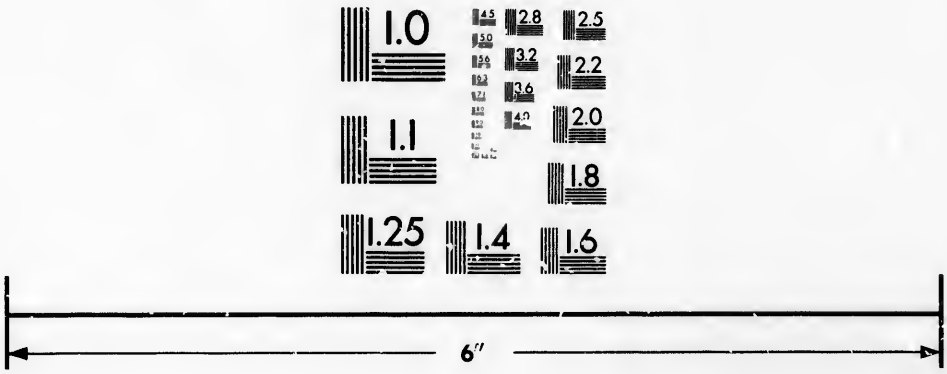
IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic
Sciences
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

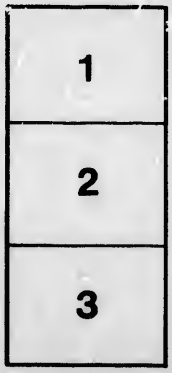
L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- [x] Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- [ ] Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- [ ] Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- [ ] Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- [ ] Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- [ ] Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- [ ] Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- [ ] Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- [ ] Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- [ ] Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- [ ] Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

- [ ] Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- [ ] Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- [ ] Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- [x] Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- [ ] Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- [x] Showthrough/ Transparence
- [ ] Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- [ ] Includes supplementary material/ Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- [ ] Only edition available/ Seule édition disponible
- [ ] Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/ Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X		14X		18X		22X		26X		30X	
					✓						
12X		16X		20X		24X		28X		32X	



P

DE

P

THE ORANGE POLE

AND

PAPIST WHITE BOY:

A WONDERFUL RETRIBUTION.

—o—

DEDICATED TO THE ORANGEMEN OF CANADA.

—o—

BY ERINENSIS.

—o—

PRICE 12½ CENTS

—o—

TORONTO:
PRINTED BY COPP, CLARK & CO., KING STREET EAST.
1871.

A

P

THE ORANGE POLE

AND

PAPIST WHITE BOY.

A WONDERFUL RETRIBUTION.

—o—

Dedicated to the Orangemen of Canada.

—o—

BY ERINENSIS.

—o—

PRICE 12½ CENTS.

—o—

TORONTO:
PRINTED BY COPP, CLARK & CO., KING STREET EAST.
1871.

Applications for the following story being very numerous, from different parts of the Province, I have been induced to publish it, to gratify the desire of many who have expressed a wish to have a copy. The tale begins in Ireland, but the denouement took place in Canada.

AUTHOR.

CANADIAN REMINISCENCES.

PART I.—THE ORANGE POLE.

The following story, commencing in Ireland, furnishes another example of the adage, that "Truth is stranger than fiction;" and if the hand of the Most High is not distinctly visible in the retribution meted out to one of the chief actors mentioned in the tale, it is, unquestionably, one of the most extraordinary coincidences that has ever come under the notice of the writer of this sketch.

In my native town, at the period in which my story begins, there stood, in one of the principal streets, an "Orange Pole." It had been the fashion from early times, on the 12th of July, and on all other Orange festivals, to decorate this pole with flags, ribbons and flowers; and the faithful keeping up of this time-honored custom led to many a fearful and bloody party fight.

There was an old and unavenged sore rankling in the hearts of the Roman Catholics in that neighbourhood. This was constantly coming up, and annually tended to embitter the religious feuds that existed between them and the Orangemen. Everything was thought of by the authorities, without avail, in the endeavour to allay or put an end, if possible, to the dreadful scenes that were continually occurring; often terminating, I am sorry to record, in fearful loss of life.

The origin of the feeling alluded to was supposed principally to have arisen out of the following:

The night succeeding the battle of Vinegar Hill—fought, it will be remembered, between the Royalists and the rebels, in which the latter were defeated with considerable loss—during the rebellion of 1798, a large body of rebels seized upon a commanding position outside the town (Mountmelick); and hearing that every Loyalist that could carry arms had gone to the battle, they had assembled in great force, with the avowed intention of sacking and burning the place; and no doubt they would not have stopped at any atrocity, when their fiendish passions were once thoroughly aroused. A fortunate plan, however,

was hit upon, which was, through the mercy of God, a means, in the hands of a few helpless women, of frustrating, and in fact entirely preventing them from carrying their designs into execution on that occasion; and on the following day it was placed beyond their power by the return of a portion of the Queen's County Militia—husbands, brothers and sweethearts of the heroines who, by putting to a good use their presence of mind and undaunted courage, had kept at bay those that had sought their lives and honor, the destruction of their property, and the lives of those dear little ties of affection that make home, sweet home, so happy.

It appears that by some means — probably through a faithful domestic—the ladies had been secretly informed that the rebels were congregating in considerable numbers, with the intention of destroying the place. They immediately, therefore, with a coolness worthy, even at this distant period, of the greatest admiration, collected all the women in the town, and in spirit-stirring addresses pointed out to them the desperate state of affairs. A scheme was proposed and agreed to, and with one accord they all resolved to carry it through, or die in the attempt. It was this: All were to proceed at once to their respective houses, and dress themselves in such clothes of their male relatives as could be had to suit the emergency, and bring with them besides to the general rendezvous all the weapons they could conveniently lay their hands upon. My mother, from whom I had this interesting narration, was at that time a mere child; but, so intense was the terror of the children, that nearly fifty years afterwards she said it was impressed upon her mind like an occurrence of only the year before.

When all these amazons were fully equipped, they marched, with drums and fifes, borrowed from the Orange Lodges, up and down through the streets during the whole night, making such an unearthly din and uproar that the rebels fell back and abandoned the premeditated attack, being fully persuaded that the volunteers had returned, and that they were celebrating the glorious victory of Vinegar Hill.

This, no doubt, was deemed sufficient provocation, when coupled with other circumstances, for producing the fierce party fights that for a quarter of a century afterwards disgraced the town and county. On every public occasion, at fair or market, the Orangemen—often to their discredit, but still oftener to be attributed to too great a love for whiskey, fighting, and "the good cause"—taunted the Roman Catholics with lack of courage on the occasion referred to: "to be

frikened and bate aff be a lot o' women!" Such taunts, of course, as a natural result, amongst such inflammable material as Irishmen on a holiday, would lead to words, and, as the song has it—

> "From words they fell to blows,
> Just like Donneybrook Fair."

I distinctly remember, when a child, seeing the women of the "ribbon party," and sometimes of both parties, for hours before a fight was expected to come off, gathering and piling in heaps, in convenient situations, "where they would be handy like," the broken stones of the turnpike roads; and I have seen, from a safe position, many a poor fellow smashed and mutilated with stones, cut down with a scythe, or beaten to death, for aught I know to the contrary, with *nate kippeens*. I saw at one fair, and although very young at the time I can never forget it; the occasion was a faction, not a party fight; there had been several trifling scrimmages (amongst Irishmen considered of little account, although there had been a few severe knock-downs, and some heads broken), when my attention was attracted by loud cries on the opposite side of the fair-green. Suddenly the crowd opened, and a man bareheaded, but armed with an unusually long stick, which he handled in a truly scientific manner, appeared, fighting his way through a lot of demons. He seemed to be a powerful fellow, as he knocked down, right and left, every one that opposed his passage. When he got out, he ran towards and nearly past my father's house, from the upper windows of which we had been watching in expectation of seeing something of the usual annual fight; but, poor fellow, just as we thought he had escaped, having left his howling pursuers far behind, a man darted from an alley, and with a stone skilfully thrown, and that sped true to the mark, the running man was knocked down, the blood streaming from a frightful gash on the side of his head. In an instant the yelling devils, more like wild Indians on a war-path than Christians, were upon him, and in a few minutes more the poor fellow, stunned and senseless as he must have been from the effects of the blow from the stone, was beaten into a shapeless mass. Soon, however, but too late to save his life, the faction to which the man belonged came trooping and whooping out of the tents and drinking-booths — whirling their *kippeens* and shouting for "the face of a Blackfut;" some kicking their new *Caroline hats* before them—bought, perhaps, in the fair that day—and others dragging their nate *buckeen* freize coats after them through the muddy streets, and *daarin'* any *spalpeen* of the other faction to "come and tread on

it." I saw one able fellow accept the challenge, and though backed by several of his party, in an instant, as quick as lightning, they were down and disabled. In an incredibly short space of time—in short the news seemed to have been conveyed by magic—every individual of that immense crowd appeared to know that one of their best men had been brutally set upon by numbers, chased caught, and murdered. When this was discovered, the yells and shouts that rent the air were appalling, and fit to curdle the blood in the veins of the strongest and most courageous man. "Oh! the bloody nagers," they whooped, "to bate a man whin he was down an' kilt!"—never for a moment giving it a thought that they, but a few seconds before, had done the same thing. Others wildly shouted, "Show me the man that struck Dinny, an' I'll spifflicate him!" "I'll brake ivery bone in his dirty skin, bad luck to him!" "Whew! h—l to his sowl, let me ketch the blagard, an' I'll give him what Paddy giv the drum, an' that's the patthern af a good batin'!" "Tare an' ages, let me at him!" and so forth. One chap, evidently an original, and rather inclined to be cosmopolite in his ideas, kept incessantly yelling, "I'm blue-mowlded for want ov a batin'!" "Who'll sthrike me?" cried another, of the same stamp; "Will nobody give me a taste iv a blackthorn this blessed day?" "Bad cess to the viliyan that daar say black's the white av me eye!" shrieked a diminutive, bandy-legged tailor; 'Hurroo! yer sowl, who daar say boo?"

With tremendous shouts, and such fierce threats and imprecations as I have given a sample of, they rushed upon the party that had pursued and killed the poor wretch whose fall and death has been already described. The latter had received large reinforcements, and nothing loth, they turned to meet them. At this particular juncture, in the two factions, including their adherents, I really think there could not have been much less than five hundred fighting at one time. Both sides were pretty equally divided; the scene was awful, almost beyond conception. One minute the whole would be fighting in a compact mass, now surging to the right, now to the left. To a looker-on it was a mystery how on earth, in their highly inflamed and excited state, they could discern, with any degree of certainty, friend from foe. The next minute the crowd broke and scattered in every direction, pursuers and pursued; some taking refuge in the tents and booths, some in the stables and out-offices attached to the inns and private dwellings; anon, the defeated party made a determined rally, and raised their faction cry, and in an

instant the refugees, rushing from their hiding places, joined them then the scene changed, the other faction became the victors, and drove all before them like a flock of sheep. Tents were pulled down and torn to pieces; drinking booths upset, and their contents scattered to the winds; women flying for refuge to the nearest houses. Occasionally, even the women would stand at bay and fight for their hard pressed party; their mode of fighting was unique, and woe to the unlucky wight that received a blow.

I have more than once witnessed such scenes myself, and I can therefore testify to the fearful execution done on the heads and bones of the sterner sex by the stalwart arms of the fair wives and sisters of their foes.

Their manner of fighting is as follows: Seizing a paving-stone of moderate dimensions, and convenient weight for swinging, they slip off their stocking—no mock modesty there—and dropping in the stone, they were immediately in possession of a dreadfully destructive weapon. Sometimes, when the stocking was defective, or—footless, they would substitute a *praskeen*, which was considered to be "mighty handy, intirely;" then sallying into the thickest of the contest, they would lay about them with dreadful effect. Many a good man on these occasions has fallen never to rise again, unless perhaps as a cripple for life, or a drivelling idiot, and many others have given up the ghost on the spot.

As is often the case, in these party and faction fights, the women for a brief space turned the fortune of the day; again were the opposite party compelled to fly; now *they* were joined by a batch of stout feminines, armed like the others, that met the first shock with a fiendish fierceness perfectly astounding, and several of the foremost of the Blackfeet received their quietus.

Things were beginning to look very serious, such a prolonged and desperate fight had not taken place for many years, and it was quite evident that if one side or the other were not soon the conquerors, there would be few left with sound heads or limbs.

The local constabulary were too few to interfere with any hope of success, so they confined their efforts to watching for stragglers as they dropped out of the general melée to tie up their bloody heads, preparatory to a fresh onset, or to hide themselves and a broken arm, nose, or collar-bone from their enemies, take a rest, and, if able, go in again; there were no military nearer than Roscrea, and it was too far at that time of the afternoon, and in those days of slow travelling, to send and get them.

Sometimes, as if it was by mutual consent, an armistice would occur, then both parties drew off for a short distance, for a few moments' breathing time, glaring on each other like tigers, and watching for a "crooked look," or a defiant eye to renew the combat on the instant.

In a little while, the truce being over, they were at it again as furiously as ever. At length several of the Whitefeet made their appearance from a neighboring *haggard*, armed with scythes and reaping hooks; others had got hold of some rusty bayonets, a couple of flint-lock guns, an old blunderbuss, a horse-pistol, and a hatchet; one valiant fellow had a spit, and the little tailor, still alive, a red-hot goose.

Fifteen minutes after this fresh accession of strength and weapons, the annual faction fight was over, and the battle decided. There was first to be sure some terrible fighting, but the others were at length compelled to succumb. I saw one man's head split open by a blow from a scythe; it was not far from where I stood; dreadful sight! it made my young blood curdle with horror.

Several fellows, friends or foes, I did not know which, manfully fought their way to where he fell, and picking him up threw him over a quickset hedge close by. I never knew why this was done, if inquired and found out at the time, I have forgotten; my impression is that it was to try and save his life—it would at least prevent him from being trampled to death—and that others of his faction probably the women, taking advantage of the ruse, quietly carried him away to safe quarters to tie up his wounds; and I haven't the slightest doubt that this was done, and that at the next annual fair "a broth av a boy," with a scar covering the greater part of his head and face, could be seen taking ample vengeance for his previous mishap.

Things were getting worse and worse every year; the country was becoming very much disturbed; party fights seemed to be increasing rather than diminishing; ribbon-men were getting more numerous —the alleged cause, the Orange pole. And the Government, in the hope of putting an end to those scenes, and to try and conciliate the Roman Catholics, and give them no excuse for their constantly occurring and unlawful outbreaks, determined to have the Orange pole taken down, and in furtherance of that design, they earnestly requested the acquiescence of the Orangemen, that they (the Government) might quietly be permitted to do so.

The Government, no doubt, through their adviser, the Lord Lieu-

tenant, I believe, undertook and carried out what they thought would be for the best, hoping, as I said before, that such a course would have a beneficial effect in quieting the unruly spirits in the Queen's and adjoining counties.

Vain hope. The clemency of the King, and the temporary triumph over the Orangemen only served to embolden them, and it was not until hundreds upon hundreds had been transported and hanged (I saw a scaffold erected in one town, where, I was told, that fourteen murderers had been hung in a single day), and very many thousands had emigrated to the colonies and the United States, that any degree of peace or safety for life and property could be relied upon.

I do not purpose, indeed it does not come within the province of a story like the present, without endangering harmonious or engendering bitter feeling—to point out, or even hint at, the causes that are said to have brought about and kept alive the dreadful state of affairs that at that time undermined the very foundations of law and order; superinduced treachery of the basest kind—in the shape of domestics sworn to carry out to the letter, when called upon by their leaders, the terrors of ribbonism—in almost every Protestant household in the land; aye, and even in some of the temporizing and less bigoted Roman Catholics also; and led to disasters and outrages almost enough to make the stones themselves cry out.

There were faults innumerable, I dare venture to assert, on both sides, and emissaries *galore* to turn them to good (!) account. But, before I take leave of this political interlude, to turn again to my story, I must be permitted to remark (I cannot help doing so, for I see evidences around me that should not be overlooked) that it is wonderful, taking everything into consideration—antecedents and proclivities—how well, with a few trifling differences that amount to nothing, the Orange and the Green get on together in this colony, and I believe in all Her Majesty's dominions except—Ireland.

Yet they are the same people that left the mother-country; the same blood is running in their veins that always has percolated there; the same evil passions are lying dormant; the same grievances and religious feuds to brood over; everything, in fact, that existed before they came, but the evil counsellors—the foolish and wilful advisers—and the baneful influences of ecclesiastical tyranny!

As soon as the Orangemen received intelligence of the desire of the Government—ever ready to obey the constituted authority they are sworn to uphold—they agreed to comply with their wishes, and ac-

cordingly a day was fixed, with the concurrence of all parties, for carrying out the extraordinary and unusual ceremony. It was just as well they yielded a willing assent, or otherwise they would have been compelled, perhaps at the point of the bayon t, to bow to a decree that had recently been issued.

I may here remark (I beg to apologize for continuing this subject; I did not intend to do so, but I find it absolutely necessary to say something more), that notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, the opposite party have been, and are now, humoured. petted, and pampered, as much as the Orangemen ever were. Who has benefitted the most by the Irish forty shilling freeholder voter's bill?* the Catholic emancipation bill? the poor law bill?† the Maynooth bill? and the party processions bill? With reference to the last I would say, that since it has passed the Government have peremptorily put down the Orange processions in Ireland, because, forsooth, they displeased the priests, and were obnoxious to the Roman Catholics; but on every occasion, they have either openly permitted

---

* A writer of 1827, of considerable celebrity in his day, says:—"My British readers will hardly believe that two or three have often been known to register and vote out of one house and acre—one tilled it, another grazed it, and a third did both. It was in some sort true, for all lived in the same house, all had one or more pigs for grazing, and all raised potatoes; but the real value of the holding could not amount, after dues were paid, to more than five shillings per man. These, you will say, were pretty electors, yet truth obliges me to say, that of the droves I have seen brought to the registry sessions by land and by water, there were multitudes with even less pretensions, fellows furnished with documents from those who had no freehold to give—fellows who had scarce a cabin to live in, and whose only title lay in a tongue ready to swear, and a conscience wide enough to swallow any pill the master thought fit to prescribe."

Surely the candidate who was honoured with such support, had ample reason to exclaim with Coriolanus, (Shakespeare furnishes matter for everything),

"Most sweet voices."

Again, the same writer says: "Yet have I seen the renowned Father O'Leary sit with the utmost composure where this game was played, and, if not abetting, certainly not discouraging the actors of the nefarious drama, every one of whom was of his own communion." * * * "No landlord, however lenient, however generous, and however beloved, can reckon upon the support of his own tenantry, being Roman Catholics, even though he be himself the candidate, unless he is approved by the Holy Roman Catholic Church; for into her hands the power of returning representatives to Parliament is now committed."

† In some parishes, I have heard, the poor rate levied amounted to 14s. in the £; this is chiefly paid by the landlords; and as about ninety-nine per cent. of the poor are Roman Catholic, it is manifest they must benefit from that enactment more than any other denomination.

or secretly connived at the green flag and green ribbon processions of the disloyal or disaffected Roman Catholics. What more can these people want? I will answer that question, they want "Justice to Ireland!" *

I might say a great deal more, but I refrain: nevertheless while on the subject I will propound the true meaning of that senseless cry! It means this:—The full restoration of all rights (mythical or otherwise) of the hierarchy, the abolition of what they please to stigmatize by the name of heresy, and utter extermination of heretics,† the re-establishment of the Romish Church in its pristine wealth and magnificence, pomp and pageantry, intolerance and power, the re-edification and endowments of monasteries, the resumption of titles, edifices and abbeylands, and finally, the reduction of Ireland within the pale of the Holy Catholic Church. When this is yielded by the Protestants of the United Kingdom—and not till then—will agitators and demagogues, lay and clerical be satisfied; "Give them all they ask," said a celebrated Irish statesman (Right Hon. Mr. Plunkett) "and they will complain no more!" Thank God, such preposterous aspirations never can be granted; the march of intellect, the spirit of the age, religious freedom and toleration forbid it.

The long looked for and anxiously expected day at length arrived. From early dawn hundreds of country people might have been seen, dressed in holiday attire, hurrying from all directions, to assist in the day's proceeding, or join in the rejoicings; and many a one, no

---

* Romanists make a bugbear of the tythes payable to the Established Church; but they are on precisely the same footing as Presbyterians, Methodists, Quakers, etc., etc., who do not make that a plea for overturning the Government. Like the poor rate, there is a very small proportion of those dues paid by the grumblers.

† Improperly applied to those that repudiate the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, for in reality the Papists, having departed from the faith "once delivered to the saints," are themselves the heretics. History declares the innovations, errors and superstitions to be: Transubstantiation and the elevation and procession of the Host, purgatory, sale of indulgences, invocation of saints, worship of the Virgin Mary, pictures, images and relics, seven sacraments instead of two, flagellations, scapularies, communion in one kind only, promised remission of past and future sins for money, celibacy of the clergy, etc.; the usurpation of the Bishop of Rome and introduction of mandates, reserves, annats, appeals, subsidies, first fruits, tenths, pensions, annuities, Peter's pence, and payment for bulls, palls, dispensations, etc., etc. All these are the inventions of Popes and Priests since the seventh century, and are contrary to Holy Scripture and the teaching of the "Fathers." To the foregoing catalogue may be added—the creation of the present Pope—the dogma of the immaculate conception, and infallibility of the Pontiff!

doubt, to shed a tear over the removal of the cherished memorial—the old bone of contention—the much loved and venerated Orange pole.

The crowd now gathering in the streets, as group after group poured on through the various roads and avenues leading into the place, gradually swelled into thousands. Every town, village and country side for miles around contributed its quota,—Maryborough, Shinrone, Portarlington, Monastereven, Kildare, Mountrath, Castletown, Abbeyleix, &c., &c. There were *brine oges* from Ballyfin, *colleens* from Dunamaise, *gossoons* from Rosenallia, *jackeens* from Ballyragget, *rockites* from the Slieve Bloom Mountains, white boys and blackfeet, orangemen and ribbonmen.

A long line of red-coated soldiers in heavy marching order, a few troops of light cavalry from a distant garrison, and small detachments of *peelers* from various guard houses, wherever they could be spared. All the different factions, too, with their chiefs and tag-rag and bob-tail retainers were well represented, and all evidently bent on frolic and amusement of every description, including that which an Irishman never forgets in this category — courting, and, if necessary, fighting; with friend or foe, orangemen or ribbonmen, it did not matter a *thraneen* which.

The business of the day had now fairly commenced, the military were drawn up in line, and orderlies were galloping to and fro, big with importance and despatches.

The county magistrates, amongst whom was my uncle, issued their orders with all the pomposity and gravity of commanders of an army; and as the immense crowd looked on with wonder, awe and amazement, they (the before mentioned magistrates), no doubt, felt the power at their command, and the dignity of their position, to be fully equal to any emergency.

Here and there at the corners of the streets and other places, little knots of country people could be seen discussing various topics of interest or gossip; let us draw near and endeavor to discover what they are talking about.

"Och! wirra sthrue," said an old crone, "but this is the black day for the Prodestans av Mounmelick; f what will they do at all at all?"

"Wisht aroon, don't ye see them *canats* av Romans looking at yees?"

"Arrah *bathershin*, who the divil cares for the murtherin croppies, *bad cess* to them?"

"Biddy acushla, who is the colleen there beyant trying to put her *comedher* on Darby McGinnis?"

"Musha, that's Nancy Flynn av ye plaze; 'cock her up' wid her red ribbons and her new gound that's shooted for her betthers."

"Thrue for ye dear, 'cock up spotty' wid her airs an graces; shure they say she give Darby the go by before ho give up the dhrop, and tuk to selling turf be the *kish*."

"Do you tell me so? Well, that bangs Banagher."

"Yes; but betune you and me and the wall, sho'll never throw the stockin at *his* weddin, the *sthreel*."

"Blood an agers, byes," exclaimed a young man from another group, "f'what are they going to do with the Orangemin? they tell me they'll all be thransported to Bottomy Bay or Ameriky."

"Wisha, I dun know; divil skure to thim, av they send them to a dissolute island in the south say; the back av me hand and the sole av me futt to them wheriver they go."

"Arrah, f'what are ye talking about? musha, me heart is almost bruk wid thinkin av them; sure they ar'n't half as bad as Father Rooney sez."

"Is it thrue, avic, that Briney McDonnell's goin to be married to yer sisther Kathleen? Faith, she's as purty a pullet as there is in the barony, an he's the likeliest boy in Mounmelick, av he is a Prodestan etself."

"Eh? thin he is that same, and bad luck to the won that denies it. I'll go bail he'll make her a good husband, and he can handle a kippeen wid ere a boy in the three counties."

"Hooroo!" shouted a fellow from a lot of rollicking chaps that were passing close to where we were standing, "I'm in the hoight of good humor this blessed day, I feel as if I could jump over a *hay-reek*."

"Aye," said another, "an I could kick me ould *brogues* through a *clamp* of turf."

"Jerry, *ma bouchal*, giv me the *doodeen* out av yer *caubeen* for a dhraw? an shut yer pittaytie thrap, an don't be makin an *omadhawn* av yerself; the colleens there beyant are makin game of ye."

"Who's afraid? to the divil wid the whole pack."

"Be dad, Jerry, ye'd betther keep a civil tongue in yer cheek, or ye'll be afther gettin a taste av a blackthorn acrass yer gob to tache ye manners."

"Hooroo! Ballyragget for iver!"

"Whisht, alana; be jabbers, here's the quality comin down the sthreet; clear the way—skrudge til this side, Jerry, an let the quality pass."

"*Acushla machree*," said an old wizened faced woman to a very pretty black-eyed girl she was trying to soothe, "don't take an so, there'll no harm happen to any av thim, an he's the bye that'll marry ye, dear, tho' he's a black Presbytayrian, he's thrue til his word."

"Oh! wirra, wirra, granny, the bad dhrop is in thim brothers av mine, an if the pole shouldn't come down what'll become av me at all at all?"

"Whisht, whisht, alana machree, the Lord be betune us and harm, the heavens be his bed av anything does happen him."

"Och! wirra sthrue, granmother dear, didn't we hear the Banshee air last night? an sure, doesn't that betoken disasther to some av us?"

"Whisht, whisht, *avourneen*, he'll be to the fore, plaze God; dry yer tears, acushla, and tip him the top av the mornin, for there he is beyant, sure enough, an he's comin this way."

A slight disturbance now took place on the opposite side of the street, caused by "a broth av a boy," a little the worse for liquor, shouting "for the face of a bloody Orangeman." An excited mob soon collected, but, thanks to the presence of the military, it was immediately dispersed, and the valiant ribbonman, rockite, or whatever he was, that a few minutes before swore he'd "red the town av the bloody villyans," was marched off to the guard-house.

I fear, dear reader, that I am getting tedious; but there are so many circumstances connected with this "Orange Pole," showing—in the opinion of the government—the necessity of having it removed, that I do not think I would be doing justice to my story were I to pass them over in silence. I have, therefore, with a view of making the subject better understood, and in the hope of making it more interesting, introduced many little episodes, in order to give my readers an insight into the state of the country, the bitter party feeling that existed, the fierce battles that sometimes took place between rival factions and creeds, and the occasional quarrels, and even love passages, that were I might say, interwoven throughout the every day life of all the different parties I am endeavoring to describe.

Many of those feuds were hereditary; handed down from father to son throughout many generations, and were too often fostered by those who ought to have taught very different doctrines. Such was the state of things in Ireland in the times I am writing of, and although there has been very considerable changes since, still, the old sores will now and then be opened, old wounds will bleed afresh,

and bitter recriminations, and their concomitant evils, will, in spite of law and order, take place; forcing the conviction on the minds of the peaceable and loyally disposed that while there are Irishmen in Ireland it will ever be the same, and that the true and only panacea for the ills that that unhappy country is afflicted with is—emigration. Let, therefore, the grumbler and disaffected, whether rich or poor, leave unfortunate Ireland to her fate, whatever that may be, and fly to a foreign land or to some of the colonies, where religion, nationalities, patriotism, everything, will be absorbed into the general mass or be forever buried in oblivion. Occurrences that have taken place in bygone times will then become matters of tradition; young people will then grow up—as they are doing—in utter ignorance of the terrible heart burnings that stirred the blood and passions of their forefathers; and in the course of events, all, but their common origin, will be forgotten. With this "good time coming," we may hope to see a happy and united people, which, I am sorry to say, they never can be while they remain in the Emerald Isle.

All this, and other matters I have touched upon, should properly perhaps have been introduced in the form of a preface or introductory notice; but I have chosen rather to bring them before the reader in this manner, believing they will be read with more earnestness, and therefore my reasons and excuses will be better appreciated, and I will have that indulgence extended to me that I so much require.

The immense concourse of people seemed now to be moved by some new source of excitement, the cause of which soon made itself evident. A military band made its appearance, playing a lively air, and the forms of a number of Roman Catholic priests, easily distinguished by their long silk or stuff gowns, were seen flitting here and there through the crowd, apparently looking for somebody who could not be found, and eagerly inquiring of every one for that invisible or erratic individual.

As the word was passed, coupled with the name, it turned out to be my father. "Where was he?" "Had any one seen him?" Everybody to whom the question was put answered in the negative. "Will some one go for him?" was asked. "Yes;" several volunteered the answer. It subsequently transpired that their missions were unsuccessful—my father would not come.

I do not know, nor have I ever learned why those priests were so extremely anxious to have my father present at the taking down of the pole. He—modest man—was quite unconscious of any influence

that he got the credit of having in the town and neighborhood. Being a man of business, and carrying on a very extensive brewery, together with flouring mills and malthouses, he conceived he had no right to interfere in public matters, and that his time would be much more profitably occupied in attending to his own private affairs. With these views he always steadily declined taking part in any demonstration, so that on the present occasion, following out his antecedents and proclivities, he rather avoided than coveted the publicity of having his name or acts paraded before the admiring gaze of the million, either in the county newspaper, the public meeting, or the general acquiescence in this unpopular act of spoliation. Never having been an Orangeman, he thought, I suppose, he should not interfere with their heretofore acknowledged rights; and not being mixed up with the opposite party, he did not wish to countenance their whims. He desired to keep himself aloof from both, and this, with his business engagements—attending diligently and faithfully to which he held to be paramount to every other consideration—was the sum and substance and full explanation of his absence.

The excuses offered by my father, when called upon, were not deemed sufficient in the opinion of the priests; they would not be satisfied with what seemed to them a paltry subterfuge; they thought he had other and more weighty reasons for absenting himself; and with that idea, they determined that come he should, and at all hazards they would have him present.

Accordingly, a second and a third deputation was sent, but with the same result; at last the parish priest himself condescended to go —in *propria personæ*.

In answer to the reverened gentleman's invitation and remonstrances, my father quietly remarked,—"That it was none of his affair; that he was not interested whether the pole stayed up or was taken down; that he was neither an Orangeman or a Roman Catholic, and, in fact, that he thought it would be a piece of presumption on his part were he to set up his judgment, or interfere with any of the arrangements pro or con, that were about to be enacted."

Father ——— urged, "that he and his parishioners only wanted him to be present to *countenance* the taking down of the obnoxious pole; that all the gentry in the whole country were there; that if he refused or declined people would say he was opposed to the movement." Finally, having exhausted every argument, he uttered a threat, "that if he did not at once consent to go, and immediately

repair to the general rendezvous, where they were waiting for his presence, it would be bad for him and all that belonged to him."

My father was not the man to be driven by a threat into doing anything he did not approve of (indeed, I think the general tendency of mankind is much the same way); he could be coaxed or persuaded, sometimes even against his own convictions, provided he saw that no harm would result from his giving way; but to attempt to bully, or even threaten him, was the worst possible manner to bring about the result sought for. He, in very mild terms, and in a courteous manner rebuked the priest, and represented the uselessness of his presence, "What good could it possibly do," and he deprecated the course threatened by the charitable father: "You know my opinions, you have often heard me express them, we have frequently conversed upon the subject, and I, as you are very well aware, am in favor of peace, harmony, and good feeling at any sacrifice, consistent with our duties toward our fellow-men."

"Aye" said the wily priest, "but why won't you come and countenance the destruction of the Orange pole? Your brother-in-law, Mr. ———, who is a magistrate, will be there; your rector, the Rev. Mr. Short, will be there, and why not you?"

"I have told you before, sir, my business requires my presence and attention. I cannot go; take my good wishes, and leave me to attend to what I must not neglect."

"Then you are determined to stay?"

"Yes; that is my decision. I see no good or profit to be obtained by joining in an empty celebration. I shall stay at home."

"Then, be warned in time; you will repent this. I dare you to remain."

"Sir, I defy you and your threats! tempt me not to say what I would rather not utter. I am innocent of any offence, and you know it; you cannot put your finger on a single action of my life wherein I have injured one of your cloth or one of your religion!"

"True," rejoined the father, "I cannot, but, on the contrary, I and my flock are indebted to you and your family for many acts of kindness and good will, and I, personally, am under very many obligations for your generous hospitality so frequently extended to me."

"Why do you then seek to involve me in a quarrel from which nothing but evil can arise?"

"Because we have decided that it is the duty of every magistrate and gentleman in the county to attend this particular ceremony, and we are determined to have them there, *nolens volens*, or know the reason why."

"Then sir, let me tell you, I am equally determined, since it has come to this, that I will not be brow-beaten or forced to do anything against my inclination; take that for an answer, and go in God's name."

"Mr. ———, I go; but remember what I told you; all the favors I have received from you and yours will be forgotten, if you do not comply with my demand; henceforward I will think of nothing but revenge! and woe to the man that balks me!"

"If your heart is black enough to treat so trivial a matter in so uncharitable and desperate a light as to seek revenge for an imaginary slight, when you know no offence is intended, but, as I have repeatedly told you, my wishes are with the movement you and your party have been stirring heaven and earth to accomplish, then go and do your worst. I intended, had I found time, to have paid a visit to the scene before the close of the proceedings, but to be told by a Roman Catholic priest that I *must* come is more than I can tamely submit to, and moreover I will not put up with. Sir, I wish you good morning." With this rebuff tingling in his ear, the holy father returned to the meeting, muttering threats of vengeance against the Protestants in general, and my father in particular.

Of the rest of the doings of the day there remains little more to be told. "The affair came off," as the Roman Catholic newspapers had it, "with great *eclat;* the Catholic party were completely triumphant, and the Orangemen, of course, terribly chop-fallen. The pole was taken down amid the cheers of the multitude,—the jubilant cheers of one party, intermingling with the groans of the other,—and its remains were consigned to that obloquy that all such party trophies deserve. May they all, throughout Ireland, be swept from the face of the earth, then will be brought about perhaps the triumph of our holy religion, and the return to power, that will last till the millenium, of our holy Catholic and Apostolic Church."

It is needless to comment, at this distant day, on the malignant breathings of enmity that emanated from such quarters; those earnestly wished for events have never yet come to pass, and it is devoutly to be hoped they never will. If people cannot live "in love and charity with their brethren," and renounce the deveitries that human nature is so prone to—particularly in unhappy Ireland—they had much better, as I before advised, fly the country; in other words, emigrate and leave it to be regenerated, if that is possible, by others who are more competent to do so than the spiritual rulers that have tried that hopeless task for centuries—in vain.

PART II.—THE WHITEBOY.

God forbid I should be harsh or unjust to any class of men, but I must remark—and I think that most people will concur with me in that opinion—that the Papist party should have been content with the very great triumph they had obtained, under the guise of law and justice, over the Orangemen; but it really seems that they never can be satisfied, no matter how much they may succeed in accomplishing; nor were they in this instance either, as the sequel will show.

Blood-thirsty and revengeful, nothing appears to have been too bad to undertake; and when instigated by their spiritual advisers, with the hope, as was frequently held out to them, of absolution from their sins in this world, and everlasting happiness and reward in the next, for any atrocities they chose to perpetrate on heretics, it is hardly to be expected that such ignorant, superstitious and benighted wretches as a large majority of them were, could do less than obey the behests of their clergy. Accordingly, we find that whatever was suggested, or even hinted at, was at once blindly adopted; and acting up to and in accordance with this spirit was the party and the leader that undertook the task of ruining and driving from the country my father, whose only crime—as can be proved, and which is admitted by themselves—was, that he did not fall in with their views, obey their orders, and countenance (this is the term the priests always used when speaking of the matter) by his presence the ceremony of razing the pole, and consigning it and its associations to eternal disgrace.

The Sunday succeeding the events I have imperfectly described in the preceding chapter, saw an unusually large congregation at the Roman Catholic chapel. It was generally understood that the Rev. Father ——— intended to say something to his flock about the recent celebration, and the punishment to be inflicted on my father for the part he had taken, or rather for refusing to take a part, on that occasion; and curiosity, therefore, if nothing else, attracted a very large concourse.

The chapel was filled to its utmost capacity, and great numbers could not get standing room even under the portal. The chapel yard was full of kneeling worshippers, and for one hundred feet from the door there was a dense mass of human beings, apparently intent on their prayers and genuflexions, occasionally diversifying the exercises and semi-theatrical performances as prompted by the fugleman within,

or the well understood pantomime of the censor-boys and their attendant friars; for not one word could they hear; and had they heard anything, it is little good it would have done, for almost the whole service was conducted in Latin.

By and bye a murmur, in more intelligible language, passed from mouth to ear, until it reached the outermost verge of the immense crowd. By some this was received with sincere disapprobation; by others with evident and unmistakable signs of delight and satisfaction.

The owners of scowling visages tightened their grasp on their shillelahs, and muttered awful imprecations; and others could hardly be restrained by the sanctity of the place, the day, and the occasion, from leaping to their feet and giving vent to their feelings in their wild faction cry.

At length the news burst upon all at once, as it was announced in the unmistakable tones of a fierce "whiteboy" leader that stood within the chapel porch, that "Mr. ——— had been denounced from the altar by the parish priest!" and further, we subsequently heard that the priest warned his flock against showing him any mercy; and this was not enough, but he solemnly pronounced him "a dangerous man, unfit to be permitted any longer to live in the country; for," said the logical (?) father, "he that is not with us is against us."

It is needless to give a synopsis of the harangue (for it cannot be called a sermon), of which the above quotation forms the text, or the illogical method, judging by the imperfect report that reached the public, by which the unworthy priest arrived at the conclusion that my father and his young family should be banished from their native land, and driven forth, if possible, beggars, to wander amongst strangers in a strange land, to get a living as best they could.

The intense cruelty of the proposed proceeding could only be equalled by the serpent that would let loose—backed by the thunders and anathemas of holy mother church—the fiendish passions of an excited mob, to be wreaked, regardless of law or order, human or divine, on the devoted head of an innocent man and his helpless family.

When the news—conveyed by some of the domestics that had attended the services at the chapel that day—reached my father, he knew but too well what it meant; still he did not apprehend that anything very serious would spring from it. He placed implicit reliance on the antecedents of his family, that they would carry him successfully through the difficulty; not only for the fair fame they had always borne, even amongst Roman Catholics, but for their extreme modera-

tion (believing, perhaps, in the aphorism: "La moderation est le tresor du sage") in all public affairs, political or religious.

Having emigrated from England in 1649, and being descended, previous to that period, from a long line of ancestry, equally noted for their moderation in all things, they brought with them what was thought in those times an exceedingly good name, and the privilege which they inherited—of emblazoning on their escutcheon an honorable motto.

Shortly after they arrived they became possessed, by purchase and gift, of large estates in the Queen's and other counties; and although most of these, in the progress of time, and owing to various causes not necessary here to enumerate, have passed out of the hands of some branches of the family, still there are yet sufficient left among others to entitle them to the rank and position of gentry of the land, and occasionally to furnish representatives—as was recently the case in the County Clare—to the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain.

None knew better than the priests how much the Roman Catholic party were indebted to our family. They fully comprehended the extent and usefulness of that moderation so peculiar to them. There were many stories treasured up amongst the old residents to corroborate that peculiarity; and if the testimony and advice of those old people had been taken by the young generation, not one hair of the head of any man in the employ or under the protection of my father would have been injured.

I will mention one incident, merely, as a specimen of the species of assistance that had more than once been afforded, in troublous times, to those of the opposite religion, when to befriend them, unless with powerful influence to prevent it, was death, with the stigma and attainder of "traitor" attached to one's name, together with the confiscation of all landed estates.

In 1690, after the battle of the Boyne, King James, it is well known, fled to Dublin for refuge; but, fearing treachery, he secretly left that city, with a small retinue of nobles and gentlemen (among whom were the Duke of Berwick and the Marquis of Powis), who still clung to his fallen fortunes, and proceeded to Waterford, from whence he took ship to France.

It was on this journey, and travelling incognito, he arrived in the neighbourhood of Mountrath. Worn out with fatigue and hunger, and being unable to proceed any farther that night, he applied for shelter and protection at the house of my great great grandfather.

(This castellated house or mansion, after a lapse of two centuries, still stands, and is in a good state of preservation.)

My grandfather, unwilling to turn any one from his door, but particularly the King, although he knew he did it at the peril of his life, took in the whole party, and lodged them comfortably, and sent them on their way next morning refreshed, and rejoicing that they had so far escaped the perils that surrounded them.

I am aware that many would condemn the course he pursued; many did so then. Your thorough partizan probably would have considered it his duty to betray them to William of Orange; but moderate and Christian people saw it in a different light, and my grandfather was nobly upheld in the view he took of the rights and claims of hospitality; and when the circumstances afterwards came to the ears of the future King, he was not condemned for what he had done.

There is no mention whatever made in history of the foregoing fact; indeed, it erroneously states, that after the king's flight from Dublin he neither eat, drank or rested, such was his terror, until he put to sea at Waterford.

It must be apparent to the most obtuse observer that this statement is wholly untrue, for the distance that had to be travelled by the route he took to evade his enemies, was over two hundred miles, and the roads in those days were not of that nature that he and his party could compass, even on horseback, much more than sixty or seventy in a day; it is hardly likely or possible therefore that they should go over three days without food or rest, either for themselves or their horses.

Many people, of this dollar-and-cent era, may sneer at the record of recollections of by-gone times, when families were proud of their origin, and the deeds, virtues and position of their progenitors: let them do so. Mushrooms are things of to-day; they spring up in a night; they were unknown yesterday; so it is with mushroom families, they have no history, no antecedents; and in revenge for not having a grandfather to look back to, they would detract from those who have, and endeavor by a shrug of the shoulder or a curl of the lip to make light of all that—unlike themselves—can trace an honorable genealogy through many centuries. But, after all, perhaps they are right. What advantageth a man, if reduced to comparative poverty, that he can shew that one of his ancestors was knighted for distinguished bravery on the field of "Cressy?" or, that he should have conferred on him by his sovereign the privilege of using, for himself and his

heirs forever, a peculiar motto for an honorable action at some equally remote period? Does it save from the casualties and degradation of this hard "work a day" world, the splendid thorough-bred, once the favorite of the "Derby," but now a sorry hack, if his descent can be traced from a Childers or an Eclipse? assuredly not. Thus it is with mankind; while they have wealth, titles, rank and breeding, they are flattered, and their company eagerly courted, but, take these baubles from them, and they sink like the racer into utter insignificance, they then become merely ordinary mortals, and their identity is soon swallowed up, or they are shoved aside to give place to a scion of their grandfather's butler.

Yet withal, there is a pleasure and a gratification in reflecting that there was a time when the descendants of the family were not compelled to seek a living in the precarious pursuits of trade: and although we may be reduced to poverty by the will of the Almighty, we may still have left a solace in our adversity, if we have walked this world as we ought to have done; then, indeed, we can honestly exclaim with a celebrated personage, "all is lost but honor!"

Worldly minded persons wonder very much when they see a man who, to use the cant expression, has seen better days, in reduced circumstances; and such people are too apt to judge those victims of the fickle goddess harshly. If they only knew how hard it is for the unfortunates to rise again to the position they formerly occupied, they would be less cynical and censorious in their thoughts and remarks.

Undoubtedly, men, born as the saying is, with a silver spoon in their mouths, when brought to poverty, are the worst possible class to fight the battle of life; they are unfit to struggle with the roughness and selfishness of the cold world; and the contemplation of their vicissitudes and disappointments, deprives them of the ambition that once had a place in their breasts; they are left totally unnerved to stick up even for their rights, consequently they are swindled and imposed upon at every turn in the most barefaced manner. 'Tis useless for such men to attempt to better their fortunes in trade. They will not, as a general thing stoop to the little meanness, cunning, and often-times overreachings, that are intermingled in most of the transactions of everyday life; and they find, that unless they adopt and follow out that system, they are soon distanced in the race by the veriest *parvenu.*

Again, supposing every one they have dealings with to be thoroughly

honest—which, however, I am not prepared to admit—they are wanting in the "push," that with opposition gives life to business. They are from their peculiar attributes, so to speak, the drones of society, and, when out of their element, like a fish out of water. But restore them to some degree of their former standing, and they are at once at home again, they rise as it were "like the Phœnix from its ashes," and are the first to assist and lend a helping hand to the strugglers beneath them. It is said somewhere that "honesty is the best policy;" for my own part, for many years I have doubted the efficacy of the maxim. Lend a man money and ten chances to one if you will ever see it again, endorse a note or become security as an act of friendliness for a neighbor, and be sure you will have to pay the one or be let in for the other; trust another one "as good as the bank" with your property, and you might as well "whistle jigs to a milestone" as ask for payment at the time agreed upon; press him beyond his convenience, and for your "ipse dixit" you will get his "nulla bona."

This is the general rule, the exceptions are few and far between.

If you put faith in your assistants, you must also expect to be deceived. Place implicit reliance on a confidential clerk, entrust him with your valuables, and while you are dreamily wrapped up in fancied security, and complacently believing everything is going on swimmingly, he is quietly feathering his own nest, and some day you will awake to the conviction that he is a thief, and you a silly greenhorn. Try it with his subordinates, and your till is robbed; neglect to keep in check your menservants and maidservants, and my word for it you will at length agree with me, that the maxim is a good one, but the practice of the majority gives it the lie.

If it were otherwise, the people I set out to describe would make their way successfully and prosper, and the others would remain in their proper sphere—hewers of wood and drawers of water.

But what do we see? we see the greatest rogues, liars, cheats and swindlers, pushing themselves forward in every walk of life, elbowing their way to the topmost round of the ladder, and thriving well on their unprincipled knavery, while less pretentious but honester men are spurned like dogs.

When we find such things to be the case, will not the reader be convinced that the world's "best policy" seems to be the very reverse of honesty?

I have rambled away again: in truth I am not sufficiently "matter of fact" to adhere to a simple narrative of true incidents connected

with my story. Some would look upon this in the light of a defect, others would take quite a contrary view of the subject; every one of course is entitled to his or her own opinion, and it is a matter of so little moment that I shall not stop to discuss the merits or demerits of either phase of the question but hasten to the denouement.

If anything more is required, after what I have cursorily related, to explain to my readers the meaning I wish to convey, I might mention that Father ——— had the *entree* to our house on all occasions whenever he wished to avail himself of the privileges, accorded to but few, and those very near friends or relatives. That on high days and holy-days, and generally every Sunday, he was looked for as a regular guest at the family dinner parties.

Pretending to the birth and rank of a gentleman—which he may have been entitled to, but his subsequent conduct rendered that very questionable—he was ever treated as such, and was on the same footing in a social point of view, as any other visitor of the house, and on nearly as familiar terms in the family as the Protestant rector.

The servants, too—of whom there were a great number, papists as well as protestants—were selected without the slightest regard to their religious creed, ability and character being the only requisite looked for; indeed, taking everything into consideration, there never was manifested, in the town of Mountmelick, a baser piece of ingratitude, treachery and vindictiveness, than this cowardly priest was guilty of. Surely a church that would cherish such men in her bosom or would uphold, by precept and example so unhallowed a course of procedure, must have something rotten within its pale, containing the germ of its own destruction at some future day. Happily, for the people over whom it dominates, when transplanted to the colonies a very different line of government and policy is adopted. There the priests are comparatively powerless, or—which is more likely—they deem it quite as conducive to their interests, and the interests of their church, to foster amongst their followers a liberal spirit of forbearance, or pity, or anything else my reader chooses to imagine, towards the benighted heretics; still, though, jesuitically biding their time, or waiting, like Micawber, for something to turn up.

Out of Ireland we can hardly credit these revelations, yet they are all, every word, only too true.

On Monday morning following the public denunciation pronounced by the priest, and the outrageous appeal to the chapel congregation for aid and co-operation, the premises of my father presented a busy scene.

Drays heavily loaded were constantly passing out under the massive archway, bound for distant towns and villages, and others preparing to follow. It was observable, that although the usual alacrity was displayed amongst the workmen, there was a something going on that boded no good to the expedition, and this created among many present a feeling that there were traitors in the yard. To what extent this was to be carried not one of the office clerks or upper workmen knew anything about. Many were disposed to scout the threats of both the priests and his adherents, and they thought that should the worst come to the worst, it would only amount to a midnight warning from Captain Rock, therefore, there was not the slightest alarm felt for the consequences, and the men and horses, with all that was to be sent out that day, were allowed, after receiving their usual instructions, to take their departure without delay.

Nothing more transpired till towards evening; as it was getting dark, a rumour reached the town that several of the draymen had been badly beaten, and two of them, at least, not expected to survive.

You may fancy the excitement that this report created. The priest was at once fixed upon as the unlucky cause, and some of his immediate satellites and trusty followers the means by which he effected his diabolical purposes.

Assistance was immediately dispatched to bring in the wounded men, and to recover, if possible, the lost property.

Small bodies of police were detailed to scour the country, to secure the offenders, and bring them to justice.

Towards morning more disastrous news was brought in. At first it was asserted that all the rest of the men and horses were killed, but, although it was bad enough, it did not amount to that.

By and by, many stragglers returned home, bringing in different versions from various parts of the country to which they had been sent, and it eventually turned out that all the men had been shamefully maltreated, that at least one was mortally wounded, that several of the horses were killed, the drays destroyed, and the heads of the barrels knocked in and their contents wasted on the roads.

Here was blow number one; and there was no room for doubting, any longer, the priest's intentions.

Soon some of the police returned, but they had been unsuccessful in taking prisoners. They stated there was a powerful and well organized gang at work, and they more than suspected that Cassidy,*

* This name is fictitious.

the white-boy leader, was at the head of it. This fellow, it was well known, was a most desperate character, and that he could only be held in check by his clergy, and not always by them. When entrusted with such a mission as shooting down an obnoxious landlord, tithe proctor, or process server, or ridding the country av a prodestan', he was in his element. "H—ll skure to thim," he would exclaim, "they daysarve all they get, the vagabones."

The news that from time to time was brought in strongly went to corroborate the impression of the police, and before the week was out there was no longer any doubt in the matter—Cassidy was the ringleader.

It is almost needless further to describe this fellow; he was well known as being one of the most cruel desperadoes in the county. Occasionally his depredations would subject him to the execrations of even the worst of his own persuasion, fellows ready to lift their hands and take life at the bidding of their leaders, or the hints of their spiritual advisers, but at other times, to a certain extent—through fear of the consequences, perhaps—to all appearances, law abiding citizens.

The authorities for a long time had been on the watch for this daring whiteboy; he had often, I believe, been tracked to his lair in the mountains, but his natural cunning, or the perfect nature of his watchfulness, had hitherto set at defiance all attempts to capture him.

For some time back, little or nothing had been heard of Cassidy; it was supposed he had given up his lawless life, and people were beginning to hope that his reign of terror was nearly over.

For a long time nothing more daring than forcible entries into gentlemen's houses, in lonely places, in search of arms, had been attempted, and in all those the whiteboy, Cassidy, had not been recognized as belonging to the marauders. But now that he had again made his appearance in the arena of his own peculiar profession, a sense of fear seized the timid ones of the community, for they had reason to believe that he would not be satisfied with less than murder, and that the most fearful outrages might be looked for. When, therefore, the report we had heard was fully confirmed by several prisoners that had been taken of his gang, the magistrates and police authorities were on the *qui vive* to catch him.

Day after day other men, horses, and drays containing large quantities of our manufactures, were sent off in the endeavor to keep

supplied the many customers of the concern, but none of them ever reached their destinations. The same result occurred to all, men were fearfully ill-used, horses frightfully mutilated, and in every instance the contents of the casks were spilled on the highways.

These frequent attacks soon began to be a very serious matter. Every day the losses amounted to large sums of money, and ruin indeed stared us in the face. A council of relatives and trusty clerks was held, and it was unanimously decided to try the road once more, and if the same outrages were continued, to abandon any longer the attempt to do business against such fearful odds, such overwhelming opposition, such terrible reverses.

Again and again the men were sent out, but with no better luck. My father dare not make his appearance, or travel any distance from the town, without arms, and he always therefore carried a brace of loaded pistols on his person. At length it was feared that the Terryalts, with Cassidy at their head, would make a descent into the town, and consummate the vengeance they eagerly thirsted for. Accordingly, vigorous measures were adopted, towards making a change, and it was determined, while there was anything left, to sell off and leave the country.

I can easily imagine the satisfaction this announcement would cause to the whiteboys, but more particularly to the holy father, when the news reached them. Yes, they had indeed triumphed again; they had brought nearly to the verge of ruin a man who had never injured one of them, and not content with that, they had been a means of destroying or breaking up the families of a number of innocent persons, men whose only fault was, that they lived with, and were employed by my father.

How these acts of semi-barbarity, worthy of the dark ages, could be thought of, much less coolly and deliberately practiced, by men calling themselves human beings, and instigated by others who arrogated to themselves the dignity of apostolic successors, and, for their church, the title of infallible, I can hardly for a moment make out; but I have the impertinence to think, that it is to such scenes and to such people that Ireland owes all her misery. I know it is wrong to judge, but nevertheless one cannot help thinking there is a curse upon the land, and that the Almighty cannot look with favor on atrocities like those that have been enacted there; yet there are many, in fact a large proportion of that infallible church that think otherwise, and there are some who really believe that by such acts of lawless vio-

lence, when committed on heretics, they are gaining for themselves an eternal reward, and are doing God a service.

As soon as all the arrangements were completed, the furniture sold off, the loose property converted into cash, and the premises leased, the family removed to Bristol, England. There your humble servant, at that time a mere stripling, was placed at Hewlett's Academy for young gentlemen, on the banks of the classic Avon, and at an Eton grammar school in the city; at the latter place I was inducted into the mysteries of the celebrated system which bears the above euphonious title.

In Bristol, the family remained some years; but becoming weary of living in, to them, a foreign country, far away from old friends and old associations, they again broke up housekeeping, and once more ventured back to Ireland.

Having returned to the land of our nativity, visions of happiness and former competency soon opened up to us. "Alta Villa," a beautiful country residence, with extensive grounds, lawn, gardens and farm, was taken; large flouring mills were rented in the neighbourhood, and everything in the future was tinted with *couleur du rose.*

This state of affairs, however, did not last long: owing to the various removes and vicissitudes of the previous years, my father had become unsettled in his business habits.

About this time the furore and excitement of emigration to America filled every mind: most people were inoculated with the idea, and the new world was looked upon as the land of promise, and to reach it was considered to be the acme of felicity—the sure road to wealth and fortune. We were not long making up our minds that Ireland was to be no longer a home for us; and, acting on that conviction, we took up our temporary abode in the pretty village of Castletown, before taking our final departure for the land of the west.

At Castletown we remained during the winter, and early in the spring of 183—, bidding adieu to Ireland, we embarked in the fast-sailing ship "Duncan Gibb" from the ancient city of Dublin.

During the last week of our stay, an incident, that might have resulted seriously, took place, which I will here relate.

One night, shortly before we left for Dublin, *en route* to America, a group of men were seen lounging at the entrance gates of the neatly kept gravelled drive that led through the lawn of my grandfather's premises. They all either had their faces blackened or wore crape, to conceal their features, and it was evident from their disguise that they

were bent on mischief, and from the number present they had come prepar d to commit some diabolical outrage.

"Be dad, Cassidy, me boy," said one of the miscreants to the captain of the party, who had just arrived, "you're bate this time anyway; there's a ball at the ould shaver's, and lots av quality to raysave ye."

"Ball!—bate!—what the divil do ye mane at all at all?"

"Mane, is it? Be gorra, me honey, ye'll soon know. Perhaps ye'd be afther puttin' an yer tail coat an' takin' a hand in at 'cover the buckle' yourself?"

"Bad luck to me, captain, bud it's the ladies 'ud be mighty glad intirely to see ye."

"Eh, thin, 'tis little chance they'd have wid the captain at 'spoil five.' Do ye mind the time, Cassidy, whin ye pinned the *squireen* wid the five fingers and tuk the pool, and put a bullet through his head aftherwards?"

"Troth do I! But don't spake av it. I didn't mane to do that job—at laste not thin. But I couldn't help it: he was saucy at losin' his money, and sed I chated; an' I was crass."

"Well, captain, an' fwhat are ye goin' to be afther doin' the night?"

"How many av thim is there?"

"Sixty min; divil a less. There's fust his three brothers; an' there's Egan, av Mounrath; an' Jimmy Pim, av Mounmelick; an' Tim Booth, the guager; and young Baldwin, that has M.D. stuck on his dure—which manes surgeon o' physic, av ye plaze: arrah what fine names we have now-a-days—an' there's the new police captain; an' that fightin' divil, from Razcray; an'——

"Whisht! Mind me. Half av ye crass an' watch the Derry canton gate; and you go wid 'em, Jerry. The rest will stay here; while Patsey an' meself 'ill watch the style, at the turnpike road. Mind my orthers; don't wan av ye stir till I come back. I'll take a sthroll round be the haggard. Who knows bud I'd get a chance av a shot, an' pick him aff, like a crow in a corn-field. Ha! ha! ha!—wouldn't it be a great joke?"

"Joke! It would; a mighty quare joke, be me sowkins!—and have half of us tuk?"

"Tuk! Arrah what a *slob* you are, Patsey! Arn't they, this present minit, caperin' away at their dancin', or full up wid their spoil five, an' loo, an' shampane (faix maybe they'll get a touch o' the raal pain binebye—ha! ha! ha!); not to spake o' the *potheen*, the raal

mountain dew itself? *Pishat!* I'll go bail they'll never folly yees."

"Eh, then, ye're mighty free wid yer jokes. An' I'll go bail they'll niver thry, for I'm aff."

"An' fwhere 'ud ye be goin' to, Patsey, *ma bouchal?*"

"Goin'? Arn't we promised to Black Scanlân an' the hay *reeks* at tin? An' havn't we to sarch Ringstown while ould Fire-ater's away? And afther that, there's the arms to be got to the mountains, an' the last run from Dinny's still, an' back agin be daylight! Arrah, Cassidy, do you take me for an *omadhawn* all out? Anyway, what's yer hurry the night?"

"Hurry, is id? Be dad ye don't know fwhat ye do be talkin' about. Isn't he aff til Ameriky to-morrow? I've sworn to do the job, an' I must do id, av I've to go til Ameriky afther him."

"'Deed, captain, I didn't know it was as bad as that wid ye. Let him go in pace."

"Go? I tell you, Patsey, I'll have his life, av I swing for it."

"An' fwhat harm did he do you, avic?"

"The niver a taste, bud I'm promised, an' its a sayeret."

"Sayeret? In me eye, it is! An' fwhat'll Father ——— do for ye, captain, av yer taken an' hung?"

'He'll thry an' get me aff, so he will. He's promised that, on the holy crass. An' he'll forgive me my sins, and say masses for me sowl, and get it out o' purgatory; an' he says I'll be sure to go to glory for uphouldin' the thrue religion, as I always done."

"The Lord betune uz an' harm! Cassidy, I pity ye, av that's all yer depindence. Bad cess to me av I feel like thryin' it at all at all. Thim chaps up at the big house is well armed, an' they'd be sure to ketch some av us as quick as you'd say 'Jack Robinson.' I didn't intend to go as far as this whin I gave ye me promise, 'idout a cause. Sure I taught you had a grudge agin him to revinge. Time's up, captain, and I must be goin."

"Well, I'll thry it, anyway. Wait tin minutes; an' av ye hear a shot, run for yer lives."

"Hurry, then, captain, hurry."

I may not have transcribed the exact words used on the foregoing occasion; it is scarcely possible I could do so, after so long a time had elapsed; but I have given an outline of the substance, even to the jokes passed on the company, just as it was told afterwards, or gathered from the casual remarks that subsequently dropped from different members of the gang, some of whom did not fall in with the

murderous designs of their leader. Fortunately, on the night in question, there happened to be a large party at my grandfather's; and as there were a great number of gentlemen there, who, the villains knew, were not to be trifled with, and who, owing to the disturbed state of the country, were always prepared for such emergencies, they were afraid to risk an attack on the house.

Shortly after this eventful period, the family left by coach for Monasterevan, to take passage, via the Grand Canal, to the metropolis, as we learned that our ship was to sail on the following week.

It is needless to weary my readers by describing the monotony of a sea voyage in a sailing vessel before the age of steamers, at least ocean steamers, yet before we reached Quebec we were destined to meet one of the first of those monsters, that in later years have made the crossing of the broad Atlantic merely a pleasure trip of a few days. I allude to the "Royal William," which steamship we met about five hundred miles off the coast of Newfoundland She, I believe, had sailed a week previous to the time we met her, from Quebec, and was sent to test the feasibility of crossing the ocean by steam. The experiment, as is well known, succeeded admirably, and to those enterprising men who inaugurated the system, is due the thanks of the travelling world.

When we left Dublin the cholera had broken out in its most virulent form; hundreds died daily. Such a scourge had not been heard of in the British Isles since the time of the great plague. The dead cart was going incessantly, night and day, and every one looked at his neighbour in blank and mute amazement, or with that enquiring glance that says—whose turn will come next?

Glad indeed were we to turn our backs on the squalid misery and woeful faces that met one at every turn in the stately city of Dublin; and although we were leaving our native land forever, we did so with less regret in consequence of all we had undergone, and the terrible visitant we, as we supposed, were leaving behind us.

As our good ship passed the "Pigeon House," and approached the open sea of the Irish Channel, we had more leisure to look around and examine who were to be our fellow passengers for the next few weeks.

In the first cabin were no less then five doctors, and my father's family occupied all the remainder, so that with the captain of the ship and the first officer, we made a very cozy little party.

In the second cabin, which was rather smaller than the first, were

crowded thirty-two human beings, ladies and gentlemen, children and servants, amongst them a colonel and major of the line—who seemed to be very much put out with their accommodations—with their wives, and many other people of condition; and viewing all the discomforts they had to undergo, we had reason to be thankful we had secured for ourselves such comfortable quarters as we did.

In the steerage, if I remember rightly, there were four or five hundred, of all classes, sexes and sizes; a heterogeneous intermixture of affluence and poverty, comforts and squalour, for what with sea-sickness, typhus, cholera-morbus, ship fever, incipient Asiatic cholera, itch, drunkenness, filth, starvation, and suffering of every kind, combined with the close, sickening and unwholesome atmosphere of 'tween decks, the scene to a casual cabin visitor was almost too disgusting to look upon. Truly an emigrant ship, under the old *regime*, was a fit subject for the contemplation of philanthropists. Yet there were times when those people would lay aside their cares and troubles, and enjoy themselves as thoroughly as the happiest in the ship. On those occasions, whenever a fine day intervened to vary the monotony of the boisterous weather we were visited with, all hands would turn out on deck, and with music, dancing, singing, and pleasant games, they would endeavor, by the means within their reach, to "drive dull care away."

Our voyage lasted six weeks. When we arrived on the banks of Newfoundland, we were becalmed and befogged for several days, but all hands, except the martyrs to sea-sickness, spent the time pleasantly enough in the exciting enjoyment of cod fishing.

When we were pretty well tired of this amusement, a favorable breeze springing up, we set sail again, and were soon wafted close to and past Bird Rocks (so called from the innumerable quantity of aquatic birds that resort there to breed), in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the next day we reached the mouth of the mighty river of the same name.

I will not pretend to describe this magnificent estuary, language would fail me in the attempt. Imagine all the rivers of Great Britain and Ireland compressed into one, and it is as near as I can come to the true description, yet it conveys but a meagre idea of what is really the case.

Truly the St. Lawrence is the father of rivers. Taking its rise near the sources of the great Mississippi, it flows through Superior, Huron, Erie and Ontario, and many other sheets of water (Michigan also is

one of its affluents), traversing between two and three thousand miles, and draining near a million square miles of territory, by means of the infinite number of streams *debouching* from charming lakes and romantic woodlands, that pour into it from all sides. Unlike the turbid river I have named, the waters of these inland seas, and also the St. Lawrence, above the influence of the tide from the ocean, are as pellucid as the clearest spring, and equally as palatable and wholesome for drinking and culinary purposes. The lakes abound with very many species of fish, especially salmon trout, herring, and the delicious whitefish, the latter unsurpassed in flavor by any fish that swims.

As you approach the mouth of the river from the Gulf, you are struck with its mightiness—only one side being visible—and you are strongly impressed (at least I was) with the tremendous volume of water that rolls past from shore to shore, and the grandeur of the scenery that for miles and miles, aye, hundreds of miles, as you proceed up, constantly meets the eye. A view in Ireland was once pointed out to me, from Dublin to Bray, particularly the view of the coast and Bray Head, with the remark, that it was the finest in Ireland. 'Tis true it is fine, very fine; but after all, what is it! You see it for a moment as a *coup d'œil*, then it is gone you proceed on your journey and soon you forget it. Not so the St. Lawrence; you may travel hour after hour, day after day, and still you witness the same wild and beautiful scenery. Mountains and hills that cannot be numbered, many thousand feet high, stretching away from the margin of the great river as far as the eye can reach. Hundreds of picturesque islands dot the water in every direction; these, together with the main land, are clothed with forest trees in all their primitive luxuriance, and where perhaps the foot of man has never trod. The sportsman, should he visit those vast solitudes, may revel at pleasure in pursuit of his favorite pastime, amid innumerable streams and rivulets, plentifully stocked with salmon, shad, sturgeon, trout (often caught weighing five to ten pounds), perch, pike, bass, maskinonge, etc.; the dense woods inhabited by bears, wolves, deer, moose, an occasional wild-cat, sometimes the Canada lynx, and not unfrequently the terrible panther, besides all other kinds of wild animals peculiar to the country; and the marshes, creeks and bayous with myriads of wild fowl of every conceivable variety. Here at times the stillness of the great American forest is felt to be so lonely, that instinctively you pause to listen for the slightest sound to convey to you the belief that you are within a hundred miles of civilization.

As you proceed, small villages, and groups of houses with high pointed roofs, begin to peep out from the many promontories and little bays that indent the coast.

Anon, after passing hundreds and hundreds of miles of this continuous scenery, we are abreast of what appear to be fine farms, each with its pretty white-washed cottage, a miracle of cleanliness, when contrasted with the poor, miserable mud-hovels we have left behind. They tell us that this is nothing when compared to what we shall see in the west; that these are owned and occupied by only the poor *habitants*, that when we see the Upper Province we will be better pleased with Canada. I do not agree with those persons now; of course I admit that Western Canada is in the most thriving condition on the whole, but for scenery in its natural state, as it has existed for ages—with the exception, perhaps, of the magnificent rapids, the lake of the Thousand Islands, and the Falls of Niagara—give me the lower St. Lawrence and its noble tributaries.

Speaking of the view of Dublin Bay to Bray Head. I recently visited the "Green Isle," and made it my special business to look at that scene again, as well as some fine ones in Wales and England; but I must say that, in my humble opinion, the view from the citadel and the walls overlooking the artillery parade ground. Quebec, as far as the eye will carry you, particularly east towards Montmorenci, is equal if not superior to anything I saw while in the mother country.

Reader, I will not tire you with waiting for us at Grosse Isle through our tedious quarantine; neither will I recount the particulars of the remainder of our voyage,—how the first news that greeted us everywhere was of the cholera, the dreadful cholera; how passengers that conversed with us at night, when asked for next morning, were found to be dead and buried; how our own servants took ill, and the difficulty experienced in saving them; and how the family, every one, escaped unscathed. All this, and a thousand other incidents, I will pass over describing in detail, and in one sturdy leap transport my travellers, ex steamers "St. Patrick" to Montreal, and "William the Fourth" to C———, on Lake Ontario.

Our reception at C——— was very flattering; we were called upon by the *elite* of the town and neighborhood; and all the little attentions and kindnesses which "warm the heart while winning the sense," were freely accorded to us. If my father had not pre-determined to make C——— his permanent home, the cordial and exceedingly polite reception we met with on all sides, would have at once decided the matter in its favor.

I have said before that we had fixed upon C——— as our new home; we had done so previous to leaving the old country; we had been induced to do it from reading a little work addressed to intending emigrants, published and circulated by one Martin Doyle, and also from the flattering encomiums bestowed on the place in letters written by the late Chief Justice Robinson.

Shortly after our arrival, my father purchased some town lots, and built extensive premises; and with ample means at his disposal, had re-commenced some branches of his old and favorite calling. The next year he added a dwelling house, gardens and pleasure grounds.

Our property, which reached to low water mark on the shore of the lake (Ontario), occupied an area of from four to six acres, according to the encroachment or retreating of the waters; but the frontage of the grounds opposite the dwelling, adjoining the beach, was little more than one hundred feet.

I will now pass over an interval, from the time of our landing at C——, of several years, when, one day in the summer of 183–, after the Royal Mail Steamer "William the Fourth" had called as usual, my father unexpectedly, and during business hours, came over to the house and hurrying into my mother's room in a great state of trepidation and excitement exclaimed, "J—, who do you think the brewery men saw at the steamboat to-day?"

"I don't know. I can't guess. Who?"

"Cassidy!" ——

"My God! It can't be possible!"

"But it is. Costegan saw him and is positive."

"Oh! it cannot be true; may he not be mistaken? It must be some one else."

"I tell you Costegan is certain about it; he knew him well when he lived in M———, and the other men say the same, and they know him too, at least by sight."

"The Lord's will be done!" said my mother. "What will become of us! What has brought him to America!"

"I don't know; seeking his cursed revenge, I suppose!"

"And what are you going to do now? Has he landed here?"

"I am not sure. The men came away as soon as they shipped the orders for Toronto and Hamilton, and before the boat left. They say he did not see or recognize them."

"Oh! I hope it is so; and that he has gone on, and has not found out that we are residing here."

"I hope so, too; but, do not be too sanguine. I dread the worst."

On the morning of the day of this unexpected and startling arrival the elements looked very threatening, and everything portended a terrific storm. By and by the wind gradually rose until it blew nearly a hurricane, and the waves of old Ontario lashed themselves into a perfect fury as they chased each other to the beach.

During the time the steamer reached the wharf and the sailors had commenced discharging part of her cargo, the storm raged to that degree that it was deemed prudent to put to sea at once, as the pier—in those days a miserable affair—did not afford any shelter. Just as the Captain gave his orders "to cast off" several tremendous seas came thundering against the sides of the steamer, deluging her cabins and sweeping her decks from end to end.

The terror and confusion was extreme; passengers were knocked about like "whipping tops," and such as had presence of mind held on "like grim death." In the midst of the dismay that ensued the appalling cry of "a man overboard" was twice heard in quick succession; and the roar of the waves, the loud whistling of the wind, the rush of water over the decks, and the indescribable turmoil that prevailed, did not prevent its being indistinctly heard again and again, "two men overboard!"

It was too true, the sea had claimed and obtained its victims; the unfortunate men were seen for a few moments struggling in the surging waves, intense despair depicted on their countenances, then they disappeared to be seen no more alive. Every effort consistent with safety was made to save them, but as no boat could live for a minute in the angry billows, they were abandoned to their fate, and the steamer, reversing her engines, backed off from the wharf and proceeded on her voyage.

The night that succeeded was frightful; the howling of the wind as the gale rose higher and higher, the furious blasts that tore up the trees in the gardens, the loud roar of the breakers on the beach, and the heavy pattering of the rain against the window panes, were fit accompaniments to the tragic events of the day; and a superstitious mind could almost fancy the powers of the air chanting a requiem over the spirits of the drowned men whose bodies now were being buffeted by the angry waters of the lake.

Those sounds, my reader may conjecture, did not tend to allay the alarm that was felt by my mother, in consequence of the news she

had heard of the arrival of the murderer Cassidy. What was his errand she did not for a moment doubt. Many a time during that awful night, as she lay awake listening to the strife of the elements, she imagined him prowling about the house and grounds, watching eagerly for an opportunity to fulfil his oath. All the old trials and persecutions were thought of over again, and as the wind blew in fitful gusts, shaking the house to its foundations and rattling the windows in their frames, her fears magnified the noises into Cassidy making a forcible entry into the premises, assisted by some desperadoes of his famous gang, brought with him to America for the express purpose of consummating his diabolical designs.

Many hours were passed in sleepless and feverish anxiety, at length the long and dreary night was at an end, and the dawn was welcomed with delight and thankfulness, not unmingled with the hope that our enemy and persecutor had indeed lost track of us and had gone further west, or that we would again escape, as we had hitherto done, from his machinations and his violence.

When the day fairly broke it was perceived that the storm had considerably abated. The shingle of the beach was strewn with fragments of wrecks, and the debris that was washed ashore gave plentiful evidences of the late tempest.

In the midst of my mother's cogitations and uncertainty as to the future, and pondering over the many changes that had taken place since the Orange Pole business and the fear and constant dread that we had been subjected to for years, her attention was attracted by a crowd of people gathering on the beach at the bottom of our garden in front of the house.

In a little while the gardener came in and said "there was a dead man on the sands, supposed to have been drowned in the late storm. Nobody," he added, "knows him, and they are talking down there of a coroner's inquest."

Presently, my father hurriedly came in and said, "J —, there's a man on the lake shore dead—drowned; it is thought he was washed in during the night."

"So I have heard; and he's a stranger, I understand."

"Stranger! who do you think?"

My mother held her breath for a space before answering. A tumult of emotion agitated her trembling frame, and a thousand thoughts rushed thronging through her brain. Was it? Could it be? No! God is merciful, but oh! that would be too great, too beneficent an

evidence of his protecting power. At length she said, "I thought,—I was wicked enough to hope,—it was—"

"Cassidy?" my father interrupted. "It is. The villain's terrible career is at an end."

What an awful retribution! To be brought from the heart of Ireland to the centre of the continent of America, three thousand miles, to be drowned, and laid dead on the little property, at the very feet of the family he had persecuted, injured and nearly ruined, in his desperate undertaking of driving them from their native land. In view of this most extraordinary occurrence, how *apropos* is the threat, "vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

I have little more to add, and my story is finished."

It transpired at the inquest that Cassidy was one of the men that had been swept from the steamer's deck the day before—the other one was not found for months—and that after having been knocked about by the waves for hours he had been driven on shore on my father's land some time during the night or early on the following morning. He was fully recognized and sworn to by Costegan and others who had known him by reputation and appearance in the old country.

A verdict in accordance with those facts was found and the body decently buried; but I cannot record a word in his favour, or one solitary blessing to go between him and the muttered curses of the bearers of his remains to their final resting place. My parents however, true to their hereditary instincts, could not withhold the parting epitaph—

"Let him rest in peace."

GLOSSARY.

Explanation of Irish words that may not be understood; any others that occur are self-evident and require no explanation.

Page 7. Kippeen—(A blackthorn stick).
" 7. Buckeen—(A young country dandy).
" 9. Praskeen—(A coarse apron).
" 10. Haggard—(A kind of barn yard).
" 14. Brino oges—(Wild, rollicking fellows).
" 14. Colleens—(Young girls). 14. Gossoonc—(Young lads).
" 14. Jackeen—(One who practises chicanery, railery; a sophister).
" 14. Rockites—(Followers of the mythical Captain Rock).
" 14. Peelers—(Policemen). 14. Thraneen—(Jackstone, farthing)
" 14. Canats—(Cunning fellows, cute chaps).
" 14. Bathershin—(Nonsense, humbug).
" 14. Bad cess—(Ill luck).
" 14. Comedher—(Come hither; to fascinate, to bewitch).
" 15. Ma bouchal—(My boy).
" 15. Kish—(A coarse willow basket large enough to fit a cart or low-backed car).
" 15. Sthreel—(A slattern). 15. Hay reek—(A hay cock).
" 15. Brogues—(Coarse shoes). 15. Doodeen—(Short, black pipe).
" 15. Clamp—(Turf built up like a hay cock).
" 15. Omadhawn—(A fool, an idiot). 15. Caubeen—(An old hat),
" 16. Acushla machree—(Pulse of my heart).
" 16. Avourneen—(Darling).
" 32. Slob—(A soft fellow).