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LOVE AND MONEY: A TALE.

Down upon Merchant's Quay, in the city of Cork, stands a tall, narrow-looking house, with windows iron-railed outside. It has a good deal of the look of a private lunatic-asylum about it, but no one lives in it now. It bears rather an airy character, so that it is likely to remain uninhabited for some time, as few except strong-minded people like to speculate in a haunted domicile. Yet a few years ago it was the residence of a man well known in the monetary world, and one who was, as being wealthy, looked up to by the citizens of Cork. Here, too, did he transact his daily business and build up for himself a fortune which made men proud to know him. Let us look in upon him, at least with our mind's eye, as he sits in his gloomy office, writing.

up to love me." At the time that we have taken the idea of entering this house the child Alice is ten years old: a dark, luminous-eyed, black-ringed little girl. She is sitting at her mother's side upon an ottoman drawn near the sofa, and she is reading. Her mother has been ill some time, and doctors said it was no use to give her any more drugs because that her disease was beyond their healing power. Yes, it was beyond them or their knowledge. She pined and sickened, and even then, had her husband roused himself, had he dragged himself from his bed and given his wife a little care and attention, there might have been a chance that she would live. But he did not awaken to the fearful truth that he was following a golden phantom which should lead him from love of every thing fair and bright and at last swamp him irretrievably. After some moments spent at her book, the child looked up to see if her mother was asleep. No, she was not; for her eyes were wide open and directed towards her daughter. Yet Alice thought there was something odd in their appearance. Often had she spent hours looking into their depths, reading within them as books stories of love and hope, and something like despair too. She knew every turn and move of them, but now they were fixed, vacantly staring. What could it mean? Was it sleep? Again Alice looked steadily into her mother's eyes, and again she failed to make out their meaning. She started to her feet, and with her little musical voice called out—'Mamma, dear mamma, are you awake? Speak to me, for I am very frightened.'

they did, they did not say so; but his recollection of those times was strong and lasting, and his gratitude to that which raised him beyond the reach of the finger of scorn was extreme. Men and women did nothing but despise him; money came to him, and soon respect and deference followed; but he thanked no one for their almost homage. He knew well that they only sacrificed before the shrine of the Golden Calf. But what caused him to marry that girl who is dead now? It could not have been for any worldly advantage or pecuniary interest, for she was fortuneless, and her father died deeply in debt to him. However people may wrap themselves up in an impenetrable mackintosh of selfishness,—however they may strive to make you think them invulnerable,—however they may seek to make it believed that they are perfectly heartless,—still there is a spring lying hidden somewhere which, if touched, will open the treasure-box, valuable or otherwise. Now this spring had this beautiful girl come upon without seeking for it certainly, and though Henry Morton would not have said to any one, 'I love her, and that is why I wish to marry her,' yet so it was. He did love her at first sight; that love was confirmed by years of patient, quiet companionship on her part; and now that she had gone he felt very desolate. Then he upbraided himself with his folly in forming any ties with any one, and as a relief to his unallowed sorrow he declared that he had more time for business pursuits, and that he was relieved from an impending object that lay in the path which he was threading. But then his daughter. The sweet-faced thoughtful-looking child. Surely his affection would fall upon her. Of a certainty he could not forget her for that yellow-visaged old hag who has so often led people astray. He cannot think of money, of heaping it up, when he has such a lovely flower that he can rear, that he can train, whose growth he can foster, the flowers of which he can multiply as only a parent knows how to increase the number of flowers in the minds of his or her children. It will be such a healthful joy giving work. It will be so blessed a work he cannot think of setting it aside. His daughter. Ah! he was just giving her a thought. What would he do with her now?—Difficult matter; very difficult. Nice companion. Could she stay in the house as usual?—Yes, but he should look after her. Could not do anything of the kind. No; it was an utter impossibility; could any one do it? What did he care what any one could do? She must go to some boarding-school, he decided, and without delay. Two or three newspapers were immediately searched, and several advertisements were found from ladies unmarried or widowed who had academies in which two or three vacancies had just occurred. He weighed and measured each announcement in his mind, and after some consideration resolved on communicating with the Misses Borem, of Elm Park, a little out of Dublin. By return post those learned females informed Mr. Morton that it would be the greatest pleasure of their lives to receive the young Alice within their scholastic dwelling; stating, too, their terms, which were satisfactory. The little girl was informed of her papa's decision, and Mrs. Williams received directions to pack up all things necessary for her, and to have her ready as soon as possible,—as soon as possible! So it was he wished his daughter away from him, for he feared that he might relent. He thought the temptations to keep her in the house would attack him too strongly, and he wanted her off to the Borems. 'Wasn't she like his wife?' The very reason he dreaded her influence. He was an ardent, blind, fanatical worshipper, and he resolved nothing should disturb his devotions. When Alice was told that she was to go off to a boarding-school, in which she would meet with little girls like herself, she felt almost glad. The gloomy old house had never appeared such to her until her mother died; but then every dark corner, every spare room, seemed to her to contain something ghostly. Then a half-embodied thought entered her mind, in the form of a question as to whether it was right that she should feel pleasure at leaving her papa. An answer was spoken in her heart, to the effect that he did not care much for her, that he was engrossed with other cares, and that then it was no wrong of her. She had to be up very early upon the morning of starting to meet the coach, and Mrs. Williams had her breakfast on the table as she came downstairs. The housekeeper had, from some years of servitude with Mr. Morton, got quite into his ways and manner, and never appeared excited. But this morning it was different. She could not help looking at the little girl with moistened eyes, and thinking of her good mother and strange father. 'You must eat a great deal, Miss Alice; for it is a long journey, and the air is rather chilly,' said the good woman. 'Now, don't cry,' she

added, 'when I give you what I have in my hand—sure, you won't.' 'No,' replied the child listlessly. She was thinking of the future, and striving to imagine the Borems and their school. 'Well, here is a lock of your dear mamma's hair, that I got put into this little case for you. I knew it would please you to have something to remind you of her, though it ought to be difficult for you to forget her.' 'Thank you,' said Alice; 'you are very good to me. Yes, I can't forget her now. I wonder does she see me, Mrs. Williams? Do you think she hears me speak, and that she can be near me?' 'I can't tell, child—it's not for me to meddle in these things. They're above me, and it would be wrong of me to say anything either way. But I know this—if she can be near you, to watch and guard you, to keep you from every harm, from any bad breath of wind, she will.—That's all I'll say.' Just then Mr. Monckman came upstairs, and said it was time to go away to meet the coach; so Alice had to go down with him to her father, who was in his office. As she went in she commenced to cry, but he came and put two guineas in her hand, and said: 'Good-bye, child, good-bye; wipe your face, and don't let any one see you weeping.' Mr. Monckman led her away until they came to where the coach stopped, and into it they stepped and took their places. Away it rattled over stony pavements and rugged roads, through little hamlets and stirring country towns, and across streams, by meadows and stubble fields. It rattled, lumbled, tossed, and jerked, and it jerked up the young blood into Alice's face, and she got quite interested in the cows and sheep she saw browsing in the fields, and the cooling of the weather sharpened her appetite, so she began a vigorous and well sustained attack upon a basket of provisions that had been made up by Mrs. Williams, and which were near her. After some time spent in this way, she grew weary and fell asleep in Mr. Monckman's arms, whilst he thought. Thinking filled up all the time not spent in Mr. Morton's office by Mr. Monckman, who was senior clerk. The only passenger besides his charge was an old gentleman, who slept all day; so he had no one to speak to; but had the most garrulous individual been alongside Mr. Monckman, he could not have made him give up his great duty of thinking. His thoughts took a rural turn, and off he went into green lanes and green fields, and he sat himself down upon a mound of velvety-covered sward. He was not alone then, for a young girl sat beside him, and she sang pretty songs for him, or he read books to amuse her, or both spoke and laughed, grew joyous and pensive just as they were influenced by the pledges, fondly and trustingly given, faithfully broken, and laid aside for ever. Alice's black curls fell upon his white shirt-front, and he thought of what might have been had there been no bar. He pictured to himself a husband's love, a father's joy, and pride, and hope, and he said aloud, 'I might have been happy; she might and would have been mine had I money, were I rich, but I was cast off for another.' There was Morton: what a wife he got; a noble-looking woman, and he didn't care for her; he neglected her; but that was no matter, he was rich.' Alice awoke and looked into Mr. Monckman's eyes; she saw them moving about very quickly, she leaned against him, and she felt his heart bounding, and she thought it strange, for she had always believed that he had no heart, his face was so placid. Again she slept, and again he thought, but at last both were interrupted by the arrival of the coach at its destination. They got out and a car came up, which Miss Borem had sent to convey them to her academy. Mr. Monckman left his charge with the servant and went away, and Alice was taken to the boarding-school. On arriving at the gate, she was met by the youngest Borem, and led through the avenue till they came to the house. Entering the hall door, she came suddenly upon a parlor, the door of which being open, allowed her to see a female sitting at one side of the fire-place, with a book in her hand. Seeing Alice at the door, she stood up and gave her one piercing look, that made her stare with terror as she strove to enter the room. Miss Borem sat down, all the features of her face perfectly rigid, holding the book at arm's length from her; and as she turned her long sinewy fingers round the volume, the idea of strangulation would immediately occur to any looker on. Her eyes, of a most peculiar color—dirty-brown, and bloodshot—looked out with a scowl of defiance from beneath heavy, massive brows, and something in the uneasiness of their movements suggested the thought of smugglers, or some such characters, watching the approach of any hostile person from their cavernous

hiding-place. Her nose was angry with crimson upon her forbidding face, and seemed like some mighty combatant who had taken up his position there for the purpose of separating the vicious eyes, and preventing a battle royal between them. Her mouth was scarcely noticeable, save when she was in the act of speaking, for she had a habit of keeping her teeth clenched and her lips compressed, so that even when she did speak she permitted her words to escape, as we may suppose an envious jailer would allow a prisoner forth at the end of the term. Her chin projected very far, and was even more conspicuous from its more than downy appearance.—The hair of her head was not the gift of nature, three curls being sewn on at both sides of a thick black cap. Three teeth composed her entire stock of human ivory, and she could have dispensed with those, too, for they did not add to her charms, inasmuch as they were long, nearly black, and resembling very much a pitchfork. No wonder, then, that at sight of this lady, Alice became somewhat frightened, and preferred remaining near the door of the parlor, so as to be able to beat a retreat at any moment. But Miss Borem ordered her sister Susan to bring Alice forward until she might see the pre-natural appearance of her head. But still the little girl persisted in remaining in the rear. So Miss Borem did not press the point, but asked her did she know how to read? To this query she made no answer, but looked very stupid indeed. 'Miss Morton,' said the manageress, 'I demand an answer. Your father has not, in his communication to me, written of any defect in your speech. If you are dumb, Miss Morton, squeeze my hand, and I will take it as an affirmative answer.' 'She is not dumb, Maria,' said Miss Susan; 'but she is somewhat alarmed at you—that is, I mean at her new society.' Maria answered, 'Miss Borem, I take your interference in the light of a slur upon my abilities. You and Jane have given me the control of this establishment. Remember, no discipline can be kept up without obedience, and that I require from all. Again, Miss Morton, do you read?' 'I don't know,' sobbed the child, and she buried her face in Miss Susan's gown. 'An answer, at all events,' said Miss Borem, 'though a very strange one, and I am afraid not truthful. If you are able to read you know it; it not, you must be aware of your ignorance.—Always speak the truth, for though I may not have a very high opinion of your mental capacity, if you admitted your not being mistress of this, the first branch of English, still I could only say, 'Here is a little stupid; I must do something for her.' Miss Borem's discourse was broken in upon by the sound of a bell, and in a moment a shuffling of feet and a clatter of ware was heard in the adjoining parlor. The manageress swept from one room into the other followed by Miss Susan, who again was followed by Alice. The scene there was rather stunning to the very much stunned nerves of the young pupil. A large table in the centre of the room, with lights shining upon a lot of white china. Girls of all ages and sizes round this same table, all looking forward with expectancy for the commencement of the evening meal, which was called 'tea,' though an Irish cow and some water from a neighboring well contrived more to the repast than any Chinese production. Every one turned to look at the youngster, and for nearly five minutes she was subjected to inquiring glances from all in turn. She felt a dizziness in her head, and objects were becoming indistinct to her vision, when a little fat dimpled arm caught her by the waist, and helped her to a chair at the table, and after a little delay got her tea and bread and butter. Alice's eyes filled with tears at the unexpected kindness; but the fat little girl beside her, told her that there was no need in being frightened. 'for, said she, 'Miss Borem isn't half as cross as you'd think.' These two minutes they were excellent friends; these two little people and they spoke a good deal about the school. Alice expressing her fears; the other girl, promising that soon she would not mind Miss Borem. 'But,' said Alice to her companion, 'I haven't asked you your name. I want to know it.' 'My name is Mary Power; not as nice a name as yours, I suppose,' replied she. 'Much nicer, much nicer than mine,' the other broke in. 'My name is Alice Morton.' 'Alice, what a pretty sound it has; and we'll be friends, won't we?' asked Mary. 'Good friends, and we'll always play together.' 'Yes,' said Alice, 'for I am very fond of you. Oh! I love you very much; you're so good.' 'You'll be fonder of my brother,' said Mary. 'He's a fine big fellow, and I think him handsome.' 'You have a brother? Oh! how pleasant it