



VOL. IV.—No. 203.

DUNEDIN: FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1877.

PRICE 6D.

DUBLIN.



EW cities in the world are more favorably reported of than is the Irish capital, one of whose leading streets forms the subject of our illustration this week. Art has contributed much to render the town attractive, for its public buildings are remarkable for their beauty, and those quarters in which are situated the residences of the more wealthy citizens are generally handsome and well designed. But much as art has done towards the enrichment of the metropolis in question Nature has accomplished still

distant ranges of Wicklow, the whole terminating in the bold promontory of Bray. But hardly might the brush of the painter, much less the pen of the writer, depict the chief charm of the landscape—its wondrous coloring; especially if it be at the season when the heather blooms and the mountains are dyed in crimson from summit to base.

Where else shall be found a city from whence such charming scenes may be gained, not only by a drive but even by a walk of no exceeding length? An hour by rail and sea-side cliffs are reached, where the denizen of the crowded streets may be reinvigorated by fresh breezes odorous with the scent of the gorse blossom and innumerable wild hill flowers, while he watches the waves dashing against the rocks hundreds of feet below where he



more, for she has embellished the country surrounding with a thousand beauties, and spread out in the immediate vicinity a noble bay.

What traveller who has visited Ireland has failed to be delighted with the entrancing prospect that unfolds itself before his gaze as he approaches the shores of the Emerald Isle, arriving from Holyhead or Liverpool? On his right the Hill of Howth raises its rugged brown mass from the sea, and while the city with its swarming domes and spires lies in front, to the left are seen the island and lesser heights of Dalkey and Killiney with the sweep of country, highly cultivated and studded with villas, that slopes away to the Dublin mountains, behind which rise the more

stands; or else he may be carried out by horse or steam to wander amongst picturesque mountain glens, or on the bank of some stream noted for its beauty; beneath the fragrant hawthorn branches of the Park, or through shady lanes and retired meadows; or, if the study of antiquity delight him, he may find at no great distance from the bustling haunts of business remnants of the past that will serve to recal to him memories of generations long gone by. Nor is it necessary to depend upon a conveyance for the enjoyment of such pleasures; they who are of more robust habits may without over-fatigue requite themselves for working hours spent amidst the turmoil of the town by an evening passed in the tranquility of rural surroundings that have been gained on foot.