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CAPTAIN PATRICK MALONY; OR, THE IRISHMAN IN ALABAMA.

(From the Boston Pilot.)

CHAPTER VII.—PATRICK IS AGAIN PROMOTED.

Captain Sanford did not forget either Patrick's honesty, or his firmness in resisting the temptation to drink, and, in spite of, or, perhaps, in consequence of, his own free habits, he thought more of the sobriety than of the honesty. He was honest himself, and knew the value of honesty; but though he also knew the value of temperance, he could not resist the temptation to drink, unless there would be some disgrace attending the indulgence. Then he could be as careful as any body; and, at home, with his wife and daughter, he never forgot his duty to be a gentleman. On the Emperor, it was another affair.

Patrick now took his meals in the cabin, with the other officers of the boat.

"Patrick," said the Captain one day at dinner, when he had been rather free in his morning potations, "can't you sit down to the table and eat your dinner, without making those motions?"

"It's the way I've been taught to ask a blessing, sir," said Patrick, or Mr. Malony, as he was now called.

"Asking a blessing is all well enough," said Captain Sanford, "but what is the use of the signals? You don't ask a blessing by telegraph."

The Captain knew well enough that Patrick made the sign of the cross. He had seen it made by Priests and Religious, who always travel free on southern steamboats, and by some lay Catholics, though not always by the latter. "I hope there is no harm in making the sign of the cross," said Patrick.

"It's a cursed Popish superstition," exclaimed the Captain, warming up with his old Presbyterian bigotry and some choice Monongahela whiskey.

"If you don't want me to do what my religion requires on your boat, Captain, I am ready to be put ashore at the next landing."

The Captain flushed a deeper crimson; but in a moment his more generous nature got the better of his bigotry. He reached across the table, and took Patrick by the hand.

"Thar!" said he, shaking it heartily, "you may say your prayers in your own way. It's a free country, and every man has a right to have his own religion and practice it. You just look out for the boat, and be as much of a papist as you've a mind to."

For a considerable time the Captain was as neutral in religion as some of our newspapers.—At home he went to the Presbyterian meeting sometimes, with his wife and daughter, and he paid a good pew tax, but it was generally allowed that he hadn't religion enough to hurt him.

Patrick made many friends, not the least valuable of whom were the priests, who were always welcomed with courtesy by Captain Sanford, and particularly those of Mobile and Montgomery. Sometimes it was the venerable Bishop of Mobile, one of that noble band of French missionary priests, who have shared with those of Ireland and Germany the great work of planting the Catholic Faith in our Republic.

In two years, Patrick was again promoted.—Mr. Morse, the first mate of the Emperor, had an offer to take charge of a new boat, as Captain; so our hero became first mate, with, of course, a higher salary, and additional consideration. Captain Sanford stuck to the river, but trusted the management of the boat almost entirely to Patrick, who by this time had worn off his slight brogue, improved in his manners, perfected his education, and was as handsome and manly a fellow as one could find in Alabama, and many a fellow from the bad habits than one in a thousand. Where nearly all drank, and many to excess, he was rigidly abstinent. Where the air was thick with tobacco smoke, he never touched a cigar. Where men, claiming to be gentlemen, were chewing and spitting by the hour, and making every place around them a nuisance, too disgusting to describe, his lips were pure. The roughest deck hands, and the most stupid negroes, learned to obey orders without an oath or a blow.

"My first mate," said Captain Sanford, "is a gentleman!" and he said it with a generous emphasis. He was also something better, if it is not the same thing. He was a Christian. He never forgot that he had to sustain the honor of his religion. He was a brave, consistent, practical Catholic. At the Cathedral at Mobile, and at the little Catholic church at Montgomery, people knew when the Emperor was in, without looking in the newspapers. After his religion, Patrick was anxious to do honor to the country of his birth, and to that of his adoption.

The times grew darker in Ireland. The cloud of misfortune was settling over her. Her proud sister, England, as the last manifestation of a persecution which had endured for centuries, was about to stand serenely by, and see

millions of the poor children of Ireland perish, without putting forth a hand to aid them. One act of England's Parliament—one stroke of the pen of Queen Victoria, would have saved the lives of a million of her Majesty's subjects—and they were left to perish. It was then that England filled the cup of her iniquities; and from that hour dates her humiliation and retribution.

Patrick found a pretty cottage in one of the sweet valleys of Montgomery. He sent for his mother and family by a cotton ship coming to Mobile, and had the pleasure of taking them up the Alabama on the Emperor, and introducing them to their future residence, in that city of palatial villas and gardens of roses. And there our friend Patrick had his comfortable, genial, and elegant home, while the steamer was loading at every trip.

CHAPTER VIII.—PATRICK GETS INTO A CONTROVERSY.

Captain Sanford and his first mate grew every day more friendly and confidential. Their only subject of difference was that of religion. The Captain was just as ignorant, and almost as prejudiced, as ninety-nine hundredths of all Americans are in regard to the Catholic Faith. He had not all the gross and stupid and vulgar prejudices of the most fanatical know-nothings.—He would not have credited the "Revelations of Maria Monk," if he had had the curiosity to read them. He would not have believed that the Bishop of Montreal and his clergy assisted the good nuns of the Hotel Dieu to murder one of their number. He did not believe that all Catholics are either knaves or fools, for he knew many that were both good and wise.—He did not believe that Priests are vile and immoral men, and nuns bad women. Such stupid and horrible slanders were quite out of the range of his bigotry; still he had strong prejudices against "Popery," as he preferred to call it, and considered it a system of error, superstition and idolatry. And he wanted very much to get such a fine, honest, fellow as Patrick Malony, to abandon that "persuasion." So he used to talk with him on the subject, sometimes by themselves, and sometimes assisted by the clergymen of various denominations who were his occasional passengers.

"Mr. Judkins," said he, to the Rev. gentleman of that name, "allow me to make you acquainted with my first mate and right hand man, Mr. Patrick Malony."

The Rev. gentleman graciously extended his soft white hand.

"Malony is a good fellow," said the Captain, in his usual frank, out-spoken way, "but then he is one of those infernal Papists. I wish you would try to convert him."

"Well, I shall be very happy to be the means, in the hands of Providence, of enlightening him, and turning him from the error of his ways," said the Reverend.

"And I shall be very happy to be enlightened and put right," said Mr. Malony.

"Thar! you see he has good dispositions enough," said the Captain. "He talks fair, but somehow he always gets the better of me in an argument. I suppose I am not so well posted in my scripture as I ought to be; but every man to his trade."

"Yes, yes," said the Reverend; "well, let us begin: what branch of the subject shall we take up?"

"I think," modestly suggested the gentleman about to be converted, "that it is best to begin at the beginning."

"And where do you conceive that to be?" asked the clergyman.

"The basis of faith, I should think."

"Well, there's no difficulty about that, I suppose; the basis of the Christian faith is the Bible."

"But what makes you believe the Bible?"

"Because it is the inspired word of God."

"Who tells you so?"

"It tells me so itself."

"Testimony to one's self don't go far, you know. But the Bible is composed of forty odd different books, all of which, you say, were inspired. Now will you give me some plain, infallible authority, to prove to me that I must receive the Gospel according to St. Matthew?"

"Yes, I can. 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God,' &c."

"But you beg the very question at issue. I want you to prove to me by unquestionable authority that this one Gospel is Scripture."

The Reverend gentleman was hard aground.

"Thar it is," exclaimed the Captain, excited as usual. "You can't argue with these infernal Papists. They are as cunning as the devil. I never saw a minister of any denomination that an intelligent Papist couldn't shut up in five minutes."

"But won't you admit that the Bible is the word of God?" asked the Reverend.

"Perhaps I will; but just now it is your business to prove it so. But suppose I did, you are no better off."

"Yes I am. Because Christianity, or the Church is founded on the Bible."

"You mean that the Christian Church is founded on the Old Testament?"

"Well, no; not exactly; the Jewish Church was founded on the Old Testament, and the Christian Church on the New."

"Take care, Mr. Judkins, take care. You will be in trouble now," cried the Captain, who foresaw another snag ahead.

"Will your Reverence be so good as to tell me how many books of the Old Testament were written when the Church of the Mosaic Dispensation was organized?" said Patrick.

"He has you thar; I told you so. You can do nothing with these Papists—they are all infernal Jesuits," cried the captain.

"Or, if that is too difficult, have the goodness to tell me what portions of the New Testament were written when the Christian Church was organized?"

"Well, there was none, of course; we all know that," said the reverend gentleman, a little nettled.

"Then it appears, in each case, said Patrick, very quietly, "that the Church was formed before the Scripture. The Scripture was given to the Church. The Church, then, was not founded on the Scripture. That seems tolerably clear, I think."

"Well, yes; that seems to have been the order of events; but what is your inference?" said the puzzled reverend.

"Why, that the Bible was given to the Church, which is its witness, and has been its preserver, and is its only authorized interpreter."

"And what church do you mean?"

"Is there more than one? Did Christ establish more than one church to be the pillar and ground of truth?"

"Ah, but the question is, which is the church He founded?"

"I can have no doubt on that point. It is the one that has existed from the beginning. It is the one to which the Scriptures were given, and by whom their canon was defined. There is but one church—holy, Catholic, and Apostolic."

"Thar it is. I tell you it's no use talking with these papists. I have been over this ground often enough," said the captain, with impatience.

"Of course, there can be but one true church, and here are fifty sects, each claiming to be the one, and none of them are older than John Calvin. You can't prove a book of the Bible to be genuine, if you don't go back to the old Catholic Church for authority; and that authority is good for nothing unless the church is infallible, and the church must be infallible, because it would not be the pillar and ground of truth if it wasn't; and God wouldn't form a church to lead us into error, which it might if it were fallible. That it is. Thar's no use in talking. I'd give a hundred dollars to find a Protestant minister that could answer my mate, Patrick Malony. The cursed papists are overrunning the country, and all our denominations put together, if anybody could put them together, can't hold a candle to them. Try another glass of this punch, Mr. Judkins; it will be good for you."

The captain and the parson took their mild toddies, and Patrick went forward to attend to a landing, for which the pilot had just given the signal.

CHAPTER IX.—MR. MALONY MAKES A PLEASANT ACQUAINTANCE.

But Captain Sanford's conversations were not all of this polemic character. He sometimes talked to Patrick about his family.

"You will have to see Mrs. Sanford one of these days, my boy," said he; "and my gal, Ellen. She's the prettiest gal in Alabama, and I mean her to have the best education. She's going down to Mobile for a finishing, and then you'll see her. Take care, you rascal, and don't go to falling in love with her."

"I hope not," said Patrick.

"You hope not? what do you mean, sir.—Don't you think my daughter is good enough for any body to fall in love with, let alone an impudent young Irishman?"

"No doubt, Captain; I meant that it would be a misfortune for me to be involved in a hopeless passion."

"That's a fact; and well thought of. So look out. She'll go down next trip, and whar do you think she going?"

"I don't know, indeed, sir; to some fine school in Mobile, I presume."

"Well, I'll be hanged if my wife isn't going to send her to a Popish convent, just out of Mobile. No other school will answer, now-a-days. Nothing else is fashionable enough. I've given my consent, because I couldn't help myself; but if she dares to turn papist, I'll disinherit her."

"And if she does, Captain, that'll be a very trifling consideration."

"Now, don't make me mad, Patrick, because I like you. Ellen will be along with her traps next week, and you will prepare to be on your best behavior."

Patrick was on his guard; but he was not prepared for the vision of grace and loveliness that tripped over the gang plank, as he stood by, to receive the passengers.

"Mr. Patrick Malony, my first mate, that you have heard me speak of, Ellen, my dear;—Mr. Malony, my daughter, Miss Sanford."

Patrick made his best bow; the little lady opened her hazle eyes wide, and then saluted him cordially, and ran up to the cabin.

"Well, Ellen, my dear," said the Captain, when they were under way, and were walking on the promenade deck; "what do you think of my young Irishman?"

"Why, papa; I was so surprised. He is a gentleman!"

"A good, honest fellow, dear; but an Irishman and a Papist; notwithstanding. He was a deck hand on this boat."

"But what a manner he has, papa; and he looks so intelligent."

"Oh! yes, he is smart enough. Just talk with him and draw him out. But don't talk about religion. He always bothers and provokes me, when we get on that subject. On everything else, we get along first rate. Why couldn't the fellow have been a Protestant, of some sort?"

"Why, papa, do you think he would be any better, if he was a Protestant?" asked the young lady, with perfect simplicity.

The captain shrugged his shoulders, and said "I don't know about that; only we shouldn't have it to quarrel about; and he couldn't always twist me round his fingers in an argument."

Ellen took the first opportunity to carry her father's suggestion into practice. Their relative positions allowed her to take the initiation.

"Ah, Mr. Malony," said she, the first time they met, "are you going to carry us down the river safely?"

"We shall do our best, Miss Sanford, and be careful in proportion to the value of the freight we carry."

"I suppose that must pass for a compliment. Are your countrymen as gallant, Mr. Malony, as they have the reputation of being?"

"I hope so, Miss Sanford; Irishmen are generally faithful to their religion; and admiration of the fair sex is a part of it."

"What, of Popery? Papa says you are a Papist. Do Papists worship?"

"Haven't you always heard that they worship the Blessed Virgin and the Saints?"

"And all womankind for their sake?" said the lady; "but what am I doing? Papa says I must not talk with you on religion. He complains that you always bother him in your arguments."

"That is no wonder," said Patrick. "If he were a Catholic, and I a Protestant, I should be in the same predicament."

"Is that it? I wish I knew. What objection can papa have to my knowing what Catholics really believe?"

"He fears that you may become one."

"And so I would, if I was satisfied their religion was the true one. I'm sure I don't know what I ought to believe."

"You are going to a very good place to learn, Miss Sanford."

"Oh, to the Convent of the Visitation; only papa would not consent to my going until he had placed me under the strictest injunctions not to read a Catholic book, or listen to Catholic instruction."

Still, you cannot avoid being a witness of Catholic piety and devotion. Its spirit will penetrate your heart in spite of your ignorance of Catholic doctrines. Whatever your father may say, I shall take the liberty to pray for your conversion."

"That is very kind of you. Do you wish me to lose my patrimony and be cut off with a shilling?"

"If it were to be so, Miss Sanford, how infinitely would you be the gainer."

"Oh! do you think so?" she said, with a deep feeling. "I thank you, Mr. Malony, for being so frank with me. Shall you really pray for me?"

"I shall pray for you every day, my dear young lady, that you may have the true faith;—God can take care of all the rest; and even convert your generous and noble-hearted father."

This subject was not renewed. Miss Sanford walked on the deck, as the steamer glided through the forests, fragrant with jessamine;—she played and sang in the cabin; she chatted with her father, so proud of his child, and so happy in her society that he forgot his customary habits and amusements.

When they arrived at Mobile, and Miss Sanford was about to go on shore with her father, she approached Patrick and held out her hand.

"Good bye, Mr. Malony," she said; "I shall not forget you. I know more of you than you think; and I hope to know you still better."

"And I," said Patrick, "shall not forget you, nor my promise. God bless you!" He raised

her hand respectfully to his lips, and they parted.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the captain, when he came on board again, "those nuns have got a beautiful place out there, and they seem like nice sort of ladies. I don't see but they are as good as the Sisters of Charity."

"And why not?" said Patrick.

"Well, I don't know. It seems unnatural for women to live so. Why don't they get married and bring up families?"

"Do all women get married in this country?" asked Patrick.

"No. Thar's plenty of old maids and old bachelors, too, for that matter."

"Well, Captain, suppose a dozen or two of these old maids should get together to educate young ladies, take care of orphans, attend the sick, and do good to the poor, would there be any harm in it?"

"By Jove, no! It would be the most sensible thing they could do. Enough better than spinning street yarn and talking scandal."

"Well, Captain, how about the nuns?"

"Ah! you rascal, you are always catching me in some contradiction."

CHAPTER X.—HOW IT ALL CAME OUT.

The time approached for Miss Sanford to return to Montgomery. Her beautiful image had mingled for many months in our hero's prayers, making her memory sacred to him. And he was not forgotten by the frank, warm-hearted girl.—When she came on board, Patrick was surprised at her improvement. She seemed taller, more dignified, more womanly; while she had lost none of the gracious frankness of her character. Next to her father, she seemed glad to see Patrick; who, on his part, had not lost, by his added experience. There was a secret sympathy between them; a harmony of feeling, that words, perhaps, would have failed to express. They talked of the nuns, their system of education, the studies she had pursued—they approached, but did not touch the prohibited subject. Still the time passed very sweetly. If they stood silent, watching the landscape by day, or looked up to the stars, in the soft Southern night, and had no words, it was because they needed none.

On the last day of the trip, a rival steamer was seen approaching. Captain Sanford had some old friends on board, and had taken more wine at dinner than was agreeable to his daughter. Patrick was always saddened to see his benefactor give way to this infirmity.

The passengers were looking at the steamer, which was slowly but perceptibly gaining on them, and were excited, as they always are, with the prospect of a race.

"James," said the captain to the engineer, "are you going to let the Sultan pass us?"

"Not if we can help it," said the man who lived with the machinery.

"Help it? The Sultan pass the Emperor? I tell you they can't do it, and they shan't.—Fire up, and give us more steam."

He went on deck; the passengers were getting interested. "She gains," cried one. "No, she don't," shouted another. "Are you going to let her beat the Emperor?" asked a third.

"Oh, papa," cried Ellen, "you are not going to race. 'Dear papa, don't.'"

"You're a little goose. What do you know about steamboats? Mr. Tyler, does she gain on us?" he shouted to the pilot.

"I guess she does, a little, Captain."

"Stir up the fires there, you rascals," he shouted to the deck hands; "pile in the wood; you are not giving her half what she'll carry."

The men worked; the furnaces roared, the boat groaned, as she dashed through the water, and the two escape pipes blew off their clouds of steam in alternate sulen roars.

Patrick tried in vain to calm the Captain, and induce him to allow the Sultan, a new and faster boat, to pass. But he had taken some brandy in addition to his wine, and was now in a state of high excitement, in which most of the passengers participated.

Still the Sultan was gaining on them. Captain Sanford rushed below, and ordered the fireman to smash several barrels of rosin and shovel it into the furnaces. The black smoke, followed by lurid flames, burst from the smoke pipes. The boilers quivered all over with the added strain, and the Emperor shot away from the Sultan.

"For God's sake, Miss Ellen, go aft," said Patrick, as he came near where she was standing. She gave a look of anguish and alarm at her father, and started towards him. "It will do no good," said Patrick, firmly. "Your place is aft." As by instinct she obeyed him, and ran aft. The next moment there was a deafening explosion; a horrid rush of scalding steam; wild shrieks of pain and despair; and all the forward part of the Emperor was flying through the air. Many were instantly killed, many severely scalded, and many were blown into the river.

Ellen had got well aft, at the moment of the explosion, and was thrown overboard, but not injured. Patrick, who was in her vicinity,