

*“Espied with Truth’s Ray or Error’s jaundiced Eye?:
Richard Twiss’s Account of Dublin in 1775”*

In this paper I shall start by discussing the background to Richard Twiss’s tour of Ireland, particularly in the context of travel literature, the reputation of the author and his journey around the country in general. I shall then go on to outline the observations he made about Dublin during the summer of 1775 and conclude with some remarks on the poetical response to his book, which took the form of four satirical poems.

Most of you will be familiar with at least the title and the reputation of Richard Twiss’s second travel book, *A Tour in Ireland in 1775*, published the following year in London and in Dublin. Though it went through several editions at the time, even being translated into other languages, apart from appearing in an abridged form in a compendium of celebrated tours around the British Isles (1798), it has never been reprinted.

In some ways this is not surprising, considering the amount of animosity it aroused in this country, manifesting itself in a number of novel ways, including the production of the famous “Twiss” or “Piss Pot”, with the author’s portrait appearing in the bottom, together with similar ceramic

objects such as medallions, and at least four examples of satirical poems published within the same year.

Remembered largely for the negative impact it created on Irish society, Twiss's *A Tour in Ireland* continues to be cited exclusively in this context, or is relegated to the occasional footnote in general studies on Irish travel literature or other related works.

Nevertheless, any observations about Dublin in the late eighteenth century - however offensive they may have been considered at the time of publication, or since then - will be of interest to those examining the capital city during this period. It is important, however, to view Richard Twiss's description of Dublin in its proper context, namely as an example of travel literature. This genre, which, owing to the popularity of the Grand Tour, had reached its zenith during the latter part of the eighteenth century, was becoming so widespread and clichéd that many of its exponents felt it necessary to explain to their readers that, rather than the usual humdrum account to be found in other travel books, they were offering something new.

Mark Elstob, for example, whose book *A Trip to Kilkenny from Durham by way of Whitehaven and Dublin, in the year 1776*, published in Dublin three years later, was careful to point out that he would refrain from reproducing any

descriptions of Dublin already made by Twiss. This was in no way to disassociate himself from the hostile accounts of his fellow-countryman (on the contrary, he quoted him extensively on several matters), but rather, because he wanted to venture into new territory undocumented by his predecessor.

Travel writers of this period often dismissed the accounts of earlier travellers, either accusing them of lies and exaggeration, or denying that they could possibly have visited the place in question. Richard Twiss, however, rather than denying reports of earlier writers, actually used them to reinforce his own hostile view of Ireland. This technique, which infuriated his critics, involved the gratuitous use of lengthy quotes from writers who related spurious and often salacious stories about Irish customs. One such quote was from Fynes Moryson, who claimed to have seen a woman in Cork grinding corn stark naked. In Twiss's personal copy of his *A Tour in Ireland*, recently discovered in the National Library of Ireland, is an entry in his handwriting that states: "I won a wager of a dozen of Portwine by printing this anecdote".

A year after the publication of his celebrated *Travels through Portugal and Spain in 1772 and 1773*, Twiss, by now a seasoned traveller, and obviously considering himself to be serious and successful writer of travel literature, decided to journey to Ireland. His reason for doing so is stated bluntly in the first paragraph of his Irish book, where he asserts:

"In pursuance of a design I had long formed of visiting Ireland, I set out from London in May 1775..."

One of his motives for visiting this country may have been the fact that his father, Francis, descended from the fourth son of Richard and Frances Twiss, who had gone to County Kerry in about 1640, resided in the castle of Castle Island, and acquired possession of Killintierna. He twice mentions having passed through Castle Island, though, curiously, giving no details of the town and making no mention of this family connections.

Returning to the course of his journey to Ireland: at Aberystwith, he prevailed upon the master of a small vessel destined for Caernarvan to sail with him instead to Dublin. For this he paid half a dozen guineas (€xxx in today's money). He embarked upon this boat on 4th June and, after "a pleasant passage of forty-three hours", entered what he described as being one of the most beautiful harbours in Europe. However, he immediately qualifies this very positive statement by noting that Dublin harbour is "inferior to the bay of Naples".

This is to become a recurring pattern throughout the whole of his *Tour in Ireland*. Whenever he pays the least compliment to some aspect of the Irish landscape or culture, he is always reminded (and must therefore remind his reader) that there is something much greater or more beautiful or picturesque to be found elsewhere - especially in Italy. This is particularly the case in his descriptions of places visited in Dublin or the surrounding counties, to which

he made excursions while based in the capital. On pages 55-56, for example, when describing the beauties of the much admired Seat of Lord Powerscourt, in County Wicklow, he states:

“It is pleasing and picturesque, but not grand, nor in any wise comparable to those of Terni and Tivoli in Italy (Niagara out of the question) nor even to several which I saw in Scotland. I was twice at Powerscourt, and each time the breadth of the waterfall did not exceed a yard: after heavy rains this breadth is increased, but for a short time; the brooks and rivulets are sometimes swelled so as not to be fordable, and two hours afterwards contain scarcely any water”.

He then moves on to another famous beauty spot, Glendalough, about which he notes, “ I believe such another desert, within thirteen miles of the capital of a kingdom, is not to be found in the world” (p.57). His inspection of a cromlech, or dolmen, near Bryanstown, and subsequent discussion of its antiquity, leads him to note that the most ancient ruins he has yet seen are those of the three temples at Paestum, or Posidonia, in the kingdom of Naples. This observation leads to a five- or six-page digression concerning the beauties and wonders of the Roman world, until he comes to an abrupt end with a description of Stillorgan Park, the Hill of Howth (to his eyes “exactly like the Rock of Gibraltar”) and the Phoenix Park - about which he says very little.

As might be expected from a travel journal of this type, we know the precise date of the author’s arrival in Dublin (4th June, 1765), and his exit from the country (12th November of the same year). We are also told the date at which he departed from “that city, considered as the capital” - 1st July - which means he spent a total of **five** weeks in and around Dublin. The **fourth** week was spent in making a series of short excursions from the city to places of local interest, namely “Powerscourt-fall”, Leixlip, Howth and Swords.

On departing from Dublin for his extended tour of Ireland, he journeyed northwards as far as the Giant's Causeway, from there proceeding to the south-west of Ireland, as far as Tralee and Killarney, and then to the south east as far as Wexford, from which point he returned to Dublin along the coast road.

By the time he returned to the capital, after an absence of three months, he had covered a total of 900 Irish miles. A further 85 miles were then added during another week's excursion to Castledermot, Athy, Kildare and Kells. The only place he deliberately avoided, having been informed that it was dangerous and uncivilised ("inhabited... by a kind of savages") was Connacht.

During his total of six weeks' stay in Dublin (he recommends in his conclusion the absolute maximum of a fortnight), he appears to have spent a relatively quiet time. Such was the boastful nature of his character that - had he been lavishly entertained by Dublin's nobility or gentry - he would undoubtedly have informed his reader of every minor detail. His previous travel book on Spain and Portugal warmly acknowledges the hospitality of members of the ambassadorial circles at Madrid. Such connections are testified in private correspondence between the British Ambassador, Lord Grantham, and his family and personal chaplain. However, these letters serve to show that Twiss was at best tolerated and at worst loathed by his hosts in Spain, who freely admit that they could hardly wait to see the back of him, and who, long after the publication of his Spanish book, complained about its inaccuracies and false claims.

It is my belief that Twiss was shunned when in Ireland, his reputation having preceded him, especially when we consider that the correspondence just mentioned was extended to members of the Dublin nobility such as Lord Fitzwilliam. This possible shunning of Twiss when in Dublin may have been behind his comment on page 8, immediately following his comparison

between the Bay of Dublin and Naples, when he refers to the decline in Irish hospitality. He states:

“I landed in Ireland with an opinion that the inhabitants were addicted to drinking, given to hospitality, and apt to blunder, or *make bulls*; in which I found myself mistaken. Hospitality and drinking went formerly hand in hand, but since the excesses of the table have been so judiciously abolished, hospitality is not so violently practised as heretofore, when it might have been imputed to them as a fault.”

The only home in which he did find a welcome reception was the seat of Sir James Caldwell, Castle Caldwell, in County Fermanagh, where he was very politely and hospitably entertained for a week by Sir James and his “amiable lady” (p.95). Caldwell would have appreciated the company of a travel writer, since he himself, after being educated in Trinity College, Dublin, and succeeding his father as 4th Baronet, “set out upon his travels, with a view to acquire such further knowledge as might best enable him to discharge his duty to his King and his country.” It is quite likely, too, that he and Twiss were already acquainted, since both were Fellows of the Royal Society in London. Twiss was elected in 1774, a year after the publication of his Spanish book, being described in his election certificate as a “Gentleman of a liberal Education, a Great Lover of Literature, of the polite Arts, of civil and natural History, for his Improvement in which he has visited the major Part of Europe”; and Caldwell had been elected more than two decades earlier, in 1752 .

Now for Twiss’s observations on Dublin’s cultural life, its buildings and its institutions.

Twiss on Art

On page 10 of his *Tour in Ireland*, Twiss makes a very sweeping (and no doubt unpopular) claim concerning the state of Irish culture:

“In regard to the fine arts, Ireland is yet considerably behind-hand with the rest of Europe, partly owing to the unsettled state in which that island was, during civil wars and commotions; which to a reflecting traveller offers matter of wonder that it is even so forward. Out of Dublin, and its environs, there is scarcely a single capital picture, statue, or building, to be found in the whole island. Neither is music cultivated out of the abovementioned

limits, to any degree of perfection; so that nothing is to be expected in making the tour of Ireland, beyond the beauties of nature, a few modern-antiquities, and the ignorance and poverty of the lower class inhabitants; of which more hereafter.”

He gives the following details, a few pages later (22-25) of the various private art collections he visited (or had heard of) in the Dublin area. He begins with Lord Charlemont, whose “elegant casino” he mistakenly attributes to the design of Adams (rather than Sir William Chambers), noting two paintings that particularly caught his attention: one a Rembrandt representing Judas repenting and casting the silver pieces on the ground, and the other a work by Hogarth, which had the distinction of never having been engraved. He commented, too, on his lordship’s library being “one of the most elegant apartments in Dublin.”

Among the Earl of Moira’s chief paintings viewed were those by Murillo, Correggio, Rosalba and Salvator Rosa, while Charles Stewart Esquire possessed about a hundred pictures, among which the author noted a large Nativity by Rubens. He admired a life-size Madonna by Carlo Dolci, in the collection of Joseph Henry Esquire, together with a number of pictures by Vernet and Battoni. Finally, he noted that Lady St. George’s house in Dublin, and that of the Earl of Ely at Rathfarnham, contained a “great number of pictures”. He concludes,

“These are all the collections I saw, or could hear of in Dublin, excepting a few pictures by Mrs. Angelica Kauffman, and, as I afterwards found, there were no others in the whole island.”

To have suggested that there were no other individual works or collections of art in Ireland at that time is quite absurd, and it is clear that either he entered other houses and was prevented from seeing their paintings, or never got further than the gardens or the exterior of the houses he visited. The latter suggestion might be more accurate, since, though he mentions visiting a number of other seats, such as Castletown, whose grand staircase he admired, the house of the Earl of Mornington, where he “observed a neat chapel, with an organ”, and, Lord Bective, whose house (Headfort) “both inside and outside, is quite plain, and ... one of the most convenient dwellings I have ever seen”, the lack of detail given in the various accounts is very marked. Similarly, there is no evidence that he viewed more than the gardens at Mucrus, in Killarney, and his descriptions of Carton, near Leixlip, and Summer Hill, in County Meath, suggest a similar situation.

His only other reference to art in Dublin is an exhibition of pictures he attended by Irish artists. He neglects to mention the location, but notes that, “excepting those (chiefly landscapes) by Mr. Roberts and Mr. Ashford, almost all the rest were detestable” (p.52).

Twiss on Dublin Buildings and Institutions

With regard to his description of the physical aspects of Dublin, including its layout, its architecture, famous monuments and institutions, he defines his scope on pages 10-11, where he states:

“To write of this city with the solemnity of geographical ‘description, would have the appearance of a very frivolous ostentation,’ and to pass it over as too well known to admit any ‘description,’ would be deviating into the other extreme”.

He supplies the reader, therefore, with an eleven-page account of various features of the capital, which can be summarised as follows:

- its size, dimensions and precise location in relation to London; As he describes,

“It is nearly circular, about eight miles in circumference, and, London excepted, is the largest city in his majesty’s dominions; situated in 53 20’ latitude, and 7 30’ longitude from London, and is divided into two nearly equal parts by the river Liffey”.

- He describes the five bridges over the Liffey, of which Essex-bridge is the most worthy of notice, the others not being worthy of mention “as they are merely conveniences to cross the river, and defy every order of architecture”. He also notes that another bridge to the east of Essex-bridge is badly needed;
- He gives a detailed description of St. Stephen’s Green, with a mention of its equestrian statue of king George II. in brass, erected in 1758; and an interesting comment on the large number of snipe that congregate there each winter, “invited by the swampiness of the Green during that

season, and to avoid their enemies the sportsmen.”

- With regard to ecclesiastical buildings, he notes that neither of the two cathedrals, Christ-church or St. Patrick’s, is remarkable for its architecture (therefore he makes no comment on them) and singles out only a few monuments from each that “merit notice”. However, the meriting of notice is not necessarily something good, as can be seen in the following example from St. Patrick’s, where he states, “Near the altar is an enormous pile of wood, with near twenty clumsy wooden images as large as the life, painted in the proper colours, and gilt. These represent Boyle earl of Cork, and his family, and were *built* in 1629, and are still allowed church-room!” (exclamation mark).
- Of the eighteen parish churches mentioned, he says nothing, except to note that there are two or three “with modern elegant stone fronts, but without spires or steeples”;
- One might expect a lengthy description of Trinity College. However, after a very brief description of this institution, and a list of the “nineteen tolerable marble busts” in its Library, Twiss gives an amusing quote from what he describes as “The Irish account of this college”. It reads thus:

“To the east is the Park, for the relaxation of the minds of the young gentlemen, after the fatigue of their studies, and a bowling-green is provided for their amusement, at proper periods: the former, we are of opinion, infinitely exceeds, not only in extent, but rural beauty, any of those public gardens, which are looked upon by the gay and dissipated, as so many earthly paradises. The fellows have also an elegantly laid-out

garden, into which no students (fellow-commoners and masters excepted) are admitted, where they may be sequestered from the crowd, and enabled in the midst of solitude, - *inter silvas academi quaerere verum.*”

- Incidentally, the correspondence between the British Ambassador at Madrid and his family, already noted, makes several comments on Twiss’s self-confessed lack of education and so it is perhaps with a slight touch of envy that he cites this particular piece.
- He mentions briefly a number of other buildings and monuments in the capital, including the Provost’s House, the Parliament House (being “one of the greatest ornaments of the city”), the equestrian statue of King William III in College Green, and another of King George I in the garden behind the lord-mayor’s house, formerly on Essex-bridge.
- He notes with amusement the décor of the Smock-alley theatre, and gives a short account and description of the Lying-in-Hospital completed in 1757, noting that concerts are given there three times a week in the summer, whose profits (around £400 per year) are given to the hospital. Before he closes the subject, however, he takes the opportunity to quote what he imagines will “not be thought impertinent”, reproducing statistics relating to the number of children delivered at the old hospital over a period of 12 years, the total figure being four thousand and forty-nine. His source, as we learn later, on page 149, where he quotes further statistics from the hospital, is the

Dublin Almanack. Clearly the imparting of such details *was* considered impertinent, since it is singled out as being one of the blunders listed by his critics in the satirical poems written in retaliation to his book.

- Also mentioned is St. Patrick's hospital for lunatics and ideots, together with the fact that £11,000 was bequeathed by Swift, "who unfortunately became a proper object for his own charitable foundation". He also quotes the verse attributed to Swift: "He left the little wealth he had to build a house for fools and mad, And shew'd by one satiric touch no nation wanted it so much".
- Other general observations include the paving of the streets undertaken by an act of 1774 (the previous year), and the number of establishments selling alcohol in the city and liberties of Dublin. The figure for the year 1749 was estimated as 2,000 alehouses, 300 taverns and 1,200 brandy shops (with a total of 3,500 premises), while those for the year 1766 had risen to an astonishing 13,194. Surprisingly, he makes no judgement at this point.
- With regard to transport in Dublin, he describes the single-horse two wheeled chaises known as "noddies" which, together with the hackney-coaches are "so insufferably bad, and even dangerous, as to afford matter of surprise that they are permitted to be used".
- He also notes that a penny-post-office had recently been established for the conveyance of letters in and about Dublin; and twenty stage-

coaches for the conveyance of passengers to various parts of the kingdom. However, he noted a lack of stages of horses except on the road from Dublin to Belfast, so that the only method of travelling with convenience was to hire a carriage and horses by the week or month. He paid four guineas per week for a post-chaise and pair (equivalent to €600 in today's money), out of which the driver had to maintain himself and the horses, with the result that they could seldom go above twenty-five miles per day.

- A further comment on travelling around Ireland is that he found the roads almost universally as good as those around London. The inns were furnished with every accommodation that a traveller, who is not "over-nice", can wish for, and the landlords not being as yet spoilt by too numerous guests, "have not that surly sulkiness, which marks the generality of those of England". With regard to public safety, he remarks: "the most perfect security attends travelling in Ireland, which may be partly owing to the scarcity of travellers; and excepting in and about Dublin I never heard of any highway-men or foot-pads".
- The only other danger he refers to in Dublin concerns the soldiers and the butchers, who are always at enmity, and from time to time inhumanly hamstring each other. As he points out, many of these barbarians have been executed, which nevertheless has not yet put a stop to that savage practice.

- In relation to the living conditions of the poor, he makes the following observations, which greatly irritated one of his critics, Mr. Lewis, who accused him of censuring Ireland and claimed that they proved him “to be, not an impartial Writer, but a virulent *Libeller* .

“The out-skirts of Dublin consist chiefly of huts, which are termed cabins, are made of mud dried, and mostly without either chimney or window; and in these miserable dwellings, far the greater part of the inhabitants of Ireland linger out a wretched existence. There is generally a small piece of ground annexed to each cabin, which produces a few potatoes; and on these potatoes, and milk, the common Irish subsist all the year round, without tasting bread or meat, except perhaps at Christmas once or twice; what little the men can obtain by their labour, or the women by their spinning, is usually consumed in whisky, which is a spirituous liquor resembling gin. Shoes and stockings are seldom worn by these beings, who seem to form a distinct race from the rest of mankind; their poverty is much greater than that of the Spanish, Portuguese, or even Scotch peasants; notwithstanding which they appear to exist contentedly.”

- Though he gives this description of the wretched living conditions on the outskirts of Dublin, he makes no mention of squalor in the city itself. Had he noticed such a condition (as he did, for example, in Cashel, Knocktopher and Limerick), he would surely have mentioned it, as would any travel writer of the period. After all, though his ancestors may have come from Kerry, he was born and brought up in Rotterdam, where his English-born father was a successful merchant. Nor, however, does he compare the neatness and cleanliness of Dublin with his fatherland, and we know that Rotterdam was spotless from literary accounts of other writers such as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who claim, in the year 1716, to have “walked almost all over the

town... incognito, in [her] slippers, without receiving one sport of dirt"; and Twiss himself, in his Spanish book, observed of Madrid that: "the streets were kept so clean, that [he] never saw any neater, not even in the cities in Holland (p.140).

- His comments on the trades-people of Dublin received a similarly hostile reception in verse, when he claimed the following:

"The indigence of the middle class of people is visible even in Dublin, where there are many shops, which serve at once for two different trades; such as silver-smiths and booksellers; saddlers and milliners, &c. The stock in trade of the petty shop-keepers consists of half a dozen of eggs, a platter of salt, a few pipes, a roll of tobacco, a yard of tape, a ball of twine, a paper of pins, &c. &c."

- This commentary continues with a condemnation of the printing business in the capital, where he states the following:

"Neither is the keenness of necessity less conspicuous with regard to literature; for every printer in the island is at liberty to print, and every bookseller to vend as many, and as vile editions of any book, as they please; thus by using brown paper, saving the expence of a corrector of in London, is given entire. There are likewise eight Dublin news-papers, which are curiosities, by reason of their style and spelling. The orthography of the inscriptions on the signs, and of the names at the corners of the streets, is equally faulty, but might more easily be corrected." the press, and being at none for copy, they make shift to gain a few shillings, by selling their editions at half, or at a quarter of the price of the originals. Two magazines are published monthly in Dublin, in each of which, any new pamphlet, which is sold for a shilling or eighteen pence."

- Finally, on the subject of Dublin life, he comments on its supplies of water and amusements. Concerning the former, he states,

“The city basin is a reservoir, *capable* of holding water to supply the city for some weeks, when the springs from whence it is filled are dry; both the springs and the reservoir were dry whilst I was in Dublin”.

A footnote to this remark states the following:

“In 1765 a canal was begun to be cut from this place, and intended to be continued to Athlone, which is about seventy English miles off, in order to open a communication with the Shannon; at the rate the work is at present carried on it bids fair for being completed in three or four centuries.”

- Regarding entertainment in Dublin, he notes that balls are held at Dublin Castle every Tuesday evening in winter, and in addition there are subscription balls; and several places where concerts are occasionally held. There is an obscure reference to some activity (perhaps concerts) being held during the summer at Ranelagh gardens, “much in the style of the White Conduit house, or Bagnigge-wells near London”.

Twiss’s exit from Ireland is as abrupt as that of his entry. On page 148, he states: “On leaving this place [Kells] I returned through Navan to Dublin; and on the twelfth of November embarked in one of the five packets on this station. After sailing eleven hours, I landed at Holyhead, from whence I proceeded through Chester, and the stinking town of Birmingham, to London.”

Thus ends his tour in Ireland, but not quite his commentary on it, for he

proceeds to “insert a few general observations” on the country. In relation to Dublin, this includes further (ill-received) statistics from the Lying-in-Hospital, a concise account of Irish writers, which resulted in his having to remove a number of pages from his manuscript just before it went to print, and a list of engravings of some of the Dublin institutions already referred to in his text.

Finally, some remarks on the four satirical poems already referred to. The first, entitled *An Heroic Epistle from Donna Teresa Pinna Y Ruiz*, is the work of William Preston (1753-1807), a young man who had enjoyed a distinguished career at Trinity College, Dublin, from 1766 to 1773. Such was the general loathing for John Hely-Hutchinson, the newly appointed Provost of Trinity, who was dubbed “Prancer”, that a book of anonymous “fugitive” pieces attacking him was published in 1775 under the name of *Pranceriana*. Preston, using the pseudonym Charidemus, was one of the contributors to this book, which, incidentally, is mentioned in Twiss as one of the “Various collections of periodical papers ... published in Ireland”.

With such a background in satirical poetry, and so recently (the year, in fact, of Twiss’s visit to Ireland), Preston was the obvious choice to launch a series of lampoons against Twiss. He took as his theme a relatively minor event from the travel writer’s book on *Portugal and Spain* (Twiss’s musical evenings at the home of a Spanish woman and her daughter), and, with a stroke of brilliance, turned it into a major love affair. According to Twiss’s account, he arrived in Murcia on 4 May, his time being engaged in delivering his letters of introduction, visiting the Cathedral, inspecting the “bad statues” in the public walk, and learning about the foundling hospital. He then notes:

“During my short stay in Murcia, I spent every evening at the house of Dona Teresa Pina y Ruiz; that lady and her daughter were so obliging as to assemble all their musical acquaintance, themselves singing tondillas and seguedillas in a far superior manner than I had ever heard them sung before; the young lady had made great progress in the study of music, and accompanied herself with the harpsichord and guitar, as perfectly as a professed mistress of the science, so that it was with the greatest regret that I parted from that aimiable family, which I did on the 8th day of May...”

In Preston’s poem, “Dona” Teresa becomes a crazed and jealous lover who feels she has been abandoned by her English beau, and persuaded that he has taken up with a “*Hibernian dame*” (l.340). Preston is also the author of the sequel, *An Heroic Answer from Richard Twiss Esq. F.R.S. at Rotterdam to Donna Teresa Pinna y Ruiz* (Dublin, 1776), whose major theme is that of Twiss trying to persuade Teresa that she has no rivals “on th’ *Hibernian plain*” (l.236), since he scorns all its damsels. The whole scenario is, of course, in keeping with Twiss’s reputation (as reflected in his own works) as a womaniser and a misogynist; and both characteristics are played up in all of these poems, whose comic theme of a defence of women is reminiscent, perhaps, of certain plays of Aristophanes.

The third poem is entitled *An Answer to A Poetical Epistle from Madam Teresa Pinna Y Ruiz. By Richard Twiss, Esq; F.R.S. With Notes by various Hands* (Dublin, 1776). Considerably shorter than the former poems, this work is attributed to Leonard MacNally (1752-1820), more famous today, perhaps, for being an Irish political informer, than for his literary career. A lawyer frequently defending members of the United Irishmen (an organisation to which he, too, belonged, at least in name), it was only after his death that he was discovered to have been in the pay of the British government, having

betrayed Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Robert Emmet.

The comic appeal of this poem is that the “various Hands” responsible for the “Notes” are thinly disguised representations (often identifiable by their initials) of well-known members of Dublin society, some of whom were mentioned in Twiss’s work. The tone of the poem is far more bawdy, coarse, and explicit than the works of Preston, with various references to prostitutes and brothel-keepers, and ending with the lines: “So Twiss’s Name shall never be forgot, His Likeness ever in the Chamber-Pot.”

The fourth poem is that of Richard Lewis, author of a number of works, mostly of a serious nature. Its title is: *A Defence of Ireland. A Poem. In Answer to the Partial and Malicious Accounts given of it by Mr. Twiss, and other Writers. By Mr. Lewis, Corrector of the Press.* (Dublin, 1776). Unlike the others, this poem is not based on the “Dona” Teresa/Richard Twiss idea, though Lewis does praise the ingenuity of this theme. He moves from the general, with his condemnation of ignorance and indolence, to the particular, with his attack on travellers who, on their return:

“Paint scenes they never saw, nor e’er shall see,
And Things, that never were, and ne’er shall be.
Of these stands foremost in the Rolls of Fame,
The Prince of letter’d Coxcombs, TWISS by Name
A mere amphibious Thing, *cut out* for Shew,
A Macaroni Traveller and Beau;
A prating, forward, vain, conceited Creature,
Twisted by Art, and quite unknown to Nature.
With too much Mercury to have common Sense,
And too much small Talk to have Eloquence,
He acts at Random, but he writes by Rule,
And takes great Pains to shew himself a Fool.”

Quoting extensively from Twiss’s *Tour in Ireland* (his notes far exceeding the length of the actual poem), he ends in praise of Hibernia, and declaring his

undying loyalty to her “Cause”.

The title of my paper was: *“Espied with Truth’s Ray or Error’s jaundiced Eye?: Richard Twiss’s Account of Dublin in 1775”*. I took this from Lewis’ poem, where, when accusing Twiss of censoring Ireland, he warns,

“A Traveller all Things with TRUTH’S Ray should Spy,
Nor Objects see with ERROR’S jaundiced Eye.”