

pretence to farm knowledge. The ground is seemingly as good as English farm land, but you see at once that they do not make as much of it. There are, of course, exceptions, but this is the general rule, and as you pass through the country places, where the Irish cabin comes under your observation, and remember what an influence the surroundings of home have on personal character, you are satisfied that these homes are just what would make a careless, unthrifty man or woman. And in too many cases we must confess that the Irish people are sadly lacking in forethought, thrift and tidiness. There is a careless abandonment of character that will have to be educated out of them before they will ever become anything but good-natured, helpless mortals, ready to account for their poverty in any other way rather than admit that they bring it on themselves, and at bottom vainly believing that Providence has so ordered it, and that Providence some day will perhaps order it otherwise. The corduroy pants, battered hat, and shirt sleeves are no fancy sketches of the Irishman, while the short pipe is as much one of his features as the nose on his face. Both men and women, in spite of poverty, dirt and rags, look healthy, cheerful and contented, and it does not require much association with them to find out that they are most aristocratically descended. I had an amusing illustration of this trait in Irish character while searching up some family records in Newtown Butler and Magheraveely. In Newton Butler, the chief house of the village is owned by a person bearing the family name I was seeking. The only member at home when I called was Miss Jenny, a lady, tall, fair, and, let us say, thirty. She was not unwilling to talk about relatives, but some way the conversation always turned towards an uncle who had been a Colonel in the British Army, and, as my blood was not blue enough to run in the veins of a British Colonel, I made but little progress there. She, however, directed me to the Post Mistress of the village, a lady of fifty or thereabouts, ringleted, prim and precise. Well, no; she didn't remember any of her family emigrating to America. She had an uncle who died a Colonel in the British Army, and the pedigree in that direction could be traced with unerring accuracy. From the Post Office I made my way to a small grocery store, kept by a woman whose name excited my curiosity, and announced myself as a Canadian in search of his ancestors, but, bless you, this woman too had a relative who, when he died, was a Colonel in the British Army. By this time I had had a little too much of that Colonel. I was getting desperate, and ready, if necessary, to claim relationship with Brien Borhu or any other aristocratic Irishman. And I succeeded in my purpose. But this is a laughable feature in Irish character, and I think I have met with those who have carried it across the Atlantic. I have no difficulty in bringing up before my mental vision the mansions they describe as having been in possession of the family for generations. Mud-wall mansions thatched with straw. My Irish friends will see at once that I did not visit the Lakes of Killarney nor come near the Blarney Stone.

Dublin is worth seeing. It is a stirring city; more like London, by the rush of business, than any other city in Europe. Sackville Street is like an avenue in an American city; but there is more business done on Grafton Street. The Bank of Ireland, formerly the Irish House of Parliament, is a very fine pile of buildings standing in College Green. Over against it is Trinity College—a school that has turned out some of the most gifted men in the world. Dublin has one of the best parks in Europe, and Phoenix Park is well worth a visit. The grass is like a green velvet carpet, kept in admirable order. The Vice-Regal Lodge is in this park: rather a mean-looking building, with small, old-fashioned windows. The Chief Secretary's house is over against it, perhaps half a mile away among the trees.

I am not attempting any description of Dublin or its people. They require more study than I had time to give them. But here, too, as in London, the gin palace is in full blast, and reeling men are very plentiful, while free fights are not at all rare. Policemen in Dublin are great, stout men; and they require to be stout, for an Irishman conscientiously believes that part of his mission in life is to resist the law; and policemen, in making an arrest, have frequently to hold their prisoner against a little army of rescuers.

There are some very fine churches in Dublin, notably St. Patrick's Cathed-