

Pinned o'er the heart on patriot breast,  
 Green yet as emerald gem  
 By the Canadian breeze caressed  
 Go wither stem on stem  
 Drop a tear in  
 For dew of Erin.

W.

### The Plague of 1847.

**A** melancholy and yet in some respects a glorious page in the history of the "faithful Irish" is presented in that tragic year of 1847, when numberless exiles from the green land beyond the seas found a grave the alien shores of Canada. The circumstances, political and economic, which led to this sad exodus need not here be set down. It was the story of pestilence following in the wake of famine.

The preceding years of want and starvation in Ireland had sent forth innumerable emigrants to seek in the New World those happier fortunes which were denied to them in their own. On the 5th day of that eventful May, the ship "Urania" touched at Grosse Isle, near Quebec, having on board a ghastly company of the dead and dying. The eighty-four ships, which followed were, as a spectral argosy. Few of their passengers escaped that common fate, which left twelve thousand exiles buried on the sad shores of the Quarantine Island. Of these five thousand were recorded as "unknown."

The fever, as some bird of evil omen, spread its wings upwards, over the broad River of the St. Lawrence, and Point St. Charles, a suburb of Montreal was transformed into a veritable lazar house. There occurred those scenes of heroic charity on the one hand and sublime endurance on the other, which shall be briefly chronicled here. The hapless victims of typhus in its most malignant form were housed in huge sheds, which became as the days went on a veritable charnel-house. In the 17th of May, 1847, word was brought to the Sisters of Charity of the Grey Nunnery as to the state of