

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1893.

## THEY RUN THE PRISON.

MASSACHUSETTS CONVICTS DO AS THEY PLEASE IN QUOD.

They Listen to Speeches and Slur the Governor—Keep Revolvers Hidden in Their Cells and Object to the Restrictions, the Officers and the Fare.

BOSTON, Aug. 21.—I remember an article in PROGRESS some time ago, in regard to the friendly feeling between the warden of Dorchester penitentiary and the prisoners, who had formed a minstrel company and used to perform for the benefit of the warden's friends.

The result of this, if I remember right, was that one of the prisoners made keys to enable him to reach the outer wall. Then stealing some of the material used in the costumes of the minstrel company, walked through the prison to a window and lowered himself to the ground with the minstrel pandangoes as a rope. He was never captured.

The recollection of this incident and others told at the time impresses upon one the remarkable similarity in the way New Brunswick and Massachusetts prisons are conducted.

In this state it seems to be taken for granted that criminals go to prison for the benefit of their health; that when inside the walls they will bear the same relation to the warden as summer boarders would to the proprietor of a seaside hotel. If the prisoner is not satisfied with everything around him, it seems to be the duty of the warden to use every argument to prove that everything is all right. They, too, want to see the boss of the institution every time and would not be bothered talking to any of the subordinates except perhaps, as a millionaire at a summer hotel would talk to one of the porters, only that there would be more contempt and condescension in the tone of the prisoner.

Everybody in St. John who has ever been to Boston knows Deer Island; you saw it coming up the harbor; it is one of the first things worth seeing, and people on the American boats usually want to know all about everything about the time they pass that point. So the big brick buildings and the fields, the potato gardens, the shade trees and all those other attractive features have only to be called to mind to bring the picture back.

Well, at the present time there are over 1700 visitors at Deer Island. They are spending the summer, but have no anxiety about thieves breaking into their winter residences while they are away, something which is troubling other summer boarders at Newport and such resorts.

Deer Island is very much crowded, so much so that the cooking department made wrong calculations on the eating capacity of the guests the other day, and when it came time for the tables to be set for the fourth gang, it was found that there would not be enough fish chowder to go round.

Fish chowders at Deer Island are good—good and thick and healthy. They would stand a little water, so some was added.

The prisoners learned what had been done. They were indignant, and entered a vigorous protest. They grumbled with one accord, and like spoiled children refused to eat anything if they couldn't get fish chowder like other people. The superintendent of the prison seems to have been very sorry. He told the prisoners they must eat what they had or nothing, and proceeded to argue the question with them.

The result was a revolt. A call for help was sent to Boston, the old and weak men among the prisoners were weeded out, then the officers had to beat the others into subjection with clubs.

While all this was going on, thousands of honest, hard working people,—when they can get work to do,—were making a mid-day meal off of bread and tea, and wondering how long they would be able to get that, others, thrown out of their boarding houses were waiting for their more fortunate friends to bring food out to them—the latter, unfortunately, but not criminals by any means.

In other words, while thousands of honest people were thankful that they had a bite to eat at all, the convicts of Deer Island were angry and indignant because their fish chowder wasn't thick enough.

And the superintendent of the prison thought it his duty to argue with them about it!

That is the way prisons are run here. Charlestown prison has become famous all over the world on account of the way it is conducted by the prisoners. For they do conduct it. Everybody admits that. The prisoners do as they please, and while everybody below the warden is hardly worth their notice, they hold him in utter contempt, and never lose an opportunity of making him aware of the fact. Col. Bridges, who was given control of the prison a few months ago, because under warden Lovering the prisoners were so dissatisfied with the monotony of the place that they left it quite frequently, or amused themselves by shooting at the guards—Col. Bridges, I say, has a military record

which begins away back in the fifties, in and the biographies printed at the time of his appointment, stopped about 1860 or about the time of the Civil War. After the war he turns up again as Colonel of a militia company. Where he was during the war is, apparently, a mystery.

The prisoners got on to this fact before anybody else, and reminded the warden of it at the first opportunity. He made a little speech to the prisoners when he took charge, just the same as a new Sunday school teacher would to his class, but it is not on record that the convicts said they would be good boys.

They didn't even say it was a good speech, but have been going on in their own way ever since. They know everything that is going on outside the walls, can get anything they have money to pay for, can raise Cain when everything doesn't suit them and kill a guard or two if they want to. For they have revolvers enough in the cells, and have no trouble in passing one around to a prisoner who wants to make a sensation for the newspapers.

They run the prison to suit themselves. Talking with a police inspector who used to visit the prison occasionally to get information from prisoners who would "sneak," he told me there was a perfect howl from the time he went in until he came out, and that he could do nothing without the pals of the man he wanted to talk with knowing about it. They knew everything that happened inside the prison as well as outside.

They simply go to prison for their health. The New Hampshire prison at Concord is run on a different plan, and the police in this state say they are kept busy on account of the way their neighbours do things.

So, when anyone who has really been in prison,—a prison not conducted as a Massachusetts,—thoroughly satisfied with his share of it, the people are horrified—especially if they believe the victim to have been innocent of the crime.

I remember when Tommy Callan, the alleged dynamiter, arrived in Lowell last January, after serving four years in Chatham, Portland prisons, in England, the stories he told startled his listeners, yet he had not gone through any more hardships than those who were with him. There was no grumbling about watered fish chowder there, no minstrel shows, nor Sunday school speeches by the warden. The prisoners only wanted to get out and would have thought twice before taking chances on going back again.

Callan was a good natured, unassuming Irishman, who left Lowell for England in 1887, intending to go on to Ireland to visit his native town. That was the year of the Queen's jubilee and all the country was excited over dynamite scares. Callan and a Philadelphia named Harkins were arrested, and evidence was piled up against them. They were sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment. Influential friends got Callan out after he had served five years, and the middle-aged man who left in 1887 came back in 1893 a white haired, broken-down, old man, who gained about 20 pounds the first week he landed in America.

He wasn't in prison for his health.

R. G. LARSEN.

## WAS UNDER THE TABLE.

And He Wanted His Friends to Come and Enjoy Themselves.

One of the curiosities of West Linton, Peeblesshire, consisted in a marble tombstone in the parish churchyard over the grave of James Oswald, of Spittal, a property among the Pentland Hills, now included in the estate of Newhall. Oswald possessed a hall table of marble, at which he conducted his festivities. He desired that it might be used as the monument over his grave, and with this view caused an inscription in Latin to be executed on the table by way of epitaph, which came into use sooner than was expected.

When going out to shoot wild ducks at Slippfield Loch, Mr. Oswald was accidentally shot by his servant, who was walking behind him with his gun, and he thus died while still a young man in 1726. His widow, a daughter of Russell, of Kingsgate, followed out his wishes by placing the table over his grave. Subjoined is a translation of the epitaph, including the additions made to it by the bereaved wife:—

"To James Oswald, of Spittal, her deserving husband, this monument was erected by Grizzel Russell, his sorrowing wife.

"This marble table, sitting at which I have often cultivated good living (propitiated my tutelary genius,) I have desired to be placed over me when I am dead. Stop, traveller, whoever thou art; here thou mayest recline, and if the means are at hand, mayest enjoy this table as I formerly did.

"If thou doest so in the right and proper way, thou wilt neither deprecate the monument nor offend me.—Farewell.

"Lived 30 years, and died November 28, 1726."

This curious monument, after falling to ruin, ultimately disappeared from the burying-ground, having, it is said, been furtively carried off, and sold for its value as a block of marble.

"Progress" in Boston.

PROGRESS is for sale in Boston at the Kings Chapel News Star, corner of School and Tremont streets.

## AT SUNNY SCARBOROUGH

SIGHTS AT AN ANCIENT WATERING PLACE.

It Has a Bay as Beautiful as That of Naples, and the Finest Beach in all Europe—The Curious Story of its Origin—As It Is Nowadays.

SCARBOROUGH, England, Aug. 12.—Scarborough, over here on the North Sea, is the greatest seaside resort on the eastern coast of England. For vast crowds it is like Southampton on the west, and Brighton on the south coast. It has been a watering-place for nearly two hundred and fifty years. Before that good fortune, it was little else than a dreary fishing port, with a great, grim castle dominating hamlet and harbor; and a wise woman, who used her eyesight and other senses, was primarily responsible for Scarborough's transformation from obscurity to opulence and renown.

"Mrs. Farrow, a sensible and intelligent lady, who lived at Scarborough, about the year 1650, sometimes walked along the shore, and observing the stones over which the waters (from a cliff-side spring) passed to have received a russet colour, and finding it to have an acid taste different from the common springs, and to receive a purple tincture from galls, thought it might probably have a medicinal property. Having, therefore, made an experiment herself, and persuaded others to do the same, it was found to be efficacious in some complaints, and became the usual physic of the inhabitants. It was afterwards in great reputation with the citizens of York, and the gentry of the county, and at length was so generally recommended that persons of quality came from a great distance to drink it; preferring it before all others they had formerly frequented, even the Italian, French and German spaws."

Thus runs the ancient, ungrammatical but truthful chronicle. Dame Farrow has only a few lines in Scarborough local history and no monument. These are the only really mean things you will find about the winsome old town. The "spaw" the good dame discovered is a spa which has a curious history of its own. Nearly fifty years after its discovery, the spa was provided with cisterns or wells for collecting the waters. To protect these from the encroachment of the sea, a stout strait of stone bound by timbers was erected around the wells. Forty years later a great mass of the cliff above, containing nearly an acre of pasture land, sunk perpendicularly for several yards. As this huge mass of cliff went down, the sand about the strait, some distance from the subsiding cliff, shot up into the air to a height of from thirty to fifty feet, an entire mass nearly 100 feet broad and 300 feet long. The wells ascended with the strait and sand, but the spa itself was lost completely, and was only recovered after long and diligent search, and great expense upon the part of the inhabitants. Local folk-lore holds to the belief that this was just judgement for Scarborough's ingratitude in forgetting its debt of obligation to Dame Farrow.

But after knowing Scarborough, I believe had there been no Dame Farrow, and no "spaw"; no earthquake and no rediscovery; no grand Spa Saloon in the Italian-Renaissance style, accommodating several thousand people, opened by the Lord Mayor of London; no spacious promenades or grand Cliff Bridge across the shadowy ravine; no grand aquarium, said to be the finest in the world; no splendid orchestra of 200 to 300 performers; no broad sea-wall promenade, and no countless sheltered walks, grottoes and bowers; and no high-sounding names of North Chalybeate and South Salt-well, that the glorious face Scarborough sets to the German ocean, its finest beach in Europe, and all the magic it takes from the mighty sea, would have made the charming old town all that it now is to countless thousands who loiter here for pleasure, rest or health.

From Castle Hill the South Sands circle away nearly two miles to the south. The foreshore is fully a fourth of a mile in width, with the gentlest possible declivity into the sea, and each receding tide leaves it as smooth, hard and sweet as a newly scrubbed pine floor. Down to this finest beach in Europe, the old city crowds in curious building, jumbles of roofs and terraces, from the outlying hills. If there were no shore, no sea, and no thousands of idlers and bathers in bright medley to be seen, the lovely, leafy star-like town would be still a pleasant place to see. At the highest places are fine villas, great hotels and splendid homes, rich in settings of ample verdure, curious old walls, strange and picturesque gateways, and fanciful iron and stone ornaments of centuries ago. Cross-streets, circling with the harbor crescent, show odd high ways and glimpses of gables and creeping vines through stone approaches, like winsome embrasures on the one hand, and on the other you can almost step upon the red tilings of quaint old roofs below. But more picturesque than these are the thor-

## CLOAKS and MANTLES.

### Announcement: Season '93-'94.

Never have the changes in the fashions of Ladies' Garments been so rapid and extreme as during the last twelve months. Particularly is this the case in outer garments. Last winter Ladies' Jackets were made with whole straight back and close fitting skirts with puffed or raised shoulders on the sleeves; today Dame Fashion calls for Ladies' Jackets with close fitting back, flare skirt, and Balloon Sleeve, showing great width, but no height.

The coming Season will be remarkable for the number of Colored Jackets, etc., worn, particularly in the new shades of Havana and Cinnamon Browns, which are used in combination with any other color for Skirt or Bonnet. The Jackets are also shorter than a year ago, measuring 34 inches in length.

We have now opened our complete stock of high-class European Novelties in handsome Fur trimmed Jackets, Silk lined Jackets, etc., and in the fine goods the design or shape of the collar forms one of the principal attractions in the garment.

We have now on display the largest variety ever shown in the Maritime Provinces, viz., upwards of Two thousand Ready made Jackets, Capes, and Ulsters for Ladies' Misses and Children.

## MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

### SATURDAY ONLY.

All the boy's suits in stock of two pieces at three quarters what they are marked.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.,

King Street, St. John.



OAK HALL.

oughts, most of them narrow and shadowy, which tumble from the hill to the shore. Ancient St. Ives, on the Cornish western coast, is like Scarborough here. Many of these streets are both stair and thoroughfare. The roofs of all the houses are like the terraces of Algiers. Most curious architectural bits are found half-hidden in tiny courts. Windows seem to have sprung through roofs; balconies overhang succeeding roofs; landings lead into street-doors and second story entrances of the same house; everywhere are potted flowers and ferns, vines upon trellises, roses trained across windows; and between the gables or across roofs, continual changing glimpses of the foreshore show a mass of kaleidoscopic color, like a huge bank of flowers set close to the shimmering blue of a rippling sea.

Not only is all this at your feet for contemplation if you are loitering on Castle Hill, but the spars of fishing smacks and other curious craft are like a reedy sedge beneath you to the south. Then comes the old harbor and its mossy pier; the bay filled with pleasure sails flying hither and thither like great white birds skimming low along the rippling sheen of blue; and beyond, the steely blue of the North Sea, with fishing fleets at anchor in tiny patches, or merchant ships scudding to the Baltic and the north; with now and then trailing plumes of smoke from distant steamers close and low upon the far horizon rim. To the north, another cove cuts into the high and lofty shore. Landward are moors, sand-dunes, ragged cliffs, hung with rank and trailing verdure, and cove and cliff and moor, stretching far with higher and more precipitous shores to where the North Sea thunders endlessly against the headlands of weird and dreary Robin Hood's Bay.

All about you are the ruins of the ancient and stupendous castle which was once the glory of Scarborough. Vast indeed were the medieval strongholds of Britain, and this one, well high impregnable in its time, was one of the hugest fortresses of the entire eastern coast. It was built by Earl William Le Gros, who married Adeliza, daughter of William the Conqueror, and who ruled in the east with princely authority. When Henry II. endeavored to break the power of the nobles which eclipsed the authority of the crown and commanded the demolition of their castles, he came here in person to see this great pile razed, but struck with its splendid proportions and impregnability, increased its strength and magnificence instead. The tremendous moat on the landward side is well preserved. The stately keep is still nearly a 100 feet high with walls twelve feet in thickness; and in the castle yard can still be traced the splendid chapel which once was here, for no men were more pious than were these mighty pillagers and murderers of old.

The beauty and fashion to be seen at Scarborough are pronounced enough to give the place all the gaiety of Brighton. London sends thousands here for the "season," which continues from May until October, and the great interior manufacturing cities, like Birmingham, Manchester and Leeds, divide their fashionable summer patronage between Scarborough and the Peak of Derbyshire, but the place is characteristically different from any other sea-

side resort I have found in England. The rich and titled who visit Scarborough seem to be here for rest and health rather than for rounds of gaiety and fashionable enjoyment. Whatever may be its spell, you are no sooner within it than a spirit of idling, loitering and a delightful dreamful laziness possess you. At the great balls, concerts and promenades on the Cliff, all procedure is measured quiet and stately. There are no blare and flare in Scarborough. The shops are shady, cool and quiet. Go the whole length of Westborough, Newborough and Eastborough street, from a high railway station to the gleaming sands, and though your stroll may have brought you in contact with from 20,000 to 30,000 people, you will not have heard a sound that would disturb the placid security of a sunny country church lane. It is as though the breeze, the sun, the sea and the gray old town of gray old stairs soothed the irritability and even ordinary activity of men into a gentle complacency and peace.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

## CASEY TAP ON MATRIMONY.

He Takes a Walk Down the Corridors of Time for Facts and Figures.

In this present day of "per cent." marriages, and of being married and giving in marriage, and being given away—and taken in—in marriage, it is meet that the trenchant fountain pen of a mammoth mind take up the subject of connubiality in some of its various phases.

Modern scoffers are wont to say that business marriages do not extend back very far along history's corridors, except the unions of royal personages for politic purposes; but even as far back as the history of the Babylonians extends there existed a custom, the fundamental principle of which is analogous to the marriages being constantly committed in these degenerate fin-de-siècle times. In those days the marriageable women were assembled once every year, and knocked down under the hammer to the loftiest bidder. Thus, the wealthiest citizens secured the daisies, and the money thus obtained was used to portion off those unfortunate sisters whose lack of beauty tended to curdle cocoanut milk. A friend of mine, one of whose ancestors was a resident of Babylon, says it was a common sight in those primitive days to see one man call another behind a green-baize door and ask him for a few dollars till Saturday night, as he wanted to go up to the market and buy some dear. When all the beauties had been gobbled up, the erier, beginning with the most ordinary—or, rather, extraordinary—ones that remained, would announce a premium for each. He who bid lowest beneath this premium became owner of the blushing, simpering damsel. In this manner every woman was disposed of. Atossa, daughter of Belochus, originated this custom about 1433 B. C. One of Atossa's granddaughters is a chorus-girl with the Aborn Opera Co.

The usual mode was for the groom, not the coachman, to lead the bride to her future home, after a very welcome contract with her friends, assisted by a priest. Pope Innocent III. instituted the celebration of marriages in churches. In A. D. 364, marriages during the Lenten season were

tabooed. The bishop took the celebrate's vow in 692, followed by the priests in 1015.

Polygamy was permitted by most of the early nations, and still obtains in the East. Excursion rates to the East may be obtained at any shipping office. It also obtains in the west, in the vicinity of Salt Lake. Call at any ticket-broker's for reduced rates to Utah. In Media it was considered a reproach for a man to have less than seven wives, and it is astonishing how industriously some of our modern men are striving to place themselves beyond reproach. Mark Twain Antony was the first Roman to practise bigamy, and others took the matter up with flattering success until forbidden by Arcadius, 393 A. D.

Shakespeare and Ben. Johnson married at a very early age. William was but eighteen, and therefore excusable, when he took this frightful step, while Benjamin was but two years older when he went thou and doled likewise, while the gentle spirit who is wasting the midnight coal-gas nailing these facts upon the lofty columns of PROGRESS is untrammelled by love's thralldom and still owes his tailor a small amount. Old man Parr took unto himself a wife at the age of one-hundred-and-twenty. He should have been locked up. It is said that he was heavily insured, but this, of course, had no influence upon the bride. Byron, Bonaparte, Washington and Wellington wived at twenty-seven, and "Rabbi" Burns at thirty. The custom of "asking bauns" before marriage, originated about 1200. Marriages were first solemnized by justices of the peace in the days of Cromwell.

Among the savages of Australia, there exists a curious custom. The prospective bridegroom selects the damsel who is to grace his hut, and stealing upon her in the woods, he fetches her one back of the ear with a cudgel, mounts his fleet-footed steed and bears his doting bride home. In this and other countries, the man usually waits till after the marriage ceremony before he pounds his wife over the head with a club. This evinces the ennobling influences of christianity and affords proof of the superiority of civilization over the barbarous usages of an ignorant heathen land.

CASEY TAP.

## Cathedrals with Dungeons.

Chichester Cathedral England, has a dungeon, having a heavy and massive door. It is also provided with a secret entrance, admission to which is obtained by a sliding panel in a room at one time used as a library. The cathedral, founded in 1078, was renovated after a fire in 1114, and restored after another fire in 1187. It consists of a nave of eight bays and four aisles, a transept with chambers instead of aisles, a central steeple, and a south-west tower. Carlisle Cathedral, during the period of the Jacobite rebellion, was used as a huge dungeon, and many rebels were imprisoned there in 1745. The chief engineer in the Royal forces even demanded the bells as his perquisites; which claim the Dean and Chapter successfully resisted. Having been used for this purpose, the cathed al was left in such an intolerable state of filth, that not till six weeks cleaning and burning of much sulphur and tar could it be used for service.

The first English laws against counterfeiting were issued in 1108 by Henry I.