# entwid <br> CATHOLIC CHRONICLE 

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## MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1864.

mas
mas
to gi
hahas justhas just come from Kinmaccarra, and has had,
froun sources of information that canoot be de-from sources of information that cannot be de-
nied, tue lact of Gerald Moore haviag been ac-cused of murder, and privacy and complicitywith and to the crime of burglary. Ererything
bad been most stlenely concocted and secretlybau been most silently coacocted and secretty
arrangec.. Up to the monent he spoke to Fa-ther Mick, ouly two constables had been made
a ware of the existence of the warrantaware of the existence of the warrant. A strong
guard bad been summoned from the barrect atKileash. The soldiery were expected in twoor three nours, and then the most public anding into custody Gerald Moore, of Moorlieid. -'C'se leadigy malignant in thas lriginful morementwas Mr. Joyce siapper; but be was assisted by
many as bad as bimself. Mr. Salmer was en-gaged in the conspracy, and so were Mr. Boran
and a grl who had once been, and ot long
suce,Every lling was planned most perfectly, and Mr.
Moore could not escape a trial. But Mr. MooreMoore could not escape a trial. But Mr. Moore
bad trieads-friends chat would save him, and(the peasant) came to tell the parish prest, isithe peasant) came to ten the parish' prisest, in
order that the old men's heart' mightn' be brokean' to an his reverence to get Adley-the poor
childer Alleg-out o' the way, when her finebroher would be taken.Father Mi
may be rery well sumposed. Wh breakfast,be done sbould be done quickly; and his heart's
most warm uffection was concerned in the issuc.Ailey was to be saved from the scene of arrestGerald informed

So Father Mick brougit forth his old mare.
No one knew how old stat wasther Mick bimself. But slue had been blind of an eye, and of a good sober age, when he bought
ber, from a widow, to whom he gare treble hier
$\qquad$ - Old Bess' had borne bun, nigtht and day, in ran
and suuslune, and neerer fell nor stumbled even once. Bess knew Father Mick, and would for-
low bim like a dog, though she was a laryelimbed, beavg, ' unganly' brute, and she would
trot at the same pace any weather or any hour, and never one lach in a day laster. Bess had
fixed the amounal of ber duly, and performet fixed the amoual of ber duty, and performed it;
but, like uther strong-hended people whion we but, hike uther strong headed people whond we
boow, it was she therself tixed it. Be all this as
it may, she matched Fatuer Mick to a ' C ,' and
$\qquad$ some convenience-in fact, some people eveu
talked to Bess, and thougtt she had a grain or
Well, Fatber Mick gave many unjunctions, very many mure than ustail, about the two altars, dwelling-louse. The flowers were to be all
changed, aud the vases all polished. Then there was a plece of embrodery to be done, and ever so many thines about the house-in fact, Ailey
laughed outright, and rrost joyously, at the das's occupation which be gave her. She spolke of
'home,' but he replied fler fatber and Gerald should come orer and join them there; and he sald, 'the oller house was her father's, but the
Louse she was in was her own, and sbe should make Mr. Moore welcome.' Many olher things sald old Father Mick un his own pleasant way,
but certaialy his voise had lost a certain ring of but certainly his voise had lost a certain ring o
inerruess, and his eye was not balt so bright as has worment-ouly a monent-she thougat he was unwell, and then the banished the apprebension by
bis leuping.

She went on ber knees.
May the great God bless thee, Alley!' h Mary thy Mother, and to follow ber in every-
"Amen!" answered the gentle girl.
Here the litile ones were all between his teet
eren l'eggy Hynes's baby was got upan its fa
kuees, aud held perpendicular by its fat arms.
'Benacht chacr!! sald one of the girls, who
sem how Futter. Mick loved his ors, Cettic.
'Oh! Calleenzi, oh benacht uriv go leir
Dear hitle childrea, blessidy ou all ol you.'
'And you,' he said, taking up the fille infant'
-he looked into its blue ejes-‘' Sunfer Fitle
chldren,' be sand; ; and haviog kissed the baby,
he left it. He mounted old Bess then, and prochildren,' be sald ; and
he left th. He mounte
ceeded on his journey. It was an interesting thing to make a journey
with Father Mick. As the old man jogne along, he had a gooi word or an inquiry fo erery one, and every one lad a good word for bim. The mother snatohed her child from the
crade, to bring the wondering, little thing to the cradie, to bring the wondering hittle thing to
saddle, and get 'the sign o' the Cross' upon it. The hille girl's were right in the middle of the
way, making their 'curchps,' and looking for medals of their 'patroness s', and the men crosied
the fields from therr work to meet him-old Father Mick-as he passed, and to have a word o
neivs and a good wish from ' Alhair Michaul! because it good wish hena Ahair Michanh! Michazul,' Hesy said, 'and there was luck in his
"rord.' Many a one would preler Father Micles touch on their jourceys to phe station, to all the shill of Dr. Creamer, and all the physte in K macarra; and many a one would swear to that
same touch's bealing eflicacy; but of course this Whately, simply because he camot comprehend any lung, unless a nice house and a good dinuer;
it is all 'fully' to him, as the Cross of Curist was to the Jews.
It was re in rather bad sprits: poor Father Mick was not so beary.. The wen sard sone one in the angry with some astray, and the women wer indridual might be一that 'crossed poor A'iazir
Miclaue? The good priest soon arrired at Moorfield and be was not oblhged to wait arlmission. The
tread of the priest was faniliar in the ball of liring thing in the bouse. All the dogs started to meet bum, and the servanis stood in corners and at the star-foot to wait his greeting. Ol,
Mir. Moore used to say, that Father Mick's visit to Moorfield did more to keep the house in
order than all his own autbority; for, althoug i order than all his own authority; for, althou,
he never scolded, his presence preached duty. As Father Mick trotted up the avenue, thought of many a happy dap, and nany a gentle
deed which the trees and strubs had witnessed and the people who passed that same road so often sith joyful bearts aud pure ones, and who, perhaps, should be soon 'wilhout a place to lay
therr heads.' Poor Father Mick knew every. thitg regarding the ability of the Moores and Ititle to meet the wiles of villany, but what
Father Mick bad a thousand welcomes from man and beast, and a thousand smiles and re quests from the women of the establishment. Mick ihought that it ought not to look so. Ther? stood the clean hall-table, on which lay a rack straw-hat with broad brim; the clotises and the staircase, ligitsorne and open, bore all Gregory XVI. ou the first tandiny-place a bust of Gregory XVI. on the first landing-place-a a rery
fine one of composition, which a friend had presented to Gerald-Gerald was fond of Greyory Father was a theme and a hobby of bis, for Gerald was a Catholic.
Old Mr. Moore was from home, and Gerald had just come ia一how fortunate.
The poung man soon heard his pisitor's voice
and the next moment was with him in the draw-ngg-roon.
He gently led Father Mack up atars to his sanctum, opened the door, and asked him in.Father as for was astonished,-Eeprything was
packed aruey. Gerald put his hand in a bosom pocket and tonk out a packet, wheh
he placed in Father Muct's bands. He then Gung his two young rigorous arms around the become a cbild again, and embraceic bun very Gerald did not weep, nor sob, nor wring his hands, but he was very pale, and solemn, and re-
solute. 'You see, father;' he said, 'I know all-I
have known it for' a day, mpsteriously; and I goe-gone away; but that would ' No, no, answered Father Mick.'

- Much better even to suffer :nanoc
Much better even to suffer innocently, than nay - Ou, llon't talk of may suffer, or can su fer course you way-I know you may, alas!
know it too well you may; but it is not God usual mode of proceediug. The true phalosophy
as well as trae religion, is to seek tor nollining in as well as trae religion, is to seek for nollingy th
this woild, a vic ; 'us'ul our world-our world to put down the innocent under the feet of tue
in yours, a vic, sure it won'l.' And Father
Mick's voice was liusty when he asked that child-like question.
Traher, said Gerald, 'I have arown up - Och, ocli, Gerald, give up, gire up that now, do not talk so. Ailey-nur own Ailey Moore!'
and the old man took out his handkerchief.Oh, Gerald, Alleg is more to the than anything Sonything outsice heaven, aric, avic, ma cree thing of yours shatl, be mine Gerald, as if you 'And God's will be dore! !' anssered Gerald. ' My brave young manl' pxclaimed Father Mick,
friend.
Il about one hour after this interview, Faiher Mick and Geraid Moore were seen riding stle
by side into the town of Kinmacarra. Of course and Griest was often interrupted in his ceurse, and Gerald, too. had many greetings. As we
lare said, Gerald wis a magnfient young felas the so which one saw and fell-yes, saw and felt-in glance of has eye, in every word and gesture,
and which tolu you that there was deathless energy without passion, and irresistible forer
without unpulse, in the man. Heuce, Cerald Moore was a small man's horror-a small sman strunk from tim, and he was for the same rea-
von the pride of ule noble-miuded-tiey tooks um as a 'representative man.
Kinmaccrra was composed of two streets, on of which 'fall perpendicularly' upon the other.
The slated houses were the police barrack, the Thet, that police constables, and one public-house were Dupgheaps were gathered at convenent dis tunces, and a few nias enonoped themselves by
quiet roll in black siuks ; soma half starved cur evjoyed there 'huncer and ease' io the sun ; an two or three cosss, appareatly without rhyme or reason, were here aod here losting up thei of the curs that lith it a dury to burk at thein. There was a crowd in town to-day. Thie
police barrack is just tuidway in tue street iolice barrack is just tuidway in the street
which has been said to close and cross the ollier at right angles. On Lhe left, at some distance, right, a small bridge sunk in trees and sweet
shade. The strean llows on between banks to the sea.
bout the briage es a company of soldiers, and ed police. The former hare ' sleore of mounl ed police. The former bare 'piled' their aring, Girelocks, the fatter are standing by the beads their horsses, ready to mount. Country peop are la threcs, fives, and tens, sore or less, a everywhere, whale 'the peelers o' the place' stepping, just as authoritatirely as may be,
anuong all parties, and lirough all places, taking are that there be no 'breach of the feace,' and great crowd of all is at the police office door and they all seem wating an eventuality. In fact, it is petty session day, and litigants At a quarter past two o'clock in the afterizoon a carriage appeared tn the distance; at the same
monuent, in another direction, a cax-cart; and mortly afler came a gig, bolding Jogce Sanpper, Lsq., altorney at-law and land agent, and Erery lakelhood possible was there, that "jusAlter a very lew moments Mr. Jogce Snap per is deeply engaged with the officers com nanding the soldters and the police. He is im layiug dowa some plan. He stampe his foot, makes a series of mathematieal imapinary linens,
not on the ground, but a few feet above the ground, in the air. Very inportant be looks,
and the two officers look down, trom under the bades of their capts, the suadlest bit in the world A mang in theioalus Mr. Topce Sopper-a man pretty well substantially dressed; that is, duroy breeches and gray stockings, and be hat 'Sae yours:1 the thrauble,' whispered the hrauble-hay's an toon. Has's. kem to gie What! eb!'
Mr. Moore's jist gane into the majesthrates, Mr. Monre's jist gane into the majesthrates,' the court.' : -Gobs!' sall Snapper; 'Gobs,' he sasl,
Sonne one has buaboed, and ail that- 1 gay,
"The parish clargyman,' answered McCann.


## The priest

To the $4-1$ with him, and so -,
Mr. Snapper!' roared a voice from the 'Here!' cried Saapper. 'I sap, McCamn,' e said, turning to the stiowman; Keep close Cann's ear, le continued. (McCam if Mis criminal get justice: jou'll get a golden gulnea, 'I an with you,' said the showinan, whose
brow bent feariulky as be turned to walls after the land agent.
There was
The priest and young Moore had goune into the court; and seldom they were there. inarson Saliner had gone m, and 'twas odid to see the priest and the parson together. The 'sojurs son; and a strange, man, or gentleanan-a duke,
lhey said, came down with the 'Lard, and Mr. Hyghchn, as the peasantry learned to call ready. 'I'lese of tienselves created currosit but not excitement, unti Mr. Snapper had dispeached, howerer. It berame known that young Gerid was ebargell with murder, and that agaimst lim. In a fers monents the news stole
Lhourh the crowd. Hands and eyes were raised, and ejaculations and exclamations follow-
ed. Onward moven the feeling, and the people, until the police-ofice, and far on every side Lord Knnacarra was on the bench. Beside kis Jeft, was Corkoran Kelly, Esq., and bis right the 'strange gentleman.'
The strange gentleman was tifty, gray haired, air closely cut, torelead noble, and appearing as if it would more forward from under the light was pale, and had the most beaunlul inouth, and nost beautiful tecth, and most musical voice, hat could be seen and heard. The strange
 yes-and, in fact, ' struck' erery oue The Honorable Hyacinth was also on the that was to grow-aud he wore a glass to his Mr. Sove, the glass lad gold nd Mrs. Salmer near the seat of course.Mr. Snapper was among the altorneys, and with
un, Forde and McCana. Gerald and Father Muck were right aganst tie wall, facing the Thate assemblage wis an under moan-and move-and
There was rusi-occasional cres and occastonal cursesthe crowd more intolerable. The altoraeys were ariting away. length there was a frighiful silence-2
 Moore. ak or bearing ; but Father Mlick shook.
The court burst iuta a cheer-like nothing ever heard, ualess that cheer turas a kind
of, "We're here?' to the young favorite and the ' The court must be cleared,' cried an at'Clear the court,' cried Snapper. Anything dangerous? asked Lord Kin'Decidedly, my lord', answered Suapper, in a ${ }^{-1}$ 'Sshaw, no; tt's nothing,' said the strange Why-a-a-really, you see-a-a-Snapcried his lordship.
Yes, my lord-cle

## O, you sarpint! '? cried a vorce.

Police!' cried Saapper.
Beruty, arrab,' Beautp, sure
your sweet face,' cried another. Jay purs!' roared some fellow, like a Sten-
A cheer for Gerald Moore,' cried ten voices, an unuense caser followed. I hall read the
' Riot Act, my lord!' answered Siapper.
Will you allow me, my lord, and gentlemen; said the elergycoan, stepping lorward. 'Will
ou allow tue to save your lordsiup and the thers any trouble dangerous to you anil to the 'The priest - Mr. Quiditivan?' asked the

