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DUBLIN CITY.

DUBLIN is not a provincial city; it is the decayed capital of the English in Ireland. We visit Manchester or Birmingham, and are borne along by a far fuller and fresher tide of life than that which flows in our Dublin streets; noble buildings, dedicated to public uses, have sprung up in those great cities during recent years; the citizens are full of zeal for industry, science, art, even though high in air a solid firmament of mammon and mammon-worship may overarch these, and shut out the spaces and upper gales of heaven; every one is awake and stirring with a lithe activity; no one (unless it be the author of "John Inglesant" at Edgebaston) dreams of the past; and yet all this life is distinctively life in the provinces. We return to Dublin, and move among the traditions of a capital, but of a capital that has fallen into decay. Not that our numbers have declined since the Union; on the contrary, Ptolemy's tribe of Eblani has largely multiplied; but other cities have robbed us of preëminence in point of numbers, and our dignities, which were unique, have disappeared. Seventy years ago Dublin was the second city of the British Empire, and only half a dozen capitals in Europe exceeded it in population and extent. A century since one hundred lords and two or three hundred great commoners brought wealth, and influence, and splendor, and gayety to the chief city of their native land. The Viceroy's court, if he were a liberal and pleasure-loving nobleman, exceeded in brilliance that of George III. The great nobles of Ireland had each his town mansion, many of these as spacious and proud as the palaces of the magnificoes of Florence or Venice. The stone-cutter's chisel, the mason's trowel, rang by the river-side, and in the central thoroughfares; public buildings,—the custom-house, the Four Courts, and others,—conceived on a great scale and with a certain majestic unity of design, were climbing aloft; on one was spent £200,000, on another twice that sum. Now they dominate the streets and quays, noble but inanimate examples of exotic architecture, neo-classical fabrics of the eighteenth century, impressive at a single view, stupid in details; there they stand, and we have little need to build. Wealthy benefactors keep our cathedrals from crumbling and endeavor to renew their beauty, and that is all. If we want a city hall, we move into the deserted Exchange; if we need offices for this public service or that, we borrow an acre of empty rooms from the Custom-house; if we wish to set up a library, a "mendicity institution," or a bank, we can easily acquire possession of the deserted *palazzo* of some absentee Irish nobleman, turning it to better uses possibly than those of its gaudy days.

The capital of Ireland was never an Irish city. "Dubhlinn of Ath Cliath," the "dark waters of the ford of hurdles," was at first only the dusky river flowing from bog and turf, with some few huts, and a wicker bridge by which the great road from Tara—home of kings—was continued across the Liffey. In later years it was the fortress of the Scandinavians, of the Anglo-Normans, or of the English in Ireland; never the center of the native race. At one time His Majesty of England graciously made a present of Dublin to his faithful subjects of Bristol; five hundred of these faithful subjects, on Easter Monday, went forth to disport themselves in the fields, almost on the spot where these lines are written. The Irish on the hills and in the woods were on the watch for them, and swept down suddenly on the luckless Bristolians. The names "Black Monday" and the

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"Bloody Fields" commemorate what happened on that day. It was a custom with the citizens, in later years, to march on each anniversary of the dismal Monday to the scene of slaughter and display their banner in token of contempt for their Irish foes. "The citizens," said Holinshed, "have, from time to time, in sundry conflicts, so galled the Irish, that even to this day the Irish fear a ragged and jagged black standard that the citizens have almost, through tract of time, worn to the hard stumps." These are not the relations which ought to subsist between the capital of a country and the country-folk living around it. When Thackeray visited Ireland in 1842, the first sight that greeted him on landing was a hideous obelisk stuck upon four fat balls, and surmounted with a crown on a cushion, commemorating the sacred spot touched by the foot of George IV. In the Exchange was a pert statue of George III. in a Roman toga, simpering and turning out his toes. Two nursery-maids were keeping company with the statue of George I., who rides on horseback in the center of Stephen's Green. George II. was visible peering over a paling in Dawson street. "How absurd," Thackeray breaks out, "these pompous images look of defunct majesties, for whom no breathing soul cares a halfpenny!" Absurd enough; but only a petty fragment of the huge absurdity that Ireland might do honor to anything, provided only it was not Irish. Even so late as 1856 a writer complains that no public statue of an illustrious Irishman has ever graced the Irish capital. "Dublin," he says, "is connected with Irish patriotism only by the scaffold and the gallows." This complaint of thirty years ago can no longer be uttered. Perhaps at present there is an inclination to brandish the green banner a little too vehemently in the faces of all men; to thrust a pasteboard "sun-burst" high in air and gaze in rapture upon the glorious apparition; to view all things through an emerald mist. "Not Greece of old in her palmiest days," — thus opens a popular life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald,— "the Greece of Homer and Demosthenes, of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, of Pericles, Leonidas, and Alcibiades, of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, of Solon and Lycurgus, of Apelles and Praxiteles,— not even this Greece, prolific as she was in sages and heroes, can boast such a lengthy bead-roll as Ireland can of names worthy of the immortality of history." With self-criticism comes respect; such a rhodomontade as this means

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

DUBLIN CASTLE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE LORD-LIEUTENANT.

that to render life tolerable we have long had to lap ourselves in dear delusions, and that the habit still clings.

When Dublin broke forth beyond the narrow bounds of the city walls (of which some fragments still remain), its growth was determined by the river with its bridges. Each bridge serving to connect the south side of the city with the north required an outlet for its stream of passengers to north and south, and these avenues were crossed by streets running east and west, parallel with the river. Around all lay a kind of rural boulevard, nine miles in circuit, but this has long been inclosed by suburbs drawn farther and farther away by the fresh air of the hills and of the sea. The charm of Dublin is that it never imprisons you; it lays no intolerable nightmare on the spirit; from its decayed grandeurs, its living squalors, you can escape in half an hour to unspoiled country, where no manufactory chimney belches smoke, no mountain of ash and slag rises hideous; to hills where the furze and heather make a glow in autumn; to sea-buttresses overrun by the daintiest flowers of spring, where the gull floats far below you in mid-air, or descends with his delicate scream to touch the waves where the porpoise tumbles; where in summer, if you scramble down the cliff, you may perchance watch for an hour the seal thrusting ever and anon above green water his grotesque head, lit by two amiable, almost human little eyes. Over some of these spots, now accessible in a brief space of time by tram-car or train from the midst of the city, romantic memories hover. Here in Howth Park stands a cromlech, under which lies Aideen of Ben-Edar, who pined away and died when her husband Oscar, son of Ossian the bard, fell at the battle of Gavra; around her grave the Fenian heroes stood sorrowing:

"They heaved the stone; they heap'd the cairn;
 Said Ossian, 'In a queenly grave
We leave her, 'mong her fields of fern,
 Between the cliff and wave.

"'The cliff behind stands clear and bare,
 And bare, above, the heathery steep
Scales the clear heaven's expanse, to where
 The Danaan Druids sleep.'"

Here, by the sea-shore at Clontarf, King Brian in hoariest old age rode, his golden-hilted sword in one hand, a crucifix in the other, animating his warriors to meet the Norsemen; and here he flung back the invaders, and fell beneath the battle-axe of the sorcerer and apostate Brodar. On that day there were strange presages of death; the god Odin descended on his gray charger, halbert in hand, before the battle; swords leaped at night from their scabbards; a man of Caith-

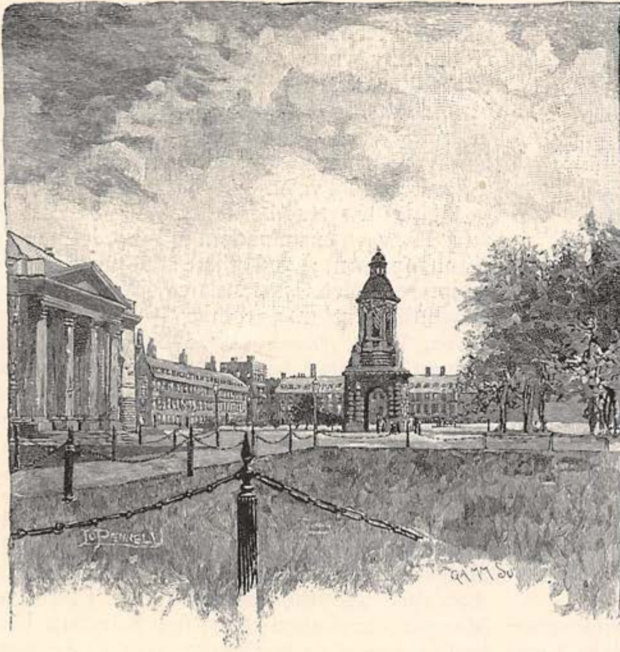
GOLDSMITH'S STATUE, COLLEGE YARD.

ness caught sight of twelve strange folk riding as the wind, and entering a hill-side; he pursued them and gazed in — they were the Fatal Sisters, Choosers of the Slain; and there they wove the crimson web, with human heads for the weights of their loom, men's entrails for the warp and woof, a sword for shuttle, and arrows for the reels; and as they wove they chaunted that dreadful song which Gray translated from the Norwegian for English readers. Elsewhere, but still on the skirts of Dublin, is a spot fatal, not in the annals of war, but of love — Chapelizod, a village from which rises a gray church tower. Here Sir Tristram of the Round Table, disguised as a harper, and calling himself Tramtrist, was put to the keeping of the beautiful Iseult to be healed of the wound received from her brother's envenomed spear; here, when restored, he was arrayed by Iseult's hand in harness, and sent forth to the jousts — "and right so she put him out at a privy postern, and so he came into the field as it had been a bright angel." More potent than any love-philter with a woman's heart it is to have saved a noble champion from despair and death, and have sent him forth arrayed by her hands to do deeds of high emprise. Iseult's Tower, near Dublin Castle, has disappeared, and Iseult's Fount no longer murmurs and gleams; but Chapelizod, the Chapel of Iseult, is at least a living name. If any one in our nineteenth century should follow Dante to that "second circle of sad hell" where he beheld Tristram, it will be a momentary solace to the afflicted lover to learn that his story is still sung on earth by high poets, and that pilgrims now and again visit the spot where Iseult of Ireland shed tears at his leave-taking.

The traveler from Holyhead to Kingstown must put back his watch five and twenty minutes on touching Irish soil. Evidently the English people get through the twenty-four hours of the day faster than we do. We lounge and loiter through life, knowing that we shall come to the end soon enough. When things around us get a little out of gear, we do not hurry to set them to rights; the peasant stuffs an old stocking into the gap of his window-pane; my Lord Mayor and the Town Councilors watch the Liffey swirl past, a steaming sewer, and proceed to elect a Public Health Committee. We are not oppressed with riches or business. We are a pleasant, gossiping, story-telling, scandal-mongering tribe. We cannot avoid seeing the same faces day after day, and so we watch one another closely, or we should have nothing to gossip about, and should die of ennui. We cannot afford to quarrel with friends whom we meet at every dinner-table; so we make amends by giving our opinion of these friends behind their backs with touching candor. We have no plutocracy among us, and no Bohemians. If a man makes a vast number of hogsheads of beer or barrels of whisky, he becomes a kind of spiritual peer and builds synod-houses or restores cathedrals, and is respected almost as much as if he belonged to the shabby-genteel class; but here we draw the line,— at this point our sense of gentility becomes inexorable. We are equally intolerant of any approach toward the literary or artistic gypsy life, or any wandering propensities in matters of opinion. Revolters are too few among us to have a good time of it together; each must needs be his own center of spiritual activity, and his circumference as well as center; each must warm himself at his internal fires. Even from the University no wave of thought has ever spread abroad and ruffled the blue inane; individual thinkers — we need but name Berkeley — have produced a profound impression, but no general movement of thought and feeling has ever startled society out of the trance of custom.

I am bound in loyalty to look on Trinity College as the central point of our metropolitan city, and as the eye of Ireland. It is an eye which long squinted in the direction of the dominant religion (and yet squinted with a less villainous obliquity than most other Irish institutions), but on the threat of a painful operation it righted itself with miraculous celerity. I have loyally tried to admire the

TRINITY COLLEGE, FROM THE GREEN.



THE COLLEGE GREEN.

inscribe on the pedestal Berkeley's magnificent prophecy:

"Westward the course of Empire takes its way,
The first four Acts already past;
A fifth shall close the drama and the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Goldsmith's brutal tutor, Wilder, and Berkeley, possessing every virtue under heaven, represent the fine varieties that have exhibited themselves among the fellows of our college. The Wilders, if any exist, have moved upward, "working out the beast"; the Berkeleys, it is to be feared, have dropped something of the angel. Having after an arduous examination won his fellowship at the age of twenty-three or twenty-four, the successful candidate, on condition of performing a moderate amount of daily drudgery, is assured a fair competency for life, and may, if he pleases, grow daily more ignorant during

college front, with its classic pavilions, stony festoons, pilasters, and deadly rows — three hundred feet long — of barrack windows, and my failure has been signal; but Foley's statues of Burke and Goldsmith make one proud or pensive, and the classical desolation of abomination is for a moment forgotten. Burke, indeed, might be any one else — the philosopher is submerged by the orator; but Goldsmith can be no other than the most beloved, foolish, wise, playful, serious, mirthful, tender of the sons of Ireland. His grave cannot be identified in the burial-ground of the Temple; doubtless he grew weary of lying in English earth, with the perpetual roar of Fleet street in his ears; his heart untraveled turned fondly homeward. I cannot but think that dead or alive he would, in the end, set his face toward Lissoy, bringing back to Ireland his brogue and his blunders; and how gladly the land that gave him birth would catch to her breast the wayward child! One other statue the University should possess — not Swift's, for he has a sufficient monument in Dublin, but that of Berkeley; it should be of marble, and his silent face appear as the index of a mind forever

"Voyaging through strange seas ot Thought, alone."

In consideration of his studies on Rhode Island and his fine dream of a college in the remote Bermoothes, the sculptor (and subscription) might be American; and we should

sixty years; thus an almost incredible attainment in ignorance becomes possible. Or he may choose to grow daily more learned during the same period, and the result is equally appalling. Between the two types stands a literary *roi fainéant* who lives upon the reputation of a great unwritten book; the materials have been accumulating during half a century. The author's vast range and abysmal profundity necessarily delay the enterprise; but favored friends have beheld his manuscript — "a sight to dream of, not to tell." Suddenly one morning the college bell booms with a muffled monotone. The great scholar has died of fatty degeneration of the heart. The great treatise seems to have perished by the same disease and to have vanished from existence with its author. Of late the *roi fainéant* has been largely replaced by the genuine scholar. We are proving our right to exist, and trust that the good axe which hewed down cumberers of the ground in Ireland may spare the most useful and flourishing of its institutions.

BURKE'S STATUE.

We could brandish brilliant names in the face of the world, but Irishmen are modest. There is among us a Mezzofanti, who, having mastered all tongues, weeps for a new language to conquer; it has been suggested that he might

AN ALLEYWAY.

try to forget Japanese. Our library, where once the erudite Jacky Barrett — afterward Vice-Provost — ruled, is, as the guide-books say, "an extensive stone building" — so extensive, indeed, that on a foggy winter morning, looking from the entrance of the great room, you see no end, and believe that it may be possible to advance forever through an interminable vista of folios. Here Dr. Barrett's ghost must surely wander — a dwarfish figure with parrot's nose, locks radiating from his head like a bunch of radishes, the curls that had fallen off being attached by hair-pins to the back of his head, and with voice, if ghosts can speak, of a gritty, angular quality, and rapid yet emphatic articulation. Jacky wore breeches brown in reality, but called in courtesy black, a shirt black in reality, but called in courtesy white, hose, and no cravat. He washed his face and hands on the occasion of a fellowship examination, — once, perhaps, in two years, — and was, in consequence, hardly recognizable by his friends. He was a severe misogynist. "What other mainin' (meaning) has *rosh* beside *caput?*" he asked at a Hebrew examination. "Why, it manes p'ison (poison); and there's a passage in Scripture which is translated, What *head's* above the *head* of a woman? — but it ought to be, What *p'ison's* above the *p'ison* of a woman?" Him I have never seen in ghostly or bodily form. But once in the innermost recesses of the Fagel Library I beheld the apparition of a man perched on the top of a ladder. It was an unearthly and ghostly figure in a brown garment, the blanched hair totally unkempt, the corpse-like features still as marble; a large book was in his arms, and all his soul was in the book. I remembered that this was the luckless poet, Clarence Mangan, dead since 1849; that John Mitchel had seen him in bodily form, yet a spectral creature in this same attitude, and that the very words which came to my mind to describe him withal were Mitchel's words.

In College Green, facing the college, and in front of the sometime Houses of Parliament — his old domain — stands the admirable statue of Grattan, by Foley. His hand is flung in air by the passion of his thought; he has just liberated his mind by some noble utterance. Which, I wonder, of many noble utterances? Ranting extravagances in his own plays were styled by Dryden "the Delilahs of the theater." Delilahs of the senate-house found numerous admirers in the Irish

BANK OF IRELAND.

OLD HOUSES ON THE LIFFEY.

House of Commons; but Grattan's eloquent explosions meant not merely smoke and fire, but solid grape-shot. Perhaps Foley had in his mind the invocation, mouthed since 1782 a thousand times by every blatant, unfledged Demosthenes: "Spirit of Swift! Spirit of Molyneux! Your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation! In that new character I hail her! and bowing in her august presence I say, '*Esto perpetua!*'" But I like better to think that he has just flung out his defiant words of two years earlier, when he moved in the House the Declaration of Rights: "I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanging to his rags; he may be naked—he shall not be in iron; and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him." Foley's man of bronze was in reality a man of fine and fragile nerves. Perhaps a more heroic but more difficult memorial of Grattan might have been executed, had he been represented as he appeared in the House on the night when Ireland lost her independence—risen from a bed of illness, and dressed hastily in the uniform of the Volunteers, so feeble that he could not stand alone, his head drooped upon his chest, his eye sparkling with unwonted fire, the flush of passion on his cheek. "There was a moment's pause," writes our historian, Lecky, "an electric thrill passed through the House, and then a long, wild cheer burst from the galleries. Then was witnessed that spectacle, among the grandest in the whole range of mental phe-

nomena, of mind asserting its supremacy over matter, of the power of enthusiasm, and the power of genius nerving a feeble and emaciated frame. As the fire of oratory kindled,— as the angel of enthusiasm touched those pallid lips with the living coal,—as the old scenes crowded on the speaker's mind, and the old plaudits broke upon his ear, it seemed as though the force of disease was neutralized

TOM MOORE'S STATUE.

and the buoyancy of youth restored. For more than two hours he poured forth a stream of epigram, of argument, and of appeal,"— poured forth such life as was in him, but in vain. By permission of the Speaker, Grattan kept his seat while addressing the House, yet his action had a commanding energy. Here is a novel and romantic subject for some future sculptor to present. The Houses of Parliament are now put to substantial, if not very sentimental, uses. The satirist can easily raise a smile:

"Here where old Freedom once was used to wait
Her darling Grattan nightly at the gate,
Now little clerks in hall and colonnade
Tot the poor items of provincial trade;
Lo, round the walls that Bushe and Plunket shook
The teller's desk, the runner's pocket-book."

Yet it is highly agreeable (even poets feel this) to have an account to your credit at the bank; and the clerk who cashes a check for you is, after all, a much more interesting and admirable person than many of the fine gentlemen who sold their votes and pocketed their bribes in the days of Lord Castlereagh.

Thackeray could have gladly seen our generations of royal Georges in effigy abolished, but would have spared William III. in College Green. He was right, for a portion of the history and life of Dublin has gathered around his leaden majesty. Each year from 1701 onward for more than a century, on the anniversary of William's birthday, the Lord Lieutenant, the Lord Mayor and aldermen, the Lord Chancellor and judges, the Provost of Trinity College, and other notabilities paraded thrice around the statue, trying to look grave, so to do honor to the "pious, glorious, and immortal memory." Many of the college lads were Jacobites, and sometimes the gray of morning would discover two figures astride of the leaden horse—one the hero of the Boyne, dressed up with hay, the other a man of straw, leaning limp against the hero's shoulders. The volunteers would muster, and bang off their cannons and blaze their *feu de joie* around the statue. King William survived the insults and defied the assaults of his enemies until a fatal night of April, 1836; a mysterious light was observed that night in his neighborhood, and presently there followed a deafening explosion; the king flew high in air as if through some violent apotheosis, then fell, a shattered bulk of royalty, and lay flat, ignominiously indifferent to popery, prelacy, brass money, and wooden shoes. In the morning they carted the body to a police office, and held an inquest; physicians discovered an envious puncture between hip and saddle-skirt. Irish criminals have been restored to life after their execution by judicious blood-letting from the jugular vein. The grand monarch, by this or some other device, was revivified; his mangled limbs were made straight, his Roman nose was set, and when Thackeray pleaded in his behalf, my Lord Mayor, Daniel O'Connell, had the king under a canvas, and was painting him of a bright green picked out with yellow—his lordship's own livery.

Turning Liffeyward, we observe some one else beckoning to us from his pedestal— probably some patriot chimney-sweep, he looks so black and grimy; or, this lumpish nigritude, can it indeed be meant for Tom Moore?

"This were a popet in an arm to embrace
For any womman smal and fair of face."

Our western bulbul, half Cupid and half tomtit, was the most dapper little gentleman, compact of sentiment and sense; this is a shapeless blot upon the face of day. And so charming a subject has been lost. The sculptor might have shown us the grave Muse laying Master Tommy across her knee and inflicting motherly chastisement for his early indiscretions; or the melodist might have appeared in the dainty trim assumed for an evening at Carlton House, smilingly taking his harp down from the willows when the titled folk of Babylon begged him to sing them one of the songs of Erin; or, better still, why not let us see him, unspoiled at heart, in his modest home, resting for a moment amid the industrious hours, while a gleam passes across his lips and brow, and he pens in his diary such words as these: "A strange life mine; but

the best as well as the pleasantest part of it lies *at home*. I told my dear Bessy, this morning, that while I stood at my study window, looking out at her, as she crossed the field, I sent a blessing after her. 'Thank you, bird,' she replied, 'that's better than money'; and so it is. 'Bird' was a pet name she gave me in our younger days." But Bessy, when she gave the pretty pet name, did not think of such a fossil bird as this upon the pedestal—slow-waddling, web-footed ornithorhynchus. Still statues and statues! Smith O'Brien, with a pert, pugnacious aspect, little characteristic of that indiscreet and gallant gentleman, folds his arms and projects his toe in air; the back of the statue is the best of it, for the three wrinkles in the marble frock-coat are admirably realistic, and, indeed, it is only an artist in frock-coats that can adequately appreciate them. From across the bridge the Liberator gazes forth sublime, and dwarfs the petty race of mortals creeping past. He needs a sea of faces around and beneath him to set him off; then, for certain, he would open his lips and give tongue, like the huge watch-dog whose place Cuchullin took in Celtic legend, or like the hounds that uttered "sweet thunder" in Theseus' hearing, for he seems one of their race, whose

"Heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd and dewlapp'd like Thessalian bulls."

Lacking his oceanic democracy, O'Connell's occupation is gone; the burly tribune hardly knows what to do so high above earth, in solitude, commercing with the skies. It was well for him that, when unveiled, the wide avenue beneath was surging and alive. An Irish procession, numbering tens of thousands, is full of animation, yet admirable for order if only it is intrusted with the guardianship of the peace, possesses a sense of responsibility, and is marshaled by its chosen leaders. It is, however, lamentably deficient in the artistic instinct; with much brightness or glooms of temper, its strong side is not common sense, and it has little or none of that feeling for the ludicrous which accompanies common sense. The emblematic banners flung forth on these gala days, on which considerable sums of money are spent, and which are displayed with extraordinary pride, are too often absurd in design and of mingled color that sets your teeth on edge. A vast throng, however, animated by a single sentiment, is always impressive. "Which stilleth the voice of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people." The sea and the people —these two vast powers are only less sublime than the light of some lonely star, or the solitary thought of a mind which, in its musings, has outsoared the shadow of our night.

Sackville street is wide—the guide-books tell how many leagues in width. Byron is said to have swum the Hellespont, but it is not stated that he ever adventured across Sackville street; tram-cars, like ocean steamers, ply bravely up and down the midst, and a thin stream of pedestrians straggles along the side-walks. If you happen to be on the western footway, you must set forth boldly on a cruise to the eastern, in order to lay your hand upon a stone of the house in which Shelley lodged when, in 1812, he came over from Southey and Keswick (a little indignant with Southey for his altered politics), to regenerate Ireland by founding an association of philanthropists pledged to secure by peaceable means the Repeal of the Union and the Emancipation of Catholics. The house is No. 7, and, happier than the house in Aungier street in which Moore was born, it is not desecrated by bar or tap-room, but gracefully employed as a print-seller's place of business. As these lines are written, the inevitable restorer is at work; scaffolding obscures the front of the house, and when the scaffolding disappears no longer will be seen the old balcony from which Percy and Harriet Shelley threw down the young evangelist's Irish pamphlets. "I stand at the balcony of our window," he wrote, "and watch till I see a man who looks likely. I throw a book to him." And Harriet adds in a postscript: "I am sure you would laugh were you to see us give the pamphlets. We throw them out of window, and give them to men that we pass in the streets. For myself, I am ready to die of laughter when it is done, and Percy looks so grave. Yesterday he put one into a woman's hood of a cloak. She knew nothing of it, and we passed her; I could hardly get on, my muscles were so irritated." In Fishamble street, not far from Dublin Castle, was a theater in 1812, where seventy years previously Handel had presided over renderings of his own oratorios and cantatas, when the goddess of Dullness, alarmed for her British sovereignty, "drove him to th' Hibernian shore." In this Fishamble street theater Shelley, a youth of nineteen, addressed an Irish audience for the space of an hour. A reporter, sent by the police authorities to furnish an account of the Catholic meeting, describes him as "a young boy," whose speech, he adds, was "replete with much elegant language."

A few years before Shelley's visit to Ireland, his Keswick entertainer, Robert Southey, had been blown across the channel in a gale, and found himself in Dublin, as private secretary to Mr. Corry, Commissioner of the Treasury,

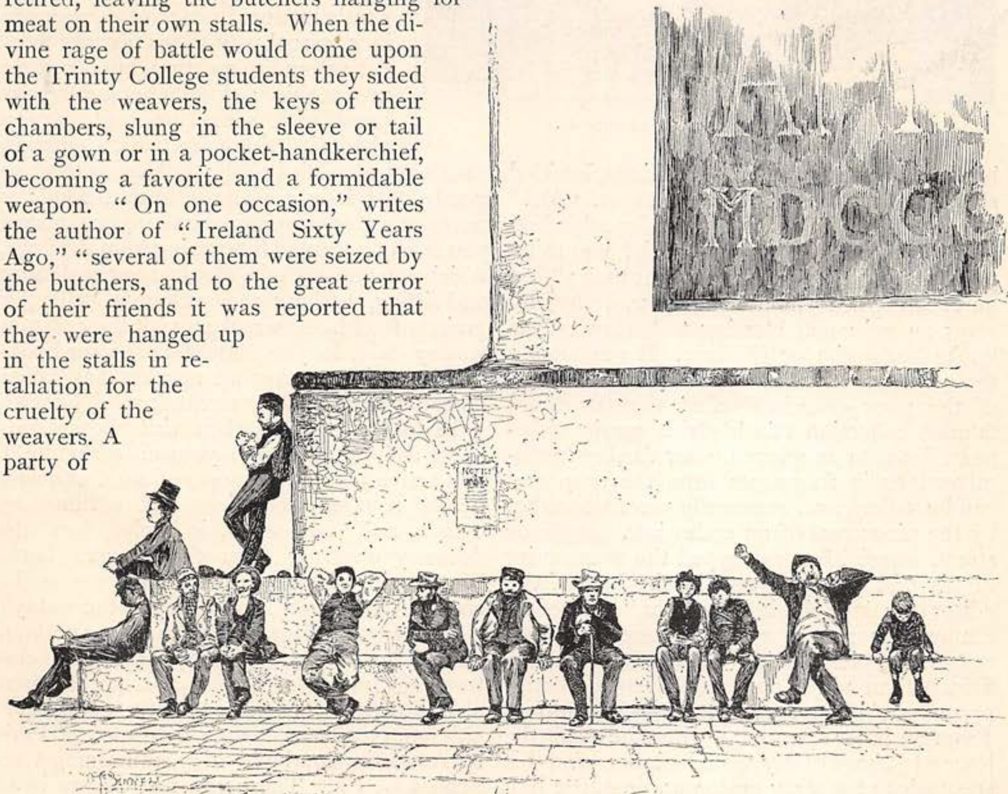
SACKVILLE STREET AND NELSON'S COLUMN.

with a salary of £400 a year, and seemingly nothing to do. A letter written to his wife in October, 1801, lies before me, showing, in ink now embrowned with age, the delicate handwriting which changed so sadly in his latest years, when the weary brain refused to direct those indefatigable fingers. "About our quarters here," he writes, "when we remove hither in June, John Prickman will look out. The filth of the houses is intolerable; floors and furniture offending you with Portuguese nastiness; but it is a very fine city, a magnificent city — such public buildings, and the streets so wide. For these advantages Dublin is indebted to the prodigal corruption of its own government; every member who asked money to make improvements got it, and, if he got £20,000, in decency spent five for the public and pocketed the rest. These gentlemen are now being hauled a little over the coals, and they have grace enough to thank God the Union did not take place sooner." Southey and his wife did not settle in Dublin; he resigned a foolish office, as he styled it, and a good salary, and soon was toiling among his folios in Bristol, the delighted possessor, after seven childless years, of a little gray-eyed girl. During his brief visit to Dublin Nelson's biographer did not see the column — a later erection — on which the one-armed hero is mastheaded. How Nelson ever ascended the dark, narrow, cobwebbed stairs to his present position is difficult to imagine; it shows the effect of early practice in climbing to impossible crow's-nests. The visitor is advised not to follow Nelson's example. Ireland expects every man to do his duty, but does not regard it as his duty to pay a fee and wind through dirt and darkness in order to attain the "pillar-punishment" of St. Simeon Stylites. Rather become one of the loungers and loafers at its base, who sit and smoke, shunning ambition with its dangerous ascents, gossiping one to another or dropping off to sleep in the sunshine.

Below our new bridge, new-named after O'Connell, the sea-gulls hover, and bring a savor of freshness and freedom, a vision of drenched rock-ridges and blown sea-spaces, into the heart of the town. Looking up the river, as day declines, sometimes a far-reaching and mystic sunset will liberate the spirit by its strange and infinite beauty seen above and athwart the irregular elevations and de-

caying frontage of old houses that line the river-sides, and above and beyond the fantastic wreathings of city smoke. There are no houses of great antiquity in Dublin, such as may be seen in Chester or in Edinburgh; but as hard usage and starvation may turn a girl into a hag at twenty-five, so neglect and grime and squalor have made comparatively modern tenements hag-like houses, with an evil look, in door and window and roof, of famine, pest, ill-living, despair. Some look gaunt and fierce, and seem to pluck their eaves over their brows; others have shrunk and grown wizened and piteously lean and ragged, like the woman who shuffles past in draggled shawl, and pauses to rest against a doorway while she coughs. These quays were in former days the scene of fierce and prolonged conflict between the Liberty boys, or tailors and weavers of the Coombe, and the Ormond boys, or butchers who lived in Ormond Market. Bridges were stormed, were taken and retaken; and day after day the garboils might be renewed; above a thousand combatants were sometimes at once engaged. On one occasion the victorious Liberty boys proceeded to hook a number of Ormond boys by the jaws to their own flesh-hooks, and retired, leaving the butchers hanging for meat on their own stalls. When the divine rage of battle would come upon the Trinity College students they sided with the weavers, the keys of their chambers, slung in the sleeve or tail of a gown or in a pocket-handkerchief, becoming a favorite and a formidable weapon. "On one occasion," writes the author of "Ireland Sixty Years Ago," "several of them were seized by the butchers, and to the great terror of their friends it was reported that they were hanged up in the stalls in retaliation for the cruelty of the weavers. A party of watchmen sufficiently strong was at length collected by the authorities, and they proceeded to Ormond Market; there they saw a frightful spectacle — a number of college lads in their caps and gowns hanging to the hooks." They hastened to the rescue, when suddenly laughter succeeded horror; the learned youths had been granted the benefit of clergy, and hung in air suspended by the waistbands of their breeches.

Along the quays and in narrow ways and alleys adjoining them, side by side with shabby bric-à-brac shops or pawn-offices, may be discovered the second-hand book-shops of Dublin, and here the collector prowls. The four-storied houses of former days, crammed with well-bound rows of works which no gentleman's library can be without, have disappeared. America has helped largely to drain the country of its literary treasures. On the whole, we are not a reading people, and there are at present few great collectors among us. It is long since Dr. Murphy, the former Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, whose staircases, hall, garrets, kitchen, must each and all have been shelved to hold his possessions, has been seen upon the quays, with



FOOT OF NELSON'S MONUMENT.

ST. PATRICK'S CLOSE AND CATHEDRAL.

for a volume not included in O'Daly's bibliopolic stores were an impertinence which it required some magnanimity to forgive. Patrick Kennedy, who had told with delightful humor the legendary fictions of the Irish Celts, would appear, a few doors higher up, with round, bald head, grizzled beard, and a smile and twinkle over all his face, sunning himself in the rare beams which struggled down to his window; while on the opposite side might be seen the Shakspere's Head, where Mr. Rooney — enrolled by virtue of his pamphlet among the authors of Shaksperiana — obtained for one shilling that copy of the first quarto of Hamlet, afterward purchased by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps for £120 and sold by him to the British Museum. All are gone — all from Anglesea street, some from earth. But T. remains (rival collectors shall not hear his name from me), — T., the sweet reasonableness of whose prices has cemented a friendship between him and the writer of this article. He knows all your weaknesses and gently humors them; introduces you in a casual way to his favorite tom-cat, an erudite creature, but of roving propensities; slides a book into your hand, with some innocent inquiry about its title-page which engages

his gold-headed cane, silk stockings, buckled shoes, and snuff-besprinkled waistcoat. "Ah!" he would exclaim, when the vender added on a venturesome half-crown — "Ah! you think to impose on the poor Connaught man;" but on effecting a fortunate purchase, he had always an episcopal blessing to bestow on the bookseller's wife or children. It was among the coffins of Cook street, where the Libitina of the poor crouches veiled, that Bunting's famous collection of old Irish music disappeared, to be recovered after further transmigrations in fragments from the soap and candle sellers, and reverently pieced together by the pious zeal of an enthusiast. Anglesea street, where Moore dropped the manuscript of his first printed poem in the box of the editor of "Anthologia Hibernica," boasted of authors among those dim recesses in which ragged rarities — Irish history and poetry, Elizabethan plays and pamphlets, or better preserved Aldines and Elzevirs — lay lurking. From an inner apartment, where he read, the learned John O'Daly would glance over his spectacles at a stray customer, or startle him with an abrupt, impatient answer, as if to ask

your vanity on his behalf; tickles his trout so gently that it is a pleasure to be tickled; is never eager, or grasping, or unfair; and makes you free of a learned litter rising from the floor, which you may spend a blissful hour in shifting and sifting, washing the auriferous drifts for grains of gold. As wreckers visit the coast on stormy days, so you should time your book-hunting aright; after an auction has taken place, at which many uncatalogued bundles have been dispersed, then visit the second-hand shop, and esteem yourself fortunate if you arrive just as an unopened sack, showing by its square protrusions the outlines of octavo and duodecimo, is hauled from the doorway or flung from the bearer's back. Watch with glittering, avaricious eyes as the contents are drawn forth; among the Valpy's Grammars and Mangnall's Questions without number may gleam some fiery opal of literature, "jacinth, hard topaz, grass-green emerald" — a first edition of Alastor or Epipsychidion, or a little volume published at Paris by Augustin Courbé in 1637, containing Corneille's Le Cid. These you may secure in all probability for a slender sum; but in their

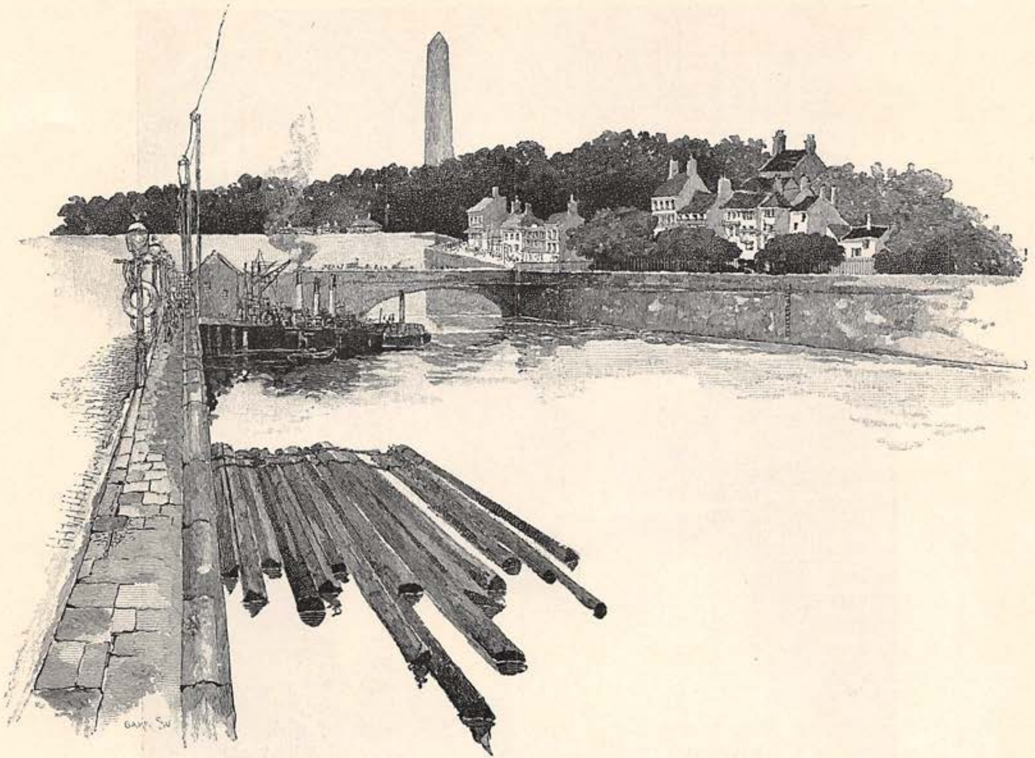
IN PHŒNIX PARK.

own department — Irish history and literature — our booksellers are learned; without their friendly aid this slight sketch of Dublin might never have been written.

Turning from the quays northward and climbing a short ascent, you find yourself in presence of Christ Church Cathedral. On the way you may, if you please, peep into "Hell." The story of Death and Dr. Hornbook, declares Burns,

> "Is just as true as the Deil's in Hell
> Or Dublin city."

The Devil, majestic with horns and tail, but long since worked up into snuff boxes and other relics, stood over the arched entrance to Hell, where toys were sold, and lodgings let, as the advertisement in an old journal bears witness: "To be let, furnished apartments in Hell. N. B.— They are well suited to a lawyer." Christ Church, as it now stands, is a monument to the genius of the great architect, Mr. G. E. Street, and to the munificence of Mr. Roe, a Dublin merchant. A fossil reptile can be reconstructed by Owen from a single bone; Mr. Street, from fragments of Strongbow's church of the twelfth century, with certain indications afforded by the crypt, has recreated the structure ruined or lost under an unsightly choir of two hundred years later and stucco ornaments in spurious Gothic of 1831. It is a veritable revival of the past; and yet not absolutely complete. For when I visited Christ Church, having heard of these rare achievements, I looked to see the tall figure of St. Lawrence O'Toole, in his habit of a canon regular, bowing before the crucifix, or going forth to chant prayers in the cemetery for the souls of the faithful dead; but he was not there. I purposed to seek some benefit for a wandering nineteenth-century spirit from the "Baculus Jesu" — the staff of Jesus — presented to St. Patrick by a hermit dwelling on an island in the Tuscan sea; but I was told that it had been publicly burnt by some reforming bishop in the strifes of Henry VIII. I thought at least to live again in the hardy memories of Strongbow's days, while I stood above the effigy of his tomb;



MONUMENT IN PHŒNIX PARK, FROM THE RIVER.

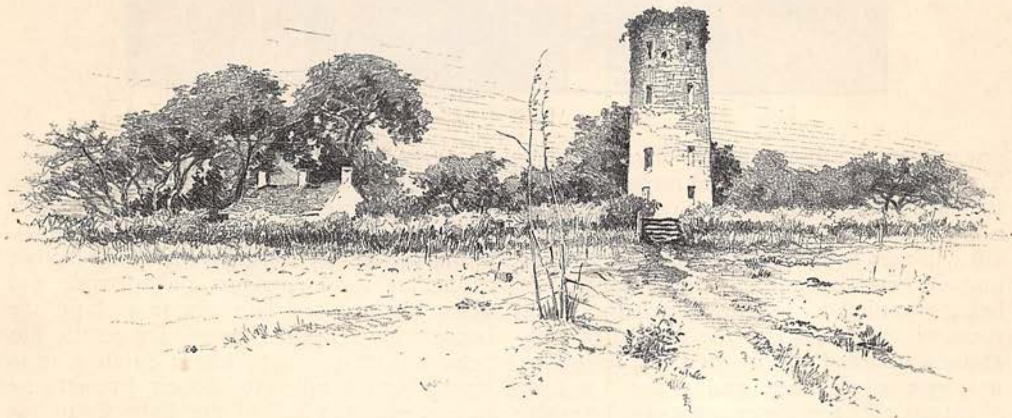
but it seems that in the church, where the impostor Lambert Simnel was crowned, a fictitious Strongbow does duty for the real,—a mere pretender, who has been stretching his legs and raising pious hands upon his breast for three hundred years, in order to receive the rents and dues payable under old deeds "at Strongbow's Tomb." There is always some signal oversight in the cleverness of a knave, and this rogue in stone, when he stole into Strongbow's resting-place, forgot to cover the Fitz Osbert arms upon his shield. He lay, not inappropriately I thought, in that anomalous structure, a Protestant cathedral of the thirteenth century amid the crowded lanes of Catholic Dublin, where, when I visited the church, no poor and pious wayfarers passed in to kneel in dim oratory or before secret shrine, with muttered ejaculation, and went forth into the street refreshed in spirit; but the gaslights flared, and a surpliced choir were chaunting faint amens to faint prayers for the high court of Parliament and the Lord Lieutenant, in the presence of three languid ladies, possibly sight-seers like myself. No: even Mr. Street's genius has not quite revived the age of faith.

Perhaps the least savory and most picturesque thoroughfare in Dublin is Patrick street with Nicholas street, which runs to meet it, the two conducting you from our first to our second Protestant cathedral,—for we cannot properly assert ourselves as a dominant minority without a pair of them. Patrick street is to be seen and smelt to most advantage on Saturday evenings in winter. Narrower than the Jews' street at Frankfort, it winds down a short incline to St. Patrick's Close; the wooden roofs of windowless stalls or booths project on either side, the unshaded gas-jets flicker in the wind, while on a carpeting of sacks, spread to save the merchandise from the mire, there rises in mid-street a far-extending pile of cheap clothing, tin kettles and cans, crockery, cabbages, carrots, onions, behind which the seller loudly commends her wares, before which the buyer critically appraises and higgles. Here you can purchase to the utmost advantage, on Saturday night, a pound of tripe, a liver, a pig's cheek, a second-hand petticoat, a string of onions, a shining candlestick or resplendent slop-bowl; or if it is your wish to hear to perfection the dialect of the Coombe, you have but to pause and listen to the chaffering and cheapening which go on around you to right and left.

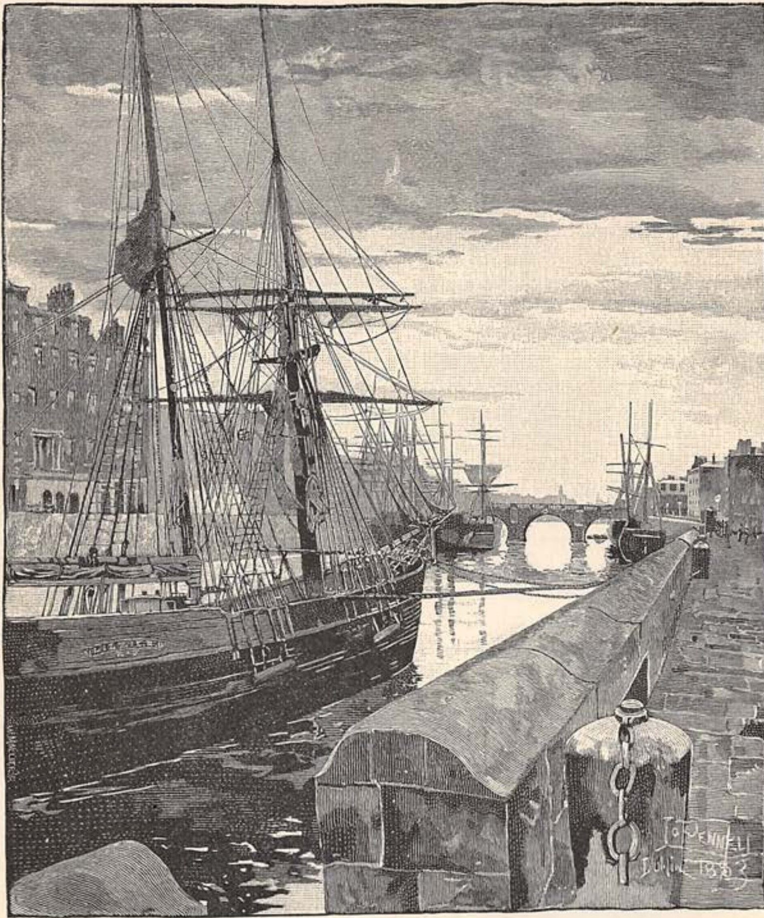
Of St. Patrick's Cathedral there is only one word to say, and that was said sixty years

ago by Walter Scott (or by Lockhart for him) when he visited Dublin and was fêted and followed like a king: "One thinks of nothing but Swift there; the whole cathedral is merely his tomb." Macaulay, indeed, took notice, like a dutiful historian, of Schomberg's tablet and the spurs of St. Ruth; Thackeray, censor of shams, was afflicted by the tawdry old rags and gimcracks of the most illustrious order of St. Patrick, the pasteboard helmets and calico banners and lath swords; Scott swept all these out of sight with one touch of imagination, which lays bare the truth, and he beheld only the tomb of Swift. But the tomb of Swift must needs be Stella's tomb, and there she lies, her bones now mingled with his. While we stand beneath Roubiliac's bust, and read that terrible inscription, "*Ubi salva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit*," we think before all else of the mournful night when, by the flare of torches under the high roof, the faithful heart of Esther Johnson was laid in the dust, and the torch-lights gleamed across to the old deanery windows, where Swift, ill in body and tortured in mind, sat in gloom. "This is the night of the funeral," he wrote, in a paper perhaps meant for no eye save his own, "the funeral, which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine at night, and I am removed into another apartment, that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bed-chamber." And there, fingering perhaps that precious relic, "only a woman's hair," he went on to write of her softness of temper and heroic personal courage, her modesty, her learning, her gentle voice, her wit and judgment, and vivacity of heart and brain. "Night, dearest little M. D.," he had so often added as the farewell word of the diary to Stella; now with her it was night, and a cloudier night with him. And so the darkness deepened, indignation giving place to rage, and rage to imbecility, with no star aloft, but murk and despair rising thick from the unwholesome earth and throttling him in their shadowy coils.

After visiting the tomb of Swift we are in no mood to admire the brick magnificence of Dublin Castle. To tell of the persons and events connected with the Castle in elder days, when it was an Anglo-Norman or Anglo-Irish fortress, we should need a volume, and the volume would contain strange and tragic records, splendors and gloom, secrets dark and cruel, with touches of comedy enlivening the long historical drama. Now and again an outcry is raised by hard-headed persons against our sham sovereign, with his sham aristocracy, and we hear talk of the epauletted languor and idleness of the Castle hangers-on. And when Lady Bolus, the great physician's wife, or Mrs. Sergeant Bigwig, the eminent lawyer's, details, with all the accessories, the triumph of her presentation to second-hand royalty, we may allow ourselves the indulgence of an amiable smile. But there are times when the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is far more of a true king — wielding personal power — than our Sovereign Lady is a queen; times when the strain and pressure of desperate hard work is felt in every department of the Irish



DONNYBROOK FAIR-GROUND.



UP THE RIVER.

government, and most of all by its chiefs. To a rightly constituted mind no part of Dublin Castle is quite so awful to contemplate as a room in the Bermingham Tower, which contains, in vast folio volumes, the pedigrees, deduced from Adam, of all persons capable of being regarded as sons of somebody. Amid these wizard tomes sits the enchanter king-at-arms, guarded by his wyverns, gryphons, unicorns, cockatrices, and other "animals phantasticall," terrible creatures to the rabble rout, but which couch or rise, turn the head regardant or extend the paw, display or indorse their wings, at Merlin's beck, tamer than villatic fowl. A Saracen and a wild man answer his bell, and fetch the tinctures employed in his necromantic art.

To gossip through all the streets and squares of Dublin is impossible here. A learned and entertaining guide may be found in Mr. Gilbert's History, to which the reader of this article is already largely indebted. We have prudently passed by the famous clubs and old coffee-houses — Lucas's, Daly's, the Cock and Punch-bowl, Jacob's Ladder, the Sot's Hole; for if we entered them we might never get out. We have left unrecorded the history of the old theaters — a brilliant history it was — with their famous actors, and rival managers, and triumphs and disasters. It is too late now to seek for the house where Lord Edward Fitzgerald was betrayed, or the spot where Sarah Curran waved her last adieu to Robert Emmet; we cannot visit the hall of the Four Courts, in which all the jokes and good stories flying about the world are supposed to have had their origin; nor count the doctors' hall-door plates in Merrion Square, the Valhalla of physicians, to which heroes who have slain their thousands are exalted, and where they drink mead of Epernay or Sillery "*ex concavis craniorum poculis.*" To the "Phaynix" Park a jarvey will be the best cicerone; one is glad not to blot one's brain with the nightmare of the Wellington monument, and we more earnestly avert our thoughts from a

deadlier horror of blood on the great avenue of the Park.

But to write of Dublin and omit to tell of Donnybrook Fair and its humors would be as if a traveler were to describe Rome and forget to mention the Carnival, or as if a critic were to write of Burns and leave out his Jolly Beggars. The fair has long ceased to glorify the month of June, and Donnybrook is only an uncomely village on the skirts of Dublin; but the fields of revelry and riot, near which the Dodder ripples past, reflecting giant burdock leaves, may still be seen. Through the mirthful eyes of Jonah Barrington we can see the fair itself unshorn of its splendors. Here are tents formed of long wattles in two rows, inclined together at the top; over which for covering are spread patchwork quilts, winnowing-sheets, rugs, blankets, old petticoats, secured by ropes of hay. A broom-head or well-worn brush, a watchman's discarded lantern, surmounted by variegated rags torn to ribbons, serve the purpose of the tavern's ivy-bush; a rusty saucepan or old pot signifies that eating as well as drinking may be had. Down the middle what a day since had been doors and now are tables rest on mounds of clay, and benches, swaying under the sitters when their equilibrium becomes uncertain, run along supported in like manner. "When the liquor got the mastery of one convivial fellow," says Sir Jonah, "he would fall off, and the whole row generally followed his example; perhaps ten or even twenty shillelagh boys were seen on their backs, kicking up their heels, some able to get up again, some lying quiet and easy, singing, roaring, laughing, or cursing; while others still on their legs were drinking and dancing and setting the whole tent in motion, till all began to long for open air, and a little wrestling, leaping, cudgeling, or fighting upon the green grass. The tent was then cleared out and prepared for a new company." A delightful aroma, in itself nourishing, filled the June air — mingled turf, whisky, steaming potatoes, Dublin Bay herrings, salt beef, and cabbage. At dusk a dozen fiddlers and pipers would strike up and a row of perhaps a hundred couple work away at their jig-steps, "till they actually fell off breathless." Matrons would bring the "childer" to this paradise of cakes and simple toys, and these infantine revelers would assist the musicians with pop-gun and drum and whistle. Under the summer moon young men and maidens would utter their vows and fix the day for going before Father Kearny, who declared that "more marriages were celebrated in Dublin the week after Donnybrook Fair than in any two months during the rest of the year." As to the fighting at the fair, it was for the most part void of malice and good-humored. Horses cannot be bought and sold without differences of opinion between buyer and seller; the shillelagh was at hand as a graceful arbiter of disputes. It is a vulgar error to suppose that practice with the national weapon is a brutal brandishing and whacking; it is rather a game of skill; and if a head was now and again laid open, this was quite in a friendly way, and what are heads for if not occasionally to be cracked in a worthy cause? Do not, however, honest John Bull, excellent Brother Jonathan, run away with the notion that Donnybrook Fair represents in miniature the whole of Irish life. Believe that ours is the same human nature as your own, with a difference. Perhaps you are not always sane and sober any more than we. Placed as we are between you, we want to hold hands with both, and dream of the day — far distant still — when we shall be as a link to bind together the kindred democracies of England and America.

Edward Dowden.