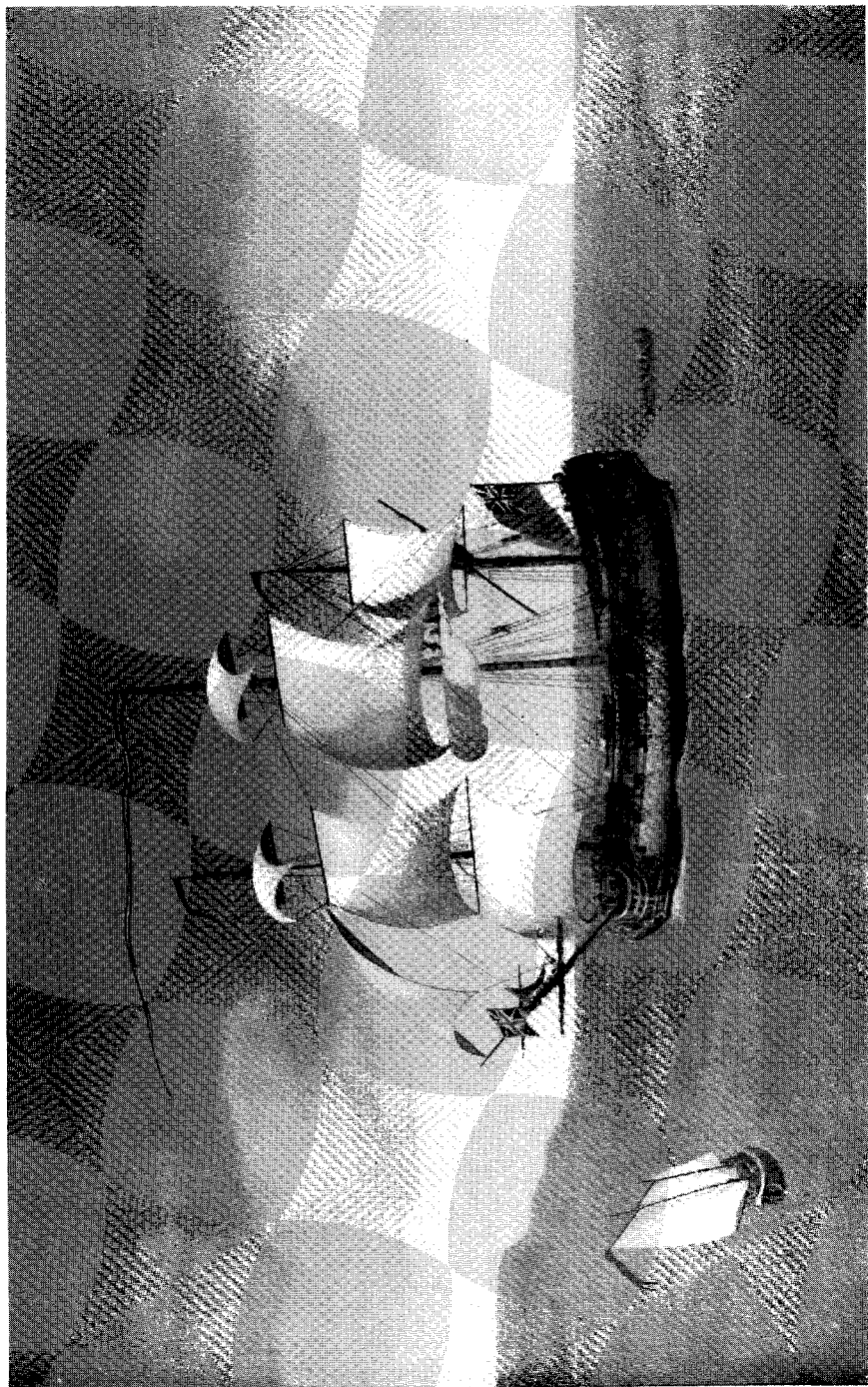


THE OUZEL GALLEY

THE *Ouzel* GALLEY



THE OUZEL GALLEY

BY
DR. GEORGE A. LITTLE
President,
Old Dublin Society.



Second (Revised) Edition.
Printed by
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1953

ILLUSTRATIONS

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* *Due to the author's suggestion this picture has recently been cleaned thereby making it possible to photograph it satisfactorily for the first time. The author and publisher wish to thank the Chamber of Commerce, for having this work accomplished, and for giving them permission for the first publication of this photograph. This picture now gives details of the "Ouzel" Galley not before visible.*

AN OPEN LETTER BY WAY OF PREFACE

To

JOSEPH H. HAMILL, Esq.,
"Montrose," Terenure, Dublin.

DEAR MR. HAMILL,

I confess myself embarrassed at being invited to write a preface to this second edition of *THE OUZEL GALLEY*. My discomfort is due to a belief that introductions usually exhibit one of two characteristics. The first is one in which the author strives to help his reader's comprehension of a work by explaining to him its structure and purpose. The second manner is calculated to act as an *apologia* to critics whom the author senses will be hostile. The first of these conventions I feel unable to accomplish usefully; the second I see no need to adopt. In this dilemma another quite different use for a preface is remembered—one which comes kindly to my pen—namely, to employ it as a letter of thanks to a friend.

I have small doubt (all else being equal) that the Old Dublin Society (*THE OUZEL GALLEY*'s first publishers), conscious of the demand for the book, would reprint it. Had they, however, suggested doing so, I would have been the first to protest. I am only too well aware of the quantity of valuable historical matter in the Society's Archives awaiting publication in the *Dublin Historical Record*. To add to this difficulty of finding room for new articles is unthinkable. It looked then as if the old galley, so far as my account of it was concerned, was doomed to continue a sheer hulk abeam in the harbour mud of half forgotten things. Then in your generosity you came to the rescue, offering salvage. One cannot express thanks for such favour—one can but be grateful while regretting the inadequacy of words.

But avast there, friend! What craft are you boarding? Will you find yourself sponsor for more than the material appearance this re-publication implies? Will you find yourself forced to defend its theme or presentation? You may, for instance, be faced with objections—say, that this narrative is not presented

in the scientific manner—or that the author over-speaks his brief! Perhaps, but there is no need for apprehension. We can weather all such emergencies together. I think the manner as well as matter of the book correct. We know that there are two kinds of knowledge—that of intellect and that of sensibility. I believe that a blend of these two elements of understanding is the power which transmutes belief into conviction. The ability to accomplish this synthesis seems a function of imagination—for imagination is often no more than the power to project on the screen of consciousness matter *in motion*. You will not mistake me by believing that I am averse to the scientific historical method. You know that on occasions I practise it. But the use of an unimaginative approach should perhaps be reserved for grave themes which of themselves, or because of their implications towards other occurrences, suggest a need for “time-table” accuracy. The history of the *Ouzel Galley* marks no epoch, alters no stream of national development—hence, to my mind, gains by being presented in the less strict but more imaginative mode. . . . But I had better desist writing in this strain or I may justly be charged with doing what I declared I would not—using the preface as an apology.

I think the excuse for my short excursion into speculative philosophy results from my desire that your name should be associated with excellence solely. This wish makes me diffident regarding the value of the work. Perhaps I am anxious without reason. We know how often in past years strangers have sought copies of the first edition unsuccessfully. We know how the book’s material has been pirated, copied and quoted to its detriment. These depredations warrant belief in public interest. Now we are informed, with what pleasure may be surmised, that the Dublin Chamber of Commerce (generous patrons of the first edition of this book) are having restored in this Tóstal year their contemporary picture of the *Ouzel Galley*. This is the great painting in oils which has hung, remember, for so many years in the Chamber’s Boardroom. So the *Ouzel Galley* lies not abeam to a lee-shore yet!

You have told me what a pleasure it has been to you in the past to present this small account of a fine adventure to your friends. How to enhance their pleasure in the future fills now all your thoughts. How do I advise you! Describe to them the sort of settings in which to read it. To youth you may safely leave *décor* to the dictate of the new blood in their veins: it responds

naturally to the adventure of moon-led tides and of itself pulses in sympathy to the *timbre* of many winds. But, those who are no longer young, speak to them these words: When your house has found that quiet which permits grandfather-clock upon the stairs to make evident its solemn tick, seek if possible a brown and bookish room into which the unease of wind and wave can insinuate their wild, subtle suggestion. There, mindful of Scott's advice to readers of his *Erl King*, let them prepare "a candle particularly long in the snuff" and place it neighbourly. Have banked high a wood fire—preferably of driftwood, so that the essence of ancient timber and brine may salt the air and set the pulses racing. By the right elbow, for good fellowship, place a glass of reeking punch—with little sugar, a clove or two for foreignness, but let the lemon be strong that its acid tang may make the palate tingle, as should the mind with expectancy. Fill then an honest briar pipe, fill it cunningly, fill it of a mixture virile with "*latakia*," then set it fervidly aglow with a sliver of the salted driftwood. Slipped feet on fender, sip a toast then: "To all the daughters of Fortune except the eldest"—may that undesired shrew dog not your friends' steps as once she pursued the course of the *Ouzel Galley*. Then aboard, my hearty! Take thy book and read. And, if perchance there be some to whom these aids be lacking, let them be thankful, too, for their grog and their smoke and the silence. Fortunate winds attend their sailing!

Perhaps, on a time, dear friend, you will recall this advice to readers and follow it yourself. If you do so, handle this book gently, for it contains between its pages a little of the affection and gratitude felt for you by a friend who delights to subscribe himself,

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE A. LITTLE.

28 Rathgar Road,
DUBLIN.

February, 1953.

THE SHIP.

§ i.

THE Wild Geese had flown. No longer did the hills of home echo their cries, for their wings now darkened the battle-fields of France. The broken people of Ireland felt that they had heard in the sounds of their flight the vibrant pinions of the very Angel of Death. Some said "Here endeth the Nation of the Gael," others "It but sleeps as the dead sleep."

Limerick Treaty had been made and broken. The Deputy Capel had arrived in Dublin and unleashed the Penal Laws in their final ferocity. Feudalism in Ireland was about to indulge in a last trial of strength. Elizabeth's attempt at supreme Church authority had failed. James had lost his crown and honour at the Boyne—but the Nation lived on. The mailed-fist of William of Orange had broken our armies, but not our spirit. Firm in his promise and strong in his Catholic sympathy, William tried to honour his bond to an oppressed people, but was forced to perjury by his native Parliament and the Colonial Assembly in Dublin. This Parliament now decided on the extermination of the recusants. To these oppressions the people of the country reacted by hiding their lives behind the sordid mask of their poverty, living secretly in their Faith, in their Courts of Poetry, and in the recitation of their History. A strange, eerily heroic thing this easing of hunger by poetry.

In Dublin, hoards of dispossessed Irish nobles besieged Chichester House, where the parliament, in wide-brimmed hats and voluminous cloaks, sat back to back, while they did what could be done to salve the King's conscience. Opportunists, gamblers, place-hunters, kirtled ladies in linen bonnets and their servants jostled each other in the narrow thoroughfares of the city, unblest, as yet, by the beneficence of Wide Street Commissioners. Confiscations of estates were sowing seeds of conflict that were not to cease until the Land Acts. Tramp of horse, clatter of accoutrements, wrangling of footmen filled the air to the undertone of the beggars' everlasting cry "*Dierce! Dierce! Tabhair dhom dierce.*"* Coaches with arms athwart their panels lumbered Castleward with their freight of smug righteousness. The corbie-crows felt the urge to feast.

* Alms! alms! Give alms.

But quietly, through all this, stalked certain staid gentlemen. Their sweeping, wide-brimmed hats, unobtrusive swords and sedate wigs (it cost 11s. 5d. to the *peruquier* to preserve their trim) bespoke interests which far removed them from the unrest of the vulgar. They were the merchant-burghers of Dublin City. Not least of these, one feels sure, were the members of the worthy firm of shippers, Ferris, Twigg & Cash, who that autumn day, in the year 1695, were sending their good galley, *The Ouzel*, commanded by Captain Eoghan Massey, on an important trading venture to the near-Eastern seas.

The historical circumstances which have been related, coupled with the laws, then recently put in force, for the protection of English enterprise, had forced Irish merchants to cast their nets in the far waters of the world to sustain their trade. Hence, Ferris, Twigg & Cash, who previously had found their trade along the neighbouring littoral, were forced to send *The Ouzel* galley in search of cargo to Smyrna in the Levant.

All things having been made ready, the ship insured with underwriters in Dublin of proved probity, goods and stores snugly stowed, thirty-seven men of proved loyalty signed on as crew, three prudent officers and the ship armed with brass cannon and small arms, she was deemed fit to meet what emergency might arise. She lay at Ringsend, tugging at her hawser, anxious to be gone.

On the river-side street of *Rinn Mhuirbhtean** the Seventeenth Century mixed colour and sound like a mad painter venting his rage on his palette. Blue, green, yellow and red stocking caps of sailors, their *bainini*† and vivid jerseys; the rich but decorous brocades of the occasional merchant with the dignity of the Tholsel still upon him; the flaming petticoats of women; the blue coats of ship's officers; the garish signs of taverns; browns and whites of sails from where the ships floated in the narrow stream or lay abeam in the river-mud; colour everywhere abounded, making the heart leap at its contrasts. Only the river was sombre and silent—the monochromatic attributes of age. In much good Gaelic and a little bad English, the roar of voices waxed and waned in the narrow streets. Adding to the din, Ringsend noddies and solid wheeled carts, drawn by horse or bullock, creaked and crashed over the cobbles. Outside a

* Ringsend.

† White coats.

thatched tavern, mayhap, a blind harper sang and played of "*Rósin Dubh*,"* while at another, one to whom drink was dearer than duty, bawled, in crippled English, of "th' night his brother was hanged." Through the forest of masts would come the whine of wind, the scream of running gear and the crack of canvas, mingled with the cries of the herring-vendors "*Scadain ura-scadan*."† To complete the symphony of discord came the *leit-motif* of the everlasting cries of the beggars "*Tabhair dhom dierce-dierce*."‡

Striding down the street came Captain Eoghan Massey, of Waterford, to take over command of *The Ouzel* galley. It was his first command, for he had only recently been appointed to senior rank on the retirement of the aged and respected Captain Tracy. He was dressed, we may assume, in the manner of sailors of that day as personified in Hoey, described by a contemporary and related by Gilbert—"His powdered wig had behind it a queue in the form of a handspike, a blue coat with slashed cuffs and navy buttons, surmounted by a scarlet waistcoat; a black Barcelona adorned his neck; a round hat, bordered with gold lace and turned up, pitched on one side of his head . . ." He must have made a bold figure. Youth is a brave thing, the sea is a brave thing, and a brave thing is authority; but bravest of all is when all three meet in one supreme moment. Recognition of this fact was doubtless shown in this case by the windward rake of Captain Massey's hat.

The Ouzel galley lay drowsing by the wooden wharf. The pennant hung limp from her peak. Gulls, fed to satiety, stood, neck shrunk or head beneath wing, on her high-canting bowsprit. The air was filled with ship-smells; that of tar, of new canvas, of wood, of cargo, but, above all, of brine, mingling to spice the nostrils. She was a fairly large vessel for her day, but the shallow river forced her to be of small draught just as its narrow, winding channel forced her to carry oars or (properly called) sweeps. "The galley was a deep-waisted vessel, with three masts, the foremast and mainmast square-rigged, while the aftermast carried a long lateen-shaped sail called the mizen, with a square topsail and top-gallant-sail." This description, by Kingston, tallies with her appearance in the contemporary

* Dark Rosaleen.

† Fresh herrings—herrings.

‡ Give alms, alms.

picture executed to the order of Alderman John Macarrell, of which more later. It must be remembered that these wooden ships had not the beautiful lines of the later iron vessels. For technical reasons they were rarely twice as long as their greatest width. There is no record of *The Ouzel's* tonnage, but the galley, *The Cinque Ports*, in which sailed the buccaneer, Dampier, from the harbour of Kinsale in 1703, was of ninety tons burthen. We may be sure that *The Ouzel* was no more. Incidentally, the friend of our childhood, Robinson Crusoe (Alexander Selkirk), sailed with Dampier from Kinsale on that occasion.

On reaching the galley, Captain Eoghan Massey clambered aboard and shouted in important tones :

"Pipe away the crew, Bo'sun." (The bo'sun had a pipe, for Ferris, Twigg & Cash liked to have things "navy-style and Bristol-fashion".)

"Man the capstan, up anchor. Shake out jib. Order long-shore hands ready poles to warp out ship."

"Ay, ay, Master." The bo'sun piped right merrily and the ship's crew sprang to life. But the bo'sun, not content, jumped down among them to abuse them in the only language they knew :

"*Brostuigh, brostuigh oribh. An sean-chailleacha atá agam annseo? Brostuighidh.*"*

Jib set, quickly the vessel moved to the mid-stream of *Abhann na Life*.† The great sweeps were shipped through the open dead-lights and the oarsmen set themselves to their toil—perhaps to the rhythm of the rowing-song :

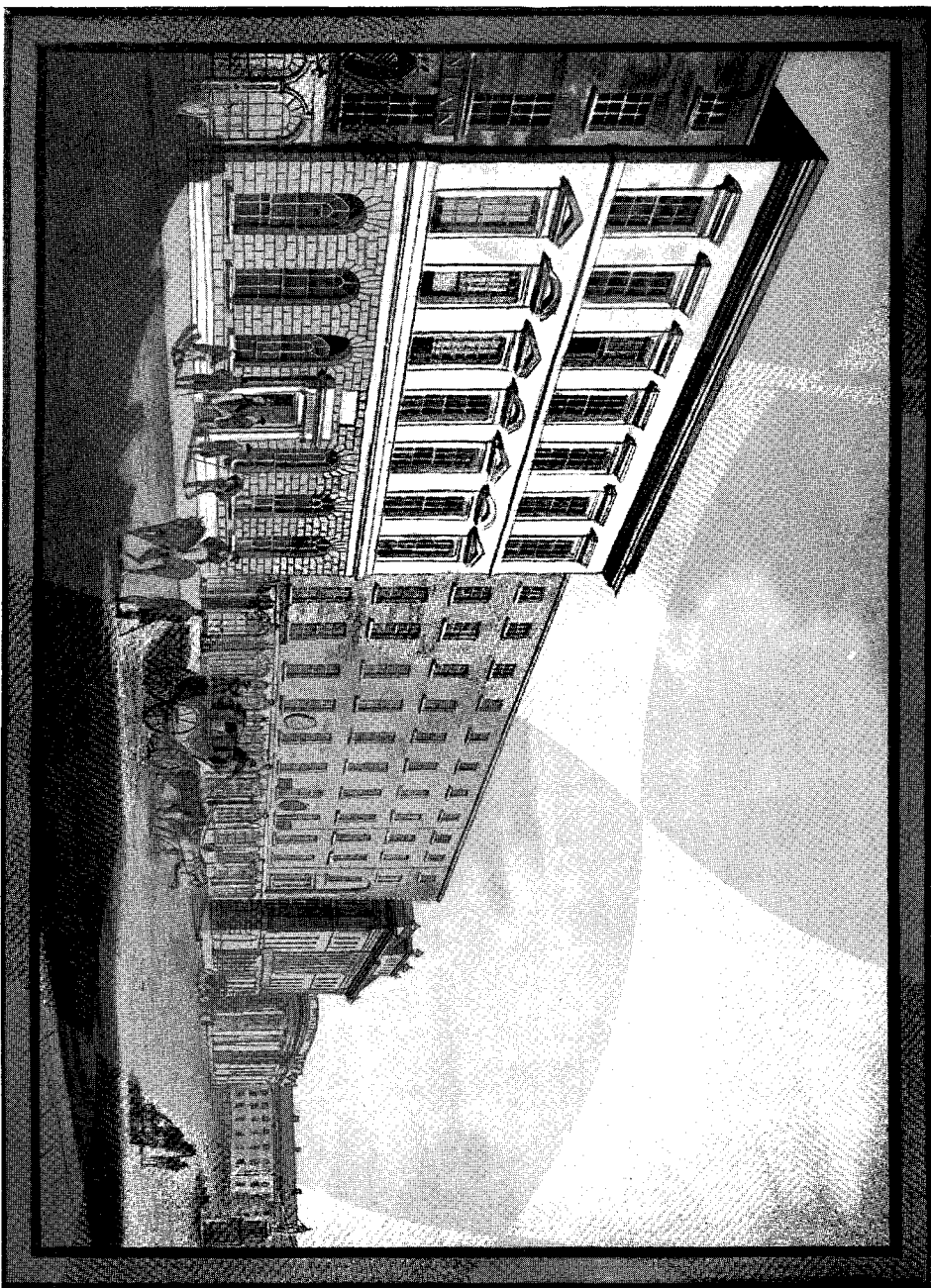
*"Hóro, hóí, seolta i n-áirde,
Hó, ró!
Hóro, hóí, gaoth and gála,
Hó, ró." †‡*

The farewell shouts of the saddened shore crowd gradually died away into the distance. The silence of the great waters could be almost felt—a silence that was merely enhanced by the

* Hurry! move on! Is it a crew of old hags you are? Hurry ye!

† River Liffey.

‡ *Hóro, hóí*, hoisted the sail,
Hó, ró!
Hóro, hóí, storm and gale,
Hó, ró!



THE COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS, DAME STREET

ship-noises and the eldritch screams of the gulls. It found its mate in the heron which stood in the shallows musing on his own depression. The quietness was accentuated by the fetish irritation of the wagtails at the slob margin. All things seemed merging with the sea.

Now, Ben Edair was to port, and the breeze freshening, the crew lay aloft. Up went her topsails, her mainsails, her top-gallant-sails, and there she was clothed—a thing of beauty. Past she curtsied by the shore of Innis Eria, where the sea, breaking on the shingle, brought poetry to the mind in the onomatopœia, “*Fuaim na fairrge ag briseadh ar an duirling.*”^{*} Lambay was far astern ere there arose a horned moon to gild her wet sail and put a flowing sea a-silver in her wake. So the galley passed into the wistful silence, as an *aisling*† ending, awed by its own mystery.

Much water had flowed 'neath the Bridge of the Hurdles before anxiety made itself felt in Dublin city. Among the shippers, neighbour questioned neighbour.

“Any news of *The Ouzel* galley, friend?” Time sped on, but the answer was always the same: “No news.”

It must have been about three years before all hope was lost. After all, they explained, Sir Francis Drake had sailed *The Golden Hind* right round the world in two years! But there was one who hoped. Captain Tracy had too much confidence in his old ship, in his former mate who now commanded her, and in her crew, to accept her loss as probable. He went out into the streets of Waterford and Dublin proclaiming his confidence. The underwriters, the insurers of the galley, were not slow to profit by the talkativeness of the garrulous captain. They claimed that he had constituted sufficient doubt to exempt them from paying compensation so long as there remained this condition of uncertainty. The Law loomed large. Then one Mr. Thompson, representative of the underwriters, more fearful of legal avarice than of parting with the more limited compensation, pleaded for arbitration. All parties agreed. A meeting was called. Six men representing the shippers, and six the underwriters, with an independent Chairman, met in solemn conclave. The case was heard before them. It proved a triumph for Messrs. Ferris, Twigg & Cash, for, as a result of the judgment, the insurance

* The sound of the sea breaking on the shingle.

† Vision song.

was paid in full. The experience of arbitration thus gained was to stand them in good stead on a later and more important date.

One may be sure that this jubilation was not shared by other interested parties. The families of *The Ouzel* crew must have felt that this judgment was a death sentence on their men. While there had been doubt there was hope. History does not know how many a weeping woman then told of her fear on the church-flags, of how many a lighted candle gave a spark of hope, or of how from many a cabin, that night, by *Rinn Mhuirbhthean** the *caoineadh*† rose and fell, making the night darker with its melancholy. But time and the tide of affairs moved on, untouched until "five years to a day" had passed since *The Ouzel* galley had last rested on the waters of the *Abhann na Life*.‡

At the noon-hour, when not an O Broin or O Tuathail but was at his meat, news came from the waterside. It ran in eddies through Irishtown, gathering strength as it ran. Here a man without his coat leaned over the door, there a man ran down the street, still munching his dinner. Woman met woman; shouting questioners waited no answers; everywhere children and dogs ran among the hawkers' stalls, all intent on one object—to get to the quay.

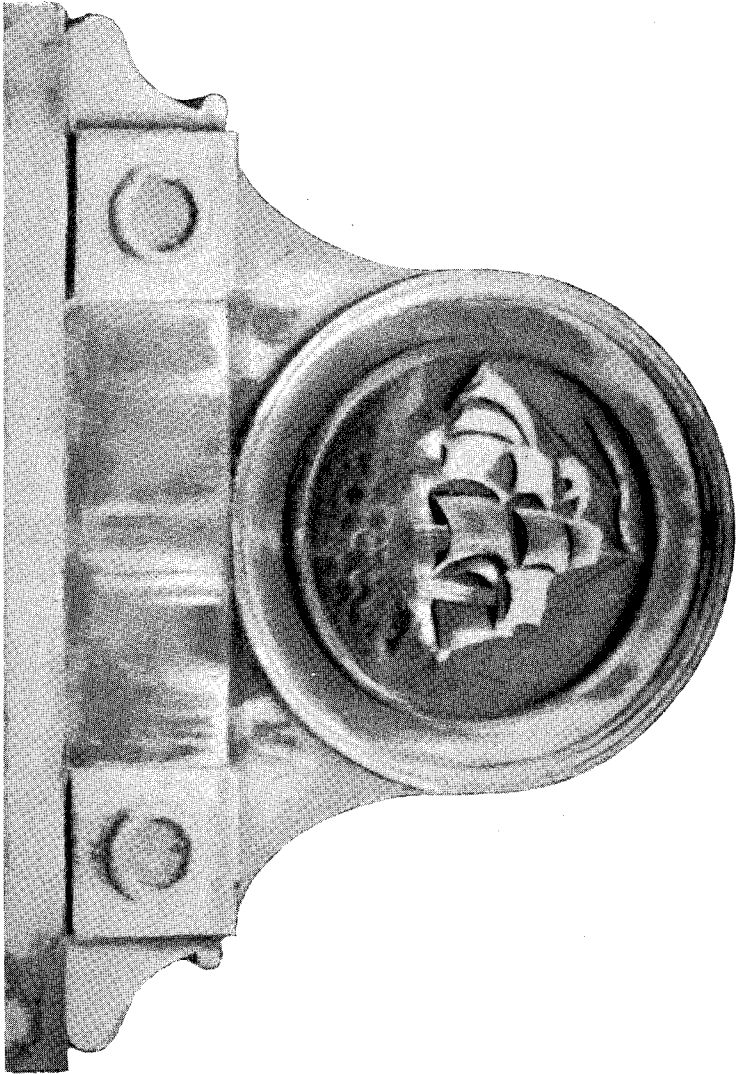
There, at last, all eyes were fixed on one object. Like some spirit on its keeping from across that bourne from which, 'tis said, no traveller returns, the galley limped into port. Had eery Garrett Oge, Earl of Kildare, transformed himself into an ouzel-cock before their eyes he would not have provoked greater amazement. With the aspect of Ingoldsby's blackbird, cursed with bell and book, they watched her drag her ragged plumage home. Foremast jury-rigged, cordage unreeved, canvas patched and bullet-holed, paint blistered by tropic sun, the weed and shells of the seven seas fringing her water-line, *The Ouzel* galley sailed into Dublin's ken. They saw her as a relique of some older day, a tired wanderer, home at last from an Odyssey of peril, dared in forever uncharted ways.

Over her gunwales leaned motionless spectres, dark, thin and bearded, with eyes wide in hungry eagerness. On the wharf those women who had longed most for the return of *The Ouzel* were stricken motionless by their desire to move. But each lip

* Ringsend.

† Death song.

‡ River Liffey.



THE BASS RELIEF OF THE *Ouzel* ABOVE THE INNER DOOR OF THE COURTYARD OF THE COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS

muttered as she thanked her Maker "Buidheachas le Dia—buidheachas, buidheachas."*

Eager hands caught the cast hawser and hauled her to the wharf. *The Ouzel* galley was, indeed, home. A scene of indescribable confusion then took place, creating an impression of shouting men, women weeping and laughing, boys cheering and running, all to the accompaniment of innumerable barking dogs. Emotion reached peak-point as the sailors jumped ashore, to be met by mother, wife or sweetheart. Food and drink, laughter, tears and music were to submerge *Rinn Mhuirbhtean*† that night.

Through the rejoicing throng, Captain Eoghan Massey, self-possessed, purposeful, perhaps lonely, pressed his way. He must go to the office of Ferris, Twigg & Cash without stopping. This day they would hear from him a tale which even in our day warms the blood, a tale that "Keepeth children from their play and old men from their chimney-corners."

Here we must digress a moment to consider the preface of W. H. G. Kingston's book, *The Missing Ship*. An extract reads as follows :

"Having once been invited to dine with the officers and crew of *The Ouzel* galley, I naturally became curious to learn more of the history of the vessel from which the society derived its appellation.

"Authors are indeed fortunate persons. I was paying a visit to my old friend Captain Massey, who resides in the neighbourhood of Waterford, when, on my happening to mention *The Ouzel* galley, he replied that he could throw a light on the subject.

"'Some time ago,' he said, 'I discovered in an old chest a thick calf-bound volume, worm-eaten and stained by time, and the ink already faint. I remember observing that it was headed *The Ouzel* galley, but, supposing that it was the sea log of my great-grandfather, who was, I had heard, in his younger days in the merchant service, I left it where it lay, without taking the trouble to bestow on it a further examination.'

"To my infinite satisfaction I found, when the volume was produced, that, instead of being the dry sea log of a merchant skipper, it contained the following history, which, with certain

* Thanks be to God—thanks, thanks.

† Ringsend.

necessary alterations, I now put forth, hoping that it will be found not less amusing than the various sea tales I have before written."

By private inquiry and public appeal I have sought the log herein mentioned, in vain. Though much of Kingston's tale is apocryphal, in face of this preface, we cannot doubt the information in this book when it directly concerns the galley, even though the *mise-en-scène*, nationality of the rovers and date of cruise have been changed. Therefore, though never using this book when more reliable information was to be found, and only taking advantage of it for the barest facts bereft of detail and subjecting *their* credibility to the closest scrutiny, we may feel reasonably sure that in what follows we have not departed from the truth of Captain Massey's adventure.

It is to be wished that this yarn could be spun in the sailorly speech of *The Ouzel's* captain. Or, failing that, in the Elizabethan English of Hakluyt. But their day is not our day, so we must trim our sails with what hands we have and, close-hauled, tack against our flood of difficulty as best suits our little wind and uncertain weather.

Leaving England alea, with a good top-gallant-sail breeze, *The Ouzel* made good passage, by the Bretonne coast, until, we may presume, she met the treacherous waters of Biscay. Here came trouble—Did they shoot the Albatross? Or did they sail of a Friday? Or had some ill-boding cat cast her sable form athwart her master's feet? Who knows? But this we know: that here ten of her crew fell sick—very sick—though not more ill than the fortune that was to dog the vessel. We must depend on similar happenings as related by Esquemeling and Dampier to enable us to reconstruct our details of this embarrassment.

Perhaps the crew had scurvy, or, as might be said at that day, they were plague-stricken—perhaps infected with the Italian disease the Faculty named *Influenza Cananae*. This as it may be, it necessitated the galley making port. Here they landed their sick, probably placing them under the care of some Order of Friars who mortified their flesh by caring for the bodies of others.

Captain Massey was now short handed. Nor could all his energy or impatience procure for him additional crew, since the press-gangs had combed the city before his arrival. This was a galling position for an earnest man, proud of his first command, to meet so early on a voyage. He was almost in

despair and had almost made up his mind to the dangerous course of sailing undermanned when, on a day, ten Moorish seamen presented themselves at the quay. They were eagerly signed on. Had Massey's judgment been unwarped by his consuming desire to be on his way this apparently happy coincidence would have given him food for thought. But it is an old hand that cuts a stick at the commencement of a journey. Impatience defeated prudence, so that the men were no sooner aboard than the yards were squared and *The Ouzel* stood on her course for the Mediterranean.

Over *Mare Nostrum* all the winds that blow seem to carry with them the breath of romantic age like the perfume of an ancient cedar-chest. The warm winds that blew out of Africa, that day, driving the galley on her south-eastern course had in them the languor of a Scherazade, bringing with them no emotion save a nodding comfort to the crew and the glimpse of a sail astern. Warm fell the velvet of the Mediterranean night over a sun-drunk sea, obscuring all from sight but the galley's sail made luminous by a star-freckled sky.

At dawn, when the sun had swept the crescent moon from her path, was disclosed to the windward a dark and rakish brig, every stitch of canvas set, treading *The Ouzel's* wake. One glance told the Captain her character and business. A pirate—an Algerine corsair—followed him with evil intent. Soon her flag could be discerned—a red and white ensign, charged with a blue crescent. Massey at once took action. He called the bo'sun at once to pipe the men to quarters. Sharp orders, and in a moment the crew were in the ratlines, in the cross-trees, shaking out reefs and spreading sail with such prodigality as to put *The Ouzel's* masts in imminent danger. The ship became alive with ordered haste: men strained at the braces, cannon were loosed from their lashings and run out, hatches opened, and from them were brought ball, chain and canister to be stacked by the guns. Muskets, pistols and cutlasses were served out to the excited men. Over all the bo'sun piped, and Captain Massey, leaning on the taffrail, viewed impassively, it seemed, the pursuing craft. It was obvious that she was the faster vessel. If the wind held, a long starboard tack would bring her bow-chasers within range of the galley. Eoghan Massey was not ignorant of the ways of these Gentlemen-of-Fortune. He knew them at home. Was it not remembered that Algerine pirates entered Cork harbour in 1635, raided the city and sold some of the inhabitants into

slavery? Had not some English pirates built a fortress at Leamcon, nigh on Mizzen Head, and, from their anchorage in Roaring Water Bay, ravaged shipping in Irish waters? Ay, well did he know the danger that threatened when Crescent-moon or Jolly Roger flouted the breeze.

Suddenly a cry of "*Doghadh—doghadh!*"* burst from *The Ouzel's* crew. No more terrifying cry could be heard in those days of the wooden ships. The carpenter was ordered to the hold, and returned at once to report that indeed there was fire. Smoke could be seen issuing from the housing of the foremast. At this dire discovery Massey left the bridge and plunged through the fumes; reaching the hold, he found the steppings of the mast ablaze. Rapidly he formed the crew into a human chain, by which water-buckets were passed from hand to hand to the seat of the fire. They worked with such will that soon it was extinguished. Too late. The weight of sail and wind brought the weakened mast crashing down athwart her bows. In a moment the larboard watch, axe in hand, under the mate's command, were frenziedly hacking the ship free of the wreckage now so sadly impairing her speed—acting, indeed, as a sea-anchor. At this point it was observed that the Moorish members of the crew did not bear a hand in these emergencies, but clustered around the main-mast, weapons in hand. Suddenly one of their number mounted the rigging and was seen to wave in signal to the pursuing vessel. Too late did Captain Massey realise that he had treachery aboard.

The pirate brigantine was now within range. Her first volley did little damage beyond leaving jagged holes in *The Ouzel's* canvas. Eoghan Massey returned the fire with a broadside. The foremast splintered and yards fell crashing on the Algerine's deck, rigging was torn and, most important, a gaping hole was seen near her bows just above her water-line. But, putting her helm hard aport, the pirate bore down upon the galley.

The sound of a brazen trumpet was heard calling the Moors to quarters. Soon the dark and turbaned faces of her crew could be seen: faces ablaze with excitement and hate. Faces stern, perhaps with the memory of victorious Sultan Suleyman, the Magnificent, or revengeful, with the defeats of Boabadilla, *El Chico* (The Unfortunate) or resolved from the splendour of *El Zagel*;

* "Fire—fire!"

faces sad ; perhaps for the music of the Alhambra's fountains, which had murmured cool peacefulness in Granada's noon, now silent to them forever.

The vessels crashed gunwale to gunwale. Grappling irons were made fast. At a signal, the Moorish members of *The Ouzel's* crew swept down on their shipmates. From the pirate swarmed a boarding party, scimitars in hand. With high-pitched shouts of *Allah-ul-Allah—Allah akbar* they fell upon the sorely pressed crew of *The Ouzel*. The result of such a conflict was certain. Gradually, in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle, the galley crew lost ground to make their last stand by the poop. Eoghan Massey and his men, attacked from within and without, fought with Irish dash and bravery, but with mere numbers were submerged as the winter waters flood the rocks of their homeland beach.

When the tide of battle ebbed and found its calm, many a turbaned figure lay in terrible impassivity on the deck. *The Ouzel's* men, too, had paid toll to bravery as here and there a motionless figure bore mute testimony. With dramatic suddenness, the quiet sounds of nature, released from the clash of conflict, returned to the ear with a curious effect of reproach. Water and wind and bird seemed saddened then and a little weary.

The survivors were assembled, arms pinioned, in a disconsolate group before the grim leader of their captors. The *Bashá* looked at them for a moment with the indifference of one whose business of life was death and rapine ; then silently signalled to their guards to remove them. Meanwhile, the Algerine brigantine was sinking. The Moors decided to desert their ship. With feverish activity they transhipped their booty and stores to *The Ouzel* galley. The unfortunate captives were forced into the hold. Soon the screech of block, the crack of canvas and the monotonous, minor halyard-song of Moors, chanting from the Koran, informed them that the galley was getting under way. Heading South, she treaded a course until she dropped anchor in the freebooters' haunt hidden in an inlet of the North African coast.

Here Eoghan Massey and what remained of his crew were kept in captivity. We do not know, and shall never know, how these men of Dublin spent their time, of how they eat or slept or thought while round about them the African jungle breathed its perpetual menace. But of one thing we may be certain : that they dreamed—that they were forever dreaming—of escape,

perhaps of revenge, but most intensely of those little houses that held their "all" by the waters of the *Abhann na Life*.*

During the period of their captivity, *The Ouzel* galley, with the disgraceful ensign of piracy at her peak, scoured the sea with the insatiable hunger for prey of the dark-winged cormorant. Doubtless her appearance of an intense respectability in which she reflected the character of her owners, Messrs. Ferris, Twigg & Cash, rendered her an admirable decoy for the unwary. However that may be, her cruise was filled with dark adventure, as many a scuttled ship bore witness, and many a widow had cause to curse *The Ouzel* of Dublin. But to the pirates there was profit, huge profit, for her holds they filled to their coamings with the filched wealth of the Indies.

It is not clear why the corsairs allowed their Irish captives to live. Most probably they were reserved for barter beneath the minarets in the sun-baked slave-mart of white Algiers.

But Irishmen are awkward folk to keep behind bars. Captain Massey was not idle. He dreamed a dream, he wrought a plot and with native bravery and wit put it into execution. The account of the affair by Kingston (at this point unfortunately our sole guide) can hardly be held as credible either in point of law or of human nature. So we must assume, in the light of the habits of piratical gentlemen the knowledge of which we thank such admirable writers as Shelvocke, Cook and De Lussan, that the following is what fairly certainly occurred :

Massey and his men held frequent conferences in which plans were suggested. Each kept the others' spirits up by such sayings as "*Is maith an Sgéalaidhe an aimsir*."† And indeed Time would tell, and tell very soon, for it was at this moment the captain conceived his scheme. By observation, judgment and cool daring, they obtained arms while their captors slept. These they hid. Then one night, when the aged moon had lost its light, *The Ouzel* galley lay at anchor on the dim waters of the bay. Aboard there was but a skeleton crew, for most of her men, reckless with plunder, were ashore, carousing with the *Bashá*. Conditions were perfect for the enterprise. Stealing to the beach, the Irishmen cut loose all the shore boats, save two, and set them adrift in the ebbing tide. With infinite caution they boarded the retained two. Pushing off, oars muffled, they crept towards the galley.

* River Liffey.

† Time is a good story teller.

Nothing was to be heard but the sounds of an African night. The barking of ape, the hag-scream of hyena or the coughing roar of lion, but served to harden the men in their resolution. At hand, the only sounds evident were the soft creak of rowlock and the heavy breathing of men. Like twin-grey wraiths, the boats stole to *The Ouzel's* side. The men listened a minute. Then, noiselessly, up her chains they swarmed. They had reached the deck before the sleeping guard was aware of them. Then the night's silence was torn like parting silk. With terrifying shouts of "*Measaigh Abú!—Measaigh Abú!*"* Irish skean met Damascan blade. The tide of battle waxed and waned from bow to stern, but the result was inevitable. Surprise, terror of night and relentlessness of attack proved disastrous to the Moors. Several were killed, others jumped overboard; some of these failed to reach shore, while of those that did we may assume, in the best Stevenson tradition, that "drink and the devil" secured them a suitable end.

The noise of the conflict made the pirate crew ashore aware of what was passing. They raged on the beach, firing the while ineffective volleys at the galley. But *The Ouzel* crew turned the ship's guns on the impotent pirates and prevented them from executing any plan of counter-attack. In hardly less time than it takes to relate, Captain Massey wared ship and headed her for the open sea. With her yards squared and her sweeps assisting, at once Ireland seemed very near to *The Ouzel*.

It appears to have been decided that, having such a rich cargo aboard, it would be risky to make port; so without delaying to even careen or bream the vessel, or as much as to look for further crew, Captain Massey set a direct course for Dublin. Whether Fortune repented of all the foul weather and scurvy tricks she had seen fit to indulge in or no, she now smiled on *The Ouzel* galley. With a steady topsail breeze and a following sea, that continued from day to day, the ship ploughed her furrow, leaving the crew nothing to do but watch her foaming wake and dream of home.

She made the Liffey estuary in the year 1700. Before the crew, as they passed the Harbour Beacon, lay the City of the Dark Pool. Around them a dropping wind, the sounds of the shore-spent sea, and the gannets crying and plunging; before them the spires of the twin Cathedrals drowsed in the morning light

* For Massey! For Massey!

softened by the gentle blue curving of the hills of home—sunlight, home and security; well may they be envied that moment for savouring a wine of such mingling. Comprehension of this stilled every voice, so that when the galley lay again by the wharf on the *Abhann na Life** no voice sang. In the hold, plate softly clinked on goblet, each worth a noble's ransom; not less rich a hoard this than that of Masfield's:

“Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shore,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topaz, and cinnamon, and gold *moidores*.”

And so endeth the Captain's tale.

THE SOCIETY.

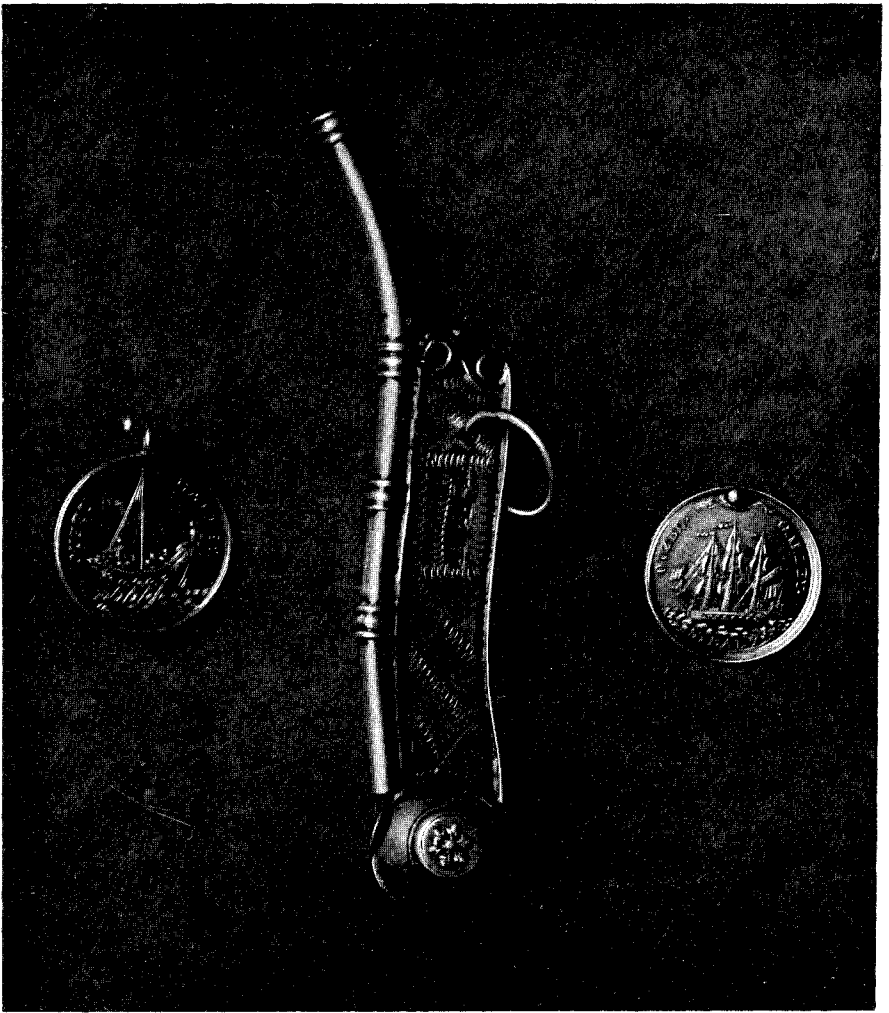
§ ii.

When the shouting and the tumult had subsided and *The Ouzel* galley's return had become yesterday's news, a problem, that was to have far-reaching results, presented itself to the City. To whom did the pirate loot aboard the galley belong? It was argued that it could not belong to Messrs. Ferris, Twigg & Cash, because they had been fully compensated for their loss by the underwriters. Nor could it belong to the insurers since the ship and her original cargo were all that their contract had covered. Nor could it belong to the crew since the prize had not been acquired under Letters-of-Marque in action against the pirates. After much argument and scratching of wigs, it was decided that the machinery of the Law must be put in motion.

An action, of which now, unfortunately, there is no record, was started in that same year of 1700. Such was the cumbrousness and lack of adaptability of law then to mercantile problems that it surprised no one when month followed month without any apparent hope of settlement being reached.

About 1705 an atmosphere of unrest and dissatisfaction became manifest in the precincts of the Tholsel. The merchant-burghers and Aldermen of the City became obsessed by the fear that,

* River Liffey.



THE BOATSWAIN'S WHISTLE OF THE OUZEL GALLEY SOCIETY

MEDAL OF THE OUZEL GALLEY SOCIETY



if this law case was allowed to proceed to its logical conclusion, no one would be a whit the better off as a result of the pirate windfall except the lawyers. They felt that this was not as it should be. With a decision and resolution which these gentlemen never seemed to lack, they met, debated and concluded that they could best settle this business for themselves. No sooner was this conclusion reached than it was acted upon.

An Arbitration Court was formed (we may well imagine that Messrs. Ferris, Twigg & Cash were enthusiastic supporters owing to their previous success before such a tribunal), and the work was pushed forward with great energy. What records we have indicate that success followed their efforts so closely that they succeeded in doing in a matter of weeks what the Courts by the Law appointed had not done in years: *viz.*, reached a conclusion. It was resolved that the entire of the pirate's booty would form a fund for the alleviation of poverty amongst the merchants of Dublin.

So great was their satisfaction at this victory of arbitration over litigation and their admiration of themselves and each other that these merchants forthwith decided to band themselves together into a permanent body for the settlement of commercial disputes, for the management of the charitable funds aforesaid, and lastly—for even staid old merchants must sometimes assume the jester's cap—a convivial, dining club. All these activities were to have their being under the title "The Ouzel Galley Society." This Society first saw the light in 1705, with Tracy, as reward of loyalty, its first captain.

The following is the quaint official preamble :

"For the Arbitration of all disputes to them referred relating to Trade and Commerce, the expenses whereof are apportioned to the benefit of decayed merchants."

On the 1st day of August, 1799, a Committee was appointed to enquire into, and prepare, a declaration of the Rules, Orders and Customs of the Galley ; this having been rendered necessary by the destruction of the earlier books of the Society.

As will be seen in the following extracts from the Rules and Regulations copied from an original and rare booklet dated 1859, these old gentlemen, who probably never set foot on a deck in their lives, delighted to emphasise by their assumed titles the nautical character of their Society.

" 1754., Nov. 4th. ORDERED— That the Carpenter do provide

a Silver Whistle for the Boatswain, and that it be determined at the next meeting by whom the expense shall be paid.

1755, Nov. 4th. ORDERED—That the cost of the Silver Whistle provided for and this day given to the Boatswain be paid for by the Bursar."

(NOTE.—The present owner of this whistle is Commander Chaigneau Colvill, R.N., of Howth, by whose courtesy I was privileged to see his family papers relating to the Galley. His father, James Chaigneau Colvill, Esq., of Coolock, Lieutenant of Galley Society at its dissolution and acting Captain of Society owing to death of Captain George Pim in 1858, during his term of office, was presented with Whistle and Goblet. The latter he presented to the Governors of Bank of Ireland.) To continue the Society's resolutions :—

" 1760, June 23rd. It having been proposed for the honour of this Galley, it should be a rule of the future admission of any new Hand, that such person as the Captain shall propose be ballotted for, and shall not be admitted without having a majority consisting of two-thirds of the Officers and Hands present at such election.

1770, Nov. 5th. ORDERED—That the Members of this Galley shall for the future wear a Medal, and that a committee be appointed to design and provide the same.

1772, July 13th. ORDERED—That it be an instruction to the Committee appointed at the meeting of the Galley on the 5th day of November, 1770, that the Medal be made of gold.

That on one side of the Medal the "Ouzel Galley" be represented, and the motto, "Steady."

That on the reverse be represented the figure of "Equity," with the motto, "*Quique Suum.*"

(NOTE.—Two medals were struck at different periods. That acquired by the Royal Irish Academy is believed to be from the design of Parke, the Dublin architect. It shows full-rigged ship, with the figure of Equity with the balance in her hand. The other, one of which is the property of Mr. E. R. McDonnell, solicitor, of Dublin, who kindly permitted me to photograph it, shows Equity with the balance over her head and, on the obverse, a fanciful galley. The Ouzel Galley motif was used for the medal made to the order of Mr. William M. Murphy for the President of Chamber of Commerce in 1913. The Chamber owes its existence largely to the influence of the Society, and

the hall-porters' buttons to this day show a representation of the vessel.)

" 1774, April 16th. RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY—That each Member shall for the future pay One Guinea annually towards the ordinary wear and tear of the Galley, to commence from the 12th of July next, and to continue so long as the Captain and Officers shall think necessary; it being the intention that all the money that shall be received for determining differences, be applied to charitable purposes."

REPORT.

" There are two distinct subjects referred to Your Committee; *viz.*: To inquire into and prepare a declaration of the Rules, Orders and Customs of the Galley, and also such further Rules and Orders as might be deemed necessary in respect to the general constitution thereof.

" And secondly, to inquire into and report such further Rules and Orders as might be deemed necessary in respect to future references.

" On the first head of the subject matter to them referred, your Committee have blended together the actual Rules, Orders and Customs of the Galley, with such further Rules and Orders as appear to them desirable to be adopted, and report as follows, *viz.*:

COMMENCEMENT OF RULES.—" The Ouzel Galley consists of a number of Members not exceeding forty."

(NOTE.—The members being great sticklers for tradition, this was probably the number of the original ship's crew.)

" The officers are the Captain, two Lieutenants, Master, Bursar, Boatswain, Gunner, Carpenter, Master's Mate, Coxswain, Boat-swain's Mate, Gunner's Mate, and Carpenter's Mate, of whom the Captain, two Lieutenants, Master, Bursar, Boatswain, Gunner and Carpenter should form the Council.

" The Galley has three Annual Meetings, which appear to have been usually held on the 16th of April, the 12th of July or 1st of August, and the 4th November; but these days have been very frequently changed for other days in the same, and even in other months at the discretion of the Captain.

" The Captain or, in his absence, the Senior Officer on board, has supreme command at every Meeting of the Galley, and any disobedience to him is mutiny.

“The business of the Galley is transacted at the Meeting in November, for which purpose the Council should meet at half-past Three o’Clock, and the Members at Four o’Clock.”

(NOTE.—It will be observed that at the only *real* business meeting of the year the crew met *before* dinner. Students of human nature, these merchants !)

“No person to be ballotted for as a Member, but such as shall be nominated for that purpose by the Captain or Commanding Officer, with the approbation of the Council, and a list of the persons to be ballotted for should be exhibited in the room before dinner.

“The ballot for *Officers* should take place before dinner, and that for new Members after dinner.

“No ballot should take place unless sixteen Members at the least be present.

“In the ballot for *Officers* a majority of the Members present elects.

“In the ballot for new Members one black ball out of four excludes.

“At each meeting the Captain appoints the junior Member present to be Commissary of Stores ; his duty is to take an account of the wine, and examine the bill, which done, the Captain or Commanding Officer certifies it to the Bursar for payment.

“The Annual Subscription is one Guinea, which ought to be increased if so required by the Council ; such requisition to be first agreed by a majority of the Members present after dinner, at the November Meeting.”

(NOTE.—This subscription was, in fact, raised to £1 11s. 6d. in 1801, “it appearing by the bursar’s accounts that the subscription of £1 1s. od. per annum is insufficient to pay for Annual dinners.”)

“All expenses of the Galley are paid by the Subscription Fund.

RULES AS TO ARBITRATIONS.

“It is the duty of all Members of the Galley to sit as Arbitrators in the settlement of any matter in dispute to them referred, provided all the Arbitrators chosen are Members of the Galley.”

(NOTE.—The Galley is stated to have dealt with matter of great magnitude. It made 364 awards between 1799–1869.)

“Parties are not to make any personal application whatsoever to Members of the Galley, either respecting their appointment as Arbitrators, or the subject of the matter in dispute. Respecting the appointment, the parties, after they have chosen Arbitrators, are to acquaint the Registrar, whose duty it is to inform the Members chosen; and respecting the matter in dispute, it must be spoken of before the Arbitrators, only in presence of the parties or their agents; or where cases or evidence in writing are submitted, they must be transmitted, sealed up, through the hands of the Registrar.

“The parties referring matters to arbitration are to deposit with the Registrar a sum of money to insure the payment of the Galley Fees, which are appropriated, after payment of the costs of the award, to a charitable fund.

“Parties to have the choice of their Arbitrators; but the Arbitrators, in all cases, to have the appointment of an Umpire, if necessary.

In the last quarter of the Eighteenth Century the Irish people were receiving their first instruction in Constitutional agitation. Under Grattan one section of the people were free to clamour for self-government, and their agitation had procured a meed of freedom. The first link in the chain was thus broken. That this parliament did not represent more than a fraction of the people is true, that they were a colonial parliament is true, that they were a sectarian parliament is true, but it is also true that they were a parliament who demanded the right of unfettered action and proclaimed the illegality of any government making laws for Ireland except that of the Irish People. The importance of this resolution need not be emphasised. The self-respect it engendered showed itself in Dublin by the rebuilding of a great part of the city and bestowing on it many of the buildings which are still our pride. It showed itself by the erection of numerous mills throughout the country, whose ruins to-day remind us of a light that failed. It showed itself in the wealth that paraded in Gardiner's Mall, in the Rotunda Gardens, and later in Ranelagh. It showed its weakness in that it was a government of minority for a minority, the fallacy of such a policy being driven pointedly home by the tragedy of the Act of Union.

It was, however, at this period that the Ouzel Galley Society enjoyed its halcyon days. Despite its rules, it met when and where the Captain commanded. Until the beginning of the

Nineteenth Century it held its meetings in numerous taverns throughout the city, a list of which is given in an appendix to this book.

In order to get some idea of the "immemorial customs of the Galley," we will reconstruct such a meeting. We will preserve the correct names of those present, give the customs, the time and procedure as accurately as the records permit. The place, then, "The Rose and Bottle Tavern," in Dame Street, which Gilbert states the Society used "on political occasions."

The 16th November, 1791, at 3.30 of the clock, was as dismal an afternoon as may be. Dame Street oozed icy moisture. The horses drawing the great coaches shone like the polished animals of a Noah's Ark. The coachmen resembled Tibetan Lamas in their multitudes of garments. Gentlemen riding their horses shrunk their necks into their many-caped coats. The bearers of sedan-chairs hurried through the mud, more quarrelsome than ever because of the cold. The windows streamed with beaded moisture so that none could see through them the preparations within "The Rose and Bottle Tavern" for the distinguished guests who were now arriving. What a contrast was this interior with the outside world. Great logs, resting on fire-dogs, sent their heat radiating through the candle-lit rooms. In the kitchen, jovial joints were receiving their final basting as they revolved slowly on mechanical spits. Warmth, light and the remote perfume of cooking stole among the guests grouped about the common-room. Silk-tied wigs, flowered waistcoats, paduasoy coats and taffeta knee-breeches vied with each other in coloured splendour. The graceful handling of snuff-box, quizzing-glass and laced handkerchief, proved their owners members of the fashionable world. But, make no mistake, these were no ruffling bucks or pinkindies: they were the merchant princes of Dublin, as little inferior to the lords in station as they were superior to them in morals. Slow to quarrel, but with Honour sensitive enough to slight as to render every man of them familiar with the Tipperary Code and the chill of rapier or pistol at dawn in the Fifteen Acres. Around the neck of each guest hung The Ouzel Galley Society membership medal pendant on its orange ribbon.

On arrival, each guest gave his hat, cloak and rapier to a lackey and dropped into a guarded box a folded paper. This night a new Captain of the Galley was to be elected. The guest then proceeded to make his bow to the outgoing Captain—

Theophilus Thompson—who stood in a prominent position by the fire. In a short time the whole crew of forty members were collected, and servants served to them unchilled Madeira in long-stemmed, Jacobean-styled glasses from Waterford.

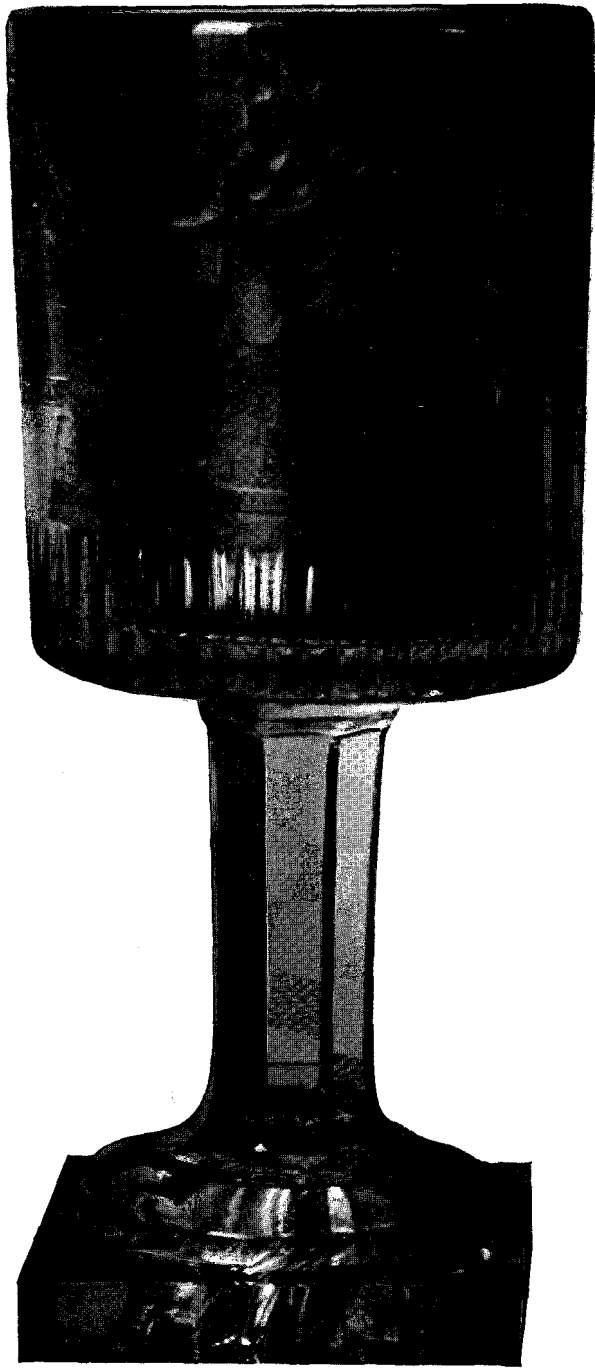
At the command of the Captain the routine business was commenced. The secretary—Mr. Robert Deey—read the minutes of the last meeting in the uninterested voice common to secretaries. He was followed by the Bursar—Mr. John Sutton—who, in the atmosphere of gloom typical of bursars, stated the position of the Subscription Fund (as unsatisfactory as usual) and of the Charitable Fund (wasted, he thought, as was the custom), Mr. Deey then came forward, for a second session, in which he gave notice of pending arbitrations, their purpose and cost. While this business was going forward, the counting of votes had absorbed the attention of Mr. Colville and a select company in another room. The great moment had arrived. The secretary handed a note to the Captain, and he, having carefully examined it through his eyeglasses, announced in solemn tones that their Captain-elect was none other than the respectable Mr. Travers Hartley himself. There followed a scene of genteel excitement, applause and congratulations. Mr. Travers Hartley stood out before the assembled crew. The great bumper of Dublin glass with the good ship *The Ouzel* graved on one side, on the other the figure of *Equity*, balance in hand, was filled to the brim. A tall flunkey, in white wig, blue coat, red britches and the customary bare legs and feet, presented it to the Captain-elect. It was an irrefragable rule of the Galley that, before one could qualify for rank of Captain, this bumper must be drained at one swallow. The company held its breath. But Mr. Hartley performed his task with noble efficiency. When the applause had subsided, he was ordered to come upon the quarter-deck, in this case represented by the hearth-rug, where he was faced by Theophilus Thompson and his officers. Mr. David Marston, the bo'sun, piped attention on his silver pipe, and the Captain in his deepest tones administered the following oath: "I, Travers Hartley, do swear that I will be faithful to our Sovereign Lord, King George the Third; and to his Galley, entrusted to my command, I will to the best of my power defend against all pirates by sea and land; the rules and orders established on board, I will see observed to the utmost of my power; and justice administered to the crew; and to all who put any freight on board, I will continue to be a good fellow and as long as I can, hearty and

merry." Renewed applause, congratulations, bows and enthusiasm made everything as pleasant and good-humoured as a summer day.

As the great clock chimed four o'clock, the Captain ordered the bo'sun to pipe away the crew for the really important business of the day: Dinner. As merrily as wedding-bells went Mr. Marston's pipe as the crew, in order of precedence, streamed into the Adam's-style dining room. Here, amidst a soft blaze of candlelight, was prepared a gargantuan meal. The sideboard groaned with weight of capons, hams, joints and game *go leor*.^{*} The lights, reflected from Dundalk damask, winked green and blue from Irish glass and threw into relief the labels of the army of thick-necked cut decanters, until it lost itself in the soft glow of the silver wrought by some cunning hand such as that of Master Thomas Nicklin, himself. In the centre of the table, on its *repussé* dish-ring, rested an enormous tureen of soup which was to give place later to the potatoes and, finally, in triumph, to the punch-bowl. What a noble company they looked! Almost as if a collection of Hamilton portraits had come to life. Now, as member pledged member and the decanter followed the sun around the table, quip and jest and laughter grew fast and furious. And why for not? Even the grave and reverend seniors of the city must, on occasion, cast their solemnity with their furry, civic robes, and play by times.

Alderman John Macarell, who for some reason I conceive to have been a bore, had a grievance. That in 1752 he had had painted, at his own expense, a picture of *The Ouzel* galley, and had presented same to this Honourable Society, and that a consummate rogue, an innkeeper in whose tavern the Galley had went to meet had promised to (in his own words), "Put it in the great room of my house." He had done this to such purpose that no power had since been able to obtain it for its rightful owners. Doubtlessly, the good Alderman expressed a wish that this false dealer in wine had hanged himself before the picture. The poor Macarell would have been apoplectic had he known that his picture of the good ship, with her James I ensign showing so bravely, was to be retained by this knave until 1870, and this despite the appointment of a committee who made attempts to obtain it in July, 1772. Certainly the Alderman knew the name of the artist who painted this picture, but we do not. But Dublin still has it, hanging now in the members' room of the Chamber of Commerce.

^{*} In plenty.



THE IRISH GLASS GOBLET OF THE OUZEL GALLEY SOCIETY

One feels it likely that it was Joshua Pim, who, bored by Macarell, and waxing expansive from genial living, aired the feelings of all present when he praised the two outstanding achievements of Galley influence. And, Gentlemen, he had reason to be proud. Had not this influence helped to build for their city the Royal Exchange in 1761 and formed for them in 1783 the Chamber of Commerce through their power in the Guild of Merchants? Oh, it is true, Gentlemen, that we owe the inception of the idea for our Exchange to the indignation aroused by that inhuman monster Thomas Allen. You all remember, of course, that, when he was appointed in 1763 to that sinecure and heavenly office of Taster of Wines for the city, he showed his craven spirit by endeavouring to impose a personal tax of two shillings per tun on all wines. Our wines! Of a surety this was more than human flesh could endure. We fought him and *won*, and, as all the world knows, with what remained of our sinews of war, added to the amiable Dr. Charles Lucas' grant of £13,500 obtained from our Parliament, we built that Temple of Trade on Cork Hill. It must be said, and now seriously said, that The Ouzel Galley Society laid the foundation of all modern commerce for Dublin City.

Time and the decanters sped on in their inexorable cycles. The dinner ended and nuts and fruit showed their genial faces. The new Captain (seated Navy fashion, though there was no bulkhead here on which to crack his skull) proposed the health of King George III—who indeed, poor man, needed all the health, physical and mental, that could be wished him. Amidst toasts and the exchange of snuff-boxes, to Mr. Joseph Lynam, the lieutenant, as befitting his rank, we feel sure fell “the honour of proposing long life and prosperous cruising to the Antient Ouzel Galley Society,” coupled with the name of the immortal Bard of Avon, who paid honour to “The Woosel-cocke, so black of hew, with orange-tawney bill”—Might they always prove as merry as that bird, but have warranty for ever for their watch-word “Steady.” This toast was drunk by all with the greatest enthusiasm: even the servants joining in the applause. After a short period of conversation, a toast and a proposal of very different character was put to the company. It seems certain from a knowledge of his character, and from the fact that he was Grattan's friend and one of the “Five Just Men,” that it was David La Touche who proposed it. It was an exact reiteration of the toast of 16th April, 1782. “Long life and

success to the Honourable Henry Grattan and his policy of National Independence. That The Ouzel Galley Society stand behind him to a man, and that they were 'unanimously resolved that the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland are solely competent to make laws for the government thereof.'" Long and serious cheering followed this resolution and, after it, a few moments' silence as of men deeply moved.

The gaiety, which at this serious interlude had left the party, now returned, strengthened by its absence. Port, which before had served to brighten National resolve, now lent itself to warm the bonds of more personal friendships. Some talked of Swift, of a mind that etched the grief of injustice in unyielding steel—a mind that knew no brightening save when lighted by a single star. Others, who saw not the writing on the wall, laughed at the "coffin-plate" smile of Pitt. But no subject lasted long. Eyes brightened till the Chinese figures on the Delamaine punch-bowl, helped by the candle-light, seemed to dance in a manner altogether delightful. We do not know if they had music at these festivals, but a certain knowledge of our fellow-men convinces us that they had. Perhaps the tinkle of a spinet gave background to song in praise of punch-bowl, of hound, or of the grief caused by a too reticent lady. Shades of Fletcher and Ben Jonson! Time passed unheeded, and that personification of Time, the Night-watch, with lanthorn and pike, cried out to an unheeding world: "Nine o'clock and a stormy night. All's well." Only the ostlers, the coachman, the link-boys, and the porters of sedan-chairs knew when or how the worthy burghers returned to their beds. Such people are taciturn and keep not a housewife's eye on history's clock; hence, the party ending—the rest is silence.

That the Society continued on its way in undimmed vigour is shown by its influence erecting the Commercial Buildings in Dame Street in 1799. In the delightful Court at the reere of these chambers during the Nineteenth Century the Society frequently met—a fact immortalised by the bas-relief representation of the ship over its southern door. The entry nearest this sculpture in the western wall marks the office of the Galley. It is now occupied by The Federated Employers, Ltd. On this door many still remember a brass-plate bearing the inscription: "The Ouzel Galley." Subsequently the Society's activities were solely those of settling mercantile disputes of considerable magnitude and equally large dinners. It is no

wonder that the Society's reputation stood high, seeing that it ministered to the great virtues: Charity, Justice and Good-fellowship.

Into our world stalked the Nineteenth Century. With it came the Act of Union, loss of trade, pestilence, famines and the reduction of the remnant of a proud nation to the position of a poor relation. Of yore, men had starved and died; now they still starved and died, but not until they had been degraded first. *Sic gloria transit urbis*. Our city swarmed with the little men who grovelled for the little posts that sufficed their little pride. The colonial lords had fled the country with their wages of treachery and perjury tight-clutched. The great houses of our city stood empty, and were so to stand, until filled with poverty their founders' perfidy had secured. The industries, under the beneficence of Free Trade, were deserted, and those who had made Ireland rich sailed away to build up England's greatest trade rival at the furthest limits of the Atlantic Sea.

Out of this welter of disillusion and despair rose two figures. Father Mathew and O'Connell. Grattan had taught the dignity of Justice, Mathew was to teach the National Freedom of personal mastery, O'Connell was to forge the weapon of legal offensive and non-cöperation. Harried by death, desolation, famine and emigration, the stricken Nation struggled by these means to its feet, and showed that it still lived ideally by its struggles in abortive revolutions. But an Ireland of ideas was being born; with the group that surrounded O'Donovan, O'Curry, Petrie and Stokes a renaissance was taking place—a new Ireland was issuing from the ashes of the ancient nation.

But, with the growth of the new ideas, our Ouzel Galley Society was growing old. Its age was made manifest by its increasing dislike for work and its increasing love for the pleasures of the table. But there is reason for everything, even decrepitude, and the cause of the hastened senility of the Ouzel Galley was prosaic enough. As has been said, the *raison d'être* of the Society was the lack of adaptability of Common Law to the needs of commercial life. This defect was now rectified. In 1813 was passed an Act—53 George III, cap. 159—which, among other enactments, limited the responsibilities of ship-owners to the value of their ships. This Act was implemented and simplified by the Common Law Procedure Act, 1865. So the Ouzel Galley's day's work was done; it retired to the fireside, nodding of age,

to spend the evening of its life with its knees beneath its garrulous dining-board.

On the 21st day of January, 1888, we find the solicitors of the Ouzel Galley Society issuing a notice to the Charity Commissioners of that day of their intention to institute a Suit in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice in Ireland to administer the funds of the said Society. The following passages are excerpts from a Statement dated 1887 appended to this notice, and give, only too plainly, a description of the decay that had taken place :

“ During the past five or six years the Society appears to be generally declining. The meetings and dinners are nearly ceased and the vacancies have not been filled up, also Arbitrations are seldom called for.

“ The only Officers present of the Galley are :

“ William Jameson 1st Lieutenant.

“ George Kinahan Bursar.

“ The funds of the Society consist of £3,000 New 3% stock at present standing in the name of J. C. Colville [acting Captain according to Colvill family papers] and £300 New 3% stock in Mr. Kinahan’s name and about £50 in cash.

“ The money in the Stocks has been invested for nearly 20 years.

“ The last dinner of the members was held on the 1st June, 1880, and

“ The *last meeting of the Members* was held on the 8th July, 1884, with the exception of those in the present year hereinafter mentioned.

“ The resolution as to the funds being devoted to Charity, as mentioned, was not complied with, which accounts for the present large amount to the credit of the Society.

“ It may be mentioned that several Gentlemen whose names are on the list as members were elected at meetings at which only 8 or 9 persons were present.

“ On the 5th April last the Trustees had a meeting of the Galley called to consider as to the distribution of the funds and whether or not the Society should be dissolved. At which meeting a Committee was appointed to draw up a scheme for the distribution of the funds.

“ This Committee met on the 27th April and agreed to recommend a distribution of the funds.

“ On the 3rd June, 1887, the Galley met to receive the Report of the Committee and, in accordance with said report, passed the following resolutions :

“ 1. The sum of £2,300 to be divided equally among the following Charities :

The Hospital for Incurables.
 Sir Patrick Dun's.
 Jervis Street.
 Cork Street.
 City of Dublin and
Mater Misericordiæ Hospitals.

“ 2. That the sum of £1,000 be given to the Galley when re-constructed.

“ 3. That the foregoing resolutions be referred to the Law Agent to report how they should be carried into effect.

“ The Galley again met on the 7th June, 1887, and the Law Agent, having advised that the £1,000 mentioned by the said Committee to be handed over to the re-constituted Society could not be complied with, and that the entire funds should be dealt with, the following resolution was passed :

“ Ouzel Galley Society Meeting, 7th June, 1887.

“ Resolved—Having regard to the Law Agent's opinion that the handing over of the £1,000 to the Society is exceeding our Powers that Counsel's Opinion be taken on this point, and, in the event of his considering the allocation of the £1,000 to the Galley proposed to be re-constructed to be illegal, that the £1,000 be divided as recommended by the Committee in their report of 3rd June, 1887.

“ Proposed by John Jameson.

“ Seconded by M. Murphy.”

On the 8th day of November, 1887, the Galley again met to consider Counsel's opinion as to the allocation of the £1,000, when the following resolution was passed :

“ On reading Counsel's further opinion, dated 14th June, 1887: Resolved—That the £1,000 proposed to be allocated to a reconstructed Galley be distributed *pro rata* among the same Charities with the £2,300 mentioned in the resolution of the (undated) June, 1887.

“ Moved by T. Maxwell Hutton.

“ Seconded by John E. Barry.

J. C. Colville, *Chairman.*”

Under the foregoing circumstances the undersigned, acting for the Trustees and the said Society, make application to the Board for their opinion of the following points :

- 1st If the proposed distribution is within the rights of the Society.
- 2nd If there is any objection to the Trustees acting in accordance with the resolution above mentioned.

Dated this 15th day of November, 1887.

1888.—Redolent of Victorianism in Jubilee, of Sabbatical gentlemen in beards and tall hats from solemn suburbia, of the Land Acts, of the *Times* Commission and Pigott's death, of Parnell—most of all of Parnell—1888 saw a man and a movement at peak-point. The people of Ireland, who, since the time of Sydney, had complained more of ridicule than of any other suffering, protested in saying: "We are a proud and ancient race." Now ridicule smiled wryly (when it smiled at all) under the cold gaze of the steely-eyed man from Avoca. But he did more than insist on respect, much more. Having substituted dignity for servility, he gave that dignity the support it most needed—possession. The people saw before them the day when they would enter again into their fathers' heritage. The Land Acts were the repeal of Feudalism in Ireland. They were the negation of conquest, plantation and confiscation. Capel to Parnell—1695 to 1888—closed the blackest chapter in our history and saw the beginning and end of the cruise of *The Ouzel* galley and its Society.

The final scene took place in the Chancery Division of the Four Courts, Dublin. The cause, we think, was pleaded before Vice-Chancellor Chatterton, impatient, irritable and red-faced. The records are ashes and the Press of the day is silent. But we may be sure that the findings of the Court were in agreement with those narrated, and that the final distribution of the Funds took place in 1889, as stated in the Colvill papers. It was all a matter of dull business routine, with never a salute to the romance which now lay far behind. As man ends who has outlived his generation—has outstayed his welcome—as the play finishes that has failed its audience, the curtain fell on The Ouzel Galley Society, and did not rise again.

Sometimes standing on Butt Bridge when the sun was sinking behind the city's spires, its rays gilding Gandon's masterpiece

and turning the waters of *Abhann na Life** into the substance of dreams: down by the Place of Ships it seemed that the old galley sailed again. She seemed rocked by the winds of yesterday as gently as ever hand moved cradle. The oarsmen's song had given place now to a triumphant *suantraidhe*† sweetly soft. And why for not? Had not the old vessel cradled a new life to our city? May her vision not herald the same to our Nation?—An old Nation that shall be young again. An ancient ship whom age ennobled now gives a new significance to the Dublin Story.

“ It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows?
—And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
To see the mast burst open with a rose,
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.”

FINIS.

* River Liffey.

† Cradle song.

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11. John James McGregor: *The New Book of Dublin.*
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13. *Notice of Motion to Charity Commissioners of the day.*
14. Gilbert.: *History of Dublin.*
15. *Notes of Chamber from Commerce Year Book, 1917.*
Etc., etc.

NOTES

PAGE 9.—DAMPIER'S VOYAGE, 1703.

That staunch friend of our childhood, Robinson Crusoe (i.e., Alexander Selkirk) sailed with Dampier on this occasion.

* * *

PAGE 21.—MEDAL OF THE SOCIETY.

Two designs of medal are in existence. That of which an example is in the possession of the Royal Irish Academy is believed to have been the design of Parks, the Dublin architect who was responsible for the Commercial Buildings; it shows a full-rigged ship and, on the obverse, Equity with the balance in her hand. The other, one of which is the property of Mr. E. R. McDonnell of Dublin, shows a fanciful galley, and on the other side Equity, holding the balance over her head. The Ouzel Galley motif was used in the design of the President's Medal of the Chamber of Commerce, made to the order of Mr. William M. Murphy in 1912; the buttons of the hall-porters' uniforms show a representation of the vessel. It may be added that, almost a century ago, the uniformed "Beadle" in the courtyard of the Commercial Buildings bore a staff surmounted by a little brass model of a ship presumably the Ouzel Galley.

* * *

PAGE 21.—ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION TO THE SOCIETY.

A resolution of 11th November, 1801, reads:

"It appearing by the Bursar's accounts that the subscription of One Guinea per annum is insufficient to pay the annual dinners,

"RESOLVED—That the subscription in future be One Guinea and a-half.

"That the subscription by new Members on admission be increased to One Guinea and a-half, the same as the annual subscription."

But on 15th December, 1803, it was "RESOLVED—that each Member's annual subscription should be in future £2 5s. 6d."

A slight reduction was made later, for the annual subscription at the dissolution of the Society was two guineas.

* * *

PAGE 21.—NUMBER OF MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY.

As the Society were great sticklers for tradition, it is probable that forty was the number of the original crew of *The Ouzel*.

* * *

PAGE 23.—MEETING-PLACES OF THE SOCIETY.

The following meeting-places are recorded:—1748: The Phoenix Tavern, Werburgh Street. 1751: the Ship Tavern, Chapelizod. 1770: the Eagle Inn, Eustace Street. 1775: the Rose and Bottle, Dame Street. 1776: Power's Booterstown. 1796: Harrington's, Grafton Street. 1800: Atwell's Commercial Tavern, Dame Street. During the nineteenth century the Society dined at a variety of establishments, including Leech's Royal Hotel, Kildare Street; the Bilton Hotel, Sackville Street; Jude's Hotel, Grafton Street; Morrison's

Hotel, Dawson Street; the Commercial Buildings; Reynold's Hotel, Sackville Street; the Shelbourne Hotel; Parry's Hotel, Salthill; the Royal Marine Hotel, Kingstown, etc.

The following is a copy of an invitation, or order, to a dinner of the Society. It may be remarked that the title of "Secretary and Register" was that then in use; this was later altered to the more modern term: "Secretary and Registrar."

The Ancient Society of the Ouzel Galley

CUIQUE SUUM

The Captain, Officers, and Crew, of the OUZELL GALLEY, are to dine at Morrison's, on Thursday, the 20th March inst, at which the Annual Business will be transacted.

Any Proposition for the consideration of the Council, is to be lodged with the Captain, in Writing, on or before THURSDAY, the 13th of MARCH.

Should it be deemed expedient to fill vacancies in the Galley, the names of the Gentlemen recommended by the Council will be announced before Dinner.

Dinner to be on the Table at Six o'Clock.

By Order,

WILLIAM COSGRAVE, Jun.,
Secretary and Register.

March 3rd, 1828.

STEADY

The name of the Society here used is but one of five to be found in various places. The others are:—

THE OUZEL GALLEY. This is the one employed in and on the handbook of 1859.

THE OUZEL GALLEY SOCIETY. Probably the proper title.

OUZEL GALLEY CLUB. This appears upon a menu-card of the dinner, at the Shelbourne Hotel, 1st June, 1880.

OUZEL GALLEY ARBITRATION SOCIETY. This is the heading of the printed card setting forth the objects and usefulness of the Society, prepared to be hung up in such places as were frequented by those likely to be interested.

* * *

PAGE 24.—MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY.

The following list of the Members of the Ouzel Galley Society between 1748 and 1858 is extracted from the handbook of the Rules and Regulations, etc., dated 1859; of this booklet, which (as we learn from the pamphlet referred to on page 38) was compiled by the Registrar (Joseph Hone, elected 1857) and printed at his expense, a copy was sent to each Member then on the roll, and handed to each new Member elected.

A summary of the Rules of the Galley is given, prefaced by this remark: "*The Rules and Regulations under which THE OUZEL GALLEY was conducted must be collected from the Books after the date 1754, the earlier Books of Proceedings having been lost.*" This circumstance may, no doubt, be explained by the low state to which the Galley had, apparently, fallen about 1750—it will be observed that no fewer than fifteen new members were elected on 12th June, 1751, bringing the total of the Crew to thirty-eight.

A new Secretary was elected in July, 1754, and it may be that the books of his predecessors were never transferred to him. The want of records is, doubtless, the reason why no particulars of the membership previous to September, 1748, are available.

The following were admitted before 15th Septmeber, 1748:—Alderman PORTER, Thomas KIRKPATRICK, Thomas CORKER, Alderman NUTALL, George FLETCHER (*Secretary*), William DELAP, Charles HOWISON (*1st Lieutenant*, 1748, *Captain*, 1757), William DARQUIER (*Mate*, 1748, *Carpenter*, 1757), Joseph BROOKS (*Master*, 1748), Thomas FINLAY (*2nd Lt.*, 1748; “*put on half-pay 23rd June, 1775*”), Alderman DUNN, Sheriff Mathew WELD (*Coxswain*, 1754, *3rd Lt.*, 1755, *2nd Lt.*, 1757, *1st Lt.*, 1767, *Captain*, 1768), Thomas READ (*nd Lt.*, 1768, *1st Lt.*, 1772), John HUTCHINSON (*Coxswain*, 1748, *Boatswain*, 1754, *2nd Lt.*, 1755, *1st Lt.*, 1757), James Digges LA TOUCHE (*Boatswain*, 1748), James VAREILLES (*Bursar*, 1748), Alderman John MACARELL (*Captain*, 1748), Alderman HART (*3rd Lt.*, 1748), Sir Samuel COOKE, Coll MARTIN, Alderman Daniel COOKE, Alderman KANE, WILLIAM LENNOX.

The following fifteen were admitted on 12th June, 1751:—Alderman HORNBY, Peter BARRE, Hugh WHITE, Theophilus THOMPSON (*Boatswain's Mate*, 1755, *Gunner*, 1756, *2nd Lt.*, 1767, *1st Lt.*, 1768, *Captain*, 1772), William HURST (*Boatswain's Mate*, 1754, *Boatswain*, 1755, *Master*, 1757), George SIMPSON (*Coxswain*, 1755, *Master's Mate*, 1757), John MARSDEN (*Carpenter's Mate*, 1756, *Gunner's Mate*, 1757), George CARLETON (*Boatswain's Mate*, 1756, *Coxswain*, 1757), Ben JOHNSTON, Hugh KERR, William ALEXANDER, Robert MONTGOMERY (*Gunner's Mate*, 1756, *Boatswain's Mate*, 1757), Thomas BLAIR (*Gunner*, 1757), John PEMBERTON, Thomas BARTON.

The date immediately succeeding each of the following names is that of admission:—

Sie Petre WARREN, 1752; Warren JOHNSTON, 1752; William BRYAN 1752 (*Carpenter's Mate*, 1757); George MARTIN, 1752; Nathaniel CARD 1753; Thomas JEVERS, 1753; Benjamin JOHNSTON, elected *Secretary*, 12th July, 1754, in room of George Fletcher, deceased; George KNOX, 1754; Ellis PRICE, 1754; Martin KUYCK VAN MICROP, 1755; Robert JAFFREY, 1755 (*Gunner*, 1768, *2nd Lt.*, 1772); Jeremy DIGBY, 1756; Samuel SUMMERS, 1756; Albert GLADSTANES, 1756; John PIM Joshua, 1756; Thomas ALLAN, 1756; Michael CROMIE, 1756; Joseph FADE, 1757; Joseph FLETCHER, 1757 (*Boatswain*, 1767, *Master*, 1772, *2nd Lt.*, 1773, *1st Lt.*, 1780); Thomas THWAITES (elected *Secretary*, 4th November, 1757, in place of Benjamin Johnston, deceased); Thomas LIGHT, 1758 (*Honorary*); Anthony GREENE, 1758; Robert PATRICK, 1758; John CRUMP, 1759; William BARTON, 1762 (*Boatswain's Mate*, 1772); Travers HARTLEY, 1762 (*Boatswain's Mate*, 1770, *Boatswain*, 1772, *Master*, 1773, *2nd Lt.*, 1780, *1st Lt.*, 1783, *Captain*, 1791); Hosea COATES, 1763; William DUNN, 1763; George MAQUAY, 1764 (*Gunner*, 1772); Henry BEVAN, 1764 (*Carpenter*, 1773, *Boatswain*, 1780, *Master*, 1783, *2nd Lt.*, 1791, *1st Lt.*, 1796, *Captain*, 1799); John DAWSON, 1764; John HUNT, 1765; Benjamin GEALE, 1765; Alexander M'DONNELL, 1766 (*Carpenter*, 1780); Jos. LYNAM, 1766 (*Carpenter*, 1722, *Boatswain*, 1773, *Master*, 1780, *nd Lt.*, 1783, *1st Lt.*, 1791, *Captain*, 1796); David LA TOUCHE, 1768; Anthony GRAYSON, 1768; Joseph PIKE, 1768; Francis FETHERSTON, 1768; Samuel BOURSIGNOT, 1768 (*Assistant Secretary*, 1768); Edward STRETTLELL, 1769; Patrick BOYD, 1769; Robert MAGEE, 1770 (*Carpenter*, 1783, *Gunner*, 1791); Edmond WELD, 1770; James FROOD, 1770; William COLVILL, 1772 (*Carpenter*, 1799, *Gunner*, 1800, *Master*, 1803); Alexander JAFFRAY, 1772 (*Boatswain's Mate*, 1791); Samuel DICK, 1772 (*Boatswain's Mate*,

1780, *Boatswain*, 1783, *Master*, 1791, *2nd Lt.*, 1796, *1st Lt.*, 1799, *Captain*, 1800); George SUTTON junior, 1772 (*Master's Mate*, 1780, *Assistant Bursar*, 1783, *Bursar*, 1784); George BOYD, 1773; Ebenezer GEALE, 1773; Christopher DEEY, *Assistant Secretary* in place of Samuel Boursiquot, 16th April, 1774; Alderman TUCKER, 1776; John LA OUCHE, 1776; Joshua PIM, 1776 (*Carpenter*, 1791, *Boatswain*, 1796, *Master*, 1799, *2nd Lt.*, 1800, *Captain*, 1803); John PATRICK, 1778 (*Coxswain*, 1791, *Gunner*, 1799, *Boatswain*, 1800, *2nd Lt.*, 1803, *1st Lt.*, 1811); Robert BLACK, 1779 (*Gunner*, 1780); John SUTTON, 1799 (*Byrsar*, 1790); George Godfrey HOFFMAN, 1780; David MARSTON, 1780 (*Boatswain's Mate*, 1783, *Boatswain*, 1791); Jeremiah VICKERS, 1780; David DICK, 1781; Abraham WILKINSON, 1782 (*Master's Mate*, 1791, *Master*, 1796, *2nd Lt.*, 1799, *1st Lt.*, 1800); Hugh CROTHERS, 1782 (*Bursar*, 1800); Leland CROSTHWAIT, 1783 (*Carpenter*, 1800, *Boatswain*, 1803, *2nd Lt.*, 1811, *Captain*, 1822); Anthony DERMOTT, 1783; Alderman William ALEXANDER, 1783 (*Bursar*, 1810); James HARTLEY, 1784 (*Gunner's Mate*, 1791, *Gunner*, 1795, *Boatswain*, 1799, *Master*, 1800, *1st Lt.*, 1803); Frederick GEALE, 1784; Alexander ARMSTRONG, 1784; George MAQUAY, 1785 (*Gunner*, 1803); Alexander KIRKPATRICK, 1785; Joseph GOFF, 1785 (*Carpenter*, 1803, *Boatswain*, 1811); John HENDRICK, 1785; William COPE, 1786; Arthur STANLEY, 1787; William Digges LA TOUCHE, 1788; Paul PATRICK, 1788 (*1st Lt.*, 1811); Robert SHAW, 1788; Charles WARD, 1789; Valentine O'CONNOR, 1791; Hans BLACKWOOD, 1792; Richard LITTON, 1792 (*Carpenter*, 1811, *Master*, 1821, *1st Lt.*, 1822); George LUNELL, 1792 (Joseph WILSON, 1792; William Snell MAGEE, 1795 (*Boatswain*, 1821, *2nd Lt.*, 1822); William Alexander SHAW, 1795 (*Gunner*, 1821, *Boatswain*, 1822); D. Thomas O'BRIEN, 1796; Robert SHAW, 1796; Archibald HAWKESLEY, 1796 (*Carpenter*, 1821, *Master*, 1822); Samuel BRUCE, *Secretary*, 12th January, 1798, in place of Robert Deey; John Leland MAQUAY, 1798; John STEWART, 1798 (*Gunner*, 1822, *2nd Lt.*, 1826, *1st Lt.*, 1830); Robert DEEY (*Honorary*), 1738; William HARKNESS, 1798; Robert ALEXANDER, 1798; Henry HOWISON, 1798; William Digges LA TOUCHE, 1798; Daniel GEALE, 1799; Peter WILKINSON, 1800; Randle MACDONNELL, 1800; Nathaniel HONE, 1801 (*Bursar*, 1921, *Honorary Member*, 1837); Joseph PIM, 1801 (*Carpenter*, 1822, *Captain*, 1826); William RAWLINS, 1801; Bartholomew MAZIERE, 1802; John WILLIAMS, *Elected Registrar and Secretary*, 23rd December, 1802, in place of Samuel Bruce, resigned; George CARLETON, 1803; John ALLEN, junior, 1804; Arthur GUINNESS, 1804; John LINDSAY, 1807; Nathaniel HONE, *Alderman*, 1807; Thomas CROSTHWAIT, 1809 (*Master*, 1826, *Captain*, 1828); Richard DARLING, 1809; Nathaniel SNEYD, 1809 (*Boatswain*, 1826, *Master*, 1828, *2nd Lt.*, 1830); William COSGRAVE, junior, *elected Registrar and Secretary*, 30th October, 1810, in place of John Williams, deceased; Francis BEGGS, 1810; James CHAMBERS, 1810 (*Gunner*, 1826, *Boatswain*, 1828, *Master*, 1830, *2nd Lt.*, 1834, *1st Lt.*, 1839); Samuel PERROTT, 1810; George DREVAR, 1811 (*Carpenter*, 1829, *Gunner*, 1828); William P. LUNELL, 1811 (*Carpenter*, 1828, *Gunner*, 1829, *Boatswain*, 1830, *Master*, 1834, *2nd Lt.*, 1839); John TOD-HUNTER, 1811; Thomas WILSON, 1812 (*Carpenter*, 1829, *Gunner*, 1830, *Boatswain*, 1834, *2nd Lt.*, 1843, *1st Lt.*, 1846); Handcock STYNLET, 1813; William Chaigneau COLVILL, 1815 (*Carpenter*, 1830, *Gunner*, 1834, *Bursar*, 1837); Robert HYNDMAN, 1816; Joseph HONE, 1816 (*Carpenter*, 1838, *Gunner*, 1837, *Master*, 1839, *2nd Lt.*, 1846); James M'CALL, 1816; Hugh DICK, 1817; John GEORGE, 1817 (*Carpenter*, 1837); William HARKNESS, 1818; William SPARROW, 1818; Thomas MAXWELL, 1820 (*Carpenter*, 1838, *Gunner*, 1839, *Boatswain*, 1843); Robert ROE, 1821; Robert ORR, 1821; Leland CROSTHWAIT junior, 1821 (*Carpenter*, 1839, *Gunner*, 1843, *Master*, 1846); Robert LAW junior, 1821 (*Carpenter*, 1843); Thomas MACDONNELL,

1821; Paul PATRICK, 1821; James JACKSON, 1822; George M'BRIDE, 1823 (*Busar*, 1846); Henry HIGGINBOTHAM, 1823; Henry D. BROOKE, 1824; Simeon BOILEAU, 1824; Richard CANE, 1825 (*Boatswain*, 1846, *Master*, 1852); Peter LA TOUCHE junior, 1826; Robert Henry FRENCH, 1826; Peter Alexander LESLIE, 1826; William Henry FORTESCUE, 1826; George Frederick BROOKE, 1826 (*Gunner*, 1846, *Boatswain*, 1852, *1st Lt.*, 1857); James Jameson, 1826 (*Carpenter*, 1847); Robert MAGEE, 1826; Michael LAW, 1829; Henry ROE, 1829 (*Carpenter*, 1848, *Gunner*, 1852, *Master*, 1853, *2nd Lt.*, 1857); Myles MACDONNELL, 1829; John O'BRIEN, 1830; Walter JONES, 1830; GEORGE PIM, 1830 (*Carpenter*, 1852, *Gunner*, 1853, *Boatswain*, 1857); George DREVAR, 1830; John RUTHERFORD, 1831; James FERRIER, 1832; John M'DONNELL, 1832 (*Carpenter*, 1853, *Master*, 1857); James TWIGG, 1832; Thomas SHERLOCK, 1834; Charles HALIDAY, 1834 (*Gunner*, 1857, *Master*, 1858); William JOENSTON, 1834; John BARLOW, 1835 (*Carpenter*, 1857, *Gunner*, 1858); George ROE, 1835 (*Carpenter*, 1858); Benjamin LEE GUINNESS, 1835; Nathaniel CALLWELL, 1835; John BARTON, 1837; Blackwood HAMILTON, 1837; Thomas L. KELLY, 1837; N. B. M'INTIRE, 1838; Francis A. CODD, 1838; John ENNIS, 1839; Edward CANE, 1839; Bartholomew M. TABUTEAU, 1839; David Charles LA TOUCHE, 1842; Sir John K. JAMES, Bart., 1842; James Chaigneau COLVILL, 1844; Valentine O'Brien O'CONNOR, 1844; Henry THOMPSON, 1845; William Digges LA TOUCHE, WILSON, 1846; John P. HARDY, 1846; James MURPHY, 1846; Robert CALLWELL, 1846; John ENGLISH, 1846; Francis CODD, 1847; Charles LESLIE, 1848; William JAMESON, 1848; Edmund D'OLIER, 1848; Arthur B. CANE, 1849; Jonathan PIM, 1850; John DARCY, 1852; Nathaniel HONE, 1852; William DARGAN, 1853; James R. STEWART, 1855; Leland CROSTHWAIT, 1855; Joseph HONE, elected *Registrar and Secretary*, 15th December, 1847, in place of William Cosgrave, deceased; Alexander PARKER, 1858; Patrick SWEETMAN, 1858; William HOGG, 1858.

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PAGE 26.—THE LARGE PICTURE OF THE OUZEL GALLEY.

Chapelizod, Wednesday, the 1st August, 1753.

Received from John Macarrell Esqr., Captain of the Ouzel Galley a large painted piece representing the Ouzel Galley which is put up in the great room in my house, And I do hereby acknowledge that the said painted piece is the property of the said Galley, And that I will deliver the same when demanded by the said Captain Macarrell, Or to the majority of the Crew belonging to the said Galley.

JOHN MORRIS.

The signer of this receipt was, apparently, the host of the "Ship Tavern," Chapelizod, recorded as a meeting-place of the Galley.

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PAGE 27.—THE GALLEY AND HENRY GRATTAN, 1782.

16th April 1782. RESOLVED—That the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland are solely competent to make laws for the Government thereof and that we will pay obedience to such Laws only as have received or shall receive their sanctions.

RESOLVED—that the Captain, Officers and Crew of this Galley cooperate with their country-men in every constitutional effort to support the just rights of Ireland and to oppose the interference of any other legislature.

PAGE 28.—DINNERS OF THE SOCIETY.

On the occasion of one of the Galley's dinners, the minutes record that "after keeping up the accustomed good fellowship of this ancient Society, so long as was consistent with their known discretion, the Galley adjourned."

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PAGE 28.—THE GALLEY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The following short account of the Ouzel Galley is given in Warburton, Whitelaw and Walsh's *History of Dublin* (1818), vol. II, p. 914; it is curious that it is reprinted in the Society's booklet of 1859, demonstrating, apparently, that no further information was available concerning the origin of the Society.

"Though this society was not founded with a view to promote any particular charity, yet as it devotes much property to that purpose, it may be more properly classed under that denomination than any other. We have made due enquiry into the origin of its singular name, and we have received the following account. Early in the year 1700, the case of a ship in the port of Dublin excited much controversy and legal perplexity, without being brought to any satisfactory decision: to put an end to this delay and expence, it was finally referred to an arbitration of merchants, whose luminous investigation was highly approved of, and satisfactory decision cheerfully acquiesced in by the parties. On the utility of this precedent, a society was founded for determining commercial differences by arbitration. The vessel was called the *Ouzel Galley*, and the society adopted the name as their appropriate designation. Its members consist of a captain, lieutenants, and crew, who have always been, as they are now, the most respectable merchants in Dublin. They hold two or three convivial meetings annually, at which the general business of the Society is transacted. They assemble when and where the Captain pleases to order. The expense of these meetings is defrayed out of a subscription fund. The costs decreed against the parties who submit to their arbitration, are always appropriated to charitable purposes."

Some interesting particulars of the Society are to be found in a little pamphlet of twelve pages, *Report of the Registrar to the Council of the Ouzel Galley*, which is undated, but by its own evidence was compiled in 1870; perhaps in consequence of some members having, about that time, urged the winding-up of the Galley. This pamphlet states the original establishment of the Society to have been "mainly for the purpose of arranging differences between persons, but still with a view of having two or three convivial meetings annually, at one of which namely, that held in November, the general business of the Galley was transacted." The meetings were formerly held three times a year, in April, July, or August, and November; but the Captain having authority to call the meetings, they had latterly been held "as circumstances required."

The earliest account-books, dated 1811, showed the Society as possessed of seven 3½% Debentures; by 1820 this had become "£1200 New 3% Stock," and by 1870 the Galley held £2,873 of the same, in the names of Thomas Crosthwait, George Pim, John Barlow, and Nathaniel Callwell. In 1774 it had been resolved that the fees received from parties to the arbitrations should be devoted to charitable purposes; in practice, this meant grants to the widows, children and other relatives of merchants; at different times aid was extended to the families of former Members of the Society. In October, 1861, a proposal was put forward, to distribute a portion of the accumulated

funds among some of those whom the custom of the Galley marked out as fit objects of benefit, but only one application was received, and the matter dropped.

A summary of the number of awards made by arbitrators, from 1799 (the earliest date for which record was available) to 1869, shows that three cases were dealt with in 1799, the number rising to 29 in 1801, a figure repeated in 1803; but there was a "visible decrease since the year 1824 (the time Steam-Packets first began to trade)," and 1836 was the first year in which no award was made. In several years but one award, or none at all, was recorded, but it is noted that a number of disputes were brought forward for arbitration, and settled before being brought to that stage; the spirit of the Galley's institution was thus still beneficially exercised.

In the seventy-one years, 1799-1869, 318 awards were made; the value of the matters in dispute must have been considerable, and the saving to the parties in law expenses very great.

Until 1858 the fees charged had not been definitely settled, but in that year the Registrar drew up a schedule, and had it printed at his own expense; by this, the cost of arbitration was reduced by some three-fourths. It was still necessary to have each award stamped, the duty amounting to £1 15s., this was to ensure that the award should be legally binding on the parties so that the intermediacy of the Galley should not prove merely an opening for fresh litigation. In a number of cases, the Galley's award had been produced in court, and had been endorsed by the Bench—a demonstration of the justice and thoroughness devoted to the matters brought before the arbitrators.

The Registrar, it is remarked, was always a Notary Public or Solicitor, since the framing of an award required considerable skill and legal experience. The duties of this, the Galley's chief executive officer, are thus set forth:

"To keep the books of the Galley, transcribe the accounts, collect the subscriptions, issue summonses for meetings, and record the proceedings; to have printed lists of the Galley for the information of persons desiring to submit the arbitration to members; to assist parties in appointing referees and obtain their consent when chosen; to take charge of papers lodged with him; to prepare deed of submission, to give notice in writing to the arbitrators and other parties, of all appointments for holding arbitrations . . . to serve summonses on witnesses or others . . . to attend all arbitrations, to prepare all awards, to register same . . . in a book kept for that purpose, and when registered, to deliver such awards to the parties." For these duties the Registrar received an annual payment of Twenty Guineas.

The entire expenses of the Society are stated to be: the Registrar's salary, the minor amounts of postage, etc. £20 a year to the Chamber of Commerce for the use of a room, and £5 a year to a servant for looking after the said room. "The Chamber of Commerce are willing to let the Galley have the use of their Council Room at all times, and to afford every facility for the posting of notices in the Reading Room, and to hang up the Painting either in the Reading Room or the Council Room, upon payment of a yearly rent of £20, without any further charge."

From this it would appear that the property of the Galley, outside the sum invested, was but small, being only the Registrar's stock of stationery, etc., the "insignia," as it may be called (the whistle, goblet, and any other things of the kind), and, of course, "the Painting."

At the time of this report,—1870,—there were five vacancies in the roll of the Crew.

* * *

PAGE 31.—DISPOSAL OF THE GALLEY'S FUNDS.

In No. 107A of the Reports of the Dublin Corporation for 1889 ("City of Dublin Presentments to Hospitals") the "Other receipts" of the Hospital for Incurables includes an item: "Ouzel Galley Fund, £394"; as the selected hospitals were to share equally in the distribution, we may take it that this was the amount received by each of the beneficiaries.

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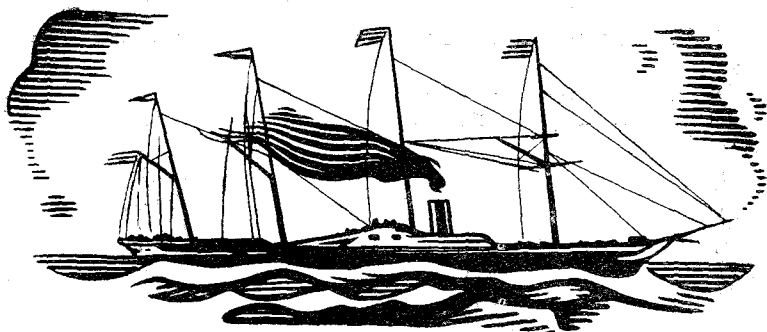
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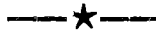
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