

contained a victim of the dread disease. We remember counting eight coffins at one time, probably those held the people who died whilst the ship was in Quarantine. We have also counted three and four each day, and sometimes one and two twice a day as long as the fever lasted, but eventually the "plague was stayed," and those who survived were allowed to go at liberty. When it was found there were too many patients for this temporary hospital some were sent to the Lunatic Asylum at Brighton, where they were kept all summer and where a number of them died. The only Charlottetonian we remember contracting typhus (or emigrant fever as it was called) was Mr. A. H. Yates, Auctioneer; he was very ill, and it was impossible to get any one to nurse him, all were so terrified. At last they succeeded in getting one of the immigrants, a widow whose husband had died of fever. Many of the women who came in the "Lady Constable" hired in town and made good servants.

One we remember, a fine-looking woman who was only twenty-one and had lost her husband and child, was a very reliable servant, but was always sad. Her mistress had great pity for her, knowing her sorrow, and would often go and talk to her. Generally she found Mary working as busily as she could at whatever she was doing, the tears streaming down her face, and singing one of the songs of her country. When asked how it was she was shedding tears when she was singing, her reply was, "I am sad, sad when I sing, and when I laugh the loudest, my heart is sorriest, sometimes when I think that those I loved best, and left home and country for, are now lying in the cold churchyard I feel my heart will break." Mary was only one of a number who felt just as unhappy as she, but after five or six years when time, the great healer of sorrow, had dried away her tears, she comforted herself by taking another husband and they together made a comfortable home.

E. L. M.