far traced the former state of this place, once celebrated for religion and learning, we now return to its present situation. There is not at this day a vestige remaining of former magnificence; and even the curious tomb which Seward and Archdall say once was here, has vanished by the ruthless plans of some modern vandal.

The present church is a wretched looking edifice, and in still more wretched repair. It consists of an oblong rectangular choir, about fifty feet long by twenty-four broad, having a tasteless steeple fifty feet high at the west end, on one side whereof is stuck an old corbel stone, with an antique-shaped head carved upon it, which they call the head of St. Finian. On the outside of the eastern end is a plain stone slab, serving as the door to a vault that lies under the communion-table, and was made by order of Lady Jane Loftus. Mr. Loftus, of Killyon, and his mother, as also Sir Thomas Ashton, of Ashfield, all in the county of Meath, are interred here. Upon an old grave-stone in the churchyard is the following epitaph:

"Here lyeth the body of
Digby Waddington, Esqr.
Son and here of Sr Henry Waddington
Knight who dyed the
1st day of July 1622 aged 3
yeares"

Within the church is a handsome marble cœnotaph to the memory of Edward Barlow, Esq., of Mullingar; and enclosed within an iron paling, as you enter the churchyard are three monumental stones, one of which commemorates the departure of Surgeon Edward Barlow, late of Mullingar, who, after having been in care of the county of Westmeath infirmary for fifty-six years, died, aged eighty-one years. The second stone tells the reader that John Barlow, physician, late of Moate, died in 1817, at the age of fifty-nine years; and that his son, Edward Barlow, of Dublin, also a physician, died, aged thirty-one, in 1815. The third tomb announces, that Dr. John Barlow, the father of the first mentioned Edward and John sleeps beneath it. On beholding the lasting abodes of these once eminent practitioners, and the triumph which death has here attained over the skill of Esculapius, I could not avoid involuntarily reflecting how feeble are the efforts and inventions of man, when they are directed against the immutable laws ordained by Divine Providence.

The ancient town is said to have been to the S. E. of the present church, to the west of which is one of those elevated burial mounds or tumuli, frequent in Ireland.—This piece of monumental antiquity nourishes a large tree which grows upon its summit. An attempt seems to have been made heretofore to perforate this mound, but with what success I was unable to learn.

With the exception of what has been already mentioned, the only remnants of antiquity about Clonard are a square stone vessel, once used as a depository for holy water, but now half buried in clay and weeds, and an ancient baptismal font, which stands in a neglected state in the steeple of the church, and is about thirty inches high by as many in breadth.



This venerable font, of which the above is an engraving, is exceedingly curious, and worthy of better care. It is formed of limestone or marble, and on the inside of the shape of a convex demisphere. The outside is an octagon, composed of square panels, beneath which are eight other panels that diminish in size towards the base. The upper panels are ornamented as follows: One exhibits, in relief, a representation of the Virgin and Child, upon the ass, flying to Egypt. The next is divided, per pale, into two compartments, the first of which exhibits Joseph leading the ass, whose halter is brought over from the former panel; the second compartment of this panel contains a grotesque figure, holding a book, and having its lower extremity terminating in a true lover's knot. A third panel has St. John, baptizing our Saviour, who is standing in a river, while the baptist pours water upon his head out of a vessel with his right hand; with the left he holds the arm of Christ, who has his arms placed across his breast in an attitude of devotion. A fourth panel is divided, per pale, having in each compartment a grotesque human figure with wings, and holding a shield with both hands. The fifth panel is like that last described; and the sixth differs from them merely in the second figure's holding an open book instead of a shield. The seventh panel is also divided per pale: on the first compartment is the figure of a saint with wings, and holding in his right hand a loose belt, which encircles his waist. This is probably for St. Augustine, as the hermits of the Augustinian order wore a leather belt. The corresponding compartment contains St. Peter with the key. The eighth panel is divided into two, like those already described. On the first part is a bishop with a crozier, probably St. Finian; and on the other is a figure with long robes and a book, in the clothing of a Regular Canon of St. Augustine, to which saint, Walter, son of Hugh de Lacy, had dedicated the monastery. In four of the lower panels, consecutively, are represented angels holding shields, and in the other four are trees or shrubs. The base, which consists also of eight sides, is ornamented with leaves and flowers.

I cannot conclude without animadverting upon the want, or rather culpable neglect, of decency, which mocks the venerable relic of bygone days that I have described in this article. The church is dangerously damp: the steeple, when I saw it, was used as a *turf-house*; nay, one of the pews in the aisle, was, at the time I visited Clonard, filled up to the top with turf; and the rickety and filthy-looking communion-table would be a disgrace to the meanest kitchen in the country. B.

DUBLIN:

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