

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

or that of some little ones seeing their dear friends of the father, mother, sister or brother, committed by death without prayer, uncovers by, and so soon to become food for the hawk that invariably followed in the wake of the emigrant ship, waiting for its maw, which never failed. It is said of ship's crew, that when upon the death of these poor unfortunate they were usually cast upon to consign the bodies to the deep, they were furnished with such aids that they could not adduced to handle one, but would use a hook to drag it from the berth on to deck, and there get a plank to cast it on the sea. Yes, verily the accounting shall come when the dead shall arise live testimony against the persecutors, caused this misery, and I doubt not that the dead will be able to answer the great question of it.

at the sufferings of the poor emigrant not end here. The pestilential bulk, and the balance of its living freight, and the noble Sir Lawrence and was named in "Quarantine" at the Island, was on Grasse Isle or Big Island, situated about thirty miles below Quebec. The ship was not allowed to land; she was landed; as it is stated on reliable authority that this place was infested with enormous rats, which feasted on the dead dying, and at times would swarm on beach, as if patiently waiting the ship's crew with their burden, the unfortunate children of Erin, many of whom fell from the deck at home only to fall victims to the rats in thousands in troops, 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 three and four feet long, and three and three and four across, with only one or two feet of earth on top. I have witnessed a landing on a hot July day of as many as six or seven dead on the deck, and while waiting to be taken to the

The first arrival at this place was the S. "Urants," of Cork, on the 8th day of June, and carrying many stricken with fever; before the end of June there were as many as eighty ships at one time lying at anchor off this island, all of them bringing sick passengers. The ever faithful priest might have been seen going from one ship to the other, administering the last rites to the dying, carrying words of comfort to the sick, and going directly to the ship holds to hear the confessions of those that could not be brought to the shore.

As many as twelve thousand of our low-countrymen and women found a resting-place on this island, and that thousand were buried without any obliteration of their names, and that six hundred orphan children were sent up from there to Quebec and taken charge of by the ever-to-be-reverend Father C. J. who then secretary to the Venerable Bishop Bourget and afterwards Vicar General of Quebec, and who was known throughout Canada as the father of the

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 a family.

These helpless infants of every age and sex from the infant taken from the bosom of a dead mother to the child that could not find the name of its parents, were gathered under the fostering care and protection of the Church, and the good nuns who took them into their charge, to discover why they were, what their names were, and which of them were related to the one or the other, patiently observed the little ones play, and thus were enabled to find out a relationship existing, and in this way found out brothers and sisters, as they were sent up from day to day from Greece.

Many of course were separated forever and will meet only in the world to come. Here let us hope they may each receive welcome by the Eternal Father of all. The good Father Cazeau—peace be his memory—had then placed with respectable French families, there to be nurtured, cared for and well educated, more than many of these orphan children risen to prominent positions in the Dominion. One became one of the ablest lawyers in the City of Quebec, another a member of the House of Commons in the House of Commons at Ottawa as a member of the Federal Government, representing the County of Beauport, and it is not of rare occurrence to find one with an Irish countenance and an Irish name, such as Cassidy, Limerick, Sullivan, or Chasels, retaining the language and characteristics of the French Canadian.

Among the many devoted men, who suffered for the poor Exile of Edna when he was "as that a home nor a country remaineth for him," for even his own relatives refused him shelter, none were more devoted to the wanderer than the loved and renowned Father McDougal. Afterwards known as "Father Patrick," St. Louis, Mo., he was a Quaker, who, as a fellow passenger with me to this country in 1837, he was ordained priest in 1838, and was assigned to the chaplaincy of the Rose Isle during this fearful epidemic. It was that went from ship to ship administering consolation and comfort to the dying, and was himself stricken with the fearful disease. In forwarding the address to the Venerable Bishop, Bourne, I am the only priest left, and me also, and in answer the good bishop wrote himself, and narrowly escaped with his life, for the fever victimized him almost. The sight of his good priests became martyrs in the cause, and of the thirty of the Western States, were infected with the disease, thirteen died the death of martyrs. Here is a small sketch of the fatal effects felt in Edna.

An old paper (The Cork Examiner) of Sept. 1847, gives a very interesting account of the high-handed proceedings resorted to in dealing with this miserable property. I take the following utterances from its columns, which represent the answers made by some of the tenants upon being asked to pay increased rack rent.

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."

Maurice Fitzgerald, when told his rent was to be raised, said, "it was not worth while to have the curse of his wife and children on the landlord's head." But the brutal reply was "No one cares for their curses. The rent must be paid, or

often times drove the honest, industrious hand to wield a foreign sword, which had it been righteously dealt with, would have remained contentedly and peacefully guiding the plough share at home; but "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

Our little barque, kissing the dimpled  
smiles  
On each cheek, flew like a water bird ;  
And then the land, with all its hundred  
isles,  
Fading away, and yet we spoke no word,  
Each silent tongue held converse with the  
past,  
Each moistened eye looked round the  
circling wave,  
And, save the spot where stood our trem-  
ling mast,  
Saw all things hid within one night

eight days by fast-sailing steamships which are provided with comfortable accommodation 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 uncleanness and unpurified condition after having discharged a load of coal from Newcastle or lumber from Canada. The only additional accommo-

Picture to yourself this state of things. What wonder that disease should abound on board such a charnel house. Would that one-third of the unfortunates who took passage in such hulks should find premature graves in mid ocean, dying without the consolation of the last rites of religion, so dear to the parting spirit of the English emigrant!

A burial at sea at best is a solemn ritual right to witness, but in this case heart-rending. Would that I could do all the well over this sad scene. I picture to yourselves the bitter grief of the poor parents on witnessing their dear little

But the offerings of the poor emigrant did not end here. The pestiferous bulk, with the balance of its living freight, entered the noble St. Lawrence and was detained in "quarantine" at the island known as Grande Ile or Big Island, situated about thirty miles below Quebec. "Quarantine," says my informant, was a word he never heard of until he was landed; and it is stated on reliable 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 within their burden; the unfortunate children of Erin, many of whom died from famine at home only to fall victims to the pestilence here, were thrown carelessly 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 larding on a hot July day when as many as six or seven died on the beach while waiting to be taken to the hospital.

It is related in the History of the Irish in America, by John Francis McGuire that :

"As many as twelve thousand of our fellow-countrymen and women found a last resting-place on this island, and that five thousand were buried without any registration of their names, and that six hundred orphan children were sent up from there to Quebec and taken charge of by the ever-to-be-reverend Father C. J. (the then secretary to the Venerable Bishop Bourget) and afterwards Vicar General of Quebec, and who was known throughout Canada as the father of the

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 these orphan children have risen to prominent positions in the Dominion. One became one of the able lawyers in the city of Quebec, another sits in the House of Commons at Ottawa as a member of the Federal Government, representing the County of Beauport, and it is not of rare occurrence to find a man with an Irish countenance and an Irish name, such as Cassidy, Longmire, Sullivan, Quinn, retaining the language and characteristics of the French Canadian.

le and Quebec, but the railroad passing through the city, and the fact of getting into that wonderful structure in 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 immigrants who died of ship fever, A. D. 1847-8. This stone was erected by workmen employed by Messrs. Brassey & Batte in constructing the Victoria Bridge A. D. 1859"

Of the Montreal martyrs, the most prominent and self-sacrificing was the Verbalist Father Richards, a convert from Methodism to Catholicity, who in spite of his advanced years labored with untiring

Following on to the city of Kingston, and taking a survey of the grounds in connection with the general hospital, we are struck by the appearance of a mound rising to a moderate elevation by a gentle acclivity, and upon which the grass is always green. This forms the resting-place of one thousand three hundred of those Irish emigrants, quietly sleeping beneath the green sod. Here also they have sleeping with them their martyred Father Dolan. Among Irish Protestants, the names of Mr. Kirkpatrick, then Mayor, Alderman R. Anglen, and Mr. William Rogers, afterwards Mayor, will long be remembered for their devotion to the dying emigrants at Kingston.

Nor is our own city without its reminders 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 Exile of Eden," where it says:

"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,  
But a poor heart-broken stranger, a home-  
less wanderer remains not to me."

I have taken to trying to depict to you in a very imperfect way the sufferings endured by the poor Irish emigrants who were literally compelled to die by the wayside in those memorable years of 1847-8. There is a regret dwelling in my mind, and that is the fact that no tablet of any description marks the spot where twelve thousand of our countrymen and women are now sleeping in the silent spot so beautifully situated on the noble River St. Lawrence, where the coming emigrants for all time could point to the spot, and utter a quiet prayer to their memory, and as the illustrious Father Richards said :

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Artemus, Ill. July 13th, 1899.

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 evergreens, bunting, etc., could make it. The audience was select and appreciative, and considering the season, large. The programme consisted of music, sacred secular, recitations, dramas, 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 training.

What wrought the change? This woman's face  
Is ruddy with a rose's grace.  
Her eye is bright,  
Her heart is light.  
Ah, truly 'tis a goodly sight.  
A few brief months ago her cheek  
Was pallid and her step was weak.  
"The end is near"  
For her, I fear."  
Sighed many a friend who held her dear.

ENGLAND'S FIRST PRINTER A  
MODEL CATHOLIC

of the Abbey of Westminster. The first book printed in America was issued in a convent at Mexico; and even in the north the first book printed west of the Alleghenies was the *Epistles and Gospels* in French and English, issued at Detroit from the press set up by a Catholic priest, Father Richard. Caxton, born in Kent about 1412, had been a successful merchant, but, wishing to give England the new art of printing, went over to the Low Countries, made himself familiar with it, and returned home with the necessary type and press. A man of education and piety, he translated many works, which he then printed. Many of these

COMMUNION.

(Translated for The Catholic Review from  
The Semaine Catholique de Saec  
France.)

We have received the following edifying communication from a priest of the diocese :

Some months ago I asked a convert to tell me what had led her to change her religion.

came down and gave it to her. Moved by an unaccountable emotion I watched anxiously to see her rise—she returned with her hands joined, her eyes cast down on her face radiant with happiness.

"I had very frequently taken part in the Protestant celebration of the Lord's Supper. I recalled the painful efforts in which I had made to 'exalt my faith in the Sacrament of which I had partaken performing it as a duty which I had to fulfill. And here, in this little village church, I saw a communicant radiant and happy."

"I rejoined my companions who were waiting for me in the adjoining cemetery."

have received Communion. Have I done wrong? But I have been so happy, and my heart is still aglow."

"The good priest asked me many questions and then said: 'My child, only Catholics can communicate worthily, and if you had consulted me sooner I would have told you that you could not do so, but your good intention is so manifest, and all these circumstances are so extraordinary that I would not dare to tell you that you have profaned the Adoration Sacrament.'"

"I wnat away feeling rather sorry that I had acted so hastily, but my sorrow was only exterior for in my heart I felt deep joy and ineffable sweetness. Henceforth I had but one thought, I must become Catholic so as to be able to receive Communion. I obtained my husband's consent with some difficulty and two months

On the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's political campaign in Birmingham—upon the very afternoon of the Bingley meeting—he visited the Oratory to enquire 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 it transpired in the course of conversation that the venerable patient was suffering from a hot attack of



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A large, dark, grainy black and white photograph occupies the right half of the page. It shows a vertical texture, possibly a wooden door or a weathered wall, with strong shadows and highlights creating a sense of depth and texture. The image is somewhat abstract due to its high contrast and grain.