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FATHER CLEVELAND; OR, THE JESUIT.

By the Authoress of "Life in the Cloister," "Grace O'Halloran," "The Two Marys," etc., etc.

From the Boston Pilot.

"Maids, matrons, say, the secrets of the grave This viperous slither enters."—Cymbeline.

(CHAPTER III.—Continued.)

On the following evening she was seated alone in a summer house, the windows of which were shaded by a huge oak, the growth of centuries; its gigantic boughs screening from sight any person who might be within.

"It is yourself, sir, who have endeavored to push on this business," she heard him say. "I have no desire to fetter myself by marriage. I have often told you so; in the first place, this proud Miss Aileen, whom you represent as a paragon of virtue, will have, from what I understand, but a very insignificant sum of money to receive, and this not till the death of her father; and even were I contented to marry her without what I consider the one thing needful, which, circumstanced as we are with this estate mortgaged to nearly its value, I should think would be a most foolish piece of business; you see yourself that this conceited piece of humanity is not willing to bestow her precious self upon me on any terms. I am sick of her, sir; tired of hearing her name mentioned, and the sooner she leaves Alverly the better."

"For shame, Herbert," replied the old man; "and remember, that if this estate has been again mortgaged it was in consequence of your reckless extravagance. As to Aileen Desmond, it has been wrong in me to try to push on the match. You are not worthy that she should be your wife."

"The truth is, mine honored parent," remarked Herbert, "I am too much in want of money just now to think of anything else. If Aileen were to present herself before me, with twenty thousand pounds in her pocket, I might make up my mind to put up with the incumbrance of a young lady; but, as she would come empty handed, it is quite another thing. I must beg to hold myself excused, and enjoy the blessings still within my grasp as long as our creditors will allow me to do so—absolutely and unreservedly declining the very precarious blessing of a wife."

Herbert Cleveland arose as he spoke these words, and was immediately followed by the old man, from whose lips fell the words "disgusting," and "spendthrift." The light scornful laugh of his son then fell upon the ears of Aileen, who arose from the crouching position she had assumed to secure herself from observation, and, with trembling lips and a face mantled by a crimson flush, sped swiftly along the lawn, in an opposite direction to that taken by Herbert and his father.

One fear possessed her—should she meet Maud, the frivolous, unfriendly Maud—and from her parched lips broke forth the words, "Oh, that I were in my room and alone, where none could see me!"

With the swiftness of a fawn, on, still on, the poor agitated girl wended her way across the spacious lawn, and along a terrace but seldom used, till she reached the library.

One glance at the French window told her that the much-dreaded Maud was not there, and, hastening through the room and up the great staircase, she speedily reached her chamber.

She locked her door to avoid intrusion; her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, her face was still dyed with the indignant glow of mortified pride and shame.—All the proud spirit of her father arose in that moment in her own heart; she felt humbled, crushed to the very dust, when she called to mind the contemptuous language she had overheard, and, bursting into a passionate flood of tears, she exclaimed—

"Oh, that I were in France, in Ireland—anywhere rather than to be compelled to meet him as if I were offered for sale—to have to endure without a word this shameful humiliation!"

Then, pressing her hands over her burning brow, she sank upon her knees, and wept long and bitterly tears of indignant pride and passion. At length, spent and exhausted, she arose, and her fingers caught in the small chain to which was suspended Edward Cleveland's parting gift.

Oh! happy, thrice happy chance, or rather providence for such in truth are these things which we, in our blind want of faith, are apt to call chances! Those poor nervous hands, still trembling with emotion, fell upon the cross in which, he had informed her, was enshrined a precious reliquary—a fragment of the wood of the life-

giving cross of the world's Redeemer. One thought alone then filled her mind. He was humbled and despised, though King and Lord of all; verily, that tiny cross preached to her a lesson far more striking than aught that could have fallen from the burning lips of an apostle. Could she look on that and indulge longer in this whirlwind of passion, which had shook her soul to its inmost being? Ah, no; and so soft as falls the gentle dew of heaven on the parched earth, light as purest snowflake on hardened rock, so gently did the sight of that little reliquary speak to her heart; and it seemed as though it were given to her outward senses audibly to hear the words, "Take up thy cross, and follow Me."

The tumult of angry passion was hushed. A perfect calm succeeded to that hurricane, which, like some withering blast, had swept over her soul, and perfectly exhausted, but tranquil and composed, she set her down to reflect and muse upon the past. It is said that there is but one sin concerning which, when battle has been waged against it, it is not safe for the mind again to dwell upon, even though it be to contemplate thankfully its overthrow.

"The sooner she leaves Alverly the better, I am sick of her," together with the way she had been spoken of as being an incumbrance, had stung her to the quick; but now, as if under the influence of some potent spell, she could and did recur to the remembrance of those words without agitation, simply desirous to leave the Grange as soon as possible. Her next idea was to efface all traces of the tell-tale tears which had swollen her eyes, and this, as ladies know, is not a very easy matter. Any moment she was exposed to the chance of Maud or her maid trying the door of her room, and it was impossible to satisfy their curiosity. She would darken the windows, and throw herself on the bed, first of all unlocking the door, and then say she had the head-ache. Truly, she had shed tears enough to cause the head of any poor mortal on earth to throb wildly enough, so that there was not the slightest shade of an untruth in alleging indisposition as the cause of her absence from the dinner table; and accordingly, when Lucy came to help her to dress, the excuse was received without a doubt of anything having occurred to cause annoyance or pain; and a little later Aileen consented to take some refreshment in her own room.

True, that on the following morning she knew she should have to meet Maud at breakfast, and those words of scorn which he had uttered would, spite of her efforts to prevent them, ring in her ears; but her lesson had been well learned, and her sweet, innocent face betrayed not a shadow of uneasiness. Her hand trembled not as she placed it in his, and acknowledged his morning salutation, though the poor rebellious heart may have fluttered more wildly than usual.

That hateful day, so unusually long, passed at length as all long and troublesome days do, for she felt herself no match for the keen satire of Maud, whose shafts were more venomous than usual, but the end came, like the end of all disagreeables; and Aileen could even afford to smile, when Herbert Cleveland bade her farewell and most hypocritically expressed his sorrow at her departure, and his hope that she would visit the Grange on her return to England.

"Alas! alas! how deceitful are we to each other; how deceitful is the world of us! How little did that arch-hypocrite know, that Aileen valued his words at their true worth, as false and deceitful."

Her parting with Maud was politely cold. Aileen had no earthly cause to regret that she was leaving the Grange. One person alone had interested her warm susceptible heart, and to him it must ever be sealed up. She still felt, however, that he would be woven up with the incidents of her after life, though, humanly speaking, there was nothing to favor such a supposition.

CHAPTER IV.—THE DESOLATE HOME.

"Bring us in as large a log as you can find, Pat, for the night is very cold, and the wind penetrates through this half-furnished room, making one's old bones ache, and one's teeth chatter this October evening, as though the new year with its snows and frosts were at hand."

"Shure, and I will be after doing yer orders, sir; but it is plenty of wood yez have got in the cellar, aye, and for that matter, good sea coal too, only yez likes the better the blaze of the wood."

Thus speaking, Pat shambled out of the room, and for a few moments Gerald Desmond was alone.

Alone, yes, alone with his own sad thoughts; he heard not the howling of the wind as it lashed in its fury the waves which dashed against the rocks beneath the castle wall, that old time-worn castle of the Desmonds, now dismantled, falling into ruins, from which, piece-meal, nearly everything it contained had been, during the last year, turned into cash, by the one worthy faithful servant, who, amid the wreck of his fortunes, would not desert, but stood by him to the last.

Like some hoary ruin, venerable in its decay, was the last of that branch of the Desmonds, now introduced to our readers. He was tall and spare in form, with shoulders slightly bent, aquiline features, and long hair, white as silver. A little later and the door opened gently, admitting, not Pat, but an elderly lady, poorly clad, but whose scanty dress was worn with an air of pretension and gracefulness, which showed that the poor lady, still handsome in her old age, had been far from insensible to those external matters on which the fair sex are wont to set so small store.

"How cold it is, Gerald," she murmured, querulously, as she drew a heavy old chair, of cumbrous make, to the fast-decaying fire so carefully heaped together in the spacious fireplace. "I really think bed would be the best place for all of us on such a night at this. My poor Aileen," she continued, clasping her withered hands together, "what will become of her—how will she bear this sad reverse?"

As she thus spoke, Pat drew night with a moderately sized log of wood, which he laid on the charred embers, and for some little time endeavored to fan them into a blaze; whilst, catching the last words poor Mrs. Desmond had uttered, he made a sort of running commentary upon them exclaiming—

"Ah! and it's the purty colleen who'll be after making rich people of yez agin, or Pat Magrath niver told the truth at all, at all; who will yez be sending for her! does yer honor mean to have her before yez lave the ould castle?"

"Aileen will not be likely to see this place again, Pat, my good fellow," replied his master; "I fear we shall have to leave it before her return."

"Ah, thin, shure and it's never the likes of yez that will be thinking of laving the ould place," said Pat, with much emotion, wiping a tear from his eye with the sleeve of his torn coat.

"You see, Pat, it is no fault of ours," said Mrs. Desmond, gently. "We shall be made to go; we are too poor to remain here any longer; do you understand me, Pat?"

"Arrah, no thin, I can scarce say that I do; for if the ould place were mine, instead of his honor's, it isn't Pat Magrath who would lave at all, at all; but the big Sassenachs shall rue it if they come here, for it's Pat's arm that is jist strong enough to come down with a heavy blow on any one who would do yer honor an injury."

"You must learn to be quiet, Pat," replied Mrs. Desmond; "if, as you say you will, you remain determined to follow our fortunes, rebellion is of no use, and will only make our case worse, and injure yourself. Should the day come, when we are determined to resist, my good fellow, then the best thing will be for you to leave us at once."

"It is niver the likes of me that'll be laving you both, even before the purty colleen comes back; but hist, yer honor, shure and I heard a knock at the great door; I took away the bell; because I was determined if those villains come again, it wouldn't be Pat Magrath who would give them the satisfaction of setting it a ringing to the annoyance of her honors."

"What! do you mean to say you have taken the bell away, Pat?" inquired the astonished Mrs. Desmond.—"How shall we know when anyone calls who is friendly to us?"

"Why, you see," said Pat, "I thought if frinds come it wouldn't matter, they must just go away; but, if those thieving Sassenachs were to shew themselves, they'd soon tire, seeing they'd have nothing to make a noise with, at all, at all."

"Hark! I do think I heard a knock myself," said Mrs. Desmond; "but the wind is so high one can scarcely tell; go and listen, Pat; don't open the door; merely inquire if anyone is there."

In a few moments the man returned, saying that he had looked through a window immediately over the principal entrance, and had there seen two young men, who earnestly implored a night's lodging; "they had," they said, "lost their way, and knew not where to obtain food and shelter."

"Let them come in, Gerald," said Mrs. Desmond; "the poor creatures can at least screen themselves from the fury of the storm."

"Certainly," replied her no less warm-hearted husband. "Admit them at once, Pat; they are in yet greater need than ourselves."

"What was it you were after saying, master?" said Pat, affecting not to have heard what

had been said to him. "It's not the likes of me who should not agree with yer honor, but I did not hear right, shure; and you wasn't after telling me to let in men who might be Sassenachs in disguise."

"Nonsense, nonsense, man; let these poor benighted creatures in at once."

Quite unaccustomed to contend with his master, the faithful Pat yielded an unwilling assent, and shortly returned, saying that he had left the two men in the hall.

A little later, Mr. Desmond retired to rest, desiring Pat to bring the men into the warm room, and give them something to eat.

To the former command he very willingly yielded assent; but, as the larder was so bare of provisions as only to contain sufficient for the next two days, and that of a very meagre nature, Pat saw no reason why he should attempt to play a hospitable part at the expense of his master; therefore, having brought them to the room, and telling them that they might divest themselves of their wet clothes, and pass the night there, he contented himself with taking from a side cupboard a bottle, containing a very small portion of Irish whiskey, the remains of a loaf of bread, and a small piece of cheese, observing, "that had they come earlier, before the master had retired for the night, he would have obtained for them choice wines from the cellar, and various good things in the way of eatables, which were in the larder, of which his honor and his lady had the keys."

Meanwhile the night wore on, and Pat forgot not to congratulate his companions upon the good fortune which, in the midst of a wild and desolate region like that particular spot on the coast of Galway, in which the castle was situated, that they had found so seasonable a shelter, instead of being exposed to the merciless fury of the storm, which now raged more wildly than ever; and affecting not to notice their insinuations that it would be as well to place a little more wood on the decaying embers, he furnished them with some old blankets, and taking one for himself, was soon lost in sleep.

The night would not have passed very quietly had Pat overheard the conversation which then took place between his companions.

The old clock in the turret had just struck the hour of seven the following morning when Mr. Desmond was aroused from a heavy sleep by a loud noise, apparently issuing from one of the lower apartments, and both he and the alarmed Mrs. Desmond immediately recognized the voice of Pat, mingled with language of no very conciliatory nature, and then the heavy fall of what was, no doubt, a piece of furniture hurled at the heads of his adversaries, there remaining no doubt on the mind of his master that those same adversaries were the houseless wanderers whom he had ordered Pat to receive into the Castle on the preceding night.

In a very few moments the old gentleman had hastily dressed himself, little imagining how the case really stood, and, thinking that Pat's warm Milesian blood had been roused by his having taken offence at some unfortunate remark on the part of the strangers, he hurried to the room he had used on the previous night.

"What means this disturbance?" he exclaimed; but an angry war of words stopped what he was about to say on the part of Pat, whilst a look of dogged sullenness was on the countenance of the two men, one of whom had been somewhat seriously handled, for his forehead was bleeding by a blow from a stick, which Pat was still flourishing when Mr. Desmond entered the room.

"Arrah, indeed, yet honor may well be after saying, what does it mean, when sich dirty spalpeens as these come and beg for a night's lodging, and thin, when morning comes, refuse to go on their way at all, at all; but it's Pat Magrath who would have forced them out of the ould place, quite unknowst to yer honor, if yez had not heard the noise of the Sassenachs, and?"

"You had best see that your servant desists from further violence, Mr. Desmond," said the man who had escaped unhurt; "he has already savagely illused my follower, and will be punishable for an assault. We are here in the name of the law," he added, drawing a paper from his pocket, "and I am about to make an inventory of the very few articles this ruinous old castle, fit only for a residence for owls and bats, may yet contain; having done which, I shall remain in possession myself whilst my man goes in search of others, who will teach your servant yonder that he is to respect officers when doing their duty."

Whilst this somewhat long exordium had been delivering, poor Mr. Desmond had remained stupefied. Dazed, bewildered, he undoubtedly was by the greatness of the shock; for, upon the production of the warrant, it was at once evident to him that he and his poor wife had been outwitted the previous evening, whilst the more wily Pat would have refused the pretended wanderers the night's lodging they had requested.

As it was, there was nothing to do but to sub-

mit with as good a grace as possible to his ill fortune. He merely replied—

"I think you could have expected nothing less than the treatment you have received at the hands of my servant, seeing that you effected your entrance to my house under false pretences; he had a full right whilst in ignorance of your real errand here, to treat you as unceremoniously as he has done. What was your reason for stealing to my house as you did at a late hour on a stormy night, instead of executing your warrant in a proper manner this morning?"

A loud laugh was for a moment the only answer Gerald Desmond received.

"Come this morning! a likely story that," he replied. "No, no, Mr. Desmond, old birds are not to be caught by chaff. Your servant there has refused to let us in, too often, as well as others who have been here on the same errand, for us to be quite so foolish. Look here, now, old gentleman," he added, in a tone of insolent familiarity which stung Desmond to the quick, and made Pat grimace as he shuddered with a strong desire to serve him as he had previously served his companion. "You see we can't put in a execution after sunset, nor before sunrise; and, as you choose to turn this old castle into a sort of fortress, uncomfortable by decent folks, we gentlemen of the law just had to lay our heads together with our superior officer, and agreed that the best way would be to throw ourselves on your well-known hospitality, by begging a night's lodging. I brought my warrant with me sir, and have to distract on your furniture and effects in payment of a debt of £2,000, due by you to Samuel Grimes, Esq., and which, from the state of this, one of the principal apartments, I look upon it, will continue unpaid, for I don't see anything much worth putting down in my inventory here."

"And, sorra a bit would Pat Magrath have left for the likes of yez to be after taking, if he had thought his honor would have been taken in it."

"It's not Pat, though," continued the man, "who would have let you in at all; but for the mistress and master, that yez have deceived, and had luck to yez for that same and—"

"Hush, Pat! let us have no more of this," said Mr. Desmond, then turning to the officer, he requested him to make out his inventory with all possible speed, enforcing silence on the part of Pat, scarce insuring immunity from another outbreak on the part of that very irascible functionary, especially when Gerald Desmond was asked, in a very satirical tone of voice, to conduct the way to the well-filled wine cellar to which he had alluded on the previous evening.

Pat, however, had not played out his part. He knew he had rendered himself amenable to justice for what was an assault of no trifling nature on the person of the man who was to be left in possession, and, as we are sorry to say, his conscience was somewhat elastic where bailiffs were concerned, and had not had strength of mind sufficient to resist the taunts of his opponent; he was determined not to bear the confinement of a prison, without an effort to ensure the safety of his own person.

Thus he carefully watched his opportunity, and when he beheld the two officers safely occupied in turning over the contents of a cabinet in one of the upper rooms of the old castle, in that wing of the building which overhung the sea, he signed for his master to leave the room, and with great haste turned they key in the lock, thus making them prisoners; replying only by a derisive shout of laughter to the urgent entreaties from those within, who, from threats, at last had recourse to promises, which Pat valued at their true worth, knowing that he was on the right side of the hedge in this matter, and that the case would quickly be reversed if he granted their request, for "vows made in pain are violent and void."

"Now, then, yer honor and Madame Desmond must be quick, and lave the ould place to its fate," exclaimed Pat, almost agast at the bewildered state in which he beheld them. "It's no use at all, at all, to stay here, and have those murderous Sassenachs to take yez off to prison. I have saved a little money in yer honor's service, and the best thing we could be after doing would be to get off to Dublin without delay."

"But these wretched men," said Mrs. Desmond, deafened by the noise they made at the door. "You must not leave them to perish; they are doing their master's bidding."

"And sorra bit do I care for frightening them well," said Pat; "through it's not the likes of me who would be after laving them to starve. I will give the key to one of old Grimes' men, as soon as yez shall both have left the castle."

Now, it would have been hard for a disinterested spectator to have imagined that Pat Magrath was not in the very height of some unusual enjoyment, rather than in the midst of a scene of exquisite misery; so elate was he, as he sprung from one room to the other, packing hastily such few articles as poverty had yet spared