

eleven-pence out of every shilling he earns—that when at the back of this, he contributes to keep Dr. Polypus's coach-and-four,—laving a pretty profit to his proctor besides—that he maintains in a very genteel way my principal the Rivirend Father Everard, (who will give you as good a boiled fowl, and a bottle of port, as any man in the barony,) and that he even helps me to keep a tight little hack to ride to a station, or mass-house,—you will aisily conceave, Mr. Sackville, that the cratur may think himself well off with a potatoe;—without the luxury of the *scudan rhu*, and often without a drop of butter-milk to wash it down. The pleasure of a glass of wine with you, Mr. Galbraith. Shall it be Burgundy, sir? I have it here beside me. [*Helps himself, and Mr. Galbraith, who is overwhelmed by his 'aisy assurance,'*]

“LADY EMILY, (*poking her head forward, and listening with great earnestness.*)—What is his name, Dr. Polypus? he is amazingly clever, and so amusing!

“DR. POLYPUS.—Do you really think so? I never met him before. His vulgarity, as much as his peculiar position here, keeps him out of good society. I forgot his name; but by the lower orders he is commonly called Father Phil of Mogherow.

“LADY EMILY, (*graciously,*)—Father Mog-e-row, will you allow me to recommend you some *gélée à l'aspic*, with your cold ham? [*A great titter.*]

“MR. GALB. (*to Mr. O'Callaghan, who is still talking to Mr. Sackville, with ease and earnestness.*)—Father Phil, my lady is asking you to take some jelly.

“MR. O'CAL.—I ask your ladyship's pardon, whatever you do me the honor to recommend.

“MR. SACK. (*still in conversation with Mr. O'Callaghan.*)—For seven hundred years, the history of Ireland has remained the same;—misgovernment, ‘one and indivisible.’ What is the secret of this? Do you know. I am sometimes half inclined to suspect that there may be something of race at the bottom of all. Nothing as so like the physical character of the ancient Celts, as that of the modern Irish,—I mean the mere Irish.