

**IRISH STEW: OR, A TASTE OF  
SOMETHING SPICY, AND SUITABLE TO  
THE TIME; BEING AN ATTEMPT TO SOLVE  
THE MAIN(E) QUESTION, RELATING TO  
THE DISPUTED TERRITORY TO THE WEST  
OF ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649333752

Irish stew: or, a taste of something spicy, and suitable to the time; being an attempt to solve the main(e) question, relating to the disputed territory to the west of St. George's Channel by  
Anonymous

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**ANONYMOUS**

**IRISH STEW: OR, A TASTE OF  
SOMETHING SPICY, AND SUITABLE TO  
THE TIME; BEING AN ATTEMPT TO SOLVE  
THE MAIN(E) QUESTION, RELATING TO  
THE DISPUTED TERRITORY TO THE WEST  
OF ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL**



*Irish (Hail)*

**IRISH STEW:**

OR,

**A TASTE OF SOMETHING SPICY,**

AND

**SUITABLE TO THE TIME;**

BEING AN ATTEMPT TO SOLVE

**THE MAIN (E) QUESTION,**

RELATING TO

**THE DISPUTED TERRITORY TO THE WEST OF  
ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL;**

WITH

**A COMMENTARY ON THE EFFUSIONS**

OF

**CORNEY THE RHYMER.**

BY ONE WHO REGRETS THAT HE IS

**A PEER OF THE REALM.**

Third Edition.

LONDON:

**J. W. SOUTHGATE, LIBRARY, 164, STRAND:**

**O'BRIEN, ABBEY STREET, DUBLIN; TAIT, EDINBURGH.**

MDCCLXXXIX.

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
56665  
ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.  
1897.

LONDON:  
WILLIAM STEVENSON, PRINTER, BELL YARD,  
TEMPLE BAR.

NEW YORK  
PUBLIC  
LIBRARY

## IRISH STEW, &c.

To me, much meditating—my habitual practice—on the uncertainty of life, and more especially on the insecure tenure of political functions, it appears somewhat strange and singular—somewhat notable, if not ridiculous—somewhat memorable as a psychological curiosity, if not absolutely ludicrous, that, at a time when, in the East and in the West, the rival powers of earth are presenting to England a menacing and bellicose aspect; when the “rugged Russian bear” is bristling and growling for the encounter—when, further East, the tiger of Afghanistan is crouching in his lair on the banks of the Indus, and, observant of the glaring eyes of *Kam Ram* and *Dost Mohammed*, prepares him for the fatal spring;—while, in the far West, the “star-spangled banner” is on the point of being unfurled, and *Jonathan*, like an “armed rhinoceros,” seems waiting but the word of command for “gouging, and biting, and whopping” his European kinsmen, as *Jonathan* hath done before;—when Canada, after Rebellion’s “fitful fever,” sleeps not well, but perilously slumbers like a semi-smothered volcano;—when the Queen of England (to speak metaphorically, and without the slightest suggestion of *lèse majesté*), like SATAN seems, in that so-called “brightest jewel in her crown,” to totter with

—“uneasy steps  
Upon the burning marle!”

Or, to quote the still more apposite expression of my dearly beloved *Flaccus*:

—“Incedit super ignes  
Subpositos cineri doloso;”—

At a time when the chivalry of France, transferred from land to sea, has been pushing us aside wherever she meets our armaments on the deep, *bagatelling* with blockades, and trampling, *en cavalier*, on our great commercial interests in

25

the *Mexican Gulf*, and at *Monte Video*, at *San Juan d'Ulloa*, and at *Buenos Ayres*, upon the islands of *Sacrificios* and *Martin Garcia*, at *Soto* and *Laguna*, at *Vera Cruz*, at *Tampico*, at *Matamoras*, and at *Tuzpan*,—without even the shadow of a British fleet to back the mediation of a British minister;—when she is suffered, without a murmur, to establish her iron sway over the northern coast of Africa, lulling us with her *assurance*, (appropriate word!) that she does not mean to extend her dominions in that quarter;—when her next step is to exert her utmost to subject to the *tricolor* the whole eastern coast of the blessed clime of Southern America, composing us again into approving smiles, with the *assurance* that it is only a measure of temporary expedience;—while, with sympathetic grimace, our foreign secretary does not even shrug his shoulders, but ducks his head, and exclaims—“*Mercie, Monsieur!*” when a pilot is pirated, on the one hand, from on board a vessel bearing the flag of England, by the descendants of those whom our fathers mowed down like grass at *CASOY* and *AGINCOURT*; and, on the other, that flag is repeatedly and gratuitously insulted by an autocrat, riotously strong in his masses of rude *Cossagues* and *Sclavonic* barbarians—things all undreamt of, unimagined, unconceived, in the *calidâ juventâ* of England;—when “horrid wars” are threatening us on every side;—when our colonial constitutions are suspended, superseded, set at naught—treated with contempt and utter defiance, and scorned as mere waste paper;—when the popular Assemblies of the *CANADAS* and of *JAMAICA* are literally extinguished, and the only voice which is permitted to be heard in those British dependencies, is that of military dictators;—when our Australian possessions are rotten, and ready to fall asunder;—when popular conventions at home supersede, in popular estimation, the functions of either House of Parliament;—when the use of torch and of dagger is held sacred by those who merely bide their time;—when pikes, for intelligible uses, have become the principal manufacture of our manufacturing districts, and are publicly sold in our markets;—when law and constituted authority are treated as a farce in those districts;—when at home the *BRITISH LION* is gagged, but will speedily roar;—when abroad, as my friend *COLONEL WILSON* would have expressed it, “he is *crubbed*, and who’s to rouse him?”—to me, I say, it appears utterly



incomprehensible, completely ludicrous, and entirely disgusting, that, at such a time, the subject which concentrates the attention of both Houses of Parliament, should be a poor, petty-fogging, party squabble about the exercise, in a few paltry cases, of the prerogative of mercy in Ireland!!!

If any "picker up of unconsidered trifles" shall choose to undergo the thankless labour of searching the records of the Parliamentary Sessions—those melancholy memorials of *fainéantisme*, which have flown in lazy, lifeless current, since the carrying of the Reform Bill, he will find as the *opera prætium* of his *labor ineptiarum*, that of every twelve hours of the time of both Houses, just ten have been consumed in these profitless Irish "scrimmages;" and if he do not concur with me in wishing with Sir Joseph Yorke that Ireland were submerged in the Atlantic for the space of four-and-twenty hours; if he "inhibit" me in this wish, then shall I protest him an O'Connellite, a Precursor, or,

"The baby of a girl!"

I think I may admit it—I am of a generous disposition, and never refuse a frank to any one who civilly asks it. There is a freemasonry about this graceful act of concession, which, particularly as it costs nothing, cheaply conciliates admirers. It is pleasing, too, to mark with what charmed looks the recipients of these favours glance at the magic caligraphy in the corner! I have formed acquaintances, even friendships in this way, which I have been able to turn to good account; but the most interesting incident of this description which ever occurred to me, is that which I am about to make public:—

"*Ibam fortè via sacrè;*" which being translated, as a French writer says, "*pour le benéfice des dames, et des gens du pays,*" signifies, that I was wending my way homeward through *Palace-Yard*, after being cursedly bored by the somniferous speeches of *Glenelg* and *Melbourne*, when a being somewhat singularly habilimented, with a slight sprinkling of the dandy in the fashion of his garments, which their threadbare aspect at the knees and elbows significantly belied, wearing his hat (a scuffed one) with a jaunty air, and keeping his feet closely pressed together, as he addressed me, in a vain endeavour to conceal the too-evident patches on his boots, excused in a rich brogue the liberty *he would be after takin'*, and begged the favour of a

frank for a letter which he was desirous "for to send to a friend in Galway." Acting on my uniform principle of conciliating all mankind at the cheapest cost, I replied without hesitation; "Decidedly, friend, with pleasure. Where shall I write it?" "Thin," replied my odd-looking *incognito*, "if your lordship, who's decidedly the greatest political character, the most brilliant orator, and most accomplished statesman and *homme de lettres* of this or of any other age, would just step into my little apartment close at hand, you'll find *pix* and ink an' ivory accommodation." It was now quite evident that the stranger, though his appearance was indeed very *strange*, was not only a man of uncommon *nous*, but of the most penetrating sagacity. His bushy locks assumed in my eyes the very form of "Hyperion's curls;" his luxuriant whalebone whiskers became typical of more than mortal beauty and strength of mind; and his eye beaming forth the very quintessence of enthusiast fire, I involuntarily exclaimed: "Surely this man must be a poet!"

"And that's what thin that knows me thinks me, shure enough; but the difficulty's to persuade the publishers of the same fact. If it was left to myself and my friends to decide the question, I'm a *rare* poet, the devil a doubt!"

I felt the generous glow of sympathy for neglected genius warm my inmost bosom. I thought of Milton, of Dante, of Chatterton, of Ariosto, of Keats, and a host of others; and I thought, too, of myself and Mæcenæ!

"May I be permitted," I exclaimed, "my excellent friend, to inspect your poetical effusions? I flatter myself I am known to be something of a critic." I did not, however, pull up my shirt collar, which is only a stage trick.

"*Something* of a critic!" replied my companion, "by my sowl, but Durham and Melbourne knows that to their cost. But is it *you* read my little effusions? Surely, your lordship's not in earnest!"

"Upon my honour and consistency as a politician, I never was more serious in all my life!"

"Oh, tunder and turf, and *animal-jowl*! Your sowl to glory, but it's you's the broth of a boy, and a nobleman every inch of you!" exclaimed the enthusiastic creature, dancing for joy, and literally flinging his hat up in the air, by way of demonstrating how ecstatic was his delight; a singular way with these Irish. "Hat" I call it, mas-

much as I am writing for English readers, though I believe the Irish themselves call it "*cabbeen*," derived, I presume, from "*cab*," because the hats which they wear in general very much resemble those of the London cabmen. I will not answer for the orthodoxy of my orthography in dealing with the outlandish gibberish which they speak—but "*cabbeen*" and "*animal-jowl*" appear to me to be as close an approximation as possible.

Moderating his transport as well as I could; and assuring him not only that I would be a candid critic, but that he pained me by making any preliminary apologies for the plainness of his style of living to one who felt both pleasure and pride in regarding him as a brother "*homme de lettres*," I begged he would favour me with his name.

"Cornelius O'Shaughnessy, please your lordship, called *Corney the Rhymers* by my friends, Bachelor of Arts of Trinity College, Dublin, and law-student nearly out of my time, seeing that I have *but few dinners to ate!*" Here the rogue's eye gave an arch twinkle. Could it be that he meant the expression in more senses than one? What a glorious opportunity for the swelling bosom of a high souled patron to dilate itself into practical benevolence! But to enter into particulars, modesty and decency alike forbid.

"Mr. Cornelius O'Shaughnessy," I said, "I am singularly happy to form the acquaintance of a man of undoubted genius."

"Case aiquel!" was his curt reply;—a reply, of which I did not distinctly understand the meaning: but no doubt it was complimentary.

In a very few minutes I was seated in Mr. Corney O'Shaughnessy's *attic*—the proper locality, thought I, of wit and genius like his. Strange fact in natural and mental history, that thistles, the food of asses, and intellectual ambrosia, the pabulum of Gods, should both flourish best in rugged soil, exposed to the cutting blasts of adversity!

"Will your lordship please to pull a few of thim lucifer matches, while I'm gatherin' the bit of coal and wood?"

I did as I was directed, mindful of "the days when I was gipsying, (*alias*, striving to make ends meet) a long time ago!" It did not then appear that a peer I was to be made. I wish they could unmake me, for my name does not