

Private tutor, more doses of Greek, Latin, Algebra and Whooping Cough. The University of Dublin. Professor Salmon, afterwards the venerated Provost, was my tutor. The casual reader can skip the next sentence. I discovered some theorems in determinants and Geometry. Among the latter, that in any plane triangle, the centre of the circumscribed circle, the centre of gravity and the meeting of the perpendiculars from vertices on opposite sides, are in a right line, and that the c. of g. trisects the interval between the other two.

I saw an expulsion in ancient form, with the College bell tolling muffled funeral peals, and the sentence read in Latin.

Also, a brisk scrimmage, on the occasion of the public ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new belfry. Students were forbidden to climb the scaffolding. Harris, one of my classmates, did so, and trying to get on the platform was kicked in small of the back by the contractor's son. The students tried to scale the platform to get at him, but the kicker and workmen beat them off. Then from a pile of bricks, and paving stones they fired at the kicker. The stones so thrown, hit the students on the other side who thought them thrown by the workmen. At last the boys retired into Botany Bay Square, but only for a blind, and one of them peeping, reported that the kicker had come down. At him they rushed, and his face was soon like a raw beefsteak. Here Galbraith, of Home Rule fame, then junior deacon, came to the rescue, linking the victim under his arm and taking him in safety through the Fellows' garden. One of the students gave him a long range shot with a rotten egg, which, missing its mark struck the Dean in the whisker. I have not space to write up the charge of the horse police with swords, against the students, during Lord Eglinton's State entry as Lord Lieutenant.

Two of my classmates were the present Sir Richard Cartwright, then a fresh hearty youth, full of fun and energy, and Kirkpatrick, now over the Surveys Department of the Ontario Government.

The College was full of odd old customs. Whenever the Provost visited within four miles of Dublin, the College sweep, a well-paid official (whose house was in French street, where all the others were tenanted by females), followed him and swept the chimneys.

Outside the College railings, which enclosed a semicircular plot in front of the grand entrance, were stands where day and night, women more than 70 years old and who might be 200, for time had no effect on their faces, sat day and night, selling apples. At night they used dip't candles in oiled paper lanterns, licking the apples when nobody was looking, to freshen them up. The city authorities tried to remove them. The police scowled at them. Furious letters were written against them in the Dublin Evening Mail. They were on College ground and the University Board would not let a hair of their heads be touched.

Castleknock, which included the Observatory, was a very aristocratic and tory parish. When the Lord Lieutenant was at the Viceregal Lodge, he was a parishioner, and the church had a Viceregal or Royal pew, larger than the rest, opposite the pulpit. A still larger square pew was that of James Hans Hamilton, M. P., the chief landlord, whose father Hans sat for Dublin in the Grattan Parliament, and spoke and voted against the