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LOVE AND MONEY.

A TALE.

Trees have been, are, and will continue to be until they are cut-up for gibbets, most pleasing objects.

Many associations are linked with trees.—There is no sameness in them, for they are always changing their dress.

Then such charming little tenants up in their branches. Dear good birds, always getting up lots of amusement for themselves and others, never tiring in their song, and forcing us by their bursts of melody to raise our heads even for a moment from the earth with its cares and sorrows, heart-burnings, and fruitless searchings, even to think of the Great Author of all life.

The pupils at Miss Borem's school were fully sensible of the advantages they possessed in having such a fine tree, which, overshadowing some rustic benches, afforded shelter from the heat of the summer sun, as they sat, during their play-hours, fatigued or desiring to have a gossip.

This tree was repaid with gratitude for its favors, for all loved it, and the poetess and general literary aspirant of the school had written some verses in its honor, which verses were sent to the nearest newspaper office, and in due time appeared in that journal.

But yet, when Alice Morton and Mary Power, and her brother sat down upon one of the seats underneath this luscious elm, their awkwardness by no means left them: and but for a little incident they might have remained so until Bob left.

The wind had been coolish during the day, and was sighing through the branches of the half-leafed tree. There was something very saddening in the sound, and Alice could not keep herself from thinking of her mother's grave, of its coldness and loneliness; how dreadful it was to have her lying there in the damp earth with no friend near her. Soon the child's face got quite red, and large tears rolled down her cheeks, and taking the little locket containing her mother's hair from her bosom, she kissed it, and said, in a husky voice, "Poor, dear, fond mamma!"

In an instant Bob had sketched out a whole history of her life. He guessed she had a father, whom he supposed a worthy descendant of Bluebeard. Guessed she had a mother, once beautiful, now dead, owing to some contrivance on the Bluebeard's part to get her out of the world, and then catching Alice into his arms, he wound those very long members of his round her waist and clasped her in his breast. She looked into his face, she nestled in closer; he strove to get his jacket round her, but the tailor, narrow-minded and clothing-saving man, had not allowed for such an ebullition of feeling, and he had to content himself with putting down his head and almost covering her from sight with his bushy hair.

A few tears, a couple of heart-heaves, and Alice was bright and laughing again; and, getting out of Bob's arms, she sat upon the bench next him, and asked him to tell her a story.

A story! The very thing he was going to tell her, having some glimmerings about something he had read in "Cook's Voyages." Yes, he would tell her a story, — an excellent one; ships at sea; storm and tempest; hail, rain, wind, sleet, thunder, lightning, waves mountains high; a calm; casting anchor; beautiful prospect; wooded hills; respectable-looking and well-mannered savages coming to the shore; overtures on their part concerning articles of cutlery seen in the vessels; savages receive, thankfully and humbly, these necessities of civilized life, — to wit, knives and forks; fiendish plot; unsuspecting Cookites; plot succeeding; grand finale! The great Cook, having been done brown, is presented to the savage king, and is by him carved, with the aid of the before-mentioned knives and forks. In a few moments he had rehearsed these salient points in his memory; and then he commenced to work out the story in a most effective manner; but, in consequence of information received from Miss Susan Borem concerning the lateness of the hour, he had to wind up rather quickly, not giving as graphic a description as he would wish of the royal feast. But he promised great things for the next Thursday, and gave some hints concerning a tale of a brigand's love that he had read; and then, bidding Alice and his sister good bye, he went off to his school, very well satisfied indeed with his new friend.

Thus passed the second day of Alice's school-life, and she felt it to be a pleasant one. She did not much matter Miss Borem's frown as that lady sat reading Locke upon the Human Understanding, in the parlor, now and then looking from her book to hurl some leviathan word at a restless and giddy child. No, she did not care if all the Borems in the world were sitting opposite her; she would not think of them or their terrors, for a newer object than any had just entered the picture-gallery of her mind. Old portraits she forsook, and kept gazing at

this one. It was her employment during the evening meal, and the time allotted for working herself up in the morrow's lessons. Ay, and when she was sent to bed, there, in her little room, she hung it up, as it were, right before her; and, long after the light had been taken away, she kept looking at this sad portrait, until at last a tall, gawky, over-grown boy, with bushy hair, curious mouth, and glib tongue, melted into something cloudy, in which she failed to distinguish any single feature. The more she strove to remember his story the fainter did its remembrance become, until at last Bob Power disappeared totally, giving place to that old fogey who loves children so much, — Sleep.

Two years of Alice's school life are over, and she has grown more beautiful, more learned in books and the ways of the world; but still she is loving and artless in her manner towards all, but especially to Mary Power and Bob. Emphatically the pet of the school, she was the most obliging and cheery girl there; so her school-mates loved her, and Miss Borem sometimes tried to smile upon her, though the attempt always proved an abortive one. They were two years of study and amusement, for even at Elm-park the pupils managed to keep up a stock of fun. Then the Thursdays—they were the pleasantest days of the week for Alice, as upon them she met her story-teller.

Such a change was visible in Bob's dress and general appearance! His rebellious locks were trimmed and put in order; the large and ugly shoes were exchanged for better fitting ones; the listless look of his face had worn off, and altogether he became a smart-looking fellow. All owing to his intimacy with Alice, you say; and you smile at the endeavor, as you think, to make it be believed that Bob, the lad of sixteen, was in love with our twelve years' old heroine.—Well, he was not in love with her, but he liked no girl as well, excepting his sister; and the fact was she became a model for his imitation.—In all times the feminality has exercised a great influence over the stronger sex, more especially when it makes no effort to efface its peculiar characteristics.

To suit Alice's taste Bob changed all his tragedies into melodramas. But his stories had become less frequent now, for he felt the pleasure of general conversation, and perhaps, too, as he would not be permitted to indulge in relation of dark deeds, that he could not exactly get himself up in any others. Of all themes he disliked that of love, and any book into which it was introduced was heartily hated by him. Excepting his taste for the terrible, he was the most matter-of-fact creature to be found within at least seven miles of his own orbit. Two years! A short time in the life of the young, but often times teeming with little incidents, remembered even as we are going to step off the gangway of this world into the unknown. Two years had Alice spent in Borem's school full of joys, for both Susan and Jane did all in their power to soften the rigour of their eldest sister's discipline, they being Antipodes to her in disposition; and with such a companion as Mary Power she could not be but happy. But a cloud was now about to darken the bright sky, as we may see by listening to a finishing conversation between the trio as they sat in the elm arbour upon a Thursday very much like the first they had spent together.

"The last time you will come to us!" said Alice. "Won't we be so lonely after you?"

"Well, I can't help it," said Bob. "Papa writes to me to say that his health is breaking, and that he wishes me home to Cork. I'm sorry that I have to go, but I must; and it would be wrong of me not to be off as soon as I could when he is ill."

"To be sure you have only a father, and Mary, I have only a father too, but I have no brother."

"Didn't I say to you," said Mary, "that Bob would be one to you?"

"When he's mine he's yours, for I call you my sister; and then of course when it is so you must be his sister."

"Well reasoned," cried Bob; "just as plain as things equal to the same are equal to one another. Give me your hand, sister Alice; and upon my word you're a pretty one. Why, when you come to Cork I'll always have you leaning on my arm, taking you everywhere."

"I suppose I can't go for a long time, as papa has never, that I have heard, said anything about it to Miss Borem when she met him last summer."

"He's a queer old man, I'm sure, never to have come down to see you since you left. I think I'll go to him when I arrive, and tell him a little of my mind about his conduct."

"Oh don't!" said Alice; "don't go to his house at all, lest he should be angry, for he has so much to do that he sees no one except on business, and you know that wouldn't be business."

"Wouldn't it indeed! His daughter and her affairs wouldn't be business! Well, that's good. What if I made it be his business? For in-

stance, if I went and told him I was to be married to you when you'd be a big girl, and said we wanted his consent?"

All laughed at this.

"Do you know," said Mary, who had been looking thoughtful during the last few minutes, "I was just thinking it would be nicer if Bob were your husband than your brother?"

"I'll never marry," said Alice, laughing.

"Don't all girls marry?" asked Mary.

"Surely none of the Borems did," replied Alice.

"Ah, but no one would have them," answered Bob. "They're too prim and stuck up, and I think they were never girls; that is, of course they were young, but had a girlish ways. Well, what do you say?" he continued. "Would you like me better as your husband than your brother? Don't you think I'll make an excellent one?"

"You're a good fellow, Brother Bob," said Alice, and she laughed. "An excellent fellow, and I'll always have you to make me laugh, and you must always call me sister; but I don't say you'll ever be my husband, for I won't marry."

He got her curls into a kind of rope-coil, and, holding them in his hand, threatened to cut them off if she did not unsay her last sentence; for he declared, though he held love and all that sort thing in the most supreme contempt, still, as he took it into his head, she should marry him and no other. At last she was forced to do so, having the fear of Bob's pen-knife before her eyes, and, after much laughing, all three sat for a while silent.

"I suppose I'll have to go away soon too," said Mary, "and then you'll be very lonely."

"Oh, surely I will," said Alice. "T'will be too bad, and I must write home to papa to ask him to send for me; for I could not remain here if you went, Mary."

"Do your best to make him bring you home to Cork," said Bob, "for then you can be always up at our cottage on the Sunday's Well-road. I have a boat upon the river, and I'll row you up and down, and introduce you to friends."

"I thought you were to go to college to become a barrister; and then, I suppose, I'll very seldom see you."

"Yes, my father always said he'd educate me for the bar; and it is a profession I'd like.—From being a barrister, I'd raise to be a judge, and then all kinds of dignities will follow."

"But, who knows? You may forget that you ever knew me."

"I forget you, Alice? No, that couldn't be; I'll always remember you."

"I hope so," said Alice, "for I'm sure I'll always think of you."

Bob commenced to cut the bark of the tree so as to form the initials of his name; but the clock struck four, so he went away, bidding both the girls an affectionate farewell. They remained in the arbour for an hour after, not speaking much, for their hearts were heavy, and echoed the sigh of the wind as it passed. When they arose to go into the house, as they looked at each others tears were in their eyes. Mary was sorry for losing the society of her brother, — one whom she loved tenderly; and that holy affection with which we may imagine our guardian angel imbued towards us. She had fears, too, and forebodings of some evil near at hand. She knew her father must be very ill indeed when he acknowledged it and sent for Bob; and the idea of his death, — no, not his death, for she could not imagine that, — but the feeling that he might be upon a bed of sickness without her being near him to soothe his pain, to watch by his pillow, to tend him with her care, made her very sad.

Alice grieved at parting with one whom she had in reality long looked upon as a brother. — She thought of the possibility of their not meeting again for years to come, and even then perhaps it might be difficult, for she knew that Henry Morton wished for no visitors to his house, — and who knows but she may be even forbidden to visit any one herself! All considered, no wonder that they presented rather a doleful appearance, those two; nor was it surprising either, that Miss Borem saved somewhat in the evening eatables through the small appetites of her pupils Mary and Alice, who could not commit such havoc upon the dietary as was usual because of their being so sorrowful.

When Bob arrived in Cork he found his father much worse than he had expected, and immediately wrote to his sister to come home.

Mr. Power was a strange man, and he had led a strange life. Having inherited some property which was greatly encumbered, he lived upon the small annuity derivable from it; and never sought to add to his income in any way. — Though being in some things very sensible, yet he had a morbid pride that would not allow him to enter into business. He was laboring under the delusion that trade was unworthy of any person calling himself a gentleman. His wife having died a few years after the birth of Bob, he

took the care of him and his sister into his own hands, and reared them very fondly until the time came when he thought it right, for respectability's sake that they should be sent to boarding schools. Very severely had he to deny himself to pay for his children, but he cared little for himself, and strove to bring them up as he had been brought up himself — never to think of business. Now that he lay upon his death-bed he felt the wrong he had committed, and wished to repair it; but how could he?

The terrible thought that he was leaving his children beggars harassed him continually, and what would become of them was a question constantly haunting him. Day and night did they sit by his bed, those two children of his, striving to keep him alive; but the attempt was a useless one; nothing could be of service to him, for death had marked him; and at length Mary Power and her brother were orphans; and, to add to their misfortune, poor and friendless ones. Some few neighbors were very kind in offering opinions as to the most advisable course to be adopted by them to earn a livelihood; but Bob insisted that he intended to act on the suggestion of his own mind. So they even retired, feeling insulted.

Good advice is an excellent thing, and no one should despise it; but it often occurs that those who proffer this cheap article seldom go farther with their liberality.

Bob Power — or, now that he is head of the family — Robert, felt as well as any one, that something should be done for himself and his sister.

His father had left him but a few pounds, — the annuity died with him, and to invest them in any speculation would be useless and rash. The cottage was well furnished, and he intended, if possible, to keep it, and strive to pay the rent. Mary suggested a school, but he would not hear of such a thing, and it is most likely that their pupils would have been very few, as parents do not generally admire very juvenile teachers for their children. What would they do? Over and over did they discuss this momentous question; over and over did they come to the conclusion that something should be done and quickly, but they could not make out what they could do.

Poor Mary felt quite poverty-stricken, but her brother declared there was no fear but that he would earn money some way if only by breaking stones, but something else would be preferable. Yes, there was no fear but he would, for he had thrown off the boy, and suddenly stood in the centre of a man's responsibilities. He had a weak, timid sister to work for, and it gave his mind a mighty impetus. Yes, there was no fear but Robert Power would get some work to do, for he had a willing heart and clear head. He could write a good hand, was an excellent accountant, was master of some modern languages. Of a certainty he could fill a situation in some mercantile office as clerk, and for that position he looked about. His sister said something concerning her father's antipathies, but she was overruled; for, as Robert said, was it not better and more respectable to work at the lowest employment than live upon credit, if they could get that same, which, to speak truly, they could not? — After some searching he did succeed; and one evening, after being out all the day, he came home and told his sister that he was engaged as junior assistant in a certain office in the city, at a yearly salary, that would at least support them both comfortably, and enable them to keep the little house they loved so much because of its memories.

What has Henry Morton been doing without his daughter? Has he married again? No, he has been increasing his business, and adding daily to his already considerable fortune. Though a speculative man, he was one who always looked very far before him; so there was little fear of his losing. He lent large sums of money when he was sure of getting them again and with interest; and many holding very high heads, and having considerable influence, often stood in a beseeching attitude in Morton's office.

He could have been a leading man in the City; had been offered municipal honors; might have been a member of the House if he wished; but he despised all such time occupying and money-spending offices. His ambition was not to benefit mankind in any way; he but cared for himself, and only desired to be a merchant Crusus.

He was not filled with any ennobling thought as he worked on to gain riches. It was not because that with them he could relieve the distressed and brighten up the warping and cheerless light of hope in some desolated household, — not that with them he could be generous and helping-handed. No. He wished to encircle himself with a golden belt, which, by its glitter, should make people stare, and stand out of his path, and whisper, in a awe-filled voice, — "There goes Henry Morton, the wealthy man."

Did he gain nothing more by his days of hard,

hard work, — nothing but this slight gratification? Was he quite sane? His course of conduct would beget such a question; still, no one ever raised it. To say he was very foolish, would have been to state a truth; yet it was not generally said that he was. So much for the opinion of the world.

A recent event had troubled him somewhat. Monckman, senior quill-driver and accountant, had been called from this world, as his own balance-sheet was about being struck out, and his great tot of good and evil made up. His three desk mates moved up a step, leaving the last stool empty, and the one selected to fill it was a young lad, wholly inexperienced in the affairs of any mercantile office, but seemingly energetic and anxious to give satisfaction. The three were started at his youthful appearance, and looked upon him at first with much distrust, thinking he might disturb their accustomed quietude; but in two or three days he proved that he could do his business as steadily as any of them. He worked so rapidly that his allotted task would be finished in half the time that the others took for completing theirs, so that he was often able to do them a kindness by assistance cordially given. The young clerk, too, was fond of reading, and he had a few books lying on a shelf at hand with which to while away a spare half-hour. None of his companions would indulge in conversation; for it was not their habit, and they were truly conservative folk, not admitting the smallest innovation if they could help it.

Robert Power, — for it was he who had been engaged by Mr. Morton, — had, as we have seen, to give up all his notions of being either a big-wigged barrister or erminent judge, and was forced to take this situation. But he had a stimulus to work in his sister, and he felt little regret at the destruction of his projects; and again, he knew that there was yet sufficient time for him to study for some profession, if anything turned up to make him independent. The strangeness of his being in Mr. Morton's employment often occurred to him, and he felt a little ashamed at having to write the news to Alice. Indeed, he was not able to do so himself, but made Mary, who thought it was a very happy accident that he was in Mr. Morton's office, as when Alice would come from school, he and she would so often meet.

But he thought the contrary, for he guessed that she would not be allowed to come into the office by her father; and then, the very short time that he was at home, — only a few hours in the morning before he went, and then from six in the evening.

Certainly he did feel the confinement very much, and at times, his school-days came before him, and he wondered to himself that he ever thought them anything but happy and joyful, — he wondered at his thinking Tweezer severe and his studies irksome. He remembered those air-based castles that he so often built but which were now demolished. He did not brood gloomily over these things; it was only at intervals he ever thought of them, and always when alone; for his sister's bright smile made him forget everything painful. Brother and sister were rather isolated from the rest of the world, for they were decidedly unobtrusive, and never forced themselves upon any one.

Robert could have had many companions. — Young men holding better positions even than his would have mixed with him, but he avoided their society for some good reasons. First of all he would not associate with the vicious, for his mind had been well directed from his childhood. His father had been a thoroughly good, religious man, and he had impressed his son with the idea that to love God above all things and his neighbor as himself was the duty of every one calling himself a Christian. Unfortunately, born a Protestant, he did not possess the light of faith; but he said he thought he was going in the right path to gain salvation, and it is to be hoped he was sincere. Robert was a Protestant too, and had he had those helps that the Church gives her children, he would have been a most exemplary young man. As it was, no one could say young Power was aught than good, moral, and virtuous. It was a pity that one with such excellent dispositions should be wandering in the dark with no guide but his own reason, for that has often been tried and found wanting. Again, he had no money to spend even in legitimate amusement, for his salary was small and barely sufficient for his wants. Then, too, he needed no society while he had Mary; she was to him everything he could wish. She anticipated his wants, his wishes, his very thoughts. She never felt lonely as she sat all day in the little parlour of the cottage, sewing or reading, writing French exercises, or playing pieces of music; for the expectation of seeing Robert coming up the green that stretched from the house to the road, a short while after six, was sufficient to keep up her spirits for the day.

Mary was just a year younger than her bro-