was to give faithful service to one's employer, and help one's fellow-men when possible, and never bother unduly about the future, which was never as black as it looked. And I agreed with him that trouble always came butt-end first, and that, after it had passed, it frequently dwindled to a pinpoint - the which has been said in verse somewhere, by Sam Walter Foss I think, but I can't put my hand on it.

We got back to Castleconnell just as the fishermen were coming in, and it was far from empty-handed they were this time. The array of salmon stretched out on the floor of the bar, when they had all arrived, was a very noble one. And everybody stood around and looked at them proudly, and told of the enormous flies that had been used, and how one monster had whipped the boat around and towed it right down through the rapids, and lucky it was that the water was high or it would infallibly have been ripped to pieces, but the boatmen kept their heads and managed to get it through, and when the salmon came out in the quiet river below and found itself still fast, it gave up and let itself be gaffed without any further fuss.

And again after dinner, we saw the familiar sight of the catch being wrapped in straw to be sent by parcel post back to England, as proof of the anglers' prowess; and I can guess how those battles on Shannon water were fought over again when the angler got back to the bosom of his family. As for me, I have only to close my eyes to see again that noble stream sweeping along between its green, flower-sprinkled banks, foaming over the weirs, brawling past the rapids, hurrying between the quays of Limerick, and widening into the great estuary where it meets the sea.

Two opinions of Limerick

By chance these two short but contrasting opinions of Limerick were encountered on the same day. The first is from "Green & Silver," a description of a canal tour of Ireland undertaken by L.T.C. Rolt and his wife, which was first published in 1949. The trip to Limerick was by bus from Killaloe. They did not wish to come any further down river by boat because the high banked Head Race offered no scenic views. The second is a description of a canal tour of Ireland and in late December 1782. There may be slums as bad or worse in the world. I was told by several people that there never was more real grief shown by the people in the streets as we marched through was immense. We arrived about eleven o'clock from that dear place Limerick, a town that I shall ever hold in my highest esteem, and where I received more civility than ever I experienced. It is without doubt the best quarter in the world. I was told by several people that there never was more real grief shown by the inhabitants of Limerick to a regiment leaving it than to ours. The concourse of the people in the streets as we marched through was immense. We arrived about three o'clock at a small town called Newport, nine miles from Limerick. Tom & Hardy Grady accompanied us to that place, but we were not at all in spirits"