

blackboard. I do not wonder any more at what I heard in Newcastle once, that Protestant workmen often prefer the nuns' schools — the manners are thought to be so much softer.

*Friday, Sept. 29.* — To the Church of Ireland School and training-college in Kildare Place. The Principal, an old Balliol man. Very pleasant and civil. Showed me over the class-rooms. A few texts about — "Jesus is my Rock," etc. Texts must be approved by the N. Education Board! Such is the watchful jealousy of the sects! Thence to the godless Marlbro' Street — the famous centre of the mixed system. Since the R. C. bishops have declared war against teachers trained here, there has been a terrible falling off in R. C. students.

Though the political temperature was too hot for me to be welcome at all the miscellaneous hospitalities for which Dublin was famous, I had a share. I once sat peaceably at meat at the metropolitan Archbishop's table with all the Catholic prelates, and did my best not to show myself unworthy of their geniality and lively good-humour. Sir Walter Scott was never sure whether the wigs or the wits were the better company in Edinburgh. In Dublin in my short day the wigs had the best of it, in spite of two of the College professors, and the casual soldier, too, was a welcome element that in London, Oxford, or Cambridge has not always been so general a social contributor. The Provost of Trinity made an admirable host for scholars, soldiers, and divines alike.

One evening I recall with three or four of the best of the judges, including the Chief Baron. The trite question arose of allowing prisoners to give evidence;