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LIFE IN OLD DUBLIN

Life in Old Dublin

* * *

*HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS
OF COOK STREET*

* * *

*THREE CENTURIES OF
DUBLIN PRINTING*

* * *

*REMINISCENCES OF A GREAT
TRIBUNE*

By JAMES COLLINS

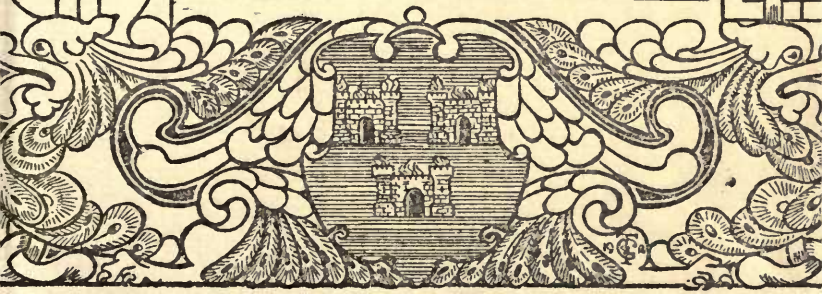
"I have here made a nosegay of culled flowers and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them."—MONTAIGNE

DUBLIN

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TO

SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON

C.B., M.D., D.P.H. CAMB., F.R.C.S., F.R.C.P.

*Medical Superintendent and Executive Officer of
Health, and Public Analyst of the City of Dublin,*

One who has done much for the advancement and betterment of his native city, as a sincere expression of gratitude to him for the many acts of kindness he has extended to me during the past thirty years, which period I have served under him on the staff of the Public Health Committee of the City of Dublin

I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

I KNOW full well that many shortcomings and errors will be found in this little publication, but I trust it may be accepted in the spirit in which it is offered, as an humble effort to keep green some memories of my native city; and I fondly hope that it may have the effect of leading more competent students and writers to follow up a subject so full of interest, the fringe of which I have only touched.

July, 1913.

J. C.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I owe much to the writings of the late Edward Evans, and my deep obligation to the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Canea, I gratefully acknowledge.

I also desire to place upon record my grateful thanks to the subscribers who so generously enabled me to produce this volume.

J. C.

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LIFE IN OLD DUBLIN.



CHAPTER I.

Echoes of past centuries in its streets and institutions—Wattle Bridge—Innes of Court—Ormond Market—Dominican Priory—Mary's Abbey—Essex Bridge—St. Paul's, Arran Quay.

THE Rome correspondent of the *Freeman*, in a letter to that journal in October, 1907, writing about a walk on the Aventine, near Rome, expressed ideas which most aptly fit in with a ramble through our own city streets :—

“Places have a soul,’ said a French writer recently; ‘men make it for them by living in them.’ And even after men pass away and the place with a soul has become depopulated and deserted, something, if it be only a memory of it, remains. The stranger who comes to such a place, and is informed of the story of men who lived in it, becomes influenced and impressed in such a spot, and his memory retains the picture of it for years to come. I think it is in the more lonely and desolate places in and near Rome that you feel this impression of the soul of the past in the fullest degree. If you stop to review the events which have happened in a certain place, or to consider the lives and deeds of the men whose footsteps have in ages past resounded on one of these now decaying streets, the pageant of a long and brilliant history

passes before your imagination. But, in this very old land, the records of which cover long ages, it is scarcely possible for you to go half a dozen yards without finding, in your imagination, the hand of some famous old dweller of the soil stretched forth to welcome you. Here it is a pagan warrior, or a self-sufficient philosopher ; there it is a Christian martyr or confessor who greets you. You can people, in your thought, the barren and solitary neighbourhood with hosts of figures selected from the pages of history and made to live again."

These words, written about Rome, its streets and environment, may, as I already have said, well be taken as applicable to Dublin also. There is much to think about as you walk its streets and lanes, stretching back, as many of them do, through full a thousand years of Irish history, to the days when the "Ford of the Hurdles," Baile-Atha-Cliath, gave its name to the infant city that came to be described, in its first English charter, still preserved in the Corporation archives, as "Diveline." The ford is supposed to have been situated close to where Whitworth Bridge now stands and to have led to the roadway known to later generations as Stoneybatter. There is much of the deepest interest recorded in connection with ancient Dublin, but there is one matter which is seldom or never noticed by the historians of our city. Harris, in his "History of Dublin," published in the year 1766, alludes to it, but only to sneer at "the monkish story." If we turn to that commonplace book of Dublin commercial life, Thom's Directory, we learn the following from the Annals of Dublin :— "A.D. 448—St. Patrick converts the King of Dublin, Alphin McEchold, and his subjects, to the Christian Faith." It is recorded that after St. Patrick had fulfilled his mission amongst the then natives of Dublin he set out on his journey to Tara. Crossing over the

Wattle Bridge, he wends his way towards Finglas. Just outside the city the saint came to an eminence, which tradition points to as the mount where the Broadstone Terminus now stands. It is told that he looked over towards Dublin and its boundary, and said these words: "This town will be prophetic. Although small and miserable, it will be a large town in time that is to come. It will be told and spoken of far and near, and will be increasing until it is the chief town in the kingdom."

But, to return to the Wattle Bridge, and the roads leading from it. Halliday, in his "Essay on the Ancient Name of Dublin," says "that in our oldest MSS. it is stated that Ireland was intersected by five great roads, and that the present Stoney Batter formed a part of one of these ancient roadways. The portion of Dublin where the Danish invaders settled was called after them Eastmann Town, since corrupted into Oxmanstown." In days gone by this place was famous for its forest of oaks. Hanmer, in his *Chronicles of Ireland*, tells us that in "1098 King Rufus, by licence of Murchard, had the frames which made up the roofs of Westminster Hall, where no English spider webbeth or breathed to this day, and that the fair green or common, now called Oxmanstown Green, was all wood, and he that diggeth at this day to any depth shall find the ground full of great roots."

This Danish village or settlement was outside the city walls, such as they were, in those days, and if one looks at Speed's map of Dublin, as it was in 1610, he will find in this neighbourhood mostly green fields and cultivated lands. The few buildings, those calling for our immediate attention, are first the "Innes of Court," now a portion of the Four Courts. Here was founded the first Priory of the Order of St. Dominick, in the year 1224, just

three years after the death of St. Dominick. The first Priory of the Order, St. Saviour's, was destroyed in 1316 with a view of preventing Richard Bruce obtaining an entrance into the city, and portion of the stones of the Priory were devoted to the purpose of the erection of parts of the city walls and gates, including Winetavern Street gate and another gate, long since removed. Out of the same source was procured the materials for the erection of St. Audoen's Arch, the only remains above ground of this famous Priory. Some years after this desecration Edward III. obliged the citizens to restore the church which had been depleted for their benefit. In the meantime the Dominican Friars erected a College on Usher's Island. They erected a bridge across the Liffey in the year 1428, which was afterwards called the Old Bridge. For the privilege of crossing this bridge a toll was paid to a lay brother, and a vessel stood in the centre of the bridge containing holy water, for the purpose of sprinkling the passengers. The following sketch is really descriptive of the bridge as it stood in mediæval Dublin :—" It had two fortified and embattled towers, one on the south end and the other on the west. These towers were built by Geoffrey de Montague, under a licence of the King, which licence empowered de Montague to erect houses of his own on the spaces between the two towers." Thus we find dwelling-houses and shops lining the bridge, whilst in 1348 this miniature town on the Old Bridge was further enriched by the erection of a chapel in honour of the Blessed Virgin. Further improvements were made from time to time, and in good Queen Bess's reign we find it was repaired, buildings of various kinds being erected alongside the river.

The time was fast approaching when once again the Dominican Priory (which had become rooted in

the hearts of the citizens as centuries rolled by) was to pass through the ordeal of confiscation, as on the suppression of the monasteries—the fate of all such places—it was surrendered to the Crown. This took place on 3rd July, in the third year of the reign of Henry VIII., by Prior Patrick Hughes. The monastery and its possessions, as usual, were parcelled out to the favourites of King Henry and Queen Elizabeth. Amongst those who received share of the spoil was the Earl of Kildare. In the reign of Charles I. the Duke of Ormonde became possessed of the Earl of Kildare's part of the property. This he had laid out for building, opened a new street, which he named Charles Street in honour of the King. The remainder he allotted for a public market, which is now in ruins, but the place still retains the name (Ormond Market). In 1612 the whole site of the monastery and church was appropriated to the lawyers, and was called the King's Inns. When James II. resided in Dublin he held a Parliament in the cloisters; and it was again occupied by the Dominicans, but only for a short time, for on the arrival of William III. they had to quit. This building before its conversion to the use as we see it now served many purposes. It was used as a theatre—the Lord Lieutenant of the day frequently attending it. There were also printing offices in its curtilage. A prayer book was printed at this place in 1760. This prayer book contains a quaint collection of no less than thirty-five woodcuts, as well as its unique frontispiece. The monastery chapel was given over to the French Huguenots, and was used by them till shortly before its being taken over for the purpose of erection of the present law courts, the foundation stone of which was laid in 1786. The Four Courts took fourteen years to build, costing over £200,000. In passing, I may add that the lands of the Dominicans on the south side of the Liffey were

granted to Sir William Usher, and, like Ormond on the north, he let them out for buildings, and his name is associated with same ; hence Usher's Quay, etc.

The building of the Four Courts, and the consequent improvement in this neighbourhood, has removed all traces of the Dominican Priory and its massive structures, save such as remain still underground, several of which are known to exist in the locality starting from North King Street towards the river. One of the most interesting was up to some years ago in a good state of preservation, after a lapse of 700 years. It consisted of a series of lofty semi-circular and round arches, built on massive piers, which are approached by a descent of large steps built in what was, up to a short time ago, known as Bailey's timber yard, George's Hill. Opposite to the steps and in the first vault is a deeply arched recess in which there is a well of the purest water, said to be dedicated to St. Anne, from whom the adjoining street derives its name. On the left of the entrance vault is a built-up opening, which closes a vaulted passage, and tradition tells us that this passage extended to Christ Church, being tunnelled under the river, and used at a remote period by the monks for the purpose of attending the ceremonies of the Cathedral. It is said that fifty years ago a workman procured a large ball of twine and some candles, and proceeded to explore the passage. He tied the end of the twine at the entrance, unwinding it as he went along, until he reached, as he considered, as far as Ormond Quay, when he was obliged to return, being driven back by foul air. The entrance was closed up in consequence of this exploit. This vault conducts to many others, one being 150ft. in length, 15ft. wide, 12ft. high. There are also several others, but of smaller dimensions. From these even slight particulars, one can well imagine that within the monastery

boundary here and there were dotted massive buildings devoted to religion and charity—a richly-endowed church, with delicately-traced windows, costly shrines, cloisters, and cells. The main site was nearest the river, facing the city; while in compliance with the statutes of the Brehon Laws, just then obsolete, there were provided a refuge for travellers, store houses, granaries, and mills.

The next building commanding our attention is that of St. Mary's Abbey. One could devote a whole chapter to the many interesting episodes in connection with this historic building, which has long since disappeared, but its memory is still kept green in the names of the streets which are within its environment, viz.:—Mary's Abbey, Mary's Lane, Abbey Street. According to Archdale's *Monasticon*, it was founded about the year 948. This date is doubted by Cardinal Moran, who fixes it about 1038. At first it was of the Benedictine Order; in 1139 it was granted to the monks of the Cistercian Order. Shortly after the latter getting into possession the Normans came to Ireland. Strongbow gave the lands of Clonliffe and Adam Pheipho gave a considerable amount of his property to the monastery. The abbey, like all other similar institutions, was destroyed by the edict of Henry VIII. It was in the Council Chamber of this abbey—now portion of Boland's Bakery—that Silken Thomas defied the King. A report gained circulation that the last Catholic Earl of Kildare had been done to death by Henry VIII. in London. His son, Silken Thomas, goaded by the statement related in these reports, and believing them to be true, determined to throw aside for ever his allegiance to the English King. A meeting of the Privy Council had been arranged for the 11th June, 1534, to be held in the Chapter House of Mary's Abbey. He appeared before the councillors in a hot fury, and instead of

taking his place at the head of the table he flung his sword thereon, and formally renounced his allegiance to King Henry, flung off his official robe, and strode out in armour as England's foe. His rebellion ended abortively in August, 1538, when he surrendered on a guarantee of Lords Butler and Leonard, the conditions of which were not kept, as he was executed at Tyburn on 3rd February, 1537.

From this date to the end of the century the records of Mary's Abbey are sad reading. Before its destruction it was one of the most sumptuous of its kind in the kingdom; had bequests made to it from all parts of Ireland; its grounds extended up to the vicinity of the Broadstone and back again along the river. From the time of its foundation till its demolition it had an existence for over 500 years. I will try and describe its position. The entrance gate was near the corner of Chancery Street, extending south through the White Lion in Charles Street, out to the river, and north through East Arran Street, Green Street, and Henrietta Street, and included a large area towards the east. (By the way, the "White Lion," which was an ancient inn, has only been lately demolished. In passing, I may add that in this house was established in the year 1845 the Irish Branch of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul). It is well known to antiquaries that all Cistercian Abbeys were built on the same plan since the eleventh century, and the discovery of the chapter house some few years ago at once gave the data from which the whole Abbey of St. Mary could be conjectured. In order to fully understand the situation of St. Mary's Abbey the plan of a Cistercian Abbey was laid down by that eminent architect, Sir Thomas Drew, on the Ordnance map of the locality, and, standing on the site, it is easy to picture the familiar objects changed back to their ancient uses. Down towards the south, where

now stand the premises known as 16 Mary's Abbey, extended the fraternity or community room of the monks, divided down the centre by pillars supporting their dormitory overhead with unglazed windows, in accordance with the austerity of the Cistercian rules. Across the end of Meeting House Lane was the kitchen, further to the west the refectory stood across the open space, known to us now as the streetway of Mary's Abbey; then came the stores and offices, and at right angles to the line of the other buildings stood the workroom of the lay brothers. This workroom was situated about the site of the late Jewish Synagogue, now the ice house of Mr. Mather. The Abbey church formed the south boundary, extending from the rere of Arran Street, through Messrs. Boland's bakery premises, and terminated at the rere of Capel Street. During the excavations some years ago fragments of ancient tiles were found, and side by side were two built graves or small vaults, evidently the resting-place of kings or bishops. One of the graves is believed to be that of the Archbishop of Tuam, who died in 1238.

About 130 years after the dissolution of Mary's Abbey in 1676 the then Lord Mayor of Dublin, Sir Humphrey Jervis, threw down a portion of the abbey to supply material for Essex Bridge, named after Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex. This act of vandalism met a deserved fate, for the bridge fell into the river some ten years after its erection. Shortly after building this bridge, Sir H. Jervis, together with Sir H. Stafford and others, formed a syndicate for the purpose of laying out new streets and building houses on this part of the estate belonging to Mary's Abbey. About this time St. Michan's, which was the only parish on the north side of the city, was further divided into two additional parishes—St. Mary's and St. Paul's. As the city in this direction extended its

bounds the Roman Catholic population also increased, and the latter established a new chapel by converting an old stable to this purpose at the rere of what is now 11-12 Arran Quay. This was, after some time, found inadequate for the increasing congregation, and in 1835 the splendid new church of St. Paul's on Arran Quay was erected.

CHAPTER II.

Eighteenth Century Reports on City "Mass Houses"—Schools in Mary's Lane—In and Around Bolton Street—The Linen Hall—Ormond Quay—The Coming of the Jews.

AT the close of the last chapter I referred to the dissolution of Mary's Abbey in 1676, and to the fact that St. Michan's, which was the only parish on the north side, had been divided, and two additional parishes—St. Paul's and St. Mary's—created. It will be interesting to recall in this connection the conditions under which Catholic worship and education were carried on in this district during the penal times. No better evidence on the topic can be produced than the Orders of the Lords Commissioners of the Privy Council issued from Dublin Castle in the middle of the eighteenth century. Here is one of the Orders on the subject:—

"4th November, 1731.—It is ordered by the Lords Committee appointed, that the Lord Mayor of ye City of Dublin do, on Tuesday morning next, lay before their lordships an account of all the Mass-houses that are in the city and the suburbs thereof, and which of them have been built since the First year of the reign of King George the First, and what number of priests officiate at each Mass-house. . . . and all Private Popish Chapels, and all commonly reputed Nunnerys and Fryerys, and all Popish Schools within the said city and Liberties; and also that the Ministers and Churchwardens of the several parishes within the said city do severally make the

like returns required to be made by the Lord Mayor, in their several and respective Parishes.—Hu. ARMAGH.

There was no official return made from St. Paul's Parish, but at that time there was in it one nunnery, with one private chapel attached.

The report regarding St. Michan's was as follows:—
 "St. Michan's.—In obedience to your Lordships' orders, we, the Minister and Churchwardens of this Parish of St. Michan's, do make the following return:—

"1st—There are three public Mass-houses in ye said Parish, one in Mary's Lane, another in Arran Key, both built, as we are informed, before the First of King George the First. The other in Church Street, fitted up into a Mass-house since the First of King George the First. There is also a Private Mass-house in the reputed Nunnery in King Street, built within three or four years.

"2nd—As to the number of Priests who officiate in each or any of them, we have endeavoured to get information, but can get none.

"3rd—There is one reputed Nunnery in King Street, where there is a Private Chappel, as we said before.

"4th—As for Schools, we have endeavoured to get a knowledge of them, and we are informed that there are the following Schools:—

"A Latin School, by Phill Reilly, on ye Inns.

"A Latin School, by Murphy, Bow Lane.

"An English School, by M'Guire, Church Street.

"An English School, by Lyons, Church Street.

"An English School, by Kiernan, Church Street.

"An English School, by Cullin, Pill Lane.

"An English School, by Neal, Hamon Lane.

"An English School, by M'Glaughlin, Phrapper Lane.

"An English School, by Ward, Mary's Lane.

"An English School, by Burke, Mary's Lane.

"An English School, by Gorman, Bow Lane.

"W. PERCIVAL, Master of St. Michan's.

"JAMES CARSON, and

"THOMAS HEWLETT, Church Wardens."

In passing it is interesting to note that within the immediate neighbourhood of the above streets, etc., we find a Latin Court and a Greek Street.

Report from St. Mary's :—"To the Lords' Committee appointed to inquire into ye present state of Popery in this Kingdom—In obedience to your Lordships' command, we, the Minister and Churchwardens of St. Mary's Parish, Dublin, have made enquiry concerning ye Mass and Houses within ye said parish, and we cannot find more than one situate in Liffey-street, behind Mary Street and Abbey Street. This Mass-house was recently erected, since ye accession of his present Majesty to the Throne, and is supply'd by the Registered Priest, and no other yt we know of.

"We know of no Nunnerys, Fryerys, or Popish Schools within ye said parish, neither have we sufficient knowledge of private Popish Chappels wch maybe in ye Houses of persons of that communion so as to be able to make a return of them.

"W. CROSSE, Rector of St. Mary's.

"RICHD. DAWSON,

"GEO. TUCKER, Churchwardens."

A report on similar lines regarding the present position of Catholic worship and education in the same area to-day would be deeply interesting to the public.

As mentioned in the previous chapter, a syndicate, consisting of Sir Humphrey Jervis, Sir H. Stafford,

and others, was formed for the purpose of laying out new streets and houses on the confiscated property of Mary's Abbey.

Bolton Street was at one time one of the most busy thoroughfares on the north side. It was the centre of the linen industry. Here were to be seen the genial and sturdy Dublin traders, who stuck to their knee-breeches, buckles, and gaiters until the last. Long before the days of railroads Bolton Street was the place from whence the Drogheda coach set out from No. 1 in this street. The Newry coach from No. 2. The Flying Postchaise to the Man of War Inn, about twelve miles from Dublin, started from Kenny's at Cross Lane, off Bolton Street. In this street how many limbs of the law as well as well-known Dublin merchants and traders lived. Here, about 1805, Ballantine founded his stone-cutting and marble works at 24 in this street; he removed in 1840 to Dorset Street. He was succeeded in his old premises by the Brothers Kirwan. In 1845, when the suggestion was made that the order for the statue of Davis was to be given away from the country, interested parties then, as now, contended that there was no artist in Ireland at the time capable of executing the work, as in our days some eminent men allege the Irish stone is quite unfit for Irish buildings. Andrew Kirwan took up the cudgels for native talent in a series of letters to the then *Dublin Argus*, signed "Stonecutter, but no Sculptor," and eventually succeeded in having the statue, now in Mount Jerome, executed by an Irish sculptor.

The house, 55 Bolton Street, was the old Manor or Seneschal Court for Glasmange. Before we pass from Bolton Street let us have a look at the Linen Hall.

Our ancestors had everything on a larger scale than we have hearts for, and this is exemplified in the Linen Hall, which occupies a space of no less than

2 $\frac{3}{4}$ acres of ground, and approached either from Lurgan Street or Yarnhall Street, off Bolton Street. It is a fine relic of Old Dublin, not only commercially, but architecturally. It is a stately edifice of stone built round four spacious courts, and till a few years ago the names of the former occupants were discernible above the staunch old doorways—such as Cusack, Hume, Furlong, Clibbon, and Dick. In these courts were the residences of the chamberlains of the Yarn Hall and Linen Hall respectively, officers who enjoyed salaries of £500 a year each. The Linen Hall can hardly be estimated from without its precincts. It must be penetrated and explored by any of us to-day who would form an idea of its busy hive life of the past. Its history can be briefly told. In 1711 Parliament passed an Act appointing a Board of Trustees of the Linen and Hempen Manufacturers, and granted a sum of £20,000 a year for the encouragement and development of this trade. The Board consisted of eighteen representatives for each of the four provinces. Pending the erection of the new building weekly meetings were held in the Castle; the Royal Dublin Society also lent its aid to the good work. In 1726 the Linen Hall was opened for business, and became a great mart, to which the merchants brought their finished wares for sale, and there the English merchants attended for purchase. For almost a century the Hall had an extensive and prosperous career. It was to a great extent the central mart for the linen trade of Ireland, from which our wares were sent all over the Three Kingdoms, as well as to the Colonies, until, in 1826, Parliament announced that considering the flourishing state of the trade at that date, the bounty would be reduced to one half (£10,000), and this was ultimately discontinued. The amount of linen entered at the Linen Hall for five years, 1812 to 1816, was a general value

of no less than £5,254,988. Belfast was becoming the centre of the linen trade. The proud old house we now chronicle was eventually extinguished. Besides the Linen and Yarn Hall in Bolton Street, a warehouse was erected in Poolbeg Street for the reception of hemp and flax seed, and all utensils provided by the Board. It was transferred by them to the Board of the Dublin Society, and was the origin of their establishment in Hawkins Street. After this body removing to Kildare Street the building was opened as a theatre by Harris in 1821, which was burned down in 1880, and rebuilt as the Leinster Hall, afterwards being converted into the new Theatre Royal.

Continuing our way towards Drumcondra, what is now Lower Dorset Street was known in 1731 as Big Tree Lane. This place was the home of Viscounts and Barons, M.P.'s and other dignitaries. Here lived and died Elrington, the actor, whose remains lie in St. Michan's Churchyard, near those of his father-in-law, Joseph Ashbury, whose connection with the stage dates back to 1690. It is told of Elrington that he was held in high estimation, and when in the height of his popularity in Dublin, the managers of Drury Lane Theatre, London, offered him any price he wished to name if he would engage with them, but he steadily refused their offers, saying, "I am well rewarded for my services in Ireland, and I cannot think of leaving it for any consideration."

During the greater part of the seventeenth century Ormond Quay was the scene of many a fight between the Liberty and Ormond boys, when offending butchers and their men were tossed over the quay wall or hung like meat from their own hooks. I would refer the reader to Walsh's "Ireland Sixty Years Ago" for a most vivid description of Ormond Market 100 years ago.

The exact date of the coming of the Jews into Dublin is somewhat uncertain. The first definite record appears shortly after Cromwell's conquest of the country. The Jews then settling in Dublin, who are supposed to have come from Portugal, some time after arriving became opulent merchants, and established in 1660 a Synagogue in Crane Lane, off Dame Street. The members of the Jewish faith becoming somewhat numerous in the city, demanded the attention of the Irish Parliament, which passed a Bill in 1747 for the naturalisation of persons professing the Jewish religion in Ireland. The Bill was sent to the Lord Lieutenant to be transmitted to England, as was then the procedure. The Bill never received the Royal Assent, as it appears it miscarried. There were about that time forty Jewish families domiciled in Dublin, comprising about 200 persons. For some reason the Synagogue in Crane Lane was closed.

We next find one opened on the north side of the city, which has a somewhat interesting history. Lower Abbey Street, which was formerly called the Ship Buildings, is a wide and much-frequented avenue, and until the new Custom House was built (1781) it was the direct road to the North Wall, the Lotts, and the North Strand. On the north side of the street stood a large and lofty glass-house, demolished in 1792 by the Commissioners for making wide and convenient streets. On the south-west corner of Lower Abbey Street, and extending thence into Marlborough Street, stood an ancient and massive building, built in the early days of Queen Anne, by George Felster, a wealthy merchant, who, on his retiring from business, converted the mansion into a Bacchanalian club, not quite so bad as its successor, the Hell Fire Club, but evidently its precursor. Felster died in 1742, about which time the Government divided the parish

of St. Mary, forming that of St. Thomas. This house was taken and used for the purpose of Divine service whilst the new Protestant Church in Marlborough Street was being built. This was consecrated in December, 1762, and immediately afterwards the Felster building was converted into a Jewish Synagogue, and was used as such until about 1790, when it was closed for want of a congregation, which must consist of not less than ten Battleheim or males.

From the date of the closing of the Synagogue in Marlborough Street, and for close upon sixty years, such of the Jews as remained in Dublin performed their religious ceremonies in their own homes. We next find the Jews settled in Mary's Abbey, purchasing from the Seceders or Anti-Burghers their place of worship in Mary's Abbey, as already referred to.

The Jews have now two burial grounds within our city—one at Harold's Cross (lately established), the older one at Fairview. There were formerly a great number of tombs visible in this graveyard, but some have disappeared in a somewhat extraordinary manner. It is told in Whitlaw's and Walsh's History of Dublin, "That they have been stolen at different times for the purpose of converting them into hearth-stones or other uses," and in support of this theory the following evidence is given:—A Jew a short time ago (this is in 1818), paid a visit to a Christian friend in the neighbourhood of Ballybough, whom he found in the act of repairing his house. Examining his improvements he perceived near the fireplace a stone with a Hebrew inscription which intimated to the astonished Israelite that the body of his father was buried in the chimney.

I might add before leaving Marlborough Street,

that after the Jews left that street the old Synagogue was converted into a glass warehouse by Henry Lunn; and since 1845 to the present it was continued for the same purposes by Messrs. Whyte and Co., who, in 1898, took down the greater portion of the old structure, which for the solidity of its architecture and antiquity of its fabric, attracted the attention of the antiquary. Adjoining Felster's house on the east side (now portion of the Abbey Theatre), stood a well-frequented beerhouse and taproom, whose proprietor seems to have been a man of humour and poetical talents. Over the entrance door was the following inscription on a large bone of some animal purporting to be that of a whale :—

“ Under the blade bone of a whale
You may find good beer and ale;
He in sea was sent to swim,
So froth your pots up to the brim.”

CHAPTER III.

In and around Capel Street—Mint House of King James II.—
 Lottery Offices—Sir William Newcomen and the Union—
 Religious Associations of the Neighbourhood—Great Britain
 Street—Denmark Street—Metal Bridge—Strand Street—
 “Flying Mercury.”

THE first street the syndicate (consisting of Sir H. Jervis, J. Stafford, and some few other gentlemen) laid out was Capel Street, which they named after the then Viceroy ; Jervis Street and Jervis Quay (now Lower Ormond Quay) after Sir H. Jervis, and Stafford Street after one of his partners. Up to the opening of Capel Street there was virtually no connection between the northern parts of the County Dublin and Smithfield except the Great Northern road from North King Street to Swords, passing through Drumcondra, then a most populous place. That portion of the road was then and for many years later called Drumcondra Lane (1697) ; now it is known as Bolton Street (1724) and Dorset Street (1756). New streets were opened in rapid succession. St. Mary Street (1728), Liffey Street (1728), Henry Street (1729), Dominick Street (1743). As already stated, Capel Street was opened in the year 1697. It became one of the most popular places of residence, many notable persons residing in its immediate vicinity. The first house of historic note was that of King James's Mint. This stood where are now Nos. 27 and 28. From this place was issued the famous brass money of King James II. This mint was in the occupation of Sir John Knox when James arrived in

Dublin. This worthy man, so as to increase his exchequer, authorised his Commissioners to offer the people as an inducement to exchange their gold and silver tokens by giving them 20s. 6d. for every 20s. so tendered. The material from which these gun money coins were struck was largely composed of old church bells, kitchen utensils, and disused cannon, whence their name.

The quantity of gun metal pieces struck was enormous—viz., 216,993 lbs. 13 ounces. The value of this metal at 4d. per lb. was £3,616 5s. 6d., which was declared current at the sum of £907,420 13s. After the Battle of the Boyne, when William III. seized the mint only £22,489 was found there. By an Act of William and Mary this amount was declared to be only value £641 19s. 5½d. In this house was born Thomas Sheridan, the friend of Swift and father of Thomas B. Sheridan, born in Dorset Street. Thomas Sheridan kept a famous school here, and in this house Henry Brooks, the famous dramatist, and father of Carlotta Brooke, is also stated to have died. In Capel Street we find the homes of many notabilities of the printing trade, Coyne, Grace, Fitzpatrick, and Watson. It was Watson who founded, in October, 1792, a society, which was the forerunner of the English Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. In the year 1736 Capel Street was the home of the drama. In consequence of a disagreement between the managers of Smock Alley Theatre, a rival one was started at the corner of Mary's Lane, about where the Messrs. Galvin's establishment now stands. It had a short but brilliant career. About seventy years ago a showman's booth was in the same place.

At a later date we had Loftus' Singing Hall opposite Mary Street. In this street was founded O'Connell's Repeal Association; also its precursor, the Catholic Association. This street is the birth-

place of Mossop, the engraver of many of the finest medals and coins of the pre-Union times in Ireland.

Malton in his "Views of Dublin" gives one of Capel Street, from which we can realise what it was 130 years ago. The rage at that time for lotteries, and many of the houses were devoted solely to the disposal of tickets. In the picture are shown two such. The first house has a sign painted "The Old State Lottery Office," whilst on the second is emblazoned "The Military State Office."

One can fully gauge the important position which Mary's Abbey held in Dublin's commercial life when we recall the fact that the Bank of Ireland was first started in that place, in the building which is now Mr. Mather's ice stores. The original board was founded in 1782 with a capital of £600,000. It was then more a national bank than the quasi-Government one of to-day. It carried on its trade here till the time of the Union, when the governors secured the old Parliament House for their banking concerns. Since then the old building in Mary's Abbey has had a varied experience. In 1825 the Anti-Burghers, having to leave Mass Land, now Chancery Place, in consequence of the enlarging of the Four Courts, removed to the old Bank building in Mary's Abbey, but in 1834, having erected a larger meeting house in Lower Abbey Street, they sold theirs in Mary's Abbey to the Jews, who were again becoming numerous in Dublin, and who converted it into a Synagogue, where they worshipped till 1892, when they removed to their new place of worship on Adelaide Road, which was consecrated on Sunday, 4th December, 1892. The cost of this new building was over £5,000.

Previous to the establishment of the Bank of Ireland in Mary's Abbey we find that Sir William Newcomen had from 1777 to 1781 a bank at 19

Mary's Abbey. When his new premises in Castle Street were finished in the latter year, he transferred his business there. Sir William was one of those who changed sides at the time of the Union. Sir Jonah Barrington in his "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation" gives the Black List. This has the following :—100. Sir W. G. Newcomen, Bart. Bought, and a peerage for his wife." In order that we in our day may try and realise some of the means by which the union was carried, we quote the following from the *Irish Quarterly Review* :—

"Sir William G. Newcomen, Bart., member for the Co. Longford, in the course of the debate, declared he supported the Union, as he was not instructed to the contrary by his constituents. This avowal surprised many, as it was known that the county was nearly unanimous against the measure, and that he was well acquainted with the fact. However, he voted for Lord Castlereagh, and he asserted that conviction alone was his guide. His veracity was doubted, and in a few months some of his bribes were published. His wife was also created a peeress. One of his bribes has been discovered registered in the Rolls Office—a document which it was never supposed would be exposed, but which would have been found for impeachment against every member of the Government who thus contributed his aid to plunder the public and corrupt Parliament. The following is a copy from the Rolls Office of Ireland :—

"By the Lord-Lieutenant and General Governor
of Ireland.

"Cornwallis.

"Whereas Sir William G. Newcomen, Bart., hath by his memorial laid before us represented that on the 25th day of June, 1785, John, late Earl of Mayo,

then Lord Viscount Naas, Receiver-General of Stamp Duties, together with Sir Thomas Newcomen, Bart., and Sir B. Denny, Bart., both since deceased, as sureties for the said John, Earl of Mayo, executed a bond to his Majesty conditioning to pay into the Treasury the stamp duties received by him ; that the said Earl of Mayo continued in the said office of Receiver-General until the 30th July, 1786, when he resigned the same, at which time he was indebted to his Majesty in the sum of about £5,000, and died on the 7th of April, 1792 ; that the said sureties are dead, and the said Sir Thomas Newcomen, Bart., did by his last will appoint the memorialist executor of his estate ; that the memorialist proposed to pay into his Majesty's Exchequer the sum of £2,000 as a compensation for any money that might be recovered thereon, upon the estates being released from any further charge on account of said debt due to his Majesty. And the before-mentioned memorial having been referred to his Majesty's Attorney-General for his opinion what would be proper to do in this matter, and the said Attorney-General having by his report unto us, dated the 20th day of August, 1800, advised that, under all the circumstances of the case, the sum of £2,000 should be accepted of the memorialist on the part of the Government, etc., etc.

“‘J. TOLER.’

“By this abstract it now appears, even by the memorial of Sir William Glandowe, that he was indebted at least £5,000 from the year 1786 to the public Treasury and Revenue of Ireland ; that, with the interest thereon, it amounted in 1800 to £10,000 ; that Sir William had assets in his hands as executor to pay that debt, and that, on the Union, when all such arrears must have been paid in to the Treasury, the Attorney-General (afterwards the famous Lord

Norbury), under a reference of Lord Castlereagh and Cornwallis, was induced to sanction the transaction as reported—viz., under all the circumstances to forego the debt except £2,000. Every effort has been made to find if any such sum as £2,000 was credited to the public—none such was discovered. The fact is that Lord Naas owed £10,000, consequently Sir William owed £20,000 ; that he never bona-fide paid to the public one shilling, which, with a peerage, the patronage of his county, and the pecuniary pickings also received by himself, altogether formed a tolerably strong bribe even for a more qualmish conscience than that of Sir William."

On the 30th July, 1800, Lady Newcomen was raised to the Irish peerage by the title of Baroness Newcomen of Mosstown, and in 1803, she was advanced to the dignity of Viscountess Newcomen. She was succeeded by her son, on whose death, in 1825, the title became extinct. Newcomen House in Castle Street, is now known as the Municipal Buildings, in which are the offices of the City Treasurer, the Public Health Committee, Comptroller of Rates, etc. The two banks, La Touche's and Newcomen's, in Castle Street, gave rise to the conundrum : Why is Castle Street like a river ?

The vicinity of Capel Street seemed to have an attraction for a number of religious bodies, which recalls Moore's lines on the breaking of a rose vase:—

" You may break, you may shatter the vase as you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

The associations and memories of the past in connection with this neighbourhood evidently had their effect, for we find in the early eighties the Catholics in Liffey Street and Abbey Street, the Quakers in Strand Street, the Walkerites in Stafford Street, the Anti-Burghers in Mary's Abbey, the Presbyterians in

Strand Street and Mary's Abbey; the latter, known as the Scots' Church; it had entrance from Capel Street, now portion of "Bolands."

In Great Britain Street during the period of the Irish Parliament trade of all kinds flourished, but in particular the coachmaking element. Amongst the largest firms that existed here previous to the Union were those of Hutton, Costello, Smyth, Coole, and Williams. The first-named was that of John Hutton, the founder of the firm which has its present factory on Summer Hill. In the coachbuilding yard of Mr. Tonge, one of the last of the coachmaking establishments in this street, Mons. Soyer, the celebrated French cook, conducted a soup kitchen in the year of the famine. In addition to trade the street was the residence of many of the upper ten, among whom were the Earl of Altamont, Viscount St. Leger, the Hon. A. Atcheson.

In the year 1794 died in Britain Street Arthur O'Neill, the lineal descendant of Owen Roe O'Neill, of whom sang Thomas Davis :—

"Soft as woman's was your voice, O'Neil! bright
was your eye!

Oh! why did you leave us, Owen? why did you die?
Your troubles are all over, you're at rest with God
on high;

But we're slaves and we're orphans, Owen! why
did you die!"

Where now stands Simpson's Hospital was at one time a large brick mansion known as Rutland House, in which the family resided till about the last quarter of the eighteenth century, when they removed to Lower Mount Street, which is now a convent for nuns. In 1778 Mr. G. Simpson, a wealthy merchant of 24 Jervis Street, bequeathed a large estate for the purpose of founding an asylum exclusively for blind

and gouty men in reduced circumstances. The original mansion was used as an hospital till 1781, when it became unsuitable. The trustees had it taken down and the present structure erected at a cost of £7,000. The hospital income is about £2,700 per annum.

Denmark Street, although in the hands of brokers for many years, at one time was the centre of trade and commerce. High lofts and warehouses with their windlasses and tackle, extensive stores piled with bales and sacks of foreign merchandise, and vaults with bins well filled with the best vintages of France and Spain, no longer exist. Its days of affluence were not very prolonged. When the blast of adversity came, one after another of the props fell, and in a short time the street was left to its fate, and an unfortunate one, as we may behold, has overtaken it. A few doors from the Typographical Society Rooms, (lately removed to 35 Lower Gardiner Street), in this street stands an alms-house, which was founded by Tristram Fortick. Over the door you may read : "This Charity House was built and endowed in the year 1755 by Tristram Fortick, a citizen of Dublin, late of Fortick's Grove, in the Co. of Dublin, Esq., for the use of reduced women who had lived in good repute." This worthy man lived for many years in the eighteenth century at Jones's Road in a house called Fortick's Grove, after the owner, and subsequently inhabited by Frederick Jones, the patentee of old Crow Street Theatre. Fortick Grove is now the site of Clonliffe College. Fortick's gardens at Clonliffe were a curiosity. Figures of men in various positions, animals, fowls, and birds were to be seen cut in yew and box. The gardens were open on certain days to the citizens. Denmark Street could boast in the eighteenth century of schools and academies like many of the neighbouring streets. The stone-fronted building, now a boy's school, was

formerly a Dominican Chapel. Here in days gone by met the Catholic Young Men's Society. Abbey Street (1728) has undergone a melancholy change within the past fifty years. Wealth once reigned here; its rise in affluence and fashion was rapid, and its fall was also just as rapid. Merchant princes had their warehouses and countinghouses here, as a general rule, dwelling over the latter. Celebrated classical and mercantile academies were out and about this quarter; and here no inconsiderable quota of the literature of the eighteenth century was published. In this street was issued *The Press*, seized by Major Sirr and its plant destroyed. Here, at No. 150, Watty Cox had his printing office and published his magazine for many years. This mysterious character managed to worm out some important Castle secrets which he used against the authorities with deadly vengeance. He accepted a pension from the Government for his silence, and eventually died in humble circumstances in Bride Street. In this street was born in 1747 one of the most popular dramatic writers of his day, John O'Keeffe.

Where the Metal Bridge now spans the river there was formerly a ferry, the property of the old Corporation, the place of embarkation being called the Bagin Slip. Some enterprising speculators conceived the idea that a toll bridge would turn out a paying speculation, more particularly as it would afford a short cut to Crow Street Theatre, which early in the last century was the chief theatre in the city. Alderman Beresford and William Walsh purchased the tolls of the ferry, and erected at a cost of about £3,000 the present structure. It was opened in the year 1816, and received the name of Wellington Bridge, but it is known to the man in the street as the Metal Bridge. Years ago there were, as now, efforts made to have the tolls done away with, but those engaged in this object

failed in freeing the bridge, the lease of which expires in 1916. From an old auction bill we learn that there was sold by Mr. Bennett, at his rooms on Ormond Quay, on the 1st May, 1878, the late William Walsh's moiety of the tolls, which produced a net annual income of £329 3s. A rather amusing story is told of two tinkers, with their budgets, who hurriedly arrived at the tollbar—before the days of turnstiles—and one of them accosted the tollman. "Do you charge anything, mister, for luggage, or for what a man may carry over on his back?" Having been informed there was no extra charge for luggage over the halfpenny toll, the tinker said to his fellow-craftsman:—"Get up on my back, Jim." The tollman looked on in mute astonishment, while one tinker mounted the other's back. Dropping the copper into the palm of the tollman's hand, Tinker No. 1 carried Tinker No. 2, despite the remonstrances of the custodian of the gate.

One of the old Dublin printers, William Folds, established his business in Strand Street. He was one of the old school of respectable Dublin citizens, rigidly adhering to the habits and customs of the seventeenth century. His son, John, in the year 1832, removed to No. 6 Bachelor's Walk, which was a rather historical printing office. It was in its time one of the largest printing offices in the city. It was destroyed by fire in the year 1841. Folds was awarded £2,000 as damages for malicious burning. It is stated that a short time previous to the fire Folds was offered £8,000 for his goodwill from a London firm, but he wanted £10,000. The fire occurred whilst the sheets of Lever's "Charles O'Malley" were going through the press. In a letter to James, the English novelist, Lever writes:—

"With a scrap of notepaper just saved from the flames,

I sit down to write to you, my dear James."

From this office, after reconstruction in 1845, Folds issued *The Dublin Times*, and it being a failure was the means of having him adjudged a bankrupt. He retired to America and died there. In passing from this office, let me add that *The Warder*, still in existence, was originally issued from it.

There are many houses of interest on Ormond Quay, but there is one deserving of our passing attention, No. 36 (Upper). In this house 120 years ago lived a famous Dublin printer and bookseller and stampseller named Peter Hoey. This shop was known by the sign of the "Flying Mercury." After Hoey's death his widow carried on the trade till 1820; she was succeeded by Robert Dalton; at his decease his widow carried on the business till 1851. Mrs. Dalton was succeeded by Mr. King, who died in 1874; he was succeeded by his son, who carries on the trade up to this day.

CHAPTER IV.

Mary Street—St. Mary's Church—Escape of Hamilton Rowan—
 Old Sheriff's Prison—Green Street Courthouse—Newgate
 Jail—Oliver Bond and Pill Lane—Church Street—St. Michan's
 Church and Vaults—The Osborne Family—The Brothers
 Sheares—Charles Lucas.

WHAT memories are recalled when Mary Street is mentioned, the home of many by-gone celebrities and merchants. Amongst the grants of land belonging to Mary's Abbey was one made by King James I. to Lord Moore, afterwards created Earl and Marquis of Drogheda. Lord Moore's grant lay to the east side of what was known as "Piphos" Grant, where Mary Street meets Henry Street, and was the dividing line of the two grants. On Lord Moore's land was afterwards built Upper Sackville Street, then called Drogheda Street. On the east side of the street was Drogheda House, now the Hibernian Bible Society. Henry Street, Moore Street, Earl Street, Off Lane (now Henry Place), and Drogheda Street, marked the territory of Henry Moore, Earl of Drogheda. In our day, about the centre of this street, stands a large building thirty feet back from the line of the other houses. It was known as the house of the Paving Board in the days of the old Corporation. It is now the establishment of Messrs. Bewley and Draper. This building was originally built by one Paul Barry. He sold it in 1712 to the Right Hon. Henry Ingham, who died in 1731, when the building was sold, and eventually it passed into the hands of the Paving Board. The mansion is built on ground

arches, and a side entrance leads to what was the old Catholic church in Liffey Street, the precursor of the Cathedral now in Marlborough Street.

In Mary Street died in 1741 Judge Rodgson, Chief Justice of Ireland. As Carlisle Bridge was not built till 1795, Henry Street, Mary Street, and Capel Street were the way from Rutland Square and Sackville Street to the Parliament House. Hence Parliament Street was appropriately named as being the way from the north side to College Green and the Parliament House. On the north side of the city dwelt at that time all the rank and fashion of the city. On our way back to Capel Street we pause for a few moments at St. Mary's Church, which was erected in 1697, pursuant to an Act of the Irish Parliament, on the south side of Mary Street, opposite Sir A. Cole's house, then the residence of the Lord Chancellor. For many years this parish was the leading one on the north side of the city. In this church were baptised Brinsley Sheridan (Swift being god-father), Sir R. Hamilton (born in Dominick Street), and Sam. Lover. The records of this church are filled with those whose names are familiar as "household words"—the Butlers, the Geraldines, the Ormondes, the Desmonds, Lords Enniskillen, Charlemont, and Donoughmore, and the last Speaker of the House of Commons, whose residence in Dominick Street is now the parochial school. In this parish lived 114 years ago the head of the Guinness family (Arthur Guinness, of James's Gate), who was married in this church on 8th May, 1793, to Miss Anne Lee, which, I suppose, accounts for "Lee" being added to the family name. In the burial ground attached to this church, now a small Corporation Park, many highly distinguished persons have been interred; to detail in any length would be a task. Here sleep two public benefactors—Mrs. Mercer, founder of Mercer's Hos-

pital, and Mrs. Simpson, the founder of the institution in Great Britain Street. There are two more calling for passing notice. The first is Lord Norbury, who descended from one of the Cromwellian planters, and who used to boast that he commenced his legal career with £50 and a brace of pistols. For a vote in favour of the Union he was made Chief Justice, and in after years he was the instrument selected by the Government to carry out their severe policy at the Union period. The assizes at which he was present were invariably followed by wholesale executions. Utterly reckless of life himself, he seemed scarcely to comprehend how others could value it. His conduct to Emmet at his trial confirms this. His tombstone is just inside the gate in Jervis Street. The other name is one which is remembered with gratitude, Archibald Hamilton Rowan, who was interred here in November, 1834.

The story of his escape is worthy of being retold. In January, 1794, Rowan was brought to trial at the old Four Courts, Christchurch Place, for distributing an address to the "Citizen Soldiers to Arms." Curran defended him, and made his famous speech in which he referred to "the irresistible genius of universal emancipation," but his efforts went for naught, as Rowan was fined £500, and to be imprisoned for two years, in addition to find security for his good behaviour. Two months after his conviction he was visited by the Rev. William Jackson, accompanied by the spy Cockayne, the English attorney. At this interview Rowan spoke rather freely about men and things. Shortly afterwards, when he learned of Jackson's conviction and death, he knew that the Government would produce evidence enough to have him hanged, so he decided upon escaping from Newgate, which he did in the following manner:—He persuaded one of the officers of Newgate that if he brought

him out for one hour he would give him £100. His excuse was that he had lately sold an estate, but that a conveyance executed in prison would be void. He only wanted to sign it outside, and then return. The officer accompanied Rowan to his house in Lower Dominick Street (now No. 36), where after a good lunch, he asked liberty to bid his wife and children adieu in the adjoining backroom. Rowan had, with the assistance of his faithful Swiss butler, made everything ready for escape by means of a knotted rope tied to the bedpost, and by its aid Rowan got down to the stable-yard, and, turning into Britain Street, rode off to Howth. Rowan thus tells how he got away from Ireland:—"But in my acknowledgments how am I to mention the generous, disinterested conduct of the two brothers Sheridan, farmers and boatmen, of Baldoyle, who upon being introduced to me by Mr. Sweetman, of Howth, and in possession of the proclamation offering £3,000 for my capture, and knowing me only by name, not only concealed me while sheltering at Mr. Sweetman's house, but consented to carry me in their small half-decked fishing boat across the Channel to the coast of France, saying to Mr. Sweetman, 'Never fear; by —, we'll land him safe.' And so they did, in two days, although driven back once from near Wexford to take shelter under Howth."

The first building we meet on our entering Green Street, from North King Street side (originally called the Abbey Green [1568] from the Green of St. Mary's Abbey) is now a police barrack. It was built in 1794 as a Sheriff's Prison. One of the objects intended by its erection was to remove the abuses then carried on in private debtors' prisons, called Sponginghouses, but it was, to use a homely expression, a case of out of the frying-pan into the fire, as nearly all the officials were supported by what was made by rents of the

chambers. The sheriffs preyed upon the head jailer, this worthy upon his deputy, and the latter upon the unfortunate victims committed to his tender care. This state of affairs continued till 1810, when the whole system was changed, the staff being paid by salaries instead of fees. In the days of the old Corporation debtors were committed to a section of this prison, by the decrees of the Lord Mayor and Court of Conscience, for debts not exceeding 40s. When the law for the abolition of imprisonment for debt came into operation the Sheriff's Prison was converted into a police barrack or depot for the men of the C and D Divisions. The site on which Newgate Prison, the Session House, and the Sheriff's Prison are built was once a portion of St. Mary's Abbey estate. The northern end of Green Street, from the Courthouse to Tickell's timber yard, was, according to tradition, the burial ground attached to St. Mary's Abbey.

Next to the old Sheriff's Prison stands the Sessions House, the foundation stone of which was laid in 1792, and the Prison was opened five years afterwards. As we gaze upon its portals, what a procession of martyrs to the cause of Irish freedom passes in imagination before us, in the long vista which extends between then and our day; hardly had its dock been finished when it was occupied by the Brothers John and Henry Sheares and their compatriots of '98. The work of sacrifice was speedily continued, as there is still ringing in our ears the echo of the immortal speech of Emmet. He and his comrades stood in the same place as that occupied by those who failed but a short time before. Time rolls on. "Other men and times arise," but the cause is still the same. '48 finds Mitchel, Martin, and their companions sentenced to a felon's doom for Ireland's sake; again is the scene re-enacted in '65 and '67; the dock is filled with soldiers of Ireland's cause

awaiting their doom, which they accept with manly heroism, with words of devotion to their country, as with firm step and unyielding heart they left the dock and went down the dark passage which led to the place where all hope seemed closed. In our own day we have witnessed the same tragedy, at which the words of the Psalmist come to our lips in prayer, "How long, O Lord, how long?" The narrow passage just alluded to brings us into the precincts of Newgate Jail.

The city records informs us that the old jail in Cornmarket, being considered small, inconvenient, and, what was more important, insecure, it was determined to erect a new prison. This was done under the supervision of Thomas Cooley, an Englishman, the site selected being Little Green Street. Its cost for erection was £18,000; it was a disgrace to civilization, and from the first was condemned as being wholly unsuitable as a prison. It was as bad as the "Black Hole" in Calcutta; its internal condition and management are simply indescribable. In a report made by a Government Commissioner in 1808 he says that there was a want of proper supervision, and that indecent assaults and even murder had been committed within the prison. One is given an idea of what cell life was when he is told the size of a cell—12ft. by 8ft. and that without ventilation. Into this space were packed twelve or sixteen persons. As years passed by some minor reforms were effected in this place, but it was found impossible to put into operation the more humane ideas regarding the treatment of prisoners. The authorities virtually closed the prison about forty years ago, and transferred it to the Corporation, who sold it in 1875, when it was purchased for building purposes on lease for seventy-five years at a rent of £140. This agreement not being realised, the Corporation took over the ground and had it

transformed into St. Michan's Park. I well remember when a lad going through this jail, and visiting the cell in which Lord Edward died on 4th June, 1798. This enabled me to appreciate to the fullest extent the words of Byron :—

“Eternal Spirit of the chainless mind !

Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art ;

For there thy habitation is the heart—

The heart which love of thee alone can bind,

And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,

To fetters and the damp vaults' dayless gloom,

Their country conquers with their martyrdom,

And freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,

And thy sad floor an altar ; for 'twas trod

Until his very steps have left a trace

Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,

By Bonnivard ; may none these marks efface,

For they appeal from tyranny to God.”

Yes, Byron's ideals have been literally carried out by Dublin's Nationality. For where once stood Dublin's Bastile (Newgate) now stands in all its simplicity a people's memorial to the memory of those who within its deadly walls or on its scaffold, sacrificed all they held dear for Ireland's cause at some time—a land mark and a beacon light to future generations.

Sauntering down Little Green (still a name in connection with Mary's Abbey) we pass into Chancery Street, formerly Pill Lane, or “Pile,” so called from a small inlet from the river which ran up to Fisher's Lane, now St. Michan's Street. Fisher's Lane was one of the oldest named places on the north side. It is mentioned in title deeds so far back as 1310. Pill Lane, or Chancery Street, as we now know it,

ran up to Church Street. In it were situated the warehouses and dwellings of many of old Dublin's wealthy citizens. Here Oliver Bond commenced his business as a wholesale woollen draper. His stores were situated about where the Police Courts now stand. He removed to Bridge Street in 1786, at which place he was arrested, along with fourteen members of the Leinster Directory, on 12th March, 1798. He was sentenced to death. His sentence was commuted, but he only survived the event five weeks. It is said that he died suddenly of apoplexy in September, 1798. His death added another to the many tragedies enacted in infamous Newgate. Bond's remains were interred in St. Michan's, in the same grave with the Rev. William Jackson.

Close to Pill Lane, in Charles Street, lived the famous Dr. Charles Lucas. He died in Henry Street in 1771.

As we turn into Church Street, immediately on our left, in days gone by stood "Candy's," one of the most famous of old Dublin's chop-houses. This street being one of the main arteries from south to north, was a hive of industry. Here also were many of the old-fashioned inns, much frequented, as this was the highway in connection with the fly boats then plying on the Royal Canal from Broadstone to Mullingar. Church Street and its neighbourhood, about the year 1838, was the meeting place for members of the Ribbon Society, then known as the United Sons of Freedom and Sons of the Shamrock. In October, 1839, Richard Jones, one of the chiefs of the organisation, was arrested near Cuckoo Lane. He was tried in June, 1840, and was sentenced to seven years' transportation.

Directly facing us as we leave Chancery Street stands the Tower of St. Michan's Church. A writer some years ago, describing this historic building,

says :—" There, through rain and shine, for well nigh eight centuries, has it stood square and strong, amid all the changes and chances of time and tide. Could some magic art bestow on that old grey tower the gift of speech, what tales (stranger indeed than fiction) might it not tell us? What pictures set before our mental vision, what memories recall for us of days long dead! . . . "

In the old parish and Church of St. Michan we have one of the most ancient and interesting ecclesiastical relics in the city of Dublin. But above its antiquity, St. Michan's contains some objects of unique interest, and amongst the last-named stand pre-eminently the vaults beneath the church.

Sir Arthur Vicars, Ulster King-at-Arms, in 1880, at a meeting of the Royal Archæological Institute of Great Britain, read a paper at Leamington upon the subject. He says :—" These vaults furnish, I believe, considering the circumstance, an unique instance, and if we take into account the peculiarly damp nature of the Irish climate—humid as our geographers call it—which accelerates the process of decay and decomposition—it is more to be wondered at. . . . "

The church was founded in the year 1095 by Michans, said to be a Danish Bishop, and there is a recumbent effigy, occupying a niche in the south wall in the church, of a bishop in alb, chasuble, and mitre, holding a Pastoral Staff. This is supposed to represent the founder. It is doubtful if there exists any of the original church. The tower presents the appearance of having undergone a partial if not a total rebuilding, possibly in 1686, as appears by an inscription over the west door. There is a tradition that Handel when in Dublin played the organ in St. Michan's. To this church the remains of the late C. S. Parnell were brought for special requiem service previous to their interment in Glasnevin.

Having said this much about the interior of the church, we pass to the vaults, of which there are five. The entrance to the first vault, beginning at the west end, as in the case of all others, is protected by massive iron doors placed in a slanting direction against the wall. On these being swung back, a flight of steps is disclosed to view. . . . Unlike our sensations in most vaults, a warm feeling is perceptible on entering this place, accompanied by a dry stone and mortar sort of smell, which tells at once of the absence of all damp. The chamber on the left contains some twenty coffins of the Beard and Gill families. On one side is a pile of coffins, out of one of which the whole side has fallen, and there is displayed to view the body of a man in perfect state of preservation, his flesh being of a brown leathery sort of appearance. He rests on hay—all that remains of the upholstery of the coffin—and some hay still clings to the sides; but all signs of the lining or shroud of the corpse have disappeared.

The next chamber is that of the Osborne family. This contains six coffins, which, contrary to usual custom, are placed nearly upright and leaning against the wall. There is a legend in connection with this family that this is the way they have buried their members for many generations in order to facilitate their answer to the last summons. Close to this chamber are two others, of the interior of one of which the photograph (taken by Dr. W. H. Vipond Barry) gives a representation. This chamber contains ten coffins.

Before leaving this vault we raised the lid of one of those on the left which did not seem to be fastened down. There lay the body of a man—exactly in the same condition of preservation and presenting a similar appearance to the one in the photograph. In the next we come to the family vault of the Earls of

Leitrim, which contains the coffin of the late Earl, who was shot in Donegal a few years ago.

At St. Michan's we must notice the coffins of the brothers John and Henry Sheares, in the last chamber next the entrance. When first buried here they had no leaden coffins, and in process of time, when the wooden coffins went to pieces, the bodies were exposed. But through the agency of the late Dr. Madden the remains of both brothers were placed in lead and oak coffins in 1853. There are many theories put forward as to the peculiar nature of these vaults; one is that it is due to the tannin in the earthen floors of the vaults, as the ground on which St. Michan's is built was actually a vast oak forest, and not very long ago known as Oxmantown Wood. Another opinion is that of Sir Charles Cameron; his theory is that the peculiarity of these vaults is due partly to their undoubted dryness, and partly to the great freedom of their atmosphere from dust. This he ascertained by a series of experiments in the summer of 1879. Being anxious to know if Sir Charles had any reason to alter the opinion he had formed as to the reasons for the antiseptic properties of these vaults, I interviewed him upon the question, and he told me he was of the same opinion as that expressed by him thirty-five years ago.

Without in the old graveyard that surrounds the church, are other historic tombs. Close to the wall, next Alderman Keegan's timber yard, is a large tomb belonging to the Emmet family. On the other side of the churchyard, a short distance from the sexton's house, are the grave and headstone of Archbishop Carpenter, who ruled over the Catholic archdiocese of this city from 1770 till his death in October, 1786. A few paces from the "unmarked grave" sleeps Oliver Bond and the Rev. William Jackson, who took poison so as to "deceive the Senate," and dropped

down dead at the feet of the judge who was about to pass sentence of death upon him. Nearly in the centre of the graveyard is the tomb of Lucas, whose statue by Smith stands in the City Hall. Lucas was M.P. for the city in 1761, and to his strength and honesty Ireland owes much in connection with the movements of that period. The inscription on his tomb is as follows :—

“To the Memory of

CHARLES LUCAS, M.D., formerly one of the Representatives in Parliament for the City of Dublin, whose incorrupt integrity, unconquered spirit, just judgment, and glorious perseverance in the glorious cause of Liberty, Virtue, and his Country, endeared him to his grateful constituents. This tomb is placed over his much-respected remains as a small, yet sincere, tribute of remembrance by one of his fellow-citizens and constituents, Sir Edward Newenham, Knight.

“Lucas! Hibernia’s friend, her joy, and pride,
Her powerful bulwark, and her skilful guide.
Firm in the Senate, steady to his trust,
Unmoved by fear, and obstinately just.

“Charles Lucas, born 26th September, 1713.
“Died November 4th, 1771.”

CHAPTER V.

Jervis Street Hospital—Birth-place of Theobald Wolfe Tone—
 The Fate of Luttrell—St. Michan's Roman Catholic Chapel—
 The Jesuits in St. Michan's Parish—George's Hill Convent.

AS we are leaving Mary Street ambit we see the magnificent building now in Jervis Street, which is the culmination of the work of the Charitable Infirmary founded in 1718, when six Dublin surgeons associated themselves together and took a house in Cook Street. This after a little time was too small for them to carry on their benevolent work, and, with the aid of outside help, they removed in 1728 to larger premises on Inns' Quay. Their new premises were situated about four doors from "Mass Lane," now Chancery Place, and next door to the Infirmary lived Sir Patrick Dun, the founder of the hospital which still bears his name. In 1786, when the new Four Courts were about being erected, a bargain was made with the Earl of Charlemont, who, having erected a new mansion at Rutland Square, vacated his old mansion, 14 Jervis Street, and the institution was removed thither in October, 1796. Some time afterwards alterations were made in the house to suit it for hospital purposes. The good work under the old system was carried on till 1854, when the nursing and internal management were placed under the control of the Sisters of Mercy. In 1877, the old Charitable Infirmary becoming decayed and inadequate to meet the increasing demand upon it, the Management Committee decided upon rebuilding and enlarging

the hospital so as to adapt it to all the requirements of modern sanitary science and legislation. Of it may it be truly said, "The ancient is ever new." This is evidenced by an extract from the hospital report for the year 1906:—"Since its foundation in 1718 the hospital has continued to fulfil its beneficent mission in the city, and during the past year has received into its wards a larger number of patients than in any previous year, and it may be said that the numbers seeking admission are annually increasing. In addition to the 1,414 patients treated in the wards, 25,370 suffering poor have been attended at the dispensary, and supplied with medicine and other necessary medical and surgical aids. These large numbers need cause no surprise when we remember that the hospital occupies a central place in the most populous part of the city, and being close to the markets, railway termini, and goods stores, as also the shipping, must always be ready for accidents and urgent medical cases of every kind. The very necessity of its position, which imposes upon it the duty of giving immediate relief in thousands of cases, gives it also a greater claim upon the charitable consideration of the citizens. This ever-increasing work has crippled the resources of the hospital, especially as during the past few years the subscriptions and bequests have considerably fallen off, and as a consequence the committee were obliged to draw on the capital, which is now completely exhausted. They claim that the work done for the city poor gives them a special claim on the citizens, and they earnestly invite all well-wishers to allow their names to be recorded as subscribers."

It is remarkable that within the curtilage of these streets two events of supreme importance in the national life of Ireland took place. On 20th June, 1763, in 44 Stafford Street, was born Theobald Wolfe

Tone, and on 4th June, 1798, died in Newgate Jail Lord Edward Fitzgerald. It is also worth noting that both were born in the same year and both died within the same year, '98. Stafford Street is historic for many reasons. Here "Stella" lived; here was assassinated Luttrell, who sold the pass at Aughrim.

The fate of Luttrell, the traitor, is thus recorded in O'Callaghan's "History of the Irish Brigades":—"After King William's decease Henry Luttrell retired to Luttrellstown, and mostly resided there till November 2nd, 1717, when, being waylaid between ten and eleven o'clock at night in Dublin, as he was proceeding from Lucas's Coffee House, situated where the City Hall now stands, to his town house in Stafford Street, he was fired at and mortally wounded in his sedan chair. He lingered until next day, and then died, in the sixty-third year of his age. Two days after, a proclamation was issued by the Duke of Bedford, Lord Lieutenant, stating that on Tuesday, etc., 'between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock at night, a tall man, with long, lank hair, in a short, light-coloured coat, did, in Stafford Street, in the City of Dublin, in a most barbarous and inhuman manner, murther and assassinate Colonel Henry Luttrell as he was going in a hackney chair from a coffee house on Cork Hill to his own house in Stafford Street aforesaid, by firing a pistol or gun loden with ball into the said chair, and thereby so dangerously wounding the said Henry Luttrell that he has since died of his said wounds; and that the said assassin found means of escape, and the authors and contrivers of such an horrid murther were still undiscovered . . . and we hereby give the necessary orders for the payment of the sum of £300 to such person or persons as shall discover, take, or apprehend the person who fired the said pistol.' This reward not succeeding, as a further inducement the then Irish House of Commons autho-

rised a further reward of £1,000 for the capture of the person who shot Luttrell. Some arrests on suspicion took place, but nothing of more consequence was the result of the efforts of the authorities. The memory of Colonel Henry Luttrell was held up after his death to national hatred in the following epigram, cited by Hardiman, and unsurpassed for comprehensive bitterness :—

“ ‘ If HEAV’N be pleased when mortals cease to sin,
And HELL be pleased when villains enter in,
If EARTH be pleas’d when it entombs a knave,
ALL must be pleased—now Luttrell’s in his
grave.’ ”

“ Towards the end of the seventeenth century it is said that Henry Luttrell’s tomb, near Luttrellstown, was broken open at night by some of the peasantry of the neighbourhood, and his skull taken out and smashed with a pickaxe by a labourer named Carty, who was afterwards hanged for being concerned in the plan to cut off Lord Carhampton in 1797, on his way to Luttrellstown, as a character not less detested living than his grandfather dead.”

In the early days of the eighteenth century this locality was the centre of fashion, the home of lords and earls. Their names are forgotten. Only one of its inhabitants is still fondly remembered by the Irish people, and will be till time is no more. Need I again mention the name of Tone. This is not the place to trace the career of that great hero, whose death, (like the Man in the Iron Mask), is still a mystery. Some believe (and I confess I am one) that Tone was assassinated and did not commit suicide. However, time may reveal the secret. In the meantime let us keep alive his principles and his memory.

The first Roman Catholic chapel in St. Michan’s Parish was the chapel within the Convent grounds,

now portion of the Richmond Hospital. The next chapel, or "Mass House," was erected by Father Neary about 1730. It was on the south side of Mary's Lane, north-west corner of Bull Lane. This lane has ceased to exist; but the site of Mary's Lane Chapel is still in existence, and is now occupied by a dairy. After the death of Father Neary at his lodgings in Bull Lane in 1738, the chapel was served principally by members of the Jesuit Order, who, when their Order was suppressed by Pope Clement XIV., became secular priests and assisted in all parochial duties. When, in 1814, Pope Pius VII. restored the Order, they went once more into community. Their first house in Dublin after the restoration was the old chapel in Hardwicke Street attached to the Convent of Poor Clares, who removed from this place in 1804 to their present home at Harold's Cross. From Hardwicke Street the Jesuits removed, about 1834, to their present magnificent church in Gardiner Street, the foundation stone of which was laid in the year of Catholic Emancipation, 1829.

Passing into Anne Street, we meet the Parish Church of St. Michan. The last pastor of Mary's Lane Chapel, Father Wall, seeing it was fast becoming a congested area, called in the assistance of his parishioners to assist him in procuring a site for a new church and presbytery. Amongst those most prominent in their efforts to assist Father Wall was Captain Bryan, of Jenkinstown, who gave £300 and £200 yearly for himself and son until the church would be completed. As a favour to him his family arms were emblazoned in the porch at the entrance of the church, where they still remain. Before passing away let us glance for a moment or two at the pile of buildings now known as George's Hill Convent. This was the first Roman Catholic school permitted

legally to be opened in Dublin, such "Papist" institutions being forbidden by the Foreign Education Bill. This provision was repealed in the reign of George III. The convent was founded by a Mrs. Mullally, the daughter of a humble provision dealer at the corner of Beresford Street, in Mary's Lane. She commenced at first in a small outhouse opposite the old chapel in Mary's Lane, where on Sundays and holy days she taught such of the children of the poor as she could collect around her. God blessed her work, assistance coming to her from unexpected quarters. She went to Cork to consult with Miss Nano Nagle, who had just founded the Presentation Order in that city. On her return, with the zealous help of Father Mulhall, funds were collected, and the ground on George's Hill purchased. In 1787 several houses were erected for schools, and in seven years after, 1794, the convent and chapel were formally opened.

Amongst the many members of the Jesuit Order attached to St. Michan's in its early days was Father Mulhall. He divided his time between the service of the altar and the education of youth. By his exertions the small and inadequate schools were enlarged, so that close upon 800 were daily educated therein. He was attached to St. Michan's Parish for a period of close upon forty years. He died at his residence in George's Hill, next to the convent (of which he was the first chaplain) in December, 1801. His remains lie beneath the Convent Chapel, and, at his own request, without any inscription.

For the past 120 years the good Sisters of this convent, "far from the madding crowd" of the busy city, brought solace and comfort to the poor in this district; let us in our individual capacity help them to carry on their good work.

CHAPTER VI.

Robin Hood and Little John in Dublin—Old Law Courts on Michael's Hill—The Thingmote—Irish Secret Service Records—Location of "The Croppies' Acre"—Names of those buried there—The Trial and Death of the Rev. William Jackson.

THE recalling of the death of the Rev. Wm. Jackson reminds one of the old Law Courts of the city, and a brief reference to them may be interesting.

The first institution of an Irish "Inne of Court" took place in the reign of Edward I. It was called Collet's Inn, and was outside the city walls, where Exchequer Street and South Great George's Street are now built. The first-named street derives its name from the Court of Exchequer; here were situated the Superior Courts of Justice. We are told that the Irish from the Wicklow Mountains made a raid upon this place, plundered the Exchequer, and burned every record they could lay hands on. This compelled the Government of the day to remove the seat of justice from without the walls. For some time it was held in the Castle, also at Carlow, in the reign of Edward III. Sir Robert Preston gave his mansion, situated where the printing office of the *Daily Express* now stands. It was used as a law factory from A.D. 1358 till the year 1541, about which time the "Innes" were removed to the dissolved monastery of the Dominicans, where the Four Courts now stand, which was granted by Henry VIII. in 1542 to the Professors of Law, and as a compliment to the Royal Founder this Society took the denomination of the

"King's Innes." The lawyers of that date applied themselves to the task of remodelling the monastery to their requirements, and many were the uses it was put to. It was used as a place for theatrical performances; also as a Parliamentary meeting place. We are told the Lord Lieutenant attended several of the entertainments here given by Elrington, who in his day was the greatest Irish actor. The income of the Society steadily declining from £1,500, to £400 per annum, (at which figure it was in 1742,) the buildings were allowed to go to ruin. New Law Courts being required, the Benchers sold their land to the Government. For some years after the event the Society had no local habitation, although it had a name, and in the year 1793 the practice of holding Commons was resumed in the Tennis Court, then in Townsend Street. In 1793 the Benchers secured the present site in Henrietta Street, once known as Primate's Hill. Whilst upon the "Home" of Law, it is said, that at one time it was suggested to turn Christ Church Cathedral into a Hall of Justice. Evidently its location was in Christchurch Lane, now St. Michael's Hill. It was in this place that the Rev. Wm. Jackson was tried and met his death. I believe it was the late J. P. Prendergast who was the writer of the following interesting description of this noted place in Old Dublin. He writes:—"Robert Holmes, the Cato of the Irish Bar, sitting by the fire in the old Law Library, says: 'Why it was at Christ Church I saw Jackson drop down and die in the dock.'" The Court of Chancery was at the upper end of the Hall, and the several Courts were at the sides. As soon as the Chancellor and his train entered, his tip-staffs raised their staves, crying out at the same time, "High Court of Chancery"; and upon this the tip-staffs of all the other Courts echoed the cry, and the Judges of the several Courts stood

up and remained standing till the Chancellor had taken his seat. In the plan of the present Four Courts there was an attempt to preserve something of the former plan of all the Courts sitting in one Hall together, open to view, for the screens of wood below and glass above were an afterthought. It was said the Judges were glad of being relieved by the removal of the Courts from paying homage to the Lord Chancellor's supremacy. There was an old custom (about eighty years ago) carried out in the Hall, which was a relic of his pre-eminence. There was a long tin tube from the crier's box in the Court of Chancery into the Hall, above the level of the crowd, and no sooner had the Chancellor taken his seat than the crier shouted through his tube, "The Right Honourable William Saurin, his Majesty's Attorney-General," as if it was the highest of the "Courts."

The buildings, now known as the Municipal Art Gallery, 17 Harcourt Street, formerly the residence of Lord Clonmel, recall the closing incidents of the trial of the Rev. William Jackson, which has been alluded to. In Gilbert's "Streets of Dublin" the following appears :—

"On the 30th April, 1795, the Rev. William Jackson was brought to the Bar to receive sentence, the Chief Justice, Lord Clonmel, presiding.

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"The condition of Mr. Jackson becoming worse, Mr. Curran proposed that he should be remanded, as he was in a state of body which rendered any communication between him and his counsel impracticable. Lord Clonmel thought it lenient to the prisoner to dispose of the question of law which had been raised as speedily as possible."

The conclusion of this scene is given as follows in the reported trial :—

“ Lord Clonmel—If the prisoner is in a state of insensibility, it is impossible that I can pronounce the judgment of the Court upon him.

“ Mr. Thomas Kinsley, who was in the jury box, said he would go down to him. He accordingly went into the dock, and in a short time informed the Court the prisoner was certainly dying. By order of the Court Mr. Kinsley was sworn.

“ Lord Clonmel—Are you in any profession ?

“ Mr. Kinsley—I am an apothecary.

“ Lord Clonmel—Can you speak with certainty of the state of the prisoner ?

“ Mr. Kinsley—I can. I think him verging on eternity.

“ Lord Clonmel—Do you think him capable of hearing the judgment ?

“ Mr. Kinsley—I do not think he can.

“ Lord Clonmel—Then he must be taken away. Take care that in sending him away no mischief be done. Let him be remanded until further orders, and I believe it is as much for his advantage as for all of you to adjourn.

“ The Sheriff informed the Court the prisoner was dead.

“ Lord Clonmel—Let an inquest, and a respectable one, be held on the body. You should carefully inquire by what means he died.

“ The Court then adjourned. It was said that when Lord Clonmel was retiring from the Bench to his chamber, the Sheriff inquired how he should act with regard to the dead body. His lordship, without pausing in his progress, replied : ‘ Act, sir, as is usual in such cases.’ The body of the deceased remained in the dock unmoved from the position in which he had expired until the following day, when an inquest was held.”

Before passing away from the neighbourhood of St. Michan's Church there is an incident in connection with it worthy of recall. Many of us Dubliners have read from time to time of the daring feats in Sherwood Forest of bold Robin Hood and his trusty lieutenant, Little John, but how few of us know that after their exploits across the water, the latter was hanged near St. Michan's, Church Street, as may be seen from the following item taken from "Walker's Historical Memories of the Irish Bards, etc."—"According to tradition, Little John (who followed his master to this country) shot an arrow from the old bridge (now Church Street bridge) to the present site of St. Michan's Church, a distance of about eleven score and seven yards, but poor Little John's great practical skill in archery could not save him from an ignominious fate; as it appears from the records of the Southwell family, he was publicly executed for robbery on Arbour Hill."

On our way to Oxmanstown we will meet with many places, and recall events of more than passing interest to the Dublin citizen. As we leave Church Street, turning to the right we are on Arran Quay, at one time a fashionable quarter, and inhabited by persons of rank. Close to where is now St. Paul's Church stood Agar House, the town abode of Viscount Clifden's ancestors. This building was afterwards used as a Maternity Hospital. Amongst the many Arran Quay celebrities crowding upon us, two stand pre-eminent—Edmund Burke and Charles Halliday. The first was born in the house now number 12, owned by the well-known Dublin citizen, Mr. Denis Moran, and part of his tailoring establishment. Next door to Burke's house lived in the year 1813 Charles Halliday, a most distinguished Irish antiquary. Prendergast gives an interesting sketch of his life as an introduction to "Halliday's

Scandinavian History of Dublin." In it he writes that Halliday left Arran Quay about 1834, and went to Fairy Land, Monkstown. About ten years after he built a villa at Monkstown Park, the previous residence of Lord Ranelagh. Exactly opposite, divided from it only by the road, is the ancient castle of the Cheeverses, built probably in the time of Henry VI. to defend this southern boundary of the English Pale. At Cromwell's conquest he gave it to General Ludlow, while Walter Cheevers and his household were transplanted to Connaught. He had one of the best private collections of historical works on Ireland. In his collection was the Secret Service Money Book, with the payment by the Government for secret information in 1798. Halliday bought the book from a Mr. Scully, a bookseller on Ormond Quay. With regard to this volume, Dr. Madden said that it was kept in the Record Tower of Dublin Castle, and that a carpenter employed there purloined it, with a mass of other papers. The whole was sold to a grocer in Capel Street. This most interesting record is preserved among the Halliday collection in the Royal Irish Academy. The extent of Mr. Halliday's collection may be judged from this, that the pamphlets, relating principally to Ireland, numbered 29,000. There were 21,997 in 2,211 volumes octavo uniformly bound in one series, and about 700 pamphlets in quarto, of very early date, unbound. There were, besides, all the best works concerning Ireland, and ballads, broadsides, and a mass of rare and curious materials for the student of Irish history, ancient and modern. This library passed with the rest of his property by will to his wife, and was by her presented to the Royal Irish Academy in the belief that she was fulfilling a wish she had sometimes heard Mr. Halliday casually express, that his collections might be kept together in some public library. To the native of

Dublin, and I might add the sojourner therein, Halliday's "*Scandanivan Dublin*" is a most interesting volume, as it places before one's mind in graphic language the meaning of many seemingly strange references which have been made from time to time with regard to Dublin, "and so fully has Mr. Halliday done his work that to this treatise might well be applied, with only a slight change, the title which Richard Verstegan gave to his—namely, a restitution of decayed intelligence in antiquities concerning the renowned city of Dublin." Take, for example, the allusion in the city records to the Stein or Staine, a flat piece of ground which extended southwards from the strand of the Liffey to the lands of Rath, eastwards from near the city walls to the River Dodder. It was on this plain that the Priory of All Hallows and other religious establishments were founded before the arrival of Strongbow. The piece of land derived its name from the long stone or staine, a remarkable stone pillar, which was probably a stone of memorial or mark of possession,—possession taken by Scandinavians—it also marked their landing place in a new possession. This pillar stone in Dublin stood not far from the landing place of the Danes, where Hawkins Street and Townsend Street now join, and remained in that position for many hundreds of years, about where the Crampton Monument now stands. It was removed about one hundred and twenty years ago, when the district was laid out for new streets. I may add that the former street is called after Mr. Hawkins, who in 1663 built a great wall to gain ground from the River Liffey, near the long stone, about the same time (1663) that Lord Dungan of Clane was adjudged nineteen acres of ground, commonly called Staine, being upon the strand side of the College; for previous to 1607 the whole north side of Townsend Street, now covered

with streets and quays, was the tidal strand of the Liffey, and as such was granted in that year to Sir W. Carroll under the description of strand overflow by the sea between the point of land joining the Staine, near the College, and Ringsend, and by him this land was partially reclaimed. The pillar alluded to stood about twelve or fourteen feet above the ground. Another interesting item in connection with the Staine is that when in 1646 an attempt was made to fortify Dublin by earthworks, Carte says the Marchioness of Ormonde and other noble ladies "consented to carry baskets of earth." To procure this earth they levelled one of the tumuli on the stem, of which there is an engraving in Molyneux's "Discourse on Danish Mounds in Ireland," and another in Ware's "Antiquities." The second edition is to the "Thingmote" at St. Andrew's. This remarkable Mount of the Thingmote of Dublin, the precise position of which was at an angle formed by Church Lane and Suffolk Street, nearly opposite the present old church, and about forty perches east of the old edifice, stood about forty feet high and two hundred and forty feet in circumference. It was on this mount that Henry II. met the Irish chiefs in 1172. Henry, we are told, ordered to be built, near the Church of St. Andrew, without the city of Dublin, a royal palace constructed, with wonderful skill, of peeled osiers, according to the custom of the country, and there at the "Thingmote" he held the festival of Christmas, feasting the Irish chieftains and entertaining them with military spectacles. This mount was used by the Danes as the place where their laws were promulgated, and such is the custom to this day at the Thingmote in the Isle of Man. The Thingmote of Dublin stood until the year 1685. In 1661 Dr. Jones, Bishop of Meath, obtained a lease from the Dublin Corporation at a small ground rent. The mound was cut down

in the first-mentioned year to fill up Nassau Street. I may further add that the official title of the church, which stands hard by this place, is St. Andrew Thingmote. The drawing given is a facsimile, and forms part of a survey made in 1682, and it may be observed that the indented outline gives to the mount the appearance of having terraces or steps, as on some other "Thingmotes." The mount was a conical hill about forty feet high and two hundred and forty feet in circumference.

As we leave the quay side on our way to Arbour Hill, we pass over the "Croppies' Acre." Thousands of Dublin citizens, year in and year out, on their way to the Phoenix Park, gaze on the Esplanade in front of the Royal Barracks, not knowing the fact that this was in '98 known as the "Croppy Hole." The late Dr. Thomas Willis, father-in-law of our respected City Coroner (Dr. Louis Byrne), after great research, located beyond doubt its exact site, and published privately the following "Memorial of the Croppies' Acre,":—

"In the year 1798 the Irish Government had information that an attack would be made on the city of Dublin by a large body of United Irishmen, then collecting on the north side about Swords and Santry, and on the south about Rathfarnham and neighbourhood. Although ignorant of the exact point to be assailed, the Executive (greatly alarmed) took speedy measures to defeat the project. The men assembled at Rathfarnham were dispersed by Lord Ely's Dragoons, strengthened by a large detachment of Yeomen. Those on the north side were routed by Lord Roden's Fox Hunters (so designated from the splendid horses), supported by some Light Infantry. These bodies were dispersed after feeble resistance. Some of the insurgents were sabred, and some prisoners were made. Nevertheless, the insurgents did make several

simultaneous attacks upon various forts and garrisons with surprising pertinacity. However, the metropolis had little reason to be alarmed at such fitful and desultory attempts. The Yeomen, Infantry, and Cavalry, being placed on permanent duty, scoured the surrounding districts, and had frequent encounters with small bodies of insurgents. Rathfarnham, Crumlin, Saggard, Tallaght, Clondalkin, Rathcoole, Kilcock, Maynooth, etc., were the scenes of the petty warfare. The prowess of the Yeomen was estimated according to the number of prisoners and mutilated bodies which they brought into the city, and it is worth mentioning that we have no record of a single man of the various corps having been killed or wounded in any of these inglorious raids. Lord Cornwallis, writing to the Duke of Portland, states 'that any man in a brown coat who was found within several miles of the field of action was butchered without discrimination.'—(Cornwallis Correspondence, vol. ii., page 357). Every day beheld prisoners brought into the city; nor was it unusual to see a procession of carts, in which were piled the mutilated corpses of peasantry. The prisoners were hanged from lamp-posts, and the dead were, in some instances, stretched out in the Castle Yard, where the Viceroy then resided, and in full view of the Secretary's windows. 'They lay on the pavement as trophies, cut and gashed in every part, covered with clotted blood and dirt.'—(Barrington, vol. ii., page 260). 'And at other times the sabred dead were suspended in Barrack Street.'—(Musgrave, page 224).

"To avoid expensive interment, the authorities selected a piece of waste ground on the south side of Barrack Street, within about fifty paces of the Infantry Barracks, as a convenient repository for the corpses of the Irish rebels. This unhallowed spot

was thenceforward known as 'Croppies' Acre,' or 'Croppies' Hole.' It now forms part of the Esplanade. It extended in the year 1798 from the rere of the houses down to the river, and was then waste, and covered with filth. The diminishing the breadth of the river by walling in, the making its course more direct between the bridges, and the formation of the Esplanade, have very considerably altered the appearance of the ground, and have obliterated every vestige of 'Croppies' Hole.' However, the site and exact dimensions can be very accurately ascertained from maps of the period, also from very many persons still living who have a perfect recollection of the ground, and who remember reading the names of the deceased rudely carved on the surface of the stones which formed the boundary wall on the west side of that unconsecrated cemetery.

"Those strangled at the Provost Prison, and on the different bridges, together with the sabred bodies of the peasantry brought into the city almost daily, were all flung into the trenches formed in that filthy dung heap.

" 'The day will come (says Dr. Madden) when this desecrated spot will be hallowed ground, consecrated by religion; trod lightly by pensive patriots, and decorated by funeral trophies in honour of the dead whose bones lie there in graves that are now neglected and unhonoured.'

"Names of some of those whose remains moulder in 'Croppies' Hole':—

"Ledwich, brother of the P.P. of Rathfarnham; hanged on Queen's Bridge, 26th May, 1798.

"Wade, from Rathfarnham, hanged on Queen's Bridge, 26th May, 1798.

"Carroll, cotton manufacturer, hanged on Church Street Bridge, 26th May, 1798.

"Adams and Fox, hanged at Provost Prison. (Musgrave, Appendice XV.)

"Fennell and Raymond, hanged on Church Street Bridge.

"Esmonde, Doctor, brother of Sir Thomes Esmonde, hanged on the scaffold north side of Carlisle Bridge, then in process of erection. His corpse was carried back in a cart and flung (O'Kelly, page 63) into a heap of offal in 'Croppies' Hole,' 14th June, 1798.

"Byrne and Kelly, killed at Rathfarnham. Their lifeless bodies and three others were hung the morning after their death from lamp irons in Barrack Street, and afterwards consigned to 'Croppies' Hole.' (Musgrave, page 224).

"Teeling and Matthew Tone, hanged at Provost Prison. (Teeling, 2nd Narrative, page 245.—Speeches from the Dock, page 71).

"Bacon, hanged on Carlisle Bridge.

"Several poor men, employed as lamplighters, were hanged on the bridges for neglect of duty, and blood began to flow without any mercy.

"Barrington, vol. 2, page 261."

In addition to the foregoing in the printed matter, the following notes are in the copy I possess, written by the late Edward Evans :—

"Note.—'Croppies' Acre' was situated 147 feet from the boundary wall of the Esplanade, on the west side of Liffey Street (west), and 155 feet from the boundary wall of the Infantry Barracks. The area from east to west was 312 feet, and from north to south 170 feet. (This minute description of 'Croppies' Acre' is in the handwriting of the late Dr. Thomas Willis, and now in my possession.—E.E.).

"Michael Rafter, Esq., C.E., City Hall, has kindly supplied me with the following particulars of the site of 'Croppies' Hole' :—

"1st May, 1884.—The position of the 'Croppies' Acre' can be found as follows:—Exactly midway between Albert Quay and Barrack Street, in the Esplanade, and opposite the centre of the Royal or Central Square, is the northern corner, from whence keeping in the centre of the Esplanade for 104 yards due east, runs the northern boundary, between which and the river lay the field in question. This field is shown on Roques' Map of Dublin, published about 1760, as being at the end of Flood Street, and its measurements on that map correspond with those given above.—(Michael Rafter, Surveyor and Civil Engineer)."

CHAPTER VII.

Waterford and Dublin—Lord Clonmel and the Rev. William Jackson—Montpelier Hill—Arbour Hill Prison—Emmet's Poems—John Boyle O'Reilly—The Royal Barracks—The Military Fenian Prisoners of '65 and '67—Little John and Scaldbrother.

BEFORE resuming our ramble through portions of old Dublin, I desire to reply to some queries raised in reference to some of my statements in the previous chapter.

First, as regards a most interesting letter, that of "John Groono, jun., Waterford," *re* the Danish Thingmote, in Dublin. His letter has recalled an incident worthy of note in reference to the strained relations which at one time existed between Dublin and Waterford, as we learn from the following in Gilbert's "Streets of Dublin," part IV.:—"In 1487 the Earl of Kildare, Lord Deputy, commanded the messenger from the Mayor of Waterford to be hanged on Hoggin Green (where was situate at that period the Thingmote) for having brought word that the citizens of 'Urbs Intacta' would not espouse the cause of Lambert Simnel, the pretender to the English Throne."

Second,—with regard to the letter from the representative of Ledwidge, who was captured at Rathfarnham on 26th May, 1798, and is said to have been executed at Bloody Bridge, not Queen Street Bridge, let me state that when preparing a "'98" Almanac for the *Weekly Freeman*, published by that journal in connection with the '98 Centenary, I inserted

the following, under date "Thursday, 26th May. —Battle of Tara Hill, and engagement at Leixlip, and British forces massacre at Dunlavin by order of Col. Sainders, of Sainders' Grove, when 36 defenceless men were shot down. Wade, Ledwidge, and Carroll hanged at Queen Street Bridge." In compiling this almanac, as a general rule I took the events from the newspapers of the day, and I would be glad to have more definite information as to the execution taking place on Bloody Bridge instead of Queen Street Bridge, as stated by Dr. Willis and myself.

On our way to Montpelier and Arbour Hill we turn into Benburb Street, formerly Barrack Street. This street, now a comparatively quiet one, was during a greater portion of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, one of the busiest streets on the north side of the city, consequent upon its proximity to the Royal Barracks, and as a leading thoroughfare to Phoenix Park. Here were at one time two singing halls, several "Free and Easies," also well-appointed hotels and taverns. All is changed now. Many of its old buildings, etc., were removed to make way for the improvements made by the Corporation consequent upon the erection of their artisans' dwellings. With reference to the singing halls in and around this neighbourhood, I propose at some future time to collate a series of articles on Dublin singing halls, their singers, and their songs.

We now pass the Royal Barracks. It has been considerably altered since its erection in 1706. Harris, describing it in 1766, says—"It is pleasantly situated on an eminence near the water, in healthful air. Here are generally quartered four battalions of foot and one regiment of horse. From hence the Castle and city guards are relieved every day. It is said to be the largest and completest building of the kind in Europe." It might be all as described in the

days of Harris, but within the past few years it was considered to be one of the most unhealthy barracks in the kingdom, and it had to be entirely remodelled. The view given is a picture of the barracks in 1706. The X marks the Provost, where were tried by court-martial the men of '98, and here it was that Tone was done to death.

As we are passing on our way there looms up in our imagination the dismantled Abbey of the Dominicans, the lands of which ran down to what is known to us now as the Royal Infirmary, Montpelier Hill. This place was formerly known as Ellen Hore's meadow, also as Gibbet's Mead. At one time the barns of the Convent of the Holy Trinity, Christ Church, stood here. We ascend the hill, which overlooks a great portion of the city. In the distance we see Kilmainham Hospital, and on looking down towards the river we see Sarah Bridge (named after Sarah, Countess of Westmoreland, whose husband was Lord Lieutenant, 1790-1795). As we gaze upon the scene what pictures pass swiftly before us! Tone's trial, his brother's execution, with the many others sharing the same tragic fate. These fade away. Then we see that of a young man, "slight in his person, his features regular, his forehead high and finely formed; his eyes bright and full of expression; his nose sharp, remarkably thin, and straight. There is nothing remarkable in his appearance; yet he was one of those who, when he spoke in public on any subject that deeply interested him, his countenance then beamed with animation; he no longer seemed the same person. Every feature became expressive of his emotions; his gestures, his actions, everything about him, seemed subservient to the impulses of his feelings, and harmonised with the emanations of a noble intellect. The form seems to be indelibly engraved on the greenest spot in memory's waste."

It is that of Robert Emmet. He seems wrapped in deep meditation as he gazes upon the "Provost" and the "Croppies' Acre." His spirit slowly fades away, but there still remains the memory. We can well imagine Emmet wandering around this place, consecrated as it is by so many memories. Here his comrade, Tone, died; here were others of his companions consigned to a felon's doom. All these had their effect upon his noble spirit, and it found expression in the following poem, with reference to which Dr. Madden says it was evidently written during the regime of terror in '98, and under the influence of feelings harrowed by the atrocities committed on the people:—

"ARBOUR HILL."—BY ROBERT EMMET.

"No rising column marks this spot,
Where many a victim lies;
But, oh! the blood which here has streamed
To Heaven for justice cries.

"It claims it on the oppressor's head
Who joys in human woe,
Who drinks the tears by misery shed,
And mocks them as they flow.

"It claims it on the callous judge,
Whose hands in blood are dyed,
Who arms injustice with the sword,
The balance throws aside.

"It claims it for his ruined isle,
Her wretched children's grave:
Where withered Freedom droops her head,
And man exists—a slave.

"Oh, Sacred Justice, free this land
From tyranny abhorred ;
Resume thy balance and thy seat,
Resume—but sheath, thy sword.

"No retribution should we seek—
Too long has horror reigned ;
By Mercy marked may Freedom rise,
By Cruelty unstained.

"Nor shall a tyrant's ashes mix
With those our martyred dead ;
This is the place where Erin's sons
In Erin's cause have bled.

"And those who here are laid at rest,
Oh, hallowed be each name ;
Their memories are for ever blest—
Consigned to endless fame.

"Unconsecrated is this ground,
Unblessed by holy hands ;
No bell here tolls its solemn sound,
No monument here stands.

"But here the patriot's tears are shed,
The poor man's blessing given ;
These consecrate the virtuous dead,
These waft their fame to heaven."

Five years pass away, and we see a cortege guarded well by military coming across Sarah Bridge, along the military road, down Parkgate Street, passing Arbour Hill and the Croppies' Acre, on through Barrack Street, crossing Queen's Bridge to Thomas Street. Military guarded the route, as it was thought there would be an attempt at rescue. It was no less

than the funeral procession of Robert Emmet, on his way to execution at Catherine's Church. Seventy years pass away, and we find in the Sixties the Provost at the Royal Barracks again occupied in trying military men—their crime, love of Ireland.

One of the '65 men who spent some time in the military prison on Arbour Hill has kindly given me the following particulars:—

“During the years '66-'67 the Provost's Prison was extensively used by the military authorities for the detention of soldiers arrested, some of them merely on suspicion, of being implicated in the Fenian movement.

“John Boyle O'Reilly, Corporal Thomas Chambers, and a number of other soldiers were arrested as the result of a raid made on Pilsworth's publichouse in James's Street by Colonel Fielding (the Major Sirr of '66-'67). This gentleman was in command of the force of Coldstream Guards and Dublin Metropolitan Police comprising the posse making the scoop. One of the soldiers arrested on the occasion was Corporal Curry, of the 86th Regiment, who was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and to a flogging of 50 lashes, which, it is on record, he suffered without allowing a murmur to escape his lips.

“O'Reilly, after a prolonged detention in Arbour Hill, was sentenced to penal servitude for life, subsequently reduced to twenty years' imprisonment, and later on was handed over to the civil power, which transferred him, and some score of other military convicts, to Millbank Prison, London, the establishment where poor Edward Duffy breathed his last.

“In December, 1866, another batch of military men, belonging to the 85th Regiment, were confined in the Provost's Prison. Their names were—James Kavanagh, Philip Murtha, Michael M'Carthy, and 'Thomas Simpson' (J. P. O'Brien). M'Carthy turned 'ap-

prover,' his testimony, coupled with that given by informers Atkinson and O'Meara, and 'agent provocateur' Talbot, R.I.C., convicted the three men. Kavanagh got seven years, Murtha five years, and 'Simpson' received, 'in consequence of his previous good character and the absence of former convictions,' the mitigated sentence of penal servitude for life.

"One of these men, who spent three months in Arbour Hill, told me that he found many interesting traces of John Boyle O'Reilly, who had been transferred to England prior to my informant's arrival at the "Provost," upon the margins of some of the devotional books supplied to the prisoners by the prison authorities, and upon the walls of the cells. Scratched upon the whitewashed bricks were, amongst many other poetic effusions, the following lines :—

"'We have borne the scorn and insult, but the Saxon
yet shall feel
The strength of Irish vengeance and the points of
Irish steel.
The foremost men to strike the foe in freedom's
glorious war,
Shall have worn England's scarlet and the blue
of her hussar.'

"A project to rescue O'Reilly and five of the other long-sentence men in the Provost's Prison was all but accomplished. The failure, it is said, was due to one of the men incautiously divulging the secret to a gentleman who visited the political military prisoners in the guise—real or assumed—of a clergyman on the eve of the contemplated rescue."

Arbour Hill in bygone days was a place of amusement for the youth of the vicinity till the Royal Barracks were built in 1706. Here was the Half-

Moon publichouse, famous for its sweet ale, called apple d'or.

This hill was at one period a retreat for robbers. When Robin Hood and his merry men were dispersed in England divers of his followers escaped to Ireland, and sojourned in the woods about this hill. His compeer, Little John, went into Dublin and astonished its inhabitants by his feats in archery. This redoubtable hero is said to have been hanged on this hill, for it was then and for some time afterwards a place of execution for criminals, as appears by the name given to a part of it in ancient records, "Gibbet's Glade" and "Gibbet's Shade."

Two centuries later another notorious robber of the name of Scaldbrother inhabited a labyrinthine cavern on this hill, a most intricate maze (as Standishurst terms it) extending two miles under ground, where he deposited the plunder he snatched from the people of Oxmantown. When digging foundations for houses in this neighbourhood they often came upon his track, even as far as Smithfield. It was reported in the newspapers in 1775 that many parts of the pavement gave way, leaving an aperture into a cavern many feet in depth. It is also said some of the vaults of the houses in Queen Street are formed from it.

Passing down Arbour Hill, we enter Stoneybatter, the history of which and its neighbourhood will be dealt with in our next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Historic Associations of Oxmantown—One of the Roads to Tara—Its Mayday Festivals—Its Convents and Orphanages—"Fair Fanny Jennings"—Poor Clares in King Street—St. Brigid's Orphanage—Miss Aylward and Grangegorman Prison—"Billy in the Bowl."

"Hi! for Bob and Joan,
Hi! for Stoneybatter."

WE have arrived at Stoneybatter, the name of a thoroughfare as we of to-day know it. Centuries ago it was called Bothar-na-gCloch. In Joyce's Irish names of places we find the following interesting information as to the original name of the place :—
"Long before the city had extended so far, and while Stoneybatter was nothing more than a country road, it was—as it still continues to be—the great thoroughfare to Dublin from the districts lying west and north-west of the city; and it was known by the name of Bothar-na-gCloch (Bohernaglogh), *i.e.*, the road of the stones, which was changed to the modern equivalent, Stoneybatter or stony road."

One of the five great roads leading from Tara, which were constructed in the second century—viz., that called Slighe Cualaun—passed though Dublin by Ratoath, and on towards Bray, under the name of Bealach Duibhluin (the road or pass of the river). It is mentioned in the following quotation from the "Book of Rights":—

"It is prohibited to him (the King of Erin) to go with a host on Monday over the Bealach Duibhluine."

The old Ford of Hurdles, which in those early days formed the only foot passage across the Liffey, and which gave the name of Ath-Cliath to the city, crossed the river where Whitworth Bridge now stands leading from Church Street to Bridge Street, and the road from Tara to Wicklow must necessarily have crossed the Liffey at this point. There can be no doubt that the present Stoneybatter formed a portion of this ancient road—a statement that is borne out by two independent circumstances. First, Stoneybatter lies straight on the line, and would, if continued, meet the Liffey exactly at Whitworth Bridge; secondly, the name Stoneybatter, or Bothar-na-gCloch, affords even stronger confirmation. The most important of the ancient Irish roads were generally paved with large blocks of stone, somewhat like the old Roman roads, a fact that is proved by the remains of those that can now be traced. It is exactly this kind of a road that would be called by the Irish—even at the present day—Bothar-na-gCloch; and the existence of this name on the very line leading to the ancient ford over the Liffey leaves scarcely any doubt that this was part of the ancient Slighe Cualaun. It must be regarded as a fact of great interest that the modern-looking name Stoneybatter—changed as it has been in the course of ages—descends to us with a history seventeen hundred years old written on its front.

Coming to more modern times—say, about one hundred and fifty years ago—Stoneybatter was a somewhat primitive place, but at that date it had its corn and frieze market. Irish was continually spoken there, and its shopkeepers were obliged to understand it to carry on their trade.

The Rev. Mr. Burton, describing the place at that time, says:—"The inhabitants would say, 'We are going to town,' or ask, 'Are you going in to Dublin?'

thus considering it still (though so assimilated to the rest of the great metropolis) as in the same state in which it had been when Grangegorman and Glasnevenoge were only villages."

Its inhabitants some time previous to the period alluded to presented a character which partook of that simplicity and homeliness that indicated a constant intercourse with their rustic neighbours of Meath, whilst they were at the same time prevented from a disregard for the customary habits of city life by their close proximity to the capital. The line of separation, however, became less distinct, and many, tired of the bustle of the city, retired to the Oxmantown side, and Cabragh Lane (the present Prussia Street), which became in these times a desirable and fashionable retreat. In days gone by Stoneybatter, on Oxmantown Green, was the place where the May-day Festival was annually kept. Each of the outskirts of the city at that time had its own custom. Donnybrook had its Fair in August; Kilmainham, its St. John's Day, 24th June, on which day vast numbers resorted to St. John's Well, near Island Bridge; Stoneybatter its Maypole. This custom was eventually abolished, the cause being a riot in connection with a May fete. This riot is reported in the papers of the day as follows:—"On the 1st May, 1773, there was a great riot at Stoneybatter in consequence of the setting up of a Maypole, which was attempted to be pulled down by some soldiers, on which a violent quarrel ensued, the populace of Stoneybatter attacking the soldiers, driving them into their barracks, and breaking the windows of same, whereupon the soldiers returned, some with their muskets, and fired upon their antagonists. Some of the inhabitants, to prevent further mischief, called on Sheriff Jones, who ordered the picket guard to attend him in this affray, and took seven soldiers, who went

to the barracks; owing to the great courage and activity of Major Digby, who took three of the soldiers prisoners, and to Major Marsh, who was also very brave on this occasion, the riot was suppressed, but before it was over most of the houses in that place and neighbourhood had their windows smashed, and had it not been for these two worthy officers much more damage would have ensued. The inhabitants of Prussia Street, etc., held a meeting at the house of Mr. Oates in Stoneybatter on the 4th May, and thanked the Sheriff and officers for their action."

Cabragh Lane, or, as we know it, Prussia Street, to which latter name it was changed in 1765, in honour of Frederick, King of Prussia, led to Cabragh, the ancient seat of the Segrave family, which place was afterwards inhabited by Lord Norbury, of notorious memory. At the end of this street, nearest the city, stood Grangegorman Manor House, now the police barrack. There were several such manor houses on the Oxmantown side of Dublin. What is now 55 Bolton Street was one, and another stood in Drumcondra Lane, now Dorset Street, near the site of the Big Tree, now occupied by the new buildings erected by Mr. Thomas M'Auley. After leaving Prussia Street, turning to our right, we see in front of us the Female Orphanage, one of the oldest of its kind now in Dublin. This institution was commenced in 1790 by Mrs. Edwin Tighe and Mrs. Este, in a limited way, but it met with such patronage that in two years after the founders had the satisfaction of seeing the buildings erected as we now see them.

The district in our time known as the North Circular Road, and modern villadom, was in the eighteenth century known as the Wood of Selcock. Turning into Grangegorman, we come to a large stone-fronted building, portion of the Richmond Lunatic Asylum since 1897. This structure was

known in years gone by as Grangegorman Prison. We learn from M'Gregor's picture of Dublin that the first stone of this building was laid by the Duke of Richmond in 1812, presenting a front of 700 feet to Grangegorman Lane, is in depth about 400, and covers an area of three acres; the estimated cost of its erection was about £40,000. In this prison the humane plans of Howard, the prisoner's friend, for the treatment of prisoners were put in effect, it is said, with satisfactory results.

During the Coercion times in 1881, after Kilmainham Prison had become a "congested district," it was used for the detention of Suspects, and several prominent Land Leaguers were confined there for some months.

In the year 1860, in this prison, was detained as a prisoner for a period of six months the Foundress of St. Brigid's Orphanage, Miss Aylward. The story of her "crime" can be briefly told. We learn from the life of the late Father Gowan, C.M., "that in or about the year 1852, among his penitents in Phibsboro' was Miss Margaret Aylward, a Waterford lady, in whose zeal and character Father Gowan discovered an extraordinary power of doing good amongst the poor." Like St. Vincent with Madame Le Gras, he encouraged and directed this devoted lady, who with him founded and established St. Brigid's Orphanage. It would require more space than that at my disposal to record the many difficulties and uphill work Miss Aylward had to encounter in the foundation of her wonderful organisation as we see it to-day. Father Gowan, a few days before his death, graphically tells the story in the 40th annual report of St. Brigid's Orphanage. Miss Aylward, instead of erecting a large orphanage, "decided to rear and educate the orphan children in the country. This system of home-rearing is peculiarly suited to the

orphans whom St. Brigid receives. . . ." The orphanage met with considerable difficulties, and its enemies determined to destroy it. The means taken to do so were with regard to the admission of a child named Mary Mathews, whom her father had committed to the care of Miss Aylward, to be reared in the Catholic religion. Miss Aylward was merely carrying out the intentions and will of the dying parent when she took upon herself the charge of the child. Anyone who is acquainted with the city of Dublin must know that great promises are frequently held out to poor widows to allow their children to be educated in a religion which they themselves condemn. Mrs. Mathews, who became a Catholic at her marriage, now yielded to these seductions, and came to the orphanage to demand her child. In the meantime Mary Mathews had been taken from the nurse with whom Miss Aylward had placed her, without her knowledge, and when asked for the child she was able to declare that she never gave permission to anyone to take away the child, and that it was quite impossible for her to restore it. The case was brought before the Judges, and after an investigation at the Crown Office, lasting over five days, Miss Aylward was brought before Judge Lefroy on 5th November, 1860. This worthy considered her answers to the Clerk of the Crown unsatisfactory, and sentenced her to six months' imprisonment. Miss Aylward was very ill whilst in prison, and all worry possible was given her whilst there; but she battled against all, and on the 5th May, the festival of St. Pius V., at nine o'clock in the morning, left the prison, having completed her six months to the last hour, walked down to Eccles Street, and resumed her work of the Orphanage.

What, it may be asked, became of Mary Mathews? A Catholic gentleman who was interested in the case

took her from the nurse without Miss Aylward's knowledge, and brought her to the continent. She received her education in a Belgian convent, and afterwards became a professed member of the community. Concluding, Father Gowan says:—"I cannot close this notice without saying that the great Pius IX., when he heard of Miss Aylward's imprisonment and the circumstances that led to it, pronounced her to be a Confessor of the Faith. The Primate of All Ireland, the late Dr. Dixon, being in Rome during her imprisonment, was commissioned by the Holy Father to wait on her in person and convey to her the Apostolic Benediction. The Pope, reflecting a moment, said to the Primate, 'We must send her a present,' and, standing up, he opened his cabinet and took out a beautiful cameo, the head of St. Peter cut in precious stones and set in gold. 'Ah,' said he, 'la poveretta. Give her this little present from me.'"

In January, 1908, there passed away to receive her everlasting reward one of the last of Miss Aylward's companions, and one of the original members of the Sisterhood of the Holy Faith, the Rev. Mrs. Vickers, its Superior-General. This Order "has for its principal object one purpose, one work—that is, the instruction of youth. They are daughters of Ireland, working on Irish soil, teaching the children of Ireland."

Lower down in Grangegorman Lane, on the opposite side to the prison, we come to the Home of the Sisters of Charity, now Stanhope Street Convent. This building has been altered to a modern edifice. It was formerly the grange or farm castle of Gorman the Dane, who held the lands under the Prior and Convent of the Holy Trinity, or Christ Church. The Agard family resided there in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and afterwards a Mrs. Stanley, whence

the name Stanley Street. It was intended that this street should go right through to the Circular Road, but the idea was abandoned.

Before passing away from Grangegorman the story, as narrated by Burton, of "Billy in the Bowl" must not be omitted. This character used to ply his calling between the quiet streets of Stoneybatter and the Green Lanes of Grangegorman. He was nicknamed "Billy in the Bowl," having been introduced into the world with only a head, body, and arms. When he grew up he conveyed himself along in a large bowl fortified by iron, in which he was embedded. This man was the original "Billy in the Bowl," for though many other personages who got along in various ways were honoured with the same sobriquet, yet this fellow was the king of them all. He soon ingratiated himself with the simple servant maids from Meath in the respectable houses of Oxmantown. "It's only Billy in the Bowl, ma'am." "Oh, very well," and Billy's bowl was filled with beef, bread, etc. Nature had compensated for his curtailment by giving him fine dark eyes, an aquiline nose, and a well-formed mouth, with dark curling locks, and a body and arms of herculean power. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that hearts susceptible to pity should be touched by the peculiar circumstances of this *lusus naturæ*. He certainly won the hearts of the plebeian fair north of the Liffey. Amongst them he was a universal favourite. It had, nevertheless, transpired in sober circles that Billy in the Bowl had been suspected of very atrocious deeds. He was one of those curious beggars who frequented fairs and public places, where he picked up a good deal of money. The manner in which it is said he committed his depredations was by secreting himself in a ditch or inside a hedge on a lonely part of the road or unfrequented corner till a

suitable person was passing on whom he might practice, and then, addressing them in a plaintive strain, begged of them to assist a poor, helpless man. They, struck by his peculiar circumstances, stepped aside to view the strange sight—half-man, half-bowl—and were soon undone in one way or another. It is said he murdered his victims; otherwise so marked a man would soon have been detected had they escaped to denounce him. But his visits to Oxmantown and its environs at last ceased in consequence of his failure in attempted robbery of two ladies who were passing through what was then known as Richardson's Lane, now a portion of the Royal Barracks (prison side), when at one of the stiles or passages between the fields they saw Billy in his bowl. The unsuspecting ladies were by no means displeased at the rencontre, and female curiosity, together with Billy's coaxing ways, induced them to draw near to examine how he was disposed in his extraordinary vehicle, resolving in the humanity of their hearts to give him something. They both expressed their admiration and pity, whilst Billy was profuse in his commendation of the "fine ladies" who had so "marcifully" come out of their way to see the "poor prisoner." One of them was applying her eye-glass to inspect more perfectly Billy's premises, and the other was preparing her gratuity to drop into his bowl. The fellow's eyes were gloating in the meantime on their gold watches, bracelets, and other valuable trinkets which the ladies of that period were ornamented with, when, watching his opportunity, the base fellow attacked them, and, before they could think what was the matter, dragged them down. Their confusion, and the destruction of their habiliments, together with the rude efforts the villain was making to possess himself of their valuables, at first rendered them powerless; they, however, began at

last to struggle and call for help ; but, alas, none was then near. The ruffian was endeavouring to shove his heavy bowl over one, till he had robbed the other lady, yet with all his strength, the defect of his lower man gave the unfortunate females an advantage. One seized his curling locks with her hand, whilst she contrived to thrust her thumb into one of Billy's eyes. The fellow roared with pain, and relaxed his hold of the other lady, who sprang up, disordered as she was. They now contrived to get out of his range, but in a most soiled and tattered condition—their hair dishevelled, their ornaments broken and scattered, their clothes ruined—whilst Billy himself, almost deprived of the sight of one of his eyes, was left in his bowl to lament his wretched situation, and the certain punishment that awaited him. The poor gentlewomen returned to their friends in Manor Street, and having told their story, no time was lost in pursuing the wretch who had committed such an assault. Billy, in the meantime, had contrived to screen himself behind a hedge in the next field, but was soon detected, most of the valuables were picked up on the ground where the attack had taken place, and some of the party procured a strong hand-barrow, on which Billy was conveyed in triumph to prison. (It was just about this time, 1786, that a police force was established in Dublin). Billy was confined in the jail in Green Street, where as much of him as could be made use of was employed in hard labour for the remainder of his days. In consequence of this fellow's ill-fame, and the audacious feats he had performed, he became an object of great curiosity, and was visited as one of the "lions of the day."

Passing into King Street, we find ourselves in the midst of some of the most interesting of old Dublin's historical associations, viz. :—The Duchess of Tyrconnell's house, in King's Street ; the Benedictine

Convent, in Church Row ; St. Paul's Church, King Street ; Wesley Meeting House, in Gravel Walk ; Bective House, in Smithfield.

In Blake Foster's interesting volume, "The Irish Chieftains," is found the following information with reference to the Duchess of Tyrconnell and North King Street :—"This lady was called 'The Fair Fanny Jennings,' and was remarkable for her great beauty. She first married Count Hamilton ; on his death she married secondly, Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnell, the favourite of James II. After that monarch arrived in Ireland, in 1689, he created him a Duke. Lady Tyrconnell's life was a series of vicissitudes, while her ambitious and haughty sister, the Duchess of Marlborough, ruled England. She retired from the world, and established on the site of her husband's house in North King Street a convent for Poor Clares. In the first instance she went as a boarder into the Dominican Convent in Channel Row, now North Brunswick Street (with which institution we will deal later on). She remained within the convent for two years, from 1723 to 1725. She afterwards founded on the site of her husband's house in North King Street (which was said to have been the country seat of an Attorney-General for Ireland), a convent for Poor Clares. I have made all inquiries possible to locate this place, and as a result I am of opinion that its location, that given in M'Gregor's Picture of Dublin, is the correct one. It was situated at the north-west extremity of North King Street, opposite St. Paul's Church. Till a few years ago the site was Toner's Oxmantown Foundry. I was informed by a relative of one of those engaged many, many years ago in digging the foundations for the foundry that they came across a vault in which were interred a number of nuns, which was immediately closed up. This additional evidence confirms the belief that at

this place stood the nunnery founded by Lady Tyrconnell, and where she expired on the 29th February, 1730, in the 82nd year of her age. On the 9th of March following she was interred in St. Patrick's Cathedral. A mural slab on the wall of St. Andrew's Scotch College in Paris commemorates her in a country where the exiled Irish found a home. According to the inscription, the Duchess of Tyrconnell was a munificent benefactress of this establishment, and bequeathed an endowment to the Fathers for the celebration of a daily Mass there for ever for the repose of her soul and those of her two husbands, Count Hamilton and the Duke of Tyrconnell."

A short distance away stands the Blue Coat Boys' Hospital. It was founded in the reign of Charles II., 1670. The old building was situated in Queen Street, at the south-east corner of Oxmantown Green. From the convenience of its apartments the Parliament of 1729 sat there, when an attempt was made to obtain supplies for twenty-one years, but was defeated by a majority of one. The old building becoming ruinous, the foundation of the present one was laid by Lord Harcourt in 1773. I would refer my readers for further information regarding this institution to Sir Frederick Falkiner's delightful story of the "Foundation of the Hospital and Free School of King Charles II., Oxmantown."

CHAPTER IX.

King James II. and the Benedictine Nuns—Founding of Convent in Channel Row—Lady Butler and the Duke of Ormond—Convent in “Sheep” Street—Dame O’Ryan—The Coming of the Dominican Nuns—House of Industry Hospitals—The Broadstone—The Royal Canal and its Boats.

“JAMES THE SECOND, by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc. KNOW yee to all to whom these presents shall come, greeting. Know yee that wee of our Special Grace, certaine knowledge, and mere motion HAVE granted, constituted, ordained, declared and appointed, and by these presents, wee doe for us, our heirs and successors grant, constitute, ordaine, declare, and appoint that there shall bee from time to time, and at all times hereafter in OUR CITY of DUBLIN, or in any other convenient place in OUR Kingdom of IRELAND, a convent of nuns of the Order of St. Benedict consisting of one Abbesse and Nuns to bee called and known by the name of the Abbesse and Convent of our first and chief Royal Monastery of GRATIA DEI.”

So runs a grant of his Majesty, King James the Second, to the Abbess and Convent of the Order of St. Benedict. Few of us as we are passing the Richmond Hospital, North Brunswick Street, realise the fact that this is the site of King James’s Monastery. Its history is one of the most interesting chapters of life in old Dublin. We will try and recall it.

In the year 1688 King James II., whilst in Dublin Castle, ordered the Duke of Tyrconnell, his Lord Lieutenant, to write to Dame Mary Butler, then lately elected Lady Abbess of the Irish Monastery of Ypres, asking her to repair to Dublin with a view to establishing her monastery in that city. In more than one quarter great objections were raised to the proposal, but the perseverance of the King overcame them all, and Abbess Butler left her Ypres Convent in order to begin in Ireland a Monastery of the Order. On her way to Dublin she passed through London, where she waited on the Queen at Whitehall, in the habit of her Order, which had not been seen there since the change of religion. Her ladyship was also courteously received by the Queen Dowager, who in testimony of her affection made her a present of some altar plate and church ornaments. From hence Lady Butler proceeded to Dublin. On her arrival (on 31st October, 1688), she went at once to the Castle, where she was introduced by their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Tyrconnell to his Majesty, who most graciously received her, promising his royal protection, and granting a most ample patent for the erection of a royal abbey, with several privileges, both for herself and successors, to which was added a free permission to settle and establish themselves in any part of Ireland, concluding the whole with an assurance of a foundation. This patent, which has the King's Great Seal affixed to it, was signed on the fifth of June in the sixth year of his Majesty's reign, and is still preserved in the Irish Abbey of Benedictine Nuns in Ypres, as are also memorials of the Irish Brigade and Fontenoy. (A copy of this patent is given in the Appendix to Harris's *Life of William III.*). After the interview, Lady Butler and her nuns went into occupation of a house in "Sheep" Street, now Ship Street, about where the Church of

St. Michael-le-Pole stood. In the meantime the new building was erected in Channel Row, now North Brunswick Street. This convent, according to De Burgo's *Hibernia Dominicana*, was consecrated under the title of "St. Bridget Widow," in the year 1689, by the most "illustrious Archbishop of Dublin, Patrick Russell, his Most Gracious Majesty, James II., being present, as I have learned from eye-witnesses." Lady Butler retired into the enclosure thus prepared for her and some other religious, whom she had brought from the English Benedictine Nunnery of Pentoise. During her short stay in Dublin there were thirty young ladies, some of the best families in Ireland, entrusted to her care, eighteen of whom earnestly postulated, if I may use an obsolete verb, the veil and habit, but were absolutely refused, on account of the war being far advanced. The only one who was professed was a lay sister, who accompanied the Abbess to Ypres. The King honoured the ceremony with his presence.

After the Battle of the Boyne King William's army entered into Dublin, and some of the soldiers ransacked the monastery and seized the church plate which had been removed to a Protestant lady's house in the neighbourhood. The Abbess, therefore, resolved to hinder a further profanation by throwing into the fire whatever remained. She then determined no longer to stay in Ireland, and therefore applied to the Duke of Ormond, who was her near relation, for a pass to return to Ypres. His Grace showed concern for the usage she had met with from the soldiers, and endeavoured to dissuade her from carrying out her resolution, offering if she would stay to procure her a strong protection, which she positively refused, and having obtained a pass for herself and her religious, they put to sea, and at length

arrived at her refuge in Ypres, of which she most prudently kept possession, and there lived till her death, which happened on the 23rd December, 1723, in the 82nd year of her age and in the 66th of her life in religion.

In further connection with Channel Row the following appears in "The Picture of Dublin":—"The same Prince also erected a convent in Channel Row under the invocation of St. Bridget. This, as well as the house in Ship Street, was for the Benedictine Nuns, and Dame O'Ryan and two novices, from the English Nunnery at Dunkirk, entered into it, but were obliged to quit it about the same time as the Sisterhood of Ship Street left the country. Mrs. O'Ryan and her companions returned to their convent at Dunkirk, where she lived for many years after." This statement is not correct. Through the kindness of a member of the Dominican Order I am able to state the exact story of Dame O'Ryan's coming to Dublin.

"Dame O'Ryan and her community were driven out of their convent at Dunkirk at the time of the French Revolution in 1793, and after many wanderings, found a home at Teignmouth, Devonshire. All their annals and documents were lost or stolen in these troubled times, but notes were being kept by a member of their Order in another community. According to these Dame O'Ryan never made a foundation in Dublin. She came to collect 'money and subjects' towards the establishment of the Irish Benedictine Monastery at Ypres. She came to Dublin on three distinct occasions. She was in Ireland at the time of King James's defeat and the departure of Lady Butler, and it is possible she may have taken up the school in Channel Row after the

flight of the Ypres community, but of this there is no certainty, but she returned to Dunkirk alone."

Before passing away from this portion of the early history of this monastery, the following extract with reference to Archbishop Russell from Dalton's "Memoirs of the Archbishops of Dublin" may be of interest :—

"After a vacancy of three years the Most Rev. Dr. Patrick Russell was consecrated Archbishop of Dublin on the 2nd August, 1683. . . . During King James's residence in the Irish Metropolis, Doctor Russell was virtually chaplain to that monarch, and celebrated Divine service in the Royal presence. The last rite he celebrated before the King was the consecration of the Benedictine Nunnery in Channel Row. On the downfall of the Stuart dynasty he fled to Paris. When, however, he returned to close his life in the land of his ministry, in 1692, he paid the debt of nature, and was buried in the ancient church of Lusk. Archbishop Russell's principal residence was in the old chapel house at Francis Street, where an ancient censer is still preserved, exhibiting the inscription :—"Orate pro Patrico Russell, Archiepiscopo Dubliniæ, Primate Hiberniæ, et pro ejus fratre Jacobo Russell, Decano, Dubliniæ, et Prothonotario Apostolico, qui me fieri fecit."

We next see the old monastery occupied by the daughters of St. Dominick. The story of their coming to Dublin is given in Hardiman's "History of Galway":—

"In 1698 they (*i.e.*, the Dominican Nuns) were again dispersed. It was most deplorable, says the historian of these melancholy scenes, to witness the

cries and tears of those distressed females, by which even their very persecutors were moved to compassion. The convent was converted into a barrack, but the nuns remained secretly in town, amongst their friends, under the direction of the venerable Prioress, Julia Nolan, who was released by death from all her sufferings, in 1701, at the age of ninety years, and was succeeded by the Sub-Prioress, Maria Lynch. They were soon after obliged to quit the town altogether and seek refuge among their relations in the county, without the most distant hopes of ever being able to return. In their forlorn situation, Hugh O'Callanan, the then Provincial of the Order, having obtained permission from Dr. Edmond Byrne, titular Archbishop of Dublin, to admit them into his diocese, eight of the dispersed nuns repaired to the capital, where they arrived in March, 1717, and dwelt together in a house in Fisher's Lane, on the north side of the river (now St. Michan Street). In September following they removed to Channel Row, afterwards Brunswick Street, where they originated the Convent of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph of Dublin. The name Channel Row was given to this place in 1697, from some channel connected with the neighbouring Bradoge River, which runs through Brunswick Street."

We also learn from De Burgo that the nuns got possession of it in September, 1717. The work of the good nuns prospered. They rebuilt, previous to 1756, a greater portion of their convent, but in spite of penal enactments their community increased, as in the latter year it consisted of twenty members. The nuns immediately after getting the convent into their own hands opened a boarding school, which continued to exist from 1719 till a short time previous to the troubles of "'98." They had also lady boarders or

parlour boarders, and some very interesting names, including that of the Duchess of Tyrconnell, are connected with this old convent.

Bishop Donnelly in his "Roman Catholic Chapels in Dublin, 1749," gives the following particulars from the Egerton MS., 1772 :—

"Channel Row Nunnery has a chapel belonging to it, both which were built for Benedictine Nuns in the reign of James II., but it is now under the Dominican rule. The house is large, the chapel decent, the altar grand, well wainscotted, and adorned with pillars. The altar-piece is a painting of the Crucifixion. On one side is a picture of St. Dominick and on the other that of St. Catherine of Siena. On the altar pillars stand two small gilt images of angels, with wings expanded, each having a wax taper in his hand. The tabernacle is double gilt, about which stand six silver candlesticks on the altar, with as many artificial nosegays. Before the altar stands a silver lamp ; near it a silver branch for wax lights. Here is another altar also, called the Rosary Altar, whereon is a picture of the Blessed Virgin Mary giving the beads to St. Dominick. The sacristy is large and commodious, the pulpit neat. There are two confessionals at the lower end of the chapel. The gallery serves for a choir, and has many stalls in it, at the back of which is a very sweet organ, the gift of Mrs. Mary Bellew."

Of the church ornaments mentioned by Dr. Donnelly, the following are still preserved in the Dominican Convent, Cabra :—The altar-piece, "Crucifixion," a magnificent work of art (Van Dyke), six silver candlesticks, silver lamp (which stood before the altar), silver branch for wax lights, and the picture of the Virgin Mother giving the beads to St. Dominick.

Some short time ago, through the kindness of the Rev. Mother of St. Mary's Convent, Cabra, I had the privilege of seeing these precious heirlooms of the old Channel Row Convent.

The Dominican Nuns removed, in 1808, from Channel Row to Vernon Avenue, Clontarf, where they rented a house from Mr. Burton, and re-named it Convent House. After remaining there for a little over ten years, they removed on the 12th December, 1819, to their present Convent at Cabra.

In 1810, the Governors of the House of Industry, being in want of a Surgical Hospital, rented the Benedictine Convent and had it fitted up for an hospital. In the year 1811 it was opened and named the Richmond Surgical Hospital—called after the Duke of Richmond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, from 1807 to 1813. The old Chapel, which formerly belonged to the Convent, now forms one of the wards, and is known by the name of the Chapel Ward. The museum attached to this hospital contains 1,000 expensive drawings, and about 2,500 wax preparations. This museum is resorted to by foreigners from all parts of the world. In the year 1871 this hospital was the scene of an event which at the time was the all-absorbing subject of the day, viz., the operation which ended in the death of Talbot on the 14th July, 1871, for whose murder Kelly was tried in the October following, and acquitted. I remember the whole incidents of this case, being in the employment of the late Isaac Butt, who was leader for the defence. I had opportunities of getting to know many of the inner workings of the case for and against the Crown. The old Richmond Hospital, although still in evidence, has virtually given way to the new Richmond Hospital, which occupies the land between the Whitworth Hospital and Brunswick

Street, formerly occupied by dairy yards and manure heaps, of which I have a most lively recollection as the scene of my first duties as a dairy inspector over twenty golden years ago. About the end of the eighteenth century it was not unusual to see well-dressed beaux from the city come to view this suburban district, and several holding situations in public offices fixed their abode in Brunswick Street and Constitution Hill. You could scarcely distinguish the lower orders of the outlets of this favoured district, either in countenance or habit, from the bold and healthy peasants at twenty miles distance. Their frieze coats, woollen hats, and brogues, their brown eyes and complexions, and liquid voices proclaimed them sons of the soil. And that interesting description of females called "curds and whey women," who stood with snow-white pails and cloths at the corners of the streets to refresh the ball-wearied, or tavern penitents, on their return to their homes when day began to peep, issued from this quarter; they now appear no more. They seemed a distinct class, and differed in their costume from the ordinary inhabitants. One would suppose them a former generation who had arisen, unconscious of the changes which had taken place since their existence upon earth. Shops, factories, breweries, and dwelling-houses have long since usurped the space those worthies tenanted.

At this time the neighbourhood of the Broadstone was much infested by robbers. Orchards occupied the site of Upper Dominick Street, and some of the persons employed about them were strongly suspected of very atrocious acts—one family in the place, consisting of a father and three sons, did not bear the best reputation. Their orchard has, however, disappeared, with its mysterious pear tree, bearing dwindled fruit tinged with red, occasioned (as the

oldest inhabitant relates) by murdered persons having been interred under it. Where Royal Canal Terrace now stands was once a lonely road and an opportune place to rob and murder the farmers and their companions as they went to and returned from Dublin.

As I have already stated in previous articles, the neighbourhood was the centre of trade and traffic, consequent upon its leading to the station at Broadstone for Mullingar, before the days of the M.G.W. Railway. To us, in these days of express railway and motor car, the following is rather amusing :—

“The Picture of Dublin for 1812” thus described the Royal Canal :—

“The Royal Canal, like the Grand Canal, extends from the city to the River Shannon, and, like that, has been injured from the same cause (a too expensive establishment and jobbing). In consequence of the insolvency of the company, an Act was passed in the Imperial Parliament, which now promises to be of considerable service to the creditors and benefit to the country. The canal is now vested in the Director-General of Inland Navigation, under whose management much has already been effected and much more benefit is expected. . . . The accommodation to passengers who travel in the packet boats is certainly very respectable. The boats travel about three and a-half miles an hour and the ordinary fare on board is both reasonable and good. There are two cabins in every boat, and two separate fares. No charge is made in either cabin for a child under two years old, and only half-price for any between that age and ten. No servants in livery are to be admitted into the first cabin, and dogs, if admitted, to be paid for as passengers. No compensation is to be made to servants. A boat leaves the Royal Canal House at the Broad-

stone for Mullingar every morning at six o'clock in the summer and seven in winter, and another boat leaves Mullingar for Dublin. Rates of passage as follows :—

“DUBLIN TO MULLINGAR.”

No.	Stages.	Miles.	First Cabin.		Second Cabin.	
			s.	d.	s.	d.
1.	Clonsilla to Carhampton Bridge	6	1	3	0	10
2.	Rye Aqueduct ...	9	1	11	1	3
3.	Maynooth ...	12	2	6	1	8
4.	Kilcock ...	15	3	2	2	1
5.	Ferns, or 17th Lock	$16\frac{3}{4}$	3	6	2	4
6.	Newcastle ...	21	4	4	2	11
7.	Moyvalley Hotel	24	5	0	3	4
8.	Boyne Aqueduct	26	5	5	3	8
9.	Thomastown	33	6	10	4	2
10.	Mullingar ...	$40\frac{1}{2}$	8	4	4	10

CHAPTER X.

First Hospital in Dublin—Poor Relief in former days—The Foundling Hospital and its Founders—Dublin's First Work-house—House of Industry Hospitals—James's Street Work-house—John's Lane Chapel—The Augustinians and their Church in Thomas Street.

IN the preceding chapter I alluded to the House of Industry and its Hospitals. As we are passing away from this interesting portion of the city, we will take another snap-shot of this historic building. To assist us in our rambles we have a look through Archdale's "Monasticon," published in 1787,—which, in the present day, is most interesting reading. In the preface (said to be written by Ledwidge) to this valuable work, there are a few paragraphs which are worth republishing. Writing of the Hospitals in Ireland in connection with Monastic Institutions, he says :—"The first houses were formed for the relief of the impotent and indigent ; there were, for the most part, two or three religious placed in them, who acted as chaplains and physicians." Further on in the preface he adds :—"So rivetted is the affection of the natives, from long habit, to the monastic life, that, besides supplying our interior monasteries with brethren, enough are found to fill the National Seminaries of Rome, Spain, Portugal, France, and the Low Countries. The number of Regulars, at the time of the Revolution, in this country was above two thousand ; at this day (1785) they are not three-fourths, and still they continue to diminish, the sure consequence of civilisation and industry."

“The first hospital founded in Dublin, about the end of the 12th century, was known as the Priory of St. John the Baptist, and was situated in St. Thomas Street, without the west or new gate of the city. In 1316, on the approach of Edward Bruce, the citizens set fire to Thomas Street, so as to prevent the city from falling into his hands. The Church and Priory of St. John, with the Chapel of St. Magdalen, were consumed in the conflagration. Two years afterwards King Edward II. made a grant of lands in Ireland for a space of four years in order to assist in repairing the Hospital.

“This Hospital continued its useful and charitable existence till 22nd January, 1537, in the 35th year of King Henry VIII., when that monarch suppressed it and confiscated all its property, granting same to the Earl of Thomond, at a fine of £14 18s. 8d. At that time there was attached to the Priory an Hospital containing fifty beds for the sick. In this Hospital there were both Friars and Nuns. The vestments for the Friars of Thomas Court, for the Franciscans in Francis Street, and for the University of St. Patrick were wrought here. For their labour they had a tenth of the wool or flax which they spun assigned to them when the work was finished. The different Orders for whom they wrought did visit this house on St. John's Day, when they presented their offerings before the image of the saint, which stood in the great hall; and on the Saint's Eve the Mayor and Commons were also wont to visit them, on which a great bonfire was made before the Hospital, and many others throughout the city.”

We also learn from the “Monasticon” “that a Roman Catholic chapel was erected on the site of this priory; the ancient steeple still remains.” These meagre particulars are supplemented by the following

from the Egerton MS., 1772 :—" John's Lane Chapel, in Thomas Street, was repaired and adapted to the use of the Augustine hermits by Father Byrne, Superior of that Order in Ireland. It fell down a few years ago, but hath been rebuilt by subscription, and is one of the most regular built chapels in Dublin. The altar is wainscotted and embellished with pillars, cornices, and other decorations. The altar-piece is a painting of the Crucifixion, and on the altar stands a gilt tabernacle, twelve gilded candlesticks with large wax tapers, and with artificial nosegays. The sacristy is large and commodiously fitted up. Here are two paintings, one of St. Augustine and the other of his mother Monica. The pulpit is very neat and the confessionals in good taste, and placed under the gallery, which serves for a choir. Over the sacristy are the lodging chambers of the friars." In connection with this old chapel the following appears in "Falkiner's Dublin Journal," 2nd May, 1778 :—" On Monday night last some sacrilegious villains broke into 'the Chapel of John's Lane' in order to rob it of its most valuable utensils. They first began with rifling the altar, but the clerk, who lay in the vestry, hearing the noise, immediately got up and put his head out of the window and cried out 'Robbers!' on which the villains made off with two pixes, which happily proved to be one of pewter and the other of brass. From this and a similar robbery committed in Ashe Street Chapel a few nights ago, gentlemen who have the care of churches and chapels would do well to remove their valuable utensils, especially plate, to safer places than where they are generally lodged."

The present magnificent Church of St. Augustine, one of the glories of Catholic Dublin, is erected on a portion of the site of the old Priory of St. John the Baptist. The first stone of the new church was laid in 1862. It was solemnly dedicated in 1893.

In 1601 an attempt was made to deal with the distress, when a Poor Law Act was passed, but being framed on the same principle as some of our laws affecting Irish land of to-day, not being compulsory, it was a failure. Various plans were suggested for amelioration, but distress still continued. The vagrancy and want, mendicancy and demoralisation of the people,—the result in a great measure of mistaken policy and mischievous legislation,—continued to exist. It was not till the reign of Queen Anne in 1702 that any legal provision was made for the relief of the poor. In that year was established the earliest workhouse in Dublin. It was established pursuant to “an Act for erecting a workhouse in the City of Dublin for the employment and maintaining the poor thereof.” A donation and grant was made for its support by the Lord Mayor and Corporation as follows:—“And, whereas, the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Commons and citizens of Dublin, for the encouragement of so necessary and charitable a work, are willing, not only to appropriate a piece of ground for a workhouse within the said city, but also to endow it with lands of inheritance to the value of £100 per annum.” The lands so given were in the walled-in ground at the south-west end of James’s Street, and 14 acres of land adjoining thereto, whereon several houses were built, and are now occupied by the South Dublin Union. This place was converted afterwards into a Foundling Hospital (of which more anon). The Act in question constituted a Corporation for the maintaining and carrying on the work, but it was found necessary in 1727 to pass a new Act for the better regulating of the workhouse and its poor; a new Corporation was formed under the name of the Governors of the Poor of the City of Dublin. Statutes dealing with Foundling Children were passed in the years 1729, 1731, and 1749. The last Act was

somewhat drastic. It gave the Governors power to commit beggars and vagrants labouring under disease, and exposing their infirmities, to the workhouse, and upon the certificate of the physicians or surgeons that the disorder was dangerous or incurable, to confine them in some house in the city, or send them to the Hospital for Incurables. This Act continued in operation till 1772, when the whole system was re-cast, as in that year there were passed three Acts:—(1) The Dublin Foundling Hospital and Workhouse; (2) For the relief of poor infants deserted by their parents; and (3) For badging such poor as should be found unable to support themselves by labour and otherwise providing for them and for restraining such as should be found able to support themselves by labour or industry from begging. Under the last Act was established the Dublin House of Industry, which was to be divided into four parts—(1) One to be allotted to such poor helpless men as should be judged worthy of admission; (2) For the reception of such poor helpless women as should be judged worthy of admission; (3) For the reception of men who should be committed as vagabonds or sturdy beggars able or fit for labour; (4) For such idle, strolling, and disorderly women as should be committed and found able or fit for labour.

Provision was made in this Act for the erection of the Dublin Houses of Industry, but the allowance of ground (two roods) not being sufficient for the Corporation of the Poor of Dublin in 1787, they were empowered to take a greater area, which they did by purchasing 11 acres of ground, from North Brunswick Street on to Glasmanogue. Thus was founded the Dublin House of Industry, which consisted of the following:—(1) An Asylum for aged and infirm poor; (2) An Asylum for incurable lunatics; (3) The Bedford Asylum for the reception of children; (4) The Hard-

wick Fever Hospital ; (5) The Whitworth Hospital ; (6) The Richmond Hospital ; (7) The Talbot Dispensary—all of which, until the passing of the Poor Law Act in 1838, were in charge of the Governors of the House of Industry. In 1840 when the present Poor Law system came into operation, the principal building was converted into what we now know as the North Dublin Union Workhouse. The pauper inmates in same when the transition took place were transferred to other buildings. The poor lunatics, close upon 200, were transferred to a house near Island Bridge. No other lunatics were taken into this place, its inmates being solely those transferred from the House of Industry, the last of whom died in 1861, when the house was given back to the Royal Hospital authorities, and afterwards converted into a stable in connection with Island Bridge Cavalry Barracks.

In 1876 Mr. W. D. Wadsworth, Assistant Secretary to the Local Government Board, published a most interesting booklet, which gave a brief history of the ancient Foundling Hospital of the City of Dublin from the year 1702, in the preface of which he says :—

“ I have endeavoured to put together the skeleton of the institution and reanimate its remains . . . and it may not, perhaps, be found uninteresting to the student of Irish history and not without some claim to the attention of the antiquary and the general reader.” As the statements contained in the volume just alluded to are of such an extraordinary character, I refrain from making any remarks of my own, using Mr. Wadsworth’s own words :—“ The Foundling Hospital, Dublin, 1702.—In the report of the Local Government Board for Ireland presented to Parliament in 1875 there is a statement by the present Inspector of Foundlings to the effect that a brief

sketch of the rather remarkable history of the Dublin Foundling Hospital might not be an uninteresting or an uninstructional record, and it seems not to be inappropriate at the present time, before the remaining members of the once famous institution expire and the whole becomes one of the things that have passed away in these countries."

In a curious History of Ireland, published by one John Angel in 1781, and which claimed to be the "Compleatest History of the Present State of Ireland yet Extant," it is stated as follows in reference to the public Institutions in Dublin (page 233):—

"The Workhouse situated in James's Street is a very large building for the maintenance and education of exposed and deserted young children, who when of age are put apprentice to trades. The Governors are incorporated by charter, consisting of persons of the highest station. It is supported by Parliamentary grants, etc., and there are at present 3,000 children in the house, and at nurse, maintained at the expense of the workhouse."

John Angel simply stated the bald fact as he found it; but the rise and progress and final demolition of the establishment in question, after an existence of upwards of a century and during a remarkable period—a time of great transition in the history of Ireland—appears to demand some further record.

The Hospital gradually became one of the most gigantic baby-finding, "baby-farming," "nurse boarding out," and apprenticing institutions these countries ever saw. The objects of the institution were avowedly twofold—namely, first, to prevent "the exposure, death, and actual murder of illegitimate children," and, secondly, "to educate and rear children taken in charge by the institution in the Reformed or Protestant Faith, and thereby to strengthen and promote the Protestant interest in Ireland." Both of

these objects were, however, more or less frustrated by the operations of natural causes and effects.

“Death during the carriage of infants to the hospital, during the time they were retained there, and during the time that they were out at nurse, became so prominent a feature that it was again and again the subject of anxious inquiries and investigations.

“A sufficient number of Protestant nurses for the infants could not be found. The children were therefore located with nurses of the Catholic faith, and, gradually imbibing the religious predilections of their foster-mothers, refused when returned to the hospital to adopt the Protestant form of worship, or, if adopting it for a time, speedily relapsed into what the Governors deemed to be religious error, and they were struck off the books. Thus life was not saved in any degree commensurate with the intentions of the Legislature, nor were there so many accessions to the Protestant interests of the country as had been expected.”

The records in connection with the Hospital are most voluminous. The entries in the Minute Books from 1728 to 1829 are verified by the autographs of many men who are connected with the history of the county—viz., Abercorn and Altamont; Lanesborough and Bandon, Moira, Mornington, Newton, and “Tullamoor” are there. Notably also “Hu” Armach; John Dublin; Jonathan Swift (the Dean); J. Blaquiere, M.P.; Sir G. Ribton, Bart., Lord Mayor, 1747-8; the Right Hon. P. Crampton, Lord Mayor, 1758-9; H. Grattan; Guinness; “Tabuchau,” and La Touche.

Noble ladies were there too. There is one in particular, Lady Arabella Denny. This noble, energetic and good woman for many years devoted herself to the service of the establishment. Amongst

other things she enlarged and improved the buildings out of her own money and what she obtained from her friends, spending £4,190 19s. 2½d. on the institution—a very considerable sum in those days.

In 1730 the buildings were used exclusively for the reception of foundlings, and “a cradle or turning wheel” and a bell for taking in infants were provided at the gate for use by “day or night,” as may be seen from the following entry in the Minute Book :—

“3rd October, 1730.

“Court of Governors.

“Hu (Boulter) Armach, Primate of All-Ireland, being in the chair, ordered that a turning-wheel, or conveniency for taking in children, be provided near the gate of the workhouse ; that at any time, by day or by night, a child may be layd in it, to be taken in by the officers of the said house.”

From this date the reception of foundlings at the gate may be said to have been in full swing, and this “cradle” was but too often the preliminary coffin of thousands of wretched little beings who were consigned to its cold clasp. There is no complete enumeration of the foundlings and other children who were admitted into the hospital from first to last in the one hundred and thirty years during which it continued its operation ; but from the returns of Parliament it may be computed that, independent of the hundreds of infants who died on the road during transit, and who were exposed on the banks of the adjoining canal, and died there, or were drowned, not less than 200,000 infants passed that dread portal, the “cradle at the gate.”

The growth of the institution is thus recorded :—

1702—260 children admitted, and the number annually increased, especially after 1740.

1757—By an average taken it appears there had been 700 infants taken in yearly in the three previous years.

1796—For six years ending 1796, 12,786 infants were admitted.

1797 to 1818—In twenty-one years we find that 43,254 infants were admitted.

The very large proportion of the children admitted who shortly after admission died attracted attention on several occasions.

For five years—1791 to 1796—no less than 5,216 infants were sent to the Infirmary. A solitary one recovered. In the March quarter of 1795, of the 540 children received into the Foundling Hospital, no less a number than 440 died. In 1797 a Committee of the Irish House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the Management of the Establishment. The Report was a most damning document. The Report of the Sub-Committee gives a graphic account of what they saw when they went to inspect, and presents a picture which needs no further painting.

It appears the children were “stripped” when sent up to the Infirmary (to die), and had the old clothing that they came into the House in put on them. That they were then laid, five and six huddled and crushed together, in the receptacles called cradles, “swarming with vermin,” and they were then covered over with filthy and dirty blankets, which had been “cast” as unfit for use.

Poor little, helpless, unresisting innocents; death and reception into that place, which is declared to be the haven of peace for ever and joy “for such” as these, must have been indeed a merciful release from mundane sorrow and suffering.

The particular feature in the working of this institution, it appears, was “The Bottle.”

The Hospital Nurse deposed when examined on oath by the Committee that a medicine called significantly "The Bottle" was handed round to them all at intervals indiscriminately. She did not know what was in it, but supposed it was a "composing draught," for "the children were easy for an hour or two after taking it." The surgeon, when he did come, always asked if she had given them "The Bottle," but asked no other questions.

Discreet Surgeon! He knew well enough what the bottle was made up of, and that the children derived assistance from its contents. They were being assisted to die.

The infants, or many of them, when put into the hospital were anything but moribund. Sir John Trail, one of the sub-committee, states that whilst the committee was sitting "he had seen some of the children who were brought in at the moment, and that they were as fine children as ever he saw."

Consigned to the den above described, and fed on bread and water and "The Bottle," they soon died.

The Irish House of Commons adopted the recommendations of the Committee to reform the government of the Foundling Hospital. The new Corporation of Governors came into office in 1798, under a special Act of Parliament, and the Foundling Hospital was "reformed." The English House of Commons thirty-three years afterwards, in the year 1829, received information of similar malpractices to those already disclosed. The following figures, tell their own story:—Of 52,150 children admitted during thirty years ending January, 1826, 14,613 died in hospital while infants, 25,859 were returned as dead at nurse in the country, 730 died in the infirmary, 322 more who had been sent into the country for their health:—in all 41,524 died. The House unhesitatingly recommended the closing of the hospital;

and it was closed. Mr. Wadsworth truly says :—"It took one hundred and thirty years to convince people of the error of founding such an institution, and the failure to attain the two ostensible objects proposed, namely, saving infant life and making good Protestants; and further to prove how mischievous its effects were in a moral point of view."

LIFE IN OLD DUBLIN.



PART II.

PART II.

HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS OF
COOK STREET.

CHAPTER I.

The Street of the Cooks—Jesuit College, Back Lane—"Mass Houses" in Cook Street—Adam and Eve Chapel—Attack on "Mass House" in Cook Street—Arrest of Catholic Alderman—Banishment of the Orders from Dublin in 1629—Archbishop Bulkeley and the English Privy Council.

THE inquiry by the Local Government Board which took place in 1910, *re* the proposed Cook Street area, recalled to the mind of the student of Dublin history many interesting epochs in connection with the story of the penal days, and the struggle for the preservation of Ireland's Faith against desperate odds which was waged within the area under the purview of the Local Government Inspector. A glance at the map of Dublin, as it existed two hundred years ago, shows that within the ambit of Cook Street stood no less than four Catholic places of worship—the Franciscan, the Dominican, the Jesuit, and a Parish Church. It is a street full of historic recollections and events, many worthy of recall, found in the works of the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly,

Sir John Gilbert, W. J. Battersby, E. Evans, and others, from which I cull the following:—Cook Street was anciently known as "Le Coke Street or Vicus Cocorum," the street of the Cooks, the Dublin members of which profession were incorporated under the name of the "Guild of Cooks," or Fraternity of St. James the Apostle. The Guild possessed four Charters. Its first, dating 1444, its second Charter (1565) incorporating it with the Society of Vintners, was confirmed by James I. After amalgamation, the Coporation of Cooks and Vintners assembled at their Hall in the Eagle Tavern, Eustace Street. The Shoemakers, or the Guild of the Blessed Virgin, had their Guild Hall in Cook Street, a large stone building at the rere of the houses Nos. 21 and 22 Cook Street, built early in the eighteenth century. From the following one may learn how this trade at that period dealt with those of the body who worked for less than the standard rate of prices, as fixed by the Trade Committee. In the *Dublin Journal* of 6th June, 1768, the following appears:—

"On Monday last a poor shoemaker was carried on a pole through the streets, attended by a number of the trade apprentices, etc., telling the people as they went along that it was for working under price; but, being pursued by our vigilant sheriffs, some of the ring-leaders were lodged in Newgate, Corn Market, close to their Guild Hall. So far back as the year 1356 the name Cook Street is mentioned in deeds of assignment. On the northern side of Cook Street stood, in 1402, the city residence of the old Norman family of De Burnell. This family seemed to fill a large space in the events of the period. We learn that John Burnell was attainted and executed at Tyburn, for having been one of the principal supporters of Silken Thomas in his revolt, in 1535. Later in 1577 Henry Burnell is mentioned as being one of those who

opposed Elizabeth's levying cess upon the Pale." Sir Henry Sydney, the Governor of Ireland, writes at this date—"Burnell's father is alive, and an old man, but neither in youth nor age lived or was able to live in half that appearance that this man doth. He thirsted earnestly to see the English Government withdrawn hence." Despite this character he was appointed Justice of the Queen's Bench in 1589, but his loyalty to the powers that be was not of that nature which pleased them, for he, in 1605, then a very aged man, was committed a prisoner to his own house for having engaged in a deputation formed of the principal Roman Catholics of the Pale to petition for a remission of the religious disabilities imposed upon them. We next see the passing of the "Inns" into the hands of the stranger, when, in 1613, James I. granted to Philip Hore Burnell, Inn, Cook Street, and an orchard or garden." Sir James Carroll, King's Remembrancer to James I., and Mayor of Dublin in 1612, 1613, and 1634, had his mansion in Cook Street. In the latter year he presented to Lord Deputy Wentworth a memorial containing "propositions concerning the keeping of the streets of the Cittie of Dublin clean, and for ordering and settling the multitude of beggars in and near the cittie, and for reforming and correcting sundry other sorts of disordered persons"—problems which are awaiting solution to-day.

It is recorded that in 1623 the Privy Council of Ireland received information how many Jesuites, Fryers, and Popish Priests had come from beyond the seas and from England into this kingdom, and a list was procured of those who were then succoured in Dublin, who had their conferences at the houses of Alderman Fyan and Alderman Sir James Carroll. The names recorded in the list as mentioned are as follows :—William Malone, a Jesuit ; James Comefore, a Fryer ; Bartholomew Hamlin, a Priest ; James

Hamilton, a Scotch Fryer ; Luke Rocheford, a Priest ; Thomas Coyle, a Priest ; one Hamlin, a brother to the aforesaid Hamlin, a Fryer ; Patrick Brangan, a Priest ; one O'Donogh, a Priest ; Laurence Cheevers, a Fryer ; John Netterville, a Jesuit ; Francis Fade, a Jesuit ; one James Talbot, Vicar-General. Upon the authorities learning of the meeting in conference of the foregoing they issued a proclamation from Dublin Castle on the 24th January, 1623, for the banishing of Jesuites, Fryers, and Popish Priests out of Ireland within forty days after the date thereof. The Most Rev. Bishop Donnelly, in his introduction to the Egerton MS., gives us a glimpse as to the condition of affairs in our city in 1618. A Government return states—"The places of most public note whereunto the priests resort for Mass in Dublin are :—The Bakers' Hall, in the College, adjoining St. Audoen's Chancel ; a back room of Brown, near Newgate (at this period in Corn Market) ; a back room of Mr. Plunkett, in Bridge Street ; a back room of Nicholas Queitot's, in Bridge Street ; a back room of Carey, in High Street ; a back room of Widow O'Ragan, in High Street ; Shalton's house beyond the bridge, at the corner of the so-called Hangman Lane (Hammond Lane)."

It will be noted that all the places named are within Cook Street ambit but the last one on the list.

When Charles I. ascended the throne in 1625 there was a slight relaxation of the Penal Laws. The Discalced Order coming into Dublin about this time established themselves in Cook Street, close to the Franciscans, who had a small chapel in a laneway off that street, which was known as "Adam and Eve's," from a sign of a publichouse which stood at the corner, a name which still clings to the church of the Franciscans (St. Francis of Assisi) on Merchants' Quay. The era of toleration was soon to come to a close. In

April, 1629, a proclamation was issued "Banishing Jesuites, Fryers, and Popish Priests out of Ireland within forty days after the date thereof."

This was the prelude to the stirring times and momentous events which took place within the Cook Street area shortly after.

The following sidelights by the late Mr. Evans are of interest in connection with the Franciscan Church on Merchants' Quay, the historic Church of the Franciscans, but more popularly known as the "Church of Adam and Eve":—

This chapel was not dedicated to the names of the first parents of mankind, as the general reader would at first naturally surmise, but from the following traditional story, which we believe to be not generally known:—In the reign of Henry III. (1236), he granted a piece of ground on the southern suburb of Dublin, adjacent to the City Walls, to the Conventual Franciscans, whereon they erected a spacious church and dwellinghouse. When Henry VIII. suppressed all the monasteries he granted or sold to one Thomas Stephens for the sum of £36 6s., (or about £726 of our present money), and an annual rent of two shillings, this property. The nephew and heir of Thomas Stephens, the purchaser of the monastery, although still pretending to be a Roman Catholic, converted it into a garden, and subsequently used it as building ground, so that not the least memorial either of the church or monastery now remains. He, after pulling down the church and convent, sold the beautiful corbels, exquisitely-wrought mullions, and marble altars, in England. Thenceforth the Franciscan Friars had a precarious life in the city of Dublin until about the year 1615, when they rented a small back house at the reere of an old tavern in Cook Street, then known as the sign of Adam and Eve. The entrance to this back house was through a long,

narrow passage from Cook Street, which also served as a kind of hall-door entrance to the inn. At the period we are now writing about all alehouses, inns, etc., in the city of Dublin were licensed to sell spirituous liquors at all reasonable hours on Sundays as well as week-days, except at such hours as Divine Service in the parochial churches would have been performed. At this period, and for upwards of a century later, the Penal Laws were in full vigour against the Roman Catholics, by which they were not only prohibited from attending at their religious assemblies, but were also prohibited having chapels or other places of worship in the city, save only whatever private places they would select and have known only to their own members. Therefore, the priests or friars of the Cook Street Convent, to evade the laws that were against them, said their Masses at such hours on Sundays as would not conflict with the hours at which Protestants assembled at their respective churches, and usually had some confidential person placed at the entrance door, who would not allow any person to pass into the private chapel except those whom he knew to be Roman Catholics, and all such persons had, as a pass or countersign, to use the expression, "I am going to Adam and Eve." Hence the name still applies to the Franciscan Church till the present day. When the present church was, in 1832, erected on the site of the old one, the old tavern (Adam and Eve) was also taken down, its site forming the large courtyard and entrance enclosed with iron railings into the church from Cook Street.

Returning to the historic story of bygone days, we learn that on St. Stephen's Day, 1629, the then Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, Lancelot Bulkeley, commenced his campaign of persecution of the Roman Catholics. When in Dublin, on the pretence that the Jesuits and the Friars were infusing

sedition amongst their congregations, he applied to the Lords Justices for a warrant to seize the offenders then meeting in Cook Street. Intolerance was reigning at the Council Board in Dublin Castle, and the appeal was granted. The Bishop, accompanied by the "Maior," with a military escort, entered upon his plan of campaign. The following description of the attack on the "Mass House" in Cook Street is thus recorded, and is still in existence in the Library of the Franciscans, in Merchant's Quay :—

1629[—301], January 4[—14], Dublin.——
to ———:—

"Father: in my former letter of the 28th or 29th of December I did seirtefie you of the prosiding of our Maior and Lord Archbishopp*; which if you have not received, the manner was this, viz. :—The Maior, accompened with the Lord Archbishop, the Recorder, Mr. Johnn, and Mr. Kely, aldermen, with the Sherif, Foster, Capten Carey, and his sowlders came aboutt alawen of the clocke in to the chepell [and] the dors being fast brock open them; the chepell being full, and they redy to goe to mas; one ther comming in the pepell were in aubproare; with that the Maior pulled down the pickterr and the Lord Archbishop pulled down the pulpett; the sowlders and the pepell weare by the heres one with another, and the pickteres were all brocken and defased, and they toke within fiye sutts of vestments and one chales. There was two of the younge friors taken and putt in the custody of Bently, the Pursevant (Edward and one Barnewell), and they were reskued by the women. Our Maior and the Bushoppe coming from the Friors' howse, the country folke and some other children and sarvants pursued them, casting stones and the durt of the kenel after them, and

* *I.e.*, the Protestant Archbishop, Dr. Launcelot Bulkeley.

pursued until they were forced to go into Sim. Esmond howse in Skinner Roe, and ther staid until the Justices come from church. The Justices and the Counsel satt, and sent presently a proclamation that no mane, neither their children nor sarvant should goe abrode or stire out dores. This being done one Saterdag, Sunday they said nothing ; Monday morning all the Catholicke aldermen were sent for to the Counsell Tabell, and ther examined by poll, wherof I was the second man examined, which I will forbear to writt of, being too long to relatt. But after we were examined each of us was confined in a secret place apart. My brother James, Mr. Torner, Mr. Edward, and Robert Arthur, and Mr. Russell of Lecale were committed to the Castell ; Mr. Walter Usher and myself leaft free.

“ Tuesday following, Mr. Gooding, Mr. Mapas, and Mr. Steaphens were examined, and Mr. Gooding committed to the Marshallsie, Mr. Steaphens to the Castle, and Mr. Mapas to Sir Tadie Duff's howse in regard of his sickness. Wensday, the widow Nugent in Wine Tavern Stritt was committed with many others ; and all the Constables of Cook Stritt, Corne Market, and High Stritt comitt ; and they are all at this present in prison.”

The Council of Dublin Castle, evidently prompted by Archbishop Bulkeley, who was most indignant at the Papists defending their church and their priest, lost no time in corresponding with the Privy Council in London, who were of the same way of thinking upon such matters as his Grace. On referring to a somewhat scarce volume, entitled “ Secrets of Empire,” a supplement of the “ Cabala,” published in London, 1654, page 340, we find the following :—“ The Lords of the Council of England to the Lords of the Council in Ireland, 31 Jany., 1629—By your letters dated the ninth of January, we understand

how the seditious riot moved by the Friars and their adherents in Dublin, hath by your good order and resolution been happily suppress, and we doubt not but by this occasion you will consider how much it concerneth the good government of that kingdom, to prevent the first growing of such evils, for where such people be permitted to swarm, they will soon grow licentious, and endure no government but their own, which cannot be otherwise restored than by a due and seasonable execution of the Law, and of such directions as from time to time have been sent from his Majesty and this Board."

"This we write, not mistaking the faire course you have taken ; but to express the concurrency of our Judgments with yours, and to assure you of our assistance in all such occasions wherein for your further proceedings we have advised. And his Majesty requireth you accordingly to take order, first that the house wherein Seminary Friars appeared in their habits, and wherein the Reverend Archbishop and the Maier of Dublin received the first affront, be spedily demolished, and be the mark of terror to the resistors of authority, and that the rest of the houses erected or employed there or elsewhere to the use of suspicious societies, be converted to houses of correction, and to set the people on work, or to other publick uses, for the advancement of Justice, good Arts or Trades ; and, further, that you will use all fit meanes to discover the Founders, Benefactors, and Maintainers of such Societies and Colleges, and certifie their names, and that you will find out the Lands, Leases, or Revenues applyed to their uses, and dispose thereof according to the Law, and that you certifie also the places and institutions of all such Monasteries, Priories, Nunneries, and other Religious houses, and the names of all such persons as have put themselves

to be brothers and sisters therein, especially such as are of note, to the end such evil plants be not permitted to take root anywhere in that Kingdome, which we require you to take care of. For the supply of Munition which you have reason to desire we have taken effectual order that you shall receive it with all convenient speed, and so—(Signed) :

“The Lord Keeper, Lord Treasurer, Lord President, Lord Privy Seal, Lord High Chamberlain, Earl of Suffolk, Earl of Dorset, Earl of Salisbury, Earl of Kelly, Lord Viscount Dorchester, Lord Newbergh, Vice Chamberlaine, Mr. Secretary Cook, Sir William Alexander.”

The Mass houses or chapels then in Cook Street and its ambit were closed, as was the Jesuits' College in Back Lane, which was sequestered and given to Trinity College. The latter building was used by Cromwell as an hospital for his troops during his Irish campaign. I may add it stood near what we know in our own time as the Tailors' Hall. Before passing away from Archbishop Bulkeley, the name of Cromwell recalls two incidents worthy of note. Just forty years after his “battle” in Cook Street, “spent with grief for the calamities of the times and the sufferings of the Church,” Dr. Bulkeley departed this life at Tallaght on the 8th September, 1650, in the 82nd year of his age. The other incident is one within our own time. Centuries have passed ; the clouds of persecution have rolled by ; 247 years after the action of the Bishop in Cook Street we see the Lord Mayor of Dublin, accompanied by his citizen soldiers, with all the pomp and circumstance of State, not demolishing, but unveiling, amidst the applause of a mighty multitude, in the principal street of our city, a memorial to a son of St. Francis—Father Theobald Mathew.

CHAPTER II.

The Four Masters—Capture, Trial, and Execution of Lord Conor MacGuire—Introduction of Quakerism into Dublin.

THE Franciscan Convent of Cook Street is also associated with the glorious work of the poor Franciscan Friar, Michael O'Cleary, chief of the Four Masters, since he spent some time there transcribing old material which he found concerning the Saints of Erin. In his transcript of the lives of St. Finnen of Clonard and St. Benean, O'Cleary writes :—" The lives of Finnen and Benean and their sequel were first written by me in the Convent of the Brotherhood at Dublin out of a vellum book which I borrowed from Father Nicholas O'Casey, and I wrote the same again in the House of the Fraternity at Bun Drobhaoisi (Bundroose), 7th March, 1629. The ancient book was written by Gillaglas O'Higgin in the year of Christ, 1471."

Many may not be aware of the fact that the epoch in Ireland's history of the year 1641 is closely connected with the Historical Jottings of Cook Street. It is not within the province of this book to discuss in detail "the reason why," but simply to re-tell the story, trusting my humble attempt to revive the memory of the past may create in readers a spirit of inquiry to follow up the whole facts, of which I, of necessity, can only give an outline. This is more especially applicable to the revolt, arrest, and execution of Lord Conor MacGuire. O'Connor, in his "History of the Irish

Catholics," writing of the rising of 1641, says :—" The decision of fortune and the prerogative of victory have stamped this unsuccessful effort with the name of rebellion ; the malignity of party has blackened it with a conspiracy to massacre the Protestants, without distinction of sex or age, of birth or condition. The impartiality of history must urge that, if allegiance and protection are mutual and reciprocal duties, if the maintenance of civil and religious liberty be obligatory on every individual of the State, if self-preservation be a fair motive for resistance, the struggle of the Irish in 1641 for existence and toleration was a just and lawful exertion, warranted by the first law of nature and the original compact of society. The story of MacGuire's capture, trial, and execution is extracted from the report published by Aaron Rhames, Dublin, 1724. The information of the Sheriff of Dublin, John Woodcock, is as follows :—

" The said Examinee deposeth and saith, That he, being one of the Sheriffs of the said City of Dublin, in the Year 1641, having Notice given him in the Night, upon the 22nd of October, in the same Year, of some great Design intended, did by vertue of his Office walk up and down the City that Night ; and coming to the House of one Nevill, a Chirurgeon in Castle Street, he understood by the said Nevill, that the Lord Mac-Guire with some 10 or 12 others were there ; This Examinee told him, it was fit for his Guests to be in Bed at that Time of Night ; but the said Nevill did bring this Examinee word, that the Lord Mac-Guire and his Company were then going to Bed. The said Examinee departed, setting a Watch near his House ; by which Watch he was informed, that the said Lord Mac-Guire and the rest were goine from the House, and were at the House in Cook Street, of one Kerne, a Taylor ; Whereupon he

searched the said House, and there found some Hatchets with the Helves newly cut off close to the Hatchets, five Petronels, five or six Swords, three or four small Pistols, five or six Skeins, with other Arms of the Lord Mac-Guire's in an House of Office in the said House; in another Place divers Pole-Axes, and also behind a Hen-Roost some great Weapons with sharp Pikes of Iron in one End of them, the said Kerne affirming that he knew nothing of any of the Particulars before mentioned, nor how they came in his House. The said Examinee shewed all the said Instruments unto the said Lord Justices and Council of Ireland: and thereupon the said Lords Justices and Council, commanded Search to be made for the said Lord Mac-Guire. Upon which the said Examinee, searching narrowly for him, at last found him in a Cock-Loft, with a Cloak wrapt about him, standing by a Bed, the Door lockt upon him, there being no Key to be found; as also the Master of the House flying away, and making an Escape to the Enemy.

"On 10th February, 1644-5—his trial lasted two days—the Judge who presided was most hostile to him—MacGuire was found guilty and condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. After Judgment pronounced, the King's Counsel demanded of him, whether he would have any Ministers come to him, to prepare him for his End, and to advise him for the good of his Soul.

"Mac.—I desire none of them. But I desire I may be sent Prisoner to Newgate.

"Counsel—His Reason is, because there are some Popish Priests there.

"Judge—That cannot be. Your Judgment is to return to the Tower; where you may have Ministers (if you please) to return to advise you for your Soul.

"Mac.—I desire you, that some Gentlemen of my own Religion may have Access to me, to confer with

me; and some who are my Fellow Prisoners in the Tower, to speak with me in my Keeper's Presence.

"Judge—You must name some Body in particular.

"Mac.—I desire to confer with Mr. Walter Montague. (Belike he knew him to be a Popish Priest or Jesuit).

"Judge—You must prepare yourself to die against Saturday next.

"Mac.—I desire a Fortnights Time to prepare myself.

"Judge—This is too long a Space, and I cannot grant it; but you shall have convenient Time.

"Mac.—I desire you, that I may have three Days Notice at least, to prepare myself.

"Judge—You shall have three Days Warning, but however delay no Time to prepare yourself.

"Mac.—I desire my Execution to be altered and not according to the Judgment; and that I may not be hanged and quartered.

"Judge—This lies not in my power to grant: But here are some Members of the House of Commons in Court, and you were best address yourself to them, that they may acquaint the House with your Desires.

"Mac.—I shall desire the Gentlemen of the House of Commons, so many as are here, to move in the House in my Behalf, that I may have a Fortnights Time to prepare myself, and that the manner of my Execution may be changed.

"Sir John Clotworthy—My Lord, I have been your School-Fellow heretofore, and have found some Ingenuity in you; and I have seen some Letters of yours, importing some Remorse of Conscience in you for this Fact; and I should be glad to discern the like Ingenuity in you still; and shall move the House, that you may have some Ministers appointed to come to you; and likewise acquaint them with your other Desires.

“Then the Prisoner departing from the Bar, Mr. Pynne advising him to confer with some godly Ministers for the Good and Comfort of his Soul: He answered, that he would have none at all, unless he might have some Romish Priests of his own Religion.

“To which Mr. Pynne replied—My Lord, these Romish Priests are the chief Instruments who have advised you to plot and perpetrate those execrable Treasons for which you are now condemned, and have brought upon you that shameful Judgment of a Traytor, the Execution whereof you even now so earnestly deprecated. Since then they have proved such evil destructive Counsellours to you in your Life, you have great Reason to disclaim them with their bloody Religion, and to seek out better Advisers for you at your Death, lest you eternally lose your Soul, as well as your Life, for the Blood of those many thousand Innocents which have been shed by your Means. To which he, pausing a little, answered—That he was resolved in his Way. Whereupon another Lawyer said—My Lord, you were best to hear both sides. To which he answered, in an obstinate manner—I am settled on one side already, and therefore I desire not to confer with any other. And so departed through the Hall towards the Tower, the People crouding and running about to behold his Person.

“After the Sentence pronounced against the Lord Mac-Guire, as before said, he petitioned Parliament as followeth :—

“TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORDS AND
COMMONS NOW ASSEMBLED IN PARLIAMENT.

“The Humble Petition of the Lord Mac-Guire
Humbly sheweth,

“That your Petitioner stands condemned for his
Life, and adjudged to be drawn, hanged and quar-

tered : The Performance whereof (he humbly conceives) in some more favourable manner, will be satisfactory to Justice. And forasmuch as your Petitioner hath hitherto enjoyed the Degree and Dignity of a Lord, which he humbly conceives your Lordships are well acquainted with ;

“ In tender Consideration whereof, he desireth that your Honours would graciously be pleased, in Mercy, to mitigate the Rigour of his Sentence, and turn it to that Degree which most befits the Denomination he hath : And as he hath been looked on by the Eye of Justice in his Condemnation, so in this Particular he may be pitied, and have Mercy.

“ And he shall ever pray, etc.,

“ CORNELIUS MAC-GUIRE.

“ But this Petition was rejected by the Parliament, and on Thursday, February the 20th, he was drawn on a Sledge from the Tower through London, and so to Tyburn ; where being removed into a Cart, he kneeled and prayed a while ; After which Sheriff Gibbs spake to him, representing the heinousness of his Crimes, and the vast Number that had been murdered by that Conspiracy for which he was to suffer, and therefore exhorted him to express his Sorrow for it ; In answer to which he said—I desire Almighty God to forgive me my Sins.

“ Sheriff Gibbs—Do you believe you did well in those wicked Actions ?

“ Mac-Guire—I have but a short Time, do not trouble me.

“ Sher.—Sir, it is but just I should trouble you, that you may not be troubled for ever.

“ Mac.—I beseech you, Sir ! trouble me not, I have but a little Time to spend.

“ Sher.—Sir, I shall give you as much Time after, as you shall spend to give Satisfaction to the People ; I

do require you, as an Instrument set in God's stead here, to make an Acknowledgment to the People, whether you are sorry for what you have done or no? whether it be good or no?

"Mac.—I beseech you, do not trouble me; I am not disposed to give you an Account. Pray give me leave to pray.

"Doctor Sibbald—Give Glory to God, that your Soul may not be presented to God with the Blood of so many thousand People.

"Sher.—You are either to go to Heaven or Hell; if you make not an ingenuous Confession, your Case is desperate: Had you any Commission or no?

"Mac.—I tell you that there was no Commission that ever I saw.

"Sher.—Who were Actors or Plotters with you, or gave you any Commission?

"Mac.—For God's sake, give me leave to depart in Peace.

"Then they asked him if he had not some Pardon or Bull from the Pope for what he did. To which he only answered, I am not of the same Religion with you. And being further urged about a Bull or Pardon, said, I saw none of it: All that I knew, I delivered in my Examinations; all that I said in my Examinations are true; all that I said is right; I beseech you, let me depart in Peace; and so not returning them any Answer to their Questions, he continued mumbling over a Paper which he had in his Hand, as he had done from his first coming. The Sheriff commanded his Pockets to be searched, whether he had no Bull or Pardon about him, but they found in his Pockets only some beads and a crucifix, which were taken from him: And then Dr. Sibbald said to him—Come, my Lord, leave those and acknowledge your offence to God and the World; One drop of the Blood of Jesus Christ is able to purge away all the

heavy Load of Blood that is upon you ; it is not your *Ave Marias*, nor these things will do you any Good ; But it is *Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata Mundi*. The Lord Mac-Guire seemed not to regard his Discourse, but read out of his Paper to the People as followeth :—

“ Since I am here to die, I desire to depart with a quiet Mind, and with the marks of a good Christian, that is, asking Forgiveness first of God, and next of the World. And I do forgive (from the bottom of my Heart) all my Enemies and Offenders, even those that have an Hand in my Death. I die a Roman Catholick, and although I have been a great Sinner, yet am I now by God’s Grace, heartily sorry for all my Sins, and I do most confidently trust to be saved (not by my own Works, but only) by the Passion, Merits and Mercy of my dear Saviour Jesus Christ, into Whose Hand I commend my Soul.

“ And then added :—I beseech you, Gentlemen, let me have a little Time to say my Prayers.

“ Sher.—Sir, if you Answer ingenuously to those Questions we shall ask you, you shall have Time afterwards. Whether do you account the shedding of the Protestant Blood to be a Sin or not ? And whether do you desire Pardon of God for that Sin ?

“ Mac.—I do desire Pardon of God for all my Sins ; I cannot resolve you in anything for my Part.

“ Sher.—You can tell what your Conscience dictates to you ; Do you think it was a Sin or not ?

“ Mac.—For my part I cannot determine it.

“ Sher.—Then now it seems nothing to you to kill so many ?

“ Mac.—How do you mean killing of them ? To tell you my Mind directly, for the killing I do not know that, but I think the Irish had a just Cause for their Wars.

“ Sher.—Was there any Assault made upon you ?

Had you not entered into a Covenant? Had you not engaged by Oath your self to the King?

“Mac.—For Jesus Christ’s sake, I beseech you to give me a little Time to prepare my Self.

“Sher.—Have pity upon your own Soul.

“Mac.—For God’s sake, have pity upon me, and let me say my Prayers.

“Sher.—I say the like to you, in relation to your own Soul; Whether you think the Massacre of so many Thousand Protestants was a good Act? For Jesus Christ’s sake have pity upon your own Soul.

“Mac.—Pray let me have a little Time to say my Prayers.

“All this while his Eye was mostly upon his papers, mumbling over something out of them to himself; whereupon one of the Sheriffs demanding those papers of him, he flung them down. They were taken up and given to the Sheriff. They asked him further, whether there were not some Agreement with the Recusants here in England? Whereunto he answered—I take it upon my death, I do not know that any man knew of it; and after some other such like talk, the Sheriff bidding him prepare himself for death, he said—I do beseech all the Catholicks that are here to pray for me. I beseech God to have mercy upon my soul. And so was executed.”

I may add that Lord McMahan, MacGuire’s companion in the Tower, was, about two months previously, executed. To commemorate the capture of Lord MacGuire, in St. Audeon’s parish it was an annual custom down to the year of Catholic Emancipation, 1829, to toll the bells of St. Audeon’s Church at 12 o’clock on the night of the 22nd October, a special church service being held in the daytime. In this church, in the year 1663, Elizabeth Fletcher and Elizabeth Smith, who had just arrived in Dublin, addressed the congregation on the principles of

Quakerism, for which offence they were committed to Newgate by the Lord Mayor. After a short time they were released, and held a meeting at the house of Richard Fowkes, a tailor, near Polegate, which was the first meeting of Quakers ever held in Dublin. Cook Street was a refuge for dissenters as well as Roman Catholics. In 1673 the Rev. E. Boyse, a Nonconformist minister, conducted service at a meeting house on the northern side of Cook Street. This body continued its independence till 1787, when it united with the Strand Street congregation on the 29th May, 1787, where were used the Communion cups bequeathed in 1682 by Dr. Thomas Harrison to the Cook Street Society.

CHAPTER III.

The Dominicans in Cook Street—Rewards for Capture of Priests and Bishops—St. Audeon's Arch and Church—The Lucky Stone—The Carmelites and Father Spratt, O.C.C.

THE story of the Black Friars in Dublin since 1224 is told by Father Coleman, O.P., in his "Glimpses of Dominican History," which is a most interesting and fascinating volume. As he is an undoubted authority upon the subject, I give the facts as detailed by him. I, therefore, confine myself in this narrative to the Dominicans in Cook Street area. "For more than seventy years after the suppression of St. Saviour's (which stood on the space now occupied by the Four Courts on Inns Quay) by Henry VIII. there is no record of the Dominicans in Dublin. In 1632 we get the first glimpse of their return, when Father McGeoghegan resided in Dublin with eight other Fathers. They were located in Cook Street, and very probably on the same spot to which they went afterwards in the reign of James II., a chapel known for a long time as the Old Dominican." As already mentioned, this "Mass House" was closed in 1630. For twenty years the Catholics of Dublin suffered persecution at the hands of the Puritans—from 1640, the time of the Ulster revolt (as told in previous chapter) till the time of the Restoration, 1660. At this latter period there was a slight relaxation in the carrying out of the Penal Laws, and we learn that in 1678 the Dominicans opened a public

chapel within the ambit under review. The Dominican Fathers had just settled down to their holy work when a proclamation was issued for all Friars to leave the Kingdom, and the persecution was renewed. This policy continued for a few years, ceasing with the exposure of the Titus Oates conspiracy. In 1685, when James II. ascended the throne of England, a new spirit of toleration arose. The religious communities again appeared in the habits of their respective Orders, and many got back to their old habitations. The Dominicans succeeded in getting back to their building on Inns Quay. Their occupation of this monastery was of short duration, as James II. when he came to Dublin required this place for the holding of his Parliaments. The Dominicans had to remove to Cook Street, where they remained until after the defeat of James at the battle of the Boyne in 1689, when the various Orders were once more forced to leave Ireland. The following is "the list of Dominicans in St. Audeon's parish in 1697 :—Thomas Marshall, John Hannin, James Egan, and Christopher Farrell—all Dominican ffryers at the convent in Cook Street."

On the accession of George I. the religious Orders set about erecting "Mass Houses" in back lanes, far from the public eye. The Dominicans could not get back their house and chapel in Cook Street, as they had been transferred by them to the secular clergy, and used as the parish church of St. Audeon, being known by the name of "the Old Dominicans." It was in use as the parish church until 1846. In consequence of this, Father McEgan converted one of the houses in Bridge Street into a chapel. Though it was designated Bridge Street Chapel, it was not in that street itself, but in a court at the end of a lane leading from Bridge Street. This chapel existed for over fifty years, when it was replaced by another on

the same site. Again the floodgates of persecution were opened. On the 28th February, 1744, a proclamation was issued commanding all Magistrates, Sheriffs, etc., to search for Bishops, Priests, and Friars without distinction, and offering a reward of £150 for the capture and successful prosecution of every Archbishop and Bishop, £50 for the capture of any Priest, regular or secular; £200 for the conviction of anyone who gave a Bishop refuge in his house. The persecution period this time lasted for about a year. While it continued priests from all parts of the country came to Dublin—stables and back-rooms were once more requisitioned for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. At last the catastrophe in Dublin, when a priest and several of the congregation were crushed to death by the falling in of the floor just as he was in the act of giving the last blessing after Mass in the top story of a ruinous old house, created such a sensation and excited such sympathy among the better disposed Protestants that an effective stop was put to the persecution. On St. Patrick's Day, 1745, all public chapels and churches of the Catholics, including Bridge Street, were opened for Divine worship, and have never been closed since. One Dominican Father published in Bridge Street in 1772 a book on the Sodality of the Holy Name. Father O'Connor could not have his name in the book. The Dominican Fathers in the same year had their chapel virtually rebuilt, and remained in it till the first relaxation of the Penal Laws in 1782, when they removed to Denmark Street. The Dominican Order have been closely associated with Cook Street. The only remains of their first foundations are to be found there, as many of the stones of St. Audoen's Arch formed part of the monastery and church which stood on Inns Quay. According to Sir James Ware—"The reason why this monastery was first demolished,

Edward Bruse, the brother of Robert Bruse, King of the Scots, arrived in the North of Ireland, from whence he marched with his army until he came to Castleknock. The citizens, being sore amazed at the approach of so potent an enemy, assembled together, and, with a general muster, burned all the houses in Thomas Street, lest he should, upon his repair to Dublin, have any succour there. Robert Nottingham, then the Mayor of the City of Dublin, together with the Commons, razed down the monastery, being in those days called the Friar Preachers (their Order was of St. Dominick), for to prevent the said Bruse, lest he should find any succour there, or they would give annoyance to the south part of the city, and with the stones of the monastery they built these two gates, the gate going up to St. Audoen's Arch in Cook Street and Winetavern Gate, which since his Majesty's restoration has been pulled down by the general consent of the city, and also built a wall all along that side for the better fortification of the city." Passing up the narrow lane on the south side of Cook Street, which brings us under St. Audoen's Arch, we come to St. Audoen's or St. Owen's Church, which was founded by the Anglo-Norman settlers. This was the church in ancient days which was frequented on state occasions by the Lord Mayor and Corporation. In this church there are many curious monuments of a bygone age. In the porch of the western door lie the Earl and Countess of Porchester. The church, originally constructed by Lord Porchester, is in ruins. The late Sir Thomas Drew, writing of St. Audoen's, says :—"Of the goodly array of city churches which the piety of old times raised once and again on these ancient sites, and impiety and sacrilege as assiduously laboured to burn, pillage, and destroy, throughout every age of Irish history, but one remains in such a condition to tell us in any measure of fullness the tale

of its former greatness, the history also of departed glories, less written on its melancholy walls than that of the indignities it has endured."

In the open space attached to the church is a rude-looking stone which was held in high veneration many years ago. This was popularly known as the "Lucky Stone," the history of which is told as follows by Mr. Wakeman :—

"In the Litany of Oengus, the Culdee, written about the year 797, are invoked a whole host of foreign saints who came to live and die in Erin. The 'Lebor Brecc' mentions at one time 'Thrice fifty curachs of Roman pilgrims,' '150 pilgrims over sea,' 'Seven monks of Egypt,' etc., etc. Of course a vast number of these devout strangers would sooner or later return to their respective countries, taking with them Irish ideas of artistic culture of many kinds, and especially of such as appertained to usages in connection with the church.

"It is possibly thus that the wonderful similarity between Celtic art and that of the East, in various phases of design, originated; but be this as it may, our earliest style of Christian cross, a type, indeed, long supposed to be peculiar to Ireland, is to be found perfectly paralleled on the banks of the Nile, and in other districts of the old, old world.

"The cross carved upon the stone referred to as having been in the possession of Dr. Spratt, is of an extremely early kind in this country. The monument upon which it appears stood 'time out of mind' at the north-western angle of the tower of St. Audoen's Church. It was called by some the 'Lucky' and by others the 'Blessed' Stone. By all classes of Catholics in Dublin it was held in veneration and respect, a 'respect so great that for ages past, and up till the time of its removal (1826) all persons when passing by laid their hands upon it and invoked a

blessing through the intercession of the saint to perpetuate whose memory the stone was erected.' The name 'Lucky Stone' was applied to it chiefly by packmen and small traders, 'who believed that their success in business depended in a great measure on their making a daily visit to it, which they kissed, and thus a portion of the stone became smooth and polished.' "

Various stories were current in connection with the occasional disappearance of this wonderful and mysterious relic. It was certainly removed more than once, no person could say by what agency ; but it always, after a short absence, returned to its old position at the base of the tower. In the year 1826 the stone seemed to have been feloniously stolen and for ever lost. Twenty years passed, during which time nothing was heard of it. At length, to the wonder and delight of many of the parishioners of St. Audoen's, it was discovered in front of the newly-erected Catholic Church in High Street, where it soon attracted the attention of Dr. Spratt, who, upon learning all that was known of its history, determined, true antiquary as he was, to take steps for its preservation.

With this view he obtained permission to have it removed to the Community House in Aungier Street. There, as I have already intimated, it remained one of Dr. Spratt's antiquarian treasures. The Rev. Doctor in the meantime had applied to our great archæologist, the late Dr. Petrie, for his opinion as to the age and character of the venerable stone. In reply, with his usual courtesy, Dr. Petrie wrote as follows :—

"67 Rathmines Road,

"21st October, 1853.

"MY DEAR DR. SPRATT—In obedience to your request that I should give you my opinion re-

specting the probable antiquity of the interesting ancient stone on which a cross within a circle is sculptured, and which, till it came into your conserving custody, was to be seen near the ancient Parish Church of St. Audoen, I have no hesitation in expressing my opinion that it belongs to a class of monuments, most probably sepulchral, which are now rarely to be met with in Ireland, and which appear to me to be of a very early Christian age, and I have no doubt that this stone is much more ancient than any portion of the very old church now remaining with which it was formerly connected.—Believe me, my dear sir, most faithfully yours,

“GEORGE PETRIE.”

Dr. Spratt had intended to set up this stone, which is certainly the most ancient relic of old Dublin now known, in Prospect Cemetery, Glasnevin. He thought that in this way the relic would be kept for future ages in safety. The following inscription, which he intended to place on a pedestal by which it was to be supported, was communicated to the *Irish Builder* by a correspondent:—

“This interesting relic of remote antiquity, which, according to tradition, marked the grave of an early Irish saint, formerly stood in the ancient Parish Church of St. Audeon, Dublin, and from time immemorial was called the Blessed Stone. It was carefully preserved by the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt, of this city, and in the year 1855 presented by him to the Catholic Cemetery Board, who have erected it on this handsome and substantial pedestal.”

Dr. Spratt's intention, I need not say, was never fulfilled. He died on May 27th, 1871. His executors, according to his wish, caused the stone to be removed to Glasnevin Cemetery, where it was temporarily deposited.

When the old disused graveyard of St. Audoen's was converted into a recreation ground, the Open Spaces Committee, through Sir Charles A. Cameron, C.B., applied to the Cemeteries Committee for the stone, so that they might re-erect it, and this has been done. It stands close to the railing next to St. Audoen's Church, without any inscription on it to tell the story of its associations in past ages.

The venerated name of Father Spratt, O.C.C., brings us to the history of the Carmelites in the Cook Street area, which is briefly told. The Carmelites were expelled from their monastery in Whitefriar Street in 1534, and from that period till 1825 they were wanderers within the city, like the other Orders. They lived as best they could in the homes of the people, who gave them protection. In 1631 they opened a chapel in Cook Street, which was confiscated and closed with the other religious institutions, as already told, in the year 1629. The Carmelites lingered around this neighbourhood, as, in 1697, they had a convent in Corn Market, where they resided till 1731, when they had their convent and chapel in Ash Street, off the Coombe, whence, in 1780, they removed to Cuffe Lane. In 1825 the late Father Spratt, then Prior, purchased a narrow slip of ground in York Row, now Whitefriar Place, on which the foundation stone of the present church, Whitefriar Street, was laid in October, 1825. The church was consecrated in 1827. The church and convent since that time have been considerably enlarged, so much so that they cover all the ground on which the original monastery stood in 1534.

CHAPTER IV.

Old Wooden Houses—The Jesuits in Cook Street—Their Chapel and University—Father Austin, S.J.—His Schools and Burial Place—List of Mass Houses in St. Michael's Parish.

THE buildings in the city were considerably improved during the reign of Elizabeth, when the style known as half-timbered houses was introduced but to disappear, not a solitary one remaining, although a considerable number in a fair condition of preservation are to be found in many districts of England. The last timbered house in Dublin (the engraving of which gives one an idea of its construction) stood at the corner of Werburgh Street and Castle Street (now Mr. Roche's chandlery stores). It disappeared in 1813. Looking at the Cook Street map, my reader will note at Skipper's Lane the words, "Timber House." Harris, in his "History of Dublin," published in 1766, gives the following account of it:—"The citizens fitted up these houses in a more durable and convenient form, namely, of timber built in cage-work fashion, elegantly adorned, and covered with slates and shingles. Several of these houses erected in Queen Elizabeth's time, as well as in the reign of her successor, have subsisted till of late years, and particularly one in Cook Street (at the corner of Skipper's Lane, at the west side), which was totally demolished on the 27th July, 1745, to make room for new houses. On an oak beam carried over the door the whole length of the said house was the following inscription, cut in large capitals and a fair Roman

character, nothing damaged by time in the space of 165 years, except in one part where an upright piece of timber being mortised into it had received the drip and was somewhat rotted:—‘QUI FECISTI COELUM ET TERRAM BENEDIC DOMUM ISTAM, QUAM JOHANNES LUTREL ET JOHANA — NEI CONSTRUI FECERUNT, A.D. 1580, ET ANNO REGNI REGINAE ELIZABETHAE 22.’ (‘Thou Who madest the heavens and the earth bless this house, which John Lutrel and Joan — caused to be built in the year of Our Lord 1580, and in the 22nd year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.’)

“It is in no way improbable that John Lutrel, who was Sheriff of Dublin in conjunction with Gyles Allen in the years 1567 and 1568, was the builder of this house.

“Next door to the former lately stood a large and stately cage-work house with this inscription over the door in Roman characters:—‘ROBERT EUSTACE, AN MANNING, 1618.’ This Robert Eustace was Sheriff of the city in conjunction with Thomas Allen in the years 1608 and 1609.

“In a lane leading from Cook Street to Merchants’ Quay, called Rosemary Lane, part of the wall of an old cage-work house stands, over the door whereof, cut in timber, are two escutcheons of arms, and between them a date, 1600, with the letters E.P., which may be conjectured to stand for Emond Purcell, who two years before was Sheriff of the city, in conjunction with John Brice.” From the foregoing description one can well imagine that Cook Street was a place of some importance in bygone days. Harris, having given a most interesting sketch of timber houses in other parts of the city, adds that it may be doubted, from what has been said, whether any of their modern buildings will continue for so long a

period as some of the cage-work houses before mentioned.

Writing of brick buildings, he says :—"In the reign of James I. the inhabitants began to build their houses of lime, stone, or brick, and to cover them with slates or tiles. . . . Some of the houses built in the reign of Charles I. remain, particularly a large one in Winetavern Street, opposite to Cook Street (the front of this house was taken down and rebuilt in the year 1760), which shows some elegance in the structure, and has on the front an escutcheon, a coat of arms, on one side of which on a tablet are these letters, 'R.M.', and another tablet on the other side containing the date of the building (1641)."

The connection of the Jesuits with Cook Street dates from about the time when St. Ignatius sent his ambassadors to Ireland. This was towards the close of the reign of Henry VIII., when they laid the foundations of the Society, which struck root in Ireland, and has grown into the magnificent proportions of to-day, in spite of all efforts of fire and sword to crush it. Close upon 500 years have elapsed since Father Wolfe, of the Society of Jesus, came to Dublin. During all the eventful period of our city's life, members of the Society have been within its ambit. On referring to the map, we find a Jesuits' college situated in Cook Street. This college was evidently their first foundation, its conductor being Father Fitzsimons. Amongst those who lived and taught there was Father Edmund Campion, the author of the "History of Ireland," published by the Hibernian Press in 1809. He was executed at Tyburn, December 1st, 1581. Father Lynch, author of "Cambrensis Eversus," was attached for a short period to the collegiate staff. The imprisonment of Father Fitzsimons had a disastrous effect upon the Cook Street College, which seemed suddenly to disappear ;

but the members of the Society once more engaged in the work of education. We learn from Harris's "History of Dublin" as follows, A.D. 1629:—"The Papists erected an University in Dublin for the education of the youth of that religion, without any authority from the State, and in face of the Government." From what has already appeared in these Historical Jottings we know that the Government (at the instigation of Archbishop Bulkeley) seized all the Church friaries and colleges, and that the latter were given to Trinity College. This kindly act on the part of the authorities closed for another epoch the educational work of the Jesuits in the Cook Street area. The following interesting extract from Sir William Brereton's "Travels in Holland, England, Scotland, and Ireland—1634-1635" (edited by E. Haulkin for the Cheetham Society, 1844), records his recollections and gives us an idea of Cook Street and its environment at that time. He says (July 8, 1635):—"St. Owen's is the parish wherein my Lord Primate (Dr. Usher) was born, and here in this church doth he preach every evening, Lord's day, at 8 o'clock, whilst he is in town. I heard him upon Sabbath last—that most excellent able man and most abundantly holy gracious man that I have heard."

"July 11—We went to Sir Thos. Rotherham (who is a Privy Councillor), who used us respectfully, and he accompanied me to the Castle and showed me the Courts of Justice, which are conveniently framed and contrived, and these are very capacious. In the Star Chamber, the Chancery, the King's Bench and Common Pleas, these rooms are as useful as ours in England; but there is not such a stately structure or hall to walk in as Westminster Hall. I saw also the church which was erected by the Jesuits and made use of by them for two years.

"Then there was a college, also belonging unto them ; both these erected in Back Lane. The pulpit in this church was richly adorned with pictures, and so was the high altar. Upon either side thereof was there erected places for confession. No fastened seats were in the middle or body thereof, nor was there any chancel ; but that it might be more capacious there was a gallery erected on both sides, and at the lower end of this church, which was built in my Lord Faulkland time (1625-1629), and whereof they were disinvested when my Lord Chancellor and my Lord of Corke executed by commission the Deputy's place. This College is now annexed to the College of Dublin, called The Holy Trinity.

"We also saw St. Stephen's Hall, wherein are disposed about eighteen scholars, who are also members of this College, whereunto the hall is annexed. This for some time was a cloister for the Capuchin, who said Mass and preached in a pretty little chapel or chamber. This was likewise taken from them about that time, and now there is prayers in it twice a day. My Lord of Corke allowed £40 per annum to maintain this lecture in the Jesuits' Church, but now hath withdrawn this exhibition. In this street, which is called Bridge Street, almost opposite the hall, there died this day an Irish merchant, and as we passed by we heard either his wife or sister roaring out as tho' she were violently distracted ; this, they say, is very ordinary with the Irish, and is their custom."

In 1660 we see the Jesuits again in harness. Father Austin, born where New Street now stands, near Kevin Street—which was then known as Austin's Grounds—on the 12th April, 1717, made his profession in 1750, and ten years afterwards he opened the famous seminary in Saul's Court, off Fishamble Street, in SS. Michael and John's parish, in conjunction with Father John Murphy, and was afterwards

joined by the following Jesuit Fathers :—Betagh, Mulcaile, and Fullham. For upwards of thirty-six years Father Austin was a most powerful preacher throughout the city. Worn out by charity, zeal, and labours, he died on the 29th September, 1784, in the 66th year of his age. He was buried in St. Kevin's Churchyard, Long Lane.

Bowden in his "Tour through Ireland" (1790), printed by Corbett, Great Britain Street, in 1791, refers to Father Austin as follows :—"Curiosity led me to that Churchyard (St. Kevin's, Long Lane), where I soon discovered the monument; it is a neat and elegant obelisk, the pedestal of which bears the following inscription, which I took a copy of. It is as follows :—

" To the Memory of
REV. JOHN AUSTIN,
of the City of Dublin,
A Priest,

and, until the suppression of the Society of Jesus,
A Professed Jesuit ;

During six and thirty years
A Pious learned and indefatigable labourer,
In the Vineyard of the Lord,
Who

After deserving well
Of the rich, whom he admonished,
Of the poor, whom he relieved,
Of Youth, whom he instructed,
Of the Orphan, to whom he was a father,
Of all ranks of men,
Whom he,

By making himself all to all,
Was active in gaining to Jesus Christ,
On the 29th September, 1784,
Closed,

In the 66 Year of his age,

A life
Worn out by Apostolical labours,
By a death
Precious in the Sight of the Lord.
Religion,
Weeping for her faithful Minister,
On the 8th of December, 1786,
With grateful hand,
Erected this monument."

He continues—"I was surprised such a monument should be erected in this county to a Romish Priest, and was led to inquire relative to Austin. I was informed he was a very remarkable character in the metropolis about twelve or fourteen years ago, of extraordinary learning, and extraordinary piety—that he constantly dedicated all his acquisitions, which were very considerable, to the poor, visiting them in cellars and in the garrets; never a day happily that he did not give food to a number. The principal Roman Catholics knowing well his disposition were liberal to him, and he kept his door open to all who were in want, and, while the means lasted, was constantly on foot administering relief to innumerable poor wretches, never resting while he had a single guinea. Besides this, he was a great preacher, and injured his health by his exertions in the pulpit. He was a most affectionate son to an aged mother. She died, and he was overpowered with affliction. He never afterwards raised his head, but dropped into a second childhood. He remained in this situation nearly three years, and would have perished were it not for his brother Jesuits, Messrs. Betagh, Fullham, and Mulcaile. When he died, his friends, who neglected him on the bed of death, erected this monument to his memory."

In connection with Father Austin's monument, the

following inscription is now to be found on the north side of it :—

This monument was restored and renovated,
January, 1900.

The reasons for doing so were as follows:—During the religious disturbance in St. Kevin's, caused by the introduction of Puseyism, in which the two rival sections of St. Kevin's took part, the monument to the Rev. John Austin was considerably damaged. It was subsequently, in 1899, repaired at the expense of the parish.

The naming of the place where Father Austin sleeps recalls the martyrdom and burial of Archbishop O'Hurley, the story of which is retold in the next chapter.

On our journey through the area we arrive at Rosemary Lane. The following sidelight upon the condition of the area in 1761 is of interest and assists one to understand how stood the cause in those eventful days :—

In 1731 a committee was appointed by the House of Lords to inquire the present state of Popery in this kingdom, and to prepare such heads of bills as they shall think most proper to prevent the further growth of Popery and to secure this Kingdom (Ireland) from any dangers that may happen from the great number of Papists in this nation. The Committee ordered the Lord Mayor of Dublin to lay before their lordships an account of all the Mass houses, all private Popish chappels, nunneries, and fryereys, and all Popish schools within the city. The following is a return made by the churchwardens of St. Michael and John's :—"In obedience to yer lordships of the 4th inst., November, 1731, wee, the churchwardens of the parish of St. Michael the Archangel, in the city of Dublin, did make the strictest

search and inquiry we could, and find there are two Popish Mass houses (Franciscan, Adam and Eve, and St. Michael and John's, Rosemary Lane) in our parish, in which, we are informed and believe, about ten priests officiate, about five in each Mass house, which Mass houses (as wee are likewise informed and believe) subsisted in said parish above twenty years, excepting that about five years ago one of them, who (sic) was kept over a stable in Skipper's Lane, that was Unions, and since fallen down, was removed to Rosemary Lane, about twenty yards from the said former Mass house to another stable in our parish, which was repaired for that purpose.

"Wee further inform yer Lordships that wee know of no private Chapples, Nunnerys, or Fryerys in our said parish, nor of any Popish schools but three, two of which (as we are informed and believe) teach bookkeeping and mathematicks onely, and the other writing and arithmetick onely; which wee humbly submit to yer lordships.

"This 9th November, 1731.

"JNO. DOWLINGE,	} Church
"RICHARD SEACOMBE,	

The Prebendary of St. Michan's Report :—

"Pursuant to the within recited order of the Lords Committees, the minister of this Parish of St. Michael, Dublin, doth most humbly return two mass houses in said parish, and believe ten priests are said to officiate, as is set forth by the Church Wardens, and that besides three schools returned by the Church Wardens there are two other reading schools kept by Popish women in the said parish.

"JOHN ANTROBY,

"Minister of St. Michael's.

"Nov. 9th, 1791."

CHAPTER V.

The Trial, Tortures, and Execution of Archbishop O'Hurley—
Papal Commission preparatory to his Canonization—Father
Betagh's Schools—Old Irish Records—Old Wooden Houses
—Cook Street in '98—Cook Street Tavern—The "Black Dog."

IN the last chapter I mentioned the story of the martyrdom and burial of Archbishop O'Hurley. It would not be possible for me within the space at my disposal in this volume to go into the many interesting facts in connection with his life and times. He was born in the parish of Knocklea, in the county Limerick, in 1519. There being no schools or colleges at home, he had to go to the Continent to receive the necessary education to fit him for the sacred ministry. After his ordination he was appointed Professor at Louvain. Whilst he was at Rome the See of Cashel became vacant, and he was appointed Archbishop by GREGORY XIII., his consecration taking place on the 27th November, 1581. After a few months preparation he proceeded to Ireland. It is recorded that he appeared to have a presentiment of his sufferings, of the death, and crown of martyrdom. Bishop O'Hurley had in those penal days to travel in disguise. He sent his papers, etc., to Waterford by a Wexford sailing merchant. Accompanied by his devoted chaplain, Father Dillon, he travelled by many secret routes to avoid the spies and human bloodhounds then dogging the footsteps of persons coming into Ireland, but more especially from abroad. He landed at Skerries, from whence he proceeded to Waterford. Here a surprise awaited him. The mer-

chant's ship to Waterford had been seized by pirates. The Papal Bulls, letters, etc., were seized, and were produced in evidence against him later at Dublin Castle. At Waterford Father Dillon was recognised, captured, and cast into prison, but Dr. O'Hurley managed to evade the spy. He got on to Slane, thence to Carrick-on-Suir, where he was welcomed by the Earl of Ormond at his castle. The Government authorities in Dublin in the meantime learning that the Archbishop had been at Slane had the Baron of that place summoned to Dublin to account for the presence of the stranger, and intimated that strong action would be taken unless he delivered up his guest to them. This noble Baron proceeded forthwith to Carrick, and seized the Archbishop, who was at once put in chains, and led off to Kilkenny. After a few days he was brought to Dublin. His sufferings on the road were intense. Every indignity and hardship possible were inflicted upon him. Arriving in the city he was taken at once to the Castle, and brought before Loftus, the English pervert, who was at that time Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, and Sir Henry Wallop, for examination. Being asked if he was a priest he answered yes, and added moreover he was an Archbishop. After his examination he was closely confined in one of the dungeons in the Birmingham Tower, and kept in chains till the Holy Thursday of the following year. After a series of examinations no crime was discovered against him, and as he could not be transferred to England, Sir Henry Wallop determined to subject the Archbishop to torture called the "Boots," in the hope that if he could not extort a confession from him he might force him to abjure his faith. Of this torture the historian Stanihurst writes:—"In the Castle Yard, before the officials of the Government, the executioner placed the Archbishop's feet and calves in tin boots filled with

oil. They then fastened his feet in wooden shackles or stocks, and placed fire under them. The boiling oil so penetrated the feet and legs that morsels of skin and flesh fell off and left the bones bare. During all his agony the Archbishop gave not a cry, his only expression being 'Jesus, Son of David, have mercy upon me.' No torture could wring any confession from him. At last, exhausted, he lay on the ground. The head executioner feared he had exceeded his orders, and had him carefully removed back to prison, where he was visited by a member of the Jesuit Order, Father McMorris, who gave relief to the Archbishop, so much so that at the end of a fortnight he was enabled to sit up in bed." The two worthies I have already mentioned, Loftus and Wallop, were about to quit office in the Castle, and Sir John Perrot was to rule instead. He was to receive the Sword of State on Sunday the Feast of the Holy Trinity. They, thinking that influence from the Ormondes would prevail and save Dr. O'Hurley, determined to vent their hatred against the Archbishop. In order to deprive him of any such chance, he was tried by courtmartial and condemned to death. Archbishop Loftus tells the story in his official report to Sir F. Walshingham, 7th March, 1583, from which the following is an extract:—"We thought it meet, according to our direction, to proceed with him by courtmartial, and for our farewell, two days before we delivered over the sword, being the 19th June, we gave warrant to the KNIGHT MARSHAL, in his Majesty's name, to do execution on him (O'Hurley), which accordingly was performed, and thereby the realm well rid of a most pestilent member, who was in an assured expectation of some means to be wrought for his enlargement, if he might have found that favour to have had his time prolonged to the end of our Government. This occurred on 25th June, 1581,

the Friday preceding the installation of Perrot. The Archbishop was drawn on a hurdle through the Castle garden. He was taken away from the Castle without any noise. Only two townsmen met him as he was on his way to the place of execution. These and a friend of his also accompanied him. The martyr was hanged in St. Stephen's Green, then outside the city. The Green was then an osiery, and in order to prolong his agony his three executioners hanged him with a rope made of twigs. The site of the scaffold was, according to tradition, where Fitzwilliam Street crosses Baggot Street, where executions took place up to a comparatively late date. This place was known as Gallows Road in 1756. Mr. William Fitzsimons, the friend who had accompanied the Archbishop, had the remains of the martyr enclosed in a coffin (it having been thrown into a trench made under the gallows), and reinterred them, when the shades of night had fallen, in the old burial ground of St. Kevin's, in Camden Row, near the Meath Hospital. For many years afterwards the pious people of Dublin made pilgrimages to his grave, but persecutions setting in, those who knew the secret died out, and after a lapse of time the grave of the martyr was forgotten, but it will yet be rediscovered (as was that of St. Francis at Assisi, which was unknown for a period of 150 years), when it will be justly venerated, as it was in the days of old, by the people of Dublin. The following interesting reference to the Martyr Bishop is made in Burke's History of the Irish Lord Chancellors, published in 1879:—"The bones of Archbishop O'Hurley were interred in St. Kevin's Churchyard, Dublin. Multitudes of pilgrims have for three centuries thronged to his tomb, which the fancy, perhaps the superstition, of the people clothed with many legends. One is, that on dark and tempestuous nights, the spectre of the

murdered Archbishop, arrayed in mourning and gory vestments, is to be seen reading the Canon of the Mass by sickly lights, on a phantom altar raised over his grave, but when he comes to the raising of the Host, the lights are out, and the altar is gone." Before passing away from this now neglected and somewhat unknown graveyard, let me add a few items of more than ordinary interest. In 1784 the celebrated Jesuit, Father Austin, was interred here, and we may presume it was near to the grave of Archbishop O'Hurley, as the position of his grave was then probably known. We next find a Jesuit Father doing justice to the memory of the Archbishop, when the late Rev. Denis Murphy left on record the documents and recalled the many incidents connected with his martyrdom, in his most valuable volume, entitled "Our Martyrs." Following up this noble work, we see also the late Rev. Father Conmee, S.J., at Rome, he being selected as the bearer of the work of the Commission which had deliberated in Dublin, the prayer of which was that the name of Archbishop O'Hurley be placed upon the roll of Ireland's martyr saints.

This Commission, appointed by his Holiness Pope Pius X. on 6th August, 1906, sat in Dublin, under the presidency of his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, investigating the names and claims of those who suffered martyrdom for the Faith in Ireland in centuries gone by. Amongst those from Dublin whose names, I modestly presume, have been inscribed on the glorious martyrology roll is that of the Most Rev. Dermot O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel.

Returning once more to the Cook Street area, we come to Rosemary Lane. This place had a variety of names. In 1403 it is styled in a lease as "Lovestokes Lane," which was subsequently changed into "Longstick Lane" and "Woodstock Lane."

In the seventeenth century it was known as now—"Rosemary Lane." We learn from Gilbert that on the western side of Rosemary Lane was a large building used for a considerable period as a Roman Catholic chapel of the parishes of SS. Michael and John, which in the reign of CHARLES I. was placed under the care of Father Coyle, who was succeeded in 1628 by Father Brangan. A Government report states that "There is one Mass-house in St. Michael's parish, which stands at the back side of Mr. George Taylor's house; it is partly within the walls; the Recusants of that parish, and of the parishes adjoining, resort thither commonly; the priest that saith Mass there, and is commonly called the priest of the parish, is named Patrick Brangan. The parishioners of St. John's Parish that are Recusants (adds the report) frequent the above-named Mass-house, and have the same man for their priest." Attached to this church were many worthy priests, but pre-eminent amongst them was the Rev. Dr. Betagh, a native of Kells, County Meath, whose parents placed him at a very early age under the care of Father Austin, S.J. In 1755 he was sent to the University of Pont-a-Mouson, in Lorraine, joined the novitiate, and in due time received priesthood. Returning to Ireland in 1769, he received his degree of a professed Father in 1773, and made his solemn profession in the hand of Father John Ward, the last Superior of the Irish Mission before its dissolution. When the suppression of his ever-beloved Society took place he attached himself to his former teachers, Fathers Austin, Mulcaile, and Fullham. With them for years he assisted the secular clergy, and acted as curate, and succeeded the Rev. Father Field as P.P. Here in the old chapel of Rosemary Lane, on the site of the present Franciscan Church, his preaching, teaching, and administrations sustained the Faith.

In addition to the Seminary in Saul's Court, off Fishamble Street, where the sons of the more respectable classes intended for the priesthood, like the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Dr. Yore, and numbers of others were educated, and from which they were sent on to Stoneyhurst College—amongst the lay pupils may be named O'Keeffe, the celebrated actor—Dr. Betagh established in Schoolhouse Lane, then in Skinner's Row, next in Hoyer's Court, and finally in Smock Alley (now Essex Street, West), evening, day, and Sunday schools, the last remaining still in existence. Dr. Blake thus writes of Father Betagh:—"Look at the man who at the age of seventy-three would sit down in a cold, damp cellar every night to hear the lessons of these children, and contrive to clothe forty of the most destitute of them every year at his own expense." The old chapel in Rosemary Lane was falling into a ruinous state. Towards the end of 1810 was laid the foundation-stone of the new Church of SS. Michael and John in Exchange Street, which was partially opened on Christmas Day, 1813. We glean from Bishop Donnelly's booklet the following interesting facts:—"The church was run up principally by the volunteer work of Dublin tradesmen, who worked at the church in their aftertime. In 1818 a bell (at present in use) was set up in the belfry, the first in any Catholic church since the Reformation. As this was against the Penal Laws, Alderman Carleton, of Castle Street, instituted legal proceedings to silence the bell, but the clergy of the church were defended by DANIEL O'CONNELL, and the prosecution, at the suggestion of the Attorney-General, was withdrawn."

After a successful mission of nearly fifty years Dr. Betagh died on the 16th February, 1811. The following record appears in the *Hibernian Magazine* for February, 1811:—

“At his residence, 80 Cook Street, died on Saturday night, February 16th, about twelve o'clock, in the 74th year of his age, the Rev. Dr. Betagh, V.G.”

His funeral took place on the following Tuesday, and was attended by over 20,000 persons. His remains were interred in the Jesuits' vaults in Old St. Michan's, Church Street. About 1822 they were removed to the vault of his own church, SS. Michael and John, under the High Altar. A monument executed by Turnerelli was first placed in Rosemary Lane Chapel after his demise. In October 1815, it was re-erected in the new church, Lower Exchange Street, where it is to be seen to-day.

Fathers Austin and Betagh had their school in a most appropriately named place—viz., Schoolhouse Lane, off Cook Street. If we wander down that narrow passage from High Street to Cook Street we will notice that its width is only about nine feet. We in so doing will scarcely realise the fact that in this laneway were at one time kept some of the most important records in connection with Ireland's chequered history. Early in the eighteenth century the Government authorities awakened to their responsibility for preserving the country's records, and in order to achieve that object the Irish House of Lords, on the 30th November, 1739, appointed a Committee to “inspect the records of Ireland, and report in what manner same are now kept.”

The Committee reported that they visited the various places in which the records were housed. They gave a detailed description of each place inspected by them. Those details I hope to examine in some future paper. The portion of the report which calls for attention just now deals with the place situated within the Cook Street area, which was as follows:—

“The King's Bench Office is in Schoolhouse Lane, one of the narrowest in the City of Dublin. The

Clerk informed the Lords Committee that about two years ago a fire broke out very near the office, which gave them great alarm, and there is now an old cage workhouse within so small a distance as to make its situation very dangerous. In this office are kept outlawries and attainders, those particularly of Papists, on account of the rebellions of 1643 and 1688. If these should be burned, the Lords Committee fear that the Protestant possessors would at best be exposed to vexatious law suits to defend and establish their titles to many forfeited estates.

"The Prothonotary of the Common Pleas has his office in Winetavern Street. An old cage workhouse, now an ale house, joins it at one side, and the beams of the house on the other are lodged in the walls of the office. At the back there is a yard of about ten feet square, entirely surrounded by houses, in any of which, or the office itself, if a fire should break out, it would be scarce possible to use proper means to preserve either houses or records."

Near to this place in Cook Street was the residence of Sir James Carroll, King's Remembrancer to James I., and Mayor of Dublin in 1612, 1615, and 1634. We also glean from Gilbert that a century later it was the residence of another Mayor of the city, Sir Anthony King, an eccentric brazer, who was Lord Mayor in 1778, and was knighted while Sheriff for capturing a felon (escaping from Newgate), whom he pursued through the subterranean and noisome recesses of the Poddle River. One hundred and fifty years ago a considerable section of what we term the outer portion of Cook Street area was transformed into the condition we see it in to-day. In Corn Market we see the Bull Ring and Newgate Prison. In the latter was confined the Most Rev. Archbishop Oliver Plunkett. He was confined in this jail from

December, 1679, till October, 1680, when he was removed to London to be "tried." He was arraigned at the King's Bench on the 8th June, 1681, and, being found guilty, was executed at Tyburn on the 1st July, 1681. When John Wesley visited Ireland in 1747 he preached to the prisoners in Newgate. Speaking of one of his visits to the jail, he says:—

"I preached in Newgate, at two, in the Common Hall, the jailor refusing us the room where we used to preach; but that is not the worst. I am afraid Our Lord refuses his blessing to this place; all the seed seems to fall to the wayside. I see no fruit of our labours." In 1767, the jail getting into a bad condition and not large enough for the prisoners usually confined there, steps were at last taken for the erection of a new jail, which was built on the north side of the city, and was known as the New Prison in Green Street, which was opened in September, 1780. This building was supposed to be an improvement on Newgate, but after a short period it became as bad, if not worse, and the Green Street Prison was closed over forty years ago. In connection with Corn Market and its prison the following memoranda, extracted from Austin Cooper's "*Manuscript History of the County of Dublin*," by William Domville Handcock, is somewhat interesting:—

"1782, August 6th—Passing through Cook Street I perceived that the low wooden houses on the west side of St. Audeon's Arch had been pulled down last January. They are now building on the site of them.

"1782, August 8th—Passing under Newgate*

* Newgate, the old city prison, was built in a square form and had a tower at each angle, with a gateway between, through which the traffic and other communication was carried, and was the only entrance to and from the city on the west.

(Corn Market) I observed that they had just begun to pull it down. I paid many visits since which enabled one to make the following observations :— Mr. Harris, in his 'History of Dublin,' tells us it consisted of four towers, and upon being repaired at the time of the usurpation the two towers next the city were thrown down. In this particular I must differ with him, as by the annexed sketch, which I took when it was pulling down, it plainly appears that there was but one tower taken down, which was that at the west corner, and by making a regular front on that side and carrying the wall in a direct line before the opposite tower a small apartment was gained at A, which latterly was the guard room, and the only entry. A few years ago the guard room was between the two towers at B. About the year — a footway was opened at the east side and carried through the south tower at C, which causes the ground floor to be let for a shop, being on a line with the adjoining houses, as it was cut off from the other parts, but immediately over the shop the cell for condemned felons was kept. I was much surprised to find that the walls of so old and durable a building, which would ever resist the effects of time, were only four feet thick—a proof of its antiquity and good workmanship. In October, 1780, they began to pull it down, but stopped. For some time after it was used as a prison for female nocturnal strollers, who were taken up by the parish associations, then newly formed.

"1782, Oct. 7—Passing through Thomas Street, I found they had in the course of the former week pulled down the range of old wooden houses at the corner of Mace Lane, generally called pest houses. There were five of them, and of but two storeys high. They have been in a ruinous and tottering state for some time past. The following are the remaining

wooden houses in the city :—Two in Corn Market, two in Back Lane, one in Patrick Street, one at Werburgh Street and Castle Street corner, two on Coal Quay, one at the corner of Trinity Street, one at the Old Crane, and one in Boot Lane. Total, 11."

The story of '98 is interwoven with that of Cook Street. In one of the taverns in this street, known as the "Struggler," were held the meetings of the United Irishmen. Many a time and oft was the figure of Lord Edward Fitzgerald seen when on his way to this place of meeting of the revolutionary conclave. In the adjoining street (Bridge Street) was the central place of the movement. It was here, by the seizure of the Directory at Oliver Bond's house on the 12th March, 1798, that the Government struck their deadly blow at the organisation of the United Irishmen.

Amongst its other attractions Cook Street in 1750 had its cockpit, this being situated in one of the taverns, of which there were a number in the street, viz., "The Sign of the Harp," "Old Robin Hood," "The Sun," "Baggot's Tavern," "The Ship Tavern," and "The New Struggler," which was run in opposition to the "Struggler" tavern already referred to.

Cook Street in the eighteenth century was the "hub" of the Catholic printers then in the city of Dublin, who "spread the light" in face of desperate odds and dangers. The following clause from one of the penal laws passed in the reign of James I. will more fully convey what I mean in this latter respect :—

"Stat. III., Jac., cap. V."

Whoever imports prints, buys, or sells any Popish books written in English, forfeits forty shillings for every book.

The first Popish printer was but a poor man; his name was Henry Lord. From his house, known as the Angel and Bible, in 1750, were issued a number of tracts and booklets in favour of Catholic Emancipation. He also published in 1755 Charles O'Connor's "Case of the Roman Catholics." Patrick Byrn was another printer who did good work. He commenced in 1766, and was located at the corner of Keyser's Lane. He published "Henry VIII.'s Defence of the Seven Sacraments," the title-page of which volume I give. These printers, I believe, were the first in the penal days to issue "Popish" books with their names on the title-pages. In later years John Grace had his printing-office at 70 Cook Street, whence he sent forth volumes which can bear comparison with the work of the Dublin printers of to-day.

The Corn Market in days gone by was one of the most important localities in the city, most of the principal city merchants having their residences close by. At the western end of Keyser's Lane, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was the building, afterwards known as the New Hall, which was later used as a meat market. This market was closed in 1790. Its site is now occupied by the houses on the eastern side of Upper Bridge Street. The Corn Market of the city was removed to Thomas Street in 1727. One of the interesting associations is that of Browne's Castle, which stood close to Cook Street, between Wormwood Gate and Newgate. It was named Browne's Castle from its proprietor, Richard Browne, who was Mayor for the years 1614, 1615, and 1620. He kept his Mayoralty in this building, in the back room of which the proscribed priests used to celebrate Mass privately in the reign of James I. This castle was afterwards converted into an inn known as the "Black Dog," from the sign of a Talbot or hound. Barton, the owner of the inn, was com-

mitted by the Irish House of Lords in 1661, for saying to some of his customers that "the Earl of Drogheda was a cheating knave, and he thought all the Lords of Ireland were no better." In the early portion of the eighteenth century the "Black Dog" was used as the Marshalsea Prison of the Sheriff of the City of Dublin. In 1783 Sir James Fitzpatrick, M.D., wrote :—

"The 'Black Dog' in the City of Dublin is in an unwholesome situation in New Hall Market, surrounded with every exhalation necessary to promote putrefaction." His description of the abuses which he saw is appalling. The "Black Dog" continued in use till 1796. When the erection of the Sheriff's Prison in Green Street (now the Police Barracks) was completed, it was closed.

In concluding our rambles around the Cook Street area, we must not forget Napper Tandy, who, in his early years, carried on the business of an Ironmonger at 21 Cornmarket. In consequence of the re-numbering of the houses it is somewhat difficult to locate 21 positively, but I am of opinion it would be about where Mr. Doyle's provision store now stands. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, when on his keeping, lay for some days at the house next door, No. 22, then owned by a draper named Gleeson. All sides of this neighbourhood are full of historical associations which are worth revival. In concluding my simple papers, which I have presumed to call "Historical Associations of Cook Street," let me say, in the words of Montaigne : "I have here made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them."

AN "OLD RESIDENT'S" RECOLLECTIONS.

A lady writes to us [*Evening Telegraph*] as follows in regard to our article of last Saturday on "The Historical Associations of Cook Street," by Mr. James Collins:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING TELEGRAPH.

DEAR SIR—In reference to your remark in Saturday's *Telegraph*, I beg to state I remember having played amongst the ruins of the Seminary referred to. It stood between Pembroke Court and the entrance to Labour Yard—at that time Saul's Court, at present Lord Edward Street. I would like to remind you of an old graveyard in John's Lane, Fishamble Street. I remember when very young having been shown a certain grave in the centre, and told by a very old woman that the remains of the Rev. Father Murray were interred there. She also told me he died a martyr in the penal days. How true this statement is I cannot certify, but a visit to it may bring other items of interest under the notice of others who are interested. Entrance at any time by first hall door in John's Lane. I also remember Dr. Betagh's School in Smock Alley, having been taught my first lessons there, and transferred to Essex Street, where they are at present. The old school was held in a lane between 5 and 6 Smock Alley, now Essex Street. At present one of the teachers transferred from Smock Alley School is teaching in the present school, Miss Tiernan by name. An old woman, at present living in High Street, opposite Keogh's, would be able to give you some better information about Fishamble Street and Saul's Court, name, Mrs. Burgess, High Street. At present there is a very old and true bust of Dr. Betagh for sale in a Church Street broker's shop. Trusting you will pardon my remarks.

AN OLD RESIDENT.

PART III.



LIFE IN OLD DUBLIN.

PART III.

THREE CENTURIES OF DUBLIN PRINTING.

First Book printed in Dublin—Printing in Dublin before and after the Union—Old Magazines and Newspapers—Belfast and Provincial Printers—Old Historic Printers and their Habitations—Printers' Charter Song—The Foundation and Work of the Typographical Provident Society.

ON Saturday (20th November, 1909) a banquet was given in the D.B.C. Restaurant, Lower O'Connell Street, Dublin, under the auspices of the Dublin Typographical Provident Society, in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the organisation.

The following centennial address was delivered by Mr. Collins on the occasion :—

I desire to thank the members of the Centennial Celebration Committee for the honour of being associated with this evening's celebration in connection with a society which is so closely allied with the fortunes, and, I may add, misfortunes of our country. The history of the Dublin Printing Trade is a most interesting and fascinating one, and to do the subject

justice it requires the essentials which are unfortunately absent this evening. In the first instance it needs one more eloquent and more familiar with the technical details of the printing trade than I am ; secondly, it requires a longer period than thirty minutes within which one has to narrate the story of the hundred years—1809 to 1909. However, I will do my best within the allotted span, and presume to give you what I may term tabloid views of that century. By way of preface I wish publicly to thank Mr. Dix, the historian of early Dublin printing, for his kindness in loaning me for your inspection this evening some examples of early Dublin printing. I have secured specimens for 1609, 1709, and 1809, to cover three centuries. The first volume, 1609, is the Book of Common Prayer in Irish ; the translation of this into Irish, with the exception of the psalms, is by Dr. O'Donnell. The psalms were translated by John O'Kiernan. This was the fourth book printed from the Irish fount of type sent over by Queen Elizabeth in 1571. The book was printed by John Franck or Frampton, in this city. 1709, specimens of Grierson and Rahams ; 1760, prayer book printed in the Cloyster (Inns Quay) ; that of 1809 by the Hibernian Press, Dublin. To return to our immediate subject, and coming down to somewhat latter-day times, we take a snapshot view of the position of the Irish printing trade a few years before the founding of the society whose centenary we celebrate this evening. A writer, describing its condition about the year 1800, says :—"When Dublin possessed a Parliament it had also a Press of its own. Its Acts and debates awakened the literature of the Law and the University, and party views and political interests excited the attention of and imparted a literary impulse to the public. . . . As the copyright of books was confined to Great Britain, the reprinting of smaller

and cheaper editions became a considerable branch of trade in Dublin, and many works, respectable for their execution and correctness, thus republished, were exported to America and to other countries. Whilst the Act of Union was still pending, application was made by petition to the Irish Parliament to secure a continuance of that right so advantageous to the Irish Press ; by the neglect or mismanagement of those who were to conduct the petition, it was lost, and nothing was effected."

"Meanwhile the English printers, availing themselves immediately and effectively of the Act of Union, under the plausible pretence of securing to the Irish publisher the benefit of the Copyright Act, the English Act was extended to Ireland, which secured a nominal right that they well knew would be wholly unavailable in those days, with the trade at London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh in opposition to that of Dublin." A passing glance at the figures recording the condition of Dublin printing in 1800 is of interest. At that time there were in the city four newspapers, three monthly magazines, and no less than thirty-nine master printers with working establishments.

On turning to Gilbert's "History of Dublin" we find the following reference to the Dublin Printing Trade:—"After the restoration," he writes, "the number of printers in Dublin rapidly increased, and in the middle of the last century the city could boast of many respectable and wealthy printers, but since the Union the amount of works printed in the metropolis of Ireland has decreased by about 80 per cent. This statement is verified by the figures of 1809. There was a decrease in the number of master printers by nine, there being only thirty offices returned in the Directory of that year. About this period the principal books printed in Ireland were

known as sixpenny books, sometimes called Burton Books (from publisher). As a general rule these were of a very light character. The number of volumes sold was enormous. It is stated four booksellers in the city used to deal exclusively in them, publishing an average of 50,000 in addition to the Dublin work; in Cork and Limerick presses were employed at no other work; it is calculated that over 300,000 copies were annually printed and circulated." Such being the condition of affairs, one can fully understand how essential it was for the craftsmen of the time to bind themselves together, as they did, by forming the society in 1809, for their mutual protection and assistance; and when we of to-day review their early efforts and far-reaching work, we should never lose sight of the all-important factor—how dangerous it was at that time to form a "combination," or association, a thing as hateful then to the powers that be as was that of a "trades union" to many in our own day. The next tabloid view we get of the printing trade in the city is thus described by a writer in 1815, who says:—"The trade is confined to devotional and moral tracts, printing handbills and playbills; to some half-dozen newspapers and one or two magazines. There was no encouragement for literary exertion in the Irish metropolis, because the cautious Dublin bookseller will run no risk in publishing an original work, however great its merit. It must first appear in England or not at all." And when one looks up the list of books produced in Dublin about that period, he can easily see the stagnation in the printing trade in the early days of the nineteenth century. As it was said of the work which was produced in Dublin in the days of the Irish Parliament that party views and political interests excited public attention and imparted a literary impulse, history repeats itself,

and this fillip was undoubtedly given in the formation and operations of the various religious and political movements which came into existence about the year 1820, at which time the Dublin printing trade "arose from its ashes."

A new spirit seemed to come into being in all parts of the country—the magic Press was at work, Cork, Waterford, Belfast, Limerick, Tralee, Newry, Galway, and many other towns joining in sending forth their quota to the development which had been set rolling. The first Census which gives us a definite landmark to guide us as to the pulse of the city trade is that of the year 1831, and tells us that the number of printers then in Dublin was 429, including masters. The onward movement was active in our city, as we find that in the five years, 1830 to 1835, its influence was so strong that no less than twenty magazines were published. Some, I regret to add, had a short existence. Amongst those which call for a more than passing reference is the *Dublin Penny Journal*, the owners of which, in 1833, introduced steam machining for the printing of their paper. In summing up the state of the printing business in Dublin in 1833 the editor writes as follows:—"When the *Dublin Penny Journal* first came into our hands our printing machine had not been set to work. It was the first and only machine of its kind which had been introduced into Ireland. A prejudice existed against it by the workmen. It is but justice, however, to say for them, although many of them at first considered it would deprive them to a certain extent of accustomed labour, there was not at any time the slightest attempt made to injure the machine or prevent its working." These remarks with reference to the printing machine of '33 aptly apply to the Lino. and Mono. of to-day. Other observations of a most interesting nature are contained in the number which I

hold in my hand ; it also gives views of the case, press, machine room, and foundry of a Dublin office seventy-five years ago. What a change in the same departments nowadays ! From an article in the same journal of March, 1833, I cull the following :—
“ Now, justice compels us to say that the only town in Ireland which has kept any pace with the literary stir of the last thirty years is the spirited town of Belfast. In the way of book printing, until lately, Dublin has been woefully behind, when considered as the metropolis of the kingdom.

“ There are doubtless old-established and enterprising booksellers in the city ; yet from whatever cause it arose there was never anything produced which could be at all compared with the London and Edinburgh productions until within the last few years during which Mr. Cummings and the Messrs. Curry and others have set a praiseworthy example of energy and spirit. Of the other towns in Ireland, Cork is spirited and contains an intelligent and reading population. The same remark applies to Limerick. But neither Limerick nor Cork nor Waterford can compare to Belfast. We intend nothing invidious by the comparison—we wish to excite emulation. We would like to see printing offices as numerous in every town in Ireland as in England.” The writer next alludes to the want of a type foundry in Ireland. The article concludes as follows :—

“ A great change has been manifesting itself of late and which is rapidly progressing. There is more literary energy in Dublin at present than has been at any former period, and we trust the day is not far distant when the reproach of mental impotence will be wiped away and the character of our countrymen be, that they are not merely acute, but informed, not merely imaginative, holy, witty, and droll, but intellectual, manly, tasteful, refined.” Thank God, the

day foreshadowed by the writer did come and has not yet passed away. As the writer referred to Belfast as a centre of printing trades, through the kindness of a friend I have here a few notes as to the printing trade of Belfast some seventy or eighty years ago.

James Blow printed a Bible known in the North of Ireland as "Blow's Bible," and Simms and McIntyre printed the Douay Bible by authority of Bishop Denvir. The latter firm published in Belfast "The Parlour Library," printed on platen machines with frisket, a hand press, and not much faster than a hand press. Simms and McIntyre's Douay Bible, plates of Bible, "Parlour Library," business, etc., were sold to Messrs. Dobson, London, sixty or seventy years ago, which firm republished them for many years after.

Messrs. Archer had a paper-mill at Carnanee, and a Mr. Johnston, grandfather of Mr. Thomas Johnston of Adair's, had a paper-mill at Boghead, near Antrim, and supplied Simms and M'Intyre with paper. Owing to the heavy duty on paper, smuggling was prevalent. There was no Antrim road then, such as now, and the way was over the mountain about Ligoniel—paper and carrier were often seized by the Excisemen.

Printers retained the wrapper with the Excise mark or stamp, and sent it back to the mill in order to have it again filled with paper to escape payment of duty.

Mr. Joy, then proprietor of the *News Letter*, had his paper-mill at the head of Joy Street, where the latter thoroughfare joined the Paper Mill Bridge on the Blackstaff. When wages were raised to £1 per week, Jemmy Reid (known as "Cork Reid," who had afterwards a printing office at the corner of Waring Street), on receiving his first pound, flourished the note round his head on leaving the workshop.

Fifty-five or sixty years ago newsvenders lent the papers at a penny an hour.

A compositor of the old school used to set up an Almanac entitled "Poor Robin's Remarks," or "Old Robin's Remarks," which foretold the weather, etc., and the boy who assisted him would say, "Jack, what will I put in for March?"

Rapidly travelling along the road of time, we find from the Dublin Census of the year 1841, there were in Dublin

717 Letterpress Printers.

14 Copper Plate Printers. 6 Lithographers.

In the same year, at a gathering in Dublin, was recited a Printer's Charter song, written by a Mr. Fegan. It consists of fourteen verses. The two last convey to one's mind the Dublin printers in evidence that day :

And now with proud enthusiasm, we'll give the noble souls

Who guide the Press of Britain, whilst with lightning's speed it rolls ;

The pilots, Boyd and Oliver, Black, Simpkins, Balintyne,

Our Dublin Folds and Belfast Simms, in sparkling Champagne wine.

With cheering rapture drink their healths, these of the present time ;

I am now at home, fill up each glass, we'll drink our noble selves,

And first, John Cummings' honest health, long may he fill our shelves ;

Smith, Curry, Tyrrell, Webb, Keene, Ennis, Grant, Milleken, Coyne,

And our own Sharps, whose knock is felt from London to the Boyne—

With cheering rapture, drink their healths, these of the present time.

The stagnation epoch having passed away, Dublin once more asserts herself as leader of the Irish printing trade—this lasting advance I honestly believe is due to Davis and the Young Ireland Movement of 1842. The late Father Meehan, writing in 1847 with reference to it says: "A new soul has come into Ireland, no matter how the cynic may sneer or the envious disparage, 'tis nevertheless absolutely certain that there has arisen of late such an array of talent such as our island has rarely witnessed. He who, with others, evoked that genius which is stamped on the Library of Ireland, is in his grave; and if his spirit could be again embodied on our earth it would rejoice at the successful labours of his coadjutors." There is no possible shadow of doubt that the work of men in that movement gave an impetus to the printing industry which has existed from that eventful period to this, our own day. The energy and enthusiasm of James Duffy, Browne (afterwards Browne and Nolan), with some others at the time opened up a new departure; they did their work on the lines of their predecessors in the years preceding the Union; they gave the Irish people cheap and wholesome literature. About the same time the learned and upper classes formed their many scientific and literary societies, and thus led to the issuing of magnificent volumes. All this, as a natural consequence, helped the Dublin printer in his struggle for existence. But it did much more; it tended to show up and put an end to the vile system of sending out of the country work which (as was satisfactorily proved) could be produced both as good and as cheap in Ireland.

We are getting along rapidly to within measurable distance of our own times; we are at the fiftieth milestone of the Society's existence. From that statistical

storehouse of Thom for 1859 I extract the following figures: Dublin had in that year—

- 4 Daily newspapers.
- 3 Issued three times weekly.
- 2 Issued twice weekly.
- 13 Weekly.
- 2 Bi-monthly.
- 1 Quarterly.

- 64 Master printers.
- 1 University Press.
- 899 Letterpress printers.
- 31 Copperplate printers.
- 51 Lithographic printers.
- 99 County newspapers.

The next beacon light we meet on the road is the late Mr. Power. Writing with regard to the conditions of the trade in 1866, in his magazine, *The Irish Literary Inquirer*, he says: "Whatever may have been the case formerly, it is certain that at the present time most Irish printed books will compare favourably with those of any other country. We instance the folio 'Catalogue of Trinity College Library,' executed at the University Press, as compared with the 'Bodleian Catalogue,' and the publication of the Irish Archæological Society, printed in Dublin, with those of any other book-publishing society; and the 'Dublin University Magazine' is quite as well produced as 'Frazer' or 'Blackwood.' Nor is the printing executed in the provinces in any way inferior to similar works in towns of the same size elsewhere."

We now approach the Dublin of our own immediate time. We have previously reviewed the progress made in the first fifty years after the inauguration

of the trade society. It is with greater pleasure that one can adduce facts proving that the second half-century of its progress was, if anything, more marked, in face of desperate odds. Now for the list in 1909:

Dublin has 8 Daily newspapers.

34 Weekly.

38 Monthly.

3 Bi-monthly.

3 Quarterly.

63 Master printers (which includes 17 Limited Companies).

The University Press.

The County newspapers number 151.

One important factor which stands out prominently in the figures I have just quoted is the fact that the individual master printer has almost disappeared in Dublin—only twelve of the houses which appear in the list of the year 1859 remain. The printing trade of the city is now principally in the hands of limited companies. It is not within my province to-night to attempt to deal with the question as to which is the best for the worker, or dilate upon such an important and complex question.

With reference to the trade of the present time, it can be said without boast on the part of the Dublin printer of to-day that the work turned out in the city can stand the test of honest comparison with any issued in England or abroad—not only letter-press work, but also that executed by the kindred trades of lithography, wood or process engraving, colour-printing, paper-making, or in the bookbinder's craft. The young printer of to-day has many advantages and privileges which his predecessors had not—

advantages which enable him to maintain the prestige of the Dublin "comp." The following summary of the past thirty years may be instructive :

NUMBER OF PRINTERS IN THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

	'71.	'81	'91.	'01.
Printers (including employes) ...	1,477	1,486	1,661	1,837
Litographic Printers ...	117	118	167	201
Copper Plate and Steel Plate Printers	(a)	7	2	(a)

(a) No returns for these years.

The old Dublin historic printing houses have passed away. Virtually only two landmarks remain. To be exactly correct I should say but one, as the second has disappeared within the past few months. The first is Grierson's house, in West Essex Street, formerly Smock Alley. This house was called "The Sign of the Two Bibles." It is now a lodginghouse. It is situated a few doors from SS. Michael and John's Church. In this house (1724) was printed the first Irish Edition of Milton's Poems. After Grierson had retired Jolly had his printing office in the same house, and here the late Mr. M'Mullen, one of your respected trustees, worked for some time after his apprenticeship. The second landmark was the house of Robert Marchbank, printer, Stafford Street. This name carries one back to the year 1763. In looking up the records we find a description of some handsome houses with pleasant terrace walks in Cole Alley, one of which was the residence of Robert Marchbank, an eminent printer, a name, which, bequeathed from sire to son, until a short time ago was inscribed on the roll of Dublin master printers.

The passage which we know in our day as the Castle Steps, which runs from Castle Street to Ship Street, was a portion of Cole Alley. Opposite, on

the other side of Castle Street, was situated Pembroke Court, where stood Falconer's printing office. I may add the interesting fact that this street of historic traditions and memories was the birth-place of the Dublin Typographical Provident Society.

If Dublin had in the eighteenth century a galaxy of the followers of Caxton, consisting of George Falconer (called by Swift the Prince of Printers), Chambers, Ewing, Powell, White, Grierson being amongst the most prominent,—the nineteenth century produced, in addition to those already mentioned, Jolly, Pettigrew, Oulton, Thom, Powell, Chapman, Mullany, O'Toole, John Falconer, Dollard, Leckie, M'Glashen and Gill, the Dublin Steam (the predecessors of Sealy, Bryers, and Walker). During all the time the Dublin University was producing some of the best possible work. One set in particular has an attraction for me—its splendid edition of the "Annals of the Four Masters."

There is one special book which has been printed annually in Dublin for over 150 years. I refer to the volume known in our days as "*Thom's Directory*." The story of its foundation and ultimate success is somewhat interesting. The Dublin Directory first appeared in 1752; its price was threepence. It contained, so ran its contents, "no inconsiderable list of merchants, with some eminent grocers." Its compiler was Peter Wilson. He superintended its publication till the time of his death in Phibsborough in 1802, when it passed into the hands of his daughters, from whom it was purchased by a Mr. Corbett, of Great Britain Street. Soon after it was taken over by Messrs. Pettigrew and Oulton. After some further changes in ownership, in 1844 it became the property of Alexander Thom. The Dublin Directory has grown by leaps and bounds from a threepenny pamphlet, in 1752, to a closely

printed large octavo of near 3,000 pages, and is admitted on all sides to be a volume worthy of its compiler and of Dublin craftsmanship. Looking down the avenue of time between 1809 and to-day the members of the society have much to be proud of. At the close of one hundred years it is not an old, decayed institution, but stands forth in all its pristine vigour. Its pioneers laid its foundation truly and well, so as to bear the stress and storms of time, and battle against the many vicissitudes which of necessity must be encountered.

In my imagination I picture the founders of your society sitting round their council table, planning an Irish trades society at a time when it was somewhat dangerous to do so, when neither help or assistance to their project was accorded to them outside Ireland's shores. They are animated by the sole desire to elevate their trade, help their fellow-craftsman in his time of distress; and in so doing they have left uneffaceable traces of their handiwork. They seem to have been impressed with the spirit and ideals expressed in the following stanza:—

“We will go forth amongst men not mailed in scorn,
But in the armour of a pure intent;
Great duties are before us
And high aims;
And whether crowned or crownless,
When we fall it matters not,
So that God's and country's holy work are done.”

Theirs was truly God's and country's holy work. To assist their fellow-man in his hour of distress and difficulty and at the same time to add in the mental and material elevation of their country. The path they marked out for your guidance is clear and definite, as is the charter which has been given to

your keeping. The time will come when all here present shall have passed away, and when others assemble to do honour to your principles and labours. It is the heart's desire that they may be enabled to give as glorious a record of your work as you accord to-night to the founders of the Dublin Typographical Provident Society.

PART IV.

LIFE IN OLD DUBLIN.

PART IV.

REMINISCENCES OF A GREAT TRIBUNE.

Kilmainham Jail—Mr. Butt and General T. F. Burke—The Shooting of Talbot—Mr. Butt's College Address—Mr. Butt and Fenianism—Mr. Butt and Home Rule.

THE first time I saw Isaac Butt was in the Four Courts, Marshalsea, Debtors' Prison, Thomas Street. I met him in connection with a book, which he was writing for a solicitor, Mr. Richardson, by whom I was then employed. But the book was never published as the parties failed to come to an understanding with regard to the financial details. It was on the Law and Practice of the Court of Admiralty. Mr. Richardson was one of the Proctors of the Court, which at that time was thrown open to the entire legal profession, including solicitors. Mr. Butt asked me to go into his employment, promising to take an interest in me and to see to my education. I gladly accepted his offer.

Mr. Butt was in the Prison for about three months when a very important personage was arrested and

brought into the Marshalsea as a debtor, and was put into the same building as my new employer. Mr. Butt, who did not appreciate the hustling of "George," had a motion made before the judges to be transferred from the Marshalsea in Thomas Street to the Co. Debtors' Prison in Kilmainham, where I visited him daily during the eighteen months of his confinement and received the greater part of my education and instruction at his hands.

I remember sitting with him in the alcove of the prison window, which overlooks Emmet Road, one summer's evening towards the fall of the season. The day was drawing to a close; the last rays of the evening sun glinting up here and there the foliage of the trees which then were opposite the jail walls. There seemed to hang around an unusual languor or drowsiness, such as is sometimes experienced after a heavy summer's day. All of a sudden there was borne along on the evening air, a weird, wailing cry, which caused a feeling of sadness to come over both of us. Mr. Butt mechanically closed the book, which he held in his hand; he seemed spellbound.

After a few moments I asked him if there was anything the matter with him. At the sound of my voice he roused himself, and in reply to my query questioned me as to whether I had heard any peculiar sound. In reply I said I had, that I heard what seemed the cry of someone in sorrow. "Yes," he said, "it is like the cry of an Irish keener." The wail in the meantime became more and more distinct. Both of us were anxious to know its cause. Standing up in the window recess and looking towards Richmond Barracks, I at once learned what it was. It was simply a Highlander's funeral. The Scotch wail or dirge was played upon the Highland pipes, whilst the cortege was on its way to Bully's Acre (Kilmainham), then used as a military burial-ground.

After the funeral procession had passed Mr. Butt dropped into a sad, dreamy mood, and commenced talking about his death, and the procedure he wished at his interment. He word-pictured to me the spot he wished for his grave, in the churchyard at Stranorlar, just by the wall of the Manse, which separated it from the graveyard. He said that he had often crossed this wall and studied his lessons under the shade of a large tree which stood close to it. He also wished, if possible, that at the time of his interment a keen would be sung over his corpse, but he wished above all, that it should rain as he was being interred.

Naturally this conversation, held as it was with a master of pathos and of the English language like Isaac Butt, made a vivid impression upon my then young mind. Years rolled by. Death struck down the giant form of the father of Home Rule. At that event, owing to peculiar circumstances which need not be recorded here, there was a divergence of opinion amongst the members of Mr. Butt's family as to where he should be interred. I was asked if I ever heard "the master" say anything about the matter. I mentioned the Kilmainham incident, but nothing definite was decided upon till the late Dr. O'Leary, M.P., appeared on the scene with a letter in which Mr. Butt stated:—"If wherever I die the expense would not be an inconvenience, I would wish to be buried in Stranorlar Churchyard, as close as may be to the south-eastern angle. The ground is, or was, a great deal lower than the rest of the churchyard. A very shallow grave would be enough, with a mound of earth or tomb raised over it." This passage was a confirmation of that picturesque conversation which took place in Kilmainham Jail, and after a lapse of thirteen years it came back fresh and vivid to my mind.

But I am anticipating. Mr. Butt, to secure his discharge, made arrangements with his creditors after eighteen months' detention in Kilmainham, and went to live at 63, now 64, Eccles Street. His creditors were to take the fees as they came in from the clients, and my duty was to see that they got as little of them as possible. I carried out this part of the work to my employer's entire satisfaction, if not to that of the creditors. There is an incident in connection with Kilmainham which I had almost forgotten. I think it was General Burke who was in the prison at the time under sentence of death. He was not put into the usual cell allotted to the condemned, but a folding screen covered in black was placed outside his cell door. The General was reprieved, whereupon Mr. Butt took a great fancy to the screen and, as he considered his cell rather draughty, he prevailed on Governor Price to place it outside his door where it remained for a considerable time.

During the years I was in Mr. Butt's employment I noticed that he was peculiar in some respects. For instance, if by any chance in the hurry of dressing in the morning he turned his shirt inside out, he would not any under circumstances dream of changing it, but would get over the difficulty by purchasing a second and have it so cut that it would fit over the other. In his study he would use only candles known as "wax twos"—two to the pound. He used one of the candles for the purpose of studying, and the other was generally utilised to light the fire.

Mr. Butt used to dye his hair, and on one occasion when going to a dinner he sent for a hairdresser who lived in Molesworth Street. This artist left a number of bottles with Mr. Butt, so that he could use them himself if the hairdresser was not available. I remember one evening, when Mr. Butt was to attend a social function, being asked to take the place of the

hairdresser, who could not be found. I operated on his head with two bottles of fluid, which he had handed to me, and when Mr. Butt stood up and looked in the glass, he found that he was wearing—*green* hair! That was the beginning and the end of my career as a private hairdresser.

For an orthodox Protestant he observed a number of Catholic practices. On the desk in his study he kept a small cross, which was brought from Jerusalem by the late John Aloysius Blake, M.P., and by the side of the cross was always placed a little book, which he greatly treasured and used, entitled "The Glories of Mary," which volume I have and count amongst my treasures. I often heard him, when reading the book, express in the most endearing tones his veneration for the Mother of God.

He carried with him in a little pocket-book three medals known to Catholics as miraculous medals. I may add that the medals were placed by him in the coat which he wore while practising at the bar, and when the term closed and the coat was no longer in use, the little pocket-book was taken away, and put in the frock coat which he generally wore. After his death, and when he was lying in his coffin, I happened to come across the pocket-book containing the medals, and remembering how fondly he was attached to them in life, I thought it only right that they should remain with him in death. I placed the little morocco casket containing the medals under his head, and they were interred with him at Stranorlar.

When engaged in big cases Butt would arrange, through a friend, for a Mass to be said to assist him in his advocacy. This friend, who is since dead, also used to take contributions from Mr. Butt to a convent near the city for the purpose of decorating and illuminating an altar of Perpetual Adoration to the

Blessed Sacrament. A short time before his death he had arranged to go to Mount Melleray and to occupy the room in which O'Connell lived during his stay at the famous Trappist monastery. All the arrangements in connection with the visit were made by the late Mr. Crosbie, of the "Cork Examiner," but when they were settled, Mr. Butt had unfortunately been struck down by the fatal illness which brought his great career to a close.

Mr. Butt was enjoying a large practice at the Bar when I was in his employment, but owing to his improvident and generous habits, he always appeared to be in want of money, of the value of which he had not the slightest appreciation. Often when returning from court and when poor people were standing at his doorsteps looking for charity, he would borrow sixpences and shillings from me to give them, and if I hadn't the money, he sometimes sent me with his clothes to the pawn office, in order to relieve the distress of others. His generosity was proverbial, and many people tried to impose on his good nature, not always, however, with success, as the following story will show.

One day a man came to the house in Eccles Street, and asked Mr. Butt for charity. Mr. Butt gave him some relief. In the evening the man returned, cleaner and tidier in appearance, and told Mr. Butt that he was after getting employment in an ironmonger's establishment in the south side of the city, and that if he had 7s. 6d. more it would enable him to get over the week until his wages fell due. Mr. Butt seemed inclined to give the money, and told the man to return later on. In the meantime, as a result of inquiries he had asked me to make, he discovered that the man's story about the employment was untrue. When the man returned to the house, Mr. Butt severely reprimanded him for his attempt to get

money by false pretences, and threatened to have him arrested. The man begged for mercy, and Mr. Butt agreed to extend it to him provided he turned out the contents of his pockets on the table. He was found to have eight or nine shillings in his possession. Mr. Butt sent me for the first poor person I met. It happened to be a poor woman in Dorset Street, and when she arrived he made the man hand her over the money lying on the table. The old woman began to pray for Mr. Butt. "Don't pray for me," said Mr. Butt, "but for the man who gave you the money." He kept the man a close prisoner for two hours until the old woman had got well away with her unexpected windfall.

Here is a story told by the late Judge Adams and well worth repeating as illustrating Mr. Butt's carelessness in money matters :—

"Poor Isaac Butt was a man of splendid genius, but, as all the world knew, careless to the last degree in money matters. I was in Youghal when the election petition was tried there, and Butt was counsel for Mr. Weguelin. At the close of the trial Mr. Butt was handed his handsome cheque, running to several hundred pounds. The moment he got it he went over to one of the banks and cashed it. He was staying at the house of a Youghal gentleman, and in the morning he put his hand in his pocket and found the money was gone. I will never forget the hullabaloo that followed. Consternation, suspicion, bedlam swept through the house. And in the middle of it all, just as the police were being summoned, the young son of the house turned up with the missing bank notes. It had been a windy night, the window shook in the loose frame, and Butt, annoyed by the noise, had got up, stuffed the first piece of paper he could find between the frame and the casement, went to bed again, and forgot all about it."

In the parlour in Eccles Street an amusing scene was enacted. Mr. Butt had a cook who always professed to be a total abstainer, but it was only a profession. She had spoiled her master's dinner on the previous evening, and on this evening Mr. Butt was having a dinner party, which included Lord Randolph Churchill. In order that the dinner would not be a failure he thought it would be just as well his cook took the pledge. He asked me if I knew a priest who would give Fanny the pledge. I told him of the late Father C. P. Meehan, SS. Michael's and John's, who I knew was a strong advocate of the temperance cause, and who would go far to spread its principles and get disciples. He asked me to go for Father Meehan. I did so, and brought the priest to the house. Mr. Butt said I should tell Fanny when Father Meehan arrived that there was a friend in the parlour who wished to see her. Having conveyed the message to Fanny she arrayed herself in all her finery, and put on her Sunday wig, which was an improvement on the one which she wore every day. She bounded into the parlour to see her friend and found instead the clergyman and her employer before her. Father Meehan, in his own quiet way, suggested to the cook that she should take the pledge. Fanny asserted that she was a total abstainer, but said that as the priest was in the house, and in order not to waste his journey, he might give the pledge to—her master! This broke up the conference.

Mr. Butt seemed to be blessed with servants who had a taste for drink. A short time afterwards he got a butler, who was also partial to the cup, but he prevailed on him to take the pledge. The butler was so proud of the pledge that he had the certificate framed and hung up in the place of honour in his pantry. About a week afterwards Mr. Butt found the butler drunk in a chair, with the pledge card hanging over his head!

This reminds me that the impression amongst a great many people was that Mr. Butt himself was very much addicted to drink, but in justice to his memory I must say that for the years I was with him I saw him under the influence of intoxicating liquor only on two occasions. The first occasion was when a case of poteen was sent to him as a present, and unfortunately not knowing the strength of it he took a sufficient quantity to knock him over. The second time was on the night that Kelly was acquitted for the shooting of Talbot. This was the famous case in which Butt defended the prisoner, and got the jury to return a verdict that the death of the policeman was due, not to a bullet wound, but to defective surgery in the extraction of it.

Mr. Butt usually studied his briefs in the early hours of the morning, and arrangements were made the night before to have the fire set and the kettle placed beside it. He used to make his own tea, and in the preparation of his heaviest cases this was the only beverage he drank. He sipped the tea while he was working.

Mr. Butt was very fond of a joke. I remember on one occasion when he was invited by Mr. Francis MacDonogh, Q.C., who was then living in Rutland Square, to attend a service in Bethesda Church, in Lower Dorset Street (converted within the past few months into a picture house). Mr. MacDonogh offered him his own pew, and Mr. Butt accepted the offer, but subsequently changed his mind, and sent me with a note to Mr. MacDonogh stating that he was unable to avail himself of the invitation, and mentioned that as he had been absent from church for the previous six Sundays, he intended to make full reparation by going to the Seven Churches on the following Sunday!

This sketch of the great Tribune would be incomplete unless it contained some specimens of his oratorical powers. I shall let a few passages, hurriedly chosen, speak for themselves. This is a passage from an eloquent inaugural address on Oratory delivered at the College Historical Society, in 1834, by Butt when a young man :—

“ This, gentlemen, is a proud characteristic of oratory, that it ever has espoused the cause of freedom, and that liberty has never triumphed but where there was eloquence, nor eloquence been honoured but where there was liberty ; and therefore it is, that if ever my mind were to soar to loftier imaginings, I would rather that the word Orator should be simply traced upon my humble tomb than that o’er my stately sepulchre should wave the trophies of the warrior, or the banners of hereditary pride—aye, or than that I should go to my grave with the honours of a Newton, a Milton, or a Locke. All arts—all sciences—all attainments of intellect have been debased to the purposes of adulation ; the poet has been the minion of a court ; the philosopher has been the sycophant of the tyrant, the fawning parasite at the table of the despot—but the orator is the man of the people—his rewards are found in the plaudits of the many, and therefore their cause is his cause. The tyrant may quail before him, into submission, but they fear while they flatter, and tremble while they fawn. Yes, tyranny and eloquence are mortal foes ; eloquence has sworn eternal hostility upon the tombs of her two greatest sons, in whose blood tyranny has sealed his hate. Nay, more, gentlemen, though the assertion may be bold, the orator is unpurchaseable. Mistake me not. The tyrant may buy the man, but he cannot buy the orator ; the moment he becomes a marketable commodity, he loses all his value—he cannot survive his independence—he has perished in the transfer.

Liberty was once his theme, and freedom his inspiration, and then was he great indeed ; but his power is gone with the theme of his enthusiasm—the Samson is shorn of his locks, and the chains of the Philistine are thrown, not around the giant of the Hebrews that destroyed their ranks, but around a weak, a despicable, a paltry slave, that resembles him in nothing but the name.”

This is the concluding passage of the address :—

“ I feel—I know—I am persuaded, that from this Society great things will be produced : we will draw around us the youthful talent of our country, and train them in that power which may enable them to benefit her. The glories of the day gone by shall return with more than pristine splendour. We shall yet send forth a Grattan to represent her in the senate—a Curran to shed the blaze of eloquence upon her bar—and a Kirwan to redeem her pulpit taste. And I will not—I cannot believe that better days are not in store for my unhappy, but still my loved, my native land. This may not be the place to give utterance to my feelings, but I cannot help it. I see good for Ireland. An orator shall yet arise whose voice shall teach her people wisdom, and whose efforts shall procure for him the epithet of the father of his country. It may be but the dream of an enthusiastic heart : but I do believe the time will come, when faction shall flee away and dissension shall be forgotten ; when Ireland's orators and Ireland's statesmen shall only seek their country's good ; when law shall be respected and yet liberty maintained ; when ‘ in all her borders shall be neither wasting or violence, and no complaining in her streets.’ ”

I asked Mr. Butt on one occasion if, in this prophecy, he was speaking of himself when he spoke of the orator whose efforts should procure for him

the epithet of "the father of his country." I got no reply to the question, but the silence was far more eloquent than words.

Here are some magnificent passages from the great speech delivered by Mr. Butt at the Home Rule Conference held in November, 1873 :—

"Mr. Gladstone said that Fenianism taught him the intensity of Irish disaffection. It taught me more and better things. It taught me the depth, the breadth, the sincerity of that love of fatherland that misgovernment had tortured into disaffection, and misgovernment, driving men to despair, had exaggerated into revolt. State trials were not new to me. Twenty years before I stood near Smith O'Brien when he braved the sentence of death which the law pronounced upon him. I saw Meagher meet the same fate, and I then asked myself this—'Surely, the State is out of joint—surely all our social system is unhinged, when O'Brien and Meagher are condemned by their country to a traitor's doom?' Years had passed away, and once more I stood by men who had dared the desperate enterprise of freeing their country by revolt. They were men who were run down by obloquy—they had been branded as the enemies of religion and social order. I saw them manfully bear up against all. I saw the unflinching firmness to their cause by which they testified the sincerity of their faith in that cause—their deep conviction of its righteousness and truth—I saw them meet their fate with a manly fanaticism that made them martyrs. I heard their words of devotion to their country as with firm step and unyielding heart they left the dock, and went down the dark passage that led them to the place where all hope closed upon them, and I asked myself again, 'Is there no way to arrest this? Are our best and bravest spirits ever to be carried away under this system of constantly defeated revolt?'

Can we find no means by which the national quarrel that has led to all these terrible results may be set right?' I believe, in my conscience, we have found it."

"I believe that England has now the opportunity of adjusting the quarrel of centuries. Let me say it—I do so proudly—that I was one of those who did something in this cause. Over a torn and distracted country, a country agitated by dissension, weakened by distrust—we raised the banner on which we emblazoned the magic words, 'Home Rule.' We raised it with feeble hand. Tremblingly, with hesitation, almost stealthily, we unfurled that banner to the breeze. But wherever the legend we had emblazoned on its folds was seen the heart of the people moved to its words, and the soul of the nation felt their power and their spell. Those words were passed from man to man along the valley and the hillside. Everywhere men, even those who had been despairing, turned to that banner with confidence and hope. Thus far we have borne it. It is for you now to bear it on with more energy, and more strength, and with renewed vigour. We hand it over to you in this gathering of the nation. But, oh! let no unholy hands approach it. Let no one come to the help of our country,

‘Or dare to lay his hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause,’

who is not prepared never, never to desert that banner till it flies proudly over the portals of that 'Old House at Home'—that old house which is associated with memories of great Irishmen, and has been the scene of many glorious triumphs. Even while the blaze of those glories is at this moment throwing its splendour over the memory of us all, I believe in my soul that the Parliament of regenerated Ireland will achieve

triumphs more glorious, more lasting, more sanctified and holy, than any by which her old parliament illumined the annals of our country and our race."

The closing scenes of Mr. Butt's life were intensely pathetic. For almost twelve months before the end came he felt that the hand of death was upon him. Writing to his friend and physician, Dr. O'Leary, M.P., on the 4th of July, 1878, he said :—

"I am not happy about myself. Yesterday I crossed over in a good passage. I lay down the latter half of the way. Before getting up I felt an uneasy sensation at my heart, with something like palpitation. Getting up, I had difficulty of breathing nearly as great as I used to have at Buxton on the night I came over with you. It has continued more or less ever since. My journey to the sittingroom here (you know the length) has been a series of relays and pantings, and all this is accompanied by vagueness in my train of thought, very perceptible, but scarcely perceivable.

"Now, surely, my dear friend, it is useless to say that this is of no consequence. Is it not better to accept the truth that it is the knell of the curfew telling us that the hour is come when the fire must be put out and the light quenched."

Only those who knew the giant form of the man can realise the pitiful and, I may say, dramatic ending of his great career. It was my fortune to be with him during the nightly vigils attending his fatal illness, and I remember clearly how one night he got up out of bed, and imagining that he was defending a prisoner—a young lad charged with shooting a landlord—he delivered a magnificent address in defence of his imaginary client. I only regret that I was not able to commit to paper the burning words of eloquence of the brilliant advocate, whose intellect was clouded at this time.

Some time before the end came Mr. Butt was attended by Dr. Butcher. Dr. O'Leary asked me to explain to him, as far as possible, the treatment the patient was receiving, and I described it to the best of my ability. He said that the treatment was a mistake, and asked me to arrange to let him into a room in 39 North Great George's Street, where Mr. Butt then resided, so that he could meet Dr. Butcher on his way out, and have a consultation with him. Dr. O'Leary was described by Lord Chief Justice Whiteside as "the wonderful little doctor." He was a very small man, and Dr. Butcher was exactly the opposite. As the two were standing in the hall together, I could not help recalling Landseer's famous picture of the two dogs. The interview between the two medical men was of a somewhat stormy character. I remember Dr. Butcher making use of this observation, "I did not come here to learn my profession, and if I wanted to learn it I would go to someone else than to the member for Drogheda," and he left Dr. O'Leary standing in the hall. Three weeks afterwards Dr. Butcher adopted the treatment recommended by Dr. O'Leary, and when I informed him of the fact, his answer was, "Too late, James, too late." Mr. Butt died a week afterwards.

I shall never forget the last sad journey in company with Dr. O'Leary, M.P., Philip Callan, M.P., A. J. Kettle, Richard Pigott, the forger, and some members of Mr. Butt's family, to the lonely churchyard at Stranorlar. We went on to the church attached to the graveyard. It was then a bright sunny day. On arriving at the graveside we found that there was a slight departure from the wishes of the "Grand Old Man," viz., the sides of the grave were bricked; there was no earth in the grave. What was to be done? After consultation it was decided to fill the grave with earth, allowing sufficient

space for the coffin to rest in. The coffin was taken back into the church. We left the men at this work, and arranged to come back in two hours. This we did, and all was ready for the interment when we returned.

With sad hearts we laid the old chieftain to rest. The shades of the departing day gave a tint of sombreness to the scene. Standing as we were on the mountain side, its tops overshadowing us, on the east was the Gap of Barnsmore, so famed in story—the last spadeful of earth was thrown in, when, with loving hands, we placed the simple green sods over the grave of him we revered. Just then the wish of Butt, expressed so many years before in Kilmainham, was fulfilled. The clouds quickly gathered across the Gap, came coursing on towards the churchyard, and the rain came gently dropping on the new-made grave, and, like gems, hung from the green turf which covered his breast.

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