

Watergrasshill is relapsing into obscurity. It is surrounded by the chosen home of elves, and fairies, and goblins, and ghosts, the classic ground of myth and legend; and here for many a year the good father tended his flock, and amused the world of London by his quaint disquisitions and squibs in the pages of "Fraser's Magazine." He belonged to the old school of parish priests, who will never more be seen in Ireland, but who differed from many of their successors in being polished and travelled gentlemen, well read in foreign literature, haters of broils, and lovers of jovial companions and good wine. Peace to their ashes! Father Prout was the last of them, and in him Cork lost a son who, in all his wanderings, looked to her with fondness and regret. The church of Shandon, a very conspicuous object—an engraving of which we herewith present to our readers—came in for a large share of his regard. It stands upon the ruins of Old Shandon Castle; and the belfry, with its beautiful peal of bells—built on one side, strange to say, of grey stone, and on the other of red—is associated in the mind of every genuine Corkonian with his dearest and tenderest recollections of his native place. Long ago, when Irishmen were obliged to seek refuge daily in foreign lands from the misery and ruin which reigned in their own, a ballad was composed by some of the exiles, beginning, "Farewell to thee, Cork, with the sugar-loaf steeple," full of pathos and beauty, in which Shandon tower received its due meed of honour. Father Prout pays it a tribute no less exquisitely beautiful, in the well-known lines, which we regret our space will not permit us to quote entire. A few stanzas, however, will serve our purpose:—

"With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

"On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

"I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke nought like thine.

"For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee."

With the mention of one other name we shall conclude this notice; but this is a greater one than any—Father Mathew, of temperance celebrity—who has worked so great a revolution in the social habits of the Irish people. He is a native of Thomastown, and was educated at Maynooth. He took religious vows as a Capuchin friar, and entered upon his labours at Cork. The frightful consequences resulting from excessive whiskey drinking amongst the peasantry struck him at once, and he formed the noble resolution of devoting his whole life and energies to the extirpation of this pernicious habit. He commenced holding meetings twice a week, in which he detailed to his hearers, in simple but forcible language, how much evil their drinking customs brought upon them, and called upon them to take the total abstinence pledge. This was administered in the shape of a simple vow, dictated by the father himself, after which he added, "May God give you strength to keep your resolution;" at the same time presenting the individual with a medal. His efforts were crowned with an almost marvellous degree of success. His brother, a distiller on an extensive scale, was ruined by the movement, and the worthy friar himself was impoverished by his philanthropic labours. As a tribute to his worth, the government settled on him a pension of £300 a year, but this, we believe, is barely sufficient to pay the premium of an insurance policy which he placed as a security in the hands of his creditors. The monument, of which we furnish an engraving, was erected in his honour by his fellow-citizens, but we regret to say, that, owing either to poverty or apathy, it has never yet been completed. It stands upon the Charlotte Quay, near the Capuchin Church.

THE ART OF TURNING.

In a previous article on Turning, an intimation was given of an intention to recur to the subject on another occasion. The promise then made we now redeem. The lathe in its primitive and more complex but completer form we have already presented to the reader; the chucks and gouges we likewise exhibited; how to use the gouge, and how to work the lathe, we now proceed to tell.

For turning a cylinder, or anything of a cylindrical form, by the lathe, the piece of wood chosen should be first reduced to something resembling the shape intended, roughly hewn into the proposed form; the wood should then be attached to the centres or points of the puppets, being firmly wedged into its right place. The cord is then adjusted to the wheel, and the rest for the tool so arranged that the gouge may be easily employed. The workman then presses the treadle, communicating a regular rotary motion to the wood, and firmly holding the tool with both hands (fig. 1), commences the operation. Slowly moving the gouge upon the rest as the wood turns upon its axis, every part of the article is attacked; this must be done with the greatest care and attention. Various tools must be employed; now the circular gouge, now that with a straight edge, according as the nature of the work requires, finer and more delicate tools being used as the work approaches

completion. The dimension of the article must be carefully tested, for which purpose callipers are used. The operation is completed by the workman's employing a chisel of a peculiar form, which removes the remaining imperfections. The article is polished sometimes with glass paper, sometimes with fine sawdust. The last application of the gouge is made by holding the tool either as *A* or *B* (fig. 2.) The latter position is generally considered the best. The whole process is remarkably simple, and no less remarkable for its accuracy; by no other means could the manufacture of a circular article be so exactly and so easily effected (fig. 3).

The callipers, called by the French *maître à danser*, represented by fig. 4, are used for ascertaining the exact measurement of the article to be turned, and frequently applied during the process so as to prevent any error in the operation. In turning boxes, box-lids, and indeed in all the various departments of the art, they are peculiarly useful.

Boxes and box-lids are generally turned from one piece of wood; the exactness necessary is thus preserved with but little trouble. *B B* represents the lid of a box, *C C* the box itself, the accurate dimensions of each being carefully taken by the callipers.

The method of turning a ball is shown in figs. 5 and 6. *A*



FIG. 1.—METHOD OF HOLDING THE GOUGE.

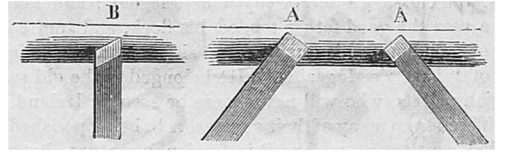


FIG. 2.—VARIOUS METHODS OF APPLYING THE CHISEL.

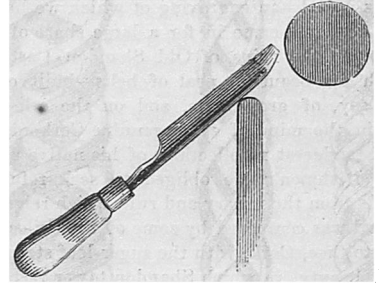


FIG. 3.—POSITION OF THE GOUGE ON THE REST.

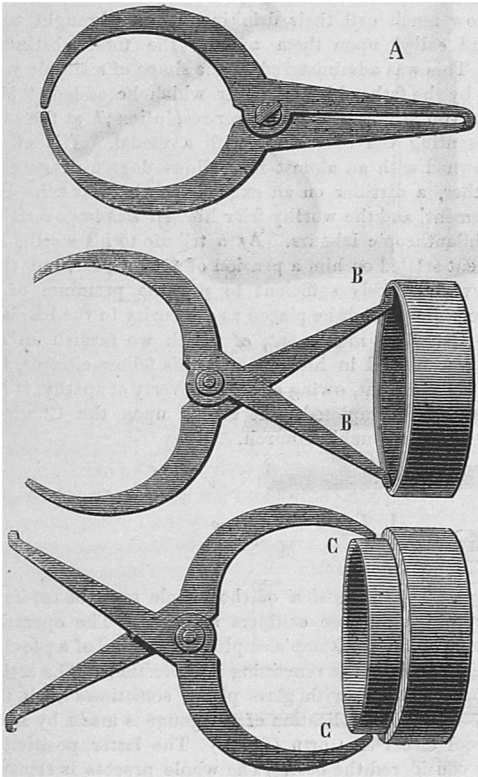


FIG. 4.—CALLIPERS.

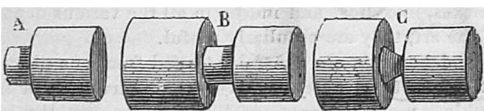


FIG. 5.

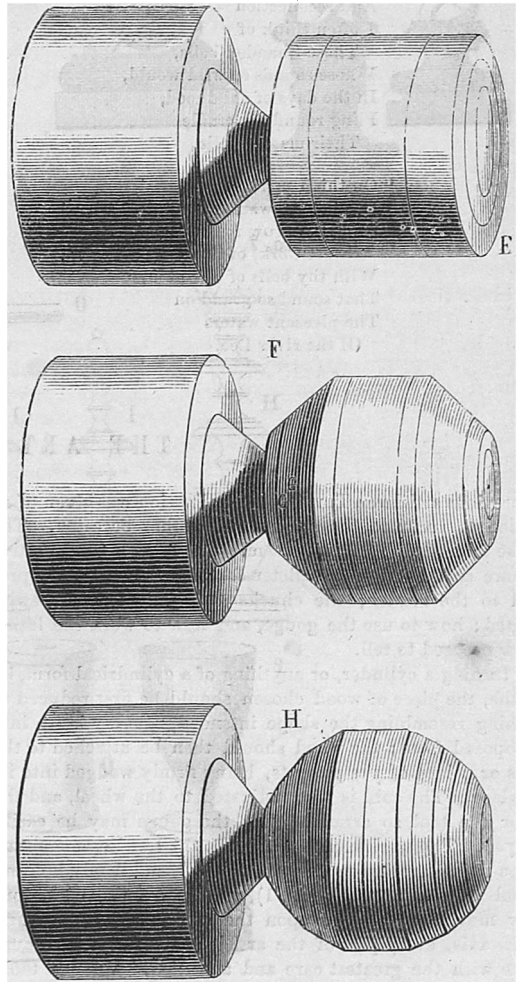


FIG. 6.—TURNING A BALL.

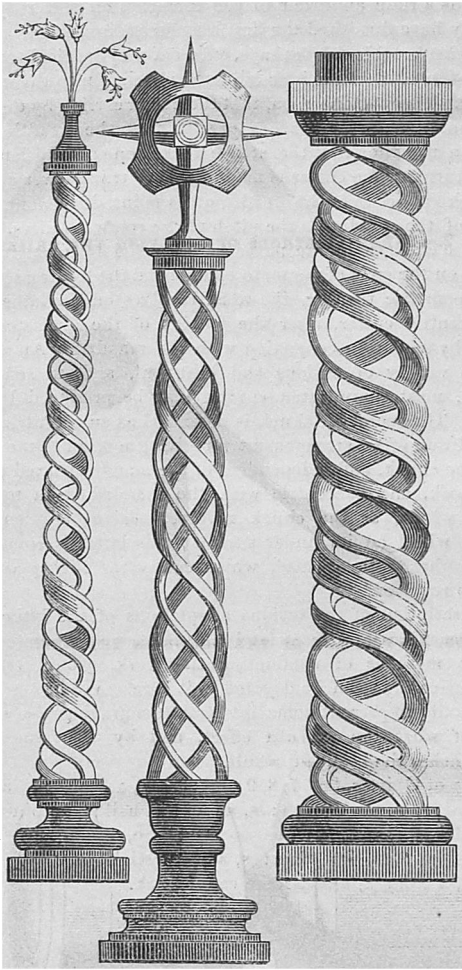


FIG. 7.

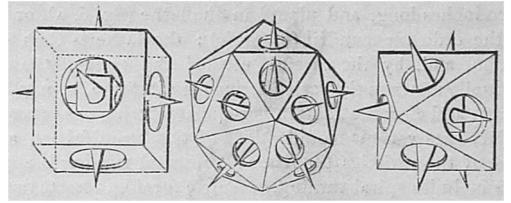


FIG. 8.

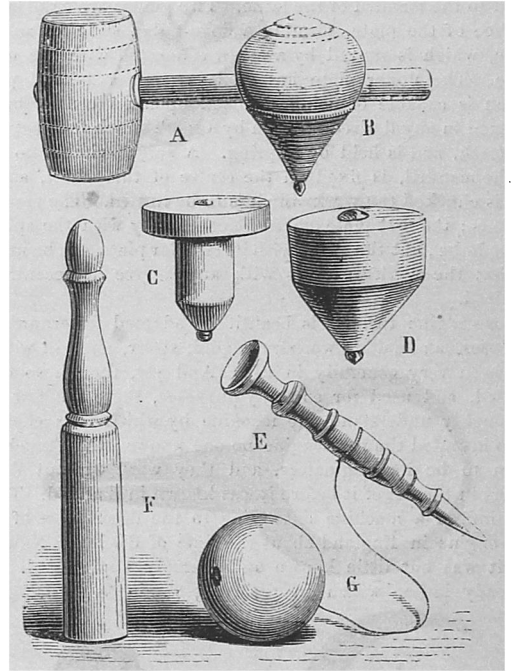


FIG. 9.

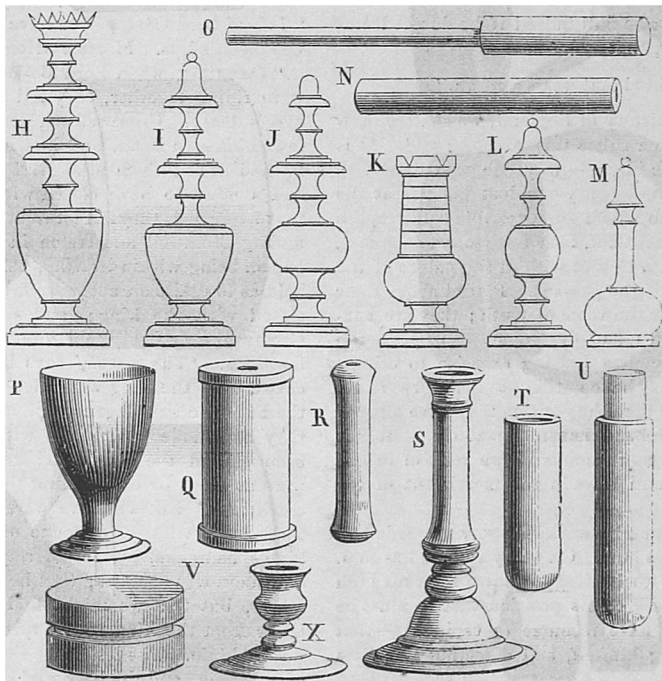


FIG. 10.

VARIOUS SPECIMENS OF TURNERY.

cylindrical piece of wood is taken, say two inches thick and three inches long, and placed in the lathe (fig. 5, A), or fixed to the ordinary mandril (B) or (C); the lathe is then set in motion, and, by the careful use of the gouge, the wood gradually assumes the varied forms seen in fig. 6, E, F, H. The utmost and closest attention is requisite during the process.

There are various modifications of this beautiful art, and to some of the varieties the name ornamental turning is applied. This includes spiral turning, eccentric turning, rosette turning, epicycloidal turning, and elliptic turning. Each of these requires certain peculiarities in the construction of the lathe. In eccentric turning, for instance, a solid circular plate is fixed to the mandril of the lathe. Two guides are fixed on the surface of the plate, forming a dove-tailed slide for another plate, which is moved by a screw connected with the under plate. The upper plate has on it a circular-toothed plate, which is capable of being revolved upon its centre, but is retained in any desired position by a catch which falls between the teeth, and is held by a spring. A screw, similar to that on the mandril, is fixed on the centre of this wheel, and to this is chucked the work which is to be turned. The result is obvious; the first plate moves concentrically with the spindle of the lathe; but the slide, with its circular plate, can be moved so that the work revolves with any degree of eccentricity required.

Rose-engine turning is beautifully adapted for ornamental purposes, and among workers in gold, silver, and gilt work it has been very generally in use. And yet, though so often applied, and used for so many purposes, there are few who thoroughly understand the machine by which it is effected. Who invented the rose-engine no one knows; the French lay claim to be its originators, and they were without doubt expert in the use of it before it was known in England. There was indeed a machine answering to the description of the rose-engine in England about the time of Sir Isaac Newton, yet it was but little known and scarcely appreciated. An unsteady lathe, which in revolving produces an irregular

circle, is a rude approach to the rose-engine, and may very possibly have furnished the first hint for its invention.

A writer on this subject says, "In plain cylindrical turning, the motion of the slide is so adjusted in relation to the motion of the article operated upon, that the cutter carried by the slide shall not move over a space greater than the breadth of its point in the time that the article makes one revolution. In screw turning, the cutter is made again to travel over a space as much greater than the breadth of its point, during one revolution of the spindle, as the pitch of the screw requires. The requisite changes in the motion are effected by changing the wheels on the ends of the main spindle and the leading screw."

In geometric turning, the work revolves on the lathe, and the eccentric cutter, after the fashion of the drill-stock, is driven by a band in connexion with the mandril. An almost endless variety of curious and beautiful, and, in some instances, most complicated curves, may be produced by this means. The geometric chuck is described as an eccentric with the addition of an arrangement for giving motion to the work upon the chuck, and independent of the mandril; fixed to the head-stock, and concentric with the mandril, is a toothed wheel, which, as the chuck revolves, drives another and smaller wheel on its under surface; this latter is connected with another toothed wheel, which causes the click-plate and work to revolve.

A description of the various adaptations of the lathe, the useful machines and tools lately invented, and the simple and efficient methods of conducting the work, would require larger space than can be devoted to it here. We have endeavoured only to present some interesting engravings as specimens of what the art can effect, and by what means it accomplishes the beautiful result.

Group of Objects, figs. 7, 8, 9, and 10.—A, a mallet; B, a top; C, a cornice; D, a whip-top; E, a cup and ball; F, a pin-case; G, a ball; H, I, J, K, L, M, chess-men; N O, a pop-gun; P, an egg-cup; Q R, silk-winders; S, a candlestick; T U, a pencil-case; V, a box; X, a bed-room candlestick.

CROMWELL DISCOVERING THE LETTER OF CHARLES AT THE BLUE BOAR, HOLBORN.

THE reader of history must be dull indeed if he do not learn, in the language of the poet, that

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

If we look back upon the history of England, we shall see how with reference to most of her rulers this might be said. It is true, only one king became insane—only one was driven to die an exile in a foreign land—only one lost his life at the scaffold; but even those to whom such terrible catastrophes did not occur, could, we doubt not, bear testimony to the fact, that grief and sorrow are to be met with in the palace of the king as well as in the hut of the peasant. Placed above their fellows, princes rarely hear the voice of truth; they are surrounded by needy parasites and dependent courtiers; the struggle for life, which is such a bracing exercise to others, they know nothing of. They have nothing to look forward to, nothing to hope for, higher than the position they have already obtained. If a crowned head has not real cares, it has imaginary ones. The only merry monarch we read of in our history was Charles II., and his was the merriment of the sensualist and the fool.

But the usurper—the man who works his way upwards to a throne—has greater troubles still. On every side he has foes. Every moment he expects to be dragged down from his high eminence. It is the necessity of his position that he must be suspicious—that he must have recourse to espionage—that he must be keen at plotting himself, and detecting the plots of others. In this respect there is a great resemblance between the great Cromwell and the great Napoleon.

The Blue Boar in Holborn is famed as the scene of one of Cromwell's clever exploits in this character. In Morrice's

"Life of Lord Orrery" we have the account as it came from Cromwell's lips. Morrice writes:—

"One time, when Lord Boyhill, and Cromwell, and Ireton were riding together, they fell into discourse about the late king's death. Cromwell declared, that if the king had followed his own mind, and had had trusty servants about him, he had fooled them all. And further said, that once they had a mind to have closed with him; but upon something that happened, they fell off from their design again. My lord, finding Cromwell and Ireton in good humour, and no other person being within hearing, asked them if he might be so bold as to desire an account, first, why they once would have closed with the king; and secondly, why they did not? Cromwell very freely told him he would satisfy him in both inquiries. 'The reason,' says he, 'why we would once have closed with the king was this—we found that the Scots and the Presbyterians began to be more powerful than we, and if they had made up matters with the king, we should have been left in the lurch. Therefore, we thought it best to prevent them by offering first to come in upon any reasonable conditions. But while we were busied with these thoughts, there came a letter from one of our spies, who was of the king's bed-chamber, which acquainted us that on that day our doom was decreed; that he could not possibly tell what it was, but that we might find it out if we could intercept a letter from the king to the queen, wherein he declared what he would do. The letter, he said, was sewed up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come with the saddle on his head, about ten o'clock that night, to the Blue Boar in Holborn; for there he was to take horse and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the