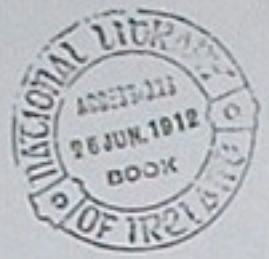




"The Cruise" was originally intended for a Magazine, but the author feeling that a guide to the new Waterworks was rapidly becoming a necessity, has launched it in its present form.

# A CRUISE UP THE VARTRY

WITH

## AN ALDERMAN;

OR,

HOW TO SEE

THE DUBLIN WATERWORKS.

DUBLIN:
JOHN MULLANY, 1 PARLIAMENT STREET,
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1850.

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JOHN MULLANY, 1 PARLIAMENT-STREET.
1866.

With Regret Robinson
yours

# A Cruise up the Vartry

## WITH AN ALDERMAN.

"Come in and crush another cup of Champagne," said my friend Jones, as we were standing gazing at about 500 couples performing conventional circles round imaginary centres, to the "Shilly Shally" waltzes, in the King's Room, at the late ball given by our excellent and respected Chief Magistrate on the night of the 1st June, 1866.

Accepting Jones's invitation with alacrity, as the wine was "A 1, copper-fastened," we repaired to the supper-room, where we partook of a mutual modest quencher, and commenced an interchange of ideas.

"This is better than the Vartry water, old fellow," said I, toying with my glass, and watching the charming little globules rising through the golden pink fluid.

"I never tasted it," said Jones; "and what is more, never met anybody that did. It's a ghostly sort of drink—perpetually spoken about, but never partaken of."

"Except in *spirit*," said I.

"'Pon my word, gentlemen," observed a stout individual, drawing near, "you should not jump, as it were, at conclusions in so hasty a manner. I have the honour of being attached to that highly influential and respectable body of gentlemen, the Waterworks Committee, and I beg leave to inform you that, so far from the Vartry being, as it were, a myth, it is an absolute reality—a beautiful, limpid, clear, sparkling stream, and just as plentiful as the Champagne around you."

"My dear fellow," said Jones, who was rapidly arriving at that strictly private and confidential stage which a successive repetition of emptying champagne glasses produces in some men—"My dear fellow, would you hold me in that respect to which I am entitled, were I to say: 'Yes, Brown, I have drunk as much Vartry water as would fill James's-street basin or Kingstown harbour?' I say, my dear friend, would you extend to me the right hand of fellowship, and the celestial smile of friendship, were I to declare these things to you, such being contrary to the fact?"

"Yes—but, my dear sir," observed our city father, "you have been making sweeping assertions—very sweeping assertions. You stated that you considered the Vartry nothing more or less than a myth."



"I only referred to it as a drink, sir—not as a river," said Jones argumentatively.

"You spoke of that great project, sir, in a manner that no good citizen ought," observed the old gentleman rather warmly. "That great project, sir, has cost this city a half-a-million of money for works done, to say nothing of £17,000 fighting the Canals in parliament; and is this stupendous work to be spoken as lightly of as though it was some offshoot of the Dodder, or the Poddle? Is this right, sir? I ask you is this proper, sir?

Jones winked jocosely at me, and with great gravity said:

"You are a member of the Corporation of Dublin?"

"I have that honour, sir," replied the old gentleman, looking round him, with mingled pride and defiance in his eye.

"And a member of the Waterworks Committee?"

"I am proud to say 'yes' to that question, sir."

"And a ratepayer and burgess?"

"Of course I am, sir."

"And probably the father of a family?"

"I have five sons and six daughters, sir," replied this civic father with great rapidity.

"Now, sir, I will ask you one simple question, which I expect you will answer with sincerity."

"If it's in connexion with the Vartry project I

will reply to it, and I beg you will confine it to that, sir," said Jones's victim somewhat sulkily.

"Have you ever tasted the Vartry water? I ask you as a Corporator; as a Burgess; as a Father; as a Man, *have you ever tasted the Vartry water?*

The old gentleman looked angry, mortified, puzzled, grieved; but at length burst into a joyous roar of laughter as he announced that he never had. Jones and I joined with real good-will, and never, I ween, did so hearty a *guffaw* ring through the new Supper-room.

"Now, my old boy, come and take a glass of Champagne; and before you pitch a stone into *my* green-house, see that *your own* conservatory is wired over."

We clinked our glasses after the good old fashion, and became fast friends. The Alderman, for such was his rank, strongly impressed upon us the advisability—in fact, the necessity of visiting the works.

"My dear boys," said he, "never lose a chance of wandering through the valleys of Wicklow. I never go there but I feel, as it were, the shadows of old age creeping away, and by the time I get past the Sugar Loaf, I am ready to play leap-frog with the youngest of the party."

"And how would you advise us to go, Alderman?" I asked, as the thought of a trip was to *me* most enjoyable.



"Take the nine o'clock train from Harcourt-street to Stillorgan; stop there and see the Reservoir; go on by the next train to Bray; take a car for the day, and go up to Roundwood by the Glen of the Downs. Oh, the sweet spot! many a chicken I ate, and many a glass of sherry I nobbled in the middle of it. Pass through the Glen to Newtownmountkennedy, and on to Roundwood by Callow Hill; dine at Murphy's, where the finest of chickens and the most elegant of bacon and cabbage will fall to your lot—and, by my song, a glass of John Jameson's that will tempt you to try six; and come home—sober, if you can—by the Sugar Loaf into Bray; and you'll be thanking your stars that you met me this night, though it's in my bed I ought to be at this blessed hour."

The old gentleman spoke with an enthusiasm that carried conviction with it. He seemed as though he were tramping along the blooming heather in the midst of the Wicklow hills, instead of being on a Brussels carpet, and surrounded by "fair women and brave men;" and when he alluded to the bacon and chickens, he smacked his lips as Lucullus might have done after a feed of oysters.

Jones and I both declared, with a boisterous emphasis, that we would go; and we only begged one favour at his hands, that he would honor us with his company.

"What day do you purpose going?"

Having compared notes with Jones, we settled that Monday would suit our respective little books.

"I'll go with you, and if we don't have a glorious day, you may strike me off the burgess roll on Tuesday morning."

Finally it was resolved, with great circumlocution, gravity, and decorum, that I should wait upon the secretary to the Waterworks, at the City Hall, and obtain an order, and that we should meet at the nine o'clock train at Harcourt-street, wet or fine, fall back, fall edge, on the Monday morning.

We drank a full bumper on the strength of the treaty, and a few minutes found us calling piteously for cabs, in the clear blueish grey of a lovely June morning.

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## EN ROUTE.

How joyously one turns out of bed on the morning of a pleasure trip, with such alacrity, and in such jolly good humour. Breakfast becomes a solid meal, and the ordinary chop must be overlaid by a fresh egg, or, perhaps, a brace. You pity the poor wretches you meet plodding into their business, and wonder how they can be brought to do it at any price. Jones breakfasted with me; the knocker was in his manly grasp at 8 o'clock, and to do the honest fellow



justice, he ate round and round him. It has never been ascertained how many cups of tea he tossed off, and as for chops, rashers, and eggs, if he had been fasting *à la* Dugald Dalgetty, or frugally laying up a store against future short commons, he could not possibly have laid on with greater vigour.

"I hope the Alderman will be up to time," said I.

"He's a sure trick," sputtered Jones. "I'd bet ten to one on him."

"I don't want to hurry you, Jones," I observed with becoming politeness, "but it's now half-past eight o'clock, and it will take us five-and-twenty minutes to get to Harcourt-street."

"I'll stand a Jarvie, Brown; but hang it! I must have another of those eggs."

The Jarvie rolled us to the station in due course. We invested in our respective pennyworths of daily news; and, to our great pleasure, found the worthy Alderman smiling like a photograph, and a friend, whom he introduced as a Mr. Slowcoach, on the platform. Slowcoach appeared about as slow as his name, and afterwards proved to be a most even-tempered, but singularly taciturn sort of man. His habit was to break out into some unexpected sentence, and then relapse into a solemn silence and gravity of demeanour. So with his laughter; a loud, sudden laugh would be heard in the direction of Slowcoach's chin, but a further ex-

amination somewhat puzzled inquiry, inasmuch as Mr. Slowcoach would appear to be gazing into vacancy, and removed by many degrees from merriment of any description whatever. The Alderman was in great force, and he introduced into our compartment a most corpulent, good-humoured, smiling-looking basket, which persistently refused to fit anywhere. Under the seats it would not go; between our feet was equally hopeless; so this basket was deposited by its owner, where it nestled, like Mr. Wardle's fat boy beside the oysters, and appeared, like that infant phenomenon, to be fast asleep.

"Might I ask what you brought that basket for, Alderman?" asked Jones, whose curiosity got the upper-hand of all other earthly considerations.

There was a droll twinkle in the Alderman's eye, as he replied:

"I'm a bit of a botanist, and I always bring this, as it were, to carry home specimens."

"Good!" said Mr. Slowcoach, with one eye on the basket, and the other on the lamp in the roof of the carriage.

"We are just four for the car—the right number for a rubber, too. Have you a pack of 'the flats' in your paletot, Billy?"

"Maybe its cards you want," responded Slowcoach with a grin, but relapsing instantly into the stolidity of a mummy.



How we fellows of the *Papier Maché* department gloat over the *Freeman* or the *Irish Times* of a morning! How we commence at the "Theatre Royal," and wind up with the state of the water on Dublin bar! How emphatically we devote from ten to eleven A.M. in perusing column after column in our office! with what unction we settle ourselves down to it, and how disgusted when disturbed! Oh, how different of a summer morning, when bent upon a holiday! One glance at the sub leader, at the Fashionable Intelligence, at the Births, Deaths, and Marriages, and we blandly offer the now useless rag to the old lady next to us, and take to staring out into the green fields and sweet-scented hedges, as they dash past us with the rapidity of lightning.

"Look out! look out!" shouted the Alderman in very excited tones as we approached the Stillorgan station.

We could perceive nothing but very high, grass-grown ramparts, reminding us of the fortifications at Antwerp.

"This is the Prince of Wales Reservoir, boys; we must get out here."

So saying, the honest old fellow jumped out with great alacrity, and lugged after him the basket, which he gave in charge to the station-master, with many directions as to its safe-keeping during his temporary absence.

## STILLORGAN.

We entered a very handsome iron gate on granite pillars, and ascended some steps, when the basin burst upon our gaze. The Reservoir is divided into two compartments, which communicate one with the other by means of pipes.

The view from the embankment is very fine, commanding the Dublin mountains, with Montpelier and its Haunted Castle in the background, and the "Three Rocks" ready, as it were, to drop into the Reservoir.

Here we encountered a young engineer, who was engaged in the mysterious process of taking levels.

"How do you do, Mr. Ironbridge?" said the Alderman—"I hope I see you in good health, sir?"

The young gentleman assured him, in respectful tones, that he never was better, and had just come down from Roundwood.

"And how are the lads up there, sir?" asked the Alderman.

The lads, it would appear, were likewise in the enjoyment of good health.

"Now, Mr. Ironbridge, I will feel personally obliged to you if you give these gentlemen all the information you can respecting this great project."

Mr. Ironbridge, having implied a cheerful assent,



was as good as his word, and from him we learnt the following particulars.

The water area of the Reservoirs is 18 acres, and their average depth about 20 feet; the two will contain about 90,000,000 gallons of water, or about 10 days' supply. The surface level of the water in the upper Reservoir is 274 feet, and in the lower 271 feet above datum, and the latter is the working pressure for Dublin, the distance being 4¾ miles from the City boundary, making the total distance, from the Roundwood Reservoir to Dublin, about 24½ miles. A 33-inch main is laid into each Reservoir; and the stop-valves are so placed, that either Reservoir can be worked at pleasure.

"By my honor, Ironbridge, you'll beat out old Hawksley one of these days," said the Alderman. "How is the screen-chamber getting on?"

"We are now roofed, Alderman," replied Ironbridge. "Will you walk this way, gentlemen?"

We followed our conductor along the neatly gravelled walk on the top of the embankment, to an octagonal granite building, the mica whereof glistened in the morning sunlight like diamond dust.

Here we gleaned a few more statistics. We were in the valve-house and screen-chamber, into which mains from each Reservoir are laid, together with one in direct continuation from the Vartry

main; and by the system of valves placed in this chamber, the water can be drawn from either of the Reservoirs, or direct from the Vartry main. In the latter case, it is not exposed in the Reservoir at all, which, in warm weather, it is calculated will be an advantage, as the water will be thereby delivered cold and pure. At the same time, there is the security of having always about ten days' supply of water in the Reservoir in case of accident to the main pipe, thus allowing ample time for any repairs.

We looked down into the screen-chamber, and I mentally calculated a man's chance of life were he to drop in, and the water rushing through those 27-inch mains. The screen-chamber will contain a set of copper-wire screens, through which the water will be strained before entering the delivery-mains, so as to remove the possibility of any small substance being carried into the mains. These screens will be cleansed periodically by a hose and a jet; and the arrangement of valves is such as to allow of this being done at any time without interfering with the regularity of the supply.

The Alderman appeared as if searching for something in the ground. He walked a few paces along the embankment—returned—peered into the basin, and apparently derived no satisfaction from his researches.



"Are you looking for anything, Alderman?" asked Jones.

"Troth I am, then; but it's like lookin' for a needle in a bundle of hay."

"Can I be of any service, sir?" asked Ironbridge.

"You might, then, my boy. I'm in the middle of an engineering difficulty."

"What is it, sir?" said the civil engineer.

"Where the blazes did we lay the first stone on the 10th of November, '62?" demanded the perplexed Alderman.

"Oh! just here, sir," responded Ironbridge, pointing as he spoke into the bowels of the screen-chamber.

"Oh, murther! what a day that was!"

"Which, sir?" asked Jones.

"The 10th of November, '62. The Corporation resolved on laying the first stone of the Reservoir in great state, and invited the Lord Lieutenant, and the court, and all the leading citizens to do it. We got a splendid marquee put up, and a grand lunch provided, and issued cards of invitation to over 300 people.

"That must have been a gay day, Alderman?" I observed, seeing the worthy man had exhausted himself in rapidity of utterance.

"Gay! By George, sir, such a day never came out of the heavens; there was an east wind blowing

that would tear the wool off a tenpenny nail, and loosen the teeth in your jaws; and along with it, sleet and snow that penetrated into the very skin. Gay! it was a sorry day for some poor fellows. Tom Reynolds, the late Marshal (the Lord have mercy on him!), rode the whole way from town, at the head of the Corporation; and, by my honor, it was a sore subject with him to his dying day!"

There are some laughs so contagious, that you have only to hear them, and your heart begins grinning out of pure sympathy and good fellowship. The Alderman's laugh was like a rich, generous glass of Madeira—it warmed while it invigorated, and was even more contagious than yawning. When *he* laughed, we roared, for there was a certain earnest comicality in all his sayings and mode of delivery that tickled tremendously.

"And did the Lord Lieutenant come out in such weather?"

"Come out! didn't he, poor fellow! to be sure he did—and George Roe received him. Gentleman George! oh, that was the real kind-hearted gentleman!" and tears stood in the Alderman's eyes as he dwelt upon his memory. "And Dr. Gray was there—now Sir John, M.P., Chairman of the Waterworks Committee; long may he live!"

There was a unanimous "hear, hear!" from all present.



"Ah, poor Lord Carlisle made an elegant speech, full of flowers and honey; and the first stone was laid then, gentlemen, and a bottle containing a record of the event, and the current coins of the realm—and, by the same token, the boys came one night and lifted the stone—a ton weight, as I'm a living man—and stole the money, the rogues! Well, the sleet was driving into the very hearts of the Constabulary, who were blue with cold; and when they came to present arms to his Excellency, some of them weren't able to lift their guns; and the band that played 'God save the Queen' might as well have been performing the tune the old cow died of."

"Do you remember the Constabulary officer, Alderman?" asked Ironbridge, who was visiting in spirit the scene enacted on that memorable occasion.

"Will I ever forget him?"

"What was that, Alderman?" said Jones.

"A little rogue of an officer came up to me in the marquee, and he says: 'One of my men is taken bad with a cramp, Alderman, and I would ask as a favour a glass of brandy for him.' Mind you, we had Champagne running like water. 'Well, sir,' says I, 'you shall have it; but how will you carry it to him?' 'In this flask,' says he. And, by George, sir, he pulled out a case-bottle, which I accordingly filled, and he left me in great haste. I ran after him to offer him a drop for himself—for the creature was as

green as his coat with the cold—when, sure enough, I found him outside the tent, with the flask to his lips, and he never took it down till every drop ran into his throat. But come along, boys, the train will soon be up."

Mr. Ironbridge detained us, after we had done honor to the story, to say that a double line of 27-inch mains is laid out of the screen-chamber, with self-acting valves, extending 4¾ miles to the City boundary at Leeson-street bridge. The double line has been laid with the view of preventing the possibility of any stoppage in the supply by the bursting of the main, or the necessity for any occasional repair; and connexions are made between the two mains at three points, with groups of stop-valves, to afford the means of turning the water from one main into the other as occasion may require. Air-valves have been placed on all summits, and scouring-valves in all hollows.

The Alderman drew our attention to some admirable farming on the estate of Mr. Wilson of Westbury, from whom the Corporation rent the land upon which the Reservoir is situated.

"He gave us a fine feed, Slowcoach, on taking possession—a very fine feed," he observed to his taciturn friend.

"Turtle?" inquired that worthy.

"The green fat is on my mouth still," was the reply.



Mr. Ironbridge informed me the cost of the whole works when completed would be 30s. per head of the population of Dublin, which was considerably under that of other Cities.

When we arrived at the railway-station, the basket was recaptured from the station-master; and with a rapidity which a long practice could alone engender, the Alderman whipped out a couple of wine-glasses, and ere the glasses were properly disentombed, the *cloop* of a Sherry cork reverberated through the morning air, and then, and there, we pledged the Stillorgan Reservoir, coupled with the name of the young engineer, who, foreseeing that his chances of a repetition of such treatment on the embankment were but slender, partook of more than one glass of the Sherry, and wished us good speed with an hilarity that was pleasing to witness.

I may here observe that Mr. Slowcoach tossed off three glasses of the Amontillado in direct and rapid succession, and with a gravity that was only equalled by his taciturnity.

How a glass of Sherry warms the human heart! The timid man becomes a bold speculator in the great article of human conversation; the funny man is actually juicy with fun; the bold man resembles a lion with velvet paws; the ill-tempered man either indulges his mood, or lets a little sunlight into his darkened mind; while the good-natured

man glows with peace and good-will towards all his fellow-beings.

The Alderman glowed—Jones glowed—your humble servant meditated a dinner-party to the company; as for Mr. Slowcoach, his glowing was internal, and but for his nose, which began to display decided symptoms of vigour, he might as well have been drinking a pint of dead silence, with the chill off.

The mains run along the line of railway from Stillorgan to a point above Carrickmines station, a distance of nearly four miles. There are two stop-valves—one in the vicinity of Carrickmines, the other, close to Newtownmountkennedy.

The country looked lovely, but assuredly everything appears charming when the mind is bent upon seeing *couleur de rose*. On our left, the Ballycoras chimney was puffing forth volumes of smoke across the fern-clad hills; while on our right lay Shangana, with its numberless villas, crowned by Killiney, and the blue—blue sea, here and there dotted with a lazy white speck, stretching away in the distance.

Jones was seated next Mr. Slowcoach, and being naturally of a lively and inquisitive temperament, endeavoured to draw that worthy out. Jones's language was generally of a metaphorical and flowery character, and when under the influence of the rosy god, the tropes, metaphors, and allegories poured



forth in a voluminous but somewhat startling manner.

"Beautiful country, sir," observed Jones. "Killiney, sir; and behold the deep blue ocean! 'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean!' That's the style of thing that cheers, but don't inebriate."

"What?" demanded Slowcoach.

"The *spirit* of poetry rectified," was the reply.

Mr. Slowcoach's nose responded to this playful sally, but assuming a deeper tinge; he surprised everyone by asking:

"What do you call that?" pointing to a piece of work resembling a small battery, perched on the summit of a hill to our right.

The Alderman stated it was Rathmichael Relief Tank.

"And what the deuce is a Relief Tank? Is it a workhouse tank?" interposed Jones.

"At all events, it's a case of out-door relief," said I.

After a good deal of circumlocution on the part of the worthy Alderman, we arrived at the following definition of a Relief Tank.

## RATHMICHAEL RELIEF TANK.

A Relief Tank is inserted, as it were, into the line of pipes for the purpose of breaking the pressure of the head of water on them. In the event of some such arrangement being omitted, the water would run direct from Roundwood to Stillorgan at an enormous pressure, which would necessitate a great increase in the thickness of the mains. A Relief Tank also gives facilities for regulating the supply, and is generally situated as a convenient site for the erection of self-acting and other valves. There are three Relief Tanks on the line of works—one at Rathmichael, one at Kilcroney, near the Dargle, and one at Kilmurry, adjacent to the Glen of the Downs. The Rathmichael Relief Tank is excavated in the rock, and happens to be situated exactly on the junction of the granite with the clay-slate, so that one side of the tank is in granite and the other in clay-slate. The tank is square and puddled, and the level of the water 341 feet above the datum. Here also there will be a double-acting stop-valve and a self-acting valve.

We were all puzzled at the puddling question, and were only comforted by being assured that we should see the process in actual operation when we arrived at Roundwood.



It is usual with all gentlemen of the Dr. Blimber tribe to give their pupils a day's geologizing at Rathmichael, where the sudden transition from clay-slate to granite is descanted upon in a becoming and erudite manner.

What a charming burst of scenery when the train dashes past the junction! Bray Head frowning upon the sea; the long range of rounded Wicklow mountains, with Sugar Loaves, senior and junior, standing like sentinels guarding the beauties of the county. How the imagination flies to the valleys behind those hills! Visions of pert little trout streams, tangled flies, and hope deferred. Visions of ham and chicken in the midst of nodding ferns; of golden-necked bottles gracefully reclining in purling streams, cooling themselves after dusty drives from the hot City; of lobster salads—aye, and of that deleterious compound partaken of, alas! too freely—loved not wisely, but too well—*cold punch*. Visions of floating muslin enshrining the form of Mary Anne—*Haltez la monsieur, c'est assez*.

## BRAY.

To say that upon our arrival at Bray we were assaulted by fifty car-drivers is strictly in accordance with the established rules of veracity. The blandishments used for our seduction were varied and

manifold. "Here's a tit, yer honour!" "Here's a horse that's stuffed with saw-dust!" "Here's the filly that ate the box of matches!" "Here's the ring-tailed dhromedary that druv the Prince of Wales!" "Here's yer own boy, yer honour, that tuk you to Luggelaw last summer!" "Here's the car that'll rowl yer honour as soft as a feather-bed!" "Hurroo for the animal that tuk ye to the Isle of Man!" "Begorra, its for the Waterworks they are!" shouted one tattered individual. "Here ye are, sir; I dhruv the whole staff of ingineers—and a naygurly set they are," he added in an under tone. "Jump up, me honey; if yer wance on that cate, ye'll never lave it!" The Alderman resisted these numerous and combined assaults with great vigour, and laid about him with his umbrella when some daring individuals endeavoured to lay profane hands upon his basket.

In vain we assured them we were not going anywhere—merely for a walk on the strand. No; we were stoutly assailed by an invitation to Lough Dan by one, Powerscourt by another, the Dargle by a third, while a fourth insisted that we should spend the day with him at Glenmalure, and that no apology would be accepted. By a splendid *ruse de guerre*, the Alderman marched us over to the International Hotel, whither we were followed by not only a score of drivers, but also by their vehicles.



From the coffee-room window we leisurely criticised the equipages, and, after due deliberation, decided unanimously that a small grey horse would suit, and with the owner thereof we came to terms. He tendered for a pound; we offered fifteen shillings, which, after some parley, was accepted, with a hope that we would "remember the boy." Jones stood a brandy and soda all round, to the intense indignation of the Alderman, who considered himself host upon the occasion. Mr. Slowcoach preferred the brandy neat, and remonstrated with the waiter by an emphatic "No," as that officer was about diluting the Cognac with the sparkling beverage. We were soon on the road—the Alderman and the chronicler of the event on one side, Jones and the taciturn Slowcoach on the other.

On passing the Turkish Baths, the Alderman asked us if we ever heard of the Rathdrum farmer, who, during their erection, sought information as to their probable uses. On being informed by a superintendent that they were Turkish Baths, the Rathdrum man was indignant at being humbugged, and exclaimed:

"Oh, aye, indeed—Turkish baths; an' where the blazes are the Turks to come from? There's not a half-dozen in Dublin, and the divil a one at all, at all, in Bray. I'm not such an omadhawn as to believe that, me boy!"

The exact nature of the superintendent's reply has never been ascertained.

"Oh, musha a blessin' be with Quin's Hotel," apostrophised the Alderman as we passed the faded glories of that once celebrated hostlery. "'Twas there I spent my honeymoon, now nearly forty years ago. Three couples of us pulled up at the door the same evening. Never will I forget the walk down to the sea on that lovely June night—a happy, happy time, when all was love, and sunshine, and roses!

The old gentleman spoke of the by-gone time with such sad emphasis, we did not dare to interrupt his musings.

The new road from Bray to the Dargle affords a delightful prospect of the country, and is much preferable to the ugly drive round the common.

"Oh, say what fairy dell is that?" asked Jones, endeavouring to draw out his companion.

"The Scalp," was the reply.

"Did you ever go to the Bower?"

"Often."

"Did you wait for the waggon, or was your name Walker?"

"I have often walked down of a morning to breakfast."

"And you drained the flowing bowl?" asked the poetic Jones.

"If you mean eating, I could have eaten a jackass



and a hamper of greens when I got there," replied Slowcoach with great unction.

Mr. Slowcoach thereupon jerked out a story, to the effect that he and a gentleman rejoicing in the name of Murphy, had walked to Enniskerry one Sunday morning (date uncertain) to breakfast; that they were in a ravenous state of hunger, and between them consumed thirty eggs; that the next time they went to the same hostlery, mine host pointed them out to some English tourists as natural curiosities, and that it devolved upon Mr. Slowcoach to punch the head of a London bagman, who offered to back him for twenty eggs against his fellow-culprit, Murphy.

After the delivery of this story, which we stretched across the car to hear, and which took twenty minutes in its delivery, the Alderman gravely and mysteriously gave me to understand that his friend had a great deal in him, and that he would come out very strong by-and-by. I thought there was a great deal in him already, but said nothing.

## THE DARGLE.

Mr. Slowcoach's story brought us to the Dargle gate, where we quitted the car, and strolled into that small bit of Eden. The trees were in the full ripeness of leaf-tide, and the ferns and lichens peeped

out from every available nook. The river brawled beneath us with that monotonous yet soothing sound, which the lovers of nature claim as being next in sweetness to the music of birds. The old, old story was being told in the grotto by the edge of the river, the maiden listening with that bashful coyness which the hallowed moment ever calls forth, and the cavalier (who, by the way, was not a bad-looking fellow) earnest, yet respectful, and oh! so tender withal!

"Poor birds!" said the Alderman; "let them bill and coo in the summer sunshine; the dark clouds will come soon enough," and he stepped on tip-toe along the mossy path, fearing that the knowledge of his contiguity might tend to break the spell of that golden time.

As we were proceeding on our way, we perceived a gentleman leisurely approaching us. He was got up in *the* style of the period, which means that his coat was cut away altogether at the waist, and his trousers were so tight, that one felt inclined to wonder by what ingenious process he got into them; and, being in them, could by any trigonometry get out again. In a word, his clothes seemed as though constructed for his younger brother, and even three sizes too small for that individual. He had a cigar in his mouth, which he threw away rather hurriedly on seeing us approach; and, to our



surprise, came forward and shook hands with the Alderman.

"Ah! Mr. St. Brit—the very man I wanted to see. These are my friends—Mr. Jones, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Slowcoach—come to get a mouthful of Wicklow air, and to see the Works. You must explain the whole process to them; and tell us everything you know about this portion of the great project."

Mr. St. Brit expressed his willingness to afford us every facility for improving our minds, and turned back with us. He was one of the engineers, and, as a matter of course, was engaged in taking levels—I never yet met an engineer that wasn't. Either the entire duties of that eminent profession consist in taking levels, or, by some strange fatality, I have always encountered them in the very act.

"By jove, gentlemen," observed St. Brit, by way of an opening, "you've chosen a very fine day."

Having been very successful in this little sally, Mr. St. Brit proceeded to inform us we should have gone round the other way, as we could then have inspected Kilcroney Tank, and that the view from the top of the Tank was one of the finest in Wicklow.

The Tank, from the visitors' side of the Dargle, presents the appearance of a dismantled fortress, perched upon the crest of a wooded hill. The earthworks peer over the evergreen oaks, and, from their irregular and jagged appearance, would

seem to have been under the fire of very heavy artillery. It is extremely like a masked battery, and the large pipes laid down the steep embankment resemble so many spiked guns thrown over the battlements. The operation of taking levels here was accompanied by no little danger, on account of the steepness of the banks. The luckless engineer was let down by a rope fastened round his waist, and pursued his professional career like Mahomet's coffin—suspended between heaven and earth. The 33-inch main is laid into the face of the almost perpendicular embankment, and in order to prevent its slipping or altering its position in any way, an iron cradle was constructed, with collars at the extremity of each pipe, and rivetted into the earth. It was deemed more advisable not to cross the bed of the river in a straight line, and accordingly the main is embedded along the bottom of the embankment for about forty yards, when, taking advantage of a little islet in the middle of the stream, it cuts through it, and crossing, ascends almost perpendicularly the face of the cliff, and darts away through the fields on its road to the City. Tons of masonry were built over it at the point where it cut through the river, but the floods of last winter ('65-6) completely washed the massive layers away, and left the main as bare as a billiard-ball.

Mr. St. Brit, to whom we were indebted for this



information, endeavoured to explain the state of his feelings, on beholding the bare pipes as he came down "one smiling morn" to visit Kilcroney Tank. To use his own words, he was regularly "phlebotomized." A council of war was held—Mr. Bateman was consulted, and he resolved upon carrying the pipes across the river by a light iron bridge. This decision is about being carried into effect, at an additional cost of about £1,500, and Mr. St. Brit was engaged in taking the necessary levels when our good fortune brought us into contact with him.

Owing to the loose character of the quartz rock in which Kilcroney Tank is excavated, it has to be lined with puddle. The water level is 414 feet above datum, and the tank is provided with inlet and outlet valves like those at Rathmichael.

"What height is it, Mr. St. Brit, from the top of the tank to the bed of the river?"

"About 240 feet, sir," replied St. Brit, with an alacrity that spoke well for his professional lore.

We had now arrived at that locality of romantic association known as "the Lover's Leap." From this remarkable situation the best view of the Tank is to be obtained, and close to this the bridge will span the Dargle river.

We were somewhat startled by the apparition of a gentleman reclining upon his back, with his feet perched upon the rocks above him, while on his

right hand lay a most unmistakeable bottle, and on his left a singularly suspicious-looking basket. From between his lips one of those rough-skinned, square-looking Havannas, "the real ringtailed squeelers," emitted a graceful volume of smoke, the perfume of which brought the water to the teeth of our friend St. Brit, who evidently knew a good weed from a bad one, and could determine the respective qualities of tobacco and cabbage-leaf. This worthy's face was very leathery-looking, and evidently tanned by a tropical heat. Removing the cigar from his mouth, and eyeing us one after the other with a quiet, contemptuous gaze, and with that unmistakeable twang that speaks of the Yewnited States of America, he drawled:

"How doo ye doo? I'm an American Citizen; you're Dubliners, I guess, come out to see this one hoss Waterworks business?"

The Alderman felt his dignity assailed by this form of speech, and replied somewhat haughtily:

"We *are* citizens of Dublin, sir, and we *have* come here to see this wonderful project."

The American Citizen took a prolonged pull at his cigar, and retorted:

"*Yew* call this here dribble of water, and these gingerbread fixins, a project! Why *I* tell *yew* they're only fit for playtoys. We have as much real water goin' to waste in the Croton Reservoir as would



float the united fleets of Europe amalgamated! If we haven't, call me a biled owl!"

Some men—aye, and women too, bless them!—can say sharp things in a jocular defiant way, like bees stinging through honey, and will never offend. The day was warm, the Alderman, after his climb, inclined to improve the occasion; so instead of being offended, he gravely seated himself beside the American gentleman, and proceeded to enlighten him as to the origin, rise, and progress of the (as he always styled it) "great project."

Our American Cousin expressed a very emphatic wish that he had been blessed with the contract—"for I tell *yew*, old hoss, I would have wiped up 50,000 dollars out of that ere tunnel, to say nothing of the City fixins."

He appeared to be a jolly, devil-may-care fellow. He had been a "Kurnal" in the Confederate service, and had fought all through the great civil war, receiving a wound at Philipsburgh, where he was attached to General E. P. Stewart's staff. He was one of those who helped to carry poor Stonewall back into the lines after he had been shot down; and his chief object in visiting Ireland was to deliver a tattered old *carte-de-visite* of a young lieutenant, who had been killed near him at Chickahominy, to the poor fellow's mother, in accordance with his last wishes as his life was ebbing away. He showed it

to us; it had been done at Hoselheim's in Sackville-street, and a huge clot of blood still stained the picture—telling its own sad, sad tale.

I think it due to the great American nation to declare that we "liquored-up" with this free and independent citizen. The tipple was neither brandy-Smash, Jersey Lightning, Pawnee, Cocktail, Tickle-me-Toby, or any of those deleterious compounds; it was Sherry of the rarest vintage, and the sandwiches were *pâté de foie gras*. Sydney Smith's idea of Paradise lay in eating *pâté de foie gras* to the sound of trumpets. I would respectfully present him with the trumpets, but certainly should retain the diseased liver of the goose for my own share.

Wishing the "Kurnal" *bon voyage*, we started *en route* for Roundwood, our spirits considerably enlivened by the recent "liquoring-up." The main gains the high road a little beyond Sir George Hodson's gate, close to a quaint-looking farm-house surrounded by yew trees, known, I believe, as "the Crosses," and passes Kilmacanogue, with its modest little chapel, reminding one of Goldsmith's

"Decent church that topped the neighbouring hill."

On our right the Rocky Valley, which may be considered the main artery to the mountainous districts, lay in the lap of the Great Sugar Loaf. A modern



Leonidas kept the pass here, in '98, against a whole army of yeomanry, while some of his Spartans clambered up the mountain sides, and poured down granite boulders on the heads of the devoted militia.

## KILMURRY TANK.

This Tank is perched on the top of a very steep hill, immediately over the Constabulary Barracks adjoining the entrance to the Glen of the Downs. The surface level of the water is 473 feet above ordnance datum. It is excavated out of a gravel hill, and was lined with puddle covered with pitching, but an iron tank has been substituted, with a view to greater perfection of water-tightness. The end of the main delivering into the Tank has a 33-inch double-acting stop-valve, and there is a self-acting valve in the mouth of the main leaving the Tank. At this point we were about seven miles from the lower end of the Tunnel. Strange to say, not a man of us volunteered to inspect this portion of the "great project." We were unanimously of opinion that the game wasn't worth the candle.

"Bad cess to me if I stir," said Mr. Slowcoach.

"Is there anything to be seen, Alderman?" demanded Jones.

"A muddy hole," muttered Slowcoach.

"As we will have enough of walking by-and-

by, perhaps it's just as well not to fatigue ourselves," said the Alderman.

And thus we passed Kilmurry Tank.

## THE GLEN OF THE DOWNS.

Is there a man residing in "dear dirty Dublin" who has not, at one period or other of his life, prowled through the picturesque Glen of the Downs, or picked a bone under the shadows of Bellevue? Are we not all familiar with the almost perpendicular walls of foliage, stretching upwards on either hand to the sky? Is not the Octagon House, resembling, as it does, a gigantic bird's nest, a well-known and cherished object?

"Well, well," observed the Alderman as we rolled through the Glen, "I little thought I would ever be driving through the Glen of the Downs over the pipes to supply the City. Only to think that the water will run under our feet. Well, well!" The idea so completely overcame him, that he was compelled to apply himself to the sherry, in which he was vigorously aided and abetted by his familiar, Mr. Slowcoach, upon whom these repeated horns of liquor produced no visible effect.

The view of Delgany as we emerged from the Glen was extremely picturesque. The white houses glistened in the morning sun, and the blue sea lay



calm and motionless, far away in the distance between the green hills.

The main is constructed of an extra thickness at this part of the line of pipes, as the pressure is extremely great going down the hill into the Glen. The average falling gradient of the main is twenty feet per mile.

The whole population of the village of Kilpedder, including the stereotyped number of curs, upon whom the tax seemed to have produced no effect whatever, turned out to greet us, and several ringing cheers from curly-headed urchins followed us on our road to Newtownmountkennedy.

## NEWTOWNMOUNTKENNEDY.

"I USED to love, not wisely but too well, 'a charming fair one,' who resided by 'the margin of fair Zurich's waters. Ah hee yeu!' down here; but, by Jove, I gave up writing on account of the word Newtownmountkennedy—it's so confoundedly long," observed Jones, who generally indites one letter every two months. "That fatal word 'tore the chords asunder!'"

"Ballaghaderanacloaky isn't bad," said the Alderman.

"'Chrononhotonthologos, where left you Aldi-

borontiphoscophornio?' " said I, quoting from that once famous burlesque.

My endeavours to impress these surnames upon the memories of my companions brought us to Newtownmountkennedy. A village boasting of a Protestant and Roman Catholic church deserves a special notice from any passer-by; and I would gladly enter into the local traditions and statistics connected with this neat little hamlet, but, *ay de mi alhama*, our Jehu had kept a trot for the town, in accordance with an old established rule, and dashed through it with a speed of which we did not deem the grey "tit" in the least capable. We darted round the corner of the Catholic church, passed the old hotel, where the Alderman declared he had imbibed some of the most elegant punch he ever drank in his life, and, ascending a steep hill, found ourselves confronting nothing less remarkable than a self-acting stop-valve. Having commented upon this piece of machinery in a most unprofessional manner, we grew big with thought as we neared the celebrated, much talked of, and much bewailed Tunnel.

The Alderman took a rise out of us as we passed a little stream near Callow Hill, by stating the water was running up the hill owing to magnetic attraction.

To a thoughtless observer, this assertion savoured of truth, inasmuch as the water certainly does present all the appearance of ascending a gentle incline; but it is a mere optical delusion, and likely to become a standing joke for the delectation of all visitors proceeding to the works.



Mr. Slowcoach merely said "Gammon!"

The pull up the hill is very severe—so much so, that we individually, collectively, and spontaneously paused to admire the view. It certainly repaid us, for the whole country lay like a map beneath us, while over across the sea the dark cliffs of Holyhead and the Welsh mountains were distinctly visible to the naked eye.

At this stage of the proceedings Mr. Slowcoach suggested refreshments, so we encamped on a friendly stone, and practically carried his idea into effect. To a man shut up in the City every day, fighting the battle of life, eating and drinking are mere pieces of business. The sandwich and glass of Bass at Flanagan's are necessary merely on account of habit. We prowl down to the Dolphin, just because we have nothing better to do, and the hour has arrived when the idea of eating must be carried into action. How different when we get climbing hills and fording streams. If we have been promised luncheon at a certain hour or place, our minds keep reverting to that time and locality, and the inner man joyously hails the approach of both. The fresh breeze carries appetite with it, and the very fact of

being far away from the hum of the City sharpens all our powers. It is only by this process of reasoning that I can account for the quantity of viands consumed, and for the remarkable renewals of our respective appetites. A glass of Bass would scarcely have sufficed to wet our lips, and a sandwich would have proved a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.

The Alderman gave us a sentiment: "When we go up the Hill of Prosperity, may we never meet a friend."

Mr. Slowcoach obtusely refused to drink such a sentiment, and could not be prevailed upon to see the beauty of it for several hours afterwards.

Jones drew forth a meerschaum with a nut-brown bowl, and loaded it with a mixture, which he informed the general company was of his own especial invention. Now, as a rule, every smoker fondly imagines his particular compound to be the best, and our friend was no exception to it. Little Tompkins of the Post Office buys Cavendish at Mitchel's, Bird's-eye at Madden's, and Latakia at Rosenthal's; these he mixes together, and is convinced there is no luxury in tobacco save in the bowl of his pipe.

"I never smoked but once in my life," said the Alderman, "and that was when I was courtin' my wife. A dirty little thief of a bank clerk was after her at the same time, and wa snear destroying me with



his Cubas, as my lady declared she loved the smell of a cigar in the open air. I bought one at Lundy Foot's the next evening, and pulled it out as bold as brass. But oh, murther! I got so sick that I first began to fear I was going to die, and then to fear I wouldn't. The very thoughts of that night make me feel dreadful."

"I smoked two cigars in three minutes for a bet once, and had eleven seconds to spare," said Jones.

"Blur an' ages! how did you do that?" asked the Alderman.

"By putting the two into either side of my mouth—this way," and Jones inserted his fingers into his jaws, like a shepherd's boy whistling up his "collie."

"Of all the queer bets I ever heard of," observed the Alderman, "it was when poor Billy Black bet Joe O'Reilly a dinner for six of us at Quin's, that he would sip up a pint of porter with a salt-spoon out of a soup-plate while Joe would be eating a pound of cracknel biscuits."

"And did Mr. Black win?" said I.

"No, he didn't; it was a drawn bet, and I'll tell you why. Billy got drunk with his head over the fumes of the porter, and poor Joe became as dry as a lime-burner's wig, and you could have grated a nutmeg on his tongue, before half a pound of the biscuits were consumed."

The word now was "Excelsior," and with a farewell glance at the lovely panorama we were leaving behind us, we marched onwards.

A few paces brought us in sight of the outlet end of the Tunnel. There are four wooden huts erected here for the miners and their families. The economy of space has been well considered, since the single men lie upon shelves, side by side, like salted fish. We did not intrude, as the night-men were turning day into night, and reposing preparatory to commencing their day's work at nine o'clock, p.m. A few of them were basking in the sun, and, wonderful to relate, although the day was broiling hot, each of them, without any exception, wore a huge worsted muffler round his neck, like a small boa constrictor. This is their invariable custom, and they allege as a reason for donning such warm apparel, that it saves them from catching cold when in the Tunnel. In any case, it is their fashion, and are we not all victims of that arbitrary goddess? Is it not my habit, when my kind friends invite me to stretch my legs underneath their mahogany (and may heaven bless them for so doing!) to encase my neck in a white muslin tie, like a piece of tape; while I eat my daily chop in a double-breasted silk scarf, as thick as a board? Do you think, gentle reader, you would encourage me to appear at your festive gatherings if I decorated my person otherwise



than in the stereotyped white choker of the period? And so it is with my honest miner—*c'est le règle*. And, on the principle that we must all bow to fashion in turn, he makes his *kotow* enshrined in flaring worsted.

## A SENSATION.

Our friend Jones, upon whom the succession of modest quenchers had produced enlivening effects, proposed to Mr. Slowcoach to try a hop, step, and a jump with him. The nature of Mr. Slowcoach's reply is still involved in mystery, but the agile Jones resolved upon setting off on his own account, and the moment we entered the enclosure, took a short run, then hopped, then stepped, and then——disappeared with a dismal howl!

"Oh, my gracious! he's killed," cried the Alderman, turning white.

"As a herring!" muttered Slowcoach, turning red.

We rushed to the spot on which we had last seen our friend, for his vaulting ambition had o'er-leaped itself, and, on gazing over the side of the precipice, we discovered him, about fifteen feet below us, standing up to his middle in what appeared to me to be mud, but which I afterwards learned to be *puddle*. The "ratcatcher's daughter" may have been "kivvered up with mud," but alas for Jones, mud is mud, but puddle is puddle. Such a figure! His

black whiskers were clothed in yellow clay; his handsome face was like that of an Ojibbaway Indian steeped in ochre; the stunning scarf was in the sere and yellow leaf, and the Derby coat fit to be put into an oven and baked. *Hector ipse sed quantum mutatus ab illo.*

"Halloo!" shouted a voice from the hill above us—"a man overboard, eh? Into the puddle, by Jove! Not hurt! no, couldn't be. I say, Murphy, Lalor, Jenkins, take that gentleman out gently, and get knives and clean him. Bring him into Williams's hut, and give him my clothes. Alderman, I'm delighted to see you, and to find you haven't been puddling yourself."

These orders were executed with the rapidity of lightning by three gnomes who appeared to emerge from the very bowels of the earth; and the person who issued them, jumping from rock to rock, alighted at our feet with the agility of an acrobat. He was clad in a knickerbocker suit, evidently constructed out of a blanket, and wore a rakish little Tom-and-Jerry cocked over his left ear.

"Bless my soul, Mr. Crowbar, is this you?" cried the Alderman. "My poor friend, Mr. Jones, was near being puddled in earnest; but he musn't take your clothes."

"Oh! never mind, Alderman. I know I'm a bit of a *Guy* in these arrangements. But this is my



Tunnel suit, and a capital thing it is for the wet. I assure you, gentlemen," he added, turning to us, "a good suit up in this wild country, and at this wild work, would be threadbare in a week. I was thinking of cow-hide or gutta percha."

We were presented to Mr. Crowbar in due form by the Alderman, who informed us that he was one of the engineers attached to the works.

"May I ask you, Mr. Crowbar," said I, "where did you start from, and what were you doing when you came to the rescue so unexpectedly?"

"Well, sir, I was in the cutting of the Tunnel, engaged in——

"Taking levels, I'll bet a sovereign!" I interrupted.

"Exactly so," said he.

I then told him my ruling idea as regards the engineering profession, which seemed to amuse him very much, and he confessed there was a great deal of truth in it.

We proceeded to the hut to look after Jones, who was being rubbed down by the navvies as if he were a horse. The poor fellow winced at every rub, but bore up with the stoicism of a Spartan. After ten minutes or so, Richard, though not "himself again," was sufficiently divested of puddle to be able to proceed with us to be initiated by Mr. Crowbar into the mysteries of the

## RECEIVING TANK AT THE OUTLET END OF THE TUNNEL.

"THE TANK, as you may perceive," said Mr. Crowbar, with the air and manner of the gentleman who introduced the live lion stuffed with straw to the public notice, "is circular. Its diameter is 82 feet, and its mesne depth is 10 feet. The water will pass into it direct from the Tunnel in a pure and unadulterated state; and, as the Tunnel has a fall of about 4 feet per mile, the rush will be pretty stiff. On that spot," he continued, pointing to the left, "will be placed a measuring weir, where the water passed down for the supply of the City will be ganged daily. You may perceive how very thick the masonry is, and the careful manner in which the puddlers are performing their work. They dig in accordance with a specification which sets forth the exact method, and the number of times they must cut, and cross-cut into the puddle."

In good sooth, it appeared to me to be dreadful slavery. The men were all up to their ankles in the water with which they moistened the yellow clay, and the physical exertion used in cutting the putty-like material seemed greater than digging into the hardest earth. I do not know what the "College" would say of a case in which the feet of the



patient soak in water, while the upper extremities bathe in perspiration. Twelve hours a day at this work is nearly akin to the rice swamps, and is white slavery with a vengeance.

"And what is the meaning of putting this puddle there at all?" asked Jones ruefully.

"To prevent the water from percolating through," replied Crowbar.

"But would not the masonry be sufficient," said I.

"Oh, that was the old-fashioned theory," said the engineer laughing; "we do things better now. This puddle will never be one bit harder than it is at the present moment."

"In fact," interrupted the Alderman, "it will always resemble what Mr. Crowbar excels in—soft soap."

"That is only when I want an increase of salary, Alderman," retorted the wary Crowbar.

"Now for this terrible *bore*—the Tunnel," said the Alderman, introducing the leading and standard joke of the Waterworks.

"We will soon have done *damming* and *blasting*, and all such wickedness now," put in Mr. Crowbar, being standing joke No. 2, at which the pair laughed joyously.

## THE TUNNEL.

We clambered down the steep sides of the Tank by a set of steps dug into the face of the earth, and entered a cutting, at the end of which a large, black, cavernous hole yawned dismally upon us.

Mr. Crowbar had ordered an illumination in honour of our arrival, and in a few minutes a number of candles, primitively inserted into lumps of yellow clay, were lighted, and placed at intervals along the walls of the Tunnel, imparting to it all the appearance of a postern gate to the infernal regions. *Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate* might be chiselled on the rock. A line of rails ran into this gloomy cavern, upon which the trucks for carrying away the rubbish consequent upon excavation were wont to travel. We were gallantly offered a seat by a grim-looking gnome, but one and all backed out on some excuse or other, the fact being that none of us cared particularly to leave the daylight. The Tunnel is 6 feet high, and 5 feet wide, and is 4,367 yards long, or nearly 2½ miles. The geological formation is very hard Cambrian rock, full of quartz veins. Originally there were fourteen shafts sunk, but in 1864 seven more were added, as the Works were getting on so slowly. The shafts are about 200 yards apart.

"You would have had the Vartry into Dublin



two years ago but for this infernal Tunnel," said Mr. Crowbar, as we ascended the hill. "It is the hardest bit of rock that can be conceived. It blunts 12 jumpers to an inch, and after we put in a charge of gunpowder large enough to blow a ton of granite into *smithereens*, phew! we only get a hatful of splinters for our pains. We've tried gunpowder, gun-cotton, and an explosive oil called nitro-glycerine, which explodes in water, but all to no purpose.

"What about your boring machines," asked the Alderman, who evidently desired to show off the "great project" to the best advantage.

"We have two of them at work now—one the invention of a Mr. Lowe, and the other the invention of Captain Beaumont of the Royal Engineers. Mr. Lowe's machine is driven by compressed air, and works a boring tool or jumper for drilling the holes, and the boring tool works in a direct line with a self-acting reciprocating motion at a very high velocity, and is continuously turned round during its working, being made to rotate slightly between each blow."

"Is it a large machine, sir," said I.

"It is only 4 feet 6 inches total length, being made as short as possible, in order that it may be moved in any direction in the Tunnel, so as to enable it to set to bore at any angle, and in any position and direction that may be desired."

"Is Captain Beaumont's machine similar to Mr. Lowe's?"

"Oh, no; there is a large rotatory cylinder, around which sixteen jumpers or boring tools work, while in the centre a large piercer is also grinding its way into the rock. When the hole worked by the piercer is blasted, a circular chase is blown away. This would form a splendid machine if it could be got to work more forcibly and rapidly, and I am strongly inclined to think they are both the germs of first-class borers."

When we arrived at the summit of Callow Hill we felt inclined to imagine ourselves in Holland, down among the Dutchmen. A series of what appeared to be windmills, stretched away into the distance over the flat marshes, but a closer inspection of the nearest proved it to be a gin, or overgrown windlass used in raising and lowering the buckets in the shafts. There are also several engine-houses, as pumping engines have to be kept at work day and night, to clear the Tunnel of water. Mr. Crowbar assured us that the Tunnel, at one period, was making 3,000,000 gallons of water in the twenty-four hours, and the unfortunate miners were all but drowned in it, like so many rats. On one occasion, the contractor, and two enterprising friends who were with him, had to rush to the shaft in order to save their lives. The deepest shaft is 150 feet.



Mr. Crowbar invited us, collectively and individually, to go down with him, and see Captain Beaumont's boring machine at work. The Alderman stoutly refused; Jones pleaded a headache; and seeing a contemptuous smile flickering round the corners of the engineer's mouth, I declared boldly nothing would afford me greater pleasure. To my astonishment Mr. Slowcoach followed suit, and expressed his assent as he would at a game of loo, by exclaiming, "Two on!"

We descended a cinder path, and having arrayed ourselves in oilskin coats and sou-wester hats, stood like a pair of criminals awaiting our execution. Mr. Crowbar was apparently in ecstasies.

"I hope the rope's stout," said Mr. Slowcoach, with one eye on the gin, and the other down in the shaft.

"That's a vicious-looking horse," observed the Alderman.

"I don't think the chain is strong enough," said Jones.

We were each handed a lump of yellow clay, with a lighted dip candle placed in the middle of it, which we held in one hand, while the other convulsively clutched the iron chain by which the bucket was attached to the rope, and we were ordered to keep one leg dangling outside the bucket, in order to prevent that crazy article from bumping against the sides of the shaft during our descent.

"Hawl up!" shouted the fiend in charge of this infernal machine; and the horse (after some deliberation as to which side he ought to go) darted forward, lifting us from *terra firma*, while the platform upon which our bucket reposed was rolled away, displaying the yawning depths of the cavernous shaft, awful in its unfathomable blackness, over which we remained suspended between heaven and earth, like Mahomet's coffin.

My first idea was to hold on with the tenacity of a cupping glass; my second, to imagine if the partner of my joys were to see me in this awful position.

"I hope you've insured your life!" shouted the Alderman.

"Have you any message to Mrs. Brown?" cried Jones.

"Here we go up, up, up! and here we go down, down, downy!" chanted the Alderman.

"Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye! *Facilis descensus Averni!*" screamed Jones.

Under fire of this cheerful *badinage*, we slowly descended. The walls of the shaft grew green, then black, and then a "demd, damp, moist unpleasant feeling" crept over me, while the air, rushing from out the Tunnel, blew with a marrow-chilling coldness through my bones. The wood work propping up the walls of the shaft assumed fantastic shapes;



while the dropping of the water sounded weird-like and mournful. In about two minutes, although they appeared fully twenty, we bumped against the bottom; a miner seized hold of the bucket, hallooing at the same time to the man at the windlass to cease lowering. I stepped into a pool of water; this did not affect me in the least, for I had already received a shower-bath from a tank placed halfway in the shaft for the purpose of feeding the engine; and placing myself in the hands of Mr. Crowbar, and stooping until my head was on a level with my knees, for fear of breaking it against the roof of the Tunnel, I blindly followed him. After paddling and floundering about seventy or eighty yards into the bowels of the earth, we reached the boring machine. The picture would have afforded a grand study for Rembrandt. The outer darkness of the Tunnel, the jagged, ragged wall, the curious light reflected from the candles, the faces thrown into shadow, the grim-looking miners, and lastly, the machine itself. We resembled a gang of conspirators, met for some foul and awful deed.

Presently the machine was set in motion, and anything to equal the terrific din I never heard. I put my hands up, and pressed the oilskin flaps close to my ears; but the bang! bang! vibrated through my brain, till I thought the roof of my skull was being lifted up. It was deafening. Luckily the

engineer stopped it for a while, or else I should have become delirious. It is a beautiful piece of machinery, and it was curious to observe the sixteen long jumpers all revolving on their own account, while the great cylinder rotated. Mr. Crowbar was about entering into details, but I cut him short by retreating in the direction of the shaft, fearing a repetition of the thunderous noise. After numberless hairbreadth escapes from having my head "caved in" against the ragged roof of the Tunnel, as my candle had become extinguished, we arrived at the shaft, where we found Mr. Slowcoach. He accounted for not accompanying us by having strained his ankle, but prudence probably had given place to valour, and the worthy man preferred remaining where he was, to trusting his body into a gaping black hole, and walking knee-deep in water—and perhaps, after all, he was in the right.

We re-entered the bucket, and began slowly to ascend to the surface of the earth. I do not hesitate to confess the increasing daylight was a source of intense relief to me, and that I longed to plant my foot on my native heath, although my name, in Sackville-street, and on the top of Djouce mountain, would still be Brown, and *not* Macgreggor. We had at least arrived halfway in breathless silence, when an appalling howl from Slowcoach sent my heart into the bottom of the bucket. To withdraw



one hand from the chain and seize him round the waist with the other, was the work of a second, Mr. Crowbar doing the same.

"What is the matter—are you weak?" said I.

"Don't be afraid," said Crowbar; "we are just at the top, and this rope would lift ten tons."

"My shoe!" howled Slowcoach; "I've dropped my shoe!"

"Oh, d——n your shoe!" was our joint ejaculation.

It would appear that Mr. Slowcoach's shoes were made more for the comfort of his bunnions than with a view to the symmetrical proportions of his feet; and while his dexter limb was dangling over the side of the bucket, the shoe, being utterly unaccustomed to such levity on the part of the foot, quietly slipped passed the bunnions, and dropped down into the shaft.

We were warmly congratulated by our friends upon our reaching *terra firma*, and I, for one, felt the hero of a moment.

In a few minutes the bucket brought up the missing shoe, and, with the shoe, a miner, with all the incipient symptoms of a black-eye, the leathern convenience having bounded against it, nearly knocking it out, and had his arm not warded off the blow, the poor fellow would have been gouged to a certainty.

Mr. Slowcoach took him into a corner, from whence he presently emerged, grinning from ear to ear like a Cheshire cat, so it may be assumed our taciturn friend had been whispering something short, sweet, and sympathetic.

We got back to our car, Mr. Crowbar taking the well at a flying jump that Leotard might have envied, and bowled at a merry pace along the road, passing in rapid succession many of the shafts, some of which stand within a stone's throw of the highway.

During the year '65, an enterprizing philanthropist started a small tavern on a beer license in close proximity to the shafts, and to this shrine all the miners fervently came to worship. The effects were so demoralizing, that the contractor had to apply to the Grand Jury, and take the most active steps to suppress the nuisance. Nor was he successful until he had lost some of his best hands.

"Why, then, the top of the morning to you," cried the Alderman, making a low bow to shaft No. 5 as we were driving by, "nothing would do you but our Chairman. Bad cess to you!"

These mysterious words were explained when the Alderman stated that the Chairman of the Water Works Committee had on one occasion descended this particular shaft, and in doing so was caught by a wire rope, and nearly suspended by the neck.



It may be fairly assumed that the air in the vicinity of Roundwood is favourable to the propagation of the goose, judging from the fact that very large flocks of this rare bird are seen prowling about the fields at every turn of the road. No other bird is visible to the naked eye—not a hen or a duck, and animal life is represented by a few mangy-looking goats with Fenian beards. The country looks very desolate and very poor. The cabins are filthy and dingy, the inhabitants squalid and famine-stricken; and I grieve to think, after the circulation of such a large sum of money, that so little benefit seems to have been effected. As we neared the Main Embankment, we remarked the hovels in which some of these wretched people burrow, and we were unanimously of opinion they are disgraceful to civilization. The wigwams of the Bosjesman are scarcely on a par with them. They are nothing but mounds of earth, with a hole for an entrance. Anything so nearly approaching the animal state of existence I never beheld; and yet, strange to say, those sties enjoy a perfect immunity from disease, and when fever was raging all around, not a single case occurred in one of them. They are all built below the high-water level, so that when the Great Reservoir comes to be filled, the wretched tenants will be drowned out. During one of the floods of last winter, when the water invaded the hovel, a

lazy fellow took the pig into bed with him, and in the end he and his pig had to be rescued *through* the roof.

The Ballyduff stream has been impounded, and a large cutting will bring the water down to the Reservoir. There is also a small bit of tunnelling, a few yards or so, running under a *shebeen* by the wayside. A sharp turn in the road brought us in view of the river Vartry, flowing like a silver thread through the boggy valley. Away in the distance, Djouce reared its lofty head, and around it the road to Luggelaw, winding upwards ere it dips into the loveliest valley in the wide, wide world.

The long chain of mountains surrounding the sweet, sad valley of Glendalough stretched away on our left, tinted with that hazy violet hue one only sees upon the plum while it yet hangs upon the tree. Millais is the single pre-Raphaelite who *feels* that tint; hence the light of his pictures steals into the senses, and develops an enjoyment of the beautiful in art.

We turned into the roadway formed across the Main Embankment, which is 24 feet wide and 2,000 feet long, and halted at



## VARTRY LODGE.

This quaint-looking gazebo was constructed for the accommodation of the engineering staff of the Corporation. The Contractor is entitled to use one-half of it during the progress of the Works. The first stone was laid on the 25th of March, 1864, by the indefatigable Chairman of the Committee, Sir John Gray, M.P., then Dr. Gray. It was jocosely proposed that it should be christened Conciliation Hall, but the idea was abandoned for its present local name. From the style of architecture, a solemn league-and-covenant man might easily imagine the building was devoted to religious purposes, and the sourest Puritan that ever offered prayers by the hill-side could find no fault on the score of gaiety of appearance. It is of that order of architecture called "crambo jingle," a sort of *olla podrida*, or a little of everything. The view from the abortive tower is extensive, and commands three-fourths of the Reservoir. The drawings connected with the works are kept here, and ere the visitor is introduced to the mysteries of this portion of the "Great Project," the whole scheme is explained to him on paper.

Mr. Crowbar strongly advised brandy and water ere ventaring out on the Embankment, and, *entre nous*, this was not a bad hint.

## THE EMBANKMENT.

The Main Embankment is 66 feet high in the deepest portion, and the greatest depth of water in the Reservoir is 60 feet. The slope towards Roundwood is *pitched*, or paved with large stones placed upon a stratum of shingle. The slope towards the Devil's Glen is beautifully sodded; and when the *jet d'eau* in the circular receiving basin is completed, the *coup d'œil* will be 'one of the prettiest imaginable. The entire breadth of the bank at the top is 28 feet, and at the base 880 feet. The outer slope is 2½ to 1, and the inner 3 to 1, while the total quantity of earthwork in the Embankment is 320,000 cubic feet. The puddle wall is 6 feet wide at the top, and about 18 feet wide at the bottom on the level of the surface of the old river bank; and throughout its entire length, the puddle is carried down or *tied* to the solid rock.

"Do you see that small triangular piece of ground under that wooden shed?" asked the Alderman, pointing in the direction of what was formerly a snug farm-yard, but now covered by workshops.

Having expressed ourselves in the affirmative:

"On that spot our Chairman received the *accolade* of knighthood from the hand of poor Lord Carlisle; 'twas the 30th of June 1864, and a murthering hot day."



"In fact, the Doctor became a Sur-*geon*," interposed Jones.

We thought the pun rather weak, but it couldn't be helped under the circumstances.

"We had the Lord Mayor and the whole Council up," continued the Alderman. "They came by the same road as we did to-day, and there never were so many vehicles in this part of the country before or since. The Contractor gave a splendid *déjeuner* down at Water's Bridge, about a mile and a-half from here. You'll see it by-and-by. We had lots of ladies, which made the thing rapturous—by George, rapturous! On that day the poor old river changed its course into a new channel, never to roll over its rocky little bed again. We had the mechanical engineers up here last autumn," continued the Alderman, "and they were nobly entertained by Sir John Gray and Mr. Jameson at their own expense. Such a Chairman and Deputy-Chairman few committees can boast of."

Mr. Crowbar resumed his description of the Works: "This way, gentlemen, if you please, and beneath you is a Tunnel for the outlet from the Reservoir is formed under this, the eastern end of the Embankment, by excavating an open cutting into the rock, and then arching it over with a semicircular arch of ashlar stone, 4 feet thick; it is 14 feet high by 14 feet wide. Near the centre of

the Tunnel is a brick plugging, 20 feet thick, carefully toothed into wedge-shaped recesses in the solid rock. Through this plugging are laid two cast iron pipes of 48 and 33 inches diameter, the larger of which is chiefly intended as a sluice for lowering the water level in the Reservoir with rapidity, and is to be continued into the tail of the Bye-wash, near where it joins the old river course. In the valve-chamber, at the outer end of the Tunnel, a very complete set of stop-valves are placed, for enabling both the 48 and 33-inch pipes to be worked as may be required."

I asked Mr. Crowbar the purpose of the tower which stands out from the Embankment.

"We call it 'Bateman's Tower,'" was his reply. "After that fatal flood at Sheffield in '64, the Waterworks Committee called upon the Public Works, Loan Commissioners to send over their engineer, to examine and report upon our Embankment. Mr. Bateman came, and after carefully examining the Works, recommended that a large pipe should be passed entirely through the Tunnel, from one end to the other; and that the inner end should be raised vertically, or laid upon the slope of the Embankment, with various inlets commanded by valves, for the purpose of drawing off the water of the Reservoir at various heights. So, in compliance with Mr. Bateman's suggestion, this tower has been



erected, into the bottom of which the 33-inch pipe is carried, and you may perceive inlet openings attached to the sides of the tower; the valves are fixed inside."

After inspecting this portion of the Work, we turned to the Bye-wash which winds round Vartry Lodge. This has been constructed for the purpose of easing the pressure on the Embankment, and preventing the water from overflowing, should it ever rise so high. In the event of a great flood, the water will be carried out of the Reservoir by the Bye-wash, and regain the old stream below the Filter Beds. The bridge is a very handsome piece of workmanship.

"This way, gentlemen, if you please, and take a bird's-eye view of the

## "FILTER BEDS."

Adopting Mr. Crowbar's suggestion, we crossed the Embankment, and leaning against the wall, surveyed the Filters in the valley below us. They are laid out in oblong squares, and when finished will present a very neat appearance. A landscape gardener has sent in a plan for beautifying this portion of the Works by neatly gravelled walks, by plantations of evergreens, and otherwise, and the whole Reservoir will be planted round.

"Now, these are the Filter Beds," said Mr. Crowbar, "and they cover a space of six acres. There are seven of them, each 205 feet long by 110 wide, and any six of these working at the same time will be sufficient to filter the required quantity of water; so that one can always be spared for the purpose of cleansing, washing the sand, and for repairs."

"What material will you employ for filtering, Mr. Crowbar?"

"Sand, gravel, and broken stone. At one time we thought we should have to draw our sand from Lough Dan, but luckily we got it from a sand-pit below Ballyduff. There are two pure water tanks, which receive the water from the Filters, which hold 2,730,000 gallons of water each, and are placed, as you may see, with four of the Filters on one side of them, and three on the other; the remaining space will be occupied by a sand-cleansing machine and a store for sand."

"How does the water get to the Tunnel from the Filter Beds?" asked Jones, who evidently was much struck by the explanatory powers of the speaker.

"You see that large pipe running close by the cutting in the rock yonder?" said the Engineer, "it will be carried about 700 yards by that main, which is 42 inches in diameter, and about 120 yards into the Tunnel, so as to get into the solid rock.



The main is laid with a fall of about six feet per mile."

"What will you do with Malone's bridge, Crowbar?" said the Alderman.

"Blow it up," was the laconic reply.

"The Reservoir," resumed Mr. Crowbar, "is 7½ miles from the source of the river, and the bed of the river is 632 feet above ordnance datum, or 520 feet above the highest part of Dublin. The drainage area above this point is 13,992 acres, or 22 square miles, and the area of the Reservoir will be 409 acres. The wall built round it is 11,597 yards, or nearly 7 miles long. When the Reservoir is full, the level of the water will be 692 feet above the datum, and the Reservoir will hold about 2,400,000,000 gallons of water, or 200 days' supply for the City and suburban districts, taking the daily quantity required at 12,000,000 gallons; but this is much in excess of what it is expected will be actually required for many years, as the present population to be supplied is only about 340,000. The quantity calculated for would supply a population of 400,000 with 25 gallons per head per day, and leave a surplus of 2,000,000 gallons per day for manufacturing and other purposes."

"'Pon my word, these are magnificent works," said I, as Mr. Crowbar paused.

"So they ought to be," said the Alderman.

"Sure they are the united production of Hawkshaw, Hawksley, Bateman, Rawlinson, Duncan, Jackson, Sir J. Benson, and Sir J. MacNeil; and to these great engineers the city will be indebted for this splendid piece of workmanship."

"To whom was the city supply entrusted?" asked Jones.

"To Mr. Robert Rawlinson, C.B., one of the greatest lights in the profession," replied the Alderman; "and now, boys, for

## ROUNDWOOD.

Twenty minutes brought us into the village of Roundwood, the stereotyped *trot* dashed us up to Murphy's Hotel, where we were greeted by a blind ostler, who welcomed the Alderman with great fervour and ejaculations of pleasure. This poor fellow lost his sight when about thirteen years of age, but it is positively wonderful the manner in which he goes about from one end of the village to the other, never missing his way, or making a false step. It is a curious fact, that the most vicious horses are as lambs with this honest fellow; and many a stout-hearted man would shrink from going into the stall with animals which are meek and tame in the hands of the sightless ostler.

It would appear that the Alderman had written



down to order dinner, for we were not kept an instant waiting, the viands being on the table precisely as we had finished our respective toilettes.

Commend me to bacon and chicken in a country inn. Commend me to the white cabbage and the new potatoes. It is food for the gods! Such provender is not to be enjoyed save by the hillside. A man must feel himself surrounded by mountains, and furze, and babbling brooks; he must know that the sun has been browning his neck, and that his lungs have been inhaling the sweet perfume of the heather.

"A glass of Sherry with you!" was the watch-word passed from man to man with alacrity and precision.

"Shall I help you to some more bacon, Alderman?" asked Jones, who at this time was carving.

"I'll take the bacon, but *cabbage is my object*," replied the Alderman.

The silence observed during our dinner spoke volumes in favour of the attention paid to it. Any remark made was of the most practical nature, such as emphatic calls for mustard, pepper, and "the pleasure of a glass of Sherry." The knives and forks rattled, and chicken bones were heard to crack beneath the pressure brought to bear upon them by our respective grinders.

"Have you any of the solid liquor in the house?" asked the Alderman, when the cloth was removed.

"We have Roe and John Jameson, sir," was the ready reply.

"By George, we'll taste both!" cried the Alderman, "and toast Judy of Roundwood. Poor Judy!" he added, "that's the woman could drink with the 'gents from Dub.' I remember, one lovely summer evening, ten of us came over from Luggelaw, and each of us stood a round of punch, and, by my song, Judy drank fair with us, and polished off ten tumblers as if they were buttermilk!"

Mr. Slowcoach divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, on the principle that, as it was going to be a wet night, he would abandon himself to unrestrained freedom. He also announced his intention of singing by-and-by, which seemed to fill the worthy Alderman with intense pleasure. He whispered to me, very confidentially, that Billy was full of fun, and that there was a great deal in him.

Mr. Jones's partiality for whiskey-punch was proverbial amongst our set, and I saw that he was sure to be placed *hors de combat* at an early hour if the pace was in any way to increase. I heard him telling Mr. Crowbar of his being attached to a stunning fine woman, who languished for him somewhere in the neighbourhood of Rathmines, and that cruel fate, in the shape of a father, deterred him from calling her his own.

The honest fellow, whenever he got into liquor, was in the habit of weeping over his misfortunes;



and seeing that the tap was nearly ready to be turned on, I asked him to propose the Alderman's health. He joyously responded in the affirmative, and in a few minutes he commenced somewhat as follows. His voice was husky, and the words seemed desperately inclined to slip into each other, as if they were greased:

"Gentlemen—I have a toast to propose which, I'm sure, will find an echo in every bosom seated at this table. There is one here whom to know is to love and respect—an Alderman" [the applause here was terrific], "an Alderman of the City of Dublin, the Capital of the first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea. He was my pioneer here; he asked me to come to the Bower, to come into the Garden like Maud, and visit the Path by the River. I am proud to know him. We are all proud to know him" [thunders of applause], "and the more we know of him, by Jove! the more we like him" [hooray!]. "Who does not know him? Who has not heard of him? The Arab in the desert, the Laplander within the Arctic circle, the Brahmin under the burning suns of India, the native settler of South Australia—all, all look upon him as their friend!" [hear, hear, hear!] His speech upon the Perpetual Motion question, recently brought on in the Civic Hall, is fresh as a summer rose, or a timid violet, in all our minds" [hear, hear!] "You all re-

member his words—now wrapt in flame, and now in honey; now urging his auditors to deeds of fire, now melting the sternest amongst them to tears!" [tremendous applause]. "Gentlemen, I give you his health, that he soon may be Lord Mayor, and long may he live to grace the great sphere of society by his presence."

We drank the toast with three times three, and then with "For he's a jolly good fellow," mingled with "Auld Lang Syne," and "So say we all of us."

The Alderman was deeply moved at our enthusiasm, and replied with a heart overflowing with gratitude. He then gave the Dublin Corporation Waterworks, coupled with the name of Mr. Crowbar, whereupon Mr. Crowbar pledged his professional *status*, such as it was, to give us the water into the City by the end of the year. He also expressed a hope that we would come up oftener—that our visits resembled those of angels, being few and far between, and wound up by proposing Mr. Jones's health.

Jones, who had borrowed a pencil from me a few moments before, was engaged in writing something on the back of a letter, and from the mode in which he kept tapping his head now and then, I began to fear he was *non compos*. What was my astonishment when he rose and said:

"Gentlemen, I have made one speech already,



and I will now give you a song. I have invoked the muse—in fact, tipped her the wink, and she having replied, 'Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,' I have composed a verse in honour of the occasion," and without further preface the worthy Jones tossed off the following, to the well-known air of "Robinson Crusoe," as sung with so much success by Mr. J. L. Toole:

A handsome young man, from the top of Lough Dan,
Which is neither in Spain nor in Tartary,
Met a pretty young maid, as one evening he strayed,
By the banks of the sweet little Vartery.

CHORUS.

Oh, the sweet little Vartry,
Oh, the neat little Vartry—
Rushing and gushing,
Pushing and flushing—
Oh, the sweet little Vartry.

Now this handsome young man, from the top of Lough Dan
To love he soon was a martyr, he,
She bid him *dew soir*, near the great Reservoir,
So he drownded himself in the Vartery.

CHORUS, &c.

Now another young man, from the top of Lough Dan,
Who by trade he was known as a carter, he,
For a tumbler of toddy, up lifted the body
From out of the sweet little Vartery.

CHORUS, &c.

MORAL.

If any young man, t'other side of Lough Dan,
His heart's not inclined for to barter, he
Had better beware, of a maid with dark hair,
Who lives by the banks of the Vartery.

CHORUS, &c.

The applause which this ingenious conception drew down upon the head of the composer had scarcely subsided, when Mr. Slowcoach volunteered a song, and in a most meandering, melancholy manner he warbled the sorrows of "Barbara Allen," a melody in vogue in the days of our great grandmothers; but as quantity, not quality, was the order of the night, it passed current as if it was new from the mint, or the latest thing in Pigott's window. Of course, I was called upon, and as Mrs. Brown always admired my manner of rendering the "Heart bowed down by weight of woe," I gave it to them. In fact, I may add, this song greatly tended towards the successful issue of my wooing.

"And now, Alderman, won't you favour us?" said I.

"I will, my boy; here's the 'Cruiskeen Lawn,'" and with a right melodious voice he sang that charming song, and he was backed up with a chorus that, for power of lung, might have performed at the Handel Festival.

"Time's up, boys," cried the Alderman, looking at a silver watch the size of Captain Cuttle's.

"Blow me if I'll stir," said Slowcoach; "the night's young!"

"Hours were made for slaves," chimed in Jones, "and we wont go home till morning."

"Oh, by George! we must catch the last train—the 10.55 from Bray."



"Blow me if I'll stir," said Mr. Slowcoach resolutely; "the night's young!"

After a series of blandishments, we succeeded in inducing him to come with us, under the idea of making a night of it at Breslin's, and with much ado stowed him away on the car, while he kept murmuring in the softest accents, "The night's young; blow me if I stir—the night's young!" The Alderman, like a brick of the most adhesive quality, insisted on paying the bill, and on a glorious summer night we started homewards. The sun had set behind the Sugar Loaf, and left the earth in purple and the sky in gold. The shadows thickened over Djouce and Luggelaw, and a mist of summer heat was rising from the valley of the Vartry as we bid it adieu.

I sat next Mr. Slowcoach, who beguiled the tedium of the road by relating a most astounding adventure with an ass. It would appear he was returning one night from a friend's house, driving himself on an outside car, and on arriving at a lonely part of the road the horse stopped, and a donkey deliberately climbed up on the other side of the car, and sat down. In vain he endeavoured to dislodge this troublesome customer, but to no purpose; and 'twas only upon arriving at a cross road near his own home that the donkey was prevailed upon to quit the vehicle. This story occupied at

least one hour, and the truth of the statement was backed up by Mr. Slowcoach with a variety of oaths and asseverations of a most peculiar and startling nature.

Jones sang the whole way to Bray, and it was his wont to give vent to a succession of unearthly yells upon passing any living thing along the road.

After a drive of an hour and a-half down the long hill by Sugar Loaf, near which the Vartry rises, through the Rocky Valley, and out by Kilmacanogue, we sighted the lights of Bray, and dashed up to the Terminus just in time to catch the train. We were silent—very silent, all the way into town, for the shadow of the City had fallen upon us, and we felt that this was the *finale* of our cruise up the Vartry with the Alderman.



THE END.