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

(From the Lamp.)
CHAPTER XVII.

Some months after William's departure, May Sunday came round again, and though Ellen continued estranged from the Noonans, they resolved to make another effort to gain her company and confidence. As their Maying was to be at Hannah's home, in the country, Sally, with her mother's consent, went to the Orchard Cottage to see Ellen, and gave her an invitation to accompany them as usual. But Ellen was not to be seen; she was really out this time. Still her friends knew not what to think, for they had so often discovered that she had been at home though denied to them. Sally resolved to write a little note to her, Ellen must answer that if she intended ever to be friends; and Sally wrote, and if the orthography was a little defective, and the writing unformed, still it spoke to the purpose, simply and well. She asked Ellen to come with them to spend the May Sunday, as they always did together, and asked her to let them know if they had offended her, and to come to them for a few moments to tell them all about it. Unluckily Jane Buckley came in shortly after Ellen got the note, and she showed it to her, and that unworthy girl, presuming on her work-room experience, where the lady patronesses' directions in twisted billets were handed about, played the critic on Sally's homely epistle. The clumsy folding, the smeared wafering, the straggling writing on ruling, raised shouts of derisive laughter. Seeing that Ellen was not inclined to join in the ridicule, she thought proper to drop it soon, and inquired what Ellen intended to do. She saw that she was irresolute, and her poisonous advice was administered with more than usual tact and eloquence. She dwelt on the effrontery, as she termed it, of Mrs. Noonan, to invite her after the way she made her son treat her. Ellen, partly influenced by the fear of her ridicule and insinuations that she wanted proper pride if she yielded, allowed herself to be completely talked out of her yearning towards her old friends, and actually permitted Jane Buckley to write for her a rude note of refusal of the Noonans' kind invitation. This pert, flippant note, full of bad spelling and bad English, she twisted into a caricature of the billets she had been in the habit of seeing, and sent it off at once, lest Ellen might repent. She contrived that she should not be left much to her own thoughts that evening; indeed, her silly, idle, sallies had of late become morbidly necessary to her. She was ill at ease with her own conscience, and she fancied they banished the care that was in her heart; but the temporary rain mirth had a reaction of anguish and tears. She wept bitter tears that night, and her sorrow would have been deeper had she known the pain her conduct inflicted on her true friends. Mrs. Noonan and Sally shed tears when they read her note.

"I believe I am a weak woman," said Mrs. Noonan, trying to dry her eyes, that would fill again and again; "but that child had a hold on my heart like one of my own; and my poor William, what a blow it will be to him to hear how Ellen is getting on."

"I'm sorry he did not marry her before he went away," sobbed Sally.

"I'm not sorry, Sally, my dear," said Mrs. Noonan. "I would not blame Ellen for fretting and being troubled; if it was William's going away that disappointed her, but it is the way she is behaving, and the company she is keeping, that makes me think William had a good escape. How would it be if he married her, and if everything did not go on as she wished? What if she set herself against him, as she has done against us? What security could I feel now about her? She must have turned from her God completely, and to act as she is. There are excuses to be made, to be sure, for her, but she had good example, too."

In such strain did Mrs. Noonan talk of Ellen, for she could not but talk of her for the evening.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Again it is May Sunday, bright and joyous;—but the cottage of the Noonans looks lonesome, as all closed-up houses do. On this occasion Mrs. Noonan was to stay for some time with her daughter in the country. And now rainy the gay morning sunbeams danced for admittance at the blinded windows. Not even Pussy was there to push within the screen and court their presence. She had been sent on a visit to Norry Cahill—we beg pardon, we must not now call her by her maiden name, for she has been for several years the worthy helpmate of her old admirer, James Crenin.

Norry had resolutely entered on the correction of those faults which made a sensible man fear to commit his domestic comfort to her keeping. Having made a good trial of her perseverance, he was now blessed with an excellent wife; and the prudent habits she had acquired in no wise altered her disposition, but gave her

the opportunity of exercising her good nature without injury of her husband's interests.

But how is Ellen Mannix to spend her May Sunday? Instead of her plain and simple, but studiously neat, holiday dress, she is attired in a flounced chintz, and a gaily-trimmed bonnet, and she wears long ear-rings, by Jane Buckley's persuasion. They were a pair her foolish mother had bought for her some years before. William Noonan had seen them, and disapproved very much of her wearing them; and she had promised him she would never do so. However, her scruples were over-ruled by the raillery and reasoning of Jane Buckley; and, thus equipped, she joins their party for the Maying. But ah! how different from the innocent pleasures of her former May parties. On this occasion two or three young men of a somewhat better rank than their own were associated with the Buckleys. Of course they were dissipated and worthless, or they would not have made such companionship; and, as may be expected, they conducted themselves in a way which showed the little respect they had for them. Oaths, and curses, and immoral conversation, met Ellen's ear. Her natural gentleness and timidity, and still modest bearing, might have checked even the profligate had she not been in such questionable society. It is not good taste to quote old adages, yet in their triteness they often convey impressive truth—

"Tell me with whom you go, and I'll tell you what you are," is not the least among proverbs.

Ellen's modesty was looked upon as no better than affectation or shy hypocrisy in such company, and in the course of the day her mistress, Jane Buckley, gave her a hint of what was thought; and Ellen, not to be considered stupid or a hypocrite, forced herself to laugh at what really disgusted her, and actually used the name of God lightly herself.

The green fields, and the pleasant streams, and the merry birds' songs, were nothing that day to Ellen; indeed, the latter were scared from the path of the noisy revellers. She was kept in a whirl of excitement and dissipation;—she had scarcely a minute to reflect and compare that May Sunday with all the others she had spent. Once or twice, indeed, their calm and hallowed memory came back, and an unconscious sigh escaped, to be re-echoed by the mocking laugh of her companions. It was dusk when this graceless party returned from their excursion, Ellen the sadder amongst them, for no persuasion could induce her to take any intoxicating beverage. Yet, in her flurry of spirits and unusual excitement, she was scarcely less under the control of her reason than any of her companions. When they reached the suburbs it was proposed to walk; and, as the other girls of the party removed their bonnets and suspended them from their arms, Ellen, not to be singular, followed their example. Thus they proceeded, laughing and talking aloud, and some of them waving green boughs, until they were met by a party of officers returning to barracks. It was no wonder the young women were insulted by them. Ellen, really alarmed—for she had never been in such a situation before—became deadly pale; and unfortunately being, as we have seen, very pretty and interesting looking, her appearance attracted the notice of one of the officers. Less rude to her than his companions, he made way for her to pass unmolested, and then, inquired of Jane Buckley who that very pretty girl was, and where she lived. Jane Buckley gave him the desired information; and when she rejoined Ellen, related what he said, and quizzed her on the conquest she had made. When Ellen went to bed that night she wept bitterly with shame and lost sense of self-respect, as she rehearsed over the events of the day and compared them with the after-thoughts of those happy May Sundays she had spent in the society of the virtuous. It would have been happy for Ellen if at this stage of her error remorse had ripened into repentance and amendment; but any good resolutions formed were quickly dissipated by the scoffing and sophistry of Jane Buckley.

CHAPTER XIX.

Shortly after this memorable May Sunday that vicious girl came in laughing to Ellen, and handed her a letter. Ellen, with sincere indignation and surprise, found it was from the officer who had been civil to her the night on the road. She had felt grateful to her on that occasion; but she now felt all the anger and mortification, and insult, which a virtuous girl in her rank ought to feel, on receiving such a letter from one in a position so far above her own. Ellen said she would show it to her father; Jane Buckley said what nonsense to make such a fuss, what harm did it do her? Sure she could burn it if she liked, and write him a line to tell him she did so. Ellen did burn it, but Jane Buckley could not argue her into writing to him herself, or allowing her to do so.

On Ellen's first intimacy with Jane Buckley, she was in the habit often of walking with her at twilight about the orchard, but latterly she had

been induced by her to extend her walk up and down the road outside the orchard. There one evening, some short time after the receipt of the letter, Captain — made his appearance, accidentally, as he would have it seen. He spoke to Ellen, addressing her more respectfully than she could expect; however, she showed displeasure at his speaking to her at all, but it did not prevent him from continuing the conversation, while Ellen foolishly continued to listen. When he went away, she was vexed with herself, and bursting into tears, accused Jane of being the cause of her annoyance; but her bad companion was not long in talking away her sense of the impropriety of which she had been guilty.—She declared she was sure that he would marry her, and what a triumph it would be over Mrs. Noonan, who did not think her good enough for her poor gardener of a son. At all events, what harm could there be in amusing herself with him. Ellen heard, and her weakened sense of right-doing opposed a feeble barrier to the evil counsel; she did not give up her walks with Jane Buckley, but blindly rushed to ruin.

It was mid-autumn when Mrs. Noonan and Sally returned from the country. They had spent the summer there at Hannah's home.—There was a great deal of home manufacturing going on there, and Mrs. Noonan and Sally were clever hands; Hannah's husband was as glad of their company as herself, finding them useful and pleasant guests. In their long absence from home, all they heard of Ellen was, that her intimacy with the Buckleys still went on. Of course, they augured no good to her from the circumstance; yet they were little prepared for the evil consequences which followed. Mrs. Noonan, as we have seen, had no time or taste for the tittle-tattle of the village. She was nearly a fortnight at home before any hint of Ellen's acquaintance with Captain —, reached her, and then from a source on which she did not much rely; however, her uneasiness was excited, and she resolved to pay a visit to Norry Crenin, for she could depend on what she would tell her.—Accordingly, when everything was set to rights after supper, she left home with this purpose.—Norry's account was not satisfactory. She heard the report, but she did not believe a word of it; she could not believe that the creature, always so correct and innocent, would bring such discredit on herself; it all came of her keeping company with them Buckleys, they had such a bad name. Mrs. Noonan was not at all satisfied, her confidence in Ellen had reason to be shaken; and as she returned home, her worst fears were aroused almost to conviction. As she came to the turn of the road, leading to her little cottage, she happened to look towards the road which was one of the communications between the city and the barracks, and also led to the orchard of Richard Mannix. She was attracted by two persons on the pathway walking under the shade of the trees; their backs were to her, and instinctively she followed them. One of the persons she easily discovered was an officer, from his cloak and cap; the other was a slight female figure, which, though closely muffled, she almost felt sure was Ellen Mannix; her limbs trembled, and she felt as if she was sinking to the earth, to think it could be Ellen Mannix. She pursued them, though scarcely able to walk; and in her agitation, unconscious of the singular way she was acting, she called "Ellen." The sound she would have thought had died in her throat, as it will sometimes, as in a dream, only that both persons turned quickly round.—The night, though fine, was unsteady moonlight; clouds passed rapidly over the sky, and at this moment one passing over the moon, completely darkened the pathway; and when it again shone out, the figures were gone. Mrs. Noonan stood rooted to the spot from whence she had called, she thought she might have been mistaken; but she still felt impelled to hurry on towards the orchard gate. When she came there, she saw an officer walking rapidly on at some distance. He was alone. Suspicion now became certainty, and her impulse was, to follow Ellen into the cottage. She did so. The first person she encountered, was Mrs. Mannix, in a state of stupid intoxication. She could not tell anything about her unfortunate child, whether she was out or within.

Mrs. Noonan proceeded to Ellen's bed-room door; it was locked, and when she knocked, there was no answer. The servant told her Ellen was out; Mrs. Noonan said she was afraid she was not speaking the truth, that she thought she saw her coming towards the cottage before her. The servant still denied that she was in, and was impertinent. Mrs. Noonan little heeded her rudeness, but inquired if Richard Mannix would be soon home. The servant said he was not expected that night, that he was in the country. It was growing late, the road was lonesome, and Mrs. Noonan had no alternative but to return without seeing Ellen. Before she left she entreated the servant to tell her if she wanted to speak a few words to her, if she

would come to her or send for her the following day; that she was as anxious about her as she was about her own children, and that it was something very particular she had to say to her. When Mrs. Noonan reached home she was scarcely able to relate to Sally what she had seen and heard; she declared her intention of going to Richard Mannix next day and telling him all.

"Oh, dear mother, let us be sure it was Ellen you saw; I can scarce believe it," said Sally, and it would be so dreadful to have Ellen exposed."

"I won't expose her, my child," said Mrs. Noonan; "but when the village is talking, and when my own suspicion is so strong, it is my duty to speak to her father; it may not be too late to save her from disgrace. Oh, I would rather do anything than tell it to him, Sally.—Oh, Mrs. Mannix, God help you, what an accountable woman you are this night."

(To be concluded in our next.)

LETTER OF THE REV. DANIEL WILLIAM CAHILL, D. D.

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Manhattenville, Tuesday, April 9, 1861.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN.—The blood of the poor defenceless Irish, still continues to be shed on your soil. Derrymacash is crimsoned with the historic slaughter of each current year; and our faithful mother, Ireland, after centuries of bleeding torture, has not as yet found one just hand to check her oppressors, or to staunch her national wounds. The murder of poor Murphy—poor Catholic Murphy—at the chapel of Derrymacash, is a clear exponent, and a perfect definition of Orange murderous outrage. The whole case where one Catholic was shot and sixteen Catholics wounded presents in a nutshell the past licence to the assassination of the children of Ireland. And the coolness of the culprit in going on his knees, taking off his cap, taking dead aim at his victim, and shooting him in the back, furnishes a faithful epitome of the unbridled, unprovoked ferocity of Orangeism against the unoffending Irish Catholics. Not the least remarkable character in the performance and finale of this Orange tragedy at the chapel of Derrymacash, is the learned Orange barrister, Counsellor Joy, who defended the Orange culprit.

Neither the Orange festival of the 12 July; nor the Orange procession from Lurgan; nor the Orange music of "croppies lie down;" nor the Orange muskets and pistols, would have precisely finished the picture of this Orange display at the Catholic chapel, this trial at Armagh, if the Orange advocate were not prominently brought forward in the case. Without the Orange eloquence of Counsellor Joy, this historic piece would be deprived of its most characteristic feature—namely, its graphic vituperation its eminent sectarian animosity. All the others who have appeared on the Derrymacash stage are the Robespierres and the Diderots of the tragic piece; but the Counsellor, is the risen Voltair of the performance; he adds a tinsel learning to the outrage, paints the devil like an angel, and appeals to his own Orange heart in glowing schoolboy elocution for the proof of the corporate sincerity of his defence. Yes; if Counsellor Joy had not appeared for the prisoner in the Derrymacash trial, it would be exhibiting the foggings, the pitch-caps, and the triangles of '98, without the presence of Lord Beresford and Major Surr.

In the whole penal history of Ireland there has not been presented to public horror a more flagrant case of Orange ferocity against Catholics than the Derrymacash murder. On the Twelfth of July a party of infuriated Orangemen, with rifles and drums, playing party tunes, "armed with guns and pistols, dressed in Orange sashes, shouting, yelling," parade the country in open defiance of the law in an illegal assembly. Some Catholics, attracted by this procession, and maddened by their galling insults, come to the roadside at their own houses to see and hear their enemies and to mark them. The noise on the occasion was created by the Orangemen, and was an integral part of their own act. At this juncture, without further notice (there was no provocation), the Catholics were fired on; one man was killed and sixteen persons wounded. Seven witnesses proved they saw Tate deliberately go on his knees, carefully take off his cap, quietly take dead aim at Murphy, shoot him through the back; and that Murphy, so far from offering any offence to the murderer, did not even see the culprit till he tell on the road. If ever there was a case of deliberate murder, without palliation, poor Murphy's death, is its practical definition. From the beginning to the end of the 12th of July the whole case has not one ingredient of palliation. An illegal assembly, deliberately formed in the morning, paraded in illegal emblems, marching in insulting tumult, playing irritating party tunes; "proceed out of their way to the chapel, of the Catholics, car-

rying loaded muskets. One of this illegal assemblage kneels down, removes his cap to give certitude to his levelled piece, takes dead aim at his living mark; and at 4 o'clock in the evening of a July day, shoots a man whose back is turned to the murderer!! This whole case, this act, deliberate in its commencement and in its continued performance, deliberate in its final completion, is a case so clear, so palpable, of deliberately taking away human life from an innocent victim, wholly innocent, as to make the death of Murphy stand before the tribunal of English criminal law, as the very constitutional definition of murder, unpalliated murder. This reasoning too, induced the Grand Jury of the County to return true bills of wilful murder.

It must be presumed that the Jury at the trial on their solemn oaths discharged their duty in returning a verdict of manslaughter; and no doubt the learned Judge fulfilled the dictates of his conscience and of his high position by awarding the punishment of fifteen months. But if a sober man or a set of men, light a match in the morning, carry it all day in their hands, go out of their way in the evening to a neighboring hated village and deliberately burn the town, I cannot conceive, how the deliberation of ten hours can be deemed a precipitous act; or a careful application of the match to the houses can present any palliation of involuntary excitement in the crime. It is hard to see, how the murder of poor Murphy is deemed fully atoned for by fifteen months' imprisonment. Murphy can never again come to life; and Murphy's wife and children are deprived of his protection and services; while Tate will soon appear in Lurgan, dress himself again in his orange sash, load his musket, parade the road by the chapel of Derrymacash; and march to the life and drum, near the grave of poor Murphy as if he had never spilled his innocent blood.

The part which Counsellor Joy played in this thrilling trial, is not distinct from the case; it is a part of the case. He was not so much the forensic advocate of the prisoner as the organ and mouth-piece of Orangeism. And his speech was not half so powerful in the defence of his client, as in the vehement magnitude of his sectarian rancour against Catholicity. His speech has all the marks of having been delivered by a large schoolboy, a loud declaimer, with a light head. His logic is not quite creditable to the honorable society of the Benchers; and no one can mistake the stamp of the old University Orange Lodge, where he received the impress of his political ethics. When the black vomit, or the yellow fever visits a town or city in the South of the Republic, a black or a yellow flag is hung out from the spires or steeples, to warn the public of the fatal plague within the walls. What a pity the Irish Government, under the accomplished patronage of the Earl of Carlisle, does not make a law to compel the Irish Orange lawyers, like Mr. Joy, to wear a black or yellow wig, to warn the unwary passing clients of the fatal Orange cancer that derours the vitals and blasts the intellect of the diseased creatures with the colored quarantine wigs.

Only think of the Counsellor introducing a Protestant lie of three centuries ago, as evidence against the murder of last July, 1860; and again appealing to this lie, said to be enacted in France in the sixteenth century, as a proof that seven Catholics had conspired against Tate's life, at Derrymacash, on the 12th of last July, 1860! The Society of Jesuits, too, of all others, dead and alive, were introduced by Counsellor Joy as abettors of this Derrymacash conspiracy; and all Catholics over the world, and, of course, the eight Catholic Judges on the Irish Bench, were adduced as part of the conspiracy against the life of Tate at Derrymacash; all thirsting for the blood of all Protestants in general, but particularly for the blood of the Orangemen of the North of Ireland! What a shame, what an injustice in the present accomplished Viceroy not to place on the Irish Bench judges of the pure Orange stamp of Counsellor Joy! What a loss that so much Orange legal knowledge, so much judicial acumen, so much impartial decision, so much generous cool judgment, should not be selected, to add ornament to the Irish Bench, to give charming unsuspected purity to the Court of Equity, and to render the Irish ermine at once the model and the envy of the surrounding nations! Alas, this Mr. Joy has put an argument into the mouth of the just Earl of Carlisle never again for his very life to place an Orangeman or a sectarian Protestant, to hold any judicial place, even on the Mendicity Committee of Dublin, or the Pipe-Water Commission of Belfast!

In sober sadness, if the gentlemen of the Irish Bar do not adopt some measure of protest or reproof to clear their learned body from such vulgar intolerance, rabid sectarianism, and gross vituperative irreverence as Counsellor Joy exhibited at Armagh, they will be considered by all men of moderation and refinement as endorsing a low forensic style of which indeed there are