

## A RETROSPECT.

In the early part of the year 1885 I conducted the Wady Halfa Gazette, a paper, which by the way, advocated the interests of the Bishareen people, for what reason I do not care to make public. Wady Halfa, as many know, was the base of military operations, during the late Soudan campaign. In order that the readers of THE HOME JOURNAL may form some conception of the interest attached to running a paper in those days I publish an editorial which appeared in the Wady Halfa Gazette of January 26, 1885. In a future issue I may feel disposed to speak more freely on the subject of certain state secrets and mysteries surrounding the royal head of the Bishareen people. For years the queen of this most worthy race has been living under a cloud which I believe I could explain in a manner honorable alike to all concerned. The following is the editorial referred to above:

Our custom has always been to avoid expressing any partisan views on local or imperial politics in these columns. We accept the advertisements and subscriptions of both political parties, and if we have a natural leaning to the side from which we receive most support we refrain from giving expression to our views, in the hope that our magnanimity will increase the support we thus deserve to earn from those whose subscriptions are less numerous. It has been urged by our worthless contemporary the Wady Halfa News, that the result of our unselfish conduct is to make our columns dull and insipid. To this groundless charge we answer—with pride—that the people of our adopted town rally round us in increasing numbers and that hardly a year passes without our receiving another subscriber.

In pursuance of our custom of educating our readers in those interesting subjects which are not made bitter by local differences, we propose to-day to say a few words with regard to the history of Wady Halfa, and to remind our fellow citizens of some of the great events which have raised it to its proud pre-eminence among the cities of the world.

It is more than 6,000 years since the natural advantages and verdant beauties of the situation led

to its selection as a residence by some æsthetic Arabs. For many years it remained a mere rural village, with little trade but with a happy people.

While Wady Halfa was in its infancy, not yet being 2,000 years old, Rameses II., being weary of large building contracts, from which he had drawn considerable profits, and suffering somewhat from gout, was recommended to try a change of air. Being fortunate enough to obtain a Cook's ticket, with hotel coupons attached he reached Wady Halfa in safety, and was agreeably fascinated by its appearance and scenery. Being prompt in all his actions he interviewed the Sheikh of the village, and made him partner in a scheme for building a series of magnificent terraces, baths, and public buildings, all of which—like most of the work of this eminent builder—remain to this day. The mansion which is now used as head-quarter office was his favorite palace; and the present hospital shrouded the dusky beauties who formed his harem. It was not long before the reputation of the new city spread far and wide and every house was let; but the collection, and the subsequent division of rents with the Sheikh, occupied so much of the Monarch's time, which should have been given to the State, that His Majesty, in a spirit of true patriotism, removed his partner's head, and so, greatly simplified his local book-keeping.

Among the records which have always been carefully kept, and may be seen daily in the Kadi's divan, are to be found the names of many distinguished visitors. Alexander the Great came frequently to visit—and if possible to conquer—Rameses, but invariably left, overpowered by the fascinations of the latter, and the strength of his fetters. Julius Cæsar always had a knife and fork at the royal table, but would at times complain unreasonably that he had nothing more. It was always a grievance with Pompey that his pillar was not erected at Wady Halfa; but Rameses used to say to his courtiers that it was bad enough to have to put up with Pompey, without having to stand his pillar. Xenophon's march was in Nubia, not in Asia; and the cry Thalassa, which at times was extracted from him like a tooth, was merely the name of a daughter of

Rameses whom he loved to madness.

About the beginning of the Christian era, Rameses II began to think it was time to settle down and give up speculation and frivolities. It is a curious coincidence that at this time—on removing his tarboosh one day—he saw a grey hair on his head, and that having made a heavy loss with a cute Greek partner in building the Parthenon, he never so much as built a pyramid again. Some people say that these events led to the change in his life, but there is no record of it in the Proceedings of the Wady Halfa Society, of which he always elected himself chairman.

The news spread over the world that the king had become serious. Crowds of well-meaning men came from England to confirm him in his good intentions. That great and good man, John Bunyan, was one of the first to come; but he made a very poor Pilgrim's Progress of it, and returned discomfited, calling the king a reprobate and a miserable sinner. Dr. Watts was more successful. He came out with Tupper, the author of the well-known work on Proverbial Philosophy; and the king was never the same man again. Some said that Dr. Watts taught him a hymn; and others that Tupper recited to him the whole of his own works. Whatever was the cause, from that day Rameses II began to drivel and strong measures became necessary for his restraint. The end is well known to all. He was built into the face of a rock at Abou Simbel; and as he was known to dislike solitude, his Prime Minister was built in at the same time. REX.

It is the man who has a sea of trouble that has a notion of sorrow.

A West Side lady, who not feeling as well as she might, went to consult a physician.

"Well," said the doctor, after looking at her tongue, feeling of her pulse and asking her sundry questions. "I should advise you, yes, I should advise you—ahem! to go and get married."

"Are you single doctor?" enquired the fair patient with a significant yet modest smile.

"I am mein fraulein; but it is not etiquette you know, for physicians to take the physic they prescribe."—National Weekly.