

AN IRISH LETTER.

Tallymucclescrag, Parish of Ballyragget,
Near Ballysluchguthy, Jan. 22, 1839.

MY DEAR NEPHEW:—I havn't
sent you a letter since the last
time I wrote to you, because we
have moved from our former place
of living, and didn't know where
a letter would find you; but I now
wid pleasure take up my pen to

inform you of the death of your own livin' uncle Kilpatrick, who died very suddenly last week after a lingering illness of six months. The poor man was in violent convulsions the whole time of his sickness, lying perfectly quiet and spacheless, all the while talking incoherently and crying for wather. I had no opportunity of informing you of his death sooner, excipt I wrote you by the last post, which wint off two days before he died, and thin you'd had the postage to pay.

I am at a lost to tell you what his death was ackasioned at, but I fear that it was his last illness, for he was never well tin days together durin' the whole time of his confinement, and I believe his death was occasioned by his atin' too much of rabbit stuffed with gravy and pays, or pays and gravy stuffed with rabbits, I can't tell which, but be that as it will, as soon as he brathed his last the doctor gave up all hopes of his recovery. I need not tell you any thing about his age, for you well know that in March nixt he would have been twenty-five years owld lackin' tin months, and had he lived till that time he would thin have been six months dead. His property now devolves to his nixt heirs, who all died some time ago; so that I expect it will be divided betwane us, and you know his property was very consitherable, for he had a fine estate which was sowld to pay his dibts and the remainder lost in a horse-race; but it was the opinion of every body at the time, he would have won the race if the horse he run against hadn't been too fast for him. I niver saw a man, and the docthors all say so, observed directions and tuck medicine betther than he did. He said he would as lave take bitther as swate, if it only had the same taste, and ipicackiana as whiskey punch, if it would only put him in the same humor for fighting.

Your own lovin' Uncle,

SHANE O'FLAHERTY.

[Phil. Dispatch.