

"Cock you up!" said his mother. "Maybe it's a gentleman you want to be;—what puts that in your head, you *omad-hawn*?"

"Why, because a gentleman has no hardships compared with one of us. Sure, if a gentleman was married his wife wouldn't be tuk off from him the way mine was."

"Not so soon, maybe," said the mother, dryly.

"And if a gentleman brakes a horse's heart, he's only a '*bowld rider*,' while a poor sarvant is a '*careless blackguard*,' for only taking a sweat out of him. If a gentleman dhrinks till he can't see a hole in a laddher, he's only '*fresh*,'—but '*dhrunk*' is the word for a poor man. And if a gentleman kicks up a row, he's a '*fine spirited fellow*,' while a poor man is a '*disordherly-yagabone*' for the same; and the Justice axes the one to dinner, and sends th' other to jail. Oh, faix, the law is a dainty lady; she takes people by the hand who can afford to wear gloves, but people with brown fists must keep their distance."

"I often remark," said his mother, "that fools spake mighty sensible betimes; but their wisdom all goes with their gab. Why didn't you take a better grip of your luck when you had it? You're wishing you wor a gentleman, and yet when you had the best part of a gentleman (the property, I mane) put into your way, you let it slip through your fingers; and after lettin' a fellow take a rich wife from you, and turn you out of your own house, you sit down on a stool there, and begin to *wish*, indeed!—you sneaking fool—wish, indeed!—Och! if you wish with one hand, and wash with th' other, which will be clane first—eh?"

"What could I do agen eight?" asked Andy.

"Why did you let them in, I say again?" said the mother, quickly.

"Sure the blame wasn't with me," said Andy, "but with—"

"Whisht, you goose!" said his mother. "An coorse you'll blame every one, and everything but yourself—*The losing horse blames the saddle.*"

"Well, maybe it's all for the best," said Andy, "after all."

"Agh, howid your tongue!"

"And if it wasn't to be, how could it be?"

"Listen to him!"

"And Providence is over us all."

"Oh, yis!" said the mother. "When fools make mistakes they lay the blame on Providence. How have you the impudence to talk o' Providence in that manner?—*I'll* tell you where the Providence was. Providence sent you to Jack Dwyer's, and kept Jim Casey away, and put the anger into owld Jack's heart, and made the opening for you to spake up, and gave you a wife—a wife with *property*!—Ah, *there's* where the Providence was!—and you were the masher of a snug house—that was Providence! And wouldn't myself have been the one to be in helping you in the farm—rearing the powlts, milkin' the cow, makin' the iligant butther, with lavings of buttermilk for the pigs—the sow thriving; and the cocks and hens cheering your heart with their cacklin'—the hank o' yarn on the wheel, and hank of ingins up the chimney—oh! that's what the Providence would have been—that *would have been Providence indeed!*—but never tell me that Providence turned you out of the house; that was your own *goostherum-foodle.*"

"Can't he take the law o' them, aunt?" inquired Oonah.

"To be sure he can—and shall, too," said the mother. "I'll be off to 'orney Murphy, to-morrow.—I'll pursue her for my eye, and Andy for the property, and I'll put them all in Chancery, the villians!"

"It's Newgate they ought to be put in," said Andy.

"Tut, you fool; Chancery is worse than Newgate; for the people sometimes get out of Newgate, but they never get out of Chancery, I hear."

As Mrs. Rooney spoke, the latch of the door was raised, and a miserably clad woman entered, closed the door immediately after, and placed the bar against it. The action attracted the attention of all the inmates of the house, for the doors of the peasantry are universally left "on the latch," and never secured against intrusion until the family go to bed.

"God save all here!" said the woman, as she approached the fire.

"Oh, is that you, Ragged Nance?" said Mrs. Rooney; for that was the unenviable but descriptive title the new comer was known by; and though she knew it for her