

THE NEGLECTED GRAVE.

An Appeal to Irishmen to Guard the Plot Where the Victims of the Ship Fever Rest.

A PUBLIC CONFERENCE OF THE IRISH NATIONAL SOCIETIES SUGGESTED.

The Spirited Letter of Mr. B. Feeney, of the A. U. H., on the Subject.

A little forsaken plot of ground, near the entrance to the Victoria Bridge, enclosed by a wire fence, and surrounded by the tracks of the Grand Trunk Railway that cut it off from the rest of the world; such is the burial ground wherein repose the bodies of six thousand Irish immigrants who perished in a strange land from the terrible ship-fever of 1847 and '48.

So lonely and desolate, unbedded and uncared for, isolated and unvisited, one could imagine that the awful shadow of the plague still hovered over the resting-place of its victims ready to claim the first intruders. Once the blue St. Lawrence murmured a plaintive melody as it flowed peacefully by this lone city of the dead, but now its requiem is lost in the shrill shriek of the locomotive; and the little ripples that used to lave the shore in caressing sympathy for its burden of woe, are shut out by the dyke that rises up to forbid their passage.

Fifty years have passed since the bodies of these unknown thousands were deposited in the capacious grave of this strange cemetery, and save for the enduring monument erected by the workmen engaged in the construction of the great bridge that spans the river at this point, no mark or token of human sympathy has ever been bestowed upon the melancholy spot. Out from the bosom of the great river that carried them to their doom, a huge boulder was torn and mounted upon a broad foundation of rugged stone, it serves to perpetuate the memory of fellow-beings reared on Irish soil, who came to find, not fortune, but a grave, in Canada, the land of their hopes and expectations.

All honor to the workmen of Messrs. Feto, Brassey & Betts, who added to their toil this noble deed of charity and reverence in order to preserve from desecration the little bit of ground that shelters the remains of the plague-stricken strangers.

Year by year the tall, tangled grass and the sturdy weed riot luxuriantly over the neglected plot where human feet seldom stray, unless the curiosity and interest of some stranger impels a visit to the great stone that bears on its face the following inscription:

To Preserve from desecration The Remains of Six Thousand Immigrants who died of Ship-fever, A. D. 1847. This stone erected by the Workmen of Messrs. Feto, Brassey and Betts, Employed in the Construction of the Victoria Bridge, A. D. 1870.

Not long ago an incident occurred in France that aroused the sympathy and gratitude of the civilized world, and has already been the theme of the poet's pen. An English ship was wrecked off the French coast, and the bodies were gradually given up by the sea. Going down to the shore the inhabitants of the little village watched for the ghastly burden of the waves, and guided by the curé of the parish, they reverently buried the unknown dead with solemn chant and ceremony within the little God's acre where their own ancestors rested.

Is it not time, after all those years of apathy, that our citizens should dispel their listlessness in a similar matter that touches them more nearly and arouse within themselves an interest in the great grave of human misery that was placed in their keeping by the inscrutable decrees of Providence? Beyond the crest of Mount Royal, sheltered on sunny slopes and in the valleys, we find the cemeteries of our people, dotted with tall columns of granite and marble, and strewn with the richest blossoms. Every evidence of constant, scrupulous care and tender affection is everywhere visible about the last earthly homes of the city's dead, and when strangers visit us we display to them with pride our well-kept burial ground, their artificial lakes, and long avenues and parks walled in with evergreen. But whoever thinks of that lone, pathetic little graveyard, filled with the remains of our countrymen, away by the river, shut in by the iron bands of commerce, where no knee presses the sod in petition for the souls of the buried host, and no hand lays an offering of love on the rude tomb of the stranger dead?

A proposition has been brought forward that this year of Jubilees and stirring events should be marked by Irishmen at least by an act that would reflect credit on their race and prove them possessed of a brotherly love and sympathy. It is that immediate steps be taken and suggestions offered for the beautifying and embellishing of the spot sacred to the memory of these unfortunate exiles from the shores of Erin. It is high time that something in this direction should be done by the present

generation. The nuns and priests of the tragic period of the scourge heroically offered their lives at the rough couch of these fevered immigrants. Eleven years later the workmen at the bridge bestowed their staunch testimony of respect and fellow-feeling, and later still the Redemptorist Fathers of St. Ann's, on taking possession of the parish, instituted the pious custom of offering each year, at least once, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the victims of the ship fever.

Surely the Irishmen of this day and generation will not be content, after these noble examples, to leave longer in neglect and obscurity the hallowed grave of six thousand of their brethren.

The following letter has been received from Mr. B. Feeney, of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, in which he appeals to citizens generally to assist in making the sacred spot less desolate:—

Mr Feeney's Letter.

MONTREAL, April 1, 1897.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS:

SIR—As this is a year that will no doubt occupy a prominent place in the future history of our country, marked as it will be, and already has been, by events of special interest and importance, I think it should be considered a fitting time for the Irishmen of this city to take steps to beautify and decorate the neglected spot that is the last resting place of six thousand of our race, the victims of the terrible ship fever of '47 and '48. This would be an event worthy of the year that has witnessed the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of St. Patrick's, the Mother Church of our race in Montreal, and the year that shall soon see the festivities connected with Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee.

Irishmen never neglect their dead. They lavish their wealth on monuments to perpetuate the memory of their beloved ones, and a tender care and devotion is expended on the little cemetery plot wherein they rest, and shall it be said that Irishmen of Montreal permitted the great grave that contains the thousands of bodies of their countrymen to remain a desolate and forsaken waste, marked alone by the great boulder placed above it by the kindhearted workmen engaged in building the Victoria Bridge?

The deeds of this piece of ground were deposited with the Protestant Bishop of Montreal, and every precaution has since been taken to preserve from desecration the sacred mound. In my humble opinion, I believe that the survivors of these buried martyrs have done much to advance the growth and prosperity of this city within the past half century, and I think they should receive the encouragement of all citizens in the furthering of this worthy object.

Would it not be advisable for the representatives of the Irish National Societies—Protestant and Catholic, and our worthy Mayor, to confer with Bishop Bond and formulate some plan for the adornment of the little burial ground in Victoria Park. Our chief magistrate is an Irish Protestant and a worthy successor of another Irish Protestant who filled the civic chair, and who died a victim of the terrible plague that scourged the emigrants of '47 and '48.

I hope this matter will not be permitted to rest, but that it will be taken up by eager and willing hands, and brought to a successful and speedy termination, with the approval of the whole Irish people and citizens in general.

BERNARD FEENEY.

40 Grand Trunk Street, Point St. Charles, Montreal.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Confers the Royal Red Cross upon a Sister of Charity.

The London Universe in a recent issue says:—

A contemporary publishes by request the following letters. Mother Aloysius Doyle of the Convent of Mercy, Gort, the writer on the one part, has attained the venerable age of seventy-six. She was one of the heroic Irish sisters who volunteered to nurse the sick and dying in the Crimean hospitals during the war, and gave proof of that fortitude and self-sacrificing charity which the Church can infuse into the souls of her most sensitive children.

PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W., February 15, 1897.

MADAM—The Queen having been pleased to bestow upon you the decoration of the Royal Red Cross, I have to inform you that in the case of such honors as this it is the custom of Her Majesty to personally bestow the decoration upon the recipient when such a course is convenient to all concerned, and I have therefore to request that you will be so good as to inform me whether it would be convenient to you to attend at Windsor some time within the next few weeks. Should any circumstances prevent your receiving the Royal Red Cross from the hands of Her Majesty, it could be transmitted by post to your present address. I am, madam, your obedient servant,

GEORGE M. FARQUHARSON.

Sister Mary Aloysius.

ST. PATRICK'S, GORT, COUNTY GALWAY. SIR—I received your letter of the 15th, intimating to me that Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen is pleased to bestow on me the Order of the Royal Cross in recognition of the services of my sisters in religion and my own in caring for the wounded soldiers at the Crimea during the war. My words cannot express my gratitude for the great honor which Her Majesty is pleased to confer on me. The favour is, it is possible, enhanced by the permission to receive this public mark of favour at Her Majesty's own hands. The weight of seventy-six years and the infirmities of age, will, I trust, dispense me from the journey to the palace. I will, therefore, with sentiments of deepest gratitude, ask to be permitted to receive this mark of my Sovereign's favour in the less public and formal manner you have kindly indicated.—I am, sir, faithfully yours in Jesus Christ,

SISTER M. ALOYSIUS.

February 17th, 1897.

LADY ABERDEEN

Delivers an Address at the Convocation of the University of Chicago.

Her Theme was the University and Its Effects.

The Revival of the Home Must be the New Watchword.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

CHICAGO, April 3.

The place attained by woman in the circles of higher education in the United States was very fully demonstrated at the recent convocation of the University of Chicago, which took place on Thursday last at the Auditorium in this city.

The signal honor of delivering the convocation address was conferred upon the Countess of Aberdeen, wife of the Governor General of Canada, known because of her work in the interest of Irish industries and the Irish people at the World's Fair.

Lady Aberdeen stood perfectly self-possessed in the critical presence of thousands of men and women, and delivered an address on "The University and Its Effect on the Home."

The Countess was received with applause as she entered accompanied by President Harper.

The immense audience stood while the officers of the University, members of the faculty, the graduates on whom degrees and other honors were to be conferred, Mayor Swift and other dignitaries took their places on the stage.

President Harper read a telegram of congratulation which he had received from the Earl of Aberdeen. Lady Aberdeen was then invited to address the audience. She referred to the irreparable loss which the world had suffered in the death of Prof. Henry Drummond, who had been one of her predecessors at the Convocation exercises. He was the one who had first lilted her with an earnest desire to study and visit him, and she knew it would be a pleasure to the Chicago people to learn that when she saw him on his sick bed in England he had not forgotten them. What was going on here in the University of Chicago she said, was going on elsewhere throughout the country, a great work conducted by noble and wise men and women. It would be idle, or her to discount on all that the university life and work had done for the world in the past. Continuing she said:

"The home has not reaped that harvest from the benefits of a university education which might have been expected, which it might have claimed for its share. The average home is not yet able to get all the possible good from a university education. I am told that one reason for the non-success of the university student is that they come unprepared for such training as they get in our universities. They come and gather knowledge rather than culture. They do not gain true culture nor scholarship. He learns at home, on his return from college, that persons and not things are talked about, that newspapers and not books are the staple things, and that the material hard things and not ideals are the chief objects to be pursued. The lessons of history and the philosophy of wise men are capable of being applied."

"It should be understood that divine laws are all about us, and that they can be properly applied in their relations to our everyday life. Can we look for true growth and life? We can. We have seen such growth and development. Men and women must be educated on an equal plane and taught to work together and understand each other and grow in mutual confidence and helpfulness under the full development of their intellectual faculties."

"The whole face of social life and philanthropy has been transformed by the rightful position accorded in recent times to women in the sphere of education, and it has brought a weight of new responsibilities. Women's colleges are full of usefulness. They have developed the heart and mind of women. They have taught them to value the difference between despotic and democratic government; to trust in and support one another. The women's movement in this country has had ample scope to develop and mature itself. Man was not born to live alone; and still less was woman. It may be well enough to have a council of mothers, but do the fathers count for so little in the home that their counsel is not needed? Self-assertion and aggressive tact are often the result of college education. New occasions teach new duties. Young men and women, you must leave your college life and education behind you when you enter upon your new life."

"I remember seeing in one of our women's colleges a photograph gallery of the babies belonging to those who had graduated. They were exhibited to show that those babies were better and comelier than the babies of women who had not a college education. Men to be successful in college must be the sons of women who have had a broad training. Men and women must work together to make the world better than they found it, rather than labor in separate phalanxes on different lines. Then the reign of the home on its true basis will be firmly enthroned. Modern ideas have tended to separate husband and wife, father and children, mother and daughter, from the natural influences which should surround them and keep them together. The revival of the home must be the new watchword, not the narrow, cold, selfish home, but one in which the family must be the loving centre of mutual help and from which all healthy influences must flow. A university which does not omit this from its ideal will indeed deserve well of its country and of the world."

The Mayorality contest in Chicago this year is likely to be as complicated, and perhaps as uncertain, as that of April, 1891, when there were five candidates in the field, and Washburne, the Republican candidate, was elected. This

year, from present appearances, there will be a Republican candidate, a Democratic candidate, an independent Republican, an independent Democrat, a Socialist, a Middle-of-the-Road Populist, and a Prohibition candidate besides. The Prohibitionists in Chicago are not a formidable body numerically, and at the last year's election the total Levering vote was 2,149. But the lax administration of Excise law by the present city administration has led many Chicago temperance men to believe that they would be justified in supporting a ticket of their own as a protest against existing conditions, and perhaps, such action may have the effect of securing for such a ticket a vote large enough to alter the local situation.

OUR REVIEWER.

The Easter number of the Catholic World comes to us in a pretty cover ornamented in green, with a panel representing the Resurrection and a cluster of Easter lilies, and with its usual series of excellent articles.

Katherine Hughes contributes a choice Easter story, entitled "More to be desired than Gold," and an excellent article recounting the Catholic Charities of England is supplied by the pen of Alice Worthington Winthrop. It embraces brief outlines of the objects and aims of the numerous charitable organizations supported by the Catholics of England, and a few of these societies are entirely unknown on this side of the water, as for instance the Catholic School Committee, of which the Duke of Norfolk is chairman. The writer tells us that "this Association acts for, and represents, in matters which concern elementary education, the Catholic dioceses of Great Britain, having one clerical and two lay members for each diocese. The Government, since the year 1847, has admitted the claim of this Association to speak in behalf of all Catholic schools, and has arranged with it the terms on which assistance is given to them. The Association also increases the efficiency of these schools by educating and supplying teachers; and in order to accomplish this it has founded three training colleges, and assists the pupils to pay the expense of ecclesiastical inspection in addition to the Government examination."

Another worthy organization described in the article and new to us is the Catholic Social Union, with Cardinal Vaughan as president, and the object it seeks is "to bridge our social chasms and to unite Catholics, rich and poor, on a basis of friendly interest and mutual good will, and thus to save a great multitude of Catholics from becoming lost to their religion and to Christianity."

An illustrated sketch, "The Happy Valley," is a descriptive reminiscence of a tramp in the Tyrol, written by Mary Elizabeth Blake, and in "A Forgotten Literature," Leopold Katscher refers to the treasures of Hebrew love hidden away in the great libraries of Europe that must necessarily contain valuable facts interwoven with the history of the origin and progress of Christianity, and knowledge that would strengthen the chain of thought that binds the Past and Present.

"La Sallé's Connection with the Jesuits" is ably unfolded by Joseph Walter Wiltach, and the illustrations that accompany the article are well chosen and appropriate.

In "A Protestant Defence of Manning," the Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., briefly reviews M. de Pressens's reputation of Purcell's "Manning," commending the work of the Protestant divine, and also pointing out its few faults.

The Easter number is rich in poetry, sketches and stories, which space forbids us to further enumerate, although each has a special interest and excellence of its own.

Messrs. L. Prang & Co., of Boston, have long held a high reputation for the excellence of their artistic holiday publications. The Christmas, New Year and Easter cards and booklets issued by this well known firm have always been distinguished by a refined and delicate taste, which has won for them a ready sale. This year's Easter publications are of unusual beauty, and as souvenirs and greetings for the holy time few prettier or more appropriate could well be chosen. The following descriptions of two of these exquisite booklets will give an idea of the fashion of the rest:—

"Golden Daffodils" has a unique cover plate. One end of the silk ribbon, which fastens together its five large plates, is passed in and out through the cardboard on the cover in such a way as apparently to hold in place stalks of graceful daffodils, and the effect is very pleasing. On the following sheets are daffodils in profusion, which, combined with bits of delicious verse, make a fascinating book, and "Blossom Time," with its cover picturing a peach spray shedding its delicate blossoms, with the title in lilac outlined with gold, is particularly inviting. Besides the cover design there are six others, tied together

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with silk and satin ribbons. A variety of landscapes having violets, crocuses, apple blossoms, wild roses, arbutus, and eschscholtrias in the foreground, with quotations from Scott, Wordsworth, Bryant and others, go to make up this attractive book.

"Laughter and Tears," published by B. Herder, 17 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., is a collection of short stories for young folks, written by a young Catholic writer, already well-known in the literary field under the nom de plume of Marion J. Brunow. They are bright, breezy stories of child-life told in a natural, unaffected style, and although a moral points them all there is no overdose of good-good sentiment administered in any of them. Neither are they the records of little child-angels, but just every-day characters with every-day tempers and faults which the writer does not varnish over or condemn, but manages to quietly subdue or eliminate before the story is closed by an environment of good influences or by some very practical, common sense substitute.

The laughter is more contagious than the tears in this little book, and it will be a popular addition to the children's library, for it is of equal interest to boys and girls. The price is 50 cents.

The Pall Mall Magazine for April contains an interesting article by Alice Dryden, on "Honiton Lace," which embodies a description of the little town made famous by the wonderful needlework of its women. Views of the towns of Honiton and Beer, and samples of ancient and modern patterns of this exquisite lace, are given in the illustrations. "Leven's Hall and its Gardens," are the subject of an article by Doria Bagot, and "Wild Flowers in the London streets," by A. Every, tells us something about the spring's floral treasures as well as their vendors. The spring number of the Pall Mall Magazine is full of interesting matter.

The Ladies' Home Journal April issue wears a gay spring dress in vivid tints of green and brown, and contains among other choice things a sketch of the daughter of Jenny Lind, the famous singer, written by Ethel Mackenzie McKenna. Ex-President Harrison's paper on "The Social Life of the President," contains much information on that interesting subject, and furnishes many little details about State dinners, receptions and the President's outlay and savings. Droch's "Literary Outlook" deal with American literature, and Eben E. Rexford gives some new ideas for the arranging of "Some Effective Foliage Beds." The usual departments are up to their usual standard of excellence.

The season's changes in the fashions of man's attire are not so marked as that of women, but they are always of sufficient importance to require more than the ordinary consideration given to the every day subject. Messrs. D. McEntyre & Son, the well-known clothiers, of Beaver Hall Hill, have just issued a neat little volume which contains many important suggestions in the direction of how to select wearing apparel. It is appropriately illustrated, and altogether reflects credit upon the enterprise of its publishers.

The enterprising publishing firm of Benziger Brothers, New York, Chicago and Cincinnati have just issued a valuable little volume, "The New Testament," translated from the Latin Vulgate, with annotations, references and historical and chronological index that add very much to its usefulness. It is beautifully illustrated. The price, 60 cents, places it within the reach of all.

HE LOST THE SITUATION.

I stood in the store of a merchant the other day when a boy came in and applied for a situation. "Can you write a good hand?" he was asked.

"Yaas."

"Good at figures?"

"Yaas."

"That will do; I do not want you," said the merchant.

"But," I said, when the boy had gone, "I know that had to be an honest, industrious boy. Why don't you give him a chance?"

"Because he has not learned to say 'yes, sir' and 'no, sir.'"

"If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation, how will he answer my customers after he has been in my employ a month?"

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