

*Hibernico*, because it has not a blade of grass, stands the most preposterous equestrian statue in the world—that of William III. One would think the man who made it never saw a horse in his life. As I strolled through the old Parliament House, now a bank, I asked a servant if he would like Home Rule again. "Some might, belike," he said, "not I; shure, what's the differ?" which cheerful philosophy I did not seek to disturb. St. Patrick's Cathedral is said to have been founded by its patron saint, A.D. 448. If that be so, it has done little for its environment in those 1400 years, for it has around it the most squalid purlieus of the town, which is saying a good deal.

The Liffy, the Four Courts, Nelson's Monument, and the "Phaynix Park" provoke the pride of every patriot, and not without due cause. The Castle, a stern feudal tower, is characterized by strength rather than beauty. The carving in the Chapel Royal is superb. The *custode* looked just like Dickens, and was such an eloquent gentleman that I had to double my intended fee. A ride in wind and rain over stony streets, in a jaunting car—it should be spelled j-o-l-t-i-n-g car—does not make one long for a repetition of the experiment. I had to hang on, metaphorically, "with tooth and nail." I suppose it is a little better than riding on a rail, but I am not sure.

Next day I crossed to Holyhead in one of the swift mail steamers which are subject to a penalty of 34s. per minute if the mails are delayed. The bold Welsh coast presents a rugged front, but few lovelier views than that