



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1864.

No. 8.

AILEY MOORE; A TALE OF THE TIMES.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

The reader will not be interested in the details of the conspiracy—for he knows, almost, them all. A servant of Ailey Moore had, the night of the murder, opened the door for Gerald at a quarter before twelve o'clock; Mr. James Boran, who wore a new suit of clothes, saw him a quarter of an hour before the murder, going in the direction of Lord Kinmacarra's domain; Forde was coming up to the lord's mansion to see Mr. Snapper, when he heard the report of a pistol, and saw a man flying in the dusk—'that man he positively swore was Gerald Moore.' He, Forde, did not give information before, because he was afraid, until his conscience overcame him, and he knew now that he would not be able to 'stand the country'; and, finally, a handkerchief—a very nice cambric one—was found on the spot of the murder, bearing, in a beautiful lady's hand, the name—'R. Moore, 12.' Gerald himself looked a little astonished, not at the charge, but at the individuals who sustained it. He asked himself how he had wronged them—offended them—or in any way crossed their happiness; but he could not remember; on the contrary, three of them he had often served; and, the fourth, had eaten of his bread for a year or two. 'Twas wonderful!—but 'God's will be done!'

Of course, discrepancies and contradictions were found in the testimony; and likely a jury would 'tear the web into a thousand fragments,' as Father Mick said: but there was a case—a prima facie case—against the prisoner, and he should be sent for trial. The prosecutor (the police) even said, that at the assizes he could produce more which was not now available;—for the present, he thought, there was sufficient.

And so there was. Snapper looked triumphant. Lord Kinmacarra looked big with magisterial importance. Hyacinth looked through his glass. The 'strange gentleman' looked flushed and thoughtful. Father Mick was shedding tears.

The multitude was outside the door, talking loud—some cursing, some abusing the 'court, and many, very many, solemnly anxious. At length the door opened, and Gerald appeared inside. Perfectly awful was the cheering, and 'Thank God! 'Thank God! Glory be to God! Mr. Moore!'

He bowed as usual; full of urbanity and of dignity was Gerald's bow! There was another tremendous cheer.

'Friends,' he said, aloud, 'it is Father Quinlivan's wish, and my prayer, that you immediately disperse—every man, woman, and child. You don't serve yourselves, and you injure us. Let me see how you will obey the man who has been your servant since and before the most of us were born. Trust in God and in the Blessed Virgin Mary.'

'Now, every one to his own home,' continued Gerald.

'Home! home!' cried a hundred voices together.

'Thank you! thank you! God bless you;—don't fear me, pray for me!' And looking behind them, occasionally stopping, but still moving, the mass began to break, and they fell off in little batches, as they were in the beginning of the day; and soon the streets were clear.

Gerald presented himself to the magistrates, and there was a pause.

'Send for the guard,' said Snapper.

'The guard; a—yes, oh!' said Lord Kinmacarra; 'aye, send for the guard.'

'Why,' said the 'strange gentleman,' 'you'll make a riot.'

'Then I shall—a—have to read the a—a—' 'Riot Act, my lord.'

'Just so—a.'

'If you will allow me to make a suggestion,' said the prisoner—Mr. Snapper, looking quite indignant—'Send the guards a short distance from the village, and at dusk allow me to join them. One constable can easily take charge of me, for I need not say, I hope, to any respectable person, that my business now is to stand my trial, not to avoid it.'

The lord looked at Snapper, and Snapper looked around him. He was divided between fear and malice. The 'strange gentleman' finished the discussion, by descending from the bench, and approaching Gerald Moore.

'Pardon me, sir,' he said, in his own fine tones—the 'strange gentleman' had a fine sonorous voice, we have remarked—'Pardon me. You have filled me with admiration for your courage and ingenuity. No man of your look and manner ever committed murder. Your proposal is the only sensible one that has been made.'

Poor Father Mick is slowly and sorrowfully returning to the home, where an innocent heart is waiting the sword which will pierce it; and an

old man is awaiting his son—the son that never 'turned upon' his parent. Ailey Moore, go to the foot of the cross! Look up at the Virgin of Dolours now. Your spirit will be crushed and torn, and the old home shall receive thee never again. Alas, poor Ailey!

At half-past twelve o'clock that night—or next morning, rather—a thundering knock awoke the jailer of Clonmel; the sounds of many arms were heard outside the prison door, and horses neighed and pawed the paved road at the entrance.

A lock was shot back; another, and a chain fell. A lamp then shot its rays into the morning's dimness.

'Who's there?' 'Guard and prisoner.' 'A warrant?' 'Yes.'

'Come.' At the moment of crossing the threshold, Gerald felt his hand seized convulsively, and dragged downwards. He looked, but did not recognize the figure, which was small, and on its knees.

'Oh, Master Gerald! get me in! get me in!'

'Why?—who?'

'Oh, get me in; I must go in, I must!'

'You! you!—poor little Eddy! I declare, why?—'

'Oh, I must get in!'

The sergeant of police recognized Eddy.

'How came you here, I say, chap?—how came you here?'

Eddy left Gerald; he walked straight over to the sergeant, and went on his little knees; 'I must get in,' he said; 'Oh yes! oh yes!'

'Why?' said the sergeant; but before he could get an answer, little Ned had fallen like one dead at his feet. 'Must get' were his last words.

Little Ned realized his words, 'I must get in.' The gate has closed upon Gerald Moore.

CHAPTER X.—MR. JIM FORDE.

Six weeks were more than sufficient to make great changes in Kinmacarra. Mr. and Mrs. Salmer were seen twice as much as they had ever been before; Mr. Snapper had been made a stipendiary magistrate, and had become 'the devil entirely'; and the lord of the soil had, in good earnest, begun to believe that 'the country' might be converted from the errors of Rome—if this opinion improved as port wine does, it would be a valuable opinion. The country, it must be understood, always means such people as his lordship, and those who follow his ways can purchase for the good of their souls; for, in every case, it is plain as the north pole, that the country will be 'led by the example' of the locality last under experiment. This theory frequently fails, it must be admitted, but a reason can always be found for the want of success. Sometimes money is not sufficiently distributed, and then it is the fault of the 'Protestant people of England.' Sometimes there is too much of it given, and then it is the indiscretion of those who have the administrations of the funds. Sometimes the 'missionary spirit' is too tolerant, and attacks Popery with words instead of blows; and this is cowardice or self-seeking. And sometimes indiscreet zeal alarms the weak souls of the unenlightened, and the poor people fly without hearing 'the word,'—a course which is evidently imprudent and 'ungospel-like.' It is consoling, however, that all these errors are corrected or modified by the 'last minister'; and that as such a venerable gentleman is likely to be forthcoming for years, the zealous and holy of the London covenant will continue to be supplied with 'hopes' on the 'usual terms'—cash.

We wish to draw most particular attention to a book which cannot have escaped the attention of Lord Shaftesbury,—it is the last 'Report of the Society for Protecting the Rights of Woman.' We had been already quite gratuitously informed by an M.P. that England committed four times as much crime as Austria, and was so many times more ignorant of God, that the multiplication-table refused to calculate the excess; and now here comes this report, to inform us that dancing in a state of nudity has become an agreeable evening pastime to 'ladies and gentlemen' in certain fashionable parts of London; and the patrons of the lively amusement are so influential in Parliament, that its opponents have been beaten hollow in seeking for a hostile Bill. It is intended, however, immediately after the conversion of Ireland to the one holy Protestant Church, to attend to the education and morality of England,—a thing which shows there are great hopes for the latter country, and that the clarity of Exeter Hall is far more perfect than anywhere else, for it 'begins abroad.'

Well, then, to 'lead to the conversion of all Ireland,' and to introduce a 'decidedly new class of labor' on the estate, to infuse 'the spirit of industry'—for which all those who fling off the yoke of the priests are remarkable—the households of the lord and the parson united to-

gether, and partly placed themselves under Mr. Joyce Snapper's directions, partly made Mr. Joyce Snapper the executive of their new system. Mr. Joyce Snapper, it must be recollected, has been a martyr. He has been robbed to an enormous amount; his life has been assailed, and his health seriously affected. He is obliged to keep police on his premises, and watches on the movements of the peasantry; he is every day and night, and every moment of the day and of the night exposed to attack. Mr. Joyce Snapper has, from all these reasons, a good right to be heard; he is an authority, and speaks like a book; and he has had very little of his reward in having been made a stipendiary magistrate, with £500 a year. Looking down from Moorfield—how desolate and lonely was Moorfield—looking down from Moorfield the scene, as we have said, was very beautiful. The whitened cottages and substantial farm houses spread on every side—now in twos and threes—now grouped together in little villages. From the hill-side many looked down smiling in the bright sunshine; and a large number, half hidden by projections and hillocks here and there, were altogether more lovely in their little shaded nooks and coyish hiding places.—Along through the whole scene was a road stretching and twisting, and rising and falling, until it was lost far away near the ocean; and along this road the population was very considerable, and of every order of poverty which Providence or injustice ever made. Yet it was a beautiful road, after all—the road from Moorfield to the sea—and no kindlier greeting ever met the stranger, or more welcome hospitality ever received the poor, than were bestowed by the simple and happy peasants that looked out from their cabins as you pushed their doors.

Down near the sea-shore—but not on it—that is, about a half a mile before you reach the strand, and where your attention will be arrested by the old cliff, and the towering lighthouse, and you already walk in the sand, and among sea-stones, there is a little hamlet. Two rows of houses run in parallel lines, but not facing each other—both partly, not entirely, face the water. There are wooden seats outside the door, and large nets spread over the walls, and primitive-looking children, with their hands to their foreheads, looking out at the stranger; and little fat, red-looking infants laid right across the thresholds, or half carried, half drawn along, by little things not much older than themselves.—Inside you hear the noise of a wheel, or of a pair of cards, and often the plaintive song of tradition, that speaks a half understood story in a language passing away. 'Dteanga whilsh ar whabair,' the 'sweet tongue of their mother,' is beginning to retire before the language of conquest, and soon the ark which preserved the memorials of Celtic wrong and glory shall have shared the fate of that of Israel.

In behind the fishermen's homes—about a quarter of a mile or more, is a well slated establishment—well whitewashed—well fenced—and quite smart-looking, though not genteel. It is too neat for the locality, if the owner be supposed to possess no land, and too mean for the residence of any kind of landlord. It is just the kind of place you would think ought to house men who had no interest in itself, or in anything else unless 'Jury.' That is the police barrack. Now, just between the police barrack and the hamlet, are three other houses—'bran new'; they are one story high; they are slated and whitewashed like the barrack; in fact, like a barrack, they are the residences of occupiers not owners of a house, and one is always able to distinguish such edifices. Well, these have been lately built upon the recommendation of Mr. Salmer and his wife, Mrs. Salmer; and they are strictly modelled upon the cottages of the 'other converts' in other parts of country. The work has quite commenced in Kinmacarra.

On a night in early September, when the sea began to feel the approaching equinoxes, and the air of summer began to chill in the coming winter, the moon looked down tranquilly on the spot which we have been describing. It was about eleven o'clock, and the stillness was therefore gravelike, unless when the thump, roar, and splash of the neighboring billows gave 'the voice of the great Creator' to the ear that would listen to his word. A poor man, bent and weak, was directing his way to the fishing village at the moment of which we have been speaking. He had a long staff, and he carried a rosary—and the old man prayed. As he neared the village he listened attentively, and looked around as if he were not quite certain of his course—but he kept steadily on. When he came in line with the police barrack he stood facing it for a moment, and looking round, evidently, felt more assured, for he progressed rapidly.

It was not long until he reached what appeared to be his destination, for he turned off the main road, and proceeded to the fishing hamlet. He had no very cheering scene before him—in 'Toul a Coppul,'—that was the village's name. The beautiful moon was there, as we said—and the bright waves rolling in its pure light—and the blue sky, and the stars, all so lovely as the good God made them; but, beside the sea, and under the canopy of light and lovingness in the midst of what the good God made so beautiful, was the curse that man brought on God's people and works. 'Ochone—ochone,' sighed the good heart of the old man—who was the indefatigable Shaun a dherk. 'Oh God!' he said, 'is poor Mary there?'

He looked to one of three hovels, which were in various stages of ruin. Of the more distant there were only three of its four humble walls—there was no roof—and the dresser and a broken chair lay outside the door—the nearest was completely levelled, and nothing remained but the clay stones, thatch, and rafters, in a promiscuous heap. The most distant had only the front wall standing; the window-sashes, without glass, still remained in their places; as in the case of the first-named, or described cottage, a table stood outside the door-posts—there was a poor but decent bedstead beside it, a pot lay at some distance, a cradle lay against the bank of a house that fronted the ruined dwellings; and, at the end of the little lane, as if the roof had been taken off without tearing up the thatch, there was a shed—a shed of the old roof—one side resting on the ground, and the other supported by rude posts of timber; standing up in front were a few old boards—a poor defence against the cold of an autumnal evening. A candle was lighting the inside.

Shaun a dherk approached—quietly—softly as a youth of twenty—the beggarman trod the road until he came immediately outside the shed. He knelt down and looked between the chimks and openings, and raising his head he made the sign of the cross upon his brow. The Irish always cross themselves when they behold anything very awful, wonderful, or admirable; in thanks, sorrow, or surprise, they are sure to think of God crucified. One may see the religion of St. Paul in the very customs of the Irish peasant.

Inside the boards—under the shed we speak of, was Peggy Walsh. Late as was the hour, poor Peggy had no inclination to slumber. An infant was in her arms, and a little boy of seven or eight years lay at her feet, while at her side was rolled in bedclothes, and laid upon a door, a little daughter of four or five. The children had not gone to rest hungry at any rate, for a loaf of bread lay on a box on one side of the wretched retreat, and in another place was a 'piggin,' half filled with milk.

Peggy Walsh was crying, and looking though her tears at her infant, when Shaun made a gentle noise—only just sufficient to awaken attention, to doubt if any had been made; for he did not want to frighten poor Peggy. She snatched her child off her lap—looked steadfastly at the door for a time, and then drew a deep sigh.—After a little, her eyes again fell upon the child but evidently her attention was directed also to the entrance of the hovel. She looked once or twice, when Shaun made a more decided movement.—At length Peggy Walsh rose to her feet—quite pale, but not trembling, and she looked firmly towards the passage.

'Any one there?' she demanded.

'Shaun a dherk,' was the reply.

'Shaun a dherk,' she said, in a smothered, but ardent accent. 'Shaun a dherk!—Shaun a dherk! Oh, the blessing of the great God on Shaun a dherk!' and she rushed towards the opening.

In a moment the boards had been removed; the woman rushed forward, and down upon her knees she flung herself; and but for the baby, she would have kissed the poor old beggarman's feet.

'Oh, may the Virgin Mary be near you!—may the sweet angels keep you—may the holy dead watch you—whenever you are and wherever you come from—and may your heart never feel the dead misfortune you raised up off mine, Shaun a dherk!'

'Whisht, agra,' he said, 'whisht, a cusla—I'm only the messenger of God Almighty and the Holy Mother and the angels! Whisht, agra—God put justice in my soul!—and ah! a durnfure (sister), he put the power in my arm Never fear—keep your little flock;—hush, don't stir 'em—keep your little flock—and I never will be far away from ye till ye go beyond the say to the 'man ye love. So the minister was here, agra—wasn't he?'

'Och, he was—and may God keep his shadow from crossing my thrashill again. Oh, Lord save me and all poor Christians!'

'He wanted ye to turn, and the old house would be set up agin—is it?'

'Oh dhia! yis, sir,' and she looked terrified, as if she saw a spectre. 'The cross of Christ betune us and all harm. He wanted to get my

childer—Paddy Walsh's little boy and girl, and bring 'em over to the Lord's and up to the Church—the little weenachs.'

'And what did Peggy Walsh say?' asked the beggarman, his eyes flashing.

'Peggy Walsh!' she answered—and the poor girl grew taller, while her dim eyes brightened, as if she saw the Almighty. 'Peggy Walsh,' she said, 'och, I could kill him—God forgive me—I could kill him. They threw down my house, and I could pray for the bodnach and tend him, if he was in the fever. They left me out in the night wud my baby, but I would help 'em to-morrow fur sake of the cross and Holy Mary, but to sell my childer—Paddy's childer—that loved his Sunday mass, and loved old Father Mick that never frowned on 'em.'

'Well—you sent him away?'

'Yes; and I never said a hard word to 'em. I said only that I wouldn't sell my childer to the devil for what they'd ate and wear; and that God and the blessed Virgin would give us a house in the next world if we hadn't one here.'

'And he was satisfied, Peggy?'

'Och, no, sir; he looked cross at the Virgin Mary, and he said something again' her; but I said, 'Sir,' I said, 'down there in the old church is my people: and the Protestants shot 'em and burned 'em out and robbed 'em—an' you may do the same. But see, sir,' I said, 'leave us the Virgin Mary, to be a mother for the little wans and the comfort of the poor.'

'And then?'

'And then he said something, sir, and my blood was bhim, hekase he spoke agin' God's mother; and I said—'Mr. Salmer,' I said, 'lave me and my childer in pace. Don't spake agin' the blessed Virgin Mary—hould your tongue, sir—no, not a word.' And as he went on spaking I lost my sensis, and swore I'd sley him: and I took something in my hand an—'

'God bless poor Peggy Walsh!' answered Shaun; and he took her hand, in which he placed a piece of money. 'A friend sent you that; don't fear, agra—'tis an honest man's share, believe me. God gev you enough sence this day week till now; and he'll give you enough till he send you to your husband.'

'There was much crying and thanks on Peggy's part, and praises to the Virgin Mary and all the saints; and Shaun a dherk found it difficult to depart.'

However, he did after a while; and kissing Peggy Walsh's hands and settling the old boards, he departed.

Shaun a dherk was met a short distance from the village by a boy whom the reader knows; it was little Eddy or Neddly Browne—Biddy Browne's grandson. He came up and looked at Shaun earnestly.

'Well, avic?'

'Yes,' answered Neddly; and both turned in the direction of the police-barrack.

Only one of the nice little houses of the 'Converts' was occupied, but that was well occupied, because the mother of Mr. Forde was the happy saint.

Mr. Jim Ford had been a famous servant, a most graceless youth, and a bad man; but he won the heart of the farmer's daughter, nevertheless; and, they say, broke it. She had been a gentle girl, although she happened to love a vagabond. He was drunk day and night. He beat her and starved her; and Father Mick Quinlivan bought a coffin and shroud for her remains, and he buried her. She left one child, a half year old, to be killed after her; but it still lived. It was now seven years old.

Mr. Jim Forde married a second time—a widow. The widow was 'quite sure' the first little girl wasn't able to manage him. She was a soft 'gomul' of a thing, she said; which meant that she, the widow, was 'able to manage him,' and was not a 'soft gomul of a thing.' So the widow married him. She obtained Mr. Jim Forde, and Mr. Jim Forde obtained two pigs, one cow, one step-son, and the widow. Had he been able to drink the widow and the step-son, all would be right; but alas! he could only drink the less valuable property; and the widow found herself one day with her eyes black, her arm broken, her son turned out of doors, and her hopes of managing Jim rather the worse of a year's wear. She had neither her dinner nor the price of it, and Jim was clearly 'the man of the house.'

Many advices and many prayers from Father Mick Quinlivan only hardened the villain; they were intended to save; till at length Father Mick threatened to denounce him as a scandal giver. And when he had crowned all his wickedness by mocking the piety of the poor, and violently assaulting a young female of the parish, Father Mick did denounce him!

It was some short time after this that himself and his brother, having made up their minds that 'works' were all nonsense, and 'faith' in the Bible the great truth, because sincere converts to the virtues of their state, and even ministers