

North to South, from the Atlantic to the Pacific,—on the banks of the St-Lawrence and the Hudson, the Mississipi and the Amazon.

But nowhere was their advent more disastrous; nowhere did the terrible disease which they brought with them—the offspring of famine—inspire more natural terror, and appeal more earnestly to the best sympathies of the human heart, than in the place where we now stand,—along the banks of this mighty river. In the month of June 1847, eighty-four emigrant-ships, all laden with the victims of famine and malignant fever,—reeking with pestilence—were driven up the St Lawrence by an easterly wind,—bearing their contagious freight of dying and dead, of wailing children, of men and women,—raving and delirious—all in their different stages of disease. They landed and anchored at Grosse Island, and were flung upon the beach in their prostrate, deplorable condition; gasping forth their last breath on that fatal shore, with no home to crawl into, no shelter but that afforded by the canopy of Heaven. Their mortality went on at such a prodigious rate, that at times it rose to one hundred and fifty, and two hundred a day; there they dropped away, and were piled up in heaps, to be thrown into a nameless grave,—to await the burial a huge pit could afford. As the beautiful summer days rolled by, death was doing its ghastly work, till, before the expiration of four months, the green turf of that one little island bloomed over the remains of 12,000 of Irish race and blood. No pompous monument marks the place where they rest; no trace of their heroic constancy in the hour of agony remains; but they calmly breathed forth their souls,—the children of a martyred nation; they passed away to their eternal reward,—to the home where there is no distinction of monarch or subject, of bondman or free.

The same appalling ravages that took place at