

man avarice had so anxiously but fruitlessly inquired; and the British exports, at the commencement of the Christian era, comprised, if we may credit a contemporary and well-informed writer, corn and cattle, gold and silver, tin, lead, and iron, skins, slaves and dogs.—*Lin-guard.*

A Tale of Irish Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

[Continued.]

On his arrival, and hearing how matters stood, Murrough Murphy was in a perfect agony of delight in anticipating the mystification of the kidnapped agent. Dick's intention had been to take him along with them on their canvass, and openly engage him in all their electioneering movements; but to this Murrough objected, as running too great a risk of discovery. He recommended rather to engage Furlong in amusements which would detain him from O'Grady and his party, and gain time for their side; to get out of him all the electioneering plot of the other part, *indirectly*; but to have as little *real* electioneering business as possible. "If you do, Dick," said Murphy, "take my word, we shall betray ourselves somehow or other—He could not be so soft as not to see it; but let us be content to amuse him with all sorts of absurd stories of Ireland and the Irish—tell him magnificent lies—astonish him with grand materials for a note-book, and work him up to publish—that's the plan, sir!"

The three conspirators now joined the family party, which had just sat down to breakfast. Dick in his own jolly way, hoped Furlong had slept well.

"Vewy," said Furlong, as he sipped his tea with an air of peculiar *nonchalance* which was meant to fascinate Fanny Dawson, who, when Furlong addressed to her his first silly commonplace, with his peculiar *non-pronunciation* of the letter R, established a lisp directly, and it was as much as her sister Mrs. Eagan could do to keep her countenance as Fanny went on slaughtering S's as fast as Furlong ruined R's.

"I'll twouble you for a little more queam," said he, holding forth his cup and saucer with an affected air.

"Perhaps you'd like thum more thouggar," lisped Fanny, lifting the sugar-tongs

with an exquisite curl of her little finger.

"I'm glad to hear you slept well," said Dick to Furlong.

"To be sure he slept well," said Murphy; "this is the sleepest air in the world."

"The sleepest air!" returned Furlong, somewhat surprised. "That's vewy odd."

"Not at all, sir," said Murphy,—"*well-known* fact. When I first came to this part of the country, I used to sleep for two days together sometimes. Whenever I wanted to rise early I was obliged to get up the night before."

This was said by the brazen attorney from his seat at a side table, which was amply provided with a large dish of boiled potatoes, capacious jugs of milk, a quantity of cold meat and game. Murphy had his mouth half filled with potatoes as he spoke, and swallowed a large draught of milk as the stranger swallowed Murphy's lie.

"You don't eat potatoes, I perceive, sir," said Murphy.

"Net for bweakfast," said Furlong.

"Do you for thupper?" lisped Fanny.

"Never in England," he replied.

"Finest things in the world, sir, for the intellect," said Murphy. "I attribute the natural intelligence of the Irish entirely to their eating potatoes."

"That's a singular theowy," said Furlong; "for it is generally attributed to the potato, that it detewiwates the wace of man. Cobbett said that any nation feeding exclusively on the potato, must inevitably be fools in thwree genewations.

"By the powers, sir!" said Murphy, "they'd be the fools if they *didn't* eat them in Ireland: for they've nothing else to eat. Why, sir, the very pigs that we feed on potatoes are as superior—"

"I beg your pawdon," smiled Furlong; "daiwy-fed is vewy superior."

"Oh, as far the eating of it goes, I grant you!" said Murphy; "but I'm talking of the intelligence of the animal. Now, I have seen them in England killing your dairy-fed pork, as you call it, and to see the simplicity, I will call it—of your milk-fed pigs,—sir, the fellow lets himself be killed with the greatest ease,—whereas, look to the potato-fed pig. He makes a struggle for his life;—he shouts, he kicks, he plunges,—he