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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, nay, the secrets of the grave This viperous slander enters."—Cymbeline.

(CHAPTER VII.—Continued.)

"My name is Edward," he said. "Are you the Uncle Edward who went away before I was born? You are a Priest: I should like to be a Priest, too."

"Yes, my little fellow; I am Uncle Edward," said the Jesuit, smiling. "And so you would like to be a priest, would you? Well, learn your book, and be a good boy, and then, when you are a little older you shall, perhaps, be sent to college. Do you go to church often, Edward?"

Maud had left the room to procure a little refreshment, vexed enough, you may be sure, that that tiresome brother, so strict in all his notions—for he was stricter than ever, she could see that plainly, now that he was a Priest—had caught her en dishabille—and Father Cleveland resolved to make the most of his time during her absence.

"Go to church!" replied the child in answer to his last question; "well, sometimes we go; but often, when we have shabby clothes, we stay at home."

"But why don't you go to an early Mass, if you are afraid of your clothes being seen?" he inquired with a sigh.

"Why, you see, papa is out at the theatre late at night, and then we are all in bed very late the next morning; papa is angry if we disturb him. I like going to church, but it is such a long way from here, and they won't let me go alone."

At this moment there was a shout amongst the children at the further end of the room, and a fight as to who should have the mastery for the possession of Father Cleveland's breviary, which had been dexterously abstracted from the table beside him, and which, containing sundry little engravings, formed a bone of contention for the three younger children.

With some little difficulty, and a promise that he would call again in a few days, and bring them some pictures for themselves, the good Father at last succeeded in extricating the book from their rough grasp before mischief was done, not, however, until he had diverted their attention by drawing from his pocket an ivory rosary, and telling them that they should have one each for themselves, if they would promise him that they would always say their beads upon them.

Alas! poor Father Cleveland you are speaking to so many little heathens; true, they were baptized, but their religion will well nigh end with the rite of baptism, unless you can save them. The children had but one idea, which evidently was, that the rosary was a necklace, whereupon Eleanor, the eldest girl, snatched it from one of the other children, and putting it round her neck, flew down in great glee to her mother.

"This is spiritual desolation in my own family beyond anything I could possibly have conceived," thought Father Cleveland to himself, as he looked upon the poor little things, whose intelligent countenances betrayed that they were not deficient in point of capability.

"Did they know their prayers," he asked, "yes, they knew the 'Our Father,' and they thought they remembered the 'Hail Mary,' too, as mamma used to, but the servant they had now was not a Catholic, and so could not teach them any."

"The first duty of a mother deputed to a servant," thought the Jesuit. "We are afraid his opinion of Maud will certainly fall to zero before he leaves Myrtle Cottage."

Meanwhile a slatternly servant girl made her appearance with a tray, on which appeared a few sandwiches, some bread and cheese, and ale; and Maud re-entered unable to restrain her mirth at the idea of the children having mistaken her brother's rosary for a necklace.

"Why, do they not remember having seen your rosary, Maud? If I do not mistake, you had a very elegant one, which had belonged to our poor mother. I fancy the beads were topazes, with gold links, were they not?"

"Edward is exceedingly troublesome: what a long memory he has!" thought Maud, replying naively—"Oh, yes, I have one of that kind, but I never allow the children to see it." She did not dare tell him that the rosary, so valued by her late mother, had found its way to a pawnbroker's shop.

Maud gave him an invitation to dinner, with a latent hope, that it might not be accepted, for she remembered that Vivian would probably re-

turn with two or three boon companions, to whom it would not be in very good taste to introduce her brother. He declined the invitation saying, however, that he should call in a few days hence, bring something in his pocket for the young people, and stay to see his brother-in-law.

With some difficulty he obtained his rosary from Eleanor, and being already a favorite with the children, could not very easily get away from them. At last he accomplished his object, and with something of pride Maud stood watching him at the garden gate, as he turned his steps towards the Kennington Road.

"What a fine man he has become, how dignified in his manner, I am sure all who know him must like him: but, mercy on us, it would not do for him to come here often, it would not be long before he would be preaching to Vivian and myself about the way we bring up these children, and I cannot bear being preached to, especially by one's own relations, so, perhaps, it is as well for all parties that he returns presently to New York: heigho!" she added, a sort of weary feeling at her worldly heart. "How very odd that he should have turned out such a saint, and I have thrown off my faith. What would he say if he knew Vivian was employed at the theatres? I feel half afraid of him; fancy he is looking down upon me; I am quite sure he observes all I say and do, and I imagine I saw him quizzing my cap, the flowers of which are all the worse for wear, and certainly not quite as nice as they might be," continued Maud soliloquizing still, as she now stood before her chimney glass.

You will see that all this time this worldly woman, selfish as well as worldly, had not sent one little thought to the grave of her father, not one little aspiration for his soul's well-being risen from her lips to the throne of the Eternal. What a character is she not, to be charged with the conduct of a family; and yet there are thousands like her, in London and its suburbs alone.

Was there one soft place in her heart—is there one creature whom she does really love? she can fear, that is quite certain; she fears her brother. She knows, that by right of his office, he has the right to correct, and is quite shrewd enough to be aware, that if he continues his visits, and holds his peace, it is with the hope that she and her children may become true members of the Church.

She has a perverted understanding, has Maud Vivian; her heart cannot be attuned to any fine emotion: all the love of which she is capable is showered upon her youngest boy, a beautiful child, but at the same time, a most mischievous urchin, as his Uncle Edward truly considered him.

To this child, all the others, big and little, were made to submit; they were to yield to him in everything, and it will not be long, as a matter of course, before the mother will yield also. Let a child have its own way in everything, and what but mischief can come of such a line of conduct.

Meanwhile, Father Cleveland pursued his way homewards—the strangely conducted house he had left filling every thought—and amazed beyond measure that Maud, the once fantastical, delicate and accomplished Maud, could have become so changed in mind and person.

The boy with the large dreamy eyes had engaged more than any of the others the attention of the good Jesuit, and he was already weaving in his own mind a plan by which he might possibly be able to arrange to place him in the College of the Jesuit Fathers before he left England; then came the thought of the poor neglected little girl, the child being brought up, or rather "dragged up," as the writer Charles Lamb has it; there was no evidence of a piano, and she was evidently not put to school; he must see if anything could be done for her. Ah! Father Cleveland, stop a little, or you'll be like I don't know how many uncles and aunts who have lived before you; you will go so often to see these poor little mortals out of pity, that at last you will end in doing that which ought to have been the first study of their parents, a duty which, sometimes from inability, sometimes from want of will, they too often shirk on the shoulders of single relation, viz., to rear their children in their place, and which, by the way, often turns out a thankless office, for the niece or nephew is somewhat graceless at times: nevertheless, Father Cleveland will do what he can, like other good people who work for eternity, for if we only work for time, the temporal reward is as much as we dare expect, and a very small one it is sure to be.

CHAPTER VIII.—AILEEN'S TRIUMPH.

"On account of the terrible poverty now prevailing at Toronto, a grand concert will be held on the 14th proximo, in aid of the suffering poor; and we are authorised to add that Miss Helen Lascelles, the young lady whose musical talents excited so much astonishment at Quebec, has

offered her valuable aid on this interesting occasion."

Placards to this effect were to be seen in every available space about Toronto, and a crowded room was confidently expected, for in addition to public sympathy being excited, expectation was on the *qui vive* to see and to hear a young lady of whom public report spoke highly, both as to personal graces, inflexible virtue, sound musical skill, and an exquisite voice.

At length the wished-for night arrived, and all the *elite* of wealth and fashion poured into the Assembly-rooms; these Toronto people are something like ourselves in England, who must have bazaars and dinners and concerts, and so forth, to help on a work of charity, and they have a concert too, and from the excitement that prevails it bids fair to be a success.

Carriage after carriage drew up at the gates of the Assembly-rooms, depositing thereat their human freight, and it was not long before the rooms became crowded to excess.

After a delay of some ten minutes, the principal vocalist of the evening made her appearance. She was young, and looked much more so than she really was, beautiful but paler than the white roses in her sunny brown hair. She was arrayed in a robe of rich white silk, covered with delicate lace, festooned here and there with bunches of roses and lilies of the valley, one single ornament gleamed upon her bosom, a cross of gold set with rubies, a bandeau of pearls held back her fair hair, and a bracelet of no inconsiderable value adorned one of her arms.

A deafening shout of applause greeted her approach, she bent gracefully forward to acknowledge the kindness of the welcome, and seemed to gather courage, for a bright flush passed over the lately pale cheek; then she sang one of those delicious airs from "La Sonnambula," with which Malibran entertained her audience, and the rich, full voice gathered strength as she proceeded, holding the audience spell-bound, as strains of richest melody fell upon their ears, and then died away in one long impassioned wail.—The song was encored, and followed at intervals by brilliant performances, both vocal and instrumental, on the part of the talented artiste.—Reader, this was Aileen Desmond, she had now assumed the name of Ellen Lascelles.

Amidst innumerable compliments and proffered invitations, Miss Lascelles—for, to avoid mistakes, we will call her by her new name—passed to a small brougham, attended by an elderly gentleman and a young lady.

Exhausted and faint with the exertion of the evening, the poor girl leaned back in the carriage, and pressing her hand on her throbbing forehead, reviewed the events of the last three months.

She had only held the Dublin engagement a couple of years, when, seeing a situation advertised in the *Times*, a musical governess in Quebec, at a yearly stipend of £100, she at once decided on accepting it.

This and two other situations she occupied for six years, and then, yielding to the solicitations of her friends, and desirous of increasing her means so as to enable her to execute the plan nearest to her heart, which was to send for her parents, she consented for the first time to appear in the concert-room at Quebec, having previously sung only in public at the cathedral.

In a short time the brougham stopped at the door of a house, the marble steps, handsome portico and entrance hall showed that the inmates were, to say the least, in easy circumstances, and, entering the mansion, Aileen and her companions ascended a spacious staircase with a balustrade of polished oak, they crossed a gallery, which led to a handsome and well lighted apartment, sumptuously furnished, the centre table spread with various delicacies for supper.

"Excuse me to-night, I require no refreshment save a glass of wine," said Aileen, "I am very weary and would seek my room at once."

It was quite in vain for Mr. Seton, who had invited Aileen to spend a few days at his house with his daughter, to urge her further, her mind was made up, she needed rest and quiet, the quiet perfect solitude alone can give, and, in company with a maid, whom, however, she immediately dismissed, she withdrew to her chamber.

"Alone—what a blessing to be alone," she said as she sank upon a chair, "this, then, is human fame; this, then, its glory! My God, preserve me in purity of heart amidst this contact with the world!" Then she rose and proceeded to divest herself of her rich attire, paused just for one moment, as the fair reflection of her countenance in the mirror before her met her view—she was lost in admiration, then, hastily, as if afraid of herself, she proceeded to throw aside her ornaments and elegant dress, and throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she sat down to muse over the triumph of that night.

"I have in my grasp all I have ever wished for," she said to herself, "not for my own sake, but for the love of those dear old people, who must come to me soon and share the triumph of

their child. I shall be able to command money more than sufficient for our simple wants. I have friends amongst the rich and powerful, what more, then, can I desire, I have all I can want, and yet I am not—nay, shame upon me now," she continued—"how dare I say I am not happy, when my loving Father has showered such blessings on my head, and yet—yet—there does seem a weary load at my heart, as if there was something impending over me, even now, in this hour of my triumph."

Alas, alas! how shadowy and unsubstantial are the goods of fortune; when once they are within our grasp, how vain all human applause, however much it may intoxicate at first, wait yet a little while, and how carelessly shall we receive the homage of the crowd.

Pass we to the room below. A far different scene is there taking place.

"Miss Lascelles' head will be turned ere long with all this senseless folly; people act as if they were half mad because she has a pretty face and a fine voice," said Augusta Seton, the lady in whose company Aileen had returned from the concert.

"You are not surely going to be envious about the success of this young lady, Augusta," said Mr. Seton, in a tone of great displeasure.

"All the world seems at the feet of this girl," was the curt answer. "I am sure I am not envious, but who is this Miss Lascelles who has come amongst us without recommendation from any person of position in the colony, and seems to have taken the hearts of all by storm?"

"You are an enigma, Augusta—a perfect enigma to me. How is it that Miss Lascelles is, at this present moment in my house; at your own express wish I invited her here—and yet you are not her friend?"

"Her friend! indeed not," replied Augusta, whose flushed countenance and kindled eye now betokened anger.

"I had my own reasons, papa, for wishing you to invite her here, and you must allow me to keep to myself at present; perhaps the day may come when I may tell you what they are."

"Miss Lascelles has been invited for a few days, has she not?" replied the old gentleman.

"Yes," replied his daughter.

"I will see that the time is not exceeded," said Mr. Seton. "Poor thing," he added with a sigh, "she mistakes in considering you her friend."

"I shall certainly not ask you to renew the invitation," she answered. "I shall be glad when the time expires."

Mr. Seton left the room, and Augusta remained alone.

We believe it is said that, of all vices, envy causes the most pain to those who harbor it; magnifying the good possessed by the object of their evil passion, and making as nothing in their eyes the blessing they themselves possess—for the envious there is indeed no peace.

Now, Miss Seton was the heiress to a large property, the only and much indulged child of a widowed father—for a few moments she stood surveying herself in the pier glass, in unaffected admiration of her own charms—why did she envy poor Aileen, why, because her talents had won the admiration of others, and she could not bear to hear her spoken of in terms of praise. Ah! how falsely does the world and its votaries judge—what different feelings swayed the breasts of these two women.

Aileen had returned home weary, almost satiated with the applause her brilliant talents had won, enjoying it only for one reason—and that was that it would enable her honorably to earn her bread, and maintain in comfortable independence those dear ones who but for her must starve: and if she laid her head on the pillow that night with any feeling of exultation it was on their account even more than on her own—and not until she had thanked the Giver of all good gifts for having bestowed upon her those talents, and with honest pride and heartfelt joy had laid aside a few more pounds to the little stock she was saving up to pay the expenses of the passage of her parents to Toronto.

At present, her life was one of much dissipation; balls, evening parties, concerts, a regular round of amusement. "But," she would say to herself, "the time will come, when I shall be able to live more quietly: at present I should offend my kind patrons, who have taken me by the hand, were I to refuse their invitations: and to offend them, would be to lose the tuition of their daughters."

Now, this poor Aileen, you see, had for seven or eight years a very hard, trying life; she was only now beginning to reap the fruit of her labors. The concert at Quebec had done her a great benefit. It had cost her proud, sensitive nature much before she could overcome the great aversion she felt to singing in public; and she then felt doubly thankful that she had resolved on changing her name when she accepted her first situation as a mere teacher of singing; and with these thoughts on her mind, and a fervent thanksgiving to Him who had given her

that voice she lost herself in sleep. Her slumber, however, was not of that refreshing kind which invigorates the exhausted frame and strengthens for its next day's work, far otherwise: if there be anything in magnetic influence, now, it might well be that the proximity to an enemy in disguise had an effect upon herself.

However, her dreams were at first confused and indistinct: then they assumed a clear and tangible form, disagreeably impressed upon her memory when she awoke. She dreamed that she was alone on the top of an eminence; so high that it made her dizzy to look down into the open plain beneath. She thought her friend Miss Seton was with her: that she was herself in want: faint and hungry; and that abundant delicacies at command, the latter offered her only a coarse loaf of bread. Then the scene changed: she was with her parents in that dingy old street in Dublin: her father was dying, she thought, of starvation, and she had nothing to give him. The horror of the dream awoke her, she started up in the bed, as the bright moonlight streamed into the room: was it fancy, no, it could not be, and big drops of perspiration stood upon her brow, for she plainly beheld a figure, swathed from head to foot in a white flowing garment, gaze upon her through an opening in the curtains, at the foot of the bed, and then the drapery falling noiselessly in its place, the figure disappeared, no sound marking marking its exit from the room.

A person of stronger nerves than those possessed by poor Aileen might, possibly have leaped from the bed, in the determination to ascertain who the intruder might be, for who can entertain the idea of anything of a spiritual essence intruding on her slumbers in this age of enlightenment: but Aileen, poor thing, had not strong nerves, her dreams had been sufficient to weaken them; and the appearance of this nocturnal visitant! finished what the odious dream had begun, and she fell back on her pillow in a heavy swoon.

The bright rays of another day stole in at the chamber windows long ere Aileen had recovered from her death-like stupor. The first thought she had was the horror of the previous night: her brain throbbled, she felt a longing to be abroad in the fresh open air: and hastily dressing herself—for she heard that the servants were astir—she determined to seek relief in the cool fragrance of the morning air, and made her way to the grounds which stretched far away to no inconsiderable extent behind the house. The air was remarkably pure and transparent, and the sweet note of the oriole announcing the return of Spring, revived her drooping spirits.

She tried to argue herself out of the unpleasant impression produced on her mind by her dream of the previous night, as well as by the appearance which had so mysteriously visited her chamber. After all, who in the procession of their senses could suffer their minds to be disturbed by a dream? and as to her mysterious visitant—well, she would try and think it was one of those optical delusions which had beset her, from which persons sometimes suffer; any way, she would not trouble herself further about the matter; and in this frame of mind she returned to the house all the better for her walk, and a few moments later appeared in the breakfast room in a simple morning robe of blue merino, but bearing in her countenance traces of the bad night she had passed.

In the course of conversation she mentioned to her host the strange delusion, as she really considered it, from which she had suffered; but had she raised her eyes and beheld the expression on the face of Augusta Seton she would have been at no loss to understand that in some way or another she was worked up with her unpleasant adventure.

Mr. Seton's house was the rendezvous of many persons of wealth and fashion, amongst whom were several of those who had been chiefly instrumental in bringing Aileen forward as a singer. We already said that it was with a considerable degree of reluctance that she consented to come forward as a concert singer; but the rubicon once passed and her success, determined by the enthusiastic reception she had met with at Quebec, she had resolved to persevere.

Amongst her pupils was one lady to whom Aileen felt attached. Mrs. Delmar was but recently married, and herself and her husband, both born in New York, were quite new residents in the city of Toronto. There are some persons to whom, though we may be naturally reserved, we may nevertheless unbosom ourselves. Aileen was still young, and experience has to be bought, and sometimes the commodity is an exceedingly expensive one—nay, so expensive, that it costs us all we possess, and leaves us bankrupt. To this lady Aileen had made known the story of her life.

In the course of the morning Mrs. Delmar was announced, and the first word she uttered was an exclamation of surprise at her meeting with Aileen: then she added—