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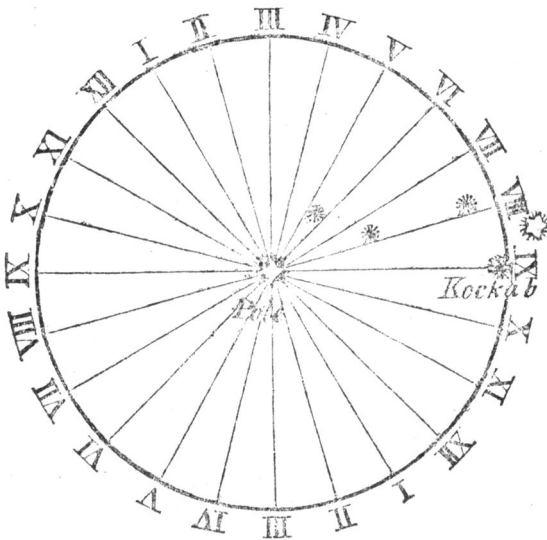
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our hemisphere—to discover the hours of the night by the appearance of the constellations; an Irish peasant will affirm without hesitation, that he can tell you the time of the night by reading the stars, without being able to give a satisfactory explanation of the knowledge; which, in fact he does not possess. It is to him a maze, “without a plan,” nor can he perceive aught in the vast expanse, but that undefinable something, which speaks volumes of intelligible things to the human mind, learned or unlearned, and seems to be felt in some instances by the inferior beings of the creation. (It has been observed of geese. *Absit omen verbo*, that they are heard to utter their peculiar note at the termination of the different hours of the night. Query, is it their observations of the stars, that transforms them into watchmen?)

In the southern hemisphere, the natives of many countries are enabled to discover, with considerable accuracy the different watches of the night, by the position of the Cross; during the early hours, this constellation is nearly erect, becoming more inclined towards the horizon as the night advances. Humboldt describes the sensations he felt when passing over the vast silent Savannahs of South America, he heard his Indian guide call out, for the first time—“It is past midnight, for the cross is reclined.” We have no celestial horologe in our Northern regions so conspicuous as the Southern Cross; but if attentively considered, the constellation of the Lesser Bear will be found to point out the passing of time equally well, though without so much clearness and brilliancy. This idea, was, I believe, for the first and only time, suggested in a little work, entitled, “*Relox del Norte*” or Northern Clock, published at Madrid, in 1757, and written by a Spaniard of the name of Hualde, where he shews by means of 24 diagrams, 2 for each month; the position of the Lesser Bear every third hour during the night.

The following abridged sketch may give some idea of the plan, and induce others, who have more learning and more ingenuity, to improve, and if possible, make it practicable.

If we make the polar star the immovable pivot on which the hand of the clock turns, and form that hand of the Lesser Bear, the Star Kockab forming the extremity of the hand, and as if pointing to the hours; we may then draw an imaginary circle round the whole, the pole star always being the centre, and inscribe on that circle the 24 hours which the hand of the clock is to traverse, so far the horologe is formed; now if we examine it on the night of the 15th of March, it will be in the following position:—



the next evening, at the same hour, we find Kockab the point of the hand, a little more westward, becoming gradually more so, till the middle of October, when it appears exactly in the opposite position, or at IX, on the west side of the diagram. To render this theory capable of adaptation, there is only required a constant habit of observing the hand of the clock at the same hour during the different months, it advancing about 2 hours every month,

and afterwards during the different hours of the same night which is the object of the clock; for instance if the Star Kockab, on the 15th of March, points to IX of the circle at nine o'clock in the evening, at ten o'clock it will be at the next division and so on in progression.

To the travellers both over sea and land, to all who are obliged to keep watch during the night, the northern clock might be rendered useful. But even if it is destined never to be more than a philosophical speculation, it is a subject on which a contemplative mind can dwell with pleasure. The imagination is interested with that vast celestial clock formed of suns and systems, turning for ever round the Pole, itself seeming eternal, but telling since the creation the passing of time, “*Cette image mobile de l'immobile Eternite.*” We are naturally inspired to reflect what are those suns? Where are those systems? that admonish the speck in the universe, which we inhabit, of the evanescence of all things that it contains; but here we feel that pride subduing sentence, before which all presumptuous theories fall back into their own nothingness, “*Hitherto shalt thou go and no farther.*” Z.

THE SEPARATION.

(From the German of Klopstock.)

FOR THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

“*Geh! Ich reiz mich los, obgleich die manliche Tugend
Nicht die Thrane verbueth.*”

Go! I stifle this intense affliction:—
Go, my friend!—Albeit a manly virtue
Never yet condemned a tear,
Yet, farewell! I will not weep, Ernestus:
Days,—years,—life itself must pass away in weeping,
Were I now to weep for thee.
For so all from all at last shall sever;
Each in turn departing from the remnant,
Leaving them to grief and gloom.
So divideth death life's newly-wedded!
He,—the young and headlong husband perished,
Struggling with the midnight wave;
She upon the shore, where tempest-voices
Shriek in chorus wild above her grave of
Wrecks and carcasses and weeds.
So, too, lie the scattered bones of MILTON,
Withering far away from HOMER'S ashes.
Through the cypress boughs that droop
O'er the sepulchre of each immortal
Die away their fitful underwailings,
Each a sad and separate dirge!
Thus did HE in Heaven engrave on marble
Silently the darkly over-curtained
And mysterious doom of man.
Prostrate in the dust before the Highest,
Prostrate in the dust I bow and worship,
Nor against His Wisdom weep.
Haste to HAGEDORN, my loved Ernestus,
Fly to him, and when thou hast embraced him,
When the burst of mutual joy
Yields to feelings of serener gladness,
Tell, oh! tell him how I also love him
With a love as warm as thine.

CLARENCE.

KING JAMES THE SECOND.

The wreath of laurel which this unfortunate monarch won by sea was lost by land. Having been a spectator of the battle of the Boyne, on the 1st of July, 1690, he thought it most prudent, while the fate of the day was yet undecided, to seek for safety in flight. In a few hours he reached the Castle of Dublin, where he was met by Lady Tyrconnell, a woman of spirit. “Your countrymen, (the Irish) Madam,” said James, as he was ascending the stairs, “can run well.” “Not quite so well as your Majesty,” retorted her ladyship, “for I see you have won the race. Having slept that night in Dublin, he rode the next day to Waterford, a distance of two hundred English miles, in the space of twenty-four hours. On his arrival in that city, he went immediately on board a ship that lay ready for him in the harbour, in order to carry him to France. As he was passing along the quay a sudden gust of wind carried off his hat, and, as it was night,

General O'Farrell, an old officer in the Austrian service, presented him with his own. James took it without any ceremony, observing as he put it on his head, that if he had lost a crown by the Irish, he had gained a hat by them.

FINE ARTS.

Historic Sketch of the past and present state of the Fine Arts in Ireland.

No. 6.

(Continued from page 309.)

It is, however, to our domestic architecture of the sixteenth century, that we can refer with greatest pleasure for proofs of the advances made in the finer arts of civilized life. In this particular, we of the present day have little cause for triumph over the taste of our rude forefathers, as we are pleased to call them. The castellated mansions of our ancient nobles, and the houses of our wealthy burghers of those times, are not less remarkable for their superiority in point of comfort and convenience, to the gloomy towers, or the wood or mud houses of earlier times, than for the *fine sense of the picturesque in outline and embellishment* which they exhibit, as compared with the utterly tasteless and unsightly edifices of our own times.

What an assemblage of pleasing forms do those durable buildings exhibit; how beautiful their intricacy of outline—their pointed pyramidal gables—their ornamented doors and gate-ways—their oriel mullioned windows, with their drip labels projecting over them like graceful eyebrows; their very chimneys were made to contribute, by the beauty of their form, to the general effect, and are as necessary to the picturesqueness of the edifice as to its convenience. Nor should we forget an interesting, though not an architectural, feature in those edifices—the pious mottoes inscribed in some conspicuous part of the building, over the porch or entrance, usually in conjunction with the name or initials of the founder, with which those of his wife's maiden name are always united, as, "If God be with us, who shall be against us?" "Nisi Dominus edificaverit Domum in vanum laboraverunt que edificaverit eam," and such like. Then, if we examine their interior, how imposing is their massive grandeur! how picturesque their ample chimney-pieces! what richness of colour and effect in their carved pannelled oak wainscots! It may be objected that they are not always in pure taste; we grant it, and confess also that the best specimens we have are poor, in comparison with those of the sister island; but if we except the modern imitations of the buildings of this period, which are, for the greater part, fantastical gimcrackery abortions, what have we to compare to them? Square brick boxes, with holes in them for windows, disgusting to the eye, and tawdry paper decorations almost equally offensive within. Verily we have but little doubt on our minds as to which we should apply the term civilized, and which the epithet of barbarous!

Examples of the domestic architecture of the 16th century are now rarely to be found in Ireland. They were never numerous, for the country was too poor, and property too insecure, to encourage the erection of expensive and durable edifices, and their number has been sadly reduced by the dilapidations of time, the civil wars, and modern bad taste. In the vicinity of our metropolis there is nothing of the kind to refer to, except the noble mansion of the Talbots, of Malahide, the exterior of which preserves, indeed, but little of its original character, but in which there still remains, in exquisite preservation, a carved oak chamber, a sight of which is ample compensation for a day's journey. It is not a little remarkable that it was in a western county of Ireland, now considered as one of the least civilized, that the finest and greatest number of such structures were erected. We allude to the county of Galway. The castle of Portumna, the residence of the noble family of Clanricarde, which was unfortunately burnt a few years since, was justly considered one of the finest mansions of the Elizabethan age in this island; and the houses of the wealthy citizens of the town of Galway constituted a splendid assemblage of structures, as its present

remains evince; "though," as the able historian of that ancient city writes, "the superb houses which, in the language of the annals were 'fit to lodge kings and princes,' and described as the best built and most splendidly furnished of any in the kingdom, were seized upon and occupied (during the usurpation) by the lowest of the populace, until they were completely ruined." Galway, at this period, ranked as the first city in Ireland, not less for its wealth and commercial intelligence, than for the honourable feelings and high spirit of its citizens. By the fruits of their honest industry they possessed themselves of a great portion of the surrounding counties, in which their posterity remain; and if the pride of ancestry, for which these are said to be now remarkable, be an honest pride in the peaceful virtues of their forefathers, we should rather applaud than condemn the feeling; for we should ourselves feel more proud of being the inheritors of a few acres acquired by the honest industry of our fathers, than of the richest earldom gained at the expense of suffering humanity, by the lawless sword of the soldier adventurer, or by the unfeeling mandate of a reckless tyrant.

Galway is now comparatively an obscure town. It has but little wealth—but little commercial spirit, taste or even literature. There is not a bookseller's shop, properly so called, either in it, or in the seven surrounding counties! But it is not the fault of the Galwegians that they are reduced to this state, but the result of bad laws and unhappy events, over which they had no control. At that distant period, when their stores were filled with foreign merchandise, and their houses "fit to lodge kings and princes," they were not less remarkable for their taste in art than for their love of learning. Start not, gentle reader, at this compliment to the mental intelligence of the merchants of a rude Irish seaport. We hazard no idle conjecture; and as it is, and has been, a paramount object with us, in the course of these papers, to show the indissoluble union which ever exists between a taste for the arts and the general cultivation of the mind, we shall prove the truth of our assertion. Galway could, at the period we refer to, boast of a public school of humanity, as it was called, endowed and supported by the spirit and love for learning of its citizens, which was the most celebrated and numerous of any in the kingdom. Its character, at the time of its suppression, will be sufficiently appreciated from the following extract from the regal visitation book of the commissioners appointed by James I. to inquire into the state of Education and ecclesiastical benefices in Ireland: and we give it the rather as it has never been printed, having escaped even the laborious researches of the learned and worthy historian of that ancient city:—

"A publique schoole kept at Tuame by one Lally, a Master of Art, and a very sufficient scholler."

"We found in Galway a publique schoole-master, named Lynch, placed there by the citizens, who had great numbers of schollers, not onely out of that province, but also out of the pale and other parts resorting to him. We had daily prooffe during our continuance in that city, how his schollers profited under him, by the verses and orations which they presented unto us. We sent for that schoole-master before us, and seriously advised him to conformance himself to the religion established; and, not prevailing with our advices, wee enjoyed him to forbear teaching; and I the chancellor did take a recognizance of him and some others of his kinsmen in that city, in the some of 400*li*. sterling, to his Majesty's use, that from thenceforth he should forbear to teach any more, without the special license of the Lo. Deputy, &c. And in regard, Galway is a farr more publique and convenient place for the keeping of a schoole than Tuame is, wee have ordered that Mr. Lally shall, at Michaelmas next, begin to teach publicly in that city." (M.S. Regal Visitation Book, 1615.)

The "schoolemaster, named Lynch," in the preceding extract, was that celebrated person who afterwards became titular Bishop of Killala, and who is so well known to the world as the author of *Cambrensis Eversus*, and other learned works. In solid learning he was inferior only, and that, perhaps, in a small degree, to one of the inquisitors who displaced him, and that one was the great and excellent Archbishop Ussher. In the nobler endowments of