

said Murphy, triumphantly; "the genuine home-bred Paddy makes time for fun sooner than anything else,—we take our own, and live the longer."

"Ah! you lose your time---though---excuse me; you lose your time, indeed."

"Well, 'devil may care,' as Punch said when he lost mass, 'there's more churches nor one,' says he,—and that's the way with us," said Murphy. "Come, Dick, get the fishing-lines ready; heigh for the salmon fishery! You must know, Mister Furlong, we fish for salmon with line here."

"I don't see how you could fish any other way," said the dandy, smiling at at Murphy as if he had caught him in saying something absurd.

"Ah, you rogue," said Murphy, affecting to be hit; "you're too sharp for us poor Irish fellows; but you know the old saying, 'An Irishman has leave to speak twice,' and after all its no great mistake I've made; for, when I say we fish for salmon with a line, I mean we don't use a rod, but a leaded line, the same as in the sea-fishing."

"How vewy extwaordinawy! why, I should think that impossible."

"And why should it be impossible?" said Murphy, with the most unabashed impudence. "Have not all nations habits and customs peculiar to themselves? Don't the Indians catch their fish by striking them under water with a long rough stick, and a little curwhibble of a bone at the end of it?"

"Speawing them, you mean," said Furlong.

"Ay, you know the right name, of course; but isn't that quite as odd, or more so, than our way here?"

"That's vewy twue indeed; but your sea line-fishing in a wiver for salmon, strikes me as vewy singular."

"Well, sir, the older we grow the more we learn. You'll see what fine sport it is; but don't lose any more time; let us be off to the river at once."

"I'll make a slight change in my dress if you please,—I'll be down immediately;" and Furlong left the room.

During his absence, the squire, Dick, and Murphy, enjoyed a hearty laugh, and ran over the future proceedings of the day.

"But what do you mean by this salmon-fishing, Murphy?" said Dick; "you know

there never was a salmon in the river."

"But there will be to-day," said Murphy; "and a magnificent Gudgeon shall see him caught. What a spoon that fellow is; we've got the bribery out of him already."

"You did that well, Murphy," said the Squire.

"Be at him again when he comes down," said Dick.

"No, no," said Murphy, "let him alone; he is so conceited about his talent for business, that he will be talking of it without our pushing him; just give him rope enough, and he'll hang himself; *we'll have the plan of their campaign out before the day's over.*"

We are compelled for want of space to pass over Furlong's discovery of the Electioneering trick played upon him, and the Duel that followed, and will now relate in what manner our Hero, Andy, obtained a wife. Andy, it appears, was invited to a wedding party,

The dinner was later than the hour named, and the delay arose from the absence of one, who, of all others, ought to have been present—namely—the bridegroom. But James Casey was missing, and Jack Dwyer had been closeted from time to time with several long-headed gray beards, canvassing the occurrence, and wondering at the default on the bridegroom's part. The person who might have been supposed to bear this default the worst supported it better than any one.—Matty was all life and spirits, and helped in making 'he feast ready, as if nothing wrong had happened, and she backed Father Phil's argument to sit down to dinner at once;—"that if James Casey was not there, that was no reason dinner should be spoiled—he'd be there soon enough—besides, if he didn't arrive in time, it was better he should have good meat cold, than every body have hot meat spoiled—the ducks would be done to cinders—the beef boiled to rags, and the chickens be all in jommethry—"

So they sat down to dinner:—its heat, its mirth, its clatter, and its good cheer I will not attempt to describe; suffice it to say, the viands were good, the guests hungry, and the drink unexceptionable; and Father Phil, no bad judge of such mat-