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NO. 10.

## Circumstantial Evidence.

A STORY TOLD BY THE SHERIFF.

A half dozen of us were waiting in a dreary station, at North Bessimer, on the upper peninsula of Michigan. This building was the only one in sight, and the wind in the dreary, snow-laden pines sighed mournfully over the rocky hills. We were in the region where the murderous bandit Holzshay had done his bloody deeds; and some of us had interviewed the assassin in the strong protection of Marquette prison.

Naturally enough the conversation had turned upon ghosts and murders, and one of the legislative prison committee had been relating a case of circumstantial evidence in which, too late, the unfortunate prisoner was proved innocent.

Silence followed. It seemed as if the yarns were all spun, with possible hours of waiting in an almost fireless room before the train arrived.

Over this crisis a great mass of coonskin overcoats stretched out upon the one bench of the room became agitated, and from beneath was evoked a powerfully built, middle-aged man—the Sheriff of Houghton county—who had seemed to sleep all through the cheerless hours, oblivious of the cold and the blood-curdling stories.

"Speaking of circumstantial evidence and ghosts," he said, without any preliminaries, "reminds me of a thing that happened in England when I was a boy. That was a good many years ago, and I had almost forgotten it.

"My mother, a widow, lived some miles out from Manchester, toward Stockport, but branching off on the London road. It was a lonely country place, but little villages were not far off in all directions. A mile or so back was a hamlet called Cheadle, and a little past our place was a little village named School's Hill. We lived back a short distance from the main London road, which was a great thoroughfare, on a small farm.

"Perhaps half a mile in the other direction from the turnpike, but in plain sight, was a great old house, deserted and lonely. The windows were shattered and the chimneys badly tumbled in. There were old gardens and orchards around the house, where some flowers and fruit could be seen; but the children never molested them, for the house was haunted—at least so it was said.

"A clear stream, fringed with bushes, flowed a little beyond the house, and here I passed a good many hours in fishing; but I generally kept an eye on my line and the other looking out for danger.

"Beside the hedge-bordered highway, between Cheadle and School's Hill, was a raised sidewalk for foot passengers. This was composed of earth, covered over thickly with coal-cinders. Many a time I enjoyed a stroll on this walk beside a hedge that in spring and summer was a mass of blossoms of the various kinds of thorn.

"One summer morning a terrible thing was discovered in our quiet neighborhood.

"Mrs. Gill's little girl, playing along the walk beside the hedge, came upon the dead body of Mr. Thomas Owens, lying in a pool of his own blood. Terrified by the horrible sight she ran and told her mother, who lived only a few hundred yards distant; and the constable and coroner were summoned. The neighbors were soon there—my mother and myself among the number. The poor old man had been killed by a number of stabs from some sharp instrument, and his throat cut.

"No one could give any clue to the bloody deed—which was done for robbery as the man's pocket was turned inside out and the purse known to contain just two shillings and seven pence the night before, was missing—except one trifling incident. Mrs. Gill had noticed a middle-aged man—Mr. John Rowelson—passing her house early in the morning. Rowelson lived near Cheadle, and went every morning to milk some cows at School's Hill, for a gentleman living in Stockport. He was a quiet, industrious, honest man, and the only hope seemed to be that he might give some information. He was found at his milking, but denied utterly all knowledge of the affair. This was astonishing, as he was known to have passed the place, and could not have done so without seeing the body.

"He was taken into custody, and a search of his pockets revealed a startling circumstance. A pocket-knife was found on him smeared with blood, partly wiped off, which microscopic experts declared to be from a human being. Boot tracks were found passing around the dead body and Rowelson's boots fitted them precisely.

"It was all circumstantial evidence, but conclusive and convincing.

"I shall always remember the frightened and despairing look of the man when he was arraigned for the awful crime; but for a long time he clung to his statement.

"At last he weakened, and gave this account:

"As he went to work on that fatal morning he came upon the body of the murdered man, who was well known to him. His first impulse was to run and give the alarm. But cautiousness prevailed, telling him he might be accused of the crime; and he went around and passed on. Perhaps thirty yards from the spot he picked a knife with the blade open. He found it up without observing any blood, and put it in his pocket.

"This he solemnly declared to be the whole truth of his connection with the deed. The man's previous good character pleaded for him, and, moreover, the surgeons testified that Mr. Owens must have been dead several hours when Rowelson was seen to pass. Beside, neither money nor purse were found on him.

"But the reiterated falsehood; the bloody knife; the improbability of an innocent man thus going past; the possibility that after committing the deed he might have lingered, or even turned back, and afterward have gone to his work all weighed irresistibly against him.

"The judge, in passing sentence upon him, after the jury had brought a verdict of guilty, stated the matter fairly, regretting that circumstantial evidence only should be held to be sufficient to hang a man of former veracity and good character. No reprieve or commutation could be obtained.

"Rowelson was hung at Stockport, protesting his innocence to the last. His heartbroken wife eked out a living for her little children as best she could, and the case passed out of the public mind.

"It must have been a year or more after these events, when our quiet community was much disturbed by a series of petty robberies. Detection seemed impossible. Wearing apparel, and eatables especially disappeared; the chicken roosts were despoiled in a way that worried the good farm-wives greatly.

"Police and detectives were alike at fault, when the whole country was again startled by a cold-blooded murder and robbery, only a few miles from Cheadle, in a lonely spot.

"This time no clue could be obtained, although rewards were offered and the best detectives employed.

"One day in autumn I was sitting behind a clump of alders, fishing in the stream before mentioned, near the haunted house. The fish were not enthusiastic, and by degrees I got sleepy. Suddenly the squawk of a hen roused me, and, following the sound with my eyes, I saw, near the old house, a man with a chicken hanging by the legs from each hand.

"A thought flashed into my mind. That was where the chickens had gone.

"As soon as he disappeared, I skipped along the stream, keeping behind the bushes; and hurrying home, told my mother.

"The officers were informed, and that night a force of constables entered the ruins and captured two men asleep in their lair.

"I had the satisfaction of revenge on the thieves who stole my chickens; but this was not all. A general assortment of articles was found in the house, and, among others, the effects of the man last murdered, and the very weapon that was shown to have done the deed. The little purse which had held Mr. Owens' trifling sum of money was also found in the pocket of one of them; and, to make a long matter short, he owned up to committing both murders, with the knowledge and connivance of the other. The assassin's cunning policy of flinging away the bloody knife, and Rowelson's blind cupidly in picking up, had cost the latter his life.

"I saw the man hung at Stockport—the first and last hanging I ever witnessed—and I must confess that in my boyish way I felt more satisfaction on bringing retribution on the chicken thieves than on the murderer. The other one was transported for life.

"The head villain in his speech on the scaffold declared that on the day when Mr. Rowelson was hung, his conscience urged him to go and save his victim by making a clean breast of it. He went to Stockport, but at the last moment his heart failed him, and he watched the hanging in silence.

"Unfortunately, the innocent victim was beyond recall. But all England was shocked at the judicial murder of Mr. Rowelson, and the day of circumstantial evidence alone was done. The sad widow and her disgraced and orphaned little ones had a pension granted them, which was, no doubt, a scanty compensation for all their suffering and despair."

"Did I get the reward? Oh no! I was the only son of a poor widow. The officials got the money. But I must say that I got great praise and a handsome present."

## Washington.

Ninety-one years have rolled away since the death of George Washington. During that long period many brilliant reputations have shone upon us for a while, only to fade away and lapse into oblivion. His name retains all its interest for us, and probably more people have been particularly occupied of late with his career, its relics and its records than ever before.

At the great sale of Washington mementos, held a few weeks ago in Philadelphia, the prices paid even for trifling objects once possessed by the great man and his family were extraordinary.

A legal document relating to the execution of his will, which his hand had never touched, brought fifty dollars, and an autograph letter eighty-five.

A list of his slaves, written and signed by his own hand, brought eight hundred dollars. His family Bible was sold for seven hundred and sixty dollars, and books from his library, containing his signature or that of his wife, commanded prices varying from sixty dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars each.

Pieces of piano music, which had been played by Miss Custis, brought considerable sums, and a dinner invitation was sold for eighteen dollars.

The sale attracted universal attention, and every one lamented that the whole collection had not been bought by Congress and deposited at Mount Vernon, where it could have been seen by every pilgrim to that sacred shrine.

There is a special reason for this vivid survival of his celebrity, apart from his services to his country, and his singularly varied and interesting career.

From his boyhood to the last week of his life, he was a profuse writer. As soon as he could write well enough, he kept a book into which he copied anything that pleased or impressed him in his reading; and carefully entered his early ephemerals and surveys in a book that is preserved to the present day.

During his first journey in the wilderness of Virginia, when he was but sixteen, he kept a pretty full journal of his events, though the task could not have been easy on such a tramp.

In a similar way, but in greater detail, he recorded his early marches and campaigns, one of which was published both in England and America.

From the day when he took command of the Revolutionary Army at Cambridge, his own letters official documents are the imperishable record of his public actions, as well as the most correct exhibition of his character.

His own writings must ever remain the true record of his life. Nothing can refute or supersede them. His confidential letters to his brother, to his secretary, to his steward and to his servants, as well as the more formal epistles addressed to the President of Congress, all tell the same story and exhibit the same man, one who was intent on discharging every trust, and fulfilling every duty with punctuality and completeness.—Ex.

## Mrs. Geo. Rendle.

Mrs. Geo. Rendle, of Galt, Ont., writes: "I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for it is a sure cure for all summer complaints. We are never without it in the house. Fowler's Wild Strawberry. Price, 35c."

## The Downfall of Lesseps.

Surely no preacher has had a better theme than is furnished by the miserable close of the life-work of Ferdinand de Lesseps. It is little more than twenty years since the Suez Canal was opened, Lesseps was the hero of the day. The patience and courage with which he had vanquished all obstacles and the objections of such engineers as Robert Stephenson lauded throughout the world. Queen Victoria showered on him a profusion of insignia, stars and titular initials. France gave him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. The Geographical Society presented him with money and made him its president. The Academy delighted to honor him. America swelled the pean of his praise. His house became the centre of Parisian idolatry. His afternoon ride in the Champs Elysées was that of a conquering hero. And to-day, his work at Panama failing, he is reviled by those who were wont to flatter him. He is threatened with prosecution. He is called the despoiler of his country. Shattered in mind and body, his fortune wrecked, he has nothing left to him but the memory of his glory and the love of his devoted family.

## Napier.

Sir Charles Napier was famous even as a boy, for a surprising recklessness of courage, which was brought into full play during the soldier's after career. The three Napier brothers were, at school, the natural leaders of their mates, and their daily departure for home was an event which the villagers assembled to witness.

There were pigs in the Irish town of Celbridge, where the Napiers lived—tall, gaunt animals with wide, flapping ears, and long legs that could gallop over the ground. Mounted on the backs of these lean agile hogs, the Napier boys were wont to career homeward, with scholars and pig-owners following in hot pursuit.

One day, when Charles had become a young soldier, he was out shooting with his brother George. Charles fired at a snipe, and the bird dropped, though at a distance, across a deep ditch. In jumping this ditch, the boy fell, and fractured his leg so badly that the bone protruded from the flesh, above his boot.

His gun had fallen at some distance, and he crawled up to recover it, and then succeeded in reaching the snipe. When his brother came running up, deadly pale at the sight of the wounded leg, the fallen sportsman cheerfully said:

"Yes, George, I have broken my leg, but I've got the snipe."

Thus it was through life. Sir Charles Napier was wounded more than once, in the most sickening manner, and was in his latter days a prey to ill-health, but he always "got his snipe."

After this accident, it was imperatively necessary that the young soldier should take a long rest, and his General advised an extended leave of absence. To this Napier would not listen, and as soon as his leg was fairly healed, he mounted his little cob and rode away to duty, accomplishing more than a hundred miles in one day. It is easy to imagine that he pushed forward mile after mile intent upon proving that, despite what Generals and Doctors might say, he was ready for any fatigue or duty.

This was the true soldier's spirit, which not only served him on the battle-field, but enabled him to meet with patience the trials of life.

## Old Mrs. Hemingway.

A story once told by a famous Methodist minister of a member of his flock in Kentucky will be new to many of our readers.

Brother Jones was a large florid, pompous man, so wrapped in self conceit and arrogance as to be almost intolerable to the other members of the church. One elder after another had remonstrated with him upon his monstrous vanity, and reminded him that such pride was unbecoming a Christian; but he was deaf to hints or rebukes.

At last, after a solemn consultation, it was resolved that the minister should preach a sermon aimed at Brother Jones, and at him only. No word of it was to be applicable to any other man or woman. The rebuke was to be so severe that it was hoped he would be cured of conceit for the rest of his life.

The day came. The church was even more than ordinarily full of people, many of them had come from curiosity; others hoped to see the vain man, who often treated them in a supercilious manner, chagrined and mortified. Some of the more tender-hearted of the congregation stayed at home, not wishing to witness his humiliation.

The sermon began. Brother Jones with a complacent expression of face, disposed himself to listen. The man's infirmity was sketched in bold, severe strokes. He smiled with lofty superiority. As the denunciation became more scathing, his smile deepened with a touch of complacent pity. At the conclusion of the services he swaggered down the aisle. One of the elders joined him.

"What did you think of the sermon, Brother Jones?" he ventured to ask.

"A great effort, sir! But personal. The pastor aimed his shots too directly. Poor old Mrs. Hemingway! I felt sorry for her. But really that woman's conceit is enormous, sir!"

We are all ready to give over the rebukes intended for ourselves to some Mrs. Hemingway.

It is not uncommon in insane asylums for a patient to believe that all his companions are mad while he alone is sane.

Another singular peculiarity of human nature is that we are most keen in detecting in others the very faults that are worst in ourselves.

If we would learn our own defects we must compare ourselves, not with our acquaintances, but with the One perfect model given to the world for all time.

A telegram to Ottawa from the Winnipeg Immigration Agent, states that four cars arrived there on the 9th, and ten on the 10th of re-located settlers from Dakota.

## "Odd Tom."

Old Tom Weit had a habit of doing queer and unexpected things, and thus came to be known as "Odd Tom." Sometimes his oddity appeared in some peculiarity of dress, as when he wore his coat wrong side out, because, as he said, he had "got tired of the looks of the right side." One day Tom went to his next neighbor, Zebah Green, to hire his horse for the day.

"What d'ye want 'im for?" was Zebah's inquiry.

"Oh, jest to go down to the village to do some marketin'," was the answer. "P'raps I might go on afterwards as far as Job Stone's, 'n' look at his oxen."

"Wal, I don't want ye to have 'im," replied Zebah, referring to the horse; "but ye may, jest ter 'commodeate ye, if ye won't go no fu'ther'n jest to the village—ye know that's 'most ten mile."

"Why, of course not," said Tom, "not unless ye're willin'."

"Wal, then, take 'im, but don't ye drive 'im no fu'ther'n the village, or I'll never let ye have 'im agin."

So Tom harnessed the old horse, and started for market. As he passed Zebah's house on his way, he heard, faintly wafted from his neighbor, who stood in the barn door, "Be sure ye don't go no fu'ther'n jest to the village!"

Toward night Tom was seen, laden with bundles, coming slowly up the road from the village—on foot. Out rushed Zebah, open-mouthed.

"What ye done with old Bill?" he cried.

"Wal," answered Tom, with the utmost coolness, "ye seemed so all-fired scairt for fear I'd drive him fu'ther'n jest to the village that I didn't dare to drive him home agin, 'n' so I left him there, under the store shed."

## The Girl Who Teaches.

Sound health is a prime necessity for any worker in the world, no matter what the line of work may be, but it becomes of the greatest importance if the work is to be carried on in the school-room, writes Caroline B. Le Roy, in the September Ladies' Home Journal. There, not only the physical, but the nervous and mental forces are taxed to the utmost.

The young graduate has hitherto gone to school to sit comfortably at her desk; to stand occasionally for recitations; to use her voice but little; to have constant variety in her work; to enjoy her recess with perfect freedom and in congenial companionship. As a teacher she goes to school to stand upon her feet all day long; to use her voice incessantly, perhaps, too, in a large room filled with the tumult of the street; to keep noisy, and, very likely, rebellious and disobedient children not only quiet, but interested, and to spend the recess in care of them in the halls and the yard. Besides this she is to stimulate their brains, and a certain amount of time—usually prescribed by a board of education, the members of which know little of the capacity and possibilities of the youthful mind—is allotted her, in which she must somehow or other succeed in teaching them a certain number of facts—no allowance being made for the slowness, stupidity, or disorder, which increases the friction of the work and delays the doing. No matter how complete the education, or how enthusiastic the spirit, the power of physical endurance is absolutely necessary.

## Don'ts for Subscribers.

Don't forget to send the amount due when you order your paper discontinued.

Don't forget to send your old as well as your new address when you change your paper.

Don't keep the paper waiting a year or even longer for your subscription, but pay promptly.

Don't get angry when you receive a bill, but go to the nearest post-office and remit the amount to us.

Don't forget that it is just as great a sin to defraud a paper out of its just dues as it is to cheat the butcher or the baker.

Don't let it escape your memory that the new postal laws make it a larceny to take a paper and refuse to pay for it.

Don't think that because you are good for the amount, we ought not to be in a hurry to get it; but remember that so long as it is in your pocket it is no good to us.

Don't blame us if there is not a notice of the last meeting of your society. It was your fault as much as any one else, for all you had to do was to send an account of the affair, and, if you y, you would have seen it in the Review.

Don't forget, dear readers, that those who defraud a paper out of what is due, will have to settle the bill in the next world, in a place where no paper can be published on account of the calorific state of the atmosphere.

Don't get excited and stop your paper if you see something in it that does not agree with your ideas, but remember that there is a chance, and a large one too, of your being wrong, and the article may call forth words of praise from nine-tenths of the subscribers.

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## Too Many Bears.

A young huntsman of Helena, Montana, was following the upper course of Milk River, and came suddenly face to face with a bear. He brought his rifle to his shoulder, took careful aim, and shot the bear dead. The next moment a second bear appeared from a rocky den. The young hunter again made a successful shot. To his surprise a third bear came out of the den. He killed this one also, and before he had time to move from the spot, bruin number four appeared. It was exciting sport, to be sure, but there were more bears than he cared to see at one time. However, he made a good shot, and bruin tumbled over making four dead bears.

While the huntsman stood watching his game, a fifth bear, larger than any of the previous ones, came out of the den and rushed forward. The young man fired but missed; and before he could reload, the infuriated beast was upon him! One blow of the huge paw sent the gun flying from his grasp, but he quickly drew his hunting-knife, and wounded bruin in the neck. In doing this he received a severe squeeze from the brute, and a fearful bite on the shoulder. Then he lost consciousness.

When he recovered his senses, his horse was between him and the bear. The horse was kicking viciously, and bruin was making but feeble resistance, and soon lumbered off into the bush. The hunter was badly shaken up, and the wound in his shoulder was exceedingly painful, with difficulty he mounted his horse, which was quite unhurt, and rode to a place of shelter a few miles further on, where his injuries received attention and his game secured.

## Queen's English.

"I'm always perfectly impartial," said an old man, gravely, "but I do hate potato-bugs and ferners." So does many another kindly person.

An English bicyclist was coming, at great speed, down one of the steepest streets in Edinburgh, when his machine capsized, and landed him in the middle of the road. Two carters were passing, and they promptly came to his assistance.

"Maun, hoo did ye fa?" kindly inquired one of the carters. To which he received this answer:

"I was coming down that declivity with such velocity that I lost my gravity and fell on the macadamized road."

The carter turned from the unfortunate rider with true insular contempt.

"C'wa, Jock," he said to his mate, "If I'd kent the cratur' wis a forriner, he would have lain in the gutter lang enuch for me."—Weekly Citizen.

## Cause of Blue Sky.

The interesting discovery that oxygen in its liquid state is blue has been made by M. Olszewski. To obtain this appearance it is only necessary to have a sufficient quantity of the liquid to form a layer about a twenty-fifth of an inch in thickness. This blue color is precisely that of the sky. This is significant. The thought will be due to occur that the blueness of the sky is due to the intrinsic color of the oxygen of the atmosphere, for it is reasonable to suppose that, though the atmosphere does only contain oxygen in its gaseous form, the layer of the many miles in thickness through which we gaze may manifest the color which rightly belongs to oxygen, and is shown in the liquid state of that gas in a layer of only one twenty-fifth of an inch in thickness.—New York Recorder.

Blotches, pimples, liver patches, G. M. D. right quick disatches, Drives away incipient tumors, Clears the blood from poisonous humors: Ailing one, whoe'er you be, Try the worth of G. M. D.—

which is the great Golden Medical Discovery of Dr. Pierce—a wonderful tonic and blood-purifier. The "Discovery" is a standard remedy for consumption, bronchitis, colds and lung troubles; guaranteed to benefit or cure, if taken in time, or money refunded.

It is officially announced that there is a complete failure of harvest in 13 provinces of Russia, and partial failure in seven others. The czarina has given 20,000,000 roubles from the privy purse for the relief of the destitute.

They don't pave the streets in Helena, Montana, with gold, but, if the truth is told they took out \$100 worth of gold a day recently while digging the foundation for a business block in that place.