

squeals murder to the last gasp, as if he were sensible of the blessings of existence and potatoes!"

This was pronounced by Murphy with a certain degree of energy and oratorical style that made Furlong stare; he turned to Dick Dawson, and said, in an undertone, "How vewy odd your fwiend is!"

"Very," said Dick; "but that's only on the surface; he's a prodigiously clever fellow: you'll be delighted with him when you know more of him,—he's our solicitor, and as an electioneering agent his talent is tremendous, as you'll find out when you come to talk with him about business."

"Well, I should neve' ha' thought it," said Furlong; "I'm glad you told me."

"Are you fond of sporting, Mr. Furlong?" said the Squire.

"Vewy," said Furlong.

"I'll give you some capital hunting."

"I pwefer fishing."

"Oh returned the Squire, rather contemptuously.

"Have you good twout stweams here?" asked the exquisite.

"Yeth," said Fanny, "and *touch* a thamon fithshery!"

"Indeed!"

"Finest salmon in the world, sir," said Murphy. "I'll show you some sport, if you like."

"I've seen some famous spo't in Scotland," said Furlong.

"Nothing to what we can show you here," said Murphy. "Why, sir, I remember once at the mouth of our river here, when the salmon were coming up one morning before the tide was in, there was such a crowd of them, that they were obliged to wait till there was water enough to cross the bar, and an English sloop that had not a pilot aboard, whose captain did not know the peculiar nature of the river, struck on the bank of salmon and went down."

"You don't mean to say," said Furlong in astonishment, "that—a——"

"I mean to say, sir," said Murphy, with an unruffled countenance, "that the river was so thick with salmon the vessel was wrecked upon them. By the by, she was loaded with salt, and several of the salmon were pickled in consequence, and saved by the poor people for the next winter. But I'll show you such fishing!"

said Murphy—"you'll say you never saw the like."

"Well, that *is*, the *wichest* thing I've heard for some time," said the dandy confidentially to Dick.

"I assure you," said Dick, with great gravity, Murphy swears he saw it himself. But here's the post,—let's see what's the news."

The post-bag was opened, and letters and newspapers delivered. "Here's one for you, Fan," said Dick, throwing the letter across the table to his sister.

"I thee by the theal ith from my counthin Thophy," said Fanny, who invented the entire sentence, cousinship and all, for the sake of the lisp.

"None fo' me?" asked Furlong.

"Not one," said Dick.

"I welied on weceiving some ffrom the Ca-astle."

"Oh, they are thometimes tho thleepy at the Cathtle," said Fanny.

"Weally!" said the exquisite, with the utmost simplicity.

"Fanny is very provoking, Mr. Furlong," said Mrs. Egan, who was obliged to say something with a smile to avoid the laugh which continued silence would have forced upon her.

"Oh, no!" said the dandy, looking tenderly at Fanny; "only vewy agweable,—fond of a little wepa'tee."

"They call me theatrical here," said Fanny,—*"only fanthy,"* and she cast down her eyes with an exquisite affectation of innocence.

"By-the-by, when does your post aw-wive here—the mail, I mean?" said Furlong.

"About nine in the morning," said the Squire.

"And when does it go out?"

"About one in the afternoon."

"And how far is the post-town ffrom your house?"

"About eight or nine miles."

"Then you can answer your letters by wetu'n of post."

"Oh dear, no!" said the Squire; "the boy takes any letters that may be for the post the following morning, as he goes to the town to look for letters."

"But you lose a post by that," said Furlong.

"And what matter?" said the Squire.

The official's notions of regularity were somewhat startled by the Squire's an-