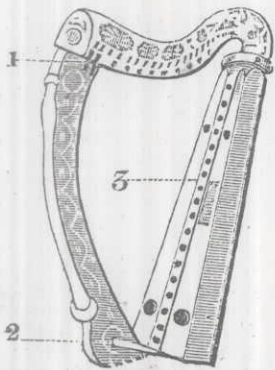


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A more enlightened policy has at length succeeded to these days of darkness; and let us hope that after a time the governors and the governed will form but one people. As they carried on a continual warfare against the law, and all its ministers, it became necessary that they should be acquainted with its intricacies, and estimate well the terrors of its sanctions. And this they have done. The lower orders of Irish, though an uneducated, are not an uninformed people; and upon this subject, which is of such vital importance to them, they often show a knowledge, not only of the common points, but also of the technical niceties, which is far beyond any thing that would be met with in an English peasant. They understand exactly how far they may go without hazarding the animadversion of a magistrate; and often as they exceed the bounds of moderation, yet still oftener do they venture upon the very verge, and there stop short, to the surprise and admiration of all spectators."

### BRIAN BOROIHME'S HARP.

It is well known to all our readers that the great monarch, Brian Boroihme, was killed at the battle of Clontarf, A. D. 1014. He left with his son Donagh, his harp, but Donagh having murdered his brother Teige, and being deposed by his nephew, retired to Rome, and carried with him the crown, harp, and other regalia of his father, which he presented to the Pope. These regalia were kept in the Vatican, till the Pope sent the harp to Henry VIII. but kept the crown, which was of massive gold. Henry gave the harp to the first Earl of Clanrickarde, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it came, by a lady of the De Burgh family, into that of M-Mahon of Clenagh in the county of Clare, after whose death it passed into the possession of Commissioner Mac Namara of Limerick. In 1782 it was presented to the Right Honorable William Conyngham, who deposited it in Trinity College Museum, where it now is. It is thirty-two inches high, and of good workmanship; the sounding-board is of oak, the arms of red sally, the extremity of the uppermost arm in part is capped with silver, extremely well wrought and chiselled. It contains a large crystal set in silver, and under it was another stone now lost. The buttons or ornamented knobs, at the side of this arm, are of silver. On the front arm, are the arms chased in silver of the O'Brien family, the bloody hand supported by lions. On the sides of the front arm, within two circles are two Irish Wolf Dogs, cut in the wood. The holes of the sounding board, where the strings entered, are neatly ornamented with an escutcheon of brass, carved and gilt; the larger sounding holes have been ornamented, probably with silver. The harp has 28 keys, and as many string-holes, consequently there were as many strings. The foot piece or rest is broken off, and the parts, round which it was joined, are very rotten. The whole bears evidence of an expert artist.



The three figures which our wood-cutter has attached to the harp are intended to represent, No. 1, two iron straps; No. 2, a piece of brass; and No. 3, a piece of paper, which as permission was refused to open the glass case in which the harp is kept, it could not be ascertained for what purpose it is there

### CURRAN.

Mr. Curran was once asked, what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue. "I suppose," replied the wit, "he's trying to catch the English accent."

### LIMERICK CATHEDRAL BELLS.

Those evening bells—those evening bells—  
How many a tale their music tells  
Of youth and home—and that sweet time  
When last I heard their soothing chime!

The remarkably fine bells of Limerick cathedral were originally brought from Italy; they had been manufactured by a young native, (whose name tradition has not preserved,) and finished after the toil of many years, and he prided himself upon his work. They were subsequently purchased by the prior of a neighbouring convent; and with the profits of this sale the young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness. This, however, was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worm in the peace of a fallen land, the good Italian was a sufferer amongst many. He lost his all; and, after the passing of the storm, found himself preserved alone amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The convent in which the bells, the *chef-d'œuvre* of his skill, were hung, was razed to the earth, and these last carried away to another land. The unfortunate owner, haunted by his memories, and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew grey, and his heart withered, before he again found a home and a friend. In this desolation of spirit, he formed the resolution of seeking the place to which those treasures of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland, proceeded up the Shannon; the vessel anchored in the pool near Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing. The city was now before him; and he beheld St. Mary's steeple, lifting its turreted head above the smoke and mist of the old town. He sat in the stern, and looked fondly towards it. It was an evening so calm and beautiful as to remind him of his own native haven in the sweetest time of the year—the death of the spring. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it with almost a noiseless expedition. On a sudden, amid the general stillness, the bells tolled from the cathedral; the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The old Italian looked towards the city, crossed arms on his breast, and lay back in his seat; home, happiness, early recollections, friends, family—all were in the sound, and went with it to his heart. When the rowers looked round, they beheld him with his face still turned towards the cathedral, but his eyes were closed, and when they landed—they found him cold!

### LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

LET ERIN remember the days of old,  
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;  
When MALICI wore the collar of gold,  
Which he won from her proud invader;  
When her Kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,  
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;—  
Ere the emerald gem of the western world  
Was set in the crown of a stranger.  
On LOUGH NEAGH's bank as the fisherman strays  
When the clear, cold eve's declining,  
He sees the round towers of other days,  
In the wave beneath him shining;  
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,  
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;  
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time,  
For the long-faded glories they cover!

Moore's Irish Melodies.

### THE GAELIC AND IRISH DIALECTS.

These dialects are much more closely allied to each other than either the Welsh or the Manks. The words are almost the same, the structure every way similar, and the inhabitants in many instances, conduct their little shipping connexions through the medium of the language common to both parties. There is, in short, much greater difference between the vernacular dialects of two counties of England, and they have greater difficulty in understanding each other, than an Irishman and a Highlander.

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