

This monstrous old villain under the sacred name of "Mother" robbed me of everything in "Thomond Cottage," encouraged by my worthless wife, and they caused me to wander a broken hearted exile among strangers in a foreign land. But I would <sup>have</sup> hard nails to drive in beautiful free America only that Eddy Fitzgerald and his kind wife picked me up. They brought me to live with out here to Long Island where I have easy times. They supply me with everything they can afford.

But ~~the climate is so friendly to my health~~ and I will go back to Ireland at any risk.

The scutcheon annexed on this sheet is written on the unnatural conduct of my monstrous mother.

She corrupted my poor weak minded wife with the worst of evil advice against me. She induced and tempted her to get drunk in my absence from home - and while under the influence she robbed her of my means of living, and the worst of all her wickedness, she calumniated me as the most ~~of~~ <sup>mis</sup>chievous as the most and faintest of every mischief - No son could treat a mother with greater kindness than I treated her, but the more kindly I treated her the more venomously she stung me behind my back.

Mr. John Hogan.  
Secretary of Trades  
Limerick

With friendly respect.

I am, dear John, Yours Sincerely  
M. Hogan, Bard of Thomond

U764/1/1

Locust Avenue, Corona  
Long Island, New York.

Aug. 1888.

My dear namesake. I am sure you will be somewhat surprised to receive news from me from far America.

I saw your name in a Limerick newspaper as Secretary of your native Trades and I at once formed a resolve of dropping a few lines to you just to let you know that I am yet alive and kicking strong. I am now two years in America, and I don't like the Country or its people. They are a deceitful, selfish, dollarized Crowd. A sordid worthless heap of political rubbish. You would <sup>not</sup> find in the Legislative

Assembly of hell such a pile of rotten politicians. There's no encouragement for literature here - especially Irish literature, simply because the Irish people are just as neglectful of their own as they are at home. I trusted a Limerick man here named John P. Daly, with a dozen copies of my "Lays and Legends" - He sold the dozen at a dollar each, and closed his fist on 5 dollars to pay himself for his trouble. And in like manner I was swindled of many more of my fine books in other directions by Irish sharpers - Fellows that never cease to blow their own strumpets about their patriotic spirit.

I composed a lot of the finest poems of my life here but I mailed all over to "The Clare Advertiser" for publication. Not one of them did I ever send to an American journal because I hate of them - time-serving newspapers. I would joyfully curse America and return to Erin if I had a home to go to there, but my thieving old mother and my <sup>living</sup> worthless wife left me without my fine home and my good <sup>living</sup> by the banks of the beautiful Shannon.



I never wrote a satire in right anger but this,  
and yet I did not give the subject its full deserved due.  
She was a descendant of Cromwell's Puritans and  
the reptile blood of that accursed race told in her the bad  
language of a bad heart—Blood tells in every generation—  
She hated everything noble and loved everything mean—  
She detested poetry and music and everything Irish.

# A DOMESTIC EVIL SPIRIT. \*

## A RARE HARD CASE AND A RARE HARD FACT.

(Written for the CLARE ADVERTISER by the BARD OF THOMOND.)

She never was happy but when she was thieving—  
She never was glad but when others were grieving;  
She never felt blest but where misery was crying—  
Misery made by her own fiendish falsehood and lying.  
She delighted in ill and exulted in harm,  
But her children's misfortune for her had a charm;  
For when sickness and death, and affliction o'ertook  
them,

She grin'd a fierce laugh, and in mockery forsook  
them.

Some fiend against Nature—some demon infernal  
Had robbed her dark heart of all feeling maternal,  
And took in her bosom perpetual possession,  
To urge her to every perfidious transgression.  
With the honey of hell used in speech by the devil,  
She won converts and dupes to her arguments evil,  
And those dark minded parasites listen'd around her  
To catch and diffuse the black mangle of her slander.  
No poison-tipt arrow was ever sped surer,  
No net of a bird-catcher finish'd securer  
Than this liar's black web; and so strong did she  
shape it,

The poor destined victims could never escape it.

She set wife against husband, and husband 'gainst  
wife,

For domestic affrays were the feast of her life;  
She set son against father and sister 'gainst brother  
In mortal contention and strife with each other:  
And while in the war they were madly engaging,  
She pilfer'd their stock while the contest was raging;  
And she slyly was acting a peace-making friend,  
While kindling the blaze from beginning to end.  
So cunningly wicked—so fiendish her aim,  
She poison'd good names with a whisper of shame;  
The bait was so luring and gilded with lies,  
It captured the weak and deluded the wise.  
Not the serpent that plotted the ruin of Eve,  
Had such craft, tact and talent to charm and deceive;  
As this she-devil practised with patience and art,  
And eloquent venom to murder the heart;  
Then when her bad work was complete to the end,  
She hiss'd like the serpent and sneer'd like the fiend.  
Her malice was wolf-bane—rank hemlock her breath,  
And her word in one's ear was a vapour of death;  
There was doom in her look—there was hell in the  
eye.

And all things she look'd on were destin'd to die—  
She revell'd on fraud, and on perfidy fed—  
She detracted the living and slander'd the dead.  
In a garment of rage she went begging about,  
Just to sow seeds of detestment while she was out.  
So devout did she talk of God's judgment and care;  
That her listeners were caught ere they dropp'd in  
her snare;

So sincerely she spoke of His wisdom and might,  
That she pass'd for an earth injured angel of light.

But scarcely her preface of God had began  
When she turn'd to slander both woman and man;  
And her own hapless children were first on the list,  
Their sins she proclaimed but their virtues she  
miss'd

For malice and spite love to show up a fault  
Where a hundred fair virtues are hid or forgot.  
But while—O black demon—she canted and pray'd,  
She was only preparing her shield for a raid—  
A raid, some soft neighbour to swindle and sham,  
Or a lie some character to darken and damn.  
A devilish plan'd slander or well-gilded fraud  
She made ready to practise while talking of God.  
Or, perhaps, a foul calumny, burnish'd and spun,  
She had eager to pitch at a daughter or son.  
And moral destruction soon follow'd her aim,  
When her death shaft was wing'd at a woman's fair  
fame.

The victim unconscious of the cruel dart sped  
Still in innocence lived, but her good name was dead.  
While the slayer exulted, and fiercely enjoy'd  
The wreck of that innocent name she destroy'd.  
By Nature a swindler, detractor, and cheat,  
She outstripp'd hell's black art in her pleasing  
deceit;

She courted dissemblers, and liars, and knaves,  
And herded with misers, detractors and thieves.  
Wherever mean rogues and hard villains were known,  
She studied their crimes to improve on her own.  
The cup-tossing art she triumphantly plied,  
And boasted that God was her guardian and guide.

Oh, monstrous blasphemous, thief, traitor and devil,  
Say how did your daughter deserve your foul evil?  
By her was your base life with comfort surrounded,  
Yet you work'd her destruction with mischief  
unbounded.

She was bright as a lily and bonnie as May,  
Till—Oh, snake of perdition—you crawl'd in her way.  
And for kindness and care you requited her well,  
For you poison'd her brains with the hemlock of hell.  
From her fair path of duty your treachery removed  
her;

And fill'd with rank hatred the consort that loved her.  
But no husband could guard, and no angel could  
save her,

From the mad cup of evil your infamy gave her.  
She fell like a leaf by a foul worm bitten,  
She droop'd like a branch that the wild-fire had  
smitten;

She sank like a flower burnt up by a blast,  
In the darkness of night where a demon had past.  
And fierce was your joy at your own hellish doing,  
And grimly you laugh'd and rejoiced at her ruin;  
Mocking demon—Oh, well may your sneering lip  
quiver,

To see the fair shrine laid in ashes for ever.  
Hell's despot had never a viceroy like you,  
For the victimised dupes that your perfidy slew.  
Yet while the grey years of your bad life are passing,  
You still wield the knife of the thief and assassin.

Locust Avenue, Corona, Long Island,  
New York, June 2, 1888.

\* In the foregoing portrait there is not a shade  
overcolored or a line overdrawn.

But she  
utilized money  
with all the  
perverted zeal  
of her depraved  
soul.

Alluding to  
my poor wife  
ruined by,  
this demon's  
hellish advice.  
She did this  
mischief so  
sly that the  
harm was  
all done before  
I found any  
of it out.

This is so far out of the course of Nature in connexion with  
Motherhood that very few could believe that such a terrible  
monster could exist in shape of a mother. But it is as  
true as Christ was Crucified by the Jews.



in a foreign land. But my wife is principally to blame for the evil that has fallen on me and on herself... She allowed herself to be led away and cajoled by the treacherous devices of that old Fiend.

In vain I warned her to mind herself and mind her comfortable house - and to encourage her I made her a present of the place by a deed of conveyance which cost me £27. but all was no use. She wouldn't listen to me. Both of them turned Thomond Cottage into a hell about me, and they killed the goose that laid the golden egg. Between those two devilish women I was like a skylark between two wild cats. Now when I had got rid of the old Thief my wife refused to attend her shop - That shop from which £100 a year profits could be realized if it were rightly minded. If she had helped me at that time I'd have tidied over the difficulties which my evil-minded old mother had brought on me. But my wife appeared to be reckless of my interest and her own. I saw I must have to close up or to mind the place myself, which I was unable to do.

I took in a man to run the bar. His name was O'Brien but he was commonly known as Whopper O'Brien. He was returning from America where he could make no hand of himself. I knew him since he was a child, and I firmly believed I could trust him. I gave him up my keys and installed him with full confidence as business man and cash-keeper. Affairs began to look well, and grow prosperous with me for ten months. I returned from the City, one night, about nine o'clock, and found that the Whopper had decamped with all I had in the world -

Simply £96. - He gave the keys to my damn fool of a wife when he had secured the money. This perfidious blackguard met a sudden death in a few years after robbing me. I continued to struggle on to hold my house for two years after all those misfortunes and heart-breaks, but my wife continued her drinking, and I fell into deeper. O yes, I was almost mad. In fury and distraction I rushed into town and gave Tom Norton the auctioneer instructions to sell my fire home. "Thomond Cottage" was sold to Frank Donnellan the Fenian swindler for £190. about one third of its worth. The Hon. Connolly the red headed Attorney Thief cheated me out of eighty pounds of the purchase money. My soul was crushed - my spirit was broken, and inwardly bleeding, and penniless I went to America, wishing I could run away from my sorrow. But I find myself here only a mere dependant on the eccentric kindness of strangers whom I know will sooner or later get tired of me. If the people of Limerick would do something to bring me home I would rather die amongst them than sink into a foreign grave in this hell-fire country. I am thoroughly sick of it and its cloth-minded people.

I am, my dear John  
Yours most faithfully

Mr John Hogan,  
Secretary to the Trades of Limerick

M. Hogan Bard of Thomond

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Locust Avenue, Corona.

New York, Oct. 23 1888.

My dear Namesake..... I received your very kind and generous letter just as I was recovered about nine days after a violent attack of Chills and fever, which nearly chilled and turned me out of existence. It laid me prostrate for 21 days.

I was preparing to reply to your friendly letter when I was again attacked by malaria fever a most deadly type of American sickness that slays hundreds every year. It landed me on the extreme verge of the grave for fifteen days, but the incessant and inexhaustible attentions of my new friends, the noble Fitzgeralds, saved my life and restored me to health. They spared no expense for medical aid and best of nourishment to recover me, although they work for their living - especially poor decent Ed. the head of the family - they let their dollars fly like dust to serve me and save me from impending death. The brave-minded and tender-hearted Mrs Fitzgerald never left my bedside but watched and tended me with her own kind hands, following the commands of two Doctors whom she had summoned to attend me. She also brought a priest to prepare me, and when the Doctors expressed a doubt of my recovery, it was touching to see how the tears trickled in showers down her fair cheeks. In fact her whole family was in grief and consternation about me. Oh, God, how can I ever thank her and bless her for her magnificent exertions to save me from the grave that lay gaping before my vision in a foreign land. She said she was willing to forfeit her own life before she would allow the Bard of Thomond to die in her hands while she could help him to live at any cost or sacrifice that could be risked by her and hers. And splendidly did she keep her word, for in a few days a change for the better came over me, and my noble nurse had the glad satisfaction of seeing me rise from the very clutches of dissolution. She hired a waggone and placed therein on a featherbed with pillows supporting me in an inclined position. Herself and her daughter sat beside me, and had me carried to Flushing Bay. There along the sea shore the carriage was driven at a slow pace. The breeze of the sea played sweetly on my face and I felt it refreshing and reviving my frame. When I returned home I felt immensely improved, and every day hence forth I grew better and better until I thought myself entirely well. But all was not over - for on last Sunday week as I was quietly sitting on the sofa I was seized with a sudden fit of Cholera that again hurled me to the verge of the grave. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald became wildly alarmed and did all in their power to alleviate my pain. I completely lost the use of my legs and all physical action left me. I was carried between the two of them, as powerless as an infant, and put into bed. They sat up beside



me to a late hour in the night until all dangerous symptoms had disappeared. Thank Heaven the fit did not last long, for if it did it would have undoubtedly carried me off, but while it lasted it was terrific. I was able to get up next morning and have a cup of tea, a slice of toast and a fresh egg. I am now nearly as strong as ever I was, and this is the first time I took a pen in my hand for the last two months. Oh, I most sincerely wish to Christ that the admirers of the "Lays and Legends of Thomond," will always feel grateful to the noble-souled Mrs Fitzgerald for saving the Bard's life, and spent her last dollar to procure medical help for him. Was there ever in this world such unselfish benevolence and glorious good nature displayed by a woman, but I am joyful to say she is a Limerick woman and her generous husband, Edward Gerald Fitzgerald is a Limerick man - and I verily believe Providence raised them up to befriend and protect me here in unholy America where men are more like selfish beasts of prey devouring dollars, than human beings adoring a Creator.

I never earned a dollar since I came here, and in heaven's name what would become of me only I fell in with those hospitable Geraldines who <sup>now</sup> taken such munificent care of me since I first had the good luck of knowing them. It certainly was a queer thing of the Cork Examiner to announce my death, as you have stated, nevertheless it very nearly came true.

My dear John, you think it was a mistake on my part not to bring my wife to America with me, but will you consider what good could that woman do me in a foreign land, after betraying my best interests at home. My old monstrous mother could never rob me and injure as she has done if my wife was faithful to her own or to my welfare. She positively knew that that old thief was out day and night plundering my house but she never gave me as much as a hint about it. There was money and value amounting to hundreds of pounds in that house in my wife's charge but she never kept herself sober, in my absence, to mind her trust. The old Robber saw her chance and she took it with a vengeance. Along with stealing my money from the till she stole my whiskey from my stock casks and sold it in quarts and half gallons to the small publicans of St Mary's parish at a cheap rate. Out of 70 Casks of O.P. Whiskey for which I paid ready money at the Distillery and other places, I never got one penny of principal or profit, besides being landed into debt £140 for porter and Ale. During all this time of thieving I was hard at labour embanking the Shannon's shore to add to my garden.

I worked at it incessantly from sunrise to sunset and never did I suspect that a shadow of wrong was looming in my shop between my wife and my mother. They cunningly cloaked each other from my observation and suspicion. At last my eyes were opened in the following way. I was after getting £26 through the Post towards printing costs of the 6th No. of "Shawn." I got myself ready to start for Cork to get the little book printed £12 was enough to carry with me for printing costs. Before starting I called my wife into our private room where I counted the money before her and presented her with £4 for a dress. The surplus £10 I counted in single notes in her presence, and hid it away in the recess of my desk. I then said to her, "you see where that money is stowed away, and as no one resorts in here but yourself I am sure there is no fear - but keep the door locked until I return."

I returned after 3 days and went right away to my desk. I put my hand where the money had been left but there was no money there. I called my wife but she could render no account of it. The fact was she betrayed the secret to the old Witch and that settled the business. Nevermore did I see a single Cent of that sum.

I then looked after the receipts of my business. I found there were hundreds of pounds worth of goods stolen or sold, but there was no cash. I brought mother and wife face to face and insisted on getting the money. My wife declared she had not a shilling to give. and the old monster brazenly told me in these very words - "Don't you trust me for I'll leave no stone unturned to ruin you every road I can!!!" This hellish reply nearly knocked the wind out of me, but I rallied and grasped her, and flung her into the street. She had her old purse well filled and she was defiant.

In a few nights afterwards she got into the house when I was asleep - and Oh God Almighty! she attempted to take my life - she sunk her fiendish Clutches into my throat and would surely have succeeded in strangling me only my wife rushed into the <sup>and tore</sup> room, her iron fingers out of my neck. My wife is yet living to testify to the truth of this horrid deed. She then dressed herself in tattered rags and went about the parish begging, traducing and slandering me. She assumed every mean form and forged every wicked lie and evil invention to disgrace and scandalize me. But now, by what you have told me in your letter about her, I hope the justice of public Contempt and indignation will fall heavily on her. I was always kind, respectful and generous to her but she returned me oceans of evil for rivers of good, and thro' her bad actions I find myself to day, a poor broken hearted exile cast on the mercy of strangers.



to fall on me, as soon as I would reach America, but when I did reach America, it was a shower of badluck fell on me, instead of dollars. I soon discovered the scoundrel's real object in paying my passage. He wanted to make a political swash of me, to fly me, like a hawk at every one's throat whom he did not like. I saw I was caught in his treacherous bird-basket, but his rotten politics I was fully determined to ignore, altho' I well knew the brute would try the strong hand to force me, and so he did. The winter was in - frost and snow lay in piles around - I had no friend, and no way of redeeming myself from his shanty. Oh, the silent torture of heart and agony of spirit I suffered the first Christmas I spent away from Ireland. I was surrounded by cold strangers who knew me not, nor cared to know. I saw no holly and ivy, no mould candle, no social Christ-block behind the fire - no merry making friends - and, Oh, most cruel Curse of all - no chance of hearing, at 12 o'clock, that Christmas-Eve night, the sweet-tuned bells of St. Mary's tower. I thought that heaven and hell had combined to scourge me at that holy hour of desolation, grief and gloom to my Crucified heart. Three thousand miles of a dreary ocean was rearing between me and St. Mary's Bells, and my native City of romantic Limerick and the genial friends whose cheerful faces I once loved to look on.

I was alone and friendless now, in a strange land, and there was no help for it. But the bleak, dreary, weary winter passed, creeping away, and the Spring came to liberate me from Limbo.

This brute Weeks used to go on periodical drunks - commonly called "bums", in American slang, and I remember with horror, the cold, winter nights when he used to rout me out bed to attend his drunken freaks. He allow no rest to any one in the house - All should be up and stirring, at the risk of dirty abuse or a hard pounding. In the February of that Spring some of the New York journals noticed my whereabouts in New York, and some natives from Limerick along with men from other parts of Ireland came to see me. I was invited by many of them to visit their homes which I declined except one. Ed. Fitzgerald came among my visitors, and I went with him to his house in Brooklyn where I was most hospitably welcomed by his kindly hearted wife, Marcelle, who had a regular festive party of Irishmen and women assembled in her drawing room to receive me, and a jolly night was begun. The cloudy gloom of my misfortune soon melted away in the social sunshine that glowed around me, and I felt my heart swelling with a new spirit of Irish joy and pride. I forgot the miseries of Fordham and the insulting vulgarities of Brute Weeks. I spent nearly a month with Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, and Children, treated with real Geraldine generosity and kindness. I knew Mrs. Fitzgerald in Limerick long before she emigrated to New York, and got married here. Her maiden name was Marcelle Verdor, and she lived in Cornwallis St. along with her father and mother, her sisters, ~~and her sister~~, and her brother Harry, with whom I was well acquainted on account of his literary ability. As I said before, she got married to her own Cousin, Ed. Fitzgerald, here in New York. He is a Cutler of Cloth, and he

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Corona. Long Island.  
New York.

Dec. 17. 1888.

My dear Namesake

I have gladly received your kind, friendly letter of Nov. 10<sup>th</sup>. I sincerely thank you from my heart, for your promptness in replying; and, for your noble intentions to enable me to revisit the beloved scenes of my native Land - scenes that are eternally rising in long-pictures among the dreams of my soul. Your worthy purpose, when put into action, whether successful or not, is an honor to you, and will be an honor to your memory in future years, "when rich drones of to-day shall be forgotten as fools or remembered as worse!" But take you sharp note, dear John, that I have a host of worthless but bitter enemies in Limerick, not one of whom is anything more or less than a "Scool;" and when it becomes publicly known that you have started a movement to bring back the Bard of Thomond to his native City, obstructions will be flung in your way by those small-minded human fry. But there is not a manly-minded Man in the City who will fail to applaud, and, even aid your action. I am sure the biggest majority of the Congregated Sons of Trade will be with you to achieve the national work of bringing a national Bard back from uncongenial exile to his native home.

Those cold-blooded and malicious enemies to whom I have just alluded, have often attempted to do me injury when I was in Limerick by using their spiteful and private influence to wound my interests and my good name in literary quarters where they knew some favors were about to be conferred on me. Therefore I warn you to look sharp for those snakes in the grass, for one silent-crawling snake is worse than two roaring lions. They may be in holy robes or common skin, but they will make an effort either to persuade you or blockade you, all the same, against restoring the Bard to his native plains.

But I stake my life on your hardy independence of soul not to be frozen or retarded in attaining the creditable and complete consummation of your patriotic purpose; and I feel assured that your gallant undertaking will be crowned with success equally worthy of yourself, the Congregated Trades of Limerick, and the Bard of Thomond.

If any of those snakes in the grass attempt to thwart, or frustrate your generous actions or designs, I request you will fearlessly tell me who they may be, for such things of ill-feeling may pretend the kindest good feeling and friendship to me, if ever I go to Limerick.

I am fully confident that my eloquent and witty friend, Tom Dooley, Nature's independent Orator, will be with your action, with all his honest heart's best, noblest wishes. I'd rather be honored with Tom's friendly good will than the patronage of England's highest Statesman.



And now, my dear John, on receipt of this letter, I trust you will start the good work and set the ball rolling. and I hope your generous and laudable <sup>efforts</sup> will have a prosperous issue in restoring the Bard of Thomond once more to his favorite walks of Song on the banks of his native Shannon, and saving the present and future Credit of Limerick from aspersions which another generation may cast on her on account of the harsh and unjust neglect that I was forced to feel and suffer during my life in my native City of the Violated Treaty. Scotland will never raise her head from the Cloud of Shame which her neglect of Robert Burns has brought on her, but when he was gone, she felt her disgraceful Conduct towards him and his splendid genius - In sorrow and shame she has repented it - Still repents it, and will repent it for ever.

I do not pretend to be anything like Robert Burns; having anything like the immortal flash of his genius; or feeling anything like the magnificent gift of his Song; yet I feel I <sup>was</sup> just as sincere in singing for Ireland as he was for Scotland; and I only ask in return from Irishmen some recognition of their regard before I am dead, and gone to "where the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling!!" I must very kindly thank for your information regarding my poor, unfortunate wife. I am glad that she is in the service of that good honest woman, Mrs Hassett of Ellen St.

She was always a happy housekeeper for others but a damn bad one for herself - She is likewise a first rate washerwoman, and as a sample of her cleansing ability, she washed me clean out of Thomond Cottage, without the aid of Suds or Soap; and afterwards she washed me away across the Atlantic, right into America; but I may bless my Stars since I was not washed to the bottom, or found somewhere else washed ashore. But I forgive her, from the Centre of my heart, for all the trouble and sorrow, and misfortune that her invincible folly brought on me. I hope that no sterner Judge than me will ever bring her to account for all I have suffered.

Dear John, will you kindly oblige me by inquiring of some of the Thomondgate people about that monstrous Ould Destroyer, Called my Mother, whether she is carrying on her ragged beggarly antics and iron impositions yet, to delude and hoodwink the simple natives. Or if she is still at the dark diplomacy of her iniquitious slanders and filthy Calumnies. Ah, if the people only knew her with the one thousandth part of my terrible experience of her viper-treachery, they would shun her as they'd shun the Cholera or small-pox.

She cursed me because Heaven gifted me - She envied me because I grew popular and prosperous - She slandered me because I respected her - She made me miserable because I made her happy - She hated me because I honored her - and she robbed me because I trusted her.

And <sup>as</sup> a crowning point to all her unnatural atrocities, she attempted to assassinate me, one night, in my own house while I was asleep.

— She loved to do evil for its own sake —

And now, dear John, permit me to say a few words about this grand Republic of the West - America, "the Land of the Brave and the Free." What ridiculous Cosh!! 'Tis a fine free land for sharpers and frauds and political rascality, but if an honest man is to be found here, he is best known by his poverty. It is a land accursed by millionaires and monopolists who have all the wealth of this stupendous Country at their wicked disposal, and those brutal ruffians band together in Corporations to grind the toiling millions and keep the labour market down. The government is composed of those blood-suckers and hence there's no redress to be had. And landlordism here is also the most grinding and ~~relentless~~ relentless type of oppression that ever cursed the world since the first time the devil got possession of it. Irish landlords are bad and fiendish enough, but they absolutely canonized saints, fit to walk into Heaven with their hunting frocks on, compared to the iron-souled landlords of America. The tenement landlords are the most savage and diabolical type of this infernal class of human devils. The moment the rent runs into any arrears, those hell-hounds come, at once, with their damnable writs, and they hurl out the poor bewildered tenants on the sides of the street, bag and baggage, at a minute's notice. There is a small sample of free power by Law in free America, for you. 'Tis a gloriously free Country for murderous Blackguards to carry loaded revolvers, and, on the merest provocation, shoot some poor fellow like a dog; or perhaps <sup>a woman</sup> may be the victim, as is often the case. All the human savages and wolves, vagabonds and thieves of the Universe seem to be all crammed and rammed into New York, and I am ashamed to say the Irish element do its part as well as the biggest devils of the lot. You said in your first letter, that "the Irish are the most warm-hearted people in the world!!" I grant they may be all that while in their own land, but when they come to America, and get to imitate the corruption of foreign habits, they soon become another sort of people. Their warm-heartedness disappears, and they grow cold and selfish. The Almighty Yankee dollar puts a mighty change in them, and when any of them happens to get rich their Irish proclivities vanish like stage-ghosts. And if they rise into any positions of power or influence, they are the last to do a service to a poor fellow-countryman, except they have some ulterior <sup>goal</sup> in doing it. I have had a bitter biting experience of this. I have known some Irish swaggers here possessed of a few dollars, and ten acres of ignorance, real personal estate, and they tried to make greenhorns believe that they were able to make earthquakes in every part of America. After I landed in New York I went to live at Fordham, along with the fellow that paid my passage. He is a Co. Clare man, a shoe-maker, and by profession a bully and a politician. His name is Matt Weeks, better known as Crute Weeks - He lived about 28 years ago in Quaylane, Limerick. But now he is the biggest devil in Fordham, or in all America. He induced me to New York, with letters glowing with rich promises of a shower of dollars



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# Bi Centenary Ode to Sarsfield.

Oct. 1890.

## Address of the People of Limerick to Sarsfield's Spirit.

Noble Spirit of valour! tho' ages have flown,  
Since thy glory shed splendor on old Garryowen;  
And tho' her proud ramparts have crumbled away,  
The fame of your bravery shall never decay.  
While the Treaty Stone stands and the broad Shannon runs,  
Thy name shall give pride to our daughters and sons;  
For immortally bright is the life of thy fame,  
Like the heaven that glows on the course of the stream.

Say who was the Chief by King <sup>William</sup> so dreaded  
When he flash'd in the van of the legions he headed?  
'Twas Sarsfield, proud Luimnock's fearless defender,  
Who knew how to Conquer but not to surrender.  
How vainly the torrents of metal descended  
In red, crashing showers on the walls he defended;  
The brave walls were smash'd but the men were unshaken,  
The wide breach was made but the town was untaken.

Oh, to see the proud Chieftain imperiously gazing  
On the dash of the fight when the Cannons were blazing;  
While the volcanic crash of death's engines of battle  
Made the tall ramparts roar and the purple plains rattle.  
Three times from the breach were the King's legions scatter'd,  
With their iron fronts cleft and their close columns shatter'd,  
But no feat so astounded and stagger'd the foemen,  
As the strong-handed welcome they got from our women.



From grey Ballineety to brave Garryowen,  
From Thomond's old Bridge to the Pass of Athlone;  
Thy glorious career was a picture of fire  
For ages to honor, to praise and admire.  
The Treaty Stone stands by the Shannon's deep tide  
Recording the tale of our sorrow and pride —  
Our sorrow to trust the bad faith of our foes,  
And our pride that you gave them so many hard blows.

And on Landen's far plain — the last scene of your daring —  
Your best loving wishes were breathed for Erin;  
As you lay on the field, with your brave life-blood flowing,  
When your proud spirit felt its last moments were going;  
You thought of the Old town by Shannon's deep tide,  
And wish'd that for Ireland in battle you died.  
But long shall old Limerick feel proud to inherit  
The flash of your fame and the dash of your spirit.

The Bard of Thomond

The Sarsfield Celebration

The Bard of Thomond.

to Sarsfield

The following Ode by the  
Bard of Thomond was read at the  
Celebration on Sunday last & its  
publication in our paper on  
Monday evening last was  
missed the copy having been mislaid  
by the Committee. We now give it  
with pleasure confident that our  
readers will appreciate its merits



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P.S. Keep safely the enclosed letter. It may be of some worth in future as an autobiographical sketch of my life. Only for the bad way I was handled at home I assure you, dear John, I would be now leading the poetic literature of Ireland. I could pour out poetry from my heart like a river of fire, and it is not quenched yet. I was absolutely drunk with the spirit of Song. But the evil conduct of my mother and wife destroyed the beautiful gift of Heaven out of my soul. Will you kindly remember me to eloquent and witty Tom Dooley, Nature's favorite Orator. I always felt a great wish for that rare and excellent man. M. H.