

[Written for the Maple Leaf.]

## REMINISCENCE OF A DAY IN DUBLIN.

I found myself approaching "Dublin sweet city" one fine morning in the month of June, *Anno Domini*, 1847; the year of the potatoe disease, death in Skibereen, Lord John Russell's "ten millions," soup kitchens, public subscriptions civil and military, charity sermons, charity concerts, charity balls, and charity boxing-matches, (a fact,) all for "poor ould Ireland." The morning was cool, and the country I passed through beautiful. Here and there, on the hill-side and in the dale, the smoke was rising lazily, but picturesquely, from some humble Irish cabin. How interesting they are, and how they add to the beauty of the landscape, these Irish huts, when they are seen by the light of the rising sun, and the ivy which luxuriates around their old mud walls is glistening with dew; or when seen by the rich light of the sunset, their lowly moss-covered chimneys are dyed with the crimson light of departing day. But, alas, "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view;" when you approach one of them, the aspect of everything changes, and the Irish cabin, like many more things in this world, is most interesting and beautiful when seen from afar.

As the morning sun was casting his glories upon the waters of the Irish channel, and lighting up with the smile of Aurora the gloomy brow of the "Hill o' Howth"—of St. Patrick notoriety, I found myself within the boundaries of Clontarff, a small ancient town, about three miles to the north-east of Dublin. Here, in 1013, the battle of Clontarff was fought, so famous in Irish history. I looked around me for some rustic chronicler with whom I might converse on the celebrated engagement, and I found one in an old peasant who was leaning over a low turf wall, listlessly gazing around him, whistling a few bars and singing a few lines alternately. As I approached him he was ranting over with great spirit the words—

"My name is bould Morgan Macarthy from Trim,  
My relations all died, except one brother Jim—

"Good morning, sir," said I, accosting him.

"Good morning, *kindly*," was his ready reply.

"You are merry this morning," said I.