

of the middle gallery, still surrounded by a cordon of good men and true who took care to resent at once any impertinent observations on the very evident incapability of our lay friend.

On looking round I found that the house was crowded in every part with the exception of the state box, which, magnificently fitted up with crimson drapery, mirrors, the royal arms, and two heavily gilt arm-chairs, was reserved for His Excellency, the Marchioness and suite, who had not yet arrived. In the middle box of the dress circle was the Lord Mayor, in his gorgeous robe of scarlet and ermine, with the collar of S.S. round his neck and over his shoulders, the mace being conspicuously displayed in front of him; beside him was the blooming Lady Mayoress, and behind him were the Sheriffs, Recorder, and many members of the Common Council. Immediately opposite the state box, on the left of the stage, was the Commander of the Forces, with a brilliant staff, aides-de-camp, adjutant-generals, quarter-master generals, commissary generals, and all other kind of generals. Military uniforms were plentifully scattered over the boxes, which were full to repletion with the beauty and fashion of Dublin. On taking a more careful survey of the galleries, I perceived that knots of college-men were stationed in several parts of them, and

"What gave rise
To no little surprise"

on my part, was seeing four of the six men who had enlarged their figures by the concealment of Purdon's pillows, sitting quietly, two at each side, in the slips or upper boxes, which were somewhat too near the ceiling, to be pleasant positions in a crowded assembly, and subsequently recognising the other two in the front row, at either end of the middle gallery.

But my observations were soon interrupted by the flare of trumpets, announcing that the guard of honour was presenting arms, as His Excellency the most noble the Marquess of Wellesley descended from his carriage to honor the theatre with the august presence of the representative of the Majesty of England. Then everybody in every portion of the house, stood up, peered over, and stretched their necks, in order to get a good view of the viceregal party, and then was seen a large man, clothed in sables, with a white wand in his hand, walking backwards into the state box, bowing at the same time most profoundly, followed quickly by a short, shrivelled, white-haired old man, in a uniform of blue and gold, with a glittering star upon his breast, and a magnificent, blooming, beautiful, large sized, happy looking woman, formerly Mrs.