

On the 1st August, 1812, a sad calamity befell the whole family by the untimely death of my father, which occurred by a fall from his horse when returning home from Clonmel. I accompanied him out of town the same afternoon. This accident was a death-blow to the living prospects of his family, who became scattered and exposed like so many sheep without a shepherd to protect them from the ravenous wolf.

My father's remains were followed to the grave by the largest funeral ever seen in that part of the country. He was buried in Killoloan Church, where his father lay before him. He made no will and the administration of the property devolved upon my mother, who managed it the best way she could for the benefit of all the children; but some of my brothers being too fond of going to town, and meeting with so many friends there, indulged rather freely in the vice of intoxication, which in a few years brought death and destruction amongst them. Happy would it have been for them if there was a father Matthew in those days, or as I should have said at that time.

When out of my apprenticeship, my master made me a present of a silver watch, which cost £4, as a proof that I served my time with that integrity and honesty as I should have done; which watch I have worn from that day until this, not wishing to part with it under any circumstances.

I continued in my situation one year more at a salary of £15, after which I thought I should try to do a little business on my own account. I made my sentiments known to my mother who consented, and gave me a bond for £150, being for my money lent by my father to a neighboring gentleman, which sum was paid me.

I then rented a large house in Johnson street, formerly a banking establishment, at the yearly rent of £110, and carried on what was considered a respectable business during four years. I lived very comfortably, but abstained from extravagance.

At this time the South American Patriot service was blazoned forth through the public press. Several regiments