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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.

serve the 'ends of justice,' you know.' 'I understand. 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 drouth air down she an dull fein e, ach bolun she an dull fein,' which means that he was convinced Mr. Snapper was the devil himself, only that Mr. Snapper 'beat the devil.'

tears, she said it comforted her somewhat, and 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 ozer 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 infant. Neddy was at his work for the 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!'

cles all nicely in their places. '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, anticipating the old lady's reply. In a short time afterwards, the Countess of— had occasion 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.'