

Dada was in no hurry taking to himself a wife. It was not until he wore the sword and sash of a head constable and had been stationed a considerable time in Dublin that he began to think of a matrimonial alliance.

One of Sir Eyre Coote's old sergeant-majors who had been many years in India, came home after completing his regular term of service, still a young man with a pension jingling in his pocket, and had the good luck to step into a quiet birth in the Custom House. The old soldier had an only daughter, not now in her teens, who had received a rather superior education. This Christana O'Dea was my mother, and the mother of my two sisters, Mary and Frances.

As mamma had some weakness about sending us to the national schools, I may say we had no teacher but herself—to this day I can write only an angular hand—yet when we came to Canada neither of my sisters had any difficulty in taking first-class common school certificates, which repaid, in some measure, both the teacher's pains and the pupils' diligence.

I was only a little boy when the old sergeant-major died, yet I remember him well. I mind an old blue cloak he used to go out and walk in, on which occasions I was his unfailing attendant, unless when, for some misdemeanor or another, I had been put in Coventry, as he called it.

For a whole week, sometimes even a fortnight, he would not so much as look at me, and during the continuance of the embargo my playthings in some mysterious manner all disappeared. His usual method of coming to terms was to watch an opportunity and tap at his room window with a small silver coin, which was held up as a reward for some task to be learned. I seldom slept till I had mastered that task; but dear old Grandfather! It was not for your silver coin.

We were stationed in a little town in Tipperary in the dreadful times of the famine. I have seen mother, with a drawn sword in her hand, keeping off the hungry crowds who came every day to our door, Dada being out night and day with his men. These times made mother a soldier, but the fatigue, wounds, and

exposure which fell to the share of the poor head constable brought on one rheumatic fever after another, till his tall lithe frame grew as knarled and warped as the heart of a rock-elm stick. He was compelled to retire on half pay.

Grandfather, who was now dead; had insured his life for a good few hundred pounds, and with this money, which in fact was another's dower, we all went home to the North. I suppose you would have gone to America. It was not mother's home, yet how soon she adapted herself to it, for it was to bring health back to her husband again. In a few months nobody could make finer butter, or get more for it in Enniskillen market; her calves, too, were said to be the best ever raised within twenty miles of Balnadoole. Dada recovered his health amazingly.

We had a Dublin cousin, Philip O'Dea, who came to see us the second year we were in the North—what a strange genius that cousin was! Poet, actor, phrenologist, mesmerist, chemist and electrician. He brought with him a galvanic battery of his own make. It had two little porous clay cups standing in two larger glass jars, with thin platina plates attached to strong zinc cylinders, and wrought with strong nitric acid in the clay cups, and dilute sulphuric in the glass jars. He rolled Dada in wet sheets and charged him with currents of electricity till the very rafters rang again with his shouts. To shouts of pain succeeded shouts of laughter, when Philip put away his battery to give us the "Newcastle Apothecary," "Lodgings for single gentlemen," or some comic reading from Shakspeare. These were fine times. We were fairly bewildered with our Dublin cousin. Alas! Philip could not stay with us all the time. I shall never forget the day I went with my sisters in the old car to Enniskillen to see him away in the Dublin coach. How he raved about the Mississippi and the Far West with its billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,—my future home, and the home of all unhappy Irishmen." He had caught his inspiration from Longfellow's "Evangeline," every line of which he had by heart, his conception