

opulent members, and the Orange Society with some of the most vehement admirers of the glorious, pious and immortal memory of William of Nassau. During his stay at this institution, my uncle appears to have conducted himself with great propriety; and hence, when the requisite time for remaining there was accomplished, he was duly articulated to Alderman Darragh, a wealthy merchant, equally respected in the municipality, and "on change."

But my worthy relative, like many of his compatriots, seems to have had a greater regard for war than for commerce. He was a worshipper not of Mercury but of Mars. He longed to be a soldier, and so fiercely did the martial flame burn within him, that it never let him rest, until, in the words of an old and popular ballad—

"He mounted the white cockade,"

and sought renown at "the cannon's mouth." But his aspirations were not of the low and vulgar kind. He had no notion to be a mere man at arms—the retainer of some Sir John Ramorney—a follower of some doughty mail clad chief. Oh, no; his soul despised such servility; his heart was set upon being a slashing, dashing light dragoon. Nor was it long until his desires were fully gratified, for about this time, Lord Drogheda, then a Lieutenant General in the