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AILEY MOORE;

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

A gentleman of property swore that Skerin had apprised him of his intention to cancel the bond, as old Mr. Moore was only a security, and had himself suffered considerably by the party who used the money; at all events, he, the witness, was positive that Skerin had no intention whatever of enforcing any claim upon the prisoner's father. Mr. Moore, the younger, was a model of integrity and honor. He swore that he did not believe it possible that Mr. Moore could have been guilty of the foul crime imputed to him.

That very important element, the 'feeling of the court,' had been working very busily from the moment Father Mick's love and devotion had been exposed; it was growing all through the evidence of the three servants, and became intense when the last witness spoke of the intention of the murdered man; but when he emphatically swore that he did not believe it possible that Gerald Moore could be guilty, the court burst all bonds of restraint, and gave a hearty cheer. The Lord of Kinmacarra did not look angry; but he looked very stupid, and hung his head. The judge attempted to look angry, and talked of clearing the court; but no one believed his lordship's countenance or his lordship's threat, for every one saw that he looked happy, in spite of his efforts to appear severe.

Mrs. Colman, the 'pale woman,' was next called. She had been watching the unhappy Boran the night of the murder. He had done her daughter deep wrong, and she had reason to believe that he would pass in that direction on the evening so often mentioned. With her was a little boy of ten or twelve years, named Eddy Browne. They saw two men coming towards a 'haggard' in which they were standing. They concealed themselves from the men, for she was very much afraid. These men most distinctly laid a plan to murder Skerin. The boy told her—'That's no evidence,' cried the Crown. 'Well, do not mind, m'am, what the boy said, interposed Mr. Bonnell; 'just mention what you saw.'

'I saw no more,' answered the 'pale woman.' 'They went away swearing; and I became so much alarmed, that I went to the house of the boy's mother, without waiting for James Boran.'

Mr. Bonnell, amid an interest for which the Bar could not account, but which was really of an extraordinary character, called, 'Eddy Browne?' and Eddy, who for some time had been clinging in close to the dock as was possible, apparently indifferent to judge, jury, and auditors, and seeking an occasional look at the prisoner, answered, 'Here,' in a voice so sudden, firm, and decisive, that he attracted every eye within the building.

'Come on the table,' cried the crier.

Eddy bounded from where he was, and seemingly lighted on the table; but then he was 'bolt-upright.' He had his cap in his left hand, and laid his right on the back of the chair in which the witnesses sat while they gave their evidence.

'Examine him on the nature of an oath,' said the judge—'but stay,' his lordship added—'Well, my little boy,' the judge continued, 'what do you do when you swear?'

'Kiss the book,' answered Eddy.

'And if you swear falsely?'

'Do a great sin.'

'And where does he go who swears falsely?'

'After he's dead?' demanded the boy.

'Why, yes,' answered the judge.

'Sometimes to hell—sometimes to heaven,' said Eddy.

The judge looked at Mr. Bonnell, and shook his head.

'Why do you say,' asked Mr. Bonnell, 'that a false sweeper sometimes goes to heaven and sometimes to hell?'

'Quite fair,' remarked the Solicitor-General.

'Kase sometimes he repints,' answered Eddy, stealing a look round at Gerald, 'and sometimes he don't.'

The judge looked surprised—perhaps puzzled, and the court laughed to the echo.

'Can you read?' asked the judge.

'Yes, an' write,' answered Eddy, 'an' cypher, he added, in a lower voice.

'And you know your catechism?'

'Yes.'

'Who taught you all these things?'

Eddy turned round, and, without speaking a word, he looked so rivetted and fondly at the prisoner that the women of the court would all have embraced him, if they could. 'Poor fellow! was distinctly heard on all sides.

Mr. Bonnell then desired Eddy to say all he knew; for Mr. Bonnell had had a specimen of Eddy Browne, and he felt quite confident as to his capacity.

'I know,' said Eddy, 'that the 'souters' throne down Gran's house, 'kase I wouldn't go to the school; an' they're all bad; an' they hate Fa-

ther Mick an' Mr. Gerald; an' Father Mick cried when he hadn't anything to give the Hyne's, an' they cowl'd an' hungry; an' wim they hadn't a coffin—'

'What does all this mean?' roared the Solicitor-General.

'It means that Her Majesty's Solicitor-General is in very bad company,' answered Mr. Bonnell.

'An' I know,' continued Eddy, 'that the two 'souters,' the Forde's, killed Skerin.'

There was an awful sensation ran through the court.

'They wur in the 'haggart,' an' I saw 'em, and they said they'd kill Skerin, so they did;—an' they said 'Beauty' would give 'um money.'

'Who is Beauty?' demanded the judge.

'Snapper!! precipitately answered Eddy.—'And I wint wud Shaun a dherk,' continued the boy.

'Who is Shaun a dherk?'

'He is the man, my lord,' answered Mr. Bonnell, 'of whom the other side—'

'Oh, yes! I see in my notes—John Murtough. Go on.'

'Shaun is good, sir,' said Eddy, 'an' he helps gran, and he's good to the poor, an' I wint wud him to the say-side, to the rack'd houses, 'kase he wanted to help—'

'But about the murder?' said Mr. Bonnell, who wished to avoid any interruption.

'Ah! yes; I was goin' to that. I wint wud him to Jim Forde's, to the souper house. An' Jim was teachin' his childer to curse the Protists, an' he said Snapper dar'at turn 'um out uv the house he's in, bekase, he said, Snapper was in his power, and that he was lookin' at Skerin killed, and the ouid souper done it, he said, and they wur paid for id all. And thin I wint away wud Shaun a dherk. Shaun is good, sir; and he said, 'Eddy, a vic, we must do justice.'

A deep groan filled the court, and deepened the deep feeling with which the details had been listened to. Eddy was quite collected, however, and always, when he could, he turned round towards the prisoner, and looked at him so fondly—poor Eddy did. Alas! what hearts for loving have the children of the poor—and what an unregarded treasure is their love.

The cross-examination was interesting, but did not affect the direct testimony. Eddy admitted his love for Gerald, adding, however, 'and for Miss Ailey'; he would die for the prisoner, and for 'Gran,' he said, and for Shaun a dherk; but the idea of 'swearing' falsely for them, simply astounded poor Eddy. He looked at the Crown with both his eyes opead wide—'Sware tur 'em!' he said, 'Sware tur 'em!' and then little Eddy laughed. 'I never tould a lie,' said Eddy, 'bekase Gran tould me God was lookin' at me, and bekase Father Mick and Miss Ailey, and Mr. Gerald don't like any wan that tells a lie.'

Great as had been the excitement at various parts of the trial, nothing that had occurred produced such a sensation as the name next called by the prisoner's counsel. Emphatically and significantly he cried, 'John Murtough, commonly called Shaun a dherk. There was a pause during which every eye was directed towards the door and towards the table. Those at a distance from the table expected to see him in the vicinity of the bench, where he had been seen during Forde's evidence, which was the only evidence he had wanted to hear: those around the table and bench looked towards the door, to watch his entry. After a few seconds a policeman appeared making way, and then all heads turned in one direction, and then came the old beggarman of the south. He was even more stooped than usual, and was debilitated and slow. The low muttering of curiosity, speaking its impressions and pleasures, the exclamations of surprise, the impertinent and universal stare, and the occasional half-spoken curse, made no impression on Shaun a dherk. Cool as if he were on the mountains, swaying from side to side, as a man of years and decaying vigor, but with a clear, calm eye, that spoke a kingly soul in the beggar's rags, he came forward and mounted the table.

The judge, jury, and counsel felt that he was an important witness.

Mr. Joyce Snapper shrunk behind his counsel.

Mr. Forde, sen., was collared by a policeman just as he was leaving the court. 'The police had received imperative orders that no crown witness should leave the court,' he said.

Shaun a dherk knew all the parties in this transaction, he said, and knew them well. Admitted that he had a good deal of intercourse with Mr. Joyce Snapper—'helped him to keep the peace of the country'; had been sent by him on errands to treat with the tenantry about making him (Snapper) presents. A present meant fifty, a hundred, or perhaps two hundred pounds. No man could obtain anything unless he had paid well. Had spoken to Snapper about the ruin of the Moores, and had apparently helped him. Knew something of a bond—the

bond spoken of that day. He believed the murderer of Skerin had taken it off his (Skerin's) person, and given it to the man who had employed him.

'This,' cried the Crown, 'is intolerable. Here is a witness asked questions which have no relation whatever with the case, and speaking of his opinion and belief, and lawyers listening.'

'Pardon, sir,' answered Shaun a dherk, fixing his terrible eye upon the Crown solicitor. 'I won't give you opinions. I am come for justice betune God an' man. I stid behind the elder Forde when he fired the shot—as near as I'm to you. I seed 'im take a large paper from the body, an' I afterwards saw the bond with Mr. Snapper.'

'It's a lie,' roared Snapper.

'Swear the justice,' said Shaun a dherk.

Mr. Joyce Snapper was sworn.

'On your oath, Mr. Snapper,' asked the Solicitor-General, 'did you show this man the bond in question, or had you the bond at any time in your possession?'

'On my oath, no.'

'Gentlemen,' said Shaun a dherk, 'here is the bond. I took it off Mr. Snapper's table the night uv the attack, bekase he tould me he was goin' to use id agin the Moores; and there's the man in this court that saw him showin' id to me—John M'Cann.'

Mr. M'Cann most satisfactorily confirmed Shaun a dherk's assertion, although he was only looking through and listening at the keyhole;—he had left Mr. Snapper's servants to go out and make 'charms,' in order that he might show them Dublin, 'an' a sight o' places,' and curiosity brought him up to listen to 'the masher and Shaun a dherk.'

The impression in the court was by this time awful.

'Why did you not bring this information to the coroner's inquest?'

'Because it would give Mr. Justice Snapper and Mr. Forde time to escape, and because I was not prepared as I'm now.'

'Why allow the man Forde to swear against the prisoner?'

'In order to put 'im at rest, to keep 'im from flyin' and his friends from plannin' agin justice; an' bekase I wanted to bring the curses o' the poor altogether upon 'im when he couldn't go out o' the way, as he could at the coroner's inquest. Many a day an' night I labored to bring this blessed hour about. I'm the whip of justice.'

'I give up the case,' cried the Crown.

'There is a soldier here who has been brought from England, and who heard the plot for the ruin of the Moores concocted by this pious brotherhood,' said Mr. Bonnell.

'At his entrance James Forde ran,' observed the Crown.

'Awful!' said the judge.

'God is just, I tould you, a vic, said Father Mick, flinging his hands over the dock upon the head of Gerald.

CHAPTER XVII.—AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW COUNTRY.

France has changed much since '44, and Paris has changed more than the rest of France. God bless the Emperor; he has not attempted to play the game against Providence, and Eugenie has realised his beautiful thought—so beautifully expressed to the senate—for she has truly called back to the mind of France 'the memory of Josephine.'

Some people wondered, and still wonder, at the success of Louis Napoleon; but from the day he sent the expeditionary force to Rome—and months before it—people of sane minds saw that the President believed in God. 'It is not,' said a French abbe to us once, 'it is not because he supports the Church I love the Emperor, but because he did so in the face of obloquy and danger—he proved that he acted upon principle.—'The same spirit that sent Louis Napoleon this year to his parish church to receive his Paschal Communion, and which animates his beautiful consort, when she plays with the innocent children of the Creche, or seeks the sorrowful in their hiding-places to comfort them, the Spirit of Faith has been the salvation of la belle France. The Emperor took right for a director, instead of what is called policy, and he had before God for his friend, instead of having Him for his enemy.

But does not 'policy' frequently succeed? Certainly; just as the policy of Caiphas succeeded in crucifying Christ. God may permit policy to succeed, but success will be transitory, and will be avenged. Policy, being the work of the devil, 'will not stand,' only just as long as Providence has His own holy purpose to be subserved. And besides, the 'policy' people will go to the devil, unless they repent for their sagacity—a reason we think of some weight in the discussion.

We have no wish to speak harshly of the dead, and therefore we pass by the ashes of the last King of France. We shall merely remark, that France has no reason to quote him with

pride, and has strong reason to pray for him: he must, we fear, need her intercession.

Paris was not very edifying in 1844; but there were thousands upon thousands praying for Paris. Paris had the old Catholic habit of thinking and of acting—but she was acting and thinking like a dreamer. She had not the reasonable life of St. Louis. Benevolent, generous honorable, self-sacrificing, laborious, too, her principle was that it was 'proper' to be all this, not that it was God's commandment, or the reflections of a godlike soul; and so things went on as they were thought, 'proper' or 'not proper,' a rule which men change according to fancy and folly, as we know.

Still France had not lost the impulses to the right direction, and, as we have said, thousands were praying that the impulses should be governed by the principles which had produced them—'long, long ago,' before Christian law had changed to the chameleon thing called 'what is proper.' Indeed, they prayed and worked hard, those who loved France.

The Place of the Bastille is a great open space at the termination of three or four streets, if we do not forget; and one passes it by as he goes to Pere la Chaise. Omnibuses gravitate towards this area, and cabs have some fair play in dashing in through it. You generally find little knots of people there; men in blouses, women with nice white caps and good-natured faces, and a sprinkling of fashionably-attired folk, who wear rings, long wristbands, and gold chains. A goodly number of boys and girls, very dirty and very handsome, are scattered about the frame and the corners of this picture.

A gentleman and a lady, evidently foreigners, have just drawn up at the corner of the street which leads to the cemetery; and the 'jarvey' has descended to demand their wishes. The best specimen of politeness is not better than a French charioteer, cap in hand, or hat in hand to a lady. Our brethren in England and Ireland could learn a valuable lesson from the French *ouvriers*, perfectly attentive and perfectly dignified; they never forget what they owe you, nor you owe them. 'D—n you!' said an indignant Londoner to a servant at the Palais Royal one day a year or two ago, 'bring me what I demanded.' With a serene coldness the waiter answered, 'Monsieur, I am paid for waiting on you, but I am not paid for being insulted; take great care not to speak after that fashion again, or—' And the gentleman did 'take great care not to speak after 'hat fashion again.'

Our people should learn 'dignity,' even when dealing with people in coaches and castles.

'Nothing,' answered the lady; 'pray pardon me, I wish merely to look at Monsieur l'Abbe, who is over there with the children.'

This remark regarded an old gentleman with long white locks, in a rusty black soutan, looped up to the waist, and who, with his breviary under his arm, and two little girls by the hands at either side, was speaking to five or six others, who gathered around and walked leisurely along the street with him.

'Ab, madame, that is Monsieur l'Abbe Fortbon—the children all follow him for *bonbons*.'

'To what church is he attached?' demanded the gentleman.

'Oh, Monsieur l'Abbe lives among the poor.'

'How?' asked the lady.

'Madame does not know the priests of Paris much?'

'No.'

'Eh bien. Monsier l'Abbe has a little property of his own, madame. He lives in the fifth story of a poor house in a back faubourg, he lives on half nothing, and spends his 5,000 francs a year upon *bonbons* for children and alms for the poor.'

'Is it possible?'

'Oh, yes, madame; Monsieur l'Abbe finds out every one just as you see. He meets the children in the streets and gives them *bonbons*; he asks where their parents live, and they bring him to their fathers and mothers in all kinds of out-of-the-way-places; and then Monsieur l'Abbe is quite at home I assure you.'

'What does he do?'

'What does Monsieur l'Abbe do? Why, madame, he does everything. He talks about their labors, their wants, their little children, their hopes; and Monsieur l'Abbe takes great pleasure in those little reunions. Monsieur l'Abbe is good for the poor, madame; he apprentices the boys, and watches over the little girls, and he nurses the infants—for you see, madame, Monsieur l'Abbe loves children, and all Paris loves him.'

'He must do a vast amount of good,' remarked the gentleman.

'Monsieur cannot imagine how much happiness M. l'Abbe distributes; it is not his money, but his heart, M. l'Abbe gives.'

'You know him, then?'

'Every one knows M. l'Abbe Fortbon; but I know him better than any one,' said the cabman, earnestly. 'I was one day blaspheming

Providence, and denying him, when Monsieur l'Abbe entered our little chamber—Clothilde, our baby of three years, had him by the hand—he found her on the stairs—I know not how; but she had the *bonbons*, poor infant, and was happy. I had just stamped my foot, and said God and Providence was a cheat, and more, when my little one came into the room, and I was enraged to see a priest near to me.'

'Well?'

'Ah, madame, do not speak. I waded my hand for him to be off, but he would not. *Moz pauvre frere*, my poor brother, he said, 'you are not happy; but you are a Frenchman, he said, and a Frenchman is a man of courage.—' Ah, *mon dieu*, he came near me, madame, and the tears were in his eyes, and I saw M. l'Abbe loved me. The *mon pere* embraced me, and taking my hand, he placed two five-franc pieces on my palm, and closed my hand upon them.—'My father,' I said, for you see, madame, this money gave me my rent, and I could not be turned forth in the streets—'my father,' I said—but M. l'Abbe placed his hand on my mouth, and stooping he took the *pette* Clothilde in his arms and pointing to her, he said, 'My little daughter—your Clothilde—has brought you Providence.' Ah, madame,——'

'He is a good man.'

'I have confessed, madame, and my woman has confessed, and we have gone to church regularly, and I know there is a good Providence,' said the cabman.

'Are there many clergymen of that description in Paris?' demanded the lady.

'A great number. I never should have known it but for my own conversion. I think from sixty to eighty live among the lanes, looking for the strayed sheep, and save their little means to relieve the poor.'

'Wonderful!' exclaimed the lady and gentleman together.

'Shall I drive to the cemetery?' asked the cabman.

'Not to-day,' replied the foreign lady; 'drive to the Hotel de France.'

Nothing is more instructive than the admiration of certain people for the spirit of sacrifice and love which they behold in the church of God. In every country, and in every class everything is dared, suffered, surrendered for heroic love. This is done by hundreds upon hundreds of thousands universally and perpetually. It is confessedly the spirit of Christianity that 'gives its life for the brethren,' and sells what it has, and gives it to the poor—at least in its more perfect form. Is it not wonderful that those who can admire the perfection of the picture are not led to the artist? Or seeing a work without correctness of outline, or perfection of finish, can still attribute it to the master hand.

The Hotel de France is a splendid establishment. Pride is prouder as it passes the majestic entrance, and the appointments of attendants, as you approach the staircase, tell you that you have entered an aristocratic retreat. The shining furniture, polished floors, and dazzling mirrors of the magnificent apartments complete the impression which you have at the door: and if any doubt remain, it will be dispelled by the air and address of every one you meet in its saloons, or lounging about its porticoes.

A servant in livery is just standing at the *conciergerie*, where there waits a very pretty barmaid; he is demanding whether certain parties stay at the Hotel, There is some inconvenience, however, for the man speaks only English. The handsome brunette shakes her head, smiles, and prays him to sit down; the English servant speaks three times louder, hoping, by the energy of his voice, to overcome the difficulty of making himself understood. The Frenchwoman looks concerned, and rings one or two bells in succession; the Englishman gets angry at the ill-success of his exertions, and increases in vehemence, of course. It was quite a scene. And whether John Bull would not finally have done some of them bodily harm for not understanding English must remain an unsolved question, because a carriage driven up to the door prevented further discussion.

A fine young man was the first to descend from the vehicle, and he immediately handed out a lady, young, pale, dark, and beautiful. As soon as the Englishman beheld the first of the travellers his eye brightened.

'Ah, then?' he said, 'wuch means 'all's right?'

He saw the lady, and he rubbed his hands joyously.

'That gal speaks English, I know,' he added. As the young people entered the door, the servant in livery addressed the gentleman.—

'Please sir, these here people caunt' speak English!' said he.

'Well, my man?'

'Please sir, could you inform me whether Mr. Frank Tyrrell stops at this hotel?'

'Yes,' answered the lady. 'Any message for him?'