

BYGONE DAYS RECALLED

AN OLD TIMER'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

The First of a Series of Readable Random Recollections—"The Famous 'Sell' by a Sailor Who Announced that He Would Rival Sam Patch."

No. I.

I propose to furnish PROGRESS with a series of articles, in the shape of Reminiscences of St. John before the fire, and extending over ground covering a period of fifty years—founded upon my own experience and personal knowledge—in the way of amusing incidents—recollections of men and things—not new to the old folks, but will be new to the rising generation, and perhaps somewhat interesting, if not edifying to both classes. In thus recalling matters of the past I must ask for a sort of roving commission from PROGRESS—that is, be allowed to take up things as they strike my recollection, without reference to dates in consecutive order. Like the honey-bee, while upon the wing I fly from flower to flower, and gathers honey wheresoever it may present itself, or strikes the eye. And moreover nothing shall be contained herein, calculated to displease any one when names happen to be given.

There used to be jokers in St. John in the olden time as there are today, although they now ply their wits in a less public way than they did formerly. It was announced by posters perhaps forty years ago—dates are not pertinent to the occasion—that on a particular afternoon, a seaman belonging to a ship lying at Merritt's wharf would dive from the mizen mast's highest yard and while under water change his clothing—go down as a sailor and come up as a soldier. Swimming in those days was as much a craze among the inhabitants as base ball is now, though not half so demonstrative, and it was well known there were some superior swimmers among the young men as well as sailors at this particular time and one belonging to this particular ship at this particular wharf—all of which gave coloring to the practicability of the wonderful feat promised on the handbills. It was contended that to jump from a ship's mast into the sea, with nothing to obstruct his descent, would not be such a wonderful performance after all—for had not Sam Patch—who said that some things can be done as well as others—done the very same thing a little before this in the United States? Therefore what one man could do so could another. But then Sam never came up again—alive. Our hero, however, was to do more than Sam. How was it possible for him to transform himself under water, from a sailor to a soldier—that is, change his clothes, hold his breath long enough to perform his toilet?

It made no difference, however, to the vast multitude—for believers and unbelievers alike, your humble servant among the number, turned out and wended their way to the wharves in the neighborhood. Merritt's wharf, the two market wharves, all the shipping in the harbour, the house tops, Carleton heights, Fort Howe, the long wharf in Portland could scarcely contain the multitudes of human beings. Men, women, children and babies, all felt themselves to be on an equal footing on this occasion, vieng with one another, for the best position, in order to have a good view. The Chief Justice—not the present one, for he was then plain John C.—and friends in a large barouche, were among the conspicuous figures at the end of the wharf, and, in short, all the dignitaries of the city, including the City Fathers (then consisting of Aldermen Porter, Harding, Vanhorn (not the present luminary of the C. P. R., for he had scarcely cut his first teeth at that time), Salter, Bond—Wm. Black Mayor, and James Peters, Common Clerk)—were to be seen, many with opera glasses, clustering about all the vantage points, some of them running great risks of falling into the dock and wetting their clothes. Prince William—indeed all the streets were deserted, the stores locked, and even the dogs seemed to have deserted the high ways. St. John was in holiday attire and all to the front—probably 15,000, a most interesting body of citizens.

The hour was fixed for 3 o'clock—half past arrived, but no sailor seemed yet ready to mount and gather laurels from the mast tops. The spectators now began to get impatient, and loud groans might have been heard here and there, while some wicked boys began to swear.

At length Jack Tar ran up the rigging like a cat, waving his hands amidst plaudits from the masses, loud enough to be heard all over the city. Higher and higher he went and at last reached the topmast yard and went out to the end and waved his hat most energetically. By this time the excitement was up to fever heat, every eye was strained to its utmost tension. Nobody thought of winking on so solemn an occasion.

"Are you all ready," shouted Jack at the top of the mast and at the top of his voice.

"Ay-aye" was the universal response. "Well, I'm not," said our hero, which was the first intimation we had that we were all—"sold." But the most amusing part of the whole business was to see how fast the crowd dispersed. Every body tried to hide his face—many who never laughed before forced themselves into a

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kind of laugh in order to let others see they thought it all a good joke, although cross enough to drown a litter of kittens if they had a chance. Nobody next day would admit that he or she was among the hoaxed. Those who put out the handbills are unknown up to this time. Like Junius, the secret will die with the author, if not dead already.

AN OLD TIMER.

HE'S PROUD OF BILL.

Johnny Mulcahey Makes Photographs, While Bill Johnson Gets Even.

I only wish what I'd a sister big enough to have doods comin' round. Bill Johnson has 'em, and he says they're a great institution. Ma says she order be thankful what we hadn't any sisters, 'cause she'd never git them ort her hands while she had

taker, ner a author, but jest as soon's a feller gits pretty good at either he begins beatin' him fer it.

I like Bill better now nor I did when the grocery feller caught him, and he said 'twas me what bored the hole in the bag, so's the peanuts would come out. But I guess Bill only said that so's he could get clear, 'cause the feller couldn't git me, and we's both clear to fire eggs at him outer his own ash bin.

Anyway Bill's a good one to get even, 'cause when his sister told on him fer puttin' the medicine in the coal scuttle and smellin' out the house, so's they had to open all the windies, I thort he'd never get even fer the lickin' he got, 'cause the old man's very vicious, and Bill hasn't sit down since. I thort you'd like to see Bill's old feller, and his sister what they're trying to get married, so I took a front view of them with my

There's nothin' slow about Bill, 'cause he's jist as game as a rooster, and his sister thort she's smart when she told. Bill jist shook his fist at her and said what he'd bust her snout if she wasn't a girl, but he'd git even jist the same. I thort Bill must be soar where his pistol pocket is, so I shifted one hand down there so's to make it look natural.

I never knew what Bill's sister hadter use boughten hair afore, ner I guess the feller with the side whiskers what uster be mashed on her didn't neither, 'cause he looked orful supprised when it come orf on the string. You know when she's waitin' fer him to come Bill sneakt up and tied a string on her topnot and then fastened it onto the chair. Then we got behind the curtains to take pictures on the Yoroepan plan or instantanyis process or whatever they calls it, which is on the fly.

Oh, my, but wasn't they orful sweet. He jist said how purty she looked as she baskt there in cam repose, and she blusht, and when she got up he opened his mouth like a put-a-nickle-in-the-slot machine, and fired all his things at her.

There's a awful row now. Everybody's blamin' it on me, 'cause they say what 'cause I ain't got no sisters to make old maids outer I got to come and spoil other people's chances. Our famerly ain't speakin' to the Johnsons now, 'cept me and Bill, and I hadter make the pictures what I send you, Mr. Editor, out in the barn, 'cause they took the machine away soon's they found out. A young feller might as well be a norphin, 'cause he ain't got no friends. Mr. Johnson said he'd like to drop on me, and I sent him a postal card what he order drop on himself and git some one to give him a spin 'round.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

SOME HORSE TALK.

Talk About Favorites on the Turf in This Country and Elsewhere.

The Erdenheim stock farm lost, Nov. 7, from inflammation of the bowels, its famous brood mare, Maggie B. B., by imported Australian, by West Australian. Maggie's dam, Madeline, by Boston; second dam Magnolia, by imported Glencoe, out of Myth. Maggie B. B. has the honor of being the only American bred brood mare whose produce has ever won the English Derby, and her great son, Iroquois, won for his owner, Pierre Lorillard, the Derby and St. Leger in the year 1881.

The two American trotters, Blue Belle and Polly, the champion of Europe, had a grand race in Australia, a few weeks ago. Belle won the first two heats in 2:26½, 2:24, and Polly won the next three and race in 2:26½, 2:29½, 2:26½. And at Vienna, Oct. 8, Gracie B. (2:22½) by Blackwood Jr., dam by Littlefield, by Enfield, won first money in a 20,000 franc purse. Gracie was sold by Sire Bros., of Morristown, N. J., not over two months ago, to M. Fauchet, who has made glad his purse since he arrived at home with the mare.

The get of Mambino King are fast pushing their way to the front as a family of trotters. They are a family known for their beauty in conformation, their grand way of going, no race is too long for them, and have the pluck and gameness of a bull-dog, and a man who owns a colt or filly by the "handsomest horse in the world"—Mombino King—is a very lucky person.

At Berlin, Ger., Oct. 1st, the Prix

Amber was won by Lumps, beating a field of 11, and Franco-American says "Lumps is indeed a regular steam engine." I am at loss to know what horse he can be, as I saw our own idol show a .20 clip right out from dinner at the St. Croix last Tuesday. Some swindling Yankee has got the drop on some unsuspecting German pretty bad.

Chas. H. Kermer, N. Y., owns the promising young stallion Heritage, by Jay Gould, dam Old Emeline, who will be handled for speed next year with hopes that that he may equal the record of his full sister, Adele Gould, 2:19, one of H. F. Todd's celebrated Emeline mares.

The little Maine stallion Cunard, jr., by Cunard, he by Moltke, owned by A. K. Perkins, Skowhegan, Me., has started in fifteen races, winning twelve and getting second money in the other three, earning a record of 2:28½, which is no measure of his speed, as I saw him in Bangor carry the pacer Ganymede to the halt in 1:12 apparently easily, and could have kept up the clip if old Gany could have got there. He is very pretty, fine gaited, and as game as a man could wish, very rarely breaks, and one of the kind that always earns his winter oats.

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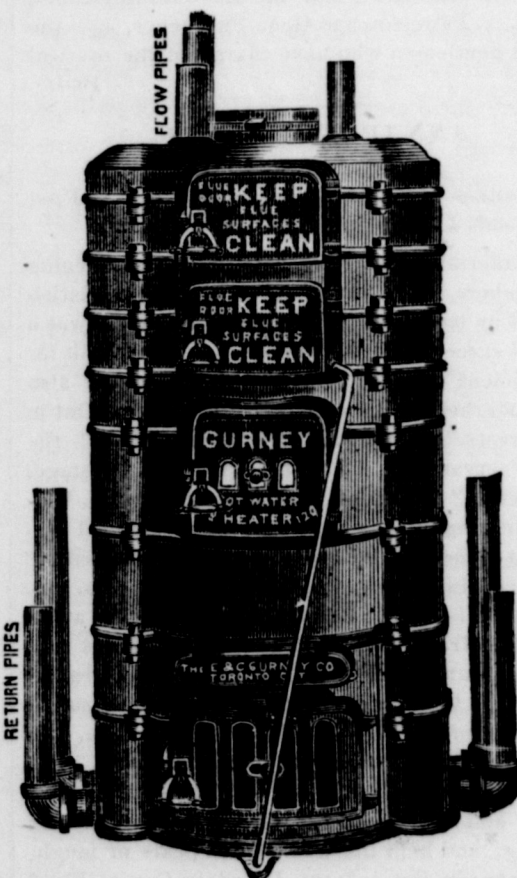
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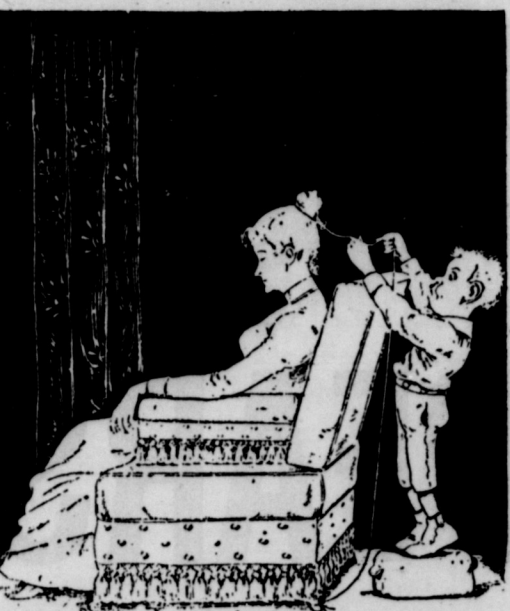
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JOHNNY'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

me around, and pa said he'd be blamed if he'd ever give thanks for anything again, 'cause he did when he got me, but in future he's goin' ter see how things turn out first. I guess I'm not comin' up to expectashuns.

Pa bort me a camera fer takin' photographs with, 'cause he said what it would divert the youthful mind in another channel. 'Guss he'd sooner have me a photograf

camera when Bill told her what she's a old maid and couldn't do nothin' but tell lies on young fellars anyhow, and I guess he'd a said more ony his old feller pickt him up and played a tune on him. Bill was a hole trombone and base drum too, and, oh, didn't he holler. I wish I could a got some of the hollers in the picture I took, only I couldn't.