

TOUT

COEUR

EX LIBRIS

BRIS

BAYARD  
TUCKERMAN, JR.

TUFTS UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES



3 9090 013 420 357



JOHN A. SEAVERNS

Webster Family Unit of Veterinary Medicine  
Curriculum in Equine and Veterinary Medicine at  
Tufts University  
200 Westboro Road  
North Grafton, MA 01536



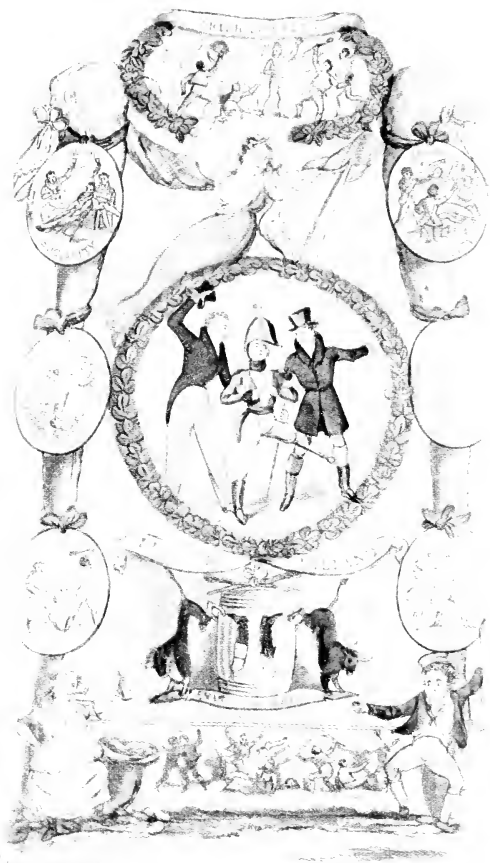


REAL LIFE IN IRELAND





F. & A. T. H. P. B. E.



OR, THE DAY AND NIGHT SCENES, ROVINGS, RAMBLES, AND  
SPREES, BULLS, BLUNDERS, BODDERATION AND BLARNEY OF  
BRIAN BORU, ESQ., AND HIS ELEGANT FRIEND SIR SHAWN  
O'DOGHERTY ; EXHIBITING A REAL PICTURE OF CHAR-  
ACTERS, MANNERS, ETC., IN HIGH AND LOW LIFE  
IN DUBLIN AND VARIOUS PARTS OF IRELAND  
EMBELLISHED WITH HUMOROUS COLOURED  
ENGRAVINGS, FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS  
BY THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS

BY A REAL PADDY

LONDON

1904

NOTE

THIS Issue is founded on the Fourth  
Edition published by W. Evans  
and Co.

## A WORD TO THE WISE

IF the Metropolis of England abounds with adventure, in that of the sister kingdom there must be an overflow. The spirits of an Irishman are always ten degrees above proof, like the whiskey he delights to extol. His outside is as rough as the skin of an unwashed potatoe, and his heart within is as warm as that vegetable when well boiled; he seldom considers, and he has not patience to think; he never reflects, except on what mischief he can do; he has neither prudence nor discretion, and he deems himself a being sent into this world expressly to make merry. Providence has planted him on a spot rich with all the blessings of nature and art, and industry has embellished it most lavishly with bounties; he cannot have a finer field to plan his tricks in by night or day than his dear native soil affords. Two roving Boys are represented in this Work, well known in all the gay scenes of life; we shall follow them through thick and thin, good or ill fortune, and describe with fearless truth the follies and vagaries that characterize the Bucks and Bloods of Paddy's Land.

ERIN GO BRAGH!





# CONTENTS

## CHAPTER I

	PAGE
Ireland as it is—Brian Boru, Esq., and Sir Shawn O'Dogherty introduced to the reader—What course the author intends to pursue—Irish partiality for ancient names—Boru's estate—Smuggling and distilling—Sir Shawn O'Dogherty's qualifications—A start from Boru's Castle—Judy Macanulti—Intended presents—Peg O'Shambles mounted in the curricie—Her story—Brian Boru arrives in Belfast—Song, 'Mrs. O'Shambles, the pride of Belfast,' . . . . .	I

## CHAPTER II

Boru's country exploits—A fox-chase through a Methodist Chapel—Account of Garry Owen—Personal qualifications—Education—A poor scholar—His use in a family—Boru's pleasure-boat upset, and his Tutor drowned in the Shannon—Goes to a boarding-school at Limerick—Country life—Galway Gaol—Gallows anecdotes—Introduced to a Marquis—First peep into high life—Lord Sheepy's misfortunes and folly—A low battle in High-street—Patrick Mooney and his Master on their travels—View of Dublin—Arrival at Morrison's Hotel, Dawson-street—A sleepy conclusion, . . . . .	IO vii
---	-----------

## CHAPTER III

	PAGE
Stanzas to my Country and King—Irish ceremony ; or no waiting breakfast when you have an echo in your stomach—Captain Grammachree's Family, and their characters—Bad puns—Brian Boru new rigged-out, and Grammachree's remarks thereon—The 'Living-God' of Sir Shawn O'Dogherty—Excuses for swearing—Irish blessings conveyed in curses—A death-bed oath—Paddy pawns his breeches to drink with a friend—An Irish ditty in Merion Square, by Captain Grammachree, . . . . .	20

## CHAPTER IV

Trip to the Black Rock—Description—Comparison—Thunder and lightning—Picturesque view—Bourke Fitzsimon's cottage—Lord Donoughmore's poor relations—The Bay of Dublin—Ireland's Eye—Lambay—Hill of Howth—Crowning the King of Dalkey—Drowning certain characters—Battle of the cats—Tabbies and Blues—A patent risk machine—A steam-boat—Lady Demiquaver introduced—Her influence in the world of Fashion—Bedershin—Wine and merriment—Song, 'Black Rock, or Wigs on the Green'—Cellar-boy's retort—Sir Shawn O'Dogherty and Grammachree mount a Jingle—Pick up Poll Rattlewell—Confab—The Lord Lieutenant's dog-stealer—Description of a Jingle—Bagot-street nuisances—A sleepy driver—A blind horse and an upset on a bridge—Perilous situation of Grammachree, Brian, and Poll—An exulting cheer from Sir Shawn—A soft fall—A happy release from Low Life in Dublin, . . . . .	34
---	----

## CHAPTER V

A release from a tumble—Ups and downs of a girl of the town—Growlers in grain—Jingling wit—A carriage

harnessed by the belts of a wooden leg—Scene at Sally M'Lean's, the Abbess of Stafford-street—List of beauties—Natural question by old maids—A grand row in Dame-street with watchmen, police, soldiers, chimney-sweepers, and Major Sirr—Encounter with a second-hand reading corporal—Safe at home—Brian Boru's Muse on fire again—Song, 'Dublin Nuisances, or Down with the Watchmen,' . . . 46

CHAPTER VI

Morning—Sir Shawn roused by Grammachree singing 'Paddy, now the King's come!'—Sir Shawn's yacht—A fresh breeze in Pool Bag—A blunder between two bulls—A Danish broker broke down in the Bay of Dublin—Custom House yacht—Cork hooker—Landing on the Pier—Royal squad—Landing of the King—Glorious reception—Pat's welcome to King George, . . . 59

CHAPTER VII

Old King Cole—Low Life in a cellar—Irish remedy for a drunken wife—Supper in Dawson-street—Irish newspapers—The sun in a new head-dress—Window-tax—Typhus fever—Court of Enquiry—A steam-packet Ode to George the Fourth—True account of the royal disembarkation at Howth—Moving bogs—Dirty work for the k—g—Convents—Country beauties—Dick Martin—Middle men—Female tales—Irish knights—King lands—A pillar committee—A militiaman's zeal fundamentally exemplified—L—d K—g—n—Seeing in the dark, . . . . . 76

CHAPTER VIII

A sight for star-gazers—Public entrance into Dublin—Jerusalem Cavalry—Triumphal Arch—Lord Mayor

presenting the keys of Newgate—Familiar noddings from Female friends—A royal Vulture and a stammering Marshal—A lordly pun—The King to the ladies, and God send them a safe deliverance—Lifting the linen—Major Sirr and Major Swann, or how to kill a noble rebel—Sir Billy Biscuit overgorged and laying in state on Carlisle Bridge—His eloquence, good humour, and wit—His epitaph, written by himself—Consistency of an Irish corporation—A start for the Curragh of Kildare—Loyalty mud-larking—A royal whip for a horse jockey—A Duke, a Duchess, and a drive to Phoenix Park—A visit to the theatre—Brian Boru, Sir Shawn O'Dogherty, and Majesty delighted—Captain Grammachree ill of a wooden-leg rheumatism—Gets well and promoted to a Majority—Introduced to the King—Royal wit—King's embarkation and final adieu to Eiren go Bragh—A squeeze to Merion Square—Remarks upon ram skin—Morning scene—Letter from Priest Slinkem O'Slack O'Whack of Grubble Town Ard, to Patrick Mooney—Compunctious visitings of Brian Boru on account of Judy Macanulty, .

## CHAPTER IX

Scene on the Naas Road—Shoving the Tumbler—Remarks on Irish Prison Discipline—Plan for selling British malefactors to the Dey of Algiers—Arrival at the Pig and Tinder Box—Beautiful Prospects—Good dinner—Tom Reed—How to make a bowl of real whiskey punch—Benediction upon wetting Grammachree's commission—Toasts—The Major's thanks—A set in for a wet night, and an escape—A lost letter found, from a Political Quack Doctor to the R—d—r of L—d—n, commonly called Black Jack—True anecdotes of Irishmen at the point of death—Nelson's pillar—Description of the Rotunda Gardens—Lord Wiggins on the descriptive—Lord M. dissected—Sir Charles V. dis-

# CONTENTS

xi

PAGE

played—Sir Stewart O'Stupid illuminated—Monopoly  
 Peter puffed off—Lady Clary criticised—The Dublin  
 Dentist, or Buck-tooth—Miss M'Murdoch, who always  
 sits upon the family coat of arms *ad libitum*, . . . . . 107

## CHAPTER X

Entrance of Sally M'Lean—The Cutchahoo Club—Its  
 rules and regulations—Catalani and 'God shave de  
 Can'—Scene at Moran's Hotel and D'Arcy's in Earl-  
 street—Miss Maydew, a clever managing girl—Tim  
 Byrne—A shot at my grandmother's nose—Major  
 Sham—A coal-porter's wedding—A wet at Pat Heney's  
 in Mop-street, . . . . . 122

## CHAPTER XI

Continuation of a coal-porter's wedding—A pump and a  
 ferry-boat—Scene at Poll Katalane's—Monkey's allow-  
 ance served out—End of the wedding—A mistake in  
 the bedding—Captain Grammachree in a car with a  
 litter of pigs—Brian Boru's strange bed-fellows—Pat  
 Mooney's remarks upon Dublin Castle—A trip to the  
 Phoenix Park—A cold collation of hot meats—Visit  
 to the canal basin, and a boat-race for a cow—Brian  
 Boru proclaimed the winner, . . . . . 131

## CHAPTER XII

A public audience, and introduction of Brian Boru at the  
 Castle—Making a Knight—A batch of ditto—Hell by  
 Twilight—A cellar scene, and Grammachree in high  
 order—Scene in Dirty Lane—An Irish mummy pit—  
 A visit to a holy well—The devil's drawing-room—  
 Arrival at Balbriggan, . . . . . 138

## CHAPTER XIII

	PAGE
Scenery at Balbriggan—Meeting with Lady Demiquaver— Belle Vue—The word of a demirep—A view from Dirty Lane—The life of a lawyer—Dublin Four Courts —Seats of Justice—Lord Quiverwit—Culpable homi- cide by compulsion—A woman guilty of manslaughter —A bogtrotting beauty at the Bar—Good reasons for sheep-stealing—An absent council—Thady Muck- mutton and Bob Johnston—Comfort to those going to be hang'd, or let them do it—Monody in prose upon Drunken Bob—Compunctions of conscience, or Lady Muchaulty uppermost—Crim. Con. and Counsellor Philips—Hot beef-steaks at the Struggler—Pat Due- ginan and his new cooking apparatus—Virtues of bog-turf—Struggles to live, and a slumber in the arms of Murphy, . . . . .	149

## CHAPTER XIV

A man's life prolonged for public good—A walk up the Canal—Out of town and still in it—Miseries of London—A King kicking alive—Brian Boru moraliz- ing—A planxty to the memory of Bob Johnston—A damned soul—A pretty girl, and religion turned keel upwards—Buck Whaley, and murder in Irish—Sally Jenkinson's history—Trip to sea—A song, and an upset in a squall—A water party, . . . . .	159
--	-----

## CHAPTER XV

Why an Irishman cannot be drowned—Why a dead man cannot speak—A particular mode of thanks for being alive when you thought you were dead—The death of Tom Evans—Rough and ready on board a man of war —Turning the turtle—An attack upon a bomb battery —A challenge—A Dutch sexton's hand-bills—Brian
---

# CONTENTS

xiii

PAGE

shoots his mark—Songs on the occasion, by Brian Boru and Grammachree—Sally Jenkinson's moral observations, . . . . .	170
--	-----

## CHAPTER XVI

On Carolin, the old Irish bard—Song, 'Evelina'—Shaking a Paddy out of his breeches—Character of an Irishman—Women—Sally's Song—How to disturb a woman's heart—A walking-stick companion, and a weather cock—Aldgate pump—Advancing into the centre of a subject—A living clock case—Brian keeps a mistress, turns horse-racer, etc.—His extravagance—Sells his stud, and retrenches, . . . . .	183
--	-----

## CHAPTER XVII

Brian Boru arrested, and thrown into the Sheriff's Prison—Tap-room of ditto—The prisoners' welcome to the sheriff's tub—A visit—A touch at description—Dinner at the mess—A wet evening amongst dry fellows, . . . . .	192
--	-----

## CHAPTER XVIII

A drunken piper prostrate—Meeting at a prison supper, Swan the exciseman, in character—Swigging—An Irish song to a Scotch air—Seeing the parson with another man's wife—The Exciseman's story—A boarding-school edification—An informer—Duty of an exciseman—Song, 'The Devil came o'er the Curragh of Kildare,' . . . . .	201
--	-----

## CHAPTER XIX

More fun—Captain Blake's town and country house—Charles Fox, or the force of habit—A turn up and	
--	--

a turn in—Gaul birds, a description—Mr. T. the lawyer, and Sir John the swindler—Puns—The German tailor teaching Irish—The King and a good joke—An explanation in Germany, and a surprise—Captain Fleereton—How to break a man's neck at the Cape of Good Hope—Close shooting—Major B——, a great brute—An atheistical old lady—An Irish scholar—Captain P——, and his charity—The Saint Domingo merchant—A tap-room ball—Honorable Mr. D——, and <i>crim. con.</i> —Damages and imprisonment—The Bank robber, and his wardrobe—Tim Byrne, and Mr. Mack the gambler—Killing a man for a wager—The prison poet, Mr. O'Rafferty—A loyal song—Whiskey punch and corderoy breeches—A hat stealer and a battle—War hawk—Brian Boru discharged from prison—A farewell dinner—Anecdotes of Freddy Jones, the play manager—A stop at Hawkins Street, . . . . .	216
---	-----

## CHAPTER XX

Dublin Theatricals—John Wilson Croker—Sir Harcourt Lees—A Green-Room Scene— <i>Non est invertis</i> —Freedom in Love—A race for the breeches—Horace Twiss, and a <i>Pot de Chambre</i> —Impromptu of Lady Clare—Lady Demiquaver's lines on Lady Howe—A long letter, never a better—A trip to Dandrum, etc.—Scenes of love, and an Irish bull bait, . . . . .	235
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXI

A comfortable party—Downshire Bet and the Lady—Gram come from Galway—A bastard and a bargain—New love and comfortable sleeping—A parish priest's letter—The rebel's fate—Poets, girls, and smuggled gin, . . . . .	255
--	-----



## CHAPTER XXII

PAGE

A morning meeting—The dogs and a wooden leg for breakfast—A <i>pig hunt</i> at the Phoenix Park, and a broken limb—Entrance to the Lodge—A necessary one—The King's habits, and a cold collation, . . . . .	266
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXIII

A country excursion—The cream-coloured charger—A royal present—Darby Pheely's mansion—A horse laundry—Politeness—The house and company assembled—A cock fight, <i>Bob Toughrags</i> and <i>Bill Bleareye</i> —A curse for a Viceroy—The bear bait—Brian Boru commences the milling system—Battle with a Kilkenny Boy—Comes off victorious—Loses his clothes—Mounts a dead man's rigging—Brian discovers a tight-rope dancer and a friend in Mrs. Pheely—A tender scene—A back view of a bedroom—Darby Pheely in a fit of jealousy—A woman's explanation—A cure for horns—The grey mare the better horse—A thrashing machine—The invitation—A start for Dublin—Character of a Lord Luff—Highland soldier and the Viceroy—The tea service, and saucy shopwomen under a mistake—Anecdote at the porter's lodge—The dinner party—Pipe water committee—A break up, . . . . .	273
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXIV

Foolish charity—Morning reflections—Presents for Lady Macanalty—A letter to a parish priest—A letter written with a wooden leg—An interpreter on half-pay—An invitation to a review—Irish Poetry—Dean Swift and his hatred of Ireland—A meeting— <i>Remember to forget</i> , a song—Virtues of a demirep—Reasons for being a militia colonel, and soldiers that wear their leggins about their hands, . . . . .	286
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXV

	PAGE
Glory of Ireland—A grand review—Honour amongst rogues —Trip to Deneys—A man throwing his head in the fire—A militia dinner—Miss Ticklepree's workbag— Dabochlish, and the hair-trigger sword—A Song, 'Hail, star of the morning'—A broken leg, and wit in profusion—The ladies, and an Irish jig, . . . .	299

## LIST OF THE PLATES

### FRONTISPIECE

Brian Boru's Entrance into Belfast . . . . .	<i>To face p.</i> 6
Brian Boru upset in a Jingle coming from the Black Rock . . . . .	,, 44
A Night Row with the Charleys in Dame Street . . . . .	,, 50
His Majesty Landing on the Pier at Howth . . . . .	,, 64
Captain Grammachree playing 'Paddy Whack' . . . . .	,, 65
A Pillar Committee . . . . .	,, 89
Going to the Levee . . . . .	,, 92
Procession and Te Deum Chaunt for Sir Billy Biscuit . . . . .	,, 96
Departure of the King . . . . .	,, 102
Wetting an Irish Commission . . . . .	,, 110
Adventures in a Whiskey Parlour . . . . .	,, 129
Boat Race for a Cow . . . . .	,, 136
Adventures in a Snoozing Cellar . . . . .	,, 142
A Squall . . . . .	,, 169
Squire Boru and Old Tarpaulin in a Duel . . . . .	,, 178
The Tap in the Sheriff's Prison . . . . .	,, 193
The Sheriff's Prison—Swan the Exciseman . . . . .	,, 202
A Row at a Theatre . . . . .	,, 238



# REAL LIFE IN IRELAND

## CHAPTER I

Ireland as it is—BRIAN BORU, Esq., and SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY introduced to the reader—What course the Author intends to pursue—Irish partiality for ancient names—BORU'S estate—Smuggling and distilling—SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY'S qualifications—A start from BORU'S Castle—JUDY MACANULTY—Intended presents—PEG O'SHAMBLES mounted in the curriole—Her story—BRIAN BORU arrives in Belfast—Song, 'Mrs. O'SHAMBLES, the pride of Belfast.'

FAM'D for potatoes, love, and whiskey,  
For men so brave, and girls so frisky,  
For ease, for elegance, and grace,  
With matchless impudence of face,  
An isle there lies, 'tis close at hand,  
Good humour calls it 'Paddy's Land,'  
But IRELAND is the real name,  
That stamps it with immortal fame ;  
'Tis number'd amongst worldly wonders,  
The fountain-head of bulls and blunders ;  
There Commerce holds her plenteous reign,  
And mirth that tingles every vein ;  
There arts and elegance arise  
To greet a nation's laughing-eyes ;  
There sorrow never found a place,  
And wit runs one eternal race,

And pleasure o'er the shamrock's dew  
 Flings a bright wreath of glowing hue,  
 A chaplet of unfading flowers  
 To lull the sense with magic powers,  
 And bind in love's enchanting train  
 His votaries with a silken chain ;  
 There warriors, statesmen, great and high  
 In *regular* confusion lie,  
 Like froth upon the water bubbling,  
 They flutter up and down near Dublin ;  
 There, too, in scenes of peace and strife,  
 In search of REAL IRISH LIFE,  
 My good friend BRIAN BORU rallies  
 His spirits, and on tiptoe sallies  
 To seek adventure every where,  
 Amongst the ugly and the fair.  
 Presto ! for mirth he starts away,  
 And Dublin all around looks gay.

Just stepp'd into a handsome property,  
 Appears his friend SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY ;  
 'To scatter blessings o'er the land,'  
 Grasps a shillelah in his hand,  
 And reeling ripe for every joy,  
 He moves a brave tight Irish boy.  
 But, ere my Muse pursues a theme  
 Which vulgar souls could never dream ;  
 Before the Muse with seven-fold rage  
 Brings forward on the public stage  
 Her heroes, she must first describe  
 From what wild wandering mountain-tribe  
 These two eccentric mortals sprung,  
 Whose fame in Ireland long hath rung.

It is necessary here to inform my readers, that in search of Life, we do not mean to proceed by the cut and measured rule of rhyme, nor wander on jog-

trot in the prosaic way. REAL LIFE IN IRELAND is confined to no particular rule, rank, or station; so in descanting upon it, we shall range at will the various changes of prose, poetry, or blank verse, just as it suits our purpose, and may (as we hope) please the ears of our readers. Regularity is not to be expected in following through life two of the most irregular and eccentric Beings that ever

‘Prank’d the sod in frolic mood.’

In truth, all the amusement which is to be hoped for must spring from their wheelings to the right or left; a straightforward course would be as dull and monotonous as a journey up the banks of the River Dodder from Ringsend to Irish Town, after winding the mazes of the circular road, and enjoying the rich beauties of Beggar’s Bush.

In Ireland, gentle reader, parents are remarkably fond of giving to their children ancient names, rendered sacred by ‘deeds of renown.’ I knew several instances of this in the North. An old farmer, who distilled his grain upon the mountains of Morne, had his son christened Muckaweezen Thady O’Flanagan, merely because the priest told him he had read in history of a Thady Muckaweezen, who was a stable-boy to the great Earl of Tyrone, and had his weasand cut for rebellious practices.

The love of ancestry is a commendable thing; it incites to heroic deeds; and whether in search of death on the field of battle, or in quest of *Life in Dublin*, it adds a stimulus to the soul, and gives a zest to the appetite, to vulgar souls unknown.

BRIAN BORU, it is well known, fell in battle against the Danes at Clontarf, near Dublin; he was the greatest Irish King that ever made a blunder; he unluckily fought when he should have prayed, and when he should have fought he knelt to the crucifix. His descendants have continued much like their illustrious ancestors; they have blundered and prayed through generations down to the present day, and the BRIAN BORU of this work is as much of a hero (though in a different way) as his great namesake.

The estate which BRIAN BORU stepped into on the death of his father was encumbered, not with debts, but bogs, rocks, barrenness, and private stills for brewing whiskey. The famous DICK MARTIN of Galway (who said that the best wheaten bread in Connaught was made from a mixture of peas and barley) boasted that he had more landed property than any man in Ireland; he might have added, and of the least value also. Such was the case with our hero; but then he had a line of coast from the Black Head to the Gallopers, where fifty buckers (smugglers) discharged their cargoes in a season, and gin and tea were as cheap in that country as impudence upon Dublin Quay. BRIAN BORU had a friend in Dublin who had just stepped from College into a tandem, with a clear three thousand per annum. SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY was skilled in all the arts and accomplishments of LIFE IN DUBLIN. He had danced at a Castle ball, been committed to Kilmainham Gaol, black-booked by Major Sirr, and held a commission in the Liberty Rangers; in short, he was

‘A boy of the holy ground.’



He continually pestered his youthful friend to pay him a visit in Dublin, and BRIAN only put off compliance from day to day in hopes to get there about the time of the King's visitation, but as that continued to be put off, and appeared never likely to come on, he started one summer's morning from Born Castle in a curricule and pair, with his servant PATRICK MOONEY and a brace of greyhounds.

The attachments BRIAN had formed in the country were not very strong; he loved JUDY MACANULTY, to be sure he did; and why shoudn't he, when JUDY loved him? He promised to send her down from Dublin a hog-trough bonnet, two poplin jockey-coats, an emerald green knocking-jacket, a pair of silken sliders to cover her ten ground smellers, and a buckle of Wicklow gold to keep her 'flesh bags' tight and *jonteel* round her middle. It will be seen hereafter how well he fulfilled his promises; in the mean time he dashed along the road in high style, anxious to gain the cover of Belfast before dark. 'God be wid your honour, if possible,' said an ould ragged woman toddling along the road with a basket on her head, 'God be wid your honour, and be after throwing your charity at me!'—'Can you tell me a short cut to Belfast?' said BRIAN. 'Sure and I can do that same; 'twill keep you three long miles to the good.' MOONEY, by his master's orders, alighted and lifted the old lady into the cover of the curricule, that laid in folds behind, and on they drove through bye lanes and barren heaths, according to the old woman's directions. BRIAN enquired her story. 'Plase your honour,' said she, 'haven't you got a steel bar in de coach, to let us have

a lick of by way of oiling my tongue before I begin?' BRIAN stared, he had never before heard of a *steel bar* being used for such purposes, and looked, as they say in Connaught, 'all a one hoo.' 'Och! brother Blake, don't you *rade* me? hand out the *stalrinky*!' Mooney immediately produced the whiskey bottle, out of which she had a hearty pull. Her tale was so long we sha'nt give it verbatim here; suffice it, her name was Peg O'Shambles, known once as the first *cockle picker* at Ringsend, Dublin, but now *reduced* to sell water-grass in the streets of Belfast, through Phelim her drunken husband, who had not left her the value of a copper *crawly* to keep her out of the *sleugh* (ditch) of despair. 'There's Belfast,' said Peg, as they rose over the summit of Hungry Hill, 'and there have I been moiling all day for the value of a hog and a penny (fourteen pence) that Phelim will swallow at one gulp.'

BRIAN, who knew too little of life to be ashamed without cause, drove in broad daylight, with Peg at his back, up to the door of the Donegal Arms, from the window of which in the course of an hour he beheld Peg and her husband quarrelling for the ten-pennies he had given her. BRIAN was in his own country accounted a poet, and had gained many a pretty girl's heart by jingling rhymes in her ear to some favourite tune. If he did not write as well as Tommy Moore, he pleased those he wrote for as well, and having nothing to amuse himself with, he invoked his Muse to assist him in the praise of Mr. and Mrs. O'Shambles.



Marks, Eng.

*Brian Berry's Entrance into Belfast*



## SONG

*MRS. O'SHAMBLES, THE PRIDE OF BELFAST*

TUNE—'Come haste to the Wedding.'

OCH, Phelim O'Shambles ! och, Phelim, my jewel !  
 Says Mrs. O'Shambles, the pride of Belfast,  
 How can you be every day taking your gruel ?  
 Twelve naggins and more, fait ! it never can last ;  
 I moil and I toil like a griffin from Connaught,  
 Morn, evening, and night, does my tongue never stop,  
 And the *pewter* hard earned, ye go drinking upon it,  
 While Mrs. O'Shambles can't spring at a drop.

To my kill me now, arrah do, wid your cold water now,  
 Water's a drink only fit for a whale,  
 Boney got beat at the poor game of Water-loo,  
 Whiskey had brought him off clean as a nail.

It was fifteen good pounds, that I brought you by marriage,  
 A cabin, a garden, and bonny moyl'd cow,  
 Three beautiful children, forbye a miscarriage,  
 My grandfather's boar, and my uncle Pat's sow :  
 And you, faith and truth, your own self 'twas I got,  
 Without rag to your back, I'd three gowns to my waist,  
 Of the best second hand, and ye pawn'd them, ye sot !  
 And the money drank down, nor said, Peg, will you taste.

To my kill me now, arrah do, wid your cold water now,  
 Water's a drink only fit for a whale,  
 Boney got beat at the poor game of Water-loo,  
 Whiskey had brought him off clean as a nail.

There's the childer stark naked, all cover'd wid rags,  
 Who eat no honest bit but the morsel they steal ;  
 At home there is nothing but three empty bags,  
 And the devil a scurrick to fill them with meal.

Och, Phelim ! besides you 're in debt, and you know it,  
 Ten hogs and a teaster to widow Magee,  
 And she 'd soon nip you up, if I were to blow it,  
 You haven't one shilling to pay it but three.

To my kill me now, arrah do, wid your cold water now,  
 Water 's a drink only fit for a whale,  
 Boney got beat at the poor game of Water-loo,  
 Whiskey had brought him off clean as a nail.

Is it me you dispage ? said Phelim, you Devil !  
 A tight Dublin boy, and so handsomely cast,  
 And you, fait and trot ! the curst spirit of evil !  
 Ould waddling Peg Shambles the sport of Belfast ;  
 A short leg and a shorter, a head with one eye in 't,  
 A mouth with no teeth, that you better might bawl,  
 A nose cocking up to behold your eye squint,  
 And a hump on your back like the big Linen Hall.

To my kill me now, arrah do, wid your cold water now  
 Water 's a drink only fit for a whale,  
 Boney got beat at the poor game of Water-loo,  
 Whiskey had brought him off clean as a nail.

Och, Phelim ! the father of all my sweet childer,  
 Hold still and I 'll see what the purse can afford ;  
 Wid a naggin I 'll trate you, but only be milder,  
 And abuse not the beautiful works of the Lord.  
 Och, Musha ! my jewel, what ! down wid a naggin ?  
 Said Phelim, and squeez'd her old bones to his heart,  
 Och, isn't it for ever of Peggy I 'm bragging ?  
 Thy naggin I 'll drink tho' it hold but a quart.

To my kill me now, arrah do, wid your cold water now,  
 Water 's a drink only fit for a whale,  
 Boney got beat at the poor game of Water-loo,  
 Whiskey had brought him off clean as a nail.

My secrets in future to thee I'll reveal 'em !

Peg smiling look'd up, and encircling his waist,  
If you go to the widow's and do drink, dear Phelim,

If you do take a whet, ask your Peggy to taste.

Away stagger'd Phelim, and Peggy beside him,

Where Costigan's malt was chalk'd over the door,

Crying, Bad luck to tipplers ! misfortune betide 'em !

Come, one drop in comfort, and never drink more.

To my kill me now, arrah do, wid your cold water now,

Water's a drink only fit for a whale,

Boney got beat at the poor game of Water-loo,

Whiskey had brought him off clean as a nail.

END OF CHAPTER I.

## CHAPTER II

BORU'S country exploits—A fox-chase through a Methodist Chapel—Account of Garry Owen—Personal qualifications—Education—A poor scholar—His use in a family—BORU'S pleasure-boat upset, and his Tutor drowned in the Shannon—Goes to a boarding-school at Limerick—Country life—Galway Gaol—Gallows anecdotes—Introduced to a Marquis—First peep into high life—LORD SHEEPY'S misfortunes and folly—A low battle in High Street—Patrick Mooney and his master on their travels—View of Dublin—Arrival at Morrison's Hotel, Dawson Street—A sleepy conclusion.

**B**RIAN BORU was now a pretty long distance from home, and, except a few visits to Limerick, he had never been in a city equal in size to Belfast, so justly termed the metropolis of the North.

At Limerick he had beat up the quarters of the flax-dressers, and robbed the bleach-greens of many an animated pretty girl; these may be called the sample commodity of that town, as great quantities are exported from thence to America annually, where they fetch a good price.

BRIAN was no saint; on the contrary the *craw thumpers* and *soap-board crawlers* denounced him as a miserable sinner. When these devotees were one day earnestly engaged in 'exhorting each other' to live godly, righteous, and sober lives, BRIAN, directing his



father's hounds, drove a fox into the chapel, or more properly speaking the barn; the hounds entered with him in full cry, and BRIAN with upwards of fifty horse-men fairly galloped in at one door and out at the other, trampling upon hypocrisy without remorse; nay more, the minister was seated in the body of an old jaunting car, which served for a pulpit; BRIAN cleared it at one spring, carrying off with his horse's heels the wig and part of old *thump the cushion's* scalp, at the same time tipping a fine holla, that seemed a death-knell to every sinner of the gang. In truth, BRIAN being one of the first men of landed property in the country, did as he pleased; it was a favourite saying of his when in his cups, 'Bad luck to Connaught, and who dare say so but myself?' and if any one dared to repeat the words, whack went to work the shillelah, and in the twinkling of a blind piper's eye there were 'wigs upon the green.'

He also headed the 'Garry Owen boys!' These fellows inhabit a suburb of Limerick, much upon a par with the Liberty of Dublin, and if any one in debt flies there for protection, they grant it, and brave both the *swaddies* (soldiers) and the *ramskins* (bailiffs) often successfully. As the Mint in London was formerly, so was Garry Owen considered a privileged place for *whacks* and *schedoms* (pickpockets and rebels). The old song is still a great favourite—

Wrong or right we'll take them in,  
To keep them out would be a sin,  
My father did so before me:  
Pay the reck'ning on the nail,  
No man for debt shall go to jail,  
Says Garry Owen to glory.

BRIAN BORU might be accounted a handsome man in more civilized places than the wilds of Connaught, although he had not

‘ Brawny shoulders four feet square,  
Nor cheeks like thumping red potatoes,  
Nor legs to make a chairman stare—  
Yet he was lov’d by all the ladies.’

Nearly six feet high, of an athletic form, and remarkably well made, he was active, vigorous, and strong. His education had not been neglected. When a child, he was placed under the tuition of a ‘poor scholar’; that is, a chap who, with a smattering of Latin and Greek, begs through the country, until he *begs* admittance into some respectable family, where he teaches the *gossoons* to disobey their parents, assists the servant girls in peopling the kitchen, creates a quarrel betwixt the master and mistress, and for his pains after a time is rewarded with a hearth-money collector’s place, or (if a drunken dog) that of an exciseman.

Under a being of this description young BORU ran through the classics with some *éclat* amongst his father’s friends, and at the age of thirteen was sent to a boarding-school not far from Limerick.

The evening previous to his bidding adieu to BORU CASTLE, he gave an entertainment in his pleasure-boat on the River Shannon. Even then, obstinate as Brian Rooney’s pig, he scorned all advice, managed to upset his cargo in the Tidesway, and sent the ‘poor scholar’ with two gallons of whiskey punch in his belly, and a ton weight of sin upon his head, to receive the reward of his labours in another world.

BRIAN'S acquirements at the boarding-school were numerous, he had money *ad libitum*, so that the books were not much attended to, but merely looked at for form's sake, as a judge does at a jury. All the LIFE that was to be seen in Limerick he saw; country vices are so gross that they are disgusting; town vices are 'thrown off' with such elegant refinement, that they appear like virtues.

BRIAN fought the fishermen, and smoked the Orange Lodges, drank *sweet pea* (whiskey) with Poll Codee the wig-seller before daylight, and often finished the night by dancing at Mother Murphy's on the Coal Quay, till he could hardly reel to bed; nay, more than once he stretched his *carrion* amongst the *wolf-dogs* in Galway Gaol. There he was in safety, even had he committed a felony. A criminal under the gibbet in Green Street, Dublin, was accosted by a real Connaught boy, his friend, with 'Arrah why my dear jewel, and what are you going to be hanged for?'—'For the want of a Galway jury,' replied the fellow; for they would surely have acquitted him.

With all his faults, BRIAN had a warm heart; he was good-tempered, affable, and condescending; generous in the extreme; and every son of sorrow he considered as a brother: a more hearty, honest, country squire never set out to see LIFE IN DUBLIN.

Thus far I have thought it necessary to premise of our country hero; his character will unfold as we go along, and at the end of the Essay upon LIFE, the reader may form an opinion of it himself, or let it alone, just as he pleases.

During the short stay BRIAN made at Belfast, he

was noticed by all the rich, who did not fail to quiz him on his public entrance into the town with Peg O'Shambles for a pilot, who, the Reverend Phelim O'Guffimo, with his usual wit and elegance, remarked, 'was a sweet nut for the Devil to crack.'

Here BRIAN for the first time had a transient peep behind the scenes of High Life, by being introduced to the Most noble the Marquis of Done-'em-all. This man in early life dissipated an immense sum of money, besides a handsome annual allowance from an indulgent father; he was a *flat* among *sharps*. They *staged* him in every corner, stuck to him like *fogle-hunters*, eased him of the *jingling Georgy's*, and lodged him in the College of Insolvents. There he was boarded by a *land-shark*, a sort of *May-day* lawyer, who contrived to compromise with his creditors, and cheat them in doing so, and also cheat him by whom he was employed. The young Lord paid the price of his person to gain his liberty, and made himself a slave for life—he married the lawyer's daughter. This method of doing business, so common in *high and low life*, was novel to BRIAN BORU, who thought all debts were paid with ready money; he had yet to learn how gentlemen and ladies paid their debts of honour in kind, and in a kindly manner, as his cabin tenants did their tithes.

From Newmarket to the Curragh the fame of LORD SHEEPY was known; he was *down* upon everything and *up* to nothing, till at last he was so completely *done up* himself that he fled to Ireland to recruit his health and estates. Executions of what are called a civil nature (though the rudest things in law) pursued him, and he

has often assisted by his presence to fill the play-house, whilst the *grabs* were emptying his own.

He had a large family, and his lady, to do her justice, was an excellent wife and a mother, but she had no controul over her burly-brained husband; he ran the *rig* in Ireland in his old way. If he had a grain of sense in his *pericranium* it were easier to bring murphys from KNOCK-lofty with a blind garran, than to bring it down to his tongue's end; he was often on the verge of bankruptcy, but, to give the Devil his due, he was saved much oftener than he deserved.

At the period when our hero was introduced to him, he was, in doating old age, sueing for a divorce from his wife, on the plea of having married under age. 'By Jasus!' said BRIAN, after having heard the tale, 'if he lives to be divorced, he'll be a dead man at the time, for he don't look now to have wind sufficient to keep his mill going till the arrival of the next packet.'

Sickened and disgusted with this specimen of *High Life going down stairs*, BRIAN one evening bade adieu to his Lordship, determined to take the Dublin road next morning. The High Street in Belfast is as very a low-looking one as any gentleman would wish to see. Here BRIAN had an opportunity of witnessing a scratch, or rather a downright 'fling down,' betwixt two mobs of nearly a hundred people. There was

Up with the Orange and down with the Green,  
Lather the *dirty* boys decent and clean.

The battle lasted with great energy upwards of an hour, and the officers of justice did all that they could to make them continue the fun, but in vain; the combatants

were done up on both sides; and BRIAN observing his old pilot Peg taking a share in the mugging, ordered her to his inn, and enquired the cause of such a riot. "'Tis nothing at all at all, your honour,' said Peg; 'but only as old Gilly Muckilweene, *scratchatary* to the Orange Club (sweet bad luck to them any day the Lord pleases!) was leaning his head agane Molshy Drumshanda's day-darkener, he took off his wig to scratch with plasure and ease, when by comes Phil Shemingshaugh, and up with his twig and fetched him a crack on his Napper Tandy; he could not resist the temptation, your honour. "How could you hit the man!" says Orange Blarney, the She Bear keeper at Carrick. "How could I hit him!" says Phil, "How could I be after missing him when he laid so fair?" "Fair in your *bone-box!* you foul *galoosh!*" said Blarney, and dabbed his right *flipper bones* in his *muns*. Up came the Orange Boys, down came the Green Goers, and to it they went pelt for pelt like flails upon a barn board. Teddy the Cleboy, plase your honour, knocked myself down wid a quart of beer. Och musha! I put up my hand, and thought I had it full of my brains, but on putting my tongue to that same, 'twas only the froth of de pot, that had settled on my *knowledge box*. I hope your honour will be after helping me to persecute Theagain Il'Moconish the bull-baiter, he's *bate* the liverpin out of Phelim, who your honour saw sprawling on the blue hard hearts, *lame* of an *eye* and *blind* of a *leg*.' Peg ended her story, and after curtseying for a handful of tenpennies made her exit.

'Tis true,' said BRIAN thoughtfully, 'one half of the battles which begin at Irish fairs, and frequently end in

bloodshed and murder, arise from as trivial causes as this ; my unfortunate countrymen enter on a fray for sport, and never *think* of the consequences that may follow until they are all *kilt* on the spot. If this be Low Life in the country, I'm for High Life in Dublin, where I suppose people may scratch their *head* without fear of having their *wig* broke.'

Patrick Mooney, who was as anxious to get to Dublin as his master, roused him long before day had set her watch-tower in the skies. 'Why, Mooney, you're better than a Break-of-day Boy.' 'Yes, your honour, I went to bed full dressed, so that I mightn't be long putting on my clothes in the morning.' BRIAN was satisfied, the greyhounds occupied the place of Peg O'Shambles, the bays were in high mettle ;

Two precious souls, and both agog,  
They dash'd through thick and thin.

Nothing particular occurred during the remainder of the journey ; BRIAN was musing on the joys to come, and thinking how SHAWN O'DOGHERTY would run mad to receive him, when Mooney exclaimed, 'Mother of a sinner. what a fine place !' and his master lifting his eyes beheld the city and bay of Dublin before him—

Hail to thee, friendship's seat ! Eblana, hail !  
Of power to make the cheek of Envy pale :  
In thy proud port see every flag unfur'd,  
From every kingdom of the expanded world ;  
Towering o'er all the union waves its wing,  
Pride of three kingdoms, glory of their King,  
Thy Shamrock, which heaven's glittering dews emboss,  
Twines round the roses of St. George's cross ;  
United now at Freedom's sacred shrine,  
All England's glories, weal, and dangers thine.

If BRIAN did not exclaim with his servant Mooney, his heart beat a responsive note—he was astonished and enraptured. The numerous elegant structures by which the streets and squares of this superb city are formed, the unparalleled public buildings rising in majestic grandeur, the winding canals, the soft-flowing Liffey and her beautiful bridges, the wide bay and numerous shipping, the rough rocks of Howth's Hill, the sloping shores of Dalkey, Dunleary, and Black Rock, and Wicklow's wide-spreading lawns, upon which

Giant mountains take their stand,  
Like sentinels through fairy land ;

All, all combined, threw such an extacy into the spirits of BRIAN BORU, that he loudly exclaimed, as he flogged his bays into a full gallop, 'The sooner I'm there the better, for surely the soul of Ireland lies before me; and if there's LIFE in the world it must be in Dublin.' They soon ran down alongside of Nelson's Monument, shook the battlements of Carlisle Bridge, threw dust in the eyes of all the Bank clerks and shoeblacks beneath the pillars of the Parliament House, quartered the College pavement, and ran bang-up to the door of Morrison's Hotel in Dawson Street.

After a hearty supper, BRIAN toasted, in company with an old half-pay captain in the Inniskillen Dragoons, whom he had invited to partake of his bottle, 'Dublin for ever! may it be Dublin wealth, Dublin peace, and Dublin pleasure to all who visit it to partake of LIFE IN IRELAND!' 'A bad pun is better than no pun at all,' says Captain Grammachree, 'so here's—May the fellow be doubly d——d that doesn't drink your toast in a



bumper.' BRIAN ventured to enquire if he had heard of SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY. 'Heard!' exclaimed the Captain, 'blood and turf! did I ever hear a cannon fire? or did I ever hear of the rebellion? or did I ever hear of being put on the half-pay list? Why, man, he's as well known here as the Lord Lieutenant, and a devilish sight more respected, so he is; from the Castle to the Light House, and from Clontarf to the Black Rock, he's the life and soul of every man, child, horse, dog, and cat in the city.' Delighted to hear his friend so handsomely spoken of, and in the anticipation of unknown joys, BRIAN slept as sound and as long in the morning, as though he had never been destined to show off in his person the real state of

LIFE IN IRELAND!

END OF CHAPTER II.

## CHAPTER III

Stanzas to my Country and King—Irish ceremony: or no waiting breakfast when you have an echo in your stomach—CAPT. GRAMMACHREE'S Family, and their characters—Bad puns—BRIAN BORU new rigged-out, and GRAMMACHREE'S remarks thereon—The 'Living God' of SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY—Excuses for swearing—Irish blessings conveyed in curses—A death-bed oath—PADDY pawns his breeches to drink with a friend—An Irish ditty in Merion Square, by CAPT. GRAMMACHREE.

HAIL to thee! Friendship's land, Hibernia dear,  
 Cloth'd in the blessings of a smiling year;  
 O'er thy wild mountains and dark-bosom'd woods,  
 Thy long-extended plains and rushing floods,  
 In robes of green, with brows by shamrock twin'd,  
 And scarf of purple waving in the wind,  
 The heavenly harp, wild warbling in his hand,  
 Strung by the saint who guards this blessed land,  
 The bow and quiver o'er his shoulders flung,  
 With face commanding, firm, serene, and young,  
 Green sandals glistening with the morning dew,  
 Stern INDEPENDENCE flashes on thy view:  
 FREEDOM, his light-wing'd herald, flies before,  
 (Who bliss convey'd to Afric's blood-stain'd shore)  
 The form benign breathes peace to all below,  
 And Rapture's tear-drops unresisted flow.

Pride of the world, and glory of this isle,  
 Pure INDEPENDENCE! millions woo thy smile;

Intrepidly they own'd thy sovereign power  
In persecution's dark and troubled hour,  
When fate forbade the peasant's arm to toil,  
And blood of freemen fatten'd Ireland's soil.  
But lo ! the scene is chang'd, sweet Peace appears ;  
The long, long penance of five hundred years,  
With foul Suspicion, now has past away,  
Hurl'd with the war-fiend from the face of day  
The foul Perdition's dark and unknown bourne,  
To tread the path that never can return.

Bright o'er the country BRUNSWICK'S splendid star,  
Portending Peace, illumines from afar ;  
O'er a proud nation sheds its genial rays,  
Reviving millions with its fostering blaze.  
Lo ! Fame and Glory, with expanded wings,  
Announce th' approach of GEORGE, the best of Kings !  
He comes, and breathes around a placid calm,  
To pour in IRELAND'S wounds a healing balm,  
To wipe from Sorrow's eye the starting tear,  
And every tie of duty make more dear ;  
His hand extends, that blessings oft hath given  
Profuse as manna dropt on earth from Heaven !  
Hush'd at his presence be each rude alarm ;  
Throng, gen'rous hearts ! with loyal duty warm,  
Your Monarch comes in confidence to prove,  
The *Crown's* best safeguard is—*the People's love !*  
No storms precede him, and no dark array  
Winters the morn of Ireland's happier day ;  
A day that joy extends to all forlorn,  
And dawns with bliss to millions yet unborn.

Lo ! where industrious *Commerce'* canvas wings  
The richest fruit of India's climate brings,  
Arabian spices and Peruvian gold,  
And all the treasures China ever told ;

Confin'd no more to fair Augusta's port,  
 In *Irish ships* to IRISH shores resort ;  
 Oppressive duties now are felt no more,  
 A *Free Trade* adds to Ireland's plenteous store.  
 Thanks to the generous KING the boon that gave,  
 Safe be his passage o'er the subject wave !  
 Then rear thy thousand hills, spread valleys wide,  
 By nature drest in summer's richest pride ;  
 Shine with resplendent lustre every scene,  
 And sparkle, brilliant isle of emerald green !  
 Long hast thou sigh'd to see thy Sovereign's face,  
 To thee the best of his illustrious race ;  
 Then, God of life and love ! oh ! hear my prayer,  
 Still make this island thy peculiar care ;  
 May no vile hearts mislead her sons again,  
 May barbarous Discord sink in endless pain,  
 May Peace and Plenty glad her sea-girt shore,  
 Religious frenzy sleep to wake no more !

Notwithstanding BRIAN BORU's fatiguing journey, and the numerous visions of delight which his fancy had formed of what he should see, hear, mark, and learn in Ireland's Metropolis, he slept as sound as a Connaught haymaker after a broiling day's work, and it was not until the meridian sun came in at his window, and Patrick Mooney at the door, that he unclosed his heavy ogles and recollected he had invited Captain Grammachree to breakfast two hours before.

The Captain, well aware of what BRIAN had gone through and what he was to encounter, declined disturbing him, but made his breakfast ; drank his usual five bowls of tea, eat his three eggs and ten pikelets, took his *steadier* of raspberry whiskey, and pondered over the

*Freeman's Journal*. He had gone through three columns of a short speech of Gifford's, in which he had sworn that drinking green tea infused treason into the frame, and that orange was the colour with which our first parents dyed their fig leaves in Paradise, when BRIAN made his descent into the coffee-room, begging the Captain's pardon for making him wait. 'Wait is it!' said Grammachree; 'by my soul and I'm waiting for my lunch, and your breakfast is waiting for you, so help yourself, and you'll have it to your liking. We don't stand upon ceremony here; when I have an echo in my stomach, I like to put it out as soon as possible.'

Capt. Grammachree, who will make some figure in this history, was the fourth son of an Irish Peer: his father was poor, proud, and thoughtless; extravagant upon small means, and mean upon many occasions; he was a tool in the hands of ministers, and in reward for his readiness to do dirty work without bidding, he was made colonel of a militia regiment, and a something better in the Excise or Customs, I don't choose to remember which at present. In the memorable rebellion of 1798, he had the good fortune always to be sick when his services were wanted at the head of his regiment, and thus escaped without a scar. His lordship's escapes were like that of the Irish soldier, who said, 'By Jasus, and I had a narrow escape from being killed at the battle of Talavera, by being sent on a foraging party three days before it took place.' It is true his Lordship once and once only shewed fight in the rear of his regiment, when his complexion from the colour of a red cabbage changed to that of a parsnip, and gave rise to a song commencing—

No reflections  
 On complexions,  
 Be they ever so pale ;  
 His lovely bottle nose,  
 Once as red as a rose,  
 Is as white as the cheeks  
 That quiver when he speaks—  
 Oh ! God in pity help thee, poor Lord \* \* \* \* \*

‘ He that fights and runs away,  
 Is better off than those that stay,’

was his lordship’s favourite motto, and in the Custom House he proved a gallant commander ; he could handle Spence’s Hydrometer more easily than a sword, and was a better judge of the spirit of whiskey than the spirit of valour. His eldest son, with a *high* title and a *low* purse, wandered about the streets of Dublin like a discontented ghost on the banks of the Styx, walked through the castle yard to beg an audience of the Secretary’s clerk, and then boasted he had been to see his *friend* the Lord Lieutenant ; had a *skirt* for dinner at the cookshop in Mabbot Street, took an afternoon glass of plain punch at D’Arcy’s in Earl Street, where he d——d Catholic emancipation, Counsellor O’Connell, and Parson Hay ; eulogized the glorious memory of King William, changed his tenpenny, and rambled into Sally Maclean’s to talk (only) with the bantlings ; and if he had fortunately procured an order from Talbot by praising the faded charms of Emily Binden, or from Freddy Jones by writing verses in praise of his hams stewed in Madeira, he shewed himself in the stage box at the theatre, where he hissed O’Neil and applauded Walstein, calling so often for ‘ God Save the King ! ’ that you would think the Devil had nearly got fast hold of His

Majesty, and even making Major Sirr blush for him, a thing the Major was never guilty of doing for himself in his life.

This is the daily picture of *Life in Dublin*, enjoyed by many young noblemen. Too proud to be useful, and too indolent for enterprize, they dwindle on from day to day less and less, till they finally drop into contempt and oblivion. The second son, of course, became a parson, the third an excise collector, and the fourth an ensign in his father's regiment of Militia.

He did not think as some have thought  
Whom honour never crown'd,  
The fame a father dearly bought  
Could make the son renown'd.

And oft he thought that if that sire  
No gallant deeds had done,  
To wipe that stain became the fire  
That burnt within the son.

Ensign Grammachree served the whole rebellion with *éclat*; he *got* wounded at Vinegar Hill, *got* away from the barn of Scullabogue just before it was burnt, *got* off the Bridge of Wexford on his legs just before his friends were flung off it on their heads, and at the battle of Ross *got* into the good graces of General Johnson for the cool and able manner in which he defended the Three Bullet Gate against ten times his number; this procured him a lieutenancy in the line, and after serving five years on the continent, and *servng out* the enemy with gallantry in every engagement, a shell at Leipsic fractured his skull, and he left a leg behind him at Waterloo. The commander-in-chief, whose name is

dear to every soldier (notwithstanding he kept an extravagant *Clark* who bamboozled him) rewarded him with a Captain's commission and a pension, which he had so dearly earned.

Captain Grammachree's finances were thus in a pretty flourishing state. If he could not always afford to dine at Mooren's in Sackville Street, he could always command a good beef steak at Pat Duignan's, *the Struggler*, and a naggin of good stalrinky punch. He kept his *pad* and a very *pretty bedside-carpet*; lodged contiguous to Crow Street Theatre in winter, and in summer put up at Mrs. Coogan's of Ringsend, for the benefit of sea-bathing, and living upon *crabs* and *cockles*, which are as plentiful and cheap in that place, as materials for making apples and goat's whey are at Dandrum.

The Captain, by his moderate way of living in private, always appeared genteel in public; he was admitted into the first societies; his rank and character entitled him to respect; and he received it, not as a compliment or favour bestowed, but as a tribute he knew to be justly due and which he had no cause to blush at receiving.

His manners were unpolished, but he was always in a good humour with himself and all around him; moreover he was an Irish wit, said many good things, at least his brogue and manner of delivery created a laugh, when there was really nothing in the story worth a smile. He often committed blunders, and as his memory was none of the best, he often spoiled a good thing by repetition; take the following instance:—

The Major of a northern city had an allowance for a table on a very handsome scale, which was suddenly



withdrawn; shortly after, he requested a punning barrister to dine with him, observing, 'I shall only give you cold beef, they have deprived me of the usual allowance, and I don't know what I shall do.'—'Do!' said the punster, 'why as many of our patriots do; eat your beef without *salary*.' Captain Grammachree, in repeating this story, forgot the very pith of it, and substituted for the conclusion, 'you must eat your beef without *cabbage*'; of course no one could perceive the joke, and not a smile appeared. 'I don't know why you don't laugh,' said the Captain, 'but, by Jusus! every body laughed when I first heard it.'

Barring these bulls, the Captain was a pleasant companion; he knew every officer of note; his rank, time of entering the service, etc. etc., by rote; in fact he was called amongst his brother officers 'The Walking Army List'; but he had, what ought not to be forgotten in this enumeration of his qualities, a good and a generous heart; as the tear fell from his eye at the tale of affliction, his hand involuntarily entered his pocket to relieve the object.

When merit own'd the sufferer's name,  
He shower'd his bounty then,  
And those who could not prove that claim,  
He succour'd still as men.

Poor Grammachree! I have whiled away many a happy hour in thy company; may the laurels of thy youth never be plucked from thy forehead in age, when thou wilt most stand in need of their friendly shelter! The important share the Captain has in LIFE IN IRELAND, must apologize for my being thus particular as to his character.

Breakfast being dispatched, a confabulation took place betwixt the two new friends on the material subject of apparel. 'Is it,' said Grammachree, 'in these tundering brown rags you're going to visit SHAWN O'DOGHERTY? By the holy poker! all Dublin will be after laughing at you; the boys at the Pheusatecnecan would hoot us, and half the attorneys' clerks in Bagot Street would hunt us to Merion Square, as if we were thieves going to O'Grady, with a brief-account of sheep-staling. Your pockets would hould a cargo of smuggled tobacco, and the tails of your coat cover a bleach green; as for your boots, the Wicklow girls would take 'em for *hand-churns* if your brawney legs were put outside of them.'

By the Captain's advice Murphy was sent for, and in four hours' time accommodated BRIAN with as taper a suit of the first cut as ever was shook in Dame Street; to be sure they sat rather awkward upon BRIAN, and caused Grammachree to compare him to David in Saul's armour, 'or more properly speaking,' said he, 'like an Egyptian ox clad in silks for a sacrifice; so come along, my boy, and I'll stand executioner on the occasion. Och, by my soul!' he cried, as they entered Merion Square, eyeing BRIAN from top to toe, 'beef to the heels, like a Mullingar heifer! it's well seen you come from a country where there's more meat than modesty, and more pigs than Protestants any day in the year!'

'By the living G—d you're welcome to your friend and to Dublin!' exclaimed SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY, as he shook BRIAN heartily by the hand, who cordially returned the squeeze. Be not alarmed, good reader,

that the most polished gentleman in Ireland, for whom love had twined her most delicate garlands, and fashion acknowledged as a supreme dictator; be not astonished that he should be introduced to thee with an oath on his lips, and that a tremendous one, sufficient, as Shakspeare has it, to 'split the ears of the groundlings,' or give a methodist parson the glanders.

SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY was very seldom addicted to swearing, except at his dogs or himself when he was out of humour with either, which was rarely the case, for he was

'Laughter holding both his sides.

But there are particular occasions when an Irishman cannot avoid swearing; in speaking of an absent friend he will say, 'Now the Devil keep him away till he's tir'd of staying, but I wish he was here, so I do.' Or 'Devil split him! I wish he was in hell or Connaught, and then we'd know where to find him.' Thus, in meeting after a long absence, he exclaims with energy, and a friendly *wag* of the *daddle*, 'Bad luck to your soul! and worse to the world if it doesn't use you well; I hope you're hearty and be d——d to you!' Or this, 'Hunger and rags be your portion in this world and the next! arn't you come to dinner, the Devil choke you?'

There is something warm and friendly in thus first sending a man to perdition and then dragging him out of it with a blessing. I remember once standing on the Light-House Walk, Dublin, with a right good fellow as ever took the froth of a pot, or the *bead* of a naggin, speaking of an absentee's virtues—'Do you love our

friend Tom, Pat?' said I. 'Don't I love him!' he quickly rejoined; 'by the holy mother! I wish he was drowning in that water that I might have the pleasure to jump in and save his life.' 'Can you swim, Pat?' 'Devil a stroke! all's one for that, I'd have a plunge after him if he were there.'

It is the nature of an Irishman to let his tongue run away with his heart, and surely the oath that involuntarily flows from a generous, kind, and benevolent motive, will not be placed amongst the 'idle words which man uttereth,' and has to be answerable for at the last day.

An instance of this careless mode of expression occurred in mine own neighbourhood, no matter where, I have sound family reasons for keeping it a secret. A hearty young farmer, I knew him well; he was never ashamed of his name, and why should friendship blush to write Tom Cahee? The typhus fever knocked him off, the doctor gave him up for a bad job, and the priest greased his joints to make him walk lissom up the narrow road to render up his accounts; his wife hung over him in all the tenderness of grief! 'Pray for my soul when I am gone, Hannah!' whispered the dying man. 'I will, my dear jewel,' she said, 'break the patience of half the Saints by doing that same by day and night, and many other times beside, and don't forget me when you're in Heaven, Tom.' 'If I do, God damme!' faltered from his lips, and he shortly after expired!

The man meant no harm; it was a pledge of affection given to his wife; he could not give it in stronger terms. I have not a doubt but he kept his word, and

that God did not d——n him either for the love he bore his wife, or making use of His name to show it. An Irishman can no more refrain from rapping out an oath when he is delighted, than an Englishman can help grumbling when he is well off. ‘Curse your ugly mug!’ said Terence O’Flanagan to English Bob, whom he met at the corner of Dirty Lane, ‘but I’m glad to see you look so well: ’tis long since we met, and I haven’t a rap to jingle upon a tomb-stone; sure we can’t part without a drop, ’tis so d——d unlucky.’ Terry after a little consideration slapped his canister, crying, ‘I’ve got it here! wait a minute and I’ll be wid you in a kick!’ Bob had not long to stand before Terry with joy beaming from under his ragged red pole, returned and dragged him into a punch house; here over ‘sweet pea,’ they talked old adventures o’er and o’er, till the two-and-nine penny piece was melted down their throattles. ‘I suppose, Terry, you went to raise the wind when you left me standing sentry at the corner?’ ‘You may say that with your ugly mouth, for by Saint Patrick! I pawn’d my breeches and shirt to raise the drop.’ It was an absolute fact; he threw back his reagan (great coat) and appeared a perfect *sans culotte*. Bob was shocked at this naked proof of real friendship, but Terence enjoyed it heartily, and at parting said, ‘Bad luck to the fellow that wouldn’t part with his hide if he could sarve an ould friend in need; my reagan’s a fine cross buttocker, nobody knows what’s within; three trips from the Coal Quay to the Bloody Bridge and then I’ll be rigged again; in the mean time you go to hell till we meet again.’

Some may think it strange that a man should strip

himself naked to serve another, and after having done so to wish him with the black gentleman; it is the way of an Irishman, he always conveys his blessing in the form of a curse, and the harder it is the more he loves you. These digressions serve to shew that there was nothing singular in SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY'S mode of saluting his friend. I repeat it, an *Irishman* has ways and means of his own which it is my business to paint from the life, and having done that, he will still be like 'the peace of God'—past all understanding.

*CAPTAIN GRAMMACHREE'S DITTY*

TUNE—'O Ireland! dear country.'

Along side of a hedge by the bridge of Drumcondra,  
 Poor Murdoch O'Monaghan sat down to beg;  
 He brought from the wars, in reward of his bravery,  
 A crack in his crown and the loss of a leg.  
 With shillelagh in hand and shillelagh on foot,  
 From London to Dublin he had travelled o'er,  
 Contented he was, aye, and happy to boot,  
 For he still made a shift to get whiskey galore.

The heart of old Murdoch was soft as a cabbage,  
 Like a Galway potatoe, his skin was as tough;  
 No longer he slumber'd at ease with the baggage,  
 But took up his quarters each night in the sheugh.  
 'Arrah! spare an old soldier the price of a penny!'  
 The devil a cross did he ever ask more,  
 And the day never past but he pick'd up so many,  
 That at night he made shift to get whiskey galore.

I've an eye, he would say, on the field of Vittoria,  
 Looking out for the foe, if they come back to Spain;  
 My leg is at Waterloo rotting in glory,  
 'Twill never conduct me to glory again;

A piece of my sconce was at Leipsic blown up,  
 And went off with the bridge in a terrible roar,  
 I was fairly *knock'd down* but not fairly *knock'd up*;  
 For still I exist to drink whiskey galore.

O Ireland ! dear country ! congenial for begging,  
 How gladly I look on thy green hills again ;  
 My dear native mud I at ease stick my peg in,  
 Nor painfully stump it through Gallia and Spain ;  
 With a can of sweet butter-milk fresh in the morning,  
 And at dinner sweet murphys boil'd up by the score,  
 I live like a fighting cock, dunghill birds scorning,  
 And at supper I revel in whiskey galore.

Long life to the land where the malt is a making,  
 Oh, blest be the turf a potatoe root yields ;  
 May Heaven throw plenty, and not be mistaken,  
 To flourish luxurious in Paddy's own fields ;  
 May every old woman enjoy her dudine,  
 As her fathers and mothers have all done before,  
 And a hedge ne'er be wanting old Murdoch to screen,  
 When he sits in the sheugh and drinks whiskey galore.

So sang honest Murdoch, the gallant brave soldier,  
 Whose spirit in beggary all must admire,  
 More cheerful he grew as each day he grew older,  
 Age lighted his taper at youth's blazing fire.  
 'Success,' he would cry, 'to the bridge of Drumcondra,  
 'Where sentry I'll stand till life's campaign is o'er,'  
 Then raising his canteen towards his old rum jaw,  
 He'd drink the King's health in good whiskey galore.

With the preceding ditty Captain Grammachree  
 amused himself, while BRIAN and his friend retired to  
 arrange matters for his first dash into

## LIFE IN DUBLIN !

END OF CHAPTER III.

## CHAPTER IV

Trip to the Black Rock—Description—Comparison—Thunder and lightning—Picturesque view—BOURKE FITZSIMON'S cottage—LORD DONOUGHMORE'S poor relations—The Bay of Dublin—Ireland's Eye—Lambay—Hill of Howth—Crowning the King of Dalkey—Drowning certain characters—Battle of the cats—Tabbies and Blues—A patent risk machine—A steam-boat—LADY DEMIQUAVER introduced—Her influence in the world of Fashion—Bedershin—Wine and merriment—Song, 'Black Rock, or Wigs on the Green'—Cellar-boy's retort—SIR SHAWN O'DOHERTY and GRAMMACHREE mount a Jingle—Pick up POLL RATTLEWELL—Confab—The Lord Lieutenant's dog-stealer—Description of a Jingle—Bagot Street nuisances—A sleepy driver—A blind horse and an upset on a bridge—Perilous situation of GRAMMACHREE, BRIAN, and POLL—An exulting cheer from SIR SHAWN—A soft fall—A happy release from Low Life in Dublin.

THERE was something in this whiskey-drinking ditty that so much resembled Grammachree's own story, that he always resorted to it for consolation when in distress, and when in a happy vein he always trolled it with unspeakable vivacity. BRIAN and his friend SHAWN (for the sake of brevity we shall call him so in future, having a precedent for doing so in Buck Waley's footman, who said, 'My *raal* name is Teague, your honour, but they call me Teague Rague for shortness,') determined, the day being far spent and a



Sunday too, that they would view the beauties of the Black Rock, and a beautiful place it is; so say hundreds that have never seen it. SIR SHAWN had the privilege of the *entrée* at Dublin Castle, and moreover the friendship of the Viceroy, of which he was justly proud. SIR SHAWN wisely considered that his friend required a good deal of *breaking in* before he would be tractable enough to run in the gilt harness of a Castle equipage; he therefore determined to put him in training; accordingly commencing with the lowest fashionable scenes, and gradually ascending as his charge improved.

The Black Rock! Who does not know the Black Rock that has ever been in Dublin? All the world goes there on a Sunday to see the other half of it. As the party set out on horseback, Captain Grammachree took a post-chaise, and appointed to meet them at Seapoint House, a celebrated place of entertainment. The scenery was new to BRIAN and it delighted him; the numerous vehicles that crowded the road, and the happy pedestrians gave a lively interest to a scene not to be equalled in the environs of any other city in the three kingdoms.

Frequently our adventurers were obliged to turn their nags over a five foot wall, or a quickset hedge, to get on without riding over the foot passengers. BRIAN on these occasions was noticed for the masterly way in which he managed his steed, but SIR SHAWN bore off the palm of elegance. 'Arrah!' said a vender of saffron-cakes, 'they are a nate pair of jockeys; one sits as easy on his beast as a butterfly on a rose bush in a gale, and t'other sticks as tight to him as a pair of saddle bags.' Our heroes alighted at the door of

Sea-point House, and after a hasty refreshment, joined by Captain Grammachree, took the field. 'You will now,' said SIR SHAWN, 'see a little of LIFE IN DUBLIN.' 'Blood and turf!' exclaimed Grammachree, 'how can that be when we are three miles out of it?' 'No matter,' said BRIAN, 'a mile in my country is as far as you can see from the top of a hill, and as long as the city is in sight, I maintain we are in it.'

On every side of the path now could be seen parties having their *déjeunés* on the grass, buxom girls, rosy-cheeked children, all neatly clad, jolly looking fellows in emerald green coats, dashing belles and *petit maitres* were mingled together *en masse*, and perfectly sociable; the smoke of pipes scented the air, and the smell of whiskey qualified its somnoric powers. The tavern doors were thronged with visitors, who *en passant* peeped into the arbour and paid a tribute to the excise in a *roller of thunder and lightning*, *alias* shrub and whiskey, with a *Sally Lun* in it—(*Sally Luns* are a peculiar cake, so called from the inventor, now defunct). The trees waved their green heads in the gale, the cowslip, primrose, and daisy embroidered the carpet of nature, every breeze wafted health, and every little valley breathed perfume. Our party sat down on a grassy eminence before the cottage of John Bourke Fitzsimon; everybody that knows Lord Donoughmore knows him,—the proprietor of the *Hibernian Journal*, and once an exciseman. *À propos* of John; he was one of a thousand poor relations to his Lordship, who having got rich by jockeyship both on and off horseback, he made a song called 'The last Rose of Summer'; it bloomed, faded, and died; so has John's political

life, but he still finds stuff to keep the pot boiling, and potatoes to fill it with.

I've been to see such a one,  
What ! General Hutchinson ?  
Did you never see him before ?  
Yes ; and Judy Maclarty,  
So stupid and dirty,  
And young gossoons, perhaps half a score,  
All helping their mother  
Without any bother  
To wash the potatoes behind the door,  
Being all poor relations of my Lord Donoughmore.

' This humble ditty is more valued in Ireland for its truth than its poetry. It shews the genius of the natives : if there's a hole in your coat they are sure to find it out, so you had better whip in a stitch before you venture amongst them.

The extensive prospect before our heroes was described by Grammachree with blundering eloquence and enthusiasm. ' The bog that you see, Master BRIAN, is Dublin Bay, the model which Nature took the Bay of Naples from ; that's the Hill of Howth, belonging to a poor Lord, a relation to a rich one under Government : the rock you see standing like an egg in a bason of salt, is called *Ireland's Eye*, because you see it has gone out from the shore to view what is going on abroad, and has turned the blind side to its mother-country. There's a new harbour in a hole of the hill ; it is to have *twenty-five feet water* in it at low water, but it has cost thrice twenty thousand pounds ; and now it is low water in the pocket, so it is in the sea, for the devil a drop comes into the Pier deep enough

to float a Baldriggan wherry or a Cork hooker ; but it 's all for the good of trade.

'There 's Lambay, and the Devil's own bay it is ; the sweetest place that ever was seen for shooting puffings, and breaking your neck off the rocks by way of finishing a day's gayling. There 's Dalkey too : Och ! and wasn't I there last installation day of the knights, and the coronation takes place in a month. The King of the Dublin beggars is always crowned King of Dalkey ; 'tis an ould custom. A glorious procession on water takes place ; all the beggars, blackguards, and gentlemen in and out Dublin attend ; and to see the fun of dancing, boxing, tripping, and drowning of the mob, och ! it would do your heart good, and make you cry with laughing. No less than three brogue makers, two journeymen butchers, a stock-broker, a justice of the peace, and a watchman, were all swallowed up by the tide of Dalkey last coronation day. You shall go, Master BRIAN, and have a share in the rigdum when it begins. By the piper that plays before Moses, I had nearly forgot ! We had such a prime battle between two cats ! Your English bull-dogs are no more to be compared to your Irish cats than Gregor MacGregor to the Duke of Wellington ; the one was a *tabby* and the other a *blue*. Sim Ellis owned the blue—Sim that was hanged for making a mistake in his name on a piece of stamped paper ; and Barney Steele owned the tabby ; everybody knows Barney, he killed himself by drinking whiskey hot from the still, but that was no one's business but his own ; this is a land of liberty, and any man has a right to live or die in any way he likes best. Well, to it the poppets went ;

Birne was there, and Whaley, and Blake, and myself to be sure. First, the tabby had the blue down, then the blue had the tabby down, and at last the fight became so furious they were up and down one after another both at the same time. There was hundreds betted, but not a cross won or lost ; for by Jasus ! they left nothing on the ground but a bunch of hair and two tails !' 'What !' said BRIAN, 'then I suppose the cats ran away?' 'An Irish cat run away!' sneered Grammachree, 'no ; never ! by the powers of Moll Kelly ! they eat one another up !'

'That little ship,' said the Captain, 'is an Irish invention worthy of immortality ; 'twas meant, by the help of two big wheels, to clear the bar of the harbour ; and so it does, for what mud it lifts up on one side, it throws down on the other, so only half a ship can go into the Liffey at a time. And there's the *Eiren go Bragh* steam-boat, has only been five months in play, and blown up no more than twice ; that's no wonder, for as she always is after the sailing packet, she gets all the drunken passengers left behind. Barring accidents from fire, water, and long delay, she's a mighty pleasant vessel to walk across Channel in.' Much more the Captain would have said, but his narrative was interrupted by a dashing belle, Lady Demiquaver ; she too was enjoying LIFE IN DUBLIN, and rusticating for awhile at Black Rock. 'And is it you, my dear SIR SHAWN ! and an't I mighty glad to see you any where and how ; and you, old Timber Toe ; and you, a friend I suppose—a shamrock newly plucked, hasn't lost the down of his leaf yet.' 'BRIAN BORU, ESQ., from Connaught, a man of five thousand per annum, and a good

quality for every pound he possesses,' said SIR SHAWN. BRIAN would have risen to make a bow, but Lady Demiquaver, with true Irish frankness, sat down betwixt them and commenced a rally in that style which only those who have seen LIFE IN IRELAND can do justice to; Brian

Blush'd and look'd and blush'd and look'd  
And look'd again.

Lady Demiquaver had numbered forty-five, was fat, fair, lively, elegant, and expressive; she had long led the van of female fashionables, and still continued to be a star of the first magnitude in a hemisphere where a constellation was visible every day and night. She introduced more beauty to the Castle than any one of her rank in Dublin; she governed the judges *out* of the four courts, the barristers when out of their gowns and wigs, the collegians when out of *alma mater*, the commissioners when out of commission, Generals when out of command, players when out of an engagement, and, in short, shook the poppy seed over the heads of all the fashionable world.

SIR SHAWN recommended BRIAN to her tutorage, and she undertook the task, remarking, that every *grass widow* loved to model to her taste a *hay* or *straw* batchelor. Her Ladyship patronised a concert at the Rotunda on the following evening, and our heroes promised to appear in her train. As our party had not yet taken the dew off their stomachs, Lady D. ordered a cold collation from her jaunting car, and a happier set never enjoyed a meal under the shade of Wicklow mountains.

Her Ladyship bade adieu with vivacity, and curtseying to BRIAN with an air none but herself could assume, said, 'Remember your engagement to-morrow evening, and I'll make you remember me.' 'Bedershin!' (*may be so*), said the abashed BRIAN. 'Why, BRIAN, you're quite struck; a cock looking at chalk; it's all up with you—bottom up, like Lord Clare in the fish pond!' laughed SIR SHAWN. 'Bedershin!' sighed BRIAN. 'By Jasus!' stammered Grammachree, 'he's withered like a potatoe top in a sunny day, and looks as green upon it as a dish of Calecannon made of frosty cabbage.' 'Bedershin!' returned BRIAN, leaning with his hands on his knees supporting his chin, and musing of

'Unutterable things.'

'We'll have some sport,' said SIR SHAWN. 'With all my heart!' said Grammachree. 'Bedershin!' groaned BRIAN. The Captain beckoned a breechless spalpeen, who flew to Jones's and returned with a *cooper of crusty*, which soon restored BRIAN to his senses;

'The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.'

The joke, and even the song went round; and as evening closed, every party struck up a simultaneous stanza, and Captain Grammachree exerted his lungs as follows:—

### SONG

#### *BLACK ROCK, or WIGS ON THE GREEN*

Who has e'er been at Dublin must sure know the place,  
 The seat of all elegance, beauty, and grace;  
 Where drinking and dancing and friendship are seen  
 To end in a battle, and wigs on the green.

'Tis at the Black Rock, where all parties combine  
 To tipple the whiskey or generous wine  
 Through the day, and as night settles dark on the scene,  
 Mirth ends with shillelagh, and wigs on the green.

The Judge and the jury together are met,  
 And the Bench and the Box are Hail Paddy, well met !  
 Bereft of all state, *Law's* dictators are seen  
 To join *lawless* sport without wigs on the green.

Good Lord ! how delightful the racket and noise  
 Kick'd up in a shindy by Liberty Boys,  
 And the lads of the Coal Quay in contact are seen  
 To knock liberty down, and lay wigs on the green.

Here the buck of the Castle casts off all his frowns,  
 And stops as he comes from the Glen of the Downs,  
 Dispenses at once with his aspect serene,  
 When obliged to be off—from his wig on the green.

May the Sons of Hibernia, who hither resort,  
 Find pleasure more pure than that in a court,  
 And when age keeps their trotters behind the fire-screen,  
 May they bless the Black Rock and its wigs on the green.

'I say, Mr. Shake-in-the-wind !' roared Grammachree to a running footman, 'this wine is no better than blackberry juice, or Spanish liquorice sweetened with mustard.' 'Arrah, your soul to the Devil !' retorted the spalpeen, vexed to hear the honour of his master's cellar impeached, 'you've lost the palate of your jowl ; my master kapes the best *materials* for making port wine, than any manufacturer of *black drop* in Dublin.' This was a settler ; it was no use contradicting one whom you could not convince, and as the black drop had penetrated the upper story of all the three, argument was out of the question, and assertion neither of our heroes approved of.



Night had now spread her ebon wings over dear Dublin, and a beautiful moon made every thing clear as day. It was settled not to leave the Captain to *travegeer* alone, and the horses were ordered to go empty to Merion Square. 'Will you take my horse to Dublin?' asked SIR SHAWN of a *rap* in the employ of the police. 'Will he take me to Dublin, your honour? for by reason I won't lead when I can drive, or walk when I can ride,' was the reply; 'twas sufficient.

Some deliberation took place whether a *noddy* or a *jingle* should be employed, which was soon settled by a lieutenant of the horse police, who ordered the party either to get into a *jingle* then in the way, or get out of the way themselves; the latter they could not well do without passing under the wheels of a certain vehicle called 'level ways,' an operation supposed to be unpleasant as most people die under the experiment. 'Needs must when the Devil drives!' said SIR SHAWN. 'Bedershin!' grumbled BRIAN. 'Mighty well!' echoed the Captain, and up the iron fender they blundered, and were soon fixed in the hog-tub. 'Won't you give me a *drag*, DOGHERTY?' cried a fine girl in a riding habit; 'Sally is off, and left me to *pad* on my ten *scratchers*!' 'If I don't I'll be d——d!' was followed by a spring from the crazy vehicle, which SIR SHAWN ascended with Poll Kettlewell in his arms. 'Shall I *dab*, your honour?' asked the driver, and laid a stick as long and as strong as half a flail over the flank of an old bay garren, a perfect Rosinante, and away he hobbled betwixt a trot and a walk, like Jemmy O'Brian going to the gallows.

'How did you come here, Poll?' was the natural

enquiry of her friend. 'Sure I didn't come at all; I was brought by Sally to catch a Dublin Bay herring, a soft-roed fellow, but fat. It wouldn't fit; she grew sulky and *quit* whilst I was settling a small score with Fitzpatrick the dog-stealer to the Lord Lieutenant.' 'What do you mean, Poll?' 'Mean! why hasn't he got a commission to shoot all the dogs likely to go mad in Dublin? I wonder you've escaped so long.' BRIAN by this time began to feel a little uneasy; he had never been in such a thundering machine before; full ten feet from the ground, supported by iron bars instead of springs, hard boards to sit upon, and a bit of sharp Irish oak to lean your back against, and curry-comb you at every jolt.

Bagot Street is so well paved, that it has been regularly indicted for a nuisance seventeen sessions following, but no good has been got by it; half the parish have indicted their wives as a nuisance, and solicited to have them removed as rubbish, but they continue to *rub* on with them, the law having pronounced them above their cognizance. Entering on the stoney part, BRIAN swore he'd alight before his entrails were turned topsy turvy. The whole party laughed, and Poll swore none but a griffin would have the bad manners to complain of a jingle from the Black Rock. So eager were the party in conversation they never perceived that the garren followed his nose, his eyes he could not, for he was stone blind every Monday morning he got up. In truth, Tim Slaney was enjoying a sound nap when whack went the jingle up against the middle man (*post*) of Low Ground Bridge; over it went full tilt; Poll caught BRIAN round



*Brian Brett, Sir, Shaun C. Dwyer, Capt Granmanthire & Ptd. Littlewell, upset in a jungle, coming from the Black-Rock*



the neck, and both went over the battlements head foremost into the water; Captain Grammachree's wooden leg got betwixt the wheel and the wall; the wood was tough, so it only half cracked through, and left him suspended with his head downwards; Tim was precipitated upon the horse's neck, and SIR SHAWN O'DOHERTY, more nimble than the rest, jumped upon the broadside of the jingle, waving his hat and singing

Hey down, ho down, derry, derry down,  
To fill up this farcical scene, O!

Tim, who was accustomed to these disasters, slid down from the horse's neck, and taking from under his reagan a lamppey (*knife*) proceeded to release the Captain by cutting his leg in two and letting him tumble 'down, down, down derry down'; luckily he fell upon a nameless part belonging to Poll Kettlewell, and so saved his neck. The moon shone full upon the sufferers, and sights were seen that shun the face of day. SIR SHAWN having enjoyed his laugh descended to the ditch, and with affected politeness assisted in extricating the tumblers from their awkward quarters. Poll complained of her r——p, and swore she would doctor the captain out of half of his half-pay, who execrated Tim for amputating his leg; BRIAN only groaned, and SIR SHAWN congratulated him upon the honour he would acquire by entering in such a headlong manner upon

LOW LIFE IN DUBLIN!

END OF CHAPTER IV.

## CHAPTER V

A release from a tumble—Ups and downs of a girl of the town—Growlers in grain—Jingling wit—A carriage harnessed by the belts of a wooden leg—Scene at Sally M'Lean's, the Abbess of Stafford Street—List of beauties—Natural question by old maids—A grand row in Dame Street with watchmen, police, soldiers, chimney-sweepers, and Major Sirr—Encounter with a second-hand reading corporal—Safe at home—BRIAN BORU'S Muse on fire again—Song, 'Dublin Nuisances, or Down with the Watchmen.'

'THE *ups* and *downs* in this life,' said Poll Kettlewell, 'which I am in the habit of experiencing, are so strange and numerous, that I really don't think I could manage to exist without them; to be sure I don't often go up as high as a jingle, or fall so low as the foundation of a bridge, with a wooden-legged blood-hound commencing an attack upon my postern so furiously; but by the piper that played before Moses! I'll have an action of assault and battery against him if Macanally's in Dublin, or *slap bang* to be bought in Stafford Street.' 'It would only be a just return, my dear,' replied SIR SHAWN, 'for his entering an action *in tail* without giving due notice.'

By the help of Pat Slaney and BRIAN, who enjoyed the joke, Captain Grammachree was conveyed up the hill, and placed in the crazy vehicle, from which he had so rapidly descended, and Poll Kettlewell con-

descended to face him again. The harness of a jingle is easily put out of order, and as quickly repaired; leather and buckles being very scarce materials in its composition. Some pieces of old rope knotted together, and often twisted haybands served to support the shafts by day, and be a supper for the animal at night; the reins are sometimes of leather, when chance has thrown an old boot in Jehu's way, which cut into slips and stitched by the help of a fork and twine, end for end, makes a grand set out.

Slaney in refitting found himself short of fastenings; the knee-bands of his breeches, which were of no use, as he never tied them, having no stockings to encumber his legs, he converted into a back-band, but still in want of a string to splice his reins, he made a leg to Grammachree, and after scratching his head, muttered, 'Maybe your honour would give us the loan of your wooden-leg garter, as it can't be of any use hanging to your body.' In this Grammachree acquiesced, and unbuckling his stump handed the straps to Slaney, who soon set off again in grand style, amidst the laughter of an assembled crowd, who had witnessed the upset with infinite satisfaction.

These things are so common, that they astonish no one; a broken limb or a collection of bruises are looked for as essentials to complete a holiday party, and cause them to separate in good humour. Grammachree ordered Slaney to hasten on through Bagot Street; he detested it because it was full of lawyers, by whom he was cheated out of the fortune that his father forgot to leave him.

Determined to end the night as they had begun the

day, in sociability, the whole party proceeded to Sally M'Lean's, the Lady Abbess of Stafford Street. SIR SHAWN had two objects in view, his own whim to gratify, and the humane one of saving Miss Kettlewell from getting into a pretty kettle of fish with her employer, who would be sure to send her supperless to roost if she went home without a *gulpin* and a dirty wardrobe to boot. A word or two of poor Sally and her establishment for the benefit of mankind; she is now under the sod, but the good she did, is not, like Cæsar's,

‘Buried with his bones’;

many a *blood*, and many a *blowen* remember her with gratitude. Dublin could have spared a better woman; Tom Byrne wrote an ode to her memory, which every *cherubim* in Anglesea Street chaunted as a response to her departed soul.

Sally never had less than a round dozen of beauties under her tuition; in truth, if they were not *first-rate* beauties they would not do, for Sally dealt only with *first-rate* customers. Like her predecessor Peg Plunket, whom the Lord Lieutenant patronized for her many useful qualities, she never inveigled the innocent into her snares, and in many instances rescued the unwary from destruction, and sent them home to their friends, pure and unsullied. Sal was very liberal to her friends, and would make little of spending ten pounds on a supper to welcome an old *cock* back to the *hen-roost*.

Sally had prepared a sound lecture for her lost mutton, but the sight of SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY at once disarmed her rage; she assumed a jesuitical smile,



and welcomed the Baronet and his friends with an air of modesty which the Devil can assume to suit his purposes. Sal could not help glancing a suspicious eye over Poll; the wet and dirty state of her garments made her suspect she had been indulging her *penchant* for low company, and trembled for her valuables; however, she twigged the *tatler* in her bosom and was satisfied. BRIAN BORU did not like this visit to a house of ill-fame; some country scruples still hung about his conscience, and he had not yet forgot the lessons his mother gave. A few bumpers of sparkling champagne drove all his modesty to the back door, and the entrance of Sal's aviary of game made his eyes sparkle with glee; they had just risen, hastily slipped on their knocking-jackets, tied round the waist with a blue ribbon, on which was inscribed in gold letters the family motto:

‘To wake the soul by gentle strokes of art.’

SIR SHAWN recognized some new faces, and Grammachree knew them all: there was Judy from Ballyshannon—Tiny from Ballinderry—Lezzy from Ballin O'Muck—Sukey from Ballindoyle—Peg Trimbush from Ballingahinch—Kate Karney from Ballyhock—Fanny Tumbleup from Ballyshag—and all the Ballys in Ireland had furnished a copy from human nature to oblige Sally M'Lean.

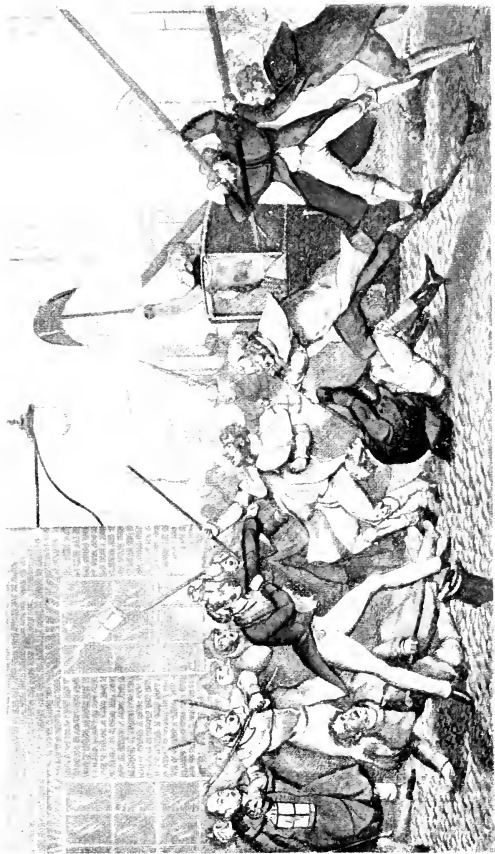
Mirth and fun was the order of the night; SIR SHAWN and BRIAN danced till they were tired, and Mucalroy the Irish piper swore he could play no longer, and his bags were dry, though they had been wetted every half tune. Grammachree beat time with his one leg, and

made as much noise as the best. It was not the intention of our heroes to accept of bed and board, though another bottle would have pinned them to the tail of a duckling till morning. A ten pound note contented Sally, and a good supper pleased the wenches; SIR SHAWN O'DOHERTY made Poll Kettlewell a handsome present, in order to appease Sal when he was gone. Sal offered her chariot with the bays and greys, but it was declined, and a chair having been provided for the Captain, out they sallied, singing

Right leg, left leg, upper leg, under leg,  
Patrick's Day in the morning.

A more good-humoured fellow in his cups did not exist than SIR SHAWN, nor a more mischievous one. The Devil does not hate holy-water more than a Dublin boy does a watchman, and some obstruction our hero had met with from these disturbers of the peace, rankled in his mind, and always came uppermost when he was mellow.

In making way down Dame Street with distended lungs, that made many an old maid pop her head out of the window, and enquire 'If the rebels were up, and ravishment going to begin,' an unfortunate *Charley* blundered out of Trinity Lane, and trod on the toes of SIR SHAWN O'DOHERTY. With one blow of his fist he levelled him on the pavement, and with one kick of his foot sent his lanthorn across the street into a pane of the Commercial Building's window on the first floor. The rattles sounded left and right, like a storm of play-house hail, and the *great-coated boobies* came pouring down to the charge like pigs in a gale of wind. Our



Portrait of Robert W. Allen, Esq.

ERLAN BURT ESQ. & Co. of New York City, by order of the Trustees of the American Bible Society.



heroes scorned to fly. 'By Jasus!' said SIR SHAWN, 'if ever I run from a watchman may I be piked with a pitchfork for a rebel!'—'And if I do,' said BRIAN, 'may the Devil run a hunting with my soul!'—To it they went; 'Lather away wid your oak stick!' was the cry; and in five minutes the guardians of Suffolk-street, Crow-street, and Parliament-street were thrown off their *guard* on the flags, with black eyes and broken heads. Lanthorns rung in the air like shells in an engagement; and one, propelled by the sinewy hoof of BRIAN BORU, fell right upon the *Lundy-taker* of Serjeant Mulrany, who was hastening to the scene of action with a file of police ruffians. 'Och, by my soul!' cried the Serjeant, 'tis only the watchmen getting kilt by the College boys; sweet bad luck to them, and all that take their part, dead or alive!' when picking up the lanthorn, and rubbing his nose, he marched off, d——ng 'the lazy leather-eared thieves, and those that appointed 'em.'

The battle, though very unequal, was most manfully contested, when a blow from the stick of a huge overgrown Castle-fed watchman laid BRIAN BORU on his all-fours. The chairman who carried Capt. Grammachree bawl'd out, 'Fair play, my honeys! let him up.'—'Let him up!' bellowed Guardy; 'by Jasus, if you had as much trouble to get him down as I have, you wouldn't be in a hurry to let him rise again.'—'Och, and if that be the go,' said the chairman, 'here's at you! it never shall be said we stood by to see a man foul used, and not to try to *rescuat* him.' Out came the poles, and descended upon the *Charleys*, like Oscar with his iron flail thrashing the spirits of the clouds. They fell on every side; and BRIAN, once more upon

his pins, paid the reckoning for his fall in noble style. Grammachree, unable to move for want of his timber toe, shoved off the chair top, and elevating his hat upon his cane, halloo'd 'Cut away for life and death in Dublin! and fill the gutters for dogs, cats, and sausage-makers to-morrow morning.'

At this moment who should arrive to witness the fray but old Ned Mulrony the chimney-sweep. SIR SHAWN made a dash at his *three-tier wig*, and just as Thorn Shederrick ran at him with open jaws, bawling 'Pace! in the King's name!' rammed it bang into his mouth, and down his throat for aught I know to the contrary, and at the same time he tipped him a left-handed *clink* on the *mazzard*, which put his *pimple* in *chancery*, making the whites of his *blinkers* turn up, like a fool in want of a friend's advice.

This and the appearance of Town-Major Sirr with the Castle guard, put an end to the row. The Major took the honour of our heroes for their appearance next morning before the Lord Mayor, and BRIAN, who had lost the skirts of his coat, threw the Sweep's chimney-cloth over his shoulder, and both staggered off bare-headed, leaving Grammachree to find his way home with the chairmen, who trotted off with him the instant they beheld Major Sirr; 'for, bad luck to him!' said they, 'dident he shoot Fitzgerald that was a Lord, and won't he shoot us two-legged poneys in a *pig's whisper* widout any *remorsefulness*?' Those who have been in Dublin when the nation was *up*, knew that after nine at night no one could tramp the streets without a pass, wanting which you stood a prime chance of having a soldier's bayonet *passed* through your *potatoe bag*. This

had been a matter of consideration before our party left Sally M'Lean's, and fortunately the Captain had been served with the copy of a writ some days before, which he handed to BRIAN BORU, remarking, 'A soldier has no business to read or even open his mouth, except to answer his name and bite off the end of his cartridge, and a policeman don't know A from Z, or the Lord God from Tom Bell; so shew 'em this and swear 'tis a pass from the Castle.'

In Dawson-street our motley pair were hailed with 'Halt! who comes there? you think I can't see you in the dark!'

'— Friend to the guard,  
And liegeman to the Dane.'

'The Devil d——n you!' said Corporal Kilkenny, 'but on my conscience you look like a pair of Dirty Lane *croppies*, ready to rob a whipping-post for the hide and tallow!' 'Devil whip your soul out!' said BRIAN; 'save and except *chateing* the revenue by brewing a drop of comfort, I'm as loyal as yourself, and paid for the coat on my back, that's more than you did, wid your *lobster* back and *verdigrease* belly.' 'Bad fortune to him that would give a *crawley* for such a blackguard's coat!' retorted the corporal, eyeing the chimney-sweep's cloth which BRIAN had forgotten hung in tatters from his shoulders. BRIAN produced the writ as a Castle passport, which the Corporal tried vainly to read by the light of Inspector Lee's three gas lights before his *little house* wid only one parlour window. No wonder the Corporal could not make it out; he was taught to read *second hand*, like a husband's childer by the first wife, or a Lord of the Admiralty.

‘Arrah, man!’ said BRIAN, ‘can’t you see the name of Hardwicke and Wickham there in the corner?’ ‘Bad manners to your impudence! do you think I can’t read because I loves to take time upon my duty? sure and I’ve seen the name of *Vice-boy Hardwig* and Secretary *Wigham* as often as ——. Here, a file of you see these *jontlemen* safe home, and if they be after giving you a few tenpennies I’ll have you tried for taking bribes if you don’t bring them to Corporal Kilkenny for his opinion on the same; you always have that for nothing, which is all the share of any thing you’ll ever get from me.’

BRIAN soon found himself in Morrison’s Hotel, and SIR SHAWN, after a strict ablution, bundled into bed in Merion Square. Whilst he slept dreaming of the follies of a day, BRIAN, who possessed a harder head, called for a bowl of punch, pen, ink, and paper, and invoked his Connaught Muse to inspire him with

### LIFE IN DUBLIN!

#### SONG

#### *DUBLIN NUISANCES, or DOWN WITH THE WATCHMEN*

TUNE—‘Our Polly is a sad slut.’

Sure Sally is a sad slut,  
 What would the jade be a’ter?  
 So well she knows the game of put,  
 You’d think the Devil taught her;  
 So tight and trim she keeps the girls,  
 So nice and so enticing,  
 That he who looks, or he who sleeps,  
 Sees something—aye, surprising.



Like Stafford Street there is no place  
For pleasure in dear Dublin,  
'Tis there amongst the babes of grace  
(Your conscience never troubling)  
You'll surely find an empty purse,  
Likewise an aching head, Sir,  
And surely you the day will curse  
You went at night to bed, Sir.

The trouble too of creeping home,  
As if you were an ass, Sir,  
With hawker's licence meant to roam,  
Or beggar with a pass, Sir ;  
By police rogues—by soldiers stopt,  
Demanding who you are, Sir,  
Gaz'd at as though a rebel cropt,  
A lion, or a bear, Sir.

Ensnar'd in many awkward toils  
By those who strive to catch men,  
When napping and engag'd in broils  
With thundering lazy watchmen ;  
Bad luck to all the vill'nous set,  
They keep the street in riot,  
But we'll be down upon 'em yet,  
And bang them till they're quiet.

They wake you forty times a night  
With hoarse and hideous squalling,  
They wake even children in a fright,  
Like cats a caterwauling.  
Now in the street, now in the yard,  
A man can't to a girl go,  
Without the Watchman's fond regard  
He's always on the sly go.

If any one's the watchman's friend,  
He is the Devil's too, Sir ;  
I wish the world were at an end,  
For him to get his due, Sir ;

As he who stops the honest folks  
 In pleasure's pathway toiling,  
 Deserves to be in iron yokes  
 On hell's gridiron broiling.

From BRIAN BORU counsel take,  
 Altho' he comes from Galway,  
 His med'cine cures the stomach ache,  
 And *love pains* in a small way ;  
 For if you crack a watchman's *scran*  
 (And sport it would afford here),  
 The judge would make the brute a MAN  
 And hang you for his MURDER !

On every side rise, IRISHMEN !  
 For one and all you hate them,  
 Like turf *spat*, count them off by ten,  
 And never over-rate them.  
 'Down, down with watchmen !' be the cry,  
 Those enemies to joy, Sir,  
 At night then Irish girls may fly  
 To meet their Irish boys, Sir.

BRIAN and his friend both rose with aching heads in the morning, and hastened, as bound in honour, to appear before the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and answer the charges to be made against them by the Damestreet heroes. It is waste of time to describe the Mayor, or his hall of audience. Which amongst us has not seen an ould *spatter-dashed bog-trotter* counting his pigs on a Saturday night in the gable-end room of his cabin, wid a hole in the top to let in the air and let out the smoke? I say no more ; comparisons are odious ; I mustn't meedle with big folks ; be it so. None of the watchmen appeared ; *tirteen* were ashamed to say

they had been beat by two, and Major Sirr's honour forbade him to expose the strength of his loyal gang. Ned Mulraney, the real Dublin chimney-sweep, who cleaned all the dirty holes ten miles round, Ned alone came forward in company with a watchman as an unwilling witness. 'What have you to say, Ned?' asked the Lord Mayor. 'Plase your honoured Worship and glory, I accuses that there hungry watchman with *ateing* my wig, and that there *jontleman* wid feeding him upon it.' 'How 's this?' echoed old Turtle Soup. 'I thought you watchmen were not quite such hungry dogs as to love dirty pudding?' 'By my best Brush,' said Blackee, 'my wig was cleaner than your Lordship's, for it was wanting flour and sweat, but as I won't afford to pay a tax, I won't be let to keep my head in a stink; I only say that I saw my *good* wig go down that *bad* man's ugly mouth, along with that *jontleman's* hand, and the devil a string of the good goat's hair did I ever see more; so, plase your honour, the giver or receiver should certainly pay me for my wig and the *could* I have got, and the rheumatism, and the neck twingers, and the sea voyage I have had across the Custom House ferry to come here, for what's neither here nor there, I mean Justice.'

The watchman acknowledged swallowing his own front teeth, but swore he had disgorged the wig as good as new in the gutter. SIR SHAWN settled the matter by a few pounds; the watchman wished he had a set of bones to dispose of every night at the same price, and Blackee said he could buy twenty such wigs for the price of a glass of whiskey and a *promise* any day at the door of the Four Courts, Marshalsea.

SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY and BRIAN BORU, ESQ., then retired, heartily laughing at last night's frolic; *not* determined to be more circumspect in future, but resolved upon the next attack to be better prepared both with weapons and with friends; 'for,' said SIR SHAWN, 'I had nothing in my hand but my stick, which was under my arm.' 'And I,' said BRIAN BORU, 'had nothing in my hand but my fist, which was the only thing that encumbered my movements.'

END OF CHAPTER V.

## CHAPTER VI

Morning—SIR SHAWN roused by GRAMMACHREE singing 'Paddy, now the King's come!'—SIR SHAWN'S yacht—A fresh breeze in Pool Bag—A blunder between two bulls—A Danish broker broke down in the Bay of Dublin—Custom House yacht—Cork hooker—Landing on the Pier—Royal squad—Landing of the King—Glorious reception—Pat's welcome to KING GEORGE.

THE morning sun rose in unusual splendour over the mountains of Wicklow; it shone upon Counsellor Colback's airy cottage, and made it appear as white as a mushroom upon a large dunghill. The Hill of Howth was skirted by his rays in the same manner that Jupiter threw his garment over Leda, and appeared at a distance like a half-burnt cinder, from which ascended smoke in profusion.

The valleys and slopes fencing the barriers of Dunderum, and old Gifford's country seat, were clad in emerald green, and the rays of the sun *squinting* upon them, made the whole look as spangles upon a Spanish cloak, or dewdrops upon a thistle or a soiled shamrock. The Harbour of Howth was as open as the Bay of Dublin, and as empty as a member mug when it is half full of slops. Why should it not? Every boat, barge, and wherry had been disgorged from it at full tide to make room for—who? Why, who the Devil do you

think? It wasn't for you, nor me, for the Viceroy or Kilmainham gaoler, or Major Sirr, or the finisher of the law in Green Street, or any other great man in Dublin; but it was for the King! Aye, blood and turf! for the King himself! the King of Ireland! 'Long looked for come at last!' bellowed Captain Grammachree, as he rushed into SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY'S bedroom, and continued dancing up and down like the fellow in London Streets, who walks a hornpipe in a wooden platter upon his timber toe. 'What is the meaning of this intrusion so early?' exclaimed SIR SHAWN, as he rubbed his eyes and scratched his nightcap.

'Paddy, now the King's come!  
Paddy, now the King's come!  
Every one shall dance and sing,  
Paddy, now the King's come!'

This was the only intelligible answer to be extracted from Grammachree for some minutes, when he proceeded to state that the royal yachts were in the Bay of Dublin, and every preparation made for the King to land at Dunleary. 'By the holy poker, which never stirred an infidel fire!' said the Captain, 'tis true. I boarded Major Sirr about an hour ago, going on *horse-back* in a *curricl*e and *pair* to clear the way, and make a fair *road* upon the *water* for His Majesty's landing. All Dublin has gone off to the Black Rock, and there is not a living soul in the town but a parcel of dead pigs run over by the jingles and jaunting cars thundering down Bagot Street. Every thing that will swim has left the Liffey bang-up full of company to see the

sight. May I never blink upon a scrag of mutton, dead or alive, if I did not see a cleboy in a butcher's tray, with two beef bones for sculls, rowing down to the Lighthouse, and a poulterer's bantum-cock in a wicker basket, with a goose wing spread for a sail, steering after him. By my conscience, if you don't rise and get your yacht under way, the way will be stopped entirely; for the vessels are stuck together so thick and so close in the Bay, there aren't room for a fellow to fall over and be drowned comfortably like a gentleman.'

Up sprung the Baronet; he was, it is true, a *raal* Irishman, but loyal to the backbone; he had the misfortune, like many others, to have some of his relations hung up amidst wind and weather during the rebellion, but that is so common a thing, that it is never reflected upon; true it is that in genteel Dublin company, no one will be so rude as to mention a halter; the cap would fit so many, that they would be sure to quarrel for it. SIR SHAWN was truly loyal, and he looked upon the dissensions amongst his countrymen as arising more from religious animosities, than any defect in the government or antipathy to the ruling powers; he made proper allowances for the *whiskeyfied* temper of honest Pat, and was willing to believe that all his errors were those of the head and not of the heart; and as he was a good subject himself, he inclined to believe all around him were the same; he had nothing to hope for or wish from Government; his fortune was immense, and he would not have exchanged the title of SIR SHAWN O'DOHERTY for Lord of Ireland.

'Gram,' said SIR SHAWN, 'stump and call up BRIAN BORU—and then be down upon the Quay—order my

yacht into Pool Bag—tell Connolly to send on board a cold dinner and wines—bring up the boat to Jacob's Hotel—buy me a sky-blue scarf and white ribbons—tell Lady Demiquaver to meet me in one hour—run up to Smithfield, and tell Wilson to send my horses down to Howth, with a man upon each of them to help in adding splendour to the King's landing—then go to Mountjoy Square and say I can't see his Lordship until we meet, as I shall be all day engaged—call into Lundy's for a cannister as you come over Carlisle Bridge—hasten here, by that time I shall be dressed, and then I'll tell you what else you can do to oblige me.' 'By the powers of Moll Kelly!' smiled Gram, 'if I begin at the end I shall be soonest done; for, by Jasus! your orders are as long as a messman's bill to a poor Ensign who has run tick for a military quarter of a year; but here goes to rouse BRIAN BORU, and you clap your rigging over head as quick as possible.'

BRIAN BORU slept as sound as Oscar of old, who never awoke until he had three or four limestones thrown at his head; and it was not until Grammachree had hauled him out of bed by the shirt collar, and placed his nether end upon the marble, that he opened his peepers, and growled, 'What the Devil do you want with me, in God's name?' 'To see the King,' said Gram, 'he's in the bay; 'tis now nine o'clock, all Dublin has left the City, and so must you, to meet him.'

BRIAN rang his bell for Patrick Mooney, who deliberately staggered upstairs drunk. 'Well, Sir,' said his master, 'who made you a beast?' 'The King, your honour! the King's to blame, and poison work thy



will. All day last night, I've been drinking his health and success to Paddy's land; sure if he hadn't come, I hadn't got drunk; but *belave* me I'm sober enough to have cleaned your boots, brushed your coat, black-balled your breeches, and scraped your downhall to the nines.'

BRIAN was never long vexed; he smiled at Mooney, ordered him to bring up a *freshener* for Gram, and huddled on his clothes with the expedition of a mail-coach guard who has slept ten minutes beyond his time. 'Here,' said Gram, as he lifted the raspberry to his lips, 'is the King's health, and may the God of Ireland bless Ireland's King': 'Amen!' said BRIAN BORU, as he pulled on his left-*handed* boot. 'You're selfish in that toast, my friend Gram, you are mighty selfish; there will be a *brevet* promotion, and you expect to be raised to the rank of Major—Major Domina over the Devil and his twelve special jurymen that tried Tom Paine; of whom it might be said—

Here lies in earth a root o' hell,  
Set by the Deil's ain dibble:  
The worthless body damn'd himsel',  
To save the Lord the trouble.'

To save my reader's patience, a boat was procured at the Coal Quay, and SIR SHAWN with his party got upon Howth Pier just at the instant the Lightning Packet ran alongside. 'The immense crowds that are off to Dunleary,' said SIR SHAWN, 'are on a wrong scent. I have private information the King is on board Skinner's packet; and there he comes! in his blue coat and hairy cap.'

The crowds assembled heard this, and rent the air with cheers as His Majesty stepped on shore. SIR SHAWN seized one of his extended hands, and BRIAN the other, and amidst the heartfelt applause of multitudes he stepped into his coach and drove away. 'By my soul!' said BRIAN BORU, 'and I am after pitying all Dublin that is waiting on the Dunleary road for a sight of the King; and how condescending for him to land amongst us, and the devil a soldier to attend him.' 'No,' said SIR SHAWN, 'he trusts in the well-known loyalty of Irishmen's hearts. We are the King's friends, and if we do quarrel amongst ourselves, it is not the King's fault, who frequently says of old Ireland, that she is truly noble, "for all her sons are brave, and all her daughters virtuous."'

'You'll soon be a Major, Gram,' said BRIAN, 'and drink the King's health in a brevet bumper.'

'Major be crucified, for what I care! I want no promotion; I have my pension, my half-pay, and my wooden leg to live upon. All the *active* service I can do my King must be wid my tongue, and by this drop of whiskey that goes over it I swear, it shall wag in his praise till the sense of *smelling* has quitted my mouth for ever.'

'Well said, my hearty!' returned BRIAN BORU; 'I was only in jest. I am well assured you want no stimulus to make you loyal, nor do you want any promotion; and I'll tell thee, friend Gram, whilst there is a bit of timber on my estates in Galway, thou shalt never want a wooden leg to support thee upright, or an Irishman's hand with a purse in it to supply thy necessities.'



*His Majesty landing on the Per at Howth*







Illustration by H. Allen, Esq.

CAMP STAMMIA GIERRE  
The "Paddy" Whack in his "Wagon" on his way to the Car.  
party on their journey to meet the Car.

‘The devil necessitate you! Here he is himself! Och, and by my soul, in the *raal* rig. Twig the sky-blue scar, see the knot of white ribbon pinned to it by O’Connel, and pledged by Sir Edmund Stanley, as a proof of the union of souls, met to receive Old Ireland’s King. SIR SHAWN, you’re mighty welcome as you’re come, but your absence wou’dn’t have offended us. What do you want?’ ‘Want! you rogues; your delectable company. My yacht is in the Bay, my barge waiting for us at Ringsend, and I am waiting for your company.’

Away they ran but soon stopped; ‘Call a coach,’ said SIR SHAWN. ‘Coach! coach!’ bellowed Gram in true military tone. ‘Here’s a coach, your honour’s worship and glory,’ said a —; by the holy Jasus! I didn’t know what to call him, he hadn’t a rag on his back, but he was a rag-bunch altogether; he hadn’t a foot to his shoe, or a head to his hat. ‘Here’s a coach, your Mightiness!’ ‘Why,’ said SIR SHAWN, ‘tis only a car.’ ‘Never mind, your honour, if it is a car, there is no other coach upon the stand; so needs must when the Devil drives!’ ‘Oh, if you are the Devil, for once I will place myself under your black protection.’ In jumped the Baronet, BRIAN followed and lolled upon the hay like an over-fed beast in a haggart; Gramma-chree hitched over the side rail, and unscrewing his leg began the tune of ‘Paddy Whack’ in fine style. The truth was, Gram loved music, and he had a fife wooden-leg. I am told Lord Fife, of discarded memory, invented the instrument, but no matter; he ‘could play any ting on de fife,’ and he did it in the present instance.

‘Are you all in?’ said the ugly thief-looking driver, ‘are you all in?’ ‘All here, my hearty, drive along.’ ‘That I will; but sure your honour won’t hinder a body from arning a tenpenny; here’s a *gemman* wants to send his pig to meet the king’s arrival; ’tis a talking pig, a walking pig, and a very loyal pig, for he never grunts except he is ordered; it will sleep between your knees as cool and as quiet as Mrs. W—— when she ran to the Marquis of A——.’ ‘Admit the pig,’ said SIR SHAWN, ‘drive on!’

Away they went; Bloody Bridge was soon passed over, Hungry Hill not noticed, the car drove up to Mother Coogan’s door at Ringsend, and Miss Pebby appeared at the door to welcome the party. Here old Evans shewed his well painted face, and demanded to stand pilot for SIR SHAWN O’DOGHERTY. ‘Didn’t I,’ says he, ‘pilot your great grandfather out of Dublin Bay forty years ago? and was he not drowned by my direction, inasmuch as you see I didn’t see the rock that sunk the vessel, and never again *seed* him till he was dead as a herring.’ ‘You shall be my pilot,’ said the Baronet, ‘and now we are off, for I want to be at Howth in the twinkling of an eye; my yacht’s in the Bay.’ ‘Come along,’ said Murphy; ‘All’s well; I’ll bring you to the Pier before you can say Murphy, will you drink! May be you mane to ask me now, and keep me from telling a lie.’ ‘Good!’ said SIR SHAWN; ‘tip him a whistler, and let us be moving.’ Away ran the car, and in twenty minutes they stepped on board the Baronet’s yacht, and steered away free for Dunleary.

Those who have not been in the Bay of Dublin can form but a very inadequate idea of its beauties; I can-



didly confess myself unequal to the description upon this occasion ; perhaps it shone with additional lustre. The lofty Wicklow Mountains, alternately shaded with the liveliest emerald green and russet brown, rising in stupendous grandeur towards a sky unruffled by a single cloud, the numerous magnificent seats and neat country boxes sprinkled from their exalted summits to the margin of a sea as smooth as glass and clear as crystal, on which rode in naval pomp and national pride, the royal squadron, and thousands of vessels of every description, from the dashing yacht of SIR SHAWN O'DOHERTY to the humble fishing-cobble of the industrious nightly toiler upon the main, all filled from the keel to the mast-head with holiday groups, eager to give their King a loyal welcome to Paddy's Land.

The Hill of Howth, covered with innumerable spectators in their gayest attire, and flags and streamers waving from every house and every steeple in country and town, formed a *coup de œil* never surpassed, and worth all the coronation ceremonies ever witnessed in London, where tinsel, foil, spangles, velvet, silk, sweat, and dust are overpowering the hired and lazy adulators who mingle in the homage due to a King, only because it was an ancient custom to do so, and in which the immediate sentiments of the heart have no share. Here was a scene ;

‘ The feast of Reason, and the flow of soul ’ ;

here was a sight which angels might exult to view, a liberal and just King crowned by the approbation of a grateful, loyal, and noble nation. Compared to this, how poor every cut-and-dried ceremony, whether in the

gloomy aisles of cloistered and monastic superstition, or in the chivalric hall of ancient days, where beardless knights in pasteboard and buckram armour make a mockery of the days gone by, and

‘ Wig-crown’d priests display with pomp and art,  
Religion’s every feeling—but the heart.’

However, I am partial to keeping up old customs rendered sacred by their antiquity ; it makes us better acquainted with the characters of our brave forefathers ; renders us more emulous of their virtues, their courage, and national enthusiasm.

The blazing of the royal yacht, glittering with more than Eastern splendour, and the Pier of Dunleary crowded with the well-marshalled procession and superbly dressed elegant females, such as Ireland only can boast, were objects that attracted the attention of BRIAN BORU as they pressed on through the numerous groups of vessels that surrounded them.

The silken streamers and flags displayed by SIR SHAWN were much admired, and every now and then a royal salute from his brass cannon drew the eyes of every one towards him. BRIAN, who let nothing pass his observation, exclaimed, ‘ By the powers ! but the royal yacht reminds me of a classic description I have read about Cleopatra’s galley sailing down the Cydnus to meet Marc Anthony, when the oars kept time to the music.’ Lady Demiquaver very shrewdly remarked, ‘ The comparison won’t hold good ; Cleopatra’s galley had oars but no sails, the Royal Yacht has sails but no oars ; besides, BRIAN, where is your Cleopatra, the female commander ? you don’t mean to compare the

King to a woman? Had you said Marc Anthony's galley, 'twould have been nearer the mark.' 'No, pardon me, my Lady,' interrupted BRIAN, 'Anthony was a blackguard, and King George is known to be a *raal* gentleman by birth, education, right, and title.'

At this moment some guns which were fired from the Martello Towers broke the conversation, and BRIAN eagerly enquired if these little round-houses were made for the purpose of firing a welcome, or for what? SIR SHAWN referred him to Evans the pilot, who knew every stone in and around the Bay, if you chose to take his word for it. 'By the life of my dead grandmother, whose soul I've been paying the priest to pray out of purgatory these seven years!' said Evans, 'I can't tell what to call these things; we call them castles in the air, but men in the *Hordnance Apartment* call them Myrtello Towers. These four betwixt Dalkey and Irish Town cost *tirteen* thousand pounds in the building; they are *bam* proof, with one gun exposed on the top, and the only door by which you can enter them is a window thirty feet from the ground. When you are in you pull up the ladder in the same manner they did in Sukey Brawn's sky parlour in war time, when she hid the longshore boys from the press as long as their money lasted, and when that was gone pressed them to be gone off wid a kick that pitched 'em head foremost from the trap-door into the arms of their body-hunters; but the best on't is, Sir, God help the while! they were meant to sink the French ships then and there *inspected* to invade us; but, by my soul! when they came to survey the sea before them, it was found that neither big ship nor little ship or small boat

could find water enough to swim within two miles of them ; so whilst they were peppering the shallow water with shot, in spite of their shallow pates the enemy could land from deep water anywhere on t'other side, where there is not so much as a pop-gun to *impose* them ; however, they are mighty handy for fishing parties to go into on a Sunday evening, and take their whiskey and cold collation in comfort. Many a one thinks they were built for no other use but to accommodate evening parties, and put a few tenpennies into the hand of the ould soldier that keeps them clean to receive company.'

This account of the pilot's was not by any means embellished ; the thing is a truism, and the Martello Towers near Dublin stand as monuments of the national folly and extravagance which paid for their erection, and the stupidity of the fellow who planned their situations.

It reminds me of an Irish country gentlemen, who had a small streamlet running through his domain into a fine bay about two miles distant. Ambitious to have a big sloop built from the timber off his own ground, he consulted an Irish country ship-builder upon the best mode of doing it on a certain spot ; the thing was soon arranged, a ship laid upon the edge of the brook, and a vessel begun and finished in less than a year ; but behold ! when the time for launching this Irish essay into the river came, it was found the vessel drew five feet water, and there was only one in the river. The gentleman reproached the architect for deceiving him : 'By Jasus ! No,' said the old ship-cooper ; 'had you ordered me to build a ship upon the Sugar-loaf

Mountain I'd have done it, but as to water for floating her in, sure that was none of my business, but rested with God Almighty and yourself to look after.'

The sloop was converted into a summer-house, so have the Martello Towers: thus the implements of destruction and business are turned into sources of good humour and laziness; and I don't know but it is better they should. Thanks to the magnanimity of the Holy Alliance and the climate of St. Helena, we have no occasion for Martello Towers, as we have no enemies, and we want no ships, as we have no commerce.

What with the noise of the artillery, and the howls of rapture from the delighted nobility, gentry, and mobility, the scene was richly imposing. The ladies of the squares and the judies of the cellars vied with each other in stentorian shouts and bodily exertions of applause. Parasols, cabbage nets, oyster towels, India fans, muslin handkerchiefs, and twisted aprons mingled in the air to give grace to the ceremony.

'To sing them all requires a thousand tongues,  
A throat of brass and adamantine lungs.'

There in beauteous array, with Turkish turbans crowned with Irish Shamrocks, gilt with gold leaf, and festooned with diamonds,

'Grace in their steps, Heaven in their eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love,'

there moved the matchless Irish fair, at the sight of whom in bloodless pomp arrayed,

'Age feels new vigour, youth with eager gaze  
Enchanted stands, and has not power to praise';

beside them, cheek by jowl, the humbler damsels from the Bogs of Allen, the Mountains of Mourne, the Coal Quay, Ringsend, and Irish Town, ran and bellowed with rapture the name of their King; even they had their beauties—

‘ Charms valued most when earth’s in darkness clad,  
Too strong for nostrils and for sight too bad;  
But great to move, when whiskey’s torrents roll,  
The noblest passions of poor Paddy’s soul.’

No matter, they had honest, open hearts, bodies, sound wind and limb, and all of them loved the King as sincerely as they did their husbands.

Fastidious and sulky must the man have been who could peep under the poke bonnet of titled rank, or the cabbage-leaf cut *toppar* of rosy, coloured labour, and not find a face and a look to please him. ‘All around, high and low, wherever a petticoat waves in the gale of exultation at a Sovereign’s approach,’ said BRIAN BORU,

‘ Fair beauty meets the adoring eye,  
Heaven’s graces on my fancy shine,  
I see the sire of love on high,  
And vow his work indeed divine.’

Our heroes now made sail for the Liffey; an elegant cold collation was soon done justice to; the sparkling champagne gave a zest to the scene; the sailors had whiskey galore, and as the bark lightly danced over the waves, the band played favourite airs, and BRIAN BORU once more invoked his Galway muse, and in a manly way sang extempore to a beloved Irish tune, which the music accompanied to his voice.

*THE KING'S WELCOME TO DUBLIN BAY*

BY BRIAN BORU

TUNE—'Mary le More.'

'Twas a dark dreary morn when, by hemlock surrounded,  
 The genius of Ireland reclined on the heath ;  
 By her side speckled daisies and crow-flowers abounded,  
 Where glitter'd the blade of rebellion and death.  
 ' Arise from thy musing ! ' stern Justice loud cried,  
 ' Arise, son of Eiren ! nor droop as a slave,  
 Tread bold o'er the land of thy forefathers' pride,  
 Emerald Isle in the ocean ! fond seat of the brave ! '

Behold how yon sun now emerges to glory,  
 And blessings diffuses to millions around ;  
 Behold where a British King now stands before ye,  
 The first that, in peace, ever trod Irish ground ;  
 He comes to dispense that soul-healing balm,  
 Which lifts into manhood the soul of the slave,  
 Thy storms of wild passion to tranquilly calm,  
 Emerald Isle of the ocean ! dear land of the brave !

Oh ! dear is the shamrock that decks thy green vales,  
 Oh ! dear the shellelagh, whose branches ascend,  
 Wide-spreading its leaves towards the light gales  
 Conveying to Ireland, KING, FATHER, and FRIEND ;  
 Thou bright star of Brunswick ! for ever to shine,  
 Long, long may thy banners o'er green Eiren wave ;  
 She meets thee, she greets thee ; ah ! never repine,  
 Thou art lov'd by green Eiren, the land of the brave.

When the world was at war, and Peace from on high  
 Look'd down and with tears saw all Europe in blood,  
 The Genius of Britain—THE KING turn'd his eye,  
 And stopt in its progress the pestilent flood.  
 He comes to green Eiren ! and soft be the breeze  
 That flows from our mountains to cherish the wave,  
 Which bears on its bosom a King form'd to please  
 The children of Eiren—the sons of the brave.

All hail, thou bright sun ! and blest be those beams  
 Shedding light and inducing the shamrock to spring ;  
 Rear, Eiren ! thy mountains, and pour forth thy streams,  
 To welcome thy Guardian, thy Friend, and thy King.  
 He comes, and is armed with power and justice,  
 Despising the cant of each politic knave,  
 In great GEORGE the Fourth our trust and our stay is,  
 We live but to love him—the sons of the brave.

Oh ! hark to that sound—'tis the whisper of peace,  
 And heard ye not passing that tremulous sigh ?  
 'Twas Happiness breathing strains never to cease,  
 Unanimous all for their Sovereign would die.  
 Thou heaven-rob'd Saint ! ah, St. Patrick look down  
 On an Island thou lov'd and did'st perish to save,  
 Spread thy hands from on high and immortally crown  
 The King of Old Ireland—the land of the brave.

Fill a bumper ! no sky-lights on such an occasion,  
 'Tis to drink your King's health with your soul and your  
 heart,

He is now in the arms of the whole Irish nation,  
 From such friends 'tis a pity he e'er should depart.  
 Stand up ! Give three cheers as the bumper goes down,  
 Here's—'The glory of England, who lives but to save,  
 May *Rose*, *Thistle*, and *Shamrock* long bloom on the Crown  
 Of the King of Old Ireland—the land of the brave.'

Whilst BRIAN was thus entertaining his friends in the cabin, Tom Evans (a fellow of infinite humour, witness the pimples on his nose, vulgarly called *grog blossoms*) did the same upon deck, and sang an *extrumpery* song, of which the following is a specimen.

Old King Cole  
 Was a jolly old soul  
 And a laughable dog was he ;  
 He call'd for his bottle, also his glass,  
 Likewise for a CUNNING and plump old lass  
 To dance to his fiddlers three.



Room, boys ! room for old King Cole,  
Who is tir'd on land to be ;  
He call'd for his Captain, a thirsty soul,  
And hied him away to the sea.  
Room, boys ! room, he's to Ireland come,  
To sip whiskey-punch so free ;—  
In the shamrock's land  
There never yet did stand  
Such a jolly old soul as he.

END OF CHAPTER VI.

## CHAPTER VII

Old KING COLE—Low Life in a cellar—Irish remedy for a drunken wife—Supper in Dawson Street—Irish Newspapers—The sun in a new head-dress—Window-tax—Typhus fever—Court of Enquiry—A steam-packet Ode to GEORGE the FOURTH—True account of the royal disembarkation at Howth—Moving Bogs—Dirty work for the k—g—Convents—Country beauties—Dick Martin—Middle men—Female tales—Irish knights—KING lands—A pillar committee—A militiaman's zeal fundamentally exemplified—L--d K—g—n—Seeing in the dark.

**I**N the midst of this jollification, the yacht came to an anchor in Pool Beg, with a Bull<sup>1</sup> on either side of her, whose roarings were most tremendous. SIR SHAWN and his party now entered the boat and proceeded to Ringsend, where they landed and footed it up to town across the Dock Gates and up the Quay.

In passing near Jacob's Hotel a female voice was heard bawling most piteously 'Murder! murder! help for the sake of God's mother!' Captain Grammachree was in the act of putting his timber toe on the first step of a cellar door, from whence the sounds issued, when a strapping blacksmith, full six feet high, popped his head up, and in answer to the enquiry of 'What the Devil's the matter?' replied, scratching his head, 'Och! your honour, it is my wife has been after getting

<sup>1</sup> The North and South Bulls are two dangerous shoals at the entrance to the Harbour of Dublin.

*whiskeyfied* because the King's come over; and she's making all this rumpus only *because* I gave her a small pat on the head wid a sledge-hammer, by way of keeping her quiet!' 'Oh, if that be all,' said Gram, 'I shan't advance a step farther. I never interfere betwixt man and wife, for if the woman's *kilt* I can do her no good, and if she's alive she has better luck than half the blacksmiths' wives in Dublin.' 'Ah,' cried SIR SHAWN, 'these fellows are very apt to mistake a woman's head for an anvil, and to hammer the rust off it every Saturday night.'

BRIAN put a few tenpennies into the fellow's hand, and told him to buy a plaster for his wife's head. 'Och, by my modesty!' said the *boy*, 'and I'll be after buying one in the shape of a noggin of stalrinky to drink the King's health in, for he's going to knock up the excisemen, and give every one *lave* to *still* their own whiskey without any licence at all at all.'

'What do you think, BRIAN, of this small specimen of Low Life in Dublin?' 'Low enough,' said BRIAN, 'for the woman's knocked down, and that in a cellar.' 'Ground-floor you mean,' said Gram; 'no Irishman of spirit would live in a cellar, unless it were well filled with the *sweet pea*, and then he would die in it.' A proud and poor Irishman being asked what part of the house he lived in, said he could scarcely tell. Is it the first floor—No; Second floor—No; Third floor—No, by Jasus! 'tis above that; I forget its name, but if the house was turned upside down I should be in the cellar.

What with the multitudes gone to Howth, Dunleary, and the Phoenix Park, Dublin appeared quite unpeopled.

Our party separated at Carlisle Bridge; Lady Demiquaver for Mountjoy Square, and the hopeful trio for Morrison's hotel, in Dawson Street, to enjoy a good supper, and some of the best port in Dublin; Morrison declares himself that more than five hundred *jontlemen* have drank themselves to death with his wine, and not one of them ever afterwards complained of the quality of the liquor.

Grammachree indulged in a nap whilst the supper was getting ready, and SIR SHAWN read a few pages of the *Correspondent Post*. 'By my truth,' said BRIAN, 'it would seem as if the Queen had died out of pure spite, to throw a damper on the King's Irish journey, but possibly, though she was a Queen, she could no more help dying than a subject; it would have been a mockery for the King to affect a sorrow he could not feel. There was only one thing in which him and his wife always agreed—cordially hating each other. The bit of crape is therefore worn, not out of affection to her memory, but honour to the station death carried her away from.' 'She is gone,' said Grammachree, who had just awoke by the smell of supper advancing, 'she is gone to heaven to wear a crown of glory.' 'Bedershin!' said BRIAN, 'and so let her rest, for she had a devilish restless time upon earth, and was glad to be going.'—Our worthies did ample justice to an excellent supper, and bumpered the health of George the Fourth more than twenty times.

'These papers,' said SIR SHAWN, 'are filled with lies from beginning to end; the King must despise the authors for their meanness and servility. I trust he does not censure a whole nation for the actions of a

few worthless individuals, whose only object is to sell their paper. Ever since the Lord Mayor of Dublin (SIR SHAWN remarked) was deputed to London for the purpose of addressing the King and Sir Billy Curtis, the Irish papers have teemed with the most sanguine hopes of "*extacies to be felt*" during the King's visit. One of these hireling prints said, "we look for His Majesty's arrival, as the wretch who has been thirty years in a dungeon looks for his liberation and a sight of the blessed sun." How far His Majesty's royal phiz may be like a sun, I am no judge, having never seen that orb in a wig and whiskers. I have heard an opposite part compared to a full moon; as the editor of the paragraph quoted is evidently "planet struck," it may be he labours under *lunar* influence, and makes one of the many kiss-my-toe fellows, who would "raise a mortal to the skies" (long before he wished to go there) from interested motives. Twenty years after the Union everything was to be in common betwixt the two countries. As a proof of it, the King is making himself common enough in all conscience.'

'I hope he didn't get more than he wished (said Gram), from shaking hands with all the dirty boys at Howth. What do you think of that fellow's impudence in asking Lord Londonderry to be after banishing the window-tax?'

My readers, perhaps, may like to know the thing Grammachree alluded to as it really happened. Lord Londonderry had not been in Dublin before since he *smuggled* the Union. An impudent Pat recognized him at Howth, and begged of him to remove the window-tax, as a slight return for having removed Dublin's

wealth and prosperity to London. His Lordship pledged his honour that he would——*consider of it!*——and no doubt but he will consider it a very proper tax to be kept up. At the time of the Union a member of the Irish Parliament said that every mountain would become a fruitful valley, and every valley a garden, and the whole land be filled with absentees. As none of these prophecies have come to pass, Pat will e'en be content with a repeal of the window-tax, which is certainly oppressive, as the only windows in an Irish cabin are the hole in the roof meant for a chimney, for which he pays a smoke-tax under the name of hearth money. The fatal typhus fever, that carried off so many hundreds in Dublin, was occasioned by breathing impure air—the poor people blocking up their windows to avoid the tax. Let us hope that his Lordship will seriously take this matter under his consideration, and try to remedy the evil.

Morrison's port now began to work in the noodle of Captain Grammachree, who got so furiously loyal, that he disturbed the whole room. One of the newspapers, not famous either for its logic or loyalty, had inserted some paragraphs highly offensive to Grammachree's principles, and he swore with an oath that he would prosecute the printer, if he pawned his wooden leg to fee Counsellor Phillips for the purpose.

'What do you think of a censorship over the press?' asked SIR SHAWN; 'perhaps Lord Londonderry may grant us that favour as a memorial of the gratitude he bears to Ireland?' 'By Jasus!' bellowed the Captain, 'there should be a court of enquiry daily sitting upon these newspapers, and the Duke of York ought to be

the president. Don't the fellow who wrote this deserve to be put under a course of military execution at the halberts? 'Tis a d——d odd sort of an Ode; I'll read it, and then say if the pillory is not too good for the writer.'

*A STEAM-PACKET ODE*

OCCASIONALLY STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

Hush'd be every ruder breath,  
 Still as in the arms of death;  
 Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread,  
 That shook the earth with thund'ring tread?  
 'Twas GEORGE descending from the blast  
 Of steam, that scorch'd the *Lightning's* mast.

I mark'd his wig,  
 Portentous big,  
 His whiskers glued from ear to ear,  
 His snout turn'd upward like a pig  
 That sneer'd, and snuff'd the Irish air.

From Conway's height he labour'd down,  
 On Anglesea his weight descends,  
 Plinlimmon sinks beneath his frown,  
 Gwindu low in dust attends.

Lo! he wags his jolly sides.  
 O'er Holyhead he gaily strides!  
 Mounts the packet, stems the tides,  
 And hastes to Ireland's shore.  
 Skinner, with his single arm,  
 Keeps his body from all harm;  
 The KING's at Howth with power to charm  
 Who never charm'd before.

Mighty monarch of the seas,  
 Form'd the fair and brave to please,  
 And keep the world in awe ;  
 Lo ! he treads the Irish ground,  
 Wh—s and rogues his form surround,  
 Wide he opes his royal jaw,  
 Loud he bellows ' Eiren go bragh !'

SIR SHAWN confessed the thing was rather rude, 'but,' said he, 'every one is not obliged to praise his Majesty, and if his presence does not dispel our political animosities, it will soothe them for a while, in spite of the slander of newspapers and pamphleteers.'

Grammachree was now bundled into a hackney-coach, SIR SHAWN walked home to Merion Square, and, as it was not later than one o'clock, BRIAN called for another bottle, and sat down determined to write a full, true, and particular account of His Majesty's landing at Howth, in opposition to the lies he had read in the newspapers.

BRIAN'S muse always kept him company when he was alone, and on this occasion he had finished nearly a whole sheet of paper before he perceived he was writing in rhyme ; it was too late to retrograde, so my readers must follow his Pegasus to the end of his journey, or throw down the book, which he pleases ;—if he pleases himself, he will never offend me.

Rumour, a wicked sprite of Irish breed,  
 On which all ranks have appetite to feed,  
 Travell'd to London with dear Dublin's May'r,  
 Then backward flew upon the fields of air,  
 And whisper'd, as o'er Beggar's Bush he past,  
 'King GEORGE is coming, and that mighty fast.'



Scandal by Rumour led is often troubling  
 The minds and morals of the Cits of Dublin,  
 Though clouds and darkness dim the gazers' eyes,  
 On eagle's wings immortal Scandal flies,  
 And over Ireland's vales of nature's green,  
 Scatters pollution, blighting every scene,  
 Nips the fair flower just opening to the view,  
 And bends the Shamrock with its baneful dew,  
 Poisons domestic peace, and lights her brand  
 To mislead thousands thro' a blundering land,  
 Stops the state-wheels with foul Corruption's clog,  
 Sweeps all before it like a—moving bog.<sup>1</sup>

No matter—Scandal now has gone to rest,  
 And truth, embellished, is no more a jest.  
 The King advances, now ye Irish dames  
 Near burnt to cinders, light your amorous flames,  
 Brush your old poplins, darn your worsted lace,  
 And, if you can, put on a smiling face.  
 Pour forth, ye convents, novices in train,<sup>2</sup>  
 To hail the wanderer from the Irish main ;  
 Voluptuous love, religion blend together,  
 And trip to Howth as light as any feather ;  
 Here, haste from Connaught every mother's son,  
 And daughter, too, ye Griffins hither run ;

---

<sup>1</sup> *Sweeps all before it like a moving bog.*—The very bogs are moving towards Dublin to congratulate the *Lord of the soil*. We imagine that as he has just got rid of a foul *green bag*, which has kept him and his friends at dirty work so long and so fruitlessly, he will not readily soil his fingers or run the risk of being *bogged* again, even to settle among the Irish.

<sup>2</sup> *Pour forth, ye convents, novices in train.*—There are convents in Ireland at which young ladies are educated ; I never heard of any taking the veil. There are also convents where ladies are trained in the way they should *not* go ; one Mrs. Sarah Maclean, a celebrated Lady Abbess, has had the bad luck to die before she met with a royal patron.

Kilkenny blinkers, in your bed-gowns gay,  
 With pillar-legs and ancles wrapt in hay,  
 Mount jockey-coats, ye fair from Garryow'n,  
 And knocking-jackets, though they be fly-blown ;  
 O'er your dark brows potatoe-blossoms wave,  
 Mix'd with the shamrock from a patriot's grave.  
 Ye buck-shinned beauties haste from Enniskillen  
 In time to meet your King, if God be willing.  
 Half Scotch, half Irish, do not you be last,  
 Ye linen bleachers that adorn Belfast.  
 Lifting the Linen,<sup>1</sup> is an Irish toast,  
 Come and let George more linen-lifters boast.  
 And last, not least for standing six feet high,  
 Thy beauties, Conamara, strike the eye ;  
 Come forth, behold ! as you 're acknowledged strong  
 Led by Dick Martin, lead the raptur'd throng ;  
 Behold a scene which national love endears,  
 A hundred paupers, younger sons of peers,  
 Such as no Briton ever saw before,  
 ' All poor relations of Lord Donoughmore,'<sup>2</sup>  
 Priests, curates, bishops, and a host of wise-men,  
 From *high* commissioners down to *low* excisemen,  
 Tax-gatherers, absentees, and middlemen,  
 Advance their heads from vile Extortion's den,  
 Militia puppets, yeomanry all follow,  
 With Irish howl in English whoop and holla,  
 All prim'd with whiskey, travel nothing loath  
 O'er the poor property of poor Lord Howth,  
 To meet your King, who comes to meet your wishes,  
 To share Pat's purse, and also Shelah's kisses ;

<sup>1</sup> There is a certain period of the season, when the bleach-greens are cleared, and *lifting the linen* is a Harvest Home, in the north of Ireland.

<sup>2</sup> *All poor relations of my Lord Donoughmore.*—This is a line taken from a well-known song, which ridicules, with much truth and little feeling, the thousands of poor Hutchinsons swarming over Ireland ; it was an ancestor of this Lord's of whom Curran said, ' If the King were to make him a present of all Ireland, he would beg the Isle of Man for a potatoe garden.'

Of Irish beauties to bear off a sample,  
And leave behind—a devilish good example.  
The King advances. Ah! he comes thro' Wales  
Attended by a thousand heads and tails,  
And many a tale, ah! now unknown to song,  
With GEORGE shall sweep the Irish lyre along;  
For honest GEORGE, when youthful Prince of Wales,  
Was always partial unto female tales,  
Such as are run through volumes by Miss Burney,  
Priscilla, Wakefield, or short-handed Gurney;  
Perhaps old Sherry might his bosom fill  
With moral precepts drawn from *Fanny Hill*.  
There was a time, unknown to you or I,  
When Ireland boasted an unclouded sky,  
When honour led of every sect the van,  
And every rood of ground maintain'd its man;  
From Clontarf's sheds, forth to the battle flew  
Thousands who perish'd with the brave Boru.  
Soul of the brave! main spring in Ireland's soul!  
Who bade the tide of freedom's battle roll!  
Permit me here to breathe one solemn sigh  
To him who lays where all of us must lie!  
Oft as I muse on Ireland's deeds of yore,  
And hear the billows strike her rock-bound shore,  
Firm as the rock, I sing, her sons remain,  
That back indignant drives the roaring main;  
In peace as gentle as the lamb, whose eye  
Speaks blessings softer than a virgin's sigh!  
Mild as the hour when Hope first bless'd the brave,  
And love descended from the skies to save;  
Spirit of Boru, ah! in GEORGE it breathes;  
Twine for him, Irish dames! your brightest wreathes.  
No guards attend him, and no dark array  
Marshals his first advance to Dublin Bay;  
Plain and unvarnish'd in a cloud of steam,  
Where cannons flash not, nor where sabres gleam.  
Behold the packet scrapes the trembling shore,  
Earth groans, air thunders, and the billows roar.

‘By G—d! (says GEORGE,) I’m just in time for dinner;  
 Support me to the land, brave Captain Skinner.’  
 Skinner’s left-handed arm now led the van,  
 From hence he is the King’s right-handed man;  
 Oh! how his leaden eye with lustre glisten’d  
 When *George the Fourth* the King his packet christen’d!  
 Forth from the *Lightning* steps the mighty GEORGE,  
 Just like God Vulcan blazing from his forge;  
 His gouty toe first touch’d an Irish stone,  
 His *wholesome* leg supported flesh and bone;  
 The King’s blood, bone, and marrow all now boil  
 And fret and fume upon an Irish soil:  
 On every side, God bless his jowl! they ring,  
 The King of Ireland now in Ireland King!  
 God bless his gout! ‘Bad luck!’ a soldier cries,  
 ‘Don’t you be after spreading English lies;  
 By Jasus! I will send to right about  
 All who declare the King has grease or gout!’  
 He said, and instantly his *bagnet* enter’d  
 The part where Hudibras says honor’s center’d.  
 The caitiff fled; ‘’Tis thus,’ says Pat, ‘I’ll dish ye,  
 ‘I’m *surgeon-major* to the Down militia,  
 Pat Castlebrag’s my Colonel—never mind,  
 Make room before there, for the King’s behind!’  
 ’Tis mighty large; he comes hop, step, and jump,  
 And on the flags his feet play thump for thump,  
 Off comes the hairy cap, around he bends,  
 ‘The King’s wig’s bare; la! how he condescends!’  
 Exclaim the ladies as he treads the Pier,  
 And seems to say—‘My Irish souls, I’m here.’  
 Like musket bullets in a pancake stuck,  
 His eyes look dark, prepar’d to ‘run amuck.’  
 First noble Kingston caught his royal gaze,  
 Whose glories perish’d in a Wexford blaze,  
 When for his life he pledged the rebel crew,  
 And broke his word as every Lord can do.  
 ‘What, Kingston! Kingston! aye, my boy! you here?  
 Black-whisker’d fellow, dear from year to year,

I'm glad to see you ; that's because, you know,  
Here I must gladly see both friend and foe ;  
Still in the TON, both impudent and bright,  
Was sure to see you tho' 'twere pitch-dark night.'

Here the muse of BRIAN fell fast asleep, and I, as editor, will endeavour to keep my readers awake with a few necessary remarks.

Lord Kingston was a prisoner to the Wexford rebels in 1798; he made them some promises for his life, which General Johnson found it expedient to laugh at. He weareth a huge pair of whiskers, which is the only part of the royal livery he *puts on*. The King appeared on the Pier of Howth in a plain blue surtout and travelling cap, and shook hands cordially with all that were come-at-able; I hope he got nothing by it. Old Lord Howth is the poor proprietor of the Hill of Howth; he also welcomed the King. Once he thought to have made a good thing of the harbour formed betwixt his rock and the rock called Ireland's Eye, but the thing has turned out 'all my eye and Betty Martin.' A moderate tempest destroyed the labour of £50,000, and the thing is worse than before. There were few people to welcome the King, as more than 200,000 souls had gone to Dunleary, where he was expected to land; those who were present greeted their Sovereign most cheeringly, and he drove away in General Bloomfield's carriage, leaving behind him the *length of his foot* for Paddy to take measure of as a memorial of his landing.

Having mentioned *middlemen*, it may be right just to hint what sort of creatures they are, and of what stuff they are made.

Middlemen are a sort of rapsallion placed betwixt landlord and tenant, on purpose to oppress the latter. Where the landlord is an absentee, they are intolerable extortioners and tyrants, who stick at nothing to gain money; they keep hounds, and assume an authority far superior to the law, and the real landed proprietor is very seldom near to be appealed to; like the late Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Londonderry, who held that situation during a long life, and spent the revenues of his Bishoprick and estates in Italy. The harvest his middlemen reaped will never be forgotten in that part of the country where they had power to oppress. One of the nobles now in Ireland to welcome the King, desired his middleman to put his castle in order for his reception. 'By Jasus! my Lord,' was the reply, 'I burned it down twenty years ago as the readiest way to come at the lead which cover'd it, thinking your Lordship, after a thirty years' *abstence*, would never come here *alive* to look for a resting-place.'

His Majesty landed in Ireland on his birthday, the 12th of August 1821; he is only the second of his family that ever trod the Land of Potatoes; his brother, the sailor (if real seamen will pardon the expression), when a midshipman, lodged at Cork, in the house of one Wright, a Quaker, in Hammond's Marsh. With his usual effrontery, he took some liberties with a part of the family by no means kept for royal purposes; the Quaker mildly checked his presumption by remarking, 'Sir, your father is an honest man, he would not have done so.'

His Majesty's gout is like a Saint Helena cancer—hereditary; so we presume it accompanied him to his





*A Pillar Committee.*



Irish dominions. It is intended to erect a post or pillar on the spot where His Majesty first left his mark, but the committee can't agree on the plan to be followed; some of our *Cunning* folks are for a pillar surmounted by a pair of horns, for the horned cattle to rub against, when landed from England. Bob Steward wishes it to be made into a Whipping-post for the use of those who dare grumble at military law. Billy Biscuit proposes a crane to hoist up blubber and turtle. It is reported the person intended to be complimented, said, 'He thought a snug whiskey and punch-house, with the King's head over the door, would be as well, as he knew, from experience, how thirsty a man felt when he first lands in Ireland.' Altogether it is feared they will make a 'bocklish' of it, as Billy Biscuit is appointed to receive the subscriptions, and put them *up* to interest with the Orphans' fund.

END OF CHAPTER VII.

## CHAPTER VIII

A sight for star-gazers—Public entrance into Dublin—Jerusalem cavalry—Triumphal Arch—Lord Mayor presenting the keys of Newgate—Familiar noddings from Female friends—A royal Vulture and a stammering Marshal—A lordly pun—The King to the ladies, and God send them a safe deliverance—Lifting the linen—Major Sirr and Major Swann, or how to kill a noble rebel—Sir Billy Biscuit overgorged and laying in state on Carlisle Bridge—His eloquence, good humour, and wit—His epitaph, written by himself—Consistency of an Irish corporation—A start for the Curragh of Kildare—Loyalty mud-larking—A royal whip for a horse jockey—A Duke, a Duchess, and a drive to Phoenix Park—A visit to the theatre—BRIAN BORU, SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY, and Majesty delighted—CAPTAIN GRAMMACHREE ill of a wooden-leg rheumatism—Gets well and promoted to a Majority—Introduced to the King—Royal wit—King's embarkation and final adieu to Eiren go Bragh—A squeeze to Merion Square—Remarks upon ram skin—Morning scene—Letter from Priest Slinkem O'slack O'Whack of Grubble Town Ard, to Patrick Mooney—Compunctious visitings of BRIAN BORU on account of JUDY MACANULTY.

**I**N the morning our friends met at Moran's in Sackville Street in order to witness the ceremony of a public entry, with which his Gracious Majesty had agreed to gratify the Dublin star-gazers. SIR SHAWN and BRIAN BORU, after taking chocolate, set out for the Lodge in Phoenix Park, leaving Captain Grammachree to prepare himself with a bumper of egg-wine and the devilled leg of a turkey. The Captain, like all other

officers in the Army and Navy, was used to what is technically termed a *tiffin*; that is, a glass of grog, or some other mixed liquor, with a slice of cold salt meat, or the wing of a fowl rubbed with pepper, salt, and mustard, and then broiled to a devil. In Ireland a devilled potatoe is a favourite snack before or after dinner; it has the property of setting fire to your mouth, and it takes nearly a fire-engine of punch to quench the flame. Grammachree paid his devotions to the *tiffin* as regularly as he did to his agent on the day his half-pay became due; forsooth to say, though he never was in debt, he always took care to be on such accommodating terms with his banker that if the latter failed, the name of Gram would not have been found on the creditor's side of the ledger.

SIR SHAWN and BRIAN had the honour of a private interview with His Majesty, a favour he always publicly granted to the O'Connells of the day, and others who honoured the title, and not the Monarch in person.

It was the Devil's own procession, to be sure; there were horses without riders, and plenty of riders wanting horses; jingles outside and inside, cars and noddys beyond number; the Coal Quay boys, the dustmen, and canal boys filled fifty teams in place of timber logs, and all the pleasurable ladies from the Liberty, rode *criss cross* upon their neddies, forming a braying (or brazen) regiment of Jerusalem cavalry.<sup>1</sup> There were Bishops, chimney-sweeps, marquisses, tripe-men, contractors, tallow-chandlers, and soap-boilers; his Grace the Viceroy could not be seen for the lancers who sur-

<sup>1</sup> Donkeys and their riders are so called, in honour to a late entry into Jerusalem by some female crusaders against common decency.

rounded him (by my soul! and they looked for all the world like Vinegar Hill pikemen) with Sir Charles Grant sparkling in the mountebank dress of the 18th Hussars.

The procession moved by the Circular Road, called so because it runs in a direct line to Dublin, through Eccles Street, Hardwig Place, Temple Street, Gardiner's Row, Cavendish Row, and Sackville Street, where a triumphal half-moon arch was constructed by Morrison, the College Architect, who never designed anything before but a necessary building to Lord Charlemont's lodge; here the Lord Mayor presented His Majesty with the keys of—what? Why, Newgate, I suppose, for how the Devil could Dublin City have any keys, when it has neither gates or walls, or anything like it, save and except a *chevaux de frize* to keep the sea from breaking over the Pigeon-House? 'Take back,' said His Majesty, 'arra! my honey, take back your keys, they couldn't be in better hands.' Upon which the new Baronet put them into his breeches pocket, with a grace that would have done honour to a spalpeen buttoning down the tenpenny he had received in charity. *Two* Marchionesses and *one* foreign Princess (I forgot her name, for the window looked very hazy, and I couldn't read her countenance) nodded familiarly to the King, and he bowed familiarly in return. Och! the cheerings of the mob were beautiful in the extreme, and to see the King's right daddle fly alternately from his heart to the shamrock in his hat was quite theatrical; Kean couldn't have done much better in Sir Giles Overreach. At the Exchange a beautiful living vulture was let down by a new piece of whipcord, and his



*Going to the Levee.*



Majesty pressed it to his heart as if he never had an animal of the kind gnawing there before. Psha! the member and his colleague Ellis, the Master in Chancery, and all the blue-boys stammered into the Castle, led on by Jack Stammer, the plain-*spaking* City Marshall, after whom came the King, and the gates shut out all Ireland from seeing any more!

Talk of a Roman General leading up a triumph after conquering the world; talk of Alexander the Great's entrance into Babylon; there is no *comparishment* for splendour, for beauty, for noise, and halloo bulloo; for loyalty, unanimity, whiskey punch, and strong beer.

A sort of a cold *collection* was served up in the Castle, and BRIAN with SIR SHAWN were invited to partake of it. SIR SHAWN was an independent man, and though not a member of a certain club, he could nominate three or four to it; he was also loyal to a fault, and did not want even to be made a knight of St. Patrick, for he was one by descent in blood and spirit; he, of course, was a welcome guest to royalty. Several people paid their respects to the King of Ireland; the sword of knighthood descended upon many a back never touched by steel since it was turned upon the King's troops in 1798. Old N——y, who had long hung out for government, when kissing his hand, fell on his knees (as the convicts do when he honours them with his last notice) the K—g kindly condescended to raise him up. 'This,' said the dry old veteran, 'is the second time your Majesty has given me a lift.' 'Twas a pun, and in the total absence of real wit afforded a hearty laugh.

After dinner many toasts were drank, and amongst them the ladies drank—'Health, strength, and long

life to George the Fourth !' ' 'Tis a mockery,' replied His Majesty, 'to drink the same in return, for the ladies are angelic pictures of Hygeia herself.' 'Suppose, Sire,' said Moles G——, the town clerk, 'you drink—"God send them a good deliverance!"' 'Dammee, G——n ! they are nearly all single women !' 'Bedershin !' (may be so) interrupted BRIAN BORU, 'single ladies have troubles they want to be delivered of as well as double ladies ; your Majesty can't do better than drink the "Linen manufacture of Ireland !" it is a true national toast in every woman's mouth.' 'Aye, and on every man and woman's back,' said G——e, 'so here goes ; I'll always be its patron.' 'True, Sire ; and for every bit of linen that undergoes your gracious inspection, you'll have a blessing from the female bleachers, and mayhap the male ones also, who have damaged webs to dispose of.'

Before the entertainment was over it was quite dark, and there was no utility in *seeing* the King home to the Park, so that our two heroes drove to Moran's to ponder on the pleasures of the day. Here they found Captain Gram in the very same chair they had left him in the morning ; in fact, he had never stirred a peg, and jocularly remarked, 'If I had gone, I should have been amongst the *shut out boys* at the Castle gate, and I thought a fine cod with lobster sauce and a cooper of claret as good company, or better, than a hungry man would meet with in Dame Street.' SIR SHAWN acquiesced in the Captain's mode of reasoning ; and over a cheerful bottle they entertained him with a detail of the procession.

'In truth,' said Gram, 'His Majesty makes a toil of



a pleasure ; and if he means to run the gauntlet through Dublin in this way, he will want the constitution of King William's statue in College Green.' 'I admired,' said BRIAN, 'the dexterity with which the two men in blue and scarlet kept the mob from pressing too closely upon the King. Who were they?' 'Sure,' said Gram, 'you're after meaning Major Sirr and Major Swann. Och ! by my profession, and the boys love them as the Devil does holy water. Sirr is Town Major, and Swann is his deputy, besides being an exciseman ; he wears a gold chain and medal for the hand he had in killing a Lord during the rebellion. The story runs thus :—The rebellious nobleman was snug in bed when Ryan, Swann, and Sirr rushed into the room ; Ryan seized him first and he sent his soul to Jericho in a moment ; Swann threw himself on him, and got his belly ripped open ; Sirr, according to Swann's account, stood at the door and discharged his pistols without caring whether he hit Swann or his Lordship ; no matter, they killed their man amongst them, and from that day became gentlemen pensioners.

'Swann keeps all the smugglers in awe in the country and Sirr all the blackguards in the city ; in truth, they are more afraid of him than of the priests, because he never gives absolution except under the gallows ; they are mighty useful fellows in their way.'

Our heroes were heartily tired with their day's ramble, and retired to roost at the early hour of *three*. Nothing material occurred on the passage home to Blanket Bay, except being stopped a short time on Carlisle Bridge by a procession of aldermen and shop-lifters (keepers, I mean) who were chaunting a *Te Deum* in procession

over the body of Sir Billy Biscuit, whom they were escorting home by torchlight, with his larder well filled with turtle soup, Madeira, and whiskey punch. 'That man,' said the Baronet, 'is much laughed at in his own country, and I know not for why; he is a man of principle, and never ashamed to avow his political principles, either on the hustings at Guildhall, or in the London Tavern; he is very partial to good eating and drinking, because he knows it creates hilarity and good humour; but as to his eating a turtle at a meal and drinking two dozen of claret, I don't believe above half of the story.' BRIAN, who had just got a peep at our City monster lolling in his barouche, exclaimed, 'By the powers of Moll Kelly! and he is big enough to have bolted the shell of the one and the bottles of the other as easy as I could tip a naggin over my tongue.' Though fond of the King, he is remarkable for murdering the King's English. A favourite toast of his is—'A speedy peace and soon!' which he drinks to this day; and—'The three C's—Cox, King, and Curtis.' Once, when leaving a dinner-party early, he missed his hat in the hall, and turning to the servants politely said, 'Harkee, my chaps! has nobody seen nothing of never a hat hanging up upon never a peg no where here now?'

'The late Sheridan, in one of his Irish humours, wrote his Epitaph, and headed it—"Supposed to be written by himself."

'Here lies Billy Curtis, late our Lord Mayor,  
Who has left this here world and is gone to that there!'

'He is, however,' said the Baronet, 'a Court favourite, and hunts the King like a spaniel; he sails about in an



*Procession and Te Deum Chant, for Sir Billy Bunt*



unwieldy Dutch hoy or fishing schuyt, which he has painted up and called a yacht; she escaped from the battle of Walcheren by throwing overboard her cargo of turtle and port-wine. She moves by steam; that is, he has on board a steam apparatus for cooking, and *Spit-head* is his favourite prospect. Would you credit it, BRIAN, our goodly corporation intend that the new Dock shall be opened by Sir Billy's foreign built vessel, and a new Irish ship, built of Irish oak upon Irish ground, has been rejected to make room for this compliment to a man, of whom we know nothing, but that he is the Sir John Falstaff of London?' 'There is nothing of pride or common decency in that,' said BRIAN; 'national honours should never be thrown away upon simple individuals famous only for a *long* purse and a *long* appetite; but when did any one hear of an Irish corporation doing a consistent action?' 'The only consistent thing they ever deserved to be thanked for was inviting the King over.' 'By Jasus!' replied BRIAN, 'I see no consistency in asking a man to walk into his own house, as if he hadn't a right to open the door and go in at his pleasure. Good-bye; remember you meet me at the Lodge on your best blood bay to attend the King to the Curragh of Kildare.'

Our heroes then shook hands, and in a short time they were both snug in bed, hard at work dreaming they were fast asleep.

If ever there was a bad day in Ireland it was the one our heroes rose to enjoy; as they rode up to the gate of Phoenix Park drenched to the skin, 'I think,' sighed BRIAN, 'we have plenty of water, I wish we had a taste of whiskey along with it.' 'Your wish shall be gratified,'

replied SIR SHAWN, as they rode up to Molshy Mullormug's door and called for two rattlers of raspberry and white sugar. 'Bless your sweet face, my jewel!' said Molshy, as she handed up the horn drinking-glass, 'and isn't there a sweet Irish rainbow for the King to see, and the first he ever *seed* in his life.' There was no time for comment; the royal carriage drove out of the Park at full gallop; our party bowed low to the King and galloped onward in company with nearly all the men and horses in Dublin, or out of it.

The sky-blue scarfs were black with mud, and so rapid was the royal speed, not a soul that started arrived at the Curragh but BRIAN BORU and SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY.

Little can be said of the day's sport; all the *crom-a-boo* boys were mud-larking it on the road or in the ditches. The Duke received the King upon the stand, and he graciously bowed to the wet ducks below, who were astonished to see him move his hat like a common man.

His Majesty presented a gold mounted whip to the steward of the course (never a fellow in Ireland deserves the whip better) and another to the Duke, to be run for annually by donkeys and garrens of real Irish breed; no mares, horses, geldings, oxen, or mules to be eligible, as the object in view is to improve upon the ancient breed, such as are natives of the soil.

On the *right* of the King's *left* arm sat the Duchess, but not long; for after a handful of meat and a mouthful of drink, Royalty again took the road, and dashed off for Dublin. As before, every mother's son was thrown out in the chace, and when the royal carriage drove to the Lodge entrance, only BRIAN and SIR SHAWN were

in attendance to say 'We have seen you safe home.' They were invited to accept of refreshment, and had again the honour of taking a tumbler of the *native* in company with the Sovereign; after which they returned home, ordered their horses to be well taken care of, and, after a hasty dinner, dressed and proceeded to the theatre, where the King had arrived before them.

The play was little noticed; the King was the object, and even old Daly declared he never heard such applause in all his born days. Lord Castlereagh got hugely cheered through mistake, and looked very *green baggish* upon the occasion. SIR SHAWN, always upon the alert, got before O'Connell, and assisted His Majesty to his carriage; His Majesty expressed himself highly gratified with the entertainments of the evening, and immediately said, 'Pray, what play was performed?' '*Love and Loyalty!*' replied the Baronet, as he bowed and took his leave.

'I can't, for the love of my soul!' muttered BRIAN, 'see why people can't be decently loyal as well as indecent; sure there was no occasion for such a hub-baboo, that one couldn't hear a word said but what was spoken by performers *not* upon the stage. Methinks the women were before the men in vociferation, and by way of shewing their love for the King, bawling him deaf, and themselves dumb with hoarseness.'

Poor Grammachree, who had lately made more free with stalrinky than he was wont to do, very *mal apropos* took very ill; his appetite entirely failed him; except a roast potatoe and a drop of weak punch, he could keep nothing on his stomach, not even doctor's stuff; in truth he was laid up at Moran's, and Doctor

Hartegan went so far as to say that he was bespoke ; this Grammachree disbelieved, he knew the nature of his disorder, which originated in his going to bed *malty* with his clothes on, and sleeping with his wooden leg out from under the blankets, by which he got the rheumatism in it, that soon spread from the wood to the flesh, and from the flesh to the bone. His dangerous situation demanded all his friends' attention, and our two heroes became nurses, sitting up in turns by his bed-side. Grammachree, with his accustomed humour, said, 'He never before knew the want of a *regular wife*, who must be a very useful appendage to a sick man on his death-bed.' BRIAN and SIR SHAWN consequently ceased to mingle in the festivities of the Castle, and were so much missed as to have the honour of being inquired after by His Majesty himself.

Grammachree slowly recovered, to the disappointment of his relations, who, anxious to share his small property, called every day to know if he was defunct. As soon as he was able to sit up in his chair and mix his glass of punch over the newspaper on an evening, our heroes bade him good-bye, and again made their *congees* at the Castle.

When His Majesty knew the cause of their non-attendance, he highly approved of it, and, after due inquiry into Grammachree's merits, dispatched SIR SHAWN to him with the agreeable intelligence that he had ordered him to be promoted to the rank of Major. The shock operated with electric velocity ; it did what no doctor could do, completely cured the patient ; and Gram, 'albeit unused to the melting mood,' wept over



SIR SHAWN with gratitude ; drank his usual quantum with his friends that night, and rose next morning with the lark, in full regimentals, to thank the King in person for his Royal condescension and favour.

Grammachree was introduced to the royal presence betwixt his two friends and a good-looking *Blooming* Irish Master of the Ceremonies. The King good-humouredly took his hand, expressed great pleasure at having it in his power to reward an Irish veteran ; ‘and,’ added he, smiling, ‘as you have but one knee to spare, you may reserve it for your devotions !’ This was the last public promotion made by His Majesty in Ireland, as he instantly entered his carriage and drove to Powerscourt House in the county of Wicklow, leaving Dublin to bless his presence and regret his absence most feelingly.

Our three friends drove to Dunleary to witness the final embarkation, where every preparation was made to do honour to him who had done so much honour to Ireland. The whole road was filled with equipages, equestrians, and pedestrians ; men and women crowded together *en masse* ; it was difficult to keep an open passage down to the Pavilion, which was erected on the shore, the roof richly gilt and festooned with evergreens and a crown on the top ; five pillars supported the whole ; four flags of white satin waved from the corners ; on one was embroidered the modest shamrock, on another the blooming rose, and on a third the hardy thistle, and the fourth bore these three national emblems combined ; in the centre, and superior to all, the Royal Standard waved majestically in the breeze ; crimson carpeting descended to the

water edge, and the royal squadron rode at anchor near the end of the Pier, richly decorated with streamers. The scene was noble and impressive; His Majesty drove rapidly down to the pavilion, and as he descended to the barge, took off his hat, and repeatedly bowed to all around, making use of the most affectionate expressions of regard for the sons and daughters of old Ireland.

BRIAN BORU and SIR SHAWN stood on either side as he entered the barge, and amidst the plaudits of assembled thousands and the thunder of artillery, George the Fourth left a land where his name will be venerated for ever!

Nothing now remained for our heroes to do but effect a passage back to Dublin, and this was no easy task to perform from the immense crowds that peopled the passages; it seemed as if all Ireland had been collected together and precipitated in one solid mass upon the shores of Dunleary.

Merriment was fled with the cause of it; the King was gone, and all was gloom. SIR SHAWN whipped his bays with uncommon severity, as if they were to blame upon the occasion. BRIAN BORU leaned on his hand and whistled 'Oh, then came the day when I was forc'd to retire,' in a tone which at any other time would have made a cat laugh, or frightened a cow into a milk fever; Grammachree rested his head upon his hands, and his elbows upon his knees, ejaculating at intervals, accompanied with deep drawn sighs, 'Och! chreena faila! Charamachree! Cuish la machree!<sup>1</sup> he is gone

<sup>1</sup> The heart of my heart—the dear of my heart—the vein of my heart.



ILLUSTRATION OF THE SCENE AT THE BARRIERS, 1848.



and won't be here for two years to come!' This was too much for SIR SHAWN'S risible faculties to stand; he burst into a fit of laughter, exclaiming, 'Upon my honour! instead of three tight Irish Boys returning to Dublin from a party of pleasure in a curricule and pair, we look like three criminals going to the gallows to be hanged without benefit of clergy, or hopes of salvation in another world. Come, come, rouse your spirits; there's Life in Ireland yet to be enjoyed, and before to-morrow's sun goes over the Wicklow Mountains to light the Royal squadron up the Irish Channel, I'll shew you some sport. You, Grammachree, have good reason to rejoice, for you have gained a commission, and the country has *gained a loss* of two hundred a year by it.' 'By my modesty!' grinned the Major, 'but you say the thing that is not true, for I spend my money in the country.' 'In town, you mean,' said BRIAN. ''Tis all the same thing,' says Gram, 'the town's in the country, and the country's in the town, for it is built upon it, and if I have two hundred a year more, by Jasus! I'll drink three hundred and sixty-five more bottles of port in the time, so what comes from the War Office will go back to the Treasury in an Exciseman's pocket.'

Good humour now reigned over all; and after a severe struggle up Bagot Street, midnight found them snug in SIR SHAWN'S mansion, drinking 'A safe passage home to George the Fourth and his merry men all.'

As Grammachree's commission had never been wetted, it was agreed that it should next day pass through that necessary ceremony. This is a point

strictly adhered to both in the Army and Navy, and forms a scene of jocular entertainment; in the Navy the parchment commission is called the Ram's Skin, and the ceremony as hereafter described is a little different, that is, the Ram's Skin is plunged into a bucket of sea water, which is called bathing the First Lord of the Admiralty, whose signature it bears. Accordingly our heroes agreed to meet at the *Pig and Tinder-box* (Elephant and Castle) upon the Naas Road, where the Major was to go before and provide everything suitable for so solemn an occasion, each to bring what company he chose to select.

The party found so much gratification from emptying the *magnum bonums* of the Baronet's hock, that the sun had peeped into the windows and extinguished the candles before they thought of moving bedwards, so all turned in at the Baronet's, after leaving orders for their respective servants to be ready at an early hour with changes of apparel. Patrick Mooney roused his master about 10 o'clock to tell him that SIR SHAWN waited breakfast in the drawing-room, and as he assisted him in dressing, thus began:—'I've had a bit of a letter from Galway, your honour; would you be after reading it for me?' 'I thought you could read, Mooney?' 'No, your honour, only spell a bit; I had finished my *eddecation* all but *larning* to read and write and be genteel, when I went from school into your father's stable.' The letter was short, and addressed 'To Patrick Mooney, a Squire's servant in Dublin, care of Mr. Brian Boru, Post Office.'

DEAR MOONEY,—This comes *hopping* you are well

and alive, as we are not at this present writing; your sister Nell that married the exciseman's brother's nephew, having gone dead last week by swallowing a potatoe stalk for a French-bean, which stuck in her throat and choaked her wizen up; so we are all dead wid grief on her account. Your mother has not been drunk these three months, and your father thinks she is *reformatted* to a new thing. Sall Still sends her love and duty, and begs you will not forget the silver ring with a blue glass stone in it, you promised to send her when you got to the big City, and as she is farish gone wid young, you would do well to send her a trifle for the *down lying*; she is true and constant, as she confesses her sins to me every night regularly, and I often admonish her. Judy Macanulty, you may whisper in Master BRIAN's ear, takes it much to heart, that he has not sent to her as he swore he would: we have heard of his being wid the King, and if he has a King's picture or two to spare, he may send it to get a few togs for Judy, as she is nearly like the pigs, who lay with their — bare; and she *frits* very much for his *abstence*. Many thanks for the tenpenny you sent inside of your letter to pay the postage, which came to fourteen pence; so don't forget next time to enclose one and sixpence in halfpence, which will settle both, as money and potatoes are very scarce wid us, the crops have been so bad, all owing to the death of *Bonni-patrick* and this long peace.

I am your loving Father in God,

TIMMOTHY SLIDKEM O'SLACK O'WHACK,  
*Parish Priest and School-master*  
*to Grubble Town Ard.*

Mooney was delighted with this epistle, and said, 'How sorry he should have been for Nell's death if he had been at home, but that travelling weakened a man's *infections*.' 'I think so too,' said BRIAN, 'and remember, Mooney, I write to Judy the first thing to-morrow morning, for I am really ashamed of my neglect.'

END OF CHAPTER VIII.



## CHAPTER IX

Scene on the Naas Road—Shoving the Tumbler—Remarks on Irish Prison Discipline—Plan for selling British malefactors to the Dey of Algiers—Arrival at the Pig and Tinder Box—Beautiful Prospects—Good dinner—Tom Reed—How to make a bowl of real whiskey punch—Benediction upon wetting GRAMMACHREE'S Commission—Toasts—The Major's thanks—A set in for a wet night, and an escape—A lost letter found, from a Political Quack Doctor to the R—d—r of L—d—n, commonly called Black Jack—True anecdotes of Irishmen at the point of death—Nelson's pillar—Description of the Rotunda Gardens—Lord Wiggins on the descriptive—Lord M. dissected—SIR CHARLES V. displayed—SIR STEWART O'STUPID illuminated—Monopoly PETER puffed off—LADY CLARY criticised—The Dublin Dentist, or Buck-tooth—Miss M'MURDOCH, who always sits upon the family coat of arms *ad libitum*.

BRIAN soon joined his friend, and before the clock struck ten they were on the Naas Road; their progress was a little impeded by a singular but not uncommon exhibition, merely a delinquent *shoving the tumbler*—in plain English, getting flogged at the cart's tail for his malversations. 'The punishment,' said SIR SHAWN, who let slip of no opportunity to moralize, 'is of a most humiliating kind, and I think should only be inflicted upon juvenile delinquents; upon the sinner matured in vice it can have no possible effect, and I conceive a sound whipping in public, to a mind not

wholly depraved, if followed up by hard labour in a school of industry, might in most instances produce reformation; but here the wretch no sooner receives his punishment than he is carried back to the prison where all his associates are waiting to hear how bravely he *Shoved the tumbler*, and grinned defiance on the Sheriff's gang. In most of our prisons there is no discrimination made; the veteran thief, the juvenile beginner, the abandoned woman, and her that has only made a few false steps, are all mingled together, and, contrary to the laws of God and reason, virtue and vice are alike cherished and alike rewarded. Our prisons are dreadful: cast your eyes into the chief receptacle in Green Street for cowardly villainy and slavish crime; there the voice of applause is never heard, the hope of future fame never enters; the mind expatiates on a life to come with gloomy despondency, and the barriers erected by virtue before a weak understanding are instantly broken down, or so shattered by the persevering assaults of vice in this den of infamy, that when freed from duurance they are easily carried by the next corrupt invader. They manage these things a little better in England, for which they are little or nothing indebted to the legislature, but to the humane and indefatigable exertions of a few individuals, who think a little time is not lost, when it saves the gallows from suspending a few dozen malefactors as an example which never yet produced any salutary effect.'

'Thanks for your sermon,' said BRIAN. 'My servant Mooney's friend found out a novel way of clearing a British gaol lately: I was listening to him reading the paper one morning in my dressing-room, and he

astonished me by a passage to this effect—"There is a great call at Rio January for English *malefactors*, and if there is not soon a fresh importation, they will rise in price to more than double their value."—This to me was heathen Greek, so I rung for the paper and found the true meaning was, that goods of British manufacture were in high estimation at Rio Janeiro; now, by my truth, ministers might take a prime good hint from an Irish blunder, and relieve the country from the expense of sending rogues to Botany Bay to breed rebels, and take the colony from the mother country whenever it is worth the trouble; send every convict to the coast of Barbary, where you are sure of a good price for the *living raw material* any day in the year.'

'Tis too barbarous to merit even a laugh,' said the Baronet, as he whipped his bays up to the door of the Elephant and Castle, better known as the Pig and Tinder Box.

Here Grammachree was already seated at table surrounded on three sides by his friends, in an arbour formed of hawthorn entwined with honeysuckle and roses. The place is well known; the two powerful oaks from which hang the tavern sign form a vista up which you enter, and you have from it a neat bird's-eye view of Tom Reed's travelling pig-stye, the horse trough, turnpike gate, and a watch-box. A short introduction by the Major took place; an old veteran Colonel of Artillery sat in the chair, a Militia Colonel, famous for having, with his single regiment, thrashed and made prisoners of four thousand French at Castlebar after they thrashed and made to run General Lake and six thousand men, leaving behind him his artillery; and

two or three more originals made up the set. As the party were all sharp set they soon set-to upon an excellent dinner, and amongst the dishes the goose stuffed with potatoes was attacked with peculiar devotion.

The cloth being cleared, pint tumblers were set before each of the party, Tom Reed attending in his blue coat and leather breeches, with his bob wig made on the same year with his nose. A washing-tub, quite new, was set before the President; a loaf of sugar was then placed in the middle, on which a dozen lemons shed their juice; some flagons of boiling water followed next, and finally, a dozen bottles of plain and raspberry whiskey crowned the whole.

Grammachree now, according to custom, handed his sword to the President, to stir the punch with, and the swords of all the party were tied with a bunch of roses and hung over the table. 'All under the rose,' said Gram, 'say and do what you will, nothing but downright rebellion can be noticed out of this place.'

The commission appointing Grammachree to a Majority was unrolled by the President, and dipped in the bowl to three times three. The company then bending one knee upon their several chairs, the Colonel pronounced, with a solemn voice, the usual benediction:—'May he that has merited this parchment be a good soldier; strong as whiskey in defence of the King and constitution; sour as lemons to the enemies of Great Britain; sweet as sugar to the ladies; and boast a heart as pure as the crystal stream through all his earthly campaigns; and finally, be worthy of a snug birth at headquarters in Heaven!' 'Amen!' responded



THEATRE OF THE FUTURE & PRESENT



all round, in which Pat Mooney joined, for kneeling behind his own master's chair, he had just emptied a bottle of port, by word of mouth, to the Major's good health, in silence.

'The King' immediately followed, then 'The Duke of York and the Army,' and next the Major's health was bumpered with enthusiasm. Grammachree observed modestly, 'That he was unworthy of such an honour, and as to future services, he believed they would all be confined within the limits of the circular road, for,' added he, emphatically, 'I will never prove an absentee, but spend my money at home for the good of dear Ireland, except once a year, when I stump to London to make my grateful bow to our gracious King, and order a new leg at Sleeth and Williamson's, in Fleet-street.'

On this occasion the poor of the village were not forgotten; the horse-trough was filled with punch; blind Logie, the harper, tuned his strings, and the merry dance went round with boisterous glee.

Several songs were sung, but as Gram and his party *seemed set in for a wet night*, SIR SHAWN tipt BRIAN a wink, who whispered Mooney; the curricule was got ready out of sight, and our heroes stole away unperceived, and dashed off to Dublin, where they landed at Morrison's, and prepared to join Lady Demi-quaver at the Rotunda party, which had nearly been forgotten.

Whilst BRIAN was dressing, Mooney produced a paper he had dismounted to pick up as they crossed the Park, which BRIAN read as follows, significantly nodding at the end of every verse:—

## A DROPPED LETTER FOUND

V—SC—T S—D——TH TO THE R——D—R OF L—D—N

God prosper long our noble K—g,  
 Our lives and safeties all ;  
 How many have you made to swing  
 Since last I left W—ch—ll ?

Here I am free from all ‘reports’ ;  
 Of death I never think ;  
 The practice of the Irish Courts  
 Is—how to eat and drink.

A halter never here is nam’d ;  
 The thing is past a joke ;  
 And every family’s ashamed  
 Of necks that hemp hath broke.

‘To drive the DEARS with hounds and horn’  
 Great G—GE here bent his way ;  
 And babes will bless him yet unborn,  
 That forth they’re brought to day.

With clyster-pipe I homage do,  
 Administering at his back,  
 And if I can’t of practice crow,  
 I still cry ‘Quack ! quack ! quack !’

Here all are QUACKS from first to last,  
 The Peer and Peeress gay ;  
 The *spalpeens* join in puffing fast  
 All *empirics* in their way.

The barber puffs our Monarch’s wig,  
 The cabinet-makers glue  
 The whiskers on—and rung the rig—  
 All QUACKS, like I and you.



The ladies QUACK his *tinder* heart ;  
 The Catholics quack his senses ;  
 The Protestants boast a healing art,  
 To cure by false pretences.

All scour him with the BLARNEY-STONE,  
 And swear he 's fair and young ;  
 He thinks so too, though every bone  
 And 'wither is unwrung.'

On LADY C—— to try my skill,  
 I went to bleed and blister ;  
 But, ah ! I found she 'd got a pill  
 From EST—H—Y's sister.

Old HARTY too, of German paste  
 Had ta'en so strong a dose,  
 She seems as running all to waist,  
 And bursting from her clothes.

The Richmond steamboat too has burst,  
 Her boiler 's running o'er :  
 In short, like me no quack so curst  
 Exists on Ireland's shore.

I might the ills of England cure  
 By aid of hemp and steel,  
 But here my practice none endure—  
 I've lost the right to feel

The pulses of those quondam dames  
 Who fann'd the fire of age,  
 And now consum'd in envious flames,  
 At their old sweethearts rage.

I've danced with every Irish lass,  
 And drank with Irish boys,  
 Till reeling drunk, and like an ass,  
 I stoop'd to brutish joys.

The peace I made with BUONAPARTE  
 Ne'er cost me half the trouble,  
 As that made here, by Irish art—  
 Through whiskey I see double.

There is no luck about the house  
 When I am far away ;  
 E'en the NEW DROP is out of use,  
 And JACK KETCH out of pay.

Thy velvet cap's moth-eaten grown ;  
 The noble *Bridge-street Gang*  
 No hungry pedlars now beat down,  
 Nor shop-boys strive to hang.

But, thanks to G—GE, my time is short ;  
 Once more with joy I'll hail ye,  
 With helpless victims fill your court  
 And bar at the Old Bailey.

Tell B—WN to brush the *darbys* clean,  
 The DOCTOR's coming o'er ;  
 The cells well peopled shall be seen  
 With friends from Ireland's shore.

I've got some hundreds on my list,  
 All libellers so strong,  
 The half of which transport at least,  
 No matter right or wrong.

The soldiers all shall hew and hack ;  
 Success I'll drink, with glee,  
 To Newgate's drop—to friend BLACK JACK—  
 To G—GE the F—TH, and me.

S—D—TH.

‘The thing is political,’ said BRIAN, ‘and may be good for something, so I’ll e’en have it published, in order that the right owner may recover his property.’

SIR SHAWN now arrived, and taking his friend by the

arm, they sallied out for the rotunda. As they passed on, SIR SHAWN assured BRIAN he would show him plenty of LIFE IN DUBLIN. 'Now you are broke in you can jog on merrily without a leader. I shall always have the whip-hand to drive you into the circle of fashion, if I find you partial to a more vulgar road.' 'By the faith of my mother!' ejaculated BRIAN, 'I love fun, but your LIFE IN DUBLIN is so nearly bordering on DEATH, that I fare a Connaught man can't long survive it.' 'A real Irishman,' said SIR SHAWN, 'should despise life under any circumstances; he is lavish of it either in the field of Mars or Venus; amid the applause of surrounding nations, or a multitude assembled to witness his exit on the *wooden suspender*, he is still the same thoughtless and indifferent being, whom neither disgrace or death can change; nay, not even the prospect of doing penance for a thousand years in purgatory can make him a coward at his dissolution; I will relate an instance or two within my own knowledge of this hardihood of conscience, or honourable feeling, whichever you choose to call it:—

'An Englishman and Irishman were brought to the fatal tree to expiate their sins by a stretch and a kick; the Englishman lamented his fate pathetically, the Irishman in dignified roguery looked on it with indifference, and reproached his friend for his pusillanimity. "Don't you see," he cried, "that I don't care a d——n about being hanged, and why should you?" "Ah!" said John Bull, looking up with a piteous sigh, "it is a dreadful thing to me, but you're used to it, Mr. Pat, you're used to it!"

'A captain of a man-of-war and a cook were to be

tried by a court-martial for murder ; they were both Paddies, and the cook seemed depressed in spirits. "Keep your heart up, my honey," said the Captain, "you perceive I'm not afraid of being hanged." "No more should I," said the other, "were twelve *cooks* going to try me." Twelve Captains always form a court martial.'

'Some die,' said he, 'bold in simplicity of heart ; I knew two Connaught lads who were out in the ruction (*rebellion*) of ninety-eight, and having shot some soldiers in a boat on the Shannon, were ordered to be hanged on the river ; a gallows was fixed in two boats, and one fellow being turned off, the rope broke, he fell into the water and escaped to the shore by swimming ; the other appeared much distressed, and as the noose was fixing round his throttle, exclaimed, "Do for the Lord's sake tie me up tight, Mr. Ketch ; if the rope breaks I'll be sure to be drowned, for I can't swim a stroke !"

'Another fact and we have done :—Two brothers were hanged at Knockmanafaddy ; the one being turned off, the other addressed the crowd ; "Behold," said he, "my brother, and take warning ! see what a melancholy *spectacle* he appears ; in a few minutes I will get the swing, and you'll see no more, for then there will be a *pair of spectacles* !"

'All this is very good' (said BRIAN), 'but as neither of us intend to be hanged, we need not fortify our minds by bad examples ; for my part, LIFE IN IRELAND appears preferable to death in the most glorious manner, and as we have an appointment, it is fit we keep it with punctuality.'

As they walked up Sackville Street, SIR SHAWN admonished BRIAN, as this was the first essay to him of High Life, to observe much and say little. As they passed by Nelson's Pillar, BRIAN observed that it was mortal ugly, and the ship on the top looked like a dog-vane on a maypole. 'Why,' said SIR SHAWN, 'as Nelson's actions were unlike any other man's, the Irish architect determined to make this recording monument unlike anything in heaven above or on earth beneath; and, by Jasus! like Nelson's actions, which may be imitated but never surpassed, this pile of stones may be imitated, but I defy the Devil's own architect to come up to the ugly original.'

The Rotunda Gardens were very brilliantly illuminated; horn lanthorns were hung in the trees, and the smell of lamp oil perfumed the air; bands of music played Irish airs with French accompaniments, and kettle drums shook the dust off the trees in clouds sufficient to smother any but an Irish company. Our heroes surveyed the motley groups with satisfaction; titled beaux and belles, merchants and tradesmen, shopkeepers, innkeepers, excisemen, tax-gatherers, soldiers, pickpockets, parsons, grass-widows, men and women milliners, demirups, and accommodation beauties mingled together, and threaded the mazes of this superlative garden over and over again. 'By the cross,' said BRIAN, 'it is a pain to walk in this pleasure garden: 'tis a fisherman's promenade—three steps and overboard; instead of Dublin Vauxhall, it should be christened Vex-all, for none can go pleased from such a poor, proud, pitiful, pimping place.' SIR SHAWN smiled at BRIAN's alliterative apostrophe, and remarked,

‘All don’t see with your eyes, for all seem to be cheerful and good-humoured.’ ‘By Jasus! and that’s no proof of its pleasantness, for you proved to me awhile ago that an Irishman can be happy under the gallows.’

A rush now from all parts announced that the Rotunda doors were thrown open and the concert about to begin. Our heroes made two of the hundreds who entered after having their ribs squeezed to death, their coats torn, and their pockets picked. It was in vain to attempt getting near Lady Demiquaver, who, as patroness of the evening’s amusement, was hid by groups of fashion from vulgar eyes; a flirt of the fan and a nod of the head was all poor BRIAN had to console him for the trouble he had undergone. A word from SIR SHAWN would have opened the ranks of fashion, but he wanted to see, and not be seen. Lord Wiggins tript up to the party and introduced himself to BRIAN with his usual effrontery, or *non chalance* if you please. His Lordship was a wit, and undertook to explain what appeared incomprehensible to him; SIR SHAWN bowed thanks, and in half an hour the reputations of half the rooms were torn in pieces by this able butcher of character.

‘Behold Lord M——,’ said he, ‘that youth with no buttons to his coat, and no brains in his head; he gained a fortune by his father’s death and lost a constitution before he was twenty-one; he married an old widow to *doctorise* him, who died on the continent; he brought her home in pickle himself, sat astride on the coffin, and *waked* her all the way to Dublin. He now wants another to put buttons on his coat and mend it

too, for he is most damnably *out at the elbows*, and both his fortune and nose stand in need of a thorough repair.

‘There goes Sir Charles, a finical fop; he holds office at the Castle, and the ladies affect to admire him because he gives them tickets of introduction to the presence. Like his royal master, he is fond of young flesh, and does not care who it belongs to provided he can help himself to a slice; his fortune is great; his patron died from the bite of a mad dog, and ’tis thought Sir Charles at times exhibits symptoms of hydrophobia.

‘That man walking like a sheep with the staggers is another Castle Baronet, a Downshire Cat; he is troubled with fits of epilepsy which always attack him when a tradesman sends in his bill, but leaves him on an invitation to dinner. He has a wife rambling about London, her address can be known at any of the Police Offices, as she generally resides in one of His Majesty’s *strong houses*, vulgarly ’yclept a gaol.

‘Here comes Monopoly Peter; he has refused a title because he hadn’t spirit to pay the fees of office; he has built a town, brewed beer and baked biscuits for the Army, contracted for pike-heads to supply the rebels, and afterwards informed Government thereof; he has as much honour as Jemmy Barlow, and honesty sufficient to keep him from a halter in Green Street. Notwithstanding his large fortune, his brother is butler to a Lord that can’t afford to keep a wine-cellar, and his mother would starve did not her name stand on the concordatum list for forty pounds per annum: but he is one of the *Ton*, keeps a *filly*, and——’ ‘He be

d——d!’ said BRIAN. ‘What dashing belle is that making love to a young officer? She bears the marks of fashion engraven by the pencil of Father Time.’ ‘That was once Ireland’s greatest beauty; her Lord was celebrated for being the ugliest man in Dublin, and one of the highest; she dispensed her favours liberally as her caprice dictated, was famous on the turf as a judge of blood, but having lost a race at Kilkenny for a pair of breeches, she retired in disgust for some years; she again came out a clean widow, and now makes love to those who formerly courted her. The youth on her arm is an Englishman; he commands a regiment here, is half a fool, and very rich; at present she commands both his purse and person.

‘That tall strapping fellow admiring his limbs is a dentist, and accounted to have the best leg in Ireland; he is a fading buck, and has recently been christened by Lady Clearall, in allusion to his profession, Bucktooth; he meddles with every one’s business, but has very little of his own.

‘That belle with the blue eyes, brown complexion, and thick ancles, is entitled to £50,000 when she comes of age; no one has been bold enough to put the question to her as yet, for she has got an ugly method of knocking her lovers down when they come near the point.’—‘Bad luck to her mutton fist!’ murmured BRIAN.—‘Her family are famous for the *low* manner in which they came by their armorial bearings:—A certain Queen of Munster, called Gracey O’Slanagraugh, in making a tour of her kingdom, lodged at the Castle of M’Murdoch, and was hospitably entertained; when about to depart she remarked there was no arms over



the Castle gate. "We have none, please your Majesty," was the reply to an inquiry she made; she instantly plucked up her robes of state, and squatting upon the snow, cried, "There's my mark, take it for your coat of arms, and the Devil a one shall have another copy of it." She forgot the motto; what the figure is called in heraldry I know not, but to this day the M'Murdochs bear it; and every pat of butter on the estate is marked with its impression. Miss M'Murdoch can do what no other lady in Dublin would find comfortable—sit upon her *arms* whenever she pleases, and yet be in an elegant position.

END OF CHAPTER IX.

## CHAPTER X

Entrance of SALLY M'LEAN—The Cutchahoo Club—Its rules and regulations—CATALANI and 'God shave de Can'—Scene at Moran's Hotel and D'Arcy's in Earl Street—MISS MAYDEW, a clever managing girl—TIM BYRNE—A shot at my grandmother's nose—MAJOR SHAM—A coal-porter's wedding—A wet at PAT HENEY'S in Mop Street.

HOW long this modest gentleman's description of his friends and acquaintances would have lasted it is impossible to guess; happily a nymph, 'yclept Sally M'Lean, tapped him on the shoulder; 'What, my worthy, lying as usual; I want you to lie with me.' 'Glad to assist you 'pon honour,' said the Baronet, as he cut his company with a three square bow, and mingled in the croaking cutchahoo club, who had entered the Rotunda preceded by Sally.

The Cutchahoo Club are very respectable; consisting of the first characters in Ireland; in the list will be found Lord Reads-a-deal, Lord Talks-a-deal, Lord Stare-at-em, Lord Squint, and Colonel Black-a-blue-eye, Ladies Never-deny, Clearall, Care-for-nothing, and Poll Poppingjay. They had once a *Croaking* secretary, who is now secretary to a sort of a Marine Club over the water in London somewhere, or Westminster, as I understand both cities stand separately together.

Ladies and gentlemen at this Club meet, drink, dance, and sing altogether. Harmony, harmony; oh! it is exquisite! I have heard 'Eiren go Bragh,' 'The Battle of the Boyne,' 'The Grinder,' 'Paddy Wack,' and 'The Sprig of Shillelagh,' all chaunted by different voices, and accompanied by *in*-different fiddles, each man playing his own favourite tune. At the conclusion the gas burns dim; and have you not seen the boys and girls at a county Charter-school standing up to read the Bible lesson? if you haven't, I have; they gobble over the leaves like hawks, and run to prank it upon the green sod, like a parcel of Lord Ely's greyhounds; just so ends the Cutchahoo; all dance and sing to the tune of

'Bumpers, bumpers!'

This song, set to music by Tommy Moore and written by a *Croaking frog*, is excellent in its kind; you shall have it when I have nothing more important to give you; at present Madame Catalani is squalling in most delectable style 'God shave de Can,' meaning in English 'God save the King.' The thing was good, and good-humoured; Paddy applauded her mightily. 'By my soul!' said a coffee-house Napkin, 'how clear she has got her throat since eight o'clock this morning, when I saw her swallow twelve cups of coffee, three beef steaks, and an *arm chair*.' This observation attracted BRIAN'S attention: 'By my soul,' said he to SIR SHAWN, 'I wonder if the chair was stuffed with hair and *gilt* with *brass* nails? she must have had the Devil's own swallow.' 'Och!' said SIR SHAWN, 'a bolus of horse-hair, BRIAN, or a buttered hedge-hog is a remedy for clearing hoarseness, sold by Terence

Mullingar in Dirty Lane; 'twas never known to fail, for no one was ever heard to complain after having swallowed it. An *arm chair* in Ireland is merely a London *spatch-cock*, fixed with the wings so as to form arms, and the legs so as to appear really legs, and a sausage or a potatoe is placed on the seat mounted in the form of a judge, and powdered with salt.'

The crowd at the Rotunda was now so great that BRIAN compared it to a pack of hounds hearking into cover, and with some difficulty he and SIR SHAWN broke cover and gained Sackville Street in good order. Quietness reigned around; not a breath was heard but that of the watchman roaring half-past *tray* o'clock, the Downshire militia were *padrowling* the streets and knocking down every one that came in their way; and shouts of 'Death and glory!' from Earl Street, where, as usual, the Kilkenny boys were dusting their jackets and having a *brush* before morning. Our heroes steered steadily along until they came to Moran's Hotel, into which they darted; there they found old Daly, Major Sham, and Tim Byrne, engaged at billiards. SIR SHAWN was no billiard player; he never gambled, but would take a hand at cards or a hand at a ball, in a friendly way, as readily as any gentleman ought to do. BRIAN did not know a game superior to Irish Cribbage, Prick at the Candle, and Five and Ten; however, he took delight in viewing the anxiety of these celebrated players to gain a stroke. 'One of these gentlemen,' said SIR SHAWN, 'is an adept in the art of gambling! he once was a patentee of a public place of amusement, and resigned it in another's favour upon a pension of seven hundred a year; since that he eats,

drinks, and runs the range of every gambling-house in Dublin. At D'Arcy's in Earl Street he was one night engaged to play for a serious sum, and conceiving that the Marker had *tipp'd him the fling*, he hurled one of the balls at his head. Every ball has its billet, says the soldier; 'twas so in this case, the ball struck the Marker's temple and killed him on the spot.' 'And why didnt they hang the villain?' said BRIAN. 'Because they didnt try him,' said SIR SHAWN. 'By the foot of Pharaoh,' said BRIAN, 'I'm off; the man that wantonly destroys a fellow creature is no company for me, and deserves to be whipped through Connaught stark naked at the heel of a car, or thrown from the Giant's Causeway into the Brine. Come along, come along!' Out they both sallied, having first had a roller of raspberry whiskey from the fair hand of Miss Maydew; everybody knows her: her father was hanged for being in the way of the police officers, and having hanged several *croppies* on false evidence, the truth of which nobody ever doubted: she then got a good name, set up an umbrella-shop in Trinity Lane, broke down, got up into a garret near Smithfield, made bonnets, at length made some money, and made a purchase of the bar in Sackville Street. She is pretty and polite, manages to get custom, and manages her customers in more ways than one, but she never loses by her management.

'Tim Byrne, my friend BRIAN, is a character you may come in contact with hereafter, 'tis proper you should know him; he was an eminent wine merchant, and failed to make his fortune; he is worth half a *plump*, stands high upon Curragh, is booked at every

gaming-house, stands good at the Dawson Street Run, belongs to the Kildare Club ; in short, is a prime *bit of blood*. He has a great deal of spare honour in his composition, for to my knowledge he has been swearing it away these ten years, and still has some left ; he is very quarrelsome, will snuff a candle with a pistol, or propel a ball into the mouth of a quart bottle at the distance of twenty paces. He once laid a wager that he would shoot off the tip of his grandmother's nose through a quick-set hedge as she sat reading the Bible in her garden-chair. For once he missed his mark ; as she happened to turn her head at the moment he touched the hair-trigger, the ball carried off a curl of her wig and the best part of her ear ; thus he lost his wager, and much more, for the old lady left to a distant relation twenty thousand pounds which would have been his ; in truth, it did become his, for on the day of the funeral he managed to pick a quarrel with the lucky heir, and having shot him through the head, received *the blunt* as next heir. He is admitted into all societies, is a pleasant fellow, and an agreeable companion ; the only way to treat him is, with distant civility, and if he should quarrel with you, tell him you never stand fire, but will knock him down whenever he pleases to give you cause ; he is afraid of *club law*, and will then knock under.

‘Major Sham is a good fellow ; he is termed a five bottle man, and has done “The State some service.”

‘During the rebellion of 1798 he assisted in causing the death of its principal leader, for which he got a gold chain and a medal—he always wears it ; and whether in proving the strength of a barrel of whiskey,

or the strength of a rebel, he is always correct in his undertakings. There are many worse fellows in his occupation and very few better.'

By this time our heroes had reached Merion Square, and retired to roost, satisfied with the LIFE IN DUBLIN they had so pleasantly enjoyed. BRIAN dreamt of all he had seen, and, in fact, could not sleep for dreaming.

'Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes,  
When Monarch Reason sleeps, the mimic wakes,  
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,  
A mob of Cobblers and a court of Kings.'

Dreams often prove true; at breakfast next morning Captain Grammachree stumped in with his smile and salutation of 'Here I am, hearty and fat like a widow's pig. How are you all, rank and file?' His presence was always the forerunner of joy, but this day he seemed more elated than usual. 'Going to the Castle this evening?' said SIR SHAWN. 'The Levee be bothered!' replied Grammachree; 'there is no *life* in the Castle; all still puppets, moving automatons, dancing sharps and flats, enough to make a fellow eat his knuckles from *ennui*. Come with me, I'll introduce you to a scene that don't happen seven times in a twelvemonth; all will be *life* and jollity; it an't worth while to tell you what you'll see, for when you see it you will know. Master BRIAN never saw such a scene in Limerick. We must go to the Liberty and get some new suits of old clothes; let me alone for finding out a rag-man. Come, bear away, and I'll show you the fun of

A COAL PORTER'S WEDDING.'

‘I like the idea,’ said SIR SHAWN, ‘it is one worthy of Gram ; but how will we mingle and not be known?’ ‘Leave that to me ; Teague Slaughter was born on my father’s estate, his mother was pig-keeper to our middle man from the hour I was born, so Teague is a kind of foster-brother to myself ; he is the happy man ; and Peg Levelway was running footman in the place of a twopenny *post-horse* to the whole town of Newry ; many a teaster have I given her for a shilling’s worth of work, so you see I have the interest necessary.’ ‘Bravo, Gram !’ said SIR SHAWN, ‘we can’t go upon a forlorn hope where you lead the way !’ ‘Hope,’ said Gram, ‘by St. Patrick ! all will be life, hope, and rapture ; ten cars were engaged this morning to bring the *daises* from the Royal Canal, every one clean smock and block ; the Black Rock jingles are now jingling down Townsend Street with hundreds of black-faced *clogs* in white shirts and worsted hat-bands tied round their right arms, stuffed with gilt paper shamrocks and wedding favours. Come along, boys, or we shall be too late.

‘The game is up, the sport’s begun,  
By Jasus ! ’twill be glorious fun.’

The procession on this memorable day was more than commonly grand : if all Dublin was not there, the best part of it was. Townsend Chapel spliced the lovely pair ; that is, the minister of it,—’tis all the same. In Ireland we have a snug little thing in a corner called ‘the priest’s bottle,’ and after undergoing the mighty fatiguing ceremony of a marriage, a drop of it sets the nerves straight, and bothers the senses







Chasing with Whiskers by BELLEVUE BOYD & GARY GRAMMACHIEFFER

beyond all *comparishment*. Teague Slaughter loved a *mouthful*, Peg Levelway loved a small *toothful*, and so did the priest; a drop was melted down into the leaden cup, and all round took a *stifler*. Had you seen the bride-maids with their bastard *childer* on their backs, you would have turned an honest man for joy, and got married without a whew!—Well, 'tis all over. A consummation devoutly to be wished had taken place—och! the Devil knows when, for Peg was seven months gone before she went to chapel;—that was nothing to nobody but God Almighty and themselves. Out they came in prime order jostling La Louette's riding school. (If you have not been there you should make one; Counsellor Philips goes there to make speeches upon the animal creation; Sally M'Lean goes there; so does all the three Mr. Wiggins, and the Earl of Coat Laps.) Well, they doubled the corner, bilked the market, shyed the college wall, and steered down Moss-street. 'Here,' said SIR SHAWN, 'we'll take our standing to see what passes; Pat Heney is a good-natured fellow as ever kept a porter and punch-house, and from his parlour we can blink upon the crowd and be unseen.' 'How do, Pat?' said SIR SHAWN, as they entered the gangway; 'The better for seeing your Honour well; I see you're rigged for fun.' 'Bedershin,' said the Baronet, and put his *flipper* to his nose, 'show us into your parlour.' 'The Devil a foot till you've taken a drop for luck's sake.' 'It must be so,' said the baronet, 'Pat will have his own way, so BRIAN, handle the noggin, and do justice to Pat Heney and his stories.' BRIAN quaffed, and so did they all. The procession now advanced two and

two; every carman rode on double horses, behind them sat their dames and *gridirons* (public-house sweethearts); pipes of tobacco sent their fragrance up into the air; the juice of old quids squirted on the ground formed a sort of moving bog beneath their feet.

But then, in a jiffey,  
It plung'd in the Liffey  
Pigs, children, and fowls in its way,  
It carried along,  
Tremendously strong,  
And landed them all in the Bay.

END OF CHAPTER X.

## CHAPTER XI

Continuation of a coal-porter's wedding—A pump and a ferry-boat — Scene at POLL KATALANE'S — Monkey's allowance served out—End of the wedding—A mistake in the bedding—CAPTAIN GRAMMACHREE in a car with a litter of pigs—BRIAN BORU'S strange bed-fellows—PAT MOONEY'S remarks upon Dublin Castle—A trip to the Phoenix Park—A cold collation of hot meats—Visit to the canal basin, and a boat-race for a cow—BRIAN BORU proclaimed the winner.

ON the top of the pump—(you must have seen the pump if you were ever at the custom-house, because, when you step out of the ferry-boat you run your head right against it)—on the top of the pump a young *gossoon* sat straddle legs, holding a pole with a coal-sack depending from its end, in which were enclosed a fraternity of cats, who had just space sufficient to pop out their heads and *catterwaul* most gloriously. The bride and bridegroom rode cheek by jowl, and received the drops of *stalrinky* handed to them on every side most gracelessly. In the uniform of the coal-porters, two heroes rode on each side of the married pair, like supporters to the King's coat of arms; one suspended a huge pair of horns upon a wooden sceptre; the other bore a pair of worn-out leather breeches, with silken strings to the waistband.

Before all, as herald, or *avaunt courier*, a break-of-day boy rode on a piebald poney, blowing a bullock's horn with all his might and main; peacock's feathers hung over his brows, and a multitude of party coloured rags covered his figure. The band consisted of an Irish harp, three fiddles, a pair of bag-pipes, and a base drum. Every one that had a voice joined the music, and drowned it in chorus. It would have done your heart good to see the noise and hear the song as they doubled Jacob's Hotel, and steered down to Poll Katalane's.

TUNE—'Hearts of Oak.'

Come, cheer up, brave boys, 'tis to glory we steer,  
 This marriage to toast in a butt of strong beer;  
 We are all Irish boys, we are sound at the core,  
 And the coal-porter's wedding shall make Dublin roar.

Lads of steel are our wives,  
 They never complain,  
 We'll protect them with our lives,  
 Fearless and steady,  
 We always are ready  
 To drink and get sober again and again.

The door at Poll Katalane's was not very wide, nevertheless the whole party found admittance by hook or by crook, and amongst them SIR SHAWN and BRIAN BORU shoved in their noses.

The scene did not answer expectation—they were all too far gone. Waltzing began very early, and boxing began very soon after; coal-dust flew about like thickened smoke, and in the affray our visitors got more thumps than one. Monkey's allowance was

shewn off liberally; some talked of Major SIRR, others of Major SWANN, and at last a retreat was sounded by the landlord.

Teague Slaughter went to bed with Poll Katalane's grandmother, and Peg Levelway tumbled into the sack with Philibert Flash, an old wooden-legged pensioner—the rest of the family disposed themselves any where, and any how, for the whiskey had rendered it altogether a matter of no importance, either in its present or future consequences.

Gram, who during the Hymeneal Procession had lost his way, now made his appearance in a pig car, and was the only biped among the numerous travelling party, except the owner. The pigs, who during the ride appeared to have formed an attachment to Gram, and were unwilling too soon to separate, had escaped out of the tail of the cart as their friend descended, and on opening the door, the room was soon filled with them, the tables were capsized, and all was uproar, till at length the STYE made a fixture in the fireplace. BRIAN combed down his locks, and seemed in a state of stupefaction. SIR SHAWN laughed, and the Captain grinned. 'What the devil means this?' said BRIAN. 'Means,' cried GRAMMACHREE, 'why I could not do more in gratitude, than buy the poor fellow's pigs, who stood my friend, and brought me here safe on his car, and having no where to put them, I thought I might make free with your bed-room.' 'I say, BRIAN,' said SIR SHAWN, 'this is LIFE IN IRELAND, how do you relish it?'—'Devilish well, but now homeward, and to bed, for we are for the PHENIX PARK by nine, so we must have a somniferous dose.'

Cross heads three,  
Said CAPTAIN GRAMMACHREE,  
'Tis useless to be melancholy ;  
In the morning we'll rise,  
When the Sun lights the skies,  
And away to the park to be jolly.

The sun rose in splendour over every part of Ireland, except that which it did not shine upon. The mountains of MOURNE kept his rays from DOWNSHIRE, the CUNAMARA hills precluded him from GALWAY, and the smoke of DUBLIN doubled his efforts to illumine the County of WICKLOW. Nevertheless PATRICK MOONEY roused his master before eight, dressed his hair, and put on his steel-hilted sword, all ready for the castle. SIR SHAWN met him in the breakfast parlour. As a Baronet, he was splendidly attired, and his star appeared conspicuous ; BRIAN had none, but he had the phiz of an honest country squire, and as they walked to the carriage arm in arm, MOONEY exclaimed, —‘There goes Ireland POLISHED, and UNPOLISHED, both pure diamonds.’ MOONEY pressed up behind, and tipt Coachee. ‘To the Castle.’ ‘Arrah blood and turf,’ said MOONEY, as he let down the step at the Castle gate, ‘is this the Castle? by the piper that pleased Moll Casey, it is more like a stable, my master’s is a castle indeed, but’—‘Silence,’ said BRIAN, ‘and attend me.’ The old BIRMINGHAM TOWER caught MOONEY’S eye, and he naturally concluded it was a prison. ‘For the love of Judy,’ said he, ‘that you left in CONNAUGHT, don’t go near that place, all the Irish apostles were crucifixion’d in it, body and bones, and by the powers of Moll Kelly’—



'D—n you and Moll Kelly,' said SIR SHAWN, 'not a word more out of your Galway mouth, or I'll have you lock'd up in a crack.'—MOONEY was dished. On our heroes went. They were regularly introduced to the Viceroy's chair; he was a good fellow, and totally forgot that Thursday was Levee day. 'What's to be done now,' said SIR SHAWN to SIR CHARLES VERNON, 'I must, and will make my bow.' 'Then off to the Phoenix Park, he's there.' 'Aye, and so will I be soon.'—Away they ran, jumped into the carriage, and before they had driven *half way down the liberty*, they were *half way* to the Park. The Phoenix stood upon the top of his perch, like a *Billy Duck* on a Mopstick, and the trees on every side waved their green heads in the gale just like rotten cabbages turning blue for want of boiling. The Lord Luff received our heroes politely, and kindly; he apologized for his absence from the Castle, by saying he was not there; this was *known* before, but as a compliment, was supposed to be unknown. BRIAN was gratified by a shake of the hand, and an invitation to partake of a cold collation followed. This *cold* collation (as it is usual in Ireland) consisted of all the *hot* meats which could be cook'd in Dublin, and no sooner was it over, than away went his GRACE, the SECRETARY, BRIAN, SIR SHAWN, SIR CHARLES VERNON, LADY ARABELLA, to enjoy the *pleasures of a Boat Race on Horseback*. Reader, I don't apprehend you ever were at Chapelegoe, to eat strawberries; if you had, it might give you some idea of a Boat Race on the Royal Canal, for strawberries and water are very closely connected; I hate all comparisons, so make it yourself.

The canal basin is near a mile in circumference, more or less. Here the boats all started, four in number. The men were clad in *sky blue scarlet*, and the rowmen in *drab coloured red*; they had to row SEVEN times round the SEVEN MILE-STONE, fixed in the middle of the pool, and upon it stood a cow, a real Irish cow, from Liss-munshanagan; this was the prize for the winner. BRIAN was a good boatsman (you recollect his drowning his tutor in the Shannon), he seized a pair of skulls, and swore to contend for the prize. SIR SHAWN had so often row'd from Dublin to Howth and Lambog, that he was accounted 'prime at the stick,' on the quay—he also stept into a wherry, and the Vice-Regal King gave his assent. 'Twas rum work to see the Baronet and BRIAN in court dresses, tugging at the oar, and all the assembled quality round in high glee.

Away they row'd; the Pats in their places where they had long practised, held a good tug. SIR SHAWN was admired for the elegant manner in which he feather'd his oar, but the strength of BRIAN carried all before him, and he fairly won the cow.

#### SONG OF TRIUMPH

Come down, Mistress Cow,  
 Unto BRIAN BORU,  
 Come down, Mrs. Cow, you 'r his prize :  
 Unto Liss-mun-shanagan  
 You ne'er can go home again,  
 For you 'll stay here, if you 'r wise.

BRIAN received the cow in his boat, and, as is customary, mounted her back, crowned with Sham-rock, SIR SHAWN supported the tail, the minstrels



BRIAN BONTESON ... ..



followed in boats, waving flags, and the ceremony ended by BRIAN bowing to the LORD LUFF, and presenting his cow, adorned with ribbons, to a poor widow.

If you have been in Dublin, you have seen this; if you have not, the sooner you go the better, for you never can be better pleased.

END OF CHAPTER XI.

## CHAPTER XII

A Public Audience, and Introduction of BRIAN BORU at the Castle—Making a Knight—A Batch of Ditto—Hell by Twilight—A Cellar Scene, and GRAMMACHREE in high order—Scene in Dirty Lane—An Irish Mummy Pit—A Visit to a Holy Well—The Devil's Drawing Room—Arrival at Balbriggan.

HERE this strange eventful scene closed, and BRIAN BORU, with SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY, prepared to meet the elements. Before departing, an interview was requisite with the Lord Lieutenant, that is, a public one. Reader, if thou hast never been present at an audience, held by a Viceroy of a neighbouring kingdom, you may be amused with a description of its ceremonies. There are a set of people about the Castle of Dublin, as necessary to jog on the wheels of state, as a waggoner's nag is to carry his driver. These are called Masters of Ceremony, Lords Chamberlain, Equerries of State, Door Goers, and Tresolling Barbers. As a leading article to these immense concerns, Joe Ward holds a very immortal place; it is his duty to gallop on an old lean horse, from the Castle to the Lodge in the Phoenix Park, and announce that the Lord Luff is coming; this is not very easily done, but when it is done, it is done *quickly*. Joe

Ward was first introduced into Ireland by a man named Hamilton; he first appeared as *Prime Minister* to the *Laundry Maid* in Mrs. Coertown's Lodge, where men and women are collected like barnacles upon a whale's back. SIR SHAWN was first introduced, and made his bow before the great Lord Nor—y, and seven more Lords of a portlier size. He made his obeisances, and introduced his friend BRIAN BORU, who was graciously received.

The Audience Chamber is not very long, about a ten yards or so; here are fixed in silent state the great viceroy, his greater vice-gerents and all the rabble from Dirty Lane, and Three Thirty Sixes, in Cumberland Street. Upon this place stands the Lord Lieutenant and all his courtiers, and before them appeared, to make their bow, SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY and BRIAN BORU. With them there were some others, but of no consequence. The chair of state is one very ancient; it was made in the time of Edward the Fourth, and has upon its back the emblazoned arms of Great Britain, but these are very different from what they are now; the Rose and the Thistle are closely combined, and some additional illustrations give a most preponderous appearance to the Royal Theatre. 'Sir, I am glad to see you and your friend,' said the Lord Luff; 'You are welcome, BEDERSHEN,' said BRIAN BORU. 'Thank you,' said SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY, and after one minute's bowing and scraping, the Lord Luff called upon the Lord Chamberlain to give him his sword. 'I mean to knight you, Mr. BORU.' 'Thanks,' said the humble suppliant, and in a moment he rose a better knight than SIR SHAWN, or any other in his country. Irish knights are very peculiar. In England any very

strange fellow may achieve the honour, provided he *can pay the fees*; but here it is widely different; the Lord Luff must have been cured of a—Pox take you, I forget the disease, or *his wife's children* must have been inoculated for the *Small Pox*, and it is one and the same thing—only one is young, and the other—of age. I will tell a story of *Knights*:

A Captain of a Custom-house Cruizer was knighted, merely because he had the power to drink one bottle more than the Duke of Rutland. *Twelve* bottles were ranged upon the board, the Duke sank at the *eleventh*, and his friends *triumphed into Knighthood*; it was the custom of this 'Odd Fellow' to bestow the honour of a 'Knighthood' to all who had the luck to please him. At the village of *Dram-a-damgo*, an excellent dinner and wines were provided for *the Viceroy*; he eat, he drank, he got in good humour, and eventually knighted the landlord; 'tis fair to say that this man served the office of *High Sheriff*, and was a respectable useful member of society. For this no thanks to the drunken V——y. But still some discrimination should be us'd, and at the discrimination of a Lord Luff, comes from England; he has no opinion of his own, he is only an echo, to make the responses of government; but he is often a true one, and the man who could say that Earl Talbot is any other than a friend to his King and Country, must be a villain.

SIR SHAWN returned thanks with that grace which ever embellished his name. BRIAN BORU made his congratulations free from affectation, and in the *real* style of a *true British Landholder*, who never op-



pressed his tenants, or had a *middle man* on his estate.

I wish it were in my power to add to the list many more such men as BRIAN BORU; but it cannot be, he's an exemption from many, and nearly stands alone; 'tis no matter, he can stand by himself, he needs no support, and defies all opposition.

SIR BRIAN BORU did as all other gallant subjects would do; he had the grace to say, that he was proud and grateful for the honour he had received, and would ever shew his remembrance of it in loyal attachment to the throne. When this was done, he very submissively retired, and with SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY passed into their carriage, and drove off full speed to Merrion-square. Coachmen will make mistakes, and why should not SIR SHAWN'S; he blundered over Carlisle-bridge, and found himself on Sir John Rogerson's quay, before he knew where he was, and the reason he knew where he was, was this, he saw the river before him, and pulled up, because he didn't like a ducking.

The scene at the time was very grand, every house bore the appearance of *Hell in Twilight*; turn out, said SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY, and I will shew you *Life by Moonlight*; go home, MOONEY, and take care of the coach. Away went MOONEY and the wicklow rollers, and down the quay went SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY.

LIFE IN IRELAND is of so strange a nature, that it is nearly impossible to describe it; the world there goes upside down, quite on the contrary to what it does in LONDON; sometimes we Dublin boys meet and quarrel, get broken heads at night, and meet again as friends next morning. There is a sort of friendship which is

perhaps never known over the *fish-pond*; it is that strange partiality, that an IRISHMAN has to his countrymen; he will lend to him in all difficulties, he will attend him in all his troubles, he will never abandon him in all his distresses, until he finds that the man has been dishonourable, and then he will immediately discard him.

It is true that much *low* life may be seen in Dublin, and it is also true, that we are not much acquainted with it; these scenes are not habitual as they are in London, and we have no objection to state what we have seen. The flags on the Liffey were gloriously flowing, and all the lads from the cotton manufactory reloosed their heels; their heads were not seen, except in a sort of *Camera Obscura*; it was just the same, for no brilliance could be expected from such block-heads.

SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY and BRIAN BORU mingled in the scene, and turn'd into a cellar near *Dirty-lane*; 'twas an odd look-out; here were spread more than thirty beds, all in neat trim. The inmates laid *heel* and *point*, quite at home.

In passing the *Middle-row*, SIR SHAWN stumbled upon a wooden leg and fell. '*Botheration*,' said BRIAN BORU, 'what makes you fall?' 'Because I can't stand up,' said his friend; behold when the scenes were explor'd, nothing came in contact but CAPTAIN GRAMMACHREE'S leg; this was an obstacle easy removed, and henceforth we will travel on unaccompanied by his timber toe.

'What the devil brings you here, in God's name?' said the Baronet. 'What brought you here?' replied



*Adventures in a Dining Cellar*



old Gram. 'Why, my legs and my inclination, and be d——d to you'; 'tis those that carry a man any way against his will. To attest the truth of what he said, he threw off the horse rug, and showed a Christian-like face, which SIR SHAWN had known upon the town for some half dozen years; it was no other than Jean Shanghaessey from the liberty, who finding Gramma-chree half seas over, had taken the liberty of bringing him to an anchor in Blanket Bay, amidst two score of fireships, all commodiously moor'd head and stern; here might be seen, by the help of a candle stuck in a lump of clay, the fat and frowsy alderman, Dear Lie, by the side of a lady not large enough to form one of his *spare-ribs*; nearly in contact with him the very delicate and delicious Tom Slender, Esq., roasted under the arm of Moll Donovan, the female Lambert of Dublin; from every nursery peep'd out some singular Polls, one mark'd with blue devils under and over his eyes; another covered with soot, and a third covered with mud, all in a professional way, all labouring in their peculiar vocation; upon the hearth a few sods of turf were glimmering, scarcely throwing out heat sufficient to warm an old tabby cat, and a sow with a litter of young ones, that occupied the parson's corner, and snor'd by hereditary right at a *sovereign rate*. The walls were marked with letters, or rather names, oddly spelt, and the once white-washed roof was ran over with sentences *penned* from the blaze of a candle; what is in London gaols termed a *dunniken*, was fixed behind the door, emitting a smell so fragrant, as to compel our pair of adventurous travellers to sneeze, and albeit, often put their noses in a parenthesis.

As a sample of Low Life in Dublin, a better could not be produced; and the Baronet took some pains to explain its beauties to his friend BRIAN BORU.—In truth, SIR SHAWN was no stranger to those receptacles for the living dead—for dead he must be to all the gentle feelings of natural life, who could voluntarily embed himself in such a charnel-house. Nevertheless here was MAJOR GRAM, and so well satisfied with his condition, that he swore he would not budge an inch to save his \* \* \* \*.—The old Beldame, or the letter-out of this hell for Christians, was very clamorous, insisting that as ‘the *jontle* men did not purpose having a snooze, or a chop of mutton, they should come down for a drop of *stitrinke*.’ To this they had no objection, and Brian pulling out three two-and-ninepennys, set all the room in an uproar; every table then stood upon its own bottom; all bolted up from the straw roller, and smacked their lips, and scratched their heads, with evident anticipation of joys to come. Such a scene was never before painted or written. Belzoni might have been at an Egyptian feast a little similar, where the mummies of three thousand years’ pickling are placed at the festive board, by way of compliment; nothing could be more ghastly. Peg *Wither and Grin* toddled out, and soon returned with a *black jack* full of the real native, part of which she very gracelessly handed to our heroes in a wooden dram glass; this they condescended to taste, and the nappy went round in full chorus; even GRAMMACHREE roused himself, and took a *tip over tongue* to the tune of ‘better luck still.’ The scene now became boisterous in the extreme, and the expressions of gratitude which flew from all

around, were of that coarse texture which we cannot here unravel.

Suffice it, that our heroes had a plentiful view of all that can charm the heart, or disgust the eye, and retired perfectly satisfied with what they had seen.

Reader, be not startled at this scene in very Low Life; it is not wanting parallel in the world, even in London. We can daily and nightly dive into such concerns; Chancery-lane has its ducking *stools*, so hath *Monmouth-street*, and Broad *Saint Giles's*, where the knives and forks are chained to the table, and for twopence you can have a plate of hot ox-cheek, a tumbler of small beer, and a platter of *Basilican salve* (*alias* peas pudding). The shades at Westminster-bridge are not a farthing better, though they are a shilling dearer, and frequented by *High Lif'd Black-Legs*, instead of *Low Lif'd scamps*. Those who would wish to *run down Dublin*, need not hope to find materials herein for doing so; they had better look at home, in whatever part of the globe they are situated, and they will either directly condemn themselves, or with the stupid lawyer exclaim—'Much may be said on both sides.' As all means to remove GRAMMACHREE were ineffectual, our heroes consoled themselves with the idea that he was better in *bad* company, than to make bad company with them.

SIR SHAWN was now on the wing for some novelty wherewith to amuse his friend BRIAN BORU—a plan he had long in agitation was forthwith put in execution.

#### *A Visit to a Holy Well.*

There are many of these in Ireland, rendered sacred

from antiquity, and the reverence which superstition bears to anything of notoriety. Thus there are Saint Mary's, Saint Catherine's, Saint Dennisses, Saint Jennings, and Saint Murdoch's, which are holy wells; at all of these people congregate in thousands, for the purpose of washing away their sins.

I am not aware why these wells have been termed *holy*, unless it may arise from their issuing from a *hole* in the ground; 'tis no matter, a dip is accounted by Pat sufficient licence for him to commit with impunity, for the ensuing year, any crimes he chuses. The morning was fairly a wet day, when our heroes set off on a hired jaunting-car for Balbriggan, accompanied by Pat Mooney. The drive down by the Skerries is fine, and the fishing smacks on the ocean appear superb objects to those who are so far off as to be unable to distinguish colours. Behind the charming little village of Balbriggan lay a long valley, called from its beauty and heaven-like appearance, 'The Devil's Drawing room'; and strange as it may appear, here the Virgin Mary has established a bath. The time is very doubtful when this streamlet was decreed to issue from the turf bog; but the Psalter of Cashel attributes its existence to the very identical day and hour when Joseph of Arimathea planted the *Glastonbury* thorn. Such authority cannot be doubted—it is as true as the *Rights of Man*, or *Hone's Gospel*.

Surrounded by an elegant circle of Irish trees, and bramble bushes, is discovered this little *hallowed wash-hand basin*; on one side of it runs in eccentric meander, a fine heavy gutter, well stocked with frogs, pigs, and ducks; right in its front a sibeian house hangs in terrific



array on the edge of a rock, from whence the devotees, well primed with costigious malt, descend with hideous yells to have a sup from the iron ladle.

SIR SHAWN and BRIAN BORU, clad in russet brown, alighted at Tim Connor's just in time to see a mid-day dipping. Little notice was taken of our heroes; they had their glass at the mash-tub, and paid their two sixpences for the Priests, who, although seldom present, had pronounced a benediction over the grave or well of the Virgin, which imbibed all the virtues of Cornelius O'Callagan, who, as every woman in the province of Ulster can testify, is a powerful man on his knees at his favourite devotions. Would you be after taking a noggin, said Tim, to drink the Virgin's good health in her watery grave, at the same time handing to SIR SHAWN a tin pot marked with a crucifix, for which he had to down with his tenpenny, and away they trudged to the well in so mingled a crowd, that *the Dance of Death* was never equal to it; probably four thousand individuals formed this grotesque scene, some on their knees, some turning head over heels, others with hands raised to the sky, all bawling out 'Shave us, shave us all, holy mother.'—'By my soul,' said Mooney, 'and if she does come down to *shave* you all, she'll have a dirty job, and there is not water enough in the holy-well to make a lather for you all.' At the well such a scramble took place, as BRIAN had never before seen; he and SIR SHAWN went neck and heels into the gutter, and poor Mooney followed very quickly, and, in defiance of decorum, he came slap upon his master's inexpressibles; not a soul stayed to pick up the fallen heroes, all trod and plodded on to fill their cans at the

sacred spring. With much ado our party extricated themselves, and proceeded on to the place, where, to their surprise and laughter, they beheld friend GRAMMACHREE, sitting bare-headed, and bathing his wooden leg in the crystal stream. 'Welcome, welcome, my boys,' he bellowed; 'here am I, just after taking a dip to cure me of the rheumatism, and you may also take a dip into this side pocket of mine, where is a drop of the best whiskey that ever was brewed on the banks of the Liffey, to comfort a fellow after a cold collation.' SIR SHAWN and BRIAN took a small taste of the cruet, and carrying the Major under their arms, steered away to the jaunting-car; the scene was then highly imposing, twilight began to spread its shades around, and cries of love, despair, and devotion shook the air. In the midst of this hallaballoo, the trio dashed up the valley, and made for Balbriggan. Mooney, who undertook to drive, had the genius to capsize the vehicle three times in a mile. Nevertheless they sustained no injury; an outside jaunted car is made for no other purpose than to be tumbled off in the most easy manner; you sit on it back to back, in the most unsociable manner, and have to talk over the shoulder to any one you wish to hear you. As to looking a person in the face, it can't be done; the thing is impossible, unless you wish to break your neck. This did not hurt our friends, for they safely alighted at Bet Thorey's, where is written over the door,

'The moon doth shine both bright and clear,  
Come in, my lads, and drink some beer.'

END OF CHAPTER XII.

## CHAPTER XIII

Scenery at Balbriggan—Meeting with Lady Demiquaver—Belle Vue—The word of a Demirep—A view from Dirty Lane—The Life of a Lawyer—Dublin Four Courts—Seats of Justice—Lord Quiverwit—Culpable Homicide by compulsion—A Woman guilty of Manslaughter—A Bogtrotting Beauty at the Bar—Good reasons for Sheep-stealing—An absent Council—THADY MUCKMUTTON and BOB JOHNSTON—Comfort to those going to be hang'd, or let them do it—Monody in prose upon Drunken Bob—Compunctions of Conscience, or LADY MUCHAULTY uppermost—Crim. Con. and Counsellor Philips—Hot Beef-steaks at the Struggler—Pat Dueginan and his new cooking apparatus—Virtues of Bog-turf—Struggles to live, and a slumber in the Arms of Murphy.

THOSE who have not been at Balbriggan can have nothing to say to its beauties or its imperfections. The waves on every side were in motion, and so was the elbow of BRIAN BORU, who had uncorked a glass of as pure port as was ever made in the Province of Ulster.

I hate to describe any scene with the pen which a man can see with the eye, for the trouble of looking thirteen miles from Dublin before the head of his horses. But there is a somewhat in the air of Balbriggan that renders a man lively. Aye and a woman also, though at many and often times a fellow does not want a woman to be in a state of jollification.

There are a fine swell of mountains rising from

Squire Savage's back-side premises, and in the run down to the hedge hole of brother Strongside much may be seen to charm the eye and catch the ear. The Pier of Balbriggan is a beautiful view, and I would do great injustice to Ireland if I did not attempt to say something in its favour. The hills of Wicklow are in great beauty spread before the left handed view of an Irishman, in more than decent pride. On the right the mountains of Mourne spread their shade all round, and the far-spreading shades shed a melancholy grandeur over the sombre scene. Nature laughs on every side; the falling rill, and the murmuring stream, shot up sprays that cool'd the air. Every valley breathed health, every valley wafted perfume, and few ever visited Balbriggan that did not part from it with regret, and return to it with pleasure.

SIR SHAWN and BRIAN BORU had a generous meal, and sallied out to see the pigs of Balbriggan; it was not to be wondered at that our heroes were taxed most unconscionably by every spalpeen that came in their way; it was down at the coal-quay corner that SIR SHAWN met, to his great astonishment, the great and good Lady Demiquaver; she had come down from Dublin, and SIR SHAWN knew her as well as one pig would another, if they met in a *slough* or in a *brown George*. 'How are you, my dear jewel?' said the Baronet; 'I'm right glad to see you so happy, so comfortable and snug at Balbriggan; and what did bring you here? Except a little sprig of intranquillity.' — 'The deuce of anything but the sake of rambling, and the hopes to see you and friend BRIAN.' 'Not a word of him; he has just been dipp'd in the holy well,

and is no more fitted for a joke than I am for a tight rope dancer at the new drop.'—'That,' says Lady Demiquaver, 'is a truth. None ever thought you had the smallest title to be an adept in dancing, but as you seem to have an ambition for the situation of a dangler in air, remember I am your *foster mother*, and answer for your sins.' 'Agreed,' said BRIAN BORU, and in the hand of Lady Demiquaver, down he went to Belle Vue. It is not likely that any one used to looking upon the sea would admire Belle Vue, but still it had its beauties, sweetly reclined in the shade. I have not one word to say of the mother. She might, and she may be, good, bad, or indifferent, for what I care. What the devil has a common *occupationer* to do with such things? The lodge of her Ladyship was peculiarly decent, and it could not be otherwise when her Ladyship attended to it, but the devil of it was that she seldom attended to her word. This you may say, gentle reader, is a mere trifle; it is true it is so, but in LIFE IN IRELAND it is a matter of much more than general importance.

I cannot say one word against Lady Demiquaver. She imported to our heroes a crown of joy, and partook of it. I will not say whether she partook of it in a crown bowl of punch, or in a Highland reel, it was much the same, and when the party mounted the jaunting-car from Balbriggan to proceed to Dublin, even Major Grammachree blessed the footsteps of Lady Demiquaver. It is much to be wished that men of sense and service like the heroes herein described, should go forth to the world as they really are. But d——e it can't be done; they skulk behind the hot

beds of jealousy, fostered by the canker-worm of discretion, and are never seen until forcibly dragged to the light, by the power of omnipotent law.

‘Have you ever,’ said SIR SHAWN, as him and BRIAN BORU disengaged from the arms of Lady Demiquaver, ‘have you ever been in the Four Courts?’ ‘No,’ replied his friend, ‘and only know from report what it means.’ ‘There,’ said SIR SHAWN, ‘stands the building, celebrated as the emporium of Law and Logic. Probably it has not its parallel in the habitable globe. It is no disparagement to it that it faces Dirty Lane, for that is a crossing we must all go through before we reach the castle end of the city. This dark and dreary place is now, by the order of government, called *Bridge-foot Street*, but it will never lose its original appellation. ‘Here were perpetrated the foul murders during what is called *Emmett’s* rebellion, and a brave colonel fell, rather than confess himself a traitor.’ The bridge has very fortunately been swept away by the torrents of the Liffey, and a new one constructed, which makes a fine and irregular opening to the Courts of Justice.

‘It is now,’ said SIR SHAWN, ‘a full day at the bar, so if you choose to see a sprinkle of the LIFE OF A LAWYER, you can’t do better than shake your heels and head for a few minutes amongst the *big wigs*.’

‘With all my heart,’ said BRIAN; ‘we have kept it up very decently, now let us go down and see what is to be seen.’

The hall of the four courts is really elegant, but the exterior by no means corresponds. The dome is the most vulgar thing that ever was dignified by the title

of a piece of architecture; it has not unaptly been stiled by Pat, in his eccentric way, 'a large turnip, or top of a haystack,' and the courts appropriated to hear the causes of justice in, are so narrow and confined, that a stranger would think they were cells of confinement for all the lawyers and liars in dear Dublin. In truth, it has always reminded me of my LORD MANSFIELD'S handsome farm-yard, near London, which opens by gothic entrances into a dozen hogsties, and verily the well designated swinish multitude are always found in abundance, in and near those pavilions of public reprobation.

A cause had just come on, before my LORD DAWE-WIT, of some notoriety if not of great interest. SIR SHAWN and his friend were accommodated with seats within the bar, and listened with GENTLEMENLY attention to all the *blackguard* arguments and assertions of the black tribe.

A gentleman was arraigned, for that he shot his friend, for love, in a duel. The fact was admitted, and the prisoner pleaded in extenuation of the offence, that he could not help hitting his antagonist, by reason they fought at a *short arm's length*. The plea was good, and a verdict given, 'culpable suicide by compulsion,' to the satisfaction of an indifferent court.

'It reminds me,' observed BRIAN, 'of a trial in my own sweet country, where the jury, under the judge's direction, brought a woman in *guilty of manslaughter for stealing a pair of breeches*'; they were all determined to save her from a halter, and it was just as well to do it in this manner as any other more common way.'

At this moment a man was BARR'D, who did not

bear even a trace of the human form in his composition, his face was so disfigured with dirt, that potatoes could have been planted either by drill or broadcast on his cheeks; and his

‘Brawny shoulders four feet square’

were covered with the remnants of a ‘*horse*, or rather a *donkey rug*,’ all in remnants; his breeches, like JOSEPH’S COAT, were of many colours, but defied even a *colour merchant’s* eye to say which was which; and he had no stockings upon his legs, but those he came into the world with, and a fine BLUE and BUFF pair they appeared to be. Upon his feet were a handsome pair of *Kilkenny straw sandals*, bound with hemp and rope yarns. His daddles were not unlike haunches of venison in a state of decay, I mean in that state of *civic putridity*, which would have well pleased the *nostrils* of Sir WATKIN *Lewes*, and the appetite of BILLY CURTIS. Added to all these elegant accomplishments, he had a head, on which the hairs stood firm and pointed,

‘Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.’

He stood at the brass slider a monument of God’s judgment against vanity, and with all the assurance of the devil, exclaimed, ‘not guilty,’ to the usual charge.

Did you not steal the sheep, said MACTTALLY, the celebrated counsel. ‘I don’t, by Jasus, know a *sheep* from a *ship*, so how could I steal them? but I have a counsellor coming, who has had a hand in the job, and will lift me out of it.’ ‘Aye, and *up out* of it,’



whispered BRIAN, 'for by my honour but you have a devilish hanging look.'

The prisoner's counsel did not attend so regular as he expected, and the bench and jury were quite tired out, and seemed to be of opinion he had no one retained in his service; the Judge was upon the point of pronouncing sentence, when SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY humanely offered to go in search of his friend. This was agreed to, and THADY MUCKMUTTON declared his name to be *Bob Johnston*. 'I know him,' said the baronet, 'but am doubtful of knowing where to prick for his nob; however, I'll try to unkennel him some way or other.'

Away he went, and after traversing half the dirty public houses in the vicinity, returned in despair. The fellow's guilt was quite apparent to all, and he was, from a recollection of his numberless offences, sentenced to be hanged. Immediately after the performance of this awful duty, who should make his appearance in tag-rag and bob-tail, but Bob Johnston, reeling ripe with the barley juice. 'Och hogh,' said THADY, fixing his bleared eyes upon him, 'and so now you are after coming to serve me for giving you the five taps as a *suspicious* retainer.' 'No matter,' said Bob, 'time enough,' as he received his wig and gown from the ground porter's *sky sprawlers*, 'time enough for me,' said Bob, 'so it must be in good time for you.' 'Arrah, big blood and 'ounds,' thundered poor *Thady*, as Bob took his station by his side, 'don't you know I'm cast for death, and must be hang'd to-morrow?' 'Never mind,' said Bob, 'don't fret, what must be must be, let them hang you, let them hang you, and by Jasus,

I'll make it a dear hanging to them.' This was no laughing matter, but certis the whole court could not refrain from displaying a risibility of features at such a remark.

The poor wretch was removed, execrating sheep-stealing, and drunken counsellors as worse pests than excisemen and constables.

Poor BOB, now thou art under the sod, let me scatter a wreath over thy grave; thou wert a friend to the excise, and a fool to thyself. Methinks I see thee steadying thy body at the punch-house door, and aiming thy one eye at the door of the FOUR courts, then precipitate thyself across the pavement, and make a dart into the hall. Methinks I hear thy reasoning; even in a state of intoxication, it was always eloquent and sound; thou hadst the power to plead in mitigation of every one's faults except thy own, and we could have much better spared a better man. And though thy earthly wanderings were many and sinful, let us hope that thou art not struck off the *roll in heaven*, for faults which thou could not extenuate nor avoid.

Scarcely had this strange and eventful scene concluded, before a new one came upon the carpet; it was a *seducing* one for an Irishman to give ear to, and as it went on, BRIAN could not help heaving a few profound sighs, to the almost forgotten Lady Macanatty. It had often given him pain when he reflected upon the connection he had formed with this young Limerick sparrow, and he latterly began to wish her at the devil, or any more comfortable fireside, at a distance from this world. For it is a truth, that lady had many more

lovers than Brian Boru, and entertained an equal regard for them all.

The present case gave ample scope for the display of Mr. Philips's extraordinary eloquence—he shone with brilliance, and gained a verdict for his fair client, carrying with it excessive damages.

'We have had enough,' said BRIAN BORU. 'If your single women are such expensive articles in Dublin, I'll try to be wanting them until I can pluck a dilly near OLD GALWAY.'

By this time our two friends had heard quite enough of DUBLIN jurisprudence, to convince them that the thing most prudent for them to do, was to get peaceably home. Here they were quite satisfied, so much so, that out they walked, and into the *struggler* after a hot beef steak. This once famed place is gone to the dogs, since the death of Patrick *Duijenan*, who in himself was a host, and always able to procure customers, either by slang or gentility, for he could accommodate on either side as it suited his interest, whim, or caprice. The manner of cooking is rather novel, the steaks being placed betwixt two plates of Queen's metal, which, when the steak was supposed sufficiently done on one side was capsized to the other, as a fork was never made use of, and one hundred *dabs* have been on the *iron sideboard* at one time; this immense plate was heated from flues underneath, where turf was kept perpetually burning. BRIAN was no epicure, but he knew a bad from a good thing, as well as SIR BILLY CURTIS. When the cloth was removing, he observed that he had never eat a finer beef steak, and which was owing to its being cooked upon turf, which penetrated the

pores of the iron and gave it a most delicious flavour. Whether or not it is the case I am no competent judge, never having dined at the Struggler, and am sure that I never shall. My struggles through life have been very severe; I have *struggled* very hard for a dinner, and been disappointed after all; I have also more than three nights out of four supped with *Duke Humphrey*, a thing by no means agreeable to one who prefers low company and a full stomach to *high life* and hunger. Nevertheless, these heartrending things have qualified me to attempt this account of LIFE IN IRELAND, which, if I die I am certain I shall never live to finish, and the reader will have no cause to regret the circumstance.

Nothing of moment occurred to our adventurers; they down'd with the tenpennies, and hastily taking a rummer of whiskey punch, shaped their course for Bedfordshire most plaguily tired, and at the same time pleased with their excursion. Major GRAMMACHREE had also found his way home, and in the arms of Murphy (*alias* Morpheus), even LIFE IN IRELAND, noisy as it may be, was hushed into tranquil repose for a few hours.

END OF CHAPTER XIII.

## CHAPTER XIV

A Man's life prolonged for public good—A walk up the Canal—Out of town and still in it—Miseries of London—A King kicking alive—BRIAN BORU moralizing—A planxty to the memory of Bob Johnston—A damned soul—A pretty girl, and religion turned keel upwards—Buck Whaley, and murder in Irish—Sally Jenkinson's history—Trip to sea—A song, and an upset in a squall—A water party.

IT is manifestly impossible to follow our favourite friends through all their peregrinations in *High and Low Life* in Dublin; our limits will not permit us to indulge in the inclination to ramble: we have very unfortunately pledged ourselves to the public, that *This Life* shall be included in twelve parts or numbers; our friend old William Shakespeare says—

‘Man's life is seven ages’;

so that we exceed him in our limits as far as he excels us in description; and if we can judge from the present state of public opinion, we may hazard an attempt to make *Sir Shawn O'Dogherty* a modern *Hezekiah*, and add a term of years to his span—we do not mean that he in propria personæ has ‘turned his face to the wall,’ and prayed for this extension, he is not quite so godly, although he does belong to the *Sainted Island*; but as he is an amiable fellow, with a multi-

tude of failings, we are not going to part with him before he has made us laugh a little longer, and grow better in his company.

We are on the same good terms with BRIAN BORU : he improves under his tutor's hands, and before he quits DUBLIN, shall be both an accomplished and a true good humoured gentleman.

The last-named hero rose at his usual hour of seven o'clock, and having no pressing appointment, he took a morning's walk up the Banks of the Canal ; this is pleasing employment for an idle person ; he can sit when he pleases on the grass, bathe, or walk at his leisure, whilst every hundred yards he advances he will be certain to find a pretty girl, and a drop of whiskey punch to comfort the cockles of his heart. This is not the case in London, where, should you happen to live in *Bow Lane, Love Lane, or Petticoat Lane*, you are compelled to start for the country before daylight, and are quite exhausted with fatigue before you get out of town ; and when you are *out of town*, as it is called, you are sure to be in some other : for instance, at the *East End*, you have not turned your back upon *Whitechapel Church* and the *London Hospital*, before you are in *Mile End, Bow, and Romford*. Go from *Hyde Park Corner*, the *Western extreme* of London, you tumble through *Saint George's Hospital* into TATTERSAL'S auction room for brute beasts, and if you escape kicking to death, you must squeeze through the *Lock Hospital* for prostitutes and pickpockets : when you recover your road, you have horse and foot guard barracks to pass, where you stand a very good chance of being *Franciscated* or *Honeyfied*—in *short*, or rather in long, you must

never stop till you get to Turnham Green, a distance of seven miles from Holborn-bridge, and then you may say you *are out of town at last*, and in the centre of a dunghill, where you breathe pestilence, and tread in pollution.

London, taken from the City boundaries in a circular way, is full ten miles out of its ancient limits; but by water the good citizens have a privilege, celebrated every year by an aquatic excursion, of seeing the school-boys at HARROW and ETON lead up the 'Montem, and eat gingerbread to the King's health'—God rest his *soul*—oh! by my troth, I humbly beg his *body's* pardon, I had forgot that he is still 'alive and kicking' in Germany.

Besides, they have no want of a burial-place gratis, as Gravesend is in the limits of the City; but my business here is not to describe *London*, and all its defects, but DUBLIN, and all its beauties. I care about as much for LONDON, as the *Archbishop of Canterbury* does for the *Pope's* toe, or the *Greek Patriarch's* gallows. So said BRIAN BORU, as he trod in a beautiful *country* only one mile from a beautiful city, and cast his eye upon the wide of ocean, that sweep in majestic silence its world of waters along the winding shores of Dublin Bay: he could no more at that moment refrain from offering up a prayer for his native land, than an Irishman could refrain from eating potatoes and drinking whiskey on his death-bed:—

'My soul relies

On that all healing and all forming power,  
Who on the radiant day when time was born,  
Cast his broad eye upon the face of ocean,  
And calmed it with a glance—

Then plunging deep his mighty arm,  
 Pluck'd from its dark domain this throne of freedom,  
 Drench'd it in whiskey punch, and  
 Call'd it—IRELAND—he did and will preserve it.'

MASON was always a favourite poet with BRIAN, and as such he altered the last stanza of this grand apostrophe, if not for the better, to better please his own wayward fancy. BRIAN now being in a humour-some mood, sat down near the second drawbridge, and pulling forth his tablets, invoked his muse to the following effect:—

A PLANXTY TO THE MEMORY OF BOB JOHNSTON,  
 THE  
 DRUNKEN COUNSELLOR OF DAME STREET.

'Go along, Bob.'

Of all that ever graced the BAR,  
 Or at the DROP were seen,  
 BOB JOHNSTON beats both near and far,  
 Ready to fight, to fend, or spar,  
 As things would intervene.

He was a good attorney's guide,  
 But could not guide himself;  
 In SWEARING he took monstrous pride,  
 His hands in blood were often dy'd,  
 Though seldom stain'd by pelf.

His pen was ready as his SPEECH,  
 Which was both bold and strong,  
 Full well he could good doctrine teach,  
 But then to practise what you preach,  
 Said Bob, is always wrong.



The WEAK unto the STRONG must yield,  
Said BOB, for that 's my way ;  
The LAW is but a COWARD's shield,  
And none to Justice e'er appeal'd,  
That could from Justice stray.

BOB had an energetic power  
He often call'd to use,  
He glitter'd in the darken'd hour,  
And could both *bench* and *boxes* scower,  
By dint of sheer abuse.

With NEWGATE's dens familiar, BOB  
Had unto manhood grown ;  
With thieves was seen to hob and nob,  
And taught the rogues to doubly rob  
Whom he could rob alone.

I hate, said BOB, a villain's tread,  
His presence I fight shy ;  
To gain an honest crust of bread,  
These *rogues in spirit* are deeply read,  
A rogue in grain am I.

They live upon the PUBLIC PURSE  
As if it was their own ;  
But Lord, it matters not a curse,  
To spur to death the willing horse  
Is practis'd by the throne.

For GALLOWS BIRDS, are mortal men  
That flutter in life's day ;  
Like me they prey on brother men,  
Like me in foul corruption's den,  
In stench they will decay.

Thus oft he spoke in merry glee,  
When WHISKEY rais'd his feeling,  
For BOB when drunk oft DOUBLE saw,  
And both in *liquor* and his *law*,  
He dealt in *double dealing*.

## LIFE IN IRELAND

Full many a dog from hempen string  
 Hath BOB by cunning sav'd ;  
 For money he would curse the King,  
 For money make the FOUR COURTS ring,  
 And bless the law he brav'd.

For cash he 'd stem the torrent's course,  
 And run the risk of shame ;  
 For that, go on from bad to worse,  
 And sink o'erwhelm'd by many a curse,  
 Damn'd to inglorious fame.

So long as IRISH LAW is fam'd  
 For infamous delay,  
 BOB JOHNSTON will in COURT be nam'd,  
 As one who never could be sham'd,  
 Who bore infernal sway.

Who peopled NEWGATE's dens with thieves,  
 And hang'd them when he chose ;  
 He who of life another bereaves,  
 For whom a wife and children grieves,  
 Must be the worst of foes.

Gifted with talents at command,  
 And form'd in Courts to shine,  
 Sunk in the refuse of the land,  
 He rose, to light sedition's brand,  
 And spring rebellion's mine.

The storm has fled, death's meteor gleam'd,  
 Life's visions past away ;  
 A ray of vengeance o'er him stream'd,  
 The soul that here so darkly beam'd,  
 Has lost the light of day.

And plung'd to deep and silent gloom,  
 Perhaps no more to rise ;  
 For sad must be the mortal's doom,  
 When pure Religion on his tomb,  
 Writes—here a villain lies.

This, said BRIAN, will do—I cannot for my soul bear the memory of a man who, blessed with uncommon talents, has prostituted them to the vilest purposes, and lived upon the destruction of his fellow-creatures. It is customary in Ireland to laud the memory of BOB JOHNSTON for his talents, his eccentricities, and his addiction to WHISKEY PUNCH. These are sins that might be forgiven, but *eccentricities* become very serious evils, when use has made them necessary to a person's daily support; and the only person whom BOB JOHNSTON ever served in IRELAND, was JACK KETCH. I would rather perish by the extremest starvation, than live on the blood of my fellow-creatures. The world is already bad enough, and if the superior orders have really no virtue in their bosoms, in charity they should assume the appearance of it, in order that those below them in rank, fortune, and education, might derive a benefit from what they hold in contempt. If RELIGION be a fallacy, said BRIAN, 'tis one of such a very comfortable nature, that I would not be deprived of its beautiful theory for all that the world can give or take away. Damme, said he, rising from his grassy seat, I am in future determined to enjoy the world in a virtuous way,

For Heaven in pity says repent,  
And bids thee go, and sin no more.

With this resolution on his lips, he turned up *Stewart's Glade*, where there are often more *suckles* than *honeysuckles* to be found. The light breeze that swept over Mill Dale, and bent the heads of the primrose, cowslip, and hallowed shamrock, lifted also the

bonnet off as pretty a little tulip as ever walked upon two faultless limbs to the grave. BRIAN was caught, his fine-spun ideas vanished like transient thoughts, that leave no firm impression upon the brain, except the one,—*that such things were*, and you are glad they are gone. He involuntarily paused and pondered, and finally followed her footsteps.

I saw thy pulses maddening play,  
Wild soar'd the pleasure's devious way,  
Misled by fancy's meteor ray,  
By passion driven ;  
But yet the light that led astray,  
Was light from heaven.

This might well be applied to BRIAN BORU, who had soon taken the frigate in tow, and thought no more of BOB JOHNSTON'S cures, *Religion* and *Virtue*, than he did of committing a *murder*.

SALLY JENKINSON was a *Liverpool fair*, but no relation of the great Earl who *rules the roast* in the King's kitchen, though she had ruled the roast in more kitchens than one. At the age of sixteen she was seduced from home by the famous BUCK WHALEY, of *Stephen's Green*: her sister also was seduced by the same man; and, *strange* as it is true, they both lived with him under the same roof—'tis but charitable to say, that one had no knowledge of the other's intimacy for some time with the depraved '*Buck of Ireland*.' When things were brought to light, jealousy ensued, and in a rage the elder sister stabbed WHALEY in the side: he lingered long, and finally died of the wound—no trial ever took place, and little Sally came from the ISLE OF MAN to seek her fortune in DUBLIN: she had met with old *Sir*

*John M—y*, who for a time kept her in splendour; but his concerns failing, he bolted to ‘*the Island*,’ and abandoned her, for a good reason—he could not afford to keep himself. Captain SKILLETT, of the Commissary department, now became her friend; she had good lodgings in (or near) the gaol of KILMANHAM, and a fresh horse to ride upon every day: this was a thing of real true necessity, as she generally came home on foot, for she never failed to sell the animal on which she FLEW OFF in the morning. Old Mr. SKILLETT bore this till he could bear it no longer; he had nineteen BAD HORSES to pay for, which, with THE FORAGE she consumed, has booked him so deep at headquarters, that he had to retire and vegetate upon his half-pay: vegetation is of a very slow description, and SALLY JENKINSON did not wish to be planted in a country garden as a sickly shrub—no; she thought herself a healthy and flourishing exotic, and of course in great demand for home consumption. She was no fool, and when BRIAN BORU met her, she was taking the air upon £40 per annum, which she had whistled out of her THREE admirers. What they did in STEWART’S GLADE, is as well known to LORD STEWART in VIENNA, as to me in DUBLIN. Much chat passed betwixt them as they threaded down to TODHUNTER’S COFFEE-HOUSE, where they partook of a splendid breakfast, and turned up a tumbler of champagne more than once, SALLY JENKINSON drinking with enthusiasm—‘REAL PAIN to our sham friends, and SHAMPAINÉ to our REAL FRIENDS.’—Here, said BRIAN, is a toast which I feel assured my landlord will pledge me in. By my soul, said TODHUNTER, and I will do that same—right or left—wrong or right.

Well, then, said he, '*May those who do not relish the Potatoe in their mouth, have a taste of the stalk upon their back.*'—In this manner time ran, till the sun had passed his meridian. The day was fine—

All was peaceful, all was still,  
Save the gentle whispering breeze  
That softly sighed o'er Howth's proud hill.

BRIAN proposed a water excursion, and in a pig's whisper they were comfortably situated in the RINGSEND BARGE, and steered by TOM EVANS to the Island of LAMBAY, where they all landed, to ramble over as sweet a little spot as ever mother nature gemmed the ocean with; wild celery, endiff, and goss lettuce, are in plenty; water cresses fill every little stream, and samphire hides the rocky sides of the island from a scorching sun.

The Norman house claimed some attention—it is only a small *castellated* mansion, with loop-holes for the use of bows and ARROWS, and arched below to prevent its being set on fire: an amazing quantity of sea-fowl haunt its shores, and form excellent amusement for the sportsmen. You have a fine view of DUBLIN and its environs from any eminence on the place; and you can have excellent curds and cream from the fishermen's wives who inhabit it.

Still o'er these scenes my memory treads,  
With more than all a miser's care;  
And every soul-string trembling bleeds,  
For love can no more meet me there.

The evening began to settle upon her throne—the *Mountains of Wicklow*, over which she had thinly spread her mantle of grey when our party left the





A SCENE AT THE POST OFFICE.



Island and made for Dublin Harbour: the malt had gone briskly round, for BRIAN BORU took good care to have the boat's *locker* well stuffed with 'belly timber' and moisture of various kinds, from *humble Port* down to EXALTED Whiskey. In passing near the bows of a British ship of war, one of the *abandoned Royal SQUADRON*, *Sally Jenkinson*, warbled on the air the following song; and she had as good a voice—aye, as good as MISS WILSON, who was supported at Drury Lane because she had *none*, and Miss Stephens had.

Fresh and strong the breeze is blowing,  
 As yon ship at anchor rides;  
 Sullen waves incessant flowing,  
 Rudely dash against her sides.

So my heart its course impeded,  
 Beats within my perturb'd breast;  
 Doubts like waves by waves succeeded,  
 Rise—and still deny it rest.

Cease, fond heart, thy anxious beating,  
 Rest and think thy lover true;  
 Yes, he wept, when hence retreating,  
 Sad, he sigh'd a long adieu.

Ocean, cease thy troubled roaring,  
 Billow sink to rise no more;  
 Waft him here whose loss deploring,  
 Ever thus I tread the shore.

At this moment a squall took the boat, and fairly turned her and all the party bottom up, where I must leave them struggling for some hours.

Reader, if thou hast acquired a deep interest in their fate, and art willing to rescue them from a watery grave, then assist me in my endeavours, by following me to—

## CHAPTER XV

Why an Irishman cannot be drowned—Why a dead man cannot speak—A particular mode of thanks for being alive when you thought you were dead—The Death of Tom Evans—Rough and ready on board a man of war—Turning the Turtle—An attack upon a bomb battery—A challenge—A Dutch sexton's hand-bills—BRIAN shoots his mark—Songs on the occasion, by BRIAN BORU and GRAMMACHREE—Sally Jenkinson's moral observations.

A WET jacket is thought no more of in DUBLIN BAY than a wet THROTTLE in a COFFEE-HOUSE. Irishmen do not wear cork jackets, but their *hearts* are so very *light* they always swim, and never *deign* to *sink*; save, and except when they can't keep their heads above water, and they go because they can't stay. Now, whether the upsetting of this boat and party was the fault of the wind, or the sails, or the passengers, cannot be very readily determined; to bring an action against ÆOLUS would be of no avail, the passengers regulated all their actions by rule of thumbs, and scorn even LADGE'S THUMBO; LAW over TOM EVANS the *Muse*, or the narrator has no power. Tom might be a bad helmsman from his upper works being overloaded. It would be vain to call him to an account, for he *got drowned* at last in right earnest,

and lies *as snug as a bug in a rug in Clontarf church-yard*. All the other freight were saved by a boat from the king's ship. SALLY JENKINSON could not swim, but grasping with her *good right* hand the *waistband* of BRIAN BORU'S *leather breeches*, she managed to float until Providence, in the shape and dress of a Midshipman, hauled her into a boat, and towed her alongside. 'Ah,' said BRIAN, 'thanks to my *two good arms* and the God above, I am safe.' 'And thanks,' said Jenkinson, 'to the *waistband of your breeches*, I am here and safe also. Och! ho, ho, who ever thought that *breeches*, which were my destruction once, should prove the means of my salvation in a *watery extremity*?'

Much merriment was excited on board of the ship, at the strange appearance of our hero and his *Chere Amie*, but sailors are in the habit of picking up *odd fish*, and make very light of a *drowned rat*. They were very soon brought down to the gun-room fire, and thoroughly rigged fore and aft. BRIAN whipt on a jacket and trowsers, and Miss *Jenkinson* received a fine Purser's frock from the hands of the second Lieutenant, who was distressed *beyond measure* at her disaster, and swore that she looked so very handsome *in ordinary*, it was a pity she should ever be *all atanto* again.

After a jovial supper, in which all the *blue* and *white* lads shared; *toasts* and *sentiments* commenced, for in a man of war *genuine sentiment* always prevails.

Thus, in the first toast, a compliment was paid to the fair MERMAID.—Here's to the

Mermaids that swim,  
By a man of war's glim.

The surgeon, who is always a prime fellow on all gallant occasions, gave,

Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds.

Thus every one drank what he best liked, so when it came to the Midshipman's turn, who (being only invited) is always the last, with a thundering voice he uttered,

‘A bloody war and a sickly season,’

a toast which was bumpered with avidity, by all *abast the capstern*. The true meaning of the toast may not be known to a *land lubber*, and as one of our heroes is now a *salt cod*, we are bound to explain all that concerns him.

A *Midshipman* looks for a Lieutenant's death, with as much anxiety and pleasure, as ever *Buonaparte* anticipated the disgrace of *Moreau*,—he expects to succeed to the vacancy. A bloody war may carry off the luff; a sickly season, gorged with the *Spanish pestilence*, or yellow fever, may, perchance, *serve him the same sauce*, and the middy never thinks that he also may make one in death's journal, for he deems himself unworthy of death's notice, because he does not hold a commission, and would not be noticed by name in the court dead list (gazette) if he dies.

BRIAN and *Sally* were accommodated with a snug cot in the *after gun-room*; to be sure it was rather of *grave dimensions* (five feet by two), or like a workhouse coffin, always made of the same length, and if a dead fellow is not *fit-able*, his head and feet are chopped off and placed upon his armpits. You must lay, said the

jolly *first luff*, bread and butter fashion, or as we sailors have it, *dab says Daniel*. We never apologise on board a man of war; our means of accommodating a friend are always ROUGH AND READY, though they may be small, so make the best of your birth. Sally was lifted into the cot by two of the accommodating officers, and BRIAN untogged, made a spring, he forgot the bed-posts were hung from the ceiling, and consequently *no fixtures*; the event was, that he *turned the turtle*, and bottom up brought his *chere amie*, he himself reeling head foremost into the master's cabin; his heels stuck into the gun-room where Sally laid, bung up and bilge free, amidst the laughter of all the wicked crew. This was not the worst; in BRIAN's fall he came in contact with the master's *wife's sturnpost*, she being of large dimensions, they were obliged to *prick for the softest plank upon the deck*.

Blood and blue blazes, swore old Mrs. Tarpaulin, I'll send the fellow to hell that dares attack me at my moorings in blanket bay.

BRIAN apologised, but Mrs. *Tarpaulin* said, that in extricating himself from his perilous situation (by the bye, he was near lobspound, and might have been suddenly ingulped), he laid hold of her front, and tore off those locks, which for years had secured the affection of her husband; she bought them at *Foreman's* in *Pall Mall*, not more than forty years ago, and of course they were to her husband *as good as new*.

Things were soon arranged in the after gun-room, and BRIAN, with his new found love, rested contentedly till morning was announced by the crowing of the sea cock.

The boatswain piping *all hands ahoy*, up sprung BRIAN, and as the *galley fire* had been lighted all night, cloathes were all dry, and BRIAN BORU with his fair enamorata were again ready to take the field in quest of adventures. At breakfast the doctor insisted upon *Sally* standing bitch in his place, and making tea, to which she agreed, and did the honours of the table handsomely. Good humour prevailed until old *Tarpaulin* came out, and accounted for his wife's non-appearance, by saying she *had lost her front*, and a finer one was never seen in Dame-street; in the course of his complaints, he told our HERO that he was no *gentleman* to board a ship in the *bow*s, when another was laid *yard-arm and yard-arm along side of her*.

BRIAN was not up *to sea slang*, but he understood it sufficiently to ascertain that these words conveyed an insult. This he very properly resented, and a decided challenge took place, to meet at the *sheds of Clontarf*.

The harmony of the day was not disturbed by this event so common in Ireland, and on board a king's ship of war. At twelve o'clock our party went on shore. BRIAN having *first*, by the *first* Lieutenant's permission, given the seamen a double allowance of grog and ten guineas to hire a *fiddler* and a French horn.

At six o'clock BRIAN had to meet the old TARPULIN, and prepared accordingly. *First* he lodged Sally safely under the care of old Darcy, in Earl Street. And *secondly*, he bore up for *Merrion Square*, where he found SIR SHAWN O'DOHERTY anxiously waiting his appearance. He had heard of the upset, and that *Tom Evans* was drowned, but knew no further; he

had sat up the best part of the night, and was now in such a humour, that when BRIAN told his tale, he remarked with *sangfroid*, 'I have an excellent pair of hair triggers at your service, and I hope LIFE IN DUBLIN will not lead to the arms of death.'

'Bedershin,' says BRIAN, 'we have no time to spare,' so into a hackney coach they bundled, drove to Forrest's in Parliament Street, who putting on his spectacles and trying the locks, gave his opinion that they were in good order, and no gentleman *could kill* with a *finer pair of pistols*.

This was sufficient, and upon the dark, gloomy Shades of Clontarf, our bloodthirsty pair alighted, and went to the usual spot under the birch tree, where the bones of *two hundred and fifty Irishmen rest in peace*, after being killed in *quietness* for being *troublesome*. It is very customary in England to bury bodies under the gallows; in *Paddy's land* deaths are so very frequent, and *undertakers* so scarce, that a regular *duel sexton and grave digger* is appointed to carry on private business.

So accordingly when arrived nearly upon the ground, a decent, well looking, huge boned, grave looking fellow presented his card, which, on inspection, was found to be from

TEAGUE SPICK and SPADE,

Sexton and Grave Digger,

To the DUELLING SOCIETY OF DUBLIN.

Graves dug upon the shortest notice, and gentlemen *accommodated* with excellent SLEEPING GROUND, upon

moderate terms. Those who are particular as to their body's disposal, had better pay before hand, as most of the good places are occupied, and the DOG DAYS coming on, there will be little room to spare.

N.B. Fees—A *gentleman*, two SHILLINGS, and his CLOTHES, PURSE, WATCH, and pistols included. A BLACKGUARD, five shillings, and his friends may take all that belongs to him.

### GOD SAVE THE KING.

'This will do,' said SIR SHAWN, as he put the card in his pocket, and tipt the old fellow a few tenpennies. 'There's a very snug corner, just beside the gutter, where a dead body can have all its sins *washed away* in the twinkling of an eye,' said TEAGUE, 'and I wait for your honour's orders to be *observed* in life and death.' Here he exhibited from a kind of CARAVAN, a jumbling mess of BLUNDERBUSSES, pistols, shot and powder for sale, at various prices, the same as a NEWGATE TURNKEY disposes of the LIGHT and HEAVY DARBYS.

BRIAN having no idea of being shot, declined becoming a purchaser, but promised in this world or the next to recommend him to customers.

'I thank your honour,' said TEAGUE, 'for I am in much distress, having been bond for my poor brother, who became *coffin maker* to the *honourable society*, and the devil a coffin could he sell, the price between HELL and TIMBER being not worth the wag of a tongue, for no gentleman dueller cares much, whether he be damned in a bit of *real good Irish oak*, or in an old



hop sack.' At this time our party reached the MARKED GROUND, and to their great astonishment, GRAMMA-CHREE caught them by the hands.

'By the piper that played before Moses, and here you are, I heard all about it from *Sally Jenkinson*, and am come to see fair play as I am used to the job.' GRAM and SIR SHAWN stept on one side, BRIAN, not being well *used* to these *honourable affairs*, thought them

*'Better honoured in the breach than the observance,'*

not that he was afraid, very far from it, only he wished that he had practised, by a shot or two at his country neighbours in GALWAY before he came to town; 'for SAID HE TO HIMSELF SAID HE, I might have brought my hand in, and done some service to my country at the same time; for instance, I might with ease have shot the —, or the —, or the — —, and devil a one would have said, ill you have done BRIAN BORU: now I am going, unpractised, to fight an old practitioner.'—'And you'll tip him the lead in style,' said GRAM, as he interrupted his musings, by a tap on the shoulder, and announced his antagonist's approach.

Compliments as usual passed on both sides, of which the less that is said the better, and as none of them are sincere, why should we report them in a work, where only *sincerity* has, or can have a permanent place.

The naval officer came into the field in a *determined manner*, the gunner's boy attending with a basket full of *pistol cartridges*, and a horn of *priming powder*,—

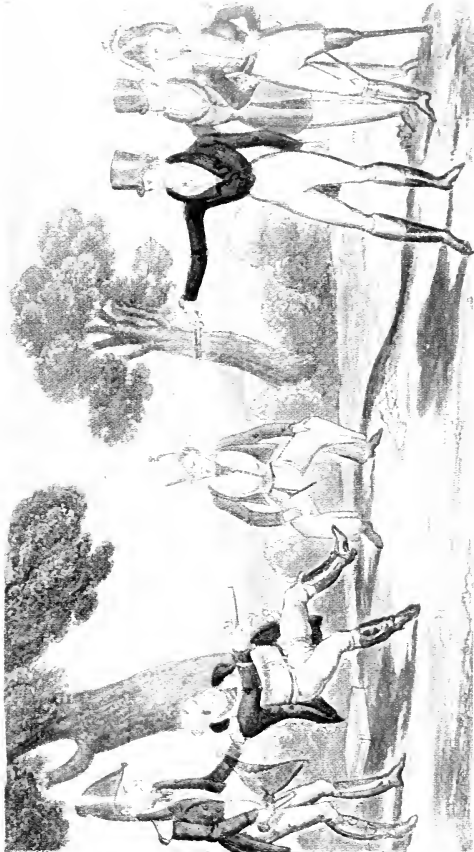
*Tarpaulin*, in reply to SIR SHAWN'S intercession, bluntly said, 'he came to fight, and he'd be damned if he did not'; 'and I'll be *damned if I care*,' said BRIAN, as he took his ground; and pistols were delivered by the seconds.

The handkerchief was dropped, and TARPAULIN fell. 'By Jasus he has got his mittimus,' said GRAM. 'I hope not,' said SIR SHAWN, as he assisted in raising him from the ground. 'Hold me up for another shot,' said TARPAULIN; these were the last words he uttered. 'His *dead lights are up*, and *skylights clos'd*,' said his second,—'all up with TARPAULIN, haul him along; and, gentlemen, I shall be happy to meet you at his funeral, which will take place to-morrow, before seven bells are half struck.'

BRIAN expressed his sorrow. 'For what,' said *Lieutenant Grog*, 'damn me you shot him like a gentleman, and there's an end on't; what the devil do you wish to kill him again!'

SIR SHAWN, BRIAN, and friends left the ground as they came, and in haste to give security before the Lord Mayor, in case of a charge being made; but it is a rare thing in IRISH LIFE, when charges are made after the death of a bad SHOT, and there was now little danger, as TARPAULIN'S body was handed on board, stitched up in a hammock, and pitched overboard to feed the *Dublin Bay cod*, to which Dublin Ladies are so partial.

Suffice it, our whole party went to SALLY JENKINSON, and having unkenneled her, steered for Morrison's. A fine dinner was ordered, BRIAN was *well primed*, as *predetermined* upon, whiskey drives away sorrow, and



SCENE 3. THE DUEL.



the death of the brave was forgotten in the joys of a flowing bowl. Songs, glees, and catches were sported about in high style, and SIR SHAWN cut no small figure as a vocalist; few of the songs are worth being repeated, as the Irish in general sing EXTEMPORE, but to gratify curiosity, we shall give a short specimen.

## SALL JENKINSON'S SONG.

TUNE—'Shakespeare's Hamlet.'

Oh, he 's gone, TARPAULIN 's gone,  
At his *head a twelve pound shot,*  
At his *heels there's none.*

This *little* parody upon a *great* author was loudly applauded, and Sally had for her short exertions, a kiss from all the company, and a bumper to her future fortunes. By the bye, BRIAN seemed not very well pleased at the liberties taken with SALLY, he did not know that GAME in Dublin was free for any one to shoot at, and that *gulls in white*, are as common on the *Liffey* as *blackbirds* on the Thames. A smile from SIR SHAWN told him not to be jealous, and he was at once satisfied, for he looked up to him as an oracle of fashion and information.

## GRAMMACHREE'S SONG.

TUNE—'Did you not hear of it.'

Och, he handled the *pops* so neat and genteel,  
That for the first shot 'twould amaze ye;  
He tipt the hair trigger, and from the *old steel*  
He knock'd down the duck as a daisy.

The shades of CLONTARF will remember his name,  
 There fought and died BRIAN BORU,  
 And his namesake had very near done just the same,  
 But the devil did not get his due.

Long life to the GAME COCK who gallantly died ;  
 Long life unto BRIAN BORU,  
 While PISTOLLING is every *Irishman's pride*,  
 The DEVIL is sure of his due.

The applause following this was very long and very loud, for Grammachree had that sort of humour in him, nothing could bring out but an inspiring glass, and after half a dozen or two *mugglers*, he was the best bottle companion in the world.

SIR SHAWN never was an enemy to harmony, but all harmony that had its foundation upon the calamities incident to human nature he despised, and thus he did not so very warmly applaud the song of friend *Grammachree* ; but Gram was odd in his whims, and like a restive animal only moved as he pleased, and when he pleased.

For instance, he one day was invited to dinner at *Lady Placepedlers*, and from *three* to *two* was he kept hungry in waiting, her Ladyship endeavouring to amuse the company with trifles. ‘Captain GRAMMACHREE, when you have din’d I’ll positively make you give us a song.’ ‘After I’ve din’d,’ said the Captain drily, ‘after I’ve din’d, by JASUS your Ladyship had better have the song now, whilst I have such a devilish fine echo in my stomach.’

The next call was promptly attended to by one who never made excuses or apologies.

## THE SONG OF BRIAN BORU, ESQUIRE.

TUNE—' Poor Tom.'

It was on an Irish morning,  
 From *Ringsend* we did go ;  
 The sun the hills adorning  
 With an unusual glow.

TOM EVANS steer'd a six oar'd boat,  
 For he knew how to steer,  
 And if you kept his *soul afloat*,  
 You had no cause to fear.

But if you let his spirits sink,  
 You had much cause for dread,  
 For TOM bereft of meat and drink,  
 Scarce knew his heels from head.

Upon this great eventful day,  
 Poor TOM you *fresh* might call,  
 So thinking—not *quite salt* our clay,  
 He straight CAPSIZ'D us all.

Poor TOM he died—that is, was drown'd,  
 He 's buried in CLONTARF,  
 Just by the place where he was found,  
 'Twas near the broken WHARF.

While drunken pilots shall exist,  
 To cause a nation's groans,  
 TOM EVANS never can be miss'd,  
 So peace be to his bones.

'A truly lamentable ditty,' said SIR SHAWN, 'and well worthy of the subject ; by my honour, BRIAN, I'll try to make you both composer and vocalist at TOWNSEND CHAPEL, where you would charm the hearts of half the *Tab women* and *Sugar Bakers* in

*Fryingpan Alley.* 'None of your hits about *Fryingpan Alley*,' said pert *Miss Sally Jenkinson*; 'I lodged and lived in that same place for a handful of months, and never used a *Fryingpan*, or saw a *sausage in it*, from the time WILLY WICKHAM'S dog stealing act passed.'

'That truly,' said SIR SHAWN, 'must have deprived you of food, but here we want food for merriment, and

'I love fun, keep it up.'

So we will, that is if we can do it; there are times when we are taken with a drowsy fit, and then we have the good sense to lay down our pen upon the desk, and our head upon the pillow for a few hours, when rising greatly refreshed, we return to our labours again.

At present we are not disposed to carry on all the REAL LIFE IN IRELAND displayed at this festive meeting, we have some calls upon us from the country of a very important nature—they require some consideration—they are *weighty*, as far as they concern the Right Hon. Lord C——, and they are only a *bundle of Chaff* as far as concerns Sir John F——, but we will sift this bundle, and bring from it some amusement, in the mean time we must conclude; our night cap is ready and we shall sleep well, dreaming of what is next intended,

SIR SHAWN O'DOHERTY'S SONG.

END OF CHAPTER XV.



## CHAPTER XVI

On Carolin, the old Irish Bard—Song, Evelina—Shaking a Paddy out of his breeches—Character of an Irishman—Women—Sally's Song—How to disturb a Woman's heart—A Walking-stick Companion, and a Weather Cock—Aldgate Pump—Advancing into the centre of a subject—A living Clock Case—BRIAN keeps a Mistress, turns horse-racer, etc.—His extravagance—Sells his stud, and retrenches.

I HATE singing, said SIR SHAWN, more than I do being called upon to do so; but as you seem very much inclined to *bate* me into it, I will acquiesce in the desires of the company.

I have always admired our Irish Bard *Carolin*, and in my boyish days endeavoured to translate some of his most celebrated songs: nay, I had even the foolish ambition of *Tom Moore*, to set my own essays to music. None could very justly find fault with what I did—all translation must be erroneous—a sort of blind copy from a bright original; and as few know the Gaelic language, there I am safe as to my muses and rhyme. The sin must be on my own head—damn your sins, said *Grammachree*, give us your song, and, bad or good, we'll applaud you.

SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY'S SONG,  
EVELINA

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL IRISH OF CAROLIN.

TUNE—'Phelim O'Shea.'

On the brow of the valley the white hawthorn hung,  
On its blossoms I saw the first blush of the day ;  
The morning delightful, gay, charming, and young,  
Kiss'd the rose, and laughed on us the season of May.

Rise, rise, EVELINA, thou soul of my muse,  
More lovely than morning's first blushes, arise ;  
More sweet than the rifled rose weeping in dews,  
More lovely than it when it bends to the skies.

Rise, rise, EVELINA, and cross the bright fountain,  
Where sweetly the heathbells are blooming around ;  
For the strawberry thy lover will climb the high mountain,  
For the nut rob the hazle upon the low ground.

For thee will he twine a soft wreath of wild flowers,  
To thee every fruit of the season he 'll bring ;  
For thee strike the harp in the gay smiling hours,  
When each warbling bird thy praises shall sing.

The swan's silver plumage is dark to thy bosom,  
The azure of heaven is dim to thine hair ;  
The pure infant loves in thine eyes are reposing,  
Surrounded by pleasures,—so sparkling and fair.

Then rise, EVELINA, thou soul of my muse,  
More lovely than morn in her blushes arise ;  
More sweet than the rifled rose rifled in dews,  
More modest than it when it bends to the skies.

SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY got much applause for his skilful execution of so pleasing and powerful a national air : the tribute thus given, gentle reader, was as much

given from national vanity as admiration of the composition—*vanity* and *ostentation* are the prevailing vices of a real *Irish gentleman*; so that if you took him by the ears, and shook him out of his breeches, *vanity* would still cling to his rump in the shape of a ragged shirt: this is a national feeling, it is hereditary ever since the days of St. Patrick, and can never be eradicated. In truth, I hope it never will—it excites to deeds of GLORY, PATRIOTISM, and CHARITY; and of what consequence is it to me or you from what impulse a benevolent action is done, so that society, and the lower orders in particular, benefit from it. Far be it from me to say, that an Irishman does all his *actions* from vanity alone: no, I think he is possessed of the most liberal and humane sentiments—he considers himself as the child of misfortune, and every son of sorrow as his brother. There is not upon our earth a creature bearing form, native of the savage wild, or gloomy air, for which an IRISHMAN has not some regard; his exterior is rough, and his manners often rude—but he does not mean it, he would rather die than be dishonoured, and he will dishonour no one, not even in thought: he is impetuous in his disposition—he cannot distinctly see his way before him, but he blunders on in the steeple chase of mankind with fearless intrepidity; nothing can stop his way—he often loses the race, but he never loses his temper and disposition; he is the same thoughtless being at the cannon's mouth, and in the drawing-room of folly and fashion—in the latter he will figure, have his double entendre and his laugh—the same in battle; he will smile and jocosely say, when treading the *secret* mine of

*certain destruction*, Boys be steady, we are all going to Heaven together; and when a woman is in question, you can make no more of him than I could of a steam-boat: 'tis woman he adores, and considers her smile as of more value than the Pope's benediction—for her he lives, for her he breathes, and for her will he heave a last sigh, when feeling is on the wing, and the angel of death crushes every generous passion of the heart beneath the pressure of everlasting rest.

'Tis quite enough to give LIFE IN IRELAND, I have not anything to do with an Irishman's *real* character; perhaps I have dipt too much into it, and so have lost my scent—no matter—hark forward—

Hand in hand we'll dance around,  
We are the boys of the Holy Ground.

The party were not long very steady, they began to dance and roll on their axis like ships in a storm; and the lights burned as blue as *Old Davy* upon a vessel's spritsail yard. *Sally Stephenson* had cut some cross-legged capers, and altogether was on the fancy go, when she sang.

TUNE—'Old Dibdin's.'

Here we're all met together,  
From water, wind, and weather,  
To moisten well our clay;  
Before we think of jogging,  
Pour another glass of grog in,  
To drink to the dawning of day.

Here's my friend SHAWN O'DOGHERTY,  
A man of rank and property,  
And here is bold BRIAN BORU;

Together they agree,  
 With Captain *Grammachree*,  
 To drink to the jovial crew.

We're all met together,  
 My heart is like a feather,  
 Which passion moves at will ;  
 I can't sing my song,  
 My heart beats so strong,  
 Pray, Brian, make the urchin lie still.

And faith that I will, said the GALWAY Esquire ; for by the powers of DICK MARTIN I have a happy knack at quieting ladies' hearts, after my own self has set them in perturbation.

By Jasus, said GRAMMACHREE, and you have a power to put them in a state of great disturbance when you like, and you're *always upon liking*, like the *tinman's watch*, or the *farmer's mare*. Bedershin, replied BRIAN BORU ; and placing his hand upon SALLY's knee, gave the hint of a journey to bedlinen-bay. The hint was taken by all, and SIR SHAWN, always foremost upon these occasions, made a move that they should see the bride in bed, and *throw* the stocking. This was objected to by SALLY, who swore she was only a *WALKING stick companion*, and would not give up her *single birth* for any DOUBLE DEALING in the world, or Dublin : there was reason in this, and therefore SIR SHAWN and GRAMMACHREE contented themselves with drinking to THE WEATHER COCK ; and turning BRIAN to bed, to console himself for the horrors of the day.

When the lady was gone, the party was considered as dissolved, and each

Struck off his different way,  
 Resolved to meet another day.

We have no business with the secrets of nature, or the refinements of art; we are like *Aldgate Pump*, a fixture that flows in open day for the benefit of all that passes; but we have no time to spare when business is IN HAND.

I am not fond of moral reflections or moral *queeralities*, so shall go on and leave them to my *readers*, who are the only *just* commentators upon what may concern them. SIR SHAWN as usual trudged home to MERRION SQUARE, and for a particular purpose took GRAMMA-CHREE under his wing.

I don't like, said the *Baronet*, I don't like BRIAN'S flame end, we must cut him off short before it gets any farther. I have, replied the old *Major*, a scheme in my head, that if well executed, will entitle me to an execution of a more pleasant sort than that at the gallows. Whatever it may prove to be, said the *Baronet*, enter into it, and boldly and bravely; scorn the outposts, they are not worthy of notice, but advance at once into the centre of your subject. BRIAN fully believed in astrology, and, attended by his friends, got safe to his general. I wish I knew what I said, we are all of a deep construction—'devil a barrel the better herring.'

The schemes and plans of SIR SHAWN were of very little effect; in truth, BRIAN BORU got so much attached to his frail fair one, that he had very little of his company to give to his friends. He carried her to every public place where such cattle are admitted, and in Ireland they are not quite so fastidious as we affect to be in London; not that there is much difference betwixt the morality of the two *Cities*, only in London

there is more affectation, things are done more openly in Dublin; an *Irishman* can never be ashamed when a woman is in the case; and I for my own part once knew a young PADDY, who had a fancy for amusing himself with a young lady in his father's parlour, when the old gentleman suddenly returned, and rapped at the door; escape was impossible — the closets were locked, and a fire was in the grate, so that the only hiding-place was the clock-case, into which Little Sheelah was put in a trice, and there might have remained secure, only she began to cough, and as the old gentleman never heard his clock cough the hour before he took the power of inspecting its body, and handed my lady into day.

BRIAN now took a country house at Clontarf, launched a pleasure-boat on the bosom of the Liffey, and set up a curricule and four greys. For some time he figured away at the Curragh of KILDARE, and every gaming-house in Dublin; he became a member of the *Hell-fire Club*, and *Kiddy Society*; and *Miss Sally* introduced him to the DOVE COURT, near *Mountjoy Square*: This consists of four-dozen bang-up ladies, who pay an annual subscription of two guineas each; they meet once a week to discuss questions of Love, Murder, Politics, and Madness: if any of the members have had the misfortune to get into a scrape, either from accident or design, such as robbing a *customer*, or drawing a *tatler* in the street: their defence is managed by lawyers of the first eminence, who are paid from the fund, which is very large. Amongst these dandy ladies BRIAN threw away money by handfuls, and became a complete gambler: his horses were the

finest on the Curragh, yet they seldom won a plate, and he never won a bet : his house in Stephen's Green was the resort of all the sprigs of fashion, and his 'petit soupers' were *pic nic* in their kind. *Sally Stephenson* dashed through Dublin in an equipage not surpassed by that of the first Dutchess in the land : she sported her box at the new theatre in Hawkins Street, and another at Peter Street, where the asses go to see the horses dance, and the pigeons whistle. At every place of extravagance she led the van as a *first rate demirep*. BRIAN had boat races with his cutter in Dublin Bay : he challenged *Lord Belmore* and the *Marquess of Sligo* to sail for a thousand pounds aside, from Lambay to Dunleary, and he lost, as usual : he ventured two thousand pounds upon a favourite filly, 'Sally' ; she ran on the wrong side of the post, and he lost.—At Darcy's billiard table he shook his elbow, and shook out of his pocket more than three times the annual rent of his estate—'twas in vain that SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY and friend GRAMMACHREE endeavoured to oppose him ; he was more obstinate than a mule, and more silly than an ass ; and, added to all, he drank to an excess which he had never been accustomed to do. His friends gradually fell off one by one, and he was almost alone in the world. SIR SHAWN regularly attended him, and frequently partook of his hospitality, and opened his house in return, more for the purpose of weaning him from his errors, than indulging his foibles, which were rapidly leading to ruin.

BRIAN had overdrawn his agent in Galway by many thousands, and borrowed money on mortgages over



and over, till finally no one would advance him a single shilling. *Lake White* refused—the Jews grinned, and BRIAN began to feel the effects of Poverty—his house was nearly deserted, and his table, spread with less profusion, was cut by the *epicures* and belly-timber merchants. To add to his calamities, *Sally Stephenson* began to be very ungracious; and when she was delicately told that her extravagance could not be supported, broke out into language too insulting to be borne. SIR SHAWN saw and knew all this, but he let the torrent run, persuaded that the only way to save BRIAN was to let him ruin himself.

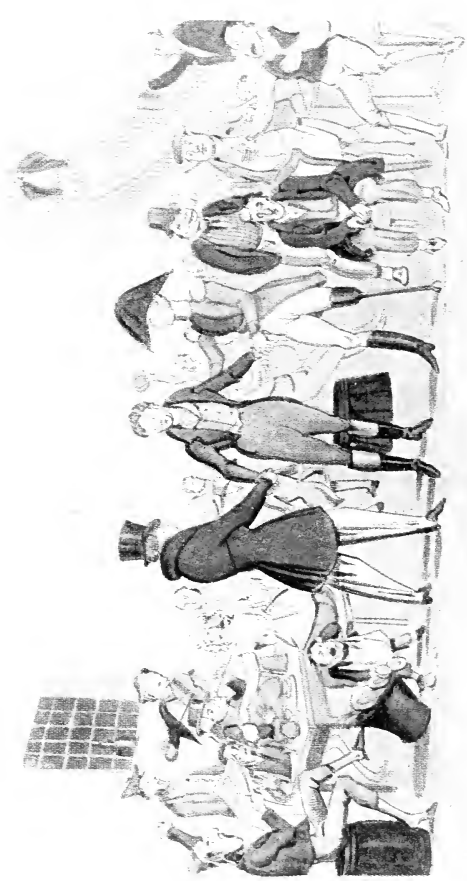
END OF CHAPTER XVI.

## CHAPTER XVII

Brian Boru arrested, and thrown into the Sheriff's Prison--Tap-room of ditto--The Prisoners' welcome to the Sheriff's Tub--A Visit--A touch at description--Dinner at the Mess--A wet evening amongst dry fellows.

**B**RIAN now began to retrench, and as a first step, sold his valuable stud of horses for a mere trifle: he then gave up his country house and pleasure-yacht: this was the signal for his creditors to commence operations; and one night, when he had been to see *Folly as it Flies*, at the theatre, he was tapped on the shoulder stepping into a hackney-coach, and conveyed to the Sheriff's Prison. The writ was for £4000 at the suit of his wine and spirit merchant, and a retainer was laid on his back by a milliner, for twelve hundred pounds on *Sally's* account, and the latitat of a jeweller for double that sum, swept every article of furniture from his house, emptied his stables, and left him really no more than what he stood upright in. BRIAN felt himself dreadfully situated--the Sheriff's Prison is very small, and always very full; it has stone galleries tier over tier, like the Caravansaries in Asia, which, with the iron railings, make the place cold, dreary, and uncomfortable: beneath these are a sort of cells or dungeons, under ground, where the poorer prisoners pay a penny per night for leave to sleep upon





THE TAP

straw, and the yard is not so extensive as a cockpit. In this dreadful den BRIAN obtained a small room, for which he had to pay *three guineas* per week. *Patrick Mooney* had only leave to come in the daytime and attend his master; and as for SALLY JENKINSON, she called upon him the *first* and *second* day, and then, with true gratitude, bade him good bye, and with *two thousand pounds* in her pocket, went to the Continent, under the protection of a French Count, of whom we shall give some account hereafter.

The keeper of the prison received BRIAN BORU with respectful attention, and recommended him to the care of CROFTON, who kept the *Tap*, where *whiskey punch* and strong beer are sold at treble their value. BRIAN, under the care of Crofton, made a descent into the lower regions down a flight of crooked steps, with iron ballustrades, and at the bottom found himself in the tap-room, where fifty jolly souls were assembled in council together.

#### BRIAN BORU PINNED IN THE SHERIFF'S PRISON TAP.

The roof of this place is vaulted, and the walls done over with whitewash, on which a thousand disgusting figures and scenes are drawn in charcoal, from the whim and fancy of the various prisoners. Chairs and forms mingled together, held the motley group, of all ranks and conditions, from the *general* and the *admiral*, down to the *corporal* and the *cobler*; whiskey punch steaming on a long old oak table, porter pots and tea things, all on the same side; and nearly as many women as men, all busily engaged doing some-

thing. One fellow, with Stentorien lungs, was reading *Saunders's News-Letter*, for the benefit of the audience, who club their halfpence each to pay him for the use of his neck leather. Another fellow was singing in a corner—

‘ Liberty ’s a glorious feast ’ ;

which another chorussed to the tune of—

‘ The Bay of Biscay O. ’

Over the mantelpiece, hung a blackboard, which in white letters intimated that BRIAN had his

‘ *Garnish down to lay,* ’

so he ordered the usual four gallons of beer, and a jug of whiskey punch for those who sat at the *upper end* of the room.

Thus was BRIAN surrounded by *rebels*, rogues, bankrupts, swabbers, ticklers, weeders, sloemouths, and potatoe stalks. A general silence was proclaimed and observed upon his entrance, and his health was drank with *three times three in Irish*; to which he bowed thanks, and pledged all around in a glass of CROFTON’S best raspberry punch. The usual song was given by DARBY PLEELY, a broken down exciseman, who has been *musical doctor to the Sheriff’s Society* for more than twenty years; and as some of my readers may not have heard it, I record it for their benefit and instruction.

THE PRISONERS' WELCOME TO THE  
SHERIFF'S TUB.

Welcome, welcome, brother debtor,  
To this poor and pleasant place ;  
Seldom will you find a better  
For a person in disgrace.

Here no *Bailiff* dare molest you,  
Here no dun can shew his face ;  
*Major SIRR* can't here arrest you,  
*SWAN* your steps can never trace.

Here you have the best of living,  
Here you pay for what you call ;  
Nothing here is got by giving,  
Nothing here is got at all.

Here you may repose on feathers,  
If you will for feathers pay ;  
Or like pigs in stormy weather,  
*PIG* in heaps on straw and hay.

The key is turn'd on care and sorrow,  
Out of doors is all we hate ;  
Live to-day—nor let to-morrow  
Ever enter in your pate.

Let our Creditors all grumble,  
Nothing more they 'll get from us,  
Down the groats must weekly tumble,  
Heavens what a glorious fuss.

*CROFTON* here has got the power,  
All your cares to soften down ;  
Whiskey punch beguiles the hour,  
Tip your entrance half-a-crown.

When the hour of nine hath stricken,  
 Up the nine stairs slow we crawl ;  
 Crowds of Pads the alleys thicken,  
 That convey them to *straw hall*.

All are LOCK'D in SNUG and quiet,  
 Safely snores each jolly soul ;  
 Welcome brother—'tis our fiat—  
 You shall pay another bowl.

This ditty had scarce been concluded, and a fresh row of candles put into the hoop, that hung, by way of chandelier, over the table, and in the centre of the room, when the door opened by CROFTON, introduced SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY and CAPTAIN GRAMMACHREE, who very sincerely shook BRIAN by both hands ; they did not put on long *Limerick* faces, they were none of Job's comforters ; they had long expected this event, and were determined to make it turn to the advantage of BRIAN BORU ; they had watched all his motions, and honest *Patrick* MOONEY announced to them that his master was in the CLINK.—BRIAN looked very sad, and self disapprobation rose into his cheeks at sight of those real friends he had so long and so shamefully neglected.

For a few moments he could not utter a single sentence ; at length he said—'By God, you are too kind to come near me, I'm unworthy of your friendship.'—'That be damned,' bawled GRAMMACHREE, 'you are my auld hearty BRIAN still, and shall be, whether we're out *campaigning*, or *shut up in barracks*—all's one for that. CROFTON, tip us a jug of the best within the walls, and tip us a stool to sit upon ; for, by Jasus, I shall wear out my leg by standing upon it.'



SIR SHAWN squeezed BRIAN'S hand with fervour, told him not to despair, and bringing himself to anchor, with CROFTON at the head of the table, took a bumper, and drank to all *within the walls*, which was received with great applause; but more loud were the expressions of approbation, when SIR SHAWN threw down five guineas for the good of the company, and GRAMMACHREE added *two more*, for a drop of *tag to comfort* the ladies, who were numerous, in the *presence* chamber.

The scene became one which had no parallel—pipes, tobacco, porter pots, naggins, and jugs, danced upon the table, and songs, toasts, and sentiments, were vollied forth like lightning. Amidst the uproar, our friends communed together, and SIR SHAWN agreed to wait upon BRIAN'S creditors, first assuring him that SALLY JENKINSON had set off for *France*; her ingratitude struck BRIAN to the heart; not that he loved her, but he thought she had some regard for the man who had lavished his bounty upon her to the detriment of his fame and fortune.

These things, said the Baronet, happen in the best societies; it is a lesson probably you will be the better for as long as you live—if you don't remember it after you're dead, said GRAMMACHREE, you should be put out of the land of the living, and never more go home to Galway.

The evening passed with much glee and conviviality, and the clock struck nine before the friends thought of separating, which they did with reluctance. BRIAN retired to his den, the key rattled after him; and here, giving way to gloomy reflections, he pressed a sleep-

less pillow, where many a sleepless one had lain before him.

Morning peeped in at his grate, and he purposed taking a walk in the yard before his brother debtors made their appearance; but here he was out of his reckoning—the galleries were all locked, and not to be opened till nine o'clock, so that he paced the room in gloomy agitation: at length the wished-for moment came, and Patrick Mooney came in to attend his master, and get him breakfast in his own room.

The yard was so very full, some playing at rackets or ball, and others washing under the pump, that BRIAN was obliged to retire and pace the gallery, in silent admiration of what was passing: he however had an appetite for breakfast, and did justice to it in his usual hearty way.

To beguile the interim betwixt it and dinner, he went over the prison, where he found nothing particular, but diversified scenes of misery and wretchedness: most of the lads were merry, and seemed to cease regretting the liberty they had forfeited: not so with BRIAN—he longed to be on the GALWAY mountains with his *Bay Mare*, or *Lady Macanatty*; and swore no kicking flirting filly should ever again get him into the CAGE or CLINK.

About two o'clock SIR SHAWN arrived, to say that he had waited on his principal creditors, who were inclined to come to some terms of compromise, but that he found his debts amounted to FIFTEEN *thousand pounds*, besides having two mortgages *on his estate*, amounting to *five thousand pounds* and upwards. So that some consideration was required before any steps

could be taken for his liberation, or the arrangement of his affairs.

I mean, said SIR SHAWN, to dine at your mess, BRIAN, and see what sort of an appetite is derived from prison air and little exercise. There were about twenty sat down to the mess table, with Mrs. CROFTON at the head. The dinner was excellent, and the wines pretty fair, though punch was the favourite beverage. Mrs. CROFTON was a pretty woman, but had contracted such a habit of looking sour, that she gave the horrors to all near her person; besides, she assumed a consequence from her station, quite ridiculous in a woman whose husband had been guard to a mail coach, and thrown into prison by his creditors: he, or rather she, had the good fortune to get the Tap, where they were making a rapid fortune, and to ensure which he refused to go out of prison, or the act would long since have liberated him.—CROFTON was a devilish cunning soul, with a long tongue tipt with blarney; he could be polite and civil where it was his interest to be so; but to those who owed him a single tenpenny, he was a very brute.

There was a Captain Blake at table, who was from Galway, and an old acquaintance of BRIAN BORU, they were both glad and sorry to meet each other in such a place.

Blake had been in the army, but sold out upon coming to a large estate, which he had embarrassed from horse-racing and w——. He had been in quod more than two years, and was far from being reconciled to incarceration: he however had paid off many *incumbrances*, and amongst them his wife.—Blake knew

all in prison, and promised to amuse SIR SHAWN and BRIAN BORU with some characteristic tales, when occasion offered. At that time the whiskey punch went round with rapidity, and BRIAN began to forget all his cares and sorrows in the bottle.

SIR SHAWN was a hearty fellow, and good humour attended him wherever he went, which he communicated to all around him.—MAJOR GRAMMACHREE did not attend on this day, as he was on the wing for BRIAN BORU: he had in fact set off for Galway, to have an interview with the agent, and see what could be done with the mortgages.

BRIAN lamented the circumstance, and blessed his good friend for such attention.

The evening was a wet one inside, though all were under cover; and by the time the *locking-up* hour came, all were on the ground; even BRIAN imagined himself *upon the go*, and took his hat to accompany SIR SHAWN out of the prison: he was soon sensible of his mistake; and with a laugh and a shake of the hand, bade his friend adieu.

END OF CHAPTER XVII.

## CHAPTER XVIII

A drunken Piper prostrate—Meeting at a Prison supper, SWAN the Exciseman, in character—Swigging—An Irish song to a Scotch air—Seeing the Parson with another man's wife—The Exciseman's story—A boarding-school edification—An Informer—Duty of an Exciseman—Song, the Devil came o'er the Curragh of Kildare.

**A**N Irish prison is a scene of constant mirth, and it would do your heart good to be confined in one for a year or two, at the expense of your creditors. So said BRIAN BORU, as he retired to his little dungeon, and stumbled over a drunken piper stretched on the gallery flags, whom all the keeper's exertions had failed to move: he had been provoking the merry dance in Straw Hall, until he could tune his pipes to no tune at all; he was so full with whiskey, that his breath could not get leave to come out of his mouth into the ivory tube. So the party of dancers bore him upon their shoulders to the gallery, where putting his pipes under his head for a pillow, they left him to repose.

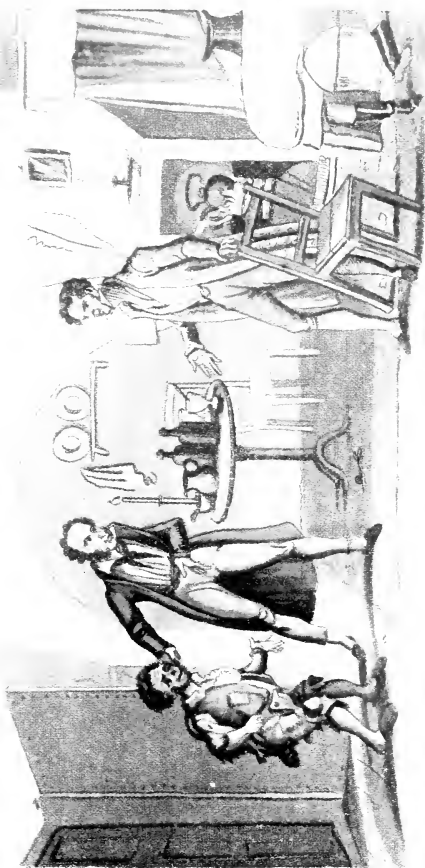
In a gallery of the Sheriff's Prison there are many cells or chambers adjoining each other, and the occupants can freely visit one another; but the iron gate at the end prevents them from going to any other part of the place. BRIAN found Captain Blake in his room; he had very unfortunately been locked in the wrong

gallery, and prepared to stop the night with BRIAN BORU.—By my soul, said BRIAN, it is a lucky hit, for I have just parted with my very best friend, and we'll have a tumbler to his health before you shall have a jolly good shake down ; the carpet, doubled and trebled, will form a fine field bed ; my bear coat, bed clothes, and those rusty old Galway saddle-bags a mighty soft pillow to rest your potatoe skull upon : with this he shook him by the hand for love so cruelly, that BLAKE swore he had the devil's grasp and his own too. PATRICK MOONEY had left a good fire in the grate, when he was locked out, and BRIAN had to stand in the place of his servant. BLAKE filled the Teakettle, *alias* Sukey, and clapt her on the fire ; BRIAN set the glasses on the table, unlocked the *gardavine*, and pulled out a case bottle of plain, and one of *raspberry whiskey*, with all the materials requisite for punch-making.

The two worthies drew around the fire, and BLAKE proposed calling in SWAN, the exciseman, who *pigg'd* in the next room, to amuse them. In a prison, any sort of company is reckoned good company, so BLAKE brought in SWAN by the ear. The exciseman was a little squabby fellow, four feet high, knock kneed, buck shinned, splay footed, humpbacked, and razor faced : he was half undressed, that is, everything was off him but the breeches and shirt ; the breeches COULD not well slip off, for he held them in his left flipper ; the remains of his shirt were following fast its preceding parts to

‘That bourne from whence no traveller returns.’

In truth, the wife had made use of a large piece from



SHERIFF'S PRISON - Introducing Sam the Currier





the back, or rather the rent that it made extended from the collar to the waistband of his breeches; for she often said that she could not see what use a back was to a shirt, when it was covered by the back of a waistcoat, and a top coat: part of it she had mended the child's frock with, and of the remainder made tinder; so said SWAN.

BRIAN, who was the most humane *Paddy* that ever came from the *County of Galway*, tore the rags off poor SWAN, and enveloped him in a fine Holland shirt, with laced ruffles; then slipping him into a dressing-gown, made him sit *round* the fire upon the square with him and CAPTAIN BLAKE. The poor exciseman *swore thanks* in a tradesman-like manner, and said he had but one way of shewing his gratitude for all this *thundering* kindness.—I expect, said he, when I get out, to be employed on the Galway district, to suppress the MULLY GO LENTERS, and devil fire me if all the boys upon *Boru* estate shall not work a *private still*, and never be *mislested* by SWAN.—‘But your duty to the *King*, SWAN.’ The King, consider that, said BLAKE.—Botheration to the *King*, and all the duties that were ever paid him; my duty to a friend is *suparaiore*, and I’d pitch the —— to the devil before I’d forget to do a good turn to one that *sarv’d* me.

This is a sort of reasoning to which not any thing can be objected so as to overturn it. The KING is not personally known to his *excisemen*, and they care little for him, particularly in Ireland, where he and all his *English* subjects are termed FOREIGNERS.

In a short time the steam engine began to boil, and CAPTAIN BLAKE *knocked up* as fine a jug of whiskey

punch as ever three hearty fellows *knocked down*: in truth, it was prime, bang up, and worthy of the Sheriff's Prison, where most of the inmates are incarcerated for making too free with whiskey, and horses, and pretty women. The prison is in truth a *whiskified scene* altogether: men under the restraint of confinement must have some *stimulus* to keep up the animal spirits, which require more than their usual flow. The *lover of punch* cannot take a three mile country walk before he sits down to his beverage; he has no fresh air to carry off its effluvia; it floats round his head in his cell a noxious vapour, poisoning the *outworks*, whilst the materials from which that vapour arises are reducing the interior of the *soul's citadel* with more power than ever *Doctor G*—— did, who, to clear children of worms, generally gives them a medicine that brings away every part of the machinery inside, except the heart, and that he leaves them to die with, and be food for other worms in the grave.

Here, in a cell of the Sheriff's Prison, sat

Three sons of Hibernia, who snug on dry land,  
Stirred the sparkling *turf fire* with whiskey in hand;

and a merrier three never *bumpered Squire Jones*, or played *the Midnight Hour* more happily. BRIAN was half seas over, and inclined to be in a merry vein. BLAKE was inclined to become half seas over, and every vein in him throbbed for merriment and joy. SWAN was a complete *waste butt*, he could be drenched to an overflow, but his hardy frame resisted all attacks, and he never was known to be drunk, except for joy, when he had made a *seizure of whiskey*.

An Irish party must have a song, and a dance too, when they meet—it is in their nature to be jovial, and to make all jovial about them ; and as

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,  
'Tis mighty proper at an Irish feast.

You never knew an *Exciseman*, a *Custom-House Officer*, a *Parson*, or an *Attorney*, that could not sing a song, and, at particular periods, a long song, a strong song, and a song altogether ; it is part of the necessary education which these particular trades receive, to learn good loyal songs, by means of which, when in company, they may annoy his *Majesty's liege subjects*, throw them off their guard, and catch them in the political trap made by *Oliver, Castles, and Company*.

This is more the case in England, than in the land of hospitality and friendship.

A land which every one who knows,  
Must find the soil where friendship grows ;  
Where the warm heart impassioned glows,  
Beneath the *Shamrock* and the *Rose*.

SWAN was called up for a trifling Irish ditty of any sort, and anyhow sung ; he immediately complied with his new found patron's request.

## IRISH SONG

TO THE SCOTCH TUNE OF

'Here are we met, three merry boys,'—ROBERT BURNS.

Here are we met, three *Irish Boys*,  
And merry boys, by *Jasus*, three ;  
Secure from *FREEDOM's* din and noise,  
As prisoners, we contented be.

'Twas BRIAN mix'd a steaming jug,  
 And BLAKE and SWAN to drink agree ;  
 Three blither hearts coop'd up so snug,  
 Ne'er less regretted to be free.

It is the *Bailiff's* at the gate,  
 But *Bailiff's* here are men of straw ;  
 For *Punch* within the *Sheriff's* grates,  
 Makes *Pat* superior to the law.

It is the Sun, whose golden beam  
 Shines through the bars with brilliant glow ;  
 Like whiskey punch he sheds a gleam  
 Of joy on all the sons of woe.

Confin'd we are, three merry boys,  
 And many a night confin'd will be ;  
 But dear to punch and social joys,  
 In fancy still we all are free.

Loud applause followed this delectable song ; *Robert Burns* is a favourite all over Ireland, and an Irish song to one of his favourite tunes, was to our friends,

' Music in the sinner's ears—  
 Health, delight, and peace.'

The glorious memory of Robert Burns ; not of King William, who, God rest his soul, has been pretty often a troublesome customer to poor old Ireland : thanks to the liberal sentiments of GEORGE THE FOURTH, he is no more an idol, the Orange and Green live in harmony together, and party feuds seem to be extinguished in the national race of who runs most and fastest to do good for his native land.

' Exil'd and scorn'd to shades of deepest hell,  
 In brazen bonds let barbarous discord dwell.'

Or in any other place which he finds more pleasant ; so that he never visits poor dear Ireland, no one cares what becomes of discord and all his crew.

BLAKE had promised BRIAN BORU to give him an insight into the characters of all *within the walls*, and was ready to fulfil his promise ; and as SWAN was a very odd and unaccountable character—but what Irishman is not often odd and unaccountable in his ways, means, and manners—BLAKE proposed that he should give his own history by way of a prelude.

Faith and I'll do that same, said SWAN ; for I never did a shameful thing in my life but once, and that was when I got married, and hadn't a halfpenny to jingle on a tombstone ; so the wife went to *sarve* the parson of the parish, which was no sarvice to me, and I went to sarve my King as a *recruiting serjeant* and crimp to the *Dragoon Guards*.

The openness of this communication made BRIAN BORU much interested in the history of SWAN—it was not expected to be white as the swan's bosom, nor as black as black and all black upon the toppin of a *jackdaw*, still BRIAN thought that the man who announced courage to confess his sins, had virtue to venture upon a reformation ; and he secretly determined, if upon inquiry he found the conduct of SWAN to be as he expected, neither darkened by any shades of crime, or glittering with unclouded virtues—allowances BRIAN could make for all the failings of human nature : and although in GALWAY an exciseman is an outlaw, put out of the pale of Christian charity, and doomed to perdition, yet BRIAN was not so severe ;

he did not favour the calling, but he favoured the man.

### THE EXCISEMAN'S STORY.

‘I’ve been engaged with godly wise men,  
From drunken Parsons to Excisemen.’

ROBERT BURNS.

‘I was born in some particular village of this dear Island, which I well know, but don’t choose to remember at present, from political motives, of which the least that is said is the soonest mended. My father was the *Parish Vestry* of BALLYMUCKLE OF KEAL: he was a prime pork butcher, and took more pains to keep his meat sweet three weeks after it was dead, than any living hero of the STEEL. It happened (a great misfortune) in his thirty-seventh year he got choak’d by falling off a cart, and hanging to a lamp-post—it was many a *good fellow’s bad luck* at that time, and *bad luck* to him for not keeping more clear of the *hempen twister*.

‘I had my education at the *boarding-school* of PHELIM FIREBRASS; it was by my soul a genuine boarding-school, for we all slept upon the BOARDS, and lived in the puddle: nevertheless, he taught me the Rule of Three, and Subtraction after. In short, he qualified me for a *full grown exciseman*; and so he did my brother, who took a different road in life from what I did; and when I *slipt the joint*, and *fang’d* the arm, he strengthened the sinews, and *dibb’d the tenpennies*.

‘For a length of years I hovered country villages and country fairs, in the train of the Surveyor-general

of the Excise. I have often had the pleasure of being *kicked in the rump*, and flattened in the noddle, by those delectable officers, but I knew my own interest, and was *determined to rise*, by hook or by crook.—Verily, verily I say unto you, that I commenced informer—not the vile INFORMER, that for sake of lucre swears the life of men away, and riots in the blood-money, until he drops into the accursed by men, and without hopes of mercy from God.

‘No, gentlemen, I sought out where the whiskey-stills were working, and as I had always a “good nose,” I was successful in my scent, and gained so much approbation, that I was complimented with a *tide waiter’s deputation* for the small port of *Clary Monokilaendey*.

‘Here I plodded on for some years—I made no money, but I had fees on malt, whiskey, timber, potatoes, and *fools* who were sent to Dublin by *water* and *land carriage*. I managed to be *boarded upon* every ship that came into the port, and I sometimes divided myself into *four halves* and *two quarters*. I could sign the books for every ship, and receive the *money also*, taking care to divide the spoil with my superiors.

‘I had a vote for the borough, and interest enough to have *seven* more for the county. A general election took place, and an opposition, furious as *unchained tigers*, began. The *ministerial candidate* was d——d unpopular; for that reason I espoused his cause: I had all to gain, and nothing to lose—it was the Pit against the day, but I well knew that even if he lost, my place would be secure; and if he gained, I was sure of promotion.

‘The opposition candidate was a man whom—

Take for all in all we ne’er shall look upon his like again.

But he had not the *pewter*, and relied upon popular good opinion. D—n popular opinion; if I believed in its virtue I should think myself a rogue—for popular opinion pronounced me one *fifteen years* ago, and to this day have not recanted their opinion.

‘Well, Sir, ’twas all in vain that the *excisemen*, and *tax-gatherers*, *hearth-money collectors*, poured up to the hustings in shoals—we might as well have polled for the *Devil* against God Almighty—it wouldn’t do. The thing closed, COLONEL MAGGS beat us out and out; and I, as a reward for my exertions in the cause, was made an extra *Dublin Exciseman*. It was true that during this contest I had suffered severely: I had manfully suffered *seventeen good*—right good beatings, besides *fillips* and *kicks* wanting number. I had also lost my reputation and my *ears*, which the Green Boys cut off and put in my *Orange waistcoat pocket*; these things fell upon me like

‘Dust on wind, or dew upon the flower’;

and, like *Brutus of old*, I regarded them not.

‘You may be sure I was not a little vain, when I became a *Dublin City Officer*; and in the Custom-House PASSAGES none cut a greater swell than TIMOTHY SWAN. I could strut up to the Collector’s door, and receive a very respectful answer from his Lordship’s Clerk.—The seizing store was filled with the effects of my vigilance in *broken stills*, *empty kegs*, *cakes of musty*



*soap, half melted candles, and salt sugar CANDY.* I was too good an officer ever to do more than return to Government anything of use—no, I had my cue—my helm was tickled, my timbers greased; a very small return saved my good name, and kept me on *good terms* with my *contraband customers*.

‘I managed to get a good name; and as the *Ruction* began, I became a deputy *recruiting serjeant* to the corps of Yeomanry and the East India Company. In this way I figured very efficiently, and sent in the space of one year *seven hundred* men to the depot for transportation, and treble that number to the *entrepots* for home consumption. Och, Sirs, and I found food for gunpowder all over the Counties of WICKLOW, FERMANAGH, and abroad too.—Nothing better to stop a bullet, and *embody* a bit of lead, than an Irishman’s body and bones.

‘When the war spread in and near DUBLIN, I was called out, and distinguished myself in many engagements, particularly that in Carr’s manufactory, where *Duggan* got a pension for swearing away the lives of *twenty men*, and I got twenty cuts and stabs for going to support him. I went because I was ordered, and did as I was bid. The sin was upon the head of those that sent me—for it mattered not to me whether I was shooting and killing *hogs* or *rebels*, so that I was ordered to do so; and when once I receive an order, I *execute* it to the best of my power, even if I *execute* my own friends in the *execution*.

‘Many officers get forward with less claims to public approbation and reward than I have done. I marched at the head of my *serjeant’s party* as intrepid as a

WELLINGTON; I stormed now the *outposts of rebellion*, and now the inner *fortresses of smuggling*.—In truth, I became notorious, and had from Government, upon the dispersion of my CORPS, a full *Exciseman's* deputation for the CITY and COUNTY OF DUBLIN.

'I was now at the *summum bonum* of happiness, and accordingly took to myself a wife. I had read of an old maxim—"First get a house, then get a wife, and then get a child."—With *true Irish humour* I got a child *first*, then got the *wife*, and then had the house to look after. Here I found myself in a state of great comfort; and if I had not been perpetually under the apprehension of an arrest, and seeing myself hanged if the REBELS got the *upper hand*, I might have done well; but, however, I was to be doing something, more or less; and if there was the devil's oven heating, SWAN was sure to have a finger in the pie.

'I lost my eldest daughter in a *fit* of the smallpox; and I lost my dear wife in a fit of *running away with* a bold DRAGOON officer, *six feet* high, and *three feet* wide.

'She and her paramour managed to run me two hundred pounds in debt; and I was *plucked up*, and *put down* in this shell. On account of my former services, the noble Commissioners give me half-pay allowance whilst I am here; but I have been struck off THE ARMY *yeomanry seat of serjeants* with very little ceremony.—This is my whole history; and if it is not very amusing, it is very true. I may remark, that I never oppressed the poor and friendless: the cause of the WIDOW AND ORPHAN never rested upon my head; nor ever did I dash the *noggin of contraband* spirits

from the parched lips of labouring poverty, to place in the KING'S STORE for my own private emolument.

'Bad luck to the man, however exalted in rank and command, who has not, cannot, in the execution of severe duties, find some means of lightening the lash that falls on the shoulders of misguided ignorance, or superstitious error. I am but an exciseman, but I am a man: I love my country—she is dearer to me than life; and I trust that the blossoms of her *potatoe*, and the virtues of her natives, will never more be stained by *vices of foreign importation*.'

END OF THE EXCISEMAN'S STORY.

Bravo, my dear boy, said BRIAN BORU, your story is amusing, and I am sure much embellished against yourself; but the sentiments of an *Irishman* and a *loyal* heart conclude your story. I feel an interest in your affairs, and by the help of BLAKE will do you some good—if God spare's my life, and lets me out of limbo.

Tip us a song, my worthy—tip us another ditty.

He that hath not sweet music in his soul,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagem, and spoils.

Oh my soul—

Come not thou into his secrets.—SHAKESPEARE.

And if 'Music be the food of love, play on'; LIFE is short, either in IRELAND or Nova Zembla; it is best to pass it merrily, not in sighs and sentimental tears: even the Prophet says—

'If any of you be serious, let him pray.

If any of you be merry, let him sing Psalms.'

Now of this I am assured, under every circumstance of life,

‘The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.’

So he does, says SWAN, for he has given me many a hearty glass; and by your honour’s leave, here’s to the LORD LUFFTENANT’S health; our friends smiled at this mistake, and made no remark: in fact, SWAN had not many ideas that soared above a *gin keg*, and a *mess of tobacco*, and loyalty to the Viceroy; but he was a good and useful subject, and whose services had been eminent in his line during the Rebellion; but the national rulers had suffered him to rot in a prison for many months, and heeded not his just complaints: he had none to carry his remonstrance to the foot of the *Vice Regal* throne, and demand redress. In truth, such are the baneful and poisonous effects of poverty, that

‘The King’s friend in the King’s  
Own land, had no  
King’s Lord to save him.’

It is true, SWAN was saved from starvation by half-pay, and he was saved from future exertion in an unworthy cause, by being shut within a prison’s walls.

### A NEW IRISH SONG

TO AN OLD SCOTCH TUNE.

‘The de’il cam’ fiddling o’er the muir  
And danc’d away with the exciseman.’—BURNS.

The Devil came o’er the *Curragh of Kildare*,  
In search of a wicked and wise man;  
The old, and the ugly, the young, and fair,  
Cried, SATAN, take off the EXCISEMAN.

The EXCISEMAN is wise, he can gauge the cask,  
 He is WICKED, because you can bribe him ;  
 And whenever he goes on his greedy task,  
 The DEVIL is always beside him.

The DEVIL flew back o'er the CURRAGH OF KILDARE,  
 Saying the *throne of H— is a prize, man* ;  
 And if I don't haste through the murky air,  
 I will find it fill'd by an EXCISEMAN.

If once he has fill'd it, for ever I'm gone,  
 He never ejected can flee ;  
 For ever he'll reign on the DEVIL'S throne,  
 And the Devil an EXCISEMAN must be.

Old SHEELAH stood at the cabin door,  
 But within she in great surprise ran ;  
 For she saw the DEVIL pass over the Moor,  
 In the garb of the PARISH EXCISEMAN.

She swore the same to the PARISH PRIEST,  
 The Priest declar'd right free,  
 The DEVIL an *Exciseman* must be at least,  
 An EXCISEMAN—the *Devil* must be.

The jovial good humour with which poor SWAN gave this song against himself, interested both BLAKE and BRIAN—they found him a fellow of

‘ Infinite mirth and excellent fancy ’ ;

and in their own minds determined to bring him from the dreary confines of a gaol to the LIGHT of HEAVEN, and FREEDOM. The glass went cheerily round, and the SOUNDING-BOARDS of a THEATRE never gave a finer echo than the vaulted dome of the SHERIFF'S CELL and its extended gallery.

## CHAPTER XIX

More fun—Captain Blake's town and country house—Charles Fox, or the force of habit—A turn up and a turn in—Gaol birds, a description—Mr. T. the lawyer, and Sir John the swindler—Puns—The German tailor teaching Irish—The King and a good joke—An explanation in Germany, and a surprise—Captain Fleereton—How to break a man's neck at the Cape of Good Hope—Close shooting—Major B——, a great brute—An atheistical old Lady—An Irish scholar—Captain P——, and his charity—The Saint Domingo merchant—A tap-room ball—Honorable Mr. D——, and *crim. con.*—Damages and imprisonment—The Bank robber, and his wardrobe—Tim. Byrne, and Mr. Mack the gambler—Killing a man for a wager—The prison poet, Mr. O'Rafferty—A loyal song—Whiskey punch and corde-roy breeches—A hat stealer and a battle—War hawk—BRIAN BORU discharged from prison—A farewell dinner—Anecdotes of Freddy Jones, the play manager—A stop at Hawkins Street.

THE jug went round with social glee; BRIAN BORU forgot that he was in prison, and SWAN forgot that he was an *exciseman*; nay, he even imagined himself to be a gentleman, because he had got for once into gentlemen's company.

He told many humorous stories, which had their foundation in what had occurred to him in his professional career; and CAPTAIN BLAKE said, when a man makes sport of the employment he holds, it is a sure sign that it is a contemptible one in every sense of the word; but it shows at the same time his mag-

nanimity, to acknowledge and sport with *outwardly* what *inwardly* must give him considerable pain.

Here's your brother's health, said BRIAN to SWAN—not a word about the death of LORD FITZGERALD, said SWAN; my brother's a good fellow 'with a hook,' but I must be silent, by Jasus; if government knew me better than they do him, I should be in his place before to-morrow morning; so I should, and so I ought to be, if the *Devil* and the *King* had *their due*.

The jug was replenished several times: BLAKE grew boisterous in his own praise—he fought

Rebellion's battle o'er again;  
And thrice he ran from *Tara Hill*,  
And thrice ran back again.

BLAKE, to do him justice, had been a gallant fellow in his day, and the sums of money he expended in raising and equipping a troop of *flesh butchers* in the north, had so injured his fortune, that he found the Sheriff's Prison in Dublin a more convenient place of abode than *Thereingo House*, on the banks of the *Shannon*: in fact, he used to say, that as the rebels had burnt down his house when he was out fighting for the *Country*, the *King* had provided him a house in *town*; and to give him all due honour, the High Sheriffs of Dublin were ordered to see that he was comfortably situated, and pay their respects to him once a week at least.

A long residence in prison had made it agreeable to the Captain; use is second nature, and happy for mankind it is so in many cases, or what a set of miserable wretches would there be in this world, particularly amongst married people.

The late Right Honourable Charles James Fox, it is well known, lived with a woman by no means celebrated for her continence: he shortly before his death came to the resolution of marrying her; a friend remonstrated, and asked him his reason for taking such a very foolish step. Why, said Charles, dryly, I can't live without her, and so wish to secure her. 'And what in God's name attaches you to such a woman?'—'*Habit, my friend, habit, habit.*'

Such was a reason given by this profound statesman for a choice of which any other man would have been ashamed; but if he could not get rid of her *bad habits*, no doubt he found them contributory to his happiness, like many others: it serves to exemplify the truth of the proverb, that happily for us all, '*use is second nature.*'

Certain yawns and stretches made our party prepare for breaking up; SWAN walked off to take a *figging* nap on the floor of his dungeon—a clean shirt and a dressing gown richer than when he came in. BLAKE turned down upon the shake-down. BRIAN turned into his barrack bed all standing, for he was too mystified to unrig. It was late in the forenoon when they awoke, and MOONEY having got admission, they paced the yard whilst he was occupied in preparing breakfast.

Various characters passed in review before them, and several odd ones were pointed out.

Behold that man trembling on two rolling pins, and looking seven ways for Sunday, with his hat pulled over his eyes; he was once an eminent counsellor, and had a famous good name, until he became connected with Sir John A\*\*\*\*\*. These two worthies laid



their wigs together, and managed to deprive two young ladies, to whom the latter was guardian, of *twenty thousand pounds*. The scheme of abominable villainy was detected, but too late for the sufferers to benefit by the discovery. *Sir John* made off to a foreign land with half the spoil; his co-partner was not so fortunate, he was arrested for ten thousand pounds, and thrown into this place, where he has remained seven years, and is fixed in a determination to end his days here: he has ample means of paying the money, but he is a lawyer, and his conscience won't allow him to be honest: once in his life he said a good thing—He was seated in the pit viewing *YOUNG'S Macbeth*, and when the witches are addressed with

‘How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags,  
What is't ye do?’

*Witches*.—‘A deed without a name.’

‘*Not worth a farthing in law,*’ said the barrister. For this stroke only has he been recorded as a wit: he lives in a room such as ours, drinks his three bottles of port and three quarts of punch daily to his own cheek; he wouldn't say, Paddy will you taste, to his own brother: and, in fact, he talks to any one, when he himself is eating or drinking, as if he thought they hadn't got a mouth.

That little man you see is a German tailor; he has made a fortune by teaching foreigners the *Irish* language, of which he does not know one syllable: one of his pupils, an Englishman, after being taught by him for twelve months in *Dublin*, was announced to be a complete master of the real Gaelic tongue. The Gaelic is

only spoken in the interior of Ireland, and a sudden call took the pupil abroad without his ever having an opportunity of trying his powers in conversation with a real Gaelic-speaking Irishman. He was an officer in the army, and in the course of service landed in some port of the *Netherlands*.

In walking through the place, accompanied by a brother officer, he remarked, 'By God! these Germans all talk Irish.'—'How do you mean? I can't comprehend you'; 'Why I speak Irish, and to convince you they do the same, I'll address the first person I meet.' He did so, requesting to know the hour of the day, and received a polite answer; at the same time the stranger asked if he was not a native of Germany: no, replied the officer, but are not you an Irishman? He had never heard of such a place. This brought on an *éclaircissement*, and the officer found that his *Dublin* tutor had made him a perfect German scholar, and swindled him into the idea that he had been teaching him Irish, for which he was now grateful.

*Megler*, for that's his real name, speaks very little English. When Earl Talbot entertained our King (long life to him if he dies to-morrow), *Megler* was sent on a message; when he returned, he could not make himself understood; and as his Majesty was anxious to know what he had to say, he inquired if there was no one that could speak German. None of the company could, and an Irish servant was ordered to see if any of the domestics could. Pat very soon returned, and said, 'Plase your Excellency, there is devil a one understands the *Garman* lingo, but I've a brother plays on the *Garman* flute, and *perhaps he'll do.*'—The

King enjoyed this heartily, and I dare say will not forget the thing for some time to come.

That man whom you see with his head just as if it had come out of a flour sack, and dressed dandy fashion, limping and stooping over his gold-headed cane, is a most singular being: he has fought more duels than there are days in the year, and seduced more women than there are honest men in this prison: he is called *Captain Flecester*, and had once a commission in the line, and served with much gallantry in various parts of the world; but his quarrelsome temper made great havoc in the regiments which he might be attached to, and he was often sent to Coventry.

At the Cape of Good Hope he seduced the wife of a major, and shot the husband: he next shot *two* of the lieutenants, from explanations arising out of the subject; and was at last ordered home by the General, to be tried by a court martial. Previous to his departure, he entered the mess-room, and ordered a bottle of wine, which the servant brought: he then sat down by the window, smoking his segar; one of the officers, deputed by his brethren, stepped up to him, and politely informed him that his presence was far from agreeable, and his absence was required.

He replied, 'that he would see them all d——d before he moved an inch.' The result was, they then threatened to turn him out, and he dared them to the trial; this none of them were fond of attempting, for he was, as you see, a man of uncommon muscular strength: however, one of them, Pat Valiant, said he would turn him out, and got up for the purpose. Flecester rose also, and throwing up the window,

swore, by the blood of Saint Patrick, 'the first man that lays a finger on me goes out of that window.' The officer, foolhardy, advanced, when, as good as his word, he caught him by the collar and waistband of his smallclothes, and actually pitched him into the street, a height of twenty feet; he fell upon his head and was killed on the spot. A general battle ensued, and he either knocked down or kicked out every one from the room.

When he arrived in England, a general court martial dismissed him from the service, and let him loose upon the world, as a roaring lion, to devour all that came in his way.

Many have been his exploits in Ireland—such as *snuffing* the candles with a pistol in coffee-rooms, firing through *barrister's* wigs, taking the knee-strings off a dandy's breeches, knocking the hat off an exciseman's head, riding horses to death, etc. etc., a volume might be filled with his exploits. He had a handsome fortune, which is nearly expended. He was thrown into prison by the gunsmith L——, to whom he owed two thousand pounds, and detainers have been lodged upon him to the amount of *ten*. Here he lives, and the wife of his detaining creditor visits him daily, robbing her husband for his support: he has three bullets now in his thigh, which cannot be extracted, which is the reason of his walking lame. He is an agreeable companion, and did you not know his history, you might respect him.

That fat fellow, rolling along with his hands in his pocket, is a Major B——: he has estates to the tune of ten thousand per annum, and rather than pay a few

paltry hundreds, he remains here : he lives in style, has all his meals sent from the coffee-house, and drinks FAULKNER'S best wines : there are a few here whom he treats, and is altogether a brutish being.

That lady whom you see clad in the costume of the eighteenth century, with a servant at her back, is taking her morning's walk ; she had three husbands, all of whom left her large fortunes : the fourth died, and she administered to his will ; when lo, it appeared that he had left four thousand pounds, and owed twenty-five ; she refused to compromise in any way, and has been fourteen years incarcerated in these walls ; she has two rooms, a man and a maid servant, whom she had placed here under fictitious arrests, in order that they may be always with her. She is very charitable, and suffers no poor prisoner to want if he is of good character : she reads constantly, and that the worst description of novels ; and once threatened to turn away her maid, because she caught her with a prayer-book in her hand. She says there is neither heaven nor hell, but that the souls of men and women are changed into birds and beasts. Altogether she is a strange compound of good and evil ; in truth, she is a good Christian, and does not know that she is so : she does good without knowing why, and practises all the virtues of religion, whilst her mouth belies the doctrine : and she declares religion to be a political imposition, and all its advocates impostors. It may be said of her, as *Churchill*, the satirist, said of an eminent performer, when she rails at all that is good, kind, and beneficent—

Her honest features the disguise defy,  
And her face loudly gives her tongue the lie.

Yonder long emaciated being is a celebrated translator of Irish, and was formerly Secretary to the Gaelic Society; his talents are extensive, and he is always in a *brown study*; he never exchanges one word with any one, and lives upon a small annuity from the bounty of *Lord Belmore*; his mode of living is strange, and at the same time very methodical.

Potatoes for breakfast, dinner, and supper, with milk and eggs, never by any chance tasting meat; and possibly he swallows three pints of raw whiskey every day, generally calling for a naggin at once, which he drinks from the measure, with a lump of sugar in his mouth.

The person next to him is a Captain in his Majesty's Royal Navy: he has lost one of his eyes, and an arm; has his half-pay and a pension; his debts are small, but he has been five years in this place: he is president of the club for relieving poor debtors, and distributes the charities of the prison: he often goes out, attended by an officer, and collects money for the prisoners. He writes letters for all those who cannot write, and always carries his pockets filled with tobacco—*shag, ladies' twist, and leaf*—which he gives freely to all who chew, but not a bit to a smoker; smoking he exclaims against as a d——d Frenchified thing, and a disgrace to a man. He would be a very great loss to this prison, if ever he takes it in his head to go out, but I verily believe he is at his last moorings, and will never lift his anchor or make sail again.

The black man with the white hat on his head, and in a planter's dress, is one of the richest men in the Emperor Christophe's dominions. He came here from

Saint Domingo, and made purchases of linen to the amount of four hundred thousand pounds; it was all paid for honestly, and with punctuality.—Some people, taking advantage of his liberality and credulity, got him to put his name to bills for forty thousand pounds, which were never taken up: he refused to pay, and has been here six months; the thing will soon be settled, and he released: he is an odd fellow, and full of humour, frequently giving balls to the natives of *Straw Hall*, himself leading off the dance, with a black boy and an old black woman, who attend upon him: he gives away daily several gallons of whiskey, and will have no intercourse with genteel society; he says the only gentlemen in Ireland are the *black-guards*, because they are of his own colour.

The Honourable and Reverend Mr. D—— is the steady personage you see with spectacles on his nose, and poring over the newspaper: he was once the first preacher and first fox-hunter in the north; he kept two packs of hounds, and ran horses at the Curragh with much success: his character was that of a jolly good fellow—and his wife, who was rightly allowed to be one of the finest women in Ireland, ran off with the Marquis of H——. As a clergyman, he could not challenge the aggressor, but he entered an action, and recovered *twenty thousand pounds damages*.—Shortly after, he was thrown into prison for some trifling debt, and has remained here twelve years. The *TWENTY thousand pounds* he divided betwixt his two daughters, who are well married, and dine with him every Sunday.—The profits of his livings are more than three thousand per annum, and he lives at a moderate expense.

He preaches frequently, and is a very excellent man ; when I tell you that he is the author of Irish ‘Antiquities Explored,’ and the History of the Irish Churches, you will do him the justice to say, that he merits the applause of every Irishman who is an admirer of his country’s literary glory.

That Dandified Puppy, in a morning-gown and red morocco slippers, with hickery face—

With thumbs in smallclothes, where thumbs should not be,  
With ambling gait, and with knee smiting knee,

was once a Clerk in the Bank of Ireland : his case is fresh in the recollection of thousands, he made sundry *extracts of Bank paper* from the books, to the enormous sum of twenty thousand pounds, before he was found out. His trial was one that engrossed much of public attention ; the high respectability of his family and connections was one cause that set anxiety on the tiptoe to avert his fate. After a laborious investigation, which kept the bench and the bar employed busily for three days, he was acquitted of the felony, and arrested for *one hundred thousand pounds*, to which amount he defrauded the Bank. He is pestering the law courts every term with his case, but he will never be released from where he is now : what he saved out of his plunder is only guessed at ; he lives extravagantly, and that little red-haired girl you see at the window is in his keeping.—To give you some idea of his extravagance ; when his house was searched on his arrest, in his wardrobe were found *thirty* coats, *forty-eight* pair of smallclothes and pantaloons, *sixty* skirts, *ninety* waist-coats, and twelve dozen shirts, with everything besides



in the same proportion. Had he been tried in England, he would have been hanged ; he is silly, vain, and impertinent ; does not feel his situation, and is as well content to be master of the ceremonies in the Racquet Court, as he was to lead the Ton at Morrison's, in Dorset-street, during a College ball.

It is in vain, said Captain Blake, to attempt at an outline of all the odd fellows you see : that fellow in Lincoln Green, with a large bundle of gold seals in his hand, is worthy notice ; he was a 'hell-fire dog,' and lived by gambling : one evening he played against *Tim Byrne*, and won from *Tim* two thousand pounds. *Tim* did not relish this : however, they supped and got drunk together afterwards, when high words took place, and the lie was given—of course pistols were introduced ; but before they took their stations, *Tim* addressed him—'*Mack*, you have two thousand pounds in your pocket ; I'll bet you four to that two you don't kill me the first shot—all winging shall go for nothing.' Done, by *Jasus*, was the word ; and *Tim* gave a draft on the Bank, which, with *Mack's* two thousand, were put into the landlord's hands. They fired at each other by signal over the table, and *Tim* received *Mack's* messenger in his brains. Next morning *Mack* received the cash, which set him up—no trial took place. These things are so common in our country. He is a dashing blood upon town, is admitted to the Castle, and is in here for some small debt, which he refuses to pay because it is due to a tradesman, and cannot be called a debt of honour—so much for honour.

That little fellow in the corner is a Poet ; he makes rhymes on every body he knows : I wonder he has not

welcomed you to the prison. He did, said BRIAN, and made me pay my footing twice over : suppose we make him give us a song of his own making, or an extempore one. Let us ask him up stairs ; he will amuse us at breakfast ; *Blake* beckoned *Poet Rafferty*, and he followed, nothing loath.

MOONEY had got a good breakfast on table, to which the party, including the Poet, did great justice. Now, Sir, said *Captain Blake*, my friend here is an admirer of the Muses, and wishes to hear a specimen of your talents.

Faith and that he shall, in *Epic, Elegiac, Pindaric, Homeric, Prosaic, Doric, or Teutonic Verses*, which ever he likes best. I never heard of the two latter styles, said BRIAN, but always thought they were orders in architecture. 'Tis all one and the selfsame thing, said the Bard, architecture and poetry are twin brothers, and I, the first poet in all Ireland, enclosed in this piece of architecture so snug, that nothing but the effusions of my genius can get out, and this very bit of architecture makes me a poet, because I live by my rhymes ; would to Jasus I were out again bogtrotting, as Mr. Shlenopos Bole Boy, over the Bog of Allen, and then I shouldn't be here.

The man reasons so well in prose, said BRIAN, I take it he has both rhyme and reason in his poetry, so in God's name give us it in the shape of a song.

## GOOD NEWS FOR IRELAND

THE SONG OF PADDY O'RAFFERTY, A PRISON POET

'Twas lately in the afternoon,  
As I sat in my easy chair,

My spirits they were quite in tune,  
And banish'd every earthly care.

A form divine appear'd to view,  
Advanc'd and took me by the hand,  
Says she, I come to drink with you,  
Prosperity to PADDY'S LAND.

Upon my knee she sat her down,  
And hail'd me with a buxom smile ;  
She said, I am of old renown,  
The genius of dear ERIN'S Isle.

Let's join the King, friend Pat, says she,  
To root out discord, heart and hand ;  
So here 's his health, with three times three,  
The King that loves poor PADDY'S LAND.

Emancipation hovers round,  
Oh, hasten then the glorious day,  
That breaks through error's gloom profound,  
And makes both men and nature gay.

The unshackled mind now boldly soars,  
Free from a mortal's harsh command ;  
And *Hope* and *Love* upon our shores,  
Bear future peace to PADDY'S LAND.

Then be thou loyal, just, and brave,  
And always bear an open hand ;  
To those who cross the Irish wave,  
And taste the Punch of PADDY'S LAND.

Soon we will meet our just reward,  
Since GEORGE has trod the sainted strand,  
Where millions are prepared to guard  
His glorious sway o'er PADDY'S LAND.

Loyal enough in all conscience, said BRIAN BORU ;

and as for the verses, they are well deserving of that pound note. By my soul, said *Rafferty*, I never wrote a song before that was reckoned worth sixpence, or a tumbler of punch; och, by Jasus, I'll write no more this month to come, if you does come here to expose me. I'll tell what you are after saying to PAT DELANY, said BLAKE,—and mind ye, the one pound note won't last for ever, and you'll be glad of such an invitation when you can't get it, you *ballad-making blackguard*. So saying, he showed his heels, and ran down stairs. There is some truth in what he says, so I'll e'en go down: my pound note won't last for ever, and your honour won't always be here, more's the pity—och, I never wish to see you go outside of the gates. Here *Mr. Rafferty* made his best bow, took up *Pat Mooney's* hat in mistake for his own, and proceeded to sing in praise of whiskey punch and corderoy breeches.

*Mooney* soon missed his hat, and snatching up the bit of old rotten felt left in its stead, pursued the theorist bard; him he found seated in Crofton's tap, and exerting his energies to please his friends.

*Rafferty* denied the hat, and said he had sent it back by a boy, when he found his mistake.

*Mr. Rafferty*, *Mr. Rafferty*, bawled a young spalpeen in the gallery, knocking against the door with a pewter pot; where the devil do you get to?—I've been all over *Straw Hall*, and *Dunghill Row*, looking after you: there's *Mr. Delany* wants you to write some verses on a pair of corderoy breeches which *Tom Longstitch* has just seated for him, and there is plenty of whiskey punch on the move.

Damn Delany—Tom Stitch—his corderoy breeches

—his punch, and yourself into the bargain. By Jasus, I'll punch your eye out if ever you disturb me in gentlemen's company again. By my soul, said the boy, and it's the first time I *ever seed* you in it, and likely 'twill be the last, for you can't behave yourself no more than a drunken turf cutter. Be off, said *Rafferty*, I've a pound note in my pocket, and I'll pound your skull to a consistency, like a turf bog.

MOONEY had nearly given up the search in despair, when looking into a hat on the table he saw his name, which he knew from being in printing hand; but to the Poet, who had in view *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, it gave a practical illustration of the Roman text.

The gold band was removed, and the gold rim clipt fairly off all round, and a bit of black tape tied round it for a show—nothing could exceed his rage—he attacked the poor Poet, and a battle royal ensued; MOONEY came off victorious, and with a black eye and blemished hat proceeded to his master's room.

BRIAN and CAPTAIN BLAKE enjoyed the thing heartily, and poor MOONEY was ordered to return the remains of his castor to the Bard, and buy himself another.

Affairs were thus settled, when they were roused by a universal shout of—war hawk, war hawk—which shook the prison walls down. They ran, and the yard presented a perfect Irish scene.—An unhappy bailiff, who had ventured in to serve a prisoner with a latitat, was stripped naked, and under the pump; it was in vain he roared for help and mercy, neither would hear him; and after being beat black and blue, he was kicked into the street.

It was a miracle the wretch got off with his life, as

many of them have suffered for their temerity on such occasions.

At the entrance of the yard they were agreeably surprised by the appearance of SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY, who presented BRIAN with his discharge. Why, how's this, said BRIAN; impossible. 'Tis true, said the Baronet, your debts are heavy, but I have become security for their payment in three years. My fortune is large—so is my expenditure profuse; but if there is a necessity for curtailment, I can endure it for the sake of a friend. GRAMMACHREE is gone to Galway, and I hope you will find things better than you expect: in the meantime, let this be a lesson to you, never to put faith in a strumpet again. I am rather myself a libertine, but I never go astray but as a gentleman. If I dip into *Low Life* occasionally, it is to mark the peculiarities of my countrymen's situations, tastes, and sufferings, in order that I may know how to serve them at a future day, when I shall be a member of the great council of the nation. You are a gentleman, and may with ease associate with the rabble for amusement, and be a gentleman still. I am not sorry you have had this small punishment upon your pride and feelings; you are now free, and if you continue to follow my footsteps, you shall enjoy LIFE IN IRELAND as a rational being, and never stumble again.

BRIAN could scarce repress a starting tear, as he squeezed the hand of his real friend, and said, God bless you.—No compliments, said the Baronet; as our friend BLAKE cannot emerge with us from

'Durance vile,'

I have ordered a dinner to be sent in,—and here, said he, turning, is a friend come to partake of it and your happiness—it was Lady Demiquaver, who rallied BRIAN upon being a GAOL BIRD, but was very glad he was not *pinioned*, and could *take wing* when he pleased.

The keeper of the prison offered a room for the party's accommodation, and they employed the interval betwixt then and dinner in viewing

‘The secrets of the prison-house.’

Everything was regular, neat, and clean, and did high credit to Mr. Jones, a man whom no one ever was consigned to without feeling an estimation of his character beyond all praise. A few such men would make the name of a gaoler respected, whilst the *Bridles of Ilchester* render it a reproach and a disgrace.

Several of the prison inmates were invited to dinner, with Mr. and Mrs. Jones, the keeper and keepress.

Nothing could exceed the harmony that prevailed, except the noise outside, that is in Crofton's tap, where SIR SHAWN had ordered roast beef and plumb pudding for all the poor prisoners: they had set the piper to work, and care for once seemed to have fled from the precincts of a prison.

The Baronet, after a few bumpers had passed to the most celebrated toasts, proposed to retire. His carriage was ordered, and bidding adieu to Captain Blake, into it the party stepped, and drove to *Merrion Square*.—Here BRIAN retired to disrobe, and once more came into company as a well-dressed gentleman, fit to enjoy LIFE IN IRELAND.

The evening was long, and a trip to the *Theatre* was

resolved upon. The Baronet was determined to give BRIAN no time for reflection, as he thought that his punishment had already exceeded his offences.

A gentleman was announced for that night to appear in *Richard*, being his first appearance on any stage. I hate first appearances, said LADY DEMIQUAVER; nothing is to be expected from them but awkwardness.

Let us see before we condemn, said the Baronet, as they drove to *Hawkins Street Theatre Royal*.

*Crow Street*, said LADY DEMIQUAVER, is dished, and poor FREDDY JONES, the manager, laid upon the shelf for ever. Poor FRED was so fond of *Ham* stewed in Madeira, that he got himself into a precious *stew*—from that into a *pickle*, and finally into debt, where he is likely to remain: he never cared any more for the stage than I do for a stage-coach, and was always so busily engaged in gratifying his own *taste*, he never had time to consult that of the public, by which he lived.

An *Epicure*, said SIR SHAWN, is very unlikely to cater well in Theatricals—he is too indolent, and though he *swallows* nothing but what is excellent in its kind, and *well got up*, he expects the public to *swallow* any trash, and looks to see it *go down* pleasantly.—The carriage stopped, and the party were soon settled in the stage box.

END OF CHAPTER XIX.



## CHAPTER XX

Dublin Theatricals—John Wilson Croker—Sir Harcourt Lees—A Green-Room Scene—*Non est invertis*—Freedom in Love—A race for the breeches—Horace Twiss, and a *Pot de Chambre*—Impromptu of Lady Clare—Lady Demiquaver's lines on Lady Howe—A long letter, never a better—A trip to Dandrum, etc.—Scenes of love, and an Irish bull bait.

A WORD or two of the New Theatre. It is built on the scite of the Old Royal Society House—(Ah, such a Society! Grey marble, Giant's Causeway, paving stone, Wicklow copper, and petrified shamrocks, were all the curiosities it contained). The building in itself has not any thing to recommend it, and is no ornament to a City celebrated all over Europe for the beauty of its public buildings. The proprietor, I am ashamed to say, is an Englishman; no Irishman could be found of sufficient enterprise to enter upon what can scarcely be called a speculation, as its success was certain, from the theatrical mania which always rages in Dublin during the winter season. Thus we are indebted to a foreigner for an establishment calculated to improve our taste, mend our morals, and enlarge our understandings. Such things are, and are to be lamented.

The late Crow Street Theatre, so long and so barbarously mismanaged by FREDERICK JONES, still paid,

and paid well—it was the cradle of genius. London was indebted to it for some of her very superior performers, *Miss O'Neil, Mathews, Jones*, and many more, were all scions from this old stock piece, and their names will be remembered when that of poor FREDDY JONES is only the theme for a bookshop or a coffee-house.

JOHN WILSON CROKER, the present Secretary, who is no mean satirical poet, gave the first shock to the Crow Street Establishment, in a series of Familiar Epistles addressed to the Manager: they possessed exquisite humour, but were too severe on individuals, and unmanly towards the female performers. *Mr. Talbot* then was the leading performer, and of acknowledged excellence: he was married to a young and beautiful woman named *Emily Bindon*, sprung from a noble family: her imprudences drove her to the stage, where she was rapidly advancing to the height of her profession, when Talbot married her, and she performed no more. This was reflected upon by the *familiar spirit* with some asperity, and for which he has been very justly condemned. Some of his strictures are amusing.—In speaking of TALBOT, he says,

First TALBOT comes, the first indeed,  
But fated never to succeed,  
In the discerning eye of those  
Who place their taste on KEMBLE'S NOSE;  
And deem that genius a dead loss is,  
Without dark brows and long proboscis.

Thus far he is complimentary and just; but he does not continue so very long: he shows his teeth, and bites

also, with venomous power. WILLIAMS, an excellent actor in vulgar characters, such as Yorkshiremen and sailors, is most unmercifully handled :

Next WILLIAMS comes, the rude and rough,  
 With face most whimsically gruff ;  
 Apeing the careless sons of ocean,  
 He scorns each fine and easy motion :  
 Tight to his sides his elbows pins,  
 And dabbles with his hands like fins.  
 His turns are swings, his step a jump,  
 His feelings fits, his touch a thump ;  
 And violent in all his parts,  
 He speaks by fits—and moves by starts.

These censures were in a great measure deserved ; but the 'great first cause' ought to have been attacked, for he alone could remedy the evil : nevertheless, this breaking did good, and from that time the Crow Street Fabric tottered, and finally fell to the earth,

Like Lucifer, never to hope again.

Upon this, HAWKINS STREET arose, and in point of interior accommodation far superior to the one it had crowed over.

Our party took possession of a stage box, and the curtain drew up : the new performer executed admirably, and never sure was there more merriment excited by the appearance of HAMLET, since the day he was first produced from the brain of our immortal Bard—He *murdered* every sentence, and *crucified* every word : loudly he roared—'Angels and ministers of grace defend us,'—'And defend our ears,' roared a gallery wag, 'you will be speechless before the end of the

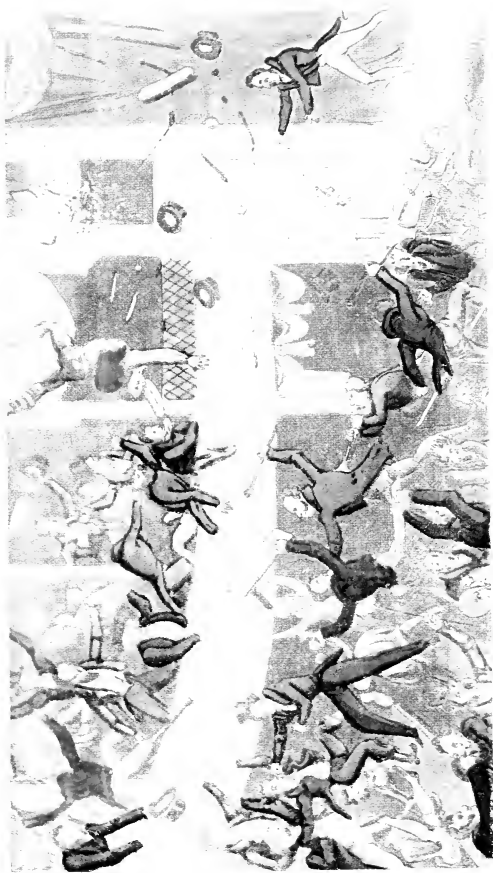
play.'—In the closet scene he reached the acme of his fame.—'My father,' said he, 'my father; by *Jasus*, no more like my father than I am like HARCOURT LEES.' This substitution of poor LEES, the KING's friend, for HERCULES, set all the audience in a roar. SIR SHAWN rapped encore, and amidst laughter, hissing, and uproar, the curtain fell, and the orchestra struck up one of COOKE's overtures, which always commence with a solo on the French horn, carry on with a flourish of trumpets, and end with an Irish jig.

TOM is now a London performer, and has been much admired as the best representative of a *Robber* and a *Ruffian* that ever appeared on or off the English stage. In truth, TOM has not the most mild appearance in his face; he savours much of the robber in the cavern of Gil Blas de Santillane: to him may be applied an epigram—

Old Orpheus played so well,  
He mov'd Old Nick;  
But thou moves by a cursed spell,  
Only thy cursed fiddlestick.

The entertainment was, *The Devil to Pay*; and MISS FOOTE played NELL in an admirable manner. Of the performers, as BRIAN says, by *Jasus* they are no better than a bundle of sticks in my hedge at Boru Park. A little before the performance, SIR SHAWN took his party behind the scenes, where they were received by the stage manager, COBHAM, in a most polite manner, and they were all initiated in the ceremonies of the Green Room.

BRIAN BORU found in one of the performers a



OUR HERO and his Friends having a small taste of a Row at the Theatre



countryman of his, and they were quite happy, so much so that they were

‘Glad to meet, and loath to part.’

The manager requested that the party would wait till the curtain fell, and meet the whole Company; and the high road was soon opened to the *Green Room*, and poured in all the heroes and heroines of the *Sock and Buskin*. A table was spread, with every refreshment that bread, cheese, *whiskey*, and *punch* afforded. — Much merriment went round, and the Manager’s health was drunk by those who wished him in the last stage of a consumption, or at ‘the Devil to pay’ in the lower regions. NELL pledged SIR SHAWN O’DOGHERTY in a bumper of Madeira; and JOBSON pledged BRIAN in a bumper of real raspberry whiskey, which he said always comforted the cockles of his heart after a quarrel with his rib. The party bade adieu to the Green Room, SIR SHAWN carrying with him a batch of box tickets for BENEFITS, in exchange for a ten pound note.

Lady Demiquaver was set down at her house, and promised to be a constant visitor of BRIAN BORU, and determined he should not be the victim of ENNUI.

BRIAN was landed at his lodgings, where PATRICK MOONEY welcomed him with tears of joy and satisfaction, for *Patrick* really loved his master.

SIR SHAWN set out for *Merrion Square*, whispering to BRIAN—‘If you move a peg before I see you in the morning, you shall be *non est invertis* before night; for by my honour I’ll blow your brains out.’

BRIAN went to rest in his old room, and Mooney swore that he never was so happy since the hour *before*

*he was born*, as to see his master in his own hired house. In truth, he blubbered with joy, and trembled so exceedingly, that he could not take off his master's coat, or hand his foot the BOOT JACK.

Let in, said BRIAN, to-night by my own servant, *Mooney*. Go to bed, I admire your fidelity, and it shall not go unrewarded; he was not above shaking hands with a faithful friend, though in a humble situation: he had a heart, and a valuable one—it was rich in every good quality, and he knew the value of honest integrity, nor cared whether he found it under the bronze silk of flaming loyalty, or the ragged frize coat of *Pat in the Bogs*.

BRIAN slept very sound, and dreamt of nothing but future happiness and LADY DEMIQUAVER.

LADY DEMIQUAVER was, as we have before observed, a very pretty woman, *past the meridian* of life, but still retaining all the fascinations of her youth: she had a playful vivacity about her, and a sort of *je ne sa quois* that struck the heart at once with all the force of CUPID'S ARROWS, directed by VENUS.

In truth, since the meeting at DUNLEARY, when they were seated upon the Hill, and viewed the Bay of DUBLIN, he had entertained a very sneaking sort of kindness for her Ladyship, and her Ladyship also entertained a very strong *penchant* for BRIAN BORU.

BRIAN was a handsome fellow, and had an open way with him no one could resist: for instance, when he talked with LADY DEMIQUAVER, he made no ceremony of laying his hand upon her knee, her shoulder, or any part that was most convenient to give force to the arguments he was pushing forwards.



These things were of some importance to LADY DEMIQUAVER, as she had an eye to everything—inexpressible. Her Ladyship had been all her life a demirep; and although shining in the first societies, it was well understood that she was no saint, nor did she pretend to the claim of VIRTUE. Like the Marchioness of H——, and of C——, and of B——, she did that which all men know, and yet will not name.

There was once upon a time, not a hundred years ago, three ladies in Dublin of gallant celebrity; I shall not mention their names, but merely give a witty idea that was put forth *upon*, and *about* them. It was a caricature of ‘*a race for the breeches*’; the DUKE OF ORMOND was holding them up on a pole, and a five-barred gate beneath them.

The boldest leaper  
Shall be the keeper,

was the motto, and the ladies were depicted at full speed, in order to gain the prize. The first horse-woman exclaimed, ‘I DE-NY no one to cope with me’; the second, ‘I CARE for nobody in this daring attempt’; and the third said, ‘By JASUS, I’ll CLARE all,’ which in truth she did, but did not wear the breeches long. Of this lady I can relate an anecdote, which shows what *Female Life in Ireland* really *was*, and is at present,—wit without affectation, good humour without pride, and decency without being ashamed of it.—A fellow who is now a member of parliament and a placeman, travelled in Ireland; he was everywhere received with the greatest hospitality and friendship. In return for which he wrote his travels, and libelled the country, abusing the females like a woman-hater.

His book, though now 'down among the dead men,' had, under the auspices of government, a great circulation; for we well understand the *circulating medium* by which ministers set these things going in the political world. Much indignation was expressed in Ireland at this fellow's villainous aspersions; and an Irish gentleman travelled to London on purpose to punish the libeller, which he did, by a hearty good thrashing, that T—— took as patiently as an ass.

Several ways were taken in *Dublin* to show the contempt in which Master —— was held.

A manufacturer of earthenware had his bust placed in the bottom of a pot de chambre, en profile. This was shown to LADY CLARE for her approbation: the thing is *good*, she said, and must be made better: make him with a front face, and his mouth open, and I will give you a motto to place round him. Her ladyship then took her pencil, and sketched an admirable likeness of the scandalous historian, with open mouth, as if swallowing what his stomach revolted at receiving: nevertheless, the picture was in good keeping, and no one who had seen the author in all his glory and conspicuousity (an Irish word), but would have known him again *when sent to pot*.

The motto was, like the caricature, to the point, and *roughly elegant*.

Here you may behold a liar,  
Well deserving of Hell-fire:  
Every one who likes may p——  
Upon the learned DOCTOR T——.

Such was the spirit of wit that prevailed then in

Ireland, and it has not died away. We have a Sydney, Owenson, Morgan, and many others, who are all expert at repartee and *single entendre*. Lady Demiquaver was no *bad* hand at a good thing: she happened to be in *London* when her good *old friend Lady Howe* fell in love with and married *Phipps the Dentist*; this act of degradation was highly offensive to the *beau monde*, and *Lady Howe* has since vainly endeavoured to cloak her shame, by getting her husband a Peerage. She is *too old* to succeed in such an application, and *Phipps* remains a *tooth-drawer* still. *Lady Demiquaver*, though on the best terms possible with *Lady Howe*, could not refrain from having a shot at her on this occasion; and she knew *Howe* to do it elegantly.

## LADY HOWE MUSING AND APOSTROPHISING

Yes, I long for the lips  
 Of that Dear *Mister Phipps*,  
 The great Oculist to whom I must bow :  
 To my utter surprise,  
 He has charmed both my eyes,  
 Would to Heavens he hadn't known HOWE.

But reflection's too late,  
 He has settled my fate,  
 Of all others 'tis him I adore ;  
 So by him I'll be kiss'd,  
 For I cannot resist,  
 He shall *couch* me, and then I'll see more.

SIR SHAWN O'DOHERTY was not sorry to find BRIAN struck with the charms of *Lady Demiquaver*: he determined to encourage the intrigue, and thereby keep BRIAN from forming any improper connections.

This was an important point for SIR SHAWN to obtain, and he was determined to carry on the joke to the utmost.

The sun rose as usual on any clear Irish day, and BRIAN BORU drest by the *help of Mooney* in his wonted elegant costume—a *la Dogherty*—but on putting his coat to his shoulders, he observed a flaming *silver star*, on the left breast. What is the meaning of this foolery, said BRIAN, in an angry tone. Sure, said MOONEY, and don't all the world know I am a knight's *sarvant*; and the tailor said, that for my credit and honour you should be after wearing the *insigny* of your order.

Never, Sir, do anything relative to me or my personal appearance, without my bidding. I have no ambition to be a Knight: the honour was conferred upon me by a most generous and noble-minded man, or I would not have received it. 'Tis not my intention to adopt the title until I have done something to merit it; and if you are not contented to remain the humble servant of BRIAN BORU, you are perfectly at liberty to find another master, who has *Sir* to his name.

Poor Mooney burst into tears, and sunk at his master's knees, blubbering, By the holy poker, I'd live and die wid you, if you were a beggar; and I didn't mean any harm, only *I* was a little PROUDISH, because I thought you had a *right* to be so. The right is incontestible, said BRIAN, and so is my inclination. Ah, your Honour, when you come to be Justice of the Peace for the County of Galway, a bit of a title will be no bad thing to make the women tell truth about their bastard children. Possibly it may;

and in the meantime run to the door, for I hear my friend's knock.

SIR SHAWN came in with joy in his animated features, and shook BRIAN heartily by the dexter paw, singing in a humorous cadence—

What ails this heart of mine,  
 What means this watery eye,  
 What 'gars me aye grow cold as death,  
 When I take leave of thee?

'Tis *Hope* that cheers the mind,  
 Though friends must absent be ;  
 And when I think I see thee still,  
 I think thou 'rt still with me.

Thanks, uttered BRIAN, I am aware you have some good news for me, or some mad frolic in your brains to amuse me with ; let it out, and I am ready for anything in reason.

The truth is, BRIAN, I have got a letter from our mutual friend GRAMMACHREE ; it conveys good tidings—but sit down, it shall speak for itself ; and you, Mooney, need not retire, for I am sure you are a noble partaker in your master's concerns, and may say with truth—

For him I left a father's house  
 And mother's tender care ;  
 And whether weal or woe betide,  
 His lot I mean to share.

'MAJOR GRAMMACHREE, of the Loyal Invalid Battalion, to SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY, BARONET, Merrion Square, Dublin.

‘*Boru Castle, Banks of the Snail Gutter,  
County of Galway.*

‘MY DEAR BARONET,—I had the devil’s own journey here, so I had, and am safe in Hell at last: thrice the coach broke down, and thrice did I break my leg; it has cost me a three half-guinea note in timber for my *support* since I left you in Dublin.—I found friend BRIAN’S estate all in an uproar: the *agent* had raised all the farmers’ rents, and besides laid a duty on *private whiskey stills*, which put a pretty penny into his pocket; and having waited upon him, he received me as BRIAN BORU’S ancestor did the King of Norway’s Ambassador at *Clontarf*, when he told him to tell his master to go to Hell, and save him the trouble of sending him thither.

‘Finding nothing was to be got *from* him, I went from him, and called a meeting of the tenants in the farmyard next day, and showed my *powers to act*: they all swore they were fleeced, and had paid half a year’s rent in advance to *sarve* their dear master—and that *Squeezem* had got the money. A nod’s as good as a wink, said I, to a blind horse; and as the County was under proclamation as a disturbed district, I whispered my friend Captain *Clapperclaw*, of the *Inniskillens*, and he sent off a serjeant’s party, who brought *Master Squeezem* on his knees on the barn floor in a pig’s whisper. Shell out, says I, you uncontrollable thief of the world, and tip us the key of your papers, they are all now mine. Serjeant, *break* his head wid your pike, and if he don’t deliver, the cold iron after that: go and break open his boxes. However, the spalpeen handed out his keys, and I sacked *four thousand*

pounds in Dick Martin's notes, that he had screwed from the boys. Three of the mortgages were upon his own account, and he gladly gave up the deeds; so that BRIAN, barring a few hundreds, has a clear estate again.

'I had a mighty fancy to *picket* him, or bring him to the halberts; but on his promising never to come into the County again, I sent him to the borders, and put him on board a King's ship, with a slight recommendation that he should be well flogged every Saturday night for the good of his health.

'I have raised the tenants' rents, and to their satisfaction, so that the estate is now clear six thousand per annum. I have given all the people a treat, and danced a wooden legged hornpipe with three couple on each side of me; and, in truth, am very happy. All of this you may tell BRIAN, aye, and more too. One *Lady Macanatty* was introduced to me by the *parish priest*; I don't much like *parish priests*, or any pie in which they have had a finger; but LADY is a pretty girl, and an old favourite of BRIAN BORU'S. I had heard her often spoken of with *tender infection* by our friend, so I put a good face on the matter—told a lie to sarve a friend—who would not. I in fact told her that BRIAN had not time to write, as he had broke his left arm, but that he had sent her *ten pounds*, and gave it in *Dublin notes*, to make my tale appear true. By my soul she cried beautifully, and seems so nice a tit bit, that if I were THIRTY YEARS *less advanced in years* than I now am, by my wooden leg I would become a rival of friend BRIAN'S.

'I mean setting off in the space of a day or two;

but the *Galway boys* are so friendly—by my soul, SHAWN, they made a bonfire under my window, like the fiery furnace that consumed and did not consume *Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego*. I had to make a SPEAKE to them, and in so doing whipt my leg out of the window, and when I pulled it in, it was quite burnt off to a stump, two inches long from my knee, and which I unscrewed to light my pipe with.

‘The Rebellion here is making rapid strides. Fifty Welchmen have been committed for stealing *Cheshire cheeses* made in the County Fermanagh; twenty-three horses have been committed for CHILD-STEALING to the County Pound; twelve fishermen have been found guilty of *manslaughter* for *killing salmon* at *Castle Ivars*; and three hundred and sixty-five old maids have been condemned to be hanged for life for committing rapes upon a regiment of cavalry.

‘Nothing comforts me here but the sensation that everything is very comfortable, and friend BRIAN’S estate being so clear and snug. Give my love to him and yourself: in the turning of a pike-staff I will be with you.

‘And am always,

‘In Camp or at Quarters,

‘Your loving friend,

‘And ill-looking wooden-legged

humble Servant,

‘T. GRAMMACHREE,

The King’s Irish Major of the

ROYAL INVALIDS.’

‘SIR SHAWN O’DOGHERTY,

*At his House in Dublin.*’



The reading of this humorous epistle made all parties laugh, and none louder than PATRICK MOONEY. Och, said MOONEY, by the blood of the MACGUEHANS, that is, my grandmother's royal family, I am more glad than if I had been knocked on the head by a limestone. Master has all his own again, and I shall have my share of it—and I shall—what shall I do—by the holy Jasus, I'll get drunk this very evening for joy—no I won't, neither; I'll keep sober, and get my *mass-book*, and go to prayers. No, I won't do that same—I'll have a song and a \* \* \* \* \*. Och, hol och, that I will, and as pratty a one as the city boasts, and I'll go——. Go to Hell, hallo'd BRIAN, the scoundrel is dreaming or mad; get out of the room. Faith, that I will, said Mooney; but I'll never *get the room*, and what I heard *in it*, out of my head: it has made me so happy, that I am the most *miserablest* in the creation.

Here, friend, said SIR SHAWN, clapping his hand on his shoulder, which made MOONEY stand bolt upright like a milestone, and just as stiff—here, friend, is a *five pound note*—Go to *Merrion Square*, invite my servants, give them a ball and supper at your own expense, and in honour of your Master; and mark me, Sir—you are a rude uncultivated honest IRISHMAN, of the true HIBERNIAN breed: you are possessed of an affectionate heart, and a bold hand to support it; keep on in the strict path of integrity, and you shall never want a hand to support you through the toils of life.

PATRICK MOONEY would have spoken, but his heart was too full—he bowed and withdrew.

There goes, said BRIAN, as honest a fellow as ever skinned a potatoe—he has fought for me when there

was no occasion—he has laughed and wept with me when there was not much occasion for either: he has lied for me because he thought it would serve my interests; and he is ready to lay down his life for me if I should require it. He shall never want a friend whilst I exist, or those that come after me.

I won't offend you, said the Baronet, as you are now in a condition to repay me: here are *two hundred pounds* at your service, and henceforth let GRAMMA-CHREE be your agent, and I'll be your banker; and if you ever draw the PRINCIPAL, the men of *principle* will draw upon you, either a *small sword* or a *hair-trigger*. Matters were soon arranged, and the clouds that shed a gloomy influence over the fortunes of BRIAN BORU were dispersed by the bright beams of a sun which rose in splendour never to set in gloom.

There is something pleasing in retrospection: when we look over the dark and dreary path that we have trod, from the cradle to maturity, and the perils we have encountered, have overcome, or given way beneath the pressure, we feel a grateful regard for that Being who has carried us through every ill. If the morning of our life has been unsullied by a single cloud, and one bright ray of happiness has shed its lustre over our day-spring, how sweet must be the contemplation, that Heaven has smiled upon us from the hour of our birth, and will in all probability smile upon us on the brink of the grave.

The heart of an IRISHMAN is not harder than that of his neighbours; and BRIAN BORU accounted himself blest by Heaven, *that his punishment* had not been adequate to his sins.

True to her word, LADY DEMIQUAVER was announced by herself; for she was too fond of freedom to stand or wait for ceremony.

BRIAN's eyes sparkled at her entrance, and he ventured to kiss her hand with a respectful air. Psha, said her Ladyship, BRIAN, we are old friends, so kiss my old lips at once, for you are welcome. He did so, and she began with her usual volubility to chatter.

There is that in the chatter of a pretty woman which is very agreeable; two cherry lips pouting and uttering agreeable sounds are enchanting; 'tis no matter whether it be nonsense or not—sweet sounds are always pleasing to the listening ear.

LADY DEMIQUAVER proposed a party to DANDRUM and CHEPELIGOD, to drink goat's whey and eat ripe strawberries: this was agreed to, and in *the two carriages* away they drove. DANDRUM is of no great eminence in point of beauty, but it is useful for the *sick* and the *lazy*, as a number of goats are kept to make whey for the good of the public.

Old NORHAM, the umbrella-maker, received our party at the 'Long House'; and having seen all the beauties of his 'Rattery,' and 'Toad Store,' they jogged on to CHEPELIGOD. CHEPELIGOD is famous for its strawberries, and

'Flowers of all hues with richest fragrance stor'd.'

Here they all ran up TOM TARABAY's jingling walk, and in one of the arbours over the river they had the most delicious curds and cream, and peppered strawberries. The gardens are extensive, and nearly surrounded by water, on the borders of which are weeping

willows, evergreens, roses, lilies; and in truth nature, to embellish this place, has

‘Rifled all the breathing spring.’

Parties of every rank and number crowded the walks, and music played on every side. BRIAN BORU, ever in mirthful mood, proposed a dance, and the marble ring in the centre was chalked down by *Mr. Jenkins* with much taste. The band of the military battalion of *Life Levellers* from SWORDS, played in great style; and BRIAN led off my LADY DEMIQUAVER to the old national air of ‘*Terry I O the Grinder.*’ SIR SHAWN picked out a lovely little *Shamrock drest Rose* from the borders of DOWNSHIRE, and made an elegant display; never was a happier party—

What have we with care to do?  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

Upon returning to the arbour, BRIAN made no hesitation in taking his partner upon his knee, and she did not seem in the least offended by the liberty he thus presumed to take.

SIR SHAWN was delighted, and hugged his little DOWNSHIRE FRIEND with rapture; but it was not only the rapture of love for her—but rapture arising from the idea that he had gained a main point, by having an object to which BRIAN could be directed, and from which he could derive no danger.

LADY DEMIQUAVER had no mercenary motives in view; she was rich and independent—in truth, she was a *Lady Bellaston*, such as *Fielding* describes in the novel of TOM JONES: her *moral* virtues were many,

but she did not care much for religion, and, I am sorry to say it, was apt at times to turn it into ridicule: at the heart's core I believe she was a good Christian, and her right to be reckoned one rested on her good actions, and POVERTY was far from her dwelling—smiling content hovered around, and peace and honest competency blessed all her dependants. The truth is, that nature had furnished LADY DEMIQUAVER with some very strong passions, and had not given her any guarantee against putting them in practice.

Twilight had nearly closed upon the scene, when all the *devils* in dear Dublin seemed to have been let loose outside of the garden—'twas

#### AN IRISH BULL BAIT,

and BRIAN BORU flew, like a hawk from a perch, to join the jovial crew. SIR SHAWN was rather more polite, and consigned his charge to LADY DEMIQUAVER, who gladly took her in tow.

It would not amuse my readers to tell of an *Irish bull bait*, therefore I'll tell the story in pure spite.

Such a hallabaloo you never did see; the animal was pinned by the nose to the stump of an IRISH TREE, and tossed the dogs in the air as easily as you could potatoe peelings.

All the blackguards and sporting gentlemen in DUBLIN were engaged; and such a hue and cry was *set up* as the *Devil* himself could not *set down*. BRIAN mingled in the fray, and backed the Galway GODS in the shape of DOGS, with vehemence. Even the BARONET enjoyed the SPORT; and when the bull broke loose, he was one of the first to set up a VIEW HALLOO,

and, helter skelter, ran after him, attended by a thousand ragged vagabonds.

The BULL took the strawberry gate, and carried it at a single crash: through the eglantine and honeysuckle he made his way, overturned LADY DEMIQUAVER and the DOWNSHIRE LASS into a clean DIRTY gutter that SKIRTED the arbour in DIRTY meandering.

This scene was quite good, and afforded some merriment to all who witnessed the chase. At length the bull was pinned, and he became a captive.

BRIAN BORU and the BARONET returned to pick up their scattered companions, and were received with gloomy looks and peevish expressions.

A little flattery, and a few glasses of whiskey *punch* set all to rights, and harmony became the order of the evening. The carriage was ordered, and in a PIG'S WHISPER the whole '*boiling*' were on the way to Dublin.

It is not the province of this work to condemn or applaud the moral virtues in any one; and I feel the best inclination in the world to go on in a straight-forward line—even in a line with our party. BRIAN BORU *was* at home, and so was his CHERE AMIE; SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY held on his knee the little DOWNSHIRE LASS; and as the vehicle dashed up to the door in *Merrion Square*, PATRICK MOONEY opened the coach door, and, struck with astonishment, cried, '*Mother of God, another Miss Jenkinson, and Master is ruined for ever.—Lord have mercy upon us, all round!*'

## CHAPTER XXI

A comfortable party—Downshire Bet and the lady—GRAM come from Galway—A bastard and a bargain—New love and comfortable sleeping—A parish priest's letter—The rebel's fate—Poets, girls, and smuggled gin.

NO *ruination* had taken place, and all the fears of *Patrick Mooney* were only fears of his own, and did not matter anything to our noble party. In truth, BRIAN was *malty*, and his friend SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY reeling ripe for fun. The *strawberries* from Chepeligod had been tinctured a little with brandy, and her *Ladyship*, as well as the *Downshire Lassie*, were in a *giggling* humour—up stairs they went, and *Mooney*, as he followed the *Downshire Lass*, groaned and uttered, 'Och hone, och hone, by Saint Patrick, a new passport to the Sheriff's Prison, and Master's undone for ever.'

Arrived in the drawing-room, *Lady Demiquaver* and the fair frail one from *Downshire* sat down *jig by jowl* on the sofa, and the two worthies turned their stern-posts to the fire, as it is very customary in Ireland for *gentlemen* to do, when they have nothing else to do. What shall we do to while away the evening? said the Baronet; I have a plan in my head, and I will sit down—blood and 'ounds, roar'd a figure in full regimentals,

starting from the couch on which SIR SHAWN intended to rest, do you mean to *scrouch me dead* by any means? And lo and behold, up sprang to view the dearly beloved and long wished for MAJOR GRAMMACHREE.—‘Boys, boys, bad luck to your souls, here am I, and here are you; and you, *Lady Dammee*, and you, Miss no matter what, by the piper that shook the Giant’s Causeway, I am so glad to see you, that—*dammee*, how do ye do?’—Well, well, MAJOR, how are you, and welcome to my house; how the devil came you stow’d away on the *couch*?—I’ll tell you—stop a moment, and then make haste to understand me; but none of your nouns, pronouns, and God’s zounds grammatical work, for I know no more of the *English grammar*, than an *Englishman* knows of the *Irish*.

I came home in good trim, and being tired, took a nap, just to *discompose* my senses, and prepare to meet you both; but here I have met with a double *disappointment* of the most happy nature—I find two *pretty pigeons* in the rear of the HAWKS, and am just as decently happy as I deserve to be.

BRIAN BORU, you are damn’d fortunate; there is the title deeds of your estate, clear stick and block, and be damn’d to you; so hereafter do as you like.

SIR SHAWN O’DOGHERTY, there is a long bill of expenses against you from the parish of *Stingsbottomslap*, for a bastard child; I paid the money, and took the baby on my own head; but it was very hard work, for as the child was not born with a *wooden leg*, the *Justice* thought it couldn’t be mine. I quieted his doubts, by assuring him that it was got *before my timber* had been fitted on, and so all was well. But, by *Jasus*, said



GRAMMACHREE, your Ladyship is getting as fat and large as a whale, and yet I love you. A WHALE—do you think I am as large and fat as a whale; wouldn't you, you wicked rogue, like to be a Jonas?—The least said is the soonest mended, and I never like to go too *far into a subject* before company. I like wit very much, and always will keep it up to the utmost of my power, and all that contributes to harmony.

The scenes of wit that occur upon a *particular occasion* are many. I have heard that upon one time—no, it was not *one* time, but *fifty* times—SIR SHAWN said that he thought a new order of *The Garter* should be instituted, and solely appropriated to females. I trust, said BRIAN, I shall have a situation on the new establishment—that of *garterer*. It would not suit you, said my *Lady Demiquaver*, you would soon be *above your business*.

In merriment like this the time slipt away; and, strange to tell, all parties were reconciled to do as they would be done by. SIR SHAWN steered off with his new found *chere amie*; and *Lady Demiquaver*, with SIR BRIAN BORU, went to bed—I beg pardon, went to see themselves to repose: it is not in my province to comment upon these things, they are quite common in LIFE IN IRELAND; and I have no reason to suppose but our friends were as honest and good as their neighbours, and may continue so.

The tables were now turned, and SIR SHAWN was in the same pickle from which he had rescued BRIAN BORU—he was the dupe of a little wench, or at least appeared to be so.

GRAMMACHREE steered home to his lodging, highly

gratified with the idea that he had performed successfully a very perilous enterprise, which, when he embarked upon, bore a bad complexion, and was in very truth a forlorn hope.

What a strange and unaccountable creature is man, either Irish-man or English-man: to-day we censure and condemn, in the person of our friend, what the very next we practise in ourselves.

SIR SHAWN had just taken the very greatest trouble to extricate BRIAN from perdition, and souse he runs his head slap into the same halter; probably he was not meant to be executed in the same way, his estates and property were not doomed to perdition, for with all his gentlemanly failings and foibles, he had a power over himself at will—he could rein in or rush onward, according to whim or fancy, fast or slow, as he pleased.

This little Downshire lass of SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY'S fancy, was born in the village of *Strangford*, one of the most beautiful places on the banks of Loughbogle: how she came to stray is a thing of no importance—stray she did, and with a Catholic Parson, who gave her an absolution for every sin she committed, till at last she fancied there was nothing but what could be brought within the pale of forgiveness.

She robbed the holy man, and run him in debt; so much so, that in order to get rid of her, he gave her an absolution for every sin she might be entitled to commit during the remainder of her life.

With such an unlimited licence she roamed at large, and caught at everything in her way; but the devil a finer fish did she ever hook than SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY: he had the *capabilities* and the conscience to

do her some *service*, and she knew, as well as I do, that liberality was one of his numerous failings—aye, and she determined to profit by it, if she could, to any extent that was possible.

The situation of BRIAN BORU and his fair enamorata was one that any person of taste might envy, for she was truly a handsome woman, and he a handsome man: their dispositions were both mild and amiable, nor had they a single fault, but the fault that made them happy, and such faults are the only real blessings heaven bestows upon us frail mortals.

In the morning all our slumberers met in the drawing-room, quite happy, if you could judge from their countenances and expressions. *Lady Demiquaver* preserved her usual *je ne sçais quoi*, and the *Downshire Lass* her usual rosy cheeks and open smile. BRIAN looked alternately red and white, and SIR SHAWN looked upon all his friends with a pleasing aspect.

Breakfast was served up in the highest order; the *Saffron cake* was like pure *Wicklow gold*; eggs from *Beggar's Bush*, and pickets from *Mrs. Thoragoes*, were prime, and much relished.

It now became necessary that a something should be struck out for the day's amusement. *Lady Demiquaver* had business which called her home, and bade adieu in high spirits, giving BRIAN permission to visit her in the evening.

SIR SHAWN whipt a *ten pounder* into the glove of *Downshire Sally*, and told her he should be down upon her quarters by midnight. Thus were our heroes left alone.—The man who presumes to write *Life in Ireland* should always be in company, for there is so

much novelty attached to it, that you can't find it out by yourself.

It is necessary, said BRIAN, for me to write to the County of *Galway*; and I, said SIR SHAWN, have to see my *Steward*, so we will part for an hour or two.

The affairs of BRIAN BORU were now in a favourable condition, and for which he was chiefly indebted to his good friend GRAMMACHREE, whom he now made agent to all his estates, with unlimited power 'to do good, be honest, and fear no man living.'

Whilst he was writing, *Patrick Mooney* took leave to introduce his body, and with all proper humility began—'May it please your honour's worship's glory to give me an audience for a half minute or two or three?'—Well, my friend, what do you want?—Why, your honour once told me to remind you in the morning of writing to *Judy Macanalty*; and many's the morning past and gone since you did so: but some *bother* or other always kept it out of my mind to do so: now, your honour, I think she's hard up, by reason her friends don't look upon her since you and she *cajoled* together.—I understand you, *Mooney*, said his master; but she is well taken care of, and shall never want.—That's all I want to know; and the devil's luck follow the fellow that don't love you, and all that belongs to you: och, och, BRIAN BORU'S family would never see a poor woman want, because she was so good natur'd as to oblige them with a trifle now and again.

An't please your honour, I had a small letter from the Priest yesterday, if you would *condiscind* to read it to me.

That I will, said BRIAN, for I love and esteem *Father*

*Glanagab* both as a man and a Christian—he, I am sure, gives you good advice. Let me see—

‘To *Patrick Mooney*, in Dublin.’ The address is a strange one, and how did it find you out?—One of the sorters at the office is a Cousin *German* of my uncle Nelly; and so being a relation by the mother’s side, he always takes care of my letters; and if there was no direction upon them at all at all, he would know they were meant for me, by reason of their being blank.

The reason is plain, said BRIAN, but still not understandable.

‘*Clickemin Village,*  
*near Blood and Bones Town,*  
*Limerick City.*

‘DEAR FRIEND MOONEY,—I had the pleasure of your letter, and the prayer-book with the masses came safe: I admire the binding, but think you have paid dear for paying a compliment to me your pastor.

‘I can’t do as you want; I can only give you absolution for your past sins, which I do—by God—as for the future, as fast as you commit them, you must send them in a letter to me, and I will wipe them off as well as I can, only don’t be hard on me and my conscience, which has become very delicate of late years. All your friends are well, and in inquiring condition. Your aunt Jane was brought to bed of *two twins* yesterday, the only children she has had since the death of her husband; and her niece Jenny has put her first *bye blow* out to nurse, and expects to be married to a sailor in the course of a few hours. I called upon them in bed awhile back, and promised to call again and do the ceremony for them, as that is all they want to make them *man and wife in law*.

‘I am sorry to say the *Ruction* is still going on here, and the King’s men are hanging up the Rebels on every tree, like sausages on a shop iron: you have lost some schoolfellows upon the occasion, and I think your being in *Dublin* is a narrow escape from your being hanged in *Limerick*.—Poor CARROLL did go out with the rest, and became a sort of leading fighter, which led to his destruction; he got on board a ship in the Shannon, but the captain couldn’t save him—he was taken out of the hold and shot on the deck. I believe he deserved it, but he was a man misguided, as you may be. I enclose a copy of verses published about him in the *Limerick Advertiser*; they are much admired, and if you can’t understand them, your Master can. Pray take care of your body and soul—say your prayers every day *after* you have taken your punch, and *before* you take your dinner. And believe me yours, with

(The benediction of God),

PHESELIM BROCK,

Parish Priest,

And Man-midwife to the County.’

‘*To Mr. Mooney.*’

The letter, *Mooney*, said his master, contains very good advice, and I am glad to find that you have neither forgotten *Galway* nor *Religion*. When you send a reply to the parson, remember I send a *five pound* note in your letter, for I know him to be a very worthy fellow, and fond of the malt. All priests are malty, your honour, and why should they not, for they have nothing else to do but get drunk and be merry. Och, your honour, I was meant for a parson, but my mother made a mistake upon me when a child. I was so fond

of *chawing the leather* on the back of an old prayer-book, that she bound me to a *shoemaker*, little thinking that it was the human *sole* I was meant to cobble, and not the *sole of a shoe*.

But the verses, said BRIAN, let me read them ; I am a bit of a poet myself, and can judge. Och, by my soul, and your honour is a prime fellow at a song : I remember the ditty you wrote at the *Shelseen House*, near to *Trashmagalore* ; every verse was twelve lines long, and every one ended with

Pour out the whiskey  
And drink to the girls,  
And all for old Ireland's glory.

I forget that effusion of my youth, *Mooney* ; and I also recommend you to forget it—what suited my then age and taste does not suit it now ; and those things which flourish under a northern Galway breeze, wither and fade in a more mild atmosphere.

However barbarous, *Mooney*, are our *Limerick Bards*, some of them can sing most sweetly when they please ; and as I see the name of MACHENRY to this, it may be worth notice : so as you prepare me a *devill'd turkey's leg*, and a glass of cold punch, I'll read

THE REBEL'S FATE ;

OR,

*MISTAKEN PATRIOTISM.*

THE DEATH OF CARROLL.

There came to my ship a poor wanderer from Erin,  
Sunk was his cheek, and his face wan and pale ;  
No fire of his youth in his dark eye appearing,  
And wet was his hair as it wav'd in the gale.

Falt'ring and fearful he claim'd my protection,  
 The soldiers pursue me in every direction ;  
 The red eye of death gleams in every complexion,  
 Love me, young stranger—in peace let me die.

The child of misfortune, oh, yes, I befriended,  
 None ever sued for my mercy in vain ;  
 Stranger in error, mine arm is extended,  
 'Tis feeble, but yet may support thee in pain.

I received and I shelter'd the stranger in error,  
 I guarded his steps from the bloodhounds of terror ;  
 For once on a BRITON he look'd without horror,  
 Saying, bless thee, young stranger—in peace I may die.

Fall'n is the cause, Revenge made me enter,  
 My dear wife and daughter, oh, God, they are thine ;  
 On yonder green hills no more must I venture,  
 Come death and conclude these sufferings of mine.

They come, and death's herald—the drum rolls before them,  
 They mount the ship's sides, and in vain I implore 'em ;  
 From the hand that would shelter, alas they have tore him,  
 And a mockery of justice declares he must die.

Welcome death's terrors, exclaim'd the proud stranger,  
 Whilst the fire of his soul flash'd in rage from his eye ;  
 In battle was CARROLL the foremost in danger,  
 And think ye that now he's to learn how to die.

They murder'd my wife, they polluted my daughter,  
 The plaints of a poor dying parent still ring ;  
 A father's remonstrance was turn'd into laughter,  
 And then,—not till then,—did I turn from my King.

I bore the Green Standard with fervent devotion,  
 I press'd to the death doing field of commotion ;  
 Though wounded I utter'd with holy devotion,  
 I bleed for my Country—ERIN GO BRAGH.



They seiz'd him, they bound him, they call'd it their duty,  
And firm was his soul as death rose to his view ;  
The hand of a Patriot, he said, won't pollute you,  
Stranger, my thanks, and eternal adieu.

Tears fall from mine eyes, the soft impulse of nature,  
As the cold dews of death settled damp on each feature ;  
With the last breath of life he address'd his Creator,  
And sigh'd in death's agonies—ERIN GO BRAGH.

I cannot say but the verses are very good, and worthy of the subject ; at the same time, *Mooney*, give me my boots, for by Jasus you are gaping like a horse going to be shoed, and want me to give you a tip on the ear, so you do.

*Mooney* started as if from a dream, and accommodated his master ; at the same time observing,—‘Och, your honour, I'll *pit* the *County of Galway* against all Christendom for *poets, girls, and smuggled gin*—nothing like it—this place is the devil. I'll ask your honour at some *futuristic* day, when you have less than nothing to do, to write me a bit of an *epithet* on my sister, who is dead ; and by Jasus I'll put it on a wooden tombstone over her grave.’

END OF CHAPTER XXI.

## CHAPTER XXII

A morning meeting—The dogs and a wooden leg for breakfast—A pig hunt at the Phoenix Park, and a broken limb—Entrance to the Lodge—A necessary one—The King's habits, and a cold collation.

THE mind needs a little respite, and so does the reader; for which purpose I have closed my chapter rather abruptly, leaving BRIAN BORU pulling on his boots: they are now on, and we shall go to work with ease and comfort.

SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY was announced, and ushered in by *Patrick Mooney*, who gloried in being master of the ceremony to one who never stood upon ceremony at all.—Well, where and what shall we do, said the BARONET, this must not be an idle day.—It has not been idle with me, for I have read a long letter from Galway, and that from a Parish Priest: I have read also a copy of verses upon the death of a Rebel; and have appointed GRAMMACHREE agent for all my estates in Galway.

You could not do better, says his friend, for GRAM is as good a trump as ever lived; and if we can persuade him to go down and live in one of your farm houses, it will be for the comfort of your friend, and the good of all around him. It is true, we shall lose a

pleasant companion, but then we shall add a new lease of his life, and insure his health for many a future day.

I intend, said BRIAN, also to visit my estate annually, whilst I continue to enjoy LIFE IN DUBLIN; it is a duty I owe to those from whom I derive the means of existence, and I am rather in arrears with those who are in advance to me.

I'll go with you, exclaimed the Baronet, whenever you like; I'll go to Galway, and see what *life is like* in the western extremity of Paddy's Land. So hark forward; buckle-to the bays, and away we go. But I say, BRIAN, wouldn't you like to take the Boru lass with us?

I would not leave her behind for all the wealth of WICKLOW; she is an angel, and I am an angel's very obedient humble servant and friend: let us at this moment go.

'Murder, murder! big blood and turf, am I to be murdered upon a staircase in this unchristian-like manner?'—This exclamation roused our heroes; they flew to the door, and behold the NEWFOUNDLAND DOG kept by *Patrick Mooney* to open the door when he was absent, had seized GRAMMACHREE by the wooden leg, and pinned him fast to the bannister.

BRIAN'S greyhounds were not very slack, and each had hold of a lappet of his coat—aye, his best regimental coat; and he struggled in vain to escape from his foes.

*Mooney* was absent, and those faithful guardians did their duty, and would not allow a soul to pass without leave. SIR SHAWN laughed immoderately, and so did

BRIAN, when he cried, *be gone*, and all the quadrupeds let go their hold as naturally as they took to it.

GRAMMACHREE, by the help of SIR SHAWN, stumped up stairs, and screwing his leg, exclaimed in bitter anguish,—They have tore the skin from the bone; all my ebony has vanished, and my pretty bit of timber, that cost *seven pounds ten shillings* at the warehouse of Sleath and Williamson, in Fleet-street, London, has fallen a victim to bloodhounds in Dublin.

‘Bedershin,’ said BRIAN BORU. ‘The devil shin them,’ said GRAM, ‘for had my *timber shin* been a *shin of beef*, they would have swallowed it, and me into the bargain.’

A friendly meeting now began, and as our heroes had not of late been to see the Lord Lieutenant, it was proposed by the MAJOR, and seconded by general opinion, that they should all go to the Lodge, and pay their respects.

There is, said GRAMMACHREE, some prime life to be enjoyed. Did you never hear or see of a

### PIG HUNT.

There is one to take place in the extra burying ground, so we’ll all go together, and in a jaunting car too, for it would be folly to carry a coach to run up to the door of a PIGSTYE.

In a moment they were all comfortably stow’d, and back to back, struck up Barrack-street, and dashed over the PHENIX PARK. When they arrived at the Obelisk, they all alighted, and marched up to the LODGE, where they met his EXCELLENCY and Suite: his Suite consisted of the Master of the Ceremonies,

and the Hogkeeper; the Lord of the Bedchamber, and the Groom of the Stables; the Colonel of the *Castle Guards*, and the Major who looks after all the *City Black-guards*: besides half the noblemen and gentlemen who deal in PIGS, PRIDE, and POTATOES.

SIR SHAWN and his party were greeted with a hearty reception from the LORD LUFF, and at once they entered into the sport.

### HIGH LIFE IN DUBLIN.

Two pigs were started in grand style; both half starved, and fine in their limbs as antelopes: they had been trained for the purpose, and were to run from the corner of the Lodge to CALLUM'S PRIVY, which stands as a beacon, close by the Park entrance, to direct travellers by SMELL on to *Vice-Royalty*. The distance may be a quarter of a mile, and a handful of yards more or less; a bunch of turnips and a platter of oatmeal porridge was placed at the extremity, which they could scent long before the start took place.

*Lord Lowtherbag* seconded the bay pig, and *Colonel Brute* the black one. *Falconer* was bottle-holder to both, and *Jeremiah Daily* the umpire. The race was good—the hungry animals ran like devils, and the black made his match complete in the twinkling of a Jew's eye.

Much money was *lost* and *won* on this eventful race, and SIR SHAWN sported a fifty with his Excellency, which he lost, and didn't care a d—n about.

The next grand scene was one to which *Hogarth* only could do any justice. *Six pigs* of the real Kilkenny breed were started in red ribbons, which

flowed from their necks in various ways; their tails were all greased, and he that caught one, and held him fast, was to be entitled to a medal, and the amount of his bet. Have you ever seen this *hoggish medal*?—I dare say not—it is very handsome—the likeness of a hog is upon one side, and on the other ‘*a reward for the pig catcher.*’

Well, the brutes were all set in motion; every soul that could run, ran after them: many a slip was made, and many a tumble ensued. SIR SHAWN succeeded in catching one, and holding him fast. GRAMMACHREE, who had taken a side station, made a start, and seized a fine fat fellow by the tail, aye, and held him fast; but the enraged animal turned round, and with his sharp tusks bit his leg in two, and left him sprawling in the mire. ‘Bad luck to the pig,’ he roared with all his might; and every one so enjoyed his misfortune, that the chase was abandoned.

Poor GRAMMACHREE became an object of universal commiseration: to set his leg was impossible; but *Patrick Mooney* very sedately took down the bough from a poplar tree, and by the help of his *lamprey* (knife), fitted up a jolly stump, and strapped it to the Major’s knee.

It is, said Pat, rather of a crooked turn, but that makes it the better match for your leg of flesh and blood.

Blood and potatoe skins, said the Major, no more observations, for I don’t like them; if a man has got a broken leg, he must get a sound one, and——. Well, we’re all off, said the GREAT MAN; come to the LODGE, and let me entertain you for once like a

private gentleman. You could not make a better offer, said BRIAN, for I never was more inclined to drink the LORD LIEUTENANT'S health in my life.

The Park entrance to the VICEREGAL LODGE is a devilish queer one; you pass through a beautiful shrubbery of bronze trees in blossom, or covered with ripe fruit—*grapes* and *lemons* hang in clusters; these *evergreens* have arbours made, and seats are placed in every direction: these seats are of more uses than one: you have only to lift the red cover, and will find the NECESSARY accommodation. The interior of the place has not anything worth notice—it is plain and genteel, but no more.

Here the Lord Luff received, or rather introduced, his friends to the throne room. The devil a throne is in it but a marble chimney-piece, with a gilt crown in the middle of it, and some cross bars on each side: there is a fine long mahogany table, and three or four forms; but as to *a chair*, you might as well look for mushrooms on a bowling green.

This was the KING'S favourite room when he enjoyed Life in Ireland; and he delighted to look out of the window, and see the sheep and calves playing before it; and here he received numerous flocks of SHEEP and CALVES, from the City and elsewhere.

We went to see the King,  
And is this the thing,  
They all exclaim'd with surprise:  
Yes, I am him, you rogue,  
And in true Irish brogue,  
Have power to d—n your eyes.

The Lord Lieutenant had ordered a most elegant

cold collation, to which all our party sat down. The *cook'd ham* was relish'd better than that *alive*, and which had been so fatal to our GRAMMACHREE; who

At home to a peg,  
Forgot his wooden leg.

END OF CHAPTER XXII.



## CHAPTER XXIII

A country excursion—The cream-coloured charger—A royal present—Darby Pheely's mansion—A horse laundry—Politeness—The house and company assembled—A cock fight, Bob Tough-rags and Bill Bleareye—A curse for a Viceroy—The bear bait—**BRIAN BORU** commences the milling system--Battle with a Kilkenny Boy—Comes off victorious—Loses his clothes—Mounts a dead man's rigging—**BRIAN** discovers a tight-rope dancer and a friend in Mrs. Pheely—A tender scene—A back view of a bedroom—Darby Pheely in a fit of jealousy—A woman's explanation—A cure for horns—The grey mare the better horse—A thrashing machine—The invitation—A start for Dublin—Character of a Lord Luff—Highland soldier and the Viceroy—The tea service, and saucy shopwomen under a mistake—Anecdote at the porter's lodge—The dinner party—Pipe water committee—A break up.

**C**ONVIVIALITY prevailed, the viands were, like the host, of the best description, and **BRIAN** now felt quite at home, even in the presence of Vice-Royalty.

The repast was no sooner ended, than a proposition was made by his Excellency to adjourn to a *cock fight* at Darby Pheely's—sure everybody knows old Darby, that keeps the **PIT** on the road to *Richmond*, just by where the swings are standing, and the round-about's going by the round dozen, two at a time.

No sooner said than done; the horses were ordered, and away they all galloped, the **LORD LUFF** leading the

van on his cream-coloured charger, which was given him by the King, because he thought the animal not worth taking back again to England; to be sure he was windgall'd, spavin'd, and lame, and had a touch of the glanders: but no matter, the cast-off horse of a *King* makes a good hack for a subject, just as good as a cast-off mistress makes a good wife for a noble general—in a general way.

The entrance to Darby Pheely's is one not very imposing; a large limekiln smokes on the *left*, and on the *right* a *pigstye* and *horse laundry* hems you in pretty tightly.

Darby has a contract for washing stable furniture, and therefore has dignified his scouring yard with the title of *horse laundry*; and there is not an *ass* in Dublin who owns a horse, that does not employ Darby Pheely to keep his accoutrements in order.

At the door of the shrubbery, Darby received the dashing party with his usual politeness; he threw back his hind leg, and made a reverence with his head, which he bent forward, and his yellow locks hung down over his broad forehead, like candle wicks that had got but one dip and streamed for another.

Darby was an odd fellow all over, and not to be paralleled as a cock-fighter in the land.

The house into which our party entered was made of mud and timber, and if not a solid edifice, was a most substantial one for good eating, drinking, and all that is reckoned good in this world.

It was built in good King William's days, by one Tyro Trump; he kept it as a public-house to bring rebels together to plot against the government, and

was hanged on a rail laid from one tree to another over the road: the post or rail still remains, and the sign of the *hanging man* is conspicuously dependent therefrom.

In the centre of the garden is a large fishpond, and beyond that a cock-pit, fine and large, well roped round, and strewed with coal-dust from the smithy.

There was assembled all the blackguards in Dublin, and amongst them came SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY, BRIAN BORU, and the Lord Luff of Ireland; to which we may add MAJOR GRAMMACHREE, whose wooden leg stumped on with more than usual vivacity.

Plase your Excell—ency, said Darby, we are after pitting two prime game cocks, one from the county of Galway, and one from the county of Wicklow. I'm for the Galway boy, said BRIAN, and will bet two to one on his head. Done, said his Grace, as he handled the yellow, I'll take you—the Wicklow for me.

Bob Toughrags and Bill Bleareye were feeders and handlers: the ring was formed, and the game grounded. There was the devil's work to do; every rawboned rascal in Dublin was on the edge of the cords, and a fivepenny and tenpenny wager was heard on all sides. No respect was here paid to persons, all were made equal; and the Lord Lieutenant heard himself d——d for putting his elbow in the side of a *blackleg*, as coolly as if he had been a coward; and that all the world knows he is not, for he can either burn the priming, or tip the knuckles with any one in existence.

The battle was good, and ere long the Galway gained the victory, and spurred the Wicklow down to the ground—no more to rise: this was great joy to our

friend BRIAN, who clapped his hands with glee, and received from the Vice-king *fifty pounds* in damages.

A bear-bait next took place, and amongst the dogs was GRAMMACHREE'S favourite Ball: here there could be very little amusement, for all was noise and riot. Bad luck to your soul, said a hungry-looking hound from Kilkenny to BRIAN BORU—bad luck to your soul, you thief of the world, why did you touch my dog? I did not, said BRIAN, intentionally. You lie, said Kilkenny. Thank you, retorted BRIAN, and instantly knocked him down. Here was an end to baiting the bear; a ring was formed, and our hero immediately doffed his togs, and so did the newly risen Kilkenny boy. SIR SHAWN stood by, and so did the Lord Luff and GRAMMACHREE, as backers. All the blackguards backed the *growler*, and to it they went. Every hit of BRIAN'S told; he had been taught by the Galway smugglers, and had as much art as strength: after fifteen minutes' hard work, he had closed the Kilkenny boy's left peeper, stove in two of his ribs, and cracked the small bone of his arm: these symptoms made the lad give in, and he acknowledged he was beat, because he could not stand, or see, or move off his second's knee.

Great applause was showered on BRIAN by all the company; a black eye and a broken nose was all the damage he had received; and as the fellow was a *crack swell* amongst the 'break of day boys,' BRIAN'S triumph so complete was very mortifying to them, and pleasing to all who were not blackguards.

On turning to receive his coat, waistcoat, and hat, they were nowhere to be found; the fellow who took

them had bolted—in the hurry he minded not to whom he gave them, nor did his friends observe.

This was rather mortifying, and gave rise to some humour amongst the spectators: however, they retired to Darby Pheely's, where he was accommodated with a jockey coat of buff, and a waistcoat of the same, with a glazed hat. God Almighty ordered they should be left here for you, said Darby, blessings go with the man they belonged to, he *drowned* himself only yesterday, because he didn't like to live any longer; and as I raked him up, I stript him before he went to the bone-house, and now I shall make a very pretty penny by the bargain.

A jug of your best whiskey punch, said SIR SHAWN. By Jasus and that you shall have, made out of the neat, that never paid a PENNY duty. His Honour won't mind that, for he is no exciseman. In a few minutes Mrs. Darby Pheely made her appearance, with the reeking stuff in her hand; and our heroes drank with uncommon appetite to her good health, and she as heartily pledged them, saying, Long life to your Excellency; may you never die in childbed, or any other bed at all at all; and may you often pay us a visit to see my husband's cock fight, and my *bare* baited, for it belongs to me, neck and crop; 'twas given to me for a bad debt, by a Baltic captain, who bought him from the *Emperoar* Alexander the Great.

Although he reigns over brutes, said SIR SHAWN, I never before knew that he was a dealer in wild beasts.

Methinks, said BRIAN BORU, that I have seen your lovely phiz before this time; were not you a tight-rope dancer at a show in the City of Limerick some years

ago? In troth, said Mrs. Darby Pheely, and an't your name BORU, from *Boru Castle*; you may say that when you write home, and remember me to them all, living or dead. The lady here sprang upon his neck, and kissed him nearly to suffocation.

Och, and didn't I nurse you, and your brother that's gone dead before you, for three long years and more; and an't I your foster-mother, and worse for the matter of that: and did I ever think of meeting you fighting at a *bare* bait, in company with the Lord Lieutenant, and other gentry? Now, my honey, you shan't go till we are better acquainted; so come wid me up stairs, and I'll show you a letter from your own dear father, that he wrote me three months before he died, and therein he spakes of you in bright terms, and sure and you must come up and see it.

BRIAN looked for leave, which was granted, and taking the flipper of his friend, he trotted up the *tremblers* to the lady's bedroom.

Things turn up very strange, said SIR SHAWN; who would have thought of my friend finding a friend so very apropos as this? By honour, said the Viceroy, and he may go farther and fare worse, for she is next thing to a beauty; and I shouldn't care if she smiled upon me in the same way she did upon BRIAN, when she led him up stairs.

Presently the parties were alarmed by Darby Pheely, who rushed into the room, and overturned GRAMMACHREE, who had placed his timber leg across the doorway.

'Justice and satisfaction I want, and will have from your Honour's Lordship's own self, and all about you

in this room. By the powers of Moll Kelly, there is Mr. BRIAN BORU, the boxer, *boxing Harry* wid my wife in my bedroom. I twigg'd them through the *keyhole*, and *broke* open the door, when Mr. BRIAN broke my nose wid the toe of his boot, and pitched me head foremost down stairs, to make my case known to your Honour.'

I pity your case, said the good-humoured Viceroy, but I can do you no good. I believe Mr. BORU went up stairs to drink a glass, and read a letter with your wife, who is an old nurse of his in the County of Galway.

I don't know as to that, said Darby; but this thing I know, that they had no business to draw the bed curtains close to see to *write* or *rade* in the dark: and I saw the silver spur on the boot, or I should not have known he was inside.

Poo, poo, said SIR SHAWN, the thing is not worth notice; if my friend had but known who you were, he would have acted in a different manner; and I feel assured he will beg your pardon when he comes to know the real truth: and here he comes himself to answer for his 'high crimes and misdemeanours.'

And pray, Sir, said BRIAN to the trembling Darby, how dared you to enter a room where I was engaged upon private business with a lady; your being the landlord of this house does not justify you in being impertinent. 'And a devil of an impertinent fellow he is,' said Mrs. Pheely; 'and sweet bad luck to me if I haven't as good mind to clap my ten scratchers on his cheeks, and mark him as a fool for life: just, your Honour, as Mr. BORU, with the letter in his hand, had

entered the subject, and got into the spirit of the thing, wasn't it vexing to be *intrapted* by such a useless balderdash as him, who has no more occasion for a wife than a cow has for a side pocket.'

Darby, who had been all his life used to 'honour and obey,' held his head down upon this occasion, and muttered, he didn't mean any offence, and would take care to do so no more.

Here, here, said BRIAN, giving him a bank note, here is a plaister for your nose, and no more about it. That's for me, said Mrs. Pheely, snatching it from him, and putting it into her bosom; I'll buy you a plaister, you cowl of the devil, that shall heal all your ugliness, before you can say strike me lucky.

Be off, you Muggletonian, and mix a jug of egg wine for the *jontlemen* here; and mind do it well, or I'll comb your head wid the legs of this chair.

Darby did as he was directed, and the company laughed most heartily: it was something new to see an Irishman under petticoat government, and one so thoroughly under it as Darby, had never met any of their observations before.

How do you manage, said SIR SHAWN, to keep him in tune so charmingly? Och, and I have a very charming broomstick in the bar, wid which I tickle up his phiz. Wid a twiggle and a friz I have used him to it since ever we were first spliced; and I'll take especial good care he shall not forget it in a hurry.

Darby here came in with the egg, and handed it round with very good grace. Drink, said BRIAN to Darby, drink, my hearty, and give me your hand; here's an end to all animosity, and your wife's good



health into the bargain. Amen, reiterated Darby; and long life to your Honour, and may you always come off victorious in all your engagements, except when you meet with my wife. What's that you say about wife, said Mrs. Pheely, with her arms *a-kimbo*, and a significant nod of the head. I just pledged your good health, my jewel, said the affrighted husband, with BORU, and asked him to come down and see us often before he goes to Galway.

Faith and I hope the gentleman now he knows our house will often and often come, as I like him better now than I did when he was a baby. And so don't I, said Darby, in a tone of voice which could not be heard.

The Lord Lieutenant began to get tired of his company, and invited SIR SHAWN, with BRIAN BORU, to a Castle dinner, which they gladly accepted; so bidding adieu to Mr. and Mrs. Pheely, they set the jaunting car in motion for Dublin.

The Lord Luff, of whom I am now speaking, was a gentleman, and possessed of great good humour: he only indulged in these freaks from whim and frolic: for the same reason he would go into the racket court in the Marshalsea, and have a flyer with any prisoner for a few pots of porter, hit or miss.

He was always attentive to his duty, and could, when occasion required, be dignified, and in every respect a Viceroy; but he did not always like to wear shackles, and in the company of such men as our heroes, he often spent a happy and a careless hour. There have been many worse Lord Luffs, but none better than him ever reigned over Dublin, and gave pleasure to all. His Grace, with his accustomed politeness, invited the

party to dinner at the Castle, at which they all promised to attend.

The jaunting car was abandoned near Carlisle Bridge, by all but GRAMMACHREE, who rode on to his lodgings. His Grace bent his way up Dame-street, and our heroes to the Square to dress. It is worthy of remark, the plain and unassuming manner in which the Viceroy mingled with his subjects in the street, in a plain brown suit and top-boots. In the same manner he frequently attends the theatre, and is not to be distinguished from a private gentleman.

The writer of this saw him once standing in the Lower Castle Yard, where a Highland Regiment was then standing at ease. A Scotchman observed him taking snuff, and desired a pinch, and he presented his box with the greatest good humour; another asked him what o'clock it was, which he instantly told him: it is needless to say that the person of his Grace was unknown to the soldiers. Several curious jokes are related of occurrences which have happened to him; one I have often heard repeated: he walked one summer morning into the China warehouse in Essex-street, and looked at several tea-sets, finally fixing upon one at the price of ten guineas. The woman who attended observed it was the ugliest set in the room, and she thought he had a very bad taste. Pray are you married? said she. I am, and have a large family. Then my life for it the mistress will blow you up sky high, for sending home such riff raff; I suppose you're a bit of a Tom Molly, and think you do these things better than the women. I shouldn't wonder if you carry the key of the tea-chest in your pocket. Not exactly, replied his Grace; I have

other keys to take care of; but send those things home as soon as possible. I want your name and address, said the woman, or how the devil do I know where to send them to? His Grace took the pen and ink, and wrote on a piece of paper, 'The Lord Lieutenant, Castle.' Imagine the woman's wonder, when at the same instant Colonel Gore entered, and addressed him by his title. A hearty laugh at the woman's confusion took place, and they left her, petrified with astonishment, and cursing herself for a fool.

At another time he was riding alone, with a servant at a distance: when he came to the Ladies' Gate at the Phoenix Park, the porter paid no attention to him, not knowing his person. He tried to open the gate, but could not succeed, so ordered the porter to do it, which he did rather unwillingly, and asked him for something to drink his health with. His Grace threw him a dollar. When the servant came up, the porter showed his money, and said, that farmer-looking chap gave me this, and by Jasus I didn't think he was worth the ghost of a halfpenny, in his dirty overhauls. That farmer-looking fellow is my master, and your Lord Lieutenant. The porter expected surely to lose his place; but he escaped with a reprimand to be more civil in future to all who entered the Park.

With such a man there is little form: the dinner party consisted of a dozen heads, the Countess, and her two beautiful daughters. The dinner was substantially good and elegant, such as might have been given by SIR SHAWN in his own mansion. The ladies retired at an early hour, to the regret of our heroes, who were much taken with their affable and courteous

manner: indeed SIR SHAWN felt a strong impression in favour of the youngest, who for her part did not suffer his elegant person to pass unnoticed. All party was excluded, and the usual toasts bumpered in excellent prime old port and claret. Though by the bye, the cellar of the Baronet could have produced better in their kinds, as none in Dublin excelled his taste in such things, though neither a drunkard nor an epicure.

GRAMMACHREE enjoyed his bottle and friend with true Irish humour, and swore that next to the King his Excellency was the completest gentleman he had ever the honour to be acquainted with.

At this time there was a great scarcity of water in every house in Dublin; the Pipe Water Committee having withheld the customary supply, on account of wishing an advanced price; so that towards evening, when a motion was made for whiskey punch, the Lord Lieutenant remarked, that he was just as ill used as any humble individual, as whiskey was more plentiful in the Castle than *water*. By Jasus, said GRAMMACHREE, if I was your Grace, I'd order them to set every cock running, or else whip them all into Kilmainham gaol upon bread and water for a month. Your ideas are all martial, said his Grace; and it won't do for me to legislate by the gun and bayonet, whilst the law can do it much more quietly and efficiently, without the least trouble. At any rate, the job is one that must be put an end to, as the cruelty of keeping people without water is horrible in the extreme; but, like all public companies in Ireland, they are never content, and their patents are of such a sweeping nature, that they are indefinable.

Water sufficient was found to mix a few jugs of punch, and mirth was the order of the evening.

This was Liberty Hall, and every one was welcome to go when he chose; so that at an early hour the carriage of the Baronet was at the gate, and the party took leave highly gratified with the day's amusement and the evening's entertainment.

GRAMMACHREE went home to his lodging, he was too top heavy to be long out of bed, and had just sense sufficient to know what was best for him.

SIR SHAWN insisted upon BRIAN remaining at Merrion Square; he was afraid to trust him alone, lest he slipped into one of his musing moods upon his past failings, for which he frequently said he never would forgive himself.

END OF CHAPTER XXIII.

## CHAPTER XXIV

Foolish Charity—Morning reflections—Presents for Lady Macanalty—A letter to a parish priest—A letter written with a wooden leg—An interpreter on half-pay—An invitation to a review—Irish Poetry—DEAN SWIFT and his hatred of Ireland—A meeting—Remember to forget, a song—Virtues of a demirep—Reasons for being a militia colonel, and soldiers that wear their leggins about their hands.

SINCE the misfortune of BRIAN BORU in being led astray by Sally Stephenson, his friend did not like much to leave him to himself: he possessed strong natural good sense, and but for his attachment to the female sex, would have been a very moral man; he would not injure any human being, and if he had a fault, it was of being too generous; in truth, he had no discrimination, and gave alike to the hardy and persevering mendicant, and the modest retiring suppliant, who never repeated a request a second time, but retired, dejected and broken hearted.

When BRIAN rose in the morning, he sat down to breakfast, and ordered Mooney to bring him pen, ink, and paper: as he took his coffee, he wrote to his tenants separately, and told them he would renew all their leases at the same rent they now held them, for one and twenty years to come: out of gratitude for their goodness in his recent misfortunes he could do

no less,—and had he done more he would not have been blamable, although his prudence did receive a trifling shock from his generosity.

He also sent Mooney out to purchase several articles of female dress, which we enumerated in a former part of this work, and which he had promised to send Lady Macanalty, for he still had a kind recollection of the happy hours he had spent with her in the hayfields of Galway.

To be sure his sentiments were much altered,—more refined, if not less chaste; and in the society of such elegant females as Lady Demiquaver, a revolution had taken place in his feelings for the better, as a man cannot too soon get rid of low ideas. Mooney returned, and his master was satisfied with his marketing, which was carefully packed up, and directed to the care of the parish priest, and dispatched by the Limerick coach. Some trifles were added from Mooney to his sweetheart, and BRIAN felt himself relieved from a painful debt of gratitude: it was only neglect that had occasioned it, and now the evil was repaired manifold.

The following was BRIAN BORU'S letter to the parish priest:—

TO MR. JOHN SWYLLYWHISH, P. P. AT BORNE TOWN.

*To be left at Boru Castle.*

‘SIR,—I enclose you some drapery for Lady Macanalty, as by this time her adorning must be very *transparent*, and you may read all her perfections without the help of glasses, which are great DIMNESS of the vision.

‘I also send you some small trifles for Patrick

Mooney's flame, and a silver snuff-box for yourself to say mass in, and put on the communion-table right over the mass-book.

'Pray give *LADY Absolution* as often and as *largely* as possible, and offer up a prayer for your grateful

'humble servant,

'and sincere friend,

'**BRIAN BORU.**

'*Dublin City.*'

By the time breakfast was concluded, Mooney entered with an epistle brought by the servant of MAJOR GRAMMACHREE, who waited for an answer. Has any accident happened your master? said BRIAN to the boy in regimentals. No, your Honour, he's mighty well, and just after taking his egg flip for the day, as he has much to go through. BRIAN opened his letter. By my faith, said he, GRAMMACHREE has written the superscription with the stump of his wooden leg dipped in soot. It was not well done, said the *half-pay corporal*, who was GRAMMACHREE's footman; and for that *raisin* my master ordered me to come and explain, that the direction was written by him, and meant for you.

A mighty considerate fellow, and I marvel if he writes to his agent in the same intelligent way. Yes, your Honour, said the corporal, all's one, for who he writes to the hand is just the same, and I always have a march to explain the contents and their meaning. A very good office, indeed. Oh yes, your Honour, very good beyond expression; I have nothing else to do but *interpret* for MAJOR GRAMMACHREE these seven



years that he has been on *half-pay*. When he was on full pay, I fought by his side, and *once* saved his life, and he twice saved mine; and although the Kilmainham Lads call me in ridicule 'The interpreter to a wooden leg on half-pay,' I don't care for that; I would go to the devil to serve my master. I honour you for the sentiment, said BRIAN, although it is wrapped up in homely language; and here is something to drink your master's health when occasion offers.

May you never be without a *Sovereign* as long as you live, said the corporal, as he felt the yellow in his palm. Aye, and that Sovereign GEORGE THE FOURTH, replied BRIAN; for if he is not a great warrior, he is the greatest gentleman that ever sat on the throne, and a peace-maker, which, corporal, I value more than a *war-maker*; no disparagement to your trade, which at times and seasons is the staple commodity of this country, and often her salvation.

But the letter, your Honour—I suppose you can't read it—No, by my faith, so take it, Mr. Interpreter, and let me know its meaning.

You shall have it, said the corporal, *verbrate him add liter hate him*, as the Latin says in Irish translations.

‘Morning—Breakfast-time.

‘TO BRIAN BORU, Esquire.—My dear fellow,—There is a grand review in the Park to-day; *all* the *regulers* in Dublin have a regular turn out, and all the yeomanry are to be *suspected* by the commander-in-chief at large: there will be some fun, much good *science*, and a splendid shew: all the fashion will be there. Lady

D. is sure to take a *whip*. I shall be at SIR SHAWN'S, where meet us, and we will *march together*.

‘your’s in the spirit,

‘GRAMMACHREE, Major.’

BRIAN took up his pen and wrote—

DEAR GRAM,—I don't care a D—N,  
If your letter is only a soldier's FLAM;  
And the Review turn out only a SHAM;  
But before you have swallowed your usual DRAM,  
I will attend you in Merrion Square,  
Ready on horseback to take the air,  
In quest of somebody fat and fair,  
If not in the Park, perhaps I know where.

Excuse this hasty doggerel rhyme,  
It always marches at double quick time;  
And if in your ears it does not CHYME,  
You haven't a taste for *Irish sublime*.

I am, dear GRAM, with friendship true,  
Your friend and comrade, BRIAN BORU,  
Still ready to give the *devil his due*;  
As a proof of which I write to you:  
But I've written enough in a STYLE QUITE NEW,  
So bid you in haste—a short adieu.

B. B.

*To that jolly old Stager,  
The wooden-legs'd Major.*

The corporal bolted with his orderly ticket, and SIR BRIAN BORU prepared for his expedition, under the hands of Patrick Mooney.

The rhyme that BRIAN BORU chose to make use of on this funny occasion, was very well suited to the capacity of MAJOR GRAMMACHREE; it is a favourite *burden* of the Irish, from its being ridiculous. I have

known an *Irish Downshire ballad* run through *forty* stanzas, and all ending in rhymes of the same sound, with little meaning, beyond what could be found in the first two lines, or the prose title of the piece.

BRIAN had a little talent at verse, but he often descended to nonsense, merely for the sake of a joke, as in the present instance.

He had the precedent of the great Dean Swift to go by: no man ever wrote more STUFF than he did, but then he knew what STUFF he ridiculed, or meant to amuse, and cared nothing for it after it had gone from his hands. Apropos, a word of Dean Swift: no man is more talked of by all ranks of Irish-men and women too, yet no man had a more contemptible opinion of his countrymen; he satirized them unmercifully upon all opportunities, and held them up to the scorn of the world as barbarians and savages. His letters teem with complaints against Ireland, and he calls his residence amongst the Irish 'his banishment': for my part I should gladly be banished to such a favoured land, in point of climate more mild than Great Britain, in hospitality and friendship superior; and with men who, in all the nobler virtues of the heart, as much exceed the *English*, as the IRISH GENERAL WELLINGTON does the ENGLISH GENERAL CHATHAM; the *sleepy* descendant of a man who was ever awake to the glories and interests of his king and country.

Dean Swift had no mercy upon the ladies: he broke the heart of the beautiful and amiable Mrs. Johnson, who had no fault but that of loving a heartless and self-opinionated brute; and he did the same by Mrs. Vand: his 'Closet of Celia' never was equalled, even

by the infamous Rochester or Buckingham, for low vulgarity and *infamous falsities*: he had no respect for women, and above all he held *Irish women* in a sort of ABHORRENCE and contempt: yet this man is revered by *Irishmen* as if he were a DEMI GOD: not that BRIAN BORU took him for a model, except in his rhymes, and these the worst the *Dean ever made*.

BRIAN soon made off to SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY, and ordered Mooney to bring his two bays; he had saved them from the wreck of his stud, or rather the Baronet saved them, and returned to his friend. The MAJOR had arrived in the Baronet's house, and in full regimentals: he had no horse, but the Baronet had one at his service, and a *buckle stirrup of Morocco leather* attached to the saddle, to receive his timber toe: he also had a well mounted holster on each side, with a handsome pistol always at *his service*.

A handsome collation was sent up, and GRAMMA-CHREE, who had alway his appetite and good spirits at command, '*cut up*' and '*washed down*' with great satisfaction.

In addition, said SIR SHAWN, to the regulars and yeomanry, I am told the HORSE POLICE and MILITIA are to be out also; and, as I am a COLONEL, I must be on duty, so all I can do is to introduce you to the field, and return to you after the inspection.

SIR SHAWN was dressed in the full uniform of a Colonel, with his star conspicuous on his bosom; he looked uncommonly well, and as Lady Demiquaver entered the room, she exclaimed, By my modesty, a handsomer Colonel of Militia will not be on the turf this blessed day of our Lord, than my friend SIR

SHAWN O'DOGHERTY, Knight, Baronet, and '*arbiter elegantarium*' to all the ton in Dublin.

I say, said BRIAN, tapping *her* very GENTLY on THE ARM, do you forget me? Forget you, my dear BRIAN; yes, I wish I could REMEMBER to FORGET all that has passed betwixt you and me—but I can't.

## REMEMBER TO FORGET

A MORNING PRAYER IN DUBLIN.

Think'st thou that I can e'er forget  
The scene near DUBLIN BAY;  
When first in happiness we met,  
So pleasant and so gay.

Dark o'er us WICKLOW's mountains threw  
Their deep and sombre shade;  
Before us, drest in ocean's dew,  
With sunbeam tints array'd,

The Hills of HOWTH, and LAMBAY's Isle,  
Appear'd in emerald green;  
And BRIAN BORU's happiest smile  
Gave lustre to the scene.

'Twas then I gazed upon thee first,  
And memory lingers yet,  
With love, although it be aspers'd,  
I wish not to forget.

I boast not sentiment refin'd,  
To hide my thoughts with skill;  
The genuine feelings of my mind  
I tell with true goodwill.

And thou hast blest my candid words—  
Forget thee—Never—never;  
For all the joys this life affords,  
In *thee* are center'd ever.

'BEDERSHIN!' said BRIAN BORU; and the company loudly applauded this effusion of her Ladyship's muse; she had some playful ideas in her sponce, and she never kept them in very long: she was an 'out and outer,' and in point of fortune and fame had no more occasion to belie her conscience, than the victim going to the gallows without hope of reprieve.

Lady Demiquaver had a very happy knack at impromptu; and could we forget her little trifling foibles, we might have thought her as *virtuous* as she was *pleasant*; but, in sober seriousness, she took no more pains to hide her propensities than Sally Maclean; and as to her virtues, as far as charity is concerned, she did not blazon them to the world, but hid them with a miser's care.

She was no boaster, and did good in *secret*, though she made love in *public*: of the *latter* she was not ashamed, of the *former* she was; and used to say, that she cared not what the world said of her *levities*, but as to her *charities*, she would take care they never should be found out.

Here she acted upon a false opinion, for they were sure to come to light, and be eulogised just in the same proportion that her *levities* were stigmatised. *Mankind* in Ireland are not so bad but they can forgive a great *levity*, when it has a *general good* for its *absolution*. In London we are not more severe, but more fastidious: there is not a lady who sees LIFE IN LONDON, but would be a *dead weight* upon LIFE IN IRELAND.

Hypocrisy is the canker-worm that torments the demireps of London; it is not known in Ireland, or if known, is at once trampled under foot, and *crushed* without remorse.

Let us return where all are in waiting for the review, and ready to start; hip halloo, and away they go, altogether, one after another, neck and heels, tail up for the Phoenix Park.

SIR SHAWN started without any ceremony; he knew the time when to use it: the old jolly MAJOR ran after him on a fine charger, and in high spirits; and BRIAN BORU, as usual, linked and led by the *petticoat strings*, sent Mooney home with his horses, and suffered Lady Demiquaver to drive him to the scene of action in her curricule. Of long practice, she could take the whip hand of any man, either on the road or out of it; and she had a method of making you believe she never *quartered* or shared the board with any one, but always drove bang up to the mark her fancy had fixed upon: in truth, she handled the reins with skill, and managed

‘BRIAN BORU at will.’

Under her control, BRIAN had no danger to fear; she was not the mercenary DEVIL who had BEDEVILLED him out of his fame and fortune; she loved him for himself, and cared for no *other for the time*: och, mind you, *for the time*, for she was as skittish as a young filly, and as uncertain as the *Venus de Medicis*, were she animated, and had her hand at liberty.

BRIAN and her Ladyship rapidly followed the two friends, the military heroes.

It must be confessed that GRAMMACHREE held SIR SHAWN's military talents in the most sovereign contempt. How the devil, would GRAM exclaim (*in his cups*), can a *militia's* officer know anything of storming a battery, besieging a town, or marshalling a *whole*

*company*, to turn a flank, or make a charge on a battle day, such as VITTORIA or WATERLOO? Here no doubt GRAMMACHREE acted upon the prejudice of an old soldier, who holds in contempt all that are not of the line. For the Irish militia were the saviours of the country during the Rebellion; and the battle of Ross never had been gained if the DUBLIN MILITIA had not bore the brunt of the engagement.

To this General Johnson bore testimony; and he declared, in general orders, that M'Cormach, the man with the helmet, was one of the main causes in saving his army from destruction.

This *man with the helmet* has never been rewarded by government; he kept a small shop, and he keeps it still, seemingly content with having done his duty; but have the nation done their duty to him? No.

SIR SHAWN O'DOHERTY was not ambitious of any reputation beyond that of his private character; he would not, as Sir Tom N—— and others did, affect to be heroes on the parade, and in the battle field *cut and run*. He had as much courage as any Baronet in the three kingdoms, but he had no more military talent than Sir John Fielding, the thief-taking magistrate of Queen-square, who said he knew a woman to have been a soldier's wife, because she had a mark in her left arm, which must have arisen from bearing the camp kettle.

He loved to see his men in good order, and he gave them plenty of encouragement in the shape of whiskey and potatoes; but for himself, he never was or could be a soldier, but always was a soldier's FRIEND. But the fact was, SIR SHAWN did not affect any military



talent, he merely commanded the regiment, because he was the first man of consequence and property in the county to which the regiment belonged, and he knew that his example strengthened the ranks, and did good to the national government.

He had never been tried in battle, but his courage was undisputed; and had a chance occurred, he would have led his regiment to the contest with valour, if not with DISCRETION; and though

‘The better part of valour is discretion,’

it is not in Ireland that it is so: if the officer is brave, the men will follow wherever he leads. And as a Paddy once said, upon a FORLORN HOPE, to the men who were under his orders as a serjeant—Our officer is going to be blown up, and we must IN DUTY be blown up with him, and so good luck to us all; the men repeated the serjeant’s words—they marched, and all were blown up together.

SIR SHAWN’S example PEOPLED the regiment with fine fellows; he wanted no emolument, and his men *received* the benefit of all he *received* from the government.

A finer set of men could not be seen; and as BRIAN drew up at the west of the line, and with Lady Demi-quaver under his arm, marched in front, he declared—‘That SIR SHAWN O’DOGHERTY’S Regiment was *almost* equal to the *Galway Militia*.’

I never understood, said his fair companion, that the *Galway Militia* was famous for anything but being under the orders of Dick Martin, and going round the country to catch the smugglers.

Oh, by my faith, said BRIAN, but they are *infamous for that*, and have my benediction in the form of a curse for all they did to my poor father—many a still of his did they steal and break up, and spill the hot malt. And many a bucky did they intercept, and pull up the cargo on land, which had escaped the perils of the sea. Many's the bright pound it has been out of my way—but no matter for that, the *Galway Boys* were a fine TROOP; and except some of them wearing their *leggins* on their *hands* in place of being on their *legs*, they are and were as well disciplined regiment as any in existence.

We'll believe you, BRIAN, said Lady Demiquaver, with a little deduction; for trust me, no Galway Boy ever spoke impartially of his county.

END OF CHAPTER XXIV.

## CHAPTER XXV

Glory of Ireland—A grand review—Honour amongst rogues—  
 Trip to Deneys—A man throwing his head in the fire—A militia  
 dinner—Miss Ticklespree's workbag—Dabochlish, and the hair-  
 trigger sword—A Song, 'Hail, star of the morning'—A broken  
 leg, and wit in profusion—The ladies, and an Irish jig.

Breathes there the man with soul so dread,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
     This is my own, my native land :  
 Hath not his heart within him burn'd,  
 As homeward he his steps hath turn'd,  
     From wandering on a foreign strand.

THESE were repeated by GRAMMACHREE as he  
 joined the festive party, and proceeded to point  
 out the beauties of the review.

I am not jealous, said the MAJOR, of the sister  
 country's *military reputation*; we go hand and glove  
 together in the career of glory, and no enmity can  
 exist between us; and in love we also go hand in  
 hand—or rather knees and elbows—for we always out-  
 strip the *Englishmen* on that point.

Bedershin, said BRIAN BORU, but I have my doubts  
 of it.—(It may be necessary to remind my readers that  
 'bedershin,' in English, is 'may be so.')

Lady Demiquaver had seen as much service in

England as ever she had in her native land, and in many instances had English favourites, whom she once loved as sincere as she did her present friend BRIAN BORU.

The lines were now quite formed, and General Barplon came forward and saluted our party. To him the heroine of the company was well known, but not the male hero—to the general nevertheless he was very polite, and kindly introduced them within the flanks. By my soul, said BRIAN, but we are indebted to this flank or frank introduction to my dear friend, who seems to be as well acquainted with these things as the devil with the merits of holy water.

At this time the parade begun, and certainly the scene was very imposing—the numerous quantity of regulars—the militia—and the splendid body of yeomanry, gave a light to the scene that surpasses all description.

I would not wantonly praise one corps at the expense of another, but the *Black Rock* shone in a very brilliant light; their silver mounted helmets and dazzling equipage never could be eclipsed—whilst it was known that

‘ In peril’s darkest day ’

they had shone foremost as the

‘ Bravest of the brave, ’

and added a wreath to Ireland’s glory. The regiment of SIR SHAWN O’DOHERTY was very good, and gave all his friends satisfaction: what sort of satisfaction was given to the Commander-in-chief he expressed in his general orders.

The Lord Lieutenant rode along the line, and halting at each extremity, praised the troops. He then returned, took his middle station, and all passed in review and single files before him. He seemed to be much delighted, and as our friend the Baronet passed, he nodded to him with familiarity.

The whole parade—for a parade is no more than a review—passed off with applause, and the regiments having been dismissed, all went off to their particular quarters—we trust content and happy.

The common parade of a review is nothing; but when it comes before such people as we have mentioned, it is something, and ought to be remembered; not for its military consequences, as the consequences which may hereafter ensue, and the havoc it may make amongst the *titled* sort of mankind.

At the close of the review the Lord Luff gave general thanks to all who had figured upon the occasion; to this no one had the least objection—and the fine new suit of SIR SHAWN O'DOHERTY only received the simple thanks of a common soldier.

SIR SHAWN, as a gentleman and no soldier, was well pleased, as before stated; he had no ambition, and cared not for military glory; but he liked peace, quietness, and all the harmonies of human life.

The regiments marched from off the field in high style; but some of the *privates*, addicted to very *privately stealing*, brought the whole regiment into disgrace. Had they been in mine, said BRIAN BORU, I would have punished them. But a truce with such nonsense; the corps were disbanded, and our party each formed severally, and steered home, BRIAN BORU

leading the way in Lady Demiquaver's curricule and pair.

The party reached Dublin in fine style, and BRIAN exclaimed, the best of friends will fall out, and are sure to fall in whenever they please; so what wonder the *Ross* militia and the volunteers should quarrel about a bit of roguery?

I am no advocate for anything dishonest in any man, but more particularly in a soldier, who is deputed and paid by his country to be an honourable man, and is emphatically called a '*gentleman soldier*'; that such *gentlemen* should make free with a ladies shawl or her ridicule, is not much to be wondered at, when we consider the *ridiculous* way in which some ladies conduct themselves. I remember an acquaintance of mine, worth twelve hundred a year; she fell in love with a serjeant, whom she saw on parade from her house in Sackville-street, and admired his fine form, tight leathers, and shining helmet.

‘ Ah, she lov'd this bold dragoon,  
For his long sword, saddle, bridle ’;

and something besides, of which I am not at liberty to speak. The event was, the fellow became a gentleman, bought himself a commission with her money, kept a mistress, and managed to break her heart in a twelve-month after the honeymoon.

Thus spoke Lady Demiquaver, as they drove up to Darey's Hotel in Earl-street, where SIR SHAWN had engaged them all to dinner with the mess of the regiment. Everybody that has been in Dublin, and heard of Catholic Emancipation, must have seen old Darey:

he is a tight old 'Milesian,' has twice failed to ma'ter his fortune, and failed in the attempt; for he is as poor as a church mouse, or a chapel one, for Darey would as leave go to Hell as into a Protestant Church, and worships Counsellor O'Gorman, O'Connell, O'Blady, O'Trench, O'Shaehly, and other demagogues, as devoutly as he does the image of the Virgin Mary, made by Cox, in *Westmoreland-street*, and consecrated by old Thomson, the titular *Bishop of Scandenavia*, and *Parish Priest of Benflognaphey*.

Darey at the door bowed his head as usual, just as if he was flinging it in your face, only his neck kept it fast to his *ould* shoulders, and ushered the party up stairs.

By the bye, I must here relate an anecdote of a relation to this man: he was a very gallant fellow, and more fond of the ladies and his bottle, than the mess and his prayer-book. Time, which conquers all things, conquered his constitution, and at the age of thirty he was an old man, with a constitution of seventy.

Doctor Rumble had him in charge for some months; he had glandular swellings, and his neck was much worse than ever the \*\*\*\*\* was when he was Prince of \*\*\*\*\* and under the care of *Harlequin Daniels*.

At length the breaches were outwardly healed, and he had his mittimus given to go abroad, when Doctor Rumble thus addressed him:—'You are now in a very tolerable state, and may live long, if you only desist from the practice of blowing your nose; never by any means blow your nose, except into a "*muck rag*"; beware of the use of fingers, because the consequences may be such that you will regret them all your life ever

after, if you have any life left in you for reflection.'— The buck heard all this, but it went in at one ear and out at the other, as a medical man's advice usually does, when given to one who conceives himself in perfect health, and in no want of it at all. A few days after the same gentleman was sitting in company, enjoying a glass of punch over a sparkling turf fire: when his olfactory nerves became tickled, and he felt in his pocket for his '*muckinger*,' which was unfortunately not there, so he squeezed the conduits of his head betwixt his fingers and thumb, and throwing, as he conceived, the ooziings of his brain into the fire, to the utter surprise and horror of his friends, he chucked his nose upon the coals, which was heard to murmur,

But for the doctor's prohibition,  
I ne'er had been in this condition.

Such things are very common in the hotbeds of Dublin, and ought to be a lesson to all young men who are apt to throw their members in the fire, not knowing the consequences until too late.

So the long room were assembled, the gallant Colonel and all his awkward squad, for the devil an awkward set was ever seen equal to the officers of an Irish militia regiment; here and there you may pick out a well-bred man of broken-down fortune, like a violet upon a dunghill, exposing by its brilliance and scent more particularly the compound of villainous smells by which it is surrounded.

There were many ladies of the party, for scarce a *lad* but had his wife and her six relations in her train, and they all sat down to a sumptuous dinner. Darey knew



well he had SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY for a *paymaster* as well as Colonel, or he wouldn't have sported more than the beggar's dish (in *English*, Irish stew, in *Spanish*, *alla podridez*), made up from the week's dish, scrapings, and a tough old barn-door beauty.

But now all was in apple-pie order, and all were well satisfied. SIR SHAWN exerted himself to the utmost, and he had an excellent second in Lady Demiquaver: nor was BRIAN BORU idle; he kept the middle of the *long run* (Darey's Committee Table) in good spirits; and MAJOR GRAMMACHREE dealt out the *spirits* most plentifully amongst the spirited lads and lasses at the lower end of the board.

The ladies removed into the inner apartment, and the Baronet, who loved close sitting, made a move to the fireside, where a right jovial circle was formed, and the claret vanished like a fountain running into the sea—

‘Awful and deep,  
A blank abyss of drink.’

The chaplain said grace over many a bumper, and the doctor took in the stuff as if it were anything but physic.

The younglings were well broken in, and did ample justice to their host's liberality.

A toast, said SIR SHAWN,—here is ‘what the ladies took out with them,’ three times three. What do you mean? said a little impudent Kilkenny girl, just in her teens, and panting to be out of them; she had been listening at the door, and opened it with her ‘What do you mean? sure and no one took nothing out but me,

and that was this *workbag* I hold in my hand before me.' Bravo, cried the Baronet, and made a run to catch the lady, but she showed a pair of Irish, heavy to sight, but quick in *running*, and bolted into the other room to her companions. Many a jest was bandied about on this memorable event, and the Chairman gave, with four times four, *Miss Ticklespree's* workbag.

This is a *standing* toast at every genteel table in Dublin, and will be a toast when *Miss Ticklespree* has laid all her *ticklishness* with her body in the grave.

The *Beggar's Banison* claimed a full bumper, and had it from the heart and soul of all assembled.—Reader, if you want an explanation of this toast, you are not an Irishman; but apply to the first one you meet, even if he has a hod upon his shoulder, and he will tell you its meaning.

'Lifting of the linen,' and 'the double potatoe bag at a small price and well filled,' were enthusiastically drunk; and many other national squibs, which peradventure the historian chooseth not to relate, lest he should bring himself in contact with a Society for the *Expression of Vice*.

GRAMMACHREE insisted upon drinking The King; and although all party toasts were excluded, it was granted, because he had been a friend to Ireland. Not so much of a friend, said a young *Lub*, for by Jasus he has set such an example of conciliation and forgiveness of injuries, that I fear we shall have no occasion for the militia to *kafe* the *pase* any longer.

I wish, said the Baronet, your joke may prove a reality, but I very much doubt it, although O'Connell

is travelling the circuit with a *hair*y cap given him by the King; our unity depends upon

‘The ninth part of a hair’;

and that will be ‘cavilled upon,’ and suspend a sword of Damocles over our head, which any miscreant can let fall when he pleases.

By Jasus, replied GRAMMACHREE, and if any *Daboeklish* lets fall his sword in this company, he shall take it up again, and measure the length of it wid mine before he goes, and be d----d to him.

All who understood, enjoyed this blundering mistake, which was not a little improved, when the Major earnestly requested to know where *Daboeklish*, the man with the hair-trigger sword, lived, that he might have the honour to call upon him, and call him out for presuming to disturb the company.

Seldom do an Irish party meet and separate without a song; so one of the subalterns, at his Colonel’s command, tuned his Irish pipes, and struck up ‘*a lilt so gaily O.*’

### SONG

#### *HAIL, STAR OF THE MORNING*

TUNE—‘What you please.’

Hail, Star of the Morning,  
That shone on our Island,  
Dispersing the shadows of night;  
From the sheds of Clontarf,  
To the bogs of Rathfryland,  
Propelling the stream of delight.

Hail, Star of the Morning,  
 Whose radiant lustre  
 Has thrown a new light on our Isle ;  
 Be thou still our hope,  
 Our stay and our trust here,  
 And though distant, benignantly smile.

We saw thee ascend  
 From the dark rolling main,  
 To shine in an Irish sky ;  
 Our tears of regret  
 We could not restrain,  
 That so soon thou wert lost to the eye.

Thou hast gone to shed peace  
 On a happier shore,  
 And peace be wherever thou goes :  
 And if we behold  
 Thy loved presence no more,  
 We'll remember thou heal'd all our woes.

May glory *attend thee*,  
 Great KING of the Isles,  
 To support thee shall be our endeavour ;  
 Secure in thy favour,  
 Affection, and smiles,  
 Here 's the KING, and *God bless him for ever*.

A bumper, roared all hands, to the ' King, and God bless him for ever ' ; four times four : nine times nine, by the holy poker, said GRAMMACHREE, stamping his wooden leg upon the floor with a strength and vehemence that snapt it in twain : this only added to the mirth, when GRAM took the splinter in his hand, and beat time on the table, as nine times nine made the welkin roar.

Now, by my credit, says GRAM, as you have it in the song,—

‘I must see, for you see I can’t stand’;

and here’s my President’s hammer, to knock any one of you down for a song or a toast, or a good story, whenever I choose.

Ring the bell, you Tim Shagpole, and be d——d to you. ’Tis done, Major. Oh, Jerry, is it you? Be after taking these materials, said the MAJOR, unbuckling his straps; be after taking these materials to STONE, the *timber merchant*, in Dame-street, and tell him to send me, in a pig’s whisper, an *ebony stump*, of the same make, but better stuff, and tell him to put it down to me cheap, for I am a good customer, for every time I get malty, I have a new leg to buy; and by the powers of a militia colonel, it was one of the luckiest things ever happened to me, having my leg shot off; for what an expense in doctor’s stuff would it have been, if I had broken a leg of *flesh, blood, and bone*, every time I had the whiskey fever.

Away wid you, you green-eyed spalpeen; pull foot, and make no delay, except you call at Mother Norman’s, at the corner of the bridge, and tell her to give you half a pint of the best, and chalk it up to me behind the window shutter.

Away went the waiter; and the MAJOR, now in a talkative mood, continued—I always rendezvous at Mother Norman’s; her husband is an *umbrella* maker; and she has a snug little parlour within the bar, made by three *tilbury umbrellas*, that just come ‘head high,’

and keep you from the gaze of the 'standing drop boys,' who *pay and go* like a ship when moored in Dublin Bay: once upon a time her and I quarrelled; but that we often do, for the pleasure of being friends again; and I desired her to send in my bill, as I never would be sheltered under her umbrellas any more.

Och, by all the credit that's due to *Saint Patrick*, my boy, an half-pay corporal *tould* me in the morning a *man* or *two* was in waiting below wid a bill from Mrs. Norman. Show him up, says I—show him up; and if it's all right, I'll pay it in a shindy; I keep no account against her; but the *measure of my stomach* will enable me to take *just measure* of her bill. To be sure, the noise on the stairs was like storming a fort of timber stockades in America, and in marched two huge over-gown chairmen, and deposited FOUR FOLDING WINDOW SHUTTERS on my Kellybegs carpet.

Here, said the speaker, is my mistress's bill; 'tis all in fair chalk, just as you had it; and she wishes you to look over it, and settle the amount, for she wants to put the shutters up again, as the parlour looks ugly without them.

Bad luck to his ugly mug, there was a *pound* of good chalk expended upon a bill for *one pound's worth of punch*; and I settled the hash, merely to get rid of the bill; 'twas so d——d large I couldn't *file it*, except by employing a *file of soldiers* to carry it to my cellar, and chop it up for firewood.

Bravo, bravo, said the whole company—encore, encore.—If I do I'll be d——d, said the MAJOR, enough is as good as a feast.—Och, you're welcome,

said he, as he seized the wooden leg and commenced buckling it on.—'Tis a mighty fine fit, and not above half a foot too long, which is a trifle in *leg measurement*.—Your Honour, says Tim, the *leg man* says you are so good a friend of his, that he will make you up a score in a wicker basket, at half price, which your servant can carry on his back as *aisy* as a knapsack.

I'll never say no to a good offer, and I take him at his word; for as I intend to have a dance to-night with the ladies, possibly I may fracture two or three before I have done.

The MAJOR was now once more on his LEG, and everything resumed its wonted way.

SIR SHAWN O'DOGHERTY proposed to adjourn to the ladies; BRIAN BORU seconded the motion; but the general opinion was, that the ladies had better adjourn to them, which was carried in the affirmative.

BRIAN BORU volunteered to stand Mercury on the occasion, and soon returned, leading in Lady Demi-quaver, followed by a phalanx of subaltern beauty; and last and least, though prettiest, Miss Ticklespree advanced, with her workbag *before* her; no, it was not to be seen, she had left it *behind*—no matter: before the merry dance commenced, the health of her workbag was drank; and she tasted the claret, in unison with the rest of the company.

The tables were now removed, Tom Scott and his three harpers called in, and the merry dance began with true Irish spirit.

The dance finished, and so did our friends' frolics and adventures—'by the powers,' cried GRAM, who had just received intelligence of the famine, 'the DANCE OF

DEATH has commenced—we must away, add our mite to the contributions raising in the sister kingdom, and our exertions to those of the noble fellows, who bury all distinctions, whether national, political or religious, when LIFE IN IRELAND is at stake.'





Webster Family Academy of Veterinary Medicine  
Current and Future Veterinary Medicine at  
Tennessee State University  
200 West 10th Street  
North Grenada, TN 38366



