

of the city was most deplorable. The ship yards at Courtenay Bay and Straight Shore were deserted. Upwards of twenty large ships were then on the stocks and almost 2,000 workmen employed. But now every yard was as silent as a graveyard.

Mr. Fenety thus described the condition of Portland in the Morning News of Monday, August 21, 1854 :—

“We passed through Portland on Friday afternoon. Oh! what a change was there since our previous visit! It was a scene of desolation and churchyard stillness, the houses with their closed shutters and white blinded windows, serving as monuments to remind us that the angel of death had passed with destructive rapidity through the tenements of this broad avenue. Scarcely a human soul was to be seen in the street. It was Portland at 12 o'clock at night, and yet the sun was in his meridian. The gutters were strewed with lime, in a yellowish state. In the houses, death had been busy for the past six weeks; hundreds of human beings who inhabited them, in whose veins just now beat the pulsations of life and happiness, are now in eternity.

From St. Luke's Church to the Valley Church, along a route where thousands of people and vehicles of all kinds are usually to be seen—it being one of the greatest business thoroughfares in the whole province—we counted at 4 o'clock in the afternoon six human beings and not a single vehicle. Out of about two-hundred shops, there were not more than ten that were not closed. As a universal thing, we may add, the white blinds were drawn at all the upper windows. It appeared to us as if those who had survived had deserted their houses and gone into the country—anywhere to get clear of the fatal destroyer.”

One of the heroes of this time in humbler life was Munford, the Sexton of the Germain Street Methodist Church, who was engaged by the Board of Health to attend to the sick and dead.

He was at work everywhere day and night. Death had no terrors for him. Rough wooden coffins were going about the streets in cart loads, and Munford—often unassisted, although often Rev. Geo. M. Armstrong and others worked at his side—would place the