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

(From the Lamp.) CHAPTER V.

And now Mrs. Noonan, as she said, was thrown on the world for a subsistence, and her efforts must begin without delay.

With some misgivings Mrs. Noonan set off to wait on five or six different ladies for whom she had been in the habit of making up fine things from time to time.

One wondered that as she was in the habit of washing, she had not the necessary apparatus;—and when she explained the cause of her destitution, she seemed suspicious of the truth of her statement.

She seemed to have taken a great interest in him, and said that, if on any occasion she could be of any use to him or his family, not to fail to apply.

"So I am aware, very well aware," said the lady. "And what now?"

"I made so free as to come to you, ma'am, because you were good enough at one time to say that if you could be of service to him or his family—"

"Yes, I remember," interrupted the lady. "I had a great regard for your poor husband; he deserved a better fate, poor man; but I can't see at present how I can assist his children, without—"

Here Mrs. D— turned abruptly from her, and ascended the stairs.

Mrs. Noonan drew the hood of her cloak over her ashy, pale face, and as she left the door, the doctor who had attended her husband came up to it; he just caught a glimpse of her face, and saluted her, but she went so hurriedly by that he had not time to inquire how she did.

"How ghastly that poor woman looks; and what a healthy, iron frame she had when I knew her first; but care and sorrow are seldom cheated of their victim. Humph!"

"Whom do you talk of, doctor?" said Mrs. D—.

"That poor widow Noonan, I met coming from the door."

"I was sorry to hear of that poor Noonan's death," said Mrs. D—; "he was so honest and industrious, and such a good husband and father, 'tis a pity he had not a better disposed wife."

"A better disposed wife, madam!" said the doctor, casting the full force of his deep, intelligent eyes on her countenance, as if he would read there whether she spoke in ignorance of the woman's character, or whether, after his acquaintance of years, that he was mistaken in his estimate of her own, and that she was incapable of understanding what a well-disposed wife should be.

"I have had," continued he, "no small experience in every class of life, from the highest downwards, and I confidently declare I never

met a better or kinder, and very seldom such a wife, as Mrs. Noonan. Why, ma'am, when I was first called to attend that poor man, with ordinary care I might have given him three months to live, and with extraordinary care a few months longer; but here has this poor woman, under Heaven, sustained the feeble thread of life, which the slightest neglect might have snapped, for at least twelve months longer than any experienced practitioner could calculate on.

The doctor spoke rapidly, as he was wont when excited, and stood at the mantelpiece fiddling with the ornaments. It was only on turning round, as he ceased to speak, that he perceived Mrs. D— very pale, and tears stealing down her cheeks in spite of every effort to restrain them.

"I am sorry, dear madam, that I am so unlucky as to give you so much pain," said he, "but really I ran on without consideration."

"Don't make any apology, dear sir; it is my own injustice, and the harsh way in which I treated that poor woman but a while ago, which grieves me to think of; but I have been so deceived. My maid gave me such a history only this morning (I am ashamed to say I should be influenced by it without inquiry) of what a neglectful, unfeeling wife Mrs. Noonan was, and how she stunted him, though she had some of his earnings in the Savings' Bank, and got a parish coffin for him though possessing those funds."

"All false, every word false, my dear madam. Servants' gossip not to be credited. I offered myself to give her a ticket to get a parish coffin, but she refused; some feeling she had about its being a disrespect, or disgrace, I believe, poor woman. I was speaking of getting a situation as nurse for her at one of the hospitals, but she is not inclined to take it if she can do anything else.

"I am sure, doctor, that she must be a very deserving person," said Mrs. D—; "and I will do what I can to repair the wrong I have done her. It will be a lesson to me not to be so credulous again."

When the doctor took his leave, Mrs. D— summoned her maid, and having discovered that it was the milk-woman who had been telling her of Mrs. Noonan, she desired to have her make up her account without delay, as she intended to dismiss her immediately.

"It may not be that the milk-woman has invented the story herself," said Mrs. D—; "she may have been told this slander, but what I blame her for is, that living in Mrs. Noonan's neighborhood she must have known her general character, which is remarkably good, and she should have made sure of its truth before she put such malicious report into circulation."

Meantime, we return to Mrs. Noonan, disappointed in all her expectations, and wounded most of all by the manner in which Mrs. D— received her; the reason for which she could not imagine, as she had not the character of being

capricious or inconsistent. Mrs. Noonan, with every hope extinguished, save that in the Lord, wended her way homeward with a lagging step and a heavy heart.

CHAPTER VI.

The day was exceedingly sultry, and Mrs. Noonan being weak from her late nurse-tending, and weary from trouble, she was forced to stop at the house of an acquaintance that was in her way. The mistress of the house compassionated her, she looked so badly, and without saying what she was going to do, sent her little girl to a neighboring public-house for a pint of porter.

"I cannot take it, Jenny; I am sorry, indeed, that you did not tell me you were sending for it," said Mrs. Noonan.

"If you like it better, I'll send it back, and get you a drop of spirits and water, or a little cordial."

"Oh no, no, dear, I never take the like; but if you have a cup of milk convenient, give it to me, and God reward you."

The woman brought the milk, and having partook of it, and rested for a short while, Mrs. Noonan departed, but not before she whispered earnestly in the ear of her entertainer—"For God's sake, Jenny, if you can help it at all, don't send your child to the public-house on errands; unless it was to save a Christian from death by it, I would not send one of my own there. Don't send the innocent things where, as sure as they go, they will learn what is wicked and sinful."

Shortly after leaving the house, Mrs. Noonan was overtaken by the maid who had been in search of her, and even then soon there was a reward for her self-denial.

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Meantime, we return to Mrs. Noonan, disappointed in all her expectations, and wounded most of all by the manner in which Mrs. D— received her; the reason for which she could not imagine, as she had not the character of being

liberal benefactress. She now gave her three pounds—one as a gift, the other two to be paid in convenient sums at her leisure; and procured for her as much to do in the laundry-way as she could manage; and it was no small share which her activity and industry contrived to perform creditably. When she reached home and told Norry her good fortune, that excellent girl thought it as good as a fairy tale.

(To be continued.)

THOS. F. MEAGHER'S LECTURE ON TERENCE BELLEW MACMANUS.

(Abridged from the N. Y. Irish American.)

On Wednesday evening 3rd instant, pursuant to announcement, Mr. Meagher delivered his brilliant lecture on "Terence Bellew MacManus and the Men of '48" in Irving Hall, the large room of which was crowded to its utmost capacity on the occasion.

At 8 o'clock precisely Mr. Meagher entered the Hall accompanied by Richard O'Gorman, Esq., Judge O'Connor, Col. M. Doherty, John Kavanagh, Esq., and others, and was received with a perfect storm of enthusiasm. When the cheering had subsided he spoke as follows:—

The young Irishmen who, in 1846, ventured to question the authority of Daniel O'Connell, insisting that the cause of Ireland, as it was declared and understood in 1843, should not be compromised an instant, nor one iota, to facilitate in Ireland the administration of the English Whigs, or that of any other English party, clique, family, or faction whatsoever—and who, in 1848, having come to the conclusion that an armed movement was the only movement which could secure the triumph of that cause, took to the hill-side, and invoked the military spirit of their race—these young Irishmen have had, by this time, an equal measure of praise and censure, and, equally administered, a superfluity of both. One grand feature, however, of their political association has seldom, if ever, been referred to; and yet it is one which, I do not hesitate to say, powerfully increased whatever strength they derived from their own truthfulness, or the consonance of their views and principles with the traditions, the impulses, and the great national endowments of the country. Personally and privately, intimately and thoroughly, they were friends—cordial and glowing friends—from first to last. One or two estrangements, it is true, occurred at the commencement of 1848, and these have not been since repaired. Accepting, then, in full faith, the assurance I have given you that the Young Ireland party was bound together by ties of the strongest friendship, and that this friendship was not, even to this hour, lost any of its early intensity and fire, you will easily conceive the intensity and feelings with which I this night relate to you, now that he lies dead on the shores of the Pacific, the life of Terence Bellew MacManus—one of the truest, one of the most generous, one of the most active, one of the most gallant, one of the most loving and loveable of that party (cheers).

In the spring of 1846, William Smith O'Brien having been imprisoned by the House of Commons for refusing to attend on any committee which did not concern the interests of Ireland, a deputation was instructed by the Eighty-Two Club to proceed to London and present him with an address, expressive of the sympathy and concurrence of that body. This club—of which little, I believe, is known in America—was established in 1845, with the view of bringing together, in a social way, the leading nationalists of Ireland. The members were to assemble in Dublin, and hold a public banquet on each of the more illustrious anniversaries of the nation. The first banquet was held on the anniversary of the mustering of the Volunteers at Dungannon, in 1781, and in affirmation of the principles of liberty and national right which were then and there asserted. The second was held on the anniversary of the Declaration of Irish Rights in the parliament of 1782. The third took place in commemoration of the famous convention of which that revolutionary nobleman, the Bishop of Derry, wearing an Earl's coronet as well as a mitre, presided [loud cheers]. The encouragement of Irish art, Irish manufactures, Irish music, Irish industrial enterprises, Irish literature—the revivification of all the grand old names and memories of the island—the concentration, for national purposes, of the wit, eloquence, and genius lying dormant and dispersed throughout the country, and the propagation of a thoroughly national spirit amongst the educated classes, whose tendencies were more English than Irish, from the fact that all the rewards of cultivated and aspiring intellect were in the hands of Englishmen—these were the principal objects which the originators of the Eighty-Two Club had in view when they established it. The more thoroughly to stimulate the national spirit—a spirit such as that which emboldened and gave liberty and grandeur to the island in 1782—the members of the Eighty-Two Club were required to wear at their banquets, and whenever they appeared offi-

cially in public, a uniform of green and gold. It was a suggestive and exciting uniform.—Whenever it flashed before the eyes of the people, the history of centuries flew open to their view, and Ireland, a nation, once again armed and arrayed as a young and brilliant power, dazzled their vision, and flooded their hearts with rapture. Thomas Davis, who was one of the principal originators of the Club, and who despised anything and everything like display which led to no practical results, knew well how thrillingly such a uniform would appeal to the military spirit and feelings of the people, the elevation it would give the public mind, and the hopes it would inspire. The citizens of Dublin, in fact, never saw those gentlemen entering the Rotundo, in their uniforms of green and gold, that they did not picture to themselves the officers of a national army which, one day, might extend its line from Rutland square to Stephen's green, presenting arms as the proclamation of an Irish Republic was made to the sound of a thousand trumpets. The Repeal Association, at the time of which I speak had refused to sustain Smith O'Brien in his resistance to what he considered an unconstitutional demand on his time and duties as an Irish representative. That prudent and sensitive organization was fearful of forfeiting its character for an impervious legality and under the solemn injunction of the scientific Tom Steele [roars of laughter] withheld an honest and patriotic vote to avoid entangling itself in the direful meshes of the law, of which catastrophe, under the guidance and adjuration of such a Nestor, there was not the remotest danger [continued laughter]. The Eighty-Two Club, however, true to the spirit and purpose of its character, took a manly stand, boldly and emphatically identifying itself with the conduct of Smith O'Brien. The deputation entrusted with the presentation to the distinguished prisoner of the address expressive of the approbation of the club, on arriving in Liverpool, were joined by another of the members [hear, hear, hear]. Standing close upon six feet, bearing himself proudly erect—having all the dash, and a good deal of the gay rollicking swagger of a soldier—his large, open features beaming with good fellowship, the enthusiasm of a guileless and elastic nature, and the fire of a quick and restless brain—a world of fun, kindness, affection, hospitality, bold truthfulness and chivalry speaking from his full glistening eye, as well as from his full, ripe, sensuous lip—with his two big hands outstretched to shake his friends into convulsion almost—his racy laugh ringing loud and strong, and all because he was so exuberantly glad to see them—there stands Terence Bellew MacManus, in the pride of life, busy, happy, prosperous and beloved [enthusiastic cheering]. He had now been some years in Liverpool, having started in boyhood from the little town of Monaghan, where he was born, to seek his fortune somewhere abroad, that being, for the most part, the destiny of his race. But he did not leave his birth place before he had shown the fire and metal that was in him. A Catholic, and a sturdy one at that—vehemently proud of his old chiefest race—for the MacManuses had a country of their own, all to themselves in the north of Ireland, in times long gone by, as any one glancing over the map of the Irish parterre appended to the Annals of the Four Masters can see—he never truckled to the Cromwellian and Dutch progeny by whom he was surrounded.—Far from it. He held his handsome haughty head as erect in boyhood as he did in manhood—as he did, indeed, all through life, until the last illness that overtook him laid it low upon his death bed [sensation]. I have heard of his being in more than one hot skirmish, on the 12th of July; and, if I mistake not, he himself told me he was present with his father when Jack Lawless, the indomitable, stood his ground against the Orangemen at Ballibay [laughter and great cheering]. With an imperfect education—having never, in fact, gone through a course of scholarship—but with a stirring brain, a rapid conception, a bold and instant readiness of execution which more than supplied the place of the philosophy and other acquirements of the schools; bidding good-bye to Monaghan he dashed into business in the busiest city of the busiest country of the old world; and, after a short time, having won, by his incessant diligence and proud honesty, something deeper and warmer than the good will merely of the great commercial people about him, he had so much profitable work as he could well attend to, and full as much popularity as any one need covet. His commercial relations with Ireland were most extensive. The forwarding agent of many of the largest houses in the North and South of Ireland—houses importing the woollens of Yorkshire and the cotton goods of Lancashire—just at this very time, in the spring of 1846, merchandise, to the annual value of one million and a half pounds sterling, passed through his hands. Prosperity, however, the realization of an ample income, the attainment of a high mercantile position, did not but