

deed!—I'll undo that marriage!—have you a knife about you, Squire!—the blessed and holy tie of matrimony—it's a black knot, bad luck to it, and must be cut—take your leg out o' that now—and wait till I lay my hands on them—a 'couple-beggar' indeed!"

"A desperate outrage this whole affair has been!" said the Squire.

"But a 'couple-beggar,' Squire."

"His house broken into—"

"But a 'couple beggar'—"

"His wife taken from him!—"

"But a 'couple-beggar'—"

"The laws violated—"

"But *my dues*, Squire,—think o' that!—what would become o' *them* if 'couple-beggars' is allowed to show their audacious faces in the parish—Oh wait till next Sunday, that's all—I'll have them up before the alther, and I'll make them beg God's pardon, and my pardon, and the congregation's pardon, the audacious pair!"

"It's an assault on Andy," said the Squire.

"It's a robbery on me," said Father Phil.

"Could you identify the men?" said the Squire.

"Do you know the 'couple-beggar'?" said the priest.

"Did James Casey lay his hands on you?" said the squire; "for he's a good man to have a warrant against."

"Oh, Squire, Squire!" ejaculated Father Phil; "talking of laying hands on him is it you are?—didn't that Black-guard 'couple-beggar' lay his dirty hands on a woman that my bran new benediction was upon? Sure they'd do anything after that!"

By this time Andy was free, and having received the Squire's directions to follow him to Merryvale, Father Phil and

the worthy Squire were once more in their saddles, and proceeded quietly to the same place; the Squire silently considering the audacity of the *coup-de-main* which robbed Andy of his wife, and his Reverence puffing out his rosy cheeks, and muttering sundry angry sentences, the only intelligible words of which were "*couple-beggar*."

When the widow Rooney was forcibly ejected from the house of Mrs. James Casey, and found that Andy was not possessor of that lady's charms, she posted off to Neck-or-Nothing Hall, to hear the full and true account of the transaction from Andy himself. On arriving at the old iron gate, and pulling the loud bell, the savage old janitor spoke to her between the bars, and told her to "go out o' that." Mrs. Rooney thought Fate was using her hard in decreeing she was to receive denial at every door, and endeavoured to obtain a parley with the gate-keeper, to which he seemed no way inclined.

"My name's Rooney, sir."

"There's plenty bad o' the name," was the civil rejoinder.

"And my son's in Squire O'Grady's sarvice, sir."

"Oh—you're the mother of the beauty we call Handy—eh?"

"Yis sir."

"Well, he left the service yisterday."

"Is it lost the place?"

"Yis."

"Oh dear!"—Ah, sir let me up to the house and spake to his honor, and maybe he'll take back the boy."

"He dosen't want any more servants at all—for he's dead."

"Is it Squire O'Grady dead?"

"Ay—did you never hear of a dead Squire before?"

"What did he die of, sir?"

"Find out," said the sulky brute walking back to his den.

* A man and woman who had been united by a 'couple-beggar' were called up one Sunday by the priest: in the face of the congregation, and summoned, as Father Phil threatens above, to beg God's pardon, and the priest's pardon, and the congregation's pardon; but the woman stoutly refused the last condition: "I'll beg God's pardon and your Reverence's pardon," she said, "but I won't beg the congregation's pardon." "You won't?" said the priest. "I won't," says she. "Oh, you contrary baggage," cried his Reverence, "take her home out o' that," said he to her husband, who had humped himself— "take her home, and leather ter well—for she wants it; and if you don't leather her, you'll be sorry—for if you don't make her afraid of you, she'll master you and take her home and leather her."—FAC.

It was true—the renowned O'Grady was no more. The fever which had set in from his "broiled bones," which he would have in spite of anybody, was found difficult of abatement; and the impossibility of keeping him quiet, and his fits of passion, and consequent fresh supplies of "broiled bones," rendered the malady unmanageable; and the very day after Andy had left the house, the fever took a bad turn, and, in four-and-twenty