

Thomas Grattan Esmonde said when he visited your city, the policemen appear to represent the English Government and, as we have a plentiful supply of English Government in Ireland, we have plenty of policemen who come to be looked up on as government men. So, when our young heroes shout "the horneys," every door is opened and is ready to receive the very children to whom but a few moments before, they would have, had they the chance, administered a sound thrashing. The policeman thus baffled walks to the top of the hill, there to await the re-appearance of the youths, in order to have their names at least, for a summons to court: but no, they are too wise for him. One of them, with a car on his back, makes his appearance at the distance of a few yards from the peeler, who seeing the chance of a capture immediately gives chase. It never occurs to him that the fugitive is laughing at him and is only drawing off his attention from the others. Oh no! the peeler in Ireland has an idea that no one is to smart for him: in this case there is one, for the runaway is, "leading him a dance" over walls, etc., till he arrives at the top of a steep hill when jumping on his car down he goes, leaving the poor policeman "feeling awfully cheap." Sometimes this officer, angered by the thought of losing his game, continues the chase by also sliding down the hill, but he is sure to be blocked up, before he arrives at the middle and so reaches the bottom head foremost. But, as is generally the case, when he does not continue the pursuit down the hill, he returns in no very amiable mood to his former guard, only to find all the youngsters who come out as soon as he starts to pursue the other, sliding as gaily as ever. Of course his appearance is a general signal to "pull up." The officer will not be fooled this time at least, and nothing will move him from his post, but ah! they are yet too smart for him. Do what they will, they can not make him leave his post, and yet the sliding is too good to be relinquished, so what do they do? They all retire into some yard or other and hold a council, so near the

policeman, that he can hear their voices, but not their words. At length there is a great calm the meeting is dissolved. Not a word is heard: not a boy is seen. It is said that a calm generally foretells a storm and in this case at least, it is true, for, as the bobby begins to congratulate himself on the success of his exertions, whist! a rumbling noise is heard in the distance and after continuing for some time rouses the policeman from the lethargy into which the great calm has thrown him. After listening for some time the awful truth breaks on him, the sliders have betaken themselves by the back roads to another hill: but the worst of it is that they have been fooling him, and this above all can not be borne. So off he goes and again puts an end to their sliding, but not to their merriment, for far from annoying them, a chase now and again, is almost necessary to keep up the steam. There go the sliders helter-skelter, their cars on their backs, while the policeman's name is coupled with an elegant *soubriquet*, as for instance Herringback Hamilton and Cowdfoot McLaughlin, the former so called from the exquisite shape of his spine, and the latter on account of the exceedingly delicate slap of his pedals while walking: and thus yelling and screaming, the sliding club have the field, only to be again caught at their former slide. This takes place several times each day, until at last the discomfitted peeler retires altogether, whilst the sliders rejoicing in their victory continue their game till late at night, when they retire and after congratulating one another on their escapes during the day, go home perhaps for the first time that day and after partaking of a good supper, go to bed to dream of sleighing on imaginary hills, of fighting with or escaping from imaginary policemen, over whom they always gain a victory, and thus ends the first day of the slides. It may not appear much to Canadian readers, but for young Irish lads it is just so much as to put a stop to study (for the schools are closed for a month), while the frost lasts or while there is any chance of the above scene being repeated.

A. TIMON, '92.

