



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. X.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1860.

No. 46.

CAPTAIN PATRICK MALONY; OR, THE IRISHMAN IN ALABAMA.

Patrick Malony was born on that beautiful "gem of the sea," where Patrick is esteemed a holy and glorious name, and where there is, moreover, no lack of representatives of the ancient and honorable house of Malony.

What part of Old Ireland had the honor of being his birth-place, I cannot just remember; but if there is any particular county more renowned and more romantic than any and all others, there is no reasonable doubt that that was the birth-place of my hero.

He might have been of rich but honest parents; only that they happened to be poor, and experienced the truth of the proverb, that, "though poverty is no disgrace, its mighty inconvenience." In fact, Patrick was the eldest son of a widow, with seven curly-headed, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, roguish children. Patrick was the eldest, the handsomest, barrin' his sister Norah, who was, in fact, incomparable; and he was, of course, the pride of his fond mother's heart; as what handsome first-born son ever failed to be—though ever so much a scapegrace?

But no scapegrace was master Patrick. No boy had said his catechism better, or served Father Murphy at Mass more gracefully, than Patrick Malony. His mother rejoiced in the hope of seeing him a priest; the high and holy ambition of so many a fond Irish mother. Father Murphy helped him with his Latin and humanities, and Patrick was so good a boy, that the prospect seemed fair enough. Only two things were wanting; the vocation, as the future proved, and the means, which grew less, and less, as the day of trial darkened over Ireland, which was to end in famine and pestilence, desolation and death.

When Patrick was eighteen years old, the times were growing worse and worse. There were many mouths to feed, and little work and poor pay. It was not want yet, but a dreary prospect in the future. There was no lack of a humble trust in God; but Patrick, full of the energy and hope of youth, felt that he could not claim the help of Providence, without making a manly effort to help himself.

At this juncture, there came a letter from his cousin Timothy; and as Tim was rather a character in his way, we'll read the letter.

City of Mobile, State of Alabama, Jan. 20th, 18—(and here comes a big blot, which makes the last part of the date quite illegible)

Dear Cousin Patrick:

This letter leaves me in good health at present, thanks be to Almighty God for the same; and I hope these few lines will find you, and aunt Bridget and sweet Norah, and all my other cousins. (God bless them) in the enjoyment of the same blessing. And now, Patrick, my boy, America's a great country intirely. And Alabama is the flower of America.—The roses and all the pretty flowers are bloomin' here now, and the wonderful mockin'-birds are singin' while I sit writin' out doors at my open window.

They told me the gold could be picked up in the streets. That's a figure of spache, cousin Patrick. But just come over here, my stout lad, and get forty dollars a month's wages, (that's eight pounds, my boy) and ate ye up, darlin', besides. It's a great country, an' no mistake at all; only I can't begin to tell you half it. Just put yourself on a ship and come over. Be sure you come to Mobile. If you come to New York first, don't stay long there. The Patricks and Demisses knock each other's elbows. They are as thick as thiers, and thicker than that is needless. Come straight here, darlin', an' make your fortune at once. It's only a matter of fifteen hundred miles, an' that's only a step an' a straddle. You'll make your fortune sure, an' have somethin' to make the old mother comfortable. So, God bless an' preserve you all, prays your loving cousin, TIX O'ROURKE.

Mr. Patrick Malony walked home from the Post-office two inches taller than he ever walked before. His chest expanded, and there was a flush on his cheeks and a light in his eye, which rather startled the good widow Malony.

"Why, Patrick, jewel," said she, as he stalked rather ferociously in at the door of their humble cabin, "what's come over ye, lad?"

"It's a letter from cousin Timothy, mother dear; all the way from America, and from Alabama, and Mobile, and that's further yet."

"Arrah, honey, an' what's the news from America—an' how is that good-for-nothing Timothy O'Rourke, my sister's child, God rest her soul?"

So Patrick read the letter; and the mother, and Norah, and Bridget, and Mary, and Teddy, and all the children gathered behind him and looked over his shoulders.

Patrick folded it up; kissed Norah; drew a long breath, and started up to go out again.

"An' where are ye goin' now, Patrick?" asked the careful Mrs. Malony. "Sure the foolish letter 'll kape till ye get a bit of the praties."

"No, mother dear, I'm no that hungry. I must see Father Murphy," and Patrick stalked

off solemnly to the Priest's house, beside the Church.

Father Murphy was at home. No man easier to find. In his little parlor, reading, or saying his office; in the church, saying Mass, hearing confessions, catechising the children; working in his garden for recreation; hearing the complaints, sorrows and troubles of his poor parishioners, visiting the sick—these were Father Murphy's daily occupations.

"Well, Patrick, my son, how fare you; are you all well at home?"

"Yes, Father, all well, thanks be to God."

"You're a good boy, Patrick, and a comfort to your poor mother, God bless her."

"Well, Father, that's what I have come to consult you about. Mother's getting worn down with care and hard work. The times grow worse and worse. I've got strong arms and a willing heart, but poor old Ireland's a bad market for them. Will your Reverence please read that bit of a letter from cousin Timothy?"

His Reverence took the letter and read it.

"So you'd be after going to America to seek your fortune?" said Father Murphy, more cheerfully than Patrick had any hopes of. "You want to leave us all."

"It's a sorry day I'd be leaving you," said Patrick, "but I think it's me duty. I'm the oldest. Norah must stay with mother an' help take care of the little ones. Isn't it me duty, Father Murphy, to go and work for them?"

"Have you told your mother yet?"

"Why should I be at her breaking her heart, and no use in it? I wouldn't say a word till I came to your reverence, to see what I should do about it."

"That's right. You're a thoughtful lad, Patrick, my son. To-morrow morning I'll offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, that Almighty God will guide us aright, and I will open the matter to your mother, if it's needful."

Patrick knelt down reverently, to receive the dear good Father's blessing, and went home to the fireside that never before had seemed so dear.

In the morning early, Mrs. Malony, and Patrick, and Norah were at Mass, as was their usual custom. It was the fresh early spring time. The sun was rising over the green hills; the birds were singing in the trees; the air was full of the odor of sweet flowers, and from the hearts of the humble worshippers, who flocked to the little church in the bythe morning, rose the sweeter incense of Catholic devotion.

Had Patrick been a Protestant young man of eighteen, I am afraid he would have been quite too manly to kneel in church beside his mother and sister. Few Protestant young men have much sense of religion, and those who have, generally feel ashamed to give it any outward expression. The Catholic, when properly educated in his faith, and unperturbed by bad associations, has no shame, but glories in the practice of his Holy Faith.

Even bad Catholics are ready to die for their religion; but good Catholics are also ready to live for it, which, on the whole, may be better.

Some time after the Mass, Mrs. Malony was delighted with a visit from Father Murphy.—Sad must have been the house where Father Murphy didn't bring joy. The children flocked around him, kissing his hand, or, at least, a finger, and the last of all toddled down on its knees, and put up its fat little hands to ask his blessing.

"God bless you, my darlings; and how is your health, widow Malony?" said the good Father.

"I'm as comfortable as ever, thanks be to Almighty God for all His mercies."

"And the children; but they're all well enough, the little beggars. Norah, the roses will have no bloom this year, for you've got it all in your cheeks, I'm thinkin'."

And Norah showed by a blush of pleasure, that there was plenty more of bloom where that came from, without robbing the roses.

But Father Murphy had come on serious business. It was hard to sever the mother from her first-born son. It was hard for Norah to part from the brother she was so proud of and so loved. It was hard for Father Murphy to send forth into the world the child of his love and prayers; but he saw that it was best, and they all submitted to the will of Providence.

CHAPTER II.—HOW PATRICK GOT SAFELY OVER THE SALT SEA.

Patrick's humble's outfit was made ready by his mother and Norah. For the last time he knelt with them at the altar rail to receive Holy Communion. Father Murphy gave him his last hearty good by and his blessing. The mother hugged to her lone heart its chiefest earthly joy; Norah sobbed on his bosom; the younger children drowned him in tears and smothered him with kisses; and then he looked back with a full heart, through his tears, at the beautiful valley that had been in his world. He knew that his mother and Norah were on their knees praying for him, and he too knelt on the

green turf by the hedge-side, and prayed to Our Mother of Consolation. One more look, and Patrick walked on his way. And hope and the consciousness of duty soon made his heart grow light. He knew that "One God the Father Almighty" would watch over them all; one Holy Mother Church embraced them all in her bosom; though thousands of miles apart, they knelt at the same altar, and the same Blessed Ones watched over them and listened to their prayers. One faith, one hope, one heaven;—oceans cannot divide those who are so united.

In a few days Patrick saw Ireland fade in the distance and sink out of his horizon, with a sad, proud, fond regret. Land of beauty and poetry, purity and faith! Island of Saint! martyr of nations! millions of thy children, with loving hearts, have thus looked back to thee through blinding tears; and with choking voices have cried—"Farewell! God bless Old Ireland!"

The sights, and sounds, and smells of Liverpool gave him some comforting distraction from the thoughts of home. He did not forget to find a church there, too. It was larger and far more splendid than he had ever seen before; but that made little difference. The good Catholic rejoices to see the tabernacle of his Beloved surrounded with splendors. He would gladly gather all the magnificence, beauty, music, and sweet incense of the earth into the sanctuary of God; but it is not these he worships. The humblest little chapel, where the lamp burns before the altar, holds more for him than Yorkminster, Westminster, or St. Paul's; hollow, deserted, barren shams, with all their magnificence.

Another vision of beauty filled the eyes of Patrick. Some pretty girl, you fancy; but that's a mistake. A rosy-cheeked young Irishman is not very likely to turn his back too contemptuously on a pretty sweet creature of a nice girl; but the new object of Patrick's admiration was an American packet-ship, with her graceful hull, her tall, tapering masts, and the stary flag that floated above them. In a few days he found himself, with four hundred of his countrymen and countrywomen, on board of one of the finest, which a black little steam tug towed down the river Mersey; and Patrick was at sea.

Four hundred men, women, and children, stowed between decks; rolling and pitching;—little light and less air, and nearly all sea-sick.—I must leave it to the imaginations of some and the recollections of others of my readers. Home-sick and sea-sick—it is to be hoped that one is homopathic to the other. Patrick soon tripped over the latter, and he was on deck, watching the changing aspects of the glorious sea. For the home-sickness he had three good remedies: faith, hope, and charity. He said his prayers, and commended the beloved hearts to the blessed protection of Jesus and Mary.

Handsome, light-hearted, with a cheerful word and a kind service for everybody, Patrick was a general favorite. He took the children on deck for a mouthful of fresh air, when their mothers could not leave their berths. He paid special attention to Mary O'Sullivan, because she looked like his sister Norah, probably. He was not the only one that admired her. The second mate, a stout, beef-eating Englishman, had fixed his eyes upon her also.

The result was that the second mate had a black eye one morning, and Patrick a slight sprain in his wrist; and that Mary O'Sullivan, next to her heavenly Protectress, was grateful to Patrick Malony.

Patrick saw a whale, a good ways off; and an iceberg rather nearer, too near for comfort, for they just grazed it in a dense fog. A few days more and there was a cry of "Land ho! Then came the beautiful schooner of the New York pilot: then they sailed up the Narrows, and saw New York, and Brooklyn, and Jersey City, and Hoboken—a great city—with rivers, ships, and steamboats, and a few other remarkable institutions.

Father Murphy had read of New York in the papers, and gave Patrick some good advice.—"You have something to lose," said he, "so beware of the Sharps. They will rob you of every penny; and some of your own countrymen, with a thick brogue on their tongues, will be as bad as the worst of them. Don't buy a gold watch, if it is ever so cheap. It will turn out brass; get up at day-light, go to bed when you are sleepy, and eat when you are hungry, provided you can get anything, and never mind about knowing the time o'day. Don't buy a pocket-book, even if it is stuffed full of bank notes. Carefully mind your own business. Go to church as soon as you land, and attend to your duties. Wherever you go, my son, never neglect them. Leave alone whiskey and tobacco, and live on such food as you have been used to at home. When our countrymen go to America, with roses on their cheeks, and full of health and vigor, they are told that the climate is so bad that they must eat pork three times a day with plenty of tea, coffee, tobacco, and

whiskey. They lose their red cheeks, white teeth, sweet breath, bright eyes and vigorous constitutions; and then blame the climate.—Patrick, I am satisfied by all I can learn from reading and inquiries, that it is not the climate, half so much as the pork, and whiskey, and tobacco, and other useless luxuries. So, take my advice, Patrick; live as you have lived at home. You are strong and healthy; try to keep so.—Save your wages to help your mother, and your brothers and sisters. If times grow worse, and you think America is a better place for them than poor Ireland, bye and bye you can send for them, perhaps. And I may come too, God knows best. Good bye, my son, and may God bless you."

(To be continued.)

LETTER OF HIS GRACE THE MOST REV. DR. CULLEN,

TO THE CATHOLIC CLEARGY OF THE DIOCESE OF DUBLIN,

ON THE DANGERS TO WHICH THE FAITH OF POOR CATHOLIC CHILDREN IS EXPOSED.

Very Reverend and Dear Sir—The continued and dangerous warfare carried on most actively for years against the faith of poor Catholic children, has obliged me to address you repeatedly on so important a subject. Though well acquainted with your vigilance and zeal, I considered it necessary to point out to you the dangers to which children were continually exposed, and to call your attention to the perfidious arts by which wicked proselytizers, disguised in sheep's clothing, and quoting words of Scripture like the tempter in the Gospel, were endeavouring to lay waste the fold of Christ. To defeat such dangerous schemes, I requested of you to exhort all parents to give a sound Catholic education to their children, instructing them not only by word but by example, and teaching them from infancy to dedicate their first thoughts to God, to sanctify themselves by prayer and other exercises of piety, to acquire habits of virtue, to grow up in the fear and love of God, and to be sincerely attached to their religion. I need not add that, however faithful and religious our flocks may be, we cannot be too assiduous in inculcating those lessons, in order to prepare the raising generations to encounter the dangers which await them in after life, and to enable them to defeat all the schemes of the enemies of their salvation. The fate of religion, as well as the salvation of immortal souls, depends in a great part on the good impressions made on the tender mind of youth.

In connexion with the care which we are called on to exercise regarding the education of our flocks, there is a matter referred to very often by the public press, to which it is now my object to call your special attention—I mean the scandalous practice of kidnapping or buying Catholic children for the purpose of educating them in a religion different from that of their parents.

This monstrous and degrading practice; this branch of traffic in human flesh, is not of recent origin in Ireland. We find innumerable examples of it in the history of the seventeenth century. When the hordes of Cromwell had got possession of this country, it was the fashion of those fanatics to sing psalms and praise the Lord, and to quote Scripture in favor of liberty of conscience, whilst at the same time they shed blood like water, and slaughtered the unoffending inhabitants of the country because they were Catholics: the massacres of Wexford and Drogheda amply show how the rights and persons of Irish Catholic parents were respected by the Scripture-reading lovers of religious liberty at that time. And how were Catholic children treated? Thousands and tens of thousands of them were seized on and sent off to Jamaica and Barbadoes, or the English colonies professing Protestantism, and taught to hate the faith of their forefathers. Undoubtedly, a scriptural way of enforcing liberty of conscience, and respect for parental authority.

A little later, and especially about the beginning of the last century, this wicked system was extended and legalised. Professing lovers of religious freedom, anxious, of course, for the Christian liberty of the spirit, made laws in Parliament under King William, and afterwards under Queen Anne, prohibiting all Catholic schools and enacting the severest penalties against any Catholic parents convicted of the offence of having sent their child to receive a Catholic education beyond the seas. At the same time every encouragement was held out to Catholic children to desert the religion of their fathers, and the young apostate was enriched at the expense of his brothers who remained faithful to their God. Whilst our legislators thus respected parental authority, they did not fail to denounce Catholics as the enemies of progress, and of the light and doctrine of the Gospel.

When the work of perversion was not proceeding with the desired rapidity, a Protestant Primate of all Ireland, but a native of England,

Dr. Boulter, proposed the establishment of a system of schools throughout Ireland, into which Catholic children were to be seduced, for the purpose of educating them in the Protestant religion. This dignitary, in a letter written in 1730, to the Bishop of London, states that it was useless to attempt to induce the adults of the Catholic population of Ireland to renounce their religion, and admits that the only way of promoting Protestantism was to seize on poor ignorant Catholic children, and to imbue their minds with Protestant doctrines and hatred of Catholicity, before they could have learned what the Catholic Church required of them to believe. This same persuasion still prevails in the minds of many dignitaries of the Protestant Church. One of them, some few days ago, used the following words in the presence of a Catholic gentleman: "All our preaching, all our missionary labors, all our discussions are quite useless, unless we can lay hold on the instruction of the Catholic children of the country." This is the great end which they are endeavouring to attain by their proselytising institutions, and by encouraging model schools and mixed education, so well calculated to undermine faith and to promote indifference to every religion."

The Charter Schools were established to carry out the views of Dr. Boulter. The expense thus entailed on this Catholic country to bring up children in heresy was immense, and a Parliamentary Report published in 1825 states, that in some few years, a million or more was expended in this way. From the same Report we learn, that in those schools the children were allowed to grow up in ignorance and vice, that they were badly fed and badly taught, and rendered incapable of becoming useful members of society. The benevolent men who established and managed the Charter Schools, quite satisfied with having robbed the poor children of their faith, cared but little about their prospects in this world or the next. Very probably when history shall have thrown its light upon events now passing, it will appear that the zealous proselytizers of the present day have no other object in view but to inflict a wound upon Catholicity, and that having once poisoned the minds of poor children with error, and inflamed them with hatred of the religion of their parents, they abandon them to misery and wretchedness, thus walking in the footsteps of their predecessors, the directors and masters of the Charter Schools. Such was the conduct of the proselytizers described by our Saviour, who compassed earth and sea, to make one proselyte, and then rendered him a child of perdition worse than themselves.

In the Parliamentary Report on Education in Ireland, of 1825, just referred to, there is one passage worthy of most serious reflection:—

"It appears, however," says the Report, p. 6, "that the Society (for Protestant Charter Schools) soon adopted the opinion that, as long as the children associated with their parents and kindred, the system of instruction which was pursued could not effect the object of converting them to the Protestant religion; and as, consistently with this object, the schools were established in districts chiefly inhabited by Roman Catholics, it was thought necessary to not only cut off all communication between the children and their relatives; and to confine them within the walls of the schools during the whole period of their instruction; but it is stated to have been a part of the discipline peculiar to the society, that they should transplant the children into such

"We give Boulter's letter to the Lord Bishop of London, dated Dublin, May 5th, 1730, which explains his object in proposing the erection of Charter Schools:—"The great numbers of Papists in this kingdom, and the obstinacy with which they adhere to their own religion, occasions our trying what may be done with their children to bring them over to our Church; and the good success the corporation established in Scotland for the instruction of the ignorant and barbarous part of that nation, has met with, encourages us to hope, if we were incorporated for that purpose here, that we might likewise have some success in our attempts to teach the children of the Papists the English tongue and the principles of the Christian religion; and several gentlemen here have promised subscriptions for maintaining schools for that purpose, if we were once formed into a corporate body. This has set the principal nobility, gentry, and clergy here on presenting an address to His Majesty to elect such persons as he pleases into a corporation here for that purpose, which we have sent over by the Lord Lieutenant, to be laid before His Majesty. The copy of this address I have here sent your lordship, in which you will in some measure see the melancholy state of religion in this kingdom; and I do in my own name, and that of the rest of my brethren, beg the favor of your lordship to give it your countenance. I can assure you the Papists are here so numerous, that it highly concerns us, in point of interest as well as out of concern for the salvation of these poor creatures, who are our fellow-subjects, to try all possible means to bring them and theirs over to the knowledge of the true religion; and one of the most likely methods we can think of, is, if possible, instructing and converting the young generation;—for instead of converting those who are adult, we are daily losing many of our meaner people, who go off to Popery."