In any human disaster it is human nature to try and see the funny side of things for a whole complex of individual and community psychological reasons, in fact the Rebellion needs a good psychological history. The 1798 period was no exception as the following humorous pieces confirm. They are reasonably contemporary having been published in 1811; italics, blanks and spelling are as in the original. A note on the source follows.

1) In the late Irish rebellion, J. C. Beresford, Esq. a banker, and member for Dublin, rendered himself so obnoxious to the rebels, in consequence of his vigilance in bringing them to punishment; that whenever theyfound any of his bank-notes in plundering a house, the general cry was: "By Jasus, we'll *ruin the rascal!* We'll destroy every note of his we can find" and they actually destroyed, it is supposed, upwards of 20,000l. of his notes during the rebellion

2) During the rebellion of 1798, while the regiment of Ancient Britons were gallantly carrying the terrors of fire and sword through the Wicklow and Wexford mountains, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Wardle, their commander in Chief, Sir W. W. Wyne, was detained at Dublin, by a slight wound to the hand, which, however, did not prevent him from walking the streets daily, with his arm in a crape sling; while his iron shod boots, and his trailing scymeter, raised such a clatter on the pavement, as could not fail to impress the rabble with the terrors of his warlike presence.

Passing one day by Black Dick's laboratory, the *artist's deputy* says to his master, "I believe dat's de man dey call Sit Watkin Win, of the Welch horse"' "Well, and what of that?" answered Dick. "Noting" answered the deputy, "only dey say he's a great hero; but I don't tink he looks much like one". "Your soul to the gallice!" rejoined Dick, "Do you want a *goose* look like an *eagle?*"

3) Previous to the breaking out of the Irish rebellion, Lord Clare, who took a marked and leading part, both in legislative and ministerial measures for pulling down the popular spirit, which he followed up till the consummation of the Union, used frequently to declare, speaking of the leaders and advocates of the popular factions, "that he make those fellows as tame as *gelt-cats*;" and obtained amongst the multitude the nick-name of the *Cat-gelder*. A few years after the noble lord died in Ireland, in consequence of a dreadful accident he sustained while riding in Rotten Row, St. James's Park, His remains were interred in the church-yard of St. Peter's Dublin. His funeral had, indeed, a most popular attendance; and just after the body was deposited in the grave, and the Minister had pronounced these words of the burial service, "Earth to Earth! Ashes to Ashes! Dust to Dust!" a sudden yell from the surrounding multitude rent the air, like the squall of a thousand cats, and the dead bodies of above a dozen *tabby mousers*, which the bearers had brought beneath their great coats, were tossed aloft, and fell into the grave upon the coffin, as an hecatomb to the memory of the departed statesman. His mourning relations, who surrounded the *sarcophagus*, were highly shocked and exasperated at this insult to the memory of the *Patriot Peer*, but it was impossible to discover any of the offenders

4) The asperity of Lord Clare's politics during the disturbances of 1797 and 98, rendered him peculiarly obnoxious to the mass of the people, and so conscious was he of this, that he generally walked the streets with pistols in his pockets and accompanied by his two nephews armed in like manner. Passing a bookseller's shop one day, on his way to the House of Lords, his *tailor*, who was *talking politics* in this *temple of knowledge*, observed him pass, and dryly observed, "Well, there you go, my Lord Clare, and sweet bad luck to you; for I'm sure God Almighty is sorry he ever made you".

5) During the disturbances of Ireland in the year 1798, Mr. Claudius Beresford, of *humane* eminence, commanded a corps of Volunteer Cavalry, entirely composed of revenue officers, and of whose discipline he was very proud. Boasting one day in the presence of Counsellor Lysaght, on the excellence of his regiment, the witty barrister said, "I don't doubt it gallant Captain, for they are all *seizers* (*Caesars*) to a man".

6) In the reign of terror, which at that time was the order of the day in Dublin, The Riding House of Mr. Beresford's corps was organized under certain auspices as one of the *flagellating tribunals*, and the *instrumental* and *vocal* music produced by the *cats* of the drummers and the *cries* of the *victim* were

generally heard for about six hours per day by the surrounding neighborhood. A wag passing by this tribunal wrote with a piece of chalk in large letters upon the gate, *Mangling done here by Claudy and Co.*

7) An unlikely mistake occurred at this time with respect to an old man, an honest manufacturer of coffins and packing cases, in whose timber-yard about a mile from his residence, a small coffin filled with *pike-heads* was discovered. In the summary justice of the times, there was no difficulty in identifying by *analogy* the coffin-maker himself with this deposit of rebellious arms. He was therefore marched without trial or ceremony to the triangles and complimented with a dose of 500 lashes. The man's innocence was proved beyond all question in the course of a few days, and he had the *consolation* of being informed by the *Executive Directory of the Riding-House, that he was flogged in a mistake*."

8) At the same time an *officer high* in the service of the *Government, viz. The Castle Sweep-Chimney*, named *Hoarish*, was accused by the secret information of some mischievous wag with a plot to blow up the Castle, murder Lord Camden, and marry the Lord Mayoress. Ridiculous as this imputation was, this sooty conspirator, who was an honest and industrious fellow, was dismissed from his office, hurried before the Tribunal of the Department, and was almost flogged to death. His innocence also was proved in a little time, and he was restored to his *fuligonous dignities*, but whether he obtained *indemnity for the past*, or *security for the future*, was an *arcanum imperii* which never transpired.

9) During the discussions in Ireland upon the Union the minds of all classes were exasperated on the subject, and the people considered it then as they do now, a most unwarrantable injury and ruinous insult to their country. The Viceroy, Lord Cornwallis, was adored for the benevolent contrast of his character to that of his predecessor; but he suffered his share of obloquy as the instrument of that odious and irreconcilable measure.

On St. Patrick's Day, the national festival, the veteran viceroy taking a morning ride on the north side of Dublin, accompanied by two of his aids-de-camps, he was met by a squadron of cockle-women who had been collecting their commodities on the neighbouring strand, and were returning to Dublin to sell them. They opened to the right and left to give passage to his Excellency, but did not fail to salute him with this compliment, "*The devil's back to you, blind Corny!* You are come amongst us to take *St. Patrick's day, the joy of Ireland, home to your own bl---dy county*."

10) The populace of Dublin who are all politicians and patriots, sieze with singular avidity upon every speech, pamphlet, or other publication, which involves a question on their country's interest, and this principle pervades even the lowest classes. The question of Union did of course interest all minds, and every assembly from the senate-house to the humbler dram shop, talked of nothing else during the discussion. Above fifty pamphlets were published by the opposers in two months, and as many distributed by the Government in favour of it. The authors of the measure held out strong promises, and not only Dublin, but Cork, Waterford and every other sea-port town were respectively assured that their harbours were to become the chief emporiums of British commerce, and rapid posterity in consequence of the measure. While Parliament was engaged in debating the subject, two coal-heavers issuing from a porter-house close to the House of Commons, began to converse on this prevalent topic. "Paddy" says on, "I'm *tould* for a *sartinity* the'll take this Union away to England with them." "What matter for that?" answered the other, "sure devil a good Parliament does us; and Dublin is made a *free port*, any how". "Oh!" replied the other, "to itself. I wouldn't give up the *honour of poor ould Ireland*. We don't know what the English may do with us; however, devil fire me if I ever I'll part with my c---s for the sake of making my a--- a *cake shop*."

11) *Written during the late Rebellion, by Sir --------, an Irish Member of Parliament, to his friend in London*.

My dear Sir,

Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are in from these blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are, however, thank God, killed and dispersed.

We are in a pretty mess – can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink, except whiskey; and when we sit down to dinner, we are obliged to keep both hands armed; whilst I write this letter, I hold a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it; and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet. At present, there are such goings on, that every thing is at a stand.

I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning. Indeed, hardly a mail arrived safe, without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday, the coach, with the mails from Dublin, was robbed near this town; the bags having been judiciously left behind, for fear of accidents, and, by good luck, there was nobody in the coach, but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take.

Last Thursday notice was given that a gang of rebels were advancing hither, under the French standard, but they had no colours, nor any drums, except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and boys, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little, and they were far too near to us to think of retreating; death was in every face; but to it we went, and by the time half our little party was killed, we began to be all alive. Fortunately the rebels had no guns, but pistols, cutlasses and pikes; and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword; not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog; and in a very short time, nothing was to be heard but silence. Their uniforms were all of different colours, but mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp they had left behind; all we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, an a bundle of blank French commissions, filled up with Irishmen's names.

Troops are now stationed every where round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas.

I have only leisure to add, that I am in great haste.

Your's,

P.S. If you do not receive this in course, it must have miscarried; therefore, I beg you will immediately write to let me know

11) When the Irish Union was effected, sir John Parnel's health was frequently drunk in genteel companies. Being one day, in a convivial party he observed jocularly, that by the union he had lost his *bread and butter*. "Ah! My dear sir", replied the gentleman, "never mind, for it is amply made up to you in *toasts*."

12) During the time that martial law was in force in Ireland, and the people were prohibited from having fire-arms in their possession, some mischievous varlets gave information that a Mr. Scanlon, of Dublin, had *three mortars* in his house. A magistrate, with a party of dragoons in his train, surrounded the house, and demanded in the king's name, that the *mortars* should be delivered to him. Mr. Scanlon, a respectable apothecary, immediately produced them, adding, that as they were useless without the *pestles*, these were also at his majesty's service.

13) During the recent unpleasant situation of affairs in Ireland, a watch-word was required of every passenger after a certain hour, with liberty for the centinel to interrogate at will. A poor harmless Irishman, traveling from Kilmainey to Kilmore, being asked concerning his place of departure, and place of destination, answered, to the astonishment of the enquirer, "I have been to kill-many, and am going to kill-more." "That you shall not," said the centinel, and immediately ran him through with his bayonet.

14) In one of the late revolutionary battles in Ireland, a rebel hairdresser ran up to the muzzle of a cannon, to which an artilleryman was just applying the match, and thrusting his head into its mouth, exclaimed, the moment before he was blown to atoms: "By Jasus, I have stopped your mouth, my honey, for this time."

14) Some differences lately occurred between a corps of volunteers and their commandant. The regiment was ordered to appear before the inspector general, and the colonel, of course, gave the word of

command, “Attention – Shoulder Arms.” Not a muscle, not a musket moved. The command was repeated in a louder voice, the corps was still motionless. The general surprised, beckoned to a serjeant, and asked why the corps refused to act? “An’t plasse your honour,” says Pat, making his due obeisance, “it is bekays the colonel and regiment are not on spaking terms.”

Note on the source and commentary.
Most humour depends on context so many of the above are obscure to modern perspectives. However what comes through is the attitude with which it is easy to identify with.

The book is entitled the *Spirit of Irish Wit*, or to give its full title, *Spirit of Irish Wit or Post-Chaise Companion: being an Eccentric Miscellany of Hibernian Wit, Fun, and Humour much the greater part never before in print, with a selection of such that may have appeared; calculated for the Meridian of the United Kingdoms; and consisting of Bon-Mots, Repartees, Smart Puns, High Jokes, Queer Hoakes, Humorous Anecdotes, Laughable Bulls, Devlish Good Things, and various other articles of Intellectual Confectionary, adapted to the risible Muscles, and designed to dispel Care, Purge Melancholy, Cure the Spleen, and Raise the Drooping Spirits in these Gloomy Times*.

It was printed in London and states ‘Printed for Thomas Tegg, 111, Cheapside, and R. Griffin & Co. Glasgow’. In the author’s edition a hand written note has ‘(1811)’. Tegg was a well known prolific, but controversial, London publisher (see Dictionary of National Biography) who spent sometime in Ireland prior to going into business. In Dublin there was a Tegg and Co. The editor was one Momus Broadgrin, an obvious alias, who is unlikely to be the same author/editor who published a similar book on Scottish wit in 1786.

The proclamation prefacing the book expands on the title/advertisement and is worth given in full.

Whereas it has been credibly represented to us, and we have, moreover, strong reasons to believe, that during the rancour, spleen, party dullness, and mutual distrust, which for some time prevailed in this once good-humoured and convivial realm, very considerable quantities of current and sterling wit and pleasantry of the land had been withdrawn from circulation; and that humorous anecdotes, bon mots, good jokes, epigrams, bulls, and divers other devlish things, to the amount of some millions, were concealed or hoarded in memories, brain-boxes, pocket-diaries, common-place-books, and other repositories of once chearful, but since dull, splenetic and gloomy persons, who have passed over to this realm, and have for some time withdrawn themselves from social intercourse, and do now obstinately withhold from conversation the said wit, humour and pleasantry, both in *coin* and *bullion*, to the great injury and detriment of colloquial pleasure and *national* humour, and in the propagation of dullness, the spleen and the blue devils.

Now in order that such invaluable treasures of wit, pleasantry and good-humour, may no longer remain locked up in the said brain-boxes, memories, pocket-books, and other repositories of such glumpish, churlish, and refractory persons aforesaid, and thereby run the risk of being lost to all cheerful society, or of dying with their avaricious and monopolizing possessors. We do hereby charge, command, invite, and implore all wits, humourists, social fellows, droll dogs, comical fellows, fun-lovers, curiosos, odd fishes, pickled dogs, queer devils, and all other votaries of wit, humour and pleasantry, as they tender the common interests of laughter and chearfulness, that they do, with all possible expedition, after this issue of this our proclamation, bring forward or transmit, to the Editor of this our Book, all such bon-mots, pleasant anecdotes, epigrams, characters, witticisms, and all other such good things as they have been so hoarded and concealed, whether they be in *coin* or *rough bullion*, as aforesaid, to the end that the same may be forthwith stampt with our *imprimature* into general circulation, for the advantage of public pleasantry, and the promotion of social harmony and good-humour within our dominions.

Given at out Council Chamber, No. 111, Cheapside, this 1st of May, 1811.

By order of the Lord Chief Joker, Momus Broadgrin, Controller of the Comicals

Obviously the people of Ireland were a gloomy lot in the first decade after the rebellion. This is hardly surprising, as the bloody and violent events, particularly in its suppression, had badly disrupted their way of life. The whole process of social harmony had received a major battering and had to be rebuilt though it would take several generations for the emotive shock to be dissipated. Trust within the community had to be re-learnt but some suspicions never left. Furthermore the Union had not lived up to Catholic political and religious expectations nor had any economic miracle materialized, in fact the island went into a sustained period of economic stagnation compared to the industrial revolution that was happening in England on the brink of being a world player with a major colonial empire. This was, of course, in the future and the early 18th century saw major conflicts with the French Empire and people seemed to very pessimistic about this too judging by the poetry written at the time, imbued with melancholy pessimism.

The editor, evidently thought Ireland needed cheering up and that he could make some money from publishing what is probably the first Irish joke book. Whether this was a Good Thing is doubtful given his legacy of the plethora of joke books dedicated to the Irish and other stereotypes published today. The quality is probably very similar. This book is very much a cut and paste job with pieces being culled by various collectors, many from the Irish community in London, and typeset in batches. There has been little editorial control with duplication and one section dedicated to parliamentary journalists of the House of Commons, London, with no Irish relevance.

There is a political trend of being sympathetic to Irish complaints about the Union and by and large there is little anti-Irish feelings or prejudice. While of course there are jokes where the Irishman or woman is the butt, there are as many where the Irish top the English trying to pull a fast one. Others are ambiguous and have no obvious target. The editor, probably English, has used material that harks back to excellent relations and social intercourse of the pre-rebellion period with some nostalgia but it therefore should not be seen as some kind of golden age as any brief look at poverty, life expectancy, infant mortality, plague and famine would show. The main target of scurrilous satire were the politicians, particularly if they were aristrocratic, an attitude that is refreshingly modern, though not, perhaps, if one is a politician.

The pieces above question some Irish stereotypes about English attitudes to the Irish. It is commonly held that the general view of the Irish was one of negative condemnation, as exemplified by Punch. While this may be true in the later 19th century Victorian England there is little evidence of this in the book, which can be taken to be representative of attitudes several generations earlier. What we, perhaps, see is cultural shifts in how people defined themselves as Irish at the turn of the century but is buried and obscured by later cultural shifts that took place particularly after the Famine (1845-7), the 1916 rebellion and accession to the European Union in 1972, and Globalization since. England, too, went through its own cultural shifts so the relationship between the two islands has varied in time and was never static. It did not conform to any one stereotype as implied by many modern Irish cultural historians. The academic habit of chopping time into discreet bits as specific disciplines within history can often obscure long-term trends and changes in how the island population perceived itself, with all its variety, and how they related to neighbouring communities. Certainly there was no angst about what it meant to be Irish. However Irishness varied among the different strata of society, the worldview of the actor, chancer, cleric, docker, doctor, farmer, innkeeper, gentry, labourer, lawyer, lovers, noble, prostitute, seaman, servant, shoeshine, soldier, teacher, tailor, washerwoman, weaver, etc. The Dubliner probably had more in common with urban classes in England than with rural classes in the West.

On a more general level a common cliché is that ‘victors write history’, however it can be seen from the above that this is not necessarily the case for 1798 where from contemporary and modern perspectives there are alternative opinions and the freedom to express them. The easy availability of mass printing has allowed the survival of a plethora of opinions from all classes of literate society. To misquote a medieval phrase general literacy resulted in a ‘Victor’s History with Opposition’.

The book was aimed at the tourist, mostly gentry and new rich, and as the title suggests with the use of the phrase ‘Post-Chaise Companion’. It was, no doubt, a useful companion while traveling from Ballygobackwards to Ballymecrazy in a storm of driving sleet, rain and snow while bouncing around the many potholes. Many pieces were later recycled and are found in traveler’s books particularly in the first half of the 19th century when plagiarism was extremely common. A few have since found their way into

serious historical studies whose authors, no doubt, would be miffed and mortified to find out that their primary source is a mere joke book.

A question worth considering is whether the book is worth re-publishing. I have an open mind on this given the varied quality, the obscure meaning of many pieces, and the doubtful commercial profitability of such and enterprise notwithstanding its importance as a primary source. It would need serious editing to delete what is irrelevant, longwinded, unfunny or duplicated. In the meantime an eclectic selection of some favorites gives a flavour of life, mind-sets, language and earthy humour in the late 18th and early 19th centuries, I make no pretence of objectivity but the below are reasonably representative but exclude bulls and all prolix pieces; the longest is 655 words.

The late Councellor Coldbeck, of the Irish Bar, who drudged in his profession till he was nearly 60, being a *king's counsel*, frequently went on circuit as judge of assize when any of the twelve judges was prevented by illness. On one of those occasions a fellow was convicted before him at *Wexford* for *bigamy*; and when the learned counsel came to pass sentence, after lecturing pretty roundly upon the nature of his *uxorious* crime, added, "The only punishment which the law authorizes me to inflict is, that you be transported to parts beyond the seas for the term of seven years; but if I had *my* will, you should not escape with so mild a punishment, for I would sentence you for the term of your natural life – *to live in the same house with both your wives*."

A gentleman of the name of *Frost* lately told another that he wished to have *his genealogy made out*. "Wait," said his friend, "till the next fall of snow, and than you may *trace it."*

The celebrated Mrs. Barry who for many years reigned Queen of the Drama in Ireland and participated the public favour with the once elegant Sprainger her husband. Some years after his demise, when she was certainly above fifty, she thought proper to espouse a tall strapping Hibernian barrister, whose name was Crawford, and who in virtue of his marriage, became proprietor and manager of Crow Street Theatre. Under his auspices, a system of economy and unpunctuality were introduced rarely equaled in the history of the stage. In all the drinking and supper scenes upon the stage, small beer was substituted for wine, and the viands were furnished by the property man. The *pies* were of *pasteboard* and the *roast fowls* were carved from *wood* and *painted* in the *culinary* style. The *wax tapers* were changed for *mutton* lights and the musicians were all dismissed or had dismissed themselves as being unable to obtain payment of their salaries. The pay of the actors, who had not written agreements, were reduced, and many of the poorer *Thespians*, who often looked forward to *supper scene* to allay their hunger after a day's fasting, found themselves reduced to the alternative of a *wooden* repast or of going to bed supperless. One night when the farce of *High Life Below Stairs* was performed, my Lord Duke in leading Mrs. Kitty out to move to the mock minuet very gallantly assured her that this was the first time he had the honour of being as a 'Ball without music' and for the supper scene, Sir Harry told Lady Betty, he was afraid that 'deal ducks and oak pheasant' were too hard for her teeth; but pressed her to take part of the 'pasteboard pie', which he hoped was more manageable. Philip the butler in recommending the wines 'from *humble* Port to *Imperial Tokay*' observed that he believed his master did not pay his wine merchant, for the *Tokay* was no better than *small beer*, and the *Champaine* tasted *confoundedly strong* of the *water*. The Gods in the gallery, highly diverted at the ludicrous finesse of the actors, roared out lustily for music, when Sir Harry came forward and assured them that the whole band were 'indisposed with a violent vacuum in their pockets' upon which one of the *galleries* cried out, 'clear the stage and we will perform the concert'. The performers took the hint; and instantly, the stage was covered with a tremendous shower of benches, broken chandeliers, glass bottles, orange peels and all other missiles within reach of the exasperated audience. The company in the boxes fled in trepidation and such was the devastation committed upon all the furniture, that the Theatre was closed for a fortnight and the managers obliged to make an apology and restore the ancient usage of the house.

An Irish gentleman, whose lady produced a fine boy six months after marriage, applied to a physician to account for it. "Make your self easy," answered the doctor, "make your self easy; this very often happens in the case of the first child, but never afterwards."

An Irish officer had the misfortune to be severely wounded, in an engagement in the American War. As he lay on the field, an unfortunate near him, who was also badly wounded, gave vent to his agony in dreadful

howls, which so irritated the officer, who had born his in silence, that he exclaimed, "D—n your eyes, what do make such a noise for? Do you think nobody is *killed* but yourself?"

Dean Swift was one day in company, when the conversation fell upon the antiquity of her family. The lady of the house expatiated a little too freely on her descent, observing that her ancestor's name began with De, and, of course, of ancient French extraction. When she had finished:- "And now", said the dean, "you will be so kind as to help me to a piece of that D'umpling".

An English labourer in Cheshire, attempting to drown himself, an Irish reaper, who saw him go into the water, leaped after him, and brought him safe to shore. The fellow attempting it a second time, the reaper a second time got him out; but the labourer being determined to destroy himself, watched an opportunity and hanged himself behind the barn door. The Irishman observed him, but never offered to cut him down; when several hours afterwards, the master of the farm-yard asked him, upon what ground he suffered the poor fellow to hang there? "Faith," replied Patrick, "I don't know what you mean by ground: I *know* I was so good to him that I fetched him out of the water two times – and I *know*, too, he was wet through every rag, and I thought, *he hung himself up to dry, and you know*, I could have no right to prevent him."

Kilkenny Theatre Royal
By His Majesty's Company of Comedians
(The last night, because the company to go to-morrow to Waterford)
On Saturday, May 14th, 1793, will be performed, by command of several respectable people in this learned matrapolish, for the benefit of Mr. Kearns.
The Tragedy of Hamlet
Originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hayes of Limerick and inserted in Shakespeare's Works
Hamlet by Mr. Kearns (being his first appearance in that character), who, between the acts, will perform several solos on the patent bag-pipes, which play two tunes at the same time.
Ophelia by Mrs. Prior, who will introduce several favourite airs in character, particularly 'The Lass of Richmond Hill' and 'We'll be unhappy together', from Rev. Mr. Dibdin's Oddities.
The parts of the King and Queen, by direction of the Rev. father O'Callaghan, will be omitted as being too immoral for any stage.
Polonius, the comical politician, by a young gentleman, being his first appearance in public.
The Ghost, Gravedigger, and Lærtes, by Mr. Sampson, the great London comedian.
The characters to be dressed in Roman shapes
To which will be added, an interlude, in which will be introduced several sleight-of-hand tricks by the celebrated surveyor Hunt.
The whole to be concluded with a farce of 'Mahomet the Imposter' (Mahomet by Mr. Kearns)
Tickets to be had of Mr. Kearns, at the sign of the Goat's Beard, Castle-street. The value of the tickets, as usual, will be taken (if required) in candles, bacon, soap, butter, cheese, &c. to accommodate the public.
No person whatsoever will be admitted into the boxes without shoes or stockings.

An Irish footman having carried a basket of his game to a friend, waited for a considerable time for the customary fee, but not finding it likely to appear, scratched his head, and said, "Sir – if my master should say 'Paddy, what did the gentleman give you?' what would your honour have me tell him?"

"I will save you a thousand pound," says an Irishman to an old gentleman, "if you don't stand in your own light." "How?" "You have a daughter, and you intend to give her ten thousand as a marriage portion." "I do." "Sir, I will take her for nine thousand."

An Irish horse-dealer sold a mare as sound wind and limb, and *without fault*. It afterwards appeared that the poor beast could not see with one eye, and was almost blind in the other. The purchaser finding this, made heavy complaints to the dealer, and reminded him, that he engaged the mare to be 'without fault.' "To be sure," replied the other, "to be sure I did; but then, my dear honey, the poor crater's blindness is not her *fault*, but her *misfortune*."

An Irish country schoolmaster being asked what was meant by the word 'fortification', instantly answered, with the utmost confidence, "Two twentifications make a fortification."

An Irish recruit being rebuked by the serjeant for striking one of his comrades, "I thought there was no harm in it," quoth Pat, "as I had *nothing* in my hand but my *fist*."

The *Gallery wit* of Dublin theatres have long been celebrated; for, perhaps the mob of the city are the wittiest blackguards in Europe; and the *deities* of the upper galleries never fail to mark their approbation or hatred for all public characters who happen to catch their eyes, by plaudits or groans: even the Viceroy, if present, comes in for his share in these attentions, just as he happens to be popular or unpopular; and some of those august personages unable to bear this kind of attack have uniformly absented themselves from the Theatre. The late amiable *Manners*, Duke of Rutland, and his beautiful duchess, appeared one night in the vice regal box, when a celebrated *abbess* named Peg Plunkett, with a few of her *nymphs* appeared in the side boxes. The upper gallery wits immediately began upon the Papphian Priestess with "Ha! Peg! Who *slept* with you last night, Peg?" To which she immediately answered in a tone of reproof "*Manners* you blackguards." This was so palpable a hit at the representative of the royalty, who was a frequent visitant at her *Nunnery*, that it threw the House into a roar of laughter, and the noble Duke retired under much embarrassment.

Sir John Stuart Hamilton, the witty baronet, lounging one day in Dalby's Chocolate-house, when, after a long draught, there fell a torrent of rain: a country gentleman in the room observed, "This is a most delightful rain; I hope it will bring up *every thing out of the ground*." "By G---, Sir," said Sir John, "I hope not; for I have sowed three wives in it, and I should be d---d sorry to see them come up again.

"I have lost my appetite." Said a gigantic Irish gentleman, and an eminent performer on the *trencher*, to honest Mark Supple. "By G--," said Supple, "I hope no poor man has found it; for it would *ruin* him in a *week*."

A lady asked an Irish servant, who had just come to London, if he knew Love-lane, in the city. "I ought to know where I was born, madam," answered Pat, without any hesitation.

Blind Peter, a shoe black, or, to use his own phrase a *genteel japanner*, was one day summoned as a witness in a case of murder, before the Criminal Court, and was, as usual, primed with whisky. One of his companions had mortally wounded a carman with a *spud*, or scraping knife, and Peter attended as a witness for the prisoner. After a description of the circumstances which led to the catastrophe, in a style of phraseology perfectly unintelligible to the Court, Baron Dawson observed, "This witness is quite beyond my understanding – Pray, fellow, be more explicit, and tell us what you mean." Peter answered, "*Blur an ounds*, My Lord, sure I'm not obliged to find your evidence and understanding too, and if your *Lardship* doesn't know *de languages*, dat's not my fault."
The learned judge, finding the best way to manage the witness was to bid him tell his own story, in the plainest way he could, and Peter proceeded:-
"Well den, please your Lordship, my Gossup at the bar was challenged by de carman to *sky de coppers* for a pint of *de stuff*; and so dey pulled out their *louse traps*, and tossed up for the best in *tree*. *Music*, says de carman, *massards*, says my Gossup, and he won. You *flushed* dem, by de hokey, says de carman. - You lie, by G--, said my Gossup. So wid dat, my Lord, dey agreed to *edge de make* at a *motty*; but dere de carman had no change, for my Gossup, touched *de spud* so tight every pitch, dat if it was *butter* he'd ha' *stuck in it*. So upon dat, your honour, de carman *miffed* and began to be *snotty*. 'Your soul to the *gallice* says my Gossup, what d'ye mean by dat. If you have a mind for a *row*, *peel* yourself, and we'll see it out in a gentel way.' My Gossup is as tight a bit of flesh, my Lord, as ever *nipp'ed de weed*. And so upon dat the carman didn't do de decent ting; for while my Gossup was *blanching his bacon*, and just taking off his *flesh bag*, what does de carman do, my Lord, but he gave him a *dub* with his *daddle*, upon de *snotter-box*, and brought about *Claret* about his *mug*. 'Blue blazes to your soul, you bloody tief,' said I, 'dat's not fair:- you stuck de man in his own shop:' (for my Goosup had his foot in de basket all de while). So wid dat, my Lord, he struck him again; and so my Gossup up wid his *chir*, and swore he would give him *guts for garters*; but I dun'na how it happened dat de Gossup fell agen him, and somehow or other, my Gossup greased the *chir* in his *tripes*."

The judge, who was not the mildest man in the world, said to the witness, “get down you ruffian, there is no understanding your jargon.”
Peter, with great gravity, replied, “Oh, by J----s, since dat’s de case I’m off, but I’ll call to-morrow when you’re *sober*, may be you’d be civiler den.”
Editor’s Glossary [ed. abbreviated]: To sky de coopers means to toss up halfpence, Louse traps means combs used in tossing, Music signifies harps (the impression on Irish halfpence), Mazzards are heads, Edging de makes at a motty means pitching halfpence at a particular stone and that he that pitched nearest was the winner, Stuff means whiskey, Miffed means got angry, Snotty means saucy, Nipping de weed implies chewing tobacco, Peeling or Blanching de bacon means stripping naked, Dub with his daddle on his snotter-box and bringing claret about his mug means a stroke of his fist that produced a bloody nose, and Chir is the short scraping knife used by the shoe-hacks. With these illustrations the testimony of Peter may, perhaps, be somewhat more intelligible to the English reader [ed. Gallice means a gallows]

Letter written in Dyot Street Greek
Dear Terry
Last Easter Monday we planted the remains of Philip O’Sullivan in Pancras! He was one of the oldest colonists in St.Gile’s. His brother sold wall-flowers in Monmouth St, where he met with a second-hand wife, commonly called a widow, little worse for the wear; she was fond, to be sure, of a little eye-water and Paddy loved to wet the clay himself; but he was like a County Leitrim turf, the more you wet him the worse he burnt.
We are all very well, and ready to give master *Boney* a breakfast of red-hot balls, if he should venture to shoot his soil on our shore. I’ll engage you, if his ragamuffins should come, they’ll soon be glad to throw down their arms and take to their heels. They’ll find that John Bull and Pat will stick to one another like glue.
Ned Smith was burnt out last week, though he could scarce take a *spencer* at last. Pheley was a lad of such promising hopes, that he was sent on his travels at the expence of his country; and it is ten to one if his cousin won’t keep an ironmonger’s shop on Wimbledon Common yet. Terry deals in hardware, Dominick is a fruiterer, Connor is a turkey merchant, and drinks his mahogany tea every morning and his brother is a mace bearer to a great man in the city; but he is so great a rogue that I would not trust him with the key for Epping Forest.
Send you next letter by hand, or by word of mouth, for letters are grown so dear in this country, that you pay two-pence for one now, that you would get for a penny about two years ago. Beef and mutton, and other groceries, are also grown so dear, that the priest need’nt bid us to keep Lent, for we are obliged to keep it, whether we will or no. All the men are now in the army, and the women promise to raise fresh recruits. Keep up your spirits, we may live to see good days yet, and what is better, good nights. You’ll see by the post-brand that I wrote this the second of May. Write the moment you get this,or if you an opportunity, before you get it, which will be the same thing to your loving cousin.
Lauglin O’Carroll
Editor’s Glossary: ‘wall-flowers’ are second hand cloaths, hung on a wall by a pin; ‘eye-water’ is gin; ‘burnt out’ is died of drinking ardent spirits; ‘spencer’ is a small glass of gin or brandy; ‘travels at the expence of his country’ is to Botany Bay; ‘ironmonger’s shop on Wimbledon Common’ is hung in irons; ‘hardware’ is smuggled spirits; ‘fruiterer’ is a potato seller; ‘mahogany tea’ is saloop [ed. A herbal drink or coffee]; and ‘mace bearer’ is a bricklayer’s labourer.

The late Father O’Leary, of witty celebrity, had once a pamphleteering war of *Polemics* with the Protestant Bishop of Cloyne, in which the prelate inveighed with great acrimony against the superstitions of Popery and particularly against the doctrine of *purgatory*. Father O’Leary, in his reply, slyly observed, that much as the Bishop disliked *purgatory*, he might possibly *go much further*, and *fare worse*.” [ed. The point of this joke is also found, in a different setting in Latin, in a quote from a cleric on hearing the news of the death of Bishop Felix O’Ruadhan (Bishop of Tuam) in the 1220s.]

The late John Monk Mason, an Irish Privy Counsellor, and Lord of the Treasury, when a junior barrister, derived his first *official* rise from an *almost briefless bag*, to a commissionership of revenue, through the influence of the celebrated Peg Weffington; and being some time afterwards in the pit of the theatre, a famous *priestess of Pamona*, named Monica Gaul, eminent in her *wit*, came in between the acts, and was striding over the seats, proclaiming her *fine China oranges* and *Belvedere grapes*, and stepping, in her way,

across the bench where Mr. Mason sat, he, in a spirit of *gallantry*, thrust his hand under her lower garments. Monica, in a loud *play-house whisper* said, "Oh! By J----s, Mr. Commissioner, you are upon a wrong scent; you'll find no *run goods* there, for every thing has been *fairly entered*."

A beggar in Dublin had been a long time besieging an old gouty, testy, limping gentleman, who refused his mite with such irritability; on which the mendicant said "Ah, please your honour's honour, I wish your *heart* were *as tender* as your *toes*."

An Irish batchelor objected to a surcharge of his taxes; but on being told that it arose from his celibacy, the objection was immediately withdrawn. He said, "Every man should pay for his *luxuries*."

The Irish Grace, over a small piece of boiled beef and a few potatoes of the dwarfish size.

> O thou that blest the loaves and fishes,
> Look down upon these two poor dishes;
> And though the *Murphys* are but small,
> O make them *large* for all;
> For if they do our bellies fill,
> I'm sure it is a *miracle*.

Dean Swift's definition of an angler is, 'A stick and a string, with a worm at one end, and a fool at the other.'

An Irishman came to his patron to complain of the usage he had met from a gentleman to whom he had applied for employment. "He told me," said Paddy, "to go to the devil, and so I have come straight to your honour."

An Irishman meeting an acquaintance thus accosted him: "Ah, my dear, who do you think I have just been talking to? Your old friend Patrick; fait, and he is grown so thin, I hardly knew him; to be sure, you are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

An Irishman being on board a ship in a storm, the captain ordered that the most cumbersome things should be thrown overboard to ease the vessel, whereupon Teague took his wife, and was going to throw her into the sea. The captain asked him the reason of it, he answered, "I have nothing more heavy or cumbersome to me than my wife."

A county regiment marching through a village in the south of Ireland, had a Scottish surgeon attached to the corps; and there being no medical person resident in the village, nor within twelve miles of it, a poor woman came to implore the aid of this gentleman for her husband, who was dangerously afflicted with an obstruction in his bowels for some days. The surgeon accompanied her, and having learned that there was no apothecary in the whole district, nor any means of producing the effects he wished, asked the poor man certain questions about his evacuations *fore* and *aft*, and being informed that he had none for four days, he saw there was no time to be lost, and desired the patient 'To *clop* the *meddle fenger* of his *right hand* to the knuckle in his mouth.' 'Twas done. "Weel, di ye feel inclined to *vomet* noow?" "Oh no, long life to your honour," said the poor man. "Weel then," said he, "keep tour fenger tight, and clop the meddle fenger o' tother hond in you're a---. 'Twas done. "Weel, di ye feel inclined to *vomet* now?" "Oh no, your honour" "Weel, weel, then," said he, "*change fengers*." 'Twas done, and this prescription instantly produced the desired effect, and the poor man's disease was speedily relieved, to the great admiration of the doctor's skill throughout the village.

Dean Swift's servant was one time hesitating over some foolish excuse to his master, when the dean, observing his embarrassment, says to him, "What signifies all this shuffling? Tell me a round lie at once." Which the fellow did with so good a grace, that the dean gave him half a crown, for his readiness and dexterity.

A Viceroy of Ireland asked one of his guests at a great dinner given in the castle, why there were no toads in Ireland, to which he replied. “Because, please your excellency, there are so many toad eaters”.

A gentleman having had his boots blacked on the street in Dublin, paid his shoe-black with a considerable degree of haughtiness, on which the little fellow, when the other had got a short way from the stall, said, “ By my should, all the *polish* you have is on your boots, and I gave it to you”.

A nobleman, of the thick blood of the Irish nation, paid his addresses to the daughter of a friend, who valued money more than ancestry: the old gentleman hinted to his lordship, that he supposed his fortune was equivalent to his daughter’s? “Why, no sir,” replied his lordship, “I cannot say ‘tis altogether so considerable? But then you know, sir, there is my blood.” “O, damn, your blood,” returns the gentleman; “if you squander my daughter’s fortune away, she must not depend on your blood for a subsistence; a hog’s blood would be of more service then, and would make better puddings.”

An Irish wench coming to confession, confessed abundance of sins, but the chief was lying with men. “Well,” says the confessor, “whoredom is a thing does much displease God.” “I’m sorry for that,” says she, “for I’m sure it *pleaseth* me.”

The Hon. Mr. F----, upon seeing hung at a lady’s watch the picture of her deceased husband, who, it is believed, had hastened his end by intemperance in connubial joys, said, “It is barbarous in her to hang him in chains so near the place of execution.”

A blacksmith of a village in Ireland murdered a man, and was condemned to be hanged. The chief peasants of the place joined together, and begged that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith, to shoe horses, mend wheels, &c. But the judge said, “How then can I fulfill justice?” A labourer answered, “Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place one is enough, hang the other.”

An Irish gentleman being about to cross the Mediterranean, was requested by many friends to make purchases for them. But as these commissions were numerous, he begged that each person would put his order on a slip of paper, which was done. On his return, they all passed around him to congratulate him on his arrival, and to obtain what they had written for. The gentleman said he was very sorry that a sad accident had happened to him, for on the day he sailed, as he was looking over the papers upon the quarter-deck, a sudden gust of wind carried them all overboard. “But”, says one, “how come it that Dr. Bernard’s note did not escape, for I see you have brought what he wanted?” “Why,” said the gentleman, “he had the precaution to put a piece of gold in his note, and that prevented it from flying away.”

Captain Mac, who had a wooden leg booted over, had it shattered to pieces by a cannon ball, his soldiers crying out “A surgeon, a surgeon for the captain.” “No, no,” says he, “a carpenter will do better.”

An Irish lady seeing the sheriff of a county, who was a very handsome young gentleman, attending the judge who was an old man; a gentleman standing by, asker her which she like best, the judge or the sheriff? The lady told him the sheriff; “Why so?” said the gentleman, “Because,” answered she, “though I love *judgment* well, I love *execution* better.”

Lady W---- is celebrated in Ireland for wit and beauty. Happening to be at an assembly in Dublin, a young gentleman, the son of his majesty’s printer, who had the patent for publishing bibles, made his appearance, dressed in green and gold. Being a new face, and extremely elegant, he attracted the attention of the whole company. A general murmur prevailed in the room, to learn who he was; Lady W---- instantly made answer, loud enough to be heard, “Oh! Don’t you know him? It is young bible, bound in calf and gilt, but not lettered.”

To the Commissioners of the Excise. The humble petition of Patrick O’Connor, Blarney O’Brien, and Carney Macquire, to be appointed inspectors and overlookers (vulgarly called Excisemen) for the port of Cork, in the kingdom of Ireland.

And whereas we your aforesaid Petitioners, will both by night and day, and all night and all day, and we will come and go, and walk and ride, and take and bring, and send and fetch and carry, and we will see all, seize all, and more than all, and everything and nothing at all, of such goods and commodities as may be, can be, and cannot be liable to duty.
And we your aforesaid Petitioners will, at all times, and no time, and time present and absent, and be backwards and forwards, and behind and before, and be no where and every where, and here and there, and no where at all.
And we your aforesaid Petitioners, will come and inform, and give information, and notice, duly and truly, wisely and honestly, according to the matters we know and don't know, and we will not rob or cheat the king any more than is now lawfully practiced.
And we your aforesaid Petitioners, all of us are protestants and gentlemen of reputation, and we love the king, and value him, and we will fight for him and against him, and we will run for him and from him, to serve him or any of his family and acquaintances, as far and as much farther as lies in our power, dead or alive, as long as we live.
Witness our several and separate hands in conjunction, and one and all three of us both together. Patrick O'Connor, Blarney O'Brien, Carney Macquire

It is a superstition with some surgeons who beg the bodies of condemned malefactors, to go to the goal, and bargain for the carcass with the criminal himself. A good honest Teague did so last sessions, and was admitted to the condemned men on the morning wherein they died. The surgeon communicated his business, and fell into a discourse with a little fellow who refused twelve shillings, and insisted on fifteen for his body. The fellow who killed the officer of Newgate, very forwardly, and like a man who was willing to deal, said, "Look you, Mr. Surgeon, that dry little fellow, who has been half starved all his life, and is now half dead with fear, cannot answer your purpose. I have ever lived highly and freely, my veins are full, I have not pined in imprisonment; you see my crest swells to your knife, and after Jack Catch has done, upon my honour you'll find me as sound as e'er a bullock in any of the markets. Come, for twenty shillings I am your man." Says the surgeon, "Done, there's a guinea." The witty rogue took the money, and as soon as he had it in his fist, cries, "*Bite, I'm to be hanged in chains*."

Written many years ago, on seeing the front of Trinity College, Dublin, beautified.
Our Alma, like a common wh—e,
Worn out with guilt and sin,
Paints and adorns herself the more –
The more she rots within

An Irishman and an Englishman falling out, the Hibernia told him, if he did not hold his tongue, he would break his *impenetrable* head, and let the brains out of his *empty* skull.

A sketch of the law, by an Irishman. Law! Law! Law! Is like a woman's temper, *a very difficult study*. Law is like a book of surgery, a great many *terrible* cases in it. Law is like fire and water; very good servants, but very bad when they get the upper hand of us; it is like a homely genteel women, very well to follow, it is also like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. And again, it is like bad weather, most people choose to keep out of it. In law there are four parts:- the quidlibate, the quodlibate, the quid-pro-quo, and the sinaquanon. Imprimis, the quadlibate, or who began first? Because, in all actions of assault, the law is clear, that *probes jukes* is *absolutis maris, fine jokis*; which being elegantly and classically rendered into English, is, that who ever gave the first stroke, it is absolutely ill, and without a joke. Secondly, the quodlibate, or the damages; but that the law has nothing to do with, only to state them; for whatever damages ensue they are all the client's perquisites, according to that ancient Norman motto; if he is cast, or castandum, he is 'Semper idem ruinandum.' Thirdly, quid-quo-pro, feeing council, giving words for money, or having money for words, according to that ancient Norman motto, 'Sicurat lex,' or 'We live to perplex'. Fourthly, the sinequanon; or, without something, what would any thing be good for? Without a large *wig*, what would be the out *lines* of the law?

Some years ago the old fore courts of justice in Dublin immediately adjoined a range of dull heavy buildings called Hell, no doubt, from the obscurity of the place. The following advertisement appeared in one of the Dublin newspapers:
'To be let, a suit of chambers in Hell, ready furnished. They will be found very convenient for a lawyer.'

Lawyer O'Donel having made his will, and given away all he had to lunatics, fanatics, and mad people, and being asked why he did so, replied, "From such he had it and to such he would give it again".

Some years ago, at Bartholomew Fair, a showman, who was an Irishman, being turned of by his employer, and being driven to great extremities for want of money, hit on an expedient to raise a temporary supply, which, from its ingenuity, might certainly claim excuse. He hired a large room, and hung out a board thus inscribed, 'To be seen here, *A Worser*'. As the name promised novelty, his room was crowded very soon after he had published his exhibition, and he had, of course, received a tolerable supply of money. Nothing remained but to gratify the curiosity of the 'gaping crowd,' who sat in silent expectation of some wonderful appearance; but the Hibernian, with the greatest coolness, brought in a lean miserable-looking pig, and asked one of the company, with the utmost concern, if it was not a very bad one; on being answered in the affirmative, he opened a closet door, and displaying a poor animal, little better than a skeleton, exclaimed, "Here is indeed a most wretched pig, but there, ladies and gentlemen, is *A Worser*."

An Irishman loaded with faggots, cried loudly, as he passed along, "Make way! Make way!" that people may beware in time, as is usual. A coxcomb, who thought it beneath him to take the fellow's counsel, pushed by him, and had his coat, which was silk, considerably torn. He flew into a violent passion, and had the man taken before a magistrate, pleading for payment of the damage. The Irishman was interrogated, but he merely opened his mouth without speaking. "Are you dumb? my friend." Said the magistrate. "No," interrupted the plaintiff, "mere malice, because he cannot defend himself; he appears dumb now, but when we met this morning, he bawled 'Make way! Make way! like the very devil; you could have heard him a mile." "And why then," said the magistrate, "did you not *make way*."

A low Irishman bragging that he had been spoken to by the King, was asked, what his Majesty had said to him? He replied, "He bade me to stand out of the way."

An Irishman called an oculist, to consult him about his eyes, which of late had become very weak, He found him sitting at table with his bottle of wine. "Would you be entirely cured," says the oculist, "you must quite abstain from wine." I will," replied the man, "but it seems to me, your eyes are full as bad as mine, and yet you drink pretty freely." "True," said the other, "because I prefer wine to good eyes."

A gentleman, seeing an Irish woman skinning some eels, said to her, "How can you bear to be so cruel? Don't you think you put them to a great deal of pain?" "Why, I might, sir," she replied, "when I first began business; but I have dealt in them twenty years, and by this time, they must be quite used to it."

A philosopher and wit were crossing the Irish Channel, when a high gale arising, the philosopher seemed under great apprehension lest he should go to the bottom. "Why," said his friend, "that will suit your genius to a tittle; as for my part, I am only for skimming the surface of things."

Talking on the subject of a metempsychosis, a silly young Irishman once observed, "He remembered having been the golden calf." "Very likely," replied a lady, "as you have lost nothing but the gilding."

An Irish schoolmaster being interrogated by one of his pupils with respect to the etymology of the word *Syntax*, replied after some consideration, that it received its meaning from the circumstance of the ancients having had a *tax* on *sin*.

Epitaph on a waggoner in a country church.
Here I be – dead and gone,
Killed by a fall from a wagon.

Epitaph on a postillion.

Here I lays
Killed by a chaise.

An Irish jockey once selling a nag to a gentleman, frequently observed, with emphatic earnestness, that he was an *honest* horse. After the purchase the gentleman asked him what he meant by an honest horse. “Why, sir,” replied the seller, “whenever I rode him he always threatened to throw me, and he certainly never deceived me.”

An Irishman having being put to great shifts to get money to support his credit, some of his creditors at length sent him word that they would give him trouble. “Faith,” said he, “I have had trouble enough to borrow the money, and had not need to be troubled to pay it again.”

Line written on a window of an Irish Inn.

When I have cash, I mount a gig,
When I have none, I hop the twig

When I have cash its hurly-burly,
When I have none, I’m dull and surly

When I have cash, why then I roof it,
When I have none, I’m glad to hoof it

A foolish young Irishman bragging in company of his traveling abroad, and having never sent to his parents for any remittances, was asked by one present how he made his way? “By my wits.” Replied the other. “Indeed,” says he “then I’m sure you must have traveled very cheaply.”

Mr. Burke, author of the ‘Sublime and Beautiful’, going to a bookcase, and finding it locked, said, “This is *Locke on the Human Understanding*.”

A rich upstart collector of the revenue, once asked a poor but witty Irishman, if he had any idea of the advantages, arising from riches. “I believe,” replied the wit, “they often give a rogue an advantage over an honest man.”

A counsellor in Ireland had fallen asleep upon the bench. The president, who was gathering the votes, asked the counsellor for his; who answered, rubbing his eyes, “*Hang him, hang him*.” But being told the point in question was a meadow: “Well, then,” said he, “*let it be mowed*.”

A gentleman having sent an Irish porter on a message, which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to ask his name? Being informed it was Russel; “Pray”, says the gentleman, “Is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford’s?” “As to our *arms*, you honour,” says the porter, “I believe they are pretty much alike; but there is acdamned deal of difference between or *coats*”.

A woman having fallen into a river in Ireland, her husband went to look for her, proceeding up the stream from the place where she fell in. The by-standers asked him if he was mad? She could not have gone against the stream. The man answered “She was obstinate and contrary in her life, and supposed for certain she was the same at her death”.

A merry fellow in the Dublin theatre, was present at the first representation of a new play, and plundered out applause, exclaiming: “Oh! What stuff!” Those that happened to be by him, surprised at this odd proceeding, asked him, why he said the play was a bad one, whilst at the very same time he applauded it? “I received a ticket in order to applaud; I promised to do so, and I keep my word: but I am a man of honour, and cannot betray my sentiments: therefore, I declare, for all my clapping, that the play is good for nothing.” The man’s sensation soon became general, and the spectators began, like him, to clap and to hiss.

Lord M---, of the kingdom of Ireland, with no very large portion of wit or wisdom, had a very exalted opinion of his own powers. When once in a large company, and expatiating about himself, he made the

foolish pointed remark, “When I happen to say a foolish thing, I always burst out a *laughing*!” “I envy you your happiness, my Lord, then,” said Charles Townsend, “for you must certainly live the merriest life of any man in Europe.

Two Irish labouring bricklayers were working at some houses near Russel Square, and one of them was boasting of the steadiness with which he could carry a load to any height that might be required. The other contested the point, and the conversation ended in a bet that he could not carry him in his hod up a ladder to the top of the building. The experiment was made: Pat placed himself in the hod, and his comrade, after a great deal of care and exertion, succeeded in taking him up and bringing him down safely. Without any reflection of the danger he had escaped, observing to the winner, “To be sure, I have lost; but don’t you remember, about the third story you made a slip – *I was then in hopes*”.

From a late Clonmel Journal: Ran away, last night, my wife, Bridget Coole; she is a tight, neat body, and has one leg; she was seen riding behind the priest of the parish through Fermoy, and, as, we were never married, I will pay no debt she does not contract: she lisps with one tooth, and is always talking about fairies, and is of no use but to the owner.

Two Irish cobblers sitting at their work, amused themselves and their comrades by outvying each other in telling wonderful stories. At length a wager was proposed and agreed to that Strap would tell a greater lie than Jobson. The latter to make all sure, affirmed with a thumping oath, that he threw a tenpenny nail with such force that he pierced the moon. “Aye, that’s true” replied the other, “And I stood on the other side and clenched it”. So the Clencher by unanimous consent won the bet.

A certain country squire asked an Irish merry Andrew, “Why he played the fool?” “For the same reason that you do, *for want*. You do it for want of wit, - and I for want of money.