

# PROGRESS.

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## "I WAS NOT TO BLAME!"

"FOR GOD'S SAKE DON'T GIVE MY NAME AWAY."

"Cora Lee's" Cry to Her Questioners—Interviewed by a Representative of "Progress"—A Warning to Canadian Girls—The Story of an Innocent's Fall.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—New York has heard no story in many a month that has stirred it to its depths like that of poor, unfortunate, hapless Cora Lee of your city. The tale is a brief one, but it is graphic with nameless deeds practised upon a homeless girl who left an orphanage only to be forced to live a prostitute. She has relatives, too, in your city, at the mention of whom in a conversation with the correspondent of PROGRESS here in the House of Detention, some days ago, her large dark eyes filled with tears that came unbidden, and in piteous tones she begged that for their sake her identity should be held sacred. Poor girl! It can remain hidden for only a week or more at most, when the case comes before the court. Besides, her injunction of secrecy was unnecessary. I do not know her and cannot recall her, but she satisfied me from her conversation that the tale she told was only too true. She is of slight, willowy, sensuous build, is scarcely five feet tall and has eyes which at a distance seem black but melt into blue on a nearer approach. She is only seventeen years of age, hardly that in fact, and yet she has passed through an ordeal such as would wring pity from anyone but a demon. She has fallen, but it was a fall such as might happen any girl who landed in this city and had no help extended her to wrestle with the evils that abound. The whole gauntlet of crime she has been forced to run. She is ruined in body. In soul, let us trust that her present grief may wash the hideous immorality which perhaps over-confidence at first and force subsequently compelled her to practise.

Picture to yourselves a bright girl, refined in manners, brought up with all the advantages of an early life within convent walls, sitting now behind prison bars, the quiet and innocence of her youth mocking her in her pain,—the present filled with cloud and suffering—the future dark and hopeless. Draw that picture of a life blasted and devoid of hope—of a young girl who might have filled almost any position, but who now can never again look the world straight in the face—and you have a view of Cora Lee. That, of course, is not her name. That was the badge which the she-devil Carrie Baker, who ensnared her, placed upon her. Her own name, she said, was too homely for the gay young Gothamites whose days are passed in idleness and whose nights are spent in something worse. The girl was young and attractive and she must have, in her sinful life, a name that would be more in keeping with the surroundings. But I fear I am drifting from the subject and shall come back and let the unfortunate tell the story in its regular sequence.

"I was brought up in Saint Vincent's orphanage," she said, "away down in St. John. I was only a child when I went there and the sisters took care of me. I had an uncle who was wealthy and after my father's death, my mother thought that he would leave us enough to keep us. He gave it all to our cousins and the orphanage was the only place for us. My mother died long, long ago, and that today is the only thought that comforts me. I can remember Saint John so well, too! I often went with one of the sisters shopping and they were so good to me. They little know who it is that is now poor Cora Lee!" she said as she burst out sobbing.

"Oh, for God's sake don't give my name away!" she cried, as she looked at your correspondent and her face blanched. "I have two sisters married down home. It would kill them to know that I was so fallen. I was not to blame. I thought when I came to New York that I was coming to a home. So did poor Mother Augustine or she would not have let me come. I know she would grieve to death if she learned that the little girl who went out so often with her was the—oh, no! my God! Oh no! I cannot say what I was going to. I did not fall through my own fault. I was nearly fifteen years of age when one day, about two years ago, a lady from New York called at the orphanage, on Cliff street, and offered me a home here. I was glad of it in one way, though I remember how the poor mother pressed me to her and said she did not like to part with me. Sister Joseph, I think was her name, as well took me to her room the night before I left, and together we knelt down and prayed, and the sister warned me always to be good. She gave me some articles of devotion, and I left. I do not want to say who the lady was who took me away, except that she did not use me well. She imposed both on me and on Mother Augustine. She told the sister great stories about her being a relative of Judge Hayes, of California, and of the nice home I would have."

The rest of the story of the girl is unfit for publication, and I shall shear it of its prurient details. No imagination could picture the scenes which she detailed. She came to New York, but she said she came only to find her ruin. I could not, so excited was she at the rehearsal, gain from her whether she meant that the woman who had brought her had been unkind to her and forced her upon the world, or whether the woman had beguiled the good sisters with her plausible tales just for the purpose of gaining a young, innocent girl to satisfy the passions of the rouses of New York. Justice to the woman demands this statement, and I may say that I do not believe that she was a procuress. I take it that it was a case possibly of waywardness on the girl's part that forced her on the world and made her pay the price of her chastity for her living. Be all this as it may, the next we learn of "Cora Lee" was that she was an inmate of the notorious House of All Nations in West Thirty-Second street, the most gorgeously fitted up palace of sin on the continent. It is the place where the gilded youth go to wear out the hours of the night in ribaldry and crime. Their means protect them from the police, and induce the procuress to do her devilish work. More young girls have been sent to shame and suicide out of that place than ever were victims from Monte Carlo. It is quiet and tasteful on the outside. Inside it is ablaze with splendor. Rich paintings adorn the walls, and famous old tapestries are hung from every vantage point. Art has no treasure too rich for that gilded salon, but neither has virtue any jewel too precious to be respected by those who frequent the place. They come in their carriages, with their flashing diamonds and their wads of money. They come with the meanest passions to which man is heir—they are young men who are false to their manhood, and old men who are false to their families. They come for sin, and sin they must have at any cost. They have never known what virtue is. How could it be expected that they would hearken to the cry for mercy which came from Cora Lee when first she entered? They only laughed at her. They mocked her. What her fate would be flashed upon her. She wanted to leave—to starve, if need be, in the cold streets of the great city, but they could not let a prize like her escape them. She was in the house. She would never leave it until she could never look a friend straight in the face again. That was what Carrie Baker told her, and that is what Carrie Baker did. For eighteen long months Cora was kept a prisoner in that house with other girls, and made to do the most revolting things. There were deeds there done such as are not known in smaller cities—deeds that are the culmination of lives spent in debauchery of the most devilish kind. Poor Cora was a good dancer and a fair singer, and this, with other charms, made her a favorite prey. Her crimes brought money to the coffers of her mistress. But she could have none of it. Fine dresses she had in galore, and diamonds, but never one for the street. They were all "house dresses" which were donned but to ensure greater profits for the woman who ruled the hell. Finally, she escaped, was arrested in the streets and sent up for a month. A lady belonging to a charitable society here visited her, learned her story, and by her exertions her term was suspended, and Carrie Baker is now under indictment, while Cora is held as a witness against her in the house of detention.

That she is a Saint John girl is beyond question. That she told the truth in her story nobody doubts. It is a sad ending to a life begun in quiet and in innocence. Your correspondent will watch the trial with interest, and if any woman exists in this city who has been trafficking in innocent girls and deceiving those whose only ambition in life is that they may care for the homeless and the orphan, PROGRESS will see to it that she is put where she will never again have another opportunity of so doing. If Cora Lee's story about that woman is true, she will never visit Saint John again.

Saint John people here are very much exercised over the case, and no pains will be spared to have the investigation most thorough. The district attorney, too, is interesting himself, and if any woman is found who has been imposing on the orphanage the rest of her life will be spent in a penal institution where young girls will be safe from her snares. CLARE.

Chairs Caned, Umbrellas Repaired, Mattan Repairing.  
DUVAL, 242 Union street.  
It was a Close Contest.  
Little Joe Irvine captured the first prize last Saturday. It was a close fight, McCarthy being only 5 papers behind him. Douglas hardly ever gets left on a prize, but he did Saturday. Instead of selling fewer, the boys are increasing the sales in cold weather. They have to hustle to keep warm.  
Dominoes, Checkers, Cards, and Card Games, at McArthur's, King street.

## AGENT AND APPRAISER.

THE DUAL POSITION HELD BY MR. DAVID H. HALL.

His Berth in the Custom House Gives Him a Long Pull and a Strong Pull on the Fire Insurance Business—Something Which Seems Not Altogether Fair.

Mr. David H. Hall, agent of the Glasgow & London fire insurance company, has not yet resigned his position in the appraisers' department at the Custom House.

But he ought to do so without an hour's loss of time, or else he should resign his insurance agency.

It is for him to decide which is the more profitable occupation. It is manifestly improper that he should follow both.

Mr. Hall is an old and respected citizen. Everyone would like to see him do well. No one grudged him his good fortune when he got a snug government berth. No one would now object to his adding to his salary by any outside schemes not inconsistent with his position.

But it was never intended that any man holding an official position should at the same time run an outside business, in which, because of his official information, he could take advantage of ordinary citizens in the same line.

This is exactly what Mr. Hall does. Appraiser Hall in the exercise of his official duties is brought into intimate relations with the merchants. He knows who has goods to insure, and he does not hesitate to push the claims of Insurance Agent Hall for a share of the public patronage. He gets it.

No one believes for a moment that patronage or non-patronage of the Glasgow & London company would make any difference with Mr. Hall in his appraisal of certain people's goods. But if it were a man of less integrity than he is known to be, people might think so. In other words, if a bad man were in Mr. Hall's place he might be tempted to display a pernicious partiality in certain cases.

Some importers, without knowing exactly why, perhaps, have a vague idea that it is to their advantage not to slight Mr. Hall in the matter of insurance. "We must give him a line," they say, much in the same way as they speak of giving a subscription to a church—more as a matter of necessity than pleasure.

In this way Mr. Hall has what is commonly and expressively called "the bulge" on the other insurance agents.

He has a bulge, too, in the fact that he can and does solicit business when merchants come to him as an appraiser, in the place for which the government pays him to attend wholly to his business.

He has the bulge, too, in the fact that he has the first knowledge of any new stock of goods arriving, and can thus, by himself or another, be the first on the ground when the goods reach the warehouse.

Mr. Fred J. Hall, Appraiser Hall's son, is the "examiner" of the Glasgow & London company. He is a very prompt official. He has been known to reach a new store almost before the stock did, in order to get the insurance effected. There goods passed through the appraiser's room, and Mr. Fred J. Hall knew about them much in advance of any other agent.

The suggestion that Appraiser Hall should abandon one or the other of his positions ought to strike that gentleman as being thoroughly in order. The spirit of the civil service is opposed to any such inconsistency of pursuits.

In cases very much less objectionable than that of Mr. Hall, the departments have compelled their servants to make a choice. Even newspaper men have not been allowed to do as they pleased.

For instance, John Livingston was not allowed to edit the Sun and hold a position as Immigration Agent at the same time. Mr. Hall's case is a much plainer case than that was.

Mr. William Cochran Milner undertook to be collector of customs at Sackville and also edit the Sackville Post. Despite the fact that Mr. Milner was a philosophical essayist rather than a partisan, the department sat down on him with emphasis. He had to hire an editor.

Even the mild-mannered and imaginative J. E. B. McCready was permitted to resign a position at Ottawa because he felt that the country had need of him as a newspaper correspondent.

In none of these instances did the offending ones have any of the advantages which Mr. Hall has, of profiting in their business from the knowledge and opportunities of official position.

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## A FABLE FOR CRITICS.

How the Philanthropist Defended Mrs. Termagant and How the Policeman Finally Got There.

Once upon a time there lived, in Chicago, let us say, a female who enjoyed a local celebrity by reason of the length of her tongue and the shortness of her temper. Besides the temper and the tongue, she possessed a husband. This poor man, however, was seldom visible and, when he could be seen, was never in presentable condition, since his wife's infirmities of disposition daily involved him in fights in which he was invariably worsted.

It chanced on a certain day that Mrs. Termagant, having emptied a bucket of slops upon a passer-by who had commented on her latest performance, a Policeman and a Philanthropist arrived on the scene together.

"Do your duty, officer!" cried the Victim, while he combed the filth out of his hair. "Arrest her!"

The Philanthropist held up his hands and waved the Policeman back.

"I have seldom seen a more shameful outrage against all decency and propriety than this man's allowing dirty water to drip on this lady's doorstep!" the Philanthropist observed.

The Policeman looked at him and wondered.

The Victim, becoming impatient, glared at the window whence the slops had descended and kicked the door.

"That is an atrocity which would in many places subject the perpetrator to a public whipping!" cried the Philanthropist, aflame with righteous indignation.

The victim opened the door and looked in. "There she goes along the corridor!" he said to the Policeman. "The bucket she emptied on me is in her hand."

The Philanthropist danced up and down and flourished his cane.

"A sneak thief who enters our open doors and purloins our property is respectable compared with the man who will pry into the privacies of other people's affairs, in order to find something which can be worked up to wound the keenest sensibilities of a lady!" he yelled.

"That'll do now!" cautioned the Policeman, as he brought Mrs. Termagant out and bore her, shrieking, up the street. "Save your wind. She isn't a lady!"

The Philanthropist then crawled into a hole.

MORAL.  
Foresight is better than hindsight.

Bargains in Large Photograph Albums, Push and Leather, at McArthur's Bookstore, King street.

SOMETHING IS WRONG.  
Mr. Robert Gibson Wants Justice and he Should Have It.

Mr. Robert Gibson of St. Andrews street called upon PROGRESS this week with a real grievance.

## SECESSION IS RAMPANT.

HIGH JINKS TO PAY AMONG SOME VERY LOW CHURCHMEN.

The Dire Results of an Invitation Extended by a Clergyman With Broad Views—People Who Believe That There is Something Unhealthy in the Stone Church Air.

FOR SALE—Several good pews in St. John's (Stone) Church. Finely situated and comfortably furnished. Will be disposed of at a bargain, as the owners have left the church and have no further use for them. Address LOW CHURCHMAN, P. O. Box 999, St. John.

The above advertisement has not appeared in the city papers and the Evangelical Churchman. It means that there is a split in the church.

Once upon a time, it was slanderously asserted that a certain St. John citizen proclaimed that the Grit party was about to go to pieces, because there was a split in it. He had left it.

The Stone church appears to be in equally imminent danger.

It has all come about through a scandal which in the opinion of some has amounted to a desecration of the sanctuary.

It is a matter of common notoriety that there is in the city of Portland an edifice known as the Mission chapel. It is in very bad odor among certain of the low church people. Some of the congregation of St. Paul's, who have to pass through Paradise row, walk on the other side of the street and hold their breaths when they pass it. It has forms and ceremonies which some people term ritualistic. The Episcopal service is conducted there with the shocking accessories of a good deal of good music and more or less display of bright colors. Some people say it is awful "high," and while they do not actually assert that the rector is designated in the book of Revelations by the number 666, they consider him a very dangerous man indeed.

It is true that he is a clergyman in good standing, duly licensed by the bishop. It is also not denied that he is an able and eloquent preacher, and it is indisputable that he has done a great deal of good among the poor and needy. He is known as Father Davenport.

Some months ago, the good rector of St. John's projected a series of addresses to men only, and invited each of the Episcopal clergymen of the city to deliver one of such addresses. In the fulness of his heart and the breadth of his charity, he included Father Davenport among the number.

When this announcement was made, it fell with a dull thud on some members of the congregation. The superintendent of the Sunday school fairly howled, in a metaphorical sense. He wrote a letter full of virtuous indignation and indignant protest. Others also wrote letters.

The rector read them, and the result was a vacancy in the superintendency of the school, some lively words, and a topic of conversation in every Episcopalian household for the next two or three weeks.

Peace was restored. Nobody left the church, and the course of addresses proceeded very smoothly.

Father Davenport's turn to speak came a week ago last Sunday. He had a very large audience. At least three times as many came to hear him as had come to hear any of the others. He made a capital address, full of sound and practical advice. Everybody who heard him was delighted.

But at least four members of the congregation did not attend. They stood aghast with horror at the very thought of the thing. They almost expected to hear that the walls of the edifice had fallen and the roof tumbled in on the people.

Sure enough, something did happen. When the people went into the church it was a bright and beautiful afternoon. The wind was from the westward and not a cloud was in the sky. Suddenly the congregation was astonished by a terrific squall in which rain drops of prodigious size beat upon the windows and the roof. With such fury did they assail the structure that the sound of the speaker's voice was almost killed by the rattle against the glass. A darkness, which seemed to be the precursor of a dread calamity, hung over the city. It was even necessary to have lights by which to sing the closing hymn.

Yet when the service was ended, the rain ceased and the people went home dry shod.

When it was learned by the opponents of Father Davenport that he had actually entered the pulpit to make his address, as none of the previous speakers had done, they were not surprised at the storm.

Then they concluded to have a storm on their own account.

It was not a violent one. They simply left the church. Their places were vacant last Sunday. They have sought sanctuaries where Father Davenport is not likely to come. That is why some eligible pews may be for sale.

"And now abideth faith, hope charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

Christmas Cards—Large Variety—Wholesale and Retail, at McArthur's Bookstore, King street.

## THE CAMEL'S BACK IS BROKEN.

The Matrimonial Rumor That Shrouds Rev. H. S. Hartley.

The colored community in this city is excited. In fact, its condition has not been normal since the St. John correspondent of the Moncton Times appeared on the scene. The effect was peculiar. The wisecracks got off that old chestnut, "I told you so," but the younger and fairer members of the congregation were so indignant that St. Philip's would have been a warm place for Mr. Hartley's assailant.

Mr. Hartley left town Tuesday, ostensibly for Moncton, to clear up his character and visit the Times office. He didn't go to Moncton, but to Fredericton, and recent rumors indicate that his return will be accompanied by a very warm—a very effusive welcome.

Since his departure, the dreadful suspicion and report has gone abroad that matrimonial intentions are uppermost in the mind of the reverend gentleman. In fact, those of his congregation who have been privileged to inspect his correspondence declare that the evidence of such intentions is conclusive.

Now, if this had not happened Mr. Hartley would have got along very well. His young and fair charges were well disposed toward him in his widowhood, and willing to work night and day for his support and luxury.

They won't do it again. Their faith and their affections have been trampled upon and their colored brother and spiritual guide will not be the recipient of useful and ornamental goods. He won't bask any longer in the sunshine of their smiles and shaded lamps. Warm spreads and the best easy chair are no longer his portion.

The colored gentleman's engagement with St. Philip's is a curious one. His salary amounts to this: Take all you can get and ask for more. He has done both. His board is paid, and his clothing is supposed to be included in the bargain, while all collections and tea meeting receipts are his by virtue of his office.

Not long ago the congregation was flush and so was the minister. He had, as a good member declared with eyes wide open, ten dollars. Circumstances made it necessary that a portion of that amount should be devoted to the wants of the church. A loan was requested from the pastor, but the cash was not forthcoming. To use Mr. Hartley's own words, "the rats had carried it away or somebody had stolen it."

Now St. Philip's is troubled. It has had hard work to build the church and support an unmarried pastor. There is fear that it enters matrimony the congregation will dwindle and the double expenses will be hard to meet.

New Booklets, Xmas Cards and Holiday Goods now ready at McArthur's, King street.

The Corporation and the Moon.  
The city corporation is supposed to have a contract with the moon to light the streets, five nights in the month. Like some other city contractors, the moon has thrown up the job, and the corporation allows the city to remain in Stygian darkness during the contract period. Pleasantry aside, this should not be. Last Monday night it was a very difficult matter for persons to find their way along the streets. It was unfit for any lady to step outside her door, and even the gentlemen preferred to remain at home. But those who were forced to go out, learned how dark was the corporation moonlight. Reasonable care is taken by the civic authorities to protect the city from litigation, but the citizen whom accident befall on the streets on one of these nights would have just cause for damages. The taxes paid should be sufficient to provide light 365 nights in the year, and then the incessant cry for More Light would cease.

They Got Up Before Breakfast.  
Casher William Girvan and Accountant Joshua Clawson, of the Bank of New Brunswick, began the week well. They went to work early. Half an hour before sunrise they drove up to the bank in a coach and entered the building. What was up has not yet transpired, but it is not likely that they were around at that hour simply for "the fun of the thing." Mr. Girvan is not a funny man, and Mr. Clawson's character forbids the assumption that he had been "whooping it up among the boys," and was just getting ready for a Sunday racket.

Good Wishes Go With  
By the departure of Capt. [Name], who is to take charge of the [Name] corps at Spring Hill, St. J. [Name] a man whom everybody respects [Name] in this city never had a more [Name] officer nor one who did more go [Name].

He Hasn't Forgotten  
Rev. D. D. Moore, A. M. [Name] popular pastor of Carmarthen [Name] Methodist church, is at present in [Name] P. E. I. It is not unlikely that [Name] future his many friends will [Name] of hearing from him through [Name].

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