

have Andy in his company he made him his attendant. When the sweet oil was produced, Dick looked about for a feather; but, not finding one, desired Andy to fetch him a pen. Andy went on his errand, and returned, after some delay, with an inkbottle.

'I brought you the ink, sir, but I can't find a pin.'

'Confound your numskull. I didn't say a word about ink; I asked for a pen.'

'And what use would a pin be without ink, now I ax yourself, Misther Dick?'

'I'd knock your brains out if you had any, you *omadhaun*! Go along and get me a feather, and make haste.'

Andy went off, and, having obtained a feather, returned to Dick, who began to tip certain portions of the lock very delicately with oil.

'What's that for, Misther Dick, sir, if you plaze?'

'To make it work smooth.'

'And what's that you're grazin' now, sir?'

'That's the tumbler.'

'O Lord! a tumbler—what a quare name for it. I thought there was no tumbler but a tumbler for punch.'

'That's the tumbler you would like to be cleaning the inside of, Andy.'

'True for you, sir.—And what's that little thing you have your hand on now, sir?'

'That's the cock.'

'Oh dear, a cock!—Is there e'er a hin in it, sir?'

'No, nor chicken either, though there is a feather.'

'The one in you hand, sir, that you're grazin' it with.'

'No: but this little thing—this is called the feather-spring.'

'It's the feather, I suppose, makes it let fly.'

'No doubt of it, Andy.'

Well, there's some sinse in that name, then; but who'd think of sitch a thing as a tumbler and a cock in a pistle? And what's that place that opens and shuts, sir?'

'The pan.'

'Well, there's sinse in that name too, bekaze there's fire in the thing; and it's as nath'ral to say pan to that as to a fryin'-pan—isn't it Misther Dick?'

'Oh! there was a great gun-maker lost in you, Andy,' said Dick, as he screwed

on the locks, which he had regulated to his mind, and began to examine the various departments of the pistol-case, to see that it was properly provided. He took the instrument to cut some circles of thin leather, and Andy again asked him for the name 'o' *that* thing.'

'This is called the punch, Andy.'

'So, there is the punch as well as the tumbler, sir?'

'Ay, and very strong punch it is, you see, Andy;' and Dick struck it with his mahogany mallet, and cut his patches of leather.

'And what's that for, sir?—the leather, I mane.'

'That's for putting round the ball.'

'Is it for fear 'twould hurt him too much when you hot him?'

'You're a queer customer, Andy,' said Dick, smiling.

'And what weeshee little balls thim is, sir.'

'They are always small for duelling-pistols.'

'Oh, then *thim* is jewellin' pistles. Why, musha, Misther Dick, is it goin' to fight a jule you are?' said Andy looking at him with great earnestness.

'No, Andy, but the master is; but don't say a word about it.'

'Not a word for the world. The masher goin' to fight!—God send him safe out iv it!—Amin. And who is he goin' to fight, Misther Dick?'

'Murphy, the attorney, Andy.'

'Oh, won't the masher disgraco himself by fightin' the 'torney?'

'How dare you say such a thing of your master?'

'I ax your pard'n, Misther Dick but sure you know what I mane. I hope he'll shoot him.'

'Why, Andy, Murtough was always very good to you, and now you wish him to be shot.'

'Sure, why wouldn't I rather have him kilt more than the masher?'

'But neither may be killed.'

'Misther Dick,' said Andy, lowering his voice, 'wouldn't it be an iligant thing to put two balls into the pistle instid o' one, and give the masher a chance over the 'torney?'

'Oh, you murderous villain!'

'Arrah, why shouldn't the masher have a chance over him? sure he has childre, and 'Torney Murphy has none.'