

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1892.

HOW IT WAS IN MONCTON.

WOMEN AND MINISTERS TAKE A HAND IN CIVIC POLITICS.

Geoffrey Cuthbert Strange Tells How the Contest Was Conducted—A Minister Who Surpassed Dr. Johnson—The W. C. T. U. in Two Roles.

The civic elections are over and a sort of armed peace once more broods over the railway town! A morbid regard for the realistic in art, prevents my using my favorite metaphor about the above mentioned goddess spreading her downy wing over us; because the truth is that the dove eyed one seems to be moulting at present and the down which should adorn her wing is yet in the pen leather stage. So she has armed herself with a copy of the Scott act in one hand, and the minutes of some of the "intemperance mass meetings" in the other, and now with her tired feet firmly planted upon the dying remnant of christian charity which has escaped destruction at the hands of the ministers of the gospel, in Moncton and the temperance party generally she is waiting for enough feathers to fly away with. The reason she keeps her foot upon her moribund relative, is not that she wishes to crush it still further, but merely lest it should resist sufficiently to arise and flee from the railway hub forever, leaving the dove eyed goddess alone and defenceless in the field, exposed to the chilling blasts of W. C. T. U. eloquence, and the thunders of ministerial denunciation.

Poor, poor christian charity, what a rough time it has been having lately! and how it does long for strength to flee away and be at rest! For some peaceful spot, like Helena, Montana, we will say, or San Antonio, Texas, where the Scott Act is an unknown quantity, the W. C. T. U. unheard of, and where there is not a minister to be found within fifty miles: so that the demons of so-called temperance and holy spirit finding that they have not an inch of ground to stand upon, have prudently taken flight and decided to settle permanently in some more religious community, unfortunately selecting Moncton as one of their strongholds.

Moncton, or rather the atmosphere of our city, does not seem as favorable to the growth of christianity, especially that integral part of all true christianity which St. Paul termed charity, as the layman, who is groping humbly along in search of light, would like to see. Of course it is perfectly natural that we, the unsanctified general public, should let our angry passions rise, and in the beautiful, and the same time forcible language of the late Dr. Watts, "Delight to bark and bite, for 'tis our nature to," and nobody expects anything better from us; but we have been brought up, most of us, to invest all ministers of the gospel, "our pastors and masters" with a traditional halo, a sort of atmosphere of sanctity which separates them from the rougher portion of fighting, struggling, humanity, likely a saintly robe, and to see these pious men so forgetting their holy office as to descend to the extraordinary amount of wrangling and backbiting they have indulged in lately, is enough to give a very severe shock to the nervous system of the layman before mentioned!

How those "followers of the meek and lowly Jesus" as they delight to call themselves, did fight with everyone who did not chance to think just as they did! and how they descended with hob nailed boots upon an absent member of their own profession who had presumed to have an opinion of his own upon the temperance question! How they abused that clergyman who was not there to defend himself, and tore his character to pieces, and told him lots of things about himself of which he had been in ignorance until that moment, until two ladies, one a member of the W. C. T. U., and the other one of the absent clergyman's congregation, felt compelled, by that love of fair play for which the gentler sex is not usually given credit—felt compelled to rise and protest against such mean methods of warfare!

Why, one of those fighting christians succeeded in winning for himself a renown exceeding that of the illustrious Dr. Samuel Johnson, for Dr. Johnson merely wrote and compiled a dictionary, while the illustrious pastor of the Free Baptist church went so far beyond that feat as to get entirely outside the narrow confines of Johnson's or any other dictionary! He even found the English grammar so totally inadequate to the demands he made upon it, that he was compelled to soar off into the infinite realms of his own imagination and invent numbers of words hitherto unknown to etymological science. Indeed, if we did not have it on excellent scriptural authority that there was strife even in Heaven once upon a time, the secular mind would be at a loss to find a precedent for the amount of unpleasantness that seems to have existed in the ranks of the truly good over the civic elections. The ministers have been trying to "run" the temperance committee, and the temperance committee has not been in accord with the W. C. T. U., and the W. C. T. U. has been trying without success to "run" the civic election and control the city council, while the city council—or, notably one member of it—has not only declined to be controlled but has openly defied and insulted the W. C. T. U., and refused utterly to be dictated by the temperance committee, and the battle waxed so fierce that the electors felt something decisive must be done. So they took matters into their own hands and elected the city council they thought would suit them best irrespective of party feeling with the result, as I said at the beginning, that an armed peace prevails at the present time.

Perhaps I had better say in conclusion that I should be sorry if anything I have written should be construed into disparagement of the ladies of W. C. T. U. I respect that organization very thoroughly, and several of my warmest personal friends are members, but still I think I have made

plain on previous occasions that I am not in accord with all of their views. I question the right of women to enter into municipal affairs, and I dislike the idea of their appearing on a public platform and exposing themselves to the rough usage accorded to one of their number, who has been noted for charitable works and good deeds for years, and yet whose sex proved no shield from masculine insult some two weeks ago; and I say frankly that if my wife persisted in becoming an active temperance worker and platform speaker I would get a divorce at once, if I could. Furthermore I do believe firmly in a man's right to get drunk if he wants to, and is willing to pay for the privilege! I never got drunk in my life myself, but still I like to feel that I can do so, if I wish. But for the noble and unselfish work done amongst the poor of Moncton by the members of the W. C. T. U. I honor them above all women, and I feel like taking off my hat when I pass one in the street whether I know her or not. As I have said before, they are in many respects true sisters of charity, and I have found them ever ready to help the poor, and suffering with heart and soul.

GEORGEY CUTHBERT STRANGE.  
IN THE SCRIBNERS' TIME.

Another Interesting Programme Brought to Light by Price Webber.  
TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I met a former member of Scribner Brothers' (St. John) Opera Troupe during the past week, in this city, in the person of Mr. Wm. Mabee, who is now the proprietor of a sash and venetian blind factory on Buckingham street; and, of course, we necessarily spoke of by-gone days, and the time when both of us were members of the above-mentioned organization, and from him I got the following programme, which I thought would prove of interest to your readers:

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, ST. JOHN,  
Dec. 25, (Christmas) 1885.  
SCRIBNER BROS.' OPERA TROUPE  
AND  
BRASS BAND!  
PROGRAMME THIS EVENING.

Part I.  
Overture (new).....Orchestra  
Opening chorus.....Company  
"Beside the Grave of Jenny".....D. McCaffrey  
"Pretty Jemima, don't say no".....S. Daly  
"Little Ada's Going Home".....W. Mabee  
"Champagne Charity".....Sill Scribner  
"Sooty O'er the Rippling Waters".....H. Webber  
Finale—"Scenes in St. John on Saturday".....Company  
"Night".....Company

Part II.  
Double Clog Dance.....King and Moore  
Prima Donna.....Sill Scribner  
After which the Laughable Interlude,  
CHICK-ENS!  
Sill Scribner and S. Daly.  
Song and Dance.....Harry Kemp  
To conclude with the great original Non-sensation  
UNDER THE RUSH LIGHT.  
With all its novel and beautiful scenic and Mechanical Effects; and the following  
powerful Cast of Characters:

Snoorky—[an (h)armless Campobello Veteran].....Sill Scribner  
Byke—[a heavy villain].....T. Wilson  
Ray Trafford—[a St. John "Blood"].....H. W. Webber  
Bernudas—[an itinerant fish vender].....S. Daly  
The Switchman at Rothersey Station.....W. Mabee  
Tommy-cood.....Harry King  
Lillywhite.....George Moore  
Laura Courtland—[the beautiful Belle of the Kennebecasis].....Harry Daly  
Old Judas—[Byke's assistant].....H. Sullivan  
The Others.....By the Rest

Scene I.—Charlotte street—Snoorky hard up. Bernudas indignant. A pathetic appeal. A generous gift. The invitation.  
Scene 2nd.—Fish Market "Wharf"—Bernudas' Residence—Juba Jig and Banjo Solo. The plot thickens—if you can see it. Judas sees a noise. Byke on the rampage. "The boat's gone," "No, it's not," "Desperate onslaught!" "Patched Overboard." Tableau.  
Act II.—Scene 1st.—The Woods Near Rothersey Station—Byke smells a footstep. "Snoorky suspects foul murder. The plot thickens still—Snoorky can't see it.  
Scene II.—Rothersey Station.—The Switchman and the distressed female. Quiet lodgings for the night. Byke triumphant. The last of poor Snoorky. "Murder!" "Great heavens!" Providence, Rhode Island. The train attempts to pass. "Wind you pushing?" Quick—Curtain.

Doors open at 7; Curtain to rise at 8 o'clock.  
Scribner Brothers, Proprietors.  
Price Webber.....Stage Manager  
J. Leitch.....Leader of Orchestra  
Mr. Dennis McCaffrey was a favorite singer, belonging to the West side, and this was the first time he had sung with the company. He possessed a voice of sweetness and power, and often would sing solos at the cathedral on Waterloo street. I think he went to the Western States some years ago. Steve and Harry Daly are living in Boston; T. Wilson is dead; James Sullivan is the well known cornet player, and was sergeant of the artillery band when I last saw him, and lives in your city; and the other members I accounted for in a former letter.

The concluding sketch, Under the Rush Light, was a burlesque on the play Under the Gas Light, which was then, and is now, very popular; and the great scene was where the "Blushing Belle of the Kennebecasis" deliberately stood on the railroad track, with her back to the engine of the train, and stopped the locomotive as she stooped down and rescued the one-armed soldier from being killed. It was a clever adaptation from the pen of Joseph Knowles, and it made an unquestionable hit.

H. PRICE WEBBER.  
Halifax, March 19.

Seal Life Is Uncertain.  
The word "extermination" seems to strike absurdly on some ears when we know that the seals are counted by the million, but it must be remembered that the mother seal gives birth to but one pup in the season, and the season comes but once a year. If the mother is killed even after the pup is born it costs the life of both, for, according to Prof. Elliott, no female seal will care for any but her own little one, and it would be impossible for it to live without nourishment. It is well known, too, that a certain percentage of the young die, or are killed by their awkward companions; therefore, if there is unlimited seizures of them without regard to set times, the proportion of those destroyed cannot but exceed the yearly addition to their number.

THE BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

Cromwell's Great Victory, and How He Won It.

And now we are coming to the great soldier's most famous, most picturesque and most decisive battle. This memorable battle has been often described—by Carlyle at his best, and by other graphic and eloquent pens. I wish I could give, in a few words, some idea of it, some picture of it that might linger in the memory. It is now the 2nd day of September, 1650, and Cromwell with his little army of 11,000 men, tired and worn with marching, far from home, is crowded on this rocky promontory of Dunbar, while the veteran Leslie, the Scotch commander, has followed and thrown his whole force around him, and with a fresh and well fed and well appointed army of 22,000 men is lying on the hills to the west and south, his army cutting off the only road to England, and encircling like a huge serpent, in its coils, its now disheartened and apparently doomed enemy. The unfolding monster was drawn back among the hills so that Cromwell could not strike it, but it lay there, sure of its prey—either to starve him, or drive him ignominiously to embark on his ships, if indeed that critical movement could now be effected.

It was a most grave and perilous hour. We know how good fortune often suddenly deserts her favorites—even the bravest and greatest. Was Cromwell now to be deserted by his good genius? Was he now come to his Zama, like Hannibal—to his Waterloo, like Napoleon? See him, there, as he walks back and forth on that little ledge of land on that September afternoon, his brow knit in thought, his great mind revolving the situation—stern and serious, but not despairing. If he could only see some way to strike his wary foe. Suddenly his face lights up, his brow clears, for, looking to the south he sees that Leslie has moved his right wing down from the impregnable hills towards the shore—he thinks Cromwell is about to embark on his ships and he would be ready to strike him in the midst of the movement. Quick as the lightning's flash the genius of Cromwell saw the mistake and comprehended the advantage. The excitement of triumph blazed in his eyes, and turning to Lambert, he exclaimed, "The Lord has delivered them into our hand!" Then rapidly follow his orders and dispositions for the battle before the morrow's dawn.

The night was dark and tempestuous. The wind moaned a requiem over the opposing hosts and drove the cold rain into their faces. The moon, pale and wan, as though affrighted at the coming carnage, looked furtively and fitfully from between the black and scudding clouds. The English were partly protected by their tents; the Scotch, in the open field, lay down in the wet and soaking shocks of corn. Cromwell had given out as the battle word "The Lord of Hosts," and in the early gray of the morning his men sprang to arms and the charge with that lofty cry upon their lips. And now while the English cannon, already trained and loaded, begin to rain their shot upon the center and left of the Scotch army across the ravine, among the hills, and so hold them fast, the invincible "Ironsides" fall upon the Scotch right wing in the plain. The shock is sudden and tremendous; the opposition, so stout and firm at first that the splendid line is bent inward, for the moment, like a bow—bent but not broken—for now it springs back, like the tempered steel of a Damascus blade, into an unwavering front again, and like a blade of keenest edge, now mows down and through the Scotch horse and foot. "The Lord of Hosts!"

"The Lord of Hosts!" rings out above the roar and din—above the now feeble cry of "The Covenant!" "The Covenant," as English Puritan and Independent cut and slashes and tramples Scotch Presbyterian and Covenantist into the mud and mire and gory ruck of that terrible field. Three thousand of the enemy are cut down in a few moments in that fiery onset. "They run! they run! I profess they run!" shouts the great leader as he eagerly watches the charge of his glorious Ironsides. And now the main Scotch army, despite the cannon still roaring upon them, deploy across the brook in their front and descend into the plain to support their right wing. Blunder on blunder—horror on horror! For here they met their broken and routed wing, flying up the ravine in wild, headlong panic, are thrown into confusion and trampled down by it, while through the now inextinguishable and wildly struggling mass the terrible English horse tramp and thunder in their victorious pursuit! All now is appalling overthrow and ruin—oil broken and organization lost—a routed, broken, despairing army, flying in every direction.

And now, as if Heaven itself would honor this great victory, won in the name of the Most High, the rising sun bursts through the morning fog and mists, and floods the eastern sea, the promontory and all the encircling hills with glorious light! Then the voice of Cromwell is heard again in high notes of triumph, "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered," and as the thought of this great and overwhelming victory comes over him, in his gratitude to God he pauses, rallies and steadies his men in their great excitement, and there, under the vast, open, heaven-lighted temple of the sky, they sing the 117th Psalm, "O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise Him all ye people; for His merciful kindness is great." And now the swift and terrible pursuit, the slaughter, the "execution," as Cromwell called it, is taken up, and when that day's sun goes down behind the hills of Lammermoor Leslie's splendid army of yesterday is gone—3,000 dead on the field, and more thousands slain in their flight, 10,000 prisoners, 15,000 stands of arms and 200 colors—and most wonderful thing in war to tell, on the side of the victors the loss is but two officers and twenty men! Such was Cromwell's great battle and victory of Dunbar.—Detroit Free Press.

A Fashionable Drink.  
Menier Chocolate is a fashionable drink. Did you ever try it? Send postal card for samples and directions to C. Alred Chouillou, Montreal.

Custom Mantle Making!

Owing to the increase of this department, we have enlarged our Work and Fitting Rooms during the past winter, and have now one of the best adapted rooms for the purpose to be found anywhere. It is provided with power (steam) machines, and splendidly lighted, so that we will be enabled to turn out work more quickly than in previous seasons, and as we employ only skilled labor in this department, we can guarantee first class work, finish and style to all our patrons. Having received our

Foreign Pattern Jackets, Capes, etc.

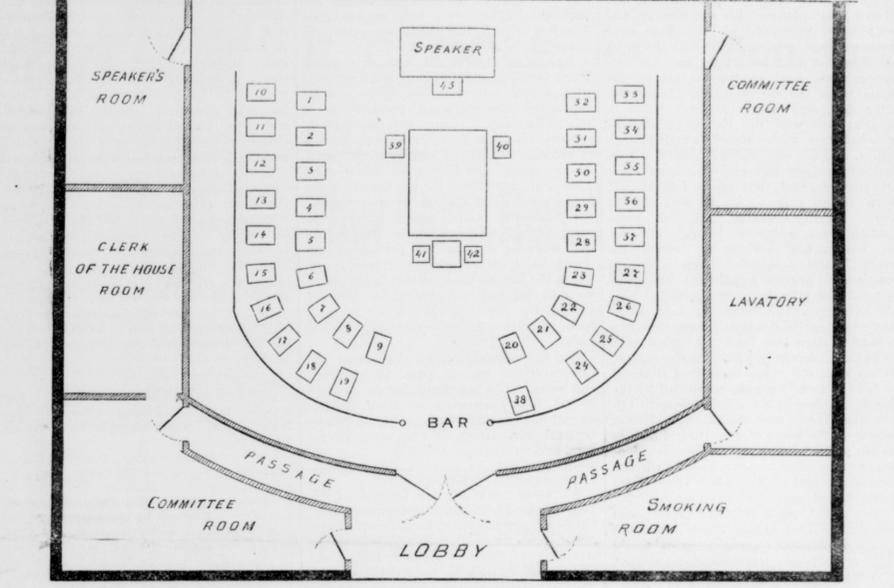
Also, Black and Colored Cloths, we are fully prepared to make up to order any style of garment required, in the latest fashion. Perfect fit and moderate prices.

HUNDREDS OF LADIES, whom we have not seen were satisfactorily fitted with New and Stylish Mantles made to order by means of our Self Measurement Form and Instructions, during last year, and we shall be pleased to send a Form and samples of New Mantle Materials upon application.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

WHERE TO FIND A MEMBER.

The great majority of Nova Scotians who send men to represent them at Halifax, would probably have a hard time finding any particular member, should they visit the house. If the visiting voter has "an axe to grind" the member is probably thankful that this ignorance prevails. It is not, however, through malice to the legislators that PROGRESS prints the following plan of the House of Assembly at Halifax.



- Government.
- 1. Hon. Thos. Johnson—Shelburne.
  - 2. " Chas. E. Church—Lunenburg.
  - 3. " W. S. Fiddling (gentleman)—Halifax.
  - 4. " J. W. Longley—Annapolis.
  - 5. " D. McNeil—Inverness.
  - 6. " C. F. Melsan—Antigonish.
  - 7. F. A. Laurence—Colchester.
  - 8. Wm. Roche—Halifax.
  - 9. Wm. Law—Yarmouth.
  - 10. E. E. Tupper—Digby.
  - 11. H. H. Chute—Annapolis.
  - 12. A. M. Comeau—Digby.
  - 13. J. D. McGregor—Pictou.
  - 14. John McKinnon—Inverness.
  - 15. C. P. Chisholm—Antigonish.
  - 16. Geo. Clarke—Colchester.
  - 17. A. P. Welton—Kings.
  - 18. Arthur Drysdale—Hants.
  - 19. Foran Hatfield—Yarmouth.
  - 20. Joseph Matheson—Richmond.
  - 21. J. A. Fraser—Victoria.
  - 22. J. D. Sperry—Lunenburg.
  - 23. A. M. Hemeon—Queens.
  - 24. A. A. LeBlanc—Richmond.
  - 25. J. McPheron—Cape Breton.
  - 26. A. J. McDonald—Cape Breton.
  - 27. Richard Hunt—Queens.

LENTE AMUSEMENTS.

New Parlor Games—Tests of Memory and of Knowledge.  
The penitential period which prohibits dancing and feasting encourages a great variety of more intellectual diversions, which exercise one's mental wits to the point of distraction. One of the favorite mental cotillions is a quotation party, where twenty guests are seated about five tables. Each table is furnished with four sheets of paper, and on each are written four well-known quotations from favorite authors. With each sheet a long author's card is supplied with numbered spaces corresponding to the number of quotations.

When the guests are seated five or six minutes' time is allowed for study, and each person writes the names of the authors of the quotations on his sheet in the appropriate numbered spaces of the author's card. The four slips are exchanged and studied, and when each person has examined all the four slips at his table every one changes tables and the work begins. The hostess controls the time spent in study by ringing a bell at the head table for the exchanging of cards or tables. When all the quotation slips have been examined prizes are awarded to those having the greatest number of correct names on the author's card.

"Library parties" require even greater familiarity with standard literature for to each lady is assigned some well-known character in fiction, and each man represents to the best of his ability the hero of a familiar work. When the books are all present each hero must find the corresponding heroine of the book from which his character is chosen. Conversation is confined within the language of the book, and each character is given out by a clever hostess to one whose personality best realizes the descriptions of this character given in the book.

An ingenious plan for determining partners at these intellectual carnivals is to prepare a number of cards containing names of countries and others with capitals. Of course the countries must find their capitals. It is said that when this is tried among grown people generally the men have been so much engrossed in business pursuits and politics that they have forgotten their geography and have great difficulty in finding their capitals.

An art party is one of the jolliest of all these Lenten entertainments. The guests are provided each with a card and pencil and seated so as to be in view of a large blackboard. Each guest writes his name

on the back of the card and places the number of guests in a vertical line down the left side of the card. A basket containing slips of paper is passed, each slip having a number and the name of a different animal. When a number is called by the leader of the game the person whose slip bears this number must draw upon the board the animal designated by the slip. All the other guests write opposite the drawer's name their idea of what the animal is that he is trying to draw. The person who makes the greatest number of correct guesses wins the prize.—N. Y. Sun.

TRIALS OF GENIUS.  
What Rossini Had to Contend Against in Producing His First Great Opera.  
The first centenary of the birthday of Rossini, the celebrated composer, which was celebrated a few days ago, has caused the telling of many anecdotes concerning him. One in particular illustrates the trials and disappointments which even the greatest geniuses must suffer.

When the Barber of Seville was brought out Rossini was compelled to address to the public an apology for choosing the subject upon which Paisiello, then esteemed a much greater composer than Rossini, had founded an opera. When the night came for the first production of the opera there occurred a series of mischances which might well have proved overwhelming to even a sanguine mind. The audience had gone to the theatre prejudiced against the opera. The overture and the introduction were scarcely listened to, and even the appearance of the great tenor Garcia did not dispose the public in favor of the work. Rossini had allowed Garcia to sing beneath Rossini's window a Spanish melody of his own arrangement. When Garcia started to sing he found that he had forgotten to tune the guitar upon which he was to play his accompaniment, according to the mode of all Spanish love songs, and the movement of the opera had to stop while Garcia tuned the guitar on the stage in the presence of the audience. Of course this caused laughter and brought poor Rossini's work into further ridicule.

Some of the best airs in the opera were loudly hissed, and the singer who took the part of Don Basilio stumbled over a trap door, which had been carelessly left open on the stage, and fell sprawling on his face, being in consequence compelled to sing his remaining part of the opera with his handkerchief to his nose. But Rossini's ill-luck did not stop there. At the opening of the most brilliant passage in the opera a cat, which

some one behind the scenes was chasing, rushed on the stage and took refuge in the skirts of Rossini's dress. Naturally, all these things diverted attention from the opera and caused prolonged laughter. The second act was so hissed and hooted that not a note was heard.

Yet, it is related that after all these trials and the condemnation of his opera by the public as a failure, Rossini calmly went home and to bed, and was not in the slightest degree disturbed over the mischances of the evening. He knew that his work was good, he had the confidence of genius, and felt that he could afford to wait. His faith was justified, for when the opera was again presented under better circumstances it was a great success.

The Disease of Drunkenness.  
Our bodies are composed of countless minute, living particles called cells. These live, have offspring, and die just as men do. Their lives are short, but they go through the same stages as do all living things, and, like all living things, they acquire habits. Moreover, they seem to transmit to their progeny the habits which they have acquired.

The drunkard accustoms his body to stimulants. The body cells each and all get to need the stimulant—in short, become habitual drunkards. Every one of them demands stimulation, and the frantic thirst for drink results in part from this. Something must be administered to allay this demand and take the place of alcohol. The substitute must be of a kind that will not itself become necessary to the body, for it is useless to exchange one habit for another, or—as may happen—finally to add to the curse of drink the curse of a desire also for another poison?—New York Sun.

Great Kickers.  
An emu can kick as hard as a horse. I have seen men kicked so hard by these vicious birds that their legs were broken. The emu stands on one leg and with the other strikes a quick and most paralyzing blow. I never would have believed that a bird had such power had I not ocular evidence of it during this trip. After two or three of our men had suffered from the terrible kicks of these birds we did not venture near them, but after running our horses till we got close enough would bring them down with our rifles. We did not approach them till we knew they were dead. We killed them for their feathers, although they are not so valuable as those of the ostrich. We also hunted for their eggs, which are to be found in the sand.