

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CONNECTICUT.

At the moment when we are ready to go to press we receive the following letter from Milwaukee. The satisfactory adjustment of the school money in the case it mentions is excellently worthy of attention. Where there is a little fairness, and a little desire for good neighborhood, there could be little difficulty, at least in cities and large towns, in getting like arrangements for all religious societies who wish to educate their children separately.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 20th, 1848.

Mr. Editor.—Among the many places that have sprung as if it were by enchantment in the west, none have exceeded, and few equalled this city in the rapidity of its private buildings, and the respectable, orderly and business-like appearance of its inhabitants, now exceeding 17,000.

The Catholics number over one-third the population, and are daily adding to their number by immigration and conversions, but are sadly in want of more churches, as those erected can not contain one half their number. This will, however, be in some measure remedied when the Cathedral is finished, which is expected to be before next year. This building when erected will be the greatest ornament of the city, and situated on the very best location that could be desired, being on the east side of the only public square east of the river. No matter how the city is approached from the lake, it will be the first object to greet the sight of all, and O, will not the heart of many an immigrant throb with joy and thanks to God when he beholds the glorious Cross towering far above all other objects on his approach to the land of his adoption, proclaiming to all that now, as of old, in the far west as well as in the east, there are those, and thank God, in no small numbers, whose "glory is in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

But I am neglecting the object I had in view in writing this letter, which was to place on record an example well worth imitation.—When the public schools of the city were being organized, some three months ago, the Rev. Mr. McLoughlin stated to the board of Aldermen that he hoped they would have no objection paying the teacher of the school, held in the basement of the Cathedral, from the public funds, without, at the same time, either sending girls to the school, as it was exclusively for boys, or interfering with his control over it, as all the children were Catholics. This firm but respectful request was not only granted but the regular rent given for other rooms was allowed, although not asked, for the use of the school-room. The school is visited every day by the Rev. gentleman, above named, and one hour of his time spent in instructing the children in their various studies although there is no priest but himself, since the departure of the Right Rev. Bishop for Europe, to attend the Cathedral and the English congregation, and yet by seeing the number of Communicants at first Mass every Sunday one would naturally suppose that two or three priests, instead of one, were necessary to do the labor.

Another circumstance occurred here which equally shows the general feeling of our citizens as regards Catholic institutions. Of the collections that were raised here for buying provisions to be sent to Ireland, \$480 were kept on hand to pay for the freight in case any should be charged. When it was afterwards ascertained that there was none charged, the question was, how the money on hand should be disposed of. The Rev. Mr. McLoughlin recommended the giving of part of it to the Hospital under the care of the Sisters of Charity, and also towards the Free School the Sisters were building. The recommendation was immediately taken, and \$100 was given to the hospital and \$200 towards the building, and the remaining \$180 were given for other charitable purposes. I could, Mr. Editor, mention many similar instances of the liberality and anti-bigotry public spirit of our citizens and not one instance of a contrary nature. If either yourself, or any of your correspondents, know of any place which is pursuing a like honorable course, I am sure their record in your columns will be an agreeable treat to your numerous readers, and a strong encouragement to them to labor and pray that our happy country may become of the same mind and disposition as Milwaukee.

I remain, Sir, yours respectfully, X.

Few of your readers (save those who live in the State) may ever have been in Connecticut, and, therefore, a few words about the Catholics in this State may be acceptable. Some twenty years ago, there was not a single Catholic Church in this State, although it had been settled and peopled more than a century. Every child knows that this is one of the five New England States, originally settled by the Pilgrim Fathers—as bigoted a set of fanatics as ever mouthed about the Bible. These Pilgrims and their followers were all of Cromwell's age—were all English, and haters of Ireland and Catholicism. Their children and followers down to our days were fed from infancy with the sap of bigotry—to hate an Irishman and to fear "Popery," were the two leading stupid ideas of their education.

So long as Connecticut, and New England generally, relied upon their own barren soil for subsistence, so long these stupid ideas, like heaps of snow in the northern caverns of a mountain, remained unmelted away. But when manufactures began to penetrate their gloomy valleys, and to creep up their mountain streams, the light and heat of mind began its natural operation—Irishmen were called in to dig the deep foundations of huge factories, to blast the rocks, to build the dams, and when the great structure arose, the children of Irishmen were called to tend the spindles or the furnace.

The Irish are absolutely necessary to the manufacturing success of the new world. Without them the railroads would be uncut—the Canals undug—the factories unbuild.

Poor, poor unhappy Ireland! the flower of your population,—the bone and sinew of your national strength are exiled, and applied to develop stranger lands and mix in dust with strange earth.

And yet, perhaps, Ireland is fulfilling her appointed mission in the great system of the Almighty, by sending forth to distant lands the agents of a mild and charitable christianity, as she did in days of national affluence, when her zealous missionaries and her polished scholars won for her from Europe, by their great labors and talents, the distinctive appellation of "Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum"—island of Saints and Doctors.

Yes, unhappy nation! your very sufferings now conduce, as your affluence and zeal conducted in former ages, to spread the glory of God.

Wherever the Irish penetrate, they carry in their bosoms the living fire of the faith; they are the votaries and the missionaries of the Cross. They are all the same wherever they go—whether to the manufacturing districts in the East, or the untracked wilderness in the West. Their ever pressing want in a new place is a Priest, and when they have enjoyed the comfort for some little time in a series of visits, few perhaps, and far between, their next aspiration is a church, and then a home for the Priest. All this they at last accomplish by force of their warm faith and untiring perseverance; and it is not till they have established their faith, their church, and their Priest, in the midst of a prejudiced community—not until the Priest is located among them ready and able to deal, when necessary, with the surrounding stupidity, ignorance and prejudice, that they may say to themselves we are now at last Free—we are now at last independent; for then the people around begin to open their eyes, come into their churches, hear and see and think, and treat their Catholic neighbors, almost as "fellow citizens."

These ideas flow from the writer as the unchecked current of his meditation, growing from a long observation of the Irish in America—for they indeed are the seed and salt of the Catholic faith in the new world.

Entering this puritanical State, from New York, we may step from a steamboat into Bridgeport, New Haven, or New London.—These are the principal seaport cities on the eastern border, opening into the Sound. In each of which there is now gathered a large Catholic congregation (mostly Irish) each having a resident pastor.

The congregation of Bridgeport, a commercial place of about 12,000 inhabitants, is presided over by the Rev. Mr. Lynch. His church is a beautiful brick building in the old Irish style, perched upon a handsome elevation above the business part of the town. Included in the lot is a good dwelling house for his reverence. The Rev. Mr. Lynch is an Irishman, and universally

beloved by his flock, who are a moral and well-conducted congregation, and enjoy among their American fellow citizens a high social reputation. The stranger is welcome to the door of Father Lynch.

New Haven is, as every one knows, the crack educational city of America, for here is Yale College, the Oxford of America, with its six hundred students from all parts of the continent. This College was founded, as very few are aware, by an Irishman, the celebrated Dean Becheley. The city is certainly beautiful—counts 20,000 inhabitants, of which the sixth part are Irish Catholics. It has commerce, railroads, churches, boarding houses, some light manufactures, and is the great oyster bed of New England. The Rev. P. O'Reilly, late of Ireland and a priest of thirty years standing, has care of this congregation. The church belonging to these people was burnt a few months ago, but they have purchased a Protestant church, built of brick, for which they pay some thirteen thousand dollars. The burnt church had been insured for eight thousand dollars, and the balance they contribute by subscription. The new church will seat a hundred or twelve hundred persons. The Rev. Mr. O'Reilly has been obliged for some time past to perform the Holy Ceremonies of religion under a tent. He is a polished Irish gentleman of the old school, and is much beloved by his people and by all who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Proceeding some ten miles into the interior, we meet with the flourishing manufacturing village of Birmingham, and almost at the same time with the talented and zealous Catholic pastor of this and three other manufacturing villages, the Rev. Michael O'Neill. This zealous priest is one of the first pupils of the Dublin "College for Foreign Missions," and since his arrival from Ireland, some twelve months ago, has infused into the Catholic community a new religious zeal, and called up for them, by his great pulpit talent, a new feeling of respect from the American community. His eloquence and theological powers and labors have been blessed by some remarkable conversions to the faith. His work indeed is only begun.

The range of his mission extends from Birmingham through the manufacturing valley of Noughetuck river for about eighteen miles, terminating with the beautiful village of Waterbury. There is a church at either end of the mission, and the Rev. gentleman attends them on alternate Sundays. The church of Waterbury has a peculiar history, and I must give it. About twelve months ago, the Episcopalists of Waterbury conceived the idea of building a church of stone, on the site of their frame one, and signified a wish to sell the fine old frame church, steeple, pews and all. The Catholics by slow and creeping steps, through one or two of their body, purchased the church for five hundred dollars. Before this they were irregularly visited by a clergyman, but now they resolved on having one permanent, and the Rev. Mr. O'Neill was sent to them. The church, must be removed from its old site, and thus occupied two or three weeks—it was drawn along the public streets several blocks, with oxen, horses, and a world of trouble, superintended in its progress by the Rev. Mr. O'Neill. A new basement story was built of brick for its reception, on which at last it stands, steeple and all, in all its original integrity; and now really looks better than most of the new churches around. It will seat twelve hundred persons, and last these fifty years. The expense of moving came to six hundred dollars, and the achievement was one of great risk and trouble, but what will not zeal and perseverance accomplish!

The Catholics in Waterbury, mostly employed in the factories have done all this, almost unaided by distant congregations. Indeed, many of the Irish here have fine houses, which are kept peculiarly neat and clean, and reflect credit on themselves. There is not a drop of liquor sold by an Irishman in this whole valley. The Rev. Mr. O'Neill is active in checking intemperance, broils, gambling, &c. This proves to the reflecting mind what Irishmen can be moulded into, if the proper means be resorted to.

There are other places in this state that shall have from me a notice. I should have said before this, that Connecticut and Rhode Island are in the Episcopal charge of the Right Rev. Dr. Tyler, who resides permanently in Providence, and who was originally an American Protestant—but who is now among the most zealous of our clergy in the propagation of the faith. Dr. Tyler has obtained the most of his priests from Ireland. He treats them with the utmost kindness and consideration.—Pilot. M.

DRINK AND DIE

Every immoderate cup is unblest, and the ingredient a devil.—SHAKESPEARE.

If you wish to be always thirsty, be a drunkard, for the oftener and more you drink, the tinner and more thirsty you will be.

If you seek to prevent your friends raising you in the world, be a drunkard, for that will defeat all their efforts.

If you would effectually counteract your own attempts to do well, be a drunkard, and you will not be disappointed.

If you wish to repel the efforts of the white human race to raise you to character, credit and prosperity, be a drunkard, and you will most surely triumph.

If you are determined to be poor, be a drunkard, and you will soon be ragged and penniless.

If you wish to starve your family, be a drunkard, for that will consume the means of their support.

If you would be sponged on by knaves, be a drunkard, and that will make their task easy.

If you wish to be robbed, be a drunkard, which will enable the thief to do it with more safety.

If you wish to blunt your senses, be a drunkard, and you will soon be more stupid than an ass.

If you would become a fool, be a drunkard, and you will lose your understanding.

If you wish to incapacitate yourself for rational intercourse, be a drunkard, for that will render you wholly unfit for it.

If you wish all your prospects in life to be clouded, be a drunkard, and they will soon be dark enough.

If you would destroy your body, be a drunkard, as drunkenness is the mother of disease.

If you mean to ruin your soul, be a drunkard, that you may be excluded from heaven.

If you are resolved on suicide, be a drunkard, that being a sure mode of destruction.

If you would expose both your folly and your secrets, be a drunkard, and they will rub out while the liquor runs in.

If you are plagued with great bodily strength, be a drunkard, and it will soon be subdued by a powerful antagonist.

If you would get rid of your money without knowing how, be a drunkard, and it will vanish insensibly.

If you would have no resource when past labor, but a workhouse, be a drunkard, and you will be unable to provide any.

If you are determined to expel all domestic harmony from your house, be a drunkard, and discord with all her evil train will soon enter.

If you would be always under strong suspicion, be a drunkard, for little as you think it, all agree that those who steal from themselves and families, will rob others.

If you would be reduced to the necessity of shunning your creditors, be a drunkard, and you will soon have reason to prefer the bye-paths of the public streets.

If you like the amusement of a court of conscience, be a drunkard, and you may be entertained.

If you would be a dead weight on the community, and cumber the ground, be a drunkard, for that will render you useless, helpless, burdensome and expensive.

If you would be a nuisance, be a drunkard, for the approach of a drunkard is like that of a dung-hill.

If you would be odious to your family and friends, be a drunkard, and you will be more disagreeable.

If you would be a pest to society, be a drunkard, and you will be avoided as infectious.

If you dread reformation of your faults, be a drunkard, and you will be impervious to all admonition.

If you would smash windows, break the pews, get your bones broken, tumble under carts and horses, and be locked up in the watch-house, be a drunkard, and you will soon know that it is impossible to adopt a more effectual means to accomplish your end.

Births.

- December 19—Mrs Dolly, of a son
" 20—Mrs Smithers, of a daughter
" 20—Mrs Casey, of a son
" 21—Mrs Phelan, of a son
" 21—Mrs McWilliams, of a daughter
" 21—Mrs Cronan, of a daughter