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SELECT STORY.

HOW IT ENDED.

"Can you listen to me for a few moments?" asked Mrs. Stangrove of her ward and niece, as they sat at work together. "Certainly, aunt. What is it?" asked the girl smiling. The smile, however, vanished as she saw the gravity of her companion's features. "I have long suspected, my child, but lately I have felt quite convinced, that you love Captain Conway."

an explanation of the vignette and the weekly visits. Capt. Conway's complexion went white, then red, first with surprise, after which anger—an anger he could hardly keep within bounds as he inquired: "Mrs. Stangrove, how have you learned this? Who told you?" "I may not say. Enough that the information is correct."

When Margaret read this, the paper dropped from her hand. She covered her face, and felt as though guilty of a great crime. "If he dies," she thought, with a burst of tears, "I shall never forgive myself. Will he not come to see me before he departs?" No. The regiment started, but Arthur Conway made no sign. Margaret felt that all was indeed ended between them.

Progress of the Preparations for War against the Rebels. Public attention is divided as to the intention of the Government to tax India for the expense of bringing over the Indian troops to the theatre of operations. One party alleges that thus the consistency of the Liberals is saved. They pitched into Lord Beaconsfield hotly for doing the same thing during the Russo-Turkish war without leave from Parliament, and also denounced the Tories for employing Indian soldiers to fight in Afghanistan. The cases are not similar. Indian troops had no possible interest in the Afghan imbroglio, which really concerned England only. At the present crisis the direct road to India is threatened with all the commercial advantages belonging thereto. Hence it is India's positive and immediate interest to see the Suez Canal kept clear of enemies and preserve in its integrity of the machinations of Arabi Pasha. The thinking public see and understand the difference between the two cases. The Jingoism and their new and strange bedfellows the Parnellites, will neither see nor understand. The Pall Mall Gazette declares that there is no excuse for charging one penny of the expense of the Egyptian expedition upon the finances of India, except temporarily. If the Government is weak enough to yield to the temptation it will break up. All its members cannot be expected to swallow their words and belie the whole spirit of their previous utterances about the only legitimate application of the Indian taxes.

Mohammed Achmet, the False Prophet of the Soudan, was born in the region of Dongola, on the western bank of the Nile, where it makes its great bend. He was a poor man, a carpenter and boat-builder by trade. He first came into notoriety on the large island at Khartoum, situated about 200 miles south of Khartoum. Here, after the fashion of the fakirs and holy men, he withdrew from society, and devoted himself to prayer and meditation. He soon had a large following, and proclaimed himself the expected prophet and deliverer of the people. He wrote letters all over the country announcing himself and his mission. He was recognized at once as a leader. While many of the more intelligent Moslems repudiated him, others, moved both by religious and political motives, and who, above all, hoped that he would show them some way to escape the payment of their taxes, flocked to his banner. He was secretly encouraged and abetted by enemies of the Government residing at Khartoum. His presence in so commanding a position on the Nile soon became obnoxious to the authorities at Khartoum, and an expedition was organized to dislodge him. A detachment of 120 men of the regular army was sent against him on the island. These men were badly managed, and, although they were armed with the best make of Remington rifles, while Mohammed Achmet and his band had only their spears, they were killed one after the other as fast as they landed, till not one of the 120 was left. Not a shot was fired. It was a slaughter like the sticking of so many pigs. The steamer with its crew and one or two officers escaped back to Khartoum with the sad news. Of course, after this exploit, Mohammed Achmet knew this it would not do for him with his present forces to remain where he was. He therefore gathered together all his following—men, women, and children, cattle and provisions—crossed the Nile to the left bank, and fled to a wild mountain called Gebel Gedir, 200 miles south west of the Island of Abbas, and about ninety miles north west of the penal colony and military station at Fashoda. Here, in an easily defended and almost inaccessible mountain, he took up his abode. The Baggara Arabs, the former slave-hunters of the White Nile, now began to flock to his standard in great numbers. This large tribe is noted for its restless, lawless, unruly spirit. It was the policy of the Government to let the rebels alone, now that they had left the river, thinking that they would soon lose their zeal and disperse for want of provisions. But a new Governor of Fashoda had been appointed who considered it his duty to signalize his loyalty by organizing another expedition against the rebels. Contrary to orders from Khartoum, he gathered the military forces from Kaka, Fashoda, and the station at the mouth of the Sobat; in all, 600 soldiers of the regular army. With these he joined 200 men of the large native tribe of the Shillouks, under the King of Shillouks—300 men all told. With these he marched six days across the desert by forced marches. On the seventh day, when the men were all tired out from the long march and utterly unfit for action, they met the enemy. Mohammed Achmet was again victorious. The fight was turned into a slaughter. Sixty men were taken prisoners by the rebels; only twenty escaped by running for it; and all the rest were slain. The Governor of Fashoda and the King of the Shillouks were both killed.

A "Natural Philosopher" writes to the London Daily News: "Without aspiring to the title of Mr. Pangloss, I believe I may say I have discovered a cure for sleeplessness. To count innumerable sheep is a sort of wool-gathering that with me leads to nothing—a going for wool and coming home shorn of sheep. I say the alphabet backward awakens so many dancing figures of great A, little A, and bouncing B as set my wits on edge, instead of soothing them. Such praiseworthy processes of the mind requires supplementing by a bodily process. This proud discovery is made. Marry the mind to the body as in healthy sleep, and the deed is done. This is my process: Think of sleep if your mind runs that way; of any innocent and soothing whiteness, of snow, of waves, of falling or of dancing feet or leaves, or of wind on the grass or the corn. It is my peculiar fancy to be among books, to pass by shelf after shelf of them, punctually turning their backs upon me; the mere thought of the uncertainty of their pages would be fatal to my repose. Having set my fancy wondering, I take the forefinger of my right hand and describe a circle; and thus turning over in my mind books and circles, it will go hard with me if the one does not presently melt into the other and the whole into a dream. I maintain sleep must follow if this process is carried on with strength of mind to sternly check all the quitting of those two great points, a congenial walk for the fancy and persistence in describing circles. But the jade fancy must not turn aside nor must the hand swerve. Circle must follow circle, book must follow book, like the strokes of a pendulum. The mind, Dr. Baird would say, becomes hypnotized and care and sorrow lose themselves in death's twin-brother, sleep. Like every other great art this is not to be reached in a day. But patience will bring it about. The first night it will be impossible; the second it will be hard. Honest and persevering experiment will testify that a week will make practice a fact."

The Algona Election. Hon. William McDougall, who was defeated by Mr. Dawson in the recent contest in Algona, has some idea of entering a protest, and should he do so on the grounds mentioned, the boundary problem will very shortly be brought before the Courts. The contention of Mr. McDougall is that affixed Province representation is given in the Dominion Parliament and that no Act of Parliament can transfer territory, or even a vote, from one Province to another. The last decision in the Courts on the western boundary of Ontario was that given in the DeReinart Quebec case, tried in 1818 at Quebec, when the boundary was defined as being the meridian of the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, which strikes the north shore of Lake Superior at a point between Thunder Cape and Prince Arthur's Landing. West of this line Mr. McDougall contends that Parliament had no right to add territory for electoral purposes to the District of Algona, which is the Province of Ontario. Mr. Dawson's large majorities are west of this point, and Mr. McDougall believes that east of that the majority of legal votes cast for his opponent would be small if any majority at all existed. Should the official returns show a majority for him east of the line referred to Mr. McDougall will himself enter a protest. If there is a majority for Dawson a protest can be entered by any elector, but Mr. McDougall will scarcely follow it up himself. In the event of the protest being successful on the grounds stated, a new election would be necessary. Should the protest go on a curious spectacle would be presented—Mr. McDougall, who favors the Ontario contention in the boundary question, would be found fighting for the recognition of the boundary he has always disputed, while Sir John and Mr. Dawson would also find themselves fighting on new ground.

DRIFTING INTO WAR.—In answer to the allegation that England had "drifted into war" in Egypt as she "drifted into war" in the Crimea, Mr. Gladstone pointed out in Parliament that there was not a more singular example on record of the manner in which a particular phrase obtains currency in defiance of facts than the constant and everywhere established use of the word "drifting." What is the history of that word, he asked, in reference to the Crimean War? It is simply this, that at the moment when the war was on the point of breaking out, when all diplomatic correspondence had ceased, and when the whole policy of the Government in its endeavor to prevent the war had failed, Lord Clarendon was asked—I think by Lord Lyndhurst in the House of Lords—what was our actual position at that moment. Lord Clarendon said:—"All correspondence and all practical attempts for the maintenance of peace have ceased, and we are at this moment, if I may so say, drifting into war." This "drifting into war" was strictly confined to two or three days which intervened between the policy aiming at peace and the policy which led to war.













