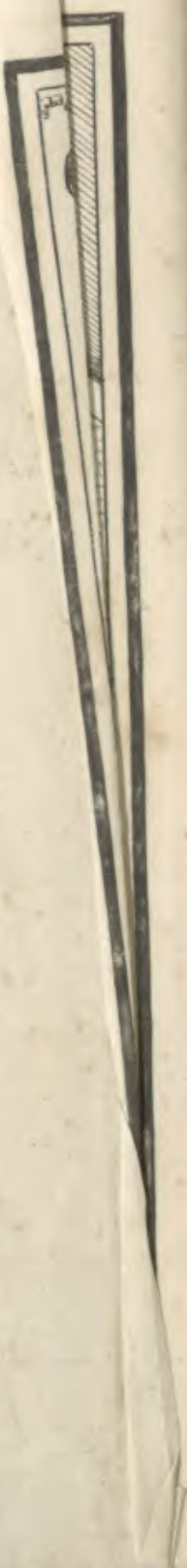
Tho. Swinburne

AN ENGLISHMAN'S

DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT

OF

DUBLIN, &c.



AN

ENGLISHMAN'S

DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT

OF

DUBLIN,

AND THE ROAD FROM BANGOR FERRY,

TO HOLY HEAD.

Also of the Road from Dublin,

BY BELFAST,

TO DONAGHADEE,

AND

From Portpatick to Newcastle upon Tyne,

BY WAY OF

Dumfries, Carlisle, and Gillsland.

WITH OBSERVATIONS

On the Society, Manners, and Customs, of the Places described; interspersed with Historical and Biographical Anecdotes of eminent persons:

Partly compiled from various authorities.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

AN ACCURATE PLAN OF DUBLIN.

By NATH^L. JEFFERYS.

LONDON: PRINTED FOR CADELL AND DAVIES,

And sold by Archer and by Keen, Dublin; Archer, Belfast; Geo. Johnstone, Dumfries; Miller, Newcastle; Scott, Carlisle; Stoddart and Craggs, Hull; Crossthwaite, Whitehaven; and by the principal Booksellers in Liverpool and Chester.

1810.

PRINTED BY W. JONES, LIVERPOOL.

DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

DAVID LATOUCHE.

SIR,

I dedicate the following pages to you, as a sincere tribute, to the exemplary practice of those virtues, which, to the honour of your name, and to the benefit of the Irish Nation, have so uniformly distinguished your own character through life, as well as that of the various branches of your family.

In the benevolent uses to which your wealth has been applied, you have abundantly proved, that you have

considered it, as a trust reposed in you by Providence, for the benefit of others; and, not confining your deeds of charity to the mere opening of a purse, you have ever been seen ready to engage in that line of benevolent action, which is among the most laborious, and the least grateful—

"To seek the wretched out,
And court the offices of soft humanity."

That your family may long continue, to be an honour to its name, a blessing to the poor, and an example to the rich, must be the sincere wish of every friend to virtue and benevolence.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
NATHANIEL JEFFERYS.

LONDON, Dec. 1, 1809.

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PREFACE.

THE extended commerce of the United Kingdom, together with the great improvements, which have of late years been made in the roads and inns, as well as in the various modes of conveyance, have occasioned such an increase of travelling, as to afford a hope, that the information contained in the following pages will not be without its utility, and that the biographical anecdotes, which are introduced, may be productive of some amusement to the leisure moments of a traveller.

No single book of so portable a size, and at so small an expence, extends its information to the three countries of England, Scotland, and Ireland.—

The desire naturally felt by strangers, upon their arrival in a city of so much renown as the metropolis of Ireland, to obtain information, as to the various objects worthy of their notice, renders a book of this description desirable, only in proportion to the degree of correctness and impartiality with which that information is supposed to be given.

To remedy what appears to me to be a defect in those which I have seen in Dublin, is one of the objects of this publication, by which I conceive I may be of material use to the great

number of strangers from England and other countries, who are continually resorting to the metropolis of Ireland.

The publications to which I allude, are evidently (from the natural partiality to their native soil, which so laudably distinguishes the character of its natives) the production of Irish writers, who, in their ardent zeal to do justice to the natural beauties of their country, and the numerous virtues of their country-men, appear in many instances to have completely omitted to insert the information which their books profess to give, and for which their readers may seek in vain.

And presuming upon the experience of my own feelings on my arrival in Dublin, that Englishmen in general

would prefer finding in a book of this description the information of which they stand in need, to reading the praises bestowed by one Irishman upon another (in however many instances they may very justly be due,) I have prefixed to this publication the title of "An ENGLISHMAN'S descriptive Account of Dublin," and though unbiassed by that extreme partiality for Ireland so natural to an Irishman, I am very ready to admit, that Ireland possesses, in a great degree, much natural beauty of situation, and also that among its natives, there have been in former times, as well as in the present, many individuals of the highest character, for wisdom, learning, valour, and true greatness of mind.

Such merits and such virtues Ireland and its natives possess in a very eminent degree; but whoever (being misled by the high-sounding praises bestowed upon them, and to such an unlimited extent, as in some late publications) shall expect to see in Ireland a perfect Garden of Eden, or in its inhabitants none but saints and angels, will find a practical experience of a very short duration, fully sufficient to convince him of his mistake, and that Ireland, in common with every other country in the world, is a wild

"Where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot."

DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT,

&c.

BANGOR FERRY,

AT which place the various roads from England and Wales, unite to Holyhead, is in the county of Carnarvon, in North Wales. It is about two miles from the little city of Bangor, seven from Carnarvon, (the ruins of which town are well worthy the attention of every traveller of taste) and twenty-five from Holyhead.

The Inn at Bangor Ferry stands by itself, and is most delightfully situated on a steep bank of the river, which divides Carnarvonshire from the Isle of Anglesea.

The Inn is a most excellent one, and from its good accommodations and pleasant situation, is so far too small for its numerous visitors, many of whom are persons of high rank in life, passing to and from Ireland, with a great retinue of servants, that it is to be recommended to persons intending to sleep at Bangor Ferry, to arrive as early in the day as possible, for the purpose of securing accommodations, no other Inn being near to it; for, with every disposition to attend to the convenience of company, which has long been the character of the landlord of this house, he cannot receive more persons than his premises will contain, and for which, travellers, in the anger of impatience and disappointment, are not always disposed to make a proper allowance.

The garden front of the house commands a most charming view of the river and the woody scenery, for which that neighbourhood is so remarkable—and a walk prettily disposed through a shrubbery, leads to the bank of the river, where a boat for passengers, and another for carriages and horses are always in

attendance. The charge for the passage of each person is one shilling, and for a carriage at the rate of two shillings and sixpence for each wheel—the carriages being put on board, without either the wheels or the luggage taken off, very little time is lost, and that occupied in crossing the river, seldom exceeds a few minutes, which, from the extreme beauty of the scene, is generally a cause of regret to the passengers, that it is not of a longer duration.

For the convenience of persons going to Holyhead, there is, on the opposite shore, an extensive range of stabling, and other offices, belonging to the proprietor of the Inn, and when horses, or carriages are required to be in readiness, the order for them is given through a large speaking trumpet.

The ISLE of ANGLESEA

Forms the most western county of North Wales, from which it is separated by a branch of the sea or river, called the Menai Straits,—and on the other sides it is surround-

ed by the Irish sea. It is computed to be about twenty-four miles in length, about eighteen in breadth, and is divided into several parishes. Almost immediately upon the entrance on the Isle of Anglesea, a road branches off from the Holyhead road, to the right, which extends along the side of a woody hill, commanding the most delightful views, and leads, at the distance of about five miles, to

BEAUMARIS,

So called from its beautiful situation upon the sea coast—it is the principal town in the Island, and its situation is singularly picturesque, from the extensive and very rich views of the surrounding country. The town is well built; the principal streets are a good width, and the houses tolerably uniform and regular.

The Town Hall, under which are the shambles, enclosed with an Iron railing, is a handsome building, and the front of it ranges in a line with the houses, without obstruct-

ing the centre of the principal street, which is so frequently the case in country towns.

The Borough sends one member to Parliament, and the Assizes for the county are held at Beaumaris twice a year. The public market, which is on Saturday, is well supplied, and there is a regular daily post.

At the extremity of the principal street, are the beautiful and venerable remains of Beaumaris Castle, standing within the ornamented grounds of Lord Bulkeley, whose seat, called

BARON HILL,

Is but a short distance from the town. It is a good Family House, with a handsome elevation, most judiciously placed, and commands very extensive views of the rich surrounding country; a vast expanse of water, frequently covered with numerous shipping, and bounded by the majestic mountains, and awful precipices of the Carnarvonshire coast.

But very far from the least of the attractions of this charming spot, is the admirable character of its possessors, Lord and Lady Bulkeley—who are held in the highest estimation by their surrounding neighbours, for their exemplary conduct in the discharge of every duty attached to their exalted rank and affluent circumstances.

Lord Bulkeley, who is an Irish Viscount, was for many years a member of the House of Commons, and was created a Peer of the realm of Great Britain, in the year 1784, by the title of Baron Bulkeley, of Beaumaris.

His Lordship married the only daughter of the late Sir George Warren, Knight of the Bath, at whose decease he inherited a very considerable estate, and obtained his Majesty's permission to assume the arms and name of Warren, prefixing it in his signature to his titles of honour, of course his Lordship signs himself "Warren Bulkeley."

The very excellent new road, of five miles in extent, which leads from Bangor Ferry to

Beaumaris was made at the sole expence of Lord Bulkeley. His Lordship also built the Town Hall and shambles; these and other improvements in the town, together with the various acts of utility and benevolence practised for a long course of years by this worthy Peer, abundantly prove, that he has—

> "The sense to value riches, with the art
> To enjoy them, and their virtue to impart,
> To balance fortune by a just expence,
> Join with economy, magnificence,
> With splendor, charity ——"

At a short distance also from Beaumaris is the seat of Sir Robert Williams, Bart. the present representative in Parliament for the county of Carnarvon. He is the half-brother to Lord Bulkeley, his father, the late Sir Hugh Williams, having married the dowager Lady Bulkeley.—There are few country Gentlemen more esteemed by the circle in which they move, than Sir Robert Williams. He married Miss Hughes, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Hughes, of Kimmel Park, one of the fortunate proprietors, with the Earl of Uxbridge, of the celebrated copper mine, in the Isle of Anglesea.

Returning from Beaumaris to the Holyhead road—a turning to the left, nearly opposite to the Beaumaris road, leads at the distance of about three miles to

PLASS NEWYDD,

The newly built, and magnificent, seat and park of the Earl of Uxbridge. The house is a noble structure, partly Gothic, and in a style of architecture, admirably suited to the genius of the place, which from the combination of wood and water, with cultivated plains, and lofty mountains in the back ground, presents to the admiring spectator a landscape scarcely to be equalled in richness and variety.

"Here waving groves, a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day—
As some coy nymph, her lover's warm address,
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress;
There interspers'd with lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise, that shun each others shades,
Here in full light, the russet plains extend,
There wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend."

The Park of Plass Newydd is extensive, the ground beautifully varied, and the whole well wooded.—Under a shade of venerable oaks near the house, is an ancient altar of

The DRUIDS,

Who flourished so long, and whose power was so great in this Island. These structures are by far the most ancient vestiges of architecture now remaining, if any thing in so rude a shape deserves that name; but it is impossible for any person of a contemplative mind to view such a monument of antiquity, the ancient object of the veneration of the Druids, without considering the great claims to veneration of the Druids themselves.

The influence, which the religion of every country, whose history is entitled to any degree of attention, has ever had upon the minds and manners, the actions and characters of those nations, by whom it was professed, the Druids possessed, over those whom they taught and governed, in a most extraordinary degree, not only in civil affairs,

but in every thing relating to religion, over which they had the supreme and sole direction; and, for many ages, they enjoyed, in consequence of it, the greatest privileges in the Isle of Anglesea, and in many other countries.

No sacred rite was ever performed without a Druid, and being the supposed favourites of the gods, and depositaries of their counsels, the people offered all their sacrifices, thanksgivings, and prayers, through the medium of the Druids, and were perfectly submissive and obedient to their commands. So great, indeed, was the veneration in which they were held, that, when two hostile armies, influenced with warlike rage, with swords drawn, and spears extended, were on the point of engaging in battle, at the intervention of the Druids, they have been seen to sheath their swords, and become calm and peaceful.

The persons of the Druids were held sacred and inviolable; they were exempted from all taxes and military services, and enjoyed so many immunities and distinctions,

that the most powerful Princes were ambitious of being admitted into their society.

Their government was truly patriarchal; they were the sacred fathers of their country. Amid their umbrageous oaks, they sacrificed at the altar, and from the throne of justice gave laws to the nation.

To render their civil character more venerable, they concealed from the vulgar several of their rites and ceremonies; and from this mysterious policy, their religion has, by some writers, been condemned as barbarous and inhuman. But when it is considered that the divine light of REVELATION had not then beamed upon this island, it must be admitted that their doctrines were pure, and sublime, for they combined the unity of GOD, the immortality of the soul, and a just distribution of rewards and punishments.

They were also scientific observers of nature, and teachers of moral philosophy. Their precepts were never committed to

writing, but delivered to their pupils, who, by the intense study of many years, imprinted them on the memory.

Residing in woods and caves, they were distinguished by the austerity and simplicity of their manners; and thus, by their knowledge, wisdom, and virtue, obtained a sovereign influence over the minds of the people.

They decided all public and private controversies. The impious were awed at their frown, and the virtuous rejoiced in their smiles, while from their judgment there was no appeal. No laws were instituted by the Princes or assemblies, without their approbation; no person was punished in bonds or death, without their passing sentence; no plunder taken in war was used by the captors, till theDruids had determined what part they should seclude for themselves. Their power, as it sprang from virtue and genius, was not hereditary, but conferred on those alone whose merit might sanction the choice.——

Such were the priests, and rulers of ancient Britons.

The beauty of the Isle of Anglesea, is nearly confined to the spots which have been described, as the country to Holyhead, during the whole of its continuance, is totally devoid of objects that can excite any interest. The road is good; and the land, though with every appearance of sterility, and in many places very rocky, is said to produce much grain, and to afford a good pasture to great numbers of young cattle. About half way between Bangor Ferry and Holyhead, is

GWYNDII,

At which place is a very excellent Inn. The accommodations, both for elegance and comfort, being equal to what are to be found in any Inn upon the whole line of the road from London. The next and last place, previous to the passage to Dublin, is

HOLYHEAD,

Which is a poor miserable town, in a dreary country, with a very bad and dirty harbour. Here is a good Inn kept by Spencer, at which every attention is paid to the company who visit it, that can be expected at a place subject to such a ceaseless bustle as must ever attend the constant arrival and departure of so great a number of families and individuals, as are continually passing to and from Ireland

Society, hospitality, and friendship, which can give charms to the most dreary scene, and cause even the barren wilderness to smile, I here found the full effect of, in the kind, liberal, and gentlemanly attention of Captain Skinner, who resides at Holyhead, and commands one of the packets, (the Dublin.)

As nothing which I can say of Captain Skinner, could add to the degree of estimation in which he is held by those to whom he is known, or convey an adequate idea of

his merit to those who have not that pleasure, I shall not attempt his praise.

The packets sail each day in turn, within one hour after the arrival of the London Mail, which generally comes in at about two o'clock in the afternoon; and many persons, fatigued by their journey, who would wish to sleep at Gwyndii, frequently, for want of information as to the time of sailing of the packets, hurry on with unnecessary haste to Holyhead, in the evening.

A list of the packets, and the names of their commanders, will be found under the head of the Dublin Post Office Intelligence.

The vessels, which are fitted up with remarkable attention to the accommodation of the passengers, having separate cabins for the ladies, are considered to be as safe, from their construction, and the care taken in the selection of their commanders, and manned by experienced sailors, as any ships that navigate the sea. They contain good accommodations, also, at an inferior price, for persons of various

circumstances, as well as sufficient space for the safe conveyance of horses and carriages.

The PASSAGE to DUBLIN

Is about sixty miles. It is sometimes performed in eight or nine hours; occasionally it takes a much longer time, but generally in fair weather, from twelve to fifteen hours.

In the first few miles of the passage, the bold and rocky coast near Holyhead, presents some very striking scenes, and the entrance to

The BAY of DUBLIN

Has long been an object of great admiration with persons of acknowledged taste. The partiality of Irishmen to their native country has very frequently led them to compare it to the Bay of Naples, and the hill of Howth, on the right of its entrance, to Mount Vesuvius, wanting only a smoking volcano upon its summit to complete the similitude.—The Bay of Dublin is certainly very fine, but to compare it with that of Naples, is just as ab-

surd as it would appear to compare Brentford to Bath.

The entrance to the harbour of Dublin, has ever been considered so dangerous to the shipping frequenting it, in consequence of two sand banks, called the North and South Bulls, as to require the greatest caution of mariners who have the charge of large vessels in crossing the bar.

A wonderful improvement has, however, been made in the harbour, by a work truly magnificent, both for its appearance and utility, on the south side of the river, and which is called the South Wall. It was begun in 1748, and finished in seven years. It extends in a straight line into the sea, the surprising length of four English miles; it is formed of large blocks of mountain granite, strongly cemented, and strengthened with iron cramps.

As far as the Pigeon house, which is three miles from Dublin, there is upon this wall a noble coach road of forty feet in breadth; the

passengers upon which are securely protected from the violence of the sea in tempestuous weather, by parapet walls; and at the extremity of this magnificent work is

The LIGHT HOUSE,

Which is built in an appropriate style of architecture, perfectly corresponding with the bold dignity of the scene. It was begun in June, 1762, when, from the very great depth of the water, and the power of the winds in such an exposed situation, together with the raging of a tempestuous sea, the most serious difficulties were to be encountered. But the determined perseverance and great professional skill of the architect, (Mr. Smith,) bade defiance to obstacles, the bare mention of which, were enough to have intimidated persons of less merit than himself.

The Light-house is an elegant piece of architecture, three stories high, surrounded by an octagonal lanthorn of eight windows. It is built of white stone, strongly cemented, gradually tapering to the top, and each se-

parate story is strengthened by strong arch-work. A stone stair-case, with an iron ballustrade, winds round the building to the second story, where an iron gallery, encircling the whole, produces a very striking effect.

It was finished in 1768, and has proved of most material benefit, since that time, to the numerous vessels which frequent the harbour of Dublin.

The PIGEON HOUSE,

Which is situated on this wall, is about three miles from Dublin, and one from the Light-house, is the customary landing place of the passengers from the packets, which never go higher up the river, but remain in the large bason provided for their reception, as well as that of other vessels of a similar description. This bason is of an oblong form, nine hundred feet in length, and four hundred and fifty in breadth.

The breadth of the pier at this place, is

two hundred and fifty feet, on which are erected a magazine, arsenal, and custom-house. It is a place of great strength, being surrounded with heavy cannon, which command the bay in various directions, and a guard is regularly mounted there.—There are also, in many parts of the Bay, the Martello Towers, which were so strongly recommended by Mr. Windham, when in power, as Secretary at War, during the administration of Mr. Pitt, which an Irish sailor, in one of the packets, being asked the use of by a passenger, replied, "The devil a use can I think of, but to please Mr. Windham and puzzle posterity."

Upon the arrival of the packets at the Pigeon-house, the passengers are conducted to the Custom-house, and it would be great injustice not to acknowledge, that the manner in which the examination of luggage is done, (by giving as little trouble as possible to persons frequently fatigued by a tedious passage and sea sickness) is very gratifying to strangers. As soon, however, as this ceremony is over, one of a less accommodating descrip-

tion takes place, which is the mode of conveying the passengers to Dublin in

THE LONG COACH.

This carriage is upon the plan of those *elegant* vehicles, upon low wheels, which are used on the road between Hyde Park Corner and Hammersmith, in the neighbourhood of London; and from the state of its repair and external appearance, as well as its internal decoration, it bears every mark of having retired on the superannuated list, from that active duty, previous to its being employed upon its present service.

This coach is generally very crowded, from the anxiety of the passengers to proceed to Dublin; and from the manner in which some of the company may easily be supposed to have been passing their time on board the packet,—from the effect of seasickness, the effluvia arising from twelve or fourteen persons so circumstanced, crammed together in a very small space, like the inmates of Noah's ark, *the clean and the unclean*,

is not of that description, which can at all entitle the long coach to be considered as *a bed of roses.*

Three shillings for each passenger is the price of conveyance, and this is exacted beforehand——a mode of settling accounts, which is frequently the cause of great dissatisfaction, and which most certainly does not so much tend to confirm, in the mind of a stranger, the wide-spread reports of the hospitable character of the country he is just entering, as it does to realize the truth of an old saying—"*Though* BRAG *is a good dog,* HOLDFAST *is a better.*"

The inconveniencies of this ride are, however, but of short duration, for in about half an hour, the passengers are released from this earthly purgatory, by their arrival in

DUBLIN.

In my attempt to describe this great city, or, indeed, any other part of Ireland, I shall endeavour to keep in mind, that I am writing,

not for the purpose of flattering the partiality of its inhabitants, but for the information and guidance of strangers, who are too frequently misled by false statements and high-flown descriptions, to form expectations which can never be realised. I shall therefore speak plainly upon every subject—

"Nothing extenuate, nor ought set down in malice,"

but represent things as I found them, and according to the impression made upon my mind at the time, by the view of them—— and confining myself to that sort of information which may be useful to a stranger, during a short stay in Dublin, I shall principally direct his attention to such objects as may (in my opinion) be worthy of his notice.

I shall not go into any details of when Dublin was founded, or by whom, such matters affording but little amusement to the reader of a book of this description, and still less to the writer of it—and should any persons be desirous of further and deeper historical information upon such subjects than

I can afford them, or than such a book as this is calculated to convey, they need not be at any loss to obtain it, in the numerous libraries, to which, by a proper recommendation, an easy access may be had, or in the many excellent booksellers' shops with which Dublin abounds.

The APPROACH to DUBLIN

By no means corresponds with the expectations naturally formed in the minds of Englishmen upon their entrance to the capital of Ireland; for mean and dirty huts, with every appearance of misery and want in their wretched tenants, discredit the avenues, in all directions, to this great city.

Dublin contains some fine streets and spacious squares, with several superb public buildings; but the whole of its beauties and defects are so strangely thrown together, that there is scarcely any part, in which there is an object to admire, that does not, at the same moment, present to the eye something of an opposite description.

In directing the attention of a stranger to the various parts of Dublin, I shall adopt that plan which appears to me to be the most intelligible in description, and the best calculated to prevent a waste of time—which is, by placing the different objects worthy of his notice in that sort of rotation which I should do, were I personally upon the spot to accompany him, and a reference to the correct plan of Dublin which is prefixed to this book, will easily assist him in his pursuit, without the necessity of any other guide.

As the strangers in general, and particularly the English, who visit Dublin, take up their first abode either at the hotels in Dawson-street, or those in the same neighbourhood, I shall begin my description with that celebrated spot into which Dawson-street opens :—

St. STEPHEN'S GREEN.

It is a square of an oblong form, and nearly the extent of an English mile in its

circumference. It bears, in many respects, a very strong resemblance to Lincoln's Inn Fields, in London, being surrounded by many excellent houses of the nobility, built in the same irregular way, both as to the style of architecture, and variety of dimensions; with this difference, that in St. Stephen's Green there are many shops of a very inferior description, also private houses of so shabby and mean an appearance, as greatly to discredit the magnificence of the neighbouring buildings.

The centre of the square is a large meadow, without any other ornament or decoration, than an equestrian statue of King George the Second, by Van Nost. It is separated by a low hedge, and a wide ditch, (occasionally a place of repose for the remains of departed cats and dogs) from a broad gravel walk, which surrounds the whole extent of it, shaded by trees, but of no magnitude; and a low wall, with frequent openings, on the outer side of this walk, separates it from the street part of the square.

In St. Stephen's Green are some noble houses, inhabited by many of the nobility, among whom are the Earl of Ross, the Right Hon. David La Touche, and the present highly and very justly esteemed Lord Chancellor of Ireland, (Lord Manners).

At a short distance from St. Stephen's Green, is

MERRION SQUARE,

Three sides of which, although much larger, resemble Bedford square in London, the houses in general being of almost the same dimensions, and built (as the houses mostly are in Dublin) with brick. The fourth side of the square is occupied by a low wall, which divides it from the garden of Leinster House, the town residence of the Duke of Leinster.—This garden, like the centre of St. Stephen's Green, is laid down in grass, without any of those ornaments or decorations which would add to the beauty of the square.

The centre of the square is neatly laid out, and planted with shrubs, encircled by an iron railing, which gives it a finished appearance; but nothing can be more absurd than the assertion of a writer, who, in giving a description of Dublin, says of this square, that " it far exceeds any one in London, in its extent, its buildings, and beautiful symmetry."——He certainly never could have been in the squares in London; or he must, at the time, have been subject to some strange defect in his vision.

On that side of the square facing the garden of Leinster House, there is, what in this *enlightened age*, is stiled in Dublin, a FOUNTAIN, but which, in London, would be vulgarly called, a PUMP. It is ornamented with the sculpture of a female figure recumbent, but the lady having had the misfortune to lose part of her head, it is impossible, at this time to ascertain, what degree of merit, the artist who produced her, might formerly have had a claim to.

LEINSTER HOUSE

Is a large modern building, suited to the dignity of its possessor, who is the premier peer, and only Duke of the realm of Ireland. The premises are well arranged, for the residence of a numerous family. It has a very extensive range of offices, and the principal entrance to the court yard, is by a handsome lodge and gates, the front of which, is in Kildare-street; but so far is Leinster House from attracting any particular notice, except from its size, that I presume the writer of a "Description of Dublin," lately published, who says that Leinster House "is the noblest town residence in the British dominions," must have meant to say, "in Ireland."

The error in his judgment, in this instance is not unlike that, which once occurred at the house of an eminent bookseller in London, who had the absurdity to write over his shop, in very large letters, "*The cheapest bookseller* IN THE WORLD,"—an act of folly which was very whimsically corrected, by another bookseller immediately opposite, who, conceiving

himself reflected upon, by this monopoly of fair dealing on the part of his neighbour, caused to be written over his own door, in letters equally large, "*The cheapest bookseller in* THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD; and as, from the nearness of the houses to each other, both the inscriptions were in sight at the same time, they were the cause of no small amusement to those who read them.

KILDARE-STREET,

In which is the entrance to Leinster House, takes its name from the second title of the Duke of Leinster, who is Marquis of Kildare. It is a very neat street, of no great length, and contains some good private houses, as well as some very fashionable hotels, and club-houses. At the bottom of Kildare-street is

NASSAU-STREET,

One side of which is occupied by a long wall, inclosing what is called, the Park of Trinity College—This street is a very fashionable

thoroughfare, and crosses the opposite end of Dawson-street, to that which opens into St. Stephen's green.

DAWSON-STREET

Is very centrally situated, and in it are the Mail-Coach Hotel, and the Mail-Coach Tavern—with the Richmond Hotel, &c. &c. all of them much resorted to by the English. The lower part of the Mail-Coach Hotel, is set apart as a handsome well furnished coffee-room, where breakfasts and also tea and coffee in the evening are supplied, but nothing else. The upper part of the house, is disposed of in lodging-rooms, for the accommodation of the numerous visitors who are constantly in the habit of frequenting the house.

At the Mail-Coach Tavern, and at the Richmond Tavern, which are the very next houses (one on each side) to the Mail-Coach Hotel, dinners are provided in public coffee-rooms, similar to those in London. The price for dinner is generally three shillings,

and for Port wine, four shillings the bottle, English money. Private lodgings, in Dublin, are very expensive, and not *very remarkable* for their cleanliness.

The charge for beds at the hotels in Dublin, is from three to seven shillings per night, and for breakfast, two shillings, English money.

GRAFTON STREET

Is entirely occupied by houses in the various retail trades, and, from its great thoroughfare, may be considered as a sort of London Bond-street. One end of it opens upon

COLLEGE GREEN,

Which is the great centre of attraction to all who visit Dublin.—From its name, I presume it was once a green; but at present it is a wide paved street, and from the number of principal objects which come into view, in one focus, at this spot, it may be considered

as the most important point, from which Dublin is seen to advantage.

The front of Trinity College, which is a handsome elevation, looks up College Green and Dame-street, which, narrowing gradually from the college, may be described as of a pyramidical form, with the front of the college for its base.

Near the centre of College Green is a fine equestrian statue of King William the Third, erected by the citizens of Dublin in grateful remembrance of the eminent services of that illustrious monarch. From the front of the college to the right, is a wide and noble opening, through Westmoreland street, over Carlisle bridge, to Sackville street; but deferring, for the present, a description of that part of the town, and returning to College Green—on the right of it stands that noble building, formerly the Parliament House of Ireland, but now

The NATIONAL BANK,

Which was originally a most magnificent piece of architecture, with a portico of singular beauty in the front. This building has undergone many very important changes in the stile of its architecture, as well as in its use; and a stranger to the former beauty of its elevation, may easily conceive, from a view of its present appearance, that its exterior is not improved—indeed it very rarely happens, that a building of such magnitude, perfected in the first instance according to the strict rules of architecture, can ever undergo such an alteration, to fit it for a different use, as shall necessarily change the system of its elevation, (however dexterously it may be managed) in which it shall not lose some of its fine proportions.

Such a defect is very visible in this building, the beauty of the original design being in a great measure lost. It is, however, generally admitted, that the *interior* of the building has undergone a change of the most perfect kind:——but I wish here to

be understood as speaking of the architectural, and not the political changes which it has experienced; for I presume the public will agree with me, that, upon the subject of politics in Ireland, an English writer of a book of this description should be DEAF, DUMB, and BLIND.

At the east side of this building, after it was completed as a parliament house, it was determined to erect the present handsome portico of six columns, and upon the pediment over them were placed three statues, larger than life, representing Wisdom, Justice, and Liberty. This front was particularly designed for the grand entrance of the Lord Lieutenant, when going in state to the House. Close to the National Bank is

THE DUBLIN CLUB-HOUSE:

A handsome building with a stone front, much resembling Martindale's, in St. James's street, London; and a little further, upon the same side of the street, are

The COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS,

On the ground floor of which, is a very large Coffee-room, where a variety of newspapers are taken in, and from the constantly crowded state of the room, much commercial business is probably transacted there. The whole of the building is devoted to the purposes of commerce; and, from the very central situation of this establishment, great benefit is, no doubt, derived from it, to the convenience of the merchants and traders of Dublin.

A continuation of College Green from Trinity College, extending in a straight line to the Castle, though but one street, a little beyond the Commercial Buildings, changes its name to

DAME STREET,

Which is the greatest thoroughfare in Dublin for the carriages of the nobility. It is of a great width, and being filled with elegant shops of various descriptions, forms one of the most accustomed and amusing lounges in

the city of Dublin; where, from the groups of elegant women continually passing and repassing, and the numerous parties of military officers from the barracks, *(foraging in fruit shops)* it bears a strong resemblance to the London Bond-street.

Nearly in the middle of Dame-street, on the right hand, is Crowe-street, in which is

THE THEATRE ROYAL.

It is, in the interior, a modern, elegant, and convenient building, decorated with a considerable degree of taste; but its exterior has nothing to recommend it.

I was fortunate enough to be present at the representation of a play and farce, performed by command of the Lord Lieutenant, who, upon such an occasion, goes to the Theatre in state. His Excellency and the Dutches of Richmond were attended by a retinue of great magnificence, and in a stile well suited to the dignity of their station, as the Representatives of the KING and QUEEN.

The cavalcade consisted of three carriages, with the servants in superb liveries, and the horses very richly decorated with ribbons, &c. Behind the first carriage were two footmen, the second three, and the last, in which were the Duke and Dutchess, four, the same number as attend their Majesties upon similar occasions, in London—The whole was preceded and followed by a numerous guard of dragoons; and an officer's guard of soldiers with the band, attend at the entrance of the Theatre, where, upon the arrival of the Lord Lieutenant, the band strikes up and the guard salutes.

The stage box appropriated upon this occasion to the reception of the Lord Lieutenant and his suite, is fitted up with a magnificence, not inferior to that of the London Theatres, upon the occasion of their Majesties being present. The box has a projecting semi-circular front, richly ornamented with festoons of silk, gold fringe and tassels; over it is a canopy, decorated in a similar manner, surmounted with the crown and other insignia, richly carved and gilt. The seats are

taken from the box, and two state chairs are placed there for the Lord Lieutenant and his Lady, and the whole interior of the box is hung with silk, and provided with rich chandeliers of cut glass.

Upon the entrance of his Excellency to the box, he advanced to the front, bowing to the audience, the band at the same time playing the celebrated air of *God save the King*, the whole audience rising from their seats. The Dutchess of Richmond was then conducted to her seat, by the Chamberlain of the Household, (Sir Charles Vernon) and made her obeisance to the audience, with that peculiar grace which has ever been the constant accompaniment of her conciliating and engaging character—for it is no flattery to the Dutchess of Richmond to say, that few ladies in her exalted rank have ever been more deservedly esteemed.

The reception experienced by the Duke and Dutchess, must have been very gratifying to their feelings, and it strongly confirmed in my mind, the general report which

I had heard, of the degree of estimation in which they are held by the Irish.

As soon as the tune of "God Save the King" had been performed, it was succeeded by the popular air of "St. Patrick's day in the morning," The attendants in the state box, who were very numerous, were all either in military uniform, or in full-dress suits, and continued standing behind the chairs of the Duke and Dutchess till the close of the whole performance, and upon the departure from the Theatre of his Excellency and the Dutchess, the same ceremonies were observed, as with their Majesties at the Theatres in London.

There are some peculiar traits which mark the character of a Dublin audience.—Though in humble life, Paddy is, generally speaking, a good natured fellow, he is, when in the gallery of a Theatre, the most uproarious animal in existence, and is frequently very liberal in the distribution of his favors, by pieces of apple &c. thrown into the pit, to the great annoyance of the company in that part of the

house, who appear to suffer no small degree of anxiety from the uncertainty they are in, as to what proof of his bounty they may next expect.

A striking proof however of the good humour of the Irish, is to be seen, in the hearty glee and loud laugh, with which they continually receive the jokes and bulls of their countrymen, as represented on the stage; in which species of acting, Mr. Johnstone of the Theatre in London, has so often delighted an English audience.

A more whimsical effect can scarcely be imagined, than what attended the latter part of the performance, when, upon the rising of the curtain, in the farce of Tom Thumb, KING ARTHUR was discovered sitting on his throne, under a canopy of state, surrounded by MR. NOODLE, MR. DOODLE, and the other great officers, of his household.

The audience looking first at the mock Majesty of the representative of KING ARTHUR on the stage, and then upon the imitative, though official pageanty of the re-

presentative of KING GEORGE in the state box, gave loose to such a violent, and, for a time, incessant burst of laughter, as pretty strongly to intimate, that a comparison of the ROYAL REPRESENTATIVES, with their respective suites of courtly attendants, was, in no small degree, the source of their merriment—and also to prove the justice of the observation of Le Sage, the celebrated author of Gil Blas, that "*all the good actors and actresses are not engaged upon the stage.*"

And as the Duke of Richmond is pretty well known to be no sworn foe to conviviality, the effect of the joke was not lessened, upon the following declaration by KING ARTHUR, of his royal will, delivered from the throne,

"THIS DAY IT IS OUR PLEASURE TO BE DRUNK."

The Duke, with great good humour, laughed heartily at the performers; while the performers, who could not preserve the gravity of their countenances, laughed as heartily with *(of course not at)* the Duke, and the effect produced upon the risible muscles of

the audience, gave rise, altogether, to such a scene of merriment as has seldom been witnessed in a theatre.

Returning from the Theatre into Dame-street;—at the extremity of that street, on the south side, stands

The EXCHANGE,

Which is a very handsome building, ranging in a line with the houses. Its front, which is very superb, being immediately opposite to Parliament street, Essex bridge, and the long line of Capel street, forms a very noble object of view to persons coming towards it from that direction.

It has three fronts, built of Portland stone, in the Corinthian order; with a well proportioned dome, supported by twelve fluted pillars in the interior of the building. These being placed at a certain distance from the outer wall, leave a space which forms a walk for the merchants, and in the centre of the building, under the dome, is a statue,

by Van Nost, of his present Majesty, in a Roman military habit.

The architect of this elegant building was Mr Cooley; and the expences attending its erection were defrayed out of a fund of sixty-five thousand pounds, raised for the purpose by a lottery scheme, grafted on the English lottery in the year 1769. However calculated this building might, at the time of its erection, have been considered for the purposes for which it was intended, it is now made but little use of, since the establishment of the Commercial Buildings in Dame street. Immediately beyond the Exchange, and on the same side of the street, are the large iron gates to the court yard of

The CASTLE,

which is the accustomed residence of his Majesty's representative in the government of Ireland, the Lord Lieutenant, for the time being.

The exterior of this building, viewed

from the court yard, has nothing to recommend it:—it is, indeed, of that gloomy, forlorn looking description, which very ill accords with the dignity of the purpose to which it is applied.

The building surrounds an oblong square of sufficiently large dimensions, the four sides of which are uniform in their stile of architecture, which is very bad, and being built of dirty red brick, bears a very strong resemblance to some of the gloomy quadrangles of the Corporation halls in the city of London.

The impression which a view of this building produced upon my mind was, that however the emoluments, patronage, and flattering distinctions, of the appointment to the office of Lord Lieutenant might be objects of ambition, I could not avoid thinking that the possession of them, to persons of such high rank as that of the Noblemen who always fill the station, was but a poor compensation to induce them to quit, for three, four, and sometimes five years, such

noble and beautiful seats, in England, as Goodwood, Wentworth House, and Stowe, to reside in such a dark, dreary, and dismal abode as Dublin Castle.

Of the interior of the Castle I will say nothing, for I will not attempt to describe that which I have not seen; but it is said to contain many spacious apartments, in the state rooms of which the Lord Lieutenant holds his public levees, which are generally rather numerously attended,—his Excellency having many good things at his disposal.

The Lady of the Lord Lieutenant, as Vice Queen, also, at stated times, has her public drawing rooms, which, with the levees of the Lord Lieutenant, are previously announced in the newspapers.—The levees are held at four o'clock, and the drawing-rooms in the evening.

Exclusive of the apartments in the Castle occupied by the Lord Lieutenant and his family, there are others, appropriated to the residence of the Secretary of State, as well

as to many other officers of the Vice-Regal government and the household; and there are also several of the public offices in the Castle.

At the entrance to the court yard of the Castle, is a guard house, in a stile of architecture *equally elegant*, with the other parts of the building. A guard is regularly mounted here, and relieved every morning in the court yard, with regimental music, the same as at St. James's in London.

Leaving the Castle by the guard house, the street to the left is called Castle-street; it is very narrow, and entirely occupied by persons in retail trades. At the extremity of this is

WERBURGH-STREET,

in which is St. Werburgh's church, where the Lord Lieutenant and his family generally attend to hear divine service on the Sundays; but it is only upon particular occasions that his Excellency goes to church in state, and

when that is the case, he is attended by a cavalcade similar to that which has been described as accompanying him to the Theatre.

At a short distance from St. Werburgh's is the Cathedral of

CHRIST CHURCH.

There are two Cathedral churches in Dublin, but neither of them partake in any degree of that Gothic magnificence of architecture, which so eminently distinguishes the Cathedral churches in England. This church is inferior to any of a similar description in England, either in its exterior, or within. There is a fine organ, and the choir service is performed in a very superior stile.

St. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL,

Which, from its bearing the name of the tutelar Saint of Ireland, might, by a stranger, be naturally expected to be superior to Christ's church, is far inferior to it in many respects, and greatly discredits the Episcopal establish-

ment of Ireland, as well as the name of its tutelar Saint.

Both Christ church and St. Patrick's cathedrals are placed in such narrow, dirty, and obscure parts of the town, that their founders may be supposed to have been influenced in their choice of such inconvenient situations, from a pious regard to what was said by the great Founder of our religion, of the road to Heaven, that

"Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way."

At St. Patrick's Cathedral the choir service is not performed, and the church is fitted up in the most miserable stile, and greatly out of repair. In this church lie interred, the remains of its once celebrated Dean, Dr. Jonathan Swift. He was born in Dublin, of English parents, in 1667, a few months after the death of his father, whose widow was left in very narrow circumstances. He received the first rudiments of his education at Kilkenny school, from whence, in 1682, he was removed to the University of Dublin; the

expence of his education being defrayed by his uncle, upon whose death he came to England, where he was hospitably entertained by Sir William Temple, who had married a relation of his mother. During his residence with Sir William, who employed him in revising his works, he first formed the resolution of embracing the ecclesiastical life, for which he was not originally designed.

Being disappointed of preferment in England, he accompanied the Earl of Buckinghamshire (one of the Lord's Justices) to Ireland, as his chaplain and private secretary, but he was disappointed in not being preferred to the Deanery of Derry, which had been promised him; upon which he retired to his living, where he discharged his parochial duties in an exemplary manner.

About this time he was secretly married to Mrs Johnston, the celebrated STELLA, but never could be induced to own it, in consequence of which cruelty on the part of the Dean, she died of a broken heart!

This amiable woman was the daughter of Sir William Temple's steward, and she possessed an independent property left her by her father.

At the accession of Queen Anne, Swift embarked in politicks, in hopes of obtaining preferment, which he again missed, as it is ever to be hoped every clergyman will do, who seeks preferment by means so unworthy of the clerical character. In 1713, he was, however, promoted to the Deanery of St. Patrick's; he looked for a higher station, but the death of Queen Anne closed all his prospects, and completely embittered his temper.

After the death of Stella in 1727, he led a very retired life, and wasted his time in literary trifles, which were unworthy of public notice, and, from the gross indelicacies with which they abound, are discreditable in the greatest degree to his name. In 1736, he entirely lost his memory—he died in 1745, and was according to his desire, expressed in his will, buried in this Cathedral. With all his faults, his memory will be long respected

in Ireland, from the charitable bequest which he made of the greatest part of his property, for the purpose of building an Hospital for the reception of Lunaticks in Dublin.

In the choir of this Cathedral, the installations of

THE KNIGHTS OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS ORDER OF ST. PATRICK

are held, and their banners with the other insignia of their order are placed over their respective stalls.

This order was first instituted in 1783, in the early part of Mr. Pitt's administration, and the first installation was held in this Cathedral on the fifth of February in the same year.

The adoption of such a measure as the institution of a national order of Knighthood in Ireland, was very judiciously recommended to his Majesty's notice by Mr. Pitt. It

is (to the country) a cheap, but very honourable reward to merit, and not being hereditary, those of the nobility, who enjoy the highest honors by birth, can alone possess this pre-eminent mark of distinction, through the favour and approbation of their Sovereign.

It is much to be wondered at, that such a gratifying mark of attention to the proper feelings of the Irish Nobility, should have been so long delayed, while both England and Scotland, have for so many years, had their separate orders of St. George and St. Andrew.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for the time being, is always Grand Master of the Order, and is, accordingly, upon his first arrival to take upon himself the government of Ireland, immediately invested by his predecessor with the Collar of the Order, in which he appears upon state occasions, but he does not wear the star, nor the ribbon across the body, as is the custom with the installed Knights. His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, His Majesty's fourth son, is

the Senior Knight of the order. The colour of the ribbon is a light blue, and the motto upon the Medallion of the order is

"QUIS SEPARABIT?"

In this Cathedral an event once occurred, (if an ancient record is to be believed) from which it may be inferred, that the Chief Magistrates of the city of Dublin were not always so attentive to decorum as the present worthy Lord Mayor; for it says that "in the year 1512, the Mayor was obliged to go in procession, bare-foot through the city, by way of penance, for QUARRELLING in St. Patrick's Church," which custom was continued annually, till the time of the reformation.

A more peaceable behaviour in church-time is not the only improvement which has taken place in the habits of the Irish, upon old customs; for, in the life of St. Patrick, it is recorded, as an extraordinary instance of his piety, that he mortified himself every evening, by repeating fifty of the psalms, up to his chin in WATER.—His pious de-

scendants of modern times, however, in their evening devotions to the memory of their tutelar saint, very wisely, in my opinion, prefer the *mortification* of being up to their chins in CLARET.

From Castle-street, the continuation is of great length, (nearly a mile and a half) as far as Kilmainham, through a crowded, populous and dirty part of the town; the street assuming, in its progress, different names, and one of which, near the old market, is (from its appearance) most appropriately called

CUT-PURSE STREET,

and in another division of the same street, (Thomas street) occurred that dreadful event, which deprived the country of an able magistrate and most upright man, for on this spot, on Saturday, the 23d of July, 1803, about eight o'clock in the evening, as

LORD KILWARDEN,

Chief Justice of the King's Bench, was go-

ing to attend a Privy Council at the Castle, accompanied by his daughter and nephew, the Rev. Richard Wolfe, a large mob, armed with pikes and fire arms, surrounded his carriage, from which they dragged his Lordship and Mr. Wolfe, whom they immediately assassinated in the street, by stabbing them with pikes, his Lordship's daughter only escaping.

Lord Kilwarden was conveyed to the watch-house in Vicar-street, attended by Major Swan; and although his Lordship was near expiring at the time, he eagerly enquired as to the fate of his daughter, and being assured by the Major of her safety, he exclaimed with a most affecting emotion of gratitude to heaven, "THANK GOD!"

An officer present, filled with indignation at the scene of horror before his eyes, observed that every man taken with a pike in his hands ought to be hanged, which Lord Kilwarden overhearing, with that humanity which distinguished him in his whole progress through life, to this last sad stage of its

"eventful history," turned himself to Major Swan, and most impresssively exhorted that active and meritorious officer, as his dying request—"To let no man be hanged without being brought to trial by the laws of his country." His Lordship immediately after expired!

This noble and much lamented Lord, whose name was ARTHUR WOLFE, was born of an obscure family; he received his education at Trinity College Dublin, and in 1766, was called to the Bar—He was soon appointed King's Counsel, and brought into Parliament. In 1787, he was made Solicitor General; two years afterwards Attorney General, and on the death of Lord Clonmell, he was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, and created a Peer of the Realm of Ireland by the title of Baron, and, in 1795, Viscount Kilwarden, in the possession of which dignity he conducted himself with such wisdom, impartiality, moderation and integrity, as to deserve, and obtain a very general esteem.

The following just tribute to the memory of Lord Kilwarden, was paid by the late Lord Avonmore, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, in his charge to the grand juries of the County and City of Dublin.

"It was the dying advice of the great and good Lord Kilwarden, 'that no man should suffer on any account, not even on account of his own murder, without a fair trial,'—words which ought to be engraven on his tomb-stone in letters of gold, and which deserve to be transmitted to posterity, as the motto of the family to which he was so bright an ornament. When arrested by ruffians and expiring under the repeated wounds of assassins, he raised the last efforts of exhausted nature, to bequeath to his country a legacy, which will ever be remembered with gratitude—Who hears the name, but must lament, that the star, which shone conspicuous in the legal hemisphere, and the dawn of whose early coruscation promised a full blaze of meridian splendor, is, alas! set for ever?

"And if I may be allowed to mix my pri-

vate griefs with my public sorrow, suffer me to lament, that I have lost the friend of my youth, the companion of my maturer years, my fellow labourer in the fields of science, and my coadjutor in the administration of justice."

At the extremity of this part of the Town, at the distance of about two miles from the Castle, is

KILMAINHAM HOSPITAL,

An establishment of a similar nature to that of Chelsea Hospital, and which was founded by the same monarch, Charles the second, about the close of his reign, in 1684, for the reception of invalid and superannuated soldiers on the Irish establishment. It is generally full, and is calculated to contain about three hundred of those deserving servants of their country.

It is a very neat building, consisting of a large quadrangle, the principal side of which is always appropriated to the residence of the Commander in Chief of the forces.

The situation of this place is by far the pleasantest about Dublin, as it commands an extensive view of the Phœnix Park; and, fortunately for the Commander in Chief, there is a very pleasant and good road made for his use, which communicates directly with the better parts of Dublin, without the necessity of passing through the disgustingly filthy neighbourhood of Thomas-street. Returning into Dublin by this road, it leads over one of the bridges to the

BARRACKS,

Which are on the north side of the Liffey. They are of immense extent, and are well situated on an eminence, commanding a fine prospect and enjoying a wholesome air for the troops.—I cannot speak of the Barracks in Dublin, unaccompanied by feelings of gratitude and regret, for there I was most hospitably entertained by several of the officers of the 23rd Regiment of Dragoons, a few days previous to their march for the Continent—The manner in which this regiment signalized itself at the battle of Talavera, is too well known to

need any compliment from me, and of the party of officers, with whom I dined, I believe every one was included in the list of killed or wounded! At a short distance from the Barracks is the entrance to

The PHŒNIX PARK,

By a lodge and gates, of so miserable and poverty-stricken an appearance, as greatly to discredit the city of Dublin, as well as the dignity which ought to attach to the park and palace of the Vice-roy.

The Phœnix Park is very extensive, and contains some pleasing variety, in the form of the ground, and from the distant views. very little, however, appears to have been done to improve it by any effort of taste, and it is, in beauty and richness, very inferior indeed to Hyde Park. In this Park is the Lodge appropriated for the summer residence of the Lord Lieutenant.—It may possibly be a comfortable dwelling, upon the score of convenience; but in its exterior it carries so little of the dignity of a palace,

that, conceiving it to be the residence of the servants of the Lord Lieutenant, I was induced to enquire of a person at the gate, how far distant I was from the lodge of his Excellency:—I was led into this mistake, from the inferiority of the building before me, to the mere wings of Wentworth House, Stowe, Goodwood, and other seats of the nobility in England.

There are, in the Phœnix Park, some pleasant rides, and about the centre of it is a well proportioned column, of the Corinthian order; but trifling, from its diminutive size, being only about thirty feet high. It has the figure of a Phœnix upon its capital, and was erected by the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield, during his government as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Returning from the Phœnix Park, by the barracks, the road leads through Barrack-street; and of the charms of this delightful spot, they and they only, who have had the pleasure of passing through St. Giles's in London, or Rag Fair upon Tower Hill, can

form an adequate idea of the ragged, wretched, and miserable appearance of its inhabitants, which actually bids defiance to description, and most forcibly brought to my recollection the well known observation of Mr. Foote, (the celebrated dramatic writer and comedian) who said, that 'till he had seen the beggars in Dublin, he never could imagine what the beggars in London did with their cast-off cloaths.

At the end of Barrack-street, a turning to the right, through Silver-street, leads by Arran Quay, to the north end of Carlisle Bridge, opening into Sackville-street.

Upon this branch of the river, the great object of attraction, and most deservedly so, is the superb building called

The FOUR COURTS.

It is a truly magnificent pile of architecture, the foundation of which was laid in the administration of the late Duke of Rutland, in 1786. The extent of its front toward the river, is four hundred and thirty-three feet,

and from the uses to which it is applied, Englishmen naturally consider it as the Westminster Hall of Dublin.

The Hall part of the building is an elegant and spacious rotunda of sixty-four feet diameter, and on the four opposite sides of the circle, are openings to the four courts—of King's Bench, Common Pleas, Exchequer, and Chancery. In the wings and other parts of this building, are the Judges' Chambers, apartments for the different Juries, and every convenient arrangement necessary to so superb an establishment.

The front of this building, which is truly magnificent, is seen to great disadvantage from the side of the water on which it stands, the space being too confined; but it is in contemplation to build a bridge across the river, immediately opposite to the centre of the grand portico, which, when complete, will produce an effect superior to that of any of the public buildings in Dnblin, and inferior to very few elsewhere.

Of the proceedings in the Courts of Law, the principal object worthy the attention of a stranger, is the peculiar character of

THE ELOQUENCE OF THE IRISH BAR.

It differs most materially from that to which Englishmen are accustomed in their own country.—The following description of it, by an able writer,* so exactly accords with the truth, and is expressed in terms so much more equal to the subject, than any I could offer, that I shall use his words.

"More vehement, and figured, and poetical, than any that is now attempted in this country, it aims, almost always, at dazzling the imagination, or inflaming the passions, at least as much as enlightening the understanding. On almost every subject it aspires at being

*Edinburgh Review———Observations preceding the critique upon the speeches of the Right Hon. John Philpot Curran,

pathetic, or magnificent, and while it adorns what is grand, or kindles what is interesting with the rays of its genius, is apt to involve in the redundant veil of its imagery, what is either too low, or too simple to become such a drapery.

"Being the natural language of fearless genius, and impassioned feeling, it will not always be found to express judicious sentiments or correct reasoning, but will generally lead to lofty principles, and correct theory. It is sometimes coarse, and frequently noisy and redundant, but it has usually strength in its coarseness, and for the most part, fancy, if not reason in its extravagance.

"Though the design and the drawing may frequently be faulty, the colouring is always brilliant, and the expression, for the most part original and powerful."

CARLISLE BRIDGE,

Which terminates the extent of the Quay affords another very elegant specimen of

architectural taste, it consists of three arches, and is ten feet wider than Westminster Bridge. It forms a very grand communication between the north and south sides of the river, one end of it leading through Westmoreland-street to College Green, and the other opening immediately into Sackville-street, in the center of which, is a most magnificent column of great height and well proportioned dimensions, to the immortal memory of Lord Nelson; and, at the opposite extremity of Sackville street to Carlisle Bridge, are the Rotunda and public rooms.

SACKVILLE-STREET,

In point of dimensions, is one of the grandest in Europe, but it is to dimension only to which it is indebted for its superiority—for the various occupations of its inhabitants, tend greatly to diminish that importance of appearance, which so peculiarly characterizes the streets in London, inhabited by the Nobility, where, very rarely, any but houses appropriated to the private residence of persons

eminent either for rank or wealth, are to be seen.

. In Sackville-street, at its entrance by Carlisle Bridge, which is very striking, groups of ragged and dirty coal carriers, attending upon the Whitehaven colliers, constantly either annoy the passengers by troublesome offers of their *professional* assistance, or disgust his ears by the most blasphemous oaths, and profligate language, among themselves.

The uses to which the houses in this fine street are applied, are as various as their external appearance, and afford no small amusement to a lounging spectator, in the different descriptions of the inhabitants, which are to be seen on the brass plates of private houses, and the written inscriptions over the fronts of those devoted to trade—for they comprise Peers, Pastrycooks, and Perfumers; Bishops, Butchers, and Brokers in old furniture, together with Hotels of the most superb description, and a tolerable sprinkling of gin and whiskey shops.

The LYING-IN HOSPITAL,

At the extremity of Sackville-street, is an elegant building, and the charitable use to which it is applied, does great honor to the city of Dublin, for its extensive benevolence. This building has a regular architectural front, with wings united by handsome colonades, and a steeple rises from its centre.—The suite of apartments in

The ROTUNDA,

Immediately adjoining the hospital, and forming part of the elevation of the whole, are of noble dimensions,* and are appropriated to the very laudable purpose of aiding the charity, by the profit of balls, concerts, &c. &c. These entertainments are very frequent, and are supported by the patronage of the Lord Lieutenant and the

* A well-proportioned ball-room, eighty-six feet in length—a card-room, sixty-six feet—a tea-room, fifty-four feet—a supper-room, eighty-six feet—and a smaller ditto fifty-four feet; with a spacious hall and vestibule—extensive kitchens, &c. &c.

principal nobility, with that zeal and spirit which is highly honorable to their character.

This building was opened for the reception of patients on the eighth of December 1757; and from a printed report of the state of the Hospital, it appears that, from that time to the 31st of October, 1808, there have been delivered in the hospital 61,198 women, of 32,363 Boys, and 29,718 Girls; 1067 had twins; 18 had three, and 1 had four children.

The management of an establishment of so much importance to the interests of humanity, is very properly under the direction of the first characters in the country, of whom His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant is the president.

There are, in various parts of the city of Dublin, other institutions of an equally benevolent character with this, which have for their object, to meliorate the condition of the poor and the afflicted of every description,

and to discover, not only, the various ways in which distress may be relieved, but, how early instruction may lead to religious habits, how sloth may be converted into industry, penury into plenty, and misery into comfort. How the blind also, the lame and the aged, may receive every assistance, of which their condition is susceptible.

The sums collected at Churches in Dublin, in support of these valuable institutions, perhaps exceed what has ever been received in a similar way in any other country. In the year 1796, after a sermon preached by the late Dean Kirwan, for the benefit of the schools in the parish where it was delivered, the sum of £733 was collected; and again, in the month of March, after a sermon by the same eloquent preacher, delivered before His Excellency Earl Camden, for the benefit of the Female Orphan School, no less than £1015 was collected in the church.

The garden at the back of these buildings, which is very neatly laid out, and sur-

rounded by a light iron railing, forms the centre of

RUTLAND SQUARE.

The buildings upon three sides of this square, (the fourth being occupied by those which I have just described) though passing under the general name of Rutland Square, are all called differently.—That which forms the continuance of Sackville-street, is called Cavendish Row; the opposite side, Granby Row; and the upper part, facing the Rotunda buildings, (in the centre of which is the elegant town residence of the Earl of Charlemont) is named Palace Row. In a line with this, to the right, is Gardiner's Row, which leads to

MOUNTJOY SQUARE.

The latter places are named, one of them from the title of Lord Mountjoy, and the other from his family name (Gardiner.) The houses in this part of Dublin, are newly built; and, as well as those in Rutland Square,

are very handsome; and in general, in the occupation of persons of distinction. The situation of this part of the town, is very open and airy—At a short distance from Mountjoy Square, is a new church, not yet finished, to be called

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH,

which is not large, but of singular beauty, from its very correct architectural proportions. From Mountjoy Square, Gardiner-street, of great length and proportionable width, but at present in a very unfinished stile, leads directly into the centre of Beresford Place, in which stands the north, or land front of that magnificent modern building,

THE CUSTOM HOUSE;

The elevation of which, presents a specimen of architectural taste and magnificence, highly honorable to the national character of the Irish, and creditable to the professional skill of the architect (Mr. Gandon).

The extent of the front is 375 feet, and the depth of it 209, each side having a front differently designed—the wings or pavillions, which are joined to the centre by arcades, are decorated with the arms of Ireland, beautifully executed, and the whole is surmounted by a superb dome, of one hundred and twenty feet in height, with a pedestal, on which is a figure of Commerce.

In addition to the interior arrangements of a long room, &c. for the purposes of business, there are two elegant houses in the wings, for the two principal commissioners of the revenue, as well as apartments for many of the officers upon this extensive establishment.

The estimate for the expence of this magnificent structure was £163,363, but the total expenditure exceeded £250,000.

An error has been committed in the choice of the exact scite of this building, which is so obvious to the most common observer, that it is difficult to account for

such an oversight in those concerned in a business of so much importance, upon any other principle than an unwillingness to depart from the national character for making a blunder.

The error to which I allude is this; that on the side next the river, where all the business is transacted, and much space, accordingly, wanted, there is not more than would be thought necessary in the front of any stack of warehouses in a similar situation; yet, on the other side of the Custom-house, where no business is transacted, and scarcely any space required, there is a very fine opening, in the form of a crescent.

The old Custom-house, in Essex-street, was built in 1707, and was then considered as a convenient building, and adequate to all its purposes; but in a course of years, the trade of the city of Dublin very considerably increasing, and the building falling to decay, occasioned the erection of the present noble edifice, which was begun in 1781, and completed in 1791.

The old Custom-house is now used as Barracks, and from its present ruinous appearance, supported by props, the troops lodged in it are exposed to not much less danger, from its falling, than if opposed to an enemy in the field of battle.

The river is only navigable, for large vessels, as far as Carlisle Bridge, (about two hundred yards above the new Custom-house) and for the convenience of the vessels, a wet dock has been formed, near to the Custom-house, sufficient to contain about fifty sail of ships, which was finished in 1796.—This accommodation was much wanted, as the river is so very confined about the Custom-house, that the different packets and many other vessels, do not come higher than the Pigeon House, from the difficulty attending the passage up and down the river.

The principal number of the vessels are from Whitehaven and Liverpool; the former with coals, and the latter with merchandize for the use of Dublin and the neighbouring country; but the principal mercantile busi-

ness of Ireland is transacted at Belfast, Cork, Wexford, and other ports on the coast.

On the opposite side of the river to the Custom-house, is a long range of quays, called George's Quay, the City Quay, and Sir John Rogerson's Quay, where the Whitehaven vessels are principally moored. The coals imported to Dublin from Whitehaven are not consigned, by a whole cargo, to an agent, as is the custom from Newcastle to London; but, on the arrival of a vessel at a convenient part of the quay, a board, inscribed "Whitehaven Coals," is fastened to the rigging, and they are retailed, in large or small quantities, according to the demand of the purchaser; and, for their conveyance from the ship, a numerous tribe of coal-porters and cars continually attend, by which slow mode of selling the coals, a vessel is sometimes three weeks in clearing her cargo.

A continuation of Sir John Rogerson's quay leads through the miserable village of Ringsend, along the south wall to the Pigeon House. Returning from the south wall through

Lombard-street, and Townshend-street, leads again to

TRINITY COLLEGE.

This justly celebrated University was founded by Queen Elizabeth, at the close of her long and illustrious reign, in the year 1591, who granted it a charter,—her successor, King James the first, endowed it with very considerable estates, particularly in the province of Ulster; and his son, Charles the first, who was a liberal benefactor to the College, in the year 1637, abolished the old statutes, and granted new ones, and a new charter—the statutes were compiled by the celebrated Archbishop Laud; who, some years after, fell a sacrifice to the fury of the times, for his attachment to the cause of his Sovereign.

From the number of eminent characters which this College has produced, it may very justly be considered as one of the most important Universities in Europe; and it is a very remarkable circumstance, (as if ominous, in the earliest period of its establishment, of

its future greatness) that the very first student who was admitted, obtained by his great eminence for extensive learning and exemplary piety, the highest rank in the church of Ireland, the Archbishoprick of Armagh, and primacy of all Ireland. This was the celebrated

ARCHBISHOP USHER,

whose education has conferred as much honor upon Trinity College, as his birth, which was in the year 1580, has done upon the city of Dublin.

His Uncle, the Archbishop of Armagh, placed him at Trinity College, where he made such great progress in all kinds of learning, that at the early age of sixteen, he formed a chronology of the Bible in Latin—in 1607, he was appointed Professor of Divinity at Dublin and Chancellor of St. Patrick's Cathedral—1620, he was promoted to the Bishoprick of Meath, from whence he was translated in 1626, to the Archbishoprick of Armagh.

On the breaking out of the Irish rebellion,

he retired to England, where he received an invitation from Cardinal Richelieu, to settle in France, with an offer of the free liberty of his religion, which he declined—he died in London at the advanced age of 76; and lies buried in Westminster Abbey.

In the great number of distinguished characters who have received their education at this University, there are none, from whose universally acknowledged merit, it derives more credit, than that eminently pious prelate,

DR. THOMAS WILSON,

BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

This truly good and virtuous Prelate, whose life was an honour to religion, and to human nature itself, was born of very obscure parents at Burton in Cheshire, in the year 1663, and after receiving the first rudiments of his education at the grammar school in Chester, was removed to this College—he was ordained at Kildare in 1686; and in 1692 he was appointed by the Earl of Derby to be his domestic chaplain, and tutor to his son, Lord Strange. His exemplary conduct in the

discharge of his duty, induced the Earl of Derby to offer him the very valuable living of Baddesworth in Yorkshire, wishing him, at the same time, to continue in his family—this the worthy Prelate declined, as not being consistent with the resolutions, which, upon taking orders, he had made against non-residence, and to which, with the most laudable consistency, he adhered, during the whole of his long and exemplary life.

The Bishoprick of Sodor and Man, which was in the gift of the Earl of Derby, becoming vacant by the death of Bishop Levintz, was offered to Mr. Wilson by his noble patron, as a reward for his disinterested and exemplary conduct. This promotion he also for a long time declined to accept, being unwilling, as he said, to take upon himself so great a charge, and the See was kept open for him nearly five years.

At length the Archbishop of York, in whose province the Bishoprick of Man is situated, complained to King William, that a Bishop was wanting to fill the See of Man,

that the nomination was with the Earl of Derby, as Lord of the Isle, but that the approbation to the appointment was with his Majesty—upon which the King sent for the Earl of Derby, (at that time, Master of the Horse to his Majesty) and insisted on an immediate nomination to the vacant Bishoprick, at the same time saying, that if delayed, he would himself fill the vacancy.

In consequence of this admonition, Lord Derby insisted on his chaplain accepting the preferment, and Mr. Wilson was (to use his own expression) forced into the Bishoprick. He immediately passed over to the Isle of Man, where he continued to reside fifty eight years, in the greatest reputation for his piety, exemplary life, hospitality and extensive charity.

His life and manners would have done honor to primitive Christianity—his character was truly apostolical—he was not only revered and loved in his own diocese, but by the whole nation, and even by its enemies; for, during a French war, the cruisers

of that nation were forbid to injure the property of the natives of the Isle of Man, out of respect to this amiable prelate.

He was, at three different times, offered English bishopricks; (one of which was Exeter) by George the Second, which he constantly refused, from his great attachment to the Isle of Man, and his dislike to interfere in the concerns of the state, from which he was exempt, the bishop of Sodor and Man not having any vote in Parliament.*

At every period of his life, his benevolence was conspicuous, but for many years before his death, he appropriated the ENTIRE EMOLUMENTS derived from his bishoprick to the use of the poor.

* The Bishop of Sodor and Man has a seat, but no vote, in the House of Lords, holding his See of a subject. But if the island, as in case of treason, should become forfeited to the Crown, the bishop then, holding his barony from the king, by a *Congé d'elire*, would have a vote. Bishop Levintz, the predecessor of Bishop Wilson, frequently sat in the House, within the bar, in his episcopal robes.—Bishop Wilson never could be prevailed upon to sit there.

His diligence in the punctual discharge of his spiritual functions, was not less worthy of praise than his private benevolence; for, during the fifty-eight years that he was bishop of Man, he never omitted preaching every Sunday, either in his own diocese, or wherever he happened to be, while his health would permit him.——He died in the Isle of Man, in the year 1755, in the ninety-third year of his age, and the fifty-eighth of his consecration.——In summing up the character of this good man, it may truly be affirmed, that every part of his life, which conferred so much honor upon this College where he received his education, affords a display of genuine charity and benevolence.

Venerable in his aspect, meek in his deportment, his face illumined with benignity, and his heart glowing with piety, like his DIVINE MASTER, he went about doing good.

From the pride and avarice often (with too much justice) imputed to prelacy, he was totally exempt:——His palace might

truly be said to be a Temple of Charity—— Hospitality stood at his gate, and invited the stranger and the necessitous to a plenteous repast.—In fact, his revenue was dedicated to the poor, and to the unfortunate.

He published many works upon religious subjects, which were all of a practical nature, and equally calculated to inform the ignorant, and edify the virtuous.

Of the illustrious persons of modern times, whose characters and writings have done honor to the city of Dublin, as the place of their nativity, and to Trinity College, as the seminary at which they received their education, the name of

THE RIGHT HON.

EDMUND BURKE,

stands conspicuously forward, as an eminent writer and statesman. He was born at Dublin, in 1730; (his father was a solicitor) in 1746, he entered as a scholar at this College, which he left on taking his Bachelor's de-

gree in 1749, and soon afterwards he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Professorship of Logic, at Glasgow. In 1753, he entered a student of the Middle Temple, where he applied more to general literature than the law, and supported himself by writing for the booksellers.

In 1757, he wrote his celebrated "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," which performance, written in a fine and elegant style, procured for its author a great reputation, and the esteem of the first literary characters of the age, the principal of whom was Dr. Johnson.

In 1758, he suggested to Mr. Dodsley the bookseller, the plan of the "Annual Register," a work most deservedly admired, and the historical part of which he wrote for several years.

The scene of Mr. Burke's life was now about to undergo a very important change, by his introduction to the Earl of Halifax, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, where he

went as the companion of Mr. Hamilton,* secretary to the noble Earl, who procured for Mr. Burke, a pension of three hundred pounds per annum, on the Irish establishment. On Mr. Burke's return from Ireland, he was made private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, then first Lord of the Treasury, who brought him into parliament for Wendover. He was enabled by the friendly assistance of the Marquis, to purchase the Villa near Beaconsfield, which continued to be his principal residence during the remainder of his life.

The Rockingham party continued in power but a short time, after which Mr. Burke became an active member of the opposition, as an eloquent speaker and able writer. And when the Marquis of Rockingham returned to power, on the resignation of Lord North in 1782, Mr. Burke obtained the important

* This gentleman was generally known by the name of *Single-speech Hamilton*, from the circumstance of his making only one speech in Parliament; but one of uncommon eloquence.

post of paymaster general to the Forces, with a seat in the Privy Council. But that was of short duration; for, on the death of his patron Mr. Burke resigned his place.

The leading particulars of his political life after this, were his exertions against Mr. Hastings, in which he manifested uncommon diligence to fasten guilt upon that gentleman, but accompanied with a degree of asperity, very far from being creditable to his character. But the greatest of Mr. Burke's political exertions, were to be seen, in his ardour against the actors, and defenders of the French Revolution.

On this subject, he evinced peculiar sagacity at the outset, and when many worthy men, were rejoicing at the prospect of rising liberty and happiness to the world, Mr. Burke predicted with uncommon precision, the desolation, bloodshed, anarchy, and misery which ensued. He displayed his detestation of the French Revolution, with extraordinary eloquence, in the House of Commons, and separated in consequence, from his friends

Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, and many of his old associates.

His zeal on this occasion, and the display of his uncommon talents, recommended him to the Royal favor, and he obtained a pension of a very considerable amount.

Mr. Burke withdrew from Parliament in 1794, leaving his seat for Malton to his son, a young man of great accomplishments, who died shortly after, and the effects of this melancholy event on the spirits and constitution of Mr. Burke, hastened his own dissolution, which occurred on the 6th of July, 1797.

A little before his death, he caused to be read to him—Addison's paper in the Spectator, on the immortality of the soul.

Mr. Burke was very amiable in private life, of correct deportment, faithful in his attachments, charitable to the poor, and religious without ostentation, or superstition.

Dr. Parnell, the author of the Hermit, and Doctor Goldsmith, whose numerous productions are too well known to be enumerated, and whose beautiful poem of "THE DESERTED VILLAGE," published in 1770, which in point of description, and pathos, is above all praise, do honor to the name of Trinity College, (where they received their education) by the fame of their several writings.

Of living characters, it is proper to speak with caution, lest flattery, or prejudice should be suspected; but by those to whom the gentlemen are well known, to whose superintendance the students are at this time committed, they are said, fully to merit the high praises bestowed upon them, for extensive learning, sound judgment, conciliatory manners, and domestic worth.

For the information of those, who, at a distance from Dublin, may wish to place their sons or other young persons under their care, at Trinity College, I have inserted a list of the establishment, with the periods of the several Terms and Vacations.*

* See Appendix.

The buildings of Trinity College are very spacious; and, from the commanding situation of the front elevation towards College Green, it constitutes a very material ornament, to that part of the city of Dublin.—The Theatre and the Chapel were built from the designs of the late Sir William Chambers, whose fame, as the architect of Somerset House in London, is well known—four well proportioned Corinthian pillars decorate the front of the Theatre, which was opened in 1787, and within are some finely executed portraits, of the foundress, Queen Elizabeth, Archbishop Usher, the first student admitted, Dean Swift, Mr. Grattan &c.—Immediately opposite to the Theatre, is the new Chapel, the front of which corresponds with that of the Theatre.

The library is well worthy of attention, as is also the museum, which contains a collection of Irish fossils, with a variety of other extraordinary productions. In the anatomical apartments, are the celebrated models in wax, of the human figure, executed by M. De None of Paris, and purchased by the Earl of Shel-

burne, who presented them to the College in 1752.

Behind Trinity College is a large open piece of ground, containing about seven or eight acres, called the Park, which is of material advantage to the students, from the air and exercise, which such an opportunity affords them.

Very near to the College, and fronting the National Bank, on College Green, stands the General Post-office, and the particulars of its various regulations &c. of importance for a stranger to be imformed of, are inserted in the appendix.

I believe I have now so directed the attention of a stranger to the principal objects worthy of his notice, that, with the assistance of the plan of Dublin prefixed to this book, he will find no difficulty in making himself acquainted with the various parts of this great city.

To the character of the Irish, in my de-

scription of their Metropolis and the observations which I have made, it has been my wish to do all justice, in allowing them that merit, to which, from their many very excellent public establishments, they have unquestionably a fair claim—but I cannot help adding, that, in the opinion of the world at large, their claims to praise, would not, I conceive, be lessened, were their own writers to bestow it with a little more sparing hand upon themselves. But as that is a subject upon which I wish my readers to form their own judgment, I submit to them the following extract from a work lateley published.*

'Whether the depths of learning are to 'be explored, the heights of heroism attained, 'or sympathy awakened in the inmost soul, 'IRISHMEN are equal to the task! Sudden 'ardour, unabating perseverance, universal 'aptitude, firm loyalty to their amiable Sove-'reign, impatience of injury, strength of 'resolution, tenderness of affection, form their 'well known character! These are the glow-

* View of Dublin, page 59.

'ing tints which mark their manners.—In 'some sequestered spot, untainted by luxury, 'undisturbed by ambition, and not distracted 'by the hard hand of oppression, behold the 'IRISH, and they shall command your affec- 'tion and esteem!—In their social intercourse, 'how open! how cheerful!——Through the 'circle of their acquaintance, how obliging! '—in sentiment, how noble!—in their gene- 'ral conduct, how unsuspecting and digni- 'fied!

'Weakness is sure to meet their protec- 'tion; distress, their pity and relief; insolence 'and oppression rouse their resistance!—— 'With the Romans a stranger was considered 'as an enemy;—with the IRISH he is esteemed 'as a friend. Among them he forgets his na- 'tive home, and his desires are constantly 'anticipated by an unabating disposition to 'please.—A character at once so brave, gene- 'rous, and manly, was never yet painted in 'the colors it deserves."

Such are the precise words of the writer I have quoted, and whether his sentiments

are most to be admired for the *sublimity* of his language, the *justness* of his observations, or the *singular modesty* with which they are expressed, I shall leave others to determine, and content myself with making only one remark upon the subject, in which some of my readers may possibly agree with me——That there was much good sense in the observation of Sir Peter Teazle, when he said to his friend Sir Oliver Surface, that "*We live in a wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better.*"*

* Sheridan's Comedy of the School for Scandal, Act V.

DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT, &c.

PART II.

THE ROAD TO DONAGHADEE,

BY BELFAST.

THE distance from Dublin to Donaghadee by Belfast, is about 94 Irish Miles,* and the places named in the following list, are the regular stages, where post horses are kept.

Man of War† from Dublin, ...	12¾
Drogheda, —— ——	23½
Dunleer, —— ——	30½
Dundalk, —— ——	40½
Newry, —— ——	50½
Banbridge, —— ——	60½
Hillsborough, —— ——	69½
Belfast, (through Lisburn)	80
Donaghadee, —— ——	94

* Eleven Irish miles are equal to fourteen British.

† An Inn so called.

The mode of travelling in Ireland, is so very inferior in point of accommodation, to what is experienced either in England or Scotland, that a little information on the subject is very necessary to a stranger.

The whole of the road from Dublin to Donaghadee, is as good as any in England, and there are stage coaches and mail coaches, upon a similar plan to those used in England, and equally good—but the accommodations, for travelling post, are of a very different description.

The post chaises in use upon the roads, (with some exception) are so very bad, that it is impossible for any person who has not seen them, to form a correct idea of their wretched state—many of them with holes stuffed with wisps of straw, some almost without linings, and others with the lining in so filthy a state, that a person travelling in one of them, would be inclined to wish it had none—and very few indeed without broken glasses. In the yard of a principal Inn, I saw five chai-

ses, and only one of them had any step, and that had but one, a kitchen chair supplying the place of a step, when the chaises were brought to the door of the Inn—and, absurd as it may appear, it may be relied upon, that in heavy rain, an umbrella has often been found to be of great convenience *in the inside* of an Irish post Chaise.

It may be supposed, that such a description borders a little upon caricature, but that is not the case, as my object is not to attempt to afford amusement, by a burlesque description of the manners of a country, but to point out the real state of the accommodations which it affords, that strangers, coming to Ireland, may be enabled to prepare accordingly.

The inconvenience arising from the miserable state of the post chaises upon the Irish roads, may easily be remedied, by Gentlemen bringing a carriage with them, or procuring one in Dublin, which may be done without difficulty.

The post horses, and their drivers, though making a very different appearance to those in England, yet get on tolerably well, and the men are, generally speaking, very civil—it is the custom to pay them for driving, about the same as in England.

The price of posting is fifteen pence a mile, and as the Irish mile is longer than the English, the rate of posting is, of course, cheaper.

Ireland is not a country, in which an Englishman should think of travelling with his own horses—as the stables are in many places very bad, and the grooms worse.

In almost every part of Ireland, a great improvement has of late taken place in the condition of the mail coaches and other stages, and persons adopting the mode of travelling by public conveyances in Ireland, may, to a certainty, calculate upon accommodation, safety, and expedition.

The first stage from Dublin to Belfast, is the Man of War. It is a large inn, and where a great deal of posting is done.—Its internal accommodations are much in the same style of *elegance* as those at Rumford in Essex, or others on the Greenwich road. And about seven miles from Dublin, is

SWORDS,

A miserable town of one street, which, before the Union, sent members to the Irish Parliament. The Arch-bishops of Dublin, many years since, had a palace here, but it has long ago fallen entirely into decay. The only object at this place worthy of attention, is one of those ancient round towers,* so

* These towers are always situated at a short distance from a church; they vary in their height, from seventy to eighty, or ninety feet. They form a circle of almost fifteen feet in diameter: the walls are upwards of three feet thick; and several feet above the ground is a door, without any steps to ascend to it. The base of the building is solid; towards the top are four small oblong holes, which admit the light, and it is terminated by a conic covering. There are no steps remaining in the inside, so that, probably,

peculiar to Ireland. It is seventy-three feet high, and more than fifty distant from the church.

At a short distance from the Man of War, is BALRUDDERY, a poor and insignificant place; and a little further is BALBRIGGAN, a small sea-port town, in which are some extensive cotton manufactories.

DROGHEDA

Is a large and populous town, situated very pleasantly on the river Boyne, at a short distance from the sea. It is well built, and consists of two principal streets, which intersect each other at right angles; and the Tholsel, or Town House, is a handsome stone building.

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if there ever have been any, they were of wood, or some such perishable material.

These towers are supposed to have been erected by the Danes; but it is remarkable that no such edifices are to be seen in Denmark.

The church, which is of modern date, is also very handsome, with a lofty spire, and the Market House erected at the expence of the Corporation, is built with some degree of elegance—This town returns one member to the United Parliament. During the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell, it was taken by storm, and all the inhabitants put to death.

About two miles from Drogheda, on the banks of the river, is a noble obelisk, to commemorate the very splendid event of the victory gained by King William the third, at the battle of the Boyne, over King James the second, who in consequence of the defeat, which he here experienced, finally left Ireland, and fled to France—this obelisk is about one hundred and fifty feet high, and about eighty in the circumference of the base, on each side of which, are one of the following inscriptions :

SACRED TO THE GLORIOUS MEMORY

OF

KING WILLIAM THE THIRD,

Who on the first of July 1690, passed the river near this place to attack James the Second, at the head of a popish army, advantageously posted on the south side of it, and did, on that day, by a successful battle, secure to us and to our posterity, our liberty, laws and religion.

In consequence of this action, James the Second left this kingdom and fled to France.

This memorial of deliverance

was erected

in the ninth year of the reign of king George the Second,

the first stone being laid by

Lionel Sackville, Duke of Dorset.

Lord-lieutenant of the kingdom of Ireland

1736.

This monument was erected
by the grateful contribution
of several protestants
of Great Britain and Ireland.

Reinhard duke of Schomberg
in passing this river
died bravely fighting
in defence of liberty.

First of July,
M D C X C.

At this celebrated battle, KING WILLIAM had the misfortune to lose one of his most able Generals, the DUKE OF SCHOMBERG, this great and worthy character accompanied the Prince of Orange to England, at the Revolution, and for his eminent services, he was created a Peer, made a Knight of the Garter, and had a large sum voted to him by the Parliament—he attended King William to Ireland, and at the battle of the Boyne, while he was crossing the river, at a very critical period of the engagement, he was unfortunately shot by mistake, by the French protestant Refugees of his own regiment, a body of men peculiarly attached to him.——The next post town is

DUNLEER,

An insignificant place with a very indifferent Inn, and the next to that is

DUNDALK,

At which place there is a very good Inn, and in consequence of the situation of this place,

being about half way between Dublin and Belfast, it is much frequented by families who sleep upon the road.

It is a large, but poor place, principally consisting of two or three long and wide streets—it is but a very short distance from the sea, a branch of which comes up to the town, and it is considered as a very safe port for the shipping. The town returns one member to the Imperial Parliament.

In the middle of the town, is a house of the Earl of Roden; it is a very poor place, and the grounds do not afford any interest to amuse a stranger.

NEWRY

Contains nothing worthy of notice, except the general view of it, together with the surrounding country, enlivened by the course of the river upon which it stands, which is very picturesque. It is a town of considerable trade, being navigable on one side to the

sea, and from the other, it communicates by a canal to Lough Neagh.

In 1689, this town was burnt by the Duke of Berwick, to secure his retreat to Dundalk, from the English under the command of the Duke of Schomberg. Newry returns one member to the Imperial Parliament.

The country from this place to Hillsborough, through the county of Down (about twenty miles) assumes a very different aspect from that, coming from Dublin—the land is richer, and more cultivated, the landscape more varied, and the state of the population bears evident marks of an approach to that seat of industry, enterprize, and opulence, the neighbourhood of Lisburn and Belfast.

BANBRIDGE

is a poor little town, but most pleasantly situated upon an eminence, commanding very extensive views, over a rich and fertile country.

HILLSBOROUGH

Is a singularly neat town, and built much in the English style, under the auspices and direction of the first Marquis of Downshire, grandfather to the present Marquis, who has just come of age.

The church, which is a most elegant specimen of architecture, was erected by the first Marquis of Downshire, at an expence of near £20,000, the spire, which is lofty, is very finely proportioned, and seldom has private munificence contributed to the benefit and ornament of any country, so noble an edifice as this. In the same public spirit originated the various real improvements, and decorative ornaments of this little town.

The noble Marquis was a man of great taste, and no other proof of it is necessary, than a view of the improvements which I have mentioned, where none of the vulgarity of a little mind is to be seen.

The mansion of the Marquis of Downshire, at Hillsborough, has nothing commanding in its exterior. There are some handsome rooms, of good dimensions, built by the late Marquis. There is also a good library, in which is a whole length portrait, by Gainsborough, of the first Marquis. It is a very fine picture, and a most striking likeness of the noble Peer it represents.

The grounds attached to the house are of considerable extent, and disposed with great taste, with a proper attention to the genius of the place.

The late Marquis, who died in 1801, was, as well as his father, a very popular character in his neighbourhood; for, unlike many of the Nobility of Ireland, both these Noblemen resided much upon their estate, and omitted no occasion in which they could exert themselves to advantage, for the benefit of their extensve tenantry; and should the noble Marquis, who, by arriving at the age of twenty-one, has very lately come into possession of such a splendid inheritance as

the Downshire Estates, walk in the steps of his father and grandfather, (which there is every reason to expect) it will be the cause of much happiness to this part of Ireland.

The late noble Lords, of whose merit I have drawn but a faint picture, very wisely considered, that charity to the poor does not wholly consist in the gift of money, and that many instances continually occur, in which the time of a benefactor is of more use to the distressed than pecuniary aid—for indigence is often thriftless, and a very great proportion of the miseries of the lower classes of mankind, arise from profligacy, idleness, and mismanagement.——What a blessing, therefore, are they to the inferior ranks of society, who, by their benevolent exertions, endeavour to avert or mitigate such evils!

At the distance of about four miles from Hillsborough is

LISBURN.

It is most delightfully situated, and is a place

of considerable extent. The streets are wide, the houses well built, and many of them very handsome. Throughout the whole, there is, both here and at Belfast, that appearance of comfort, which is the result of prosperous industry, in the great linen manufactories in the north of Ireland.

The Marquis of Hertford possesses a very large estate in this town and neighbourhood, and his only son, the Earl of Yarmouth, is the present Representative in Parliament for the borough of Lisburn. Some miles from this place, through a country of singular beauty, is

BELFAST,

which may very properly be considered as the metropolis of the North of Ireland. It is a spacious well built town; the principal streets are wide, and many of the houses (particularly those in Donegal Place) are very handsome. There is throughout both the town and its neighbourhood, an air of cheerful cleanliness and comfort, united

to a considerable degree of elegance, which is highly gratifying to an Englishman.

The great wealth of Belfast is derived from the extensive linen manufactories in the neighbourhood, and its advantageous situation as a sea-port for commercial objects.

Many of the superior inhabitants of Belfast live in a style of elegant hospitality, free from ostentation, and, greatly to their credit, they are universally esteemed, for a sense of honor and integrity in their commercial engagements, to a degree almost proverbial.

The public buildings in Belfast, are neither numerous, nor striking—there is however over the Exchange, an elegant and spacious ball-room, with a card room and other apartments *en suite*, built at the expence of the late Marquis of Donegal, and at the upper end of the ball-room, are two finely executed whole length portraits of the present Marquis and Marchioness. Under these rooms, on a level with the street, is a news room, constantly supplied with a variety of

London and other papers, to which strangers of every description, of decent appearance, are, with great liberality, admitted without any introduction.

The Theatre in Belfast is a handsome building, fitted up with great taste, and nearly in the centre of the lower range of Boxes, is one appropriated to the use of the Marquis and Marchioness of Donegal, which is decorated in a different style from the others; but not being exactly in the centre, it has an awkward appearance.

Gordon, the acting manager, is an excellent comic performer; but here, as well as in Dublin, the play bills omit the information, which I conceive a play bill is principally designed to communicate, the price of admission to the different parts of the Theatre, and the hour at which the performance is to commence.

An Irish gentleman to whom I mentioned this circumstance, assured me I must be mistaken, for it was impossible that men

so very correct as the Irish managers were known to be, could permit such an omission in their bills; but, by producing a bill from each of the theatres, in proof of my assertion, I had an opportunity of convincing him, that *accidents will happen in the best regulated families.*

There is in Belfast a most excellent inn, upon a large scale, the Donegal Arms, kept by Wilson, a native of Yorkshire; and there is not any great town in England, in which there is, in every respect, a better inn.—The objections to posting in some parts of Ireland, to which I have alluded, do not extend here, as the carriages, horses, and drivers, are as good as in England. There are, besides the Donegal Arms, a variety of other inns in Belfast.

The families residing in Belfast and its neighbourhoood, engaged in the linen manufactories, are, many of them, from Scotland; and, as in the dispute between Sir Archy M'Sarcasm and Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, about the antiquity of their respective fami-

lies, Sir Callaghan asserts, that an ancestor of his "*went from Carickfergus one day, and peopled all Scotland with his own hands,*"* one would be inclined to suspect, from the number of families of Scotch descent in this part of Ireland, that an ancestor of Sir Archy's had been over from Scotland, to return the compliment.

The county of Down is very mountainous.† The distance from Belfast to Donaghadee, is about fourteen miles, through a rich and beautiful country; and about half way,

* Macklin's Farce of Love a la Mode.

† In a Survey of the County of Down, published in 1740, is the following passage. "As this whole country is remarkable for its number of hills, being compared to *wooden bowls inverted*, or *eggs set in salt*, it from thence took the name of Down, which signifies a hilly situation." And, in the second volume of the Letters between Henry and Frances, Henry says, "There are not above two hundred yards of level ground in this whole county; for it is composed of an infinite number of green hills, lying so close to each other, that it resembles *a codlin-pye in a bowldish.*"

is the town of Newtonardes; at about four miles to the right of which is

MOUNT STEWART,

The seat of the Earl of Londonderry. It is very finely situated on the banks of Strangford Lough. The house has been considerably enlarged; but there is nothing remarkable in it, beyond its fine situation. In the grounds, at no great distance from the house, upon an eminence, in a very exposed situation, is erected a temple, dedicated to the winds, said to be after the model of the celebrated temple at Athens. It is seen at a great distance, and forms a grand object to the surrounding country.

At about two miles from Mount Stewart, in a most romantic situation, are the very fine ruins of

GRAY ABBEY.

It has been a building of great extent and magnificence, and was once, no doubt, the

residence of those, whose persons were almost held sacred, and whose power, privileges, and revenue, were important and considerable. Little now, however, remains but the mouldering walls, which are covered with ivy, while the shade of the trees diffuses around a kind of gloom, congenial to the instructive feelings which the view of such scenes gives rise to, in the contemplation of the great and important changes to which human nature, in the progress of time, is continually subject.

The well known story, of what once occurred in the reign of Henry the eighth, within a building of this description in England,* is of such a virtuous tendency, that no opportunity to repeat it, ought to be omitted, nor do I think it will be considered as foreign to this subject.

Within its walls was one exhibited, a scene more humiliating to human ambition,

* Leicester Abbey.

and more instructive to human grandeur, than almost any which history has produced.

There the fallen pride of Cardinal Wolsey retreated from an insulting world.—All his visions of ambition were now gone, his pomp and pageantry, and crowded levees:—On this spot, he told the listening monks, the sole attendants of his dying hour, as they stood around his pallet, that he was come to lay his bones among them, and gave that pathetic testimony to the truth and joys of RELIGION, which no eloquence can reach.

"If I had served GOD, as faithfully as I served the King, HE would not thus have forsaken my old age!"

DONAGHADEE

Is a neat little town and sea-port, very pleasantly situated; and from which the packets for Scotland, sail with the Mail every evening. There are two Inns, the principal of which is kept by Russel and Smith.

Having now conducted my reader to the last part in Ireland, previous to his embarkation for Scotland, and endeavoured to direct his notice to such objects as I thought worthy of mine, I shall conclude the short description of Ireland which I have given, by a few observations, which I hope will not be deemed intrusive.

Though it has been my determination, in speaking of Ireland, to keep entirely clear of political subjects, there are yet some points, upon which, persons perusing this book with a view of coming to Ireland, may think themselves entitled to information, such as the present state of the country, with regard to tranquillity.

I have, therefore, no hesitation in saying, that, as far as the observation which my short stay in the country enabled me to make, I believe the loyal attachment of the people of all ranks, to the person, authority, and government of his Majesty, which prevails in Ireland at the present time, has scarcely ever been exceeded; and the

warm interest which the Prince of Wales has, at all times, been known to take in every measure for the national benefit of Ireland, as well as the elegant hospitality, with which his attention to the most distinguished characters of the Irish nation has ever been marked, have obtained for his Royal Highness, an extensive and well grounded popularity throughout the country.

And while the three great offices in the government of Ireland, (of Lord Lieutenant, Lord Chancellor, and Commander in Chief of the Forces) which are usually filled by Englishmen, are held by characters so popular and conciliatory as the Duke of Richmond, Lord Manners, and the Earl of Harrington, every reasonable hope may be entertained, of the permanent tranquillity of the country.

As to the degree of safety from the depredations of robbers, I certainly should advise persons travelling to a distance from the capital, to avail themselves of the security of the mail-coaches; and those who adopt a

different mode of travelling, would do wisely not to be out after dark in Ireland, or indeed, any where else.—More particularly would I caution persons who have the charge of any considerable sum of money, to deposit it in some banker's hands, in Dublin, and take an order upon their correspondent, at the place to which they are going.

There is one more observation I have to make, which is upon the hospitality of the Irish, which, to him, who will not go the length of saying, that the Irish are *the most hospitable people in the world*, is almost as dangerous a subject to meddle with, as that of politics.

Far be it from me to say, or even to insinuate, that they are not hospitable, for I believe them to be both hospitable and generous; but I will not be guilty of such gross flattery as to admit, that they have an exclusive, or even a superior claim to that virtue over the neighbouring countries of England and Scotland.

No people in the world are more hospitable than the Scotch; and I believe it will never be contended, that the charms of their hospitality, suffer any diminution, from the silence, which they constantly observe upon the merit of such a virtue.—And as to the hospitality of the English, they have among them an old proverb, that

"Good Wine needs no Bush."*

Of the virtues to be found in the character of the Irish, I have spoken with a warmth of admiration, dictated by the sincerity of my feelings; and, regardless of the influence arising from national prejudice, I have, with an equal feeling of independence, given my opinion upon what I conceive to be its defects:—a line of conduct, which I trust they will not condemn; for I should pay but a poor compliment to their candor, not to believe that they will afford the same liberal construction to my opinions, with which it

* A bush used formerly to be placed at the door of a Tavern to denote the sale of wine.

has been my earnest wish to regulate my own judgment, when deciding upon theirs.

If, however, I should unexpectedly find, nothing short of such unlimited praise as that which I have quoted, to be acceptable to the Irish, I have no hesitation in saying, it is an offering they will never receive from me.

Unlimited praise is due to no created being; and whoever bestows it, (let him think what he will to the contrary) offers an insult where he means to pay a compliment: —for

"Praise undeserved is censure in disguise."

DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT, &c.

PART III.

THE PASSAGE
FROM DONAGHADEE
TO
PORTPATRICK,
AND
FROM THENCE TO CARLISLE.

THE passage is about twenty miles—it is generally performed in seven or eight hours, frequently in four; and has been done in less than two hours and a half.

On a clear day, the Irish and Scotch coasts being both visible, form a scene of considerable amusement to the passengers who cross by day-light, which is the case with those who come from Scotland, as the packet for

Ireland leaves Port Patrick upon the arrival of the Mail, generally about eleven, or twelve o'clock at noon.

PORTPATRICK

Is a small insignificant place; but its situation, from the rocks and mountains which environ it, is far more romantic than that of the opposite coast.

From this place to Carlisle is one hundred and eighteen miles; and, through the whole extent of it, there is a very fine road, and a succession of good Inns. The following are the distances:

From Portpatrick to

	Miles
Glenluce,	16
Newtown Stewart,	31
Gatehouse,	50
Carlingworth, (now called Castle Douglas)	63
Dumfries,	80
Annan,	96
Gretna Green,	104
Carlisle,	118

The sudden change which here presents itself, in the minds, manners, and habits of the people, from their neighbours on the opposite coast of Ireland, is very striking.

For the continuance of several miles from Portpatrick, there is nothing in the scenery of the country, (except the mountains) which, separately taken, is great in itself; but however insignificant every single part of such a landscape may appear; yet, taken collectively, they form a combination, where nature untamed by art, and bursting wildly into all its irregular forms, most powerfully strikes the imagination.

There are in Ossian some beautiful images, which accompany a night storm, in such a scene as this—in which several Bards are introduced, entertaining their patrons with their respective descriptions of the night.

"The storm gathers on the tops of the mountains, and spreads its black mantle before the moon———It comes forward in the Ma-

jesty of darkness, moving upon the wings of the blast———It sweeps along the vale, and nothing can withstand its force———The lightening, from the rifted clouds, flashes before it——the thunder rolls among the mountains in its rear."

"All nature is restless and uneasy——— The stag lies wakeful on the mountain moss, the hind close by his side——she hears the storm roaring among the branches of the trees —she starts and lies down again."

"The heathcock lifts his head at intervals, and returns it under his wing."

"The owl leaves the unfinished dirge, and sits, ruffled in her feathers, in a cleft of the blasted oak."

"The famished fox shrinks from the storm, and seeks the shelter of his den."

"The hunter, alarmed, leaps from his pallet in the lonely hut, he raises his decaying fire,—his wet dogs smoke around him—

he half opens his cabin door, and looks out; but he instantly retreats from the terror of the night."

"The benighted traveller pauses, as he enters the gloomy dell——the glaring sky discovers the horrors of the scene."

"With a face of wild despair, he looks around——he recollects neither the rock above, nor the precipice below——still he urges his bewildered way——his steed trembles at the frequent flash——the thunder bursts over his head."

"The torrents roar aloud——he attempts the rapid ford——how tumultuous is the bosom of the lake! the waves lash its rocky sides——the boat is brim full in the cove——the oars are dashed against the shore."

A few miles beyond Portpatrick, is STRANRAER, a neat little town, very pleasantly situated; and a little further on, towards Glenluce, the road passes through a richly

ornamented country, the estate of the Earl of Stair. About Newtown Stewart and Getthouse, the views are, in many places, uncommonly rich and beautiful.

A few miles to the right of the main road, is the sea-port of KIRKUDBRIGHT, in the neighbourhood of which, is the family seat of the EARL OF SELKIRK; where, about the year 1776, in the American war, the following singular circumstance took place:

PAUL JONES,

Whose naval depredations in the war between this country and America, are well known, was a native of this part of Scotland; but, settling in America previous to the commencement of hostilities, was appointed by the government of that country, to the command of a ship, and received his commission as Captain of the American Marine. He was well acquainted with the coast about his native place, and executed one of his first enterprizes here.

Early one morning, he stood into the bay, with colors flying like a British Frigate, and sent his boat on shore, with an officer, well manned, with instructions to conduct themselves like a press-gang. The scheme took effect, and all the men employed about the house and gardens, upon the first intimation of the approach of such unwelcome visitors, decamped with all possible speed.

The officer, with his party, then surrounded the house, and enquired for Lord Selkirk, who, very fortunately was not at home. Lady Selkirk was then asked for, to whom the officer, with great civility of address, communicated his commission, which was, to carry off the family service of plate.

Lady Selkirk assured him, that there was no regular service of plate on the premises, (it being always kept in London) and, with great presence of mind, she called for the butler's inventory, and convinced him, on the spot, of the truth of her assertion.

Lady Selkirk then ordered wine, and the officer, after drinking her health very politely, proceeded to pack up what plate there was in the house, and, taking his leave with as much ease and address as if he had been upon some friendly errand to the noble Earl, marched off, with his men and booty, without being guilty of any wanton mischief, or the use of any insulting language.

Soon after the ship left the bay, Jones wrote to Lord Selkirk, and avowed his intention of carrying him off, had the officer met with him; but with a design, only, by his Lordship's means, to obtain the establishment of a cartel for the exchange of American prisoners.

As to the taking of the plate, he apologized for it, as an act forced upon him by the crew, who were determined to have a little plunder, for the risk they had run in Kirkudbright Bay, as well as in attempting, the night before, to burn the ships in the harbour of Whitehaven.

Jones added a promise to restore the plate, which he punctually performed, for, on the re-establishment of peace, seven years after this depredation had been committed, it was sent to Lord Selkirk's banker in London, without a diminution of the smallest article.

The only town of any importance in this part of Scotland, is

DUMFRIES,

which, from its size, population, its trade, and the respectability of its inhabitants, is generally considered as the capital of the South of Scotland.

It is a handsome town, most delightfully situated in a rich vale on the banks of the Nith. There is a very considerable trade carried on here; and from its pleasant situation, and plentiful markets, with many other advantages, it is the residence of a number of genteel families, totally unconnected with commerce.

A very considerable part of the property in this town, is the estate of the Duke of Queensberry, whose ancient seat of Drumlanrig, is at a few miles distance——but his Grace has not been in Scotland for many years, and his mansion is fast going to decay.

The Douglas Heart, which is used as his Grace's crest, makes a very frequent appearance at the various signs throughout this neighbourhood; and though every body in this part of Scotland, understands enough of heraldry, to be informed of its origin, that may not be the case in the South. It was given to the family in honor of Sir James Douglas, who was employed to carry the heart of Robert Bruce into Palestine.

The noble Duke, who is now at a very advanced period of life, being born in the year 1724—has long been celebrated in the splendid gaieties of the most elegant circles of society, and equally so, in the adventurous mazes of Newmarket, and the fashionable club-houses—where his eccentric bets

have often furnished matter, both of speculation and amusement to the world.

His celebrated bet of the Newmarket carriage,* so long since as in 1750, is still, and will long continue to be, a frequent sub-

* This most extraordinary performance was the consequence of a wager made by the Duke of Queensberry (then Earl of March) and the Earl of Eglington, with Theobald Taaffe, and Andrew Sprowle, Esquires, for one thousand guineas. The condition of the articles was, to get a carriage with four running wheels, and a person in or upon it, drawn by four horses, nineteen miles in one hour. Their Lordships were to give two months' notice, in what week it should be done, and had the liberty of appointing any one day in that week.—It was performed on NEWMARKET HEATH, on the 29th of August, 1750, in fifty-three minutes and twenty-seven seconds, as appeared by three stop-watches, held by the umpires, which did not vary one second, which is at the rate of about twenty-two miles in an hour. In the early part of the race, the carriage was supposed to go at about the rate of thirty miles in an hour. The horses were all bred and trained for running, and three of them had won Plates. The two leaders, including riders, saddle, and harness, (which was made of white silk) carried about eight stone each; the carriage, with the rider upon it, weighed about twenty-four stone; the rider of the near leader had the conducting the rate to go at, and, for that purpose, carried

ject of conversation, with the admirers of such trials of skill, as well as his whimsical wager, many years since, with a nobleman of high rank, for a large sum of money, to drive a flock of geese a certain number of miles, in less time, than his opponent should occupy in driving an equal number of turkies.

The proposal was eagerly embraced by the noble driver of the turkies, from a con-

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a time-piece on his left arm. The horses had bolsters to preserve their shoulders, and the traces (by an ingenius contrivance) ran into boxes with springs, when any of them hung back, to prevent the traces from getting under their legs. A silk line went from the further end of the carriage to the pole, and was brought back under it, to keep the pole steady. By the side of each wheel there was a tin can, with oil dropping on the axeletree, to prevent their firing through friction.

It started at about seven in the morning. The horses ran away, the first four miles, with their riders and carriage, and the match was performed before a great concourse of nobility, without any person attempting to ride with it, except two, who were appointed to attend, in case of an accident; and it is supposed that more than one hundred thousand pounds were at stake, with different people, upon the event.

fidence in the superior agility of that bird, in the performance of a quick march, and the Duke calculated with equal confidence, and better judgment, on the persevering, though slow and solemn strut of a goose; for, upon the approach of the evening, the turkies, who had left their opponents on the road at a considerable distance, declined any further contest in the matter during the night; and accordingly, they all hopped up to roost in the neighbouring trees and hedges, from which, till the return of day-light, they could not be persuaded to depart; while the geese, with great composure, waddled on, and were the conquerors.

Mr. Foote, the celebrated wit and comedian, whose maxim, in his dramatic productions, was ever to

"—— ——— ——— shoot folly as it flies,
"And catch the manners living, as they rise."

was not a man to let such a topic of general conversation pass, without a comment—and in one of his prologues of that time, he hu-

morously complimented the noble Duke, by the quadruple, satyrical designation of

"Horse-racer, Cock-fighter, Goose-driver, and Peer."

The Duke of Queensberry, is however, a nobleman of polished mind, and most conciliating manners. He was for several years a Lord of the Bed-chamber to the King, and a great favorite with his Majesty, and all the Royal Family.

And, though yielding in the earlier parts of his life, to all the eccentricities of thoughtless dissipation, he was never forgetful of the superior manners of a Gentleman, for it was not *then* considered by young men of high rank and great fortune, as a necessary qualification to distinction, to adopt the coarse manners of a Stage Coachman,* his vulgar habits, and his appearance, together with his brainless occupation.

* It is said that in a fashionable club of charioteers, a censure was passed UNANIMOUSLY upon one of their mem-

Fifteen miles from Dumfries is

ANNAN,

which is the next stage, and last town in Scotland, on this road. It is a very neat little town principally consisting of one wide street. The situation of this town, on the banks of the river, from which it takes its name, (the Annan) and only about a mile from the Solway Frith, into which it opens, is remarkably pleasant. The very valuable Salmon fishery in this neighbourhood, with the adjoining Estate of Newby, was, a few years since, purchased by Mr. Neilson, an

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bers, a man of rank and large estate, for *so far forgetting himself*, on one of their public days of procession, as to return the bow of a Dutchess (his near relation) whom he met on the road!———And as a further proof of the rapid progress of the improvement of manners, in these *enlightened times*, a man, who, for many years, drove a Windsor stage coach, boasts, that he now makes a handsome livelihood, by teaching young gentlemen how to spit *in a coachman-like style*, at the very moderate price of seven-shillings a lesson—gentlemen finding their own tobacco !!!

eminent Merchant of Liverpool. There are at Annan some cotton works, and the academy, under the care of Mr. Dalgleish, is in very high reputation.

The Queensberry arms at Annan, is a most excellent Inn. The mail for Portpatrick passes through this place every evening about seven o'clock, and returns about twelve at night, and every tide the passage boat sails for Skinburness in Cumberland, about ten miles across the Solway Frith.

At about three miles from Annan, coming from Dumfries, (the lower road which is by far the pleasantest) is the Glen, a small but very pretty place of Sir Charles Douglas, who is the heir to the Earldom of the Duke of Queensberry,* and to a very considerable part of his large estate.

Eight miles from Annan, upon a road commanding very fine views of the Solway

* Upon the decease of the present Duke, the Dukedom will be extinct.

Frith, with the Cumberland mountains for a back ground, is

GRETNA GREEN,

a place long celebrated for clandestine marriages; but they have been for several years performed at Springfield, about half a mile distant, on the road to Carlisle, the Innkeeper of Gretna Hall, not permitting them to take place in his house. Gretna Hall, which was formerly the residence of a gentleman's family, being again occupied as such, the stage Inn for a change of horses, is now at Springfield—which is occasionally the Temple of Hymen, where many a thoughtless female, has laid the foundation for years of sorrow in the subsequent events of her life.

At a distance of not more than half a mile from Springfield, the Sark, a very insignificant stream, divides Scotland from England, the first place in which is Longtown, and about four miles on the road to it, is, the Solway Moss—the extraordinary eruption of

which, in the year 1771, was the cause of such destruction and terror to the unfortunate inhabitants, who resided near it;—and though the story of this memorable event, is, of course, well known to the inhabitants, it may not be so, to many who have occasion to pass it.

SOLWAY MOSS

is a flat area of about seven miles in circumference; the substance of it is a gross fluid, composed of mud and the putrid fibres of heath, diluted by internal springs, which rise in every part.

The surface is a dry crust, covered with moss and rushes, offering a fair appearance over an unsound bottom, and shaking under the least pressure; cattle, by instinct, know and avoid it—where rushes grow the bottom is the soundest.

The adventurous passenger, therefore, who sometimes, in dry seasons, traverses this perilous waste, to save a few miles, picks his cautious way over the rushy tussocks, as they

appear before him—if his foot slip, or he venture to desert this mark of security, it is possible he may never more be heard of.

At the battle of Solway Moss, in the time of Henry the Eighth, Oliver Sinclair was imprudently set over the Scotch army, which had no confidence in him.

A total rout ensued, when an unfortunate troop of horse, driven by their fears, plunged into the morass, which instanly closed upon them.——The tale, which was traditional, was generally believed, but has since been authenticated, a man and horse in complete armour, having been found by the peat diggers, in the place where it was always supposed the affair had happened. The skeleton of each is well preserved, and the different parts of the armour, easily distinguished.

Solway Moss is bounded on the south, by a cultivated plain, which declines gently through the space of a mile and a half, to the river Esk. This place is rather lower than the moss itself, being separated from it

by digging peat, which forms an irregular, low, perpendicular boundary.

It was the bursting of this moss through this peat breast-work, between it and the Esk, which occasioned that dreadful calamity of which the following are the particulars:—

On the 16th of November 1771, in a dark tempestuous night, the inhabitants of the plain were alarmed with a dreadful crash, which they could in no way account for.—Many of them were abroad in the fields, watching their cattle, lest the Esk, which was then rising violently in the storm, should carry them off.

None of these miserable people could conceive the noise they heard, to proceed from any other cause, than the overflowing of the river in some shape or other, though to them unaccountable:—such, indeed, as liv'd near the source of the eruption, were sensible that the noise came in a different direction, but were equally at a loss for the cause.

In the mean time the enormous mass of fluid substance, which had burst from the moss, moved slowly on, spreading itself more and more, as it got possession of the plain.

Some of the inhabitants, through the terror of the night, could plainly discover it advancing like a moving hill—and this was in fact the case, for the gush of mud carried before it, for the first two or three hundred yards of its course, a part of the breastwork, which, though low, was yet several feet in perpendicular height.

But it soon deposited this solid mass, and became a heavy fluid.—One house after another, it spread round, filled, and crushed into ruin, giving just time to the terrified inhabitants to escape.

Scarce any thing was saved, except their lives, nothing of their furniture, few of their cattle; some people were even surprised in their beds, and had the additional distress of flying naked from the ruin.

The morning light explained the cause of this scene of terror, and shewed the calamity in its full extent; and yet, among all the conjectures of that dreadful night, the mischief which really happened, had never been supposed.

Who could have imagined that a breastwork, which had stood for ages, should give way? Or that those subterraneous fluids, which had been bedded in darkness since the memory of man, should burst from their black abode?

This dreadful inundation, though the first shock of it was the most tremendous, continued still spreading for many weeks, till it covered the whole plain, an area of five hundred acres, and, like molten metal, filled up the hollows of it, lying in some places thirty or forty feet deep, reducing the whole to one level surface.

The overplus found its way into the Esk, where its quantity was such as to annoy the fish, no salmon, during that season, venturing

into the river. Through the whole waste there was not the least sign of any cultivation, though this plain, had just before, been the pride of the country.

Lands, which in the evening would have let for twenty shilling an acre, by the morning light, were not worth sixpence. On this well cultivated plain, twenty-eight families had their dwellings and little farms, every one of which, except a few, who lived near the skirts of it, had the world totally to begin again.

Whether the immense work of clearing this plain could ever be effected, was a doubt with many. It was attempted, however, with great success by Mr. Graham, (father of Sir James Graham) the proprietor of the estate, through the united force of fire and water.

All the skirts and other parts of it, which were drier than the rest, were reduced by fire, but this method was not found generally effectual, as it reached only a little below the surface. More was performed by the appli-

cation of water, under the direction of a Mr. Wilson, who undertook to accomplish it, and how far, at the time, he appeared, in the opinion of Mr. Graham to be qualified to effect so great an object, may be conceived by the following anecdote.

The House at Netherby (Sir James Graham's) stands on an eminence, with higher grounds above it.—A little on one side of the front stood a mount, which made a disagreeable appearance before the windows, and Mr. Graham, being desirous to remove it, sent to Newcastle, for a person accustomed to works of this kind. The undertaker came, and surveyed the work, and estimated the expence at several hundred pounds.

While the affair was in agitation, Mr. Graham heard, that Wilson had said the earth might be removed at a much easier rate —he was examined on the subject, and his answers appeared so rational, that he was set to work. He had already surveyed the higher grounds, where he first collected all the springs he found, into two large reser-

voirs, from which he cut a precipitate channel, pointing at an abrupt corner of the mount—he cut, also, a channel of communication between his two reservoirs. These being both filled, he opened his sluices, and let out such a continued torrent of water, (the upper pool feeding the lower) that he very soon carried away the whole mount, against which he had pointed his watery artillery, and then told Mr. Graham, with an air of triumph, that, if he pleased, he would, with equal facility, carry away his house next.—The whole work was completed in a few days, and at an expence which did not exceed Twenty pounds.

This man, with so much genius about him, lived in the lowest style of-life, and his appearance testified, that he had no higher idea of happiness, than to get drunk after his day's labour, with the produce of his exertions.

He completely effected his object of clearing the Solway Moss, by cutting channels in various directions to the Esk, and

when the water was let off, he placed numbers of men by the side of the stream, who rolled into it large masses of mossy earth, which had hardened by the sun—the stream tumbled them into the river, and that conveyed them into the sea.

This land is now again, and has been for many years the best in the country, and is supposed to be of not less value than from four to five guineas an acre.

At about two miles from this place is

LONGTOWN IN CUMBERLAND.

It is a neat little place, consisting principally of two wide streets crossing each other, almost in the centre. The whole town is the property of Sir James Graham, and there is a very excellent Inn, the Graham Arms.

Sir James Graham's seat, at Netherby, which is about three miles from Longtown is most pleasantly situated on the banks of the

Esk. It is an excellent house, and forms a noble object from a very great distance.

Sir James Graham lives the greatest part of the year upon his estate, and is, in every respect, a man of exemplary character; he married Lady Catharine Stewart, a daughter of the late, and sister of the present Earl of Galloway, an amiable and accomplished woman, by whom he has a numerous family.

The next place, according to the plan laid down in the title page of this book, is, Carlisle, but it would be doing great injustice to persons of any taste, travelling this road, not to point out to them, the very singular beauties which there are in the neighbourhood, between Longtown and Longholm.

The distance is about twelve miles, where the Esk winds through groves of the greatest beauty, diversifying the whole of the road, and its bed is magnificently channelled with rock.

This most beautiful scene commences about four miles from Longtown, and presents for the whole of the remaining distance to Longholm, such a succession of rich and varied landscape, as almost to defy the power of verbal description—upon such a subject as this, all that words can express, or even the pencil describe, are but poor and insipid substitutes of the living scene.

"The groves of Eden, vanished now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspired with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame:
Here hill and dale, the woodland and the plain,
And earth, and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos like, together crushed and bruised,
But, as the world harmoniously confused."

What adds to the curiosity of this fine scene is, that previous to entering upon it, across the Solway moss, the country is very open and bleak, and again, on the other side of Longholm, it instantly changes to an open, wild, and dreary heath, for the extent of several miles. Longholm is a very poor place, at which there is a neat, but not large seat of

the Duke of Buccleugh—and about half way between that and Longtown, is Forge, the seat of Mr. Scott Elliott.

Nine miles from Longtown, through an uninteresting country is,

CARLISLE,

A very ancient city, but by modern improvements, and the streets being of a considerable width, it is surpassed in neatness, convenience, and in some respects elegance, by few towns in England.

The Castle is a very ancient building; and has been, at various times, the palace and the prison of Kings—it has been the scene of many a long contested siege; and one of the most dreadful, was that which it experienced in the violent contests between King Charles the first, and the Parliament, when it suffered all the horrors of famine.

The siege commenced in October, 1644, and continued till the following June, when

it surrendered to the army of the Parliament, commanded by General Lesley, in which time, the wants of the garrison and inhabitants were so great, that not only horses, but even dogs and cats were eaten, and hempseed was substituted for bread, till that also was consumed.

The last occurrences of this nature, of which Carlisle was the scene, were during the rebellion in the year 1745, when, after a very short siege, it surrendered to the rebels.

This circumstance threw a considerable odium, at the time, upon the inhabitants, for their supposed disaffection to the Government; but certainly with great injustice, as the real cause of the surrender, which was not known till many years after the event, was as follows.

When the insurgents came before it, it was garrisoned only by two companies of invalids, and two raw undisciplined regiments of militia.—General Wade was at Newcastle

with a very considerable force, and the Governor of Carlisle, informing him how unprovided he was, begged a reinforcement, and the single hope of this relief, enabled the gentlemen of the county, who commanded the militia, to keep their men under arms.

The rebels were, in the mean time, known to be equally ill prepared for an attack, as the town was for a defence: for, after continuing a week before it, they found it impracticable, from the want of artillery, to make any further attempt.—They feared, also, an attack from General Wade, and were unwilling to delay any longer their march towards London, and, under the pressure of these difficulties, they had come to a resolution to abandon their design.

At this critical moment, the Governor of Carlisle received a letter from General Wade, informing him, he was so circumstanced, that he could not possibly send the reinforcement that had been desired.

This mortifying intelligence, though not publicly known, was, however, communicated to the principal officers, and to some others, among whom was a busy attorney, who was at that time addressing a young lady, the daughter of a gentleman of the county, and to assist his cause, and give himself consequence with his intended father in law, he whispered to him, among his other political secrets, the disappointment from General Wade. The whisper did not rest here:—the father frequented a club-house in the neighbourhood, where, observing (in the jollity of a cheerful evening) that only friends were present, he gave the company the information, which he had just received from the attorney.

In that company there was a gentleman of fortune, who, though a known papist, was thought to be well affected to the Government.

This man, possessed of such a secret, and wishing for an opportunity to serve a cause which he favoured in his heart, mounted his

horse that night, after he had left the club-room, and rode to the rebel camp, which he found under orders to break up the next morning. He was carried immediately to the Duke of Perth, and others of the rebel leaders, to whom he communicated the intelligence, and assured them, that they might expect a mutiny next morning, if they continued before it one day longer.

Counter orders were immediately issued, and the next day, the Cumberland and Westmoreland militia, being under no discipline, began to separate and disperse; and the town, defended now only by two companies of invalids, was thought no longer tenable.

It was then surrendered by the Mayor and Corporation, who made the best terms they were able; but the inhabitants, in the true revolutionary style, were obliged to raise two thousand pounds, to prevent their houses being plundered.

The capitulation was made on the 4th of November, and in the following month the city was attacked by the Duke of Cumberland, (uncle to his present Majesty) who planned and directed the operations himself, and on the 27th, he opened a six gun battery of eighteen pounders against the Castle.

Four days afterwards, the Rebels displayed a flag of truce, and surrendered on the laconic terms offered to their acceptance by the Duke, and conceived in these words, "All the terms His Royal Highness will, or can grant to the Rebel garrison of Carlisle, are, that they shall not be put to the sword, but reserved for the Kings pleasure."

The object which appears most to interest the feelings, and excite the curiosity of strangers, visiting Carlisle, is the circumstance of its Castle having been, for a long time, the prison of the beautiful and unfortunate

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

confined there by the order of Queen Eliza-

beth, whose succour and hospitality she came to England in quest of!

Though the leading events in the unfortunate life of Mary, are generally known, there yet may be many persons visiting Carlisle, to whom the following short account of her life and misfortunes, may not be unacceptable, or considered as foreign to the present subject.

She came to the Crown upon the death of her father, James the fifth, when she was only eight days old. In 1548, Mary was contracted to the Dauphin of France, at which court she received those accomplishments, which rendered her an object of universal admiration; and there also, she imbibed those prejudices, which proved the source of her misfortunes. In 1558, when she had attained the age of sixteen, the marriage was celebrated, and by the direction of their father in law, Mary and her husband assumed the title of King and Queen of England, on the supposed ground of the illegitimacy of Queen Elizabeth—an act of absurd ambition,

which was in the end fatal to Mary. In 1559, Francis became, by the death of his father, King of France, but in less than two years, he left Mary a widow, at the very early age of nineteen, on which she returned to her native country, and was received by her subjects with great joy.

Scotland was at this time, a prey to fanatical zeal, and the Presbyterian party carried reformation to a shocking excess, by destroying abbeys, cathedrals, libraries, and even the monuments of the dead.

Such was the state of the Kingdom at the landing of Mary, who, the first Sunday after her arrival, ordered Mass to be celebrated in her chapel—this gave great offence to the people, and it was with difficulty, they granted to their Sovereign, that liberty of conscience, which they claimed themselves. Mary showed a different temper, for she proclaimed, that, any attempt to change, or subvert the reformed church, should be treated as a capital offence, but notwithstanding this liberality on her part, the people in every pageant

and spectacle, delighted to insult the Queen, by ridiculing her religion.

Mary bestowed her hand upon Lord Darnley, son to the Earl of Lennox, a young nobleman, of prepossessing appearance, but of a weak mind, and mean and intemperate habits. He soon became insensible of the superior charms of the Queen, and this inauspicious marriage terminated in mutual disgust. To add to this calamity, there were not wanting those, who were too ready to take advantage of it, by inflaming the passions of each.

Rizzio, the Secretary to the Queen, was represented by those who were envious of the favor he enjoyed, as possessing a very improper share in the affections of his royal Mistress.—The jealousy of Darnley was artfully worked upon, and Rizzio was basely murdered, by persons introduced to the royal apartments by Darnley himself, in the presence of the Countess of Argyle and the Queen, who was then far advanced in her pregnancy. From this moment, nothing

short of complete hatred subsisted between Darnley and the Queen.

The Earl of Bothwell, a man of strong mind, and most unprincipled character, now gained an ascendency over the Queen, who appointed him to several posts of honor and emolument. In 1566, she was delivered of a son, afterwards James the Sixth of Scotland, and, upon the demise of Elizabeth, the First of England.

Darnley, disgusted with himself, and despised by every body, retired to his country seat, which was blown up, one night, by gun-powder, and the body of Darnley was found in a garden adjoining. This dreadful act was viewed by all Scotland with horror, and as it was supposed that Bothwell was a principal actor in this affair, it drew upon Mary, suspicions, which were never effaced till of late years.

After a mock trial, Bothwell was acquitted, and the misguided partiality of Mary for this profligate man, led her to bestow

upon him fresh marks of her regard, by strengthening his power. He now threw aside the mask, and, in 1567, he carried the Queen to the castle of Dunbar, where, by entreaties and force, he persuaded her to marry him.

This is the foul stain on the character of this ill fated Queen, which has given rise to such violence of contention between her enemies and her advocates. The restraint laid upon her person by Bothwell, in keeping her a prisoner under a strong guard, certainly carries with it a presumption, that she was forced into this marriage against her inclination.

There was, however, too high a sense of honor in the Nobility of Scotland, to suffer such conduct to pass with impunity; and a confederacy was formed against Bothwell, which, with the exertion of all the great power he possessed, he was unable to withstand.

He left the kingdom, and subsisted by piracy, having manned a small vessel for the purpose, which he commanded; but happening, on the coast of Denmark, to attack a vessel of much superior strength, he was captured.—He made himself known, and by that means avoided the immediate fate of his companions, his life being spared; but he experienced no other mitigation of his misfortunes, for he was, upon his arrival on the coast, confined in a strong fortress, where, having continued a prisoner for ten years, he terminated his miserable existence, leaving behind him a confession of his own guilt, and an ample acknowledgment of Mary's innocence in the murder of Lord Darnley.

The Lords of the confederacy appointed the Earl of Murray to the office of Regent, and compelled Mary to sign a renunciation of the crown, in favor of her son, who was accordingly crowned at Stirling.

Mary was, by the same authority, confined to the castle of Lochleven, from which she found means to escape, and fled to Ha-

milton, where many of her friends were assembled, and a strong military force raised in her defence; but the Regent promptly attacked them, and the Royal party were defeated.

This engagement, which was to decide Mary's fate, she viewed from an eminence at a distance; and upon the defeat that ensued, she rode on horseback, with great speed, to Kirkudbright, and, in an open boat, was conveyed to Workington in Cumberland, where she was entertained with great hospitality, by Sir Henry Curwen, till required by Queen Elizabeth to give up his Royal guest. She was then conveyed to a prison, never again to taste the sweets of liberty!—first to Cockermouth, and afterwards to the castle of Carlisle.

After a long confinement here and at other places, she was finally removed to Fotheringay castle in Northamptonshire, where, after a sort of mock trial, before Commissioners, whose authority she disclaimed, she was declared guilty of "conspiring the death of

Queen Elizabeth." Mary received the tidings with complacency, being wearied of life by her unparallelled sufferings, at the same time declaring her innocence, and that she felt within her

> "A peace above all earthly dignities—
> A still and quiet conscience."

Her son, James, made every effort to save the life of his mother, as did many foreign powers, who exerted their influence with Elizabeth, but to no purpose.—The warrant was sent down, and being read to the Royal Captive, she only entreated that she might be permitted, in her last moments, the consolations of her own religion; but this, to the eternal disgrace of those who advised such a measure, was inhumanly refused; and, on the eighth of February, 1587, she was beheaded in the hall of the castle, after most devoutly praying for forgiveness to all who had thirsted for her blood; and, from the sublime spectacle exhibited in her conduct in her last moments, it may truly be said of her, that, while she supported the

dignity of a Queen, she displayed, in the brightest colors, the meekness of a Christian. For the most innocent person that ever lived, or the greatest hero recorded in history, could not face death with greater composure than she did.

A question naturally arises from a review of such a conduct, the answer to which cannot, I conceive, but be favorable to the reputation of this unhappy Queen.—Whether it is probable that a woman, whose conscience was loaded with the crimes imputed to the Queen of Scots, could have closed the varied scene of her life, and have met death with such serene and dignified composure, as accompanied Mary's last moments?

Thus fell Mary Stuart, a woman of extraordinary beauty and accomplishments,—of a character, though far from faultless, yet possessing many virtues; and a strong proof of the claim, which the memory of those virtues and the history of her unparrallelled sufferings, have yet upon the feelings of the world, though more than two centuries have

passed away, since these events occurred, is continually to be seen, in the interest which almost every person visiting Carlisle, appears to take, in viewing, even the window of the dreary abode, in which this unhappy Queen passed so much of her time.

THE CATHEDRAL

of this city, is but little worthy of notice; it has suffered in a considerable degree, by the violence of former times, and during the civil wars, as much as thirty yards of the west end of it were pulled down, to erect barracks with the materials.

Carlisle has had many very eminent characters for its Bishops, but none whose memory is more deserving of esteem than Dr. Law, (father of Lord Ellenborough) who was promoted to the See in 1769, and died in the year 1787, at the advanced age of 84. This worthy prelate did not live to see the advancement of Lord Ellenborough to the Peerage and chief Justiceship of the Court of Kings Bench; but five years before

his death, his son, Dr. John Law, being promoted to the See of Clonfert in Ireland, presented the unusual instance of a father and son, enjoying the episcopal dignity at the same time; the latter is at this time Bishop of Elphin, to which See, he was translated in 1795.

Dr. Law, the Bishop of Carlisle, was a man of great learning, and exemplary piety—of the mildest and most tranquil disposition, and of an aspect truly indicative of the calmness and benignity of his temper. He left another son in the church (Dr. Law) now a Prebendary of Carlisle, who inherits, in a very eminent degree, the liberal mind, and conciliating manners of his late father.

Upon the death of Dr. Law, the vacant Bishoprick was conferred upon the Honorable Dr. Vernon, since translated to the Archbishoprick of York, a dignity which he now enjoys. He was universally esteemed throughout this diocese for his extensive benevolence; and many little pensions which he allowed to

the aged and unfortunate in this city and neighbourhood, did not cease with his translation to the See of York, for they still continue to be paid as punctually as before.

Upon his Grace's promotion to the Archbishoprick of York, the vacant See of Carlisle was conferred upon Dr. Goodenough, the present Bishop, whose recent promotion to the dignity, of course precludes any other mention of his name for the present.

Shortly after the advancement of Dr. Goodenough to the See of Carlisle, his Lordship was appointed to preach before the House of Lords, in Westminster Abbey, upon the occasion of a general fast, which gave rise to the following whimsical epigrammatic play upon his name:

"'Twas well enough
For Goodenough
Before the Lords to preach;
And sure enough
Full bad enough
Were those he had to teach."

From the peculiar circumstances attending the situation of Carlisle, as an Episcopal City, on the very edge of Scotland, where Episcopacy gives way to Presbyterianism, it may easily be imagined by persons at a distance, to be a seat of much discord and bickering, from the different principles of its inhabitants, many of whom are Scotch. But the very reverse is the case; for there is scarcely a town in England, where the members of the established church and the dissenters of every denomination, live in greater harmony than at Carlisle. The Quakers here are very numerous, and no where more remarkable for their liberality, both of sentiment and conduct.

Carlisle is a great thoroughfare to all parts of Scotland, &c. There are two very good Inns, THE COFFEE HOUSE and THE BUSH.*

* For the account of the various Mail Coaches, &c. from Carlisle, see Appendix.

DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT, &c.

PART IV.

FROM

CARLISLE

To NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, NORTH SHIELDS, AND TYNEMOUTH.

To Brampton, ...		9
Glenwelt, ...	9	18
Hexham, ...	18	36
Newcastle, ...	20	56

THE road to Brampton is very pleasant, from the frequent views of the river winding through a highly diversified country, bounded by distant mountains. At a small distance from the road, stands Scaleby Castle, former-

ly a place of defence, but since, a modern mansion.

Whatever may have been the events attending the history of this place, there is one, which must ever make it dear to those, who know how to appreciate distinguished virtue, combined with intellectual merit, and every accomplishment which can adorn the human character. It was within this castle, that

The REV. WILLIAM GILPIN,

The author of many works of acknowledged merit, drew his first breath.—To record the remembrance of his virtues, is a task peculiarly gratifying to me, having passed many of the early years of my life, under his care and tuition at Cheam in Surry.

Mr. Gilpin was descended from an ancient family, which held considerable possessions in Cumberland. His father had served many years in the army, from which he retired, and passed the remainder of his life in the country, diversifying his amusements,

with music and painting, to which latter art he had an uncommon attachment. He was a man of most amiable manners, and much beloved in private life.

He had a numerous family, the eldest of whom, was the subject of this short memoir; and under the eye of his father, he imbibed a love for the polite arts, as well as laid the foundation for those more solid virtues, which so eminently marked his progress through life, the events of which are not difficult to relate; he went from the grammar school to the University, and at an early age took orders.

The greatest part of his life was passed in the laborious employment of a school-master at Cheam; and his diligence, zeal, and integrity, in the discharge of the various duties attached to such a calling, are too well known, to make any additional testimony necessary. From his taste and knowledge of the classics he raised the reputation of the school to an enviable height; and from this situation he retired in very affluent circum-

stances, the fruits of his industry and talents.

The only church preferment he ever enjoyed, were the vicarage of Boldre near Lymington in Hampshire,* and a small prebend in Salisbury Cathedral—but PROVIDENCE assigned him a situation, in which his virtues became a blessing to others.

As a christian divine, he illustrated, by his example, the excellence of the religion, which he professed, and uniformly, by his

* Mr. Gilpin was presented to the Vicarage of Boldre, by one of his former pupils, Colonel Mitford, author of that elegant and classical work, "The History of Greece;" and Dr. Barrington, Bishop of Durham, then Bishop of Salisbury, presented him to the Stall in Salisbury Cathedral. Mr. Gilpin lived to see many of his pupils in high stations in the government of the country, and one of them (LORD SIDMOUTH) Prime Minister; but he never was gratified by any offer of higher promotion. Had promotion been offered to Mr. Gilpin, there is no question, but he would have declined it. All that he was ever known to say upon the subject was, that such an offer from a pupil would have gratified his feelings.

conduct he imitated, the pattern set forth in the Gospel which he preached. It would be impossible to enumerate, in the compass of this brief sketch, the virtues which adorned his character; for his benevolence, his charity, and sincerity were equally conspicuous, and the qualities of his mind, were no less excellent than those of his heart.

His understanding was sound and vigorous, as well as his imagination, bright and vivid; and this observation is fully illustrated by the works which he composed, which are equally conspicuous for displaying a refined taste, and a sound judgement. As a descriptive writer of prose, he is not surpassed by any in our language, and as a critic in pictures, and the elements of landscape, he had few equals. His lives of the reformers and his sermons are equally illustrative of his zeal and ability as a divine.

The life of this highly estimable character, was prolonged to the extent of eighty years, and the serenity of his end, was such

as might be expected, from a life passed in piety towards God, and charity to his fellow creatures. He founded a school at Boldre, for a number of poor children, where they are taught and cloathed out of a fund, the produce of his literary labors, and his drawings. He died April 5th 1804—and his memory is consecrated in the eyes of every lover of virtue; while his example remains, equally an object of imitation and praise.

His youngest and only surviving brother, Dr. Gilpin, is an eminent Physician at Carlisle, where he is as much esteemed for the mild and amiable virtues of his character, as he is respected for his extensive professional skill and experience.

At the distance of nine miles from Carlisle, is

BRAMPTON,

A small and insignificant place, but in a pleasant country, and with an excellent inn, the Howard Arms. Nearly the whole

of this place, and a very large estate in its neighbourhood, is the property of the Earl of Carlisle, whose ancient seat of

NAWORTH CASTLE,

is about three miles distant. This house presents a curious, if not the only specimen remaining in England, of those fortified places, in which the Nobility and principal families of the borders, were obliged to live in the times of disorder and confusion, which preceded the union between England and Scotland.

Nothing can more strongly mark the fears, the jealousies, and cautions of those times, than the internal structure of one of these castles, from which the idea of a comfortable dwelling is totally excluded. The state rooms are few and ordinary, both as to dimension and decoration.

The little apartments, accessible only by dark passages and blind stair-cases, are very numerous, and the whole internal contrivance

of Naworth castle, appears equally calculated to keep an enemy out, or to elude his search, if he should happen to get in. This castle was formerly the capital mansion of the Barons of Gillsland, who, at so great a distance from the court, and situated in a country untamed by law, are said to have exercised very extraordinary powers.

The Lord William Howard, who is remembered by the name of "*Bald Willy*," is still the object of invective for his acts of tyranny; for, according to the phrase of the country at that time, he would "*head or hang without judge or jury.*" He acted under a standing commission of *Oyer* and *Terminer* from Elizabeth, and was one of those bold characters, which were necessary to repress the lawless spirit of the times in which he lived.

It is a circumstance so remarkable as hardly to be accounted for in the present state of society and government, that a paltry district, inhabited by clans of banditti, should have been suffered to continue in an inde-

pendent state, between two kingdoms, alike obnoxious to each, and not have been subdued by the police of both.

Their captains lived in fortified castles, bade defiance to the sheriff, and only feared the attacks of regular troops. The importance of these border chiefs is curiously described in an old ballad, in honor of

JOHNNY ARMSTRONG,

who was, in his day, one of the most celebrated among them. This hero, being sent for, in 1528 by James the Fifth, (then on a progress to the borders) came unexpectedly into the Royal presence, most magnificently apparelled, and attended by a numerous train of followers.

The poet* introduces him in the following dignified manner:

* Johnny's *Poet Laureat*, of course.

"When Johnny came before the King,
With his eight score of men, so gallant to see,
The King, he moved his bonnet to him,
For he thought he'd been a King, as well as he."

This particular part of the Kingdom was most harrassed by those troops of mischievous banditti, which overran the country.—They were a numerous, and not an ill regulated body, acting under leaders, whom a spirit of enterprise raised to power. These miscreants, in times of profound peace, called for all the wariness and activity of the chiefs of the country. Sometimes they would plunder in little pilfering bands, and sometimes in large bodies. When they were taken in the fact, or, as it was then called, by the *bloody hand*, they were put to instant death; in other cases a jury was impannelled.

The active chief of Naworth Castle, seems to have lived in as much terror himself, as he spread among others; for he had con-

trived a sort of citadel in his own castle, a room which is still in its original state, with an iron door, where he constantly slept, and where his armour and horse accoutrements lie to this day.

From this extraordinary character is descended the present Earl of Carlisle,* one of the most accompltshed Noblemen of the age.

About two miles from Naworth Castle, are the fine ruins of

LANERCOST ABBEY,

Situated in a picturesque and beautiful valley. The east end of the Abbey is very fine, being

* The present Earl of Carlisle is a Knight of the Garter; and, in 1780, went out as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, from which office he was recalled in 1782, upon the resignation of Lord North.—Lord Carlisle married a daughter of the late Marquis of Stafford, and his eldest son, Lord Morpeth, who represents the county of Cumberland in Parliament, married the eldest daughter of the present Duke of Devonshire.

composed of four broken aisles, every wall of which consists of two tiers of arches, affording a very unusual appearance, from the multiplication of arches and pillars. Here lie the remains of several Chiefs of Naworth castle, whose sepulchral inscriptions are, by the lapse of time, almost obliterated; for the blazoned arms and gothic tombs, of many of them, which have been very sumptuous, shew at this time, but little of their ancient splendor. The arched gateway of the abbey ground, which is covered with ivy, is beautiful.

Whether Henry the Eighth was a man of picturesque genius, is not recorded, but most certain it is, that few masters have adorned this country with more pieces of picturesque ruins, than this Monarch has done, by the demolition of the abbeys; and Cromwell, it cannot be denied, was an equally eminent master, though his compositions were chiefly in the ruins of castles, some of which he executed *in a very fine style.*

Nine miles from Brampton, is

GLENWELT.

It is merely a single house, situated in a deep and dreary glen. There is however a tolerable Inn, at which much posting business appears to be done. At the distance of about three miles from this place, a little to the right of the road from Brampton, is the fashionable watering place of

GILLSLAND SPA,

the Harrowgate of this part of the country, where there are two or three houses for the accommodation of company, the principal of which, appears to be arranged in a manner extremely well suited to its purpose. There are a variety of lodging rooms, well furnished, and besides sitting rooms of different dimensions, there is a very large eating room, capable of accommodating a numerous company. There is also a ball room of large dimensions, which is most judiciously not attached to the main building, so that the merry dance, may be proceeded in without any fear of disturbing the invalids, and that,

to the Ladies of the north, who are so fond of dancing, is no trifling recommendation to the place, for

"I ne'er such festivity saw,
As there, while the damsels were hopping;
For dancing is something like law,
When once you begin, there's no stopping."

And that no amusement may be wanting at Gillsland, there are within the range of these premises, a billiard table, and a circulating library.

The mineral water at Gillsland, is very similar to that at Harrowgate, but not so powerful, nor so offensive to the smell. The spring is at the distance of about half a mile from the house, at the extremity of a walk, prettily disposed, through a wood, and commanding a rich view of the deep glen, and its woody sides, through which runs a rapid and picturesque stream, over a rocky bottom.

The country from Brumpton towards Hexham, for about twelve or fourteen miles,

is open, dreary, and uninteresting, when it suddenly changes its appearance, on the approach to Hayden Bridge, which crosses the Tyne, to a country of singular beauty, from the winding of that river, through a succession of rich and highly cultivated valleys.

HEXHAM,

Which is the next stage to Glenwelt, is a very ancient, and a very poor town, with the streets narrow and ill built. The Abbey is worthy of notice, as well as the numerous remains of antiquity, in gateways, arches, &c. with which this place abounds.

Colonel Beaumont, one of the Representatives in Parliament for the County of Northumberland, has a house at Hexham, adjoining to the Abbey. It is but an insignificant place, Col. Beaumont's principal residence being in Yorkshire. The situation of Hexham is uncommonly beautiful, and it has an excellent inn. There is no post town between Hexham and Newcastle, which causes the next stage to be of the extraordi-

dinary length of twenty miles; but scarcely any thing in England, can exceed the beauty and richness of the landscape, throughout nearly the whole of this distance, from the picturesque scenes, which the winding valleys, with the river Tyne flowing through them afford, where one part is continually receding from another, in all the pleasing gradations of perspective.

At a short distance from Hexham, are the ruins of the former residence of the Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded for treason, in the rebellion of 1715, and whose immense estates in this neighbourhood, were confiscated, and bestowed upon that most noble and politic of British institutions, Greenwich Hospital.

The Earl of Derwentwater, in the month of October, 1715, (the first year of the reign of George the first) took the field with a body of cavalry, and proclaimed the Pretender at Morpeth and Alnwick. Being afterwards surrounded by the king's troops at Preston,

under the command of General Willis, an officer was sent to that General, to propose a capitulation, who returned for answer, that he would not treat with rebels, but in case of their surrendering at discretion, he would prevent his soldiers from putting them to the sword, and he granted them time, till the next morning, to consider, upon their delivering the Earl of Derwentwater and one of their Generals as hostages. The officer who attended General Willis, declared he could not promise, that the Scots would surrender in that manner; upon which the General desired him to return to his people, and he would, forthwith, attack the town, in which case every man of them should be cut to pieces. The Scotch Noblemen did not choose to run this risk, and, with difficulty, persuaded the Highlanders to accept the terms that were offered. They accordingly laid down their arms, and were put under a strong guard.

All the Noblemen and Leaders were sent to London, and, without any regard to rank, conveyed through the streets, pinioned like

malefactors, to the Tower and to Newgate; and a clause was added to a money bill, then passing through the House of Commons, offering £100,000 to such as should seize the Pretender, dead or alive.

When impeached at the bar of the House of Lords, the Earl of Derwentwater pleaded guilty to the articles exhibited against him; and on the ninth day of February, 1716, he received sentence of death, in the court erected in Westminster Hall, where the Lord Chancellor Cowper presided, as High Steward upon the occasion.

The Countess of Derwentwater, accompanied by the Dutchesses of Cleveland and Bolton, and several ladies of the first distinction, was introduced by the Dukes of Richmond and St. Albans, to the King's chamber, where, upon her knees, she invoked his Majesty's clemency for her unfortunate husband, but her tears and entreaties produced no effect—as it would have been impossible for the King, without exposing himself to a charge of the greatest injustice, to proceed to the

execution of any one individual concerned in the late rebellion, if he had granted a pardon to Lord Derwentwater, who had acted so conspicuous a part in it.

On the 24th of February Lord Derwentwater, was beheaded on Tower Hill* His fate drew tears from the immense number of spectators who attended this awful scene; and it was a great misfortune to the country in which he lived—for he was young, brave, generous, hospitable, and humane.—He gave bread to multitudes of people, whom he employed upon his estates, and the poor, the widow, and the orphan, had frequent cause to rejoice in his bounty.

The whole neighbourhood of this country, in addition to its natural beauty, abounds, in every direction, with speculative matter for the antiquarian, almost every place and

* The Earl of Nithsdale, who was to have been beheaded at the same time, succeeded in making his escape the day before, in the disguise of a woman's apparel, conveyed to him by his mother.

part of it, exhibiting ruined castles, monuments of Heroes slain in battle, or armies routed, together with Roman reliques, altars, and inscriptions.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

Is a very large and populous town, a great thoroughfare between London and Edinburgh, and of very extensive general commerce, exclusive of the immense wealth derived from the coal mines in its neighbourhood, from which London and many parts of England are entirely supplied.

Newcastle is situated in a beautiful country, on the side of a very steep hill. It abounds with shops, well supplied with every article of trade; wide streets, well paved; a variety of inns for every description of travellers; and markets, to all appearance, most abundantly supplied. The assembly-rooms in this place are upon such a scale of magnificence and dimensions, as to be inferior only to the upper rooms at Bath. There is, also, a commodious and handsome theatre.

The Tyne has long been considered as famous for the quality and quantity of its salmon, but that has ceased to be the case, for many years; Newcastle being supplied with salmon, principally, from Carlisle. The fish are supposed to have left the river, in consequence of the numerous works, and manufactories on its banks, disturbing the repose so necessary to their encrease.

The vessels conveying the coals to the different parts of England, do not come up the river so high as Newcastle, but remain at

SHIELDS,

Where the coals are taken to them, in smaller vessels from the different pits. Shields is divided into two parts, north and south, one on each side of the river; the latter is the most miserable place, that can be conceived, and the former is in part no better; but the upper town of North Shields is well built, and the houses, many of which are very handsome, command a fine prospect of the sea and the coast. The Northumberland

Arms at this place, which is a most excellent Inn, is kept by Mrs. Carr; it has lately been built by the Duke of Northumberland. Its front is of Portland stone, and is in a style of architectural magnificence, and proportion, not to be seen in any other building of a similar description in England.

Stages pass between Shields and Newcastle, every two hours; and covered boats go up the river every tide, at the moderate charge of sixpence for each passenger. The Theatre at North Shields, which is both commodious and elegant, is greatly frequented by the families in the town and neighbourhood; the company of performers, being generally far superior to many of those out of London, and under the direction of a manager (Mr. Falkener) equally deserving of praise, as a performer, a scholar, and a gentleman. At a short distance, less than a mile, from Shields, at the eastern extremity of the Kingdom, is

TYNEMOUTH;

A very beautiful village, and a fashionable bathing place in the summer; at which there

are a variety of well furnished houses, and lodgings, for the accommodation of the company, and an admirable arrangement of warm sea baths. The walks about this place are delightful, commanding most extensive views of the sea, continually enlivened by the great number of vessels, connected with the trade of Shields and Newcastle.

The ruins of the monastery, which are finely situated, are uncommonly grand, from the height of the arches, and the richness of the work in its various parts. In the ancient cemetery, which is still used as a place of interment, I observed the following epitaph upon the tomb of a private soldier, quartered at this place, and who died in the Barracks. The inscription states, that the tomb was erected at the expence of the officers of the regiment, to which the deceased belonged, as a testimony of their respect for his very excellent character.

A testimony of such a nature, to the memory of an individual in so humble a station, is equally an honor to those who conferred it,

as it is, to the character of him, whose merit it records; and conveys at the same time, a moral of very useful instruction to the private soldier, who may here see, that there is no rank in life, however low, in which an honorable and virtuous conduct, is not the surest way to obtain a due reward to the merit of those, who steadily pursue it.

"When on the plain, where hosts in battle meet,
The soldier falls amidst the conflicts heat;
No tears his comrades shed, for there, the brave,
Finds where he bleeds, a laurel and a grave;
But, when untimely fate inflicts the blow,
Which lays his hopes of future glory low;
When flits that soul, which in Britannia's cause,
Aspired to guard her liberties and laws;
Unwept he cannot die; the soldier's friend
Shall mourn his virtues, and lament his end."

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

LIST
OF THE LORD LIEUTENANTS OF IRELAND,

SINCE THE ACCESSION OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY,

With the dates of the several periods at which they were landed and sworn into office.

George, Earl of Halifax, ... Oct. 6, 1761
Hugh, Earl of Northumberland, . Sept. 22, 1763
Francis, Earl of Hertford, ... Oct. 18, 1765
George, Ld. Visc. Townshend, .. Oct. 14, 1767
Simon, Earl Harcourt, ... Nov. 30, 1772
John, Earl of Buckinghamshire, Jan. 25, 1777
Frederick, Earl of Carlisle, ... Dec. 23, 1780
W. H. Cavendish, D. of Portland, Apr. 14, 1782
George, Earl Temple, ... Sept. 15, 1782
Robert, Earl of Northington, .. June 3, 1783
*Charles, Duke of Rutland, ... Feb. 24, 1784
†George, Marquis of Buckingham, Dec. 16, 1787
John, Earl of Westmoreland,.... Jan. 5, 1790
William, Earl Fitzwilliam, ... Jan. 4, 1795
John Jefferies, Earl Camden, .. Mar. 31, 1795
Charles, Marquis Cornwallis,.... June 20, 1798
Philip, Earl of Hardwicke, ... May 25, 1801
John, Duke of Bedford,..... Mar. 28, 1806
Charles, Duke of Richmond, ... Apr. 19, 1807

* The Duke of Rutland died in the Government, Oct. 24, 1787.

† The Marquis of Buckingham is the only Nobleman in this reign, who has twice served the office—in 1782, when Earl Temple, and again in 1787.

POST OFFICE.

Packets between Dublin and Holy Head.

AUCKLAND, Captain Shaw.
MONTROSE, Captain Goddard.
UXBRIDGE, Captain Jones.
DUBLIN, Captain Skinner.
SPENCER, Captain Fellowes.
SUSSEX, Captain Judd.

The Mails for England leave Dublin every evening except Sunday, and are due in Dublin every day, except Wednesday.

Letters for Ireland and all parts of Scotland are received until Seven o'clock.

Rates of Postage to Great-Britain.	*s.*	*d.*
Between Dublin and London, by way of Holyhead	1	1
Between Donaghadee and London, by way of Port Patrick	1	3
Between Dublin and Holyhead	0	2
Between Donaghadee and Port Patrick	0	2
☞ Franks are chargeable if above one Ounce weight.		
Between Dublin and the Isle of Man	1	4

Houses established for the Receipt of Letters for the *General-Post-Office*, until Five o'Clock in the Afternoon, at the following Places within the City, viz.

No. 8, Clare-street
Kavanagh's Hotel, No. 4, Stephen's-green, North
No. 35, Aungier-street
No. 88, Bridge-street
No. 26, Meath-street
No. 53, New Market, Coombe
No. 104, Jame's-street
No. 6, Corn Market
No. 74, Queen-street, corner of Barrack-street
No. 10, King's-Inns-Quay
No. 21, Capel-street
No. 18, North King-street
No. 81, Dorset-street, near Bethesda Chapel
No. 66, Great Britain-street
No. 7, North Earl-street

Letters for England *should not be put into any of the Receiving-Houses.*

GENERAL PENNY POST-OFFICE.

Receiving-Houses, same as above.

Liverpool Packets.

The Liverpool Packet Company Office, is at Mr. Murphey's, No. 24, Georges Quay, *Dublin.*—The following new Packets, (with every accommodation for Passengers,) the property and under the direction of Merchants of the first respectability in Liverpool:

The Duke of Richmond,—Earl Moira,—Hero,—and Constitution,

sail as frequently as the wind and weather will permit; and a Family may, at a few hours notice, be accommodated with the whole of the vessel.

Mail and Stage Coaches.

ROYAL MAIL COACH OFFICE, DAWSON-STREET, DUBLIN.

The following Mail Coaches set out, with a double Guard, from this Office, at eight o'clock every night.

Cork Mail Coach, through Naas, Kilcullen, Timolin, Castledermot, Carlow, Kilkenny, Clonmell, Clogheen, Fermoy and Cork.

Galway Mail Coach, through Kilcock, Clonard, Kinnegad, Kilbeggan, Moate, Athlone, Ballinasloe, Loughrea and Galway.

Limerick Mail Coach, through Naas, Kildare, Monastereven, Maryborough, Mountrath, Roscrea, Nenagh and Limerick.

A Mail Coach leaves Limerick at Six o'clock, every Morning, through Charleville, Doneraile and Mallow, to Cork; and another through Bruff, Kilmallock and Fermoy, to Cork.

The Cork Day Coach sets out at seven o'Clock, on the Mornings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, sleeps the first Night at the Royal Oak, the second Night at Fermoy,

and arrives in Cork the following Morning—returns Tuesday, Thnrsday, and Saturday.

The Limerick Post Coach, sets, out at Seven o'Clock, every Morning from Dublin, sleeps at Mountrath, another Coach leaves Limerick every morning, sleeps at Mountrath, and arrives in Dublin at five o'Clock in the Afternoon.

ROYAL MAIL COACH OFFICE, LEECH'S HOTEL, KILDARE-STREET.

Waterford Mail Coach, with a double gnard, sets out at eight o'Clock every night, through Naas, Kilcullen, Timolin, Carlow, Goresbridge, Graig, Ross, and Waterford.

ROYAL MAIL COACH OFFICE, YORK HOTEL, 52, CAPEL-STREET.

Northern Mail Coach, with a double Guard, sets out at eight o'Clock every Night, through Balbriggen, Drogheda, Dunleer, Castlebellingham, Dundalk, Newry, Banbridge, Dromore, Hillsborough, Lisburne, Belfast, and Donaghadee—Regular Packets are established at Donaghadee and Portpatrick, which sail from each place immediately after the arrival of the Mail.

ROYAL MAIL COACH OFFICE and HOTEL, No. 95, CAPEL-STREET,

Enniskillen Mail Coach with a double Guard, sets out a quarter before eight every night, through Dunshaghlin, Navan, Kells, Virginia, Cavan, Newtown-Butler, Lineskea and Maguire's Bridge to Enniskillen.

Cavan Royal Day Coach, sets out at six o'Clock in the morning on Monday, Wednesday and Friday.—Returns Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday; arrives in Dublin at five in the evening.

ROYAL MAIL COACH OFFICE, GOSSON'S HOTEL, No. 8, BOLTON STREET.

Londonderry Mail Coach, with a double Guard, sets out at half past Seven o'Clock every Night through Balbriggen, Drogheda, Collon, Ardee, Carricmacross, Castleblaney, Monaghan, Aughnacloy, Armagh, Strabane and Derry.

Newry Fly Coach sets out at half past Seven o'Clock every Night, accompanies the Mail Coach, through Balbriggen, Drogheda, Dundee, Castlebellingham, Dundalk and Newry,—thence with the Mail through Market-hill, and Armagh to Dungannon.

Drogheda Long Coach sets out every Morning at Eight o'Clock. A Coach returns every Day.

Kells and Navan Long Day Coach, sets out every Morning at Nine o'Clock, arrives in Kells at Six o'Clock in the Evening.—A Coach returns every Day, and arrives in Dublin at Three o'Clock.

LEONARD'S HOTEL, No. 2, BOLTON-STREET.

Newry Double Coach, each Body containing 4 Passengers only, sets out at 7 in the Morning, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Returns on Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday—arrives each way in 12 Hours.

Newry and Dundalk Long Coach sets out at 7 in the Morning every Day except Sunday; a Coach returns every Day.

A Drogheda Long Coach sets out at 8 every Morning.—A Coach returns every Day.

BELFAST AND DUBLIN CART COMPANY.

Office, Bishop's Court, Henrietta-Lane, Bolton-Street.

The Carts for the conveyance of Goods set out at five o'clock in the Morning on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and arrive in Belfast within forty hours.—

From Belfast very good Coaches are established to Derry, Armagh, and many other places; and a Coach goes and returns every day to and from Lisburn.

From Carlisle

The following Mail Coaches go every day,*

In the morning ..... to London.
Ditto ..... — Liverpool.
At one at noon ..... — Newcastle.
At three in the afternoon.... — Edinburgh.
Do. ..... — Glasgow.
Do. ..... — Portpatrick.

There are other Coaches to London and Liverpool; and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Coach to Whitehaven, by Wigton, Allonby, Maryport and Workington.

*All the Coaches from Carlisle go alternately, one day from the Coffee-House, and the other from the Bush.

English Money Exchanged into Irish, at Par: One Pound English being One Pound One Shilling Eight Pence Irish.

Engl.	Irish.			Engl	Irish.	
l.	*l.*	*s.*	*d.*	*s.*	*s.*	*d.*
1	1	1	8	11	0	11¾
2	2	3	4	10	0	10¾
3	3	5	0	9	0	9¾
4	4	6	8	8	0	8½
5	5	8	4	7	0	7½
6	6	10	0	6	0	6½
7	7	11	8	5	0	5¼
8	8	13	4	4	0	4¼
9	9	15	0	3	0	3¼
10	10	16	8	2	0	2
20	21	13	4	*d* 1	0	1
30	32	10	0	18	19	6
40	43	6	8	17	18	5
50	54	3	4	16	17	4
60	65	0	0	15	16	3
70	75	16	8	14	15	2
80	86	13	4	13	14	1
90	97	10	0	12	13	0
100	108	6	8	11	11	11

Irish Money Exchanged into English, at Par: One Pound One Shilling Eight Pence Irish, being One Pound English.

Irish.	English.			Irish.	English.	
l.	*l.*	*s.*	*d.*	*s.*	*s.*	*d.*
1	0	18	5½	11	0	10
2	1	16	11	10	0	9
3	2	15	4½	9	0	8¼
4	3	13	10	8	0	7¼
5	4	12	3½	7	0	6¼
6	5	10	9	6	0	5½
7	6	9	2¾	5	0	4½
8	7	7	8¼	4	0	3½
9	8	6	1¾	3	0	2¾
10	9	4	7¼	2	0	1¾
20	18	9	2¾	*d* 1	0	0¾
30	27	13	10	19	17	6¼
40	36	18	5½	18	16	7¼
50	46	3	0¾	17	15	8¼
60	55	7	8¼	16	14	9
70	64	12	3½	15	13	10
80	73	16	11	14	12	11
90	83	1	6¼	13	12	0
100	92	6	1¾	12	11	0¾

TRINITY COLLEGE.

An error having been discovered in the list of names composing this establishment, the insertion has been altogether omitted.

A Table of Guineas, carefully corrected.

	l.	s.	d.		l.	s.	d		l.	s.	d.
1	1	2	9	18	20	9	6	35	39	16	3
2	2	5	6	19	21	12	3	36	40	19	0
3	3	8	3	20	22	15	0	37	42	1	9
4	4	11	0	21	23	17	9	38	43	4	6
5	5	13	9	22	25	0	6	39	44	7	3
6	6	16	6	23	26	3	3	40	45	10	0
7	7	19	3	24	27	6	0	41	46	12	9
8	9	2	0	25	28	8	9	42	47	15	6
9	10	4	9	26	29	11	6	43	48	18	3
10	11	7	6	27	30	14	3	44	50	1	0
11	12	10	3	28	31	17	0	45	51	3	9
12	13	13	0	29	32	19	9	46	52	6	6
13	14	15	9	30	34	2	6	47	53	9	3
14	15	18	6	31	35	5	3	48	54	12	0
15	17	1	3	32	36	8	0	49	55	14	9
16	18	4	0	33	37	10	9	50	56	17	6
17	19	6	9	34	38	13	6				

Bankers in Dublin.

Right Hon. David Latouche, &Co. Castle Street.
Sir William Newcomen, & Co. Castle Street.
Finley, Lynam & Co. Jervis Street.
J. C. Beresford, & Co. Beresford Place.
Sir Thomas Lighton and Co. Foster-Place.
Williams & Finn Sackville Street.
Sir Thomas French, & Co. Dominick Street.
Thomas Knox Hanygton, Granby Row.
Sir Alexander Ferguson, & Co. Ormund Quay.
M^{c} Mullen & King, Dominick Street.
M^{c} Creery & Bullentine, Capel Street.

The Hours of Attendance at the different Banking Houses in Dublin, are from Ten till Three.

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