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AILEY MOORE;

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

CHAPTER IX .- SHOWING HOW LORD KINMA-CARA AND MR. JOYCE SNAPPER SENT JER-ALD MOORE TO JAIL.

About one week after the burglary and robbery just detailed, Father Mick Quinlivan, having huished his morning duties at the church, was returning to his pleasant home. The good man almost always came by the private passage, which, as we have informed the reader, led to his house; but seeing just outside the gate, a man in the attitude of expectation, he took off his purple stole, which he reverently kissed, and quietly folding it over and over, he put the big breviary on top of it, and placed both under his arm-a place which seemed made for them, they fitted there so snugly. Father Mick then took the tail of his cassock, and throwing it over the disentangled arm, proceeded down the aisle towards the entrance.

Father Mick, with his hair combed back, and his breviary and the tail of his cossack disposed of, as aforesaid, made his egress at the principal gate, and was soon joined by a young peasant, whom he did not know, but whom he ' liked the look of ?' and with him-the young peasant-Father Mick fell into a deep and interesting conversation. They frequently paused on the way up towards Father Quintivan's little wicket; and Father Mick then would move back from his companion, and look into his face: and the companion, placing the point of his stick between his two shoes, and leaning upon it, would look at Father Mick, and each would talk very fervently. But when they came to the gate both paused and stopped, as if by common consent; it was evident that the young peasant was going no farther.

A sweet scene was the one which presented itself outside Father Mick's little hall-door-a sweet scene and a happy one-and the old man looked upon it, perhaps, sadly. Three young girls, neatly and cleanly attired-wearing no shoes, however-two flaxen haired and one dark, were teaching a little child, a very little child, to walk. Two held the little creature by the bands, and the third stood a few feet apart, with open hands, and 'shining toy,' to give the young traveller reward and security. On an ottoman-n plain one - at the door, sat a young lady, she had just dropped her work into her lap, but still held it in her left hand, while with hips half parted, and full, fond eyes, she viewed the entertainment of the unocents. Father Mick looked at the young lady and the children, and, poor old good heart, he wept unseen, as he looked at them.

Ailey Moore has made her usual visit to the good pastor's oratory; but to-day she has with her the dead Peggy Hyne's baby, and she is thinking of its beauty and its fortunes, while some of the little guls, who always follow her, are in ecstasies at being allowed to share the nursing.

The moment Ailey saw Father Mick she ran to meet him, and the eldest of the girls whipped the child on one side.

'Happy years! summer days! to my little Ailey !' said the old clergyman.

'Indeed, sir,' answered the sweet girl, looking

affectionately on him; 'indeed, you stay in the church too long.3

'Is moo an la bra aw thaov na teumpull.' Many a sunny day in the churchyard shade, a cushla,' rejoined Father Mick. · This is not the place made for peace, a gra,

he continued, 'but the place for labor; though sometimes the labor itself is so bappy, Ailey.'

was holy-the fine old man.

'Ailey,' he said, so solemnly, that the poor thing turned pale. 'Adey, never look for anything in this bad world but trial; don't, a cushla. Our dear lady! always go to her, Ailey, avourneen, and seek no better fortune than to be in her company.

Something has happened, father !' said Ailey,

Come, let me see your little daughter Aileen,' remark.

'Come, I have hardly seen her at all,' he continued; and putting his hand in his waistcoat pocket, he brought forth a medal of the Immaculate Conception. ' Come, let me see if Aileen knows HER MOTHER!' and, bending ylown, he held forth the bright medal. The little child put forth its arms, and held up its little rosy lips to people's characters, they say, and certainly they | thing.' gave the children did-a unanimous vote in favor of Father Mick. He took the haby in his old arms, having given the stole and breviary to Ailey, and said he would go in to breakfast. knees, and held perpendicular by its fat arms. It was then half-past ten o'clock in the forenoon

of a suttry day.

Pour Ductor Whately, of the city of Dublin, consumer of £20,000 a year, and writer on many things of which he knows a little, and of

some things (e.g., theology) of which he knows nothing, informed his ' dear' reverend friends the other day that his objection to invoke our LADY was not that she had been once on earth, because, he said, that would prevent people from asking one another's prayers-but because, to invoke her, would suppose she was 'omnipresent,' and make her a God. And so the angels, when they rejoice 'at the conversion of a sinner,' are necessarily supposed to be 'omnipresent;' and the Scriptures, therefore, in so speaking of them. give them the attributes of God!

ATHOLIC

O fie, Doctor! don't attack the Scriptures!' The young peasant has been giving Father Mick strange news, and sad news indeed. He has just come from Kinmaccarra, and has had, from sources of information that cannot be denied, the fact of Gerald Moore having been accused of murder, and privacy and complicity with and to the crime of burglary. Everything had been most silently concocted and secretly arranged. Up to the moment he spoke to Father Mick, only two constables had been made aware of the existence of the warrant. A strong guard had been summoned from the barrack at Kileash. The soldiery were expected in two or three hours, and then the most public and most defamatory display was to be made in taking into custody Gerald Moore, of Moorfield .-The leading malignant in this trightful movement was Mr. Joyce Snapper; but he was assisted by many as bad as bimself. Mr. Salmer was engaged in the conspiracy, and so were Mr. Boran and a girl who had once been, and rot long since, in the service of Miss Ailey Moore .-Everything was planned most perfectly, and Mr. Moore could not escape a trial. But Mr. Moore had friends-friends that would save him, and could save him, if he liked, though not now. He (the peasant) came to tell the parish priest, in order that the old man's heart ' mightn't be broke, an' to ax his reverence to get Ailey-the poor childer Adey-out o' the way, when her fine prother would be taken."

It was not surprising that the old clergyman was solemn.

Father Mick made a very poor breakfast, as may be very well supposed. Whatever was to be done should be done quickly; and his heart's most warm affection was concerned in the issue. Ailey was to be saved from the scene of arrest : Gerald informed, and the poor old man removed out of the way.

So Father Mick brought forth his old mare. No one knew how old she was-not even Father Mick bimself. But she had been blind of an eye, and of a good sober age, when he bought little to meet the wiles of villany, but what her, from a widow, to whom he gave treble her price, and ever since, seven long years, the good Old Bess' had borne him, night and day, in rain and sunshine, and never fell nor stumbled even once. Bess knew Father Mick, and would follow him like a dog, though she was a largelimbed, heavy, 'ungainly' brute, and she would trot at the same pace any weather or any hour, and never one inch in a day faster. Bess had fixed the amount of her duty, and performed it; but, like other strong-headed people whom we know, it was she herself fixed it. Be all this as it may, she matched Father Mick to a 'T..' and people never thought of stealing her, we feel quite sure, or of even borrowing her, which was some convenience-in fact, some people even talked to Bess, and thought she had a grain or two of sense.

Well, Father Mick gave many injunctions, very many more than usual, about the two altars, viz., the one in the church and the one in the dwelling-house. The flowers were to be all And she looked at him again, for she felt he changed, and the vases all polished. Then there was a piece of embroidery to be done, and ever so many thines about the house-in fact, Ailey laughed outright, and most joyously, at the day's occupation which he gave her. She spoke of 'home,' but he replied her father and Gerald should come over and join them there; and he said, the other house was her father's, but the bouse she was in was her own, and she should make Mr. Moore welcome.' Many other things said old Father Mick in his own pleasant way, said the priest, paying no attention to her last but certainly his voice had lost a certain ring of merriness, and his eye was not half so bright as his words; but Ailey did not notice this. For a moment—only a moment—she thought he was unwell, and then he banished the apprehension by his leaving.

She went on her knees.

' May the great God bless thee, Ailey!' he said, 'my own Ailey, and teach thee to love the mouth of Father Mick. Children know Mary thy Mother, and to follow her in every-

'Amen!' answered the gentle girl.

Elere the little ones were all between his feet : even l'eggy Hynes's baby was got upon its fai

' Benacht aharr !' said one of the girls, who knew now Father Mick loved his own Celtic. Oh! Culleeni, oh benacht uriv go leir!'

Dear little children, blessing on all of you.'

-he looked into its blue eyes-'Suffer little in yours, a vic, sure it won't.' And Father he left it. He mounted old Bess then, and proceeded on his journey.

It was an interesting thing to make a journey with Father Mick. As the old man jogged along, he had a good word or an inquiry for do not talk so. Alley—our own Alley Moore! every one, and every one had a good word for and the old man took out his handkerchief. him. The mother snatched her child from the cradle, to bring the wondering little thing to the saddle, and get 'the sign o' the Cross' upon it. The little girls were right in the middle of the way, making their 'curchys,' and looking for medals of their 'patroness;' and the men crossed the fields from their work to meet him-old Father Mick-as he passed, and to have a word of news and a good wish from 'Ahair Michaul!' because it did ones heart good to see Akair Michael,' they said, 'and there was luck in his word.' Many a one would prefer Father Mick's touch on their journeys to the station, to all the skill of Dr. Creamer, and all the physic in Kinmacarra; and many a one would swear to that same touch's healing efficacy; but of course this is all 'superstition' to a body such as Dr. Whately, simply because he cannot comprehend anything, unless a nice house and a good dinner; it is all 'folly' to him, as the Cross of Christ was to the Jews.

It was remarked that poor Father Mick was in rather bad spirits: he was kind as usual, but not so hearty. The men said some one in the parish had gone astray, and the women were angry with some one-nothing to them who the individual might be-that 'crossed poor Anair Michaul.

The good priest soon arrived at Moorfield. and he was not obliged to wait admission. The tread of the priest was familiar in the hall of Moorfield, and his voice was known to every living thing in the house. All the dogs started to meet hun, and the servants stood in corners and at the stair-foot to wait his greeting. Old Mr. Moore used to say, that Father Mick's visit to Moorfield did more to keep the house in order than all his own authority; for, although he never scolded, his presence preached duty.

As Father Mick trotted up the avenue, he thought of many a happy day, and many a gentle deed which the trees and shrubs had witnessed, and the people who passed that same road so often with joyful hearts and pure ones, and who, perhaps, should be soon 'without a place to lay the turpitude of Snapper, and had done a could he do?

Father Mick had a thousand welcomes from man and beast, and a thousand smiles and requests from the women of the establishment. -Everything looked as usual, and poor Father Mick thought that it ought not to look so .-Ther? stood the clean half-table, on which lay a black straw-hat with broad brim; the clothesrack kept its place at the foot of the staircase, and the staircase, lightsome and open, bore all the marks of care and taste. There is a bust of Gregory XVI. on the first landing-place-a very fine one of composition, which a friend had presented to Gerald-Gerald was fond of Gregory XVI-in fact he was proud of him, and the Holy Father was a theme and a hobby of his, for Gerald was a Catholic.

Old Mr. Moore was from home, and Gerald had just come in-how fortunate.

The young man soon heard his visitor's voice and the next moment was with him in the draw-

He gently led Father Mick up stairs to his sanctum,' opened the door, and asked him in .-Father Mick was astonished,-everything was packed as for a journey. Gerald put his hand in a bosom pocket and took out a packet, which he placed in Father Mick's bands. He then manding the soldiers and the police. He is imflung his two young vigorous arms around the priest's neck, and kissed him as though he had become a child again, and embraced him very tenderly.

Gerald did not weep, nor sob, nor wring his hands, but he was very pale, and solemn, and resolute.

'You see, father,' he said, 'I know all-I have known it for a day, mysteriously; and l could have gone-gone away; but that would not do.

' No, no,' answered Father Mick.'

to be disgraced and to scandalize the world. I good brogues on.

may--' 'Oh, don't talk of may suffer, or can su fler, Gerald; Providence will take care of that. Of course you may-I know you may, alas! I know it too well you may; but it is not God's usual mode of proceeding. The true philosophy as well as true religion, is to seek for nothing in this world, a vic; 'tis'nt our world-our world is to come; but still, it is not God's way always to put down the ignocent under the feet of the

children,' he said; and having kissed the baby, Mick's voice was husky when he asked that child-like question. 'Father,' said Gerald, 'I have grown up at

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your knee, and so has poor Ailey. I-' Och, och, Gerald, give up, give up that now, Oh, Gerald, Adey is more to me than anything -anything outside heaven, avic, avic, ma cree! Son of my heart !' said the old man, 'everything of yours shall be mine Gerald, as if you were my son, and-'

'And God's will be done!' answered Gerald. 'My brave young man!' exclaimed Father Mick, passionately, and embracing his young friend.

In about one hour after this interview. Father Mick and Gerald Moore were seen riding side by side into the town of Kinmacarra. Of course the priest was often interrupted in his ceurse, and Gerald, too, had many greetings. As we have said, Gerald was a magnificent young fellow; but mere personal appearance was not a large portion of his advantages. It was the soul which one saw and felt-yes, saw and felt-in everything, in every movement of his hand and and which told you that there was deathless young Gerald was charged with murder, and that energy without passion, and irresistible force without impulse, in the man. Hence, Gerald Moore was a small man's horror-a small man shrunk from him, and he was for the same reason the pride of the noble-minded-they took him as a 'representative man.'

Kinmacerra was composed of two streets, one of which 'fell perpendicularly' upon the other. The slated houses were the police barrack, the hotel, the police constables, and one public-house. The thatched houses were all the remainder .-Dungheaps were gathered at convenient distunces, and a few pigs enjoyed themselves by a quiet roll in black sinks; some half-starved curs enjoyed their 'bunger and ease' in the sun; and silver weight. He, 'the strange gentleman,' two or three cows, apparently without rhyme or was pale, and had the most beautiful mouth, and two or three cows, apparently without rhyme or reason, were here and there tossing up their noses and lowing, or occasionally charging any of the curs that felt it a duty to back at them.

There was a crowd in town to-day. The police barrack is just midway in the street which has been said to close and cross the other at right angles. On the left, at some distance. shade. The stream flows on between two woody banks to the sea.

On the bridge is a company of soldiers, and about twenty yards distant are a score of mounted police. The former have 'piled' their arms, and are loitering about, but within reach of their firelocks, the latter are standing by the heads of their horses, ready to mount. Country people are in threes, fives, and tens, more or less, according to circumstances, up and down, and everywhere, while 'the peelers o' the place' are stepping, just as authoritatively as may be, among all parties, and through all places, taking care that there be no 'breach of the peace,' and no ignorance of their power and influence. The great crowd of all is at the police office door. and they all seem waiting an eventuality.

In fact, it is petty session day, and litigants and loiterers are waiting for the magistrates.

At a quarter past two o'clock in the afternoon moment, in another direction, a tax-cart; and shortly after came a gig, holding Joyce Snapper, Esq., attorney at law and land agent, and by his side, Mr. Forde, his familiar demon .-Every likelihood possible was there, that 'justice would be done' that evening.

After a very few moments Mr. Joyce Snapper is deeply engaged with the officers compressing upon them with energy some duty, and laying down some plan. He stamps his foot, and strikes one hand against the other, and then makes a series of mathematical imaginary lines, not on the ground, but a few feet above the ground, in the air. Very important he looks. and the two officers look down, from under the shades of their caps, the smallest bit in the world of humbug in their attention.

A man approaches Mr. Joyce Snapper-a man pretty well substantially dressed; that is, he wore a blue coat, with brass buttons; cor-'Much better even to suffer innocently, than duroy breeches and gray stockings, and he had

> 'Sae yoursil the thrauble,' whispered the stranger in Mr. Snapper's ear. 'Sae yoursil the thrauble-hay's an toon. Hay's kem to gie unsel's cop.

' What! eb!'

'Mr. Moore's jist gane into the majesthrates,' in to the court."

. Gobs!' said Snapper; 'Gobs,' he said,-Some one has biaboud, and all that-1 say, And you,' he said, taking up the little infant' guilty; nor even in most cases, and 'twon't be McCann, who was with him, with Moore?'

' The parish clargyman,' answered McCann. 'The priest ?'

'The priest.'

'To the d-l with him, and so -'

'Mr. Snapper!' roared a voice from the police-office door. 'Here !' cried Snapper. 'I say, McCann,' he said, turning to the showman; 'Keep close

to me-every step.' And, whispering in Mc-Cann's ear, he continued. 'McCann, if this criminal get justice, you'll get a golden guinea, and so on. Come.

'I am with you,' said the showman, whose brow bent fearfully as he turned to walk after the land agent.

There was great bustle, but no excitement.— The priest and young Moore had gone into the court; and seldom they were there. Parson Salmer had gone in, and 'twas odd to see the priest and the parson together. The 'sojurs' were in great force, without any apparent reason; and a strange man, or gentleman-a duke. they said, came down with the 'Lard,' and Mr. Highchin, as the peasantry learned to call the Honorable Hyacinth, whom we know already. These of themselves created curiosity but not excitement, until Mr. Snapper had disappeared from the street. The soldiers now glance of his eye, in every word and gesture, peached, however. It became known that Snapper, McCann, and Forde, were the evidence against him. In a few moments the news stole through the crowd. Hands and eyes were raised, and ejaculations and exclamations followed. Onward moved the feeling, and the people, until the police-office, and far on every side of the door, was one wedged mass of human be-

> Lord Kinmacarra was on the bench. Beside him, on his left, was Corkoran Keily, Esq., and on his right the 'strange gentleman.'

> The strange gentleman was tifty, gray baired, hair closely cut, forehead noble, and appearing as if it would move forward from under the light most beautiful teeth, and most musical voice, that could be seen and heard. The strange gentleman wore a light summer cloth-coat, with brown buttons; light neckerchief, and white trousers. The strange gentleman also had dark eyes-and, in fact, 'struck' every one.

The Honorable Hyacinth was also on the their heads.' Poor Father Mick knew every is a long, inelancholy-looking, hilly road; on the bench,—still engaged in curling the moustache thing regarding the ability of the Moores and right, a small bridge sunk in trees and sweet that was to grow—and he wore a glass to his eye; moreover, the glass had gold mounting.

Mr. Salmer was in a seat near the bench. and Mrs. Salmer near the seat-of course .-Mr. Snapper was among the attorneys, and with hun, Forde and McCano. Gerald and Father Mick were right against the wall, facing the whole assemblage.

There was an under moan-and move-and crush-occasional cries and occasional cursesevery minute things were becoming worse, and the crowd more intolerable. The attorneys were writing away. At length there was a frightful silence-a

policemun approached Father Mick-passed him by, and laid his hand upon the shoulder of Gerald Moore. Gerald bowed-never changed the least in

look or bearing; but Father Mick shook. The court burst into a cheer-like nothing

we ever heard, unless that cheer turns a kind a carriage appeared in the distance; at the same of, 'We're here!' to the young favorite and the

'The court must be cleared,' cried an attorney. 'Clear the court,' cried Snapper.

'Anything dangerous?' asked Lord Kinmacarra. ' Decidedly, my lord,' answered Snapper, in a whisper.

'Pshaw, no; it's nothing,' said the strange 'Why-a-a-really, you see-a-a-Snap-

per,' cried his lordship. ' Yes, my lord-clear the court !' cried Snap-

'O, you sarpint!' cried a voice.

' Police!' cried Snapper.

Put him in jail,' said a voice.

Beauty, arrab, Beauty, sure you wouldn't

hide your sweet face,' cried another.

'Jay purs !' roared some fellow, like a Sten-' A cheer for Gerald Moore,' cried ten voices,

and an immense cheer followed. 'I shall-a-I say, Snapper-I shall read the --a--'

· Riot Act, my lord!' answered Snapper.

'Just so-a-

' Will you allow me, my lord, and gentlemen,? said the clergyman, stepping forward. 'Will says the first speaker. 'Au' yau've bether ga you allow me to save your fordship and the others any trouble dangerous to you and to the people.

"The priest - Mr. Quinlivan?" asked the strange gentleman.