VOL. XV.

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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 dauger. 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 pencilman or sculptor-a model for the cheribum 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 bad 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 "atters, came to a decided conclusion that Civily Tyrrell was eccentric, and 'self-opinioned'-defects which, of course, the aforesaid young ladies very properly condemned.

Cecity Tyrrell looked rather paler than usual, and the young cavalier smiled knowingly as ha 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 bair and black eyes I ke herthe 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 hat, having found his error, he will be more charitable in future, and give us more of his confidence.

The Lord of Kinmacarra was of course everywhere about the drawing-room. He stopped more than once near Frank Tyrrell, and the charming Cecily, as his lordstop 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 bair, kept duly and profusely curled.

The parson was taiking of the progress of evangelical instruction,' in every place where the hearers had never been; the Hon. Hyacinth was training 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 | men lived in Jericho? This is merely parenthethe 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 resonable, certainly, had he appreciated such attractions as the Hon. Hyacinth had more than once that very evening described, and of course not been five hundred years yet, looking for an 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 perfeetly ber 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 tresh and even odorous, and the view magnificent in the extreme.

Well, confess, Cecily, that you were frightened when the horse took head at the shout-

ing.' 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.

the street agree illustrate on the engineers

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have been dashed to pieces; and had he suddenly brought her up, we should have been we have admonished the reader was always to be thrown out; the presence of mind to seize the the case) Mrs. Salmer was near him—they sat reins, and run with the frightful rapidity of the at a small round table, not far from Dr. Creamcreature herself, saved us." 'And you think he risked himself much?' asked Cecily. 'Much!' answered her brother; 'why, he has not got off without my try, and I am sure he risk-

ly. Had he not seized the animal we should

ed his life.? 'He would do it for any human being,' said

Cicily, ardently; 'be is a noble young man!' 'Who?' asked Lord Kunnacarra; his lordship having approached the speakers without having been perceived. Cecily, I give you notice Frank, and formed a portion of Mr. Salmer's that I intend to be quite jealous of all uoble young men;' I envy vanity - vastly, I assure you, that-a-how is he called, ' Snapper ?' continued the nobleman, addressing the land agent, who of Frank, the full globe of curls hung gracefully stood at some distance, apparently anxious to forward. join the group.

' His name is Moore,' answered Miss Tyrrel', in her own quiet way; 'his name is Reginald he so bored by the ignorance of those people-Moore, and I believe his family live near this Salmer says, Frank, we must convert them to

'They hold a considerable share of land under your fordship,' 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.

this an old family, my bad, and an excessively proud one. If they speed half the money which they squadered in making a lady

' Sir, I pray you,' remarked Frank, reddening very slightly; 'I pray you will be good

Dinner, my lord, said a soft voice, coming from something yellow, blue, and white, which stood at the door.

And the lord of the massion gallantly presented his arm to Cecily Tyre-A laughing.

"Pon my life, Cecily, we've just escaped aa something, I do declare. Saapper quite-aquite forgot, or rather he did not know-a-the mee 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

Where is Lady Kinmacarra! The good nohleman is a widower, but beirothed 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 wands, 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 knavesomething libe 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 Parmament, we tolk of 'our policy towards our Catholic fellow-countrymen, as if the said fellow-countrytical, 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 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 have disappeared before the same number of people as disappeared on the occasion, when the Lord of Kinma-

carra made his first essay at ' popularization.' The conversation at dinner was not very general—the people were too varied—too numerous, and too much distinguished by difference of made their appearance in very proper time and is beside berself. The attorney-at-law was left districts where they live. in the dining-room, with a number of guests, Yes, indeed, and I do admire him, was the who wished to drink something that works more which force themselves upon the prejudices of steady reply. 'I never saw more grace and rapidly than wine; and his lordship considerately any honest man. The characters which we give truer gallantry; we both owe him, perhaps, our left the ground to give them more freedom, de- to the Catholic Church—the best among our left the ground to give them more freedom, de- to the Catholic Church—the best among our 'I have done all I think needful; the police tribute of an offering to breathe around the string the land agent to do the honors of the clergy and our nobility—compared with those are at your command, said the stranger. 'The shrine of the Mater anablus are at your command, said the stranger. The argent of a post of the man, was standard.

'Decidedly,' answered Frank, 'most decided- mansion.

Cecily was at the piano, and Dr. Creamer stood at a short distance; Mr. Saliner and (as er, and with them was Frank Tyrrell; while a few feet away from this group sat the Hon. Hyaz cinth 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 Kumacarra. We should have remarked that the said lord stood opposite party. His lordship's hands were under the skirts of his coat, locked amiacably in one another, and his shoulders being bent in the direction

' Salmer-a-has been saying,' said the noble lord, 'that-a-1 do declare it is very bard to the Establishment.'

' Certainly,' said Mr. Salmer.

'The way of the improus is dark,' addded 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

'I beg your pardon, sir,' mildly answered Salmer; 'hundreds upon buodreds 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. Sal-

' 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 similed 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 in-

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?' in-

quired 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 ail places the wretches are flying back to their

'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 are of their hopes, fears, and courage. converts are the off-scourings of the population; they have been completely demoralized. Habits and flurried. 'Two armed men at the door, who of labor have utterly disappeared from among want your lordship. 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 grade. So the ladies left soon, and the lord them. In a word, Mr. Salmer, they have cost and the doctor with Hon. Hyacinth and Frank is nearly one thousand pounds a head, and only the mansion. there is hope of their progeny—the Bible has in very proper order. We have not mentioned been more penetrating than a two-edged sword the parson, because it is always to be under- among these wretched creatures indeed,—it has middle age and middle class, walked into the stood that he is where his wife directs-and that destroyed them, and the social harmony of the

Doctor, said Frank, you confirm views

lowest of humanity—has only one explanation to common sense—that we purchase men's passions, and Rome wirs their convictions.'

' Why, Frank!' exclaimed Lord Kininacarra. 'Mr. Tyrrell !' said the minister.

'I have loved Jacob,' said Mrs. Salmer, chid-

ingly, 'but Esau I have hated.' 'fudeed, 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. Saliner.

'I was going to say,' continued Mr. Salmer, but stealing a small, half-fearful look of reproach at Mrs. Salmers, '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-'

'But, no, Mr. Salmer, every one does not care to know, interposed Frank. 'Liberty! why, is not the Italian free? My servant has liberty according to law, but he dares not use it according to fact; in Italy my servant has no liberty according to law, and no limit to his liberty according to fact.'

'What liberty?' asked the doctor.

'Why,' answered Frank, 'the only liberty worth anything to the mass of mankind. The liberty of feeling themselves equal to those who are richer; of teeling-that poverty places no bar between them, and intercourse with those above them; that enough they may have an humbler class of duties, they are in all things equal to those whom they serve.'

'And do you say,' said the lord, 'do you say -a-a-high people, and-a-low folk are all equal abroad? Why, Frank.'

'I say that no one can leel poverty a humiliation,' answered Frank; 'that there I've seen all the effects of liberty without the theory; and here I find the theory with lew of the effects on the population.

'But they are wretchedly poor?' asked the

' Poor!' said Cecily. 'Oh? they have not much money; but is it not the same, if they can buy for a little money what will cost us a hand-

'Certainly,' said the doctor. In fact, the poor doctor would say anything to

agree with such a pleader.

' Money could not purchase the state of society, the union of high-born and low-born, the love and sympathy between the exalted and the humble, the frank, free intercourse between prince and peasant, all so full of enjoyment of the most exquisite character.

'Well,' said the little doctor, who liked to

Well, and are not these things worth money;

is it not money to purchase felicity?" Let us have it with the money, said the doctor.

'Ab!' said Cecily and Frank, in the same breath, 'there is our curse; we cannot teach England to make money its last end, and inspire he was threatened with embarrassment. He the spirit of equality which comes only from the actual or habitual sway of humility-in other Almighty, so he did words, from the presence of God!

At this moment-it was far advanced in the afternoon—the rapid approach of horsemen was heard, and voices, earnest and loud, attracted the attention of the little party up-stairs.

A start, as of many people on their feet, showed something had occurred in the parlor .-There was a moment's frightful pause.

Lord Kinmacarra rang the bell violently, Lady Felman lainted, the Hon. Hyacinth stood behind Frank's chair, and Cecily's eye was fixed upon the drawing room door. The clergyman and his wife were in such a way as people generally

A servant presented himself; he looked pale

'Let them come in, if they be friends,' said the nobleman.

say a man has been murdered at the entrance to

' Pardon!' said a fine, full, sonorous voice, and an able-looking, well-dressed, handsome man, of room. 'Your lordship will pardon this intrusion, but a man has been shot at your gate, and I believe you are a magistrate?

Who is he? where are the police? said the nobleman.

whom we have received from it—the worst and dead man is Jephson Skerin, Eq., justice of the peace,' added the man. 'Skerin!' cried the doctor.

'My God, do you say Skerin!' cried the par-

'O, merciful God!' cried Mrs. Salmer. In the midst of the confusion, the stranger, who was calm, bowed, particularly to Cecily, and

'Stop him !' roared the land-agent, in the hall. 'Stop tim,' cried ten others, as well as drunk-

en men could. F ank was in the hall by a bound.

Snapper was sitting on a chair; he appeared frightened to death.

What is the matter?—say, I pray you? cried Frank.

'Oh, sir,' murmured Snapper, 'the most feartul man, of these bad days, has been here. I knew not himself, nor his voice, but his whisper, which makes the blood grow cold. He said in my ear, ' Take care you may go next!'

CHAPTER V .- THE VISITORS.

Some two or three hundred yards from the public road,-on a gentle eminence-and snug ged in among a number of healthy elms, is, or was, at the period of which we write, a residence known far and wide in the land of Kinmacarra. Every one liked the house, and many people loved it. The traveller, as he passed by, felt as if he knew the inmates there were happy-and, if ever he had a happy hour it came to his memory then; the neighbors' hearts warmed as they placed their hands upon the nice green wicket, and looked up at the green hall door before them, for they knew that a similing happy welcome waited them at the threshold; and the beggars, though they had a certain path of their own to approach the housekeeper for the govawl of turf, or the aprin of meal-if they could see the master about the place at all, they bolted right in, and presented themselves to the same cappy gentleman who spoiled all the sound lessons of the housekeeper, and had no regard on earth to the 'awkward appearance of beggars' about the aforesaid green hall door. A red brick dwelling it was; of two stories,

rather long than high; it had a great stack of chunneys, all together in the middle of the roof; the windows had Venetian blinds and muslin naugings, very white; the hall-door, we have twice said, was green, with an uncommonly bright brass knocker-more frequently called · rapper'-and there it stood-the house that should be happy. We have said nothing of the orderly appear-

ance of the little walks-the two box trees, like fat porters at the door,—the green mound in the middle of the field, and the great sun dial that puzzled many an honest folk, and frightened some people too, it had so many odd-looking figures upon it. We will only add that this dwelling looked down upon the lands of Kinmacarra, and glowed in the red light of the great sun when he sat behind the Atlantic Ocean.

That was the residence of Father Mick Qualivan - God bless him !

The parish chapel of Kinmacarra is very near -a narrow and very neat pathway leads from the good parish priest's house to the chapel yard. A pretty parlour, too, has Father Mick Quin-

livan, and a room wherein to meet a friend at dinner, or half a dozen of them. Job offered more to charity the more need he had of wealth; and Father Mick always gave abundantly when gave to get ; for Father Mick believed in God

The parlour of the priest's bouse was prettymost certainly -it had a plain but well brushed carpet: a round table with a handsome c ver; a polished mantlepiece-true Kilkenny marble; a book-case-mahogany, from end to end of the wall, and the book-case was filled with books .--There was, moreover, a vase-a copy of an antique on a pedestal, and a bust of Daniel O'Connell; the latter at the top, and the other at the lower extremity of the room.

On the day here spoken of, there was a lady's bonnet on the parlour table, and the lady herself was not far away. There were also five or six volumes of books.

Ailey Moore was the angel of the old man's house; her gentle hand was traced in all its arrangements, and her filial affection in the enjoy-

ment it gave her to make them. Two places, however, never missed Ailev .-'They will not enter,' said the servant. 'They | an altar in the parish chapel, just to the left of the great one-and an altar in the quietest, remotest, and most charming room in Father Quinlivan's house; this room the old man called

his Eden. The altar in the chapel was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary; and the oratory in the

house was 'Mary's Altar' also.

The summer flowers were never allowed to droop, in the church or in the dwelling-and even from chill winter himself was wrung the