

be hanging oot noo? I have 'a' heard a word aboot him for mony a lang day.

DOCTOR.—He dates from the town of Wooden-Nutmegville, in Ohio, where he has established a cold-water-cure shop, and having combined table-moving, and spirit-rapping with the *douche*, he is driving an overwhelming business. Amongst his inmates, at present, are three "strong-minded women," a brace of "Judges," and some half-score of "Generals," and as the geese have plenty of auriferous feathers, Paddy is waxing fat upon their pluckings.

LAIRD.—Ay, ay! Let a Hibernian alone for filling his pouches, when he fa's in wi' fules ready and willing to part wi' their baw-bees! Od, they are a queer set, the Yankees after a'! They can mak' sillar, like the Jews, when other folk would be starving, and at the same time every mountebank wha' presents them wi' some new whigmalerie, constrains them to dance to his piping, and throw their dollars into his creechy hat! As honest auld Commodore Truncheon said aboot sailors, oor republican neebours "earn their money like horses, and spend it like asses!"

MAJOR.—True for you, old stump-extractor.

DOCTOR.—Our friend at Wooden-Nutmegville has transmitted me a volum., which he says contains more juicy and appetizing matter, than any duo-decimo published since he last took a horn in the Shanty.

LAIRD.—Is it the buik you hae under your ooter?

DOCTOR.—It is.

MAJOR.—Pray trot out the new comer.

DOCTOR.—Thus runs the title page, "*Personal Sketches of his own times, by Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland, &c. &c., Redfield, New York.*"

MAJOR.—Why that is an old acquaintance of mine! It is fully thirty years since I first perused it.

DOCTOR.—The work has been long out of print, and to many of the present generation must possess all the charm of entire novelty.

MAJOR.—Though somewhat given to moralize and be otherwise prosy, Sir Jonah is one of the most piquant story-tellers which Ireland has produced, and that is saying a good deal. The realities of the garrulous knight are quite as sprightly as the fictions of Lover or Lever.

LAIRD.—As it never was my chance, to fa' in wi' the production, maybe ye will let me pree the viands ye praise so highly?

DOCTOR.—Most willingly, thou prince of "plough compellers," as Dan Homer hath it. The only difficulty lies in selecting. So great is the

variety of good things, that like the monied school boy in a pastry cooks, one knows not when to commence, and when to leave off.

LAIRD.—Oo, just gie us the first sappy gobbet that comes to haun'.

DOCTOR.—Here is a sketch of the famous bull engenderer Sir Boyle Roche:—

"He was married to the eldest daughter of Sir John Cave, Bart.; and his lady, who was a 'bas bleu,' prematurely injured Sir Boyle's capacity (it was said) by forcing him to read 'Gibbon's Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire,' whereat he was so cruelly puzzled without being in the least amused, that in his cups, he often stigmatized the great historian as a low fellow, who ought to have been kicked out of company wherever he was, for turning people's thoughts away from their prayers and their politics to what the devil himself could make neither head nor tail of.

"His perpetually bragging that Sir John Cave had given him his *eldest* daughter, afforded Curran an opportunity of replying, 'Ay, Sir Boyle, and depend on it, if he had had an *older* one still he would have given her to you.' Sir Boyle thought it best to receive the repartee as a compliment, lest it should come to her ladyship's ears, who, for several years back, had prohibited Sir Boyle from all allusions to chronology.

"This baronet had certainly one great advantage over all other bull and blunder makers: he seldom launched a blunder from which some fine aphorism or maxim might not be easily extracted. When a debate arose in the Irish house of commons on the vote of a grant which was recommended by Sir John Parnell, chancellor of the exchequer, as one not likely to be felt burdensome for many years to come—it was observed in reply, that the house had no just right to load posterity with a weighty debt for what could in no degree operate to their advantage. Sir Boyle eager to defend the measures of government, immediately rose, and in a few words, put forward the most unanswerable argument which human ingenuity could possibly devise. 'What, Mr. Speaker!' said he, 'and so we are to beggar ourselves for fear of vexing posterity! Now, I would ask the honorable gentleman, and this *still more* honorable house, why we should put ourselves out of our way to do anything for posterity: for what has posterity done for us?'

"Sir Boyle, hearing the roar of laughter which of course followed this sensible blunder, but not being conscious that he had said anything out of the way, was rather puzzled, and conceived that the house had misunderstood him. He therefore begged leave to explain, as he apprehended that gentleman had entirely mistaken his words: he assured the house that 'by posterity, he did not at all mean our *ancestors*, but those who were to come *immediately* after them.' Upon hearing this explanation, it was impossible to do any serious business for half an hour.

LAIRD.—Ha, ha, ha. Oh, Sir, Boyle must hae been a broth o' a boy, and no mistake!

DOCTOR.—As you belong to the Orange body, Crabtree, the following particulars touching an