

to the unfortunate Desmonds, whose affairs, enthralled when their daughter left home, some months previous, had now reached that point at which there seemed no avenue open for relief; the noise the constables made, in the vain hope of forcing a very strong door, was music in Pat's ear, whilst it terrified the two unfortunate beings who were on the point of relinquishing the last spot which had any interest for them—the old home in which they had passed many happy years.

At length, all their preparations were complete, and summoning resignation to their aid, the Desmonds and their faithful servant walked through the various apartments, the former bidding a silent, tearful adieu to the walls which had sheltered a whole race; the faithful servant manifesting his sorrow—now in piteous exclamations, then in an outburst of wrath against Mr. Grimes, the unscrupulous person through his connection with whom, Desmond owed in a great measure the utter ruin which had befallen him.

For a few moments the unhappy pair paused at the window of the principal sitting-room, and took a last glance at the scene without. The day partook of the stormy nature of the previous evening, the clouds were black and lowering, and the wind howled amidst the rocks, lashing the angry waters which washed their base.

Then, without a word, as by common consent, the two withdrew from the apartment which had been the scene of many a joy and full many a sorrow too, and, marshalled by Pat, who, heavily laden, was hastening onwards, with no small sense of his own dignity, when, suddenly turning, he exclaimed:—

“Shure, and it's not myself who will be after lavin' the ould Castle without once more spakin' my mind to those Sassenachs, who would have beaten the door to smithereens if it were not too strong for them!”

It was in vain for Desmond to urge Pat to be silent, the temptation was too great to be resisted, and advancing to the door, he exclaimed:—

“It's Pat Magrath, himself, who wishes yez both a pleasant good day, and hopes ye'll be after making yerselves quite at home, seeing that very soon yez'll have the ould Castle left to yez both.”

Then, having delivered himself of this speech, he hastened after Mr. and Mrs. Desmond, and opening the chief door of the mansion, closed it after them with a heavy slam, calculated to inspire fresh alarm in the minds of the captive bailiff and his man, who remained above.

“Pat, that key must be delivered up immediately to some person who will liberate the men,” said Mr. Desmond, as, with a look of triumph, Pat placed the key of the house in his pocket.

“Yes, shure, yer honor; just let me see yez and the mistress safe out of the place, and then it's myself who'll return and set the spalpeens free.”

It was yet early in the morning, and except by a few of the poor peasantry by whom they were met, the Desmonds escaped from their native place without any interference, and proceeded by rail to Dublin, in which place, by means of a very small annuity, settled on his wife, but wholly insufficient for their support, Desmond intended to hire a cheap lodging, and summon his daughter from the convent, in which she still remained, in happy ignorance of the troubles which encompassed her family.

As soon as Pat had seen his master safely out of the immediate scene of his troubles, he returned to the village, and turned his steps to the abode of Mr. Grimes, whom he considered as the primary cause of his master's ruin, leaving a message with one of the servants, directing him to go at once to his master, and say that the officers, whom he had been so good as to send to Mr. Desmond the previous evening, were locked up, and would be starved to death unless the place was immediately forced open. The man received the message with an air of blank amazement, and Pat, having just sufficient sense to remember that, “discretion is the better part of valour,” hastened out of the neighborhood, which would not have proved a pleasant one from the moment that his encounter with the Sheriff's officers should become public.

CHAPTER V.—SELF-SACRIFICE.

It is well said, that “there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous;” so felt poor Aileen on arriving, one wet November night, at the principal railway station in Dublin, and there meeting her father's faithful servant, who, in his tattered clothes and worn countenance, plainly indicated, from its thinness and palor, that poverty, indeed, advanced with gigantic strides in the house of her parents. Whilst, at the same time, poor faithful old Pat could by no means resolve to have done with his spirit of bragging—a spirit which had, on more than one occasion, cost his master dear.

Thus it was, that even amidst the sharp sorrow which pierced the heart of the delicate and refined Aileen, she could scarce repress a smile, as Pat, notwithstanding his ragged clothes, would still stick to his text, and persist in it in answer to her inquiries, that “his honor had money laid by, and plenty of it too, if he would but make up his mind to spend it as a gentleman should do, for,” he added, “I would not be after deceiving yez, but shure, master must have a power of money since he sold off the ould place;” and, indeed, so strongly did he persist in this most shameful falsehood that Aileen herself felt almost staggered; and though aware, from her father's letter, which had apprised her that some sad reverse of circumstances had taken place, she yet began to think that by some unhappy derangement of intellect, probably caused by misfortune, her beloved father, one of the most generous of mankind, had really become miserly in his habits, and apprehended poverty where it did not exist.

Aileen engaged a fly which, according to Pat's direction, stopped before a small house in a very obscure and dimly-lighted street.

“We are indeed sunk, if this be my destination,” sighed the unhappy girl, as she alighted from the cab, and was ushered by Pat up a narrow flight of winding stairs. Before she reached the landing well-known voices struck upon her ear, and the next moment she was folded in the embrace of her parents.

“Is this our home, dear parents?” said Aileen, with a bold effort to assume a courage she was far from feeling; and looking round the small apartment on the first floor, noted well those poor pretensions to gentility; her eyes wandering from the well-worn carpet to be shabby chairs and tables, the make-shift of a chimney-glass, the gilding all worn off the frame; and from thence to her poor mother, her face still bearing traces of the beauty she had once possessed; her yet fine form disguised by the coarse humble dress she wore, whilst her father's wan, pale face, told a cruel contest with the world, making known the shameful farce practised upon her by Pat.

“A poor place this is for you to come to, my darling,” at length said her parents, her mother fondly parting back the rich brown hair from Aileen's sweet, candid brow, and imprinting on it a loving mother's kiss.

“Surely, that which must content you ought to be good enough for me,” said Aileen; “your letter bade me expect a change, but I did not look for one quite so complete as this,” she added, her eyes still wandering about the room with its sordid appointments, and finally resting on the wan faces and poor attire of those so dear to her.

“My father,” said Aileen, as rising and placing her hand on his shoulder, she kissed his forehead, and gazing fixedly upon him, endeavored, as it were, to read the whole truth which both parents would fain have concealed, “tell me, my father,” she continued, forcibly driving back the tears which would fain rush to her eyes, “tell me, is the old home quite gone?”

“Yes, Aileen; it has fallen into the hands of those who are aliens to our race.”

For one moment nature had its way, and she turned aside to veil her emotion; but the spirit of fortitude and resignation, above all, of submission to the will of God, came to her aid. By a powerful effort she recovered her self-command, and with a smile on the sweet face now calm and peaceful, for the contents of the chalice was already reft of half its bitterness, she said:

“Fear not, my own dear parents; it has been said that God has given me talents of no mean order. I excel in many accomplishments, at least so say those cloistered ones who are never known to flatter. With God's blessing, I will set things straight. You have paid much in the days of your affluence in order that I should become what the world deems accomplished; be it mine, then, to make some slight return for all your love. I have a thought in my mind, even now, which may be turned to good account; to-morrow I will tell you what it is I intend to do.”

“You cannot work, my child; you, so delicate, so gentle, are but little fitted to cope with the trials of the world,” said Mrs. Desmond, whilst her husband turned aside to hide his emotion.

“Ah, you know not what I shall not be able to do in the course of time; I shall soon take you from this poor place,” she added, “and, you know, it helps one much to have something one loves to work for. Oh! all will go well with us, I am quite sure of that.” Could so much trusting confidence in the tender Providence of God fail to win a reward, ay, even a reward in this cold earth of ours? We unhesitatingly answer no; for that same tender Providence has bound itself to help those who place their trust in its saving help. Could so much filial love and duty go unrewarded? We answer no; for surely, filial duty, ungrudgingly rendered, the offspring of affection, and with no stint, no sinful regret that aged helpless ones are left on its exertions, must merit a blessing on its undertakings.

Thus felt poor Aileen, and her light cheerful spirit communicated itself to her parents. They had dreaded the coming of their child, but her presence brought with it both hope and joy.

When Aileen withdrew to her chamber she sat for some time with folded hands, musing on the step she was about to take. What was that step?—what did it involve?—A change of place of residence, a parting from her parents, from all she held dear on earth; ay, more than this, far more, an utter change indeed; she must away to a far distant clime; her very name must be pronounced, for she must be known no longer by that of Desmond. The past, when she had regarded herself as the heiress of a moderate fortune, must be no more remembered. She had great musical skill; the piano, the harp, the guitar, she could draw from their chords magic sounds, could entrance the hearer with the melodious tones of her voice, unusually rich and deep; by these talents, these accomplishments, she must win back something in lieu of that which her parents had lost; she must tread beneath her feet her sensitive delicacy of feeling as so many snares in her path; she could not see those aged ones in want; so, beneath other skies, in distant lands, in the far West, she would seek a home. And that voice, these musical talents, should re-animate them all, if not in opulence, at least in the possession of the necessaries of life.

This was the final determination of Aileen Desmond.

It was brought on the tapis by herself on the following morning very carefully; but the first hint of such an idea was sufficient, her father was inexorable, he would brave the worst, but not this; even the cooler feelings and less proud mind of his English wife was shocked by this determination on the part of her devoted daughter; not this, she, too, said: “a situation as governess, would not that be better? she would not then lose her status in society.”

“The salary of a governess will allow me little more than the power of self-support,” replied Aileen sorrowfully, for she had not counted on such violent opposition on the part of her parents; “as a concert-singer I doubt not of my success. You must yield your consent, my dearest parents.”

“It can never be,” was the reply; and so the conversation dropped.

In the afternoon of that day Gerald Desmond went out, and returned shortly with a gentleman, the single friend whom fortune had left him; he was the father of a large family, and required the services of a musical governess for his family. Would Aileen accept the situation at a salary of £50 a year. She would have a great part of

the day to herself, as she would reside at home.

“Yes,” was the reply; though, well she knew that £50 a-year would go but a very little way in the supply of their wants; still it was better than nothing, and in the course of time she might carry out her former idea. The heroic Aileen, therefore, courageously entered upon the duties of her new life with a keen conviction that, in the end, her own plan would have to be adopted, suggested to her by a casual notice she had seen in a newspaper, of the brilliant success which had attended the efforts of a person of great musical talent, who had gone to New York.

CHAPTER VI.—THE LOST INHERITANCE; OR, TEN YEARS AFTER.

The grey mist of the short December day was rapidly fading into night as a stranger, in the garb of an ecclesiastic, alighted from a railway carriage at the village station of Alverley, and treaded with a hasty step the path leading to the old Grange. A recent fall of snow had over-spanged the whole face of nature with a white mantle, and the leaden-hue of the sky betokened a continuance of the thin sleet, which a biting easterly wind drove full in the wayfarer's face.

“The place is so altered by the railway, new buildings, and streets, that I really scarcely remember the way to the Grange,” said Edward, now Father Cleveland, for he it was, who, after absence of ten years, part of which had been spent beneath the burning suns of India, was now returning for a short visit to his home.

Full as much of pain as of pleasure do we feel on returning, after a long absence, to the scene of early years, so much is apt to occur, even in the lives of those who are the most prosperous amongst us; and so much of change is generally visible that the mind is usually depressed and saddened.

Father Cleveland was but little altered, for time works but small change with those whose days are not ruffled by strong passions or the cares and struggles of life. His bronzed countenance shewed, indeed, that he had travelled much; save which, and the difference which, under the most favorable circumstances, the lapse of years is sure to make, the Edward Cleveland of twenty-five years old was again present in the benevolent Jesuit Father of Thirty-five, who now endeavored to find his way to Alverley.

“Can you tell me the way to the Grange, my boy?” inquired the good Father of a curly-headed urchin, who was eagerly employed in a boy's usual sport, making snowballs.

“The Grange—why, they be pulling down part of the Grange, Sir; ye mean Squire Cleveland's place that was?”

“Yes, my boy; point me out the place directly, and I will give you this for the trouble,” replied Father Cleveland, holding out a sixpence, alarmed and astonished at the boy's remark.

The child threw aside his snowballs, and scrambling to his feet, led the way past a street, filled with small houses for people of the poorer class, and which, once a smiling meadow, had helped to mystify our wanderer in his search for his old home. Where, however, was what had once been termed the park? Why, the railway had run through the centre of the property, and the park had disappeared, vestiges of it only remaining in the shape of some half-dozen fields on either side the village station. Where were the noble old trees—for the spot had been thickly wooded,—all seemed changed—the piece of ornamental water? above all, where the red brick mansion, with its casement windows, quaint stone terrace, and old fashioned garden, in which he had spent so many happy hours?

“There be the Grange, Sir,” said the boy, pointing to a showy modern mansion, with a stuccoed front, large windows of plate glass, and a trimly kept lawn, around which ran a privet hedge, to keep off intruders.

“That place is not the Grange, my boy,” said the Priest, shading his eyes with his hand, as if there was a ray of sunlight, that bleak winter afternoon, which prevented his clearly seeing the place the boy had indicated, the real fact being that he felt stupefied; for he was conscious that some terrible change had taken place during the years of his absence; and man though he was, stern in his self-control, yet his dark eyes grew dim, and his voice trembled with emotion, as he vainly strove to trace any resemblance between the fine old home of his boy-hood and that thing of to-day, with its walls of plaster and stucco.

“Indeed, Sir, that be what used to be called the Grange, but the gentleman what got the old house did not like it. You see, I've heard father say, ‘that young Squire Cleveland sold nearly all the wood in the park, and then Mr. Stubbs, the lawyer, cut down the rest, and altered the old house.’ The place that you see there was the Grange, Sir, but the walls have all been whitened, and the master calls it Station Villa.”

(To be Continued.)

(From the London Tablet.)

Mr. Nassau Senior's Journals, Conversations, &c., relating to Ireland, just published by Messrs. Longmans, are read a good deal, and the Pall Mall Gazette says that they reveal one of the most unmanageable of Irish difficulties. Statesmen and enlightened statesmanship prescribe as the only means of curing the inveterate evils of Ireland, mixed education, prudent abstinence from early marriages, consolidation of farms, and emigration. Sad to say, however, ‘benighted Catholicism’ deprecates and hinders these ‘civilising influences and social improvements.’ Now, not only is sacerdotal influence in Ireland ‘terribly powerful,’ but the opposition of the priests to the above specified prescriptions of statesmen is founded ‘on principle’ and is ‘almost a necessary consequence’ of the Catholic creed.

Discouragement of early marriage, say the priests, leads to deadly sin; mixed education exposes the faith of the people to the greatest risk, the consolidation of farms encourages and compels emigration, and emigration carries off our flocks to distant and dangerous lands, and removing them from the influence of their religion at home, places them where sufficient provision for their religious safety does not yet exist.

The ‘difficulties’ is not badly stated, and it is real. But it is a confession of a truth which has been proclaimed often, and often denied, that the

prescriptions of enlightened Liberal statesmanship are not compatible with the faith and morals of the Irish people and with their religious interests, according to the view which they and their pastors take of their religious interests.—Now, as it is confessed that this view of their religious interests is held on principle, and almost as a necessary consequence of their creed, it follows that they can only be wearied from this view, and induced to adopt the prescriptions of enlightened Liberal statesmanship, by being persuaded to renounce their principles, and either to forswear their creed or to act inconsistently with it. And that is certainly a ‘difficulty.’

But when we have got so far we have to go a step further. For as soon as the difficulty is discerned and acknowledged, enlightened Liberal statesmanship finds itself in this dilemma: it must either withdraw its prescriptions and cease the endeavor to procure their adoption, or it must use the means necessary to its ends, and avow that it is going to work to weaken, undermine, break down, or otherwise get rid of the hindrance to the adoption of its prescriptions, viz., the Irish Catholic's adhesion to his creed. That is the only honest and straightforward way of dealing with the case. Either the Irish people must be left to adhere to their religion, to act in harmony with its principles, and to carry out the necessary consequences of those principles, which, however, involves the admission that the prescriptions of enlightened Liberal statesmanship are not applicable to them; or they must be induced to renounce their creed, and neglect their religion, as a necessary preparation for their adoption of the prescriptions of enlightened Liberal statesmanship. It amounts to this, that it is absurd to expect of them to become enlightened Liberals unless they cease to be genuine Catholics. There is no use in trying to reconcile incompatibilities. Enlightened Liberalism prescribes mixed education. Benighted Catholicism forbids it. Where is the way out of this difficulty? It is quite clear that benighted Catholicism and enlightened Liberalism cannot both have their own way on this point.

The questions of the consolidation of farms and of emigration may be left out of consideration for the present, because their continuance or cessation is not dependent on the encouragement or opposition of the clergy.

So may the question of early marriages, because their continuance or cessation is not likely to be much influenced by the prescriptions of enlightened statesmanship; but the question of mixed education is different. Liberal statesmanship, and Catholic principle, are in direct opposition to one another on the question of mixed Education, and any success of the one can only be gained at the expense of the other.

Now, that enlightened Liberal statesmen will desist from pressing their enlightened Liberal statesmanship upon the Irish people is not to be expected. The calm certainty of the infallibility of all teachings emanating from the Chair of Liberalism gives Liberal statesmen a tenacity of purpose which is sometimes desiderated in sincere upholders of the infallibility of the Chair of Peter. The majority of the Irish upholders of the infallibility of the Chair of Peter are at this moment exerting themselves very strenuously to put the regulation of the affairs of this Empire into the hands of the great Liberal party and the enlightened Liberal statesmen who are its leaders. When the Liberal party assume the reins of power we may take it for granted that they will treat the Irish education question according to the maxims of enlightened Liberal statesmanship, and that their proved fidelity to their own principles will insure their adherence to the system of mixed education. Benighted Catholicism, with its preference for denominational education—a preference which the Pall Mall Gazette admits is not arbitrary or fanciful, but founded on principle, and almost a necessary consequence of the Catholic creed—will then, we fear, come off second best. We regret it, for benighted Catholicism is our own creed and profession, and the desire to act consistently with that creed and profession has made us supporters of denominational and opponents of mixed education. But at the pass to which things have come we do not see any reasonable grounds for expecting that the great blow and heavy discouragement which the cause of denominational education in Ireland has suffered during the present year will be made good.

When the Liberal party, by the aid of the Catholics of Ireland, are restored to power, they will be sure to remember that the Catholics of Ireland have given proof this very year that their party feeling in favor of the Liberals against the Tories is far stronger than their religious feeling in favor of denominational against mixed education. The whole principle of denominational as against mixed education was involved in the offer made by the present Government to the Catholics of Ireland of a charter for a Catholic University. The reception given by the Catholics of Ireland to that offer is now matter of history. The Liberal party denounced the offer, and the Irish Catholic M.P.'s not only abstained from accepting it, or praising it, or expressing gratitude for it, but used their best exertions to expel from office those who proffered the boon, and to restore to office those who opposed it.

Mr. Disraeli and the Earl of Mayo, and the Tory party, have been indignantly denounced and passionately abused for having sought to gain political capital and party support from the Catholics of Ireland by offering the concession of denominational education. We have never felt the force of the reproach, because denominational education was more in accordance with Tory principles than mixed education; and if the Tory leaders, while offering to do something in accord with their own principles, wished to found a claim on the goodwill and gratitude of Catholics by granting them a boon, we do not see what there was to be ashamed of. It turned out that the Irish Catholics cared much less for denominational education than for the Whig alliance; and the Tories took nothing by their motion.

As a mere matter of loss and gain between Whigs and Tories, all this is only of temporary interest, but in its bearing on the question of denominational or mixed education it is of incal-

culable moment. No one expects that the Tories will renew the offer which the Irish Catholic press and the Irish Catholic public not only received without thanks, but decried, deprecated, and slighted; and that the Liberals should make the offer after denouncing and opposing it when made by the Tories, is not to be looked for. On the whole, we are sorry to arrive at the conclusion that, thanks to the Whig alliance, enlightened Liberal statesmanship and mixed education are likely to make more progress in Ireland than the reviewer of Mr. Nassau Senior's book seems to expect.

IMMORAL LITERATURE.

Immoral literature is one of the greatest iniquities of the age, and one of the worst, if not the very worst, signs of social corruption. Out of the Press, day by day, come papers, pamphlets, magazines, books, with foulness on every page, and deadly moral poison in every sentence.—Broadcast over the land these are spread—by thousands are they hourly read—by young and old, till we are sure that we may say, without exaggeration, that not an hour passes in which innocence does not pass away from some soul, and purity from some young life, before the evil influences of our corrupt literature. There was a time when the author of a bad book would conceal his name. There was a time when the readers of a bad book would seek secrecy, where, beyond the reach of any eye, they might feast on thoughts of passion and scenes of sin; but now, publicly to the world, authors of vilest books give their names; publicly the books are bought and sold; publicly they are read; for, not only have the people lost love of virtue, but they have also lost shame of sin. The minds of the rising generation are giving evidence of the terrible power of evil reading. Among our young there is a fearful precocity in evil. Boys, in years, are men in crimes; and girls, entering their teens, are women in knowledge. That literature is reveling in the ruin of the hearts of our children. We must save them from its influence. For the evil reading we must substitute something pure and high, something that appeals to virtuous feelings and not to vicious propensities. Read they will, and read they ought; but let their reading be such that the purest might not suffer from it.—Let parents see to it, that no book, paper, story, magazine, be allowed to enter their hands, unless they are certain of its moral character.

There ought to be a public conscience that would silently rebuke immoral publications of all kinds. In the absence of such a censor, why are there not laws; and if there are, why are they not rigorously enforced against the publishers and sellers of such writings? An impure literature, more rapidly and deeply than any other cause, corrupts a people. A corrupt people never yet preserved liberty long.—Banner of the South.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

His Eminence Cardinal Cullen is pronounced out of danger.

Throughout Ireland drunkenness has considerably diminished. In general there is not now a more sober people than the Irish on the earth.

On July 21 the thermometer showed 80.05 in the shade and 103 in the sun in Belfast. The heat in the shade is the greatest that has been experienced in Belfast for the last ten years.

There were considerable rejoicings at Greyabbey on July 22 on the occasion of the coming of age of Lieutenant Montgomery, Scots Fusilier Guards, son of Hugh Montgomery, Esq., of Rosemount House.

It is with feelings of deepest sorrow we record the death of Doctor Robert Willis, who died at Eyre-square, Galway in the thirty-fourth year of his age, on Friday night, the 17th July, whether he was removed to be under the immediate care of Drs. Brown, Cleland, and his brother, Dr. Thomas Willis, of Dublin.—Cor. Dublin Freeman.

Gordon Holmes, Esq., of the Royal Irish Constabulary, has been promoted from the Sub Inspectorship of Crossmaglen to the charge of the Queen's County.

It is said that Lord Arthur Rowlin Hill-Trevor, youngest son of the third Marquis of Downshire, and M.P. for the County of Down, is soon to be raised to the peerage.

On July 15th, while the men employed in laying down the pipes in connection with the waterworks were excavating the street immediately in front of the establishment of Mr. Leithin, grocer, Galway, they found a large number of human bones extending from thence down to Mr. Somerville's office, all of which seemed to be a good state of preservation.

The potato crop is better this year than it has been for years back.

July 15th, in Dublin is said to have been the warmest day in the last forty years.

In Fermanagh and adjoining Counties the late dry weather has been most injurious to almost all crops—wheat and potatoes excepted. The former looks well; it is filling and ripening fast, and promises an abundant yield.—Mail July 25.

A number of the friends of Mr. Barnes, lately promoted from the local branch of the Bank of Ireland to that of Carlisle, met him at the Imperial Hotel, Waterford, July 22nd, to present him with an address and testimonial on the eve of his departure. Amongst the gentlemen present were—Messrs. J. Strangman (presiding), Harry R. Sargent, E. J. Murphy, J. A. Tobin, R. Ridgway, G. Mackesy, G. Place, and several others.

There was a very considerable fall of rain in Belfast on July 22. It came down for several hours with the old, hearty, fresh vigor which we know so well in this quarter and very quickly converted the streets into the dirty puddle which is their normal condition. [Northen Whig.]

John McFadden, Esq., coroner for this County, held an inquest on July 21st, near Stradone, on the body of a little boy named Patrick Farrelly, who died on July 19th, and according to the medical evidence death resulted from sunstroke on that day.

There are ninety Unions in Ireland in which a third meal is not yet allowed daily to various inmates of the workhouse; and fifty-five in which the workhouse inmates or some classes of them, are not provided by the board of guardians with shoes and stockings.

At one o'clock, on July 22nd, an inquest was held by Samuel Gamble, Esq., Coroner, at the Bunickillen Union Workhouse, on the body of Thomas Kibbold, who was accidentally drowned on the 21st, while bathing in Lough Erne.

On July 22nd, a man named Thomas Collins, a tailor, was attacked in Market street, Newry, by two or three persons of the same trade, and beaten to death. The act was perpetrated a little after eight o'clock, and in the presence of several persons, who were unable to render assistance in time—so speedily was the outrage committed.