

this day by the vivid green of the grass, which for half a century has been nourished by the bones of the unfortunate immigrants.

Day after day the work of death went on, the number of unfortunates being augmented by new arrivals up to late in October. Mr. Alex. Reed, who was then keeper of the light house, and to whom I am indebted for some interesting facts, has told me how, lying in his bed of a calm summer night, he would be startled by an agonized wail, the lament of some woman whose husband, son or father, had drawn his last breath. In time such sounds became so common that they ceased to disturb him.

From the estate of Sir Henry Gore Booth some 1,500 persons were sent to this country, and another large number from the estate of Lord Palmerston. These were of the class likely to become paupers at home, and were thus shipped to America in order to get rid of them. One of the last vessels to arrive, on the 3rd of November, was the barque *Æolus*, Captain Driscoll, from Sligo, with 240 passengers, most of them without the common means of support, with broken constitutions and almost in a state of nudity. They are so described in a resolution of the common council, in which Lord Palmerston is censured for his inhumanity in sending these helpless people out to endure the rigors of the winter, in this climate. In one ship, the *Lady Sale*, which arrived in September, there were more than 400 tenants of Booth, among whom were no less than 176 females, including nine widows with 57 children.

As a result of this class of immigration, the city had many poor on its streets long after the fever had ceased. Beggars from door to door were common, and some of them, reduced by their sufferings, were most pitiful sights. A large number of the immigrants