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AILEY MOORE;

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

CHAPTER XII.—HOW MR. JAMES BORAN PLANNED AN ABDUCTION, AND HOW MR. NICK BORAN, SENIOR, LAID OUT SOME OF HIS GOLD.

Nothing could be more comfortable than the Lord of Kinmacarra's library: it was, as Mr. Joyce Snapper frequently remarked, just the intellectual retreat for a peer. It was on the eastern side of the mansion that the earliest rays of the sun might light the page of knowledge, and it was in its very remotest corner that the noise of vulgar pursuits might not break clamorously upon the meditations of the student. The apartment was, moreover, large and well lighted; it was lighted from a charming dome on the top, and internally from four fancy windows. There was many easy chairs here and there; small convenient tables, too; a huge autler in a corner; four vases of golden fish; an electrical machine (out of order); a parrot under the dome, and a monkey chained in one of the window sills. The most remarkable feature of the library was that it contained no books; it had many and rare works beautifully imitated, both as to size and style of binding; and any uninitiated person might imagine they were real, the painter had done his work so skilfully, but, as has been candidly declared, there were no books. 'Burke's Peerage' lay on one of the tables, certainly, and 'Murray's Guide' (an excellent book, by the way), lay in its English red on one of the windows; but we have presumed to believe that the window and the table were not the library—in which belief we hope we are not rash or rebellious.

We wish to have it understood in limine, which means in the very first part of the chapter, that such a library as the Lord of Kinmacarra's has many advantages over the libraries of other lords and gentlemen of our acquaintance. For example, we know Lord Daffinoy and the Right Hon. Chamber Spits, who have large collections of books which they do not read, and very many which they cannot read; and we humbly conceive that Lord Kinmacarra's library far exceeds that of either, therefore. First, the books—the real books—occupy most valuable space, while the painted ones permit one to have a great variety of curious shelves, cases, and presses behind them—no place more convenient for cigar-boxes, *exempli gratia*, for spurs, boxing-gloves, old hats, rowdy disguise, &c.; in the second place, the real books exercise a most pernicious influence upon a man's reason, if he have them in large numbers, and will not read. It is a true fact, and well worthy the consideration of many patriotic peers and commoners, that students of this class imagine they ought to know everything because it is in their library, and conclude that others are mistaken in everything because they cannot have a library like theirs.—Thus mental advantage and personal convenience often concur in favor of the painted backs of books. We must add, as we have so far troubled the reader with our philosophy on the subject, that we have many other arguments in favor of the painted shelves, and also that we do not speak at random on this most delicate subject; but, on the contrary, we speak after profound thought, and after a long experience, of the nobility and gravity of various places and times.

The Lord of Kinmacarra is in a Turkish costume, and harmonizing his manners and his days—his lordship is smoking. His lordship's red cap, loose silken dressing-gown, full and well-shaped whiskers, blue eyes, and fresh complexion, looked well in a cloud of tobacco-smoke—in fact, looked 'beautiful,' as Mr. Joyce Snapper asserted; and we see no reason to differ with the worthy S. T. M. The estimable peer, then is smoking; and is in his library. He sits in one of the chairs beside one of the small tables, near one of the windows, and his lordship has one leg thrown over the other, quite gracefully; with the right hand he holds his great pipe; his left hand is extended towards one of the vases of golden fish, which he just touches with his forefinger; and ever and anon, that is continually, he pours a volume of smoke at the vase, and towards a certain fixed or imaginary point in the same, which makes his lordship look as if he were intensely engaged in storming the vase, and poisoning the golden fishes.

It is difficult to realize how deeply a mind like the noble lord's may be occupied in a labor such as this on which we find his lordship's concentrated. Many valuable thoughts very likely pass at such a moment through the soul, but, unfortunately, they end where they begin—the mind is so absorbed in smoke. Mr. Michelet once said that deep philosophy may make its retreat in the brain of an ox, as he rolls his sensual, drowsy-looking eye, and chews his cud;—why not philosophy seek just as congenial an abode in the brain of his lordship drawing his chibouque?

of the smoke—for smoke does produce most interesting curls, if only seen by such eyes as his lordship's, when a most respectful knock came to apprise him of the presence of some one who revered him very deeply; and, on the necessary permission having been accorded, the individual, whose knock said that he had just presumed to knock, if his lordship pleased, and that he would cut the hand off himself sooner than knock if his lordship didn't please, this respectable individual presented himself, and proved no other than Mr. Joyce Snapper.

'Oh! Snapper thought it was 'Eh?' 'Yes, my lord, your most humble servant.' 'And you've—a got the—money, eh?' 'Not exactly, my lord, as they say.'

'To the d—, Snapper, with 'what they say?' 'You know I want the money, eh? Don't you?' 'Yes, my lord.'

'And why don't you get it?' 'Why, my lord—'

'Why, my lord—Snapper, go be d—d!'

'I will, my lord, but—'

'Confound your—a—a. I say, Snapper, you have that money yourself.'

'Me! my lord. Oh, my lord, I'd give your lordship as the saying is—'

'D—n your 'saying is!'

'Yes, my lord.'

Here the entry of a servant—the thing made up of red and yellow and blue—stopped the dialogue.

'Is your lordship at home for old Mr. Boran?' 'Boran?' demanded his lordship.

'Yes, my lord, he has business to settle with your lordship,' said Snapper, winking very hard at the noble peer.

'Business? I'll ring,' said his lordship to the servant.

The servant retired.

'It's old Boran, my lord, the richest man in the south, and who has had the honor to have some transactions with your lordship before, and—'

'Ah! you bring him, eh?' 'No, my lord, but he would come himself, and wouldn't give without.'

'Pull that bell, Snapper.'

'Yes, my lord.'

And the lord of Kinmacarra 'pulled' his pipe, and Snapper sat over near the door, and the thing is red and yellow and blue stood in the doorway.

'Send up the—a—Snapper?'

'The man, my lord,' replied Snapper, looking very stupid.

'Why, you—a—goose.'

'Oh! Mr. Boran, my lord,' said Snapper. And Snapper then looked as if himself was very ridiculous, which was true, and as if his lordship of Kinmacarra was very bright and wise, which was not true.

The servant smiled imperceptibly, both at the sharp and the flat, but his place was to 'see nothing,' even to the things which his master, not occasionally, but frequently, 'sought and could not find.' John never saw anything, only the amazing value of his services to the mansion and demesne of Kinmacarra—and he must have had eyes of no ordinary power to see that, it must be admitted.

'Mr. Nicholas Boran, senior,' said the servant, opening the door for the third time.

But Mr. Nicholas Boran, senior, no sooner looked into the ocean of smoke in which the 'library' was enveloped, and his lordship and Snapper and the rest, than he turned on his heel, and was walking away.

'Mr. Boran!' cried Snapper.

'A—a—Boran,' cried or said the peer.

'His lordship is calling you, sir,' said the servant, in a most emphatic way and loud voice, succeeded by a malicious grin, however.

But Mr. Nicholas Boran, senior, kept right on—the little fox wig turned from side to side—the little stick marked time along the passage—and little old Nick said 'Pneu! pneu!' which was intended to indicate that he wanted oxygen gas very much, and that he detested tobacco smoke.

Every one is despotic in his own way. Nick found a sword and club in his money, and a title to dictate stronger than that of the lord of the soil to smoke. Old Nick had a little pride, too, it might be, in ruling the ruler of the green acres of Kinmacarra; but, at all events, he was moving along the hall, when he was overtaken by Mr. Joyce Snapper.

'Oh, Mr. Boran!'

'Oh, your granny!' politely answered Mr. Boran.

'His lordship is waiting for you.'

'An? Justice Snapper?' answered the old cynic.

'Will you see him in the drawing-room?—there's no smoke there, and so on.'

'Yes, certainly,' said old Boran, suddenly stopping, while the eye of the old miser brightened with hidden fire. 'Yes, certainly,' he repeated.

'Mr. Joyce Snapper led Mr. Nick Boran then back by the way which he had come, led him again up the stairs, but by a different way—came to a door—one which we know since the beginning of the fourth chapter, and at length introduced him into the drawing-room which has been already described.

Mr. Nick Boran, senior, wore a white jane coat, leather gaiters, foxey wig, and the face which we took the liberty of photographing in the first chapter. He had a very hooked nose—Mr. Nick, senior, had—and thin compressed lips, and small grey eyes, bright as diamonds, only the ray shot from them was like a needle-point, but sharper; and, moreover, there is no kind of humor or jest in saying that Mr. Nick Boran 'wore' his face, because it really was worn—worn out into threads, all its wrinkles being like threads; and we would like to know who 'wore' Mr. Boran's face unless it was Mr. Boran?

'You seldom come to—a—Kinmacarra Hall, Mr. Boran,' remarked his lordship, in his lordship's most bland manner.

'Sir?' demanded Mr. Nick Boran, in his best contralto (contralto is the musical name of a high goose-like voice).

'My lord,' remarked Mr. Snapper, nodding at Mr. Boran, and correcting that gentleman.

'You seldom come here,' repeated the nobleman.

'As seldom as I can, sir,' answered the matter-of-fact Mr. Boran.

'His lordship, and so on,' said Joyce Snapper, 'would be glad, Mr. Boran, to make the arrangement about that 2,000*l.*; you know I spoke to you about it.'

'You want me, sir, I believe,' said Mr. Boran, addressing himself to Lord Kinmacarra, and paying no kind of attention to Mr. Joyce Snapper.

'My lord,'—a second time remarked Mr. Snapper.

'I want—a—some money, by Jove,' answered his lordship; 'but, Boran, you charge—a—confoundedly, eh?—you charge high.'

'Money is scarce, sir,' remarked old Nick, 'and I think of raising the premium, you see.'

'Raising?'

'Aye, in throth.'

'Oh, Mr. Boran,' cried the interesting Mr. Snapper.

'Is my rent paid?' asked Boran, addressing himself to Snapper.

'Certainly,' replied that gentleman.

'And my lease cannot be broken?'

'No power on earth could touch it, as the saying is.'

'Well, then,' answered Daddy Boran, sententiously, 'the money I speak about is my money, and this gentleman—'

'Nobleman.'

'And this gentleman,' persisted old Boran, 'this gentleman wants it. But,' he continued, turning to the Lord of Kinmacarra, 'what would you think a fair interest for ready gold? come, now, a fair interest?'

'Ah, Mr. Boran, don't bother his lordship, and so forth; what secu—'

'Now, Mr. Snapper, I must go away,' said the excited old gentleman, 'if you stop my mouth in that way. I am speaking to the gentleman to whom I brought four small bags of gold.'

'The gold with you?' cried the noble borrower.

'Yes, sir,' answered old Nick.

'You old villain!' muttered Snapper under his teeth.

'What would you deem or think, in your own mind, a right fair interest on landed security?'

'O my lord—'

'Snapper,' remarked Kinmacarra. 'I think you had better not interrupt. Well, Mr. Boran? Oh, aye—a—a fair interest? Well, aye, a fair interest would eight per cent, but you kept ten off the last capital.'

'Oh, very well, sir; eight per cent, yes. And the security?'

'Gort na Coppul,' answered Snapper.

'What place, sir,' persevered old Nick, his little old eyes sparkling, and his little old wig looking like a living intelligent thing, it worked about so.

'Oh, that place—the Irish-named place.'

'No use in that, sir,' firmly answered old Nick. 'I wouldn't give a crown piece for the town land.'

'A crown piece?' cried the peer.

'A crown piece,' again replied the uncompromising money-lender.

'And why?'

'Och, there's a curse on the place. See, sir,' said old Nick Boran, and the eyes became fixed and the little wig went up and down on his head like a live thing, as we said before. 'The sixth remove from the man that sold that to the last Kinmacarra was a drummer in the army of Cromwell. His protection was first bought by the honest owner of the land; and after taking

the money to guard O'Brien (that was the owner's name), he sold him for a papist. The papists' great great-grandchildren were working laborers on their own land, which the drummer's great great grandchildren possessed by 'confiscation'; and so the sweat—the sweat, you see, of injustice—and the hunger of sorrow, was and is a curse on the land, and—'

'Why—a—a—my own ancestors came over—a—with Cromwell. I say, Mr. Boran, don't the landlords give employment—a—and awn't they, a—a—'

'Indulgent,' put in Mr. Snapper.

'Please, Snapper, I said not to interrupt,' remarked his lordship, in a much more decided way than usual.

'Bad luck to your interest, you old—,' again muttered the land-agent.

'The landlords are good with their property, a—,' slowly spoke the lord of Kinmacarra.

'Yes, sir; but these common people have an odd way of talking. They say, when a Cromwellian gives employment it is like giving a man sixpence for grooming his own horse, and after taking the horse from him, boasting of giving him employment. They have odd ways, faith, the common people,' continued old Daddy Boran, 'and the same people must be blotted out before they'll give them up; but that's not my business. I won't have Gort na Coppul.' See! the old sprite added, 'my grandfather told me that he saw an O'Brien swing from the gallows tree in Gort na Coppul. The Cromwellian was putting out his hand one day to catch O'Brien's youngest sister, when his arm was smashed beyond recovery by a blow of a spade handle; her brother—the real heir of Gort na Coppul—was the man that struck him. He was langed, and she died mad. And as sure as you're there, four times a year they go round the land and the houses, and everything withers where they go.—Look at 'Gort na Coppul,' sir, no one thrives there.'

'What will you have?'

'Moorfield.'

'Moorfield,' cried Snapper.

'Yes,' firmly continued old Boran.

'My lord,' said Snapper, 'I was engaged, as you may remember, about that.'

'I want Moorfield, sir,' said old Boran. 'I have the money in the house, and the interest will be six per cent.'

'Six per cent,' cried the peer.

'Curse on you,' muttered the attorney.

'You—a—a—don't like the Moores.'

'A Christian likes every one—even a Cromwellian he likes,' answered old Dad. 'The Moores had mahogany, and I had deal furniture, you see; they had gigs and jaunting cars, and I had a lot of straw in a cart; they had a lawn before the house, and I had a potato-garden; they couldn't pay the arrears, and I could purchase the whole estate. The Moores were good, but they weren't able for Mr. Snapper; I am, and I want Moorfield.'

As Daddy Nick was not to be cajoled, nor frightened, and as Lord Kinmacarra wanted the money, the affair was soon settled. Mr. Joyce Snapper's amiable temper was very much ruffled. The very last man on earth to seek Moorfield, he believed, was Daddy Boran. Daddy Boran always seemed to respect the Moores, and he was a 'Roman,' and he did not want to be hated by the neighbors, and two thousand pounds was much beyond his wish or will to lend, and—but, in fact, no theory could be better established than that Daddy Boran would not dream of Moorfield. Could it be true that the—invented practice to confound theory? However that may be, it often does so. Mr. Joyce Snapper had most judiciously and prudently attended to his own little domestic affairs in dealing with his patron. A most lawful commission of two per cent he always charged on borrowed money, and on each lease he obtained a small premium; but we should like to see the man who works for nothing? Just so.

Lord Kinmacarra was delighted to be able to bet upon the winning horse, at the Derby.—Daddy Boran looked as delighted as he ever looked—which truth compels us to say, is not saying much; and as for Mr. Joyce Snapper, smart work there will be among Mr. Snapper's servants and dependants this evening, we opine.

Old Mr. Boran met 'young Nick' a few yards from the hall door of Lord Kinmacarra. Young Nick was so like his father—the wig and some of the wrinkles excepted—that no one would live in the country were they more like. In fact, as it was, they were 'horribly like.' They never spoke much to one another—rarely looked at one another; and, indeed, always seemed disposed to quarrel both in tone and manner. This seeming was, however, only a seeming. They never were even inclined to quarrel, unless once. Nick once—we mean Nick the younger—had nearly made up his mind to go to the 'patter of Nothill,' a thing which would cost a day's time, and very likely the price of some gingerbread, if not of drink too. Old Nick remarked that 'that

wasn't the way he made his money,' which completely settled the transaction; young Nick never afterwards even suggested such a thing as a 'pattern' to his own mind, or to any one else's.

'You settled that,' said young Nick, addressing his sire, in a very cool tone, and looking in the direction opposite to that where his father sat in the cart.

'Yes, you may go, 'coort, now,' answered the father.

'Aye, Coort, indeed!' was the cool reply.

Mr. Nick, junior, had the advantage of seeing one way while his father saw another way.—Consequently, Mr. Nick, junior, first beheld a pair of mounted policemen on a distant eminence, and riding at great pace toward's the Lord of Kinmacarra's. He never spoke of it, however, until the echo of their horses' hoofs awakened the old gentleman's attention. He listened—then looked in the direction of the sound.

'What's this?'

'The police.'

'They ride fast; oh, but they do.'

At this moment the father and son came out in the road; at the next the mounted policemen overtook them.

'By H—s, the man himself!' cried the corporal.

'Mr. Boran!' cried the sub-constable.

'What is the matter?' exclaimed old Daddy Boran.

'Not good news, indeed, have we for you,' answered the superior of the two.

'Eh—how?'

'Why, your son, Mr. James Boran, sir—'

Young Nick started.

'Your son, sir, has fallen grievously wounded, and in unfortunate circumstances.'

'Yis—how is that?' asked the old man very much cooler.

'He has attempted an abduction, and has been caught in the fact, and wounded in the effort to escape.'

'Devil mend him!' said old Nick.

The men looked at each other in 'horror and amaze.'

'Who was the lady?' the old man again asked.

'Miss Moore.'

'Ailey Moore!' cried the father of James Boran.

'Ailey Moore! Eh—do you say Ailey Moore?'

The old man looked at young Nick, who was pale as death.

'Oh, the scapegrace—blackguard! to go to the house of sorrow,' said the old man.

CHAPTER XIII.

There is a mysterious something about a 'cross-road,' especially if one arm of it lead up a hill, and, showing it self at some distance, is lost in trees, or in clouds, or in distance. Very near Clonmel there is a cross-road of this description, at which side we will not say—not because we are unable, but because we deem it proper not to become too particular. Once before we warned the reader, that, though very much honored by his sympathy, we did not claim the credit of awakening it. We are mere chroniclers of facts and sketches of characters; almost all of the latter are yet living. It would be, therefore, unjustifiable and imprudent to mark other places or times in such a manner as to become an embarrassment, perhaps a danger to others.

Near the cross-road was a cabin, not very much superior to the mansion of Biddy Brown, the beggarwoman; and as its arrangements were also pretty much the same as those of the home which gave Peggy Lynch a place to die, we are sared the necessity of particular detail.

At the door of this house, just at the foot of the hill, there stands a small spare woman, with a very white cap, whom the reader will please to recognise as Biddy Brown herself, and her eyes are fixed on a certain spot upon the hill-side, over which a traveller is hastily passing. We like an object—a man—standing upon a hill-side, all alone. The fine sky above him, like a crown—and the bad busy world beneath him, he looks 'every inch a king,' and 'every inch' he may be one.

On the traveller's nearer approach, he appeared old and wayworn. He sometimes stopped to look around, and sometimes he walked rapidly. A beautiful country certainly lay at his feet, and it may be that familiar objects awoke recollections which the old man loved to indulge, while his amended pace might have been required in consequence of the delays which were demanded by feeling.

We have just said that the scene beneath him was beautiful. The great old 'Sieve na Mon,' stretched its gigantic arms along the horizon on his left; on the right were the hills of the County Waterford, leaning against the majestic chain of mountains that fling their shadows into the county of Cork, and in the valley between, fringed with flowered green, almost ever fresh and blooming, flowed the clear silent Suir, on its