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WHY WILLY REGAN WAS AN OLD BACHELOR.

A NARRATIVE FOUNDED ON FACTS. BY ULLIN. I had no eyes for the beauty of the spot. The fading trees, golden in the autumn sunset, the liquid melody of the flowing river, the songs of thrush and blackbird ringing out in thrilling music on the still air, the perfume of the fresh hay from the newly-mown meadows near, had no charms for me.

'These are the things for this season after sunset,' said he, handing me a tin box containing a number of differently colored flies. 'And now, as the sun is gone down, let us go back to the river, and I'll warrant you won't go back to the village with an empty basket.'

mind, as he paused a few moments on the eminence referred to—they made him sad. He resumed his way, reached the moors, and the frequent reports of his fowling piece soon resounded through the lifeless air.

heaps, fast past stark trees, and dismal ice-primed brooks, fast by cottages whose lights glimmered cheerfully on the cold black night, fast by miserable cabins whose inmates without fire or food, froze and starved.

But he was from the day of the burial a changed man. He became very gentle and reserved—he had heretofore been open and fiery, and from being the keenest sportsman and best shot of the country, became morbidly nervous about firearms.