## AILEY MOORE;

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

CHAPTER VI.-Continued.)

Snapper arrived in due time at the place from which he had set out. Everything was wrong-Jude was a 'trollope.' The man of all-work was a 'robber;' and a boy who came to take the horse and gig to the stable was knocked down -a feat which obtained for Mr. Snapper the benefit of some special, but not very desirable, prayers and wishes.

But all things have an end; and the bad temper of Mr. Snapper evaporated, after he had flung his boots at a male servant, torn his kid gloves, and upset a bottle of Cologne water, in pure contempt for such frippery. In fact, Mr. Snapper said, 'd-n Cologne water, and all such stuff,' which proved that Mr. Snapper was sometimes a man above the littleness of employing it, as many others are above employing what will not serve them.

Mr. Snapper rang his bell-he did not ring in a passion, and therefore he was sooner answered. John-John is always the name of a servantman-John appeared. He looked very straight and very mild.

' John,' said Snapper, just as mildly.

'Sir,' said John.

Send up Forde, and I'll thank you.

'Yes, sir,' said John.

John went down stairs, and told Jude there was mischief brewing for some one, for that beauty was very quiet.

Beauty was a name which the servants gave Mr. Snapper, in consequence of that gentleman's personal attractions; if intended to flatter him, it must have been very sincere, for they never told him that they gave him such an appellation, and of course, therefore, never so ad-

dressed him personally. Forde' presented himself. He was a man in height about five feet two inches-one inch of which was given to his forehead, three to his ears, and half an inch to his nose. He had a very thick head behind the ears, and thick lips before them. Forde was not considered prepos-

sessing. 'Forde,' said the land-agent.

'You know, as the saying is, justice must be done.'

'Sartinly,' said Mr. Forde; sartinly.' 'You have a stranger below at your cabin,

and so on, you know." Well ? said Forde.

And he will not, as the saying is, have peace or quietness till he has a particular gentleman in this neighborhood, you know?

But Mr. Forde did not seem to know this time. Young Mr. Moore,' continued the devil, in man-shape, is very good, and, as the saying is, he's very well known, and this poor man wants to speak to him particularly-most particularly

to speak to him.' And you know, Forde, as you come down, and so on, you pass by where the murder was committed the other might.'

Forde shook a little-an excess of feeling, it may have been-but he made no remark. And you and Mr. Moore stop there, just at

dark--'

' An'-

Forde, here are four half-crowns--But, sir--'

Ah, Forde, listen. Don't touch the hair of Mr. Moore's head. You'll lose something there -'twill be the dusk of the evening-and you know, as this amiable young gentleman is sus-

pected of this murder, it is very natural he should go to see the place, and be very much agitated, and all that, and-'

'And then ?' And then, Forde, we must do justice, you know.

Forde's eyes began to fill with light; his features relaxed, and in a full state of illumination, he said, 'Young Mr. Moore is to be put in jail. Justice must be done, you know, as the say-

ing is, Forde.' There 'ill be witnesses to see him comin' back, would 'is heart full, to the spot?'

Witnesses, and so on, are always necessary for the ends of justice, you know."

'Yis,' said Forde; 'yis, I understand,' and his brow darkened. 'Is that all?' he added. ' You may go now,' says Snapper.

And Mr. Forde was preparing to depart. He had rolled up the four half-crowns in a 'rag,' and swimming in tears, she looked at her baby, and taken his bat, or what remained of that useful article of costume, in his hands.

' Forde,' said the land-agent.

' Yis, sir,' said Forde. When you are at that nice gentleman's house, or an old pocket-handkerchief, or even a pistol.'

'Murdher an agers, sir.' saying is, which being found on the spot, would Calv'ry; and though it made her shed more some hearth, and she looked towards Peggy and was clean, the bed adjusted, the few little arti- was almost like a miracle.

serve the 'ends of justice,' you know.' 'I undherstand. Anythin' else ?'

'You may go now, Forde, my good fellow.' Mr. Forde went leisurely enough down the stairs, and philosophized as he passed through the hall. Gan dhouth air down she an drall fein e, ach bolun she an diall fein,' which means that he was convinced Mr. Snapper was the devil himself, only that Mr. Snapper 'beat the

And so Mr. Forde went forth to forward the ends of justice.

CHAPTER VII .- SHOWING HOW PEGGY HYNES DID NOT GO TO THE POOR-HOUSE, AND WHY.

Biddy Brown the Beggarwoman's house lay at the back of all the dwellings of the town-land.— It was a lonely house, on a lonely road, called the 'Bog-road;' and behind it, far, far away to the shadowy mountains, one saw nothing but 'reeks' of various bulks, and 'holes' of various dimensions; these 'holes' spreading out, some into diminutive lakes, and others looking like open graves overflowed with water. It was a sad place to dwell, and only Biddy Browns could live there; but Biddy very truly said that ' beggars can't be choosers.'

A great flood of light poured in through the chimney, and made the hearth-place very like a roofless portion of the cabin. A large quantity of reddish peat-ashes was always gathered here, and it was a favorite spot for little Eddy to sit while he made his 'sally-whistles,' or sometimes fondled, much against its will frequently, Biddy Brown's black cat.

There was a plain board on ledges, which some how or other kept their places on the wall, this was the 'dresser.' There was a fox's skin banging from an old cross beam, a broken tub, an old sieve, and a spinning-wheel on the floor; 'Our Blessed Lady'—a frightful woodcut be-smeared with pink and blue (why don't we make out some decent woodcuts for the poor?)-was on the wall; and in the end of the cabin there were two 'locks of straw;' by a figure of speech these were called beds; and, alas, they are the beds of the poor.

But Christ was poor; and ' dear Mary' often it is said, was hungry; and the best friends of God-those who lived only to make him known, and died to glorify him-they all lived in hunger and thirst and cold, like the winter time of old Biddy Brown's cabin. 'A great sign,' poor Biddy often said, 'a great sign,' she said, 'that this was'nt the world God made for his friends, for many uv 'em hadn't much uv id, and the handful of 'em that had any ivit didn't care about id,-like Ailey Moore, God bless her.'

Would any of the philosophers please inform a man who does not wish to give up the Christian religion upon what principle—that is, by what reason-money is these times made a sign of the love of God, and of the truth of religion?-Wherever I met the cross, says a mighty peer of England, and a very devout man too; 'wherever I saw the cross, poverty was near at hand,' and then his lordship shook a wise and pitying brain. 'Surely,' was the sympathising induction - God's truth and this poverty cannot abide together.'

Is he not the son of Joseph the carpenter, over again. The world will never be without Gentiles, to whom the cross is 'folly.'

A sick girl was lying on one of the above mentioned locks of straw, and a baby, beautiful as a cherub, was lying beside her. Neddy, with the shirt clean as ever, and the elbows and knees still 'out,' and the stiff hair shooting straight and uncombed, from all parts of his head, was squatted in the middle of floor, 'making a new sally whistle to please poor Peggy Hynes's child.' Neddy had a brave, healthy heart, we would say, unders his dreamy and often-abrupt manners.

Peggy Hynes it was that lay in Biddy Brown's poor cabin.

Thus it happened. On the day that she prepared 'to go in,' that is, into the poor-house, Peggy brought the baby once more to St. Senan's Well, and she knelt this day all alone, at the foot of the great stone cross—and she thought of everything—the distant-the dead-the past, and, ah! the futurethe frightful future. It must be admitted that the poor young mother wept very much-it may be too much, because there is a great well of feeling in the depths of the hearts of the noor; and when her soul was fullest, and her eyes it smiled - smiled so joyously, so heavenlike, the poor little angel, and flung its little arms around the mother's neck so-that love, and fear, and memory, and apprehension smote her altogether, should remark, wore an appearance of neatness, and poor Peggy Hynes fell down sobbing, with and even of comfort. The sheets were white and so forth, you might find a glove going astray, her baby in her arms, at the foot of the great cross. She remained there a long time, a very long time, she said, until her infant began to Don't go fast, Forde. You might find some weep along with her, and then she remembered place. little article or another, any trifle at all, as the the Mother of God, near the Cross, on Mount

she began to make up her mind to go.

And then poor Peggy looked at everything around St. Senan's-the little spring that sparkled in the sun, and the shadows of the leaves, as they trembled on the clear deep water. She looked at the pleasant little nooks where she used to nestle when a little girl, and where she used to feel 'like as if the angels were all around'er,' though she saw them not; and the little ozier tree-she thought she knew every leaf upon it, for she never remembered that it changed; and she thought how many a time she had stood in its shadow, and somebody that loved it with her, too, beside her. The thought brought another burst of memories, which again opened the fountain. Poor child, she thought it bard to leave them all—perhaps for ever; and she was foolish enough to kiss many a spot besides the Cross-spots where loved ones and holy ones trod; and prayers for her were often breathed -she was tempted to believe, too vainly; and she looked and looked, and was almost jealous of the beauty that was round her; she thought it nearly unfeeling in everything to look so gay, and she 'going into the poor-house.' Poor Peggy Hynes!

At length she tore herself way. The peasant's final thought-God bless the Irish peasantry !- was Peggy Hynes's- God's holy will be done.'

The girl's mind was burthened with a multitude of griefs, and her affections were fresh and full as the spring in her own valley. So she was always taking 'last looks,' until she came to a turn in the highway, on her sad journey :there the Old Cross should vanish—a few little steps, and she could see it never. Why did poor Peggy believe that she should never see it again?

The lonely woman paused—the baby looked into her face. Prematurely sad she thought was the infant's look. It clung to her, and it shook, poor little creature; and then a buge cloud darkened the sun-a few drops fell, and there was a peal of thunder. Peggy locked her little one in her arms. Her heart began to beatfearfully-terribly.

That was all Peggy Hynes remembered, when she woke in Biddy Brown's cabin, and found old Father Quinlivan by her bed of straw.

Drenched with rain and covered with gorefor she had burst a blood-vessel-little Ned discovered her, and like a sensible how that knew the soft heart that poor Gran' had-we told the reader that Biddy Brown had a gentle heart under her rough exterior—he engaged the service of the first passer-by to bring her to 'his house,' and to save her.

Biddy Brown clapped her hands-thanked God upon her bare knees-cursed the agent, it must be admitted—prayed for every poor sinner that wanted it-chafed the temples of the sick woman with some decoction of herbs-sent Neddy off for Father Quinlivan, and then remembered she had not the young mother's dinner. 'God's will be done!' exclaimed Biddy

The faith and hope and patience of the poor! If ever poor and sick, and deserted, we find ourselves homeless and helpless, may it be near the cottages of the poor! The comforts of noverty are the comforts of feeling and hopethey all come from the other world, or, at all events, they all have the light of the other world upon them. Faith is not a mere word with the poor, as it is with people who have their pleasure in eating, and drinking, and pride .-Faith is the poor man's inheritance, and the fortune of, his little children, and his wife. He clings to its promises, therefore, and he does its commands, because he will have pleasure in looks for happiness to falsehood and folly; but the poor man, whose religion is his all-if he look to anything but God for comfort is a madman. And the great bulk of the good of the world is among the poor-all the holy saints were poor. If we ever get sick and sorrowful

be among the cottages of the poor. On the fifth day of July, in the year before mentioned, poor Peggy was better; she had now been a full fortnight lying down. Her features had become more defined; her flaxen bair was softer and more glossy, and her skin was fairer and more delicate than ever it had been before. Her eyes were very brilliant, and her cheek had the color of a young and tender rose-leaf; and as she bent her mother's look upon the sleeping baby by her side, she seemed a creature fit for paradise. Everything around Peggy Hynes, we and fine—the counterpane was nearly new, and she had two pillows; in fact, her little hedclothes contrasted with the bed and with the

tears, she said it comforted her somewhat, and the infant. Neddy was at his work for the cles all nicely in their places. baby, and the mother was praying for it. God makes people love little children.

' Gran,' said Neddy.

'Comin', said Gran. ' Peggy is very handsome,' said he-although he had not looked round.

'Yes, avic; poor Tom will be glad to see her won't he, agra,' she said, addressing Peggy, when he comes back from America !'

Peggy smiled, and a large tear rolled down her cheek, and fell upon the baby. Poor thing, it stretched its little arms up towards its mother, and cried.

She raised the creature and kissed it, and laid it gently in her bosom; but the drops of perspiration stood upon her brow, after the little exertion thus made and she nearly fainted. ' Gran,' she said.

'Yes, agra,' said the good-hearted beggar-

woman, as she rose and went towards her. Gran,' she whispered, 'bury me down by old Manning's side,' and the tears rolled fast as she spoke.

Gran, agra, I'm dying, and dying in peace, and with a forgiving heart for all. Bring Tom to where you lay me, and make him kneel upon the grass beside me, and say, Peggy, his own Colleen was true, and will meet him;'and poor Peggy looked up, for her speech had sailed her.

· Cushla, Cushla,' said Gran.

'Stay,'interrupted Peggy, 'Gran, the Father of Heaven will bless you, and Neddy will be your garland. Neddy is so good, and he never, never lets one hear of it. Neddy, come and kiss me—your poor Peggy, agra gall.'
'No, I won't,' answered Ned, abruptly.
'Eh, Ned!' said the sick girl.

'No,' the boy again answered in a lower voice.

'Och, Neddy,' joined Gran; '1 thought-The poor boy was overcome: he burst into a passionate grief, frightful for one so young-and ran-ran out of the door-ran, shrieking along

the road. God bless that healthful honest heart of little Ned!

Gran,' again said the sick woman.

'Yes, agra, don't wak'n yourself.'

'Gran,'-acd she smiled; 'twas like sunshine from heaven on her face, even while she was still weeping. 'Gran, I have got a mother for little Aileen!' and she again raised her first-born who laughed in freshened vigour as it embraced its mother. 'And, Gran, listen; God made me call her Aileen; tell no one till I'm gone-but do you know the reason?

'Yes,' answered gran.

'Ah, no one knows the angel, only me; she never let me out of her eyes-never; and no man was the wiser. And I'm lying on the sheets of her own bed; and her pillows are supporting me. Oh! darling, darling Ailey Moore.'

A shadow fell on the door-way; the speaker looked from Gran, and she say Ailey Moore herself, leading Eddy by the hand.

'Och, cead mille fuilthe routh wasail, ieshal!' cried Gran, as she ran forward to welcome her: Cead mille fuilthe routh!'

We cannot give a translation of Gran's welcomes-the English language fails us here .-The idea, however, is a hundred thousand welcomes to the fair Ailey, whom she calls a lady that comes down to the level of the poor. If any of our readers will send us a better translation of 'wasail ieshal,' we shall correct the one July. Alley had no fear; every one knew her. which we have given.

bonnet, and approaching Peggy Hynes. Ailey piece of sky, that struck her as beautiful, that took Eddy's kiss from the invalid, and raised up beaven.' A greatly deceived man is any who the baby. 'Come,' she said, 'I must have my litte namesake;' and the child clapped its little ter of Reginald or Gerald Moore, and she was hands, and put forth its little lips to press those to Ailey.

> The young lady pressed the aurseling to her bosom ardently.

No one but such as Ailey Moore knows the far from the aid of home and friendship, may it luxury of making poverty's paradise. What an ecstacy there is in beholding even an infant rejoice in your arms, and witness the fire of her burning heart come into the mother's eye as she proudly sees her little one caressed by 'a lady.' Alas, with what little cost wealth might become the sunshine of the sorrowful, and share the felicity it creates and forms! How happy even a few young ladies might make their locality by sitting down once of a day, even for a little while, beside the bed of the poor! How much love they might develope—how much gratitude and then how strong might be the bonds between the rich and the poor!

Father Mulious, of Paris, tells us that a medical man, some short time ago, found a smartlooking, neat young woman, and a handsome one to do God's bisiness.' waiting upon a poor invaliddin a poor faubourg in a back room of a wretchedly poor house.-Gran was at her wheel near the great light- Eyerything was nicely done up. The furniture

'A neighbor of yours?' said the doctor to the sick old woman- and good little girl, truly.

'A friend of hers,' said the young woman, auticipating the old lady's reply.

In a short time afterwards, the Countess of —

had occassion to call upon the same doctor, and servants in livery attended her. " Mon Dieu!' cries the doctor- mais-but

your ladyship is the same I met cleaning up old madame's house.' ' Hash!' said the Countess, placing her finger

on ber lips. But the doctor did not hush, for which we

hereby thank him. Was not the countess happy ?-certainly she

was. And there are hundreds of ladies like her in Paris-for Paris is Catholic, thank God!

Ailey Moore spent a portion of every day with her sick friend, preparing her to die, and persuading her to live. She would take her by the hand, and kiss her hand very often, for Ailey thought her holy. She was a martyr, poor Peggy was, and she said she deserved everything for her sins; for, oh, she 'so often fretted her good mother, and she was so wild,' she said, and 'she hadn't loved God half enough, and He was always so good to her; although once she put Tom between her and God, and God had given Tom to ber, and he had done everything for her and sure had given her Miss Ailey!'

Eddy had the point of his finger on Ailey's. little shoe, and he looked up in her face like one worshipping, for he sat at her feet, and really did worship her-he murmured, 'Aily Moore.'

Ailey overheard him. Well, dear little Eddy,' she said, raising him with one hand, while she held the child by the

other-' well?' she said. ' Nothing,' replied Eddy.

'Do you remember the story I told you?' Of the boy that bought his father from slavery by working and saving?

'I'd do more than that for some wan,' said

'What would you do?' 'I'd go and be the slave myself to the man."

'You would?'

'Exactly.'

'Bravely said; and for whom?'

'Ob, for some wan.'

'Come, now, for whom?-tell me; for the 'Yis, sartinly, for Father Mick,' replied

Eddy; 'he's good to Gran and ev'ry wan.' And for poor Gran?' pursued Ailey. Eddy gave Gran one of those concentrated

ooks so wonderful in a boy-it spoke a volume. 'And,' continued the beautiful girl, 'surely

'Ailey Moore,' steadily as if he were a man, and in a low tone, replied poor Eddy. Eddy had a brave heart.

Ailey Moore and Eddy two hours after were proceeding along the bog road.' The evening was fast declining; Ailey had overstayed her time. At a distance the sea was seen through two bills, and looked like an undulating lake of molten gold. The cultivated lands were commencing to spread their rich verdure and glorious promise to the eve. The smoke was ascending in blue curls from the farm-houses, and the cattle lowed along the plain and hill. It was a beautiful evening, indeed, this fifth of and loved her. She prayed, because she always 'Thank you, Gran,' said Ailey taking off her prayed. She never saw a shrub, or flower, or brought not the Eternal to her mind, because she knew He had sent them. She was the sisa Catholic.

Right in the mid-path, as they proceeded, they were met by the man whom we have seen so often, and know so well- Shaun a dherk." He asked an alms, and he received it.

'God bless the lily of the valley!' said Shaun - and God purtect 'er frum her enemies!'

'That's Shaun,' said Eddy, in his old dreamy

'Will you give me wan momint's talk, miss? said the beggarman.

' Certainly,' was the reply. 'Miss Ailey,' the strange man said, in a low voice, and one of great solemnity, 'you are the

friend of the poor, and the poor love you. I want to do your brother good.' Ailey started, and reddened, and grow pale. 'Avourneen,' the beggarman continued, 'there is a net around him and you; och, don't feardon't thrimble a bit, not a bit, agra; there's a

God in heaven, and a strong 'honest arm on earth But you frighten me,' she replied.

Look at me, said Shaun a dherk.

She did, and his form expanded: the change