

“ Well,” he replied, “ sure what’s the use o’ being down-heart-ed these hard times.”

After a few more words, I brought forward the subject of the celebrated battle, and he pointed out to me the ground where it was fought, and told me exultingly of the utter defeat of the Danes, and pointed out the very spot where Brian Boru, king o’ Munster, “ druve” them into the “ say.” The nationality so conspicuous in the Irish character, awoke in the old peasant with the recital, and I could not help feeling touched myself, and felt a kind of sorrow at parting with him.

Leaving Clontarff, I struck in towards the city. From the road, the city view lying spread out in the distance is grand and imposing; while on the left, the Bay of Dublin, said to be the most beautiful in the world, next to that of Naples, lies with its waves and woods, mountains, shores, and sky. Dublin is very ancient. It is said to have been a place of importance in the time of the Romans. The impression it made upon my mind on my first entrance into it was a rather unfavorable one; though taken singly or separately, Dublin has many fine buildings, some of her bridges, over the Liffy, are handsome, while others are meagre enough. The Custom-House, with its statuary and architectural decorations; the Bank of Ireland, where the legislators of Hibernia, half a century ago, held their deliberations; the Castle, the abode of the Lord Lieutenant, Ireland’s King; the Four Courts, with its ancient gate-ways and weather-beaten statues; and Sackville Street, with its fine monument to Nelson standing in its centre, all attract the attention of the stranger,—but the narrow streets and brick buildings, with which they are generally surrounded, impair the grandeur of their appearance.

I spent the early part of the day within the walls of Trinity College, among its play grounds and shady walks. I almost felt inspired as I trod the same ground where Goldsmith had con-ned his task, and the author of “ Lallah Rhook” had, perhaps, loitered at sunset, humming over some Irish melody. This University is said to be one of the most richly endowed in Europe. Dean Swift was educated here. And it is said that he entered rather freely into the follies and pranks of youth when a student. Once after being guilty of some irregularity, he was obliged to go down upon his knees and beg the pardon of one of his superiors. This superior owed his position in Trinity, not to his worth or talents,