

suggestion, and the book came out, not as "The Victorian Era" but as the "History of Our Own Times." In six months Justin McCarthy netted £6,000 by the speculation.

I must acknowledge that as a novelist, Justin McCarthy is a complete failure. In style and sentiment he has tried to emulate the scribes of Cockneydom, and in subject he has endeavoured to cater to the vitiated tastes of the English public. Read all his novels and you'll not find a single line which could lead you to infer the author an Irishman. This is where McCarthy made the great mistake—eschewing his own country. Lever, Banim, Kickham, Carleton and Griffin will live in the hearts of the Irish people long after the evanescent vapourings of Justin McCarthy are lost in the clouds of oblivion.

Justin Huntly McCarthy, son of the preceding, is more of a student than a writer. He has made metrical translations of many of the Oriental tales and legends, and has been a fair success. He has also tried his hand at the drama, but in this respect he has achieved nothing to speak of. However, he is a young man and may give us something worth preserving in the future.

In the fiction line, Mr. Richard Dowling—a Waterford man, is I should say, the leader of the Irish novelists in London. Fifteen years ago he was using the tape and yardstick behind his uncle's counter in Clonmel;—to-day he is lionized in London drawing-rooms. His "Mystery of Killard," is full of plot and sentiment. When it was issued from the press, about a dozen years ago, the plot—that of a deaf mute casting off his son, because that son could hear and speak, and thereby might reveal the secrets of his father,—was so original, that it immediately stamped young Dowling's reputation as a literary man, and from this time onwards, his pen has been sought by not alone the press of London but the universal world.

They say that genius runs in the blood. It would seem so in the case of Dowling's first cousin, Mr. Edmond Downey, better known as "F. M. Allen," the author of "Thro' Green Glasses," etc. Though not as great a delineator of character or

originator of plot as his kinsman—Downey has earned a good reputation for himself in Babylon.

George Henry Moore, son of an ex-M. P. for Galway County, is head of what may be called the realistic school of fiction. His style so resembles M. Zola—the brilliant but lax Frenchman, that his novels may be said to be nothing more or less than a transposition of Zola's. I must admit, however, that they are free from those gross immoralities which have given to the French Romancer an universal notoriety.

In the journalistic world we have many Irish lights whose genius has reflected a lustre, not alone on their native land, but on London itself.

Of course Dr. William Howard Russell, the veteran war-correspondent whose brilliant letters during the Crimean campaign, attracted so much attention throughout Europe, may be placed at the head. Dr. Russell is now an old man—grey and timeworn, but he still woos his first love by editing "*The Army and Navy Gazette*."

John Augustus O'Sha the "Irish Bohemian," is another son of the Emerald Isle, that has made a great name for himself as a war correspondent. He has travelled the world over. In furs and mocassins he skimmed the Canadian snows, following the broken fortunes of Louis Riel. He has had to burrow, like a rabbit, with the bushranger in African jungles, and has had to don paint and warfeather, with the Indian "braves" on the American prairie. He has hobnobbed with Hindoo princes beneath the cocoanuts of India, and quaffed a flagon to the health of His Imperial Majesty—the Czar of all the Russias, 'mid the wilds of Siberian wastes. He has stood in sandalled feet beneath the towers of Mahomedan Mosques, and plunged himself in the holy waters of the Hoogly, beneath the walls of Calcutta.

Few indeed in the dapper little Irishman now reposing serenely in the bosom of his family in a lovely London suburb, would recognize the daring and invincible war correspondent, who braved death and danger a thousand times, by land and sea.