

POOR DOCUMENT

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Stanley in Africa.

THE EXPLORER HEARD OF IN THE HEART OF THE DARK CONTINENT.

Stanley has been heard from at last, after the world at large had given him up for dead and almost forgotten him. He is in the heart of Africa with a large force of men, white and black, and backed by heavy capitalists, engaged in laying the foundation of some sort of commercial intercourse between the Dark Continent and the civilized world.

Stanley goes on to say that the hardest part of the work is over and that the present year will probably see the task completed. He pays his men liberal wages and they work nine hours a day at no nothing or other, he does not say what Edward King says he is the agent of capitalists which have invested large amounts of capital in opening up sections of Africa.

EMPEROR AND CIRCUS RIDER.—The Empress of Austria deputed a relative of hers now in Paris to lay a floral crown on Emilie Loisset's coffin and to condole with her family.

A Startling Story.

THE PROBABLE FATE OF AN INNOCENT BABY — A MOST CONSUMMATE PIECE OF VILLAINY.

The recent disclosure that baby farming was being carried on very extensively in Ottawa, has both excited and shocked the respectable portion of the community of that and other cities. It was hoped that such a nefarious traffic was confined to Ottawa and Montreal, and that Toronto, at least, was free from its recent events, however, would imply that such is not the case.

French Dominion.—The figures given by Mr. Tasse in his speech on French dominion are quite unfair, and furnish no criterion of the position of nationalities in the Civil Service. For instance, Mr. Tasse said there were no French Canadians in the Finance Department, when there are two. Let us take the highest salaries officials, viz., the deputy heads and those whose salaries are equal or higher than that class:

Thus we find a French total of \$23,400, or only \$4,600 less than all the other Provinces combined, and if we take the total for the Province of Quebec we have an excess of \$9,500 over all the Provinces combined.—Ottawa Free Press

The Edmonton Boom.

Some poet it was who said that when Venus is his friend, but may be, that rule won't hold good in these days when dimples are manufactured by art.

Some poet it was who said that when Venus is his friend, but may be, that rule won't hold good in these days when dimples are manufactured by art. For there is a place on O'Farrell street in this city where dimples are made to order. I went there last week out of curiosity. It was shown into a parlor somewhat resembling a dentist's operating room. There was a glass case full of bottles, washes and wigs and a regular dentist's chair that suggested a world of comfort. This sign was displayed over the fire place: "M. Alphonse Fontaine, Improver and Beautifier, from Paris."

The Smallest Baby Alive.—A gentleman from Canclaria in Ontario us that the smallest baby in the world was born in that camp on the 3rd inst. The father is a miner in the Northern Belle mine, and weighs 160 pounds. The mother is a stout, hearty woman and weighing barely a 160 pounds. The child is a male, as per report, and upon its birth it only weighed eight ounces. Its face is about the size of a horse-chestnut and the size of its limbs can be imagined when we say that a ring worn on the little finger of its mother was easily slipped over the foot nearly to the knee. Our informant states that he is of the opinion of the attending physician that the child will live and flourish in good health, notwithstanding diminutive proportions. The midwife is so small that three of its size could play hide and seek in a cigar box. This is believed to be the smallest baby ever born.—Barren (Newada) Appeal.

A Remarkable Plot.—A despatch to the Vienna Presse from Moscow states that a man named Kobosoff Bogdanowitch recently submitted to the authorities a plan for the illumination of the Kremlin with electric light. Inquiries were instituted and it was discovered that the intention was to blow up the whole Kremlin during the festivities attending the coronation of the Czar. At the man's residence there were found a number of peasants' caps, the crowns of which were filled with explosive material. It is supposed that these caps were intended to be thrown into the air in greeting to the Czar, and that on falling to the ground their contents would have the effect of bombs. Bogdanowitch and 300 nihilists have been arrested.

Dimples Manufactured to Order.

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The Late Lord Cavendish.—The following is a sketch of the late Lord Cavendish, who was assassinated on Saturday last will be of interest:—Lord Frederick Charles Cavendish, although comparatively a young man, is an ardent Liberal, and once of a very branched type in politics generally, and I presume on the land question also. He was the second son of the 7th Duke of Devonshire by Lady Blanche, 4th daughter of the 6th Earl of Carlisle. He was born at Compton Place, Eastbourne, in 1846, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He married in 80, the Hon. Lucy Caroline, 2nd daughter of the 4th Baron Lytton. His life was largely an official one. He was private secretary to Lord Granville from 1870 till 1874, and held the same relation to Mr. Gladstone from July, 1872, to August, 1873, when he was appointed a Lord of the Treasury, and held the position till February, 1874, when the Government resigned. On the advent of the Liberal's to power he was appointed Financial Secretary to the Treasury in April, 1880. He sat for the north-west riding of Yorkshire since July, 1865, and was elected at the last general elections by a 3,678 majority over the first Conservative candidate. In politics he is described as a Liberal, in favor of the "total abolition of church rates and complete religious liberty." His Lordship's career had so far been a distinguished one, and calculated to give him a vast amount of departmental knowledge and training. That he had been selected for the position which so well known a statesman as Mr. Forster failed to successfully fill is an indication of the high esteem in which he was held by his leader and colleagues. His Lordship owned no land of any extent in his own name, but the Devonshire family, as represented by the present Duke, are large landholders not only in England but in Ireland. The Duke of Devonshire holds 22,776 acres in the county of Cork, 3 acres in the county of Tipperary, and 27,540 acres in the county of Waterford, representing an aggregate rent roll of £31,698 per annum.

English Sparrows.

In 1860 Mr. Eugene Schieffelin, of New York, imported a dozen English sparrows, and set them free near Madison square, and this he did for several successive years. This example was followed by the park commissioners of New York, and a number of private parties of that city, who imported the birds from Germany, and in 1882 the city government of Boston introduced "passer" in that city.

The first two hundred of the Boston importation died. "Passer" is a poor seaman, in fact is no traveler, and the whole lot of natives and connections turned their scrappy toes to heaven and gave up the ghost. More were brought over from the Teutonic fatherland the next summer, but either the sea voyage or the immense difference between the New England Sabbath and a German Sunday was too much for the u, and in a short time all died except ten stout little fellows. These ten were stoutly cared for, and only given their liberty when the round little bodies and saucy chirp showed they were feeling pretty well, thank you. Nothing was heard from the ten in the following summer the when it was discovered that, with true Teutonic disdain of being cared for by a parental government, they had taken up quarters near some stables in the southern part of the city, where flies and oats were plenty. Here under congenial conditions they flourished and swarmed, and soon sent out colonies in course of time, for in the following summer the ten are said to have increased to 150, though how the impudent, restless fowl was induced to stand and be counted is not narrated. About the same time a score were let loose in Monumental Square, Charlestown. A thousand birds were imported in 1869 by the city government of Philadelphia. These scattered immediately, and the flock which entered Germantown signalled its arrival and got itself immediately into bad order by robbing the cherry trees of their blood. Bard, Brewer and Ridgeway's "History of North American birds" says: "At the time of their introduction the shade trees in the parks and squares of New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Newark and other places were greatly infested with the larvae of the meadow worms that destroyed their foliage; since then these worms has almost entirely disappeared. A doubt has been expressed whether the sparrows destroy these insects. That they eat them in the larva form I do not know, but to their destruction of the chrysalis, the moth and the eggs, I can testify, having been an eyewitness to the act. Now that the sparrow is a familiar object to us all, many can testify to the same fact. Though the sparrow was introduced here about 1871, the worms continued to be a nuisance for several years until the increase of the sparrows insured the extinction of the worm. During those years, at a certain part of the summer, the air was full of small, light yellow moths. It was by destroying these moths, each of which was good for numerous eggs, that the sparrow earned our gratitude. He did not invade the castle of silk which the worm had erected on every bush and entangle his short bill in its affixating web, but he devoured the fly in its mass, and I picked off the eggs at his leisure. He is the true preserver. He should be an honorary member of the forestry convention."

Eighty-one Miles in Eighty-three Minutes.—The fastest time ever made in this country by a train of three passenger cars was made on Saturday afternoon last, when a party of journalists from Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other places were en route to Cape May over the West Jersey Railroad. The trip of 84 miles was accomplished in 83 1/2 minutes. The run to Millville of 41 miles was made in 42 minutes. Many of the miles, especially after Millville had been passed, were covered in less than 50 seconds. The engine accomplishing this work was No. 22, in charge of Harry R. Inhart. This trip formally opened the season at the Cape.

When Queen Victoria entered London as a bride she wore a white bonnet, which conformed with the Parisian style of the day. To every new daughter-in-law she has presented a facsimile of this white bonnet, and the piece of headgear has been worn by every one of them upon their entrance into the metropolis. The grotesqueness of style may be fancied, and it is said that all the daughters-in-law have looked as miserable as widows riding in funeral procession when obliged to don the unbecoming bonnet.

An Old Time Outlaw.

JOHN A. MURRELL, THE GREAT ROBBER OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

The death of Jesse James in Missouri, and the frequent reference to his robberies and to his notoriety as "the most conspicuous and formidable" scoundrel of the Schindlerbanes and Cartouche type ever known in this country, may suggest to some of the News readers, with long memories, that forty years ago or more there was a robber, and a ban I organized and directed by him on the lower Mississippi, more famous than Jesse or Frank James, or the "Blue Owl" gang, more dreaded, more wide reaching in crime, and far more bloody, for they made it a rule to leave no victim to become a witness. John A. Murrell was a name of terror from the mouth of the Ohio to the Yazoo, and far back in the interior of the States bordering the Mississippi, on the east side. The west side was too wild a wood for travelers or robbers in those days, but the east was beset for hundreds of miles along the roads leading northward from New Orleans, which were largely traveled by dealers from the North, who had taken down droves of horses or flatboat loads of grain or pork or whisky. The depredateions were not confined to the land, by any means, but unsuspecting "breech-loaders" were captured and pillaged and their crews fed to the fish, while tied up at night out of the way of steamers and rafts that might sink them in a fog. It is said that the Murrell gang had hiding places in caves and stored their plunder in them. Western Tennessee was said to be their favorite ground, but they ranged from the north of the Mississippi to the Ohio. Many efforts were made to capture the leader and break up the band, without effect, till an adventurous young fellow named Virgil Stewart, an "outlaw" of his own motion, partly to clear the country of a terror, and partly to employ his superabundant energy and skill. He became a member of the gang and continued so for some considerable time—a year or two, possibly more, and finally trapped the greatest villain ever known on the American Continent since the days of the buccaneer chiefs, Bonhomme and Morgan. He was sent to the penitentiary at Nashville for a long term on conviction of robbery, it is to be presumed, as a conviction of murder would have hung him. It may have been that no legal evidence of direct participation in murder could be advanced even by his captor, however complete might have been the moral certainty of his guilt. Stewart published an account of his adventures in a large pamphlet forty years ago or thereabouts. The robber-chief died in the penitentiary, or at least all events, before he got a chance to resume his old career, even if he had been so disposed. There are, no doubt, persons in this city who retain an accurate recollection of the man's adventures and notoriety.—Indianapolis News.

How pleasant it is to gaze on the innocent amusement of happy childhood! There is little Johnny playing besides the newly-painted fence. He draws his little dainty finger over the moist surface, making beautiful arabesques and undecipherable hieroglyphics that would set an antiquary into hysterics of joy. Johnny's new suit is made picturesque by its borrowings from the fence, and his face and hands are effectively disguised in the pigment. Happy, careless, innocent childhood! How eagerly she seizes her darling! How closely she hugs him in her fond embrace! Now she has disappeared with her laughing within doors. What are those sounds which issue thence? It is Johnny's voice. Is he laughing merrily over the remembrance of his recent sport? Possibly; but it does not sound like laughter. Again we see happy, happy childhood!

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