

then took from his pocket a bundle of small soiled tickets, on each of which was inscribed, "Theatre Royal, Crow-street; Middle Gallery, Admit One," observing, that as it was a "Command night," he thought it well to procure them before hand, lest we should have any delay at the doors, which, in the present, dropping weather, would be far from pleasant. This was all perfectly understood by those present, except myself, but even upon me the conviction soon dawned that, for some purpose or other, we were to be accompanied in our visit to the theatre by our friend the Lay Figure, and that the tickets had been obtained for the purpose of facilitating his admission. It was approaching seven o'clock, the hour at which the doors of the theatre were opened in those days, when I observed some five or six of our party straining at the buttons of their overcoats to get them to fit into the button-holes over a pillow, which each appeared determined to carry with him, and to conceal. "The night was dark and dreary," when Troke put his bugle to the window and sounded two or three notes of Garryowen, and then Ottiwell offered his arm to our dummy friend on one side, and Bob Jackson on the other, and so they descended the stairs, the remainder of us following.

When we reached the court it was evident that we were expected by a large body of students, who were lingering about, and who, as soon as they saw us, moved off in twos and threes, towards College-green, some preceding and others following, but all vigilant, lest there should be any interruption to the progress of the gentleman in the claret-coloured coat. Fortune favors the bold; and walking steadily along, with an umbrella over his head, our two friends, well defended in front and carefully guarded in the rear, safely conveyed our silent friend through College-green, Dame-street, and Fownes's-street, to the middle gallery door of the theatre in Crow-street, which was not yet open. Then came a moment of thrilling apprehension, for at this period Lord Wellesley was not peculiarly popular in Dublin, and the theatre was surrounded by a large body of watchmen and mounted police, beside the guard of honour at the entrance to the boxes. But the teeming rain, the darkness—for there were no gas-lamps in those days—the multitudinous umbrellas, the noisy crowd about the doors waiting for admittance, and the serried phalanx of college-men by whom we were surrounded, favoured our object, and after a few moments of painful anxiety, the doors were opened, the rush was made, our ready tickets enabled us to pass the mob, who had to pay for theirs, and we passed the cheque-takers, exclaiming that "poor Dobbs was terribly hurt in the crush at the door," and got quietly and comfortably seated in the second row of seats, very near the centre