

VOL. XV.

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AILEY MOORE; A TALE OF THE TIMES.

CHAPTER XVIII. -- SHOWING HOW AILEY MOORE GOT ANOTHER 'OFFER,' AND DID NOT AC-CEPT IT.

Old Daddy Boran's house was on a gentle rising ground, and looked very cheerless and lonely. It was not a small house, on the contrary, it was very large, or at least very tall. Its high-pitched roof cut the air long and sharply ; two square windows showed how the high pitched root had been economized, and useless 'garrets' excluded there were four windows in the front, tall and narrow like the house itself; and there was a very large hall-door, thick enough for a jail, and painted some color which was neither black nor brown, but which was the color employed to paint the gates of penitentiaries. Before the door was a large semicircular space covered with finely broken limestone, and from the semicircular space to the public road there ran a way coated with the same material. The field in front of the establishmennt bore, at this period. a very pleatiful crop of 'late potatoes,' and the remotest corner of the demesne presented the agreeable view of a lime-kiln; add that the house was whitewashed, and that there was a pump and stone-trough near the door, and you have a fair idea of the residence of Mr. Boran.

There were no houses near Mr. Boran's-all of them seemed to have moved off, as if Mr. Boran's house was a martinet, and the others were not ambitious of near-neighborship. And Mr. Boran's house looked, too, as if it had the authority which would make a martinetship rather more than a name. The lodges were admirably kept; the stone tences were capped by thick perpendicular slates, from which not a single slate nor an ounce of mortar was absent ; Mr. Boran's cows were the fattest and most sleek, and his seeep and lambs, and all his live stock. were of the best breeds and most ' generous natures ;' in fact, words are wanting in power to convey our idea of the perfection of all the appointments of Mr. Boran's farm-only it wanted trees; for Mr. Boran declared trees near the sea to be a nuisance, that kept away the sun and never could be sold.

The reader will understand why we suppose Mr. Boran's house to be a house ' in authority.' because it had the appearance of needing noth-We hold that to be the crowning linethe signature to a man's charter for local influence-to need nothing. Ye patriots of the nineteeth century !-- Ye patrons of progress and loyal lovers of an 'emancipated humanity,' behold I give the people purses, with something in them-give them commerce, and land, and letters, and religion to teach them the emuloyment of wealth, and governments will be ruled by reason, because reason will hold the capital. Wrong will never yield to the hand which trembles with hunger; and right in these degenerate times will not associate with rags .---Wegdo not mean that right disdains weakness. but that strength will keep it in bondage, until weakness holds the purse-strings and becomes 'respectable.' Do not cry 'heresy against the power of ideas-iasensibility to the force of strong will. There is no power in 'ideas,' when the 'ideas' are not there, and people have no 'strong will' until they have a 'cash-box' to guard, and see a fair way to increase it. Give us, O you philosophers, a few sovereigns in every man's pocket, and teach us the ' Christian brother's course of education,' and we shall have which he never enjoyed in the days of his commade the opinion of legislation before the Speak- petency; and he would complain even at neceser puts on his wig and gown! Give us time— sary delay in obtaining all he desired. But gen-give us 'industry' and 'order,' and the hope the Ailey was his nurse, and she loved with a which springs from success, and we can spare you infinite speculation, diplomacy, and humbug. On the left-hand side of that passage, called and you visited me.' by old Daddy Boran ' the entry,' and called by aspiring, gentility 'the ball,' there was and is in ald Moore, and Gerald Moore was just the bis 'room ;' and felt the sheets (by no means a donna?' Daddy Boran's house a room-a room like Daddy Boran; and like the house, and like the farm. in the presence of duty. In the shadows of the and saw his horse fed, 'the master's eye' having borau, and the house the house the interest of the matter coldish. 'The boards are fairly sanded ; the grate ble lodging, and he kissed the old man's brow ; and fire-irons are so polished, that they seem ne- and he almost thanked God, through his tears, ed, and laid by; and went to the bar to speak ver to have been used; a red deal table is in the when he found that the sick man welcomed him particularly about the time of breakfast, and middle of the floor-a broad strong table, with 'hone,'-hoped he had a good day's hunting, what he would have for dinner, and so forth. So falling leaves;' fourteen red deal chairs, stationed like places for immovable things, are The poor man added, ' that he was not able to around the room; there is a 'low-boy,' a glass rise for a few days, because there was something and having entered, he found in the coffee-room case of books, and various prints of varying the matter with his heart .' but he said, 'Ailey a gentleman with green spectacles reading the merits are hanging on the wall. At this table was a very kind and obedient darling, and he newspapers. The face of the gentleman was are sitting Mr. Boran, sen., on the right side, prayed that Gerald would not allow any one to turned from him, but his hair was gray, and Mr. and Mr. Boran, jun., on the left.

' So Forde has escaped to America, you say, eh? and Snapper's gone to the-?' remarked

old Drddy Boran. 'Yes, I heered he escaped; an' Shaun a dherk said Snapper was turned out o' the drawin' room be the lord,' answered young Nick, looking over towards the glass case.

'The Moores can't be well off now?' asked the old man, a little thoughtfully.

'They were allowed a trifle for the house, was the reply, ' but the stock wint for nothing.' 'How much did they get out and out ?'

'Four hundred.' "Ould Forde is in the jug?"

'He is.' And young Nick grinned, and grinned, while his eyes shot from side to side, wonderfully.

'Safe in this world !' exclaimed the old man. You must marry her,' he continued.

'Without nothing?' demanded young Nick. 'Pshaw ! pshaw ! pshaw ! was the polite but half-indignant reply. ' Can't you do as you are desired ?

'Be course I can; but I suppose there's no threason in asking a question.'

Well, hould your tongue, now.'

And old Mr. Boran commenced to fillip the table in tan-ta-ra-ras, gentle but sharp, with the very points of his bony knuckles, because his mind was very much engaged, although the twinkle of his grey eye showed that the engagement was resolute success, and not painful anxietv.

'You must marry her !' he again added, stopping suddenly, and looking his son in the face.---Mr. Boran's wig did not stop though, by any means; on the contrary, it went up and down, like a boat pitching in a sea.

"Well, where is the use in saying id, a hundred times over?' very properly asked the do-cile and gentle Nick, junior. 'I suppose if I must, I must,' he most philosophically continued.

'Augh !' was the beautiful rejoinder.

Gerald Moore, as the reader is aware, was proved to be innocent; but innocence was no protection against run. His enemy was proved to be a villain; but Mr. Snapper's malignity lived longer than his character. We don't mean to aver that Mr. Snapper, J.P., continued, after his detection, to exercise his revengeful influence. but only that the effects of his villany were allowed to take their course; and, therefore, when Gerald Moore came from prison, he found himself nameless and a beggar. This is the comfort of justice under the reign of Hiberman landlor dism. The simple fact was, that the Moores, by a legal fiction and legalized robbery, were supposed to have deserted their home, and besides losing the land which they had enriched by mo. ney and labor, they lost the mansion which had absorbed a thousand for every hundred which they received as ' compensation.' Such are the 'land benefits' of our 'incomparable constitution !' May justice be added to the other qualities of our ' noble laws !' The little ready money which the family now possessed should be carefully economised, for it was the only support of a sick old man and an unprotected girl. Apparently, Gerald's father would not long need sympathy for his suffering or outlay for his necessities -- mini and body had kind word would often make an old breakingbent under the stroke of injustice; but his many down spirit, that carries its bag to the open infirmities required more attention, and his imbecility rendered him quite insensible to expenditure. The poor man often called for indulgences, because she thought of His words-'I was sick, or inside the mail coach, or ever had travelled young man to see it should, and not to hesitate foolish thing) to ascertain it they were damp; and expressed some anxiety about the ' stock.'ly a reflection of the other-the wig and the cause he thought it was 'long since he had blessed him, he said. Then the sick man was ' sorry We may also remind the reader of two most that Ailey was not there ;' and he besought Gerinteresting qualities of young Nicholas Boran- ald to love Ailey, because she was 'an angel, ed forth in love. Why Jont the world give way then, in a low voice and with moistening eye, he never looked any one in the face, when 'he and he felt a kind of reverence when she sat by a little more to the heart? could help it; and when he did look, it cost him his nead, so beautiful and so innocent.' He was 'Nick, Nick-Old friend,' cried Father Mick

said; and he was 'quite sure,' he added, 'that Ailey grieved when Gerald rematned out too long.' Ailey stood, during this conversation, on bowed under 'the Cross'-for she remembered the Cross was the truest portion of innocence, and the securest. She always lived in the presence of God—and, as we said long ago, that measures the reality of things. How large things lessen when viewed with God in our company, and how small things vanish. 'Whoever wants to give true joy a new life,' old Father Mick used to say, 'and to give sorrow a deathblow, let him live in the presence of God, and love the poor.'

Never was there time, apparently, more propitious for wooing, the lady was poor and helpless, and the 'gentleman' had more wealth than he could count. Moreover, he came with sweet Moorfield in his hand, and opened the door of bome' to a failing father. 'He cannot he refused,' thought the old gentleman, Mr. Nick Boran, senior.

Why on earth he had been so beleaguered by his father, and so wantonly taken from a ' hoith'

of things at home, to go seek a wife who had no money, was, on this occasion, the puzzle of Mr. Nick Boran, junior. Besides, Mr. Nick, jun., never met Ailey Moore that he did not wish himself a thousand miles away. He would go to the opposite side of the road to avoid meeting her. She was not like any of the people he had known, and 'she spoke so,' and 'gliding along so,' and ' one felt ashamed so,' near her, were the comfortable reflection of the son and heir of the old miser.

At all events, both of them, father and son, ascended a huge yellow gig, something like a travelling tub, and each looking in a different direction, they commenced their journey to Cloninel, where they knew the family still resided.

Nery little conversation took place between the Borans in their journey to town, and as the way was sufficiently long, there was plenty of time for meditation. In the earlier part of the afternoon, old Daddy Boran's reflections were frequently quickened by the wayside commentaries of the younger portion of the population .---Whether he would ' sell his wig,' and whether his goold was in good health,' were favorite interrogations: while a few of the bolder and older wanted to know whether he was going to sell young Nick to the museum. But

' You're here too, Father Mick,' answered old Boran, giving his hand as warmly as old Boran could. "Come here, you,' Mr. Boran, sen., said, the odposite side of the bed, and looked at her addressing his son. 'Why don't you come and father through her tears, dear child—but Ailey speak to the priest, you keolan you.' 'You will both eat a bit with me,' said Father

- Mick. 'Throth, tis'nt the first time,' answered the old mon, who saw a saving in the matter.
- 'We'll have Gerald Moore-an old friend.'
- 'Gerald Moore.'
- 'Yes.'
- 'Fortune is in my favor, anyhow,' answered the old man.
- 'You wished to see him.'

'Came, in throth, all the way, for no other purpose.'

'You're just in the nick of time then; the family are going by easy stages to Limerick tomorrow ; going for the present to a sister of the old man-a widow pretty well to do.'

- ' And has the sister children ?'
- " No.'
- ' Then I suppose she will leave her share to Ailey ?'
- Father Mick looked at the old miser, for Father Mick saw something in the question.
- 'Ob, her mony is not much, but 'tis steady, and she can give Ailey a home.'
- ' Ailey can have a home, if she please,' said the miser-' Moorfield.'

Mr. Nick Boran, senior, was interrupted by the arrival of Gerald, who just entered the room He was grave as usual, and held the evening paper in his hand. He was startled by the presence of old Mr. Boran and his son ; for so many strange events had recently occurred, that every strange face looked like an indication of a new irial. However, he welcomed old Mr. Boran cordially, and shook hands with young Mr. Boran, and asked and answered all the questions which such an occasion is sure to produce. Although a few sentences sufficed to

show the object of Mr. Boran's visit to the town. Gerald did not openly advert to it. Gerald opened the newspaper.

' Justice has seized npon wrong,' he said, addressing Father Quinlivan. ' How?

Snapper has been discovered in something which gravely compromises him.'

'Eh ?' cried the Borans together.

'He has been seized in Dublin, and is now in rison."

and a fresh, free soul, too, are under silks and laces; but the objects they would adore are separated from them. Oh, if they knew what treasure of transcending joy they would find in. the love of the humble, and if the humble only knew how honest and fond may frequently be the occupant of a coach ! Alas ! why will not the rich and poor know one another !

No. 14.

- 'They want Ailey to go to France, sir,' remarked Gerald.
- ' To France ?'
- 'To France, sir.'
- 'And Ailey, what did the Flower o' the Valley say?'
- 'Ailey said her father was sick.'

· Mille beneachth air ma colleen !-- a thousand blessings on my little girl ?' said Father Mick.

'And Eddy Browne goes with Ailey.'

' Poor Eddy !'

'The shopman loves him, and offered a handful of guineas, but he would not be moved.'

'Och ! but he wouldn't.'

'No. He looked at the man, and he told him he liked him, and said he would come to see him; but that if he left Miss Ailey he'd die: and then he went on his little knees.'

'At what hour do we leave?'

" Early; for, father, you know I must part from noor Ireland before a week; and we must settle my poor father and Ailey in the first place.'

' So you have your journey for nothing,' said young Nick to his father, at half-past seven

o'clock next morning, as they turned the horse's head towards the Carrick road. 'Hold your tongue, yo' madhawn,' answered

Mr. Boran, senior. And Messrs Borans' offer failed, as we said at

the beginning of the chapter.

CHAPTER XIX. - HOW CECILY TYRRELL MET GERALD MOORE, AND THE AWFUL STORY CECILY HAD TO TELL.

Old Mr. Moore became sensibly better after his arrival in Limerick. The air of Limerick is balmy, and there is a cheery, cleanly look about the streets, houses, and quays, that operates favorably upon all hearts and heads. The city is not so large, that one feels himself lost as soon as he passes the barriers, and it is not so small as to contract the feelings of the inhabitants into those of mere villagers; in fact, Limerick is al-

stick excepted.

could help it; and when he did look, it cost him his nead, so beautiful and so innocent. The was a so awful aneffort to be civil, that he 'grinned hor' afraid he sometimes allowed her to sit too long - 'and your son, too, I declare-well, well, 1 rible and ghastly smiles,' all the time he spoke. I there, for 'poor Ailey had got pale of late,' he am glad to see you.'

Boran looked at the poll of his hopeful son, thought on his chunking bags in his own ' back

office.' and in the banker's chest, and said, so substantially as Horace's miser, 'Let the ragmuffins shout-I have the rhino !' And let it be | Mick. said to his credit, that on this day he gave a beggarmac fourpence ' for luck,' he said, because, though Daddy was no niggard in giving food, he rarely gave money, and even the food was given with so bad a grace, that poverty felt in the soul more than the body was relieved by his benevolence.

Why is this? God knows the poor are our brothers and sisters, are they not? They suffer enough in being refused, or in being obliged to beg; why should we add biting words and bitter bearing to our refusal? or why destroy our little alms by them? Ah, how happy a smile or a grave. Let us make up our minds to be gentle to the poor-God's poor.

'The hotel-at Cionmel-I know well,' was a favorite piece of rhyme with travellers who looked for a blazing fire of a cold winter's evening, or hot buns and strong tea after a night out-side or inside the Dublin mail coach. Daddy real, real love, the bedside of infirmity; even Nick could say the same, though he never had There, at all events, will be found even-handed had it been a stranger's she would have loved it, been guilty of the imprudence of sitting outside justice, agra, won't it ?' very much further than he did on the day of Something should be done, and soon, by Ger- these presents. For Daddy Nick always saw declared; and saw his clothes brushed and foldthat he knew the hotel very well.

The candles were lighting when he came; take her from him.' And then old Mr. Moore de- | Boran thought be knew the look of him, when As the reader already knows, one seems mere- sired Gerald to kneel down beside the bed, be- turning round he at once revealed Fathhr Mick Quinlivan.

of the old light in his eyes, and the hand stretch-

' Who told you ?' cried Father Quinlivan. "Tis here,' said Gerald, pointing to the newspaner.

'And who accuses him?' continued Falher

'John Murtough.'

'Shaun a Dherk !' euclaimed all, with one voice.

'And Ford has made full confession,' Gerald continued.

'Eternal praise to the God of Justice!' cried the priest.

Gerald took the old man's hand.

'Father,' said Gerald, 'you told me on the day I went to goal, that I was among the arrangements of Eternal love and justice. You were right.'

The priest flung his arms around Gerald and embraced him.

"Tisn't our country at all, agra, this had world-we are going home every hour-

'Ouando fiet illud quod tam sitio Ut, te revelata cernens facie, Visu sim beatus tuæ gloriæ !'

When will my beart-wish be given, That, beholding thy beauty unveiled, I may shine mid thy glory in Heaven!'

'I have more news.' continued Gerald. 'we have had letters from the Tyrrells."

'The young lady that gave Ailey the Ma-

'And her brother.'

'Oh, yes, of course ; Frank, they called him.'

'And the strange bandsome man that shook hands with us in the police-office-'

• Well ?'

'Is the uncle of Cecily and Frank.' 'Ah! Now, Gerald-is it so?' cried Father Mick.

'He has brought them all the news; they even know that you got back your library.' ". They ?'

'They.'

Father Mick looked steadily into Gerald's face-but it was a look of dreamy thought .---And then his reflections began to have consist-The old clergyman started up at once. Some ency, and then he looked like a man that had made a discovery; and the good old gentleman the claims of the gentle Ailey. said,

together a pretty place, and many tasteful folk prefer it - men, women, lace, glories, bacon. tobacco, and all-to any city in the sister king-

Here Mr. Moore's, (senior) only sister lived. Many beautiful villas crown the sweet slopes by the Shannon's banks, on the Clare side of the river. They are-that is the villas-are of every possible shape and size, and they are in every direction. The Doric stands in sober gravity on one spot, and the Corinthan shines in its gracefulness upon another : the Gothic, or Elizabethian,' like an old lady in ruffles and snectacles, vindicates the claims of the sixteenth century; and the plain convenient dwelling of modern times, shows that the utilitarian spirit of the age can find in place even among abodes of relaxation and indulgence. In a word, everything is as it should be-and looking along the circling and serpentine ways-and walking amid sweet-briery fences and flower-gardens, and looking down upon the lordly river, rolling on-ward to the sunset, and viewing the homes and seekers of pleasure all around-a dreamer might imagine that the ages by the Shannon side shared its immortality, and still retained even their fashions.

Mrs. Benn had one of the cottages on the banks of the Shannon, and Mr. Moore, senior. had a charming look-out therefrom. And then Mrs. Benn had so many old recollections to indulge, and they being, every one of them, of the spring-time of existence, fresher and fonder as years wither up all things besides ; and as Mr. Moore had a kind human heart, and all things soft and homely were there treasured, it came to happen that the old gentleman lived in his boyhood and young manhood again, and enjoyed the scenes which memory haply preserved. And thus Mr. Moore, although of the present, he could be made to comprehend little, and would enjoy nothing, was vivid and accurate in the tune of the ' Volunteers.'

Mrs Benn's cottage is a Gothic one, and Mr. Moore has an easy chair in the 'oriel window,' and Ailey is already sitting at a round table in the middle of the apartment, Mrs. Benn being vis-a-vis. The aunt and niece really like one another, and, in truth, there is no merit in the affection of either, for Mrs. Benn is an admirable woman, and the reader need not be informed of

Eddy has finished whatever small work has been allotted to him, and he is looking out from 'I know—I know how it is.' A popular French writer says the poor don't to the sea. Poor Eddy is thinking of 'Gran'_ know the rich. Quite true. Many 2 good heart the bronzed old beggarwoman-and thinking Second with a ber all the stand he stim thereas