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[1]

CHIT CHAT FROM THE COUNTRY.

Maester Tickler,—Ha ee axed the G.C.P. ev zo be they 'll tak ma ole Dorothy vor thare Mare? This maurnin I wint into the stabel ta luke at the ole gurl, and wen I luk'd at hur faybil ole nees and hur ole blend heyes, I zed to mysel, "Darn me ev she bant vurry much lik tha Torays—hur ole nees raysimble thare purnceepels, and hur ole blend heyes the dayfishinsy ov lite on tha Toray hintellek." While I was a meusin thus on Dorothy, tha Mare, and tha Torays, who shude I zee bit ma ole vriend tha Toray Town Scoundreller, who payd ma a vayseet last Zinday. Arter salutashens, I poynted out Dorothy, an axed en wot ee thort of hur as Mare of Exter? To ma zarprise, he wos quite angered. He zed, "Doan't, Giles, doant; us Torays can't abear chaff. Us've had enuf of et latly, vrom you and your zide; an us doan't want any moar." I thin axed en to kom en doors, and ha a glasse wich he didden rayfuse. Nawing that a Toray, lik a haydg-hog, aupeneth best wen he's wet, I tuke gude care tu likkir ma vriend up to tha tune of dree glasses, and mada em stiff. Thin I aupen'd tha bal. "Wull now," I zed, "tis naw gude minsin ov matteers—wot on airth be gwain to du 'bout your Mare?" "Giles," ha zed, "I doan't naw, 'on my honner—our zide have a been ta ivvery veller they cude think ov, an

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darn me ev any ov em zeem ta care 'bout tha honner." "I'll tull tha wot tis," I zed, "zo long as thee makst Mares ov Konsarvatives onley, and nit Mares vor tha zitty entirely, zo long wull ee ha diffikaltys, and thee deysarvest em." "Wull," he zed, "I'm bayginnin ta think jest tha zame, an I've a told tha Capting zo. I doant lik to zee zo honniraybel a hoffis hawk'd 'bout as et hath been. Our paerty bringeth disgrays 'pon et vor beying zo hexclusif, I naw, an ef us doan't halter our taktix us 'll go to pot."

Wile us wos a-talkin lik this, Granfer, who wos zitting wy es cup ov zider en tha chimney korner, up an spauk—"I naw'd ole Cobbet, Zir Franky Birdeet, an auther ole Rads, and dash ma ev zom ov you Torays bant quit as bad as tha Torays wos en they days." I axed Granfer ev he thort ole Dorothy wid du vor Toray Mare ov tha zitty? Granfer zed—"Ees, ta be zure—ev anything hur's too gude. Her's been as gude a dra'er as any kart hoss I ivver naw'd." "I axed tha ole man ev hur'd dra an hinferense?" (I wos jokos you zee). Granfer zed—"Lor, ees, twenty aw em!"

I du hop the Petrock boys wull nit be zo voolish as to raytern a Toray. Let the Rads pullahalley altogayther, and zend two cappikul men—Carter and Huxtabeel—to the Counseel, ware indepeyndence and bisness talleynts be vurry mich requireed.

I be now hoff to Chirch—passen es a gwain vor to luk en arter zarvis ta smoak a pipe and ha a glass wy Granfer, and

Your vriend

GILES.

Tha Barton, Zunday Nirt.