

'And who do you want it for?' repeated the postmaster.'

'What's that to you?' said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the directions.

'The directions I got was to get a letter here,—that's the directions.'

'Who gave you those directions?'

'The master.'

'And who's your master?'

'What consarn is that o' yours?'

'Why, you stupid rascal! if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?'

'You could give it if you liked; but you're fond of you're axin' impidint questions, bekaze you think I'm simple.'

'Go along out o' this! Your master must be as great a goose as yourself, to send such a messenger.'

'Bad luck to your impidince!' said Andy; 'is it Squire Egan you dar to say goose to?'

'Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?'

'Yes; have you any thing to say agin it?'

'Only that I never saw you before.'

'Faith, then you'll never see me agin if I have my own consint.'

'I won't give you any letter for the squire, unless I know you're his servant. Is there any one in the town knows you?'

'Plenty,' said Andy, 'it's not every one is as ignorant as you.'

Just at this moment a person to whom Andy was known entered the house, who vouched to the postmaster that he might give Andy the squire's letter. 'Have you one for me?'

'Yes, sir,' said the postmaster producing one—fourpence.'

The gentleman paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

'Here's a letter for the squire,' said the postmaster, 'you've to pay me elevenpence postage.'

'What 'ud I pay elevenpence for?'

'For postage.'

'To the devil wid you! Didn't I see you give Mr. Durfy a letter for fourpence this minit, and a bigger letter than this? and now you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of a thing. Do you think I'm a fool?'

'No; but I'm sure of it,' said the postmaster.

'Well, you're welkim to be sure, sure; —but don't be delayin' me now; here's fourpence for you and gi' me the letter.'

'Go along you stupid thief,' said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mousetrap.

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying 'Will you gi' me the letter?'

He waited for above half an hour, in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster and at least left when he found it impossible to get common justice for his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence.

The squire in the mean time was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.

'There is, sir,' said Andy.

'Then give it to me.'

'I haven't it, sir.'

'What do you mean?'

'He wouldn't give it to me sir.'

'Who wouldn't give it to you?'

'That owld chate beyant in the town —wanting to charge double for it.'

'Maybe it's a double letter. Why the devil didn't you pay what he asked, sir?'

'Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated? It's not a double letter at all: not above half the size o' one Mr. Durfy got before my face for fourpence.'

'You'll porvok me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, you omadhaun! and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter.'

'Why, sir I tell you he was sellin' them before my face for fourpence a-piece.'

'Go back, you scoundrel! or I'll horse-whip you; and if you're longer than an hour, I'll have you ducked in the horse-pond!'

Andy vanished, and made a second visit. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each from a large parcel that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

'I'm come for that letter,' said Andy.

'I'll attend to you by-and-by.'