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AILEY MOORE;

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

CHAPTER XVIII.—SHOWING HOW AILEY MOORE GOT ANOTHER 'OFFER,' AND DID NOT ACCEPT IT.

Old Daddy Boran's house was on a gentle rising ground, and looked very cheerful and lonely. It was not a small house, on the contrary, it was very large, or at least very tall.

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.

The reader will understand why we suppose Mr. Boran's house to be a house 'in authority,' because it had the appearance of needing nothing.

Ye patriots of the nineteenth century!—Ye patrons of progress and loyal lovers of an 'emancipated humanity,' behold I give the people courses, with something in them—give them commerce, and land, and letters, and religion to teach them the employment of wealth, and governments will be ruled by reason, because reason will hold the capital.

On the left-hand side of that passage, called by old Daddy Boran 'the entry,' and called by aspiring gentility 'the hall,' there was and is in Daddy Boran's house a room—a room like Daddy Boran; and like the house, and like the farm.

As the reader already knows, one seems merely a reflection of the other—the wig and the stick excepted.

We may also remind the reader of two most interesting qualities of young Nicholas Boran—he never looked any one in the face, when he could help it; and when he did look, it cost him so awful an effort to be civil, that he 'grinned horrible and ghastly smiles,' all the time he spoke.

'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 went 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! 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 threasion in asking a question.'

'Well, hold your tongue, now.'

And old Mr. Boran commenced to fill 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 anxiety.

'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 docile 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 ruin. His enemy was proved to be a villain; but Mr. Snapper's malignity lived longer than his character.

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 money and labor, they lost the mansion which had absorbed a thousand for every hundred which they received as 'compensation.'

The little ready money which the family now possessed should be carefully economized, 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—mind and body had bent under the stroke of injustice; but his many infirmities required more attention, and his imbecility rendered him quite insensible to expenditure.

Something should be done, and soon, by Gerald Moore, and Gerald Moore was just the young man to see it should, and not to hesitate in the presence of duty.

The poor man added, 'that he was not able to rise for a few days, because there was something the matter with his heart.' but he said, 'Ailey was a very kind and obedient darling, and he prayed that Gerald would not allow any one to take her from him.'

'Nick, Nick—Old friend!' cried Father Mick—and your son, too, I declare—well, well, I am glad to see you.'

and he was 'quite sure,' he added, 'that Ailey grieved when Gerald remained out too long.' Ailey stood, during this conversation, on the opposite side of the bed, and looked at her father through her tears, dear child—but Ailey bowed under 'the Cross'—for she remembered the Cross was the truest portion of innocence, and the surest. She always lived in the presence of God—and, as we said long ago, that measures the reality of things.

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 'home' to a failing father.

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.

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 Clonmel, 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.

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 kind word would often make an old breaking-down spirit, that carries its bag to the open grave.

'The hotel—at Clonmel—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 outside or inside the Dublin mail coach.

The candles were lighting when he came; and having entered, he found in the coffee-room a gentleman with green spectacles reading the newspapers. The face of the gentleman was turned from him, but his hair was gray, and Mr. Boran thought he knew the look of him, when turning round he at once revealed Father Mick Quinivan.

The old clergyman started up at once. Some of the old light in his eyes, and the hand stretched forth in love. Why don't the world give way a little more to the heart?

'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, addressing his son. 'Why don't you come and speak to the priest, you keolan you?'

'You will both eat a bit with me,' said Father Mick.

'Throth, tis'at the first time,' answered the old man, 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.

'Oh, 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 trial.

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 trial. 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 upon wrong,' he said, addressing Father Quinivan.

'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 prison.'

'Who told you?' cried Father Quinivan.

'Tis here,' said Gerald, pointing to the newspaper.

'And who accuses him?' continued Father Mick.

'John Murtough.'

'Shauna a Dherk!' exclaimed 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 bad world—we are going home every hour—'

'Quando fiet illud quod tam sitio Ut, to revalata carnis facie, Visu sim beatus tue glorie!'

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

There, at all events, will be found even-handed justice, agra, won't it?'

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

'The young lady that gave Ailey the Madonna?'

'And her brother?'

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

'And the strange handsome 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?'

'Father Mick looked steadily into Gerald's face—but it was a look of dreamy thought.—And then his reflections began to have consistency, and then he looked like a man that had made a discovery; and the good old gentleman then, in a low voice and with moistening eye, said,

'I know—I know how it is.'

A popular French writer says the poor don't know the rich. Quite true. Many a good heart

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!

'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 poor 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 altogether a pretty place, and many tasteful folk prefer it—men, women, lace, glories, bacon, tobacco, and all—to any city in the sister kingdom.

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 Corinthian shines in its gracefulness upon another: the Gothic, or 'Elizabethan,' like an old lady in ruffles and spectacles, 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 onward 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 the claims of the gentle Ailey.

Eddy has finished whatever small work has been allotted to him, and he is looking out from the skylight, and viewing the ships borne onward to the sea. 'Poor Eddy is thinking of 'Gran'—the bronzed old beggarwoman—and thinking

and thinking of the good old gentleman then, in a low voice and with moistening eye, said, 'I know—I know how it is.'

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