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CAPTAIN PATRICK MALONY; OR, THE IRISHMAN IN ALABAMA. (From the Boston Pilot.)

CHAPTER III.—HOW PATRICK ENJOYS A DECK PASSAGE ON A NORTH RIVER STEAMBOAT.

The first thing Patrick did, on landing at New York, was to see Mary O'Sullivan safe off the ship, and to her friends. The big English mate had got well of his black eye, but he swore fierce oaths, and shook his fist viciously at Patrick and Mary as they left the ship together. "Good bye, Mary," said Patrick, when he had found the brother who had sent for her. "Good bye, Patrick," said Mary, from her full heart. "May God reward you for taking the part of a poor lone girl, and may our Holy Mother protect ye. Sure, I'll say the rosary for ye, every night of my life, for what you did for me. Come and see us, Patrick; and now, good bye to ye." So they shook hands and parted. Mary kept house for her brother, over the grocery, till she got married; and Patrick studied the maps diligently, till he could fix on the best way of getting to Mobile.

"I'm off," said he. "This big place is eating up my money, penny by penny. And it's true what Tim said about the Patricks.—There's enough of them here, any how, and I'd be one too many. I'll be off to Mobile, across the country, to the great lakes, bigger than all Ireland, and down the great rivers, that could run round England and Ireland too, and water them into the bargain. And it's something fine I'll have to put into my letter. I'll just go to Niagara Falls, on my way to Cincinnati, and take a look at the great cataract. It'll cost no more, and won't Norah be pleased with my romantic description?"

So off, one morning, on the Hudson. The glorious scenery of West Point, the Highlands, and the misty Katskills, look as well from the forward deck, as from the after promenade.—Patrick travelled as fast as the most aristocratic cabin passenger on board, and saw as much of the scenery. He voyaged with his eyes wide open, and few things escaped his observation. He had taken his dinner of a couple of crackers and a herring, washed down with a drink of water, when he saw a tall, pale, melancholy looking personage in black clothes and white neckcloth, eyeing him attentively, as he walked back and forward near him. Pretty soon he stopped and said:

"Fine scenery, up here, stranger?"
"It's noble scenery, sir," said Patrick, not willing to be outdone in courtesy.
"I guess you are from the cold country," said the stranger.
"I presume Ireland was made when the rest were," said Patrick, "and is about as old any of 'em."
The stranger smiled a grim, sad, dyspeptic smile, and continued—
"I conclude you are a Papist, then."
Patrick's first impulse was to treat the white chokered individual as he had the mate, but a look at his sallow visage and attenuated frame disarmed him; so he quietly asked—
"And what may that be, sir?"
"A Papist? why, a Romanist."
"But I just gave you a hint, hint's as good as a kick to a blind horse that I am an Irishman. I was never in Rome in my life."
"I mean that as you are an Irishman you are probably of the Roman Catholic persuasion.—That is what I meant. I hope no offence," said the poor man, meekly.
"Then permit me to suggest, with all the politeness in the world, and meaning no offence whatever, that you might as well have said so in the first place."
"Well, young man, the name don't signify.—It's all the same. You belong to that Church of anti-Christ, that synagogue of Satan, the idolatrous Church of Rome."

It was a hard trial for Patrick, and the first one of the kind he had ever endured. But he made a great effort, and smothered his indignation.
"Look here, my friend," said he, "you don't look like a man to go round insulting strangers, and I would advise you to keep a more civil tongue in your head, for the next Irishman you meet may not have my forbearance. But come, you have asked me some questions; suppose I ask you a few. What religion are you of?"
"I'm an unworthy preacher of the Methodist persuasion."
"And how came you to be a Methodist?"
"I went to a camp meeting, when I was a wild and sinful young man, about your age, and got religion."
"Oh, you got religion! And that made you a Methodist? Are all people who get religion in this country Methodists?"
"Oh, no; there are good brethren who are Baptists, and Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, and Campbellites, and so on."
"Only, you are nearest right?"

"Well, yes; we think so."
"But you're not sure."
"I shouldn't like to say I was sure. We are all fallible creatures."
"Do you think St. Paul was a Methodist?"
"Well, yes; I expect he was."
"And St. Peter? He was a Presbyterian perhaps; and St. James was a Baptist? St. Thomas was a Campbellite, and St. Jude an Episcopalian? Is that it?"
"Well, I expect the Apostles all believed the same thing whatever that was."
"And taught different doctrines?"
"No; they all taught one doctrine—the doctrine that is in the Bible."
"Then, why don't you and your Presbyterian, and Baptist, and all the other brethren get together and try to find out what that doctrine was, that Christ taught his disciples, and his disciples preached to the world?"
"Because we are fallible creatures, as I said before, and can't understand the Scriptures alike. So every one must read and judge for himself."
"But suppose I read the Scriptures, and they teach me to be a Catholic?"
"Well, young man," said the preacher, looking round at the crowd that had now gathered about them, "that ain't a supposable case, for if you are a Catholic, you ain't allowed to read the Bible."
"No. How do you presume to stand there and tell such a falsehood?" said Patrick. "If you have read your Bible, you have seen a commandment which reads, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.' Now, look here," and Patrick took a New Testament out of his pocket: "Here it is, printed at Dublin, authorised by the Archbishop, recommended by His Holiness Pope Pius Sixth. What have you to say to that?"
"Well, yes—O yes! but that's a Catholic Bible."
"And don't you know that the Catholic Bible was the only Bible in the world for fifteen hundred years; and that your Protestant Bibles have been in existence only three hundred years, and that Luther, and Calvin, and Cranmer, took the Catholic Bible and changed and altered it to suit their purposes, and so manufactured Protestant Bibles?"
The crowd was now listening with great interest, and Patrick pursued his advantage. He had carried the war into Africa, and meant to keep it there.

"But come," said he, "how are we to know which of your sects is right? Which sect takes the teachings of Christ as the Apostles received them?"
"Why, we must search the Scriptures.—That's the way to find the true doctrine."
"Well, haven't the Presbyterians, and Baptists, and all the rest of you, been searching the Scriptures for three centuries? And ain't there more sects now than there ever were, and new ones coming up every day? You all search the Scriptures, and you are more and more divided. You must find some other way than that."

By this time the Methodist brother found out that he had waked up the wrong passenger, and was beating a retreat, but Patrick, with a spice of roguery, wanted just to give him a parting shot, so he said:
"Now, friend preacher, however you came to be one, for surely God Almighty never sent you, and the Devil got a hard bargain if he did, before you attack a poor Irish Papist again about his religion, just get a little better posted in your own, and so good evening to your riverence;" and, amid the laughter of the crowd, the person walked off, and the boat arrived at Albany.

CHAPTER IV.—PATRICK FINDS HIS WAY TO NEW ORLEANS.

The night trip in a second class car on the New York Railroad is not very exciting. When Patrick could keep awake, it seemed a long string of cities and villages. He was scarcely out of one before, with a shrill whistle, they dashed into another. After a long night, they arrived at Niagara; and Patrick stood on the brink of the world's grandest waterfall. He did not "put up" at the International Hotel, and have his dinner of sixteen courses served by a regiment of negro waiters to the music of a band playing waltzes and polkas; but he got a very good dinner, nevertheless, at a neat little eating-house, kept by a pleasant little countrywoman of his own, who talked with him of home.
Twenty miles to Buffalo on a little steamer up the Niagara; the roar of the great fall growing fainter and fainter, and fading in the distance.—At Buffalo he took a deck passage on a steamboat to Cleveland, and saw, with wonder, the expanse of blue, fresh water in Lake Erie. He tasted the water to see if it was really fresh.—The British sailors on the Lake, in the war of 1812, rowed in a boat nearly all one hot day, perishing with thirst, and never thought to try this little experiment; and their government, when it fitted out the fleet, conquered by Com-

odore Perry, sent over a full supply of water casks. What a fine practical bull that would have been had an Irishman done it. It was a much greater blunderer—one Mr. Routine.
Arrived at the beautiful city of Cleveland, Ohio, through thousand acre corn fields, where they gather roasting ears with ladders, and boys climb the weeds after birds' nests. Then came a city of smoke, and iron, and hogs; a beautiful river, and by its bank a long line of western steamboats. But the prettiest thing he saw was the tall spire of the Cathedral, with its glittering cross, in the centre of the Queen City, and many other cross-crowned spires clustered around it. He spent the Sunday in Cincinnati, went to Low Mass and High Mass, and, like a good boy, wrote to his mother.
On Monday morning, Patrick walked down to the river, to take a look at the steamboats, and particularly those up for New Orleans. Patrick was well up in his geography, and had lost no opportunity to study the maps and guide books scattered over our great routes of travel. So he knew very well where he was, and where he was going, and that is saying a good deal.
Going down the inclined plane of the levee, piled with arriving and departing freight, he saw a rough-whiskered man superintending the loading of a large New Orleans steamer, advertised to leave that evening.
"Do you want a hand aboard this boat?" asked Patrick.
The mate of the Reindeer looked at Patrick from head to foot, as if he took the measure of every muscle. He wanted hands; but Patrick was a green one.
"Can you work?" said he.
"Try me," said Patrick, with a modest self-possession, said to be national characteristic of his countrymen; and a very good ome it is, for any fellow who has got to make his own way in the world.
"Well, get your traps, and report yourself here in a hurry."
"Excuse me, sir," said Patrick, touching his hat again, with the native politeness of a true Irishman—"but it takes two to make a bargain. You have forgotten the little matter of wages."
"Wages—twenty dollars a month for green-horns."
"But I am going to New Orleans. I don't care to come back again."
"Oh! you'd rather stay and die of yellow fever. We want our hands for the round trip."
"Perhaps you might find some body afraid of the yellow fever to take my place," said Patrick, quietly.
"Ha! ha! Bangs; the boy is right," said the captain, who came along just now. "Take him down for the down trip; there'll be plenty wanting to come up, and glad to work their passage."
So it was settled that Patrick was to have ten dollars for the trip to New Orleans, which was so much clear gain, and a pretty little reinforcement for a purse that had strong symptoms of consumption. In half an hour Patrick had got his well-stuffed carpet sack from Mrs. O'Grady's hotel, and was hard at work till late at night, rolling hogsheads of hams and tobacco, and barrels of whiskey, the three great staples of Cincinnati, into the hold of the Reindeer.
The furnaces were glowing, the steam hissing, at last the lines were hauled in, the bell rung for the twentieth time, and the Reindeer was spared off, and with the steam rushing from her escape pipes, went roaring down the river; and Patrick found supper, such as it was, and rest where he could get it.
"It is a hard berth you'll have here, my lad," said Long Mike, a countryman of Patrick's.—
"Feather beds are scarce here." They were taking it comfortably on a row of tobacco casks.
"It's better than being sea-sick," said Patrick, determined to make the best of his position, which is a sensible thing to do.
"Just wait till we are routed to wood up;—then you'll see," said Mike. "You'll have to march to the Devil's quick-step; and if you don't get a billet of wood over your scone, you'll be in luck."
The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the signal to wood up was given: the boat rounded to the shore, torches were lighted, and the deck hands, Irishmen, Germans and negroes run over the gang plank and return back with loads of wood, while the impatient mate stood swearing to the guards, and hurrying up his forces till fifty cords had been taken from the river bank and piled around the boilers.
Patrick, after this pleasant little exercise, in which his hands were torn and blistered, was sinking into a delightful slumber on some frisks of lard, when the bell rung again, and all hands were called to land and take on freight.
"Niver mind bein' broken of your rest," said Mike; "for it's nothin' when you're used to it. You are good at cypherin', no doubt, so you can just add up all your half hours of slape, and they'll make a good night's rest for you."

Patrick said his prayers, thought of his mother, and Norah, and the children, and Father Murphy, and bravely composed his aching limbs to whatever fraction of the night's rest the chances of the voyage might afford him.
In the morning, after the passengers, and officers, and waiters had had their breakfasts the deck hands got what was left. The white men ate their portion on a wood pile, while the negroes took theirs' on a range of hogsheads on the other. In the midst of it they had to stop and put ashore some freight. The days passed like the nights; hard, rapid work, with such rest as men can get on the main deck of a western steamboat. I am afraid that before they were at the mouth of the Ohio, Patrick would have forfeited his wages for the trip for one good night's sleep in his own sweet bed at home.
Long Mike encouraged him in his own fashion.
"It's a nate voyage we'll be having," said he, "barrin' the snags, and the sawyers, and the boilers burstin'."
"And what is a snag, Mike?" said Patrick.
"It's a tall three, thin, with its roots fast in the bottom of the Mississippi, and its top just out of sight under water. When the steamer comes jil tilt on top of it, it goes plump through its bottom, decks, cabins and tuxas, and spits her just like a sucking pig, ready to be roasted for a Sunday's dinner."
"And a sawyer, Mike," said Patrick, always ready to increase his stock of information, "what may that be?"
"Arrah! ye're a nice boy, an' I don't mind helping to finish your edification. A sawyer's like a snag, only it's not so well fastened at the bottom, and kapes bobbing its innocent head up and down, as much as to say, 'this way, Mr. Steamer, here's the boy! I'll give you an Irish hoist, two pegs lower;' and the first you know you have a hole in your bottom, and down you sink into the dirty wather, without time to bless yourself."
"But when the boiler burst," said Patrick, "that must be more sudden."
"Faith, an' you may say that same."
"Was you ever blown up, Mike?"
"Yes, a great many times—by the mate, the big whiskered blackguard that he is."
"And I suppose you deserved it, Mike; but I mean by the steam."
"An' if I had, do you think I'd be here to describe it till ye, with all the particulars, as you might read it in the newspapers? Is it a ghost you take me for?"
"Then you was never blown up."
"Only in the way just specified," said Mike.
"Vell, I vas," said a stolid looking German, who had been listening to the conversation.
"How was it, Hans? Tell us about it," said Mike, with a wink to Patrick.
"Vall, it vas on the Highflyer, number tree, as plow'd up on the Missouri. I vas filling the water puckets on the promenade teck, ant Capt. Kleinfelder vas stahndin' py to pilot house, ven she plow'd up."
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A signal to wood-up closed this interesting conversation.
The Reindeer arrived safely at New Orleans, without being snagged or sawyered, or blown up like the unfortunate Highflyer. Patrick had looked, day after day, at the grand but sad monotony of the scenery of the Mississippi, down which he had steamed a thousand miles of almost unbroken forest, with woodcutters at intervals along the banks, and a few scattering plantations. But, on the last day of the trip, a new scene broke on his vision, he beheld on each side of the river, broad, level plantations, the beautiful mansions of the planters, the white-washed cottages of the negroes, like little villages clustered near them, and lovely gardens with orange trees of glossy green filling the air with their rare fragrance, while the golden fruit still hung upon their branches. After winding a whole day through this beautiful scenery, he saw the domes and spires, the forests of shipping, and the long lines of steamboats, that make the striking features of that great Southern Emporium.

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"City of New Orleans, United States of America.
"My DEAR MOTHER, AND NORAH, AND ALL!
"Here I am, Patrick Malony, by the blessing of God, safe and sound, five thousand miles away from you, at the city of New Orleans, in the State of Louisiana, (just look in my Geography), among sugar, and cotton and negroes. As Cousin Tim said, it's a great country! I have not come to Mobile yet, but expect to be there, please God, day after to-morrow.
"My last letter was written at Cincinnati, that they call the Queen City, though I don't know what she is queen of, barrin' it's the pigs. Ever since, I have been living on a steamboat, I worked my passage, and got ten dollars, (that's two pounds) in the bargain, and rode sixteen hundred miles, just coming down a river, and that's only a part of it. It's a warm climate here, or they could not grow the cotton and sugar cane. The river, as wide as a small sea, and as deep, runs on the top of a hill, and you must walk up to get at it. It's just a valley, turned topsy turvey. I have been into the cemetery, where they bury the dead in ovens above ground; and the wells are dug right up into the air. You see them standing twenty or thirty feet high, all over the city. —Half the people are French, and don't speak English, and wouldn't if they could. I asked a pretty girl my way, and all I could get from her, with my politest bow, was 'Zhan say Pa: which I presume meant ask my daddy, so I said, 'with pleasure, Miss, where is your Pa?' But she said 'Zhan say Pa: I could find out her Pa I might have a word or two to say to the old chap, may-be—only I can't talk the lingo. I shall buy me a book and learn it as fast as ever I can."
"New Orleans is a Catholic city, thank God; that is one comfort. That is, the French, and Germans, and Irish mostly are Catholics. I can't say that they practice their religious any too well, except the women, who are pious and good everywhere, God bless them. The Americans have so many religions that it is hard to tell what they are. There is no lack of fine churches, and tall steeples, only in the churches there is a big pulpit in place of an altar, and instead of a cross on their beautiful steeples, they put a weathercock, to know which way the wind blows.
"Politics runs high. The newest party here is the natives, which means the Yankees that have just come here; and the foreigners are the old French Creoles, who have lived here for generations.
"The first negro I saw in New York scared me a little, but I've got used to them. They are funny fellows. Some belong to their masters, and some own themselves. A good sized negro sells for three hundred pounds, so I suppose that one that owns himself is rich to that amount, at least, even if the capital is not very productive.
"I am off to Mobile to-morrow. Write to me there. I hope to send you a little bit of paper that will be a comfort to you, in my next letter. Give my dear love to Father Murphy, and tell him I remember all his good advice to me, and shall try, with God's assistance, to practice it. God bless you all. Pray for your loving son.
PATRICK MALONY.

The trip from New Orleans to Mobile is a short and rapid one; and when Patrick landed quite early in the morning, at the foot of Magazine street, almost the first man he met on the dock was his cousin Tim.
"Oh! by the powers! an' is that you Pat?—And ain't I the boy that's glad to see you any how. Why, how you have grown! Har'nt they been putting guayno on ye, now? And how's aunt Bridget, and cousin Norah, and all the rest of 'em, God preserve 'em. Come now to the little saloon forainst here, and take a throp o' the crathur, jist for old times."
"Thank ye, Tim, I'd rather have some breakfast."
"Bother, now: won't a wee throp just give ye an elegant appetite; come along then, its I'll be thrathin' ye."
"You mean all right, Tim, but you must just excuse me about the whiskey."
"Och! murder this! ye havn't been taking the pledge?" exclaimed Tim, in consternation.
"Not exactly that, Tim, but Father Murphy gave me some good advice before I left the old home, and I promised to follow it; and one part of his advice was to let alone the whiskey, so it's all the same as a pledge; and when I saw what whiskey does for some of our unfortunate fellow-countrymen in New York, and Cincinnati and New Orleans, I made up my mind that it was good advice, Tim, and I shall just follow it to the letter."
So to Tim's great dissatisfaction, they went and got some breakfast together, and didn't get the whiskey.
"Not that it is a sin," said Patrick, "to drink a glass of whiskey, when you haven't promised not to; but because I don't need it at all, and mean to keep out of the way of temptation. If I got in the habit of it, I might spend my money instead of sending it home, and give a scandal to my religion, and to poor old Ireland in the bargain; and Ireland, at least, can't afford it. So, cousin Tim, you may just make up your mind that whiskey and Patrick Malony are strangers to each other, and don't mean to get acquainted; and it's no use for you to try to introduce us.—I am willing to be civil to any friend of yours, Tim, barrin' it's Mister Whiskey."

* Our friend Patrick probably refers to the tall sisters, which certainly have the appearance he describes.
† Patrick's French has been neglected, or he would have known that 'Je ne sais pas'—was French for 'I don't know!'

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PATRICK MALONY.

The trip from New Orleans to Mobile is a short and rapid one; and when Patrick landed quite early in the morning, at the foot of Magazine street, almost the first man he met on the dock was his cousin Tim.
"Oh! by the powers! an' is that you Pat?—And ain't I the boy that's glad to see you any how. Why, how you have grown! Har'nt they been putting guayno on ye, now? And how's aunt Bridget, and cousin Norah, and all the rest of 'em, God preserve 'em. Come now to the little saloon forainst here, and take a throp o' the crathur, jist for old times."
"Thank ye, Tim, I'd rather have some breakfast."
"Bother, now: won't a wee throp just give ye an elegant appetite; come along then, its I'll be thrathin' ye."
"You mean all right, Tim, but you must just excuse me about the whiskey."
"Och! murder this! ye havn't been taking the pledge?" exclaimed Tim, in consternation.
"Not exactly that, Tim, but Father Murphy gave me some good advice before I left the old home, and I promised to follow it; and one part of his advice was to let alone the whiskey, so it's all the same as a pledge; and when I saw what whiskey does for some of our unfortunate fellow-countrymen in New York, and Cincinnati and New Orleans, I made up my mind that it was good advice, Tim, and I shall just follow it to the letter."
So to Tim's great dissatisfaction, they went and got some breakfast together, and didn't get the whiskey.
"Not that it is a sin," said Patrick, "to drink a glass of whiskey, when you haven't promised not to; but because I don't need it at all, and mean to keep out of the way of temptation. If I got in the habit of it, I might spend my money instead of sending it home, and give a scandal to my religion, and to poor old Ireland in the bargain; and Ireland, at least, can't afford it. So, cousin Tim, you may just make up your mind that whiskey and Patrick Malony are strangers to each other, and don't mean to get acquainted; and it's no use for you to try to introduce us.—I am willing to be civil to any friend of yours, Tim, barrin' it's Mister Whiskey."

* Our friend Patrick probably refers to the tall sisters, which certainly have the appearance he describes.
† Patrick's French has been neglected, or he would have known that 'Je ne sais pas'—was French for 'I don't know!'