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CHIGNECTO POST AND BORDERER.
SACKVILLE, N. B., SEPT. 7, 1882.

The Lepers of Tracadie.

How the Disease Originated—its Symptoms and its Victims—Their Treatment and Their Daily Life, and Awaiting Death—Peter Neale's Fate—God Help Me Why Can't I Get Well?

From the N. Y. Sun.

CONTINUED.

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 lame some. He is now in the hospital, and the neighbors shun the place as though it was the nest of a pestilence.

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 was 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 waited 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 man's family of French 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 at 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 on. 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 desired. Three of the lepers play the violin, and each appears to be ambitious to excel the others. 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 red-hot stove, and was seriously burned, without the least sensation. Cut with the knife, bleed, but give no pain. At times the skin seems to be filled with steel filings. Then it cracks open, and the bone and gradually shrinks away. When the liver and lungs become seriously affected, the patient wastes away with all the symptoms of consumption. He dies with 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 washer woman 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 is an oratory, where the afflicted say their prayers on retiring and arising. The walls are covered with pictures of saints and religious motives 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, accustomed as they are to no distinction some of them from ordinary persons.

As we entered the main ward of the unfortunate were arising from dinner. There 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 board man clad in a blue woollen shirt turned his face from us, picked up a short black clay pipe, and moved into the sunlight through the open door. Poor fellow, his assistance were his own, and he sought no sympathy from the outer world. He was Michael Duaron, the lone fisherman, who expressed the fear of being alone some before entering the lazaretto. The windows were open and a cool breeze from the sea was felt.

There were ten other males in the ward. All but the miserable being on the bed ranged themselves in line with bowed heads and dejected countenances. Two were mere boys 11 and 12 years old. One was suffering from leprosy of the face. His face was a fringed outgrowth. 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 straight-forward way. He was 28 years old, a wood-chopper and farmhand.

"You seem surprised to see me here," he said, "because you see no marks of the disease. Look at my hands," showing me his palms. All the lines of his hands seem to have been frosted 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 temple, and then said: "All your doubts would be removed if you saw my body. This spring I was lagging in the northwest branch of the Miramichi. One night when I was going to bed near Cunard's I saw a yellow spot on my leg. I paid no attention to it, supposing that it came from wading so much in the cold water and frost. The next day afterwards another spot appeared near the first one. I began to have strange pains in my legs, and could not get enough sleep. Within a week I noticed a spot on my breast. The more I 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 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 pile of Parisian journals. While grateful for the little tobacco given them by the Sisters, he spoke of its poverty. "They buy it at Portugal," 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. Sisters 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 a spiteful energy, and extended two withered stumps, accompanying the action with bitter words. She had no hands. Her heart was touched by our expressions of sympathy. She was the woman released from Shellbrook Island forty years ago under the supposition that she had been cured. She called to her daughter, a pleasant faced woman, 24 years old. Her fingers were withering, losing the joints one by one, the same as her mother's had done. In the dormitory we saw a female dwarf only 28 years old. She looked to be 90. Her eyes were sightless, and her face misshapen 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 good-bye 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 latticed 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 ranges shone with stove polish, there was not a grease spot on the clothes of any of the lepers, the aprons and kerchiefs of the women were as snow, and the windows were as clean as the plate glass of Simpson, Crawford & Simpson's store. The apartments were simple but attractive. Delicate efforts at ornamentation bespoke the excessive care of the Sisters. There is only one impediment to the comfort of the beings buried alive. It is the parsimony of Sir John G. Macdonald's Government. The buildings disgrace the five millions of people who are taxed to support his Government. The ceilings are low, and the rooms are ill ventilated. The Sisters work to great disadvantage. All that they receive is spent upon the inmates. 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 man and woman 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, hat 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 toward 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 the boys had shown. It was a small sum to create so much interest in so wretched a being. It 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, hardworking 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 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 bath 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 scurf. If I was doctored for the black scurf 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 think 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's not 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 then. The Sisters have changed all that. I have no word of complaint against them. God bless them, they do all they can. We are standing at the end of the lane. Church was out, and a cloud of dust indicated the march of the church-goers' 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 so long. 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. Z.

The Land of Goshen.

The field of Sir Garnet Wolseley's operations is the celebrated Land of Goshen. The site of Ramesses, says the London News, is not a settled point; that was where the Israelites started from in the Exodus; the first march was to Succoth, the word means "tents," so it was probably only a camping ground. It was on the edge of the wilderness, or the desert; hence two marches brought them out of the black land of Khom, and into the sandy region. Pihahiroth, the next journey, was between Migdol and the sea, over against Bani Zephon. The maps given in Bibles generally place these names along the line from near Cairo to Suez, which will correspond with the Haj route of the present day, and the pilgrims when they start from Cairo to cross the desert, as they go in a body, bear many characteristics which suggest a resemblance to the account in Scripture of the Exodus. As these pilgrims pass by this line there is no reason against the supposition that the Hebrews went by it; but a better acquaintance with the geography of Egypt has led to the telegraphic route, which is a more likely route has been found to the north of the Haj road. This is by the Wadi Tomet or Tameyat, which passes east from Zagazig by Tel-el-Kebir toward Ismailia. A distance of about 50 miles on this line would have brought them to the Red Sea, which is supposed to have then extended up to the Bitter Lakes, which was undoubtedly at some former period a part of the Red Sea, and an old branch of the Nile, supposed to have at one time flowed through this valley, parts of it are yet green; trees can grow, and there is still water found in it, so that it was a line to be preferred to that of the Haj route. M. De Lesseps, who, like his father, is an Egyptian, and particularly with this valley, as the sweet water canal flows through it, came to the conclusion that this was the route followed at the Exodus.

THE SITE OF RAMESSES.

From some status found at Abu-Keshey, a place near to Maxima, which has been lately mentioned in the fable 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 toward 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 the boys had shown. It was a small sum to create so much interest in so wretched a being. It 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, hardworking Noel done that his fate should be so much different from theirs?

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are also found by Brugsch Bey in the north-eastern portion of the Delta. Migdol being one well known on maps, which is the same as Magdala, Theodore's fortress in Abyssinia, the word meaning a tower or citadel. This place is twelve miles north-east of Kantara, on the Suez Canal. This site was on a thin shore of the Mediterranean, and it is in the Serbonian Lake, a long strip of water to the east of the ancient Pelusium, that Brugsch Bey supposes the disaster occurred to the hosts of Pharaoh. It will no doubt rather startle most readers to find that the Red Sea is thus entirely left out, but the advocates of this theory contend that the distinctive theory which characterizes the Red Sea does not occur in the narrative. In the Hebrew it was called the Jam Suph, or "Sea of Weeds." Now, in the story of Pharaoh's destruction the word "suph" (reeds) is

left out, and the word for sea alone is used. It is only in the Song of Moses that it is called the "Jam Suph" (Exodus xv. 4), and its application here Brugsch Bey and his followers have to assume is an accident.

Returning again to the more generally accepted Land of Goshen, we find at its western end a recognized site which is mentioned in Scripture. In Ezekiel, xxx., 17, it is stated that the young men of Aven and of Pi-beeth shall fall by the sword, and these cities shall go into captivity. If this should chance to be an unfulfilled prophecy, it is not likely to remain so very long. Pi-beeth will, in all probability, be one of the first objective points of our troops acting on the eastern side of Egypt. Pi-beeth was Pa-Bast, which the Greeks rendered Bubastus, the name being derived from a goddess who was worshipped at a place, called Pasht, and whose statues with the head of a lioness are plentiful in the British Museum. On the mounds left by the city there is now an important railway station called Zagazig. Most travellers through Egypt will remember this station from its large refreshment room. It is here that the lines from Alexandria, Cairo, and Suez meet, and from this it may be looked upon as the key of the railway system of the delta. More important still, the supply of fresh water to the Suez Canal can be restored at this point, so that, in possession will be of the highest importance. "Aven" is Heliopolis and the name was given in contempt by the Prophet Ezekiel, as it means "Nothingness." It has no strategic importance like Zagazig, but as it is close to Cairo it may come within the field of operations. All that remains of this celebrated city and its magnificent temple are mounds of earth and one solitary obelisk erected by Osiris.

BETWEEN HELIOPOLIS AND ZAGAZIG there is an interesting spot connected with the latter Jewish history. It is called "Tel-el-Yahoodi," or "The Mound of the Jew." In Josephus, b. xiii., c. 3, will be found an account of it. Onias, son of the high priest of the temple of Jerusalem, got permission from Ptolemy to erect a synagogue at Tel-el-Yahoodi, which should be like the one in Jerusalem. Josephus says it was more inferior. Still, such a temple was constructed, with priests and a service the same as the Jews were accustomed to. The place was known as Tel-el-Yahoodi, and a temple had stood there, and a place of Ramesses III. existed at it, all of which was in ruins when Onias constructed his temple, which also is now gone, and nothing but mounds are left to mark the spot. Onias, in his letter to Ptolemy, remains in favor of his proposal the prophecy in Isaiah xix., 19—"In that day there shall be an altar in the midst of the land in Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord." These words are solemnly acknowledged by Ptolemy and Cleopatra as being the inducement which caused them to accept the grant. This temple attracted Jews, and there were other cities in the district where they predominated, but little is known regarding them.

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ON and after MONDAY, the 3rd July, the Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE SACKVILLE:
Express for St. John and Quebec, 12.12 a.m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 4.00 a.m.
Accommodation for Moncton, 8.45 a.m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 1.04 p.m.
Express for St. John & P. du Chene, 2.12 p.m.
Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill, 3.54 p.m.

WILL LEAVE DORCHESTER:
Express for St. John and Quebec, 12.36 a.m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 3.35 a.m.
Accommodation for Moncton, 9.23 a.m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 12.37 p.m.
Express for St. John & P. du Chene, 2.39 p.m.
Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill, 3.10 p.m.

The Express Train from Quebec runs to Halifax and St. John on Sunday morning, and the Express Train from Halifax and St. John runs to Campbellton on Sunday morning.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.
Railway