

'YELLOW JACK' AND HIS HORRORS**A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION**

The death of the Most Rev. Dr. Chapelle, Archbishop of New Orleans and Apostolic-Delegate to Cuba and Porto Rico, from an attack of yellow fever has again directed public attention to the terrible ravages of that fearful scourge, and to which reference is made in our editorial columns. The following account of a visitation of this terrible pestilence, taken from an American contemporary, will give some idea of the terror which it inspires:—

The moment the 'Yellow Flag' appears, there is a wild rush for trains northbound—anywhere—beyond the pestilent breath. The ceaseless tramp of hurrying feet sounds through all the day and through the night. Barracks, army, posts, are deserted, for 'tis not cowardice even in soldiers to flee madly from 'Yellow Jack.' At this time, too, devoted ministers instruct us concerning their consuming desire to remain and die among their afflicted flock, but alas! stern duty to wife and children tear them away northward. Southern people need no theological disquisitions as to the utility and desirability of a celibate clergy, who in time of danger and death, need not 'study the things that pleaseth a wife.' Every State, town, and county, and even every track through the densest woods, has its armed guards to warn back every venturesome refugee who seeks to escape from the blight and infection. Every train is stopped, and searched, inside the cities, every door is locked, every window closed and fastened tight, despite intensest heat, and suffering for food and even craving a drink of water.

These Panic-stricken Refugees

are thus herded and jammed into an inferno, reeking with foul air, whilst the thoughtless or desperate one that dares open a window or stand on a platform has a shot-gun pointed at him, with gruff but convincing orders to 'get inside and close that window.' Nor are any words wasted, for the gun speaks the next word and closes the argument forever. Even the engineers and crews are changed, before the train can come near a town, and strict are the orders to steam through at a lively speed. Nor can mail or goods be thrown off; all must go to the disinfecting station, to be perforated and perfumed with vile-smelling acids, which no self-respecting microbe would stand.

Many a death results from the alleged necessary quarantine regulations, with shot-gun backing. But the individual must suffer to save the general public. I remember walking evenings along the noble government street, Mobile, in company with Father Coyle, the present pastor of Birmingham, Ala. As he is exceptionally rich in philosophic and poetic lore, we easily forgot the sights and sorrows of the day, as we argued pro and con of Plato, Aristotle, and the others, till at the head of a street, a rifle gleamed in the arc-light, and a by-no-means courteous nor gentle voice rudely shattered our classic dreamings with 'Get back, get back there, lively now.' But we got back all right, nor stood on the order of our going.

When the fever is discovered in a house, immediately a yellow flag is nailed at the main door, and a guard stationed at the gate, armed. Whoso enters is warned that he must stay in until ten days after the official recovery or death of the latest case in the house. Groceries and medicines are flung in through a window or door. How heart-breaking when the father or mother comes from their work in the evening time, sees the yellow flag over their home, and can only lean over the fence to inquire how the loved sufferer is, for if the bread-winner enters, he can no longer go forth to earn bread for the little ones in the stricken nest. And men must work and women must weep—so good-by to the bar and its moanings.'

No Funeral Processions or Hearses

are allowed, only those absolutely needed to carry the body and bury it are permitted to accompany the dearest dead. Nor are any services allowed in the churches; the priest reads the service in the house of pestilence and death. I have seen the priest himself buried, without being taken to the church next door, where he said Mass and heard confessions three days before. I have seen the lonely orphan boy of ten, digging his mother's grave, and resting and weeping on the still fresh earth that covered his father.

One of the memories that shall never leave me is that of the illness and death of Father Murray, one of the most brilliant and devoted young priests I had ever the blessing to know. But five years ordained, he had just arranged to visit his dear old mother in Ire-

land. He came first to see his esteemed friend, Vicar-General O'Callaghan of Mobile. Whilst there the fever broke out, and though advised and urged that he was not in duty bound to stay, still the nobility of self-sacrifice constrained this zealous priest to remain with an afflicted people. Day and night he spent himself in an unwearying round of charity, till having said Mass one Sunday with the fever's grip upon him, he was assisted from the altar to his death-bed. During all the delirium of the raging fever that burned out his young life, he spoke to his dear old mother. Round that lowly bed our hearts bled for her, who was watching each ship for the boy who would return no more. A few priests in utter sorrow wrapped his lifeless but still warm body in the Mass vestments he had worn but three days before.

What a precious memory is that of the Sisters of Charity in these days that tried men's souls! On every train coming south rushed these angels of the earth, to do and die among the afflicted. From ward to ward of choked and crowded hospitals, soothing the fever-racked brow of the stricken, or pillowing the head of the dying, or lifting the motherless child from the broken heart of the dead, or again the fitful gleam of the barn-yard lantern, lighting up the white bonnet as it hurries among the fever tents, out in the hospital yard, writing a last letter of good-bye to some far-away sad-eyed mother, or helping the over-worked priest in his services to dying and dead—all this is a memory precious and dear, rendering useless and empty all the praise that mortal tongue can ever give to the Sisters of Charity.

Whilst the Catholic Church can point to her Sisters of Charity, or to the hut in the wilderness where the first abbot of Alabama nursed the Methodist preacher, dug his grave, and carried him to it in his own arms, while the shot-gun guards menaced him with death, or to Father Lane stealing through the night, away from his devoted friends, to get back among the afflicted ones of his flock, or to the seven graves in a row, where rest forever those hero priests who one after another came to live a short week and die among the fever-stricken, or to the many graves of gentle nuns who fell before the pest—in one place a whole convent of nuns died one after another—and there were generous volunteers to fill up the ranks, never, never has the Catholic Church called in vain for priests and nuns, to die in the service of afflicted humanity—and whilst she can point to this glorious fact, she needs no defence against calumny, no arguments as to her Divine mission.

Diocesan News**ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON**

(From our own correspondent.)

September 23.

The many friends of the Rev. Father Ainsworth will be pleased to hear that his medical adviser considers that he will be quite well again within the space of two or three months.

On Monday evening last the Children of Mary, Wellington South, held a 'Kitchen party' for one of their number, Miss Lizzie Stacey, who is shortly to be married to Mr. James Stratford, who is well known in connection with the Hibernian Society here.

The usual weekly meeting of the Literary Society was held on Monday evening. The subject for discussion was 'Town life versus country life.' There was a good attendance of members, quite a number of whom took part in the debate, which ended in a draw.

Rumors are now afloat in the city as to the likely candidates for the various local electorates. Mr. P. J. O'Regan, solicitor, who made a very satisfactory showing in the previous contest, has announced himself as a candidate for the Wellington Central seat. He comes out as an Independent Liberal. Mr. O'Regan has taken an active interest in politics for many years, and has gained a considerable reputation and popularity, here amongst all classes of the people.

The members of the Catholic Young Men's tennis club are to open the season very soon. Some of the players have already begun practice. The court is to be extended and top-dressed, so that players will find it in much better order this year. The club intends to arrange a number of matches with the outside clubs, especially those in the suburbs. This course should meet with general approval and will afford players opportunities of testing their prowess against some of the champions of the suburban teams.