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AILEY MOORE;

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Let us now direct the attention of the reader to a sofa near the window, and to a young lady—a real young lady—who is sitting upon it.—Beside her is a fine-looking young man—say about twenty-five years of age, and who, it he be at all vulnerable, is in danger. Miss Tyrrell, the lady alluded to, has a finely-shaped head, and a face like those of which Petrarch dreamed.—If the reader be acquainted with the angels, that is with the angels of Raphael and Domenichino; he would say that Cecily would make a model for penitence or sculptor—a model for the cherubim class of Heavenly Spirits. The first thing which struck you in the young lady was the soul—the soul that looked forth from her full black eyes, and presided in her noble bearing. To low spirits her air looked like pride, and meaner natures feeling the influence of her character vainly imitated it. She had little or no color—but she was dazzlingly fair, and she had a smile and a smile that wrought magically—at least so good folk declared—and which won all hearts with softness, or with spirit awed. It was quite remarkable, that Cecily Tyrrell never covered the whole floor with silk and flounces—that she wore her bonnet on her head—and that she could never be induced to hang the lower part of her garments from a hoop of wool or cotton tied below her waist. It must be admitted, however, that many young people who admired these matters, came to a decided conclusion that Cecily Tyrrell was eccentric, and a self-opinioned—defects which, of course, the aforesaid young ladies very properly condemned. Cecily Tyrrell looked rather paler than usual, and the young cavalier smiled knowingly as he remarked it. We have said he was a fine young man, which we again repeat. In truth he was a manly resemblance of Cecily herself. He was tall, with black hair and black eyes like her—the same mouth—the same quiet, self-possessed air—the same engaging look—the same everything, unless an indescribable majesty, which was peculiarly his sister's. Now we will warrant the reader thought that we were going to create a condition of things proper for a love tale. We hope that, having found his error, he will be more charitable in future, and give us more of his confidence. The Lord of Kinnacarra was of course everywhere about the drawing-room. He stopped more than once near Frank Tyrrell, and the charming Cecily, as his lordship called her;—he even stood near the Hon. Hyacinth for a few moments, but saw he was not absolutely necessary to the happiness of the hon. lady his sister, and he had at the moment which we have been describing settled between the attorney and Mr. Salmer (and Mrs. Salmer, of course). His lordship was a fair specimen of an animal nobleman. He was five feet eleven, portly, and fresh looking, with blue eyes, and a great quantity of auburn hair, kept dully and profusely curled. The parson was talking of the 'progress of evangelical instruction,' in every place where the hearers had never been; the Hon. Hyacinth was tracing his moustache, and progressing favorably with the fair object of his attention; and the brother and sister looked out upon the western sun, that sent its golden beauty from the ocean's verge, in a flood of mellow glory, upon the ancient mansion of the Felmans. Frank was very fond of Cecily; indeed, a good judge, the Hon. Miss Felman, said the attachment was absurd. It would have been more reasonable, certainly, had he appreciated such attractions as the Hon. Hyacinth had more than once that very evening described, and of course discovered in Miss Felman. But Frank sat quietly by Cecily, and, it may be, that when the light fell full upon her noble figure, haloing her round, and outlining more perfectly her beautiful symmetry, Frank Tyrrell was proud of his sister. 'You look pale, Cecily,' he remarked. 'Do I?' she answered; 'I had never less reason. The mountain air was fresh and even odorous, and the view magnificent in the extreme.' 'Well, confess, Cecily, that you were frightened when the horse took head at the shouting.' Cecily smiled. 'There, again,' she said, 'for the hundredth time. Why, Frank, I begin to be alarmed for you.' And she smiled again. 'Diplomacy!' softly whispered the brother. 'Now, Cecy, you could not but have admired that young fellow. I never in all my days saw such intrepidity as he displayed as the horse dashed towards the little bridge.' 'Yes, indeed, and I do admire him,' was the steady reply. 'I never saw more grace and truer gallantry; we both owe him, perhaps, our lives.'

'Decidedly,' answered Frank, 'most decidedly. Had he not seized the animal we should have been dashed to pieces; and had he suddenly brought her up, we should have been thrown out; the presence of mind to seize the reins, and run with the frightful rapidity of the creature herself, saved us.' 'And you think he risked himself much?' asked Cecily. 'Much!' answered her brother; 'why, he has not got off without injury, and I am sure he risked his life.' 'He would do it for any human being,' said Cecily, ardently; 'he is a noble young man!' 'Who?' asked Lord Kinnacarra; his lordship having approached the speakers without having been perceived. 'Cecily, I give you notice that I intend to be quite jealous of all noble young men; I envy vastly—vastly, I assure you, that—a—how is he called, Snapper?' continued the nobleman, addressing the land agent, who stood at some distance, apparently anxious to join the group. 'His name is Moore,' answered Miss Tyrrell, in her own quiet way; 'his name is Reginald Moore, and I believe his family live near this place.' 'They hold a considerable share of land under your lordship,' said Snapper, with a low bow to the landlord, and a very low bow to Cecily and her brother. 'What kind of people are they?' demanded the lord. 'It is an old family, my lord, and an excessively proud one. If they saved half the money which they squandered in making a lady of—'

'Sir, I pray you,' remarked Frank, reddening very slightly; 'I pray you will be good enough.' 'Dinner, my lord,' said a soft voice, coming from something yellow, blue, and white, which stood at the door. And the lord of the mansion gallantly presented his arm to Cecily Tyrrell laughing. 'Pon my life, Cecily, we've just escaped a—something, I do declare. Snapper quite—a—quite forgot, or rather he did not know—a—the nice things Frank had been saying of that young woman and her brother. I do think—a—we've—or Snapper has escaped a something,' and his lordship drew his fingers through his curls and whiskers. Where is Lady Kinnacarra! The good nobleman is a widower, but betrothed to a cousin of Cecily Tyrrell, whom Cecily has just left in Rome. That was the accurate state of the case at the time of which we have been writing. No one will desire a description of a dinner, nor do we desire to give it. It is all very well, if a man be going to get a good dinner; he will read of it quite ravenously, of course, because he can eat the viands, and drink the vintages in imagination first, and in delicious reality afterwards. But unless reality be about to follow imagination, the latter is a tormenting knave—something like reading the theory of the English constitution, and then listening to a debate on Maynooth. Can any one explain how it is that we are all subjects of the same crown, when the gatherer comes to look for income-tax—equal, as equal can be—but when we are making laws in Parliament, we talk of our policy towards our Catholic fellow-countrymen, as if the said fellow-countrymen lived in Jericho? This is merely parenthetical, however, and written for the special advantage of any secretary for Ireland, who may wish to profit by truth. When will the man be found for whom it is intended, then?—Who knows? The art of printing took many thousands of years to be discovered; and we have not been five hundred years yet, looking for an Irish secretary of the foregoing stamp. The reader will please suppose that all parties have done justice to the good cheer. Although the soup had been in danger from Mr. Salmer's 'grace,' and many people were distracted by looking at his helpmate—one of the 'squireens' made a wretched pun upon that word 'helpmate,' we are bound to say that so large a quantity of solids and liquids rarely had disappeared before the same number of people as disappeared on the occasion, when the Lord of Kinnacarra made his first essay at 'populanzation.' The conversation at dinner was not very general—the people were too varied—too numerous, and too much distinguished by difference of grade. So the ladies left soon, and the lord and the doctor with Hon. Hyacinth and Frank made their appearance in very proper time and in very proper order. We have not mentioned the parson, because it is always to be understood that he is where his wife directs—and that is beside herself. The attorney-at-law was left in the dining-room, with a number of guests, who wished to drink something that works more rapidly than wine; and his lordship considerably left the ground to give them more freedom, desiring the land agent to do the honors of the mansion. Cecily was at the piano, and Dr. Creamer stood at a short distance; Mr. Salmer and (as we have admonished the reader was always to be the case) Mrs. Salmer was near him—they sat at a small round table, not far from Dr. Creamer, and with them was Frank Tyrrell; while a few feet away from this group sat the Hon. Hyacinth and Lady Felman, apparently not tired of one another's company. For the last two hours her ladyship had not spoken of 'ye reverend mother.'

What and who is Lady Felman? Both questions require only one answer, viz.—She is the sister of the Lord of Kinnacarra. We should have remarked that the said lord stood opposite Frank, and formed a portion of Mr. Salmer's party. His lordship's hands were under the skirts of his coat, locked amicably in one another, and his shoulders being bent in the direction of Frank, the full globe of curls hung gracefully forward. 'Salmer—a—has been saying,' said the noble lord, 'that—a—I do declare it is very hard to be so bored by the ignorance of those people—Salmer says, Frank, we must convert them to the Establishment.' 'Certainly,' said Mr. Salmer. 'The way of the impious is dark,' added Mrs. Salmer. 'And they know not where they must fall down,' rejoined the parson. 'But,' said Frank, 'are you so sure that you can convert them? and that conversion will improve them? The process of conversion seems slow, and the fruits which are gathered are hardly presentable. At least, in England there is nothing a man feels a greater horror of encountering than one of your "converts." They drink, Mr. Salmer, almost to a man, and of some of them—'

'I beg your pardon, sir,' mildly answered Salmer; 'hundreds upon hundreds of the poor Romanists of Connaught and Kerry have seen the light, and have learned the consolation that comes from the sacred volume. They have suffered a martyrdom for their constancy, and the desert has become a garden by their industry.' 'A watered garden,' said Mrs. Salmer. 'Yes, my dear,' said Mr. Salmer. 'So—a—a—you perceive, Frank, again his lordship remarked, 'we must change those people to right ways—a—a—we must—'

'Give them the Bible, my lord,' said Mr. Salmer. 'More penetrating than a two-edged sword,' said Mrs. Salmer. 'Quite true,' said the doctor, smiling, but it was not a new smile then put on—the doctor always smiled when from home. He had very small, dark, piercing eyes—the doctor had; he was very yellow—had a small, spare figure—his clothes were large for his dimensions—but he always smiled when from home, as before remarked. 'Quite true,' said the doctor. 'Ha, then, doctor,' said his lordship, 'you know something of these affairs—a—is it not so?' 'A great deal,' answered Dr. Creamer. 'I have just travelled over the whole ground mentioned by Parson Salmer and his lady, and the Bible has been there a two edged sword indeed.' And the doctor showed all his teeth, he smiled so, when he said this. In fact, the doctor felt he had said something very good. 'The Bible has improved them so much?' inquired Frank. 'Why, when you say "them,"' answered the doctor, 'it supposes a large share of success; but our clergymen have not been able to do such wonders, I regret. In the barony of Dingle, for example, there are about 80,000 of a population, and the converts, men, women, and children, do not amount to 200. The proportion of success in Connaught is not near so great, and in all places the wretches are flying back to their priests.'

'But you saw their houses, their cleanliness, their industry,' said Mr. Salmer. 'Unless the Lord build the house, you know,' said Mrs. Salmer. 'Oh, I assure you,' rejoined Creamer, 'the converts are the off-scourings of the population; they have been completely demoralized. Habits of labor have utterly disappeared from among them; they are filthy in their appearance, and have an expression, every one, that marks them; as the countenance marks a Jew. No one trusts them. In a word, Mr. Salmer, they have cost us nearly one thousand pounds a head, and only there is hope of their progeny—the Bible has been more penetrating than a two-edged sword among these wretched creatures indeed—it has destroyed them, and the social harmony of the districts where they live.'

'Doctor,' said Frank, 'you confirm views which force themselves upon the prejudices of any honest man. The characters which we give to the Catholic Church—the best among our clergy, and our nobility—compared with those whom we have received from it—the worst and lowest of humanity—has only one explanation to common sense—that we purchase men's passions, and Rome wins their convictions.' 'Why, Frank!' exclaimed Lord Kinnacarra. 'Mr. Tyrrell!' said the minister. 'I have loved Jacob,' said Mrs. Salmer, childishly, 'but Esau I have hated.' 'Indeed, I regret to say,' added the doctor, 'that many reason in this way; yet we are not to despair. England was once Romanist, and she has now freedom and prosperity; may we not in Ireland yet hope by the same road to obtain the same blessings?' 'Just so, truly,' said Salmer; 'look at the Papistical countries—'

'With desolation is the whole earth made desolate,' interposed Mrs. Salmer. 'I was going to say,' continued Mr. Salmer, but stealing a small, half-fearful look of reproach at Mrs. Salmer, 'I was going to say, look at their slavery—their degradation—their poverty—their ignorance—their—'

'Oh pray, Mr. Salmer, pleaded Cecily, turning round from the piano. 'Oh, pray do not speak so deprecatingly of the Catholic countries. You cannot have seen them—or, at least known them intimately.' 'Why, Miss Tyrrell, every one knows—'