

firm, that since the event took place there has been but one opinion on the subject in that locality, that the Irish wear no horns of any description whatever either behind or before,—are endowed with the ordinary feelings and senses peculiar to the human family—and exhibit arms and legs hands and teeth precisely like their Norman and Anglo-Saxon neighbours.

But whilst they assimilate thus in all their physical developments there is still certain national peculiarities which distinguish them from the people of all other nations. In the first place the *brogue* is very peculiar. It differs from that of the Scotch Highlander, the Vermonter and the German in what is called, intensity of accentuation—and it is very remarkable that this peculiar intensity of accentuation is most striking when they speak on subjects in any way connected with religion—the broad sound of the vowels, which they have still retained since their old Classic days, exhibiting a striking contrast with the reformed method of pronunciation. The collocation of their words, too, sounding so strange to unclassic ears (though admirable in the Italian and French) contributes perhaps in some degree to aggravate the barbarism. But we must not venture on details or we should never have done; suffice it to say that according to all accounts, and particularly the accounts of American tourists, the Irish are one and all the strangest people on the face of the earth. They never do any thing, we are told, like other people. Whatever they put their hands to, from peeling a potato to shooting a landlord, they have their own peculiar way of doing it. Whether they eat or drink, walk or sleep, tie their shoes, or pick their teeth; they are noted for their wonderful originality. And it is not the people only, but strange to say, the very cows and horses in that remarkable country, bellow and neigh quite differently from those of other nations—the tone and style being quite unique, or in other words, “peculiarly

Irish.” It’s but a few weeks ago, since a certain Mr. Gustavus Theodore Simpkins of Boston returned from Ireland with the startling discovery that the hens laid their eggs there in a manner quite different from that adopted by the hens of other countries. We may be allowed also to add by way of appendix to the fact, that in consequence of the important nature of the discovery, a board of Commissioners will shortly be sent over to investigate the matter thoroughly, in order that the poultry fanciers of New England may take measures accordingly to promote the interests of their excellent associations. Whether the country at large, however will approve this new method is still a disputed question. Our own opinion is, the New Englanders will reject it, not solely because it’s Irish, though that indeed would seem to be reason sufficient, but rather on account of the danger of propagating Popery in that peculiar way. We have heard of “treason” eggs, (Mr. O’Connell and Marcus Costello were arrested over two pair of them in Horne’s Coffee Room, Dublin, five and twenty years ago, avowing their guilt,) and if treason could be propagated in that fashion, we ask why not Popery?

Now after all this nicety to which certain things are carried, simply because they are Irish, it is quite needless to say that the national peculiarities of that people are all but exhausted, and consequently, the young tourist fresh from the counting-room, can expect little there to require him for the fatigue and expense of such a journey.

But, dear reader mine, if your heart be in the right place and above the reach of party prejudice, if you’re man enough to think for yourself, and instead of viewing Ireland in print shop and pantomine, look at her face to face with your own honest eyes,—if you be determined to see things in their true colors and to avoid the vulgar blunder of mistaking the Irish *brogue* for inveterate barbarism, and gold watch chains for genuine civilization—if you be one of that