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ELLEN; OR, THE ORCHARD-MAN'S DAUGHTER.

It would be difficult now to point out the exact site of a cottage which stood some thirty or forty years since on the Middle Glanville road, one of the beautiful suburbs of Cork. As it was not the birthplace of any hero, author, murderer, or other celebrity, according to the usual sense of the word, it was quietly blotted out one day from the landscape, possibly that it may not interfere with some one of the many "terraces," "squares," or "places," which have since come into being. Enough to say that the cottage once existed, and, at the time that we take up the history of its inmates, a little green plot stood before it, inclosed by a low wall which separated it from the road. The cottage contained three rooms—a kitchen, or general room, on one side as you entered, with a bed-room opening into it, and an apartment on the other side of the little hall. You would scarcely think it could be tenanted, there were so little signs of life about it on this evening that we introduce you to it, reader. The kitchen looked very cold and dreary, the only article of furniture being a form. Singularly white it was. The hearth had no fire, and, though it was May, you missed it. A peep into the room on your left showed two straw pallets, with very scanty covering, and on the low window-seat were ranged three small mugs, half full of very blueish-looking milk, and a brown half-penny loaf attached to each. This, you would conclude, must be supper for little children, tho' you heard no young glad voices in the silent cottage. But come to the room above the kitchen, and let us see and listen. There is a small, but clear coal fire in the hearth, and a bright tin saucepan near, and a small table by the bed with a covered basin on it, and several labelled phials of various sizes, some empty and some half so. These carry your eyes to the bed, but you must look sharp, or you will not distinguish in the dusky light the pale, attenuated face of a man, more ethereal white than the well-bleached sheets in which he is sleeping. A woman's figure filled the window recess, as she sat inside a shawl which she had hung over it, to exclude the setting sun and now rising "young May moon" from the face of her sleeping husband.

'Well, well! Will ye ever have done with it?' said Mrs. Noonan, as she rose for the hundredth time that evening to see if the last batch of noisy revellers on the road had awakened the sick man. It was May Sunday, and, haplessly, not the era of temperance, and most of the home-returning Mayers were fearfully noisy; but the sick man slept on soundly, sounder than he had done for months before, though Mrs. Noonan had to come very close to the bedside to assure herself, his breathing was so low and weak. Once, as she went back to the window, she noticed the cat with her face moping to the wall. 'Oh! Pussy, pussy, what makes you do that?—What makes you do that? But I know it—I know it: God's will be done,' she said, while she stuffed her apron into her mouth to stifle her choking sobs. A very sorrowful May Sunday evening was this to Mrs. Noonan, the most miserable which she had known in her life, and memory was busy contrasting some very happy ones she had spent with this long lonesome evening. It happened that she had more leisure than usual to think, and it would have been happier for her if the most laborious occupation engaged her. There was a feeling of restlessness upon her that made her wearied frame impatient of the rest it needed; she would rather have done anything than sit and gaze out on the gay passers-by, but she could not do otherwise; she could not leave the room, lest her sick husband should awake, and she watched the return of her little children, fearful lest their cautious coming might awaken the sleeper. Oh, many a sigh, low and suppressed, stirred the poor woman's heart, as she saw sober, happy-looking families returning from their pleasuring. It made her think sadly of other days; but it is equally true that, as she saw the drunkard pass, and heard the brawler and the blasphemer, she gave grateful thanks to God that it was sorrow and poverty that was on her, and not sin. But the long bright evening came to a close at last, and Mrs. Noonan saw her little boy and girls returning in, and she went out to meet them. 'Mammy, mammy, I have got news for you. Guess what I have for you,' said the boy, returning to his mother with a very bright face. 'Ah! Willie, dear, go easy,' said his mother. 'There was little in the words, but they were said in such a tone; it was not the peevishness of ill-temper, but of sorrow. 'What ails you, mother; is father worse?' said the boy. And his face and voice changed in a second. 'He has been sleeping all the while you have been gone, and you see I was a bit lonesome, Willie; but take you suppers now, and go to

bed at once like good children,' said the mother, averting her eyes from her boy's sad, searching look, and burying from the room. 'Won't you take it, mother?' said William, following her with a fine orange which he had rolled up in his bib; he tried to say I brought it to father, but the words died on the quivering lips. His mother held out her hand silently for it, and left the room; she did not ask where he had got it, or anything, though she knew the children had no money to spend. William thought his orange would have been a joyful surprise—he knew the many shifts his mother had made from time to time, to procure them for his sick father—and they had grown so dear, and scarce, that he had not had one for some days. Great was his joy, therefore, when an old invalid lady in a sick chair, met him in his walk, and noticing the neat, well-behaved children, gave him a fine orange. He thought he would never be home soon enough with it to his father; but now, how little glad his mother looked, and how scared-like. He felt, too, that there was something coming, and a shadow fell by the bright sunbeam which had shone for him. Life's hours are full of such. The children ate their supper—it was not a merry one—it was somewhat better than they were used to have of late, but May Sunday always brought a feast; yet it was not missing it that made the little trio so grave and subdued. Willie was the eldest, and guessed the most, and worst; but they all felt that their mother was in trouble. Right glad was William of the dusk, that he might snatch the tears from his eyes, or even let them fall into the milk he was drinking, rather than have them seen by his little sisters, who would cry out terribly if they saw him weeping. It was his first lesson, poor child, in self control. He heard his little sisters their prayers. 'Mammy did not kiss me to-night,' pouted one of the little girls. 'Never mind, you'll get two to-morrow, Sally,' said her brother; and he went to bed, and wept himself to sleep. Meanwhile, Mrs. Noonan peeled and prepared the orange; luckily, it was very sweet, for she had only a small share of sugar. Having placed it on the table, and her husband still sleeping, she could not, as usual, sit quietly beside him; she would have given much to have been able to fill the empty kitchen with her cries, or to rush out of the house, and cry aloud; but she must not do either, she must command herself, and pray to God to give her strength. Having walked on the tip-toe from his room to the kitchen for upwards of two hours, she at length heard her husband feebly call her name. She was at his side in a moment, with a cheerful face, and wiping the cold sweat from his brow. 'The drink, Nelly; the drink,' said he. 'Here, suck that, astore, while I am warming it,' said she. And piece after piece he eagerly devoured. It was very grateful to his poor parched lips. 'Oh, my! oh, my! what a wretch I am; and to enjoy it so much. How can you stand it, Nelly? But 'tis easy to see by you that you are starving yourself for me; 'tis well I'm going, before I sent you before me,' said the sick man, with a deep sigh. 'Wish, now, astore, and don't take on so,' said his wife; 'twas never a farthing out of my pocket that bought it. Willie was out walking, and brought it in; some one gave it to him, I suppose.' And he brought it to his father, God bless my poor child,' said he; and he ate it with more satisfaction than before. 'Where are the children? Give them their supper,' he continued. 'They have had it, and are in bed these two hours. You have had a fine sleep of it, astore.' 'I'm sorry you put them to bed to-night, till I saw them. I wonder are they asleep yet, Nelly?' 'I'll be bound they are, Charley. What would keep them awake?' said Nelly, trying to preserve a cheerful, careless voice. Her husband was silent for a few minutes, and Nelly's anxious eye saw he looked disquieted. 'This easy waken up for a minute, astore, and I'll be bound they'll be proud to come.' 'Tis hard to rouse the creatures, but see, Nelly, if you could slip 'em out of bed to me without awaking 'em; I'd like to give 'em a kiss.' 'To be sure, and why not?' said Nelly. 'T'would just be a comfort to me; but you're bothered from me, my poor woman.' 'How bad I am, indeed,' said Nelly, turning a look on him that said, 'What is it you could ask me to do now that I'd think you'd be a trouble?' A choking, dry sob escaped as she passed through the kitchen and sought the room where the little ones slept. One and another she brought to the father's bedside in her arms, and he kissed and blessed them without breaking their deep, child's slumber. Willie was left for

last, but he woke up when his mother came, and she had fain to put on his clothes and bring him to his father. Willie thought he had not looked so well or spoken so light for a long time. 'He'll get well, and I need not have been crying,' thought he; and he began prattling merrily to his father, telling him all about the orange, and he almost crowed with joy when his father told him what good it did him and how glad he was to get it. But this talk was agony to the poor mother; she could not stay in the room, but went and sat on the door step, and wept bitterly. 'There was moonlight, and music on the lee.—But what had her heart to do with either that night? Heaven sent her breast its best relief—those plenteous tears. When Willie and his father were alone, the latter, after a while, bade him kneel down and blessed him fervently. This had been his father's custom of late, and Willie received it as usual; but when his father repeated over and over to him, with solemn earnestness, to be a good, dutiful son to his mother, and never to do anything to fret her, then the shadow fell again upon the poor child's heart. 'Sure I'm very fond of mother. Why do you talk that way, father?' said Willie, putting his hand softly on his father's cheek. 'Because I would have you never forget it, Willie. God has given you a good mother, the best of mothers! and if He was giving you blessings for ever, He could not give you a greater one than that; for she will teach you to love Him and keep His commandments, and you must not bring the curse of God on you by being ungrateful to Him, and breaking your poor mother's heart by being an undutiful child. So don't forget, my child, what your father says to you to-night.' 'That I won't father; but, sure if I do, you'll put me in mind, won't you, father?' And Willie sent a sad, inquisitive look into his father's eyes. A slight convulsion passed over his father's face as he turned it from him. After a moment he said, in a broken voice— 'Yes, my child, you will always have a father—a better father than me, to remind you of your duty, if you hearken, as I hope, my child, you will, to His voice.' 'He's going to die. Surely that's God he means; that's the Father mother tells us will never leave us if we are good. Oh, if I could have the two, thought the little boy in his darkened heart. The father saw in his pale cheeks and scared looks that he had awakened his fears, and he could not bear to meet his little wistful eyes again; so, without looking at him, he pressed one long, fervent kiss on his little quivering lips, and bade him find his mother and have her put him to bed. In a spiritual sense Mrs. Noonan had happily little cause for anxiety about her dying husband. He had been addicted to no vice since their marriage, had been habitually attentive to his religious duties, and that afternoon had received the last rites of his church from the good priest who had constantly visited him during his long illness, imparting those consolations which the dying Catholic never seeks in vain; nor was his ministrations only confined to spiritual things, for frequently he had given pecuniary aid when Mrs. Noonan's necessities had become pressing. And alas, she was only one of the many claimants on his scanty purse, which was never closed to an appeal of charity, save only when, which, unfortunately, was often the case, it contained nought to bestow. People generally attach little weight to a child's grief, it is so evanescent, and accompanied by the memories and retrospections which embitter the sorrows of more matured years;—but if a child's grief wants those characteristics, it wants, too, the hopeful calculations of a heart not entirely broken—the consolations of one even broken, but yet whole in faith and resignation. The young heart yet unskilled to read the mysteries of a Providence which wounds to cure, lies for the time being crushed and closed without a struggle. Not all his mother's soothing words could comfort Willie that night. She could not promise him that his father would not die, that he'd kiss him on the morrow; and it was in vain that she told him of the beautiful place he was going to. He was going from him, and he would not be comforted. It was the first memorable May Sunday that Willie knew, and he never forgot it, nor the promise he made his dying father. Meanwhile, Mr. Noonan had to leave her poor suffering child, and to return to her husband. It was an additional drop in her bitter cup to leave the feeling, sorrowful boy, in that dark dismal room, with the shadow of death upon it. She had not even a candle to leave burning for him; the piece of rush light she had would scarcely take her through the night; and what a dismal one was before her, though the summer moon made a perfect illumination about the cottage. But there was no help for it—one dearer wanted her, and she must go.

'Put out the light, Nelly—you'll want it by and by—and sit down near me,' said Charles Noonan; and he took his wife's hand in his own so cold and clammy. 'I'm thinking what a nice May Sunday you've had of it, and I never thought of it all day till now; but sick people never think of anything but themselves, Nelly,' said he. 'You aren't like them so, astore. 'Tis too much you frets and thinks—more than's good for you. Don't be worrying yourself, astore, don't; but thank God for His goodness,' said Nelly. 'If you were to see,' she continued, 'Peggy Coghlan dragging home her drunken husband to-night, with his cut head; and if you see Kitty Fleming following her son, and he taken to Bridewell by the police, for stabbing his father-in-law in a drunken fit; and if you see Nelly Casey with her face bleeding from her husband's abuse, you'd say I was a happy woman compared to them this night.' 'See, Nelly,' said Charles Noonan, 'if I don't think you'd rather have me and the blows than be putting me into the coffin, for all.' 'Wish, God help us,' said Nelly. 'If I think I ought not, Charley. God forgive me my sins. Why should I put my trouble in the comparison of His being offended.' 'Never mind, my foolish talk, Nelly. If I was like Ned Casey, 'tis glad enough you'd be to be rid of me; but, thanks be to my God, I am not. And I might have been, Nelly, if you had married me when I first wanted you. I often thought, since I lay down here, that it would have been different with me, perhaps.—When you told me that if I was satisfied not to go next or near a public house for two years, that you'd marry me at the end of that time, I thought 'twas a hard bargain. And you looked, too, as if you'd find it easy enough to say goodbye to me if I broke through my promise; and it often went hard enough with me to avoid temptation. But it was the saving of me, thanks be to God, that gave me the grace to keep it, and gave me a wife that never cost me a sorrowful hour, and that I can leave my little children to you with an easy mind. Oh, Nelly, I'd be a very ungrateful sinner if I was not satisfied with the will of my God, who died himself to open heaven for me; and gave me a wife who was the good help to carry me there. Don't take on so, astore, but thank God for taking me before I kilt you entirely.' 'Oh, Charley, Charley,' said the poor wife; and she squeezed his hand as if she would not part with him. With an effort he raised her hand to his cold lips, and pressed a convulsive kiss upon it. 'I'm dying, Nelly,' he said. 'Give me the crucifix, and say a prayer for me.' The fear of distracting his thoughts, or disturbing his dying moments, acting like a spell on Nelly. She placed the glorious symbol of salvation in his hand with a calmness which a more selfish nature could not assume at such a time, and sank down beside him; and, after a few moments of simple but heart-breathed prayer, in which the dying man fervently joined, he leaned his head towards her, and she wrapped her arms round him, and he died even as an infant might. It was now about midnight, and so closed that May Sunday for Nelly. (To be continued.)

PROTESTANT CHARITY.

(From the New York Metropolitan Record.) The investigation of the case of kidnapping, perpetrated by the insolent, but omnipresent proselytizers of New York, on the person of the boy William McVey, before Justice Conolly, at the Essex Market Police Court, which is reported in the Record to-day, with the case of the Laffin children, whom it is attempted to tear from the arms of an honest and faithful Catholic grandfather, now pending for adjudication before the Brooklyn Judges, and the descriptions we have of the scenes which are witnessed almost daily in the Tombs when afflicted Irish parents are told that their children, missed from home for a day or two, have been kept under restraint during the interval in some Protestant "asylum," and are now en route for "the West," assure us that the questions: whether the unity of hard-working Catholic families can be violated with impunity under shadow of law; whether Catholic parents are to have the control and direction of their own children, or whether that control is to be surrendered to hireling and official fanatics; whether a boy of eight or nine years of age has any right of liberty; whether an arbitrary transportation and exile of the juvenile citizens of any one state can be made for the material benefit, or contending congregational glory of any other state; in fine—whether the Catholic Religion is really free and domiciled of our brethren are their "castles" in the eye of the law, have been put to a direct issue, and must soon be settled one way or the other; in behalf of liberty of conscience, parental guardianship and individual rights, or on the side of

fanatic oppression, intrusion, dictation, and a most degrading tyranny exercised for lucre and gain in the name of perverted forms of religion. The fact is, the humble Catholics of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and our other suburban settlements, have endured—for they have never in reality countenanced—the annoying visitations of Protestant "Colporteurs," "Tract Distributors," "Bible Society" agents, both male and female, "Scripture Readers," "Children's Aid" agents, "Truant Law" officers, and such like, who fatten and fester around the conventicles and printing-houses of the diversified creeds which flourish in our midst, just long enough. Although we are well aware that the faith of the poorer Catholic from Ireland, when professed in New York, is often assailed from the counting-room of his millimetric employer, from the desk of the grasping landlord of the stilted tenement house, from the coal yard and flour bin of those who would themselves at any moment exchange their speckled form of faith for a "mess of pottage," from the boudoir of the fashionable lady who gives out washing to his wife, and the parlor of the belle who patronizes his daughter with her sewing and a consumption, still we could never understand why the "Tract" employees of these people should be permitted an entrance into his little room, or rooms, where they go with the avowed intention of assaulting the religion of his dead ancestors, introducing dissension into his household, or singling out one or more of his children, baptized for Heaven by the Church, as the civil slave of some winning pharisee away out on the prairies of Illinois, the sandy fields of Wisconsin, or the flinty valleys of Vermont, there to remain during life, lost to religion, family name and heritage, and the associations of home and childhood. A quiet, independent, yet firm denial of admission to Catholic apartments of the emissaries referred to and enumerated in part above, is the only first and efficient means of arresting their progress and neutralizing their efforts. It is absolutely necessary that this should be commenced and persevered in, for never before did New York so swarm with proselytizers to such an extent as at this moment. Within the past week a gentleman, a friend of ours, counted as many as ten females employed for such work, congregated at a point at one of the leading avenues of the west side, and saw them, after deliberation, separated and take different routes for the assault of our religion, and the destruction, as far as possible, of the family happiness of the poorer Catholics residing far up the town and on the bank of the Hudson River.—What amount of evil they were enabled to accomplish during the day will never be known in this world. Doubtless it was considerable, for, as in Ireland they find their gain in seasons of want; but we cannot help thinking that it would be much abridged were they in a decided, but inoffensive tone refused an entrance to the different apartments inhabited by Catholics, at which they called. This proposition is thrown out merely as a general remedy, effectual by application, and universal. We regret to say that it is not so easy to point to a cure for the injuries which have been; and are being, accomplished in our midst by the working of the statutory enactment denominated the "Truant Law" of New York. Under this measure Catholic children are not safe from the kidnappers when permitted to go on the highways for air and exercise, or sent by their parents on an ordinary errand. As we have already stated, a woman or man, well dressed and of winning address, will entice the young one to the distance of a few blocks from the residence of its parents, then pounce upon it, carry it before a police magistrate, charge it as a "truant" child of vagrant parents, imprison it for a day or two in a legalized asylum, and subsequently enrol it for banishment to the West, amongst a numerous batch of little ones equally unfortunate. Who can portray the distraction and agony which dotting mothers and fond fathers endure under such circumstance? After a vain search in their own immediate neighborhood for some days, and a few sleepless nights, they learn, perhaps at the Tombs, that their child has been taken from them, most likely for ever, and sent out to the West. It is to be lamented that some of the men serving in our present city police force—influenced either by party prejudice and an anti-Irish feeling, religious bigotry, or a hope of promotion by means of sycophant subservency—lend themselves readily to the aid of the proselytizers by an actual intimidation of the woe-stricken and baffled parents, and a facile swearing to all the documents necessary for the retention of the child or children. As an instance, we may say that it has been known that when an Irish father had actually found out and identified his young one in the Tombs, and proved his ability and desire to support it, the "Truant Law" has been interpreted so as to classify himself as a "vagrant" parent, a ready policeman calling Heaven to