

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

THE LIFE

OF

JOHN O'KEEFE,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1825.

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HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

SIRE,

Your Majesty having, in the year 1797, benignly condescended to permit your honoured name to be prefixed to the four volumes of my Dramatic Works, which, in consequence, were published under your kind patronage and sanction, I am now encouraged, with all humility and dutiful affection, to DEDICATE this work, the RECOLLECTIONS OF MY LIFE, to your Majesty, in the hope that from your Majesty's characteristic goodness, it will meet with your indulgence.

I am, Sire,

With the most profound respect and gratitude,

Your Majesty's

Loyal Subject and Servant,

JOHN O'KEEFFE.

CHICHESTER, SUSSEX,

20th Oct. 1826.

TO THE READER.

MANY years ago, I threw down upon paper, an account of my progress in dramatic writing, and a sort of detail of particular events, that happened to myself and others, with some mention of several distinguished persons, with whom, in the course of my own path through life, I had had dealings and conversations.

Several of the persons spoken of in the following pages, being of great fame in their respective pursuits and professions, do not require my eulogium ; and yet praise be to them from me, and honour to their memory ! Alas, most of them are now beyond “ the bourne ! ”

To use a familiar illustration, I did not pitch my whole sack of corn at once, as is the custom in the Dublin Market-house; but, after the English mode, I sent a sample for inspection by the conveyance of the New Monthly Magazine. That was only my little canvas bag; but the sample having been looked upon by the public with favour, I now bring my entire sack to market.

Should any plea be thought necessary for my now stepping out in this manner, be it considered, that the world, sixty or seventy years ago, was not quite what it is at present; and, therefore, some little account of it by one who was then making his way through the busy crowd, may, perhaps, be perused with curiosity.

Chichester, Sussex,

Oct. 20th, 1826.

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I WAS born in Abbey-street, Dublin, on the 24th of June, 1747; my father was a native of the King's County, and my mother of the county of Wexford. I was designed by my

parents and my own inclination for a painter, and not above six years of age when I was placed at Mr. West's, the Royal Academy, Shaw's-court, Dame-street, Dublin. West was a Waterford man, and took his painting-studies in Paris, under Boucher, the disciple of Le Brun, distinguished for his painted series of Alexander's battles. My drawing gave me an early taste for the Antique, and consequently set me reading. From the Greek, Latin, and French, acquired under Father Austin, to whose school in Cook-street, I went, my fancy soon strayed to Shakspeare, old Ben, Congreve, Cibber, and Farquhar. The first edition of Farquhar's comedies, with the prints affixed to each of them, set me studying and acting private plays among my schoolfellows; and this transition from drawing to poetizing was ultimately (as my sight began to fail at seven-and-twenty) very fortunate for me:—a man can compose with his pen in the hand of an ama-

nuensis ; but the pencil he must hold in his own hand.

When I was about four years old, there took place in Dublin a most splendid funeral in honour of the Italian musical composer, Castuccio ; the procession formed a fine concert, vocal and instrumental, through the streets. I got running after it, and was suddenly struck speechless, and remained in that state some hours.

Whilst I was at West's academy, he took a very fine, highly finished drawing of me, in black and white chalks : I was then about eight years old : it is in the Guido style ; and from this drawing the boys used to study. The late Mr. Francis West, son, and successor to his father in the mastership of the academy, carefully preserved it, and it is still in being, as many of my friends had latterly told me they had seen it.

When my daughter was in Dublin in 1811,

Mr. Francis West showed it to her, and was polite enough to promise her the first good copy that any of his young pupils should make of it.

Another fine drawing, done by John Bryan, one of the students, made me standing, leaning on the head of a Demosthenes, the port crayon in my hand; a third of me, by Thomas Hickey, as sitting for a drawing (Hickey went draughtsman to China with Lord Macartney); and a fourth drawing, by Trotter, the centre of three heads; myself supposed to be singing, with Cartwright, one of the boys, playing the flute on one side, and Mr. Manning, the master of the Ornament Academy, (who had studied in Paris) playing the violin on the other. Mine is a front face, with the right hand appearing; and the two others profiles. These three latter drawings, with others, were preserved with great care in the Dublin Society Rooms, as specimens of the proficiency which the students had made under old Mr. West's tuition; and

indeed his drawing of what is technically called the Academy Figure was unrivalled.

In 1754, when I was seven years of age, I saw Lord Trimlestown, at his castle at Trimlestown, about four miles from Trim, the avenue running down to the river Boyne. He had studied medicine abroad, and was a great botanist and physician, which his benevolence turned to the use of rich and poor; the latter had medicine gratis, by his order, from his apothecary, Mr. Crawley, of Trim. Lord Trimlestown's, though a real castle, was full in use as a comfortable mansion; he kept open house, but his guests did not see much of him. His eldest son was named Matthew, his second, Sir Thomas, being a Knight of Malta. At Lord Trimlestown's was a fine aviary of Chinese pheasants, maccaws, &c.; and a complete green-house, of the rarest exotics, all under his own management. I remember seeing there, the aloe (which only blossoms once in a hundred years) in full bloom, and

a noble banana, the leaf five feet long and very wide. He had a superb coach, a present from Marshal Saxe, the fine paintings on which, were boys in the Fiamingo Stile: to copy these, some of Mr. West's pupils, and others, came purposely from Dublin.

Lord Trimlestown was, in person, tall, large, and portly:—he dressed in scarlet, full powdered wig, and black velvet hunting-cap. My father, who was some weeks his patient, took me with him to the castle, where I met with the greatest kindness from both Lord and Lady Trimlestown: they gave me a full ramble among their books, valuable pictures, portfolios of prints, rich cabinets, and splendid gardens. I was one day sitting alone, in a closet surrounded by gold and agate snuffboxes, with miniature pictures in their lids, cameos, intaglios, coins, medals, and abundance of every thing rich and rare, when he came in, and found me attentively looking at the coats of arms, in a little squab book, called, “The Irish

Compendium :” he said nothing, but stood some time observing me, then, with a smile of good-nature, put his hand upon my head, and went out of the room.

These shields and coats of arms gave me the first wish to an amusing research in heraldry, a science which, though some may think it a kind of frivolous foppery, often gives a useful clue to historical epoch ; and my brother and I, when boys, had much pleasure from it, in looking at the emblazonry on the coaches as they passed through the streets—the coronets, helmets, degrees of nobility, &c.;—reminding each other of the old scroll of parchment in my father’s possession, so cracked and rumped and rolled that it could scarcely be opened ; and, with a kind of anticipation, we, the future painter and poet, declared we would yet have the arms of the *Kings of Fermoy*, the old crown and rampant supporters, on our own coaches and landaus.

At that time, I sung and drew prettily enough, and every night, at their supper table,

I was seated between Lord and Lady Trimlestown, with my custard and my orange placed before me. I saw also at that time Lord Gormanston, he was elderly, of the middle size, and always dressed in a full suit of light blue.

On my father's departure from Trimlestown, he and my mother and I went to Knock-Drin, near Edenderry, where my father with pride, not unmixed with dejection, led me over tracts of fine lands, once the property of his ancestors: my mother had much the same remark to make of *her* family losses in the county of Wexford. Bryan Kavanagh, my mother's *first* cousin, was the last person of note who had any landed property left on that part of the globe, and he did not remain long in Ireland, for having taken holy orders, he left his worldly affairs there in the management of a lawyer in Henry Street, Dublin, and went to France and settled at Bourdeaux, where he rose to be a dignitary of the Church. When he became

yards, and tenements, he wrote over to my father and mother, to send either my brother Daniel or me to him, with the offer to educate us for any one of the three professions, the Church, the law, or the army; but unfortunately neither of us were ever sent. My only and elder brother, Dan O'Keeffe, (afterwards an eminent miniature painter) was reserved by fate to flatter people on ivory in England, and Jack O'Keeffe to make HAY for the MARKET, and grow FLOWERS for the GARDEN.

However, having the future advantage of my children in view, the said catholic dignitary, Bryan Kavanagh, being my *second* and their *third* cousin, I caused inquiries to be made during the short peace in 1802 by a French gentleman, still living at St. Quintin, concerning these French lands and possessions; he wrote to Bourdeaux for me, and made every exertion to that purpose, but never could learn what Robespierre or Buonaparte had

done with them, and we are now contented and happy in the idea that they have been since re-royalized in the persons of Louis the Eighteenth, and Charles the Tenth, Kings of France : the buckles of the latter royal gentleman I having popularized in 1779, in these words of Bouquet's song in the " Son-in-Law,"

" My ARTOIS buckles when you view
In shining, sable, satin shoe."

To return to Trimlestown Castle. I remember a very fine live eagle perched before the front door on the lawn, to whom the servants threw pieces of meat within the length of his chain. One day, when I was standing watching the noble bird of Jove, an unlucky dog, one of the hounds, attracted by the meat, ventured within the limits of this eagle's iron tether : with furious rapidity, the eagle darted down, pouncing full upon the dog's back with beak and talons. Some days after, the bird broke his chain and soared into the skies ; then dropped

into a field, seized a lamb, and carried it up into a high tree :—I forget whether either eagle or lamb were recovered.

The only other person in Ireland that I recollect possessed with this sublime fancy of retaining Jupiter's thunder-bearer to perch before his door, was Mr. Brockhill Newburgh, who lived in Dublin, at Glassmanogue. He was head of the Linen Board, and played very finely on the harpsichord. I have often been in company with him at the house of Mrs. Jefferies. John Hunter, the distinguished surgeon, brother to Dr. Hunter, who lectured at the Royal Academy, Somerset-House, also had eagles perched before his door at Earl's Court, near London, where I have frequently stood to observe them. I think the latter eagles might consider themselves very well off to escape dissection; for their owner dissected every thing that came in his way;—the kraken of the sea, the grasshopper in clover, and the lady-bird on her *boghill-en-bwee*.

In 1756, Hamilton (afterwards eminent in the first class of historical painters in England) was my fellow-student in the R.A. in Dublin: he might have been five years my elder; and was remarkable for choosing, when drawing the human figure, the most foreshortened view, consequently the most difficult—(the finest specimen of foreshortening is that of King Charles's Apotheosis in the ceiling of the chapel at Whitehall.) Our premiums were adjudged once a-year, in the House of Lords, Dublin: the drawings of the candidates were pinned round the walls to be examined as to their merits and classes. The boy wrote previously in chalk under his drawing "from the life," if it was so; and "from the round," if from a bust or statue. My brother Daniel, being one year one of the younger candidates, and all full of their gambols, got to plucking off the large scarlet tassels and bobbins from the benches, and pelting them at each other. One of these struck Hamilton's drawing, which being in chalks was consequently

much injured. He, enraged, thinking that poor Dan had done the mischief, gave him a most tremendous box on the ear. This accident, by the drawing being spoiled, lost Hamilton the premium. The names of those who obtained the premiums, and their different classes, were in the newspapers: this was the proudest stimulus to our emulation. I obtained many premiums in the different classes, and once the head premium for my drawing of the Ariadne, the well-known fine antique. We were early familiarized to the antique in sculpture, and in painting, to the style and manner of the great Italian and French masters. We also studied anatomy; and, indeed, the students there turned their minds to most of the sciences.

We had upon the large table in the Academy, a figure three feet high, called the anatomy figure; the skin off to show the muscles: on each muscle was a little paper with a figure of reference to a description of it, and its uses. We had also a living figure, to stand or sit: he

was consequently a fine person; his pay was four shillings an hour. Mr. West himself always *posed* the figure, as the phrase is, and the students took their views round the table where he was fixed. To make it certain that his attitude was the same each time we took our study, Mr. West with a chalk marked upon the table the exact spot where his foot, or his elbow or his hand came. We had a large round iron stove nearly in the centre of the school, but the fire was not seen; an iron tube conveyed the smoke through the wall. On the flat top of this stove, we used to lay our pencils of black and white chalk to harden them. The room was very lofty: it had only three windows; they were high up in the wall, and so contrived as to make the light descend: the centre window was arched, and near the top of the ceiling. At each end of this room was a row of presses with glass doors; in which were kept the statues cast from the real antique, each upon a pedestal about two feet

high, and drawn out into the room as they were wanted to be studied from:—but the busts were placed, when required, on the table. The stools we sat upon were square portable boxes, very strong and solid, with a hole in the form of an S on each side to put in the hand and move them. Each student had a mahogany drawing-board of his own: this was a square of three feet by four; at one end was a St. Andrew's cross, fastened with hinges, which answered for a foot; and on the other end of the board, a ledge to lay our port crayons upon. When we rose from our seats, we laid this board flat upon the ground, with the drawing we were then doing upon it.

We had a clever civil little fellow for our porter, to run about and buy our oranges and apples, and pencils, and crayons, and move our busts and statues for us. He was a great favourite; and Mr. West used every day to say to him, "Master *Fling*, (his real name was Flynn,) bring me a seedy *rowl*,"—and put a

halfpenny in his hand. We had some students who studied statuary alone, and they modelled in clay. Cunningham (brother to the poet) invented the small basso-relievo portraits, in wax of the natural colours: they had oval frames, and convex crystal glasses and were in great fashion. Berville, a most enthusiastic Frenchman, full of professional ardour, studied with us: and Van-Nost, the celebrated statuary, often came amongst us: he did the fine pedestrian statue of Lord Blakeney, erected in Sackville-street.

The members of the Dublin Society, composed of the Lord Lieutenant and most of the nobility, and others, frequently visited our academy to see our goings on: and some of the lads were occasionally sent to Rome, to study the Italian masters. I was present, (when about four years old,) and saw the cases containing the casts from the antique brought from Rome, and opened; and from these in a very few years I studied.

One day, passing through Parliament-street, Dublin, George Faulkner, the printer, was standing at his own shop-door; I was induced to stare in at a bust on the counter. He observed me, and by the portfolio under my arm, knew I was a pupil at the Royal Academy. I remained in fixed attention, when he kindly invited me in to look at the bust, saying it was the head of his friend and patron Dean Swift. To display it in all its different views, he turned it round and about for me, and then brought me up stairs to see the picture of Swift.

George Faulkner was a fat little man, with a large well-powdered wig, and brown clothes: his precision of speech in using the word *opposite* instead of *facing*, was the cause of Swift choosing him for his printer. At this period of my boyhood Swift's memory was recent; he was greatly beloved and revered in Dublin. There were many signs of him in canonicals: they were called the Drapier's Head, from the signature of his letters against Wood's half-

pence. I have one of those halfpence. Amongst a multitude of benevolent actions, he lent small sums to tradespeople, to be repaid at a shilling a-week, five pounds the greatest sum ; which practice laid the foundation of many a fortune obtained by industry, and was the support of numerous families ; but one neglect of the shilling a-week repayment, no more money was lent by him to that person. Whenever the Dean walked out, the people followed him with shouts of blessings, and the children held his cassock. My early passion for the drama made me like Swift, from his having been a friend of Gay.

The above house of George Faulkner was the corner of Parliament-street, and Essex-street, on the right hand.

Mr. Dickson of Capel-street, brought paintings of birds and flowers (basso relievo) into great fashion : they were done in water-colours, upon large sheets of card-paper. Twelve made the set, and were painted for him by three

youths of considerable merit: the eldest, James Riley; Gustavus Hamilton, the son of a clergyman; and my brother Daniel. They lived in Dickson's house, and had a table and every thing comfortable and respectable. My brother, the youngest of the three, had often a number of boys, his acquaintances, both in and out of the house after him, (not those of the academy,) allured by getting now and then a camel-hair pencil, or a bit of paint to colour their tops, and draw stars and moons upon their kites. I often made one in this noisy string of intruders, being then about six years of age. All this was really troublesome and disagreeable to the house in general, but particularly to Mrs. Dickson's elder sister. One day, as many of us ran out of the street through the hall, and rushed up-stairs, all full intent to see *Daniel O'Keeffe*, this old widow lady started in a violent passion out of the parlour, and exclaimed,—“Hey day! what plaguy tribe is here!”—I happened to be the

last of the procession, and turning round said, "The tribe of *Dan*." On hearing such an answer from an urchin, her anger instantly changed to a full fit of merriment: she clapped her hands to her sides, and there stood laughing full five minutes *sans* intermission. This childish anecdote may be as well worth recording as that of Dr. Johnson's "Good master Duck."

These three young lads who painted birds and flowers so admirably, turned out distinguished painters in miniature. Riley was enabled to have a fine house of his own in Grafton-street, Dublin; Hamilton was encouraged and patronized by ladies of the first rank there, and made a power of money by his pencil; and my brother's field of action was London, where he died of consumption at the age of 47. He was tall and thin, very fair and delicately florid, blue eyes, his hair light. His only daughter, Anne O'Keeffe, whom he had brought up with care and tenderness at Bou-

logne in France, also died of consumption, aged 28.

It is remarkable, that the above-mentioned house in Capel-street, inhabited by Dickson, was formerly the residence of Dr. Sheridan, father to Thomas Sheridan, the actor, and grandfather to Richard Brinsley. The yard at the back, where I have often played at marbles, was the play-ground of his scholars ; and the school-room, wherein the boy made the impromptu of "The Rat and the Bell-rope, and the Stairs," was, at this time, Dickson's coach-house. This very worthy, industrious, and truly useful member of society (Dickson) first established (at Leixlip) the beautiful and admired linen copper-plate printing, which delineated flowers in all their natural beauty. To my great sorrow, I heard long after that this laudable and patriotic scheme was the ruin of his worldly affairs.

It was, and perhaps is still, the Dublin custom on St. James's Day for the relations and

friends of those buried in St. James's church-yard, to dress up the graves with flowers, cut paper, Scripture phrases, garlands, chaplets, and a number of other pretty and pious devices, where those affectionate mementos remained, until displaced by fresh ones the next year. In this state, the whole church-yard made a most interesting and pleasing appearance: every body went to see it; and I, when about nine years of age, went on St. James's Day. On my return home, full of the fine sight, I got my materials, and set to at drawing St. James's church-yard. Amongst tombstones in the foreground, I drew a very large one, with a high flat stone at the head and wrote on it, "Here lies the body of ——." As I had exhausted my stock of names on my other tombstones, I was puzzled for a name for this: at that moment, a man happened to come into the room, with a pair of new shoes for my father: he was of the county of Wexford, a very good shoemaker, and a very honest fellow—in health and person remark-

ably well-looking; strong, tall, and athletic. His name being Paddy Furlong, I, most *apropos*, wrote upon my tombstone "Patrick Furlong." He had been looking over my shoulder, and admiring the drawing; but, when he saw me add his own name, seemed a little startled. With the thoughtlessness of childhood, I went on writing "Who died on the —" here I was at another stand; when the Wexford shoemaker said to me—"On the Second of September,—put down that."—I did so.—"One thousand seven hundred and fifty-six: put down that." I complied, and away he went. About a week after, we heard he was ill, and dangerously so; and in a few weeks more, we were told that he had died on the 2d of September, the very day he himself had desired me to write on the tombstone.

Amongst a few unlucky drawing exploits of mine when a boy, one day calling with my brother at a house in Henry-street, where he had some business, I rambled into the dining-parlour,

in which the table had been laid out by the butler and other servants, all in form ; company of the first order having been invited that day. On observing the fine expanded damask tablecloth, "Ha !" thought I, "no sheet of paper is so large as this ; the very thing I've long been wishing for." Seeing an inkstand on the sideboard, I took it, placed it on the table, and, inspired by my subject, which was a fine deer hunt, I drew with pen and ink a stag, at full speed, with head and horns erect ; and then a full pack of hounds in the regular order of pursuit ; and after them the huntsman on his horse, winding his horn, followed up by a number of hunting squires, all on horseback, as I myself had often seen them near Dunleary, and Bray, and Laughlin's Town, with Johnny Adair of Kilternan at their head. This pen and ink performance of mine stretched the whole length of the table, and I brought forward a chair, and stood upon it, that I might look down upon my work with the greatest advantages of de-

light, but to my confusion I soon heard with many bitter remarks, that I had spoiled the rich fine valuable table cloth.

I was about nine years of age, when having one day to go down Dame-street, I joined company at the top, near College Green, with my fellow-student whom I have mentioned before, Johnny Bryan, who was going the same way. He was at this time my senior, and much taller and older than me ; indeed, of the first rank as a proficient in drawing ; of a placid, mild character, and I liked him much. We walked on, and kept in conversation until we reached within a few yards of Crampton Court, at the lower end of Dame-street, I being outside, and he on my right hand. Now and then, as we talked, I looked up in his face : by degrees, I thought I saw some change in the features, which surprised me—yet still we walked on, and kept up the conversation. At length, looking up anxiously at his face, the change came full upon me, and I felt a tremor and alarm through

my whole frame that I could not account for. I looked more stedfastly, and observed some traits in the face that I had never seen before. Still we continued our way, and kept talking to each other: **but now, though** the street was full of people passing and repassing, (it being at that time the greatest thoroughfare in Dublin,) I was seized with perfect terror, as seeming spellbound to the figure that was walking at my side. I once more looked up, and was unable to repress my horror and dismay, when he stopped and smiled, and in a kind voice, looking down upon me, said "You think you are speaking to my brother **Johnny**, your school-fellow."

I found afterwards that it was very common to mistake these brothers for each other, they were so like in person, and dressed alike. I had never before seen the elder brother, and to this day cannot forget the shock I felt at this adventure.

The river Liffey, above Island Bridge, was

divided into two streams, the broad wiers, and the narrow wiers. The Dublin boys were much in the habit of going there to swim. One day, a schoolfellow of mine, Robert Healy, and I (we were both about ten years of age) went up there on our rambles. We were swimming in that part of the river above where it divides, and, by our carelessness, were drawn by the current into the narrow wiers: the stream was rapid, smooth and black from its depth, and nearly inaccessible on both sides. Though we were both excellent swimmers, yet our skill had no more effect than to keep us on the surface of the water. Turn about, or change the direction in which we were forced on by the current, we could not. However, Healy, with his right hand, caught hold of some overhanging bushes, and drew himself in from the power of the current. At that instant, the force of the water was hurrying me on rapidly—when he stretched out his left hand, and, at the instant I was passing him, caught me by the

hair, and drew me by degrees towards himself. At this moment, I was within ten yards of a wide arch, that opened under the mill, and into which, but for this wonderful interposition of Providence, I must inevitably have been hurried, and mangled and torn by the wheels and machinery inside. This mill stood on the south side of Island Bridge, and at the corner a lane runs from it up to John's Well. Healy went to West's at the same time with me, and by his ability arrived at the highest point of his profession; drawing in chinks, portraits, &c. : but his chief forte was horses, which he delineated so admirably, that he got plenty of employment from those who had favourite hunters, racers, or ladies' palfreys. He was a kind and good-natured boy, and I had a great friendship for him.

On the site where Crow-street Theatre was built, once stood a fabric, called the Music Hall. I recollect seeing this building: the front, with great gates, faced the end of Crow-

street: and here Handel had his sublime oratorios performed, he in person presiding. I well remember seeing the bill of Handel's concert on the gate of this hall, in 1758. This circumstance was many years previous to his even composing his beautiful "Water Music," and having it played in the barge, to the surprise and delight of George the Second; which noble device replaced him in the full favour of his royal master. His talents, so cherished in Dublin, made me exult in seeing him in his exalted niche, and marble organ, in Westminster Abbey, when I went first to London.

Whilst the foundations of Crow-street Theatre were preparing on this spot, I, amongst other boys, (Remus-like) got jumping over them, little thinking that on the very stage then erecting would, in process of time, rise my own fabric of "The Castle of Andalusia." Crow-street opened with Cibber's comedy of "She would, and she would not." A man was pressed to death the first night, going up the

upper gallery stairs: some ill fate seems to hang upon this play. One of the new managers, Woodward, was the Trappanti of that night.

In my boyhood, I often heard the famous singers of sacred music; Colloghan, in the choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and Father Neale, of the Catholic Chapel. They were both very fat: Colloghan's voice was a noble bass, and Neale's a fine treble, with a falsetto, which he managed with great effect.

In 1755 the celebrated Mrs. Woffington acted, in the first play I ever saw, Alicia, in "Jane Shore." I remember, some years after, seeing her mother, whom she comfortably supported; a respectable-looking old lady, in her short black velvet cloak, with deep rich fringe, a diamond ring, and small agate snuff-box. She had nothing to mind but going the rounds of the Catholic chapels and chatting with her neighbours. Mrs. Woffington, the actress, built and endowed a number of alms-

houses at Teddington, Middlesex, and there they are to this day. She is buried in the church; her name on her tomb-stone.

Dr. Baldwin, the provost of Dublin College, was a meagre old man: I saw him when dead lie in state. His successor, Dr. Andrews, was a fine, jolly, fresh looking man, very fond of the theatre, and a member of the Beef-steak Club, at which Mrs. Woffington presided. The Duke of Dorset was then Lord Lieutenant. Lord George Sackville (afterwards Lord George Germaine) was the soul of the party; and, though an actress headed the table, politics was the favourite dish, for which Thomas Sheridan (the elder) had his old house pulled over his ears—"Mahomet" for that!

On the first and great successful run of Gay's "Beggar's Opera," in London, his friend Swift with his powerful pen raised its character very high in Dublin, and in a booth erected in George's Lane, the opera was performed by

children : little Peggy Woffington, in Polly, made her first appearance on any stage.

In my childhood, the finest collection of pictures in Ireland were those of Mr. Stewart, (afterwards Lord Londonderry,) in Henry-Street, of Major Whitelock, and of the Bishop of Clogher. At Mr. Stewart's I saw the Veronica of (I think) Gerard Dow, the finest picture I had ever seen ; the subject is well known : it is a full front face of our blessed Saviour, without any shadow : it seemed to me a miraculous excellence in the art of the painter. Dr. Padmore, in Britain-street, had a capital collection of pictures : he was a real virtuoso, a little man, with sallow round face, tie wig, black clothes, and scarlet stockings : when I was about eight years old, I used to go to his house, and draw from his pictures.

I remember Captain Debrisay, who, upwards of seventy years of age, walked the streets of Dublin unremarked, in the old dress, worn in the days of Charles the Second ; a large cocked

hat, all on one side his face, nearly covering his left eye; a great powdered wig, hanging at the side in curls, and in the centre at the back a large black cockade, with a small drop curl from it; his embroidered waistcoat down to his knees; the top of his coat not within three inches of his neck, the hip buttons about a foot from it; buttons all the way down the coat, but only one at the waist buttoned; the hilt of the sword through the opening of the skirt; a long cravat, fringed, the end pulled through the third button-hole; small buckles; the coat sleeves very short, and the shirt sleeves pulled down, but hid by the top of the gloves, and the ruffles hanging out at the opening of the cuff; the waistcoat entirely open except the lower button, displaying the finely plaited frill. Captain Debrisay's two sons were in the artillery, and great Castle people: many years after, I often saw them and Miss Debrisay on the command nights at the theatre. Over his

hall door, in the street, was a fine statue of Mars.

In my boyhood a very tragic circumstance happened at the house of this Captain Debrisay. There were new steps and an arched landing put to the street-door, under which was an area: the servant maid was washing plates or something of that sort under these steps, when the mortar gave way, the arch and steps fell, and she was crushed to death. A poor man who sold cakes, which he called by the Dublin names, and had in panniers on each side a little ass, had a custom every day of crying out when passing Captain Debrisay's house, "Here's a fine *pyclet* for Mary! (*Pyclet* is the London muffin; crumpets are not known there;) and some nice *galbonians* for Mary! and some fine French faddles for Mary! where are you, Mary? where are you now, Mary? where are you now, Mary, Mary, Mary?"

In this full cry he was coming down the street, and approaching the house when the

accident happened, and just as he vociferated "Mary! Mary! where are you *now*, Mary?" he saw the crowd, (I was in it,) and heard the fate of the poor girl. The awful sound to the sympathizing people was "Where are you *now*, Mary, Mary, Mary?" The builder was on the spot; his face and manner most appalling.

In 1760, being thirteen years of age, my choice seat was up in a tree near my aunt Byrne's house in Dorset-street, almost opposite this Captain Debrisay's. One day, perched up there (like Charles II. in his oak), I saw pass under me the Artillery going to the North to oppose Thurot, when he landed at Carrickfergus. The people of Dublin seemed easy enough about it. Some years after, when I was at Belfast, and took drawings of that town for Lord Donnegal, I also took a view of Carrickfergus, from a distance of about three miles; and, though a four-wheeled carriage of Lord Donnegal's, and his servants in liveries attended me, yet such were the apprehensions and ter-

rors that Thurot's descent left upon the Carrickfergus people, that the mayor sent some of his officers on horseback to post off towards me, and make a strict inquiry what I was about by taking drawings of the town, the bay, and the castle. Certainly my dress and manner had somewhat of a Frenchified appearance, with my hair fully powdered, a little rose-bag and small gold-laced cocked hat. An incident in R. B. Sheridan's "Camp," was so very like this circumstance, that most probably he had previously heard of it. In his piece Moody was the Irish artist who is drawing, and in a very good equivoque taken into custody for it by the soldier. I mentioned my own affair at the time to Lord Donnegal and many others. In the year 1760, when Thurot actually had possession of the Castle, Mr. Tottenham Heaphy, afterwards my father-in-law, was at supper with others at Gilmer's tavern, opposite Crowstreet Theatre, Dublin, and hearing of it, he ran to the stable where his horse was, mounted,

and set off full speed towards the North. When he had gone about twenty miles or so, he met a courier posting with intelligence for the Lord Lieutenant at the Castle of Dublin. Mr. Heaphy remarking that his horse was a poor sort of jade, and incompetent to the haste the emergency of the business required, made him mount his own horse, a very capital one, and took the tired hack of the messenger.

He never saw his horse again ; however, the affair was very well known, and did Mr. Heaphy and his family no harm.

CHAPTER II.

The Franchises of Dublin.—Counsellors Mac Nally and Costello.—Sir Toby Butler.—Mrs. Abingdon and Brown.—Aldridge.—Slingsby.—Gallini.—Vestris.—D'Amici and his daughter.—Kane O'Hara.—Lord Mornington and Mr. Brownlow.—Spranger Barry.—“Boxed the Fox.”—Passerini.—Geminiani.—Fisher.—Allegranti.—Pacherotti.—Woodward and Sealey.—Richard Wilson.—Mossop.—Hamilton.—Massink.—Alexander's Chariot.—VERSES.—Marlborough Green, Dublin.—Lord Howth.

IN my boyhood and youth I often saw the grand triennial sight called the Franchises. The first view of it made a great impression on my mind: I was seated in the front window of my cousin Kavanagh's house in Thomas-street, and saw the procession pass close under me. It consisted of the riding and walking of the trades of Dublin (there called Corporations).

The whole were first assembled and marshalled in the great square of Stephen's Green, and from thence in order commenced their perambulations of the city.

Many of the trades were remarkable for the splendour of their pageants, as most persons of rank who had handsome equipages and fine horses and trappings lent them for this day's cavalcade. The printers had a large splendid open carriage, in which was a printing press, the compositors setting types, and the men working off impressions, which, as fast as they printed, they flung to the populace in the streets: this was a description of the whole procession, masters, wardens, colours, &c., and a *finely-written* explanatory poem. The smiths had a grand high phaeton, in which sat the most beautiful young girl that could be found, as Venus; at the corners were Cupids and Loves and the Graces, and so forth; and Vulcan in armour rode by her side. The carriage of the weavers

wigs of wool of different colours. The millers and bakers had men dressed up in wheat sheaves. The masons and carpenters, all the emblems of masonry, with Solomon's Temple, &c. The curriers were represented by men appareled in skins, with large grotesque masks, and great wooden falchions, which they flourished about. The chandlers were remarkably fine for horses, dress, and accoutrements: their insignia was a dove, and their motto "Let your light so shine." The hosiers had in their carriage the stocking-loom, and a man really weaving stockings, and at the corners of the carriage young women at their wheels, spinning silk, flax, and cotton. The goldsmiths, glass-makers, jewellers, carvers and gilders, had each their sumptuous pageant expressive of their trade. The linen weavers had in their vehicle a loom, at which they were employed in weaving as they rode along: young women were spinning, and a youth dressed as a collegian, *en badinage*, breaking their threads, &c. The

shoemakers displayed a prince and princess,—Crispin and Crispiana,—dressed in gold and silver robes, and crowns, with two little pages carrying between them a crimson velvet cushion, and on it a gold slipper. The vintners had Bacchus, dressed in ivy and vine leaves, astride upon a tun, with a bowl of wine in his two hands, drinking to the health of the people; and a number of bacchanals, Silenus, fauns, and satyrs, following him. The upholsterers were headed by a man dressed all in feathers: he was called the Feather-man, and, from his arch gambols and comic attitudes, was the great delight of the crowd. It became a saying to anything of high humour, “Oh, this beats the Feather-man!” The Guild, or corporation of merchants, were all in uniform, and rode remarkably fine horses of their own. Each trade had a band of music, and its own appropriate tune; so that as one party was passing by you, the particular air was heard at a distance, proclaiming the approach of the next. The whole ca-

valcade and procession consisted of many thousand persons, all arranged with strict decorum in their proper places. Each corporation had its masters, wardens, and beadles, dressed and equipped in full paraphernalia. The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, &c. made part of the show. When they reached the end of the North Wall, the Lord Mayor and his attendants got into a barge, and were rowed out into the bay, and at a particular station, he stood up, and with all his force threw a dart from him into the sea, as far as he could: where the dart fell, a buoy was fixed, and as far as that, his warrant, as Lord Mayor of the city, reached, extending to every vessel within that buoy.

In what is called the Earl of Meath's Liberty, the Lord Mayor of Dublin has no jurisdiction, this quarter of the town having a court of its own. This Liberty consists of some of the largest, finest, and richest streets in Dublin; for instance, Meath-street, Francis-street, and the

Coombie. In the latter was the Weavers' Hall: over the gate a pedestrian gilt statue, as large as life, of George the Second. The Lord Mayor walked the boundaries, his sword-bearer before him; but when arrived at the point where the Liberty begins, he was met by a certain chosen number of people, who stopped his progress, and in a kind of seeming scuffle took the sword from the sword-bearer: if not thus prevented, and the Lord Mayor permitted to go on, wherever he went, with his sword of office borne before him, the power of his warrant would reach; but this ceremony is done without the least riot or ill-will, being part of the business previously well prepared. All this affair took place in one day, the first of August, every third year. To this grand triennial festival people flocked to Dublin from all parts of Ireland, England, Scotland, and even from the Continent: it was always looked to with great joy. The Regatta at Venice was something in this way. Many

years after I wrote a piece, and had it brought out at Crow-street, for the express purpose of introducing the procession, and beautiful pageantry of our Dublin franchises.

I knew Counsellor Leonard Mac Nally, when a boy. His uncle was an eminent merchant in Dublin, of the name of Featherstone, and lived in Mary's-lane; he had another uncle, Arthur Murphy, (not the poet). Mrs. Mac Nally, his mother, was one of the finest persons of a woman I ever saw; tall, full, and majestic. Leonard himself was much under size, but had a handsome, expressive countenance, and fine sparkling dark eye: he was a sprightly boy; and such his passion for private plays, that he was indulged in having a little theatre fitted up in his mother's house, which all the boys of his turn frequented,—I one of them. Many years after, Mac Nally was editor of the Ledger, a London newspaper, and very indulgent to my pieces as they appeared. His own opera of "Robin Hood," had great success: his uncle,

Arthur Murphy, coming to London, Mac Nally brought him to Covent-garden Theatre to see it; when, to the surprise of the author, and the vexation of both, the opera was that night performed as an afterpiece, having been, without his knowledge, cut down into two acts: such the mortifications of even a successful dramatic poet. He also wrote a comedy, "Fashionable Levities," and a farce, "Retaliation," both very successful. Tired with literary fagging, Mac Nally went back to Dublin, and pursued his profession as a barrister. I was told he excelled all his contemporaries in keen and sarcastic wit,—a most effective legal weapon in defence of a client.

Counsellor and Mrs. Costello were great supporters of the drama in Mossop's time. He was a distinguished pleader, and remarkable for his brogue, which many of the most eminent men at the Irish bar affected: it made them favourites, and sent their sarcasms with more force in irony. A poor country fellow came

one day to surrender himself to take his trial on a capital charge. Drawing Costello aside, he gave him a guinea as a fee, and asked his advice. The counsellor desired him to tell him frankly his case, without any concealment. He did so. Having patiently listened to it, "My good fellow," said Costello, "you see that staircase: my opinion and advice is, that you walk down instantly into the street, turn the corner on the right hand, make the best of your way to the quay, get into the first ship you can find ready to sail, and never again be found in Ireland, England, or Scotland;—and here, take back the guinea you gave me for my advice, towards travelling charges." Costello saw that the unfortunate man, though not culpable, from some particular points of law, which he foreknew would come out upon the trial, must have suffered. What is called barrister in England, is called counsellor in Ireland: the word barrister is not known there.

When I was a child, I saw the famous Sir Toby Butler, a favourite lawyer of his time,

his powers of oratory being great; but he always drank his bottle before he went to the courts. A client, very solicitous about the success of his cause, requested Sir Toby not to drink his accustomed bottle that morning. Sir Toby promised on his honour he would not. He went to the court, pleaded, and gained a verdict. The client met him, exulting in the success of his advice; when, to his astonishment, Sir Toby assured him that if he had *not* taken his bottle, he should have lost the cause. "But your promise, Sir Toby?"—"I kept it faithfully and honourably, I did not *drink* a drop—I poured my bottle of claret into a wheaten loaf and *ate* it. So I had my bottle, you your verdict, and I am a man of my word."

Sir Toby Butler is buried in St. James's Church-yard, Dublin, not far from the entrance; an iron rail round the tomb, and a stone figure of himself in wig and gown, lying all along on the top of it. Near this tombstone, my father, John O'Keeffe, was buried, in the year 1758.

About the year 1759, Mrs. Abingdon was in great celebrity in Dublin, the leader of fashion, and favourite of the ladies of the highest rank, who consulted her taste and fancy in their dresses, &c. ; and in London, plagued her much on masquerade nights ;—the Abingdon cap I remember all the rage : her manner was most charmingly fascinating, and her speaking voice melodious. She had peculiar tricks in acting ; one was turning her wrist, and seeming to stick a pin in the side of her waist : she was also very adroit in the exercise of her fan ; and, though equally capital in fine ladies and hoydens, was never seen in low or vulgar characters. On her benefit night, the pit was always railed into the boxes. Her acting shone brightest when doing Estifania, with Brown's Copper Captain : their comic excellence was a rich dramatic feast. Her maiden name was Barton—her husband, a neat little gentlemanly figure, belonged to the band. Mrs. Abingdon's prudent custom, when in London, was to adapt her resi-

dence to her means for the time ; when she was in the full swing of money, she had a fine house in Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park, and when not so rich in purse was content with humbler dwellings.

Brown's best parts were Perez the Copper Captain, Don John in the Chances, Benedict, Bayes, Sir John Restless, and Barnaby Brittle. At those times, in Ireland, every comedy and comic opera ended with a country dance, by the characters, which had a charming and most exhilarating effect, both to the dancers and lookers on. A particular tune when he danced, was called "Brown's Rant." In the course of the dance, as he and his partner advanced to the lamps at the front of the stage, he had a peculiar step, which he quaintly tipped off to advantage ; and the audience always expecting this, repaid him with applause. In Dublin, he played by the nights on half profit, and did well ; but turned manager, and broke. In his own character, he was a misanthrope,

and was never seen but on the stage. It was said his real name was Doyle.

Aldridge the dancer composed a national ballet, which he called the "Irish Lilt;" it was made up of original Irish airs. One night, whilst dancing at the Limerick theatre, he met with an accident which most likely shortened his life: springing up, and coming down, the boards gave way, and he went suddenly through the stage, a depth of about ten feet; but such the ardour of his dancing spirit, that he ran up stairs, darted on the stage and gave a few steps, when, overcome with pain, he reeled and fell; yet I heard he afterwards taught dancing in Edinburgh: he also composed in Dublin, a Scotch dance, with Scotch airs: Slingsby, when a boy, was his pupil, and indefatigable in his labours to excel. Aldridge had a ballet, called the "Tambourine Dance," which Carmichael, the prompter, took for his benefit. In a part of the dance, Slingsby made one of the figures a tall man stand upon a

pedestal, and hold up a tambourine as high as he could; Slingsby, dressed in character, dancing on, sprang up and kicked the tambourine out of the man's hand, to the delight of the audience, and the astonishment of his master, Aldridge. Barry, the manager, being a spectator of this wonderful feat, asked Carmichael who he was: the prompter answered, "Why, Sir, it is little Simon Slingsby, the boy that you have seen here every night, and thought very little about." "Engage him; article him for any money," said Barry.

Slingsby afterwards excelled all the dancers even in Paris, where he performed before the Royal Family, and was the first dancer at Drury-lane Theatre. The rapidity of his motions was such, that the human figure was scarcely distinguishable: his forte was agility; that of Gallini, grace and attitude. They were both at Drury-lane in 1777, where I saw them.

I also saw, many years after, in 1781, young Vestris, who owed his celebrity to springing

very high, coming down on one toe, and turning round upon it very slowly, whilst the other leg was stretched out horizontally: he was about twenty years of age, and wore light blue, which became a fashion, and was called Vestris blue. When he returned to Paris, he was sent to prison, for refusing to dance before the King and Queen: His father, the elder Vestris, had taught him, and was ballet master:—on an amateur nobleman remarking to the latter that his son was a better dancer than he, old Vestris replied, “Very true, my lord, but my son had a better master than I had.”

In 1760, the Italian burletta, of which the D’Amici family were the principal performers, was imported to Dublin. Signora D’Amici was most captivating in the song where the ring is held over her head by the Squire. She was one of the most charming actresses, and her father, the best comedian I had ever seen before, or since. His acting in a burletta, where he personated a physician, a beau, and

a terrified blacksmith, the latter in a night scene, with a lantern, was wonderfully fine in the diversity of character: Woodward as a comedian was flat to him. I remember Signora D'Amici, afterwards the prime singer in the serious operas at the Haymarket Opera House.

A wish to encourage native talent induced Lord Mornington to prevail on Kane O'Hara to write "Midas" for Crow-street, in opposition to the Italian burletta at Smock-alley. I was at O'Hara's house in King-street, Stephen's-green, one morning, at a meeting with Lord Mornington, Mr. Brownlow, M. P. a musical amateur and fine player on the harpsichord, when they were settling the music for Midas. A few nights before I left Dublin, in 1781, I supped in company with O'Hara the first night his burletta of "The Two Misers" was acted. He was at that time totally deprived of sight, but a first-rate wit, (as his dramatic burlettas prove,) and was in manners what was formerly called a fine gentleman.

Spranger Barry was to have performed Sileno in Midas, and rehearsed it several times; but not being equal to the musical part, gave it up, and it was played by Robert Corry, a favourite public singer. The first cast was thus: Apollo, Vernon; Midas, Robert Mahon; Dametus, Oliver; Pan, Morris; Daphne, Miss Elliott; Nysa, Miss Polly Young (afterwards married to Barthelemon, the fine violin performer); and Mysis, Miss Macneil (afterwards Mrs. Hawtrey.) Midas is made up of Dublin jokes and bye-sayings, but irresistibly humorous.

Kane O'Hara's other two pieces were "The two Misers," and "The Golden Pippin." The MS. of the latter, bound in red-morocco (now faded), written in 1771, I have in my possession: it is dedicated by the author to the Countess of Mornington, the mother of Marquis Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Henry Wellesley, &c.

The Mr. Brownlow mentioned above, built the first three houses in Merion-square, and

lived in the handsomest, the centre one, himself. He was a distinguished speaker in Parliament: I have often heard him speak.

The first time I saw O'Hara's "Golden Pippin" in London, I was much surprised at a most ridiculous mistake made by the very pretty young lady who played Iris: in her song of "Told by the Porter and the Page," are these words:

" I box'd the fox this morn, said she,
And from th' Hesperian Dragon's tree
Hoik'd it to her majesty."

At the words "box'd the fox," she clenched her delicate white fists, squared her neat elbows, and assumed an attitude for which Iris would have been commanded by Juno to withdraw from the court of Olympus. O'Hara being an Irishman, and the piece written in Dublin, he used "box'd the fox," which is the term there for robbing an orchard.

Could he have superintended the rehearsal of his own piece at Covent-garden, this little lady would not have turned a theatre into a

bear garden, and brought a golden pippin, not for Venus, but Black-eyed Susan.

About this time Signor Passerini was eminent in Dublin as a composer—the Signora, his wife, a first-rate singer. Passerini had Oratorios performed, and *Serenatas*, as he called them, of his own composition. He had two nephews, little brown Italian boys, Tenino and Ceccino, whom he brought up with musical rigour:—his dress was a black velvet coat, tissue waistcoat, and large flowing powdered wig. He had the stage laid out and built up for his *Serenatas*, which generally brought a crowded audience. One night, Dick Sparkes (son to Isaac the famous comedian) contrived to have a large corking-pin hooked to the top of his wig, and fastened by a string to the cloudings over the stage in the carpenter's gallery. The house was full, the curtain rose and Passerini was discovered on an eminence, sitting in high pomp, his bow and violin in hand, ready to strike off as composer and leader of

the full band, when, at a signal of the mischievous contriver of the frolic, who, with his companions, was in the cloudings, up went the wig, leaving Passerini in his bald head. The effect of this on the audience may be easily imagined; but such was the musical encouragement in Dublin, that Passerini, with his benefit, concerts, &c. was enabled to live there in very good style.

I often saw Geminiani, the musical composer, and greatly admired the minuet named after him; he had a concert-room in Dublin, in a court the college end of Dame-street: this was afterwards Chapman's picture auction-room. Geminiani was a little man, sallow complexion, black eye-brows, pleasing face; his dress blue velvet, richly embroidered with gold. I heard Fisher play his own rondo: his execution on the hautboy was surprising.

In 1781, I heard Signora Allegranti, and liked her much, also Signor Pacherotti. He was

that fine pathos, and happy knack of extracting the continued chorus of sighs from the pit and boxes, in which none but a notorious amateur dare presume to join.

In 1764, Woodward got up a pantomime at Crow-street, called "The Fair." Amongst the diversions, was walking on the wire; and thus mentioned in the play-bill: "Balances on the slack-wire by the notorious Mr. Sealy." Sealy had been one of the prime Sadler's Wells performers, and, having a *lofty* spirit, was highly incensed with Woodward for clapping the word *notorious* before his name in the play-bill. Woodward, who thought it a most attractive epithet, and adapted to the idioms of language at a fair, really meant no insult or personality to Sealy: however, a combat was very near being the consequence between the manager and wire-walker. Speaking of making out play-bills, I may notice one of Richard Wilson's in London: happening to be in the printing-office whilst the compositor

was setting the types for the advertisement in a newspaper, he made him put the whole advertisement upside down, and telling me of this stratagem of his, I could not comprehend the purpose : "Why," said he, "a person looking at the paper would say 'What's this? an advertisement reversed!—oh, Wilson's benefit!—And without this hum,'" added Wilson, "perhaps my advertisement might not have been noticed at all, and my benefit a *malafit*"—(a theatrical joke).

An itinerant showman having brought a wonderful monkey over to Dublin, Mossop hired it for a certain number of nights, at a sum equal to any of his best actors, and upon those nights some tragedy was performed, wherein he himself was, of course, the principal. Mossop's name in the play-bills was always in a type nearly two inches long : the rest of the performers' names very small, and that of the monkey the same size as Mossop's ; so that in the large play-bills pasted about the town

nothing could be distinguished but "MOSSOP," "MONKEY." When he saw the bills, he good humouredly laughed at it himself.

In *Zanga*, *Coriolanus*, and the *Duke in Measure for Measure*, Mossop was unrivalled: his port was majestic and commanding; his voice strong and articulate, and audible in a whisper; a fine speaking dark hazel eye: his excellencies were the expression of anger and disdain; in the former terrific. When Shakspeare's plays were acted, he lit the house with wax, which not being customary, was therefore announced in the bills. Mossop's Lady Patronesses were the Countess of Brandon, Miss Caulfield, sister to Lord Charlemont, Lady Rachel Macdonald, sister to Lord Antrim, and Miss Adderley.

At Crow-street, there was a little thin actor of the name of Hamilton. Barry one morning remarking to him, "Hamilton, you might have done your part (*Drawcansir*, in the *Duke of Buckingham's Rehearsal*,) with a little more spirit last night;" he replied, "To be sure I

might, and could ; but with my salary of forty shillings a week, do you think I ought to act with a bit more spirit, or a bit better? Your Woodward there has a matter of a thousand a year for his acting. Give me half a thousand, and see how I'll act ! but for a salary of two pounds a week, Mr. Barry, I cannot afford to give you better acting, and I will not."

The first night of Macklin's "True-born Irishman," in Dublin, a well-known eccentric gentleman, who had just come to a great fortune, sat with a large party in the stage box. When Massink came on as Pat Fitz Mongrel, in the drum scene, (what is called a rout in London is called a drum in Dublin ;) this said gentleman in the boxes cried out, "Why, that's me ! but what sort of rascally coat is that they've dressed me in ?—here, I'll dress you !" He stood up, took off his own rich gold-laced coat, and flung it on the stage. Massink took it up smiling, stepped to the wing, threw off his own, and returned upon the stage in

the gentleman's fine coat, which produced the greatest applause and pleasure among the audience. This piece "The True-born Irishman," was highly complimentary to the Irish national character. Macklin himself played Murrough O'Dogherty; Woodward, Count Mushroom; and the beautiful Mrs. Dancer, Mrs. Dogherty. With its powerful strokes of satire, Macklin was yet indiscreet enough to bring it on the London stage, under the name of "the Irish fine Lady;" but John Bull, pit, box, and gallery, said No!

Barry and Woodward, the first builders and managers, and all that, of Crow-street theatre, soon fell into a kind of jealousy for pre-eminence,—one for his tragedy, and the other for his pantomime. As a set-off against the powers of harlequin's wooden sword, Barry had Nat Lee's "Alexander the Great" got up in fine style, particularly the triumphal entry into Babylon, which in splendour of show exceeded Mossop's ovation in Coriolanus. I have not

been inside the walls of a theatre for upwards of twenty-six years, therefore know not how they manage these affairs now: perhaps in a superior way, but I hardly think it possible. Alexander's high and beautiful chariot was first seen at the farther end of the stage (the theatre stretching from Fowne's-street to Temple-lane). He, seated in it, was drawn to the front, to triumphant music, by the *unarmed* soldiery. When arrived at its station to stop, for him to alight, before he had time even to speak, the machinery was settled on such a simple, yet certain plan, that the chariot in a twinkling disappeared, and every soldier was at the instant armed. It was thus managed:—each man having his particular duty previously assigned him, laid his hand on different parts of the chariot: one took a wheel and held it up on high—this was a shield; the others took the remaining wheels: all in a moment were shields upon their left arms: the axle-tree was taken by another,—it was a spear: the body of the

chariot also took to pieces, and the whole was converted into swords, javelins, lances, standards, &c.; each soldier thus armed, arranged himself at the sides of the stage, and Alexander standing in the centre, began his speech.

I have seen in my day operas, ballets, pantomimes, melodramas, &c. at Covent-garden, Drury-lane, the Haymarket, and the Opera House, but never saw any thing to equal in simplicity and beauty this chariot manœuvre of Alexander the Great.

The first time that a youthful poet sees himself in print, is assuredly an epoch unparalleled. When I was very young, there was a favourite song written by Cunningham, the pastoral poet, called "Winter." I took a fancy to write about "Summer," and sent it with my initials to a Dublin newspaper. The next day calling on an acquaintance of mine, William Stuart, who was articled to an attorney in Bolton-street, Dublin, I knocked at the door: instantly the parlour or office window was flung up, and

my friend thrusting his head out with the most perfect expression of joy and congratulation, exclaimed, "Jack, your song is in the paper!" he then opened the door and showed it to me. I remember only eight lines of it:

"When wanton the cattle bound over the lawn,
 Or luxuriantly roll on the grass,
 Madam's dickey * as white as the plumes of the swan,
 Is hung on the hedge by the lass:
 When the sweet country maiden, as blithe as the morn,
 With pail on her head climbs the stile,
 And the farmer with pleasure surveys his green corn,
 Whilst the promising crop makes him smile," &c.

The song of Winter had a pretty tune, and we used to sing it in our convivial parties; but when my "Summer" appeared, the boys in preference sung that; often asking me—"Jack, didn't you write the answer to Winter?" "To be sure I did," was my consequential reply: I was then surveyed from head to foot with admiration; every youth was proud of my acquaintance;

* A lady's white dimity petticoat.

and many of them, with a hornpipe shuffle of the foot, would turn from me, singing,

“ When wanton the cattle,” &c.

My fondness for song had often led me to the concerts at Marlborough Green, Dublin. Among the many fine singers there, was Rachel Baptiste, a real black woman, a native of Africa: she always appeared in the orchestra in a yellow silk gown, and was heard by the applauding company with great delight, without remarks upon her *sables*. The favourite song at that time was Lord Chesterfield’s “ Fair Kitty, beautiful and young.”

Marlborough Green was a sort of tea-drinking place, with singers, bands of music, &c. and was greatly frequented. It was a large square, kept in capital order as a bowling-green: at the far side was a slope, leading up to a terrace: in the centre of this rose the orchestra, at the back of it a long gravel walk; which, to the right, led to a tea-room. The green was also

encompassed by a gravel walk : at one corner was a billiard-room and a table ; at another, an extensive building and scaffolding for the fireworks. The fire-work philosopher was a Mr. Brett : he had a son brought up in the choir of Christ-church Cathedral, and this little white-headed boy, was, many years after, the original Phillippo in my " Castle of Andalusia," and Dermot in my " Poor Soldier," and other characters which he appeared in at Covent-Garden Theatre.

One of the amusements at Marlborough-Green, was to walk for a wager blindfolded, the diameter course, from the entrance over to the orchestra, which seemed impossible to miss ; but the blind-folded person gave much amusement to the lookers-on, when, in his slow and confident walk, as he thought, towards the orchestra, he found himself, on taking off his bandage, at the very corner of the green. From amusement now to catastrophe.

One evening when I was at Marlborough

Green, a young nobleman was descending the steps which lead to the long room, and a gentleman with a party of ladies was going up, the latter in full dress, the former in boots; his spur happened to touch the other's stocking, who muttered, "D—n your spurs!" and proceeded with his party up to the rooms. He had not sat at the table two minutes, when Lord —— hastily entered, and struck him across the shoulders with his rattan, saying, "Follow me, Sir." Mr. —— started up; they both rushed down the steps, which were on the outside of the room, upon the green, where a number of persons were walking and conversing. Lord —— snatched a small-sword from somebody and drew it. Mr. —— drew his from his side, and in a pass or two, before any one could interfere—for they were as quick as lightning,—Lord —— was run through the body: he died a few hours afterwards. Mr. —— quitted the kingdom. I have often since blessed my countryman Beau Nash, for abolishing swords. Challenges and

pistol-work are bad enough ; but even then the wrathful man may have a chance of a watchful Providence not permitting the sun to go down on his anger. It is to be wished that seconds were a little more alert in peace-making, as the principals themselves may be afraid of any step towards it, lest they incur the imputation of cowardice, for slander has always its blacking-brush ready to dash away. It is with much pleasure I reflect, that in my day I have prevented two or three duels : but more of that hereafter.

In 1760, I often saw Lord Howth, remarkable for driving coaches, in those days a singular employment for a gentleman : but, in my humble opinion, not quite out of character, for any man to be a good charioteer : the master's personal attention to his own horses may have no bad effect on the said noble animals, as to their food and treatment, &c. On any journey, **coming to an inn, I always made it one grand rule always to stand by to see my horse eat his**

oats, even though my own mutton chop stood cooling. But whilst I excuse a gentleman's fondness and care of his horses, I cannot so well be reconciled to any change of dress resembling his own domestics. Lord Howth wore a coachman's wig with a number of little curls, and a three-cocked hat, with great spouts: when on the coach-box, I never saw him without a bit of straw, about two inches long, in his mouth.

CHAPTER III.

August 12, 1762.—VERSES.—George III., Lord Ligonier, and the Marquis of Granby.—Duke of Cumberland, of Culloden.—The Princess Dowager.—Edward, Duke of York.—Prince William and Prince Henry.—The Hermione Spanish Prize.—Deptford.—Greenwich Hospital.—The Venetian and Morocco Ambassadors.—The Duchess of Manchester.—Temple Bar.—Garrick, Powell, Captain Jephson, Smith, Holland, J.J. Rousseau.—Yates.—Mrs. F. Sheridan's "Discovery."—Bampfield the Giant.—Coan the Dwarf.—Public Gardens.—Westminster Cloisters.—VERSES.—Fleetwood.—"As you like it."—The Tabart.—The London-Stone.—The Monument.—St. Paul's.—Piazza, Covent Garden.—The Pine apple.—Family Portraits.—Sir Walter Raleigh.—The Duke de Nivernois.—A Debating Society.—A Spouting Club.—Picture-Auctions.—Exhibitions.—Count Haslang.—Mrs. Bellamy.—Churchill, Wilkes, and Hogarth.

MY first sight of London was from Highgate-hill, on the 12th of August, 1762, the day the Prince of Wales, his present Majesty George IV. was born. Being at that time

about fifteen years of age, I was consigned by my mother to an aunt, a sister of her's, living in London ; and sailed from Dublin to Parkgate, in the Royal Charlotte, the elder Captain Cauzier. Robert Nugent, Lord Clare, afterwards Earl Nugent, was on board ; he, a Privy Councillor, was in a hurry to post on to London time enough for the Queen's delivery. His daughter, afterwards Marchioness of Buckingham, was with him,—a fine sprightly little child about four years of age. Lord Clare had purchased in Ireland two very fine horses, which, with the man who had the care of them, were to follow him at leisure. My Irish friends thought this a good opportunity for me to have the riding of one of these superb horses, with the protection of the servant, the two hundred and twelve miles from Parkgate to London.*

* Lord Clare, the favourite of Frederick, Prince of Wales, was a prime courtier, a good person, hooked nose, and great expression of feature, a wise countenance, and indeed, he was a wise man.

I was happily settled with my aunt and her husband M. Bartlett (a German), at their very handsome house in Cleveland-row. A few weeks after my arrival, I was standing in the court of St. James's Palace that opens opposite to St. James's-street: there was a great crowd. The Queen came to an open window on the left hand, near the passage leading to the Park, with the infant Prince of Wales in her arms, to display him to the admiring people; the babe, frightened at their loud shouts and loyal huzzas, cried, and the Queen delivered him to a lady who stood by. I can acquit myself of any share of voice in terrifying the infant; for at that time, and for the first year or so in London, I was afraid of opening my lips, lest I should be laughed at for my Dublin brogue. This was the first sight I (his poet) had of my illustrious and royal patron.

Twenty-one years after, I wrote the following verses in remembrance of that happy day:

Oh, what a glorious sight was sixty two !

August the month, auspicious month of fame !

On noble steed towards Highgate Hill I came,
 Augusta, gallant city, full in view,
 My ardent hopes were many, for my years were few.

How grand the sight ! yon city all one blaze ;

Loud were the shouts, and all were shouts of joy,

That day to England gave a first-born boy ;

Thoughtless was I, but yet I join'd in praise,
 And wished the Royal Infant many happy days.

Oh joys of youth ! from sight to sight I flew,

Now topp'd the Monument, now mounted Paul's,

No house five minutes kept me in its walls ;

My bunch of flowers held not one sprig of rue,
 The wax-work, Tower, and Abbey tombstones, all are *new*.

Now to St. James's off I take my flight ;

From court below I up at window gazed ;

The crowd were gratified, and I amazed ;

The Queen, in youthful majesty bedight,
 Held in her arms her infant to our sight.

Some time after, I saw coming out at Hyde Park Corner, on his return from a review, the King (George the Third); on each side of whom rode Lord Ligonier and the Marquis of Granby. The King, then in his 24th year, appeared to me a fine handsome young man :

he was dressed in full regimentals, and being the first monarch I had ever the happiness of seeing, I stared at him with more pleasure and curiosity than propriety. A print of his Majesty (a profile) was at that time in great vogue in all the shops; I bought it and copied it, working it up into a highly-finished drawing, which, on my return to Dublin, I took with me, where it was greatly admired.

Lord Ligonier appeared to me a sallow-looking old man; he was dressed in red, with black velvet facings. The Marquis of Granby, on the contrary, had a fine ruddy plump face, and his bald shining pate (for he had his hat in his hand) put me in mind of the song,

“And crown'd his bald head like a Cæsar.”

His dress was red with blue facings.

In the great hall or passage at St. James's Palace, I saw William, Duke of Cumberland, George the Third's uncle, the deciding conqueror at Culloden. I was close to him; he

had leaning with his hands stretched out

upon the shoulders of two gentlemen: I thought him the fattest man I had ever seen. The King's three brothers lived in Leicester Fields. The Princess Dowager of Wales I particularly remember, and likewise Prince Edward, Duke of York; he had large bunches of white eyebrows, and was very handsome in face and person—of an animated cheerful disposition. Many stories were at that time told of his pleasantries, which made him a prime favourite with the people: indeed he was a young Prince of great frolic. He lived in the house up high steps, long afterwards a carpet warehouse—the Princess in a house behind it: he got his death at Monaco in Italy, by overheating himself with dancing, and coming suddenly into the open air. I also often saw Prince William Henry (Duke of Gloucester) and Prince Henry Frederick (Duke of Cumberland), tall pleasant-looking young men—very fair, full faces: they lived together in a small house in the Square turning to the left from Cranbourne Alley.

The sight of so many young *suns* and brilliant stars of royalty in my early days, made a powerful and pleasing impression on my youthful mind ; but affection to their monarch was, is, and ever will be native Irish.

Eager to see the *Hermione* Spanish prize, out of which the vast treasures were taken, and brought in waggons in procession under the windows of St. James's Palace, on the 12th of August, 1762, a party of us some days after took a boat, and sailed to the Tower stairs, where she was lying :—we rowed round her, and then put across to Deptford, went into the King's Yard, saw the several stores, and the vast bones of the whales, which lay about like great logs of timber, and boated on to Greenwich, where we visited the Hospital. Speaking of deceptions in painting, the steps in this Hospital are an instance of the great power of light and shadow, and perspective: there seems to the looker-on three steps up to a door, which

almost draw a person's foot to step upon them, and yet it is a mere flat. The man who showed the ceiling of the great hall to the company, was a good deal puzzled by a frolic we younkens played upon him. As there were two or three different parties present at the same time, we watched, and when he was describing any part to the other visitors, we called him over to us : this put him out, and he had to begin his cicerone display a third and a fourth time. This was the origin of my Tully, in the "London Hermit :"—by the bye, master Tully in the said comedy, speaking of *snuff*, in answer to a question of one of the characters, makes a pun, the merit of which is all his own, not mine.—My words are "Does your master take snuff?" the answer is "yes,—botheration!"—another word is substituted for *botheration* by the actor, which, though a good pun, I never approved of, and could wish altered.

On our return to Greenwich, we dined on white-bait. It was at that time a great fashion

to shoot London Bridge : this, with all my fine swimming, I never ventured. I got out at the Swan stairs, and re-entered the boat on the other side of the bridge after it had passed the arch.

I saw the public entry of the Venetian Ambassador ; and, for taste and elegance, rich dress, state and solemnity, it was a most splendid sight : it consisted of many superb carriages, led horses, and gentlemen, bareheaded, on foot. The Ambassador had resided some time in London, but according to forms of state, his public entrance was made with all its grandeur on this day.

The Morocco Ambassador lived in Panton Square, near Coventry-street. One of his attendants happened to displease him : he had him brought up to the garret, and there sliced his head off. It was made no secret : he and his servants thought it was very proper, but the London people, who knew somewhat of Christianity, were of another opinion. I saw a violent party

gather before the house: they broke into it, demolished the furniture, threw every thing they could lay their hands on out of the window, and threshed and beat the grand Moor and his retinue down the Haymarket, and afterwards attacked them wherever they found them.

I often saw the Duchess of Manchester and her daughter: I forget the young lady's name, but she sat for me, and I took a drawing of her when she was about fourteen. I was a

with the mother, who took pleasure in showing me her own drawings, and had me often to walk with her and Lady——Montague in the Green Park, at that time the fashionable promenade. The Duchess was above the middle stature, benevolent, yet dignified in her manner, and very simple in her dress. She married Hussey, Lord Beaulieu, an Irishman: they lived in Dover-street, on the left hand from Piccadilly. Their upper domestics had state uniforms, scarlet and gold, bags, &c.

I saw the heads of Townley and Fletcher,

two officers in the 1745 Rebellion,—stuck up on high poles, over Temple Bar,—the poles over the foot passages had them on, the centre one was *beheaded*. Indeed, at Cork, on my first going there, I saw a great many human heads stuck against the wall of the jail, somewhat in the Constantinople-Seraglio style.

During my two years' residence in London, I often saw Garrick; the delight his acting gave me was one of the silken cords that drew me towards a theatre. I liked him best in *Lear*. His saying, in the bitterness of his anger, "I will do such things—what they are, I know not," and his sudden recollection of his own want of power, were so pitiable as to touch the heart of every spectator. The simplicity of his saying, "Be these tears wet?—yes, faith," putting his finger to the cheek of *Cordelia*, and then looking at his finger, was exquisite. Indeed he did not get his fame for nothing. I saw him do *Abel Drugger* the same night; and his look of terror, where

he drops the glass globe, drew as much applause from the audience as his Lear had done. Some years after, hearing Lord Mansfield on the bench, his voice and manner brought Garrick forcibly to my recollection.

Garrick finding his estimation in London growing rather cheap, thought it good policy to treat the public with a little of his absence ; and, in that interim, contrived to draw Powel from the Wood-street Spouting club, through Temple Bar, and place him, with high reputation on the Drury-lane stage : while the prudent Roscius, with a party of lords and ladies, paid a visit to the hermit on Mount Etna.

I saw Powel make his first appearance on the stage : it was in " Philaster," at Drury-lane. He had been apprentice to Sir Robert Ladbrooke in the city. He had, I thought, more power over the passions than any actor I ever beheld. King spoke a prologue to introduce him to the audience. Powel in person was tall

and thin ; but his tragic voice was heart-touching : he also played genteel comedy. He died at Bristol, where they conferred upon him great funeral honours.

On one of the King's nights at Drury-lane, the lords being about behind the scenes, in and out of the green-room, &c. as customary, Garrick said to a nobleman near him, who was soon to go over to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant : " My lord, here's a young spark so plagues us behind the scenes, night after night, always troublesome, I wish you would take him with you over to your Ireland, or any where out of our way." The nobleman took the good-natured hint, spoke to the play-loving youth, who was loitering near them, and gave him a handsome appointment in Dublin Castle. This is one of the many instances of Garrick's seizing every opportunity to do a good action. The youth was Captain Jephson, author of " Braganza," the " Law of Lombardy," the " Count de Narbonne," &c.

In 1763 I first saw Smith, the celebrated actor, in "*Richard*," and also in "*Lear*," at Covent-garden Theatre. Smith was a fine, gentlemanly man, and had been educated at Westminster School: he was the original Charles in "*The School for Scandal*;" he came over to Dublin, and played a few nights there, and at Cork, where he was much admired. Having wound up his ball, he retired to the life of a private country gentleman in Suffolk, where he died at a great age. Ross afterwards came to Cork, where I was often in his company; he was a capital actor, of a good family in Scotland, and had a finished education at one of the universities there: he was a large, plump man, and with proper, and indeed, polished manners.

Holland, whom in Garrick's time I often saw act at Drury-lane, and a fine tragedian he was, went to York on a summer engagement, where was also one of the subordinate Drury-lane actors; the play was "*Macbeth*." In the banquet scene this underling, as one of the

murderers, in his reply to Macbeth's remark, "There's blood upon thy face;" instead of the usual half-whisper, vociferated the answer of "'Tis Banquo's then!" in a most furiously loud tragic tone. The scene over, Holland gently hinted to him, that there was no occasion to speak that speech *quite* so loud, *quite* so tremendous; the other replied, "Harkye, Master Holland, *I* have a benefit to make in this town as well as *you*." This observation was unanswerable.

In the same year I saw Jean Jacques Rousseau, in one of the upper boxes at Covent-garden; I was in the pit: he wore his sort of Armenian dress, a dark gown furred, and fur cap, and attracted greatly the attention of the audience.

I saw Yates this year; I liked him best in Bottom the weaver, and Launce, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona:" his manner was of the dry or grave humour, but perfectly natural; his speech slow; he knew he had his audience,

and therefore took them at his leisure. I wished to have had him in some of my early pieces, but he was at that time rich and old, and under no necessity to plague himself with studying new parts.

I saw Mrs. Frances Sheridan's Comedy of "The Discovery," at Drury Lane Theatre, the first night of its representation. Garrick performed Sir Anthony Branville; his great laugh-exciting point was speaking the most impassioned speeches with a calm voice and placid face. Thomas Sheridan played Lord Medway, and was dressed in a full suit of crimson velvet. Garrick's dress was very fantastical: his acting made such an impression on my mind, that I can now figure his first coming on, at the near entrance at the right hand, as you look towards the stage. The Comedy gave great delight, and the success was perfect. Mrs. Sheridan's "Sidney Biddulph," was more read and admired in Ireland, than any novel I ever heard of. Though then a young reader, I liked it

very much : her son, Richard Brinsley, founded Sir Oliver Surface, in his "School for Scandal," on the Character of Warner, in that novel.

I recollect Bampfield, the giant hatter, of Fetter-lane, London : he was much above seven feet high. He walked about the streets, on his affairs, with perfect unconcern ; and thus, every body knowing him, he was but little stared at. I thought this expedient showed him to be a wise man. They had him at Covent-Garden, to do the Dragon, in the burletta of "The Dragon of Wantley." Bampfield had a tremendous loud voice, just suited to the Dragon's dying exclamation of "Oh ! Mr. More ! I wish I had known of your tricks before."

I saw Coan, the Norfolk dwarf, at Chelsea ; he did not show himself for hire, but kept a little tea-house, in what was then called, the Five Fields. He used to walk about on the tea-tables, among the cups and saucers, and so converse with the company, as they were sitting round sipping their tea, his face being on a

level with theirs. He was sometimes dressed as a yeoman of the guard ; at others, as a fine gentleman ; was facetious and witty, his countenance pleasant and animated, and he was neatly formed. A sign of him was up at the house—on one side, he was in his yeoman's dress, on the other as the fine gentleman.

I have walked through many fields to Mary-le-bonne Gardens, to hear Champness and Lowe sing in the burlettas there ;—about half way through the fields, was a piece of water they called the Peerless Pool. At Cromwell House, Brompton, once the seat of Oliver, was also a tea-garden concert, and at Strombolo tea-gardens, near Chelsea, was a fine fountain.

When I was first in London, I was eager to bring all my young companions to see the monument of Arthur O'Keeffe, and his wife, Isabella. Near the foot of the steps, in the cloisters on the right hand, there it is up against the wall ; most of my friends, whose names were not so old as mine, by some centuries, af-

fectured to laugh at my youthful, ancient piece of vanity; and one day, bringing M. Bartlett, among others, to admire it, he quoted to me the well-known retort of—"I do not know any one who is *not* of an ancient family." His taking the fancy to call me Jack Keffe, set me to versifying, and I wrote the following, to the old song of "Do you want a coat, or a vest, young man?"—

You say not mine the letter O,
 Though to my name I add it,
 Where Shannon glides, and shamrocks grow,
 My ancestors all had it

Biography is apt to err,
 Why credit such narration?
 Historic truths if you prefer,
 Accept true information.

As many had, St. Patrick knows,
 Of land, lost snug possessions,
 The Irish wisely dropp'd their O's,
 That mark'd them old Milesians.

To Spain went some, and some to France,

In honours rapid their advance,
Received they were as brothers.

The dormant O, abroad they mount
As sure recommendation ;
It proves them men of some account,
To every foreign nation.

In England some their fortunes seek,
But find it hard to find her,
With tear-fraught eye and sunken cheek
Full far they lag behind her.

Here some are huff'd at great men's doors,
By porters and by pages,
And some are nabb'd for milkmen's scores,
And some write plays for stages.

Some in the Park, from tree to tree,
Parade in thread-bare habits,
And some teach babes their A B C,
And some in streets cry rabbits.

And some for wit are much admired,
Whilst others starve in learning,
And some by trade have wealth acquired,
Some not a sixpence earning.

Like poneys harness'd to a chair,
Fat gentlemen some carry,
And some are favourites of the fair,
And thus rich widows marry.

And some make hay, and some write jokes,
 And some taste wine for princes,
 And some on hustings make a hoax,
 Which English mob convinces.

Yet Bryen, Leary, Kelly, Toole,
 Keeffe, Callaghan, Byrne, Connor ;
 As party feuds began to cool,
 Soon reassum'd this honour.

To ancient names their O's return,
 Their right admits no query,
 O'Keeffe, O'Bryen, and O'Byrne,
 O'Kelly, and O'Leary.

Of my poor O, I'm full as proud
 As Knights of Stars and banners ;
 Pray grant it me, as you're endow'd
 With kindness, sense, and manners.

Shakspeare's statue in the Abbey was erected by the influence of Mr. Fleetwood, the manager of Covent-garden Theatre. His two sons were on the stage : I have seen them act. The person of one was genteel, tall, and slender ; his *forte* was the finished, fine gentlemen. He played in Dublin with Mossop : I saw him do Ferdinand in the *Tempest*, to Mossop's

Prospero. Many years after I was very well acquainted with his brother, also on the stage. I knew him in Dublin, Cork, and Limerick. He was a handsome person, good-natured, full smiling face.

Of all Shakspeare's plays, "As you like it" was ever my favourite; and being founded on Chaucer's tale of "Gamelyn," I vowed to myself, when yet a boy, that if ever I stepped over from Dublin to London, I would see the Tabart Inn, from whence his pilgrims rode to Canterbury. And, in 1762, rambling alone about London, to see all that was to be seen, I stretched over London Bridge to the Borough, and there, on the left-hand side of the street, I saw the identical hostel: over the entrance of the gate was written, "The Tabart. From this inn Chaucer's pilgrims rode to Canterbury." I walked into the yard, which was rather large, and had galleries round it: into these the several chambers opened; and at the time I saw

it, the Tabart was, and perhaps is still, used as an inn.

“As you like it” was from Woodward’s Touchstone, Mrs. Dancer’s Rosalind, and Vernon’s singing, (in the character of Amiens,) a great favourite in Dublin. His voice in “Blow, blow, thou winter’s wind,” and “Under the greenwood tree,” was wonderfully fine. By the way, Mr. Shakspeare has made a trifling error in the latter song :—

“ Under the greenewood tree
Who love to lye with me,
Come hither.

There shall he see *no enemy,*
But winter and rough weather.”

Folio Edit. 1623.

And yet, Oliver says :—

“ *Under an old oake, whose bows were moss’d with age,
And high top bald with drie antiquitie,
A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire,
Lay sleeping on his backe ;—about his necke
A greene and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who, with her head, nimble in threates, approach’d
The opening of his mouth.*”

We must allow a gilded snake is an enemy ; and *was* under the greenwood tree ! I have always thought the song was most probably written by Spenser, when in *Ireland*, and introduced into "As you like it," as a scrap of a ballad, by one of the actors of Shakspeare's company, as some such circumstances occur in other plays of his. It never could have been written to be sung in the forest of Ardenne where there are snakes ; but might in Ireland, where there are no snakes : sleeping or waking, a man can find no such enemy there ; though I allow he may have "winter and rough weather" abundantly.

So perfectly unknown, even by *name*, are all venomous reptiles throughout our blessed Erin, that in one of Woodward's pantomimes at Crow-street Theatre, amongst the tricks, was introduced an enormous serpent, which, in the business of the scene, was to move round the stage. This was effected by grooves, and the machinery gave the carpenters and scene-men a great deal

of labour and vexation, for the serpent often stuck by the way. Three or four of these men practising, but with little success, the best manner of making it glide about, one of them at length vociferated, "I wish the devil would eat this *fish* once out of this house! we have trouble enough with it, and all to get our good master, Mr. Woodward, plenty of hisses; and he will give us plenty of 'boobies,' and 'blundering idiots,' and 'stupid fools!' the devil burn or drown this great fish, I say."

In my ramble alone through London, I thus, without inquiry, found out the London-stone, mentioned in Henry VI: walking through Cannon-street eastward, on my right hand I saw a sign, and on it written "The London-stone Coffee-house." The device of the sign was a church, and at the bottom of it a kind of a small bulk, like a dog-kennel, and in that a large stone: a few paces onward, but on the opposite side of the way, to my astonishment, I saw this very real church, the real bulk at the bottom of

it, and the very London-stone in that bulk. I put my hand upon the stone with all the awe and veneration of an Irish youth that could actually see and touch what was thought worthy to be recorded by Shakspeare.

A few days after, I travelled to the tip top of the Monument: the winding stairs inside the pillar, as far as the gallery, I found well enough; but from that upward, to what is called the flames, most perilous: with hand and foot I climbed up an iron, twisting like a corkscrew, and when I reached the top, sat and looked down from the uppermost edge. The Thames seemed a small stream close under me, the street like dark saw-pits, and the people little things moving at the bottom of them. I was also alone when for the first time I went to see St. Paul's Cathedral: with much ease and convenience I mounted to the first great gallery at the bottom of the cupola, but from thence up to the golden-gallery inside, the ascent struck me with terror from the many openings

through which I looked downward on the interior of the church: however, I enjoyed a sort of triumph when I reached the golden-gallery and looked round. I had a parcel of walnuts in my pocket, and pelted them all off with my utmost strength, waiting the slow descent of each, thinking they would fall far off into some of the adjoining streets: they actually fell within side of the railing of the church, which proved to me the vast bulk of the whole building.

In the whispering-gallery, the man used one of the tools of his trade, and told me I had a hole in my stocking.

In the year 1791, being at Weymouth, I put up at the King's Head hotel, and slept in the very room where Sir Christopher Wren (the builder of this cathedral and the Monument) was born.

When under the piazza of Covent-garden, I recollected with much pleasure my first favourite dramatic author, Farquhar, and the

speech in the, "Constant Couple" where Beau Clincher talks of his going to the jubilee at Rome :—

"Supposing the corner of a street—suppose it Russel-street here," &c. "Well," thought I, "here am I at last, standing at the corner of Russel-street!"

It is remarkable enough that William Lewis, the comedian, lived in the very house in Bow-street that belonged to Wilkes, the original Sir Harry Wildair in the "Constant Couple;" and used the same private passage from it into Covent-garden Theatre. This Wilkes was an Irishman. Lewis also lived in another celebrated house: it was in Great Queen-street, on the right hand going to Lincoln's Inn Fields. In Queen Anne's reign it belonged to Dr. Radcliffe. Sir James Thornhill, the painter, lived in the next house, and I saw the very door the subject of Dr. Radcliffe's severe sarcasm against Thornhill. "I don't care what he does with the door, so he does not paint it."

On my return home from "the corner of Russel-street," I passed through Covent-garden Market; and, as at this time I painted in water-colours pretty well, it was my way to buy the fresh fruit and flowers for that purpose, and carry them home with me. This day I bought a small pine-apple, and when I reached home took it into my own room to paint from it, designing to produce it after dinner at my aunt's table with several other fruits. I made a very good painting of the outside in its first state, but to have another picture I cut it open, as in truth the inside of a pine-apple is a very good subject for the pencil. I looked and painted, and looked again, when, tempted by the inviting appearance, I cut off a slice and ate it, went on with my work, then cut and ate another slice, and another. In short, before my painting was a quarter finished, I had eaten up my pine-apple, which made my uncle M. Bartlett say in his German dialect "Splytz and divil! keep to your paint flower little Jackey, and let

lone de fruit." But as my own paintings of flowers served me for pocket-money to purchase my fruit, his advice was little attended to. I drew a very good likeness of him in crayons, as large as life ; but he thought it not handsome enough, and he turned it to the wall. I drew another of myself, of the same size, my hat with a loose flap all on one side, and he thought it *too* handsome, but my aunt (my mother's sister) liked it much : however, he was a worthy old gentleman, and put up with the caprices of a wild Irish youth with much good humour. He was tall, large, and swarthy, but I fear my crayons *did* make him too black and yellow. His great delight was reading Josephus, and Baker's Chronicle ; and he always regretted Sir Walter Raleigh, when in the Tower, burning the remaining volumes of his History of the World to vex and punish his printer.

In my opinion, Raleigh's memory should be prized by the natives of the green-sod for

his bringing into Ireland the potatoe from Santa Fé.

On the death of his wife (my aunt) M. Bartlett returned to his native country, where, I believe, he died. I never heard of his death; but, if still living, he must, in age, be on a par with old Parr.

I saw the Duke de Nivernois, the French Ambassador, who came over on the unpopular peace being made with France in 1763. He was a very little man, dressed in blue velvet richly embroidered: the small hat he wore came into a fashion, and was called the Nivernois' hat. I recollect witnessing the blessed and heart-delighting ceremony of peace proclaimed at Temple Bar. I was close by the gate when the Heralds in the Strand knocked at the outside.

Among other London sights, I wished to see the manner of a debating society, and went to the Robin Hood, with a party, consisting of my

brother, Matthew Mara and his brother, and a few more—all Irish. There, in great solemnity sat the president, called the “moderator.” As we went merely with the intention to see and hear the nature of such a piece of business, and not to speak, we got into one of the galleries. The speeches were delivered with great precision, and indeed propriety. There was perfect decorum and attention throughout the whole affair, and no drinking or regaling; but all intent upon the oratorship.

About half an hour after, the eldest of our party, Matt. Mara, intimated to us that he would speak a speech. We all knew he had that day preferred a dozen glasses of wine to eleven, and whispered him to keep quiet: our advice had no effect; he gave a loud hem, and, looking down, intimated to the moderator, by a sign, that he was going to be eloquent. The president, looking up, bowed to him in a very solemn manner, and the whole assembly seemed prepared to hear with silence and deference

what he had to say. Our friend Mara stood up very erect, and, extending his right hand with a grand flourish, said, in a loud, distinct, and audible voice, "Waiter!—a glass of your lemon-ale!" He then put his hand to his side, and sat down with pompous composure, and full conviction that all was right and proper. We were much ashamed at this ill-timed and ill-placed breach of decorum and order; and felt uneasy as to what might be the consequences; but the president had the sense and prudence to overlook it, and turn his attention elsewhere, and the debates went on with regularity.

At this time, many of the Templars and students of the Inns of Court, and, very likely, several future members of parliament, had practice here for their elocution.

We also went to the spouting club, in Woodstreet, Cheapside; but Murphy has given a very good picture of that in his farce of "The Apprentice." My friend, William Egan, was with us; and, contrary to our advice and ex-

pectation, got round behind the curtain that went across the room. The Spouters asked him what speech he intended to speak, he answered, "he did not come there to speak any speech." The question then was, "What then brings you into this part of the room?" and, in loud tumult, they hustled him back to us in a ridiculous and piteous plight. (This Spouting club was the school where Powel, the great actor, practised.)

I was fond of going to picture auctions. At one of these, where there was a sale of drawings and sketches, by the great old masters, Italians, Flemish, and others, some being shoved round towards me, the Duke of A—, who sat near me, declared they were originals of Solymene, and very fine. I looked at them: they were done by myself. The person who had employed me to do these sketches, was in the room, among the company, and, on seeing me, appeared as if he wished me at my own Hill of Hawth

There were at this time two exhibitions in London for painting; one in Spring Gardens, the other in the Strand. At the latter, an artist of whim had a picture placed near the floor: it was what is called a deception. Those who looked at it remarked "Why did they put a glazed and framed print here—and so near the floor?—somebody has broken the glass." It was in reality, a painting in oil colours upon canvas: the broken glass appeared double, where, in some places it seemed to have slipped behind, and in other parts was seen the bare print: the effect, when discovered, caused admiration and conversation. There was another painting in the same exhibition capitally done, of a shoulder of mutton, with a little paper stuck upon it, on which was written "To be *roasted* in the Strand."

At the exhibition in the Strand, I greatly admired Mortimer's fine painting of the Death of General Wolfe. The picture was an upright one: Wolfe standing, supported by two persons, his left hand hanging down, and the blood trickling

from his fingers upon his white silk stocking. Benjamin West's famous picture on the same subject is horizontal, and General Wolfe is sitting on the ground.

At the same exhibition I saw Pyne's prize picture—Canute reproving his Flatterers. It was horizontal, and very large, consisting of a number of figures as large as life. Canute standing, with one hand stretched out, as if commanding the sea, while the waves were floating about his robes and the chair of state, which stood behind him: his face was turned a little over his shoulder, towards his courtiers; and the first figure near him was a friar in white, with his head down, abashed by the pious and wise mode of reproof.

The favourite mezzotinto scrapers of that day were Macardell, Houston, and Purcell. Vivares, the fine engraver, had a print shop in Newport-street, the right hand corner near Newport-market; his name over the door.

In 1763 I often saw Count Haslang, the Bavarian Ambassador mentioned in "Mrs. Bellamy's Apology." He walked much in the streets, and dressed in a plain blue coat, buttoned all the way; with a star. He was a large man, fine person, and bore an excellent character: many acts of goodness are recorded of him.

The acting of Mrs. Bellamy gave me great delight: she was very beautiful, blue eyes, and very fair. I often saw her splendid state sedan-chair, with superb silver-lace liveries, waiting for her at the door of Liffey-street Catholic chapel. She had a house in Kildare-street. She was remarkable in Dublin and London for her charity and humanity. Garrick being a little man, and Mrs. Bellamy not very tall, he preferred her, for his heroine, to Mrs. Yates or Mrs. Pritchard. I often saw the two latter ladies act; and Mrs. Pritchard well deserves her Westminster Abbey monument, where it is to be seen next to Shakspeare's.

Churchill's "Rosciad," when it first came out, gave great offence to some of the actors, and the unknown author was to be *bamboo'd* into repentance. He avowed himself, and walked, with great composure, in the Piazza of Covent-garden. He was a large man, of an athletic make, dressed in black, with a large black scratch wig. I have seen him. Hogarth was the great opponent to him and Wilkes, and to it they fiercely went,—lampoon and caricature. I never saw Hogarth, but on a sign, at a print-shop in Cheapside.

I was in a coffee-house in St. Martin's-lane, on the very morning when No. 45 came out. The unconscious newsman came in, and, as a matter of course, laid it on the table before me. About the year 1777, standing talking with my brother at Charing-cross, a slender figure, in scarlet coat, large bag, and fierce three-cocked hat, crossed the way, carefully choosing his steps, the weather being wet :—“Who do you think that is?” asked Daniel: on my saying I

did not know, he replied "That is Johnny Wilkes."

In Hogarth's etchings Churchill was represented as a great bear; himself as a pug dog; and Wilkes, a whole length figure, sitting in a chair, with a pole, and a cap of liberty on it. One day, many years after, dining at Mr. Colman's, Soho-square, where there was a good deal of company, the conversation turned on Hogarth. Colman said he had a fine original of his in the next parlour; I rose, and went to have a close look at it; it was a Hazard table, the figures likenesses: amongst them Lord Chesterfield and William Duke of Cumberland, uncle to George the Third; the former a front face: the Duke sat with his back to the spectator, the contour of the cheek visible; a large cocked hat, bound with *point d'Espagne*, and bag. On my return to the drawing-room, Mr. Colman asked me which of the figures I liked best; I told him that of the groom porter, the others showing the various passions of the

gamester, but his being a placid face (void of all expression.) “There,” said Mr. Colman to the rest of the company, “I have won my wager: I knew O’Keeffe would hit upon the groom porter’s face as the best thought of the painter.”

CHAPTER IV.

Return to Dublin.—First comedy brought out by Mossop.—Captain Edward Barlow.—A friend's house near Dublin.—Pictures.—BALLADS.—Macklin and Miss Catley.—Mr. Hill Forster.—Richard Sheridan.—Portraits—Dublin nursing.—Fencing.—Travair the Cobler.—Tenducci.—“Artaxerxes.”—“Love and War.”—Charles Claggitt.—Glover.—R. B. Sheridan.—Dr. Berkenhaut.—Barry.—The India Ship.—Drogheda.—John O'Brien.—Barthelemon.—Billy Fitzgerald.—Thomas King.—“The Clandestine Marriage.”—The fine gentleman.—Mossop.—Cristy the Treasurer.—Mossop and Seaton.—Mossop and Selim.—Knipe.—“Wood and Water.”—“High Life below Stairs.”—“Bon Ton.”—Fashions in early times.

IN 1764 I returned to Dublin, my beloved native city; and shortly after, at the age of eighteen, began, with best foot foremost, my dramatic career. Mossop, the great tragedian,

and manager of Smock-alley Theatre, brought out my second attempt at the drama, "The She Gallant." My previous two years' abode in London had given me so much insight into its ways and characters, that I was enabled to lay my scene there, and ventured to begin my play with two young gentlemen and their Irish servant walking in the Mall in St. James's Park, &c.

I was introduced to Mossop by my old friend and companion, Captain Edward Barlow, who had been an admiring acquaintance of his. About this time I was a good deal at a house near Dublin, the residence of a gentleman who had been an officer in the Austrian service.

My first attempt in dramatic writing was a comedy in five acts, which I called "The Generous Lovers;" and this comedy, written at the age of sixteen, my kind host, and his amiable lady, had the politeness and patience to

hear me read to them in a fine room which opened into the gardens. They praised it very much : however, at this present period of life I must place the loan of their attention rather to a desire of pleasing me than to any real amusement they could possibly derive from my very juvenile and unpractised muse.

My grand wish was to have my comedy performed in London, and I sent over a copy in my own hand to my brother, then residing there. He, beginning at the wrong end, instead of offering it to a manager, went to the tiptop booksellers, and asked them to buy it, and print it, and lay down a great sum of money for it. Of course, they gave the negative, and my "Generous Lovers" was never either printed or acted. I had this very MS. in my possession within these twenty years ; but it is lost.

And now back to my sojourn. The fine front of the mansion was very large ; before it a spa-

cious lawn and canal, on which was a boat : a wide-spreading iron-railing and gate opened to the common and green hills. Wishing to take a drawing of the house, I fixed my chair and table on the lawn in the front, and did so. Behind and round this residence were gardens kept in the first style of magnificence, with a fine green slope and terrace. An old merchant, my friend's father-in-law, a kind of oddity, watched attentively and with pleasure the progress of my drawing, and then remarked, that the real boat on the canal looked rather rusty, and asked me to get some paint and a great brush, and paint it for him, as he was fond of boating. This request huffed me, and I told him I was an artist, and if I had a boat of my own, and wanted to see it in a new coat, I would employ a boat painter to do it for me.

One of the inmates in this house was the elder brother of this highly-respectable family. He had travelled, and when at Florence was taken ill: from some wrong medicine his mind

became quite deranged: when known there, every attention was shown him, and under proper care he was sent home to Ireland. At this time he resided here in what was indeed his own house. He was no kind of trouble to any body, but walked about, and amused himself according to his own fancies: reason seemed entirely gone. The following circumstance, however, proved that the "bright lamp" was not totally extinguished:—In the hall were many capital paintings by some of the great Flemish masters, the subject fruit, and one a portrait of my friend's father. Some of the fruit-paintings being a little decayed and chipped, I took upon me to repair in water-colours, which I afterwards varnished, and made the whole picture look like one entire oil-painting. This thought and work of mine was much commended by the owners; and their praises encouraged me to take a repairing touch at the family picture just mentioned. The insane brother used to walk about in silence, and often

stop to watch me with complacency when I was going on with my *fruit*-picture touching up; but when I got upon a high table to take down the portrait of his father, though he seldom spoke, he suddenly exclaimed "What are you going to do with that?" He put his clenched hands to his cheeks, squeezed them hard, turned up his eyes with fury on me, and stamped like an angry bull, crying out "Fly! mount! ascend! aloft! on high!" Terrified, I jumped off the table, sprang past him, and ran out of the hall with precipitation, and my friends all agreed that I had been in some peril. However, though the poor maniac soon forgot his wrath, I made no more attempts at touching *that* picture. The above was his usual exclamation and action, when very angry, which seldom happened.

The younger brother, my friend, was often ill, and wished me to read to him: his favourite book was Bishop Berkley's "Alciphron." One day I fainted, and he ran down stairs and

fetches me, instead of Berkley's tar-water a bumper of Madeira, and Anacreon being the substitute for "The Minute Philosopher," I soon recovered. William Lewis, many years after, on his return from Dublin, told me that he had been in company with my friend; who eagerly inquired after me with expressions of the greatest kindness and good-will.

The same year I went to see Temple Oge, the seat of Sir Compton Domville. Well might they call it *Oge*, for it *was* a *pretty* place—the gardens were delicious: in them were artificial cascades in the Marly taste, with successive falls; and statues, and urns at each fall. I also went to see another very beautiful place, belonging to Mr. Deane, of Terrynure. These charming villas were about two miles from Dublin—the suburb near them very pretty, being up Dolphin's Barn-lane. In my early times, all the great outlets from Dublin had, inside the hedges, parallel footpaths with the road; and the stiles, where the hedges divided the fields, were mo-

dels for stiles all over the civilized world : they were formed thus :—three steps, a small flat, and then a perpendicular narrow stone, about a foot high, which you stepped over on the other flat, and then three more steps on the other side, so that the milk-maid might poise her pail upon her head, and cross over the stile without fear of spilling her milk ; and the old weary Boccaugh, (beggeman,) and the poor women bringing fruits and vegetables to market, might sit down and rest themselves. All through Ireland, whenever they see a good-looking cow, they say, “ A fine cow, God bless it ! ”—except to the human, this is the only animal to which they say “ God bless it.” In my time there was not one waggon all over Ireland, and no cart above four foot long ; the only carriage for goods, &c. was the little car and the one horse : there were no gypsies—no poor rates—no pawnbrokers ; the word village was not known ; but every group of cabins had a piper and a schoolmaster ; and before every cabin door, in fine

weather, there was the Norah, or Kathlene, at her spinning-wheel: (no women ever worked out of doors, or in the fields). The yearly payment for the figure on the coach, the and the sedan, in Dublin, was applied to the purchase of spinning-wheels; which, on a certain day, were set out in a large square, before the Foundling Hospital, at the top of St. James's-street, and distributed gratis to the females who came to ask for them. This was one cheering look-forward towards the staple manufacture of Ireland—its linen. The great pride of a countryman on a Sunday, was to have three or four waistcoats on him; and of a countrywoman, a large square silk handkerchief of Irish manufacture pinned on the top of her head, and the corners hanging down on her shoulders. The countryman's boots were pieces of an old felt hat, tied about his ankles. The milkmaid always sung her melodious Irish tunes while milking: if she stopped, the cow's mode was to kick the pail about. The different families dug the

potatoe, and cut the turf, and brought them home mutually for each other; lending in turn, themselves, their horse, and their car, so that the want of money was not felt: the great object was the halfpenny on a Sunday evening for the piper, who was the orchestra for their jig. The peasant himself built his mud tenement, and then clapped its *straw hat* upon it, and this was the only slate, tile, and thatch. Cricket was not known: the game was foot-ball, and hurling; the latter striking the ball with a wooden bat, the ball as large as a man's head, but so soft it could not hurt, being leather stuffed with straw.

“My Lord's,” or “the Squire's,” was called the big House, and had its privileged fool or satirist, its piper, and its running footman: the latter I have often seen skimming or flying across the road; one of them I particularly remember, his dress a white jacket, blue silk sash round his waist, light black velvet cap, with a silver tassel on the crown, round his neck a frill with a rib-

bon, and in his hand a staff about seven feet high, with a silver top. He looked so agile, and seemed all air like a Mercury : he never minded roads, but took the short cut, and, by the help of his pole, absolutely seemed to fly over hedge, ditch, and small river. His use was to carry a message, letter, or despatch ; or, on a journey, to run before and prepare the inn, or baiting-place, for his family or master, who came the regular road in coach and two, or coach and four, or coach and six : his qualifications were fidelity, strength, and agility.

It was the general rule of every man, in the character of a gentleman, never to gallop, or even trot hard, upon a road, except emergency required haste.

It is worth remarking, that in Dublin, neither in conversation nor writing, the word Saint is ever used to either street, lane, or church, as in London. We there say Paul's Church, Mary's Church, Thomas-street, James-street, &c. In the Dublin coffee-houses nothing was to be had

but tea, coffee, chocolate, and capillaire; no such thing as dinners, chops, steaks, or soups. Many of the Dublin people had country-boxes up in the mountains of Wicklow: to these they went and came in parties, on a low car, with a bed or mattress on it, and brought out with them their provisions and wines for the day. What makes the great houses and public edifices in Dublin so splendid in their appearance, is their being faced with mountain granite, which is white and sparkling, and dug from the Wicklow mountains, and brought to the city for use, at very trifling expense. The stone is cut into its form where first dug up; which saves the trouble, &c. of extraneous carriage.

When I was about seventeen years old, I took a drawing of Miss Catley, the celebrated singer: Macklin, who had previously sat for me in his gown and cap, when at his lodgings in Drumcondra-lane, Dublin, gave me an open letter of introduction, the purport of which was, that as I had succeeded so capitally in the likeness of

an ugly old fellow like himself, he wished to give my genius an opportunity of a display in a portrait of youth and beauty. She wore her hair plain over her forehead, in an even line almost to her eyebrows. This set the fashion in Dublin; and the word was with all the ladies to have their hair *Catley-fied*. Miss Catley and her mother lived in Drumcondra-lane. Mr. Hill Foster, of Marlborough-street, a man of prime rank and consequence, also sat for me, and I took a likeness of him; the sight of which induced Mr. Richard Sheridan, (brother to Thomas Sheridan, senior,) and his lady, Mrs. Richard Sheridan to sit for me: the portraits I took of both were much liked. Richard Sheridan was a snug, cosey, friendly little man; he had a place in the Custom-House, and lived respectably in a house of his own in Moor-street. I gave some friendly lessons in drawing to his little son, whom I taught by *rule*; as I had myself learned from Mr. West, of the Dublin Royal Academy.

Genius may step over wall, and scale window, but **RULE**, established by success, is the surest and safest portal: by rule the servant sets the palate for the painter to make the yard of canvas sell for three thousand guineas: by rule must be arranged the blessed wonders of the type for the compositor,—the order of the alphabet that now makes the savage man a Christian: by rule the builder's labourer lays the bricks in his hod: and by rule the road-carrier must stow the luggage in his waggon.

France once tried the slap-dash, short-cut, of doing without rule or order, and what was the result?

Young Sheridan, mentioned above, was called to the bar: his attainments were very highly spoken of; but he died early.

Whilst upon my visit near Dublin, ever studying the amusement of my friends, and my own pastime, I wrote the two following ballads; the first on a famous story believed by many in

Dublin, the second on a legend in high reputation all over the County Meath.

THE WHITE LADY.

A BALLAD.

(Never before in Print.)

SAINT Mary's church is very old—

Between four streets the church-yard lies ;
 What there fell out I will unfold,
 Which filled all Dublin with surprise.

From Abbey-street, nor Mary-street,

You cannot see this doleful place ;
 By day the passing folks you meet,
 By night you meet no living face.

For whilst the sun gives cheering light,

The walk is free for all who will ;
 But when come on the shades of night,
 The gates are lock'd, and all is still.

In Stafford-street are houses fine,

In Jarvis-street they're gay and grand ;
 Yet whether morn or sunbeams shine,

In Jarvis-street lived Janette Bright,
A scornful maid as you shall hear ;
She was her father's sole delight,—
He had five thousand pounds a year.

But had he heaped up India's store,
To this loved child he 'd give it all.
For charms, no Dublin lass had more—
Janette was comely, straight and tall.

Her cheeks were bloom of summer rose,
Her eyes were blue, with silken hair,
Her fine-turn'd neck, with new-fallen snows,
For virgin-whiteness might compare.

But Janette knew that she had gold,
And well she knew that she had charms ;
To conscious beauty Love grows cold,
And pride, poor Cupid soon disarms.

She viewed the men with haughty air,
She heard their vows with cold disdain ;—
They swore the maid was wondrous fair :
They went—but ne'er returned again.

And not on amorous swains alone
Did she her scornful looks bestow ;
Her arrogance of soul was shown
To young and old, to high and low.

Yet well she loved her whims to please
With jewels, trinkets, of the best ;

She loved herself, she loved her ease,
And she was always richly dress'd.

The poor man's face she would not see,
To tales of woe she shut her ear :
And not one generous act did she ;
Janette was niggardly and near.

The beautiful, the young, the gay,
When called upon must pay their debt
To nature due—ah ! well a day !
In youthful bloom died proud Janette.

The tidings sad her father hears ;
In silent grief he heaves a sigh ;
His cheeks are bath'd in floods of tears,
But every other cheek is dry.

Deep sables hang the pictured wall
With pomp all funeral honours paid ;
Six noble virgins bear her pall,
And in the tomb Janette is laid.

But in that tomb is she at rest ?
And there do all her troubles cease ?
Janette art thou among the blessed,
And thy proud spirit now at peace ?

The answer chills the soul with fear,
A dreadful story to relate ;
She makes the midnight hour more drear,
And warning brings to shun her fate.

At dead of night, Janette is seen
Inside St. Mary's church-yard wall ;
In garment white, and ribbons green,
All dress'd as for some splendid ball.

Behind her stalks a tall black man,
Her ghostly footman, as it seems ;
He looks so grim, she looks so wan,
Both glide—the frightened owlet screams.

From tomb to tomb, from grave to grave,
So light along they nimbly bound ;
She wrings her hands, her tresses wave,
And thus they skip the church-yard round.

When moonlight tips the baleful yew,
All trembling dread the coming night ;
And from their windows few dare view
This most tremendous awful sight.

She gave no joy when she was here,
She left no grief when she was gone,
But comes to strike our souls with fear,
From under yon cold marble stone.

In beauty's ranks she foremost stood,
And fortune's favourite child beside ;
But she was poor in acts of good,
Yet rich in vanity and pride.

THE BLUE FLAME.

A BALLAD,

*To the old tune of " Bachelors in every station.**(Never before in Print.)*

Man at best is prone to falling—
 Why for heaven's vengeance calling,
 Which must come or soon or late?
 Mark the fact I now narrate.
 John was rough, and rude and lusty,
 Yet he was a servant trusty ;
 For his swearing, hear anon
 What befel this coachman John.

Tho' so low his occupation,
 Listen men of every station,
 Who provoke the wrath of God
 Are all subject to his rod :
 For his troubles and vexations,
 John had various imprecations ;
 But to write his favourite oath,
 Or his curse, my pen is loth.

" That hell-fire might quick consume him,"
 Was the wish that thus could doom him ;
 Ever ready in his mouth,
 Was this most appalling oath.

John's old shoes they wanted mending,
And to cobble condescending :

It was at the country seat,
Where no cobbler you could meet.

At the bottom of the garden
(For such trifles give us pardon)
Was the coach-house where he went,
There to mend his shoes he meant ;
Being night he took a candle,
And his awl and end did handle,
Like a cobbler bold and free,
And he whistled merrily.

Near him stood the flaming taper,
Round it play'd a bluish vapour,
He had set it on a stool,
Where lay every cobbling tool.
Now to wax his thread he hasten'd,
'Twixt his knees the shoe he fastened,
Thro' the rand, and thro' the sole,
With his awl he bored a hole.

In the hole he puts two bristles,
Draws them thro', and then he whistles ;
Twists the cord round either hand,
Which to draw he must expand.
Whilst his arms were wide extended,
(Sirs, 'tis so all shoes are mended,)
Right hand passing o'er the flame,
As by accident it came,

John stretched wide his arms asunder,
Once and twice,—blasphemers wonder!
For the third, the fatal time,
Came heaven's vengeance on his crime.
O'er the wick his hand suspended,
To his wrist the flame ascended:
Fain he'd have drawn back his arm—
There 'twas fixed, as by a charm.

Great surprise at first assail'd him;
He'd cry out,—his voice soon fail'd him;
Tho' he groan'd, and writh'd with pain,
On his seat he must remain.
Still to burn the flame continues,
Thro' the skin, and flesh, and sinews;
Thro' the bone, and marrow too,
Till a hole it burn'd quite thro'.

Steady, upward, fierce and slowly,
Burnt this awful flame unholy;
Out at top it did appear,
Like a sad and lambent spear;
Still immovable he's sitting,
And his torments unremitting;
He may sigh, and he may groan,
Not a being hears his moan.

Off his other senses stealing,
Exquisite his sense of feeling;
Grievous punishment is sure:
Torture still he must endure,

For this flame his wrist a funnel,
 Like a glass-house-chimney tunnel,
 There to see it blaze and burn,
 Must make all beholders mourn.

People passing by, and hearing
 Dismal moans, they rightly fearing
 All within might not be sound,
 There the wretched man they found ;
 All in fear cried out he's dying,
 Each to catch the candle trying ;
 One by one in turn they strove,
 None the candle could remove.

To the seat then ran a baby,
 Lovely as a cherub may be,
 And the candle, took from thence.
 See the power of innocence !
 John to bed is straightway taken,
 Tho' chastised, he's not forsaken.
 Swearing henceforth he abhorr'd,
 Blessed, and thank'd, and prais'd the Lord.

In this world he was tormented ;
 In great sorrow he repented ;
 Yet the man, as I've heard say,
 Died upon that twelve-month-day :
 This example be a mirror,
 Swearers view yourselves with terror.
 Tho' the Lord his soul may save,
 No green grass grows on his grave.

Ten feet deep lies this blasphemer ;
But the candle, his reclamer,
Kept is in a silver shrine,
Instance of the wrath divine.

Before I dismiss my drawing and poetizing adventures, to enter on my dramatic career, to which those pursuits led me, I recall to my mind with pleasure, that I did many portraits of my friends ; amongst others, two whole-lengths of William Lewis, in the characters of Belcour and Captain Brazen,—the first in coloured wash, the latter in bistre, both highly finished. I also did four views of Belfast for Lord Donegal, who was then at that place ; and set my pencil going for *his* pride and pleasure, and *my* emolument (I say pride, for he was owner of the town and territory round about it) ; and two views of Kilkenny, to employ and amuse myself.

The portrait of Lewis, in Belcour, was in a green tabinet coat with silver brandenburgs and tassels. He was seated ; and nearly behind him was a table with a toilet-glass, in the reflection

of which I showed the dressing of the back of the hair, &c. In Captain Brazen, I had Lewis standing, a snuff box in his hand, small military cocked-hat, and regimentals. About the same time, I did a drawing of his wife, Mrs. Lewis, only the head and shoulders; a muslin cloak, a chip hat turned up before, with large bunches of crimson ribbon on the crown, the fashion of the day. This drawing was in the natural colours, and finished to the height. Mrs. Lewis was very fair and handsome. Her eldest son, Lieut-Colonel Lewis, who died in India, greatly resembled her: he was nursed in the mountains of Wicklow, and when an infant his father and I took many a walk to see him: this healthful mode of nursing is a custom peculiar, I believe, to Dublin. London unfortunately has neither mountains nor sea in its immediate vicinity; indeed, when residing at Teddington, in Middlesex, I used to call the last house of the street in that village the corner of Piccadilly, though twelve miles from town.

I myself was nursed on the commons of Crumlin, near the Green Hills, by Winny Evers, for whom and myself my parents bought a cow. The fondness of Irish nurses for their *foster*-children is well known, and I have seen and heard of many remarkable instances of it. My affectionate Winny Evers used often to come and see me at Father Austin's, and bring me cakes and fruit, and marbles and tops, bought out of her own little means. In a straw-thatched cabin, at Rathfarnham, near Dublin, close to Lord Ely's Gate, I had my little daughter nursed by Fanny Burke, who, with her husband Patrick, is still living. In 1786 the latter came purposely from Dublin to London, to see his foster child, at that time at school in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

One of our favourite summer walks about 1765, was to Rings-end, to eat cockles, at a very good tavern, the sign of the Highlander, and to play billiards at a Mrs. Sherlock's, the price twopence a game to the table. The owner of

the billiard table always remained in the room, as she was herself the marker, and giver of judgment when appealed to. She was sister to the Sherlock, who many years before had been victor in every broad-sword contest of consequence, at a time when the skilful management of that weapon was considered of importance in London. A highly distinguished military commander, and patron of the art, or, as it was then called, the science of defence, not much liking the idea of Sherlock being winner of all the stage-fought laurels, imported into London from the Continent a grand broad-sword player, of the name of Figg, and the word now was "a Figg for the Liffey boy." Emulation arose to animosity, and on the day of trial the place of action was thronged by both civil and military. Expectation and bets ran high, but mostly in favour of the foreign champion.

The two combatants on the stage, their swords drawn: Sherlock shook hands with his opponent, and said, "Mynheer Figg—guard it as

well as you can, I'll cut off the third button of your coat." To it they went, the foreigner parried, yet Sherlock, with the admirable sleight of his art, had the third button on the point of his sword. "Now," said he, "I have been told, and I believe it, that, under this show of a mere contest for superior skill at our weapon, you intend to *put a finish to me at once*. I have proved to you that I could take your third button, and now, if I choose, I'll take your *upper* button; so guard your head." While his antagonist was endeavouring to guard his head, Sherlock's sword took a little slice off the calf of his leg, and thus, by the terms of the encounter, Sherlock having drawn the first blood, was declared conqueror. Thousands of guineas were sported upon this broad-sword match.

About the time that these affairs were going on in London, my companions and myself were active in learning to fence. The fencing-master of first note in Dublin, was Cornelius Kelly, a tall old gentlemanly man, highly respected:

next to him was Dwyer. I and other youths learned of a Frenchman of the name of Gittarre, with whom we met to practice at one of the corporation halls. As I took peculiar delight in the art, I fenced well. The sword by the side, in those times, when in the street, was as much an appendage as the hat on the head: this was a very good fashion for the haberdasher's and milliner's shops, as the fashion of the sword-knot was as quick in succession as that of the shoe-buckle. Many of our sword-hilts were of the finest cut-polished steel, and very expensive. Another of the customs of that period was, an officer in the army never appearing but in regimentals. I was one day walking in Chequer Lane, Dublin, with Captain Munro, a little fellow. We had to pass the bulk of Travair, the remarkable witty cobbler: he was lame, and went on crutches. My friend had left me whilst I stopped to speak to a third person, and turned the corner of William-street. Following him shortly after, I asked

the cobbler did he see an officer go that way? "An officer!" said he, "I saw a sword go that way, and something red tied to it." Travair was of French extraction: crowds used to gather to listen to his wit, which was at times truly brilliant. He was frequently offered pecuniary aid, but would accept of none; he lived by his trade of mending shoes.

About the year 1766, I saw Tenducci in Dublin, in Arbaces in "Artaxerxes," which I had seen in London on its first coming out in 1762. His singing "Water Parted" was the great attraction, as were the airs he sung as the first spirit in Comus: at his benefits there, he had thirty, forty, and fifty guineas for a single ticket. The frolicsome Dublin boys used to sing about the streets to the old tune of "Over the Hills and far away"—

"Tenducci was a Piper's son,
 And he was in love when he was young,
 And all the tunes that he could play
 Was 'Water parted from the *Say*.' "

In 1784 I knew Tenducci in London, when he set to music Captain Jephson's "Campaign." By Mr. Harris's wish, I altered this opera into an afterpiece, and called it "Love and War." Captain Jephson was in the Irish Parliament, and highly distinguished for talents, political as well as dramatic. To do as we would be done by, as I never wish any other pen to alter or touch my works, I should have kept mine quiet on the above occasion, and four of the same nature. Consenting to Mr. Harris's desire, I altered O'Hara's "Golden Pippin" to "Olympus in an Uproar." At Lewis's request, I changed Mrs. Centlivre's "Gamester," and called it the "Faro Bank," which was performed for his benefit; and at the wish of Mr. Colman, senior, made some alterations, and introduced two or three songs into "Gretna Green:" Mr. Colman wrote the prologue to it, for Wilson, who, in a humorous manner, went down on one knee, to the ladies in the stage boxes: which had a comic and pleasant effect.

The performers were much pleased with their parts, and it perfectly succeeded : the title was attractive. The author, little Charley Stuart, was a very intimate acquaintance of my brother, and most particularly friendly to me ; and indeed of much use from his influence in the newspapers ; his brothers Peter and Daniel being proprietors and editors of the Oracle and the Daily Advertiser. The profits of the sixth night of "Gretna Green" were 60*l.*, which sum was equally divided between the author, Dr. Arnold, who did the music, and myself. My twenty pounds, I sent to Threadneedle street, to add to my *consol—ations*. Altering "The Campaign" was to me a dear business. Mr. Harris offered me a certain sum, which I refused, and would have a night : the consequence was, the deficiency of charges to "The Campaign" was stopped at the Treasury, out of my own profits of "The Farmer."

Charles Claggitt was a very good musician,

and inventor of the additional harpsichord keys to the guitar: he was the leader on the violin of all the great concerts and theatre bands, and was excellent in accompanying the voice, which he never drowned by his own scrappery; by this the singer was heard in words and melody, and the fortes and pianos were more distinct. He composed many beautiful airs; one of them "I've rifled Flora's painted bowers." I wished to have written words to some of them, but Mr. Harris, I do not know why, objected, and a manager being a great fiddle, I, as an author was obliged to mind the stops. Charles Claggitt was leader of the band at Smock-alley when my "She Gallant" came out, and accompanied the songs in that piece.

In my youth I often saw Glover on the stage: he was a surgeon, and a good writer in the London periodical papers; when he was in Cork, a man was hanged for sheep-stealing, whom Glover smuggled into a field, and by surgical skill, restored to life, though the cul-

prit had hung the full time prescribed by law. A few nights after, Glover being on the stage acting Polonius, the revived sheep-stealer, full of whiskey, broke into the pit, and in a loud voice called out to Glover, "Mr. Glover, you know you are my second father; you brought me to life, and sure you have to support me now, for I have no money of my own: you have been the means of bringing me back into the world, Sir; so, by the piper of Blessington, you are bound to maintain me." Ophelia never could suppose she had such a brother as this. The sheriff was in the house at the time, but appeared not to hear this appeal; and, on the fellow persisting in his outcries, he, through a principle of clemency, slipped out of the theatre. The crowd at length forced the man away, telling him that if the sheriff found him alive, it was his duty to hang him over again.

In 1778 Glover supped with me and others at the Mitre Tavern, Fleet-street, a great rendezvous for literary people. The same year

I had entered into an engagement with R. B. Sheridan, manager of Drury-lane Theatre, which he afterwards wished to be released from. He offered me 50%. but I declined accepting it.

I once spoke with Dr. Berkenhaut, the great chymist and philosopher. He brought out a piece on the Dublin stage, something in the style of Foote's "Devil on Two Sticks;" but it was acted in such a slovenly manner, that the mortified author snatched the copy out of the prompter's hand before the piece was half over, and ran out of the house: the curtain immediately went down, and the audience knew nothing of the matter, and cared little about it.

The first character I saw Barry in was Jaffier; Mossop, the Pierre, and Mrs. Dancer the Belvidera. According to the usual compliment of assisting a dead tragic hero to get upon his legs, after the dropping of the curtain, two very civil persons walked on the stage one night, to where Barry (who had performed Romeo) lay

dead, and stooping over him with great politeness and attention, helped him to rise. All three thus standing together, Barry in the centre, one of them whispered, "I have an action, Sir, against you," and touched him on the shoulder. "Indeed!" said Barry, "this is rather a piece of treachery: at whose suit?" The men told him the name of the plaintiff, and Barry had no alternative but to walk off the stage, and out of the theatre in their custody. At that moment, the scene-men and carpenters, who had observed, and now understood how it was with their master, poor Barry, after a little busy whispering conversation, went off, and almost immediately returned, dragging on with them a piece of machinery, followed by a particular bold and ferocious carpenter, who grasped a hatchet. Barry surprised, asked them what they were about? Said one, "Sir, we are only preparing the altar of Merope; because we are going to have a sacrifice." And "Atta-Kulla-Kulla," the "little carpenter," wielded his hat-

chet, and looked at the two bailiffs. Barry alarmed, said " Be quiet, you foolish fellows ! " but, perceiving they were serious, he was apprehensive of a real tragedy, and beckoning the two catchpoles, made signs that he would go along with them ; and they, now fearing their persons were actually in danger, followed, or rather went before him, leaving Barry between themselves and the intended *sacrificators* : he led them through the lobbies and passages in safety, to the outward door of the theatre, where they quitted him, on receiving his word of honour, that the debt should be settled the next morning : they wished him good night, thankful for his protection, and rejoicing in their escape.

Years after, some such enthusiastic spirit possessed the stage carpenters at Cork. I had, with my own hand, painted a large ship of canvass and timber. To do which notable exploit, I hired a boat, and rowed out into the great basin at Cove, where the India ship was moored ;

and not far from the stern, I took a correct drawing of her; from which drawing I painted the scene for my little piece, "The India Ship." Thus I stretched above Shakspeare: my own hand doing the scene for my own drama, though *I* had only the theatre of Cork, and *he* had the whole *Globe* for his play-house.

Many years after I had quitted Ireland, this handiwork of mine, the painted ship, hung as a relique up among the cloudings over the stage, and nobody dared cut it down or touch it while a carpenter's hatchet could be found. Saying this, I do not myself *fling the hatchet*, as Daly told me the circumstance the last time he was in London.

Barry had a son, Thomas, a fine, accomplished, well-educated young man. His father brought him on the stage in *Romeo*: I saw him the first night; he had great success, but early fell into a consumption, and died in a little lodging on the Glassnevin Road. This young Barry left a widow, who went upon the boards.

To her and her husband, Dawson had been very kind and attentive: having taken her with him to act at Drogheda, I was given to understand that my joining them for a night might be of great service to her benefit; and I did so. The young widow had a very full and productive house.

At Drogheda I greatly admired the perpendicular mount, on which were fine walks, shrubberies, &c.; the whole called Ball's Grove. I frequently went there: the little door was always open, and thus, by winding paths, I reached the summit, from whence I saw the Castle of Mornington, and the complete fine open mouth of the Boyne. Ball's Grove seemed to overhang the town of Drogheda: this charming place was free to every body. I visited Old Bridge Town, about three miles off, and saw the Obelisk, opposite the spot where King William crossed and Duke Schomberg was killed. I crossed the river in a vessel peculiar to the place: it was quite round, about four feet in

diameter, like a scooped turnip. My companion and I worked ourselves across the Boyne with little paddles, about two feet in length.

In 1765, at Sligo, I had seen John O'Brien, who had served at the battle of the Boyne. He was a fine old man, and told me many interesting and circumstantial anecdotes relative to that day;—one, that a gunner told King James, that at that very precise moment his gun was so pointed, he could, at a twinkle, end the dispute for the three crowns; but James forbid him; and the nephew and son-in-law were thus saved.

Barthelemon was a first-rate performer on the violin, and a successful composer. About the year 1768 I saw and heard him at the Rotunda in Dublin: he made a most admirable concerto rondo, on a common, but very pretty tune; his playing it was of the first order—most delightful. He was a very little man, but handsome, and a neat figure: he married, in Ireland, Miss Polly Young, the beautiful little creature whom

I have mentioned before : she was a fine singer, and played and sung Ariel, in Shakspeare's "Tempest," to great and pleasing effect : from her charming face and small figure, she appeared a bewitching sprite.

The best bassoon performer, to my judgment, was Billy Fitzgerald, a little fellow, and young, of the theatre-band in Dublin. In Dr. Arne's overture to Thomas and Sally, it being composed purposely for obligato bassoon parts, little Fitzgerald was very capital, so much so that many came to the theatre when this piece was acted merely to hear his bassoon.

Garrick, on his return to England from the Continent, in 1765, wrote a little piece of wit and sarcasm in rhyme and song, to oblige Thomas King, who had been of so much service to his opera of Cymon, by his excellent performance of Linco. It was called "Linco's Travels;" the music, very beautiful, was composed by Michael Arne, who had done the music of Cymon.

King, the next summer, came over to Dublin, and brought with him his Linco's dress and his Lord Ogleby's dress (the "Clandestine Marriage," written by Garrick and Colman, sen., having been lately brought out in London.) His terms at Crow-street were a clear benefit. He played a few nights, and brought full houses, yet the performers not being able to get their salaries, discontent arose to mutiny and conspiracy; yet, on the night that King was to have his benefit, they assembled in the green-room, all ready-dressed for their several parts. The grand dressing room in which King had to prepare himself was next to the green-room: the performers were all in a murmur, some having looked through the curtain, and seen the house very full, thought at least they ought to be paid their salary for that night. King overheard them, and in the embroidered damask *robe de chambre* and fine morning cap and slippers of Lord Ogleby, quitted his dressing room, and walked into

the green-room, but with a countenance, attitude, and manner, the most conciliatory and good-natured, although he must have overheard some of the remarks which were couched in rather bitter terms. He had his purse in one hand well stocked with guineas, and going round the room, asked them one by one what might be the amount of their salary by the night. Each answered; and on the answer, he drew the sum from his purse, and presented it to each in turn. All began now to be ashamed of their intention, and refused taking the money, except one, a comical joking man, and a capital actor: his character in the *Clandestine Marriage* was "Sterling;"—with whimsical manner, and an arch grimace, which he was very clever at, he took the guineas and put them in his pocket, saying in character

"Ay, this is the Omnium, nothing like the stuff."

King made a low bow to the company, and

to his dressing room. Both play and entertainment went off in the first style. The same evening King recited G. A. Stevens's witty paraphrase on Shakspeare's "Seven Ages," which Stevens had written purposely for him.

A proud young Irish actor playing "Love-well" in the *Clandestine Marriage*, in the speech which concludes this comedy, altered the words "These our best *benefactors*," when addressing the audience, to "These our kind *customers*:" and the same actor performing Linco in "*Linco's Travels*," instead of the author's words "Whilst I can *my betters* please," chanted out, bowing round to the ladies in the boxes, "Whilst I can these *fair ones* please."

One of the finest gentlemen in Dublin, about this time, indeed, the most remarkable for his dress and manner, was a young merchant in Cow-lane, who troubled himself no more about business, than my Bouquet, the hop merchant in St. Mary Axe. This grand gentleman was

one night at Crow-street (the play, Murphy's "Orphan of China"): he sat in the left-hand stage-box, and, though he had the front seat all to himself, this did not content him. Turning his back upon the stage, (upon Barry's Zamti, and Mrs. Fitzhenry's Mandane,) he placed himself upon the edge of the box, his legs stretched out at full length, crossing each other; his arms also folded, and his shoulder resting against the side of the box: under him was the door opening to the pit; and the flooring was rather deep. Thus he remained, enjoying his prime wish of an ample display of his person and dress to the whole house. His clothes were silk, and richly embroidered; his hair, tastefully dressed, with ringlets that played round his ears; his sword, with a large and magnificent silver sword-knot, stretched itself all along by the side of his legs to complete view, the eyes of the audience were upon him full front, the eyes of the performers upon the back of his head and shoulder. In the very height of this proud

and careless display of his six-feet-long person, whilst lolling with a smile of complacent nonchalance, he, at an instant, over-balanced himself, and tumbled into the pit: a clamour of mirth burst through the whole house, and, as no bones were broke, nobody was sorry for his downfall. This, though not the first, was most likely his last attempt to captivate the notice of the audience, and turn it from the stage, the true point of attraction, to his own fine self-admired self.

When Mossop quitted Barry and Woodward, at Crow-street, where he had thirty-six guineas a-week, and set up for himself at Smock-alley, he was often fearful that the money coming in might not be sufficient to answer his out-goings, and when he played himself, he dreaded a thin house, lest his name should go down. I was one night in the green-room, with many others, when Mossop, ready dressed for Achmet, in Barbarossa, accosted Cristy, his treasurer, (who was just come in from the street,) in these

words : “ Mr. Cristy, does it snow ?” Cristy, not comprehending the *cause* of the manager’s question, hesitated ; upon which, Mossop repeated calmly and deliberately, “ Does it snow, Sir ?” Cristy still gave no answer ; when Mossop, a third time asked, “ Pray does it snow ?” A great deal of what is called humming and hawing followed on the part of the treasurer, but no decisive answer ; upon which, Mossop addressed him in his lofty and superb manner : “ Do you know what snow is ?—snow is a small white feathered thing, that falls from the clouds ; it lies upon the ground like a white sheet : now be so obliging as to step into the street, and bring me word whether it snows.” Mossop’s anxiety arose from doubts of the state of the weather, well knowing that on that depended a full or an empty house.

Mossop was most rigid at rehearsals : one morning, going over Macbeth’s scene of terror and distress in the last act, he has to call “ Seaton !” The actor, who, for the first time,

performed that part, came on, but Macbeth having more lines to speak before Seaton should appear, Mossop, in high anger, desired him to go back, and enter at his proper cue, and then he proceeded with his speech,—

“ I am sick at heart, when I behold—
Seaton, I say !”

again the unlucky actor made a premature appearance, and Mossop again told him to go away and watch better for his cue ; and added, “ To make you mind your business, Sir, (turning to the prompter, who had his forfeit book and pen and ink ready on the table,) set him down two half-crown forfeits ; that may, perhaps, prevent his spoiling the scene this night by his carelessness.” Mossop began his soliloquy, and, to his vexation, and that of the standers-by, the unlucky blundering actor still came on too soon : this was repeated four or five times, and he was forfeited each time. No one pitied his punishment, it being in his own power, by simply

proper cue: however, though all went wrong with him at the rehearsal, every thing was correct that night when in the presence of the audience.

I was one night witness to an untoward circumstance at Smock-alley Theatre. Congreve's "Mourning Bride" was the tragedy; Mossop Osmin, and a subordinate actor, Selim: Selim being stabbed by Osmin, should have remained dead on the stage, but seized with a fit of coughing, he unluckily put up his hand and loosened his stock, which set the audience in a burst of laughter. The scene over, the enraged manager and actor railed at his underling for daring to appear alive when he was dead, who, in excuse, said he must have choked had he not done as he did: Mossop replied, "Sir, you should choke a thousand times, rather than spoil my scene."

At a period when the payments were not very ready at the Smock-alley treasury, one night Mossop, in Lear, was supported in the arms of

an actor who played Kent, and who whispered him, "If you don't give me your honour, Sir, that you'll pay me my arrears this night, before I go home, I'll let you drop about the boards." Mossop alarmed, said "Don't talk to me now." "I will," said Kent, "I will; I'll let you drop." Mossop was obliged to give the promise, and the actor thus got his money, though a few of the others went home without theirs. Such the effect of a well-timed hint, though desperate. A performer named Knipe one day at a rehearsal, being on with a subordinate actor, took the privilege of much flourish, saying, "Ah, now I cross you here!" then went on with his speech and passed in front of the actor to the opposite side; their scene continued, and Knipe said "And here I cross you again;" and gave a stride before the other actor. Still the scene went on: "Yes," said Knipe, "and here again, I cross you;" and away he strutted to the other side of the stage. "I tell you what," said the underling actor "if

you cross me so often, I shall be angry at last."

"By Jove," said Knipe, "that's very good; give me your hand for that;—I'll not cross you once through the whole night."

The author of "High Life below Stairs" was Mr. James Townley, a clergyman. I knew his son, a celebrated miniature painter, and an acquaintance of my brother's. When this piece was played in Dublin, Knipe, remarkable for saying smart things, and who also liked "the joys of the table," feasted by anticipation on the good roast fowl, and bottle of wine at the supper in the last scene; but the property man who provided it, was of the saving cast; Knipe stuck his fork into the fowl to dissect it with carving skill,—it was a piece of painted timber! He filled his glass, as he thought, with wine, it was mere coloured element! "Ha!" said he, "instead of our bottle and our bird, here is a fine subject for a landscape-painter, *wood and water.*"

The first night of R. B. Sheridan's "Camp,"

Parsons had in it the part of an exciseman or gauger, and had seized a pound of tea from a smuggler: it was neatly done up in paper, and he had it in his hand. Mrs. Wrighten, who played a kind of termagant follower of the camp, according to the violence of the character, was rather rough with the exciseman, and knocked the pound of tea out of his hand; it fell, the paper bag burst, and out came upon the stage a great quantity of saw-dust. This was property-man economy, but it made great diversion among the audience.

Previous to the coming out of "High Life below Stairs," in London, the upper gallery was free for the servants of those who had places in the boxes. The whole race of the domestic gentry, on the first night of this excellent little piece, were in a ferment of rage at what they conceived would be their ruin; and from the upper gallery, to which they were admitted gratis, came hisses and groans, and even many a handful of halfpence was flung on

the stage at Philip and my Lord Duke, and Sir Harry, &c. This tumult went on for a few nights, but ultimately was a good thing for all theatres, as it gave Garrick, then manager, a fair occasion to shut the galleries from the servants, and ever after make it a pay place, which to this day it has continued.

Garrick's farce of "Bon Ton," or *High Life above Stairs*, I never liked much. It was written as a set-off to the other; but bears too hard against the upper classes of society, I think unjustly so. The satire in this piece is more poignant than any that appears in the comedies of Cibber, Congreve, Farquhar, or even Shakspeare.

The first night that "Bon Ton" was acted in Dublin, Brereton spoke the prologue to it; and at the words "Bon Ton's the thing," the feathers of a lady's head-dress caught fire, from the chandelier hanging over the box; it was soon in a blaze, and her life hardly saved. At this time a lady in full dress could not go in

a coach ; a sedan-chair was her carriage, and this had a cupola. The seat was in grooves, to be raised or lowered according to the altitude of the head-dress. I have seen a lady standing in the street, the chairman looking up at her feathers and capwings, and several times raising or lowering the seat : at last he thrust it in not above three inches from the floor, and there the belle was obliged to squat, the feathers rising three feet perpendicular, and the face the centre of the figure, with her hoop up on each side of her ears ; and there she sat laughing like the lady in the lobster. Nay, even the foretop of the beau was built up tier upon tier as Diana's song in "Lionel and Clarissa" says

" His foretop so high, in crown he may vie
With the tufted cockatoo."

There were no umbrellas or parasols in those days, a good thing for hackney-coaches and sedans. Above fifty years back the chariot was on the coach-standings in Dublin. There

were also noddies with a single horse. In one of these I went from the Irish Sea across the whole island to the Atlantic, the driver communicative, well-informed, and civil: he sits on a little seat before you. My journey was from Dublin to Sligo.

CHAPTER V.

Limerick.—The Badger's Club.—Romeo and Juliet.—The Danish clerk.—“The child” and the officer.—“The child” at the play.—Hero Jackson.—Piper Jackson.—TRIO.—Grand Bugle.—A trial for life and death.—West Digges, Philip Glenville, and Whalebone.—Sligo.—Londonderry.—The Bishop of Derry's infant.—Snow shoes.—Jagher of Vauxhall.—“God save the King.”—“Shannon.”—“Young Beau.”—The meeting-house at Derry.—Journey over Cairn Togher.—Shane's Castle.—Lough Neagh.—Antrim.—Belfast.—Carrickfergus oysters.—Drawings.—The Mall.—Portrait of a young clergyman.—Lisburn and Hillsborough.

THE little theatre in Capel-street was built by a man of the name of Stretch, to exhibit his puppet-show, and was called “Stretch's Show;” which produced a bye-saying to any thing that

of Stretch's Show!" When very young, I was much delighted with this show myself. All its broad fancifuls ended with a beautiful scene of Cupid's paradise: but whilst the story was going on by the puppets, in a kind of question and repartee between the proprietor, who was seated in a box up against the wall, among the audience, and Mr. Punch,—a real child, about two years old, fat and beautiful, was playing on the floor in his infantile way, with taws, marbles, &c. In the midst of some of Punch's fine jokes, this child used to get upon its legs, waddle to Punch, clasp the puppet in his arms, and carry him completely off the stage: this was part of the business of that painted pasteboard kind of drama: but, though here Punch and his merry crew had once revelled in full gambol, yet within those very walls I afterwards saw plays acted with more precision and neatness than I had ever seen in any other theatre in England or Ireland, (I never was in Scotland,) and filled by a most select, elegant,

and fashionable audience. The house was hired jointly by Dawson and Robert Mahon; the stage was deep, and it had pit, boxes, lattices, and two galleries, but no green-room: the former company (the puppets) not having required one; they, when not in action, being contentedly hung on their several pegs against the wall: but a green-room being indispensable for Dawson's company, the back parlour of an adjacent grocer's shop (George Murphy's) was hired for the purpose. Very few scenes were wanted, as the dependance was more upon the poet's genius, and the actor's skill, than upon show and pageantry.

The company consisted of Dawson; his stepson, Willam Lewis; Lawrence Clinch; Isaac Sparkes, and Richard, his son; Timothy Duncan (Mrs. Davison's worthy father); Philip Glenville; John Vernel; Thomas Holcroft, prompter and actor (and subsequently the very successful London dramatic author); and Macklin himself. The actresses were, Miss Young (af-

terwards Mrs. Pope); Miss Ashmore; (afterwards Mrs. Richard Sparkes); Mrs. Price (formerly Miss Brewer); Miss Ambrose and Miss Leeson (afterwards Mrs. William Lewis). Macklin brought with him his own pieces, in which he played, and a tragedy written by himself, at which nobody ever had a peep, even upon paper. This tragedy he intended to bring out in Dublin; and previous to leaving London, employed the ingenuity and taste of the great dress-maker of the Opera-house in the Haymarket, to make most splendid dresses for it. However, when Macklin got to Dublin, he gave up all thoughts of having his tragedy acted, and was at a loss what to do with the dresses. Dawson and Mahon having got up Garrick's "Stratford Jubilee," made a bargain with him to have those dresses for their grand procession, which was to close that entertainment. They had them, and the Jubilee was acted, but Macklin could not

particularly with Robert Mahon, he looked to him alone for payment.

One morning, in the green-room, I was present at a conversation which ran thus: "Bob," said Macklin, "I intend to have you arrested for this debt you owe me; but I am considering whether I shall arrest you *before* or *after* your benefit." "Oh, sir," said Mahon, "don't arrest me at all." "Yes, yes, Bob, you know I must. I must send you to prison." "Oh no, sir, there's no occasion." "Oh yes, I must." "Well then, sir, if you must, wait till my benefit is over." "Why, no, Bob; then you take the money, and knock it about no one knows where or how, and I shall never see a shilling of it; but if I arrest you before your benefit, some of those lords that you sing for in your clubs, and taverns, and jovial bouts, may come forward, and pay this money for you. No, no, I'll have you touched, on the shoulder before your benefit—yes, yes."

Yet, with all this seeming rigour of *words*, I am certain that Macklin, through his whole long life, never was the cause of depriving a fellow creature of his liberty : he was the great Shylock who would have “ his bond,” but that only on the boards of a theatre ; for when the verdict of a London jury awarded him damages, the unreal Shylock never “ pursed the ducats” for himself. This circumstance he wrote me a full account of in a letter to Ireland soon after the trial ; and I must say, and that from myself, that I never heard of any of the children of Thespis engaged in legal affairs that might imprison a human being. I venture to declare this upon Rochefoucault’s maxim that “ praise withheld, where deserved, amounts to a kind of slander.”

In the above cause, Macklin was his own pleader, and on the verdict being given in his favour, Lord Mansfield, the presiding judge, said, “ Mr. Macklin, I have often heard you with pleasure repeat the words of others, but

never felt more satisfaction than in hearing you this day repeat your own words."

Robert Mahon was of a family highly respectable, and, indeed, now ennobled; a great favourite, and one whom every body knew; a fine singer, a fine dancer, and a fine gentleman. He afterwards got an engagement at Covent-garden Theatre, and was the original Sanguino in my "Castle of Andalusia," and Captain O'Flanagan in my "Lord Mayor's Day." But, though clever in his profession, he never could mind the balancing-pole of life; he was goodnatured, but incurably indolent. Often after the play was over, he would walk into the theatre, careless and composed; some other performer having been obliged to dress and go upon the stage, and act the part in the farce for which his (Mahon's) name was in the play-bill.

The first night of the "Stratford Jubilee," in Dublin, he had to sing the song of the "Mulberry Tree," the music composed by C. Dibdin, senior, the words of which begin with

“ Behold this fair goblet was carved from the tree
Which, oh ! my sweet Shakspeare, was planted by thee.”

He walked on, and began the song, holding out in his hand a fine cut-glass rummer. The other performers, who were also on, looked at him and his “*fair glass goblet carved from a tree*” with wonder. The audience took the absurdity, and much mirth and loud hissing followed. The play over, Mahon had the folly to insist upon it he was right : “ ’Tis true,” he said, “ the property-man did stand at the wing with a wooden cup in his hand, which he wanted to thrust into mine ; but could I appear before the audience with such a rascally vulgar wooden mether ?*—no ; I insisted he should that instant go and fetch me an elegant glass rummer, and here it is.”

The first night that Murphy’s “*Grecian Daughter*” was performed in Dublin, Mahon played Dionysius, the tyrant. It was the ridi-

* Mether, a square wooden vessel with four handles.

culous custom at that time, when the principal character was to die, for two men to walk on with a carpet, and spread it on the stage for the hero to fall on, and die in comfort. Dionysius was stabbed, and had to expire: Mahon fell upon the carpet and began his dying speech. Possessed with full inspiration from the tragic muse, he grinned and frothed, and threw his eyes around and about, and grasped the carpet with both hands, and writhed and twisted, speaking all the time; by which means, before his speech was half finished, he had wrapped himself so tightly up in this tragic table-cloth of Melpomene, that nothing could be seen of him but the tip of his nose—red with fury.

Barry and Mrs. Dancer, the hero and heroine, vowed, upon their honour, that Bob Mahon should in future keep to his singing and dancing, and never again excite the mirth of an audience, by acting a tyrant in any tragedy with them.

This affair made a great talk the next day ; and in the green-room I threw out an impromptu remark on all tragedy catastrophes, in these words :—

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A STRANGER TO THEATRES
AND A GREAT PLAY-GOER.

Stranger.

Why let the wounded man lie bleeding there,
Flouncing and gasping, like a new-caught sturgeon ?
And why not place him in an easy chair,
And some one run and fetch the nearest surgeon ?

Play-goer.

Sir, 'tis his part upon the stage to lie :
In acting up to nature, none goes higher.
We come on purpose, sir, to see him die ;
And paid our cash—he's such a lovely dier !

We of the comic light infantry corps may be allowed to fling a jest now and then at the tragic heavy horse.

One evening, a young Irish gentleman (the eldest son of a peer) and I had purposed to take our glass at Billy Donnelly's, The Three Nags'

Heads, in Essex-street; but neither of us being much stocked with cash, he recollected that last week Mahon had bought a horse from him, and never paid him for it: "And there he is now," said Frederick, "at Ryan's, in Fownes-street, with Lord Muskerry and Lord Clanwilliam, and Lord Kildare. Come Jack: oh, I'll go and talk to him about that." We went to Ryan's; stood in the hall, and had Mahon called out to us by the waiter, when my companion said to him "Bob, why don't you pay me for my horse?" "Oh," said the other, "you know very well I will pay you; but I have not the money now." "'Pon my word, this is fine! You owe me twenty guineas for such a capital brute, and here I'm not able to get the money from you. You've some cash about you now, surely." Mahon put his hand in his pocket, and took out some silver: "Why, yes, I've eight and eightpence." "Give me that," said Frederick: he took it; Mahon returned to his

gay party, and the young nobleman. and I had our cheerful bottle at The Nags' Heads.

When I first went to Limerick, Dawson had his theatrical company in Peter's cell, which was the remains of a dormitory or refectory, belonging to an ancient monastery; (for Mr. Heaphy's theatre was the first ever built in Limerick.) Mr. Vereker was Mayor: a society called "the Badger's Club," consisting of the first gentlemen in the county, bespoke a play, "Romeo and Juliet." The members were seated on forms at each side of the stage, and the Grand Badger, or President, in a high chair of state, in the centre, at the back. He was a very old gentleman, with a full powdered wig, and wore, according to the rules of the club, a large high cap on his head, made of a badger's skin. The tragedy went on smoothly enough, until the death of Juliet: a very pretty, thin, delicate, little lady. The Grand-Badger had, with others of the club, gone in and out, backwards and forwards, taking their glass, &c. and on his return,

touched with compassion for Juliet's griefs and wailings, he stepped gravely down from his throne, and whilst she lay lamenting over the dead Romeo, walked towards her and said, "Oh, my poor pretty little soul! don't be lying there, so distressed with your tears and your sorrows. Oh, pho! get up, get up, my gentle little lady; leave off your cryings and your sobbings, and go and step yonder, and take a glass of lemonade or orgeat, to comfort and restore you." He stooped over Juliet, badger-skin cap, wig, and all; and though, in an under tone, she endeavoured to remonstrate against his kindness, he lifted her up tenderly, and took her to the sideboard, where there were refreshments. Thus the tragedy ended, with universal laughter from audience, actors, and play-bespeaking Badgers.

Peter's cell, was rather scant of green room, and dressing rooms: one night, (the play was the tragedy of "The Orphan,") Dawson was sitting behind the scenes having his hair dressed. Some of the audience had access to the stage

before the curtain went up, and during the play, amongst these was the head clerk of one of the first merchants in the town: full of his own importance, and knowing but little of the nature of theatres, he happened to see Dawson thus under the hands of his friseur. In a most lofty, angry, and commanding tone, this clerk, never considering that Dawson was preparing for his character of Castalio, came out in his broken English, (for he was a Dane) with this exclamation,—“ Vell, by Cott! dis is very fine! var pretty! here we do come, and pay our money to see a play, and de actors playing; and dere is Mr. Dawson, only an actor, sit like gentlemen, getting his hair dressed, indeed!”

When I was very young, I took one glass of wine with that prince of good-fellows, Johnny Adair, of Kitternan, the subject of the fine song of his name,—he was a very large muscular man, with a tremendous hoarse voice. The famous Irish bucks of those days, were St. Leger,

Massy, and Richard Dawson, Beauchamp Bagnel, and *Hero* Jackson—the latter, a fine figure of the Hercules kind, but more elegant: his real christian name was Miles, but he was called the *hero*, from having conquered every competitor in exploits of agility and athletic exercises. There was at that time in Limerick, a young gentleman of good fortune, who, on account of his handsome boyish face, and mischievous disposition, was named “the Child.” I was once in company with him at Mac-Manus’s Tavern, in Limerick, with many other young men, one of whom had just gone into the army, and was that day, for the first time, dressed in his new and expensive scarlet and gold regimentals: —“The Child” got into an argument with this young officer, that his coat would fit him; upon which, the other was foolish enough to let him try it on. “The Child” instantly ran down stairs into the street, and rolled himself in the mud, then re-entered the room to the surprize of all, and grief and dismay of the military

youth. Taking out his purse, "the Child" reckoned down on the table before the officer twenty guineas, then took off the muddy coat, flung it out of window, slipped on his own, and ordered a dozen of claret for the company present. A few nights after this, "the Child" (who had always a party of hangers-on encouraging him in all his pranks for *their* profit and *his* own diversion,) went to the theatre. He had engaged two whole rows in the gallery, one for his company, and the bench before them for their bottles of wine, which were all ranged in order. His aunt and other ladies were in the side-boxes; it was the assize time, and the house was full and brilliant. During the performance, he stood up, and roared out: "A clap for Mahon the player on the stage!" His party all stood up and clapped their hands in a full volley; then each took a bumper: they sat down for a little while; in about half a minute he again rose, and bawled out "A groan for my aunt in the side-boxes!" His obedient band

again rose, and joined in a tremendous chorus of groans. They then sat down and each took another bumper. By this time the ladies were disconcerted, and the whole house in confusion. Hero Jackson was sheriff that year, and sitting in the side-box opposite to those ladies. In his official capacity, he stood up, and called out to "the Child" by his name, to be quiet and behave himself. A burst of laughter from the merry ones, was the answer to this. Upon which Jackson quitted his box, went round into the street and up to the gallery, and called to him to come out, since he could not sit there without rioting; this was noticed only by the party filling more bumpers with "your health my Hero! Huzza!" Jackson, conscious of his own personal strength, and with a proper attention to his magisterial duty, stretched over the people that were between him and "the Child," seized him by the back of the collar of his coat, lifted him up and holding him out at arms' length (the other

kicking, sprawling, and fisting it about), he thus brought him out of the gallery, down the steps and set him on his legs in the street. After about a minute's conversation with some of the audience who had also come out of the theatre, the Sheriff returned to his box, and there, to his astonishment, saw opposite to him sitting smiling by his lady-aunt, "the Child" quite sober and civil. After a lapse of some years, I was in Londonderry, and walking on the walls; there to my surprise, I met "the Child." I did not care to recommence our acquaintance, lest he should bring me into some scrape by his nonsense: for frolic was *his* whole affair in this world. He had laid a wager with a gentleman of Derry, that he would, in a given time, gallop on his Munster horse round the walls, which he did. It might have been a break-neck exploit, for at the end of the streets that come to the four gates of the city, there are steps to go down, and steps to go up. So much for "the Child." He always wore a flaxen one-buckled wig,

which gave a show of innocence to his really baby face: but he had a plentiful fortune. Hero Jackson had a brother, a fine gentleman, of great landed property, and a complete musician on the pipes; they named him Piper-Jackson: he composed the air called "Jackson's Morning Brush." I wrote this trio to it for my "Wicklów Mountains," which was sung by Richardson, Johnstone, and Fawcett.

AIR. TRIO--*Donnybrook, Sullivan, and Billy O'Rourke.*

Donn. A life of town fashion is all a mere folly,
 Grimace, affectation, nor friendship, nor truth;
 High up among green hills in altitude jolly,
 Come rove on the tip-toe of pleasure.
 Though bees in great cities, for drones buz and
 cluster
 Why blast in smok'd dungeons our rosy-cheeked
 youth?
 To freedom and nature, dull mortals be juster
 O'er mountains your limits come measure.

Sul. A basket of turf go bring in, my brave Billy;
 I love a good fire, Sir, to comfort my nose;
 A bowl of Calcannon oghone! is the lily,
 And let a big turkey be roasted.

Billy. I'll bring you of whiskey a plentiful mether.

Sul. And pray don't forget a tight pitcher of booze;
Then round my square table we'll sit down to-
gether,

Billy. And all the fine girls shall be toasted.

About 1767, a fashionable man, who was called "Grand Bugle," had returned from a continental tour: I knew him in Limerick. One night at the theatre, behind the scenes, the side-scenes being crowded, for his own convenience, he took out a penknife, cut a hole in the valuable and beautiful flat scene, large enough for his face, and stood there at his ease looking through it. At dinner, at the house of a nobleman, whom I also knew very well, "Grand Eugle" with great composure, took up two forks, stuck them in at each end of a fine, large piece of roast beef, and flung it over his head about the floor; the only notice the noble host took of this, was a seeming censure of the cook: I was present. More instances of this kind got him his name of "Grand Bugle," and as his dress was in the extreme of French

fashion, a person made this excellent and apt remark, that "*the yellow clay would peep through the plaister of Paris.*" One night at Cork, he put a female into a sedan-chair, with whom he had no previous acquaintance: the chair was followed by a friend of hers, a considerable merchant of Cork; a scuffle ensued, and the young merchant was killed: the body found, the hue-and-cry followed "Grand Bugle:" a magistrate took bail, and he was at liberty till the Assizes. When they came on, he walked into court, surrounded by men of rank and consequence, his companions, and was arraigned according to legal form; after which he was walking out of the dock, when the judge commanded him to stop, severely re-proved the magistrate for taking bail on such a serious charge, and committed him to prison: a company of soldiers with fixed bayonets, and the gaoler, took him out of court, brought him up the main street, and put him into gaol—there he was ironed. His trial soon came on,

for which the young merchant's relations were all active in collecting witnesses against him; amongst others, the female who was innocently the occasion of the disaster; but she was asked no questions. A gentleman, one of his own companions, was the principal evidence against him, and brought home the facts of wilful murder so broad and full, that it was the general opinion he must be found guilty; when "Grand Bugle's" counsel said to this witness, "Mr. —— have you not a wager upon the event of this trial?—mind, Sir, you are on your oath." The witness said, yes he had. "And have you not a bet with Mr. such-a-one that the prisoner at the bar will suffer?"—Mr. —— answered "Yes." "Take notice," said the counsel, "my Lord, and gentlemen of the jury, that Mr. —— is resolved to win his wager if he can." This question, answer, and remark of the counsel saved "Grand Bugle:" he was acquitted. I was in court when he was arraigned, and when tried.

That summer West Digges was engaged to play a certain number of nights at the theatre: Macheath was one of his parts. The same night, "Grand Bugle" and his fashionable friends were behind the scenes. Digges in their hearing made complaint of the property-man, and telling his story with some bitterness, said to "Grand Bugle," "Look here, sir, what a pair of fetters he has brought me—they've cut through my ancles. Instead of giving me proper tin light ones, he has got them out of the gaol, and they have been on some *murderer*."

"Grand Bugle," by dissipation, lavished away all his fortune, and died a prisoner for debt, in the Four-Court Marshalsea, Dublin.

At Limerick, about this time, Glenville and I lodged in the same house, and hired a servant between us, a poor simple country fellow, his face resembling that of the antique of the Dancing Faunus. We called him Whalebone: he had no livery, nor was his own apparel very *comme il faut*; in short, he was out at elbows,

bare-legged, with an old scratch wig on his head. One day I was going up to my own room when I met on the wide stairs a gentleman, who smiled and bowed, and passed me by. I returned the salute, and went on to my apartment. Soon after, having some occasion to look over my clothes, I missed a handsome green coat with a velvet collar, a fine scarlet waistcoat with silver lace, buff silk stocking-web small clothes, silk stockings, and a pair of shoes: I made a farther search, and missed a gold-laced hat, and a particular pair of shoe-buckles. I was getting rather alarmed, when the *gentleman* whom I had met on the stairs, entered my room with—“Sir, there’s the hair-dresser waiting for you, and shall I warm the water, and do you intend to shave and dress this morning?” “Why, the devil!” said I, “are you Whalebone?” I now perceived, with astonishment, that our valet was dressed in the very clothes I had missed out of my drawers. Just as I had worked myself into a fury, in came Phil. Glenville, my

partner in the mastership of Whalebone, and to him I made complaint of this glaring, impudent, and unaccountable robbery, as I called it. Glenville burst into a great laugh, and said "Now look at him! look at Whalebone: is he not a credit and an honour to us both as our servant? Had my clothes fitted him, I would have rigged him out with some of my own; but you know I am such a tall awkward fellow, and you are such a smart, well-made, middling-sized lad of wax, so that it was I that equipped Whalebone out of your wardrobe; and now, if we have a message, and a how d'ye do to send, and a wait at table, and bring our horses, and hold our stirrups, we have now a fellow who looks like a creditable servant—I beg pardon, O'Keeffe, I mean a gentleman." I laughed, and Whalebone went on with his own affairs, as our trusty and faithful lacquey. The remembrance of this circumstance was of use to me, when years after I was writing the "Castle of Andalusia:" as an instance, my making Pedrillo come in,

and say, "Master, shall I shave you this morning."

Though I have gone a good deal over my native island, yet I never was at either the Giant's Causeway, or the lake of Killarney. In the year 1769, I was at Sligo, and was often invited to the house of a capital wine merchant there, Mr. Davy, a short thick-set man with one eye, but very pleasant and good-natured: he sat for me, and I made a drawing of him. I often went with him to the top of a mountain, hanging over the Atlantic; he with his telescope to spy out his ships coming across the ocean—which Atlantic I frequently swam in. The situation of Ballyshannon is the most beautiful and romantic of any place I ever admired.

About the year 1768, I was at Londonderry, which I thought a model for pretty cities: its form a long oval, surrounded by a wall, on the top of which is a very broad gravel walk, tall trees and parapet. In the centre of the city is

a large square, regular and finely built, called the Diamond. In the middle of this stands one building on piazzas—this is the Court-house, and assembly rooms, and occasionally the theatre. From this square run four streets reaching to the four gates of the city wall: through each of these is seen the building in the centre of the Diamond. The cathedral fills one corner of the city on the right, as you enter from the north—on the left is the Bishop's house. The lower gate, called the Ferry Quay gate, opens upon a very spacious quay—here is the Custom-house, and the great arm of Lough Foyle, with ships of every burden, from all parts of the world. On the opposite shore is the county Antrim; the houses in the main street, running from north to south, as also those of the Diamond, are magnificent and spacious. I speak of Londonderry as I saw it fifty-eight years ago: there may have been many alterations since. When at this place, I drew a portrait of the Bishop of

Derry's female infant in her cradle, with all her fine lace about her baby features, neck, and arms. The infant was asleep, and its mother, Mrs. Harvey, was always very careful and attentive to have silence in the room when I was drawing.

It was in winter when I was at Derry, and there was much snow. I walked some miles over the Barony of Ennis Showen; and the snow being deep, I put on, as the custom is there, snow shoes;—a flat thin board, about eight inches square, which I stood upon in my own shoes; a strap in the centre buckled over the instep, the toe and heel being at diagonal points of the square board. Persons not accustomed to them run the risk of hitting their ankles with the inside corners.

On my first going to Derry, being in a room with Jagher, once the favourite singer at Vauxhall, London, a Mr. Shannon happened to come in: he was a most capital performer on the violin, and an inhabitant of Derry. Jagher and

I, were in a singing humour, and after a few voluntaries, preparations, and cantables, which rather surprised Shannon, we took a fancy to sing "God save the King." I sung the first part, and Jagher the second, and we both exerted ourselves in our best style; he, besides having been the first singer at Vauxhall, was regularly brought up in the cathedral choir of St. Paul's; and, though I can only boast *now*, I *then* really had a voice, and knew how to use it. Shannon was astonished and delighted, and was most ample in his praise of what he did not at all expect. This circumstance induced him to accept the place of leader of the band in the Theatre, which, from his loftiness, as to his own musical character, he had before refused. He accompanied the songs in the orchestra with a great deal of ease and pleasure. Independent of his professional talents, I found Shannon a very pleasing and amusing companion.

There was a young man of my own age, with me at Derry, whom we called "Young Beau;"

we went together one day to the Methodist meeting-house, a large fine building,—there were no pews, only forms, with a walk between the ends up the centre; the pulpit was at one end, and very high,—the preacher proper in his manner, the discourse edifying. Yet “Young Beau,” who sat next me, to gratify his own humour, and display his taste for pulpit-rhetoric, frequently laughed, but with a show of endeavouring to repress his risibility. The sermon over, the preacher looked down towards where we sat, and said, in a firm and decisive voice;—“Now, Brethren, I hope I have fulfilled my duty: yet, there is another, and a very solemn one, incumbent on me, and that is, to advise that young gentleman yonder, to keep as much as he can from the company of the young gentleman who is sitting next him, or he will certainly bring him to ruin.”

These words drew the eyes of the whole congregation upon us both, and “Young Beau,” with a kind of smothered laugh, turned to me.

and said, "You see what disgrace I bring upon myself by being seen in company with you." The preacher heard him, and answered with authority. "No; my admonition is to your companion, to keep as much out of *your* company as he can." By this time the service being over, the congregation drew towards the chapel-door, and many of them having long watched "Young Beau's" misconduct, were very angry with him. One of them, a large consequential man, chamberlain of the city, and brother to the then mayor, launched out against him with most severe reproof: we had now reached the door. This old gentleman in his displeasure at the profanation he had witnessed, was near laying hand on "Young Beau," who, stepping back, suddenly addressed him with the grave, quiet, humble voice of steady and collected impudence: "Oh Sir, if I have been to blame, you should consider I am young, and foolish enough, and I am sorry; but certainly you yourself are at this moment a hundred

times more in the wrong, in standing under this sacred roof with your hat upon your head." It really was so, for the pious chamberlain in the fury of his zeal, had put on his hat, and now conscious of the truth of "Young Beau's" remark, was roused into perfect rage. He put his hand to his shoulder, and with a "Get along! get out!" shoved him down the steps into the street. "Young Beau" burst into a roaring laugh, and ran away, and many of the congregation unfortunately could scarcely forbear joining in the mirth.

I continued my journey to Belfast. I was alone, my horse a garran, not even equal to Jemmy Jump's poney, "eighteen pence aside." It was never with him and me "Canterum hey!" for I kept a walk; but it was "Tumble off ho!" and that in the river Bann, as I was leading him over "a four inch-bridge;" walking over the plank, and holding his bridle, he thought me tedious, gave a spring forward and knocked us both into the river. I had to

climb up "Banna's banks," but it was not "one Evening in May." I was wrapped in a large blue cloth hussar-cloak, lined with scarlet, and had on my little "Nivernois" laced hat—and no whip, but a long cane, which made one of the boys exclaim to his companions as I rode through a town, "What'n a whop has the mon got!" Towards dusk I came to an inn at the foot of Cairn Togher, the landlord talked of robbers on the road; but, supposing that he wished me to stay merely for the few shillings I might spend by remaining the night in his house, on I went; I saw the clouds up before me; I rode through them, turned to look back, and saw them far below my feet. My clothes and hair were wet; but though this mountain was surely a *highway*, I met no highwaymen. I thought I might descend safer by dismounting and leading my nag; but the surface of the earth being like glass, by the congealed ice, and my spurs catching in the skirts of

precipice, much in the manner that Buona-
parte descended the Alps ; but I was unhurt
and cheerful. Cairn Togher is the highest
mountain in Ireland, and I went over the
summit.

I passed close by Shane's castle, the seat of
Lord O'Neil, and had a distant view of the cas-
tle of Dunluce, on the shores of the North-sea.
This castle gives title to the eldest son of the
Earl of Antrim ;—with Lord Dunluce I was
very well acquainted : I knew him at college ;
he had been Knight of the Bath, and was after-
wards one of the first knights of St. Patrick.
He had also been Grand-Master of the Free-
masons, and in Dublin sat enthroned on the
stage at a mason's play.

In this journey I rode six miles on the sands
of Lough Neagh, famous for petrifying wood, of
which petrification they make hones for whet-
ting razors all the world over. In the Lough is
taken a delicate and peculiar fish, a pullen, about

the size of a trout, and may be called a fresh-water herring.

Arrived at Antrim, I stopped at an inn, where I asked my landlord to share my bottle of claret (my way), as I hated to sip *solus*. Suddenly a figure tripped past the parlour window, in a light blue silk-coat, hair full powdered, *chapeau bras*, red-heeled shoes, and silk-stockings, a fashionable sword by his side, and flourishing sword-knot. This was towards the end of December.

I started to the window, and looked after him: "What's that?" I asked my host. "Indeed, Sir, 'tis only a thief of a Frenchman, come from Paris, with others of his trim, and they have brought our landlord's orders to us, to pay our rents to them; but the devil a rap halfpenny will we pay but some little paving pebbles, and a bit of mud, and the value of an unboiled potatoe or so; and here they have been five or six weeks, and there they keep our landlord in

Paris, where they got hold of him by the Connaught-five and the knave of clubs, and they have put him in the *stone jug*, and we wish to our souls he was here at home with us again, ay, though the day is so cold, clambering over Cairn Togher, or taking a bottle of Latôre at Shane's Castle."

To this accidental incident, my host's account of the French sharper and the Irish nobleman, is to be attributed my two-act piece of "The Prisoner at Large," which I founded upon it.

I got to Belfast on Christmas night, and at Adrian Van Brackley's, the Donnegal Arms, I ordered the waiter to bring me in a quarter of a hundred of oysters, having heard that those of Carrickfergus were remarkably fine; the waiter answered—"I'll bring you half a dozen, Sir, if you please." I thought this an impertinent observation to limit my supper, and told him to do as he was desired. "Well, Sir," said he, with a bow, and a smile, "I'll bring you half a

dozen, and then if you want any more, you may have them." He brought in a large dish, and on it six oysters, each shell above nine inches diameter; the oyster lying on it, looked like a little boiled chicken. Here was good claret, and excellent quarters for the night: the glass of claret was to be had at that period, (and perhaps at this,) at every thatched ale-house all over the kingdom.

My affair at Belfast, at this time, was to deliver a letter to the Sovereign,* from the manager of the Derry theatre, requesting permission for his company to come and perform at Belfast. My own personal hopes were employment for my pen at the drama, and my pencil for landscape views: the latter were amply fulfilled the next summer by the drawings which,

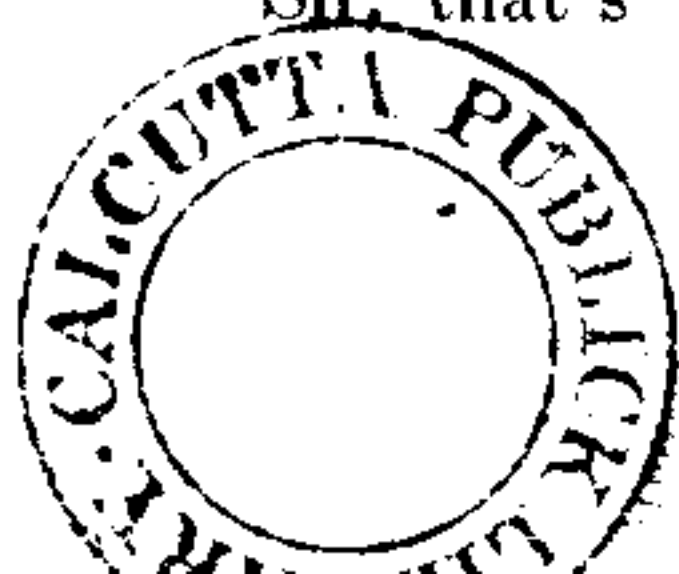
* The title of the chief magistrate of Belfast, who, during the year of his election, is never designated in any other way. For example, "Did you meet the Sovereign to-day?" "Who do you suppose will be Sovereign next year?" At the top of the play-bills, is always put, "By permission of the Sovereign of Belfast."

as I observed before, I made for Lord Donnegal. One of these views of Belfast I took from the top of Joy's paper-mill; another from a park, on the side of an eminence, the left hand of the town, as you look towards the sea. In this drawing I thought it becoming to introduce a few living creatures, and drew some deer, and a cow, and a goat. When I showed my performance to Lord Donnegal, he laughed, long and loud, saying, "But what of all things could bring a goat in the park!"

As he had employed me to do these views for him, I was weak enough to think that his Lordship's sanction privileged me to take them from any spot, public or private, that I might fix upon; which once, and only once, brought me into a ridiculous and awkward predicament. In my walks for this purpose, about two miles from Belfast, I observed an elegant little villa, with garden and shrubbery, and a lawn, upon which a pretty parlour opened. I went up to it, and not seeing any body, walked in, and

looking out from it, saw a most excellent view of the town and surrounding country. "Ha! ha!" thought I, "this will do." I drew a table near the parlour glass-door, placed a chair, spread out my drawing paper, my pencils, &c., put up my eye-glass to reconnoitre, took a pinch of snuff, seated myself, and entered on my avocation. I may here observe, that young and old took snuff in those times, and were curious in their superb snuff-boxes.

I had sat about half an hour, and was getting on in happy style, when I observed a middle-aged gentleman stride across the lawn, and walk towards the parlour; he came in hastily, almost overturning me and my table, and asked in an imperative tone of voice and manner, who I was, what brought me there, and what I was about. Full of the conscious authority which I conceived I had from the noble possessor of miles and miles around, I answered with the spirit of insulted youth,—“As to who I am, Sir, that's nothing to you; and as to what



brought me here, and what I am about, I am taking a view of Belfast for Lord Donnegal.”—

“And pray, Sir, what ’s that to me?” said the gentleman. “Has even Lord Donnegal himself a right to come into my house, and occupy my chairs and tables, without my inviting him? and I don’t recollect I ever invited either him or you, (whoever you are) into my parlour.”

Though too much hurt at the moment to own it, I felt he was right, and heartily repented my intrusion; I rolled up my paper, packed up my pencils and portcrayon into my chalk box, crammed my spy glass and snuff-box into my coat pocket, and without one word of apology, walked off. Many youthful artists, ladies as well as gentlemen, fall into the error of a scarcely pardonable inattention to the sacred nature of private property; however, this incident was a useful lesson to me, that the most proper place in which to sit down and take drawings, was, where every body had a right to come, uninvited.

In this frame of mind, when I did two drawings of Belfast, I took one of them from the Public Mall. In this are five figures, each about two inches long, standing in conversation : they are Dr. Marriat, a physician, a large well-looking man in black ; Mr. St. John Wallace, in a blue-hunting jacket ; Miss Donaldson, in a riding-habit, with a large hat and feather ; Mr. Robert Caldwell, in a suit of dark brown, and (what was rare in those times) a *round* hat ; and myself in a full suit of fawn-colour, with silver buttons as large as half-a-crown, and those upon the cuffs and pockets : my little Nivernois gold laced hat, hair full dressed and rose bag, grey silk-stockings with white embroidered clocks, and large silver buckles.

The other view of Belfast I took from the off-side of the long bridge, in the county Down. These two drawings were purchased by one of the first families in the town.

Whilst at Belfast I drew a whole length portrait of a young clergyman who stood for

me. He had a smiling pleasant face; thin, dark eye-brows, and large clerical wig; he held a fowling-piece in his left hand, the other extended the ram-rod, and a favourite dog sat at his feet, looking up at him. The sister of this young gentleman went to Dublin, on a visit, and with some female friends was one day walking about to see the fine buildings, as she had never been in town before. On viewing Stephen's Green, they stopped before a house, with a large carved stone dormant lion over the door; as they were admiring this, a person standing near, asked them to walk in and look at the house; they consented, and he led them all over the apartments, which were furnished in the first style, but they saw no one but their polite guide. They were much pleased, and, expressing great admiration, were thanking him, and taking their leave, when, in a particular and pointed manner, he asked the country lady, the clergyman's sister, whether she liked all she saw; with great pleasure she

said she did. "Then, madam," he replied, "this house and all it contains is mine, and if you wish to make it yours also, you may have the house and the master of it;"—making her a low bow. A marriage followed.

Lisburn struck me as the neatest and prettiest built country-town I ever rode through; and at Hillsborough, when I was there, they had just finished building a fine new church.

CHAPTER. VI.

Kilkenny.—Drawings.—Congreve.—Fynn the Printer.—
 “Young Beau.”—Dr. Clancy.—Tickell of Glassnevin.
 —Captain F.—Waterford.—Mozeen’s hunting song.—
 Clogheen O’Keeffe and the White Boys.—Fuel.—Bogs
 described.—Ennis Races.—Duncan and the Land-
 owner.—Limerick.—Counsellor O’Keeffe.—Mallow.—
 Bruff.—Brereton.—Ballyhoury.—Killmallock.—Char-
 leville.—The Theatres of Cork and Limerick.—Gar-
 rick.—Mrs. Crawford.—Cork.—Dodd.—Dr. Delacour.
 —Hugh Kelly.—Astley.—Mr. Perry.—Lord Limerick.
 —Sir Harry Hartstonge.—Limerick.—Altemira.—
 “Colin’s Welcome.”—“Tony Lumpkin’s Rambles.”—
 “The India Ship.”—Castle Connel Club.—The Ame-
 thyst Mine.—Ferrar of Limerick.—Father O’Leary.—
 James Wilder.—John Johnstone.—Macdonnel the
 Piper.—The Billiard Table.—The Old Volunteer.

ON entering Kilkenny, from Dublin, you come
 to Windgap-hill, and look down the city.
 From this spot I took one of my views: close

by, on the left hand, I had the Mall, and Ormond castle rising over it and the river, which is here very narrow; and on the right hand the meadows, garden, and college where Congreve had his education: the hill, indeed, is a wind-gap, for I had a great deal of trouble in arranging my table and papers. I took my other view of Kilkenny from the far end of the city, over a bridge. In this the cathedral to my right was my nearest grand object, and Ormond castle was at a distance. Some years after, passing through Kilkenny, I dined with Fynn, the printer and publisher of the Newspaper there, a very friendly young man; and in the room were hung my two identical views framed and glazed. I was also acquainted at Kilkenny with a very worthy character, Mr. Francis Lodge, who had been mayor, and was a great friend to the drama. I also took a drawing of the two great round lodges at the entrance of Ormond castle.

“Young Beau,” my comically-*modest* acquaintance, whom I mentioned when at Derry, was also with me at Kilkenny. Here he fixed a quarrel upon a delicate well-mannered young man, who thought it advisable, for the safety of his own person, to complain to the mayor, a remarkably rigid magistrate, who granted a warrant, and “Young Beau” was apprehended in the street. The officers of justice in Kilkenny were, though proper in their several duties, of an alarming appearance, being large men, with broad silver-laced scarlet waistcoats, three-cocked silver-laced hats, and long painted staves. The mayor was in the street, and the constables brought “Young Beau” before him, when the accuser repeated his fears. The magistrate gave the delinquent a well-merited rebuke, but told him to get bail for his future good behaviour, and he would not commit him. “Well, Sir,” said the culprit, with a kind of arch whimsical face and manner, “to oblige

you, I will get bail," and was walking off. "What's that!" said the mayor, "to oblige *me!* you get bail, to oblige *me*, you young scoundrel!—lay hold on him." The formidable constables instantly took him by the collar. I was present, and the plaintiff joined with me in interceding with the mayor,—we promised his worship that the prisoner should be bailed, and begged him to let him amuse the Kilkenny audience that night, in his character of "Peachum," for which his name was in the play-bills. The magistrate, understanding by this who he was, relaxed into good humour; and "Young Beau," with more lenity than he deserved, was released, and appeared that night in the "Beggar's Opera," to a full and fashionable audience: among whom was Mrs. Butler of the Castle, mother to the late and present Lord Ormond, and the Honourable Charles Butler: Mr. St. George, High Sheriff of the county, and many others were present.

I spoke with Dr. Clancy at Kilkenny, having pressed to see him from my desire of an interview with a distinguished literary character. He was upwards of eighty, quite blind, yet seemed comfortable in circumstances, though living entirely alone. He was polite and communicative ; yet melancholy ;—a large well-looking man, with a great white wig. I had, very early, seen and admired some lines of his upon Tickell, one of the writers of the Spectator. When very young, I saw Tickell at Glassnevin, where he resided ; he was then old, of the middle size, and had a halt in one leg : he had a very fine house at Glassnevin. Near him lived Dean Delany, the correspondent of Swift ; as also Mrs. Barber ; her son, an eminent crayon-painter, and his son, a fellow-student of mine at West's Academy ; the latter, afterwards, had a commission in the artillery. At the house of Colombine Lee Carey, in Merion Square, I saw some most capital crayon-drawings, done by Barber.

Close to Kilkenny, and the wood of Dunmore, are the quarries of beautiful black marble, streaked with white; and it is a fact, that the whole town, flags, bridges, and coping stones, are all of this marble, though unpolished. Not long before I was at Kilkenny, there was a high flood in the river, which is here narrow; some of the inhabitants, to have it to say they stood on the bridge, and at the same time washed their hands in the river, were in the act of doing so, when the flood swept away the bridge and the people on it, but none were drowned.

I often saw Lord Carrick at Kilkenny; his seat, Mount Juliet, was near the town. I was very well acquainted with an eminent physician of the place, Dr. Butler. One day, I was, with some others, taking a repast in a tavern there, when a little man walked in; he was elderly, and had but one eye. Some person asked him to take a glass: he did so. This man was the once remarkable, and, indeed, notorious, bold Captain F——, of whom were made ballad-songs.

He was the audacious and resolute leader of the Rapparees. When a general with a troop of horse went to take him prisoner, Captain F—— called out, and said, he would surrender, if the general would ride up to him alone;—the other complied; the captain placed his pistol to the general's breast, and took from him his purse and watch, in view of the whole troop of soldiers. His companion suffered by the law, but the captain himself was made county keeper, and was of great use in preventing those outrages, of which he himself was once the most daring ringleader and perpetrator.

Wishing to see Waterford, I, and a friend, had a twenty miles pleasant post-chaise jaunt to it, from Kilkenny: it is an exceeding handsome town; a fine grove runs down to what is called the Quay, which is very broad and long, and the promenade of the fashionables. Here is the confluence of the Barrow and the Suir, the waters very wide; and on the opposite shore a pleasant house of entertainment, the great

rendezvous of gaiety, dinner, and tea-parties, balls, concerts, &c. Lucien Bonaparte's daughter married the son of Mr. Wise, of this town. When at Waterford I saw Mrs. Mozeen, the wife of the author of the admired epilogue called "Bucks have at ye all;" which he wrote in Dublin, for King to speak, in the character of Ranger; and which Lewis afterwards spoke with so much plague and trouble to himself. The full proof that this Epilogue was written for a Dublin audience, appears in these lines:—

“Ye social friends of claret and of wit,
Where'er dispersed, in merry groups ye sit;
Whether below ye gild the glittering scene,
Or mount aloft there, on a bold *thirteen*,” &c.

pointing to the shilling gallery; as an English shilling is in Ireland a shilling and a penny, and the coin is called a *thirteen*. Mozeen, when in Ireland, wrote a hunting song, thought to be the best ever written, from its descriptive

locality, and the persons and manner of the hunters mentioned in it:—

“ We rode to Kilruddery in search of a fox,—
 Where dwells hospitality, truth, and my lord.*
 The Laughlin’s-town landlord, the bold Owen Bray,
 And Johnny Adair too was with us that day,” &c.

This excellent song, describing a fox-chace, is written to the well-known Irish tune of “ She-lah na guira :” to find this tune, see the music of Midas—Mysis’s song, “ Sure I shall run with vexation distracted.”

The mention of a *thirteen* brings to my mind that the twelfth word I spoke, on first setting foot on English ground, was a blunder. A boat from Capt. Cauzier’s ship landed the passengers at Parkgate; just as I stepped on the beach, a man asked me what had been given to the boatman. I answered, “ I don’t know what other people paid, but I paid a *thirteen*.” This expression, to the other passengers, who had

* The Earl of Meath.

presence of mind enough to be conscious that they were not now on Irish ground, raised general mirth against me, and I was hailed in their jocularities—"Paddy from Cork, and Galway Tom, and Shan O'Shay, and Darby Logan, and Mill Cusheen, and a Dunleary duck, and Daniel the Piper."

The second time I came to England, though I had been observed clambering over the ruins of Conway Castle, yet, when we got out of the coach at Bangor, and were crossing the ferry in the boat,—the driver of the coach we had quitted, bawled out to the coachman who was waiting for us at the other side,—“Hollo! don't take those fellows up, they'll never pay you, they're all tailors.”

Passing from Kilkenny to Cork, near Clonmell, under the hill near the road, I saw Knocklofty, the seat of Hely Hutchinson, and stopped at the inn of my namesake at Clogheen;—it was market-day, and the streets full of people. As rumours of the White Boys and their ex-

plots engrossed at that time public attention, I told O'Keeffe, my landlord, I had a great curiosity to see a White Boy.—“Then,” said he, “that you shall.” We were in the parlour, he walked over to the window, and threw up the sash—“There,” said he, “you see some hundreds of people, don't you, Sir, talking, and walking about? well, then, every man you see there is a White Boy.” I laughed heartily at this intelligence, as every man was dressed in a long great coat of *black ratteen*, buttoned about his neck by the top button, the sleeves hanging loose by his sides: these sable fellows were all I ever saw of a White Boy.

We had that day a superb dinner, and our landlord brought into us, in each hand, a *magnum bonum* of prime Latôre: in the bill no dinner was charged, and, on our insisting on paying it, the jolly host exclaimed in compliment to me, his namesake, “O hone! nothing for *eating*.”

In our parlour was a sideboard of plate, con-

sisting of large silver cups and salvers, mugs, spoons, &c. &c., and near the fireplace, a basket five or six feet high, filled with turf; but out of Ireland few know what this turf is, or what a bog is. The word bog, in the English acceptation, seems to imply nothing but clay, mud, and quagmire; but it is actually a composition of the roots and fibres of the most fragrant herbage, and thought of such consequence for fuel, that, in the advertisements for letting of lands, so many acres of bog are mentioned as one of the greatest recommendations. Every house, from the lordly slated mansion, to the poor thatched cabin, has its clamp of turf; which once cut, drawn home on the single-horse little car, and clamped or piled up, the winter is nobly and comfortably prepared for. On the bog of Allen abound the snipe, the green and grey plover, the woodcock, and the bird which I have never heard *out* of Ireland, the corn-crake: and very deep in this bog is found the incorruptible black oak, like huge beams, which,

legend says, has lain there since the deluge : it is hard, and when polished, shines like ebony : it is spider-proof : Westminster Hall is roofed with it. My father, when at Knock-drin, was very anxious to procure a bedstead of this bog of Allen oak, and never gave up the point, until the wood was dug up, and he had one made for himself.

I was at the races at Ennis, in the county of Clare ; it was near the assize time, and the town thronged. One evening, in our select party at the inn where we had dined, a country gentleman of high importance as to landed property and so forth, without invitation, walked into our room ; and, with a fine laugh, and a joke, and tone of conviviality, sat down at our table, and encouraged the decanter to go round. To this we had no objection ; yet thought, being a stranger, he had better have stayed out of the room than have come into it. Before he sat down, he had taken off his *couteau-de-chasse*, and laid it on a side-table. He happened to sit next

to Timothy Duncan, a great favourite with every body, from his good-humour and good-nature : he was a very handsome man, and had a fine person ; yet the intruder, every now and then, turning his head about, looked full in the face of Duncan, and came out with " I never saw so ugly a man." A smile was the only notice taken of this ; for, as the hilarity of the company rose with the circulation of the bottle, the remark was scarcely noticed ; yet the land-owner still continued with " I never saw such an ugly man !" looking full in Duncan's face. This went on at least half a dozen times, and, at last, our party began to look grave and displeased ; when one of them, Phil Glenville, a fine, tall, firm figure, and of a determined mind, seeming a little hurt at the tacit good-nature with which these affronts were taken, reminded the owner of meadows, arable and pasture, flocks and herds, that he should not have thrust himself into a company with which he had no kind of acquaintance, and that his remarks were ex-

ceedingly rude and unmannerly. The land-owner fired up, jumped from his chair, and grasped his *couteau-de-chasse*. Glenville at the instant rose, wrested it from him with one hand, and with the other shoved him towards the room-door, which was the top of the stairs, and down he tumbled him. We continued at our bottle, and thought no more of it. However, the next day, when we were on the race-course, we received underhand a friendly caution, that a round-about circuit to get back into town that evening might be the safest for us. We followed the advice, and heard no more of the affair through the whole summer.

At Limerick, I was acquainted with young Counsellor Pitt: his brother was a fellow-student of mine at the drawing academy, and drew very well, but had a peculiar manner. When drawing from a bust, or from the life, he used to hold his port-crayon and chalk-pencil by one end, between his finger and thumb, and thus let it

hang perpendicularly between his sight and his object; he shut one eye, and, thus directed, saw what part was in an immediate line under the other, and made his drawing accordingly. This seemed to us an odd whim, but we supposed he found the practice of use. He did a very capital likeness of Mossop, (not in character,) which I afterwards saw in Limerick. •

Miss Vereker, and Miss Odell, of Limerick, both very handsome women, were great encouragers of the drama. At that time the beauties of the county of Clare were the Miss Grady's: I have seen them at Ennis, on the race-course, in their coach, which I used to call "*the glass-case of beauties.*"

At the house of Mrs. Lloyd, a widow-lady of fortune, a relation of Mr. Heaphy, persons of the highest respectability in the county often assembled. She lived on the Mall at Limerick, near the fine new Assembly-house; and at her parties I often met with my namesake Counsellor

O'Keeffe, who, when in London, had a violent, but successful; tug with the Herald at Arms, for having scratched the eastern crown, and, I think, the supporters, from off this royal counsellor's carriage.

Now I am on my travels, let me say, that the summer journey from Limerick to Cork was ever very delightful, as also a source of great pleasure to the English performers on their visit to our green island. Mallow is twelve miles from Cork, on the Limerick road :—the well has a building over it ; the water nearly at boiling heat ; and in the long stream from it, the smoke is seen a great way off. • Here are the park and demesne of Mr. Jessop, a beautiful place : we observed in the grounds, at different stations, perpendicular boxes like tuns, open in the front, but placed upon a pivot, by which they could be turned with a finger to any point the person sitting within chose, for air, sun, or prospect. Mallow was once a place of great fashionable resort, like Tunbridge Wells. There was a

pretty song made upon it, called "The Rakes of Mallow;" it begins,

"Beauing, belleing, dancing, drinking, &c." •

I may here remark, that the country-houses and cabins, all over Ireland, are white; which wholesome, cleanly custom, makes them be seen at a great distance, through the trees, and by the side of mountains. At the several halts of a dramatic company in Ireland, the great variety of personages assembling at the inn-door made the circumstance whimsical enough: the post-chaise, the gig, the whiskey, the noddy, the single horse, the double horse, the car, and *St. Francis's mules*: yet all the travellers were cheerful and comfortable.

One day at Bruff, the manager standing at the inn-door, his hands in his fobs, looking round, unconscious of the notice he attracted from the country people, one of them, after taking a survey of the several strangers, whispers a companion, pointing to the manager—

“Hush, look, that’s the ringleader of them all.” But even this was not quite so broad as what I have heard was the mode, sometimes, in an English country-town, to the actors, if they were seen walking in the streets: the half-rustic boys and girls would come up to them, stare full in their faces, and with a loud shrill voice say, “Daw ye toomble to-noight?”

But, to return to the Limerick road: to perform our journey, Brereton and I had a handsome post-chaise, our driver a smart, clever, intelligent youth. When we arrived at the inn at ———, our landlady coming through the passage to receive us, with curtseying formalities, our post-boy walking on before us; she looked at him, exclaiming—“Why, Tim, you devil, and do I at last see you sober!” He, with his hat in his hand, made her a low bow, and said, “Madam, you do, and I wish I could return the compliment.” But such jokes are common among all ranks of Ireland.

Brereton was very handsome in person ; he was brought upon the stage (Drury-lane) by Garrick. His father (Irish) was an officer in the army, who had been master of the ceremonies at Bath. On this road is the beautiful hill of Ballyhoury, from whence I saw the golden vale in the county of Tipperary, which really looks like a fine piece of rich silk stretched along the ground ; and between Limerick and Cork I passed through the ancient city of Kilmallock. We entered one of the gates, and drove down the main street out at the opposite gate. The town is entirely composed of old castles joined to each other, the only inhabitants a few country people, living in the tops and bottoms of these castle-houses like birds and rabbits. Kilmallock seemed to me the court of the Queen of Silence.

Near it I saw a large abbey, at the foot of a steep hill, and also passed the castle of Buttevant, the basement of which is on a level with the road, but behind is a very steep de-

scent: this seems to be the mode of castle-building. We stopped at Rathclare, where the bread was so excellent that we took a loaf of it in our chaise. In passing a cabin on the road near Charleville, a poor woman brought us out a large bowl of eggs; we offered her money, which she refused. I thought of our fine loaf of Rathclare bread, and gave it to her; it was accepted with a smile of joy and thanks: their only taste of the wheat is by their home-made cake-bread baked upon a round plate of iron, called a griddle, so that a baker's oven-loaf is a prize to them. Shortly after we met some poor fellows mending the road: we offered them a few pence to drink; no, money was not wanted. Brereton, who knew well the customs of that part of Ireland, and had provided himself with tobacco for the purpose, the loaf in a long twirled string, gave some to them, and it was received with—"Och, gentlemen! though we don't accept your bounty, yet sometimes we are upon the muzzle, and haven't a

halfpenny to buy our dog a *rowl*; and here now, good luck to my sowl! I have a penny-worth of tobacco without crossing the Herring-brook (the Atlantic) to hoe it among the blackamoors. Hip! says Oonah! (snapping his fingers) thankye, Sir."

Both in Limerick and Cork, the drama and actors were in very high estimation. If a play, on its first representation in London, should be driven from the stage, and an actor fail in a trial part, and thereby be neglected, such play and such actor were never brought either to Cork or Limerick. No dramatic piece was attempted to be acted in those places, but such as had gone through their probation, and been stamped with the seal of success by a London audience. The performers also were, in their walk, at the top of the profession; their reward generally a free benefit, which produced to them about three or four hundred pounds, and, it being *la belle saison*, they enjoyed, at a cheap rate, the good things of life called deli-

cacies, and of high price in London : a few of us youngsters, after our bottle of half-crown claret, would throw down our shilling a-piece for a bottle of four-shilling Burgundy.

The people of Cork were rather jealous that Garrick, when he had played in Dublin, did not come and take a tour, and see the Lake of Killarney, and give *them* a few nights of his fine acting. About the year 1776, Mrs. Crawford played a certain number of nights at Cork : on the last night, many of the audience, called out for her to play again ; one of the performers officially stepped forward, and acquainted them that Mrs. Crawford could not perform any more, as her stage-dresses, or wardrobe, had been sent off that morning. A gentleman in the boxes started up, saying " Well ! have we no silk-mercens or mantua-makers in Cork ?" The lady thought it best to comply, and did play a few more nights.

I first saw Cork in 1767. A party, consisting of Mr. Bartholomew Donaghue, and his

brother the counsellor ; Mr. John Healey, afterwards Sir John (he was knighted by a Lord Lieutenant) ; Mr. Thomas Grant, and his brother William ; Mr. Archer, who had lived most of his time in Lisbon, and who sung us Portuguese songs, and at all times wore his large bag and solitaire ; Mr. Benjamin Wrixon, Mr. Sinclair, little Jack Martin, and myself, went to dine at Black-Rock Castle, three miles from Cork. I was much surprised and delighted at the situation of our room—it was circular, very large, and on the top of a high rock, windows looking every way, and surrounded by a narrow walk and parapet wall, with little cannons for occasional salutes ; the ships from Cove to Cork passing under our windows, the tops of their masts far below us. Across the arm of the sea, I saw the great island on which stands the town of Cove ; and almost opposite, but nearer to Cork, we had a full view of that grand and magnificent piece of land called Glenmire, on which were built a number of country villas

belonging to the merchants and other gentry. It was on a rising ground, each house having gardens in the front ; and thus, over the top of the foremost range of houses, you saw the gardens of those behind it, and higher up—making three or four terraces of houses and gardens, one over another, stretching above three miles. The sight of this from our round-room on the top of Black-Rock Castle, had a fine effect. Each of those rows of houses had their distinct road into the city of Cork ; and the acclivity being gentle and gradual, gave no fatigue to either man or horse. From this room you saw Cork to the left.

I was much pleased with the first sight of the Red-House Walk in Cork ; it was about a mile long, very wide, and bordered by rows of tall trees—at the far end an excellent tavern : on each side of this walk, were recesses with seats, tables, &c. ; they were at some distance from each other, and placed at alternate situations, so that a party sitting in one of them, was not

in view of the party who occupied another of these alcoves. On the right hand of the Red House Walk, as you went from Cork, were meadows with paths across them, reaching to the narrow river Lee, which runs parallel to it. A small boat was always stationed there; in it I crossed to Sunday's-Well. This name was given to a remarkable tea-house and gardens, much frequented: the great object to regale on strawberries; and, in the garden, which was like a fine bank to the river, and ran at the back of the tea-house, were several gay and fashionable parties from Cork, seated at different tables interspersed through the garden, enjoying all the delights of the place with cheerfulness and propriety.

Dodd came to Cork about the year 1773. He had been brought up by Garrick, and was the original in many fine comic characters: but the boxes not being so well let as he expected, and from his merit deserved, he declined playing, so that without ever stepping on the boards of

an Irish stage, he returned to England: thus taking a land journey of above a thousand miles, and a sea voyage of a hundred and twenty, merely for the pleasure of travelling over Kilcash-hill and Kilworth mountain, crossing the golden vale of Tipperary, rattling over the marble streets of Kilkenny, and seeing the Cove of Cork, where the whole navy of England may lie like egg-shells in a basin:—if Dodd earned no money, and spent his own, he had thus some compensation for the loss of his cash and of his time.

I saw Dr. Delacour in Cork: we lodged in the same house in George-street—at Dynan's the carpenter of the Theatre. The doctor was of a very diminutive stature, a pleasant little fellow in a black cassock. In Dublin I saw Lord Strangford: he was a clergyman, and wore under his coat his cassock and black silk apron to his knees, and a clerical hat peculiar to those times: he was a full-looking cheerful man.

A dramatic poet should not be over-hasty in having his play printed. The first night that

Hugh Kelly's comedy of "The School for Wives" was acted in Cork, a violent hissing arose at a scene in which the character of Torrington is the principal; the cry from the pit was, "Keep to the words of your author!" The actor ran to the side of the wing, snatched the book out of the prompter's hand, and in a tumult of anger and vexation handed it across the orchestra, to a gentleman in the pit, saying "There's the book, and there are the words of the author, which I have strictly kept to." Thus arose the mistake: Hugh Kelly, after the first coming out of the play in London, added a new comic incident, but his play printed in its first state, without this additional scene, had got among the audience, and the critics, in their severity of criticism, supposed the actor was sporting some of his own fancies: however, on seeing the real prompt-book, as the play had been afterwards printed, they acknowledged their error, and applauded the actor, who was a great favourite. Hugh Kelly was a Dublin man.

Arthur Murphy also first wrote his comedy of "The Way to Keep Him" in three acts, and afterwards added two more, and as such both were printed. The same circumstance occurred with my "Fontainebleau." I altered Tallyho to a Welshman, Sir Shenkin; and afterwards adopted my original intention of making him an English squire: the books of the music were printed both ways.

From the commercial intercourse of Cork with the Continent in my time, there was hardly a man, of thirty years of age, who had not for some period resided in France, Spain, or Portugal, and many of the ladies also; a circumstance which gave the people of Cork, both in their manner and dress, and even in the general viands of their table, a peculiar superiority to any place I had ever seen.

At the house which corners the Mall and George-street, Cork, I had furnished lodgings for my family, at the Miss Granaghan's; and there, in 1775, my son John Tottenham O'Keeffe was

born. Opposite the house was a fine equestrian gilt statue of George II. This Mall consists of superb shops, and large houses of the merchants, with rows of trees, and an arm of the sea; it is the fashionable promenade. Many of the merchants have their warehouses the ground story of their dwelling, by which means the cargo of a ship is rolled from it across the Mall into these warehouses. One dark night, Mr. Jeffries, the governor of Cork, just arrived in his chariot from his seat of Blarney, the coachman by not turning the corner, but driving on straight, there being no parapet wall, all went off into the sea. Mr. Jeffries was got out with great difficulty, and I think also the driver and horses were saved.

I remember Astley, the famous horse-rider, in Cork: his equestrian feats, with those of his troop, were very surprising: he was a fine figure, and had been in his youth in Elliot's light horse; but I think his son greatly excelled him. Upwards of twenty years after, I met

the elder Astley on Westminster-bridge; he had kept in mind my attentions to him in Ireland, and invited me to his Amphitheatre, where I had never been. I went with a pleasant party; but he and his clown, and even his horses, seemed *all* bent on directing their eloquence, their blunders, and their choice exploits, as complimentary to me and my company. We were mightily ashamed, and wished them not half so civil. M. P. Andrews, Capt. Topham, Capt. Robinson, my brother, and Dr. Kennedy were of our party. We all paid.

When Capt. Topham wrote "The Life of a Miser," he gave a motto in his title-page from my comedy of the "Young Quaker;" these are the words of Reuben Sadboy when reproving Old Chronicle of avarice.—

"*Reuben.*—Right, father-in-law, I should wish to see thee reclaimed of avarice, as I am of prodigality, for a miser of all bad beings is the worst. A miser is the enemy to mankind, for how can he feel for others who is cruel to himself? his breast is steeled against humanity, his heart knows no mirth, nor does the tear of sensibility

ever bedew his cheek : gold, that is a blessing to others, to him doth prove a curse, care torments him, and he has no comforter, for, as he never did good to any, the soft tie of gratitude has never gained him a friend.

“ *Chronicle.*—That’s a good sermon, and has cost me nothing.”

Last scene of the Young Quaker.

Mr. Perry (afterwards Lord Limerick) built a magnificent house at Limerick for himself on the banks of the Shannon, and soon after, many more houses, all together taking the name of Perry’s Town.

At Limerick I saw Sir Harry Hartstonge, and that in doing, at the hazard of his life, a most generous action. Some of the cabins in the outskirts of the city were on fire, and the poor owners in the greatest distress. I saw Sir Harry clamber over the mud walls, ascend through the burning rafters and thatch, and save what he could of the miserable scanty furniture. He seemed to me to be wrapped in flames : he was himself a very little man, and had spectacles on : his great activity on the occasion had an exemplary effect.

During the Limerick assizes I saw a stuffed glove, above four feet long, hanging out from the top of the Exchange, nearly across the main street: this was the accustomed token, that for a week or a fortnight, whilst the courts were sitting, no debtor could be arrested. Debtor or creditor, this was a good thing for the theatres, as, during that time, the city was thronged. An ample piazza under the Exchange was a thoroughfare: in the centre stood a pillar about four feet high, upon it a circular plate of copper about three feet in diameter; this was called *the nail*, and on it was paid the earnest for any commercial bargains made, which was the origin of the saying, "Paid down upon the nail."

There was also at Limerick a place of public resort called Altamira. Indeed, on both Cork and Limerick I look back with great pleasure and a feeling sense of gratitude: some of my earliest attempts at the drama came out at those two beautiful cities, and were attended

with full success and liberality. My little pastoral, with songs of "Colin's Welcome," I wrote for Limerick Theatre; and "Tony Lumpkin's Rambles" for the Theatre at Cork; also a two act piece, "The India Ship:" all three of which were acted in Dublin with great applause. I chose the music myself for "Colin's Welcome," from Claggitt, Tenducci, and the Witch's Choruses in "Macbeth;" and wrote a song to the tune of "Rule Britannia!" my song beginning, "Hibernia! happy, favoured Isle." By these three productions I often had the pleasure of serving the performers on their benefit-nights: my only recompense, the happiness of doing so, for they were sure of bringing them full houses.

In 1770 I saw Colonel Burke, or Du Bourgh, and most of the other members of the Castle Connel Club, which was composed of the first persons of rank, fashion, and landed property in the country: they were of the prime class of *bon-vivants*, and played high and drank deep; all, or most of them, having travelled, were of

the chief order of high accomplishment, interior and exterior; they wore a uniform of scarlet with gilt buttons, green silk waistcoat and breeches, a green ribbon in the breast, with three C's in gold, initials of *Castle Connel Club*. They had each a pretty box at Castle Connel, close by the Spa, which is very cold, limpid, and sparkling. There were some grand old ruins of the Castle on the banks of the Shannon, six miles from Limerick. I had the pleasure of dining several times with the Club at Mac Manus's. I never saw any quarrel among the members; which, in those days of claret and swords, must otherwise have often proved fatal. All was harmony and good-humour. Colonel John Mac Mahon was a member of it.

In 1770, a jeweller, who had a small shop on the Mall in Cork, discovered near the town a mine of amethysts, but kept the circumstance a secret; however, some children playing in the quarry, picked up large lumps of it, of which they made playthings, or sold them now and

then for a few halfpence. The jeweller, who was a skilful lapidary, cut and polished them, and then formed seals, rings, brooches, sleeve and coat buttons; at times he brought some of these amethysts over to London, by which he made great sums of money, and, returning to Cork, took a more extensive shop, and lived in a far superior style. Many people wondered how all this came about, but were completely ignorant of the cause, until he unluckily mentioned the hidden treasure to his wife: she in her gossip told her neighbours, and the mine was consequently claimed and enclosed. I had rings and buttons of those precious stones; and made presents to many of my friends of seals and brooches, the stone being at first purchased for a mere trifle. Some of these amethysts were pale, others of a deep rich purple. Among my old receipts, I find the following:

“Cork, 4th Oct. 1779.

Mr. O'Keeffe

To a Gold Amethyst Ring 1*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*

Received the contents in full.

N.B. 1*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* is an English guinea.”

I knew Mr. Ferrar, of Limerick, a printer, bookseller, and author: he wrote an excellent History of Limerick, which, a few years ago, I heard read with pleasure. His little shop was at the corner of Quay-lane. Ferrar was very deaf, yet had a cheerful animated countenance; thin, and of the middle size.

In 1775 I was in company with Father O'Leary, at the house of Flinn, the printer, in Cork. O'Leary had a fine smooth brogue; his learning was extensive, and his wit brilliant. He was tall and thin, with a long, pale, and pleasant visage, smiling and expressive. His dress was an entire suit of brown, of the old shape; a narrow stock, tight about his neck; his wig amply powdered, with a high poking foretop. In the year 1791, my son Tottenham and I met him in St. James's Park, at the narrow entrance near Spring Gardens. A few minutes after, we were joined accidentally by Jemmy Wilder, well known in Dublin, once the famous Macheath at Smock-alley—a worthy and

respectable character, of a fine bold athletic figure, but violent and extravagant in his mode of acting. He had quitted the stage and commenced picture-dealer; and, when we met him in the Park, was running after a man who, he said, had bought a picture of Rubens for three shillings and sixpence, at a broker's stall in Drury-lane, and which was to make his (Wilder's) fortune. Our loud laughing at O'Leary's jokes and his Irish brogue, and our stopping up the narrow Spring Garden passage, brought a crowd about us. O'Leary was very fond of the drama, and delighted in the company of the "Glorious Boys," as he called the actors,—particularly in that of John Johnstone, for his fine singing in a room.

When Johnstone belonged to the Dublin Company, before he had ever been in London, he was distinguished in our merry parties for singing very good songs with his fine falsetto voice. He wished at his benefit to have an opportunity of singing all these songs upon the stage, and said

to me, "O'Keeffe, you can bring this about for me." I did so by writing a dialogue, representing on the stage a number of people in a room,—some at the bottle, some at the dice-box, a few at cards, others eating oranges, sipping capillaire, and spooning up jellies: and I contrived appropriate lines in this dialogue, to draw out from Johnstone each of his songs in succession. It had a good effect, and the audience of his full house was much gratified.

Macdonnel, the famous Irish piper, lived in great style,—two houses, servants, hunters, &c. His pipes were small, and of ivory, tipped with silver and gold. You scarcely saw his fingers move; and all his attitudes, while playing, were steady and quiet, and his face composed. On a day that I was one of a very large party who dined with Mr. Thomas Grant, of Cork, Macdonnel was sent for to play for the company during dinner; a table and chair were placed for him on the landing outside the room, a bottle of claret and a glass on the table, and a servant

waiting behind the chair designed for him: the door left wide open. He made his appearance, took a rapid survey of the preparation for him, filled his glass, stepped to the dining-room door, looked full into the room, said, "Mr. Grant, your health and company!" drank it off, and threw half a crown on his little table, saying to the servant, "There, my lad, is two shillings for my bottle of wine, and keep the sixpence for yourself." He ran out of the house, mounted his hunter, and galloped off, followed by his groom.

The host and his company, at first astonished at his audacity, soon ran after him, in full hue-and-cry; and had they caught him, piper and pipes would have been thrown into the River Lee.

About the same season I prevailed on Macdonnel to play one night on the stage at Cork, and had it announced in the bills that Mr. Macdonnel would play some of Carolan's fine airs upon the *Irish organ*. The curtain went up, and discovered him sitting alone, in his own dress; he played, and charmed every body.

The Irish pipes have a small bellows under the left arm, a bag covered with crimson silk under the right arm ; from these passes a small leather tube of communication for the wind to reach, first, from the bellows to the bag, as both are pressed by the elbows ; and from this tube, another small one conveys the wind to the several pipes : that on which the fingers move, is called the chaunter, or treble ; there are three other pipes which hang over the wrist : the longest of them is called the drone, or base.

This distinguishes the Irish from the Scotch bagpipes, which are blown by the pipe in the mouth.

One day, at a billiard-table in Cork, a companion of mine, a novice in the drama, (since that time an officer in the Devonshire militia,) being at the opposite end of the room, which was full of merchants, army and navy officers, lawyers, &c. who had nothing to do with theatres but pay their money at the doors and be diverted, called out to me, " O'Keeffe ! this

Lionel that I am studying, is above twelve lengths." I took no notice of this ill-timed speech of my foolish friend, but he went on, "I wished to see my dress, and was taken to the wardrobe to see it, and what do you think it is?—the great velvet black surtout which Henry VI. wears in Richard III." Vexed and ashamed at his drawing the attention of the company on himself and me in this unnecessary manner, I shortly after left the room, and returned home. I mentioned the circumstance to Mr. Robin Heaphy, (one of the five brothers who volunteered from the county Kerry into Germany with George the Second,) when this old gentlemanly-soldier, with grey locks, smiling face, stooping head, very long ruffles, his snuff-box within two inches of his nose, his finger and thumb closed, taking his pinch, calmly turned up his looks to me, and said in a cosey gentle voice, "Upon my honour, sir, if he had talked so to me, I'd have walked over to him, and knocked him down."

CHAPTER VII.

Lord Taaffe.—Father Netterville.—Lords Clanricarde and Drogheda.—Captain Mitchell.—Mr. Coote.—Foote.—Lords Townshend and Halifax.—The Duke of Bedford.—Lords Beauchamp, Harcourt, Carlisle, Macartney, Muskerry, Clanwilliam, Tyrone, Cavan, and Charlemont.—Smith.—Verpoyle.—Dr. Lucas.—The Volunteers.—Charles James Fox.—Flood, the Orator.—Surgeon C——.—Grattan.—Frederick Lord Boyne.—Lady Molesworth.—Stock, Bishop of Killala.—The College Cellar.—A Billiard Table.—Duels.—The Turnip.—The Hill of Howth.—Leixlip.—Macklin and his Pupils.—The Theatres of Dublin, Cork, and Limerick.—West Digges.—The Dublin Ranelagh.—The Lying-in-Hospital, Dublin.—Monkstown Races.

THE oldest lord I ever saw was Lord Taaffe; he was tall, and usually dressed in a whole suit of dove-coloured silk. I have been in a room with Lord Riverston; he was an elegant young man, tall and thin. I never saw Lord Netterville, but his brother, Father

Netterville, sat for me, and I took a drawing of him : this was at a convent in Dublin, where was a sister of my excellent friend Ulick Allen ; I took much pleasure in this drawing, as Father Netterville was a noble portly-looking man, with a grand but pleasant countenance. I often saw Lord Clanricarde ; he was always in full regimentals—a strong, athletic man. Lord Drogheda I remember very well ; he was tall and thin, and a fine person. His regiment of light horse was at Drogheda when I was there : Captain Mitchell was in it, with whom I was very well acquainted : the regimentals were white faced with black velvet : he was of a slim figure, tall and well-proportioned, and gentle in his manners ; I have played billiards with him : his father was a banker, his country-house at Glassnevin, the gardens of which were in the most superior style. There was no coffee-house at Drogheda ; the officers had their mess at Clegg's, the White Horse, a very large inn. Over the front door

was a spacious balcony : in this they sat to take their wine after dinner, as it opened from their dining room. - Though this house was in the main street, in the great north road, yet in the open air they enjoyed their glass at ease and unnoticed.

About 1760, Mr. Coote (successively Lord Viscount Colocney, and Earl of Belmont,) returned to Dublin from his travels—a prime fop, as was thought. I saw him in silk coat, satin shoes with red heels, and feathered hat. Though these were dressy times, his extreme finery was considered superfine. Some people where he was invited, one evening asked Foote also, in hopes of amusement from the wit making him the butt. A variety of topics were started for the purpose ; but afterwards, on Foote being asked what he thought of him, he replied, “ I think this same Mr. Coote the only well-bred sensible man in your whole city.”

Yet this foppish Mr. Coote was silly enough to challenge Lord Townshend (his Viceroyalty

over) for not receiving him at the Castle, when, contrary to form, he went to the levee in boots.

I saw Lord Townshend, when Lord Lieutenant, go in state to the Dublin Parliament-house. The leading coach, the second coach, and the third, wherein he sat, were most superb, and seemed all glass. Many gentlemen of his retinue in full dress, with hats under their arms, walked on each side of his coach, and six little pages dressed splendidly in scarlet and gold, and feathered hats, and swords, stood in the traces. Lord Townshend had a manly and soldier-like aspect, swarthy, but animated and cheerful: he was a great favourite in Ireland, and was celebrated for his skill in drawing caricatures, of which many pleasant anecdotes were reported, but too well known to repeat here. I afterwards saw him in London; there is a fine likeness of him in Benjamin West's picture of the death of Wolfe.

I did not see Lord Halifax when he was Secretary of State, but saw him often when

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1761. He was above the middle stature, fine countenance, lively and expressive, concave face, and rather sallow. I never saw Lord Egremont, the other Minister of State in the times when Johnny Wilkes was so troublesome to them both.

In 1760, I saw the Duke of Bedford, then Lord Lieutenant; he was about the middle size, very good complexion, rather round, or what is called jolly. I remember particularly Lord Beauchamp, (at the time his father, Lord Hertford, was Lord Lieutenant). I was in a room with him, he was a very tall, fine person, and had a good-humoured face.

In 1772, I saw Lord Harcourt, his own grey hair all about his shoulders; of a venerable and benevolent aspect. He was unfortunately drowned at his seat, Nuneham, in Oxfordshire, endeavouring to save a favourite little dog. When Lord Lieutenant he was much beloved; and in my little piece of "Colin's Welcome," he sitting in the stage box, I patriotically

paid him many deserved compliments on his good conduct when in Ireland, and when ambassador in France. The Duke of Bedford's daughter, Lady Caroline Russell, (since Duchess of Marlborough) was the queen of the Irish Court, which was at that time very splendid; she was possessed of every charm and personal grace. Lady Lanesborough was also a first-rate toast.

The first time I saw Lord Carlisle was in 1780: he was in the vice-regal box at Crowstreet Theatre, his first show of himself in public, after being invested with this dignity. He had a green ribbon,—he was a well-looking young man, and bowed very much to the audience, with his hand to his breast, and seemed pale, and I thought rather frightened. He was a modest young nobleman, a good poet, and a friendly patron to Tresham, the Irish painter, who had studied at West's R. A. Dublin, but long after my time. I remember, in London, a very fine mezzotinto print of Lord Carlisle, when

a little boy, with his hand upon the head of an immensely large mastiff. A capital thought of the painter, I think Sir Joshua Reynolds, to contrast the innocent beauty of the child with the large size of the dog, though sitting up like a civil-looking beast.

I often saw Sir George Macartney in Dublin, when secretary to the then Lord-Lieutenant; he was a handsome man in face and person, and looked well in his star and red ribbon. At the Castle balls, he was considered a very fine dancer. He was afterwards Lord Macartney, and went Ambassador to China.

In Dublin, I was acquainted with Sir Robert Deane (Lord Muskerry); he was a jocose, pleasant little fellow, always in high spirits. I remember Lord Clanwilliam, when Sir John Meade; on a particular occasion, he had been very kind to me. He was of short stature, with a fine laughing rosy countenance. He had a noble house in Merion-street (before it was a square); his equipage and establishment were

all in the first style. I saw Beresford Lord Tyrone very often; he was tall, and well-looking, a fresh complexion, but had a cast in both eyes; he had one of the finest houses in Dublin—it was in Marlborough-street.

The Lord Cavan of that time was fond of the drama: in his box he was very ready and nimble at applause; and in the green-room much given to cheerful conversation with the performers, and peeping over their shoulders when reading their parts.

Lord Charlemont gave great spirit to the Irish volunteers. In my childhood I heard a letter read, which had been written by him on Mount Calvary, and sent to his nurse; and about the year 1766, walking with a friend through Donnycarney, he was standing at the entrance of his splendid villa and grounds; he invited us in, and showed us his Casino, built by Verpoyle, upon the model of one at Marino in Italy, and his Rosamond's bower, which had a beautiful window of stained glass, and Mosaic flooring:

he was very polite and communicative. I have been in Verpoyle's workshop in Henry-street : Smith, the fine sculptor, not long since dead, was apprentice to him. Verpoyle was brought from Italy, by Lord Charlemont.

Dr. Lucas, the great patriot, was professionally useful to Lord Charlemont ; who, it was said, lost his health when abroad. This nobleman was above the middle size, dark beard, and very high thin eye-brows. He also built a superb town-house for himself, at the back of the Lying-in-hospital Dublin :—a good move, for Charlemont House was formerly in Jervis-street, hanging over Mary's church-yard.

In 1777, the volunteer system in Ireland was in high excellence : upwards of 100,000, without pay, and self-clothed and armed, had the spirit of knight-errantry, "without its folly. If a robbery was committed, they scoured the country, and, knowing every body, an offender was soon taken. At the period when the wish was a free trade for Ireland, I was pre-

sent when a party of the army, and corps of the Dublin volunteers met by accident at the foot of Essex bridge, on the north side of the Liffey: the former were coming from the barracks to relieve the Castle guard, and the latter from one of their suburb reviews and breakfasts. The bridge was too narrow to admit of both passing with military regularity at the same time, and the spectators were suddenly struck with awful expectation of which would take the precedence, apprehensive that a contest must follow. At that moment, the officer at the head of the regulars, in a loud voice called to his men to halt, took off his hat to the officer of the volunteers, and made a sign with the other hand, that he gave him the way. The latter, with a glowing smile of thanks and acceptance, marched over the bridge with his men, while the regulars made a full stop until they had all passed. The numerous spectators instantly gave a universal shout of joy, gratitude, and sincere loyalty. I regret not

knowing the name of this officer, who thus by his presence of mind, good-sense, and humanity, most likely prevented the city, and perhaps the nation, from becoming a prey to slaughter and dissension. Gerald Heaphy was a volunteer, and my son, when a child, was always dressed in the volunteer uniform,—green, with a little cap, and L. I. upon it—Light Infantry.

When I saw Charles James Fox in Dublin, he was, in dress, the perfect model for a “man of mode.” His person very good; but even at that time his face and beard rather black or bluish: both Lewis and I agreed that he was very like George Parvisol, the hatter on Cork-hill, who was a portly-looking person. Charles Fox affected to ridicule and laugh at our Dublin appellations of certain persons; such as “Buck English,” “Hero Jackson,” “Billy Glad-dowe, with his one-buckled wig,” “Charley Shaw, with his stockings so loose;” “Watty Peters drinking bitters;” “Kitty Cut-a-dash,” and the like. Flood, the favourite orator in the

Irish parliament, was pitted against Fox in London, and much was expected from the contest in debate; but on the day of a particular question, where Flood dined, the glass went too often to his lips, and the opposite party rather triumphed, that this Irish Cicero, instead of a pea on his nose, got a sup in his eye. Flood's oratory was very powerful; I have often heard him in the Dublin parliament-house: he was tall, and a fine person. A French gentleman of my acquaintance told me he saw Fox in Paris, in 1803; and that, instead of searching among the records of the house of Stuart, he passed his time more *gentlemanly*, laughing and attending on the ladies, and joking in the shops of the Palais Royal.

I went often to the lectures of a surgeon, the Professor of Anatomy in Trinity College, Dublin: they were delivered in the Anatomical Theatre. He had his subject on a board before him, part of a human body, and as he dissected, frequently put the knife in his mouth cross-

ways, while his hands were pulling the flesh about. To show the communication of the veins and ducts, he put a silver pipe in the veins, and blew them up; but, full of the ardour of science, was careless which end of the pipe he put to his lips: he told many anecdotes, pleasing and instructive, to illustrate his meaning. Some of my companions at this period were the apprentices of Croker, in Stafford-street, and other eminent surgeons, as Woodrooff, and Cunningham; and I often accompanied my young friends in their rounds to the hospitals. In this I took interest, as I had made anatomy part of my study at West's:

I knew Grattan at Trinity College, Dublin, and have often played football with him in the College Park: he was a fellow commoner. The words gentleman commoner, or nobleman, are not known in Dublin College. In his walk he had a very singular rising on his toe, holding up his gown in a bundle behind him with both hands,—high cheek-bones, and large expressive dark eyes. I heard him speak in the Irish

House of Lords, upon my friend Frederick Lord Boyne's title. Grattan's manner was with great action, vehement, and animated; his chief parliament opponent was Flood. I also remember at the Dublin College, the Earl of Kerry, who lived many years after at Petersham, in Surrey, where he died; and Lord Molesworth. Lord Kerry's gown was crimson satin, with gold frogs: Sir John Meade's, black, with velvet facings and gold frogs: and Lord Viscount Molesworth's, purple satin, with silver frogs.

In 1762, I saw, the next morning after it was burned, the shell of Lady Molesworth's house, in Upper Bruton-street, on the left hand as you go from Grosvenor-square: the lady and a number of her servants perished, owing to her custom of taking at night the keys of the street-doors into her bed-chamber. A footman, endeavouring to save her, saw her sink with the floor of her room into the flames. Her son, Lord Molesworth, was at that time at Westminster school, and had supped with his mother

that night: she wished him to sleep at home, but his attention to his studies induced him to return to the boarding-house in Dean's-yard, by which he was saved. He was a good scholar, but of few words; thin, and slender, handsome face, hectic cheeks; and, when I last saw him in Dublin, dressed in the groom style, coloured silk handkerchief, &c. and was distinguished for his proficiency in coach and phaëton driving. I was very well acquainted with him.

I have often seen Stock, Bishop of Killala, when a student at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was reputed the best scholar of that time; and in 1799, I read his account of the French invaders making him their guest in his own palace, August 22d, 1798. When at college, he was a thin young man, pale, but had an animated cheerful countenance, lively eye, and quick walk.

It was a custom with the students to lend their cellar-books to a friend. These books, consisting of seven leaves, were passports to

the college cellar. One of them being lent to me, I brought with me two companions, and, on hearing the bell ring at nine o'clock, the notice that the cellar is open, we went. It was on the left hand of the first court, and stretched under the great dining-hall, in low arches, extending very far, and containing large butts of ale regularly arranged. Close by the entrance, on the left hand, was a little box, like a kind of pulpit, and there sat the college butler, as he was termed. I delivered to him the little book; he with few words, quiet and proper in his manner, gave his orders to his attendants, and we were led to a large table, of which there were many in the cellar. On our table was a great iron candlestick with three legs, and in it a wax candle, as thick as my wrist, which spread a brilliant light through the vaulted gloom. A silver cup or vase, with two handles, was placed before us; this was full of the college ale, called Lemon October: the cup held about three quarts. A

wicker basket was brought full of small loaves, called by them *Manchets*; but such ale or such bread, I never tasted before or since, except in this college cellar. The tinkling bell continued ringing until half-past nine, the signal when the cellar doors are closed. While we were enjoying this, indeed, delicious regale, we observed numbers of the servants of the collegians giving the little books to the butler up in his box, for them to receive ale, and take it to their masters in their several apartments: the butler's business was to put down in those books the quantity delivered out or drunk in the cellar. I once went to the entrance of the college kitchen, and saw five or six spits, one over another, and of great length, full of legs of mutton roasting: the notice for dinner was, a man bawling under the cupola, "The Dean's in the hall!"

I thought it whimsical to see the students, some sixteen years of age or so, thrust their heads through windows, and cry "Boy!" when

a little old man would get up from a bench in the court or hall, and shuffle up to him, answering, "Yes, Sir." These old men, constantly in waiting, are called Boys.

Though I have had among my acquaintances men of play, yet I never had any thing to do with cards ; I have been at hazard-tables, but never touched a dice box : enough for me to observe the heap of guineas disappear from one part of the table, and rise up at the opposite side. In my time, I also went to see the affairs of an E. O. Table, and Rouge et Noir, in London, but was a mere spectator at both. I now and then, in my youth, played a game at billiards, but never was expert at it. I have often been at a fashionable billiard-table, which belonged to a coffee-house in Stephen's-green, the resort of many lads of the college, and young nobles. It was the custom for the bill-stickers to post up the play-bills regularly in the several coffee-houses and billiard-rooms. A match took place between a young fashionable and a clever

dressy knowing man of business. The trade of the latter, by which he earned four guineas a week or so, was a glass-cutter. One morning I was in the room when these two were at play. The young nobleman was a great proficient at this game, and, when he was the striker, took the nicest pains to place his tack in such a manner, that to hold his adversary's ball seemed a matter of course, his eye and his hand so keen and full to the purpose before he struck. His adversary, the glass-cutter, though a good player, contrived, in the following way, to make him lose some hazards: the instant before his opponent was to strike off, he with seeming ease and unconcern cast his eye upon the play-bill, stuck against the wall, and read, with slow and tragic emphasis, "The Roman Father!" This had its effect, for the sound confused the noble player so much, that he struck the ball on the wrong side, not only missed the hazard, but holed himself. He was, consequently, rather vexed, and requested his antagonist not to speak when he

was going to strike : the other nodded acquiescence, yet, at the very important moment, he once more had recourse to his lucky stratagem : his eye upon the play-bill, he again read with great solemnity "The Roman Father!" By keeping to this manoeuvre, he ultimately baffled the superior skill of his adversary, and won the game. I was myself angry at the affair, having laid a few shillings upon the loser. This is only one of the many devices I have observed, used by the knowing-ones, and is an exploit worthy of any "Tallyho," either at Fontainebleau, Stephen's Green, Dublin, or John's Gate, Clerkenwell, London. At the latter place, I have shoved the balls about a little.

I am sorry to say that, in my time, pistol-duelling was very prevalent in Ireland. A friend, still living, walking up George's-lane with me, a young gentleman, an acquaintance of both of us, happened to be coming down Stephen-street ; and, as we met at the corner, "Oh, oh !" said he, "I'm very glad to see you !"

—the answer of my friend was, “ And I’m very glad to see you, and I’ll not part with you, now that I’ve caught you, till you give me satisfaction.” I found that, the night before, they had had a few accidental words of dispute in the pit at the theatre, since which time they had been in search of each other. My companion laid hold of the coat of the new comer, and we all three walked in silence the whole length of George’s-lane, into Dame-street, up Cork-hill, into Castle-street, and there entered by a little passage into a tavern, the Carteret’s Head : the waiter showed us into a small room in the yard. There was a table in the middle of the room :—“ Now,” said my friend, taking from his pocket a small case of pistols, and laying them on a chair,—“ I was on the look out for you, and am partly prepared ; we’ll now decide this affair across the table ; and, as I cannot part with my *mannerly* gentleman here, do you, O’Keeffe, step to the plumber’s shop, in Cook-street, you know it very well, and buy me some balls—I

have powder." He clapped half-a-crown in my hand, and they both seated themselves, swelling with ire and indignation: I left the room, walked into the street, and paced a little up and down, very much troubled, and full of reflection how I could prevent this mischief. I bought no bullets, but in a quarter of an hour returned, when I found them walking about the room in silence. After standing a moment at the window, I went over to one of them, and, as he had been the aggressor, whispered something about concession; he looked grave, then smiled. I took his hand, and then my friend's hand joined them, and made their reconciliation a good sign for the Union Fire-office.

A short time before this, at Ennis, on a gaming dispute, two very clever gentlemen fought in a tavern, and fired across the table;—one was killed. I was very well acquainted with both.

Once, at Limerick, I had a more difficult stretch at the olive-branch. After dinner, at the Turk's Head, words arose between two of our

party, and in the altercation the epithet *rascal* was unhappily used: he to whom it was addressed, immediately quitted the room, but returned in a few minutes with a pistol in each hand, and desired the rash pronouncer of the opprobrious word to follow him. In an instant they were both down stairs, and in the street. I and others of our party ran down after them. It was dark—I was confounded and alarmed, as I very well knew that the man who brought the pistols, was remarkable for practising pistol-shots. We did not know which way they had gone. I ran along the High-street, and with all my speed down Quay-lane, looking every way about, and listening to hear their angry voices, but all was silent. At last I reached the canal that leads from the Shannon, and here I found them. Being on the most intimate and friendly terms with both, particularly with him who really had offended, I spoke first to him, but words were nothing. I knew that it was next to a certainty his adversary must

kill him ; and I was determined by main force to prevent a duel if possible. My friend had the pistol in his hand ; I laid hold of it, wrenched it from him, and flung it with all my might and strength across the canal. " Now," said I, " if you will fight, having only one pistol, you must toss up for the first shot ; and, though it is so dark, you cannot distinguish the head from the harp, yet one of your foolish heads may have its brains blown out ; whilst there above, at the Turk's Head, is the choice bottle of claret you left upon the table,—so come along you pair of foolish fellows." And taking each of the enraged heroes under an arm, I endeavoured to laugh, and joke, and sing ; and thus we returned to our room of conviviality, where we were again joined by many of our party. My success in this make-up gave me great joy, as I was partly implicated in the quarrel, the other having advocated my cause, when he thought my friend was in the wrong.

And now for a little peace-making in Eng-

land. Whilst I was staying at Lulworth, in Dorsetshire, coming up from the Cove one morning after bathing, no one with me but my son, and an acquaintance, then in the neighbourhood, whose politeness and attention added to the pleasures of that excursion, we were met on the road by a gentleman of the fighting profession. Some previous misunderstanding had worked up him and my friend into great animosity; it arose now, by interchange of words, into real fury. My acquaintance, I knew, was not overstocked with meekness or command of temper, and the warlike man considered very little about life or death: I kept between them, but, with my full force of peace-making rhetoric, found it hard to prevent blows, and the consequence of one blow might have been dangerous: however, I persevered, and with my son's taking our friend's other arm, we got him up the hill; his adversary continuing his direful threats.

At a suburb near London, in one of my lone walks, I saw a great basket of crockery-ware on

the ground, close to the road, and a man, seemingly a farmer or gardener, grappling the collar of another man: the latter, it appeared, had stepped over the hedge, and taken a turnip out of a field, and was eating it; this was seen by the owner, who now threatened to put him into the hands of a constable, and send him to prison, for the trespass and robbery. I ventured to talk to him on the subject, a little in my way, while the poor crockery-man was excusing himself by saying that he thought it no harm to take a turnip to cool his mouth. "Ay, but," says the husbandman, "if every fellow that passes this road takes a turnip out of my field, will that story satisfy my landlord on quarter-day?" I asked the other, "Well, now, what may be the value of this damage done to you?" "Why, as to that, the value of a turnip is not so much here or there; a penny may pay a bunch of turnips." "Well, then," said I, "there's the price of six bunches of turnips, and let him go, and say no more about it."

“ Ecod !” said the gardener with a smile, “ that’s very hearty of you, Sir, on your part, and I’ll not bē worse on mine : one halfpenny of this shall not go into my pocket. So, turning to the poor crockery-man, “ Step with me over to Stockings’, and this sixpence gets me a pot of beer, which you shall be the first to dip your beak in ; so, come along.—Thank ye, Sir.” The crockery-man got his ware upon his head, and off they set in perfect good-humour.

John Kane, who died a few years since at Buxton, was a very early acquaintance of mine. His father was mace-bearer to Judge Robinson, and his wife, niece to Lord Charlemont. His walk in the drama was not exalted, but he was what is called useful in very respectable and *un-comical* old gentlemen, and always perfect. We had amongst our acquaintance Henry Russel, eldest son to a Dublin wine-cooper ; the perfect nature of which office is of much higher consequence in Ireland than in England ; the merchants there employing, and entirely con-

finding in the judgment of the cooper, as to the quality and price of his several wines, when making purchases on the Custom-House Quay. Russel's father was very eminent in this employment, and had a house in Jervis-street, where I often visited.

In the summer of 1768, young Russel proposed for Kane and me to dine with him on the summit of the Hill of Howth. We were sure of as prime a glass of wine as ever enriched a grape of the Bourdelois, therefore gladly accepted the invitation. The day was delightful: we walked to the end of Abbey-street, and, at the Ferry-boat-slip, hired a boatman, and his boat, sail, and oars; he himself both captain and crew; and a noble sail we enjoyed for a ten miles to Howth. We then quitted the vessel, and our boatman brought up our wine and provisions to the top of the hill, close by the light-house, (or rather the great iron pan, from which the coal-fire blazed by night.) It was about three o'clock when we dined on the grass, and a jovial dinner

we had, our Triton at hand, as jovial as ourselves.

A small pointed rock, out in the sea, bounded our view to the south ; but, from the eminence where we sat, was far below the eye. A fancy took me to reach this rock, and stand upon it. We all three had a great deal of pro and con, (and the boatman put in his oar,) that this could and could not be done, which produced a wager of a cast of wine (two bottles), and I was resolved to win it. I ran to the edge of what I did not expect, a precipice ; here I found a break of the sea, and a new cluster of small rocks. However, I got over them, and another, and another, all unseen from where we had been sitting ; and now the attempt proved fatiguing and hazardous enough. Yet I reached the pointed distant rock in question ; I stood on the top of it, waved my hat, and shouted aloud in triumph ! As for my voice, I do not think that could be heard, from the distance and the roaring and dashing of the waves ; but I knew

they could see me very plain. I returned to the foot of the hill, and they descended to meet me, it being now time for us to take to our boat, and sail back to Dublin. •

Our boatman entered with skill and cheerfulness on his employment, and we sailed merrily on, until the wind rising, drove us fairly out of the Bay. We now all got into altercation,—one would row, another would steer, one would have the sail up, the other would have it down. This raised wrangle and contradiction; the boatman got angry at our “devilish obstinacy,” as he called it, and at last sat down quietly with folded arms, saying calmly, “Oh, well, have it your own way; had you left me to manage the boat, we should have been three hours ago stepping out cleverly on the Bachelor’s-walk:—we have eaten our dinner on the Hill of Howth, to be sure; but, upon my soul, I think we shall eat our suppers at the bottom of Penmanmaur.”

We now got alarmed, and heartily vexed at

far outside the Bay, and indeed halfway in the channel. The light-houses at the end of the piles, and that on the top of the Hill of Howth, seemed sometimes on one side, and presently on the other side; and when we thought ourselves coming into the Bay, we were again driven suddenly out; and all our tacking and steering only heightened our distress and actual danger. Though the middle of summer, it was now quite dark, we could not see each other in the boat; the only objects were the two light-houses, which every five minutes seemed to take different situations. „Heaven bless us!“ thought I, „my fine swimming would here be of little use.“ By my example my two companions took to their knees, and we prayed fervently. In this doubtful and tremendous situation we remained until the dawn: at length, with a great deal of vicissitude, and the boatman’s skill and endeavours, Providence heard our prayers, and we got in between the Pigeon-house and the Hill of Howth. After having been fifteen

hours on the water, we reached the ferry-boat-slip, and landed safely at nine o'clock the next morning.

A few minutes rest was all I required, and the same day at noon I went to a rehearsal, at Crow-street Theatre, of the "Countess of Salisbury," Barry having a few days before left London, to act in Dublin for a fortnight or so : he had heard of our danger, and, with all the good-sense and knowledge of an experienced man, wished us joy ; well knowing, from having often crossed the Irish sea, the great perils we had escaped.

This tragedy of the "Countess of Salisbury" had much success ; it was the production of Mr. Hall Harston, a student of Trinity College, Dublin, and gave both Mr. and Mrs. Barry full scope for their fine acting. Two of the best actors that ever graced the boards, Thomas Sheridan, and Henry Mossop, had their education in the said Dublin college : not to speak of

ed actor, though hasty in temper, and very enthusiastic on many points.

Dawson was at this time manager of Crowstreet Theatre, and wishing to treat our Buck Lodge with a dozen of half-crown (the highest price) claret, modestly contrived to make his liberality appear in the shape of a lost wager. Having heard of our Hill of Howth adventure, he drew me into a dispute of walking so many miles in a given time, and this was one night after supper. Macklin being expected to dine with us the next day, I offered a bet, that I would walk to Leixlip, and be back again at the dinner-hour,—four o'clock. This occasion was Dawson's hint for laying the wager against me, of this dozen of claret. Stephenson, a Scotchman, a friend of his, being present, said he would go with me, and promised, agreeably to the terms of the wager, that I was not to run, but to walk every foot of the way. I rose early next morning; Stephenson punctually met me, and off we set. Leixlip is eight Irish

miles from Dublin, and we had to dine in Anglesey-street, near College-green, which made it five miles more. To Leixlip we got: on our return I was a little afraid of losing my wager, and also tired of walking, I therefore ran a few yards on before my companion, but he, making a full-stop, called out in his broadest Caledonian dialect, "Come bock! come bock! ye must walk over this groond ageen, for if you run any part of it, how con I gi' my woord and honour, as I promised, that you walked it?" He was right; and I complied, saying, "Why, I was heartily tired, and only ran a bit for fear of walking too slow." However, I won my wager, and we had a pleasant day with Macklin, who was always joyous in the company of young people; and Dawson paid his thirty shillings for our dozen of claret with pleasure. His step-son, William Lewis, was of the party. Macklin, though he dressed in the fashion of 1720—stockings rolled over his knees, long flaps to his waistcoat, enormous

cuffs, tight stock, no collar to his coat—yet took great satisfaction, whenever he found a young man's little hat, to put it on, and walk the streets: the hat of fashion at that time was very small; three-cocked, with a large mass of gold in front, called a blaze. William Lewis, knowing Macklin's whim, was always afraid to leave his hat in his way.

It is a custom of the Dublin people to go to Leixlip, and see what is called the salmon-leap. I often went, and stood upon the bridge, looking into Lady Mazarene's gardens, through which the Liffey runs. The rise is about twelve feet: when the salmon gets to the bottom of the cataract, it takes its tail in its mouth, gives a spring and leap, and throws itself into the upper part of the waters: in this surprising action it was only a few yards from me. When in the upper waters, it swims on, and you neither see or know any thing more about it.

In 1765, I was acquainted with an old lady who had a handsome house in Kildare-street:

her name was Ambrose. She had two daughters: the elder, Mrs. Kelf, a beautiful and fine woman, was a capital actress; none excelled her in *Beatrice*, *Estifania*, *Rosalind*, *Portia*, &c. Her sister, Miss Ambrose, was a pupil of Macklin, who lived at that time in Dorset-street, far on as you go to Drumcondra: next to his was a nunnery, a small house, with a large garden, which was divided from Macklin's by a wall not very high.

Macklin had another pupil, Philip Glenville, mentioned before; a handsome, tall, fine young man, whom he was also preparing for the stage. In Macklin's garden, there were three long parallel walks, and his method of exercising their voices was thus. His two young pupils with back boards, (such as they use in boarding schools,) walked firmly, slow, and well, up and down the two side walks; Macklin himself paraded the centre walk: at the end of every twelve paces he made them stop; and turning gracefully, the young actor called out

across the walk, "How do you do, Miss Ambrose?"—she answered, "Very well, I thank you, Mr. Glenville." They then took a few more paces, and the next question was, "Do you not think it a very fine day, Mr. Glenville?" "A very fine day, indeed, Miss Ambrose," was the answer. Their walk continued; and then, "How do you do, Mr. Glenville?"—"Pretty well, I thank you, Miss Ambrose." And this exercise continued for an hour or so, (Macklin still keeping in the centre walk,) in the full hearing of their religious next-door neighbours. Such was Macklin's method of training the management of the voice: if too high, too low, a wrong accent, or a faulty inflection, he immediately noticed it, and made them repeat the words twenty times till all was right. Soon after this, Glenville played Antonio to his Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice;" and Miss Ambrose, Charlotte in his own "Love-à-la-Mode."

In my day, there was no half-price at a

theatre in Ireland; so that a noisy fellow, for paying his sixpence after the third act, as in the London theatres, could not drive a new comedy for ever from the stage by a hiss, (for a single hiss may do that;) neither could a critic come into the pit, or a man of fashion into the boxes, for his eighteen-pence, or half-crown, and censure the fourth and fifth act of a play, ignorant of the previous parts which led to the dénouement. In Cork and Limerick there was no shilling gallery—only one gallery, and that two shillings; so that there was no seeing any part of a play under that price. In Dublin no females sat in the pit; and none, either male or female, ever came to the boxes, except in full dress: the upper boxes, in a line with the two-shilling gallery, were called lattices; and over them, even with the shilling gallery, were the slips, called pigeon-holes. The audience part of the Dublin theatre was in form of a horse-shoe. In Dublin, oranges and nonpareils refreshed the audience: in Limerick, peaches, which were

brought in baskets to the box-door: the price of a peach, four inches in diameter, was a half-penny.

It was the invariable custom among the Dublin audience, when the hero died, to bring down the curtain by applause, and hear no more; such the compliment paid to their favourite. I do not mention this as exemplary; for, by this practice, the end of the play was lost to them. Not a line was heard of the fate of Lady Randolph, and Horatio's "Farewell sweet prince;" or from Malcolm, when receiving his Scottish crown and allegiance; or from Richmond, taking the spoils of Bosworth Field; or from the Prince in Romeo and Juliet, condemning the feuds of two families, which disturbed the peace of a city,—a moral, by the by, not to be thrown away; there being Capulets and Montagues in every city, town, and village, all over the world.

In my time I have seen many popular tumults, both in Dublin and London; and Heaven

keep us from such ! I purposely forbear speaking of them.

The green-rooms of Crow-street and Smock-alley were, with respect to the stage, on opposite sides : a circumstance most likely not thought of by the builders of theatres ; but which makes a wonderful difference, as to consequences, to theatrical society, audience as well as performers.

Crow-street theatre had its green-room on the Lord-Lieutenant's side of the house ; consequently, when the Viceroy commanded a play, as the entrance to his box was close to the green-room, (indeed at its very door,) it could not fail producing an intercourse and acquaintance between the performers and the noblemen and others, of rank and consequence, who attended the Lord-Lieutenant. Previous to the curtain going up, and between the acts, and after the play, the men of fashion used to walk into the green-room, and about and among the actors :

this practice was eventually of no harm to the nobles, and in many instances of great service to the actors. The green-room in old Covent-garden theatre was in a similar situation. On the contrary, old Drury-lane and Smock-alley theatres had their green-rooms on the opposite side to the royal and vice-regal boxes: the consequence was, I should imagine, a noble visitor was scarcely ever seen among them; to cross the stage and seek out their green-room not being of course thought of. Command nights, both in England and Ireland, were of the utmost advantage to the theatre; for the royal or vice-royal presence fills the boxes, and all other parts must then be full.

I well remember West Digges, the actor. He was excellent in tragedy, comedy, and opera; his Douglas, Cardinal Wolsey, Macheath, and Hearty in the "Jovial Crew," were most capital. He had a noble presence, a fine figure, large and manly, a full expressive pleasing face, and ruddy complexion. He was a

prime favourite in Scotland, and thought so infallible, that a man in the pit, who had a book of the play, not being able to find the words that Digges was launching out at random, being imperfect in his part, crammed it back into his pocket in anger, exclaiming,—“The de'il take these printers, they never print a book right!”—I was acquainted with Digges in Dublin, and in London: he was an expensive man in his way of living.

A favourite resort of our youthful pleasure-parties was a house and gardens on the road to Rathmines—the house had been the residence of a bishop. Mr. Hollister, by profession an organ-builder, from London, took this place on a plan of his own, for establishing a grand tavern, gardens, and theatre for Burlettas: in all this he succeeded. The Burletta theatre was built out in the gardens: it had an orchestra, a fine band, and the favourite public singers stood or sat in the orchestra. They chanted and sung the recitatives and songs of Dibdin's “Ephe-

sian Matron," and the "Recruiting Serjeant," and Colman's (sen.) opera of the "Portrait;" the music of the latter by Dr. Arnold.

The gardens were laid out in alcoves, bowers, &c. for tea-drinking parties, and the whole got the name of "Ranelagh." This beautiful place was scarcely a mile from Dublin. But long anterior to this, Dr. Mosse, the eminent physician, built that magnificent edifice, the Lying-in Hospital, near the end of Sackville-street, Dublin, the funds of which institution depended upon the profits of the concerts given in the great gardens behind the building; for this the finest voices and instruments in Europe were engaged. Some time after this, the building called the Rotunda, at the corner of the gardens, was raised: it had an orchestra, and in the grounds was a bowling-green, which brought in some money to the hospital: the company to the Rotunda were always in full dress. The chapel to this institution, in mahogany, gilding, painting, and embellishment, was of the first order.

Dr. Mosse's son had been at West's academy when I was there, and was a great favourite with Mr. West. James Watson, son to the Collector of Bullock, was also a student there, and very much liked by both master and boys. At Monkstown races, close to Dunleary, he was inadvertently crossing the course as the horses were coming on in full speed; and received a stroke on his head from the man whose duty it was to keep the course clear: the blow killed him, although he had on his head at the time a hard leather velvet-covered cap. We all lamented the death of poor Jemmy Watson, exceedingly.

CHAPTER VIII.

Youthful Parties in Dublin.—Ben Lord's.—Hero Jackson.—Solas Dodd.—Buck Lodge.—W. Lewis.—G. A. Stevens.—Mrs. Crawford.—Captain Bowater.—Samuel Whyte's school.—Cato.—Lord Kildare.—Stuart at the boy's play.—Stuart on the stage.—Stuart in the Four Courts.—Congreve.—Vandermere.—The Undertaker.—Justice Gripus.—Justice Dorus.—Old Seward in "Macbeth."—Lee Lewes and William Lewis.—Orange Sterling.—Brett.—Sam Lee.—Spranger Barry.—Isaac Sparkes.—Theatrical birds of passage.—Imitations.—Tate Wilkinson.—Foote.—Mrs. Jewell.—"Piety in Pattens."—Sarcophagus.—Young Beau.

AT this time our pleasant youthful parties in Dublin were, Mat. Byrne, afterwards Captain O'Byrne, of Clarges-street, London (for few of us old Irish ventured to sport our O's at that period): he had been an officer in the Austrian service, and, having a good musical

taste, used to sing us a French song of "La Belle Annette;"—Mr. John Mac Mahon—(he was safe in his *Mac*)—Colonel Mac Mahon afterwards, whose favourite of all my pieces was the "Poor Soldier," as he had himself been fighting in America at Beattie's Ford, where my soldier Patrick saves the life of Captain Fitzroy;—Frederick Hamilton (eldest son of Lord Boyne), a thoughtless, pleasant youth; Captain John Campbell (nephew to Lord Blaney), a fiery, good-natured fellow; Larry Clinch, whom Mossop brought on the stage in *Castalio*; Dick Sparkes, the actor; Jack Martin, the pupil of Arrigoni, the Italian *primè violin*; my friend William Lewis, &c. Our rendezvous was the Globe Coffee-house in Essex-street, frequented by grave dons of merchants, physicians, and lawyers, with great wigs and long cravats. This coffee-house was convenient to them, as at that time the Royal Exchange was not built. Our volatile high-go's were troublesome enough to every body.

A certain tavern at the corner of Temple-lane and Essex-street, being so near the theatre, was a convivial and frequent resort, as well for performers as persons who had been at the play. Ben Lord, the landlord, had a most happy and inviting flourish in drawing a cork. It was our mode to ask each other, "Do you sup at Commons to-night?" "Oh no! I sup at the house of *Lords*." I was there one night with Dawson the actor, and some others; amongst the company was a Mr. Brady, once a school-fellow of mine at Father Austin's, but at this time a considerable merchant: a trifling altercation took place between him and Dawson, and some words of taunt and retort, when Brady made use of the expression, "You're *beneath* me." This was a cut at the profession, and might have been spared, particularly as many of the performers were present. Dawson instantly took a leap, jumped upon the table, and, with an exulting smile of triumphant superiority, shuffled a hornpipe-step among the bottles and glasses,

and exclaimed, "Now I'm *above* you, Brady; Brady, now I'm above you."

This comic and sudden practical truism stopped the approaching quarrel, and turned the whole room, Brady and all, into social mirth and good fellowship; which was kept up until the watchman's "Past two o'clock" warned us to separate, and go home to pillow.

Another instance of an alert laugh turning bully frown out of doors, occurred in a coffee-house near the Exchange at Cork, where I was sitting quietly taking my dish of coffee. Hero Jackson and John Mac Mahon, at that time quite a youth, were walking up and down the room, arm in arm,—the one above six feet high, and athletic as Alcides—the other thin and delicate, indeed remarkably slim and slender. Words arose, I know not how, between Jackson and one of the company, and continued for some time with great acrimony on both sides; at length the hero, making a full stop, and looking with determined aspect at the other gen-

tleman, said in a firm decisive tone, at the same time turning upon young Mac Mahon, and grasping him with his right hand by the middle of the waistcoat, "Sir, if you repeat such language to me again, I'll *rattan* you out of the room." The word *rattan*, and the action which accompanied it, (for Jackson had no stick of any kind in his hand) produced a loud and universal laugh, in which the gentleman himself, who was thus addressed, could not help joining heartily.

James Solas Dodd wrote and recited a "Lecture on Hearts;" but, the public remembering G. A. Stevens's "Lecture on Heads," it gave little entertainment. He was a most wonderful character; had been all over the world; at Constantinople had the pleasure of being imprisoned for a spy. His learning and general knowledge were great; and though he had but small wit himself, delighted to find it in another. He turned actor, but was indifferent at that trade. He was a lively smart little man,

with a cheerful laughing face. It was Solas Dodd who established the Buck Lodge, the first ever in Ireland. The title certainly conveyed ideas of levity; but our Buck Lodge was an institution really honourable and moral; so much so, that a good character was the only means of admission. Macklin took great delight in it; he was one of our members; we held it at Philip Glenville's, in Anglesey street. William Lewis was one, and having an intimate acquaintance, R—— S——, he wished to initiate him, but to pass over the formalities of being proposed, balloted for, and introduced; so took his friend up into the lodge room—nobody was there—he opened the great minute-book, wrote upon a leaf of it, “A Lodge of Emergency,” and entered R—— S—— a member: then swore him on the sword, according to the regular oath, put the bugle-horn about his neck, got up a bottle of wine, made him take three glasses according to the Buck toasts; and away they both went. The next lodge-night, when it was

opened with all ceremonials, the minutes of the transaction were found upon the book, and astonished every one. Lewis brought his friend up to the lodge-door: the questions were put, which he regularly answered; but a member stood up in the room, made a formal complaint to the "NOBLE GRAND," and a motion that Brother Lewis should be expelled for his audacity. The question was put and carried nem. con. Lewis attempted exculpation and apology without effect; he was rusticated from our Buck Lodge for that season, and R—— S—— was never admitted a member of this our Royal Hibernian Lodge.

Another of Lewis's whim-whams: he had a chaise and horse at a livery-stable in Temple-lane: the keeper sending in his bill, Lewis thought his charge too high, and refused to pay it, and the man refused to deliver up his chaise and horse. We happened to be alone together, over our bottle: Lewis took a sheet of paper,

and wrote upon it, "The Lord Chancellor commands Pat Looney to deliver up to Mr. William Thomas Lewis his horse and chaise: Pat Looney, fail not to do this at your peril." He sent over this paper by his servant Bob to the stable-keeper, who returned a verbal answer—that he, Pat Looney, would lay that very paper before the Lord Chancellor immediately, and try what *he* would say. On hearing this message Lewis looked rather foolish, but laughed, and yet seemed frightened, so I told him to send the money to the wrangling fellow; he did so; the chaise came, and we took a ride round the Circular-road. In our way we stopped at Dr. Pocock's great house, went in, and saw his antiques and foreign curiosities: this house was afterwards the Magdalen, established by the pious and humane Lady Arabella Denny.

I was acquainted with two brothers in Dublin College, James and Edward D——; they

both took holy orders; their sister Mary was a most beautiful creature, very fair, blue eyes, and flaxen ringlets, a celebrated belle: I saw her dance at the Castle one 4th of June (the late King's Birth-day); her dress white, her lovely person adorned with white rose-buds.

In 1774 I dined in company, at Mr. Heaphy's, with George Alexander Stevens; a short figure, round, good-humoured, ruddy face; he wore a wig, like his natural hair, in ringlets. The performance of his "Lecture on Heads," given by himself at the Music Hall, Fishamble-street, Dublin, gave me as much pleasure as any theatrical exhibition could; his powerful humour in delineating his variety of characters was such a vehicle for the excellent wit of the piece. When in private company with him, at my own house, I ventured to sing a whimsical song of my writing, and he prophesied I should yet cut a great figure as a dramatic author. This was a star of hope from such a bright fellow in that

way, as the author of

“Once the Gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast.”

In this year I saw Captain Bowater play Archer in “The Beaux Stratagem.” He was the best private actor I ever witnessed; but admiration and applause turned his brain. One night, at Crow-street, during the performance of “Comus,” Mrs. Crawford (the Lady) in the enchanted chair, Captain Bowater, one of the amateur idlers behind the scenes, walked in upon the stage, leaned on the elbow of her chair, and began an easy conversation with her, to her confusion and the wonder of the audience. A few minutes after, ~~meeting me~~ in the green-room, he told me he had just received a fine present from London, from Garrick; a coat richly embroidered with *polished steel!* to wear in his character of Archer! “There, Mr. O’Keeffe! there’s a *beau* Stratagem for you!” He actually went mad, and died so. He had been page to a Lord-Lieutenant, was very hand-

some, a Roman nose, small mouth, lively eyes, but had a stoop when acting.

These plays by army officers took rise from the children of Mr. Samuel Whyte's school, in Grafton-street, getting up "Cato," at Crow-street Theatre. Whyte's son played Cato admirably. The Marquis of Kildare one morning on the stage started the thought, that if these boys repeated their play for the public at large, and money were taken at the doors (which was not done at first), the profits might be applied to some of the charitable institutions of Dublin. Stuart, an actor, and a great oddity, clapped the Marquis on the shoulder, with "A good move, my Lord."—"Why, I think it is, Mr. Stuart," replied Lord Kildare, with the sense and good-humour of his natural character. The plan was adopted, and succeeded, to the delight of every feeling mind. Several officers in the army (amongst others, poor Captain Bower) took it up afterwards, and the produce

went to the Dublin hospitals and infirmaries. The actresses played gratis, and gentlemen of the first rank were door-keepers. Many years after I attempted to promote this laudable custom, by making Lady Amaranth, in my comedy of "Wild Oats," adopt the same plan.

About the time that Whyte's boys acted, as above mentioned, the master of a most eminent classical school in Dublin permitted and encouraged his boys to act the First Part of Shakespeare's Henry IV. The school-room was fitted up as a theatre in very good style; the parents and friends of the pupils were invited, and came to see them, and made a fine, dressy, delighted, and attentive audience: the young performers had been trained and instructed well by their master and ushers, and all was proceeding in a very high pitch of regularity and decorum.

I got admission behind the scenes, my humorous friend, Jack Martin, was with me, and some others were also in groups: Martin saw Stuart amongst them, and was suddenly

struck with the fancy to try at a bit of mischief. Fully acquainted with Stuart's foible, and eccentricity of character, he called him aside, and whispered,—“ Now, Stuart, you see how nonsensically these young caitiffs are pulling the ‘ Sweet Willy O,’ to pieces, and before such a polite and brilliant company, too!—How should such curs know how to act? In perfect pity and good-nature, do you go on, and oblige and charm the audience with a real recital of Hotspur or Prince Harry.”—“ Why ay,” said Stuart, “ Jack Martin, you’re right, very right,—the true spirit of Barry and Mossop are here, and here—striking his breast and forehead. “ Ay,” said Martin, “ the words, the look, the action, are every thing; do go on,—go, and oblige the audience.”—“ You’re right, I will,—I will oblige the audience.” His dress was black, with a large scratch-wig on his head, sticking up behind, and three cocked-hat—altogether, a most grotesque appearance. On he stepped with—“ Stand out of the way, boys!

get along; your parts are to hold your tongue, —look and listen!” and then vociferated—

“ And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them; I will after strait,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.”

All was for some time, both off the stage and on, wonder and astonishment; but the person of the ill-timed intruder was soon recognized, and some cried out, “ Eh, what's all this! why 'tis Stuart! Oh, get along!”—The master, the ushers, the boys, the servants, all at once, rushed upon poor Stuart, and tugged, and shoved, and hustled him off the stage, over the lights and fiddles and fiddlers, out of the house,—Jack Martin, myself, and others, enjoying the scene highly.

The characters intrusted to Stuart were rather of an underling kind, such as Oswald, or Lord Stanley, or “ The coach is at the door,” or, “ Thoughts black, hands apt, time agreeing;” and in such parts he gave no great sublimity

to the tragic scene : yet certain of the audience adopted a fancy to give thundering applause to every line and word he spoke, either in “tragedy, comedy, pastoral, history, or poem unlimited ;” so that, by this nightly custom, the real and genuine monarch of the boards was totally overlooked—and whether it was a Hamlet or a Lear, an Othello or a Posthumus, Beatty Stuart’s single line ingrossed all the applause. Smith, the capital London actor, coming over to Dublin, had Richard for one of his characters. Stuart was the Catesby, and Stuart received his usual share of plaudit. Smith was astonished and confused, and strutted and stamped ; and when he went off, laid a strict injunction on the manager never to send that actor on with him again : however, this unhappy applauding persecution continued night after night. At length, poor baited Stuart ventured suddenly to stop, walk forward, and thus address the audience.

“Gentlemen, (or whoever it is that have

got it into their heads to hunt me down in this manner,) I acknowledge I am no very great actor, nor do they give me any very great parts to spoil; but, in such as I am allotted, I do my best, and by my endeavours, poor as they are, I contrive to support myself, my wife, and my family of children. If you go on this way with me, the manager must turn me off; and thus you deprive me of my morsel of bread. It may be fine fun for all of you; but remember—(and he clapped his hand to his breast in a feeling and affecting manner, and burst out with) remember the fable of the boys and the frogs—'tis sport to you, but death to me!"

This heart-sent appeal had an instantaneous effect, and, be it spoken to the humanity of a Dublin audience, from that night Mr. Stuart never had one hand of applause. Thus the clap-hand returned to its proper channel—the grateful tribute to a Barry, a Mossop, and a Sheridan, for the exertion of their fine voices.

talents for the amusement and hour's-happiness of the public.

I happened to be one day in the Four Courts, at a trial of life and death, in the King's Bench, (where, in Dublin, *criminal* causes come on.) Stuart was among the crowd, and had clambered, by some roundabout means, up to the Bench, just as the Judge was going to pronounce sentence. Stuart, who had got close to him, exclaimed, "My Lord, my Lord, don't hang him!—clever-looking young man, send him to serve the King—don't hang him, he'll repent, he'll repent! don't hang him, my Lord!—fine young man! mercy! mercy!"

This ill-timed remonstrance raised considerable tumult, and Stuart was ordered to be hauled down over the benches and forms,—he and his clemency were shoved out of the court into the street. With an excellent heart, he was most certainly a very queer fellow: he used to call Mossop his "swarthy acquaintance," and Barry the "tall boy," and T. Sheri-

dan the "mad kettle-drummer." I happened, one day, to be reckoning in my hand the change of half-a-guinea, and he looked at me and my modicum of silver with high consequence, and much wonder at my importance, and, after a moment's silence, said in his glib quick mode of speech—"Jack, why don't you buy a watch?"

Speaking of persons addressing an audience in their own character, dramatic tradition gives the following circumstance relative to Congreve. On the first night of the representation of his last play, "The Way of the World," the audience hissed it violently: the clamour was loud, and originated in a party, for Congreve was a statesman and a placeman. He was standing at the side of the stage, and when the uproar of hisses and opposition was at its height, he walked on, (the first and last time this poet ever stood before an audience,) and addressed them thus:—"Is it your intention to damn this play?" The cry was, "Yes, yes! off, off!" and the tumult increased in violence. He again

obtained a little silence, and said, "Then I tell you, this play of mine will be a living play when you are all dead and damned!" And walked slowly off.

It is to be hoped that celestial mercy, in every one instance, prevented the second part of his speech; but the first has been amply verified: "The Way of the World" is still on the stage, is frequently acted, and as great a money-drawer as any of his comedies,—and what comedies are better than Congreve's?

I remember in Dublin a very capital man of business, an upholsterer, undertaker, and so on, who liked his bottle, and was much in company with the principal actors. One day he dined with a party with Jack Vandermeer, who, from being a great favourite for his performance of Skirmish in the "Deserter," was also much admired by this same upholsterer. Vandermeer after dinner came out with some handsome jokes, and sang a capital song, and the decanter went round, when the tradesman clapped the "glorious boy"

on the shoulder, saying, in high glee, "You're a fine fellow! I'll make you a present of a capital mahogany dining-table." "No!" said Vandermeer, "I want no tables; I'm in furnished lodgings." "Are you?" said the other; and on Vandermeer's coming out with another joke or two, and the glass going round, added, "You *are* a fine fellow! you're such a fine fellow, I'll bury you for nothing—you're a bachelor, you shall have white feathers on your hearse! I'll bury you for nothing."

Vandermeer had been a fellow-student with me at West's Academy, and was afterwards with Foote at the Haymarket theatre. Whilst in Dublin, he was full of arch pranks. Isaac Sparkes, that very capital comedian, and the greatest favourite the Irish ever had, was most particularly correct in keeping to the words of his author. At this time he was old, fat, and unwieldy; he had a vast double chin, and large bushy grey eyebrows; that stuck out. One night of Dryden's "Amphitryon, or the Two

Sosias," he was doing Justice Gripus. Vandermeer, who played Mercury, had, in the course of the business, to take the Justice by the ear, and give him a shaking. Mercury, struck with a whimsical fancy, laid hold of Sparkes's *eyebrows*, and kept pulling them, while the poor Justice roared out, in Dryden's exact words, "Will you never leave lugging me by the ears?"

The first night of Garrick's "Cymon," in Dublin, an actor from London played Justice Dorus; he was rather a heavy dull man, and Vandermeer, who did Linco, conceived he was a very good subject to pass a joke upon. In the course of the scene, Linco has to place a kind of magisterial chair, for the Justice to sit upon, and hear the complaints the two shepherdesses bring against Sylvia. The scene that follows this, is the ascent of the four demons. The arch Linco fixed the Justice's chair upon the trap, over the very spot where they were to rise, having previously given instructions to the carpenters below, that when they heard him

give a knock with his foot above, they should lower the one trap, and raise the other with the demons. Vandermeer being one of the principal actors of that day, they considered that his instructions must be right. The old comedian was very proud of his performance in this same scene of Justice Dorus and the two shepherdesses. Just as he was seated, and they ready to come on, Linco, by a stamp of his foot, gave the signal to the carpenters below : down went Justice Dorus in his great chair, and up came four Furies, in red stockings, and hoofs and horns, flashing their burning flambeaux about. This happened to be his first season in Ireland, and he swore that Vandermeer was the most unfair lad that ever lived, and he would get back to England as fast as he could : however, he forgot to keep his word, for he remained in Dublin many years.

The father of this said Justice Dorus was manager of the theatre in one of the great towns in England, when some of the leading

people there encouraged him to engage Ross, the great actor, to come from London, and perform a few of his most celebrated characters. Macbeth was the first play, and the manager remarked, that Mr. Ross might act the usurper and wicked villain of a tyrant, who was only a *Scotch* general, but he himself would do Old Siward the *English* general, and uncle to Prince Malcolm, heir to the crown. The play went on, and Ross in Macbeth had his well-merited applause, and the audience were all in high gratification, until it came to the entrance of Old Siward—when there was, what is phrased, a *dead stand*. This manager, a kind of absent-minded man, instead of being on the stage enacting the aforesaid English general, was now quietly seated in the middle of the pit, looking round, reckoning the house; but at the chasm in the play, he became surprised, vexed, and at last quite enraged. “Hey!” said he, “why does not Old Siward come on! I’ll forfeit him, I’ll turn him off;—he fit to act

in my theatre! I'll send him to rant in a barn! I will. Where the plague can the fellow be?—Eh! who was it I cast for Siward?—I'll turn him off, whoever it is.” One of the audience, who sat near him in the pit, put the playbill in his hand with, “Siward by Mr.——” “Is not that your name, Sir?” The affrighted managerial absentee started up, ran out of the pit, got behind the scenes, and in his own clothes rushed upon the stage, with Siward's first speech :

“What wood is this before us?”

His son, the above Justice Dorus, by a kind of good-natured accident, was the cause of Lee Lewes's coming before a London audience. Being in company with Macklin in Dublin, the latter mentioned his engagement the ensuing season at Covent-garden, and what a loss he should be at for a Squire Groom for his “Love à-la-Mode.” The English comedian told him he knew of a young man who was playing in the country, in England, who, he was sure, would

make him an excellent Squire Groom. Macklin took a memorandum of the name and place, and, from his own importance with the London managers, had Lee Lewes engaged. He afterwards became capital in what is called low comedy, though very good in every one of his characters. His peculiar merit was great volubility, with distinct articulation.

Some time after, William Lewis also got an engagement at the same theatre, and having made his first appearance in Belcour, in Cumberland's "West Indian," and parts of that kind, the two performers were distinguished by the appellations of *Lee-Lewes* and *Gentleman Lewis*: the former had too much sense and good-humour ever to be offended at this mode of distinction, nor did the latter pride himself in it. However, one morning, a group of performers being assembled in what is called the hall, close to the box-office and passage from Bow-street, a stranger came in, in a great hurry, and said he wanted to see Mr. Lewis; James Brandon

asked him, which Mr. Lewis; the stranger replied, "*Gentleman Lewis.*" Lee Lewes instantly started forward, saying, "Oh, what's me." This made a good-natured laugh, in which William Lewis took the lead.

Orange Sterling, in 1768, was a man of prime fashion and fortune; he played capitally on every musical instrument, particularly the psalter, which I never saw before, or indeed since: it had ten wire strings, the bow was wire, and was played on like a violin, of which it had all the execution. He taught me, for a whim of his and mine, the pipe and tabor; and took great notice of, and was very attentive to, young Brett and his fine voice, at that time belonging to the choir of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin. Brett was so blundering when a boy, that one day, in a sacred oratorio in St. Andrew's Church (called the Round Church), he sang a tender, amorous love-song; but the air being fine, and he singing it admirably, the great impropriety was overlooked. The air is in

“Midas ;” “Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish.”

The first public performer on the violin, of an Irishman, was Sam Lee, the leader of the band at Crow-street Theatre. He had wit, and was proud. One day he had dined with a pleasant party of friends at Hallogan's Tavern, over Bally-Bough Bridge, as you enter upon the Strand leading to Clontarf: on their return home, having had some words with one of the party, he refused to walk on the same side of the road with him, as they were coming up Summer Hill, and, crossing over, kept on the left-hand side: the consequence was, he slipped down a steep place, and received some inward hurt, of which he died.

He had opened a music shop on Cork Hill, and afterwards had a coffee-house in Essex-street, called Sam's coffee-house, both much encouraged and frequented.

I was once asked by Spranger Barry (who knew my skill in drawing) to make his face for

Lear. I went to his dressing-room, and used my camel-hair pencil and Indian ink, with, as I thought, a very venerable effect. ~~When~~ he came into the green-room, royally dressed, asking some of the performers how he looked, Isaac Sparkes, in his Lord-Chief-Joker way, remarked, "As you belong to the London Beef-steak Club, O'Keeffe has made you peeping through a grid-iron." Barry was so doubtful of his own excellence, that he used to ask the old experienced stage-carpenters, at rehearsals, to give him their opinion how he acted such and such a passage; but used to call them aside for this purpose. This diffidence was more remarkable in Barry, who was the finest actor in his walk that has appeared on the English stage—Alexander, Romeo, Jaffier!—He is buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. The stone-cutter has omitted the R in his Christian name, Spranger, which leaves it *Spanger*. This tombstone is within a few yards of the steps leading from the Abbey into the cloister.

Isaac Sparkes established a jovial tavern-meeting in the form of a Court of Justice, wherein he presided, in robes, as Lord-Chief-Justice Joker. I was never at it. He was a large fat man, and such a favourite, that a nod or a wink from him was reckoned a bon-mot, and produced a mirthful peal. His looks were so whimsical, he had little trouble to do this; and, indeed, he seemed so conscious of the favour he was held in, that he rarely fatigued himself with saying good things. He dressed well, a fine broad-faced looking man; yet, with all his comicality, was in person majestic and commanding. Lewis, though he knew nothing of drawing, had a happy knack of taking a profile likeness of Isaac Sparkes, which he dashed off, for our and his own amusement, with pen and ink. When in London, Sparkes established a Colcannen Club in Long Acre, which was frequented by Lord Townshend, Lord Effingham, Lord Lindore, Capt. Mulcaster, Mr. Crew of Chester, and other nobles and fashionables. Mr. Thomas

Sheridan had 30*l.* for playing at any of the actors' benefits in Dublin: he always took the money from Isaac Sparkes, but immediately returned it to him again.

The theatrical summer birds-of-passage from London ever found very good pickings in Dublin. Foote did best in this way, as, besides his acting, he brought his own pieces with him. In his morning entertainment called "Tea," he touched in most powerful comic style the prominent events of the time—the Bottle Conjuror, the Cock-lane Ghost, Elizabeth Canning, &c. Woodward imitated this entertainment, and called *his* "Tea;" the Dublin audience said it was only water on the leaves. Foote brought Tate Wilkinson on the stage as his pupil in mimickry: Wilkinson was dressed in a full suit of black velvet, bag Solitaire, and fine paste knee and shoe buckles. Foote, in character of his master, gave him his orders to take off such and such actors, actresses, and indeed every one else that might be well known

to the public. In imitating Barry, Mossop, Mrs. Fitzhenry, Mrs. Dancer, Mrs. Bellamy, and Garrick (for, previous to this, Garrick had been acting in Dublin,) the pupil acquitted himself with great success, and consequent applause, which his teacher Foote shared, by making a low bow to the audience, whenever a round of applause repaid Wilkinson's exertions.

The entertainment over, both were preparing to make their exit, when Wilkinson said—“Stop, Sir, I have another person to take off.” “Another! no, you haven't”—“Oh yes, Sir, but I have, and I think I shall do it so well, and so like, that I shall have no occasion, like the sign-painter, to write under it—‘This is the sign of the goose;’” and immediately he mimicked Foote admirably. Foote seemed confounded and vexed; and stamped and walked about, desiring him to hold his prate, and be off with himself, while the whole house was in a commotion of delight. Whether this was a settled trick between master and pupil, I do not know,

for at that time I was young, and knew nothing of the arcana of the stage. I was in the pit, and saw and enjoyed this piece of business very much.

Some years after, I had the following letter from Tate Wilkinson :

York, March 29th, 1774.

DEAR SIR,

Your kind offer I received yesterday. Until Edinburgh races, in July, it is impossible for me to fix my quarters ; but shall be glad to know your rent, for your theatre, that I may acquaint you by letter at York races, in August, with my positive plan for the ensuing winter. I have had so much to do all the season with two companies, and now entered on fresh duty, that I am really in want of a little respite. My compliments to my good friends Mr. and Mrs. Heaphy, and their family, not forgetting little Gerald.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

TATE WILKINSON

Foote wrote his little piece in one act, called "Piety in Pattens," to ridicule the sentimental comedies, at that time getting into a kind of fashion. It had only three characters, the Squire, the Butler, and Polly Pattens : the latter was played by Mrs. Jewell, a very hand-

some and pleasing actress, and a good singer. The piece consisted of the most trifling and common-place thoughts, wrapped up in a bundle of grand phrases and high-flown words ; and had its full effect as a laughable burlesque on forced sentiment. Foote himself did not act in it. I was in the house the first night of its performance in Dublin. The dialogue went on smooth enough, until it came to a part where Polly had to sing a song : here was a full stop, she repeated the last words very often, but not one note from a fiddle, or tinkle from a harpsichord followed. Distressed and confused, Mrs. Jewell walked to and fro, still looking at the leader of the band, and making signs to him to play ; but he muttered, and seemed not to understand her. Foote, who had been watching behind the scenes, attentive to the effect of his sarcastic drama upon his auditors, at length limped on, walked over to the orchestra, and in an angry tone asked the first fiddle why he did not strike up the sym-

phony of the song? The vexed musician answered—"We've no music!" Foote instantly, in his own peculiar humorous manner, came forward and addressed the audience: "Ladies and Gentlemen,—sorry for your disappointment, but the cause is explained—*There's no music in the Orchestra.*"

This raised a general laugh in the whole house, at the expense of the musicians, who, however, were really not in fault, as Mrs. Jewell had rehearsed her song that morning at the harpsichord in the green-room, instead of on the stage, and the person whose office it was, had neglected to distribute to the band the accompaniments; and even the leader of the band did not know there was a song in the piece.

Foote was in Dublin at Christmas, but he told the manager he was ill, and could not play: this was in the green-room, when some of the performers, men and women, remarked, "Ah, Sir! if you will not play, we shall have no

Christmas dinner.”—“Ha!” said he, “if my playing gives you a Christmas dinner, play I will!” and he did so. With all his high comic humour, one could not help pitying him sometimes, as he stood upon his one leg, leaning against the wall, whilst his servant was putting on his stage false leg, with shoe and stocking, and fastening it to the stump: he looked sorrowful, but instantly resuming all his high comic humour and mirth, hobbled forward, entered the scene, and gave the audience what they expected—their plenty of laugh and delight.

Foote's great hobby was to tell stories, jest, anecdote, &c. and be surrounded by laughers; their laugh was the fuel; that not supplied, his fire soon became dull; but he certainly was most powerful in exciting laughter. He gave his good dinners and wines, and was rather ostentatious in display of affluence, much given to parade, but this made part of the profession. He had not that comfortable substance of temper,

whose mind you saw in his comportment to you. Every body laughed at Foote, for they could not help it; but Macklin was often listened to with uninterrupted attention and respect. Foote once said to me,—“Take care of your wit, bottle up your wit.”

He had a wink, and a smile with one corner of his mouth, a harsh voice, except when mimicking. His manner on the stage was not very pleasant to the performers on with him, for he tried to engross all the attention: in speaking, his own face was turned full to the audience, while theirs was constantly in profile. It is a method with an old stager, who knows the advantageous points of his art, to stand back out of the level with the actor who is on with him, and thus he displays his own full figure and face to the audience. But, when two knowing ones are on together, each plays the trick upon the other. I was much diverted with seeing Macklin and Sheridan, in Othello and Iago, at this work: both en-

deavouring to keep back, they at last got together up against the back scene. Barry was too much impassioned to attend to such devices.

Foote brought many of his plays with him to Dublin,—“the Cozeners,” “the Maid of Bath,” “the Bankrupt,” “the Nabob,” “the Commissary,” “the Mayor of Garrat,” &c. which comic stock was all together a very rich feast. At the rehearsal of one of his pieces, he himself drilling the performers, one of them, whom I have mentioned before, “Young Beau,” had in his part the word “Sarcophagus,” which he rather mispronounced by a wrong accent.—“Ha, ha,” said Foote, “What’s that, Sarcophagus?—the word is sarcophagus—not sarcophagus, as you pronounce it—’tis derived from the Greek, you know; I wonder that did not strike you!”

These words, and his manner, raised a smile among the hearers against poor “Young Beau”—who was known to have early neglected his school-learning. Though naturally possessed of most powerful effrontery, he stood all abashed:

however, he was not long without most ample revenge. The favourite amusement of Foote, as I have already said, was recounting anecdotes in the green-room, where he sat with a half-circle of the performers, all in full laugh at and with him. "Young Beau" watched his opportunity, and, fixing himself among the company full before Foote, whilst the latter was going on in the high career of joke and whim, looked steadfastly upon him with a calm, grave, quiet face :—this invariable conduct of "Young Beau," at length totally disconcerted Foote, and cast a complete cloud over his jocularity, and it was thought, gave him more real distress and vexation, than if a whole audience had hissed him when acting on the stage.

CHAPTER IX.

English Actors in Dublin.—The Trunk-maker.—Forest and Layton. — Webster.—Richard Sparkes. — The Romp. — Mrs. R. Sparkes. — The young Actress in “Theodosius.”—The same in “Alexander the Great.”—James Wilder in “the Padlock.”—George Dawson as Printer’s Devil.—Mrs. Dancer.—Pinto.—Miss Brent.—Henderson.—Garrick and a Nobleman.—Henderson and a Manager.—Cumberland.—Old songs.—Owenson.—Worgan.—Captain Jones.—Thomas Sheridan the elder.—Layfield.—Sheridan and the Journalist.—Thomas King.

IT was a kind of custom (not very laudable) of the Irish managers, to encourage stage-bit young Englishmen to come over to Dublin, where they might initiate themselves by trials at Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello, &c. and be pre-

pared to demand afterwards, vast salaries at the London Theatres, and make Bettertons, Booths, Barrys, and Garricks of themselves;—but woe-ful was the disappointment to many of them, often attended with serious distress. One of these dismal tragedians from London was suffered to have a trial-part of Richard III. at Smock-alley Theatre, but was only allowed to play it once. About a week after, I met him going through Capel-street, with a small new trunk under his arm: much surprised, I asked him what all that was about? “Why, Sir,” said he, “this is my trade; for, in London, I was a trunk-maker: last week, I made this new trunk, and am now carrying it home by desire of the master, who keeps a shop, and gives me employment. Had I been without a trade, I might have starved; for two Saturdays came round, and no money to me from the play-house treasury. Yet you will agree that, in offering ‘My kingdom for a Horse,’ I was loud

enough :—so my new acquaintance, Mr. Mos-sop, got envious of my hammer, and said, I made *more noise than work.*”

There were many more actors much in the same forlorn state as the trunk-maker, and unfortunately for them, without a good trade by which to earn their daily morsel. And here I look back with rather a happy self-approbation, that, to several of these visitors to a strange land, I gave as much assistance as I possibly could ; for from my own resources I had it in my power to be their friend.

I particularly remember two of these London misled youths, who were engaged at Crow-street : both had education, were well brought up, and dressed well ; one was Mr. Forest, the other Mr. Layton. Layton one morning came to rehearsal with a small bit of paper stuck in his ear : being asked what that was, said he, “ ’Tis my part ; the manager, when in London, engaged me to come over to Dublin and play Macbeth, but the Wounded Soldier is now all I

have to do or say. I wrote it out, and here it is in my ear, to get into my head, and so to have it by heart." Forest had to play Elliot, one of the conspirators in *Venice Preserved*; Glenville, the regular Dublin performer, ever given to his jokes, gravely told this young English novice that in his part he should not say "Frenchman, you are *saucy*," but, to please an *Irish* audience, he should say "Frenchman, you are *cobbaugh*." Forest took this facetious advice as very friendly, and the same night came out with "Frenchman, you are *cobbaugh*;" which produced hisses and uproar among the audience, as an intended disrespect to them, although the word in the Irish language has much the same meaning as *saucy*, or full of prate.

I was one day walking up Sackville-street with these two youths, Messrs. Forest and Layton, when, making a full stop, I looked at both steadfastly, and rather significantly said, "Now come, confess a truth that I will venture to

guess at. Your name is not Forest, nor yours Layton; but when you were meditating on this fine Irish theatrical excursion, you happened to be walking together near Hackney; you proposed to change your names; you were then near *Low Layton*, and not a great way from *Epping Forest*, and this threw the sudden thought across your minds of assuming your present names. One of you said to the other, ‘You shall be Mr. *Layton*, and I will be Mr. *Forest*.’” They looked at me, then at each other, smiled, laughed outright, and, with surprise at my wizard penetration, confessed that absolutely that was the fact.

“Very well,” said I, “my random shot has hit you; but keep your secret, and let us now walk to *Jemmy Candy’s*, where I have bespoke dinner.” I afterwards heard their real names from another quarter, but enough of that.

In tragedy, if any of these would-be heroes succeeded, and had to die on the stage, the curtain was scarcely dropped, when those behind

the scenes rushed forward with smiles and greetings to help them up; but, if disapproved of by the audience, they were left to get up of themselves, as well as they could. The world is the green, and so runs the bowl. However, some of these English visitors *did* succeed on the Irish boards, and very well; for instance, Webster, who had been a Proctor in Doctors Commons, was distinguished at the Anacreontic Club at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand, and admired so much by Dr. Arne, that he composed some very fine airs purposely for his voice,—amongst others, “If gold can lengthen life.” This was the first song I ever heard Webster sing: it was after dinner, at my own house, where there was, as usual, much company. Webster had a thin face and a slim figure: sitting near me, I was astonished when he came out with this song in a full loud sonorous, yet perfectly fine tone; I saw him afterwards in London, in Sheridan’s opera of “The Camp.”

Webster filled the houses each night he played, and was the first favourite with the ladies of fashion in Dublin; but vanity surely turned his poor head, for, when singing his love-songs, instead of addressing Polly, and Rosetta, and Clarissa, &c. on the stage, he turned his pleasing looks full upon Lady this, that, and the other, in the stage-boxes. He got above three thousand pounds in one year, by acting in Dublin, Cork, and Limerick; and might have realized a good fortune. I was sorry to see the evil effects of vanity, for he was polite, obliging, and highly accomplished. He played Comus, and sang all the principal Bacchanal songs in that character. He also spoke the words well, being taught by Thomas Sheridan.

When Richard Sparkes and his wife had any parts on the stage together, she repeated the words in a careless, indifferent manner, and indeed scarcely looked at him: on their coming off, he remonstrated with her, and said, "Why, Fanny, you neither spoke, nor addressed, nor

looked at me, through the whole scene:”—her reply was, “Pho! sure every body in the house knows you’re only Dick Sparkes! only my husband.” Her maiden name was Ashmore, and she was, all through life, of unblemished character, and the greatest favourite the Dublin audience ever had. She was the original Clarissa; Sylvia, in “Cymon;” and Priscilla Tomboy, in “The Romp;” that piece having been first brought out in three acts, by the title of “Love in the City,” but being rather too sharp on the city, was disapproved of. Mrs. Sparkes was the original Widow Brady in Dublin, in the “Irish Widow,” and sang the musical epilogue.

Amongst these candidates, ambitious of theatrical fame, was a young lady with a handsome face, a tall, fine, slender person, and a clear melodious speaking voice. She had taken up the idea, that Crow-street stage might make a convenient horse-block, from whence to mount a fine caparisoned palfrey on Covent-garden or

Drury-lane boards ; and got a letter of recommendation from some great person in London, to Barry, the Irish manager. She posted from London, and sailed over to Dublin. Barry consented to grant her a trial character ; and she chose Roxana, but, on her rehearsing a few scenes of it, he was afraid to trust her with such a part before an audience ; yet being compelled to give her some sort of engagement, upon the strength of her recommendation, he allotted her the character of an attendant lady, in Lee's tragedy of "Theodosius," which, from his own acting of Varanes, and Mrs. Dancer's Athenais, was in high vogue in Dublin. This new actress had a fine speech to address to Athenais : I forget the words, but it is amply descriptive of the coolness or discontent which had taken possession of the Emperor Theodosius's heart, in place of the love he once entertained for her. She came on, looked full at the heroine Athenais, attempted to address her, but, unable to recollect a single word of her long

speech, stood staring for half a minute, when, suddenly recovering herself, with a solemn tragedy tone she came out with an impromptu of her own, in these words, "Madam, the Emperor despises you." Mrs. Dancer was astonished, and confounded, and most of the audience, who knew the real words, were much surprised, yet highly diverted.

After this grand speechment, it was thought advisable not to let her have any thing at all to say, yet, as she had a very handsome face, and fine slim tragedy presence, they made another attempt with her, and suffered her once more to come on;—and come on she did, in the tragedy of "Alexander the Great," as an attendant to one of the rival Queens. And thus she performed her part:—in the violent quarrel between Roxana and Statira, she walked over, and looked full in the face of the Queen, who was then speaking: that speech done, and the other Queen having to make her grand speech, this

staring full on her face: the other spoke, and again she turned round, walked over, and stared at her: and this was her conduct through the whole of their scene. In real life, one of these furious Princesses would have desired her, like Lingo, to “leave the presence;” but they wanted her genius to substitute *impromptus*.

A few nights after, James Wilder was doing Mungo, in the “Padlock;” in which character being a great favourite, he was very proud of himself. As he was singing the song describing all the different musical instruments;

“Cymballo and tymballo, and tymballo and cymballo,
to boot;”

he heard a violent hissing! Could he think a hiss possible?—No—and from the audience?—No—that was to him *impossible*. Casting an eye towards the stage-door, he saw it a few inches open, and discovered the new actress’s pretty face thrust forward: he looked, listened, heard another loud hiss, and found it was she who

was hissing him : he stepped over and muttered some abuse, returned, gabbled through his song as well he could, and, coming off the stage, shuffled up to her with, "Why, Madam ! you most infernal—— ! what did you mean by hissing me ? Was it certainly you ? hiss *me* ? you most daring, bold—— ! What did you mean by hissing me ?" The lady answered with her fine placid inanimate face and voice : "Why, Mr. Wilder, why should I not hiss you ? you didn't sing your song well : I heard that song sung much better in town."——By *town* she meant London : as most of the English performers, when they went over to Ireland, made use of that phrase, this gave great offence to some of the Irish actors, and brought a reply of, "Town ! what do you mean by town ! is not Dublin, where you are now, a town, and a very good town ?" It was Wilder's custom, before he went into a carriage, to feel, with great care, the linch-pin of each wheel, and be certain that all was safe and right. When in a passion,

his exclamation was "Oh, I could pull the linch-pin out of the globe!" so he was called "Linch-pin."

When Cumberland's comedy of the "Fashionable Lover" came first out in Dublin, the public were in high expectation from the deserved popularity of his "West Indian," and his fine Irish character in it of Major O'Flaherty. Dawson was manager, and up in one of the boxes to watch the performance: his son George, a lad of fifteen, had to speak a prologue in the character of Printer's Devil. The house was crowded, the actors, manager, and audience, all in full hopes. The prompter's bell rang, when on walked George Dawson, dressed as he ought to be, his face and hands blackened, and an old newspaper twisted and pinned like a cap about his head. There he stood, silent and terrified: at last he stammered out the first line of the prologue.

"I'm the Devil, so please you."

Not another word could he remember, so began again, bowing,

“ I ’m the Devil, so please you.”

And then again, to the wonder and amusement of the audience, bowed and repeated, “ I ’m the Devil, so please you,” and fairly ran off the stage. Dawson his father, the disappointed and angry manager, rushed out of the boxes and down the stairs, and pursued the unfortunate George through the streets to his own door. This lad was half-brother to William Lewis.

Mrs. Dancer was short-sighted. One night at Crow-street theatre, doing Calista in the “ Fair Penitent,” on the point of stabbing herself, she dropped the dagger. The attendant endeavoured to push it towards her with her foot; this failing, she was obliged to pick it up, and very civilly gave it to her mistress to put an end to herself:—an awkward effect, as it took from the probability of the scene, yet completed the proper catastrophe.

Amongst the eminent violin players who went over to Ireland, was Pinto, and very capital he was. He led the band at Crow-street theatre; his characteristic manner was perfectly respectable, proper, and very grave, but he was rather absent in mind. When the person, whose office it was to prepare and supply the performers who composed the band with their respective parts, and have them ready laid in their places in the orchestra, as his duty required, would ask Pinto what pieces he chose to have played such and such a night, he was generally answered with "Pho! pho! lay the parts all along in the orchestra, that's enough." And, without any previous practice or trial of the band, at the proper time Pinto would step into the orchestra, take up his violin, just throw a glance on the bit of music-paper before him, give three taps of his bow on the desk, and off set the whole concert in full and complete harmony. When the opera of "the Deserter" was first got over to Dublin, he

looked at the overture of it, and touched a few of the notes. I was standing near him, and never saw a man in greater rapture, or more delighted, than he was with the beauties of that composition: and well he did play it, and had it played, managing the pianos, fortes, and crescendos with most effective skill; and, indeed, I am somewhat of Pinto's opinion as to the excellence of that piece of music. Yet I admire still more the celebrated overture to "Medea and Jason." I do not know by whom it was composed, but I think it a strain for Euterpe's lyre.

Mrs. Pinto was the once all-admired Miss Brent, the original Mandane and Rosetta—in which characters I saw her in 1762, in London, when "Artaxerxes" and "Love in a Village" first came out. Many years after, she came to Dublin with Pinto her husband, but it was then autumn with her.

Henderson was playing at Bath on a guinea a week, and about the year 1776 went to Drury-

lane, I suppose at a very high salary, for he well deserved it. Though the memory of Garrick was then so recent, yet Henderson completely succeeded in his most remarkable characters, particularly in Benedict, in "Much Ado," and Don John in the "Chances." I saw him with great pleasure in both, as also in Falstaff. He had a great deal of Garrick in his manner, and his figure was not very much unlike, only rather taller:—his limbs neat, and his face round and pleasing; his manner lively, smart, and perfectly full to the comprehension of his audience. His Falstaff was the most attractive of any of his characters. Some time after this, I was very well acquainted with him in Cork, and found him a pleasing, cheerful companion. His great forte in a room, was reciting some of Prior and Parnell's Tales, which he did capitally, and likewise a dialogue between a nobleman and Garrick—the Irish peer recommending Mossop, his college fellow-student, to Garrick, by every argument of praise

as to voice, and action, and literary attainments; which Garrick with great art acquiesced in, but slyly threw out some keen stroke against Mossop's qualifications; which was immediately taken up by the noble advocate, who went far beyond Garrick in his censures, as thus :—

Nobleman.—Now, Mr. Garrick, Mossop's voice—what a fine voice, so clear, full, and sublime for tragedy!

Garrick.—Oh! yes, my Lord; Mossop's voice is, indeed, very good—and full—and—and—But—my Lord, don't you think that *sometimes* he is rather too loud?

Nobleman.—Loud? Very true, Mr. Garrick,—too loud,—too sonorous!—when we were in College together, he used to plague us with a spout and a rant and a bellow. Why we used to call him "*Mossop the Bull!*"—But then, Mr. Garrick, you know, his step!—so very firm and majestic—treads the boards so charmingly!

Garrick.—True, my lord: you have hit his manner very well indeed, very charming! But do you not think his step is sometimes rather *too* firm?—somewhat of a—stamp; I mean a gentle stamp, my Lord?

Nobleman.—Gentle! call you it, Mr. Garrick? not at all!—at College we called him "*Mossop the Pavioir!*"—But his action—his action is so very expressive.

Garrick.—Yes, my Lord, I grant, indeed, his action is

very fine,—fine—very fine : he acted with me originally in Barbarossa, when I was the Achmet ; and his action was—a—a—to be sure Barbarossa is a great tyrant—but then, Mossop, sticking his left-hand on his hip, a-kimbo, and his right-hand stretching out—thus ! You will admit that sort of action was not so very graceful.

Nobleman.—Graceful, Mr. Garrick ! Oh, no ! by no means—not at all—every thing the contrary—His one arm a kimbo, and his other stretched out !—very true—why, at College, we used to call him, “ *Mossop the Teapot !* ”—

Henderson’s imitation of the Nobleman and Garrick in the above dialogue was powerful and laughable. He also gave “ Recitations ” at Freemasons’ Hall with Thomas Sheridan ; I went to hear them, and was very much pleased. Henderson’s chief source of humour was reciting Cowper’s “ Johnny Gilpin ; ” and Sheridan’s tools were “ Milton’s Paradise Lost,” and “ Alexander’s Feast.” I also heard Henderson’s powerful mimickry in a private company at Cork. Among other laughables, he gave us an interview between himself and a theatrical manager : the subject was the manager teaching him, the actor, how to perform Shylock. “ This Shylock,”

said he, "that is, Shakspeare's Shylock, though he is a Jew,—he's a Jew that walks the Rialto at Venice, and talks to the magnificos; and you must not by any means act such a Jew as if he was one of the Jews that sell old clothes, and slippers, and oranges, and sealing-wax, up and down Pall Mall." In this piece of humour Henderson had the manager's voice and manner perfectly correct, and it gave a great deal of harmless amusement. A year or two after, I was indiscreet enough, on the mention of Henderson, to tell this very manager how cleverly he took him off: he was much nettled, and said, "Take me off, a very impudent thing of him!" The last time I saw Henderson, was in the Mall in the Park, where we met accidentally: in walking the whole length from Buckingham Gate to Spring Gardens, he entertained me with many pleasantries. Amongst others, of an Irishman just come to London, and a friend, who had been resident there a long time, showing him all the sights, and expatiating, on the

magnitude and grandeur of the buildings, and so on. In their walk together, coming up Ludgate-hill, on the first sight of St. Paul's, he pointed out to his new-come friend the stupendous grandeur of the Cathedral: the Irishman looking up at it, said in a very calm tone, " 'Pon my honour, 'tis mighty neat !"

Henderson and Cumberland were struck with the fancy of collecting old ballads, wherever they could pick them up. An old ballad may help to commemorate events not unworthy the genius of a Homer or a Hesiod, by a kind of spark, that lights upon the record of history, and shows the very day that such and such an event happened.

" July the first at Old Bridge Town
There was a grievous battle."

" The Sixteenth of April at Culloden Moor."

" St. Valentine's day, the morning being clear,
I han't been a-hunting for more than a year."

Songs also are lasting and faithful records of events, such as:—

“ On America's Strand, Amherst* limits the land ;
 Boscawen gives law on the Main,
My brave boys,
 Boscawen gives law on the Main.†
 Our brave British bands,
 Noble Granby commands
 On the banks of the Rhine or the Weser.”

Also the song which General Wolfe sung after
 supper the night before his death,

“ Why, soldier, why, why so melancholy ?
 Whose business 'tis to die,
'Tis he, you, or I,” &c.

and Hugh Kelly's

“ Give Blakeney Star and Garter,
 For he long kept Mahon.”

Moody was remarkable for singing

“ Admiral Benbow.”

Lowe, at Vauxhall, a good seventy years ago,
 sung—

* Grandfather to the present Lord Amherst, now governor of India.

† Admiral Boscawen, Father to Her Grace the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort.

“ When we at Deal are lying
With our noble Commodore.”

I may also mention G. A. Stevens's song in his little opera of a “ Trip to Portsmouth,” written in 1774, when the King (George III.) was there—

“ 'Tis holiday all, and we 'll holiday make,
And all for, God bless him ! his Majesty's sake.
The sea and the shore with re-echoings ring,
His Majesty comes, and we welcome our King.”

In Ireland I was very well acquainted with Owenson : his singing the Irish songs, being master of the Irish language, as also a perfect musician, as to voice, had great effect with the admirers of our national melody. His proficiency in music was owing to his having been a pupil of Worgan, the composer of the beautiful and grand Easter hymn, (Hallelujah). Owenson had a fine person and commanding aspect ; in manner and deportment he was most gentlemanly. His Major O'Flaherty was a great fa-

“The Committee, or the Faithful Irishman,” in which, wrapped in a blanket, and flourishing his great oaken cudgel, he sung an Irish planxty, perfect in language, style, and action; all which rendered his benefits very substantial. *

Cumberland wrote part of his “West Indian” at a friend’s country-seat in Ireland: a spot in the garden, where he studied, was held in great veneration. The owner, in respect to his memory, never suffering the summer-house to be removed or destroyed.

I think Owenson was of a party at my house, when I was once in my turn after supper asked for a song,—“The Flower of the Forest,” a beautiful and pathetic Scotch ditty. I sung my best; and the company were all delighted, and I as delighted with the sound of my own voice, as my hearers could be; when Captain Jones, a young friend of mine, who sat next to me, and who had been looking full in my face some

* Owenson sent me over this tune, and to it I wrote the Finale to the “Poor Soldier.”

time, exclaimed in a loud and abrupt tone, "Zounds, O'Keeffe! what a long hair you've got in your eyebrow!" See Sir Marmaduke in the "Doldrum."

The plan of Thomas Sheridan's dictionary was to bring the spelling of English words nearer to the established modes of pronunciation; yet still to keep in view the several languages from which each word is derived. In a letter of his to Mr. Heaphy, which I saw, he had to speak of the Parliament-winter in Dublin, and spelt the word *parlement*. I heard Sheridan recite on Smock-alley stage, and show, by illustration, that in a verse of eight syllables, the sense might be changed five times by removing the accent from one syllable to another thus—

"None but the brave deserve the fair!
None *but* the brave deserve the fair,
None but the *brave* deserve the fair,
None but the brave *deserve* the fair,
None but the brave deserve the *fair*."

Thomas Sheridan wrote a piece called "The

brave Irishman," (the plot from the French) in which he worked up a very high character for Isaac Sparkes : it had a powerful effect, and was played very often. There were many signs of Sparkes in this same Captain O'Blunder. One day he was walking under one of these, when a chairman looking first at him with great admiration, and then up at the sign, vociferated, "Oh there you are, above and below!"

When Thomas Sheridan was at his zenith in Dublin, Layfield was in high estimation as an actor also. His distinguished parts were Ventidius, Iago, Cassius, Syphax, and Ape-mantus. One night, doing Iago (Sheridan the Othello), Layfield came out with,

• "Oh my Lord! beware of jealousy,
It is a green-eyed *Lobster*."

After this the play could go no further. He was at that moment struck with incurable madness! and died somewhat in the manner of Nat. Lee, the fine tragic poet. The above

“green-eyed lobster” was the first instance poor Layfield gave of this dreadful visitation.

Sheridan was one day told, a gentleman wanted to speak to him; a stranger entered, seemingly much agitated, saying, “My dear Sir, I have a thousand pardons to ask you, and hope for your forgiveness.”—“Sir,” said Sheridan, “I have not the pleasure of knowing you? what is the nature of the offence given to me?” “Oh, Sir! the irreparable injuries I have done to your professional reputation.” “Indeed! but how?”—“Oh, Sir! by my persisting in writing you down in a much read popular publication:” (mentioning the title.) “I am sure I must have hurt your mind most exceedingly.” “Hurt my mind! this is the first knowledge I ever had of the circumstance; and, as to injuring my professional reputation—here! bring the box-book,” (calling at the door, the box-keeper brought in the book :) “there, Sir, look,” continued Sheridan, “I play this night; and, as you see, every box is taken by persons of the first

rank and consequence in Dublin; therefore, pray comfort yourself, as to having hurt either my mind, or my reputation."

Both these circumstances happened about the year 1750, when he was manager of Smock-alley, and were told me by Sheridan himself, with many other anecdotes, when I had the happiness of his company, much to the profit of my own mind, in the years 1775 and 1776. Sheridan's best characters were Brutus, Cato, and King John. His manner of saying one line, "I could be merry now, Hubert," got him most abundant applause.

Whilst he was manager, Thomas King was his first comedian, and a great favourite in all the high parts of comedy. King was above the middle size, formed with great symmetry, fine eye, and expressive countenance; but his chin and cheeks black, or rather blue. He had much more power over a Dublin than a London audience. His best parts were Trapanti, Lisardo, and Sharp in the "Lying Valet." He was

a great wit, and so facetious, that on Tragedy nights Sheridan would not suffer him to come into the green-room to *untragedize* the tragedians with his comicality. King used to open the green-room door, show his face, dash in a joke among them, set all in a roar of laughter, and then run away from the manager's indignation.

King was a worthy, good-natured man; and, in private life, moved in the first circles. One day that I dined with him at his house in Gerard-street, (there was a large party,) he came in, in high glee, saying, "I am just returned from the reading of two acts of a new play of Sheridan's, and I prophesy, if he can keep it up with the same spirit in which he has set out, it will be the best comedy on the English stage." This was "The School for Scandal," in which King was the original Sir Peter Teazle.

CHAPTER X.

Marriage.—Family.—“Tony Lumpkin in Town.”—A. B. at the Grecian Coffee-house.—George Colman the Elder.—Dr. Arnold.—Portsmouth.—Mr. and Mrs. Mattocks.—“The Reprisal.”—The Belle Poule and the Arethusa.—Lord Charles Fitzgerald.—Wildman the bee-charmer.—General Burgoyne.—Accidents.—Portsmouth Fair.—The Duke of Richmond.—George III.—Booth the Actor.—The Camp of the Middlesex Militia.—French and American Prisoners.—A party to Fareham.—The Dockyard.—Felton and Jack the Painter.—The Hector.—The Lion.—Swimming at Portsmouth.—Lawler at the Black Rock.—Return to London.—Dr. William Hunter.—Garrick’s Funeral.—ELEGY ON GARRICK.—Westminster Hall.—Dunning.—(Lord Ashburton).—Howarth.—Lord Thurlow.—Lord Chatham.—Liverpool.—“The Prince!”—Holyhead.—Gerald Heaphy.—Powerscourt Waterfall.—Rundle.—Return to Dublin.—Michael Kelly.—“The Son-in-law.”—“The Dead Alive.”—Blarney Castle.—Major and Mrs. Jefferies.—Charles XII. King of Sweden.—Sir John Stevenson.—Blennerhasset.—Fires in Ireland.

OCTOBER 1st, 1774, I was married to Mary Heaphy the elder daughter of Tottenham

Heaphy, Esq., and his wife Alice Heaphy, in that part of the city of Limerick, called the Irish town. We had three children, John Tottenham, Adélaïde, and Gerald, the first born in Cork, the two latter in Dublin. At this present moment of writing I have but one relation in this world; viz. my said daughter Adélaïde, now living with me, whose mother, my said wife Mary, died in Dalkeith, Scotland, the 1st of January, 1813. Our two sons, and my father and mother-in-law, are also dead. Their younger daughter, Rachael Heaphy, married the Rev. George Alley, of Moymett Rectory, county Meath, Ireland, (both still living;) and their son, Gerald Blennerhasset Heaphy, died in Martinito, a Lieutenant in the 32d Regiment of Foot.

My son Gerald died in his infancy; but my son John Tottenham, and my daughter Adélaïde, I, (unassisted by any relation whatever,) by the produce of my own literary labours, brought through the whole course of their life and education, with parental care and tenderness: in the

latter I spared neither pains nor cost, and they repaid me by duty and comfort. My son's accomplishments and acquirements were acknowledged, by all who knew him, to be of a very superior order.

Having turned my mind fully on dramatic writing, as a means of support for myself and young family, I brushed up my "Tony Lumpkin in Town; or, the Dilletanti," a sort of sequel to Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," which I had written in 1772.

Coming with my family to London, the Christmas of 1777, and fearing the mortifications that an author must of course feel on his compositions being rejected by managers, I sent my play to George Colman Esq., Sen. Patentee of the Theatre Royal Haymarket, with a letter, requesting that, should he disapprove of it, he would have it left at the bar of the Grecian Coffee-house, directed to A. B.; and if he liked it well enough to promise he would bring it out, that he would send an answer as above;

and the author, on his mentioning a time, would wait upon him. The next day I called at the Coffee-house, where I found a jocular, yet polite, and indeed friendly letter from Mr. Colman, directed to A. B. with his approbation of the piece; a promise to bring it out the following summer, and his wish to see the author at Soho-square the next day at eleven o'clock.— A joyful letter to me, as, previous to my sending my play to Mr. Colman, I showed it to my early friend, William Lewis, who told me it was not worth two-pence!

The next morning I was punctual to appointment, and posted to Soho-square, where, at the left-hand corner of Bateman's-buildings, I knocked at the door of a fine-looking house, and was ushered into the library. Seated in cap and gown at breakfast, I there, for the first time, saw the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, author of "The English Merchant," "The Jealous Wife," &c. &c., who received me with all the frank goodnature of his character,

laughed heartily at the whim of the piece, and repeated his promise of bringing it out on his boards. I then ventured to disclose my name.

Mr. Colman immediately, with my approbation of each, cast the parts, regretting that he had no performer for Tony Lumpkin but Parsons, who, he feared, would look too old for it; but added, that he was an excellent actor, and a great favourite with the public. Charles Bannister was cast for Tim Tickle the Bear-leader; and though he had no song to display his fine vocal abilities, he liked the part much. The first night, the audience expected the bear to come on. The character of Dr. Minim, in this piece, I made to have composed an Oratorio, called "The Prodigal Son," not knowing that Dr. Arnold had actually composed such an Oratorio. Some time after, the Doctor mentioned this to me with a great deal of good humour, supposing I had really written the character for him, of which he was rather pleased and proud. Many years after, he urged

me to write a sacred Oratorio for him to compose,³ but I never did.

I was at Portsmouth when the play came out; and shortly after received a letter from Mr. Colman, with the account of the sixth, (the Author's right) 89*l.*—the charges of 63*l.* deducted, left my profits 26*l.* A bill on Messrs. Drummond for that sum, and a sorrow that the heat of the weather had rendered my night so unproductive, accompanied it. This was the summer of the naval review by his Majesty, and consequently the whole court, and corps of fashionables and unfashionables, had left town and thronged to Portsmouth.

Mattocks was manager of the Portsmouth Theatre at this time—his company consisted of Mrs. Mattocks, Mrs. Kennedy, Whitfield, Booth, Wheeler, Perry, Dutton, Townshend, &c., the latter I remember a student at Dublin College. Mrs. Mattocks, agreeable to what was due to her professional talents (which were of the first order), imagined that her name being

up, must fill the house each time she played.— One night, on which the opera of the “Maid of the Mill” was to be acted, she walked from her dressing-room and looked through the curtain, and on seeing a half-empty house, returned, sat down, and sent for Mattocks;—he came, she told him to dismiss the house for that she certainly would not play:—he, with his usual politeness, and calm good-humour, seemed to acquiesce, and to approve of her spirited determination, at the same time expressing himself rather angry at the want of taste in the public, thus exceeding her in his remarks upon such neglect.

This matrimonial colloquy took up about twenty minutes.—“Make yourself easy, my dear,” he said, “for I’ll go this instant, and dismiss the house.”—He left her, and walking leisurely towards the front of the stage, gave the Prompter the private order to ring the band into the orchestra, and begin the Overture. He was obeyed; he then ordered the curtain to

ring up,—and up it went. Mrs. Mattocks, by this time, having heard musicals which she did not expect, ventured to quit her dressing-room, and go towards the stage, where, to her astonishment and vexation, she heard the full chorus of,

“Free from sorrow, free from strife,
Oh! how blest the miller’s life!”—&c.

Angry with Mattocks, she reproached him for the deception he had put upon her, when he with mildness said, “Come with me down to the wing, and throw your eye round the house, then try what you can say on this occasion.”—She complied, looked out, and saw the theatre, boxes, pit, and gallery, all full;—before the conclusion of the first scene, it was an overflow. The fact was, it happened to be a very fine evening—the King had been on the water, and on the ramparts, and all the people out on their walks and rambles, boating and sailing, every one eager to have even a distant sight of his Majesty.—Mrs. Mattocks was, perhaps, right,

but the manager, who well knew the danger of what is called "dismissing a house," was aware of this; and, in reality, it is wiser for actors, if there is only as much in the theatre as will pay for the lights, never to dismiss an audience; it throws a damp upon the public spirit and feelings, and many persons, after such a circumstance, will keep from a theatre, always doubting whether the night they fix on to go to the play, there will be any play at all.

Mrs. Mattocks recovered her good-humour, and performed the charming Patty with all her usual delightful and delighting powers.

The same season Mattocks had got up Smollet's excellent drama of the "Reprisal; or, the Tars of Old England:" the plot of this piece being a French ship at sea, boarded by the crew of an English ship. As many supernumeraries were wanted for this purpose, and to render it more natural and pleasing to a *Portsmouth* audience, the prompter, of his own accord, brought in a number of real man-of-

war's-men. The stage was formed like the deck of a ship, the front scene displaying the centre of a cabin; the sides seemed the gunwale; and the mast was up through the stage in the centre. The piece went on very well, the actors, each of them in his proper place, and the man-of-war's-men stationed by the prompter at the sides, ready for the signal, when they were to leap on board: he gave it, and they did leap on board, shouting, huzzaing, and brandishing their hangers: in a few minutes, the spirited ardour of their real profession burst forth, and they totally forgot the *tame* instructions they had received from their present captain, the prompter of a play-house, and began to hack, and cut about furiously. The audience themselves (amongst whom were many maritime people, and their families), not aware of the prompter's ingenious device, considered them as acting, and were in the highest rapture, applauding their performance; and when it

... down the French white *rag*.

and hoisting the English entire *flag*, the shouts of joy and victory were quite glorious.

The French captain was played by a little fellow, Dutton, who spoke French well, and was as fully possessed with the ardour of *his* trade, as the British tars were with theirs: though his life was now in actual danger from their cutlasses, instead of stopping their furious progress by speaking English, he fell upon his knees, and went on with his "Miséricorde! Oh ciel! Mais donc!" &c. Luckily the prompter saw his peril, and, with the manager, who now understood the business, rushed on the stage and rescued him. However, the scenes were all cut up, slashed, and demolished. The cleverness of the thought was solely due to the prompter; for Mattocks knew too much of the world to give his order or assent to such a dangerous expedient.

This circumstance took place soon after the French and English war struck out, in the action between the *Belle Poule* and the *Are-*

thusa. I went on board the latter ship, a few hours after the engagement, and saw the horrible and dreadful state of a ship of war after a battle: the *Arethusa* then lying close by Blockhouse point, where they were getting the wounded out of the ship into Haslar Hospital. Lord Charles Fitzgerald (brother to the Duke of Leinster) was a lieutenant of this ship. The officer on board, with great minuteness described the engagement to me. No hostile shot had, at the time, been fired between England and France. When the two ships met in the Channel, the *Arethusa* fired a shot into the water, near the bow of the *Belle Poule*; in the sailor phrase, "across her fore-foot" to bring her to. This was answered by a full broadside from the *Belle Poule*, and the slaughter commenced: each ship, when they parted, so crippled, supposed its adversary could not get into port. As Lord Charles stood on the quarter deck, a seaman handing him a cup of refreshment, had his head taken off by a ball; and the heads of six men happening to be all in a row at their

gun, were carried off, as the phrase is, by a splinter. The officer pointed to me *this splinter*, where it was lying : a vast beam, torn from off the upper port-holes. I saw two poor mangled midshipmen lying upon a gun, waiting for their turn to be taken to the hospital. I went down to the ward-room ; the bulkheads had been knocked away for action : it was all one space—the floor covered with blood, and pieces of skull and hair sticking in the mast ;—and, through the summer's heat, already the scent was overpowering. After this beginning, the war went on in all its horrors ; and then came the squabble between Keppel and Palkiser, with riots and illuminations in Pall-mall, and St. James's-square ; and Court-martials, and all that.

Whilst I was at Portsmouth, I adapted my "Tony Lumpkin's Rambles" (which I had first written in Cork,) to the localities, customs, and circumstances of the royal excursion ; and, free from any self advantage, had it performed for the benefits of Wheeler, Booth, Mattocks, and Mrs. Kennedy who were of the company, and

it was received with high relish and applause. The box audience were all the courtiers, &c.; the present Lord Chatham, then first Lord of the Admiralty, had his place in the side-box: there was a box fitted up for the King.

When at Portsmouth, I met with Wildman, the celebrated bee-charmer: he had a good house on the Point; the left hand as you face the sea, and dealt in India goods. My family and I bought of him; and he invited me to dine with him. I had some curiosity, but he never came home till dinner was over, when he drank arrack-punch, whilst he gave his company excellent claret. I never saw him exhibit his command of the bees. He was a Jew.

At the gate which divided the Common from Portsmouth, I saw General Burgoyne: he waved his hand to decline the ceremony of the guard turning out:—I thought this a favourable trait of character. He had not long returned from America. His comedy of “The Heiress” had a great run; as also his “Maid of the

Oaks," from Weston's and Mrs. Abingdon's excellent acting. The music of his "Lord of the Manor" was by Jackson of Exeter. In my early days, a song composed by Jackson, called "The Heavy Hours," was a great favourite in Dublin.

Whilst I was at Portsmouth, Mars and Apollo permitted two dire mishaps. On the embarkation of some soldiers and military stores, at the end of Point-street lay a barrel of gunpowder: a poor old Irish-woman, (part of the baggage,) seated on the barrel, smoking her *dwodwen*, (a short tobacco pipe,) shaking out the ashes, the gunpowder caught them, and the tents, baggage, &c. were all burnt and blown up; some large houses at the end of Point-street suffered; and, indeed, were destroyed by the conflagration.

Apollo's accident was by a night rehearsal, and trial of scenery, at the theatre. A lad, the son of the property-man, in his pantomime character, was to be a bear, and wrapped up in

a great tarpaulin : his shaggy dress took fire from the side-lamps : his father, by endeavours to save him, caught him in his arms, and had his face and hands burnt miserably. The whole theatre was in danger of being destroyed, but water being obtained, the flames were put out.

I went to Portsdown fair in the coach of an old distinguished naval officer of rank, and dined with him and his party at a farm-house at the foot of the hill, according to the custom of the place : it was a very jovial meal. One of the occasional modes is, a dance in a very large barn. Here I could only see the tops of the dancers' hats, over the line made by the spectators, their heads popping up like the keys of a harpsichord. Swinging in the barn was another great amusement, in which females partook. Another pastime was running down the hill :—a young man takes the hand of a young woman at the top of Portsdown-hill, and thus with great swiftness they run down. This diversion gave much joy, until one of the young

men fell and broke his leg, and there ~~the~~ sport ended for that day. In Ireland, ~~they~~ slide down a hill, seated on the polished skull of a horse, reversed, and thus can come to no harm. The whole conduct and amusement of the fair on Portsdown-hill was very entertaining from its fine situation, and was quite new to me: cheese seemed to be the principal commodity of the fair. On the road between the hill and Portsmouth was pork roasting, and great cauldrons of apple-sauce. Mr. Harris, and R. B. Sheridan, came to see me there; from the latter, an innkeeper on the road would take no money for the dinner and the wine of the author of "The Duenna." The Duke of Richmond being then Master of the Ordnance, the works at Portsmouth proceeded with great activity. A party of us went to drink tea at a farm-house on a Sunday evening; the inhabitants, with great hospitality and perfect politeness, left their parlour, where they had been entertaining their own company,

would \ake no money; even the servant maid refused a gratification. The night before Whitfield's departure, the people where he lodged gave a most plentiful, and, indeed, elegant supper to himself and friends—I was one. At Portsmouth, I experienced as much candour and kindness as ever I met with through my whole life.

I dined on board a newly-arrived India ship at Spithead; our entertainment was capital, but the sea, going and coming, very rough. The King, in his survey of Portsmouth, went to see the navy biscuit bake-house, and, according to form, was presented with a biscuit, which he ate as walking through the street conversing with his court attendants: amongst others I got near him, and marked with pleasure his voice, phrase, and manner: from royal example, it got the fashion to walk the streets eating a biscuit.

Booth, who afterwards performed Fairly, in my "Farmer," came to Portsmouth in 1778, to

play a very good cast of parts ; but, poor fellow ! to his great vexation, he caught a hoarseness, lost his voice, and did not speak a word on the stage through the whole season. He was, years after, also very successful in Father Luke, in "Love in a Camp," and sung his part with Edwin in the best duet I ever penned—the tune one of Carolan's—

"And oh ! is he gone ? whirra strua ! poor Pat !"

It is really the jig time, and to see it danced in an Irish cabin is the very height of fun ; but I made Father Luke and Darby sing it slow. Booth was transcriber to Covent-garden theatre.

At this time, the only building on South-Sea Common was the ruins of the old castle, at the East corner : I saw also the fragment of a high post, where once hung Felton. A camp was formed on the Common, for the Middlesex militia ; it was done with great symmetry, and, indeed, taste and elegance : the Royal tents had fine apartments, one within another, with tem-

porary gardens, parterres, and gravel walks. I was acquainted with some of the officers, and took tea, &c. in their tents: all was cheerfulness and hilarity: but officers and soldiers were obliged soon to strike their tents, being much annoyed by adders, which harboured among the wormwood and weeds, and, before they could be again pitched, they were forced to burn and clear all away. The environs of Portsmouth we found very pleasant during our tea-drinking excursions to Fratton, and boatings across the harbour to Gosport and up to Fareham, where I saw Porchester Castle, built by Julius Cæsar; a great wonderment to me. We walked to Fortune, near Gosport, where was a large piece of ground surrounded by tall open palisades; here were confined the American and French prisoners taken during the short time since the war broke out. I remarked the difference of manner, and characteristic nationality, in the two sets of prisoners; the Americans walked about either alone, or in melancholy, silent, or low-

speaking groups, while the French, with vivacity, danced and sung and paid compliments, and through the palisades held conversation with the females and others who were outside.

A party of us sailed up, and dined at Fareham; two of the company, Mr. Mattocks and Mr. Christopher Peel, (afterwards a Governor at Bombay,) being soberly inclined, would not wait for our third bottle, but quitted us to go back to Portsmouth. Our remaining set were Wheeler, Whitfield, Perry, and myself: we finished our wine, and had tea; paid our bill, and called for our boat: the tide was very low, and we had only a narrow stream to keep in, down the harbour. To our left, a little beyond the blue mud seemed a green field: on it we saw a boat; at each end of the boat a tall figure, in a large cocked hat, sitting erect, but looking doleful. These were the two very sober gentlemen, Peel and Mattocks, who had sailed off in such a hurry; and who were now stuck there, in what the Portsmouth people call the blue

dumplings, while we sailed rapidly on in our narrow stream. We hailed to them, kissed hands, and asked had they any commands to Portsmouth. Consequently, we soon reached the sally-port, while they were obliged to wait there, three miles off, for the next tide; for no coming out of the boat, lest they should be swamped.

My father-in-law, Mr. Tottenham Heaphy, and his son Gerald, visited us whilst I was at Portsmouth, and, by my influence, I brought them in to see the dock-yard, &c.: at this perilous time it required interest to visit those famous places, the memory of Jack the painter being so recent. I intended to have written a dialogue between this incendiary at Block-House point, and Felton on the opposite shore of South-Sea beach, but the subject being too terrific, I dropped it.

I thought the gun-wharf, its pyramids of balls, gardens, gravel walk, &c., one of the prettiest sights I ever saw.

We had our little son Tottenham with us, a child in petticoats, and when we were on the ramparts I used to place him on the great two-and-forty pounders, before and after they fired. The walk on the platform, and round the ramparts, we found very pleasant: the latter reminded me of those at Derry. One of the performers was walking on the wall, reading his part, when a wary sentinel took him into custody, and he was not released until some of the officers came, and perceived how the matter was.

About fifteen years after, being at Portsmouth, on a pleasurable excursion, Captain Rowley conducted me over his ship, the Hector, and politely explained to me all I wished to be informed of. Near us was moored the Lion, prepared to take Lord Macartney to China; on board of which ship was my early schoolfellow at the Royal Academy, Thomas Hickey; but I did not know of it at that time. I took a swim at South-Sea Common; my son was

with me; my sight at this time very indifferent; however, on I swam: I saw on the surface of the sea before me; an extended line of land, which, by my turning round and round, I mistook for the beach I had just left. I began to have my doubts, and called aloud, my son fortunately heard the voice, and immediately answered; thus was my life saved, for I was deceived in the view: the land I saw was the Isle of Wight; and a very few strokes more must have brought me so far from the beach, that I never could have returned. And here a modicum of advice, even to good swimmers, with their sight, may not be amiss. It is first to look forward, but when out of their depth, or far from the shore, to keep their faces towards the land they leave, or else they may perish by a very few strokes outward, and a few rolling waves. I have some right to give an opinion upon such a subject.

I am as much at my ease on the surface of the deepest sea, as reclining on a sofa. I

once mentioned to a bather, at Brighton, the great good of practising to swim with one hand. He could not immediately see what use this was of, until I explained to him that an occasion might offer of being able to save another person's life, by swimming with one hand, and at the same time have the other full at liberty to lay hold on the drowning person.

In the year 1759, I often saw Lawler, a poor honest fellow, who frequently swam from the Black Rock and Dunleary, across Dublin Bay, to the Hill of Howth, a distance of nine miles, and no boat to accompany him. He derived part of his morsel by swimming and washing horses for people; his method was to ride them into the deep sea, and then jump on their heads, and send them down. One day, he sent a horse down in this manner; both under water, the horse, in his hard struggles to rise, gave poor Lawler a kick on the head, and he never came up alive.

On ~~my~~ return to London, I called on Mr. Colman, who received me cordially; and, on my acquainting him with my intention to go back to Ireland in a few days, he requested I would set my pen again to work, assuring me that his utmost endeavours should not be wanting to bring out any play of mine with the success which he now warmly predicted. This kindness raised my spirits; and, with a cheerful mind, I determined to follow the trumpet of Fame, and the rattling music of Fortune's purse, by my new London-finger-post,—my dramatic pen.

Whilst in London, my brother, who belonged to the Royal Academy, Somerset House, brought me there to Dr. William Hunter's Lectures—he was a pleasant little man, in a handsome, modest wig. A skeleton was hung upon a pivot by his side, and on the other was a young man half-naked, to both of which he occasionally referred, in his explanations of mus-

illustrated by anecdote, but I think his auditors were mostly students in painting.

In 1779 I saw Garrick's funeral procession pass to the Abbey; a short time before I had seen him walking very quick (his way) on the terrace of the Adelphi, before his own house (the centre of the Terrace). He caught cold sitting in the orchestra, at a night view of the scenery preparing for R. B. Sheridan's "Camp," after the audience had left the house.

I soon after wrote the following Elegy, but never before published it.—

ON THE DEATH OF GARRICK, IN 1779.

(In thoughts from each character in which he was distinguished.)

"MOURN Sisters," Até howls, "your loss deplore!"

For "Birnam Wood is come to Dunsinane."

Our weird child, "Macbeth shall sleep no more;"

Richard shall never be "himself again."—

"Ay, every inch a king!"—Old Lear cried,

For Shakspeare wove the venerable wreath;

His reign expired when to us Garrick died,

And Lear, alas! is now "quite out of breath."

“ Ho ! Deadmen, ho ! ” the little poet calls,
 And, at his call, behold, his dead men rise ;
 Oh, sad reverse ! Old Drury’s curtain falls,
 And Bayes himself, lo ! now a dead man lies.

Horatio weeping, cries “ Farewell, sweet prince ! ”
 Ophelia gently moans, “ Ah, woe is me !
 Remembering what thou wert, and hast been since ;
 Seeing what I have seen,—seeing what I see.”

For lady Heros, batchelors may strive ;
 In vain the witty Beatrice they woo ;
 What potent spells can Benedict revive,
 When Willy’s charms are only—“ Much Ado ? ”

For snuff-shop, Abel asked the lucky sign,
 He bade the stars their awful silence break ;
 The glass is shivered, never more to join,—
 Himself fixed, tongue-tied, never more shall speak !

As Johnson wails his Druggier’s hapless fate,
 Cries Hoadley,—“ Ben, you may not weep alone,
 Soon dull oblivion blots me out of date :
 My darling Ranger’s—“ Positively gone.”

I sometimes went to Westminster Hall to
 hear the celebrated pleaders.

I liked Mr. Dunning (afterwards Lord Ash-
 burton) although he had a convulsive catch in

his voice, but his phrase, substance, and quaintness were admirable. I heard him in the Court of King's Bench on a trial before Lord Mansfield for a libel. I also admired Mr. Howarth for fulness, power, argument, and fine voice. He was severe; had he lived he must have made a great figure in his profession, but he was drowned near Richmond by the upsetting of a boat on a pleasure party. Howarth was a handsome, ruddy young man; Dunning had a broad, pale face.

I saw Lord Chancellor Thurlow in Court; he was thin, and seemed not well in health; he leaned forward with his elbows on his knees, which were spread wide, and his hands clutched in each other. He had on a large three-cocked-hat; his voice was good, and he spoke, in the usual judge-style, easy and familiar. Speaking of lawyers, I remember Counsellor Scott in Dublin, and his remarking, in Court, as an exculpation of the negligence of a young apprentice, that Pitt, the great Lord Chatham, when a boy,

had generally his stockings about his heels; this made part of his pleadings : he was a friend to Lord Townshend, and was himself afterwards Earl of Clonmell. His early friend and fellow-student at Trinity College Dublin, was Lord Carleton, son to the great merchant whom they used to call the King of Cork.*

Leaving Mr. Heaphy behind, to spend his pleasant hours with Digges, his old and favourite friend, we quitted London for Dublin, which we did not reach until three weeks after. One week we were wind-bound at Liverpool.

To save expense we left the inn, and went to a boarding-house, where I met with Mr. —, a literary gentleman, who was then writing a history of Lancashire, and very active in his researches as to antiquity in history, &c. My friends and I walked about with him, and derived much amusement and information from his society. We went to see

* Scott was a very handsome man, with a lively cheerful countenance and manner.

a paper-mill, and, from the simplicity of the process in making paper, I was surprised and delighted. In one of our walks, talking over history, Mr. ——— touched upon the year 1745, with, "How well those circumstances are remembered here!" seeing an old man coming towards us driving a cart, the historian stopped him in conversation. "Now," said he, turning to me, "I'll give you a proof of what I was saying;" then speaking to the stranger, after other questions, he said, "But did you ever see the Prince?" The old man instantly took his hat off, and waved it, joy and exultation glistening in his countenance; "See the Prince?" said he, "Ay, that I did!" with an air of unspeakable triumph. "Very well!" thought I; "now I see how matters went in this part of the world." I then began to sing the Duke of Cumberland's March; the old man listened: "Oh, oh!" said he, "I've heard that march before; but *I've* another march: did you ever hear this?" and he began to sing, and well

too, "The Lad with the White Cockade;" we all parted in good humour. In my childhood I had read "Ascanius, or the Young Adventurer," and remembered his three staunch Irish adherents. We visited the new docks at Liverpool, and I saw the outside of a fine new Theatre, just then built, which William Lewis since told me he paid two thousand pounds a year renting.

When the wind changed, we embarked, and were five nights at sea with tremendous storms, and vain attempts to cross the Irish Channel. At length the captain humanely complied with the earnest wishes of the passengers to land them any where; and we put into Holyhead, where we stayed seven days more waiting for a wind;—this was in March. As my mode was, wherever I saw a mountain, to try to get to the top of it (Parnassus, to wit,) I and my brother-in-law, Gerald Heaphy, then a lieutenant in the army, and as apt for such freaks as myself, climbed to the summit of Holyhead,

where we put a stone on the top of the heap built up by our aspiring predecessors ; but this was no great exploit, as I had once before clambered to the utmost height of Powerscourt waterfall, among the mountains of Wicklow, the highest cataract in Europe. My companion in this dangerous enterprise was a young surgeon named Rundle, who afterwards went to the East Indies. We climbed at the same time, one at each side of this stupendous fall, immersed in a cloud of spray, the foam and waters dashing round us, and treading on broken trees, rocks, and shrubs, where possibly no human foot had ever been before. Some by falling have since perished in this attempt. Our astonished pleasure-party stood at the pavilion at the foot of it, where we were to dine, looking up at us with wonder and apprehensions.

It was in the spring of 1779 I returned to Dublin, and, at that particular period, had no concern whatever with any of the theatres ; but having, previous to my leaving Ireland,

been, at Capel-street Theatre, very highly thought of by the public in that tulip of fops, Jessamy, many ladies of the highest rank, who patronized the youthful Michael Kelly, now asked me to step out on the boards of Crow-street, and play Beau Jessamy for the benefit of their young favourite, Master Lionel, who was just preparing for his voyage to Italy;—and here, at present, in the year 1826, I take occasion to say that I have a due sense of the well-meant, and indeed happy mention of me by my highly endowed and kind townsman, Mr. Michael Kelly, in his well-written, entertaining “Reminiscences.”

To touch upon Jessamy-finery; in former times I was, I confess, a very dressy sort of fellow, which made Macklin remark before a number of people, when I called upon him in a sea-green tabinet coat lined with white silk, and large bunches of gold Brandenburgs: “Now none but a jackanapes would wear such

On my return home to Dublin, I remembered my promise to Mr. Colman (not forgetting my own stimulus to fame and profit), and set to at another two-act piece, in which I resolved, for the first time on the London stage, to attempt an opera.

I finished my "Son-in-law" in three weeks, and sent it over to Mr. Colman, in a frank of Hely Hutchinson, then Secretary of State for Ireland, and Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. As I never had any answer from Mr. Colman, I feared my MS. was lost, though I had carefully put it into the General Post-office myself. A few days after, Mr. Heaphy returned to Dublin from London, and, calmly sitting down, recounted whom he saw there, and where he lodged, and with whom he dined, and other circumstances of very small import, as I thought, to me; at length he mentioned Mr. Colman's name. I asked, "Did he talk of me, or send any message to me?" "Oh, yes—Colman—yes, he received your 'Son-in-law,'

and likes it above all things, and will bring it out this summer." This is one of the many instances of Mr. Heaphy's well-known absence of mind; but, setting aside this, he was a good man and highly respected. In his youth, he and four brothers more volunteered to Germany, and were of the Irish party who rescued King George the Second, when he was surrounded by the enemy, at the battle of Fontenoy, or Dettingen, I do not remember which. Mr. Tottenham Heaphy afterwards quitted the army, and became manager of the Cork and Limerick theatres, which he had built by his influence in raising the requisite subscriptions, being himself nearly related to the first families of rank and opulence in the counties of Cork and Limerick.

My sea-crossings have been five: the third, in 1777, from Dublin to Liverpool, was one of great peril:—it was Christmas—the night dark; we struck twice upon a sandbank; the grating noise of the ship upon the bank with a horrid

scrape, was most terrific; but luckily there were on board three cabin passengers who had previously been round the globe: they started from their beds, one crying out, "Ha! touch and go is a good pilot." They went upon deck, and by their activity and knowledge in managing the ship, with God's mercy, we were saved. It was the full opinion that, had we struck the third time, we must have gone down. We had no lights for the binnacle, and our ship ran foul of another ship, by which all what is called the gingerbread works of the stern, &c. was dashed to pieces; but oh! the joy of landing! of seeing the quay of Liverpool, and the lights in the windows! My party on board consisted of my infant boy, his mother, and two servants.

On my fifth and last voyage in 1781, I was alone. I got on board a ship in the bay; the Captain was not there, and not above two of the seamen: presently I heard great trappings over my head, on deck, with rude and rough voices, and oaths, and now and then terrible faces,

peeping down the steps, into the cabin ; one of them said—"a snug place there." I was alarmed, and my fears were heightened when a very young officer in regimentals came down the steps in great agitation, and indeed terror. I asked him what was the matter : he said he had a parcel of ruffians, many of them condemned felons out of the prisons, to take over to England ; that he had no irons to secure them, and was afraid he should not be able to keep them under control. He left me ; I went upon deck, saw a vessel about half a mile distant in the bay, and on inquiry was told by one of the seamen it was the Holyhead Packet. "Then," said I, "put me and my trunk over to that ship ;" this he refused, as the captain was not on board to give permission. I told him I had already paid half-a-guinea, which I was willing to forfeit, and give himself five shillings. He threw my trunk across his shoulder, lowered it into the boat, I jumped in

the change was from Tartarus to Elysium ; we soon weighed anchor, and crossed over for Holyhead. But to return :—

My “Son-in-law” appeared in 1779 ; and in the London newspapers, which I saw at the Inn at Clonmel, I read my triumph. This for ever silenced the croakings of my timid friends.

I soon after saw it acted for the first time, in Dublin. Dr. Arnold did the music of “The Son-in-law.”

Mr. Colman came that winter over to Dublin, invited by Mr. Jefferies, brother-in-law to Lord Fitzgibbon, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and other leading persons of rank, to establish a theatre there, in conjunction with Mr. Heaphy, which they proposed building by subscription ; and the spot was fixed upon, the right-hand of College Green, as you face the College ; but, from Mr. Colman's own survey of the little likelihood of success on such a speculation, he got frightened, and gave up his part in the affair ; and so it dropped. I supped with him

at Ryan's Tavern, Fowne's-street, with Spicer the miniature painter, who had accompanied him to Ireland. At this meeting Mr. Colman urged me to write another play, for his next season; and, before he quitted Dublin, paid me the profits of my night for the "Son-in-law," at the same time wishing I would sell him my copyright, instead of disposing of it to a bookseller; as in the latter case, he said, the winter houses would hack it out, and take from his *nut-shell* (as he termed the Haymarket Theatre) that novelty which was necessary to attract an audience in the hot summers. Bound to Mr. Colman through gratitude for having produced my first play, which else I feared might never have come before a London public, and not thinking it prudent to object to the proposal of a London manager, who had it in his power to shut out my future works for ever from notice, I consented, and he gave me 40*l.* for my copyright of the "Son-in-Law," which, with the

My next play the "Dead Alive," I founded on a story in the "Arabian Nights," and purposed laying the scene in Bagdad; but, on second thoughts, preferred London ways and manners to Turkish turbans. I wrote the character of Motley purposely for Edwin, having heard he was so capital in my Bowkit. I sent over the "Dead Alive," in my own hand-writing, to Mr. Colman, in 1780, but he did not bring it out *that hot* summer.

About this time I was often with Major Jefferies, Governor of Cork, at his seat at Blarney Castle, four miles from Cork. On the top of one of the towers is what is called the blarney stone: the saying to a flatterer, is, "You have kissed the Blarney-stone," which is the custom for every one who visits this Castle, and I complied with it. Mr. Jefferies was an elegant little man, and had travelled. I saw there a whole length picture of Charles XII. of Sweden, presented by that "Head of iron," as the Turks called him, to Mr. Jefferies' grandfather, whom

Voltaire mentions by name in his history of that monarch, recollecting this, I looked on the picture with much complacency. It was as large as life, deep blue coat, buttoned to the chin, brass round buttons, broad buff belt, black stock, high top-boots, and spurs; round black head, and black beard; his hand on the pommel of his sword; this reminded me of his death stroke at Fredericksall, when he clapped his hand to his head and then to his sword. Mrs. Jefferies, sister to Lord Fitzgibbon the Irish Chancellor, was always kind and attentive to me; Mr. Heaphy was related to her, in consequence of which, she was much attached to the drama, to me, and all that belonged to either. This lady was of a benevolent character, and active in deeds of utility: for the encouragement of her industrious tenants, she established a manufactory of stocking-weaving, and built a number of small houses for them at Blarney: the grounds, and pleasure gardens, at Blarney Castle were very beautiful; but what struck me

with most admiration was an immense rock-work arch, with rude and abundant wild foliage of myrtles, ivy, arbutus, &c. You walked towards it—it seemed awful, and indeed forbidding: you stopped suddenly a few yards from it, and looked through it, downwards a long way, upon a perfect Paradise; the beautiful and surprising effect being heightened by the terrific appearance of the arch. I have seen many pleasure grounds, and so forth, but never any object equal to this. The thought of this arch was full in my mind when I wrote a few poetics now prefixed to my daughter's "Patriarchal Times."

One day at dinner, at Blarney, the conversation turned upon their friend and mine—Mr. Colman. I mentioned I had sent him over a third piece, in two acts, but had not heard from him; this was the "Dead Alive;" I had preserved a copy; and telling them this circumstance, Mrs. Jefferies advised me to bring it out in Dublin, when Mr. Jefferies, with prudence and a longer look upon the road of life,

said, "No, Mr. O'Keeffe, don't do any such thing,—Belinda, how can you advise such dangerous folly? If he brings it out in Dublin, Colman will never bring it out in London." I believe I looked rather silly and alarmed at Mr. Jefferies' friendly check, for the fact was, on my not hearing from Mr. Colman, I fully intended to have it performed in Dublin. I had already written some of the songs and given them to set to music to a very young gentleman. He was not above fourteen years of age, of most promising talents, his name was Stevenson. He composed some of the airs, and played and sung them to me at my house in Capel-street, and very beautiful they were; however, on Mrs. Jefferies' alarm, there the matter dropped of bringing the piece out in Dublin. The youthful musical genius of that day, is now the admired Sir John Stevenson, the successful composer of sacred and sublime melody.

About two years after this I often saw my friend Mrs. Jefferies in London. One court-day,

stepping out of her carriage, at the gate of St. James's Palace, a man made a successful snatch at the diamonds in her head-dress. Her congratulations on my success in England were most sincere. She often acknowledged afterwards that her husband's advice was right.

Mrs. Jefferies and Mr. Heaphy had a relation, (for *they* were nearly related,) a Kerry man of great landed property; Arthur Blennerhasset. I have been told in the legend or heraldry way, that Blenner was the original name; and that in one of the terrible conflicts to expel the Danes out of Ireland, the Irish party lost their colours, and were so dismayed, that flight was instantly meditated, when on a sudden, one of them looking towards the enemy saw a figure in full race returning, waving a standard: the cry was "It is Blenner!—our flag is safe! it is not taken, *Blenner has it!* Huzza!" from this circumstance, the family has the name of Blennerhasst. Arthur's only child, and heir

Limerick, being in a boat on the Lake of Killarney, and but a very few yards from the shore, in a gust of wind, the sail being up, he held a rope which was attached to a corner of it; a gale suddenly filling the sail, the rope slipped from his hand, the boat overset, and he was drowned—a party of friends and others close in view. He was shortly to have been married to one of the ladies then looking on.

I never saw but four fires in Ireland, one of them, I mentioned, extinguished by Sir Henry Hartstonge; another, a ship on fire on the Liffey, near George's Quay, the freightage had been oil, and this on fire, and spread on the surface of the water, had a grand and sublime appearance. The next was a great sugar warehouse, on Usher's Quay; and the fourth was the large mansion of the countess of Brandon, in Dublin; it was at night, she herself in a sedan chair, sitting out in the street, surrounded by the crowd; I stood close by her, and heard her remarks, as she looked up in sorrow and

dismay, on the conflagration.—“ Ah, there goes a bureau ! ah, there my pictures ! there, the rich hangings and furniture of my drawing-room ! ”—the engines playing, and the firemen climbing and striding through the flames ! It is said, that the national character of the Irish is to be careless, and yet, very odd that there should be so very few fires among them, and the population of the cities, and towns, and country, so great. . . .

This Countess of Brandon was the great patroness of the drama, particularly of Shakspeare's plays and Mossop's acting. Within a hundred yards of her burned house on Lazar's Hill, is the beautiful new Theatre in Hawkins-street, built by Mr. Harry Harris, in 1820, which, as I have heard, is a great ornament to my dear native city—**EBLANA.**

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