

BLUE BLOOD WILL TELL.

*HEIRS AND NEXT OF KIN TO KINGS,
DUKES AND LORDS.*

Some St. John Citizens of Ancient and Noble Lineage—Tweed's Eye is Fixed on Quaco—Aristocracy who will come to the Front Under Imperial Federation.

Not long ago, an application was received at Ottawa for a position as light-house keeper. The officials asked for references as to the character of the applicant, and were more than astonished when he referred them to *Burke's Peerage*. He was a blue-blood in the ordinary walks of life.

Somewhere on the bleak and barren coast of Labrador or on Dead Man's Isle, there is another light-keeper who came to Canada from France, a few years ago, with titles and riches. Having spent the latter, he had little use for the former. He went to work in the loneliest place he could find, and there he lives, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

These may seem to be exceptional instances. They are not. In our own province is some of the bluest of the blue blood. The descendants of ancient and noble, nay, even royal, families are much more common than would be supposed. As the gentle Thoreau might say, "the woods are full of them."

They do not wear their titles. They live and move among us as ordinary mortals. Nevertheless, their muniment chests contain quaint and curious papers which may some day be of use. Some day when Canada has its own peerage, the Herald's office will establish who of ancient right shall sit above the salt and who shall sit below.

Such a thing may happen. Not long ago the hereditary title of baronet was conferred on a Nova Scotia doctor who had absolutely no pedigree worth mentioning, and who had actually had a near relative who was a shoemaker in early life. Such a thing was enough to make the blue-blood burst the veins of the real nobility, but it did not. They took their revenge in another way.

That is to say, they had their pedigrees inserted in a certain *Cyclopedia of Biography*, which is a *Peerage and Landed Gentry* combined in one.

It is a very fine volume, and a very readable one as well. It tells us just "who is who" in this little community of ours. It must tend to inspire the reader with an increased and profound respect for people whom he meets every day.

By all odds, the most ancient of the families in our midst is that represented by William A. Quinton, as he now calls himself, but whose true name appears to be St. Quentin. That is the way it was spelled, at least, when it was brought into England from France, when William the Conqueror came over with the St. Quintins by his side. In some of the old school histories there used to be a picture of the Conqueror landing on Albion's shores, accompanied by several men of majestic mien, on horseback. One of these must have been "the first or founder of the Quinton family in England, Sir Herbert St. Quentin, a companion in arms with William the Conqueror, who granted him the manor of Skipsey and other lands in the county of Notts."

Long before the Conqueror was born, however, the Quintons appear to have been an ancient family in France. "The town of Quentin in Picardy was so called in honor of Quentin, an early Christian martyr." Probably the martyr could trace his pedigree back to the days when the book of Job was written. Perhaps one of the Quintons wrote it.

Sir Herbert St. Quentin was summoned to parliament in 1292, so that Mr. Quinton is not only a blue blood but an hereditary legislator as well. Going to parliament is something which runs in the family.

"The barony of St. Quentin passed through Grey, Fitzhugh and Parr to the Earl of Pembroke, descending from William St. Quentin, eldest surviving son of Edward II, and fourth in descent from the founder of the county."

Thus it will be seen that the genial and popular legislator, who describes himself as "farmer and lumberman," and whom some people actually call "Billy," comes of a very noble race. The blood of a Christian martyr, of a chum of William the Conqueror, and of Edward II of England flows in his veins.

Blood will tell. Our Quinton of today is not only named after the intimate and royal friend of Sir Herbert St. Quentin, but he inherits Sir Herbert's ardor for arms. It is stated that he enlisted in the St. John militia when only 20 years of age, and has risen to be major in the force. During the civil war he visited the Southern states, but in what capacity, or what he did after he got there, his biographer omits to state.

Another man of very distinguished family is Mr. James Rourke, of St. Martins. He is described as a manufacturer, but he is also spoken of as "a descendant of O'Rourke, one of the kings of Ireland." When the Green Isle severs her bonds with Britain and re-establishes her ancient dynasty, it is possible that the heir to the throne will be found around Quaco ledges, and his name will be Rourke. It will be a great day for the Irish.

Adolphus George Beckwith, whom some folks profanely call "Doll," is another man of very distinguished ancestry. His grandmother was a cousin to Cardinal Richelieu

and aunt to L'abbé Ferland. His grandfather had dealings with Count de Chailly, and came very near owning a large part of the city of Montreal. He died before he got it, and it was a very cold day for the descendant of Richelieu.

Lennel Allan Currey, M. A., barrister at law, "belongs to a very ancient family, one of the founders being Earl Currey, who lived in the time of Cromwell and owned large estates in Leeds and vicinity." Mr. Currey has evidently imbibed a martial ardor from his very ancient ancestors, for it is related that "he attended the military school at Fredericton and took a certificate."

Dr. Daniel Edgar Berryman, like Mr. Currey, appears to belong to the old families of landed gentry rather than the nobility. No mention is made of his family at a date earlier than the time of Cromwell, in whose army the Berrymans marched.

Robert Thompson Clinch "is descended from an old Irish family of record in Ireland since the time of Edward II. His ancestors took an active part on the Stuart side, in the troublous times of James II. and William III." Some of the original Clinches were probably high in favor at the court of King O'Rourke, but the biographer neglects to say so.

Charles H. Lugin, of Fredericton, is a great, great grandson of Simeon Lugin, who was the son of Capt. Peter Moses Lugin, who lived in Switzerland in the 15th century and married Lady Benine Marguerite Rochat.

Dr. Foster MacFarlane of Fairville comes of what is rather a modern family as compared with the St. Quintins of Fairville. "The record of the family dates back to the beginning of the 13th century" only. "The family name of MacFarlane took its origin from a grandson of the Earl of Lennox, named Bartholomew, the Gaelic of which is Pharlán, whose son was named MacPharlán, or son of Bartholomew. The seat of the Earl of Lennox was Dumbarton castle, which was held by their descendants, the MacFarlanes, at intervals, and for six centuries they held possession of their original lands." After prodigies of valor, including the defeat of Mary Queen of Scots, the country became too torrid for this illustrious family and it emigrated to Ireland. The present descendant of the Earl of Lennox "first saw the light in a log cabin."

This seems to have made him very humble for, when he went to Harvard Medical school, he felt he "was privileged to sit at the feet of such men as Professor Agassiz and Oliver Wendell Holmes." If Agassiz and Holmes had known the student's pedigree they would have felt that the privilege was theirs.

A little research shows that H. R. H. John Rourke and Sir William Quinton R. St. Quentin are not the only ones who have royal blood in their veins. The Earles of Kings county are the lineal descendants of John Zobieski, king of Poland. H. R. H. Allen Otty Earle is the representative of the royal house of Poland in St. John, but H. R. H. Dr. Thomas John Otty Earle, of Queen's county, being the elder brother, would be the heir apparent to the throne were the dynasty to be restored.

A distinguished ancestry is that of St. John's honored and respected collector of customs. Mr. Ruel is a lineal descendant of Johann Ruhl, chancellor of the cardinal archbishop of Mayntz, the Elector Albert of Brandenburg, and also the favored councillor and representative of Count Mansfeld, in 1540, at the diet of Nuremberg. Dr. Ruhl was the brother-in-law of Martin Luther, and was one of the chief and most honored guests at the great reformer's wedding. He was never addressed by the reformer but with the profoundest expressions of official respect and brotherly affection.

"Good morning, Dr. Ruhl." "Good morning, Martin," said the doctor kindly, showing the superiority of the Ruhls over the Luthers.

The Ruhl family was also related to the Counts Fugger, of Kirchberg and Weisshorn, the head of which at the present time is the Prince of Babenhausen, who is related to Queen Victoria through the house of Hohenlohe Langenburg. Progress may add that Collector Ruel's position as an honored citizen and a most courteous official entitles him to as much esteem as does his undoubted line of distinguished ancestors.

Our own and only original E. Stone Wiggins has not much to boast of in the way of pedigree. He traces his ancestry no further back than 1630, when Capt. Thomas Wiggins was sent out from England as governor of one of the colonies. Hence, doubtless, the desire of our Wiggins to be the governor of the winds, waves and weather in general.

The Harris family, of Moncton, which includes the mysterious John L. and the versatile Kit, traces its ancestry to the Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth in 1620. Whether they "came out in the *Mayflower*," or had a ship of their own, is not stated.

This does not exhaust the list of distinguished families, others of whom may receive attention at a later date. The samples given are, however, very creditable to a young country. They show that we have the simon-pure nobility in our midst. Some men who are now looked on as very ordinary citizens may yet "come into their own," and wear their swords and their titles as of Divine right. Some day an emissary from Ireland or Poland may come here looking for a king. Some day Sir William Quinton de St. Quentin may wear the title which came over with the Conqueror 800 years ago.

MURDER IS HIS TRADE.

*THE ALLEGED WHITECHAPEL
FIEND'S EARLY HISTORY.*

Wholesale Slaughter Carried on by Him in Paris and No Punishment Meted Out for It—A Striking and Suggestive Word-picture of the King of Criminals.
(Translation of Paris Cable to the New York Herald-Zeitung.)

A few weeks ago, while sitting in the cafe de Boulevard, I happened to look in an English newspaper. Suddenly my interest was awakened by a notice stating that the corpse of a young girl had been found in Whitechapel. She had evidently been murdered. Added to this was the statement that a few days ago a murder had taken place on the same spot under similar circumstances, which had caused great excitement among the lower classes of the population.

Involuntarily this newspaper notice brought my thoughts back to the time of my stay in Paris, years ago. At that time a series of most atrocious murders had filled all Paris with horror and indignation, and spurred the Parisian police on to a feverish activity. The fiendish deeds at that time had an astonishing similarity to the brutal murder, the account of which I had just read. The horrid mutilation of the body in all cases was the same. I, however, soon forgot that fearful coincidence, and would not have thought of it more, had not, some time afterward, the news of another horrible Whitechapel murder attracted my attention.

Then, again, those fearful reminiscences came with force to my mind, and I remembered all the circumstances as they were impressed upon it fifteen years before. My memory did not retain the name of the murderer, who afterward, not through the ability of the police, but more through an accident, had been brought to trial; but I remember that the murderer did not pay with his life for the fiendish deed, and the possibility that the same man had now regained his liberty shot into my head.

Was the same man, who was called "Sauveur des ames perdues" (Saver of Lost Souls) then by the people, still living and at liberty? The conclusion was terribly logical that he has begun his bloody activity now on the other side of the canal.

So the first thing I wanted to know was whether this man had regained his liberty.

In my inquiries I found out that his name was Nicholas Wassilyi, and that the unfortunate had left the Russian city of Tiraspol, in the department of Cherson, where he had been imprisoned, since the 1st of January of this year.

This does not, however, yet prove the identity of the *sauveur des ames perdues* with the woman killer of Whitechapel, but it is perhaps a clew which will awaken interest the world over.

The following facts are gathered from diligent researches from acts of the Palais de Justice in Paris, and from the private lunatic asylum in Bayonne:

In the year 1872 there was a movement in the Orthodox Church of Russia against some sectarians, which caused a good deal of excitement. Some of the people who were menaced because of their religion, fled from the country. Most of them were peasants who, without many pangs, could take leave of their homes, where suffering stared them in the face on all sides.

Nicholas Wassilyi only left a good home. His parents were quite wealthy. They had had him well educated, and had even sent him to the college at Odessa. But Nicholas was a fanatic sectarian, and soon assumed the role of leader among them. The chief belief of his sect was the renunciation of all earthly joys in order to secure immortal life in Paradise after death. Members of the sect, whether male or female, were strictly forbidden having anything to do with the opposite sex.

Wassilyi fled to Paris. He was an excellent type of a Russian. He had a tall, elastic figure, a regular manly physiognomy, with burning, languishing eyes, and with a pale, waxen-like complexion. He soon avoided all contact with his countrymen. He took up a small lodging in the Quartier Moutetard, where all the poor and miserable of Paris live. Here he soon became a riddle to his neighbors.

He used to stay all day long in his room studying some large books. At nightfall he went out and wandered aimlessly through the streets until the morning dawned. He was often seen talking with abandoned women in the street and it soon became known that he followed a secret mission in doing so. That is why the voice of the people called him *sauveur des ames perdues*.

First he tried mild persuasion in speaking to the poor, fallen creatures. By the light of the street lanterns he lectured them, telling them to return to the path of virtue and give up their life of shame. When mere words had no effect he went so far as to put premiums on virtue, and gave large sums to the cottes on condition that they commenced a new life.

Some of the women were really touched by his earnestness and promised to follow his advice. He could often be seen on the street corners preaching to gaudy nymphs, who bitterly shed tears. But this mission did not seem to be crowned with success. He often met girls, who had taken a holy oath that they would sin no more, again on the street.

Then there was a change. He would approach a woman, speak to her in a kindly

way and would follow her home. Then when alone with the helpless creature, he would take out a butcher knife, kneel on her prostrate body and force her to take a holy oath not to solicit again. He seemed to believe in these forced oaths and always went away seemingly happy.

One evening the *sauveur des ames perdues*, as usual, left his home. In the Rue de Richelieu he met a young woman. Not with that impertinent smile which leaves nobody in doubt about her vocation, but in a decent way she crossed his path. She had an elflike elegant figure and beautiful blue eyes.

Wassilyi was armed against the glances of women, but this girl's look seemed to make a deep impression on him. He spoke to her—she was a lost one, too—but not with brutal force. With kind sympathy he touched her so deeply that she told him the whole story of her life, the story of a poor parentless girl, whom a rough fate had torn from happiness and splendor into a world of misery and shame.

Wassilyi for the first time in his life fell in love with a woman. He procured her a place in a business house and paid liberally for her support, although he made her believe that she was supporting herself.

For several weeks the girl, who had some regard for her protector, kept straight in the path of virtue. But one day when Wassilyi visited her home, a thing he seldom did, and then only when an old guardian of hers was present, he found that she was gone.

She had left a letter to him, in which she said that, although thankful to him for all his kindness, her life was now too "ennuyant" for her, and that she preferred to be left alone.

Wassilyi was in a fearful mood after this. He wandered so restlessly through the streets as to awaken the attention of the constables. Eight weeks afterward he disappeared. At the same time Madaline, the woman whom he had supported, was found murdered in the quarter where she had formerly led a life of shame.

Two days afterward in a quiet side street of the Faubourg St. Germain the corpse of another murdered woman was found. Three days afterward a Phryne of the Quartier Moutetard was butchered at night time. All the murders were perpetrated in the same horrible way as those in Whitechapel. Jewels and everything of value on the corpse remained untouched. Five more victims were found butchered in the Arrondissement des Pantheon between the Boulevard St. Michel and de l'Hopital.

Then, in the Rue de Lyon an attack was made on a street girl, who had the chance to cry for help before she was strangled. A throng gathered, the police arrived, and the would-be murderer was captured. It was Nicholas Wassilyi. The mob wanted to lynch him, but he was protected.

When his trial was in progress his lawyer, Jules Glanier, claimed that his client was insane. The jury decided that such was the case and Wassilyi was sent back to Russia, after a short stay in the private asylum of Bayonne. From Tiraspol he was released on Jan. 1 of this year.

This, in short, is the story I unearthed. Is Wassilyi the Whitechapel murderer?
H. D'ALTONA.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Neil Warner, whose fortunes and misfortunes, acting and lack of acting, made the St. John public tolerably familiar with him some years ago, is marching through Georgia in *The Long Strike*.

The newest things in scenic effects are to be shown in Mrs. A. R. Wilbur's dramatization of *Mr. Meeson's Will*. Its initial production will be in New York, in January.

Dominick Murray takes the leading part in Daly's new melodrama, *The Undercurrent*, now on at Niblo's, New York. W. A. Whitecar is also in the cast.

A notable Shakspearian revival has been seen in New York this week, on the return of Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett to the city stage at the Fifth Avenue. *Othello* was given Monday night, with Booth as Iago and Barrett as Othello. No better representation of the play has been given in the last 20 years, it is said. The stage setting was new and complete, while the acting of the two renowned tragedians was well high perfection. The *Merchant of Venice* was produced Tuesday night. These plays will be on the boards next week as well.

Mary Anderson reappeared on the American stage, Tuesday night, at Palmer's theatre, New York, after an absence of two years. She is reviving *A Winter's Tale*, of which there have been few notable American productions.

IN THE FRONT RANK.

The St. John, N. B., "Progress" stands in the front rank of Canadian weeklies. There is about it a good, healthy atmosphere which is inspiring. It looks steadily on the bright side of things, and its readers are the better of perusing it. Its news and sketches and social gossip are served up in a racy, piquant style, its editorials are short and sensible, and the printed page is a model of typographical excellence. It is a new comer, non-political and with apparently good staying powers.—Toronto Enquirer

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