

The Daisy.
With little white leaves in the grasses,
Spread wide and the smile of the sun,
I wait till the daylight passes,
And close them one by one.
I have asked why it closed at even,
And I know what it wished to say:
There are stars all night in the heaven,
And I am the star of day.
—Rennet Rodd.

The Lepers of Tracadie.

Day in the Lazaretto in North-East
New Brunswick.

From the New York Sun.
Miramichi is a little known town in north-western New Brunswick, about half way between New York and Greenland. Over a century ago one Gardner, a Scotchman, and a resident of the town, saw a fawn-colored spot on his wife's forehead. Anon there were ominous swellings at the corners of her eyes. Then the tendons of her fingers began to stiffen and contract until her hands resembled a bird's claws. The fawn-colored spots were doubled and quadrupled. The husband sought the advice of Dr. Mackey, a young medical graduate. His physician made a careful study of the disease. It baffled his skill. He could give it no name. He found nothing like it in the medical calendar. It seemed beyond the reach of remedies. So engrossed was he in its study that he grew thin and pale. Sleepless nights were passed. To rid his distraction, his attention was directed to a second case. The victim was Mrs. Landry, living seventy-five miles from Miramichi. Of French extraction, she was in no way related to Mrs. Gardner. Fawn-colored spots appeared upon her body. Her skin became as transparent and ashy as isinglass. The contraction of the fingers and the ominous swelling of the eyes were there. There were the same tendons and pins as in the case of Mrs. Gardner. The physician was nonplussed. At the end of his medical rope, determined to ascertain the true character of the disease, he sold his property and went to Europe. He travelled through England, France and Germany, and gleaned no information. Acting upon a hint received in Paris, he sailed through Denmark into Norway. Near the coast, where the main staple of food was dried fish and salt meats he visited a lazaretto. Its inmates were immured in iron cages. There was no mistaking the same disease as Mrs. Gardner and Mrs. Landry. It was leprosy, and incurable.

On his return to Miramichi Dr. Mackey found this scourge eating into the little community like a cancer. Prompt action was taken. Mrs. Gardner's fingers had contracted, and she was in a worse condition. Her eyesight was gone, and she exhibited unmistakable symptoms of leprosy. The young physician, oldest of the arm. The interest of the oldest practitioners was aroused. One or two collected at the idea of leprosy, and asserted that the disease would yield to remedies employed in scrofulous and similar complaints. Their experiments, however, verified the young doctor's discovery, and the community was thoroughly startled. It was a company mainly of descendants of the old French settlers. The English language was not much spoken. Families had married and intermarried for nearly two centuries, until whole parishes were devoted. The result was similar to that attending the overheated and impure. Its inmates were quickened by a diet of salt meats and dried fish, and a genuine leprosy cropped to the surface. There were 78 cases in one section within twelve months.

The provincial parliament was spurred to action under the personal appeals of the members from Miramichi. A bill establishing a lazaretto was passed. Shell-drake Island, dotting a bay on the northeast coast of the province, was the spot selected. It was an isolated island, off all lines of travel. Here buildings were erected, with barred windows. A strict sea-ch for all tainted with leprosy was made, and they were confined on this island. Scores of the unfortunate wretches were captured. The lazaretto was under the charge of two men, who seemed to be destitute of all feeling. No care was given the lepers. They were mostly ignorant French Canadians, who had eked out a living by cultivating the thin soil and by fishing. Cleanliness was not a virtue. They were neither bathed nor dieted. Clean underclothing was distributed three a year. The most abject and squalid never removed their clothing but drew their clean shirts over their old ones at each distribution. The sexes were not separated. The lazaretto was a virtual prison for life. Its inmates rotted like maimed sheep. It was the horror of the adjacent parishes. Occasionally a poor wretch escaped, and appealed to those outside for protection. Every face was turned from him. He desecrated every thing that he touched. Even the fence that he leaned against while telling his pitiful story was contaminated. If he drank from a spring the spring was poisoned. If a cup of milk was given him the cup was broken as soon as drained. A walking upas tree, freighted the atmosphere with poison, would not have been regarded with more horror. He was either recaptured or driven back to the lazaretto by hunger. Worse than all this, lepers, in whom the seeds of the disease were fructifying, were concealed by friends and relatives. The lazaretto was more of a prison than a hospital. A commitment disgraced a family far more than a commitment to the penitentiary. Fathers and mothers endangered themselves and their families in the effort to shield a favorite son or daughter. It was a disgrace to be hidden, and not to be made public. A discovery of leprosy tainted every relation. The children could not make eligible marriages, and the family was shunned.

The lazaretto was removed to Tracadie on the bay of that name, about 1849. Here the treatment of the unfortunates was a little better, but there was an utter lack of cleanliness until fourteen years ago, when Sisters of Mercy took sole charge. They found the inmates lying in filth and misery. They inaugurated new treatment. They tore the iron bars from the windows. The lepers were bathed each day, and their ulcers were carefully dressed. The bandages were washed, and the clothes of the unfor-

lunatics were kept scrupulously neat and clean. They were allowed the freedom of the grounds. The sexes were separated. Portions of tobacco were given to the men. A sailboat was bought, and parties of the lepers were allowed to go sailing and fishing. Nor was the body alone entertained. The sisters administered to the mind. The lepers no longer brooded day and night over their unfortunate condition. Some of their number played the violin, and they danced to the music. A surprise death was thus robbed of some of its terrors. When the provinces were confederated in the Dominion of Canada, the lazaretto passed under the control of the federal government. The sisters, however, remained in charge, receiving a miserable pittance from the government for their labors. The rigor of the law was softened by Father Joseph A. Babineau, pastor of the little Catholic church at Tracadie. When cases of leprosy were reported he visited the afflicted and prepared their minds for their inevitable fate. They usually entered the lazaretto with resignation, and submitted to their fate without a murmur. When the good father's efforts failed, the strong arm of the law was invoked, and they were seized like criminals and imprisoned for life. Their discontent was softened by the kindness of the sisters, and they dropped into the grave hopeful of a better fate in the world to come.

I visited Tracadie on Sunday, July 16. The Hon. Arthur D. Williams, of New York, accompanied me. The visit required a fifty-five mile drive from Newcastle, a thriving village on the curved railroad from Halifax to Quebec. The road was a bee line and as level as a prairie. It was shaded by stunted spruce trees. We passed straggling settlements of French Canadians and Indians. At times the atmosphere was laden with a putrid odor, which came from the refuse of the lobster canneries on the beach. This is used as a compost, for the soil is thin and poor. Where the spruces are cut away there were magnificent views of the ocean and of bays leading to prolific mason and trout streams. It was midnight before we reached Tracadie. On the way our driver repeatedly awoke residents on his route, and asked for a pail to water his horses. It was always given with the greatest pleasure. The conversation was in French. There is no hotel at Tracadie. Through the kindness of Mr. John Young, its richest inhabitant, we were given a lunch and lodgings. At sunrise next morning the little bell in the belfry of the primitive Roman Catholic chapel fronting the broad blue bay announced the early mass. High mass was celebrated at 10.30. By 10 o'clock the dusty roads were filled with French Canadians on their way to church. A few came in rickety waggons but the most of them were on foot. They stepped up in squads, old and young, clad in quaint costumes. Some had arisen with the dawn and walked ten or twelve miles. One man, on crutches, lived seven miles away. It was a hot day, and the air was filled with mosquitoes and sand flies. The devotees seated themselves on a long broken pile of cord wood near the house of the priest, and awaited the tap of the bell. The little cemetery allotted to the lepers lies in the shade of the unpainted church. It is overgrown with shrubbery and brambles. A large, weather-beaten cross stands in the centre, stretching its arms over the unmarked graves of the unfortunates. A wharf and a fish house stand 200 yards to the north, and beyond them the squat buildings and dormer windows of the lazaretto are seen. We knocked at the door of the parsonage. The rustics gazed at us inquiringly. Father Babineau was in the vestry dressing for mass. He was summoned by an attendant and gave us a gracious reception. His glittering black eyes and pale, intellectual face recalled the features of Judge Cardozo. With extreme courtesy he accompanied us to the lazaretto, leaving his assistant, Father Nugent, a jolly-faced Irishman, to chant mass. As we crossed a rustic footbridge near the lazaretto we heard the plaintive notes of a violin. The melody was a sad and sweet blending of the "Canadian Boat Song," and "Annie Laurie." The musician was a leper whiling away the weary hours.

We ascended the porch. Passing into the entry we stood before a door with a wicket. The door was above the door. Father Babineau rang the bell. A second afterward the white face of a Sister of Mercy appeared at the open wicket. The father spoke to her in French and she opened the door. We were ushered into a reception room under the motto:

TOUS PASSE!
PERSONNE N'ENTRE ICI S'IL NE VIENT
AIME JESUS CHRIST.

Sister St. John, matron of the lazaretto, is a pleasant-faced woman, about 36 years old. She came from the Hotel Dieu, in Montreal. Fourteen years among the lepers have familiarized her with their manners, customs and feelings. She has been the recipient of many a sad story. She knows the families of all the inmates and probably has a more thorough knowledge of the nature and character of the disease than the physician who receives \$300 a year from the Government for an annual visit. She has charge of the cabinet of drugs, and has a fair knowledge of medical jurisprudence. As there is no doctor within fifty miles of the institution, the Tracadie and the inhabitants of outlying settlements come to her for medical advice. Prescriptions for the poor are filled without charge. She knows the families tainted with the disease, and traces accurately the relationship between the afflicted. The same strain of blood appears to flow in the veins of all. A majority of the lepers were born in Tracadie. They all come from within a circle of seventy miles. Under Sister St. John's supervision an accurate record of the inmates has been kept. There is no prior record on file. Since 1868 the Sister's record shows that fifty-eight out of ninety have died. There are now twenty-six in the institution. This number is larger than at any time within fourteen years. The average of life, after the ap-

pearance of the disease, is from ten to forty years. Some die within three or four years, and there is now a woman in the institution who has been suffering over fifty years. She was an inmate of the lazaretto on Shell-drake Island, forty years ago. While there the disease disappeared, and it was supposed, she had been cured. She returned to her home in Tracadie, married, and had children. Twenty years afterward the telltale spots again appeared, and she was remanded to the lazaretto. She is still living, helpless, and almost sightless. A daughter, twenty-four years old, whose fingers are drawn up like the claws of a dead bird, has inherited the scourge from the mother, and is now in the institution.

Singular as it may seem, the lepers are subject to attacks from ordinary diseases. There have been deaths from jaundice and typhoid fever. In some cases the skin is dry and clean, and in others it is covered with ulcers. Those afflicted with ulcers live the longest. Damp weather has a damaging effect. The patients are very feverish, and complain of rheumatic pains. They have fits of drowsiness, and sleep for hours daily. In winter and summer they invariably improve. None have died within fourteen months.

They are peculiarly sensitive. We were warned against using the word leprosy within their hearing. They speak of it as the "disease." Each patient apparently has an impression that there may be some mistake in his case, and that he is suffering from some other complaint. At times medicine is given to relieve them from pain. Any unusual decoction seems to affect them. Strong tea has removed the fawn-colored spots, but as soon as the system becomes accustomed to the tea, the spots return. Three years ago the hearts of all the lepers throbbed with joy. A nostrum called Fowle's Humor Cure was administered, and the disease entirely disappeared. Fowle was in ecstasies. He forwarded a box after his mixture, and it was used freely. Within six months, however, the scourge reappeared with more violence than ever.

Cases have occurred where those afflicted with leprosy left the country before they were sent to the asylum. Two or three years ago the spots appeared upon two girls belonging to well-known families. Determined to avoid the lazaretto, the girls went to Shediac and were employed as household servants. Hearing of their flight, Father Babineau wrote to Shediac. He had observed indications of leprosy on them before their disappearance. The girls were alarmed, and fled to Providence, R. I. One died in that city in a private family, where she had been engaged as a chambermaid. Father Babineau learned the whereabouts of the survivor, and went to Providence. After a long talk he convinced her that it was her duty to return to Tracadie and enter the lazaretto. She did so, and died within a year.

The good father relates the particulars of a case of leprosy in a man two years married. There were the usual forerunners of the disease. The father visited the man's residence and talked with his wife about it. The husband insisted that it was not leprosy. His wife coincided with him, but expressed a different opinion to the priest in private. Satisfied, however, that the husband was tainted, the wife left him. He remained in his house alone. Not long afterward, seeing the priest approaching, he took to the woods. Father Babineau overtook him and remonstrated with him. The man was obstinate. He was threatened with the rigor of the law. The conversation lasted two or three hours, and the husband was finally induced to enter the lazaretto.

Not long ago the disease broke out on the body of a fisherman, who for twenty years had lived alone in a hut on the bay of Tracadie. When the priest asked him to enter the lazaretto, his only objection was a fear that he might become lonesome. He is now in the hospital pining for the companionship of nature.

A more distressing case occurred two months ago. The death spots appeared on the mother of four little children. The priest repeatedly talked with her, and she was finally induced to part with her husband and enter the living tomb. Her parting with her children was very affecting, and to this day the father's ears hear cries of "Mamma, mamma!" The family is isolated, the children have no playmates, and the neighbors shun the place as though it were the nest of a pestilence.

The disease is said to be contagious, but we could learn of no well authenticated instance of contagion. None of the sisters have shown the least symptoms of leprosy, although two have worked upon the patients for fourteen years. They take the greatest precaution against it. There is only one case on record of a husband and wife who were confined in the institution at the same time. They were cousins. Wives who have had children by leprosy husbands, have married on the death of their husbands. Some of the children by the first husband were infected, and those by the second escaped. In a recent case the disease did not appear until the third generation. Then it broke out on the body of a man of herculean strength. The native families of Frenois descent seem to be satisfied it is contagious. They gaze at the lazaretto from the outside and very few pay it a visit.

The victims of the disease are at first visited by their near relatives, but as the seasons roll on the visits are less frequent, and at last cease altogether. Husbands forget their wives, mothers forget their children, and vice versa. Not long ago a poor boy of 19 broke out of the lazaretto at night, and walked twenty-five miles to see his mother. He remained home a few hours and returned with a less aching heart. The lepers all express a willingness to work, but many of them are unable to do so. The sisters are allowed only a pittance to feed them. They have meat on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and fish on Friday. Seldom, if ever, do they see fresh beef. They abhor mutton and veal. Fresh pork is the meat most eaten. Three of the lepers play the violin, and each appears to be ambitious to excel the other. When the weather is dry, those who are able frequently dance from morning until night. Those who first enter the institution complain of a drowsy feeling, and sleep days and nights, hours at a stretch. The lungs become affected. The hair falls from the

eyebrows. The voice is husky. In some cases there is a loss of feeling in the hands and arms. A girl rested her wrist on a hot stove, and was seriously burned, without the least sensation. Cuts with the knife bleed, but give no pain. At times the skin seems to be filled with steel filings. Then it cracks open, the bone and gradually shrivels away. When the liver and lungs become seriously affected, the patient wastes away with all the symptoms of consumption. He dies by suffocation.

All have separate beds. The men are kept on the main floor and the women on the floor above. Rarely do they see each other. There is a little room on each floor where the sisters officiate as wardens. There is not a man about the establishment who is not a leper. The sisters are allowed a washerwoman and a servant boy. Aside from this they do all the work. In the dormitories the beds are arranged side by side like beds in a hospital. Old-fashioned quilts cover the iron bedsteads. The floors are scrubbed once a day. Everything is scrupulously neat. Each dormitory contains an oratory, where the afflicted say their prayers on kneeling and arising. The walls are covered with pictures of saints and religious mottoes in the French language. Here is a specimen:

POUR UN MOMENT DE SACRIFICE
UNE ETERNITE DE JOUISSANCE.

which seems hardly applicable to persons suffering a lifetime of misery. There is no specified dress for either the male or female lepers, and unaccustomed eyes could not distinguish some of them from ordinary persons.

As we entered the male ward ten of the unfortunates were arising from dinner. It was a plain board table, destitute of cloth and napkins, and furnished with tin plates, cups and spoons. On an iron cot within ten feet of the table, sat a pitiful object. His flesh looked like flakes of sulphur moulded into the shape of a man. He had been in bed over a year. Although but 15 years old he looked like a man of 70. Nothing in the wards on Blackwell's island equals this scene; yet the Sisters said that the patient was much better than he had been. As we entered the apartment a heavy black bearded man clad in a blue woolen shirt turned his face from us, picked up a short black clay pipe, and moved into the sunlight through the opened door. Poor fellow, his misfortunes were his own, and he sought no sympathy from the outer world. He was Michael Duaron, the lone fisherman, who had expressed the fear of being lonesome before entering the lazaretto. The windows were open, and a cool breeze from the sea was felt.

There were two other males in the ward. All but the miserable being on the bed ranged themselves in line with bowed heads and dejected countenance. Two were mere boys, 11 and 12 years old. One was suffering from leprosy elephantiasis. His face was fungus overgrowth. Only one of these men spoke English. He was Peter M. Noel, of Tracadie. A man of magnificent physique, beyond slight swellings above the cheek bones he showed no signs of the disease. He had a clear, blue eye, a rugged complexion, and an honest face. He was a man of deep feeling and of more than ordinary intelligence. Confident of sympathy he told his story in a straightforward way. He was 23 years old, a woodchopper and raftman.

"You seem surprised to see me here," he said, "because you see no marks of the disease. Look at my hands," showing his palms. All the lines of his hands seemed to have been frosted with silver. The pores of the skin glistened as though dusted with silver. "Look at the whites of my eyes," he continued. They were of a light orange color. He pointed to the slight swellings below his temples, and then said: "All your doubts would be removed if you saw my body. This spring I was logging up the northwest branch of the Miramichi. One night, when I going to bed near Cunards Ledges, I saw a yellow spot on my leg. I paid no attention to it, supposing that it came from wading too much in cold water. Two or three days afterward another spot appeared near the first one. I began to have strange pains in my legs, and could not get sufficient sleep. Within a week I noticed a spot on my breast. The pains increased and I thought that I had rheumatism. I took some medicine for it, but it did me no good. At last I came over here, by the advice of a comrade, to see the Sisters and to find out what was the matter with me. They told me that I had the disease and here I am for life."

Noel told his sad story with an erect head. He had not been in the lazaretto long enough to acquire the dejected look of his fellow sufferers, but the shadow on his face indicated that it was surely coming. He is a fair violinist, and undoubtedly vents much of his sadness through his instrument. With tears in his eyes he spoke of the kindness of the Sisters, but he complained of a lack of books and newspapers. He could not read English, and his countenance grew bright when promised a file of Parisian journals. While grateful for the little tobacco given them by the Sisters, he spoke of its poor quality. "They buy it at Ferguson's," he said, "and of course the Sisters can't tell whether it is good or bad; but smoking is about our greatest enjoyment, and I wish we could have good tobacco."

The Sisters then conducted us up stairs to the female ward. Fourteen women and girls in all stages of emaciation, stood in line with clasped hands and eyes cast down. Sister's and cousins were among them. All were in some way related to the men below. They were not disposed to be communicative. One woman, nearly eighty years old, overheard Sister St. John calling our attention to the fact that she was concealing her hands under her apron. She flung up her apron with spiteful energy, and extended two withered stumps, accompanying the action with bitter words. She laid no hands. Her heart was touched by our expressions of sympathy. She was the woman released from Shell-drake island forty years ago under the supposition that she had been cured. She called to her side her daughter, a pleasant-faced woman, 24 years old. Her fingers were talons in appearance, and her hands were withering lousily the joints cre-

ated. The mother is husky. In some cases there is a loss of feeling in the hands and arms. A girl rested her wrist on a hot stove, and was seriously burned, without the least sensation. Cuts with the knife bleed, but give no pain. At times the skin seems to be filled with steel filings. Then it cracks open, the bone and gradually shrivels away. When the liver and lungs become seriously affected, the patient wastes away with all the symptoms of consumption. He dies by suffocation.

In the dormitory we saw a female dwarf only 23 years old, she looked to be 90. Her eyes were sightless, and her face misshapen and totally unlike the face of a human being. It was the face of a person suffering from the worst form of elephantiasis. Despite our remonstrances, she arose to receive us. Sad at heart we turned away. The afflicted women, in low tones, bade us goodbye as we went down stairs. The sisters then showed us the kitchen, the range, the electric bells, the neat apothecary shop, and the exquisite chapel with its image of the Virgin and Child. This chapel is located on either side. Behind the lattice on the right of the altar, the sisters hear mass. Half a dozen benches fill the main body of the little chapel, and are evidently used by the male lepers. A solitary woman bearing marks of the disease was on her knees behind the left lattice counting her beads and saying her prayers. Everything throughout the building was clean and neat. The floors were scrubbed as white as marble, the great range shone with stove polish, there was no grease spot on the clothes of any of the lepers. The aprons and handkerchiefs of the women were as white as snow, and the windows were as clean as the plate glass of Simpson, Crawford & Simpson's store. The oratories were simple but attractive. Delicate efforts at ornamentation bespeak the excessive care of the Sisters. The ceilings are low, and the rooms are ill ventilated. The Sisters work to great disadvantage. All that they receive is spent upon the immured lepers. They are now building a dormitory for themselves at their own expense. The isolation of the lazaretto is so complete and visitors are so few, that its wants do not reach the public ear. Surely there ought to be one man in the parliament of the Dominion of Canada to champion the interests of the poor men and women whose life imprisonment is a punishment for no crime, although confined for the protection of the community.

Out again in God's free air, we cast our eyes toward Mr. Young's mansion. Poor Noel and four of his companions stood in the yard awaiting us. "Gentlemen," said Noel, approaching us in hand. "I beg your pardon, but my companions here can't speak English. This poor man," pointing to the heavy-bearded man who had left the dinner table on our entrance, "is bleeding at the lungs. He thought that one of you might be a doctor, and that you could tell him what to do for it. He has been on the sea, but he can't stand the sea air any longer, because his lungs are so weak." We could give him no encouragement. Our faces forestalled Noel's translation of what was said. The bearded man walked back to the fence and turned his face to the sea. Noel accompanied us to the end of the lane leading to the highway. It was the boundary of the lepers' world. The two leprosy boys walked at our side. One said, "Please, sir, give me a penny." He got a half dollar, and the other boy was not forgotten. If a bag of gold had dropped from the skies, they could not have been more surprised. They shot off towards the lazaretto with the speed of the wind. Nor was Noel forgotten. We had already gained his confidence. He accepted a Canadian bank note with even more astonishment and far more thankfulness than a boy had shown. It was a small sum to create so much happiness in such a wretched being. I involuntarily compared him with William H. Vanderbilt, at that moment probably speeding Maud S. at Saratoga, and with Jay Gould lolling on the silken cushions of his princely home on the Hudson. An hour's interest on Vanderbilt's fortune would strew this agonizing life with humble luxuries, and a millionth part of Jay Gould's fortune make it immeasurably happy. If honesty and industry are any gauge of fortune, what had honest, hard-headed Noel done that his fate should be so much different from theirs?

Noel saw that we were about to part with him. All his longings, fears, and wishes gushed to his lips. "My God," said he, "why can't I get well? I have worked hard. I have never dissipated. I bathe every day. I am clean. I don't see why I can't get well. Sometimes I think that it is not the leprosy it was the first and only time that he used the word spoken of in the Bible. I've heard of a man who had the same disease and who was cured by a doctor who said it was the black scurvy. If I was doctored for the black scurvy I believe I'd get well. They say that there is a doctor in Chatham who can cure us. I've lain awake at night studying up a plan to get to him, so that I might ask him to cure me. I have no money, but I would work hard to pay him if he would only cure me. Do you know that at times I can't help thinking that we are not cured because some one is making money by keeping us here? I know it isn't as bad as it used to be when they had a fence with sharp spikes at the top surrounding the yard. Some of the men here have told me how they used to treat them. The Sisters have changed all that. I have no word of complaint against them. God bless them, they do all they can for us. It is not their fault nor is it our own fault that we are here."

We were standing at the end of the lane. Church was out and a cloud of dust indicated the march of the churchgoers homeward. The sun had passed the meridian. A dinner bell rang. Noel started as though awakened from sleep. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said he, removing his hat, "for detaining you from dinner. I see so few who understand our situation that I forget myself when I meet them." Tears were in his eyes: "Come again and see me if you ever revisit the country. God help me, but it will be many a long day and many a long night before I forget your faces." He turned and walked slowly down the lane, the hot sun casting his shadow before him, and I saw him no more.

New York has consumed 4,000,000 watermelons this season, and is now figuring on what a monument the rinds would have made.

A Detroit crockery store put out a sign of "jelly bowls and tumblers," and it was a whole day before the proprietor could understand that the public didn't spell bowls that way. In boring an artesian well in California the drill struck the bones of a whale sixty feet under ground. He was perhaps looking for a short cut from the Pacific to Hudson's Bay.