

"Not as much as would physic a snipe." said Dick, who swallowed a glass of claret to conceal a smile.

"What's that you say about snipes and physic?" said Furlong; what queer things you *Twish* do say."

"Oh, we've plenty o' queer fellows here," said Dick; "but you are not taking your claret."

"The twuth is, I am fatigued—vewy—and if you'd allow me, Mr. O'Gwady, I should like to go to my woom; we'll talk over business to-morrow."

"Certainly," said the Squire, who was glad to get rid of him, for the scene was becoming too much for his gravity. So Dick Dawson lighted Furlong to his room, and after heaping civilities upon him, he left him to sleep in the camp of his enemies, and then returned to the dining-room to enjoy with the squire the laugh they were so long obliged to repress, and to drink another bottle of claret on the strength of the joke.

"What shall we do with him, Dick," said the Squire.

"Pump him as dry as a lime-kiln," said Dick, "and then send him off to O'Grady—all's fair in war."

"To be sure," said the squire. "Unseat me, indeed! he was near it, sure enough, for I thought I'd have dropped off my chair with surprise when he said it."

"And the conceit and impudence of the fellow," said Dick. "'The ignorant *Twish*'—nothing will serve him but abusing his own countrymen!—'The ignorant Irish'—Oh, is that all you learned in Oxford, my boy?—just wait, my buck—if I don't astonish your weak mind, it's no matter!'"

"Faith he has brought his pigs to a pretty market here," said the Squire; "but how did he come here? how was the mistake made?"

"The way every mistake in the country is made," said Dick: "Handy Andy drove him here."

"More power to you, Andy," said the Squire. "Come, Dick, we'll drink Andy's health—this is a mistake on the right side."

And Andy's health *was* drunk, as well as several other healths. In short, the Squire and Dick the Devil were in high glee—the dining-room rang with laughter to a late hour; and the next morning

a great many empty claret bottles were on the table—and a few on the floor.

Notwithstanding the deep potations of the Squire and Dick Dawson the night before, both were too much excited by the arrival of Furlong to permit their being laggards in the morning; they were up and in consultation at an early hour, for the purpose of carrying on prosperously the mystification so well begun on the castle agent.

"Now, first of all, Dick," said the Squire, "Is it fair do you think?"

"Fair?" said Dick opening his eyes in astonishment. "Why, who ever heard of any one questioning anything being fair in love, war, or electioneering; to be sure it's fair—and more particularly when the conceited conceit has been telling us how he'll astonish with his plans the poor ignorant Irish, whom he holds in such contempt. Now let me alone, and I'll get all his plans out of him—turn him inside out like a glove, pump him as dry as a pond in the summer, squeeze him like a lemon—and let him see whether the poor ignorant *Twish*, as he softly calls us, are not an overmatch for him, at the finesse upon which he seems so much to pride himself."

"Egad! I believe you're right, Dick," said the Squire, whose qualms were quite overcome by the argument last advanced; for if one thing more than another provoked him, it was the impatient self-conceit of presuming and shallow strangers, who fancied their hackneyed and cut-and-dry knowledge of the common places of the world gave them a mental elevation above an intelligent people of primitive habits, whose simplicity of life is so often set down to stupidity, whose contentment under privation is frequently attributed to laziness, and whose poverty is constantly coupled with the epithet "ignorant." "A poor ignorant creature," indeed, is a common term of reproach, as if poverty and ignorance must be inseparable. If a list could be obtained of the *rich* ignorant people, it would be no flattering document to stick on the door of the temple of Mammon.

"Well, Ned," said Dick, "as you agree to do the Englishman, Murphy will be a grand help to us; it is the very thing he will have his heart in. Murtough will be worth his weight in gold to us; I will