

lowing Thursday I shall proceed to appoint the best qualified to be my regular deputies in that department.

LEWIS LUKE MACCULLOIH.



MR. MACCULLOIH,

*Dear Honey,*

I happened d'y see the other day to cast my eye on your Scribbler, where I sees a string of blarney about the what d'ye call'em club; now, as soon as I sees it, what does I but starts off to Pat Goff, a camrogue of my own. Pat, says I, I has a mind to write to the scribbling jontleman myself, and let him know the traitment I recaived from one of them drivers: "'t is yourself that is able to do it nately," says Pat, "for we all know, sure, that you're a man of larning." So I sits down to tell you all about it. Now you must know, that about tin days ago, as I was trotting fair and aisy down the Quaybeck suburbs, singing to my self Pantheon O'Rafferty, up drives a great jontleman, and says, "get out of the way you drunken Irish blackguard." "As to my being drunk, plase your honour," says I, "divil fire the sup have I tasted, since morning prayers, save a noggin of gin I took to keep the cowld out of my poor heart. I am an Irishman, God help me, and that skin, liver and lites, but no blackguard, saving your presence, so it is very ungentale of you to hurt my character forenant my face." "I'm one of the driving-club," said he, "and if you don't clear out, I'll run over you." "The divil drive you and your club, you dirty spalpeen," says I, for my blood rose up above my good manners. "Och! and may my teet never fight wid a Munster paratee, if I stirs a foot, and if one of your horse-baists lays his hands upon me, I will