

"Take that you owld fagot!" cried Matty, as she shook Mrs. Rooney's tributary claret from the knuckles which had so scientifically tapped it, and wiped her hand in her apron.

The old woman roared "millia' murther" on the floor, and snuffled out a deprecatory question, "if that was the proper way to be received in her son's house."

"Your son's house, indeed!" cried Matty.—"Get out o' the place, you stack o' rags."

"Oh Andy! Andy!" cried the mother, gathering herself up.

"Oh—that's it, is it!" cried Matty; "so it's Andy you want?"

"To be sure; why wouldn't I want him, you hussy!—My boy! my darlin'! my beauty!"

"Well go look for him!" cried Matty, giving her a shove towards the door.

"Well, now, do you think I'll be turned out of my son's house so quietly as that, you unnatural baggage?" cried Mrs. Rooney, facing round fiercely. Upon which a bitter altercation ensued between the women, in the course of which the widow soon learned that Andy was not the possessor of Matty's charms; whereupon the old woman, no longer having the fear of damaging her daughter-in-law's beauty before her eyes, tackled to for a fight in right earnest; in the course of which some reprisals were made by the widow, in revenge for her broken nose; but Matty's youth and activity, joined to her Amazonian spirit, turned the tide in her favor, though, had not the old lady been blown by her long run, the victory would not have been so easy, for she was a tough customer, and left Matty certain marks of her favor that did not rub out in a hurry, while she took away, as a keepsake, a handful of Matty's hair by which she had held on, till a finishing kick from the gentle bride finally ejected Mrs. Rooney from the house."

Off she reeled, bleeding and roaring, and while on her approach she had been blessing Heaven, and inventing sweet speeches for Matty, on her retreat she was cursing fate, and heaping all sorts of hard names on the Amazon she came to flatter.

How fared it in the mean time with Andy? He, poor devil! had passed a cold night, tied up to the old tree, and as

the morning dawned, every object appeared to him through the dim light in a distorted form; the gaping hollow of the old trunk to which he was bound seemed like a huge mouth, opening to swallow him, while the old knots looked like eyes, and the gnarled branches like claws, staring at, and ready to tear him in pieces.

A raven, perched above him on a lonely branch, croaked dismally, till Andy fancied he could hear words of reproach in the sound, while a little tom-tit chattered and twittered on a neighboring bough as if he enjoyed all the severe things the raven uttered. The little tom-tit was the worse of the two, just as the solemn reproof of the wise can be better borne than the impertinent remark of some chattering fool. To these imaginary evils were added the real presence of some enormous water-rats, which issued from an adjacent pool, and began to eat Andy's hat and shoes, which had fallen off in his struggle with his captors; and all Andy's warning ejaculations could not make the vermin abstain from his shoes and his hat, which to judge from their eager eating, must have been very high-flavoured. While Andy looked on at the demolition, and began to dread that they might transfer their favors from his attire to himself, the welcome sound of the approaching tramp of horses fell upon his ear, and in a few minutes two horsemen stood before him—they were Father Phil and Squire Egan.

Great was the surprise of the Father to see the fellow he had married the night before, and whom he had supposed to be in the enjoyment of his honeymoon, tied up to a tree, and looking more dead than alive; and his indignation knew no bounds when he heard that a "couple-beggar" had dared to celebrate the marriage ceremony, which fact came out in the course of the explanation Andy made of the desperate misadventure which had befallen him; but all other grievances gave way, in the eyes of Father Phil, to the "couple-beggar."

"A 'couple-beggar!'—the audacious vagabone!" he cried, while he and the Squire were engaged in loosing Andy's bonds. "A 'couple-beggar' in my parish!—How fast they have tied him up, Squire!" he added, as he endeavored to undo a knot. "A 'couple-beggar' in—"