

of a prairie home for himself being that of "Basil the Blacksmith." Alas! Poor Philip, it struck me even then "perhaps your fate like that of Gabriel Lajunesse, may be to *seek* and never *find*." For though the New England Poet's description of the West be truer to nature than that beautiful but fantastic description of the East by the Scotch poet, Campbell, where the early settlers (they must have had their chopping all done) "had nought to do but prune their autumn fruits or skim the light canoe," yet, O how false to human experience, poor Irish immigrant experience especially.

I mind seeing Mary's big brown eyes dilate to their utmost capacity when he changed from an American to an Irish rhapsodist.

"O, Erin! my country, thou isle of saints, so fruitful in men, so bright in genius, country of Berkeley and Toland, of Moore and O'Connell, land of bright thought and the rapid sword. Erin mavournin, Erin-go-bragh! Woe to the spoiler, if thou art to be as Babylon or Balbek!"

We returned a sorrowful party to Balnaddoodle that night. Mary reading scraps of her cousin's "Evangeline," which he had bequeathed her. Oft was the wish expressed that Dada was well and could go to that glorious country. He had been in the south of Ireland more than twenty years, and did not take to the ways of the north nor to farming as he had anticipated. His own people had been very anxious to have him beside them again. They knew he had a little money, and probably on that account were more urgent in recommending his native air. To tell the truth, we were completely sold. Old grandfather Crozier shaved us outright. Shortly after cousin went away things began to look gloomy enough. Our funds were all invested. One misfortune came after another. I fell from a house and got my wrist fractured. Mamma took erysipelas and lay for six weeks, but to crown all, in one fearful night our whole establishment was burnt down. We lost everything: horses, stock, the crop of that year and all the farm implements.

Years before he left the place, Dada

had received a slight fracture in the skull in some scuffle he had been in, at a fair, and ever after, upon the least irritation he acted so strangely that we were afraid to go near him. He now went entirely out of his mind. Although the most affectionate and indulgent of parents, he now seemed to be possessed with the most furious hatred of his children. We often had to keep six men in the house night and day to hold him, or we should have been torn to pieces. At length we had to send him to the asylum. After seventeen months confinement, we brought him home again, a mass of skin and bone, and as helpless as an infant. We could now attend to him, and if ever a man had a devoted wife, and affectionate children, or ever deserved to have the like, that man was Stephen Crozier. He got weaker and weaker every day; at length, three months from the day we brought him home, he died.

It was on New Year's day we were burnt out, and while Dada was in the asylum we managed with some assistance to put in the crop of that year. It happened to be a good season, and people thought that as I was able to look after things in a sort of a way, we might be able to fight our way through. But mother had set her heart upon going to America—rather a daring scheme for a poor widow with two big, soft, unsophisticated daughters and a big raw boy of sixteen. But that cousin of ours could make us believe anything, and he said, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house and go unto the land which I will show thee."

He had now been nearly two years in the United States, and every mail brought long letters from the land of promise. The first of course was a detailed account of the passage. His was an early winter one; it had been one continuous storm from Liverpool to New York. "Pray that your voyage be not in the winter." The next letter was from Cincinnati, the "Queen city of the west." He had travelled through the heart of the State of Ohio from Sandusky on Lake Erie, through a country of vineyards and orchards and cornfields—the corn still