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WEALTH TO POVERTY.

ABERDEEN'S VISIT TO THE POOR HOUSE AT HALIFAX

Recalls the Former Position of Many of the People He Met There—Men and Women Who Were Wealthy, once Ending Their Days at the Expense of the People.

HALIFAX, Sept 6th.—There is a well-known instance of a citizen—a most benevolent man—who died in this city a few years ago worth over a quarter of a million, who never saw the poor's asylum without a sinking at his heart through dread that after all, he might be compelled to end his days there. A visit to the institution is indeed calculated to make even the young and strong and prosperous realize that stranger things might happen than that they themselves should find themselves glad of the chance to spend the closing years of their life under its sheltering roof. This truth was brought home to the half dozen who on a recent occasion went through the various wards of the poorhouse in company with the governor-general and Lady Aberdeen. Their excellencies spoke to men and women who had seen far better days and who are now paupers supported at the country's expense. They shook by the hand people who ten, twenty, thirty or forty years ago were as proud as any in Halifax, as independent and as confident. The well-to-do man of today, or of this year, may possibly be the pauper of tomorrow or next year. The change may not be as sudden as that, but in the course of time, over and over again the sad loss of fortune or of the means of keeping up in the struggle for subsistence is just as striking as it but a day interred between the two conditions.

It is true that in nearly every case a man ends his days in the poor house because of some fault in himself for which he is responsible, and which he might have avoided, but sometimes the blame attaches to others, and the unfortunate one reaps the misfortune which others have sown for him. Among those whom the governor-general saw that day were representatives of both classes. They were, many of them, people who lived here in Halifax, respected, respectable, comfortable and even wealthy, but who now are almost unknown to the world as though they were dead. Their history is known to but a few. It may not be uninteresting to PROGRESS readers to become slightly acquainted with some of those people at the poor's asylum to whom Lord and Lady Aberdeen by their warm handshake, kindly smile and words, brought a ray of sunshine the afternoon before their excellencies left Halifax. The day of their visit there were 301 inmates of the asylum.

One of the first men to whom they spoke was Peter Bulger—an ex-captain of the volunteers, and thirty years ago a business man on the most important part of Hollis street. He conducted a saddlery establishment not far from the present location of the branch of the bank of Montreal. When the Prince of Wales landed at Halifax Bulger was captain of the guard of honor which received his highness at the dockyard. Bulger was a man of commanding presence and the prince complimented him on the fine appearance he made. Probably the trouble with Bulger was that he paid too much attention to the militia and too little to his business and it slipped away from him. Drinking habits were acquired and things went from bad to worse so fast that in about sixteen years after the prince's visit Bulger was taken into the poorhouse, where he has been ever since.

George Defitt is another inmate of the poor's asylum, who went there three years subsequent to Bulger, but his fall from opulence to abject poverty was from causes altogether dissimilar to those which brought his predecessor there. Defitt was a sea captain who owned the vessel he commanded, and he had besides an interest in several other ships. He so distinguished himself on one occasion by saving the crew of a shipwrecked American barque that the President of the United States, through the governor of Nova Scotia, presented him with a binocular glass. The failure of men in whom Defitt trusted wrought his financial ruin, and finally, his fortunes hopelessly wrecked, his health and ability to work gone, there was no haven for him but the poor-house and thither he was taken. He is now over 80 years old and it is said he was never known to have drunk a glass of liquor. It would be interesting to know who has the captain's binocular glass.

Mr. Goreham and his wife Louise both went to the poor-house. In days gone by Goreham's shoe store on Duke street was one of the well-known establishments of Halifax. Adverse circumstances came upon Goreham so that he found himself helpless, and both he and his wife became inmates of the asylum for the poor. Goreham died there some time ago, and his wife, now verging on 80 years, is peacefully awaiting the summons to join him in that world where there are no such distinctions as rich and poor.

No name was better known in Halifax in days not so very far past than that of

Anthony Della Torre. He was a partner in the largest fancy goods and toy business in the city, and any one who wanted the best in that line went to Della Torre's as a matter of course. He came to Halifax from London and was an eminently respectable man. Today, without a cent of money and dead to the world, he spends his days and nights in that home to which, all else failing, every citizen has the right to demand admission—the asylum for the poor.

The list would become tedious if it were thus given in detail to the end. Somewhat similar tales to those already related could be told of Henry Brown, a well-to-do livery stable keeper; Richard Bradshaw, a prosperous shoemaker; Michael Murphy, a former cabinet maker; John Warren, who conducted a good victualling business, and James Stewart, a Scotch carpenter. The last named had quite an animated conversation with the governor-general, telling him how he came from Sterling Castle, and now that he was ending his days in the poor house, how he found the time shortened by communion with his greatest friend—Jesus Christ. "That's the main thing, Stewart," said Aberdeen, as he heard the Scotchman's religious experience. Stewart conducted a carpenter's business on his own account, and is spoken of as an excellent mechanic, but the fates seem to have been against him.

One of the women who particularly attracted his excellency's attention was Alice Meagher, 70 years old. She is the widow of ex-alderman Meagher, whose civic contest with Wm. Dunbar, who afterwards became mayor of Halifax, is well remembered by many. Alderman Meagher ran a dry goods business on Sackville street.

Anastasia Knowlan is a shrivelled up old woman who was greeted by his excellency. After she shook hands with him Anastasia could find to say was: "Oh, why can't I die; I'm too old to live; too old to live; too old to live." This the poor lady kept repeating till Aberdeen was out of her sight.

Jane Ridey is eminently respectable in her family connections.

Carolina Mellick furnished genuine amusement to Earl Aberdeen and Captain Kindersley that day at the poorhouse. The happy-looking old Irish woman saw the earl approaching accompanied by Captain Kindersley in the magnificent uniform of his regiment. The old woman's eyes were riveted on the captain's uniform. Lord Aberdeen took her hand.

"What's your name, sir?" she asked.

"Aberdeen," modestly replied the governor-general.

"You the governor-general? I thought that was the governor," she exclaimed, pointing to Captain Kindersley.

"Well, he at least is a better looking man than I," jocularly remarked his excellency.

"Oh," said the old lady, as she realized her mistake, "you can't always judge by the outward show."

The happy woman continued to express her surprise that the governor-general should be attired like an ordinary citizen while the A. D. C. was dressed in such bright apparel, and her last words as the vice-regal party moved off were, repeated again and again, "You can't always judge by the outward show."

Hannah Fucker, another inmate, is 58 years old, but she has still the signs of the beauty which once was hers. Long ago Hannah was the belle of the North End. She was engaged to a military officer, but disappointment came, and the wedding never took place. Time passes and the poor woman lost her reason, and now, apparently again in the full possession of her faculties, she sits and calmly thinks of the past.

These instances are given to show how uncertain and fickle is fortune. There are people in the poor-house who perhaps had they been less honest would not be there, but in most instances the trouble in some way or other lay with themselves. It would be a grand thing to have no poor, but as the governor-general said, it is a grand thing to have a home for the poor where the destitute may be sheltered and human misery relieved as far as possible.

Their Ardor Was Cooled.

The biggest surprise of the week in a quiet way happened to the young man and his fair companion who walked out into the air of the harbor and found it so unsubstantial as to precipitate them suddenly into the water and mud some thirty feet below. They were enjoying the evening and their walk, and talking so earnestly that the fact that the wharf had an end escaped them. Their disappearance was so sudden that others on the wharf could hardly believe their eyes until, looking over the edge they discovered that both the promenaders had been fortunate enough to catch hold of some of the wharf timbers. They were a sorry sight when by the aid of ropes they were assisted to the wharf again, but none the worse for their experience the next morning.

HIS SONS ON A RACKET.

MAGISTRATE MOTTON MAKES AN EXCEPTION OF THEM.

And Releases Them From Custody Without Inquiring into the Serious Charge Against Them—One of Them Tried to Shoot a Policeman but the Revolver Failed Fire.

HALIFAX, Sept 16.—What do PROGRESS readers think of the following as a picture of what is possible in the capital city of Nova Scotia in the year 1894.

On Saturday night last two brothers, sons of the stipendiary magistrate of this city, became fearfully intoxicated with liquor. They are about 25 years of age. On Water street they created a grievous disturbance, acting in an extremely disorderly manner. Policeman Watchorn saw what was going on and went up to them. He knew they were the stipendiary's sons and tried to quiet them. It was no use; they were out for a night of it, and they became worse rather than better. Then the policeman determined to arrest the two. He laid hold of one by the coat collar; blew his whistle for assistance, and tried to capture the other. Single-handed he made a good fight against them. Then the roisterer who was yet free whipped out a revolver, every chamber loaded, and quick as a flash he pointed it at Watchorn's head and snapped the trigger. The hammer came down and indented the cartridge cap, but, it seems miraculously, there was no explosion. Some defect in the cartridge saved Watchorn's life and kept the young man from murder. He would have again tried to fire had not the policeman closed with his man and assistance arrived. The weapon was wrenched from the hands of the would-be murderer; he was handcuffed and taken to the police station. The officers locked the brothers up in the cell.

Shortly afterwards the police relented in their severity, and took the two fellows from the cells and placed them in the general lockup. This was the occasion for another outbreak. The desperado climbed up the iron door and dashed his fist through the transom above. His arm was severely cut, and the sight of blood served partially to quiet the young man. Dr. Finn was sent for and bound up the wounds. Whether as much care would have been manifested had the men not been sons of the stipendiary is a question. Possibly it would, and possibly it would not.

Early in the morning the stipendiary came to the police station. His honor is well known to be non compos mentis. There is practically no police court magistrate in Halifax. His lamentable mental condition is well known and universally regretted. The stipendiary asked what his sons were locked up for. The officer on duty stated the cause and was amazed to hear the command:

"Release them!"

"But, your honor, can I do that; have I authority?" was the sensible question.

"Authority! Don't you know I'm stipendiary? This is all a vile plot. Let the boys out, I tell you."

Still the officer hesitated, and the stipendiary became more indignant.

"Don't you hear me?" he cried, "unlock the doors and let the boys out."

At last the order was unwillingly obeyed; and father and sons marched out of the station, the young men hardly yet sober, and one of them liable to an indictment for actions with intent to murder.

That was Sunday morning. Up to today nothing has been done about it. No steps have been taken to satisfy justice except a brief item in the Herald, in which no names were given; no other mention has been made of it in the newspapers. This fact seems to show that there can be cases where law may safely be defied in this city. It does not "seem" to "show" it. It proves it.

Whether any action will be taken after some people read this, remains to be seen. It is not unlikely an appearance of doing something will be made, but any attempt at punishment will be made only on account of the publicity thus given the disgraceful affair.

The question may be again asked, "What do PROGRESS readers think of it?" What does any right-minded man think of it?

An Ogre at Large.

It was a very stout man who was coming down Dock street on Wednesday. It was a crowd of very small girls that immediately preceded him. One of the little girls seemed afraid of the very stout man, and communicated her fears to the others, in a voice loud enough to be heard across the street.

"That man behind us is a wicked giant. He'll run right over us," said the little girl, "and it'll be just like a railroad train. Come, let's get out of his way."

The man behind them promptly quickened his steps. He waddled towards the girls like the fat man in the "Private Secretary." He almost ran. It was hard work; for he was indeed stout. The little girls saw him not till he was close upon them.

Then they scattered like frightened pigeons. "I told you," said the little girl who had warned the others, "at he was a wicked giant. I read about him in the story-book. I tol' you what he'd try to do to us!"

The wicked giant was chasing his hat, which had fallen off during his mad career, but he had to stop and laugh at this speech. He laughed again when another little girl struck the attitude that Nelly Bly employed when she knocked out Corbett, and shouted in a shrill key, "Say, Mr. Giant! Did yer ever git left?"

Mr. Crockett as an Elocutionist.

A story which bears testimony to the elocutionary powers of Mr. William Crockett as displayed when he was superintendent of education, is told by a St. John teacher. Mr. Crockett was examining a reading class in this pedagogue's school one day, and the teacher was down in the lower part of the school room, behind one of his most promising pupils. Mr. Crockett did not appear to be very well pleased with the elocutionary and histrionic efforts of the class, and at length, when a little girl began reading James Hogg's "Skylark" from the Fourth Reader, he could restrain himself from criticism no longer.

"Now," said Mr. Crockett, "the great art in reading is to throw yourself right into the spirit of the piece. Now you ought to read that piece just as if you saw the skylark. Now you didn't see that skylark, did you? You ought to see the skylark."

"Now," continued the superintendent, "just let me read that poem." Throwing out his chest, and speaking with much deliberation in a deep bass voice, Mr. Crockett read:

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and lumberless—

At this juncture the boy who was sitting in front of the teacher turned round, and in a tone almost as audible as Mr. Crockett's, exclaimed, "He sees an ostrich!"

Mr. Powers' Interesting Point.

Mr. J. M. Powers is an employee of the Western Union Telegraph company. At times he is a lineman, though at present he is employed about the office in this city. This is hardly correct since just at the present time he is languishing in the county jail because he and that energetic insurance agent Mr. Charles Gillespie could not agree upon the terms of the payment of a note given for an insurance policy. Mr. Power's policy was of the investment order, and after he had taken it he discovered that if he should happen to be transferred to the "line" again his policy would be no good. This did not suit him and he wanted to give up the policy, but Mr. Gillespie preferred not to see the matter in that light. Mr. Powers said he wanted to pay \$2 a month upon the note, but that this time offer was not accepted, and the note was sued. He was arrested on the judgment and will remain in jail until this afternoon when he will be able to "swear out." The interesting point is the difference change of occupation may make in the policy of any man. It is a fact worth looking into by all those who are insured and who are liable to change their occupation.

This is From Pilot Jr.'s Home.

The Western Chronicle of Kentville talks a little about Mr. Brennan's assertion that there is some suspicion that Pilot Jr. is a ringer, and says that the mythical story given currency to by that gentleman in his newspaper is laughed at by the local horsemen and adds, "It is well known in Kentville and throughout Kings and Annapolis counties that everything in Pilot's history is perfectly straight. There is no doubt whatever in regard to his age and as for his speed being 'bottled up' the Agriculturist is far astray. Last season Pilot Jr. did some remarkable trotting, although not given a record, and this season being handled carefully and skilfully he has proved himself a wonder. The 'suspicious rumors abroad' in regard to his being a 'ringer' exist only in the brain of the writer for our Island contemporary."

Who Has a Copy of It?

A few weeks ago, PROGRESS told the story of the McKenzie murder in 1857. The writer of the sketch was unable to procure a copy of the report of the trial of Slavin, published by Geo. W. Day, and is still anxious to see that pamphlet. Should anybody have a copy and not wish to part with it, the loan of it for a very short time will suffice, and it will be promptly returned to the owner, if he so desires.

"Earl-ess" and "Ear-less."

A Moncton correspondent refers to an old lady's allusion to "the earl and earless" of Aberdeen. This recalls an examination in a New Brunswick college, where the question was asked, "Why is not the feminine of 'earl' 'earless'?" This query elicited the following ingenious reply: "It is to prevent possible confusion with 'earless,' meaning 'without ears.'"

C. M. B. A.'S CONVENTION.

ST. JOHN AND ITS GUESTS MUTUALLY BENEFITED

By the Visit of the Grand Council of the C. M. B. A.—A Fitting Inauguration of Bishop Sweeney's Fifty-first Year of Service.

St. John has been the scene of another grand convention this week—the ninth biennial convention of the Canadian grand council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

His Lordship Bishop Sweeney, on the

societies like the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

Over two hundred delegates assembled in the Institute after the service, and were warmly welcomed to St. John by Mayor Robertson, on behalf of the city, and Mr. John L. Carleton, on behalf of the local branches.

The decision to admit ladies to the convention elicited applause. The ladies of St. John and the visiting ladies have made good use of the privileges accorded them during the week. A most pleasing feature was a reception given by the St. John



HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP SWEENEY.

occasion of the completion, last Saturday, of the fiftieth year since his ordination, requested that his people should not make the event an occasion of public jubilee. The venerable prelate must have cause for a great deal of satisfaction in seeing his fifty-first year of service inaugurated by an

ladies to their lady visitors, which took place at the Royal on Tuesday afternoon. On Wednesday afternoon the visiting ladies were taken for a drive about the city. They were delighted with the drive and delighted with the city. They visited the Orphan Asylum and the orphans are richer



HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN.

event of such importance as this week's convention.

It was a fine-looking lot of men, visitors and local members, which marched to the Cathedral on Tuesday morning, while the City Cornet and Artillery bands furnished appropriate music. It was an

for their visit. While the ladies were inspecting the Orphan Asylum and the convent of the Sacred Heart, a large number of the male visitors were being shown through the board of trade rooms. They were as pleased as the ladies.

The people of St. John and the delegates to St. John have derived a good



REV. FATHER MURPHY.

impressive and eloquent sermon that they listened to from His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, in which he showed how the words of his text, "Put you on the armour of God," were particularly applicable to

deal of mutual benefit this week from the visit of the members of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association. The fact is becoming widely known throughout Canada that St. John is an ideal city for conventions.