

AILEY MOORE

SALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW VICTIMS, MURDER AND SUICIDE LIKE FASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRELAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY MICHAEL D. O'NEILL, D. D. DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WEST

CHAPTER XX

LONDON: THE MEETING

It is hard to get used to London. We have travelled a good deal; we have smoked pipe among the Germans, and discussed politics with the French; we have luxuriated in an Italian autumn, and looked or felt for our nose at the Labrador; we have loitered about Blarney, and jostled our way through New York; Hans towns, Scotch towns, Swiss towns, Belgian and Flemish towns we have poked ourselves into, and profited by, and after a time, sympathized with and homogenized into; but we have been now a long portion of our life laboring vainly to get used to London; it is out of the question, London and ourselves must continue strangers.

Everything, — the out-of-the-way number of houses, the gigantic, grotesque, and absurd monuments, the eternal rattle of every kind of machine and vehicle—the barrow, 'bus, buggy, brougham, cab, calèche, carriage, car, cart, and all the other "B's" and "C's" innumerable—with the headlong drive and mad energy of man and beast, running and rushing along the streets in endless line and apparently inextricable confusion! Ah! save us from London!

Worse than the look of the population thereof. They seem all crazed. Every man's soul seems screwed up and his resolution taken to do something quite decisive as to himself and all mankind. His eyes are fixed, and his shoulders stoop to the angle most favorable to locomotion, and he drives, and he looks at you—if you are endeavoring to drag yourself in a contrary direction—as though you were one who might be an enemy of his. His looks—as plain as looks can speak—say to you: "Take care you don't run in my way." Alas! for the men of London! And the women! do not speak of them! nor of the poor little children! Is it Mr. Thackeray says that we have now no childhood, nor the young womanhood so odorous of childhood's sweet memories, and bright with its dear sunshine? If so, Mr. Thackeray is right; and what a sum of pure bliss has been sacrificed! What scenes of beauty have been blotted out of existence! and, oh! what an unpardonable inheritance has been distributed upon the poor. Good God! we have taught them to run—rush—and struggle for—money! and they are mad. The heaven-enlightened reason rules no more—only the beastly appetite; and if ever they shall find themselves unable to get the money, they will pay us back! We, the teachers, by work and word; we have robbed the poor of what money cannot buy, and time may come when they will show us that we have learned our bad lesson, at our own cost—if money can be found only in our coffers, they will have it.

What a gulf yawns between modern society in England and the security of progressing reason! But who knows? There is a quiet street as you turn up from the "Bank," at least, if not quiet, it is less noisy than the way down to Cheapside, from which it is an escape; and along it, the day of which we write, two females were rather rapidly passing. The elder was aged, and might be called very aged, if her active gait did not contradict the wrinkles in her face; and the younger was about nineteen, fair, soft, innocent as a gentian looking. The old lady carried a band-box before her, and a light bundle in her right hand; the girl carried a light bundle also, but was not otherwise burdened. We should say that the young person was handsome; indeed very handsome, and evidently an object of care and solicitude to her more aged companion.

"Mag," said the young lady, when they arrived in a quiet, very quiet street in the neighborhood of Moorfields—"Mag, do not distress yourself; we have enough of time, this hour to come."

"Oh, I am strong an' hearty, Miss," replied the elder, "an' 'tis better be sure than sorry, as the sayin' is."

"Poor Mag, I am a sad weight upon you," said the young lady, with a sigh.

"Your mother's daughter is more to me than the light o' the sky, aggra," answered Mag. "Little I can do for my darlin', but the heart is there, God knows."

"I am sorry I ever came here," said the young girl; "everything is so queer and so strange, and I feel so uneasy."

"A bad, black town," said Mag, "is London, and only the devil is known there. Many a heart it broke, an' many a soul it murdered. Ock, Miss Lucy, you don't know, thank God, you don't know! but the poor little girls come here from Cork, an' Galway, an' ever so many places; an' an' they have no one, the poor an' they go to a lodgin', an' they think 'places' an' money will come for askin'. Ah! I'll go bail they see an' hear what they never heard afore, an'—oh, where's the use in talkin'!"

"Well, Mag, you saved me from lodgin' houses, and from danger," said the young girl, "and I'll go bail they see an' hear what they never heard afore, an'—oh, where's the use in talkin'!"

nursed you, ashore." "I wish I had died then, Mag." "Oh, Miss Lucy, oh, Miss Lucy (child) isn't there, 'Our Father, Who art in Heaven,' an' 'our darlin' Lady, an' 'our Guardian Angel, an' all the Saints. Oh, have spirit, aggra! My young mistress—your mother, miss, and poor Mag's voice was not quite clear as she spoke, "is an angel, an' mamma will ask God to let her near you, an' to watch you."

Lucy shed a tear, turned her eyes upon old Mag, with an expression of deep affection. "Oh, I'll see my Miss Lucy a happy lady yet!" said Mag, gayly, and drying up her tears. "Sure now, I know that, she should never leave my little hole of a room."

"Little I could do for you, Mag," said the young woman. "Do for me! Oh, glad, an' happy, an' proud I'd be to rise in the dark o' the mornin', an' to watch the long night for the love o' you! Do for me, my cushla! (my pulse.) I wouldn't feel the years in my heart, an' my hands would grow strong, when I thought I was workin' fur you; an' good right I was, for my young mistress was an angel, an' so were you."

"Well, Mag, God is good!" "God is good? To be sure he is, a lanav; but God keep our little girls from London! Ock, murder!" she cried in a whisper, and she drew Lucy up close to her; "take care, aggra!" she said, as a well-dressed girl passed by.

"What is the matter?" cried Lucy, in alarm. "Hush, that's one of 'em!" "One of whom?" "Oh, yeh, of our poor little girls! There now, Miss Lucy, they send 'em over here, an' they are very often 'ot for service at home, although the service here is a thousand times harder to be done!"

"Mag spoke indignantly. "Well, Mag?" "Well, they can't get service, an' one after another their little rags is pawned, for their bread; an' then they're goin' to be turned out o' the lodgin', an' they have no where to go, an'—"

"Oh, Mag; that young woman! Sorra word o' lie in id, Miss Lucy, Hunsday go to ruin that a-way." "And their religion?" "They stay away from Mass for a Sunday or two, because they see no one goin'; they give up their prayers, because they see no one prayin'; they begin to think on'y of themselves, an' atin', an' wearin', because they see no one thinkin' of anything else; an' then they are hungry, may be, an'—"

"God protect us!" "An', darlin'—"

"Mind, Mag?" "Mind yourself; trust no one in London, trust no one."

The companions here found themselves near a fashionable-looking office. Of course we don't care to mention the street. Great quantities of polished brass shone outside, as protecting bars to the window—a large one—and two large plates were hanging on either post of the entrance.

"This is the place," said Mag, taking a note. "Come in, in the Name o' God."

The young person called Lucy approached the young man who did business at the counter, and seemed to have been immediately recognized as having been there before. The companions were both introduced to a private apartment on the right hand side of the entrance.

"Please wait here a little," the young man said, and retired.

in the drawing-room window. In a short time the young woman found herself in a really magnificent apartment. Gorgeous chandeliers—immense mirrors—ottomans and sofas, covered with rich silks, and a superb window hangings, which gave a fine house in a large square. The gentleman descended, and knocked at the door, the lady, who had spoken little, remained in the vehicle.

Lucy looked out for a moment, and saw a servant in livery open the hall. There were four young ladies in the drawing-room window.

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of many a girl who thought London "was a fine place to get a situation." Keep away from the large towns; but above all, if you have no sure friend before you, keep away from London!

The young girl Lucy was allowed to go to "her room," with a full heart and a frightened imagination. The room was like the mansion, richly furnished, but too gaudy for true taste. She looked around, half in wonder, half in terror; her little bundles and her hand-box were laid by in a modest corner, and looked as "little at home" as herself.

She thought of bolting the door but became afraid of the fat lady; and to some dreamy idea of escape, or the possible necessity of an escape, she found the height of the window from the ground, and the fact that the window looked into a high walled yard, opposed an insurmountable obstacle.

Lucy crept into a small dressing-room of the chamber, and she knelt down to pray.

"The rint is gone," said Mag to herself; but the landlord is a good man, an' my own mistress, an' you shan't be askin' money of any one till 'tis due, an' your own."

"Ah, Mag!" "There now—that's a shure now; sure you'll have enough to give every one, and the poor ould servant, Mag, too, with the help o' God!"

And Lucy was obliged to yield. She entered the cab with the lady; the gentleman sat outside.

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But Lucy declared she could not eat. Bellinda asked her to try a little wine, and the other ladies kindly filled her glass, all wished to take wine with Lucy.

But Lucy would not drink. Every possible mode of persuasion was used, and rallery, and some anger, and some threats.

But Lucy, though deadly pale, was firm. Dinner went on, and Lucy was the butt of the evening; occasionally she was told she would be glad to eat, perhaps before long; that many of her "country" got something to eat in London—but remarks like the latter were instantly suspended by a "no more of that!" peremptorily from Bellinda—she was called a "hoity toity," a "minx," a "fine lady," etc.; and at last Lady Petrail said she should "leave the house."

Instantly Lucy started to her feet, and made for the door.

There was a roar of laughter then; and the laughter was very much increased when Lucy, yielding to the evident necessity of the case, was led back by the whole four to the chair from which she had escaped.

About ten minutes elapsed; Bellinda had gone away for a moment, and her heart beat rapidly; and she thought of Mag's saying that her mother would "ask God for leave to come and watch her," and her tears began to flow, and she said, "Mother!"

And then she was recalled, by this expression, to the light of her supernatural life, and she raised her eyes to heaven, while her soul seemed to warm and expand in the sight of the Eternal, and she cried, "Hail, holy Queen!"

A sigh—a sigh, not loud, but still a sigh of agony, just beside her, startled and filled her with new terror. She suddenly rose, and she said, "What! my fine fellow, 'tis you!"

"Oh, Mr. Moore, thank God!" was the reply. "What is the matter? you seem agitated!"

"Oh, come sir—come; you have been sent by God!" "Just let me see to the luggage—only one moment. Walter! three packages only; take them in. Well now, I owe you much. What alarms or excites you?"

The soldier, who, it will be remembered, went over to Ireland at the time of the trial, was the man at the hotel door, and Gerald Moore was the traveller.

From a description of the fat gentleman and of Lady Petrail which, an hour before, he had received from old Mag in St. Giles's, the soldier knew the place to which Lucy Neville had been carried, and the characters who dwelt there. He felt a sudden impulse to run toward—Square, and only when near it remembered the necessity of calling for a policeman. Gerald shuddered as he heard the whole affair; but he lost not a moment in making up his mind. He forbade a word to be spoken to any authority. He did not change his dress. He simply directed the honest soldier to go before him and show him the house, and felt to see that his arms were all right in his breast-pocket.

"Come," he said; "we must first her without injuring her fame, we are sufficient for them. Criminals are always cowards! Come!"

Lucy Neville was leaning upon the arm of Gerald Moore, the soldier carrying Lucy's little bundles after them along the sidewalk. She had reason to remember poor Mag's prediction. "Your Mother will ask God to be near you!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Gerald, having accidentally jostled the lady and gentleman as he hurried on to meet a cab.

The gentleman turned sharply round. "I should know that voice!" said the gentleman.

"Is it possible? Mr. Gerald Moore in London," cried the lady. "Miss Tyrrel!" exclaimed Moore in astonishment.

And thus Cecily Tyrrel met Gerald Moore. The next chapter will show what a wonderful story Cecily had to tell.

TO BE CONTINUED

LOVE OF THE CRUCIFIED

Some years ago we saw a little child come into a city church, alone, in the dusk of evening and make his way to the Crucifix. The agonized Christ looked down on the uplifted baby face that expressed such sweet compassion, and on the baby hands that held a few broken flowers. The little one reached up to the pedestal, and with tiny figure he managed to place the flowers on the wounded feet, so that the transfixed spike was covered. "Flowers for God, poor God!" he said aloud, after the manner of childhood, and bobbing down in a queer little courtesy, he went his way, his stout shoes clattering on the marble floor.

The other day, in another church, a big new Crucifix was placed in position and lined along the rail enclosing it were eight little boys, silent and reverent, their upturned gaze taking in the story of their

Saviour's suffering and death. At the foot of the cross they were learning the most sacred lesson ever taught to man. It was a sight that must have given joy in heaven—those pure, dutiful young things, so newly come themselves from the hands of God, offering their tribute of love to His crucified Son.—Sacred Heart Review.

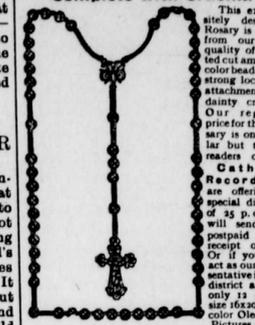
WRECK OF THE FLYER

It was a lazy, sultry, sunny Sunday afternoon, one of the kind that tempts you to go far, far away into the country, select a nice, quiet spot under some leafy tree by a babbling brook, lay yourself down on God's green earth, and revel in the beauties of nature and of nature's God. It was a beautiful day for pleasure but a terribly dull day for news, and what interest was the day to hold for us if it did not produce sufficient copy for the Monday morning edition?

We had been in the editorial rooms for the greater part of the morning, and it was now nearly three o'clock, but as yet we were more than half a dozen columns shy and no news in sight. Ed. Bennett, the city editor, lounged back in his big swivel chair, calmly waiting for something to happen. The table before him, dignified by the title "Editorial Desk," bore a litter of papers that had been accumulating for weeks. Under the pile somewhere was a Bible, which, if I be permitted to term, was one of Bennett's hobbies. He read it with the interest that you and I bring to our novel, and quoted from it like a clergyman delivering a sermon.

The wall over his desk was bare, with the exception of a placard that told you to "Get Busy, and Keep It," and a facsimile copy of Gray's "Elegy." Everything was characteristic of the editor himself. Educated at the University of Hard Knocks, he had worked on some small Western paper till his style had attracted the attention of the editor of the San Francisco Call, who had sent for him and given him a job as editorial writer. Subsequently, he had acted as sporting editor, dramatic critic, had done the courts, politics, and pretty nearly everything in the newspaper game, till he was made city editor of the Courier.

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