



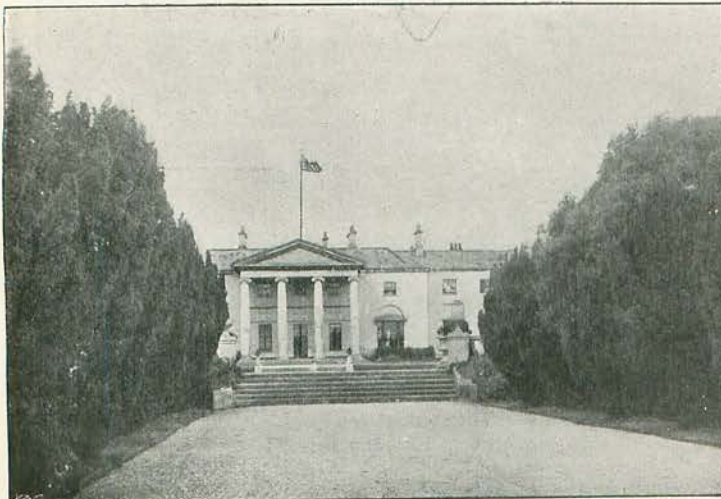
BY JOHN A. STEUART.



HERE are several things upon which Dublin has excellent reason to pride herself. She has the Liffey, the soupy savoury Liffey, the Phoenix Park, the Castle, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Trinity College, and a tradition too romantic to be analysed, too hoary to be reckoned in years. For aught we know to the contrary, Dublin may be older than Damascus, "the oldest city in the world." How many empires she has seen rise and flourish, decline and fall, no man, not even a cob-webbed antiquary, may say. When men marvelled over the invention of cuneiform writing she had a language of her own (though the brogue may have changed a little since). She might have

discussed contemporary accounts of the defeat of Saul at Gilboa, of the conquests of Cyrus and Darius, and the sacking of Thebes by the Persian. She was ancient when Caesar blinked in his cradle and experienced in heathen intrigue when Antony made love to Cleopatra, or Cleopatra to Antony, which you please. I mention these things to show that she is not a city of yesterday.

Nor, so far as one can gather, has she ever lacked the elements of variety and excitement. From the Scythian era to that of the Danes her records are misty, but there is every reason to suppose that from the very first she had her fair share of the fierce joys of conflict. From the day, the glorious day, as Irish historians call it, on which the redoubtable Brian Boru broke the Danish power at Clontarf, continuously through the epochs of Malachi, Strongbow, the Henrys, Elizabeth and Cromwell to the time of O'Connell, nay, of Parnell and Mr. Balfour, her history has been the reverse of monotonous. Some day an Irish wizard will arise and enchant the world with tales of the wild Irishry in the good old days, the golden age, when a pike or a sword was a man's best friend and the law of Robin Hood had universal force. Some Hibernian Scott or Dumas will tell an eager generation of the



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VICE-REGAL LODGE, DUBLIN.

[Prith, Reigate.



COUNTESS CADOGAN, WIFE OF THE VICEROY OF IRELAND.

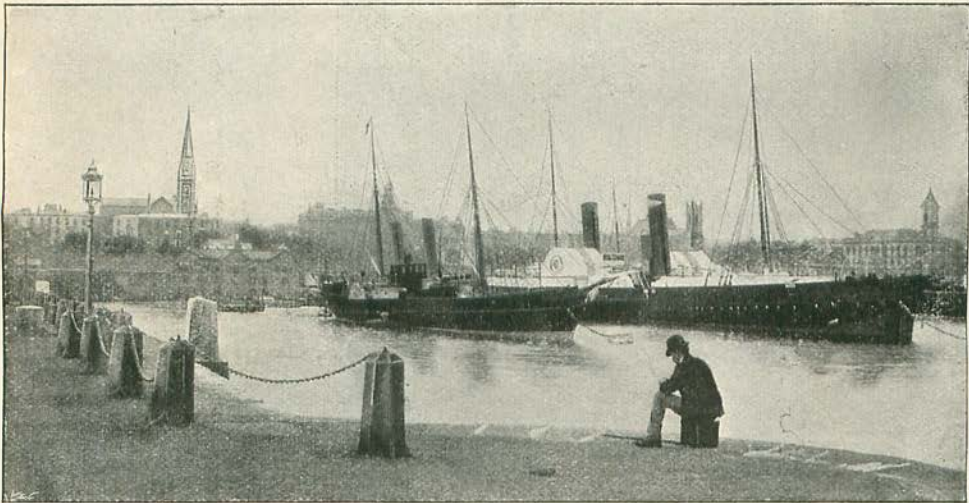
(From a photograph by Lafayette.)

sanguinary doughtiness of McMurrough and Roderick O'Connor, of Tyrconnel, Tyrone and Kildare, and the conquering genius of Cromwell as exhibited outside the pages of Carlyle. When the tale shall have been written it will be one for which editors will contend hotly, and publishers offer fabulous royalties. That "far off divine event" however demands the exercise of patience. Meantime we must content ourselves with hope and such stirrings of the imagination as may come of sadly inadequate narratives of picturesque times and events. The Irish historian has never done justice to Irish history. Let Mr. Lecky be admonished.

A taste for battle is said to be characteristic of the people of Dublin to this day. Probably they dearly like a shindy (who

singing-master might envy, while a commonplace from the lips of a Dublin belle is as that strain of heavenly music of which romances so frequently tell us, but which so few of us ever hear. One wonders that poets and novelists have not made more of the brogue, for it must surely be one of the rarest possessions of any city in the empire.

Moreover, it would make an agreeable variation on the eternal theme of dimples, mouth and eyes of the ordinary story-teller. Not that dimples, lips and eyes are to be disdained, and in Dublin they are especially "sweet," if I may use the favourite expression of the lady novelist. Nowhere out of France or America will you find brighter eyes than belong to the Dublin girls, and their roses are unmatched. Mr. Meredith describes



From a photo by]

KINGSTOWN HARBOUR.

[Frith, Reigate.

does not?), but the present writer is bound to remark that his recent visit to them brought forth no sign or evidence whatever of the bellicose temper. On the contrary, he found them the soul of good humour and geniality. Indeed the word which to my mind most accurately characterises them is "mellow." They are hospitable, cordial, intelligent, polite, often brilliant, and nearly always fascinating, but above all they are mellow. Harshness or brusqueness is as alien to them as an east wind to Devon. The Dublin accent is probably the most mellifluous known among men. It imparts savour to the most crabbed of words, and to doubtful sentiments an ineffable aroma. It charms the ear and titillates the fancy. A Dublin jarvey curses his refractory horse in tones that a

the ideal girl in Lucy of "Richard Feverel" fame: "The soft roses in her cheeks, the clearness of her eyes bore witness to the lady's virtue, and health and happy blood were in her bearing." There are whole regiments of girls in Dublin fit to stand beside Lucy, and when the national genius, for whom we are all waiting, arrives the world will know them, ay, and love them. It has never been my good fortune to experience the peculiar ecstasy of it, but the responses of a Dublin Juliet to the impassioned speeches of her Romeo must tingle and thrill along the heart-strings in a manner not to be forgotten. Love's young dream must have as many fervid memories and associations in Dublin as in Italy itself.

The Irish capital is nothing if not fashion-

able. Those who visit her expecting to see displays of shillelachs and knee-breeches will return disappointed. During my sojourn by the Liffey I did not see a single shillelagh (save in shops for English and American visitors), nor so much as one pair of knee-breeches. These things are as decidedly of the past as the manners of the marauding Danes or of their vanquisher, the gallant Brian. For Dublin prides herself on being up to date. She has her Court circle and her West-End, or rather her South Side, whence radiate influences which keep her society abreast of Paris or London, and usually a step ahead of Edinburgh. She sets unlimited store by etiquette. Scrupulous in attending Court functions, she jealously guards her royal privileges and will tell you frankly that in social affairs she never plays second fiddle. But of fashion and gaiety we shall have more to say presently.

Dublin can scarcely be called a bustling city. Thackeray found her depressingly inactive, and what she was in his day she practically is now. The number of drays, tram and jaunting-cars has increased since

the author of "Esmond" took his solitary walk in St. Stephen's Green, but the city still gives the stranger an impression of leisurely quiet. She does not rush, nor does she shine by statistics. Belfast will dispute



From a photo by]

[Frith, Reigate.

FOUR COURTS, DUBLIN.

in figures with Mr. Gladstone himself. Ambitious, eager, energetic, it will pile you up column upon column of statistics to prove the volume of its trade and the extent of its riches. It will tell you that it has the largest shipbuilding yard, the largest tobacco manufactory, and the largest ropeworks in the world, that it is equally noted for whisky and ginger-beer, that its imports and exports are enormous, and looking round you are disposed to take all these facts for granted. Dublin modestly eschews tabulated returns, and to say truth, would not do herself credit if she resorted to them. "We have Guinness's brewery, you know," the inhabitants will tell you with a smile; and to be sure they have Guinness's brewery, the greatest concern of its particular kind in existence, a concern which yields the Treasury some £2000 a day in excise duty. There, however, her first-class industries end. And she did not seem to me to be at all anxious to add to them. The truth is she has an odd old-world antipathy to undue enterprise, incongruous but refreshing in this age of push. The



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[Lawrence, Dublin.

COLLEGE GREEN, AND FRONT OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

spirit of the place is "clane agin" intemperance in work, though there is neither stint nor lack of activity in some other directions. Light-hearted, merry, easy-going, caring vastly more for to-day than for either yesterday or to-morrow, the people appear to order their existence on the principle that since we make life's journey but once we ought to make it as pleasantly as possible. One can

if they were in a perpetual panic, her shops are not prodigiously big, nor are they commonly overcrowded. In the midst of her activities she takes time to breathe and smile, and is ever ready to crack a jest. Even her courts share the general *bonhomie*. An Irish judge often sentences a culprit so sweetly and with so tender a regard for the feelings that it must be a pleasure to go to



From a photo by]

SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.

[Lawrence, Dublin.

fancy them chiming in with the wise singer of Naishápir—

Waste not your hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of this and that endeavour and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful grape;
Than sadden after none, or bitter fruit.

Admirable philosophy, though those who act upon it are not at all likely to die millionaires. Nor is that questionable crop grown in Dublin. Wealthy men she has not a few, but she does not make the golden calf her idol. If money come easily she will accept it and try to be merry; but she will not kill herself for sake of lucre, and at all hazards she will make shift to be happy. Her business men do not fly along the streets as

gaol. "I am very sorry," said an occupant of the Irish bench once to a convicted criminal, "that the law compels me to sentence you to be hanged by the neck till you are dead. But suitable arrangements will be made to enable you to repent of your sins before execution." Politeness and good humour could not go beyond that.

Architecturally, Dublin may hold up her head with the best. "A handsomer town, with fewer people in it, it is impossible to see on a summer's day," was Thackeray's verdict. Carlyle, it is true, growled over her "vapid inane streets," her side cars and her "trashery," but that was just "pretty Fanny's way." The Irish capital is

certainly handsome, and knows it. She has the hardihood, the brazen hardihood, to sneer at London. "Show me anything in Sootopolis like my Sackville Sthrate," she says jubilantly. There is nothing in our dear, grimy London, I am glad to say, like Sackville Street. Heaven preserve us from ever imitating that noble thoroughfare! It has fine buildings, so much must be granted instantly, but somehow they seem to accentuate the loneliness as mountains give an added dreariness to the wilderness; and the cobble stones, oh, the cobble stones! The clatter of a solitary car over them at dead of night is as the stampede of an entire cabstand; any bustle of traffic makes the distracted stranger fly wildly to cotton-wool. Yet Sackville Street is unquestionably handsome. It is wide, extremely wide, and clean; it has the General Post Office, which cost a cool £50,000, and is ornamented with noble Ionic columns and emblematic figures of Hibernia, Mercury and Fidelity; it has also Nelson's pillar, half a dozen hotels, and some of the best shops in the city.

An old writer, taking his stand upon O'Connell Bridge, thus describes the scene at dawn of a June day: "Behind us lie Westmoreland Street, terminated by the ancient walls of Trinity College, and the noble Corinthian portico of the Bank of Ireland; on the opposite side of the river Sackville Street extends its full perspective of architectural beauty uninterrupted, save by the memorial of the brave Nelson, whose pillar seems to have been dropped there in defiance of all the laws of good taste. Let us," he proceeds enthusiastically, "walk up this beautiful street. We are now opposite the post office, and who can say that the republic of *letters* is declining" (sorry witticism) "when they look upon that magnificent pile? . . . Before us lies the Rotunda, where revelry so often holds its court, while 'meek-eyed charity' extends its hand to succour the children of misery" (to wit in the lying-in hospital). "Let us now turn round and survey from this eminence the splendid scene which lies before us. The deserted streets, like the exhumated cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, seem but as the monuments of departed

splendour." Thackeray too was charmed by the view from the same bridge. "Very brilliant and beautiful prospect," he wrote in the "Irish Sketch Book." "The four courts and their dome to the left, the custom house and its dome to the right, and in this direction seaward a considerable number of vessels are moored." And he goes on to describe the "pompous image" of his "defunct majesty" George III, Sackville Street, and other spots at which we have already glanced. The great novelist was favourably impressed by all save the desert-like solitude.

Of public buildings the Bank of Ireland in College Green is the most notable. The history of this fine edifice has often been told. Even Macaulay's schoolboy knows that the bank was once the Parliament House of Ireland, was sold for £40,000—not



From a photo by]

[Lawrence, Dublin.

BANK OF IRELAND (IRISH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT).

an exorbitant figure—and that ever since Mammon has held the ancient seat of eloquence. One wonders whether it would have been bought back again and put to "old and honourable" uses had Home Rule and a separate Parliament been granted to Ireland. It is an imposing pile and perhaps does more than any other building to impress the stranger with a sense of the importance of Dublin. "'Tain't no one-horse town," remarked an admiring American surveying its Ionic colonnade, "that kin show a block like that." And he was right. Considerable alterations have been made internally since its walls echoed "the thunders of denunciation" levelled at perfidious Albion. Dublin seems to have no recollection of those great feats of oratory and on the whole is satisfied with the Union.

It is interesting to note that the Irish House of Lords is now a Board-room, and that where once "sat legislation's sovereign power" dividends are now declared. Such are the changes which the whirligig of time brings about.

Close by the bank is Trinity—ould Trinity—assuredly the most famous seat of learning in Ireland. The institution is now some three hundred years old, and has sent forth its quota of famous men. Burke, greatest of all Irishmen, first of British orators and political philosophers, best of British prose writers, as Matthew Arnold held, was among its *alumni*. Swift also studied within its walls, side by side with Congreve, the two curiously enough devoting themselves especially to mathematics. Goldsmith likewise



From a photo by]

[Lawrence, Dublin.

CAMPANILE OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

favoured it with his presence, but does not appear to have shone in the class lists. To-day, however, Trinity has a statue to him—a rather shabby affair it must be admitted; the same, I regret to add, must be said of the Burke memorial. Among others who have shed lustre on Trinity are Tom Moore, Flood and Grattan.

Architecturally, Trinity is a credit to the city, though its general aspect is rather cold and forbidding. Massive and gloomy, it gives from certain points of view rather the impression of a prison than a famous college. The later buildings, however, help to dispel this notion since they have an airiness which the original structure lacks. The library is famous. It contains many works of great interest and value to the scholar, including the famous "Book of Kells," "the

most beautiful book in the world"; the "Book of Armagh," the "Book of Leinster," not to speak of the harp of Brian Boru. It has altogether a collection of some 250,000 books, and has the good fortune to be one of five libraries in the United Kingdom to which publishers must send a copy of every work they issue, provided the librarian applies for it within a year from date of publication. The librarian, be it said, seldom fails in this duty. There is also a fine museum attached, to which I cannot do more than refer.

It has been remarked that Trinity, as represented by the teaching staff, has never made a permanent or worthy contribution to literature. There is something in the charge.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
Faix and the divil and all at Divinity,
Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all!
Come, I venture to give ye my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from Mythology into Thavology,
Troth, and Conehology, if he'd the call

sings Mr. Graves. Father O'Flynn, as we know, was a "janius." Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity and the divil and all at Divinity, the men of Trinity have always been, and are, even if their lights grow dim, before the luminary from ould Donegal; but it must be owned their original contributions to English literature are, to say the least, scanty. There are signs, however, that the reproach is to be taken away. Professors Mahaffy, Dowden and Bury are doing excellent work in criticism. What the first two have accomplished need not be recapitulated here, but particular mention may be made of Professor Bury's edition of the "Decline and Fall," now passing through the press. When complete this will be beyond all question the best edition of Gibbon's history ever issued. *Vive la Trinité!*

Connected with Trinity by many a tie and association are the four courts, one of the chief glories of Dublin. The superb Corinthian portico is in itself worth a journey of many miles. As you gaze up, thinking perhaps of the hands that wrought all this grandeur in stone, you catch sight of Moses and Justice and Mercy looking placidly down at once to awe and encourage. Wisdom and authority seem to warn the beholder that a law court is no jesting matter. Yet the Irish Bar was long famous for its success in relieving the dryness of legal argument by a happy admixture of the native quality of humour. *Autres temps, autres mœurs*, say

our vivacious Gallic neighbours. So far as I have been able to gather, no Curran or Grattan, no O'Connell or Butt, electrifies judge and jury to-day in Dublin. Perhaps this is because Ireland now sends her best legal talent to England. Within recent years she has given us a Lord Chancellor and a Lord Chief Justice, several eminent judges and many brilliant barristers. And there is still ability in Dublin, even if it lacks the old fire and appears to be getting preternaturally grave. When, after fifty years' absence, Carlyle visited the Parliament House in Edinburgh, he thought the piece had fallen asleep. An air of somnolence pervades the four courts also, and the visitor who strolls into them expecting to be thrilled or amused will come out disappointed. Perhaps Ireland is becoming too civilised, too cultured for its reputation; certainly it is much less facetious in reality than in tradition. In Dublin as elsewhere "the study and practice of the law," to which the learned Sergeant Buzfuz attached so much importance and made so entertaining, is, it is to be feared, becoming as prosaic as gold mining or company promoting. Does learning crush out wit or material interest dull the sense of humour? It is said the Iron Duke could not now pass for the army, and no doubt the youngest of the host of briefless barristers that infests the four courts knows infinitely more about law than John Philpot Curran knew, yet I have not heard that we have

greater generals than Wellington or more successful advocates than Curran. Let educationists explain the puzzle.

The Castle, the official residence of the Lord Lieutenant, is disappointing—I mean externally. A huddled congeries of buildings, it gives an impression of endless confusion, and is not exempt from the charge of shabbiness. Despite its importance socially and politically, it is the least imposing of all the public edifices of note in Dublin, and, to the eye of the novice, the least orderly. Viceroy's were wont to complain of the difficulty of keeping it habitable. There is no complaint on the score of habitability to-day, but England might be more impressively represented in her governmental offices. As the world knows, the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary have their headquarters in the Castle, and it is wholly appropriate that the Chief Commissioner of Police should be close at hand, for Irish political officials have more than once during recent years stood sorely in need of "police surveillance." Externally, the most interesting spot is the Castle chapel, with its legends and Record Tower, a building in the florid Gothic style, well worth half an hour's attention. But internally the whole pile is of unsurpassed interest to every student of Irish, or for that matter of English, history. The State apartments are splendid enough to suggest sovereignty. In the decorations the fine arts have played a conspicuous part. In

St. Patrick's Hall you may see George III loyally supported by Justice and Liberty, St. Patrick convincing the Druids of the error of their ways, and Henry II receiving the submission of the kings of Ireland. By courtesy of the



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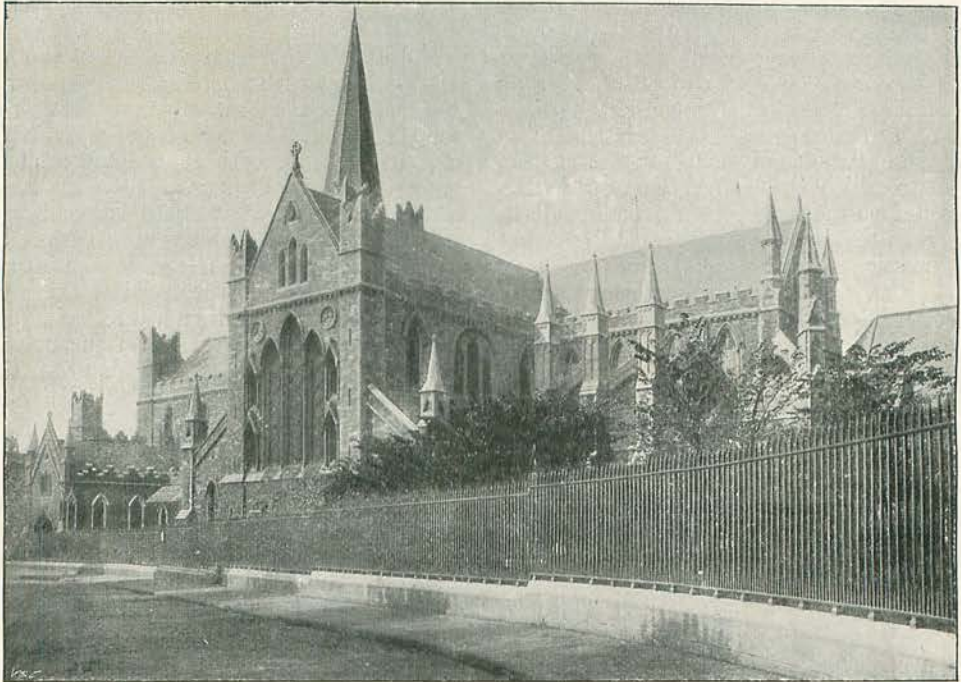
THE CUSTOM HOUSE, DUBLIN.

[Frith, Reigate.

Corporation officials I handled the original charter granted to the city by his Majesty in 1172, a parchment about the size of a man's hand, but wondrously preserved. If it could tell all that has happened during the 800 years of its existence what a tale of romance we should have! There are many valuable portraits in the Castle, and one can conceive that with the beauty and fashion of Dublin coruscating in its stately rooms the effect would be dazzling. But unhappily at the time of my visit beauty and fashion were elsewhere.

Just outside the Castle walls, in Hoey's

all the illustrious men who have trodden those twilight aisles or thundered from that pulpit, surely there was not such another as the great dean. St. Patrick's is in many respects the most interesting building in the island, for it condenses the history of Ireland as Westminster Abbey condenses the history of England. Nor architecturally is it unworthy of its fame, notwithstanding its medley of styles. It has its monuments and memorial windows too, many of them beautiful, and all of them strangely suggestive of what Carlyle called the old dead time. Curran, Lever, Lord Mayo, the Duke of



[From a photo by]

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

[Frith, Reigate.]

Court, Jonathan Swift first drew the troubled breath of life. Poor Jonathan, monster, man of genius, humorist, satirist, cynic, philanthropist, misanthrope, preacher, courtier, lover, what a fame has been his! With the single exception of Shakespeare perhaps, no English author has been such a mark for the biographer and commentator, and grievously have these esteemed gentlemen abused their opportunities. St. Patrick's Cathedral, which stands contiguous to Hoey's Court, is for ever associated with the name of Swift, and to me his memory haunted the place as the face of Napoleon haunts the picture-galleries of Paris. Among

Schomberg, are among those commemorated. But to me, at least, Swift dominated the place. That proud spirit still keeps possession, as if defying time, change and mutation. For a hundred and fifty years his bones, buried secretly at dead of night, have mouldered beneath the cathedral stones, but he yet "rules our spirits from his urn." It is of him and of Stella that strangers think first and think last. Singular pair! Greatly they loved in life, and in their death they are not divided. Under the feet of the trampling generations they lie side by side, their romance perennially fresh, their tragic secret well kept. Sixty years ago, during

some alterations to the cathedral, their coffins were exposed to view, and casis were taken of their skulls. Grisly sight! "Fall, dark curtain, upon their pageant, their pride, their grief, their awful tragedy."

The Cathedral of Saint Patrick stands in the midst of what is probably the most squalid district in a city by no means lacking in squalor. Peddlers, hucksters, "ole-clo" men (who strew their unwholesome wares on the pavements), corner-boys—that is to say, loafers, euphemistically roughs—tent-rate, ill-smelling beer and eating-shops, crumbling insanitary houses, an unwashed, purple-faced, ungracious population, these engirdle as an entrenchment the most famous ecclesiastical edifice in Ireland. Cannot the Corporation remove the eye-sore? Belfast, with the regard for sanitation and appearances which marks progressive towns, has lately been clearing out her Seven Dials, her Patrick Streets. Might not Dublin advantageously follow her example? The surroundings of her chief cathedral are certainly no credit to a metropolitan city. The rancid odours of them abide in the nostrils long after the delicate aroma of the church has faded; cathedral and slum rise in the memory together. Faugh! Dublin. Among other notable buildings, the beauties of which must be taken for granted by my readers, are Christ Church, the metropolitan Roman Catholic pro-Cathedral, the city hall and the custom house. The last, which cost some £400,000, is one of the sights of the town, both from its noble proportions and its picturesque situation on the banks of the river.

The visitor will not of course fail to see the Phoenix Park, which is seven miles in circumference and 1760 acres in extent, that is to say, more than four times the size of our Hyde Park. Within its trim attractive bounds stands the Vice-regal lodge, where the Lord Lieutenant lives *en famille*, and the Chief Secretary's lodge. It was within a stone-throw of the latter that Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were assassinated on that May evening fourteen years ago. Guides will point you out the exact spot on which the deed of horror was committed, giving such realistic and moving details of the tragedy as even M. Zola might envy. The Zoo has also its place within the park, and there is an obelisk to the memory of Wellington, locally known as the "big mile stone." I was too late for the strawberries, but they are said to be among the finest in the kingdom. Dublin loves to

regale on them on balmy June evenings. Kilmainham, so celebrated in recent history, is not far off, and the Wicklow hills make a charming background. Glasnevin is yet another of the notable spots. In Prospect Cemetery the O'Connell monument dwarfs all other memorials of the dead, as "the Liberator" dwarfed his fellow-citizens in life. The handsome granite tower rises to a height of 170 feet and attracts the eyes of Dublin as Mecca attracts the pious Moslem. Below in a vault lie O'Connell's bones. The undistinguished grave of Charles Stewart Parnell is faithfully shown, and among other tombs



From a photo by

[Lawrence, Dublin.]

THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT.

to be especially noted are those of Curran and William Smith O'Brien.

To the stranger of a literary turn of mind Glasnevin has associations of uncommon piquancy. By the banks of the babbling Tolka, Swift and Addison, Steele and Sheridan wandered and thought and sparkled, and thither Stella stole to be near her eccentric lover—or was it her husband? What a marvellous affection was hers to have survived the shocks and buffets which it must often have received. Did the dean plan "Gulliver"—most flagrant of libels on humanity, most fascinating of romances—in

that quiet retreat, or Addison muse on Sir Roger and the Vision of Mirza, or Dicky Steele devise "a new way of paying old



From a photo by]

[Lafayette.

EARL CADOGAN, K.G.
(Lord Lieutenant of Ireland).

debts"? Who shall say? It may be added that the ground now occupied by the Botanic Gardens was once the property of Tickell the poet. Glasnevin has certainly had its celebrities.

The literary tradition is not maintained. It must always be an inexplicable puzzle why Ireland, with all her vivacities, her wit, humour and general brightness contributes so little to current literature. She has not so much as a "kail-yard" school, and Dublin is scarcely concerned in any of the literary movements of the day, if we except the spasmodic attempt to revive Celtic studies. She is probably the least literary of capitals. To me she seemed to care little for the fame of even such writers as Swift and Moore. She thinks more of O'Connell than of Burke, of Parnell than of Lever. Of Newman I heard not a single mention. The fervour which pervaded her in the palmy days of the *Nation*, when Duffy and his band of poetic patriots rhymed themselves into the hearts of the people, has passed, leaving scarce a trace of influence. Nor could I discover

any active interest in those who are to-day endeavouring to maintain an Irish literature. Miss Barlow is better known in London than in Dublin. Is a prophetess without honour in her own country and among her own people?

But there can be no question that Dublin understands the fine art of gaiety. An adept and connoisseur in all things social or fashionable, she allows nothing, not even the quest for the root of all evil, to interfere with her devotion to Levée and Drawing-Room. And that she may not miss chances elsewhere—in London, for example—she arranges to have her season over early; it opens in the last



PROFESSOR LECKY, M.P.

week of January and ends on St. Patrick's Day with a grand ball, at which everybody who is anybody in the social world

"trips the light fantastic toe." Then the Lord Lieutenant represents royalty in its magnificence, and with something of its awe-inspiring ceremony, while Dublin, brimming with enjoyment, pirouettes and parades, bows and beams in a dazzling lustre. On these State occasions the dresses are said (for I am no judge in such matters) to be of a quality and splendour that would move an artist's enthusiasm. Last season was especially brilliant. The initiated declare that Lady Cadogan is an ideal leader of society, and will be exceedingly hard to succeed when the political cards are once more shuffled.

A conspicuous figure in Dublin society is the commander-in-chief of the forces. Shall I be guilty of invidiousness if I declare my conviction that Field-Marshal Lord Roberts is, on the whole, the most popular man in Ireland? Soldier and civilian alike name him with unstinted praise, and he is at least as much the favourite of society as the hero of the army. I am not sure however that he greatly cares for the whirl of fashion. The tented field and forced marches are probably more to his taste, and in Dublin there is luckily no fighting of the soldierly kind to be done. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress have also their place in social life, and at civic functions are of course indispensable.

A Dublin man who must not be overlooked—which in a physical sense would be a difficult feat!—is Professor W. E. H. Lecky, M.P. This famous historian became in December 1895 the member for Dublin University in succession to Mr. David Plunket, who was elevated to the peerage.

Professor Lecky was born near Dublin, and was educated at Trinity College, so that the city has good reason for claiming him as a credit. Another leading citizen who deserves mention in this article is Sir Robert Sexton, who has long been held in high esteem in Dublin.

I had intended to say something of the environs of Dublin—of the bay, which is almost as famous as that of Naples, of Kingstown, erstwhile Dunleary, of Bray and Malahide, Lucan and Howth, of peerless Wicklow, with its hills and glens, its Dargles and Avocas, but I have already exceeded my allotted space. Dublin is particularly fortunate in her surroundings. But it is by her active social life that she is what she is. Native experts will tell you that in "go," as well as in the delicate conventionalities which are at once the breath and savour of fashion,

she has "nothing to learn from nobody." These be nice questions to decide, my masters. For myself,

I know not how the truth may be;
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.



SIR ROBERT SEXTON.