THE FATAL SHIP FEVER.

AN ADDRESS BY MARTIN BATTLE BEFORE THE CATHOLIC LITERARY SOUIETY, OFTAWA.

When requested to give a paper on "Grosse Isle," I felt my inability to depict the horrid and frightful sufferings experienced by our fellow-countrymen and women in the dark, dismal days of ²⁴ and ⁴⁸, when they were driven by famine and cruel oppression from the "dear old land" to seek a home on the free soil of the West, however, I turn over the pages of my memory until I have gone forcy two years back, this brings to my recollection my visit to "Grosse Isle" when I was an eye witness to the horrors which swept hundreds of the "bone and sinew" of the Irish race "unknown" into

one common grave.

Before entering into a fuller description of "Grosse Isle" allow me to ask you to follow me while I call your attention to the cause of this unprecedented flood of emigration during the time of this whom I have the honor of addressing will remember that in 1847 the complete blighs and failure of the potato crop in begins and failure of the potato crop in Ireland occurred—a year which left many a hearth desolate, and many a heart seared and crushed with sorrow. It is better to recall the events of '47 and '48 -dreadful years-of which no Irishman can think without tears, and the miseries of which it would be hard for any man born wheresoever to realize without pain and humiliation. The indictment to be drawn up sgainst the Irish landlords is a drawn up against the Irish landlords is a frightful one. Instead of showing their sympathy with the poor, struggling tenants during this trying period when famine and dearth were stalking through the land, they used their great power—not to relieve distress—but in assisting to forge new fetters by which the poor tenant might be further caushed under tenant might be further crushed under the burden of his already great calamity. The British Government during these years voted large sums of money for im-provements, but not one-tenth of the sum o granted was ever applied to the pur intended. The Irish landlord nstead of spending the money on Irish soil, were to be found idly squandering it in the gambling balls of Baden-Baden or in the aristocratic quarters of Paris and London. In the meantime the two hundred and fourteen poor or union workhouses of Ireland were over crowded with a starving population until these buildings were finely found to be inadequate to supply the demand for admis ston, and other large buildings had to be fitted up for the reception of a brokenhearted people. Daniel O'Connell estimated the pauper population of 1846-47 s four million souls. It has been alleged in defence of the Government of that day that it did not cause the blight of the potato crop. True. But the Govern potato crop. True. But the Government was responsible for its laws, which prevented the starving peasantry of Ire land touching any other of the product that their own hands had reared. Those laws termitted "immediate distraint" bailiff, on the production of a "Notice f Destraint" signed by the "Landlord" or "Agent" of all stock, crop and every

species of produce.

It was a common practice when the crop was ripe to put on the farm a keeper or bailiff, who was kept at the farmer's ex-pense (as the act reads) "fill the crop was threshed, and converted into money," which money passed directly into the pocket of the landlord, who frequently gave only a receipt on account. Thus, the people were starving, while there was neople were starving, while there was plenty of food in the country. During sighs; For who can leave the land where he was plenty of food in the country. During this period of dreadful agony, while famine was filling the roadslese with the scourge of "Evictions" and the hovels with gaunt victims, and while fever was following on famine's heels, there was no break in the exportation to England of casts flour, beef, pork and mutton. Some of my young friends here to night, who fully enjoy the "Songs of the holy bond of liberty" in this Canada of ours will peasants seizs on these things—the products of their own hands?" Because they were guarded in safety from the Irish shores by British troops. The chief duty of the troops in the towns was to guard the flour from the mills to the port. It was against this monstrops state of t was against this monstrous state of things that the men of '48, led by Smith O'Brien, uttered their wild despairing cry: wild, because despairing; and despairing because the past allowed no ground for confident that the men of '89, led by Charles Stewart Parnell, will never allow the dark, dismal days of '47 and '48 to be repeated "in the dear old and beyond the

I will ask your kind indulgence while I bring to your notice the treatment of our plague stricken countrymen, as the first arrivals of them came from Cork by those heartless shylocks Irish landiords England's greatest statesman, Mr. Glad stone, truly says, "An eviction amounts to a death sentence duly executed," and many a poor tenant was made to suffer by oppressive landlordism.

"Far away towards the South where the undulating ridges of picturesque Galtimore pierce the clouds, to the romantic regions of Aragiin so celebrated in poetry, stretches a vast monotonous plain, which for dreariness is scarce surpassed by any this plain lie the far-famed caves of Mitchell's town, and tourists, who have explored the depths of these wondrous est dreadful that could be imaginedthe poor house, and a pauper's grave on a foreign shore. Though on the borders of Limerick and Cork, this region is as remote from the busy world as if situated at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. It no exaggeration to say that the hardiest and most industrious race in Europe found a home in these glens on the moun-tain side. One townland inhabited by sev-"Little Stones," the surface being in fact a mass of small stones, and situated two thousand feet above the sea. How the inhabitants obtained food here—much less pay rent—is a mystery to most people. The tenants never eat meat, they cannot afford such a luxury even at Christmas. Potatoes "dipped" in a little milk and salt formed the principal meal for them. With bared feet in many eral handred people called 'Cirigeen'

and potatoes were the only crops the soil was capable of producing. It was in this locality of the "Galtee Mountains" that the famine of 1847 made sad havoc, and, while starvation and death were laying their ruthless hands upon their victims, the hell hounds of eviction were let loose to complete the ruin and desolation because these poor people refused to pay an increase of rent from fifty to five hur dred per cent for improvements, which they made by their own autiring industry; when the struggling people were expecting a reduction the rents were doubled and trebled.

An old paper (The Cork Examiner) of Sapt. 1847, gives a very interesting so count of the high-handed proceedings resorted to in dealing with this miserable property. I take the following utter-ances from its columns, which represent the answers made by some of the tenants

Patrick Kearney told his tyrant master : "I cannot pay the advance of the rent and support my little family; and only the poor house, which I would rather die than enter, stares me in the face."

"I could not pay the rent demanded," said Thomas Kelly, "and I will be thrown out with nowher. out with nowhere to face but the colonies or the poor house; and God belp me what will become of the little ones."

Michael O Brien describes how he was obliged to carry the manure for the land improvements on his back, and considered it a great injustice after his father's labor and his own labor to have his rent inand his own labor to have his rent in-creased. He said that his "food was but of the coarsest Indain meal and bad potatoes, and my children badly clothed, and I could not afford to buy them a pair

of boots.

Maurice Flizgerald, when told his rent was to be raised, said, "it was not worth while to have the curre of his wife and children on the landload's head." But the brutal reply was "No one cares for their curses. The rent must be paid, or you be prepared to quit the land." Similar cases of hardship might be given to show the sad condition of the poor,

struggling tenentry in their battling against famine, rack rents and cruel oppression. In the whole history of Ired, perhaps no more fitting time prethe Bridsh Government and the Irish landlord to show sympathy and kindness toward suffering humanity in administer. ng to their wants and relieving their ing to their wants and relieving their distress; but to their everlasting shame be it told the only answer to their off-repeated wall of distress, was "Eviction," "Emigration," or the "pauper workhouse" Thus many of the "country's pride" were driven to seek a refuge aboard that charnel house, the deck of an appropriate bits there to seek a home immigrant ship; thence to seek a home in the free land of the West, and there to convert—what many of their race had done before them—the swamp and the bush into fair and fertile fields. Despair oftentimes drove the honest, industrious hand to wheld a foreign sword, which, had it been righteously dealt with, would have remained contentedly and pescefully guiding the plough share at home; but "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

"Over the sea we flow that sunny morn, Not without natural tears and human

Gur little barque, kissing the dimpled smiles
On ocean cheek, flew like a water bird;
And then the land, with all its hundred

To escape landlord's tyranny, famine and fever, the poor Irishman parted with the last remnant of property so that he might be enabled to fly from the home of hope. But now, thank God, we may feel his fathers, making for the nearest seaport and taking passage for America or Canada. The accommodation for emigrants at that date would not compare favorably with that afforded to day. Now the ried across the board Atlantic in Now they are car eight days by fast-sailing steamships which are provided with comfortable accommo-dation on the way of board and sleeping berths, the latter being well fitted up with all requirements. But in 1847 what a difference! The emigrant ship of that time may be truly represented as some bulk in its uncleanly and unpurified condition after having discharged a load of coal from Newcastle or lumber from Canada. The only additional accomeddation made for carrying, say 1 300 human beings, was in the way of berths. These were constructed of rough pine boards and upright posts arranged in double rows and perfectly open—not an attempt at a partition to separate the sexes
—neither mattress nor covering. Any such
extras as these had to be provided by the passengers themselves, as also any pro-visions required to sustain the travellers caverns have been told with feelings of during the long voyage, the accomplishregret that the artless inhabitants of this
ment of which took from eight to thitteen
neighborhood were doomed to a fate, the
weeks; and for this mass of human beings, there was provided only one place whereat they might cook, and for the use of this, each family had to await its turn before cooking the meal. Neither was there lavatory nor closet accommodation—all

was fil h and dirt. Picture to yourself this state of things What wonder that disease should brea out on board such a charnel house. What wonder that one-third of the unfortunates who took passage in such hulks should

cases they dug and ploughed and drained ones, or that of some little ones seeing | zest | On one occasion he sent his mesto make two ends meet. Thus these small holding were reclaimed from almost hope less barrenness, but were better adapted as the home of the snipe than of man made to the image of God. A little oats and potatoes were the only crops the soil was capable of producing. It was in this locality of the "Gistra Monntairs" that it were fixed the emigrant ship, waiting for its was capable of producing. It was in this locality of the "Gistra Monntairs" that it were gold were locality of the "Gistra Monntairs" that it well was even the only crops the soil locality of the "Gistra Monntairs" that it well was even the well as the one occasion he sent his mestating for a senger to the Mayor of Montreal asking for the dying emigrants, and received the gracious response. "Certainly, I wish it were gold the emigrant ship, waiting for its victim, which never failed. It is said of passed away to where straw and gold were locality of the "Gistra Monntairs" that the home of the snipe than of man which is the deep without prayer, uncovered by dying emigrants, and received the gracious response. "Certainly, I wish it were gold the control of the snipe than of man which is the deep without prayer, uncovered by dying emigrants, and received the gracious response. "Certainly, I wish it were gold the deep without prayer, uncovered by dying emigrants, and received the gracious response. "Certainly, I wish it were gold the deep without prayer, uncovered by dying emigrants, and received the gracious response. "Certainly, I wish it were gold the deep without prayer, uncovered by dying emigrants, and received the gracious response. "Certainly, I wish it were gold the deep without prayer, uncovered by dying emigrants, and received the gracious response." The deep without prayer, uncovered by dying emigrants, and received the deep without prayer, uncovered by dying emigrants, and received the deep without prayer, uncovered by dying emigrants, and received the dying emigrants, and received the dying emigrants and received the deep without prayer, the ship's crew, that when upon the death of there poor unfortunates they were necessarily called upon to consign the bodies to the deep, they regarded the corpse with such awe that they could not be induced to handle one, but would use handle one with hard to describe the statement of a mound are struck by the appearance of a mound of the statement of the hard handle one would use handle one would use handle one would use the statement of the stateme

> authority that this place was infested with enormous rats, which feasted on the dead and dying, and at times would swarm on the beach, as if patiently waiting the ship's boats with their burden, the unfortunate children of Erin, many of whom fled from famine at home only to fail victims to ship fever at Grosse Isle, where they were buried in thousands in trenches, which, as I have myself seen, were from two hundred to three hundred feet long, ten feet wide and seven feet deep; the bodies were laid three deep and four across, with only about two feet of earth on top. I have witnessed a landing on a hot July day when as many as six or seven died on the

I will permit Maguire to tell the tale.

I will permit Maguire to tell the tale, which is a correct one, for I thank God that I am in a position to testify as to its veracity.

"These helpless infants of every age, from the infant taken from the bosom of its dead mother to the child that could tell the name of its parents, were gathered update the fostering care and protection of under the fostering care and protection of the Church, and the good nuns who took them into their charge, to discover who they were, what their names were, and ch of them were related the one to the other, patiently observed the little ones at play, and thus were enabled to find out the relationship existing, and in this way found out brothers and sisters, as they vere sent up from day to day from Gross

Many of course were separated forever, and will meet only in the world to come, where let us hope they may each receive welcome by the Eternal Father of all.

The good Father Cazeau—peace be to his memory—had them placed with respectable French families, there to be nurtured, cared for and well educated. Since then many of those orphan children have risen to prominent positions in this Dominion. One became one of the ablest awyers in the city of Quebec, another sat a the House of Commons at Ottawa as a member of the Federal Government, re presenting the County of Beauharnois And it is not of rare occurrence to find a man with an Irtsh countenance and an Irish name, such as Cassidy, Lonergan, Sullivan, Quinn, retaining the language and many characteristics of the French-

Canadian. Among the many devoted men who cared for the poor Exile of Erin when it was "that a home nor a country remained not for him," for even his own relations refused him shelter, none were more de voted to the wanderer than the loved and venerated "Father McGauren," afterwards known as parish priest of St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, and who was a fellow-passenger with me to this country in 1837. He was ordained priest in 1847, and was assigned to the chaplaincy of Grosse Isle during this fearful epidemic. He it was that went from ship to ship administering consolation and comfort to the dying, and was hamself stricken with the dreadful disease, but on recovery re sumed the work, forwarding the sad mes-sage to the Venerable Bishop Bourget: "I am the only priest left, send me aid."
And in answer the good bishop wen himself, and narrowly escaped with his life, for the fever victimized him also. Eight of his good priests became martyrs in the cause, and of the thirty of the patient nuns who were infected with the disease, thirteen died the death of nartyrs. Here is a slight sketch of the fatal effects telt in Grosse Isle and Quebec, but the railroad passenger going in that wonderful structure the Victoria Bridge may behold on his left a large boulder or rock, which bears the following inscription: "To preserve from desecration the remains of six thousand

Catholic church lost one of its originess ornaments in the person of that esteemed Irish prelate, Right Rev. Dr. Power. Never were there greater manifestations of public sorrow than at this sad event. he Protestant community vied with their

memory of the deceased.

Nor is our own city without its remials cences of the sad period. There are a few yet living who can remember how in Bytown tents were pitched at the canal locks to house the dying. Truly we find their melancholy fate pictured in that beautiful song "The Extle of Etin," where it says :

"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee, But I, a poor heart-broken stranger, a home nor a country remains not to me." Yet did they find friends in the good

In conclusion permit me to ask :

What is the world? The great tomb of all

To which nation, on nation, is hurrying Where all races, all ranks, and all ages lie Where the king and the begger are equal at FROM IRISH LAKE.

Artemesell, July 13th, 1889.

A most pleasing entertainment was held at St. Mary's Union Separate School here on the evening of Friday, July 6th, on the occasion of the first annual closing of the school. The interior of the building which is entirely new, was in gala dress for the occasion and looked as beautiful as good taste, an abundance of evergrees, bunting, etc. could make it. The audience was select and appreciative, and, considering the season, large. The programme consisted of music, sacred and secular, recitations, drams, dialogues and select readings, and the manner in which some were rendered speaks as well for the talent of the pupils as for the careful train.

A CADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART.

Conducted by the Ladies of the Sacred and my husband's consistency of the sology of the sale of the sacred and for which consulted ms sooner I would fix you had consulted ms sooner as extra and all these circumstances are so extra and all these circumstances are so extra and interpretable of invigorating exercises. Sacrament?

"I we not a would not do so, but your good intention is so manifest and looked as beautiful as good taste, an abundance of evergrees, bunting, etc. could make it. The audience was select and appreciative, and, considering the season, large. The programme consisted of music, sacred and secular, recitations, drams, dialogues and select readings, and the manner in which some were rendered speaks as well for the talent of the pupils as for the careful train. talent of the pupils as for the careful train-ing they must have undergone to arrive at such a degree of excellence. The acting of the children was beyond praise and showed a spirit and enthusiam that made you forget the actors were little boys and girls. Many finely-executed tableaux were also given, representing scenes from Holy Scripture, etc., and these were re-peatedly called for again.

Much satisfaction is felt on account of

the amicable state of affairs existing in the Inion Separate School owing to the kindness, and interesting zeal of Rev.

Father Feeney.

The school has been for the past two years in charge of Miss Colgan, who, during that time, has well sustained the reputa-tion she has long held in the public schools of the Province as an eminent and success

Vhat wrought the change? This woman'

face
Is rudey with a rose's grace.
Her eye is bright.
Her heart is light.
Ah, truly 'tha a goodly sight.
A few brief months ago her cheek
Was pailld and her step was weak.
"The end is near
For her, I fear."
Sighed many a friend who held her dear.

I can tell you what wrought the change in her. She was told by a friend, who, like her, had suffered untold misery from a complication of female troubles, that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription would certainly cure her. This triend "knew whereof she spoke," for she had been cured by the remedy she advised her friend to use. She is enthusiastic in its praise, and tells her friends that Dr. Pierce de-serves the universal gratitude of womanand for having given it this infallible remedy for its peculiar ailments. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case or money refunded.

ENGLAND'S FIRST PRINTER A MODEL CATHOLIC

"The art preservative of all arts" was Catholic in its origin, and everywhere en-couraged in its infancy by the Church. In Germany, the Catholic, Gattemberg, printed the first bible; in England, Caxton, a model for every Catholic, intro-duced printing, under the fostering care of the Abbot of Westminster. The first book printed in America was issued in a book printed in America was issued in a convent at Maxico; and even in the north be induced to handle one, but would use boat hooks to drag it from the berth on to the deck, and there get a plack to cast it into the sea. Yes, verily the accounting day shall come when the dead shall arise to give testimony against the persecutors who caused this misery, and I doubt not that the Irish landlords will have to answer for the greater part of it.

But the sufferings of the poor emigrant did not end here. The pestilential hulk, with the balance of its living freight, entered the noble St. Lawrence and was detained in "quarantine" at the island Enown as Grosse Isle or Big Island, situated about thirty miles below Quebec. Here the healthy, the sick and the dying were landed; and it is stated on reliable table authority that this place was infested with the first book printed west of the Alle-ghanies was the Epistles and Gospels in French and English, issued at Detroit to us, and we know the thies of others.

It shows his true Christian spirit that
among his first issues was "A Cordial; or,
Treatise on the Four Last Things;" and
among his last, two on "The Art and
Crafte to Know Well How to Die," He died piously himself in 1192

A PROTESTANT LADY'S FIRST COMMUNION.

We have received the following edify-

ing communication from a priest of the Some months ago I asked a convert to

tell me what had led her to change her

when as may as six or seven died on the whatf while waiting to be taken to the hospital The wild deer and woif to a covert can dee hospital The wild t

Trel lined my companions who were waiting for me in the adjoining cometery, wondering at my long stay in the chapel. I had no idea how long 1 had remained, but I will never forget my first visit to a

Catholic church.

"The next day I returned alone. The young girl was at the same place; I united my prayers to hers, and, when she arose, I know not what impulse caused me to rise and follow her. The priest, who did not know me also care me Holy Came. not know me, also gave me Holy Com-munion. I cannot tell exactly what happened around me at that moment, but within me I seemed to see a glory, and rays of light, darting from the Host, ill-umined my soul. When I rose the church was empty. All at once a fear seized me. I hastened to the priest's house and said

to him:
"Reverend sir, I am a Protestant and I have received Communion. Have I done wrong? But I have been so happy, and

munion. I obtained my husband's con-sent with some difficulty and two months later I made what others called my First Communion, but which was in reality my

The reader will understand with what The reader will understand with what emotion and astonishment I had listened to the lady's narrative. There was no thing to be said except to admire the ways of God in dealing with souls; but in my heart I said; "Here is indeed a soul who near I said. "Here's indeed a soul who recognized lesus in the breaking of the break." She did not give me her name, and she did not impose secrecy on me, therefore I feel at liberty to give your readers the benefit of these interesting details exactly as she related them to me,

MR. GLADSTONE AND CARDINAL NEWMAN.

On the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's political campaign in Birmingham—upon the very afternoon of the Bingley Hall meeting-he visited the Oratory to in quire after Cardinal Newman's health. He was unable to see the Cardinal, but was received by the father who habitually attends him. According to a London correspondent is transpired in the course of conversation that the venerable patient was fond of reading in bed, but that the Fathers had some difficulty in finding him a safe and suitable light. Mr. Glad stone instantly replied, "I have the thing by me," and returning to Sir Walter Forster's house, brought therefrom a candlestick with a reflector attached which he left as a present to the Cardinal. We have no doubt that it is prized by the Fathers as a token of the respect and admiration felt by one "Grand Old Man towards another.—Catholic Times.

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market, as it does all that it is recommended to do.

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