

THE VOYAGE OF THE THISTLE.

A STORY OF THE PASSAGE OF AN IRISH EMIGRANT VESSEL SIXTY-ONE YEARS AGO, AND ONE OF HER PASSENGERS.

William Halley (old-timer) in (Easter) Donohoe's.

Eighteen hundred and forty-two is the year of which I write. They had had times in Ireland then, and the emigration fever had strongly infected the Irish people.

It is on the 20th day of April, 1842, that the good brig Thistle, commanded by Captain Thomas, left the port of Waterford, with a cargo of emigrants destined for the port of Quebec.

The Thistle was a brig, and had not capacity for many passengers. A larger and newer vessel, named the "Ann Jeffrey," was soon to follow her, and those who could wait preferred to take passage in the latter.

There were many lamentations and tearful farewells on the quay the day the Thistle sailed. It is on such occasions that the deep-rooted affection of the Irish peasantry for their kindred breaks out and shows itself.

The use of the Gaelic language was then general among the peasantry of Waterford county, and many a "ban-naicht lath" and "Dia dhuit" might be heard in the affectionate leave-taking.

Both were dressed in the genteel fashion of the day and looked like city people. The young man did not look more than seventeen; he was of medium size, slily built, dark of complexion, pale and sickly-looking.

The day following, to the surprise of the steerage people, the cabin was found to be tenanted. A young man and a woman, apparently a few years his senior, presented themselves at the door, to enjoy the sea breezes, and to observe the ship and her passengers.

families and were able and willing to pay something extra for the accommodation. Boxes of all kinds were ranged along the bunks, and the exercise of some agility was necessary to avoid injury to shins.

The emigrants who took passage on the Thistle were very much alike, all being from within a radius of twenty-five or thirty miles of the place of their embarkation.

The first night an aged man, named Tobin, stood up in the steerage and addressed the passengers: "My friends," said he, "I suppose we are all good Catholics here; we are embarked on a voyage across the Atlantic, on a dangerous sea, and it would be proper for us to offer ourselves to the protection of Almighty God, and say the Rosary every night before we retire to our bunks."

Next day was fair but the wind was brisk. The vessel was tacking to catch the breeze, when a Yankee clipper under full sail bore in sight, to the admiration of all.

He told an affecting story of why he wanted to go to America, and evoked a considerable sympathy—the women pleading for him with the captain—but it was all of no avail.

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Johny Morrissey was the cabin boy. He was a favorite with the passengers, but more especially the women, one of whom endeavored to divert him from a sailor's life, advising him to go to work for a farmer.

Discussions were rife on the Thistle, among her various groups. There was the Repeal group headed by Dunphy, and the Teetotal group headed by Tobin, and there was the group of O'Connell get the repeal?" was one absorbing question.

made reference in his narrative he wrote the following verses: "On! Pilot, 'tis a fearful night, Still silent as the sky,

The career of the young voyageur poet was eventful. Soon after his arrival in Boston he attached himself to Mr. Patrick Donohoe and the Boston Pilot; he became editor of that paper and delivered lectures; a few years afterwards he returned to Ireland on the invitation of Dr. Gray of the Freeman's Journal of Dublin, on which he afterwards served as parliamentary correspondent in London; he next secured a position on the Dublin Nation, and formed a close friendship with Sir Charles Gavan Duffy; he was secretary to the Irish Confederation in 1848, and in that same year was chosen to lead the rising of the Irish patriots of Scotland. His efforts became a literary as well as a parliamentary leader, twice was he a Cabinet Minister, thus representing his people in the councils of the country.

By a diabolical deed, and while he was yet young in years, his brilliant career was brought to an untimely close. In the spring of 1868, after delivering one of his most impassioned and powerful addresses in the parliament of Dominion, at Ottawa, he was followed to his home, and when about to enter his study was shot to death by the hand of an assassin.

How many babies wake up just about the mother's bedtime and keep her busy for a good part of the night. The mother may not see anything apparently the matter with the child, but she may depend upon it that when baby is cross and sleepless there is something wrong, and the little one is taking the only means he has of telling it. Baby's Own Tablets will make him well and cheerful right away.

Quebec was known to be a Catholic city, which even then had a large number of Irish inhabitants. When the tin-covered domes and spires came into view on the high promontory on which the city stands, who were all Catholics, the emigrants, together and said: "Now my good friends, it is due of us to give thanks to God for our safe delivery, and I propose that we go all together and hear Mass at St. Patrick's church to-morrow morning, like good people who have gone through many perils since we left home. And our arrival in this new country will be accordingly at 7 o'clock blessed."

The beautiful river steamer Canada drew alongside the Thistle that afternoon, and the passengers that were destined for the far west took passage in her for Montreal, where they were landed on beautiful stone docks very similar to the fine quay they had left in the city of "Urbs Insubrica" in old Ireland.

And though one hath received more, and though one hath received less, and though one hath received more than the other, yet all have received the same gift of God. He, who hath received greater things, cannot glory in his own merit, nor extol himself above others, nor insult over the lesser; because he is indeed greater and better, who attributes less to himself and is more humble and devout in returning thanks.

Timbers of oak keep the old homestead standing through the years. It pays to use the right stuff. "Men of oak" are men in rugged health, men whose bodies are made of the soundest materials.

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ARCHBISHOP RYAN.

STORY OF HIS HEROIC COURAGE IN WAR TIME.

In a recent issue of the Post-Dispatch, in writing of Father Ryan, you say that he was at one time Chaplain of the Gratiot street Military Prison. Let me relate an incident that occurred in the autumn of 1862.

One night within a week after the above a colonel of a Texas regiment, whose name I do not now recall, appeared at the door of the office of the hospital and asked to see the clerk. On being asked what he wanted, he said: "Lieutenant, one of my men in the hospital room dying with the small-pox. He wishes to see a minister of the gospel before he dies. Can you get the prison chaplain to come and see him?"

Before the messenger had returned Father Ryan was at the door of the hospital, and was at once directed to the hospital room, where he performed the offices of his vocation for the dying prisoner, and for six months thereafter Father Ryan could be found among the sick and dying men crowded within the walls of that prison at almost any hour of the day or night.

Mr. Editor, I am not a Roman Catholic; my education and prejudices are all Protestant, if they are anything; but I honor fidelity to duty wherever I see it, and I never met the Rev. P. J. Ryan on the street without a feeling akin to reverence for the man who did his duty according to his calling without regard to the probable danger to himself. NEMO.

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men Marie Antoinette embraced in her arms the little child, the only child of the Conciergerie, and she wept.

When Marie Antoinette was taken to the guillotine, she was dressed in a simple white dress, and she carried in her arms the little child, the only child of the Conciergerie.

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