

## OUR TABLE.

CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.

WE have had the pleasure of perusing a few of the numbers of this work, which is now publishing in the "Pickwick" form, in monthly parts, with illustrations. It is a highly amusing work, from the pen of the author of "Harry Lorrequer," and if not altogether equal to that genuine specimen of humour, does not lag far behind it. In the rapid grouping and delineation of character, the author is extremely happy, and when he does attempt description, his success is strikingly apparent. Some of the scenes are grotesque and ludicrous to an extreme, and the *patois* of the Irish peasant, when introduced, is a vivid picture drawn from life.

We select from one of the latest numbers, an *extravaganza* that will amuse our readers:—

Scarcely had Mike concluded, when my door was suddenly burst open, and Sir Harry Boyle, without assuming any of his usual precautions respecting silence and quiet, rushed into the room; a broad grin upon his honest features, and his eyes twinkling in a way that evidently showed me something had occurred to amuse him.

"By Jove, Charley, I mustn't keep it from you, it's too good a thing not to tell you; do you remember that very essenced young gentleman who accompanied Sir George Dashwood from Dublin, as a kind of electioneering friend?"

"Do you mean Mr. Prettyman?"

"The very man; he was, you are aware, some under-secretary in some government department. Well, it seems, that he had come down among us poor savages, as much from motives of learned research and scientific inquiry, as though we had been South Sea Islanders; report had gifted us, humble Galwegians, with some very peculiar traits, and this gifted individual resolved to record them. Whether the election week might have sufficed his appetite for wonders I know not, but he was peaceably taking his departure from the West on Saturday last, when Phil Macnamara met him and pressed him to dine that day with a few friends at his house. You know Phil; so that when I tell you, Sam Burke, of Greenmount, and Roger Doolan, were of the party, I need not say that the English traveller was not left to his own unassisted imagination for his facts; such anecdotes of our habits and customs as they crammed him with, it would appear never were heard before—nothing was too hot or too heavy for the luckless cockney, who, when not sipping his claret, was faithfully recording in his tablet the meems, for a very brilliant and very original work on Ireland."

"Fine country—splendid country—glorious people—gifted—brave—intelligent—but not, happy—*alaa!* Mr. Macnamara, not happy. But we don't know you, gentlemen—we don't indeed, at the other side of the Channel; our notions regarding you are far, very far, from just."

"I hope and trust," said old Burke, "you'll help them to a better understanding ere long."

"Such, my dear sir, will be the proudest task of my life—the facts I have heard here this evening have made so profound an impression upon me, that I burn for the moment when I can make them known to the world at large; to think—just to think that a portion of this beautiful island should be steeped in poverty—that the people not only live upon the mere potatoes, but are absolutely obliged to wear the skins for raiment, as Mr. Doolan has just mentioned to me."

"Which accounts for our cultivation of lumpers;" added Mr. Doolan, "they being the largest species of the root, and best adapted for wearing apparel."

"I should deem myself culpable, indeed I should, did I not inform my countrymen upon the real condition of this great country."

"Why, after your great opportunities for judging," said Phil, "you ought to speak out—you've seen us in a way, I may fairly affirm. Few Englishmen have, and heard more."

"That's it, that's the very thing. Mr. Macnamara, I've looked at you more closely, I've watched you more narrowly, I've witnessed what the French call your *vie intime*."

"Begad you have," said old Burke, with a grin, "and profited by it to the utmost."

"I've been a spectator of your election contests—I've partaken of your hospitality—I've witnessed your popular and national sports—I've been present at your weddings, your fairs, your wakes; but, no, I was forgetting, I never saw a wake."

"Never saw a wake?" repeated each of the company in turn, as though the gentleman was uttering a sentiment of very dubious veracity.

"Never," said Mr. Prettyman, rather abashed at this proof of his incapacity to instruct his English friends upon *all* matters of Irish interest.

"Well, then, said Macnamara, 'with a blessing, we'll show you one. Lord forbid that we shouldn't do the honours of our poor country to an intelligent foreigner, when he's good enough to come amongst us.'"

"Peter," said he, turning to the servant behind him, "who's dead hereabouts?"

"Sorrah one, ye're honour. Since the scrimmage at Portumna, the place is peaceable."

"Who died lately, in the neighbourhood?"

"The Widow Macbride, ye'r honour."

"Couldn't they take her up again, Peter? my friend here never saw a wake."

"I'm afeard not, for it was the boys roasted her, and she wouldn't be a decent corpse for to show a stranger," said Peter in a whisper.

Mr. Prettyman shuddered at these peaceful indications of the neighbourhood, and said nothing.

"Well, then, Peter, tell Jemmy Divine to take the old musket in my bed-room and go over to the Clunagh bog; he can't go wrong, there's twelve families there that never pay a half-penny rent; and when it's done, let him give notice to the neighbourhood, and we'll have a rousing wake."

"You don't mean, Mr. Macnamara, you don't mean to say——," stammered out the cockney, with a face like a ghost.