

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

JOSEPH HOWE AND HIS TIMES.

And Incidental References to Some of His Prominent Public Contemporaries.

By "Historicus," Fredericton, N. B.

NO. 20.

Daddy Chalker and the Girls' Ages, and Old Beverages.

About sixty years ago there resided in Halifax an old gentleman of respectability and good standing who went by the name of "Daddy Chalker." He was one of the characters of the time, and possessed what is called strong "individuality." His principal characteristic was in the knowledge he possessed of the ages of everybody in the town, from infancy to old age; and in this respect he was what might be called a walking chronologer. How he came by this wonderful gift of conjuration, was a puzzle to many, and he seldom made a mistake in singling out his victim. Now, to know the individual ages of every member of a population (then) of fifteen thousand, either required a strong memory or a system of mental arithmetic not easily to account for; but "Daddy Chalker" seemed to understand his business if nobody else did and seldom made a mistake. Of course, there were different theories advanced to account for the man's phenomenal information. But the fact is incontestable that the girls of Halifax knew their own ages, and that Chalker knew as much as they did. On the occasion of the anniversary of a birthday in any household, daddy would call to compliment the individual, and his reward was a glass of wine. Now, as it is very likely that in a population of fifteen thousand souls there must necessarily be several birthdays, taking one house with another, for every day in the year, our old peripatetic philosopher must have imbibed considerable wine in the course of his rounds—at all events quite enough to keep him going from one house to another; and as the wine in those days was pure he always managed to carry his head straight between his shoulders. We will suppose that Sarah Ann's birthday is at hand—tomorrow or next day. "Now, ma, don't let Chalker in, the nuisance." "But, my dear, he knows your age all the same, and you are aware of the penalty for closing the door against him?" Susan Ann begins to think, and then withdraws her objections. She knows better than to hold out—for the penalty is, if Chalker is not properly received, he feels himself at liberty to tell Sarah Jane's age to all the boys. He is thus bought off with a glass of wine, which is the black mail he levies, especially after the girls have attained a certain age, and don't want to be classified among post mortem female bipeds. When Chalker died the prayers of all the girls in town followed him to the grave.

Old Beverages.

But how could the man drink so much wine and not become obfuscated? Easily enough—then "the pure juice of the grape" was the fascinating tonic—a bucket full would not intoxicate, the stomach suffered worse than the head. Those were antitemperance days, and dealers in wines had no temptation to spurn their wares to make money.

But then if a person was fond of the real stingo sixty years ago, Halifax supplied any quantity of "Old Jamaica," also pure, but telling at times. Then there was the old Schiedam, known as Holland's gin, white as water and purer itself especially when it began to bite. The old codgers used to dilute their "Jamaica" with spruce beer and then the flowing bowl went the rounds among the ladies in the shape of peppermint, shrub, clove water, aniseed, and such other innocent decoctions. The manufacture of all those things has gone out with the lost arts—for I only know of them now as historical reminders. The fine arts, however, have brought in something to take their places, (but these things too are destined to give way ere long to something less spoonerific) such as Old Rye, Tom-and-Jerry, Pig-in-the-whistle, mint julep, hazel beer, and so forth. For which scientific beverages we are indebted to our uncle Jonathan, who in his progress of civilization takes care to provide means of irrigation, so that the land may not become parched, or suffer from undue thirst and Canada is not far behind; for further information inquire at the north-west.

Preaching and Plagiarism.

Some fifty years ago there was a young minister suddenly appeared in St. Paul's church, Halifax, and soon became the idol of the town for his eloquent sermons, his elocution, and oratorical powers generally. He held his audience spell-bound, as though he possessed a magic, magnetic influence over every soul present. His sermons were delivered extempore, the only effective method of holding an audience whether religious or secular. Long before the hour of service the church doors were crowded outside, by persons desirous of getting in after the pew owners had taken their places. The appearance of this young preacher in the pulpit was very fine, and his graceful gestures were not surpassable. During the height of his popularity he paid a visit to St. John, and preached in Trinity church; and as his fame had preceded him, and his coming known to many of the congregation, the church was filled to overflowing. Everybody was delighted, and his praises were upon everybody's lips. In the evening he preached in St. Luke's church, Portland, the Rev. Mr. Harrison being rector at the time. Here the young minister's reception was equally imposing.

Five and bye it leaked out that this highly popular minister was preaching other people's sermons. In other words he was a plagiarist, and the sermons not of his own composition. A reaction set in, and this famous young divine disappeared from the arena as suddenly as he came forward. From that time to this I have been unable to trace or fix him anywhere, and he may be dead for aught I know.

The above facts are brought to my recollection from reading in the newspapers of late that a certain excellent speech delivered in the U. States by Hon. Mr. Mercier of Quebec, was the production of a certain gentleman, whose name is given, and that the hon. gentleman was merely the mouth-piece of another man's ideas!

"Vell, vot of it," as Jimmy Twitchee says in the play. To merely write a speech or sermon (I here desire to include the St. Paul Preacher) is a small matter. It is the delivery of either that tells. A mere writer is nobody compared with the speaker whose art is "listening Senates to command." Suppose the rev. gentleman in his sermon, so long as he was doing good, and no harm to the real author, is not such a man in the pulpit of far greater use than a dull prosy preacher tiring everybody out even though his sermon may be full of brains? The answer will be dishonestly by appropriating the work of another as if it were your own, and not letting on to the congregation what you are doing. There may be something in this, but the point I make is, as far as the people themselves are concerned, so long as good sound doctrine is preached in an attractive and telling manner, is it not better to ask no questions so long as you are receiving good from the preaching? But even taking the view of plagiarism, it is history to be relied on I have read of sermons having been written by laymen hack writers as they were called, for the use of high dignitaries of the church, and for which they were but poorly compensated. If my memory serves me, or Johnstone the great Lexicographer, earned many a pound by writing sermons. Nor did the ministers announce from the pulpit the names of their authors—this would be *infra-dig.* But we come back to the starting point. It is the preacher or speaker who is entitled to all the credit for making good use of the material within his reach. In fact there is much more labour in memorizing a sermon or speech than in writing it for delivery.

The reader may say, what has all this to do with recollections of Mr. Howe? It has to do with his "Times," however, and I will come to Mr. Howe himself shortly.

Funerals in the Olden Time.

Meeting Mr. Howe in the street one day, a gentleman visitor remarked to him—how very dull Halifax appeared to be—few people to be met with, while the stores and business places were quite idle. (No doubt the person so remarking had just come from some large bustling city, and noticed the great difference.) "O," replied Mr. Howe, "it may be dull just now—but you wouldn't say that if you saw some of our big funerals—then our streets are quite lively." But how changed our is everything in regard to burials compared with the olden time. Sixty-five or seventy years ago a hearse was unknown in Halifax and I suppose St. John. The dead were carried to the burial ground, sometimes a mile distant, upon a bier, four men having it upon their shoulders—no matter how heavy the weight, or warm or cold the weather it was to be done, and the labor was immense. Over the coffin a black velvet pall was thrown, with cords attached which were held by the pall bearers; the ministers and physicians preceded the coffin. On one occasion I was present at the funeral of a person who had lived a long distance up town, and whose weight was not less than 300 lbs.; on this occasion the coffin was placed upon three bars or long sticks, and carried by twelve men—not upon the shoulders, but held directly in front of them at arm's length. It was a long wearisome, solemn journey, and the day was hot withal. When the church yard was reached the difficulty of lowering the coffin into the grave presented itself for the first time. The usual means in such cases were here impracticable. The lower end of the grave had to be dug out and a long incline was made which extended some feet outside—so that by this slanting process and several rollers put down the coffin was finally rolled into its last resting place. Outside coffins or shells were seldom or never used—so that the body found its level without any obstruction in its passage.

The pall holders in those days—six in number—wore long crape scarfs looped up on one shoulder, and tied with a bow on the opposite side nearly touching the ground, while the hat band of the same material was fastened in a foot or so down back of the hat and hung a foot or so down the back. For young persons the scarfs and hat bands were of white material. The mourners were also supplied by the friends of deceased with hat bands worn in the same way, the ends falling upon the back. It was customary for all the known friends to be invited—sometimes perhaps numbering 20, 30 and 40, and more. So that the more friends one had the more costly the funeral, as everyone invited was provided with the emblems of mourning including kid gloves. All this is now dispensed with; and even pall bearers are not considered in most places as essential adjuncts to funerals, although the custom is still observed in St. John—but in Fredericton not at all. The coffins were usually made of pine wood, polished with lamp-black. Those who could well afford it had their wood covered with cloth, with trimmings or edgings of tin foil material, always on hand at the hardware stores, with breast-plate and handles of the same metal. What are now called *caskets* were unknown,—made of mahogany, rose-wood, walnut, and other expensive materials. Nor were such things as coffins or other death accessories kept on hand by cabinet makers or undertakers, as at the present day. These had all to be made to order when wanted.

On assembling at the house of death the mourners and friends filling the rooms,

sometimes to overflowing, were provided each with a glass of wine and a biscuit, which were always considered to be very acceptable, and perhaps in some cases this custom caused more mourners than were desirable. There were no flowers used on such occasions. This is a modern innovation. The presence of death, according to my judgment, was marked in a more becoming manner. At the present day we feel that we have not done our duty to the memory of our dearly beloved lost ones unless we smother their bodies in flowers, and vie with one another in producing the most exquisite designs. Flowers may be considered when used in this way by the pious and well meaning as symbols of the resurrection, and I have no doubt it is all right enough—but it always seemed to me as a perversion of these beauties of nature, and I prefer to see death in its deathly form, according to the old ways, in sombre hue, in plain simplicity.

When the hearse was introduced, say 65 years ago, it was under great protest. Indeed it was considered by many well meaning people, a sacrilege to drag the bodies of their friends to the grave by horses. The clergymen, some of them at all events, went so far in their objections as to say that they for their part, would never walk before a horse at a funeral. It was, therefore, a long time before the town got reconciled to the hearse. Nor was it the custom for coaches to attend funerals, which nowadays add considerably to the expense. But then the cemeteries were all in the towns and there was no need of them. Nor did the people place large elaborate monuments, or obelisks, and such like meretricious tokens over the bodies of their friends, as now, but contented themselves with plain headstones which told their grief just as well, and were as well accepted. Now there is rivalry in these things as in every other worldly thing no matter what the expense, or rather in my opinion the waste of money. Everybody wishes to be up to his neighbor and we do not look in vain although it is all vain, when in our cemeteries for fashionable observances. All right, however, to those who think it so.

THE HORSE IN HISTORY.

From the Time of Moses Down to the Present Day.

Moses seems not to have considered the horse a factor worth mentioning among the live stock in the day of Adam, says Hon. L. H. Bonham, of Ohio. Egyptian civilization, however, honored him with place on monuments and works of art five hundred years before he was referred to in the writings of the Israelites. Though they wandered in Arabia the home of the noted Arab horse, they took no interest in his development. Six hundred years later they had advanced out of the nomad state, and Solomon took to horses and mounted cavalry from Egypt, after which Israel dwelt safely from Dan to Beersheba.

The Mohammedan conquests were made on the horse and by the horse. The Indians of America were feeble to resist or invade so long as they had only dogs as their beasts of burden. After they began to draw horses from Mexico they were metamorphosed into horsemen whose power for evil the history of our frontier attests.

From the lowest to the highest civilization the horse has been made the power for developing the resources of the land, or for defense or invasion. The Greeks in their highest civilization improved the blood drawn from Egypt. To develop the endurance, speed, style and docility demanded in the horse which was to be the pride of kings and men of wealth races were instituted which superseded the athletes and boxers at the famous Grecian games. Kings and men of wealth expended fortunes in breeding and fitting horses for these games. Gilon, Hiero, Dionysius and Alcibiades were proud to train and show their horses. Alcibiades sent seven chariots at one time and won first, second and third prizes.

From the Greeks the Romans derived their best blood and ideal of a perfect horse. The Arab traced his stock to the stables of Solomon. Their superstitious devotion to the horse as of divine origin, coupled with their singular fidelity to pedigree, along with the salubrious climate and rich grasses and herbage, and training, evolved the wonderful Arabian horse. To him the best blood of Spain, then of England, and finally of America traces. The student can trace this blood into Barbary and along the coast of the Mediterranean sea into Normandy and Flanders, thence into England, and see how the habits of the people, the climate, soil and uses made of the horse developed the warhorse, the ponderous draft, the fleet thoroughbred, and the coacher.

The wars, crusades and invasions led to mingling bloods, evolving different breeds. The Norman conquerors founded the heavy type of warhorse, and every invasion south brought back more of the Arab or Spanish blood. The Normans lost nothing of their enterprise, skill and persistence, and made their impress on every land they invaded. They established trading-posts even in Canada, and founded Quebec, leaving there enough good blood to found the wiry and durable Canadian horse.

Nations which have bred grand horses have traits of greatness and high ideals, and have intelligence and enterprise to appreciate and develop desired and valuable qualities. Traits may be created. The docility of the Arab horse, the milking trait of the Friesian cow, were bred into the stock and developed by selection and use. Great breeds of horses are evolved only by races of men of nobility of character and marked power. When the race of men falls into decline their horses decline. Three hundred years of degeneracy have reduced noble blood left by the Spanish invaders of South America to the level of the Mexican greaser and his mustang. The Indian pony, with all the meanness and toughness of his Indian master, is the product of degeneration from the blood of the noble Arabian and the Norman horse brought to Canada in the fifteenth century.

The horse in his development and use has in every age been a fit index of the degree of civilization of a people. The Arab and Mohammedan used the horse only for chase and war. A people like the English needed horses for bearing burdens and tilling lands, as well as for ceremony, for sport and for war.

The tastes and fashions of a monarch influenced the style and use of horses. Charles I. and II. imported the royal mares of the stud-book. James II. continued importations. William the Conqueror

wanted heavier horses for war and agriculture. He imported from Normandy and Flanders. Henry VIII. was so eager to improve the horses for cavalry and agriculture that he caused horses under size to be destroyed. His reign of thirty-eight years was marked by an increase in number and value of powerful horses and in a like improvement in agriculture and wealth of the nation.

Two hundred years of improvement led to the establishing of the stud-book in 1791. The "tight little c" has evolved the wonder of ages by intelligent and persistent breeding, selection and development, the blooded horses to which directly traces the American trotter. The trotting horse is sui generis. He has been evolved under different conditions of climate, feed, fashion and business. For centuries horses were used only for war and ceremony. The trotter is the product of necessities of business, and has been developed in the fashion of sport and pleasure. Hickory and steel springs have made light vehicles possible, and driving to light vehicles has become a fashion which is fast evolving the horse which trots instead of canters, paces or ambles, as did the horse of earlier ages. The trotter has been evolved from the necessities of business or sport. The horse of old was the horse of war and waste. The American horse is the offspring of peace and thrift.

Browning's Photograph.

A friend of mine wandering through the streets of London one day, stopped to look in at a window where photographs were displayed to catch the eyes of passers-by. While staring at the photographs of crowned heads and professional beauties, it occurred to him that he would like to have a picture of Browning, of whom he was a great admirer. "Have you any photographs of Browning?" he asked the urbane salesman. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. Wondering why the man made no show of getting them, the customer said, "I should like to buy one; let me see them, please." "They are not for sale, sir," said the young man. Not for sale, sir? Then what have you got them for? "To give to 'is friend's, sir—not to sell to strangers," the clerk replied, showing some annoyance at his friend's persistence. "This is most extraordinary," said the American, getting angry. "You sell photographs, and I want one of Browning, which you say you have, but you won't sell to me. I should like to see the proprietor and ask him what it means." The clerk stepped up to a fat, little, bald-headed man sitting at a high desk, and said: "Mr. Browning, sir, there's a gentleman as insists upon having your photograph, and won't take 'No' for answer, sir." And at the same moment my friend noticed the name on the door, "Browning, Artists' Materials, etc."—*The Critic.*

THINGS OF VALUE.

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Nothing but religion can keep a gifted man from falling in love with his own head.

Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters is not a new remedy. It has been known in this country for over fifty years.

On the very day that the first church was started the devil produced a hypocrite.

"Mother, what shall I do for this dreadful cough?" "Take Puttner's Emulsion, my dear, it always helps our family."

When you need a friend don't pick out the man whose dog never wants to follow him.

The presence of dandruff indicates a diseased scalp, and if not cured, blanching of the hair and baldness will result. Hall's Hair Renewer will cure it.

There are people who pray for showers of blessing who want them to come without any clouds.

Here surely is something like a miracle! John A. Dawson, Esq., Ex-M. P. of Picton N. S., writes:—"I was troubled with Dyspepsia of the very worst kind for twenty years. K. D. C. cured me completely. It is worth its weight in gold. Will give information to anyone who will write me." Ask your druggist for it.

The man who loves his neighbor as himself is not the one who smokes on a street car platform.

Great Oaks from Little Acorns Grow.

A now celebrated chemist once heard a man say:

"I hate a rubber coat or McIntosh; I would as soon get wet to the skin as be obliged to wear one. I always have a nasty, clammy feeling after wearing one any length of time, and generally take cold as a consequence."

This was the circumstance which led Mr. John S. Rigby, F. C. S., to experiment upon the waterproofing of textile fabrics and a porous, odorless, pliable, and yet waterproof cloth, was the result. In fact the Rigby cloth.

A Dangerous Joke.

A few months ago a person hardly dared say they had La Grippe for fear of ridicule. And now that our half of our population have had it, the other half are in mortal fear for fear they too will have it. We cannot wonder; for no epidemic scourge has ever visited this country and left such a trail of death and sorrow behind. The best loved members of families of state circles down to the humblest station in life have gone.

It has been the relapses and after dangers from La Grippe that have been so appalling. The death rate in many larger cities has exceeded 100 a week from the "grip" alone; and the end is not yet. Physicians are learned to fear, (much more than the inflammation downward to the throat and bronchial tubes causing croup and catarrhal pneumonia, true sequences of the malady; which terminate in death and produce severe larngitis bronchitis, asthma and a form of catarrh which contributed largely to chronic disease of the ear, nose and throat, causing loss of hearing, smell and taste. Those physicians who have been most successful with the epidemic say, the safest treatment has been with tonic and anodyne remedies. The medicines most relied upon have been Quinine, Anipyrine, Salicylate of soda, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, etc. A prominent Boston paper announced in January last that more persons had successfully used the last named medicine than all the others combined. That seems reasonable for the effects of La Grippe cause severe inflammation, and it is a well known fact that for nearly eighty years no remedy has taken the place of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for every form of inflammation, internal or external. Therein lies its great value as a household Anodyne, namely the fact that it is and can be used more internally than any other way. At any rate if one has any symptoms of the after dangers of the "grip" we advise them to get a bottle of the Anodyne at once, or send to the sole manufacturers, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston Mass., for full particulars which they send free, and which may save you a big doctor's bill.

READ the directions on the wrapper.

You will find out

then how to do away with the muss—the steam—that hard work of wash day; how to do away with boiling or

scalding, or hard rubbing of the clothes.

Surprise Soap does it, and the directions tell you how.

'Tis very simple.

Thousands wash this way.

READ the directions on the wrapper.



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It is the popular thing now-a-days for the women folk to send the washing to Ungar's every week and have it Rough Dried; but they should also remember that he can do up the Lace Curtains, and save the housekeeper considerable bother. Send them to Ungar's when you decide to put them up for the Summer. A ray of sunshine brightens a lonely cell; but it takes nice, clean curtains to make your best rooms look as cheerful as you would like to see them.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to Ungar's Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 62 and 64 Granville street. It'll be done right, if done at

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