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AILEY MOORE; A TALE OF THE TIMES.

CHAPTER IX.—SHOWING HOW LORD KINMACARRA AND MR. JOYCE SNAPPER SENT JERARD MOORE TO JAIL.

About one week after the burglary and robbery just detailed, Father Mick Quinlivan, having finished his morning duties at the church, was returning to his pleasant home.

Father Mick, with his hair combed back, and his breviary and the tail of his cassock 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.

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.

Ailey Moore has made her usual visit to the good pastor's oratory; but to-day she has with her the dead Peggy Hynes's baby, and she is thinking of its beauty and its fortunes, while some of the little girls, 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.

Poor Doctor 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.

The young peasant has been giving Father Mick strange news, and sad news indeed. He has just come from Kinmacarra, 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.

It was not surprising that the old clergyman was solem.

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.

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.

He gently led Father Mick up stairs to his 'sanctum,' opened the door, and asked him in.

'Dear little children, blessing on all of you.'

—he looked into its blue eyes—'Suffer little children,' he said; and having kissed the baby, he left it.

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 every one, and every one had a good word for him.

It was remarked that poor Father Mick was in rather bad spirits: he was kind as usual, but not so hearty.

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 their heads.'

Father Mick had a thousand welcomes from man and beast, and a thousand smiles and requests from the women of the establishment.

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

'No, no,' answered Father Mick.

in yours, a vic, sure it won't.' And Father Mick's voice was husky when he asked that child-like question.

'Father,' said Gerald, 'I have grown up at your knee, and so has poor Ailey. I—'

In about one hour after this interview, Father Mick and Gerald Moore were seen riding side by side into the town of Kinmacarra.

Kinmacarra was composed of two streets, one of which 'fell perpendicularly' upon the other.

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 bridge is a company of soldiers, and about twenty yards distant are a score of mounted police.

At a quarter past two o'clock in the afternoon a carriage appeared in the distance; at the same 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.

After a very few moments Mr. Joyce Snapper is deeply engaged with the officers commanding the soldiers and the police.

'Gobs!' said Snapper; 'Gobs,' he said, 'Some one has blabbed, and all that—I say, McConn, who was with him, with Moore?'

'The parish clergyman,' answered McCann.

'Here!' cried Snapper. 'I say, McCann,' he said, turning to the showman; 'Keep close to me—every step.'

There was great bustle, but no excitement. The priest and young Moore had gone into the court; and seldom they were there.

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

The Honorable Hyacinth was also on the bench, still engaged in curling the moustache that was to grow—and he wore a glass to his eye; moreover, the glass had gold mounting.

There was an under moan—and move—and crush—occasional cries and occasional curses—every minute things were becoming worse, and the crowd more intolerable.

At length there was a frightful silence—a policeman 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.

'O, you sarpint!' cried a voice.

'The priest—Mr. Quinlivan?' asked the strange gentleman.