

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1892.

STRANGERS IN BOSTON.

THE SWEDISH IMMIGRANTS AND WHAT BEFEL THEM.

What They Say of Their Experience in St. John.—The Foreign Element in New England.—Election Echoes and Pertinent Personalities of Province People.

BOSTON, Nov. 29.—A party of Swedish immigrants arrived here Friday afternoon. They came from St. John, and newspaper readers probably know all about them up to Thursday night. Some of the provincial papers, however, in dealing with the case, did the Allan Line Steamship company an injustice, although it was, apparently, unintentional. The Mongolian, on which the immigrants came to America, did not go to Portland from Halifax as reported, but to Baltimore, Md., and the Swedes had tickets to Halifax only. They were landed there, and the Boston agent claims that that ended the obligations of the company. It is usual for a steamship line, such as the Allan's, when they expect a party of immigrants to arrive, to have an interpreter on hand to meet them and give them a good start in the right direction.

When the Swedes arrived here, they were met only by a crowd of hackmen and railroad officials, who could not understand a word they said, and they had an exciting time of it. Only one of the party could speak English. Officer Stevens and the rest of the I. C. R. officials will remember the little woman with the light ulster. She ran the whole show, and when they arrived in Boston the contract was a large one. There were fifteen in the crowd that reached here Friday. Three were bound for Gardner, Mass. They bought tickets for Gardner, Me., and had their baggage checked. Then somebody noticed an address painted on a box; and tickets had to be changed; baggage taken to the Fitchburg and re-checked; and the three men placed in charge of a watchman so as to make sure that they wouldn't get on the wrong train. This is a sample of the way a great many things were done while they were in Boston.

The Bay View horse cars which run from the Eastern depot past the Boston & Albany on Kneeland street, are very little larger than those which take St. John people to Indiantown. One Bay View car holds about eleven immigrants with hand baggage, "by actual measurement." There was no room for regular passengers and those who did get on board and squeezed in between bundles of all kinds, seemed to enjoy the trip.

The Swedes were in Boston seven hours, and all that time were interesting to Bostonians, who knew nothing of their previous experiences. A crowd at the depot followed their movements from the time they arrived until they took possession of the horse car; people along the line stopped to look at the unusual spectacle of a horse car and baggage express combined; on Kneeland street another crowd saw the luggage unloaded and sorted, and in the Boston & Albany depot they made one corner of the waiting room one of the most interesting spots in the building for sight seers, from 7.30 till 11 o'clock.

It will probably be a long time before the immigrants understand what happened to them at Vancboro, and why they have such unpleasant recollections of the health officer there, who sent them back east—but of St. John, where they put up with more hardship, perhaps, than in any place during their month of travel, they had nothing but good words.

They remembered our friend, Mr. Bailey, at the I. C. R. depot, and spoke of the kindness he showed them; and of the efforts of Mr. Johnson, the sailor's boarding house man, who, they said, did a great deal to get them through.

Talking about people who do not understand English reminds me that one does not go to the railroad depots to find them. Half the towns and cities of New England have colonies of foreigners, and they are so large that the people find so many around them who are able to talk in their native language that they do not seem to care much whether they learn English or not.

There is a good deal of humor in being lost in the resident part of a large city or in a country town, on a dark night, when you come across one of these foreigners. I have had the experience in both places, and the result of my inquiries has invariably been amusing.

Not long ago, while tramping up and down the avenues and lanes of one of Boston's prettiest suburbs, "looking for a man," I ran across a number of men on a quiet street. Like the majority of Massachusetts towns this one had two or three depots, and whether you would be carried north, south, east or west all depended on the station you started from. The night was very dark. I wanted to know, you know, and stopped the men. They listened for about a second, then granted a couple of times and off they went. They were Italians, and seemed to think I was making fun of them. They always do.

The Germans are better natured, and in some towns are very numerous, which

probably accounts for the fact of their knowledge of the English language, being in most cases confined to the words, "Me no talk Engleesh." On a very dark night, over a year ago in a Connecticut city, I turned a wrong corner, and after walking about until I was tolerably certain I was in a part of the town I had never been in before, I decided to ask the first man I met where I was at. He did not know. He was a short, stout, round faced man, standing in front of his garden gate enjoying a quiet smoke, although it was near midnight. When I spoke to him he smiled and repeated the words quoted above; then pointed to a man standing under a lamp post about three blocks away.

These people are coming to the United States all the time, and the railway officials, after learning their nationality, have a pretty good idea of what part of the country they are bound for. As a rule they settle in one place, and so it happens that one of them may live in the United States ten or twelve years, like the husband of the little woman who piloted the immigrants through Boston—and have a very meagre knowledge of English.

The democrats of Massachusetts have had the laugh on the republicans this week. Meanwhile Gov. Russell continues to run things according to democratic ideas, and will probably do so for another year; although it looks very much as if the majority of the voters intended that it should be otherwise.

In the late election the republican candidate for lieutenant governor was Roger Wolcott, and the prohibition candidate for governor was Wolcott Hamlin. The two Wolcotts seem to have bothered about 19,186 voters, whose stupidity, had they been democrats, would have been looked upon as quite natural by the followers of the G. O. P., but being republicans the fault of course lies with the Australian ballot system. So they say.

The ballot used in a United States election is a formidable affair. It is a big sheet containing a long list of names, and the intelligent voter is supposed to put a cross opposite the name of the man he wants to vote for.

Wolcott Hamlin's name was under that of William H. Haile the republican candidate for governor. Over 19,000 voters knew there was a Wolcott somewhere in the name of the republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor, and took it for granted that the Wolcott under Mr. Haile's name was the one they wanted. The people of Massachusetts took very little stock in the prohibition end of the campaign and thousands of them probably did not know that there were candidates up for election, especially one who boasted the name of Wolcott.

As a result, 19,186 good republicans voted for two governors, one a republican and the other a protectionist. Of course the men who counted the ballots were unable to decide just who the people wanted to vote for, and all those 19,186 were thrown out—blanks. Geo. Russell was re-elected by a plurality of 2690. The republicans claim that he would have beaten by about 16,000 if there had been only one Wolcott, on that big Australian ballot.

As a specimen of intelligent voting it stands unequalled in the history of America, up to date.

The average Bostonian knows a great deal about one or two things, and a little about nearly everything. One of the things he seems to know very little about is the province of New Brunswick. Now and again, however, one runs across a man, not a provincialist, who knows something about the provinces, and his ideas are very different from those of the average Bostonian.

Sam Sturgis, of the Herald is one of them. He is one of those favored individuals, who, before settling down to newspaper work, placed the Canadian government under obligations to him, which carries him over all the government railways in the country. He is well known in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and can recall many pleasant hours spent with Mayor Peters of St. John, Conductor Trueman of the I. C. R., Joe Edwards of the Windsor and Annapolis, and a host of others who have made his holiday trips memorable.

Mr. Sturgis owns a farm, near Middleton, N. S., where he usually has a couple of promising colts. He has a weakness for horseflesh and has a stable full of it here in Boston, all well bred animals, any one of which could make an afternoon exciting. A fine black driving horse, now owned by City Editor Wetmore, of the Herald, was once the property of Mr. Sturgis, but since the transfer has increased in value about 50 per cent. R. G. LARSEN.

Nothing New Under the Sun. There is now in the British Museum a nickel in the slot machine, which dates from a period long before the birth of Christ. It is a combination of jug and slot machine used for the dispensation of holy water. A coin of the value of five drachmas dropped into the slot opened a valve which allowed a few drops of the liquid to escape.

AMONG THE MANX FOLK.

THE LITTLE ISLAND AND WHAT IT HAS OF INTEREST.

Gem of the Irish Sea, Where Liberty has Always Held its Sway.—Queer Laws and Olden Ceremonials.—The Many Years of Home Rule.

DOUGLAS, Isle of Man, Nov. 19.—Briefly told, the little Manx nation has had three periods of history—a period of Celtic rule, one of Norse supremacy, and of British dominion. In the tenth century the Vikings came. They had just over-come Iceland and established their Norse kingdom there. When they found the "Dear little Isle of Man," they made short work of taking complete possession. The women were dark-haired, fair-skinned and blue-eyed. The Vikings were freckled and bleached as to hair and eyes. The Manx nation of today sprang from the union of these handsome Celtic women and these high freckled men. B. L. B. B.

A brave and bloody history has the little island had from King Orry's time down to its unreserved cession by its then reigning duke to the Crown, for a consideration of £416,000, in 1825. The system of government is interesting from its simplicity. Electors must have a property qualification in the shreadings of £10 occupancy, or £8 ownership. In towns voters must possess a £1 occupancy or ownership qualification, and this sum gives all women unmarried, widows or spinsters, the same vested right; a right which, although vexing to women suffragists, is rarely exercised.

The island is divided into ten electoral districts, comprising King Orry's original six shreadings of Glanaba, Middle, Rushen, Ayre, Garff, and Michael, each of which returns three representatives, the city of Douglas with three, and the towns of Ramsey, Peel and Castletown, the ancient capital of Man, with one each. These twenty-four representatives constitute the House of Keys, corresponding to our House of representatives at Washington.

There is an upper house called the Council, whose powers are similar to those of our Senate. It is composed of the lord bishop of the diocese ("Sodor and Man," who has a seat but no vote in the British House of Peers, the attorney general, the receiver-general, the two deemsters or judges whose offices, almost a relic of Druidism, are precisely as constituted by the Norse King Orry, the clerk of the Rolls, the water-bailiff, the arch deacon and vicar general, over which the lieutenant-governor, a crown appointment presides.

The deemsters or judges who have authority to determine all causes, subject to appeal to the government staff, are still required to take the same curious oath as when the ancient "Breast Laws," those not reduced to writing until 1417 and orally handed down from one deemster to his successor, prevailed. They swear "by this Book, and by the holy contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God hath miraculously wrought in heaven above, and in the earth beneath in six days and seven nights \* \* \* without request of favor or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, to execute the law of this isle, justly betwixt our sovereign lord (or lady) the King (or Queen) and his (or her) subjects within this isle, and betwixt party and party, as indifferently as the herring's backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish."

Members of the House of Keys are elected for seven years. The governor may at any time dissolve the house, in case of permanent opposition to the council, when as in England, "an appeal to the country" is taken. Council and Keys vote separately. Concurrent majorities of each are required to pass measures; and these measures, which did not formerly go into operation until promulgated from Tynwald Hill, now go into effect on receiving royal assent, which is seldom denied; as these clever patriarchal folk keeps a well-conditioned lobby in attendance on the House of Peers at Westminster.

All Manx laws are called Acts of Tynwald, and the Tynwald Court, may still, as a thousand years ago, be held at any time in special session at Tynwald Hill, but must as then convene yearly for the promulgation of the laws, though, legally, they may have already gone into effect. This ceremonial has now become a national holiday called Tynwald Day. It is held on the 5th of July, or on the 6th, if the 5th happens to fall on Sunday. Undoubtedly 40,000 of the 50,000, inhabitants of Man are unflinching in attendance, and the ceremony always attracts thousands from Lancashire, Cheshire and Cumberland, in England.

The Tynwald Hill is situated just west of the center of the island between the cities of Douglas and Peel, and lies in the romantic pass between the Cairn and Greaba mountains. Traditionally it is said to have been formed of earth brought here in carts and creels from every parish of the island.

Two hundred yards from the Hill, called in Manx Cronk-y-Keillown, or St. John's Church Hill, is the imposing church of St. John, the gift of the Crown to the island. It is a splendid edifice in the Early Decorated style, erected of South Burrelle granite. It was built in 1847 on the site of a former church built in 1699, which was itself preceded by a temple to Thor. At the southwest corner of the present edifice is a strange Runic monument quite a thousand years old with an almost illegible inscription signifying that "Inosruir engraved these Runes;" and the level land

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roundabout is called the Curragh-Glass, or "the gray bog or swamp." The Tynwald Mount itself, to which a broad graveled pathway leads from the entrance to St. John's church, is a curious artificial construction. It is 256 feet in circumference at the base, and rises by four concentric platforms to a height of about twelve feet. On the uppermost of these stand the governor, lawmakers, officials and church dignitaries of the island during the promulgation of the laws. Until quite recent times the entire text was read both in the English and the Manx languages; but now only the titles and side notes are read aloud. A huge canopy shelters the mount, held in place by seventeen ropes let into rings in as many stones at the bottom of the hill, or one for each parish of the island.

Proceedings are begun at eleven o'clock in the forenoon by services in the St. John's. When these are ended a stately official procession to the mount begins in the following order: Three policemen; the six coroners; the captains of the seven parishes; the clergy; the four high bailiffs; the House of Keys; the Council; the sword-bearer, carrying the sword with point upward; all followed by the lieutenant-governor with his chaplain, surgeon to the household and the chief constables. All these officials comprise this ancient Tynwald Court. The court is first "fenced" that is, now as in the misty days, all persons are warned "upon lyle and lym that no man make any disturbance or stirring in the time of the Tynwald, moreover no rising make in the King's presence upon pain of hanging and drawing." This "fencing" is done by the coroner of Glanaba shreading, who from immemorial custom has been chief of the six shreading coroners of Man. The Manx coroner is called "toshiagh joarey," or "chief man of the law," and his functions are similar to those of our sheriff.

When a syllabus of the new statutes has been read by the deemster or judge of the north, the procession returns to St. John's. The two branches of the legislature sit apart, the Council in the chancel and the Keys in the south aisle. The promulgation of the laws is attested, when the Governor, by messenger, requests the attendance of the Keys. The two bodies then sit in joint house, and a large amount of annual routine government business, such as receiving the accounts of State colleges, asylums and road funds, establishing rates for maintenance of public institutions and the appointment of committees is transacted. Here is a ceremony more than a thousand years old. The whole of the little Manx nation, is here just as in King Orry's time. The great impressiveness of the scene is not only in its antiquity, but in the proof that here are a people who while respecting their government and rulers in this sacredly preserved custom thus annually serve notice upon their rulers that after all they are still but the servants of the people, and that the people shall ever remain greater than the thing and things created to serve them. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

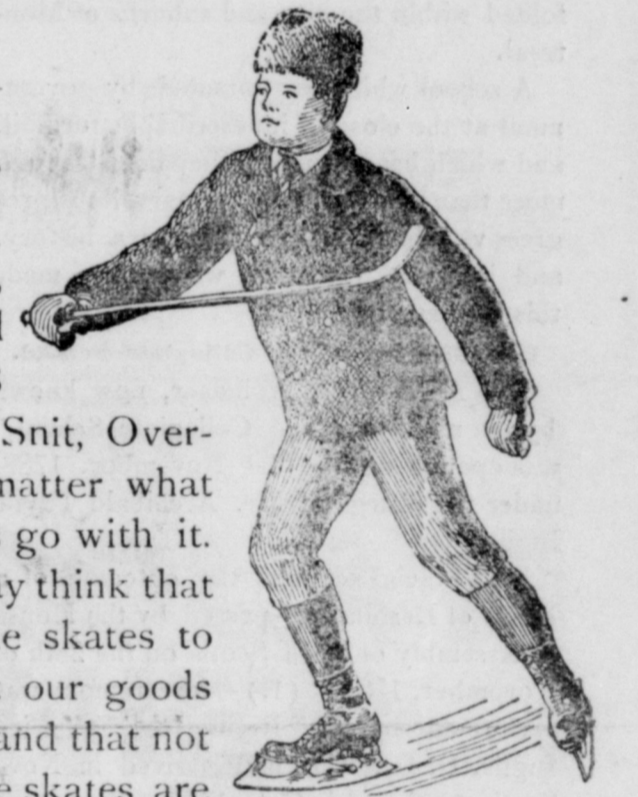
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