

taste o' this,' and the horsewhip whistled as he spoke.

'I think he had better take care of his back than his bet,' said Dick, as he followed the squire to the hall-door, where his horse was in waiting for him, under the care of the renowned Andy, who little dreamed of the extensive harvest of mischief which was ripening in futurity, all from his sowing.

'Don't kill him quite, Ned,' said Dick, as the squire mounted to his saddle.

'Why, if I went to horsewhip a gentleman, of course I should only shake my whip at him; but an attorney is another affair. And, as I'm sure he'll have an action against me for assault, I think I may as well get the worth o' my money out of him, to say nothing of teaching him better manners for the future than to play off his jokes on his employers.'

With these words, off he rode in search of the devoted Murtough, who was not at home when the squire reached his house; but as he was returning through the village, he espied him coming down the street in company with Tom Durfy and the widow, who were laughing heartily at some joke Murtough was telling them, which seemed to amuse him as much as his hearers.

'I'll make him laugh at the wrong side of his mouth,' thought the squire, alighting and giving his horse to the care of one of the little ragged boys who were idling in the street. He approached Murphy with a very threatening aspect, and, confronting him and his party so as to produce a halt, he said, as distinctly as his rage would permit him to speak, 'You little insignificant blackguard, I'll teach you how you'll cut your jokes on me again; I'll blister you my buck!' and, laying hands on the astonished Murtough with the last word, he began a very smart horsewhipping of the attorney. The widow screamed, Tom Durfy swore, and Murtough roared, with some interjectional curses. At last he escaped from the squire's grip, leaving the lapel of his coat in his possession; and Tom Durfy interposed his person between them when he saw an intention on the part of the flagellator to repeat his dose of horsewhip.

'Let me at him, sir; or, by ——'

'Fy, fy, squire—to horsewhip a gentleman like a cart-horse.'

'A gentleman!!—an attorney, you mean.'

'I say, a gentleman, Squire Egan,' cried Murtough, fiercely, roused to gallantry by the presence of a lady, and smarting under a sense of injury and whalebone. 'I'm a gentleman, sir, and demand the satisfaction of a gentleman. I put my honour into your hands Mr. Durfy.'

'Between his finger and thumb, you mean, for there's not a handful of it,' said the squire.

'Well, sir,' replied Tom Durfy, 'little or much, I'll take charge of it.—That's right, my cock,' said he to Murtough, who, notwithstanding his desire to assume a warlike air, could not resist the natural impulse of rubbing his back and shoulders, which tingled with pain, while he exclaimed, 'Satisfaction! satisfaction!'

'Very well,' said the squire: 'you name yourself as Mr. Murphy's friend?' added he to Durfy.

'The same, sir,' said Tom. 'Who do you name as yours?'

'I suppose you know one Dick the Divil.'

'A very proper person, sir;—no better: I'll go to him directly.'

The widow clung to Tom's arm, and looking tenderly at him, cried, 'Oh, Tom, Tom, take care of your precious life!'

'Bother!' said Tom.

'Ah, Squire Egan, don't be so blood-thirsty!'

'Fudge, woman!' said the squire.

'Ah, Mr. Murphy, I'm sure the squire's very sorry for beating you.'

'Divil a bit,' said the squire.

'There, ma'am,' said Murphy; 'you see he'll make no apology.'

'Apology!' said Durfy;—'apology for a horsewhipping, indeed!—Nothing but handling a horsewhip (which I wouldn't ask any gentleman to do) or a shot, can settle the matter.'

'Oh, Tom! Tom! Tom!' said the widow.

'Ba! ba! ba!' shouted Tom, making a crying face at her. 'Arrah, woman, don't be makin' a fool o' yourself. Go in there to the 'pothecary's, and get something under your nose to revive you; and let us mind our business.'

The widow, with her eyes turned up, and an exclamation to Heaven, was retiring to M'Garry's shop, wringing her