

Our further enjoyment consisted of fishing, swimming and climbing trees for birds nests, and not the least of our diversion was riding a donkey (a part of the farm stock) who when tired of his burden kicked up his heels and tumbled us over his head.

"And thus we spent the pleasant hours nor thought of care or woe
In the days we went a gypsying a long time ago."

In our sports we had three playmates whom we shall introduce to the reader, especially as they are to bear an important part in our narrative. Two of the lads were respectively named Nat and Harry Wainwright. Their father was a lawyer in a good social and financial position. The other lad was named Mat Mackenzie, son of a wine and spirit merchant who had accumulated a large amount of money in brewing, which he exchanged for his other calling. He was giving his sons a good education, one of whom had already received his degree in Trinity College, Dublin, and was now a young Doctor. Being our senior he did not join in our sports, occasionally he came to his father's farm which adjoined ours, and sometimes associated with us.

Those four youths were accustomed to see wines and spirituous liquors used every day in their homes, especially the Mackenzies, who had access to their father's store and indulged pretty freely, especially Dr. Tom, who was frequently under the influence of wine. His brother Mat often brought a bottle of whiskey to the farm, which he diluted with water and berries to make it palatable, and we all had a taste of the cordial, which made us unnecessarily boisterous in our games.

The future history of the Mackenzie and Wainwright boys will show how dangerous it is to tamper with "the old serpent" although disguised in Blackberry juice.

In this connection I may add that whiskey, the national beverage, was kept in almost every house that could afford to purchase it, there were a few honorable exceptions in those who strictly observed John Wesley's rules.

When a child was born the first thing it tasted was a teaspoonful of whiskey punch to clear its throat. I have no doubt but a good deal of whiskey was drunk at my birth and christening, especially the latter. I was told that the clergyman who performed the ceremony had one tumbler of punch before he commenced, and several afterwards, as he was the principal guest at the feast and did not believe in "total abstinence."

The tailor who made my first suit of clothes fitted them on and then drank my "health to wear," I was taught to drink his in return by having a wine glass half filled with diluted and sweetened whiskey punch.

At festivals, harvesting, markets, weddings, christenings,