

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

WHEN THE CITY FATHERS CHASTISED THE UNRULY.

When the Mayor and Aldermen acted as Police—An Old Time Story of a Breach of Promise Case—The Tale of a Packet Found on the Sidewalk.

(The Daily Record.)

In a previous number, an article appeared referring to the deficiency of the police force early in the forties. The fights and rowdiness that prevailed in the streets here at that time old inhabitants say are indescribable. We have already seen how the grand jury took action in calling attention to the proper authorities regarding the establishment of a better police force. Shortly after this the citizens themselves took the matter in hand. Large public meetings were held which were attended by all the leading citizens. A volunteer force was formed to assist the regular police. This force contained hundreds of the then leading people of the place who took their turn in acting as guardians of the city. The present article copied from an issue of the News shows how riotous people could become in those days and the city would have to yield to any outbreak. That issue contains the following:

Our streets (in St. John) last evening presented a truly disgraceful scene of rioting; and of such a magnitude as we have been seldom called upon to witness. It appears that a party ribbon, well known in Ireland, had been hoisted on a flag-staff, in rear of the city, which gave offence to certain individuals belonging to an opposite party, and they accordingly pulled the staff down. The owner of the premises, at this piece of daring, became quite indignant, and threatened death to the rioters. He was prevented, however, putting his threat into practice, which he most assuredly would have done, had it not been for some by-standers. This party-feeling which had been stirred up in the morning, continued to wax warm through the day and at half past six o'clock it broke forth like a volcano. On looking out of our office window, we beheld a dense crowd collected near the St. John Hotel; there could not have been fewer than 1000 persons—some hooting and yelling and screaming at the highest pitch of their voices, in the most deprecating terms, and making use of epithets on party character, truly disgraceful to hear. On going up the street, and reaching the crowd, we found it in a perfect state of commotion, as if all the evil spirits of the city had got into its midst; some were striking, others were defending themselves; torn shirts, black eyes, and bloody noses appeared very conspicuous and alarmingly frightful; the more peaceable, were for getting out of danger as fast as they could, while the curious—like ourselves—to know what all the trouble was about, were running into it, so that between the scammers to get out, and the scammers to get into the crowd, the scene that presented itself was one of indescribable and awful confusion. The crowd now moved down King Street, en masse, and suddenly turned off into Germain Street, and back again into King Street, fighting and yelling as they moved along. The Mayor and several of the Magistrates, and also officers McGeahy and Stockford, appeared to be the only force arrayed against the rioters, but they performed their parts manfully. As soon as any of them would arrest an offender whom they singled out, it was a signal for a fresh outbreak of violence; the depredators would then rush to the rescue, and carry everything before them by main force. On reaching the foot of King Street, the mob turned off into Water Street, where one of the rioters was arrested, and handed over to Alderman Peters—who conveyed him up the Arcade steps into Prince William Street. The mob being unable to force its way through this narrow defile, broke ground and divided—some running one way, and some another to get into Prince William Street by the nearest route. For the purpose, apparently, of rescuing the prisoner. By this time the Alderman was concluding his prisoner up Church Street, on his way to jail; and as soon as the mob united again, the same disposition was shown for rescuing; but the Mayor and several gentlemen interfered most stoutly, and prevented, as much as possible, the crowd following up Church Street—consequently, the prisoner was finally lodged in jail. Two others were also conveyed there, by other hands—where all three now lie awaiting their trial; and we trust such an example will be made of them as will be the means of preventing, for the future, any more such disgraceful outbreaks caused by the ebullition of party feeling.

St. John had its sensations in the forties just as well as it has at the present day. Early in 1843 the News contained this interesting article which we publish in full. It reads as follows:—

Well, we are a lucky fellow to be sure! Dull as the times are, scarcely a day passes, without some new adventure or ludicrous incident crossing our smooth and noiseless path. Last night as we were trudging home after correcting our proof, we thought we perceived a small paper packet lying on the sidewalk, and upon stooping down to satisfy ourselves, found that our organs of vision were not

deceived. There it was certainly, a packet closely and neatly folded up! With the instinct of curiosity natural to all, we seized hold of it, and hurried back to our sanctum, to discover the nature of our prize, the contents of which will be found below.

The packet bore no direction nor was it sealed, but simply bound round by a thin slip of blue ribbon. We untied the knot, (not a lover's) and not knowing but that it might have been originally intended for ourselves, we read the following case. The names of the parties, it is hardly necessary to state are fictitious.

STATEMENT.

Mr. Grub. According to your request of this morning, I have endeavored to put upon paper such of the facts connected with "that very inhuman affair" as female delicacy would sanction. You must know then sir, that one day about two months ago, as I was taking an innocent stroll on Jeffrey's Hill in company with my little nephew (a child of eight years old) and gazing on the beautiful windings of the Creek, I was somewhat annoyed by the attentions of an elderly gentleman in black. He had previously followed me through several streets of the city, and just as I was congratulating myself on my escape from his rude behavior, I turned round and my head and to my extreme mortification, beheld him close at my side! Good heavens! thought I, what can that person mean, he surely does not intend to murder me. Unluckily I at this moment thought of Miss Mary Rodgers and her hapless fate. My heart beat quick, and I trembled from head to foot.

"Here Johnny run home to ma as fast as you can, run—run—there's a love!" Away went Johnny, and I fainted with—fright. As I gradually came to my senses, I found myself in the arms of the stranger, who was apparently gazing upon me captivated with my beauty. "Leave me sir, leave me, how dare you?"—oh that my brother were here!"

The gentleman in black, now gently released his hold of me, and putting on a very supplicating air, he thus addressed me. "Sweet lady, pardon me—a thousand pardons, but your beauty and simplicity have thrown such a magic around my heart, (laying his hand expressively on his left side) that—that—if I might venture, if I might hope one day to—Madam By Heaven I love you!"

As I was not prepared for such a violent and passionate declaration from a complete stranger, I darted upon him a look of ineffable scorn, and prepared to take my departure. Perceiving my intention, he fell upon one knee, and imploringly beseeched me to remain but for a moment longer. But it is needless to acquaint you with what passed on that luckless occasion. Suffice it to say that the old gentleman was so pressing, so fatherly, and spoke so largely of his money and his houses, that I could not resist his entreaty to meet him again. We did meet again, and a reciprocal affection sprang up between us. My lover had never yet been to our house, but expressed a strong desire to meet my relations, of whom I had spoken in flattering terms. Not being, however, as yet prepared for that step, I suggested the propriety of his writing me a formal declaration, alleging it would be an excuse for my introducing him to my brother, who was very tenacious of the family honor. This I received on the following day, which is in these words: To Miss Susan Flint:

Angel of my adoration, receive the overflows of a youthful heart, which beats alone for thee.—How long and tediously the hours have sped since last we met! This must not be. Say, dearest Susan—loveliest of women—say when shall be the happy day? This day week? Let no maidenly scruples as to money affairs, interfere with thy determination. Thy parents must and will consent. I have plenty for us both. The day we wed, £5000 a year shall be thy dowry.—Remember, to-morrow I shall expect to meet you, relations! Ever thine,

CONSTANT BLOWHARD.

On the following day, everything was arranged, and at the appointed hour Mr. Blowhard was duly ushered into our best apartments, which had been duly prepared for his reception, but never shall I forget the look of consternation depicted on his countenance, as he surveyed the extent of our worldly goods and chattels, and the number of my half-ragged brothers and sisters. I put on my blandest smile, however, and taking him lovingly by the hand, led him up to my mother, and he went through the ceremony of introduction. At this moment—unlucky chance—my brother, who, to tell the truth, is plain, simple, and bush-like in his manners, came rolling into the room in a state of intoxication. He stared at my lover for a few moments, and reeling towards him forcibly seized him by the hand.

"How are you, old boy—Blow—Blow—what's your name. Isn't it you that's going to marry Susy. Come, old cock, laugh out, and stand treat!"

I plainly saw now that all was over, the spell was dissolved, so taking Blowhard on one side, I explained to him as well as I could, that my family were highly respectable—but that we were reduced. He endeavored to stammer out something like an apology for his visit, was afraid he had made a mistake and so forth. I have never seen him since.

These are the circumstances which Mr. Grub will take into consideration, and if he thinks £20000 can be recovered as the damages for blighted affections, the action may be commenced without delay.

We regret that we have not Mr. Blowhard's opinion on this highly important case, which doubtless will contain many novel and interesting speculations. We hope at the same time we have not deprived him of a fee, nor the young squire of her claim to damages. Should the cause be brought on for trial at the next Supreme Court, our reporter will be in attendance, when it is likely many amusing circumstances will transpire.

Miss Susan Grub, or her counsel Mr. Blowhard can have the original contents of the packet, by calling at our office.

—YOUR LIFE IS NOT WORTH A STRAW.

Not worth a straw, eh? Then it was worth just nothing—nothing at all. Who has not used that comparison a thousand times to express absolute worthlessness? A straw? The wind blows it away, fire burns it up, cattle tread it in the mud, it rots by the roadside. What of it? Who cares for a straw?

Yet this is exactly what a doctor recently said to one of his patients, "Your life is not worth a straw." How much is a doctor worth who will speak so to one that trusts him, and has no hope but in his skill? For my part, if he were up for sale at auction, I would bid one straw for him—no more. Even if what he said were true, he had no right to say it. Such a doctor is more likely to kill with the tongue than to cure with his drugs.

A woman tells the story, and she tells it well. If it doesn't sound like the truth, then I don't know what ever does. The dates and the facts are all very plain and ordinary.

"In the summer of 1878," she says, "I found myself feeling tired, languid, low-spirited, and weak. I felt as if some evil were about to happen. My appetite was poor, and after eating I had excruciating pain at my loins and sides. There was a horrible gnawing pain at the pit of my stomach, and a rising in the throat as if I should choke. My head felt as though I had a ton weight on it. Gradually I got worse, and for months could take only liquid food. At night I lay awake for hours together.

"Later on I suffered greatly from nervous prostration. My legs trembled and shook so I feared to fall. If a knock came to the door I trembled from head to foot. I had frequent attacks which began with palpitation of the heart and stoppage of the breath. At these times I was speechless and helpless. They say I looked like a corpse, cold and bloodless, my fingernails and lips having turned black. After a while this would pass off, leaving me weak and prostrate. I got so emaciated, and thin that I was only a bag of bones, and so weak I had to take hold of the furniture to steady myself as I crossed the room. As time went on the nervousness and forebodings of evil so increased that I feared I should go out of my mind. The neighbours said it would be a mercy if the Lord would release me from my sufferings.

"In this condition I continued for over four years, during which time I consulted five doctors, but nothing they gave me did any good. They all said, 'Your life is not worth a straw.'

"In despair I gave up taking physic, as I felt that nothing would save me. In May, 1882, ten years ago, a lady (Mrs. Richardson) called at my house, told me of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and strongly advised me to try it. I did so, and felt somewhat better after the first bottle, and by the time I had taken three bottles I was completely cured. From that time I have had no return of the attacks, and am so strong I can do any kind of work. But for Seigel's Syrup I should have been in my grave long ago. I wish others to know this, and will answer any who call or write."

(Signed) EMMA WICKENDEN (wife of William Wickenden, gardener) Pembroke Villas, 123, Moffat Road, Thornton Heath, March 17th, 1892.

So it turned out that her life was not only worth a straw, but worth a whole golden harvest of health and better days. Yet no thanks to the doctors. Her complicated symptoms puzzled and alarmed them, to be sure, but why? Is it not the doctors' duty to understand such things? Most assuredly. Just as a lawyer should know the law, or a pilot the rocks, tides, and lights of a coast. Had some of these medical men known that Mrs. Wickenden's malady was indigestion and dyspepsia, and not heart disease, they might possibly have believed her. But, confused by the symptoms, they were blind to the cause. We may well wonder if there are many such doctors in England.

Cases like this show that the clear sight belonged to Mother Seigel; and to her remedy hosts of people in this country are indebted for physical salvation when, in very truth, their lives seemed as straws.

Remember this ten years ago and the malady has not returned, showing that the cure was a permanent one.

HONOR WILMOT AND FISHER.

Governor Fraser Tells how Two Honored Men Should be Still More Honored.

Governor Fraser is rapidly making a name for himself as one of the most active and capable first officers this province has ever had. His aim, since he assumed the position, has been the interests of New Brunswick and the supporting of all objects, social or otherwise, that are subservient to the general good. His latest project, though not to be reckoned from a mercenary standpoint, is one that will meet the wishes of the best people of the province irrespective of creed or party. In a recent address in the Methodist church, Fredericton, Governor Fraser, in speaking of the late Hon. L. A. Wilmot and Hon. Charles Fisher, suggested that it was due to the memory of these talented sons of New Brunswick that their portraits should adorn the legislative assembly hall as the fathers of responsible government in this province. This should be done. The cost will be small while it is a just tribute to departed worth. They did much for the upbuilding of the province, they helped to make us independent as we are, they got for us a boon that only came to the United States after years of war and suffering. They are fully deserving honor as Washington. He reached his desires by means of the sword, they won our deliverance by their forensic ability and diplomatic skill. The honor is due, and should have been paid long ago. His Honor, Governor Fraser, will have the support of the province in the project and he deserves the thanks of all for the suggestion. —Daily Record.

History of the Pen.

The first pens were made of bronze, steel and iron, sharp pointed like a bodkin. These were used in producing hieroglyphics on stone in Assyria and other Eastern countries. Then came the camel's hair pencil for painting on the skins of animals, and next the stylus of bone, ivory or metal. But parchments and papyrus became known,

and the reed pen was invented. Time rolled on, and it was discovered that the quill was better than the reed, and it came into universal use, and continued so until far into the present century. Silver, horn, tortoise shell and glass came along only to give way to steel, until in 1820 a gross of the latter pens was made in Birmingham and sold at wholesale for \$36. The best gold pens are made in the United States.

STORIES OF CITY AND COUNTRY.

Two Clerks' Vacation—A Warrant at a Funeral, and Much More of Interest. (The Daily Record.)

A gentleman picked up a penny token the other day on King street and proceeded to show it to his friends as a valuable find. It was encased in sand but its size and thickness indicated that it might be a coin. After several had seen it one bethought him to try the ring of the metal. It fell and as bits of sand went scattering on the floor an old wagon washer was disclosed. The gentleman felt a good deal like Scott's antiquarian when he learned the true source of Burton's wounds or like Pickwick when his ancient inscription was translated.

One of the newest things in "penny-in-the-slot machines is in one of the cafes. You drop your nickel and draw a poker hand. A pair of jacks or better brings a cigar, three of a kind brings two cigars, a full house, better still, etc. It is an easy way to play the great American game and many nickels are dropped there.

Two clerks in one of the largest grocery stores are on vacation. They are not having as joyful a time as they intended. The fact is they both are partial to the same young lady who lives some miles in the country. Neither knew the object of the other's preference and when they asked for a short vacation they did not expect to spend part of it together. But they did, and the situation for a time was embarrassing. One took the early train for the home of his best beloved and arrived safely. The forest fires were raging and he volunteered to aid his intended father-in-law in his fight for the domicile. He went to the fallow with the old man, and the daughter shortly after appeared with a luncheon. They were picnicking when the other clerk arrived at the farm house. He went in and after a few minutes asked for the young lady. He was told where she was and soon was wending his way to the meadow, the old lady giving him a peculiar glance as he passed out but not telling him that Tom was ahead of him. As he passed a clump of spruce he suddenly came on the lad and lassie seated on a fallen log discussing the old old story, probably.

"Gosh, said, the newcomer, I thought you were taking a vacation!"

"I am, ain't I?" was the reply, "you better take some too!" Now they are getting roasted by their brother clerks.

Three young men on an evening lately left their hotel to attend a church of a certain denomination in a remote part of the city. They had not been there before, and not knowing the way asked an old gent who had a large accent, suggestive of the land across the channel. "Where is the G. P. H. church?"

Pointing with his cane, he said, "Do you see yon steeples? well, there's another just behind that!" Taking this rather obtuse direction they found the church after some difficulty. Going in they heard the clatter of plates.

"Is it prayer meeting tonight," they asked a young man at the door.

"Naw," he said, "we are having a free and easy." They decided that they would not stay, but would go to the next church. They did so. Here again they were confronted by a man at the door. "This is choir practice," he said, "we only rang the bell to let the choir know." They tried another church, but that one was undergoing repairs, so they went home, and decided to put off their prayer meetings till the holiday season was past.

Mrs. Lydia Von Finkelstein Mountford thinks that St. John is just like Jerusalem. Mrs. Lydia Von Finkelstein Mountford deserves the thanks of the citizens generally for this very favorable comment upon conditions in this city?

The city is full of Gordons and Gordon Aberdeens and any one who says that St. John is not as loyal as it ever was is misinformed. There are as many youthful Gordon Aberdeens bawling lustily in their nurses arms at this present moment as once upon a time they used to be Samuel Leonard Tilley's. A mothers greatest compliment to a person is to name her child after him, so the numerousness of Gordon Aberdeens about here is a favorable commentary to the popularity of the Governor General among the ladies.

James Fowler is a constable, but he is not a pugilist, neither is he a sprinter. He attempted to serve a warrant on Mr. William Rourke at Quaco while the latter was attending the funeral of the late Mrs. McDonough yesterday and soon assumed mourning. Although he quickly donned black it was not of his own free will and accord. Mr. Rourke considered that if ever a man had a right to assault a minion of the law it was when the said minion attempted to earn fifty cents at a funeral, and Mr. Rourke put the said conclusion in practice by knocking the said James Fowler down. When he arose one eye had assumed the garb of grief and the other out of sympathy had put on a blood-shot appearance. It is evident that Mr. Rourke considers that there is a time and place for everything, even the serving of an execution and that time and that place not at a public funeral. Probably Mr. Fowler thinks the same now, particularly if the paper reads "William Rourke."

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WHOLESALE AGENTS, Geo. S. DeForest & Sons.

A FISH-PATTERN BOAT.

A Successful Trial of the Model of a Fin-Propelled Craft.

The little knot of idlers who lounge about under the shadow of the Ericson statue, near the Battery wall, were treated yesterday to an exhibition of a working model of a fin-propelled boat designed and patented by Frank Taff of Whitestone, L. I. For more than a year Mr. Taff has closely studied the movements of fishes with the view to applying, if possible, the principle of the fish's tail movement to the propulsion of boats. As nearly as mechanical skill could adapt the principle to iron and steel Mr. Taff has done so, and yesterday he took his model to the Government slip for a trial.

The model is 5 feet 3 inches long, 8 inches wide, and draws 5 inches of water. She was fitted with a small vertical engine of 1½ inch stroke whose boiler carried twenty pounds of steam to develop about 1-30 of a horse power.

Along the sides of the hull are four black fins, two on a side. These fins are patterned after the tail of a fish, and the main surface, which is called the web, is thinned down toward the edges and strengthened by ribs of pliable metal. The fins run on the shaft in pairs, and the shafts instead of running the length of the boat as in the case of screw propellers, run transversely, and projecting a short distance beyond the sides of the boat have the fins fixed in their ends. When the engine is started the shafts work at right angles, and by their motion the fins are set wriggling after the manner of a fish's tail. In order to avoid the vibration of the boat that would naturally be caused by such a motion, the two shafts are so coupled to the engine that they work alternately.

At about 2 o'clock Mr. Taff lighted the small gasoline lamp under the boiler and steam was up in a short time. Then he launched his model and headed her for the open river, following in a row boat. The model began to glide away slowly at first, but soon her speed accumulated and she cut through the waves like a torpedo. There was no churning astern of her such as is seen in the case of screw propellers but the little craft spun along as if upon invisible wings. As the rougher water of the river was reached Mr. Taff found that the choppy waves were too much for



INFLUENZA,

Or La Grippe, though occasionally epidemic, is always more or less prevalent. The best remedy for this complaint is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"Last Spring, I was taken down with La Grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breast seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid and the cure so complete. It is truly a wonderful medicine."—W. H. WILLIAMS, Crook City, S. D.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral
Prompt to act, sure to cure

his model. Not wishing to have her sunk, he rowed up and extinguished the light. The trial was a success, and when the model was brought ashore Mr. Taff said:

"I think that I have at last put my idea into practical shape. There is a great loss of power in the screw propeller system owing to the slip of the screw, the distance between the engines and the screws, and the increased resistance of the water when it is struck such powerful blows by the blades of a wheel or screw. Nature undoubtedly gave fishes the best of propelling devices and the application of the principle to vessels will about reach the ideal. I have tried to do that, and how well I have succeeded will no doubt be proved when I can fit up a larger craft with the fins."

In Mr. Taff's invention the fins are driven rapidly in and out from the sides of the boat, and owing to their flexibility they drive the boat ahead. Heretofore experiments with fin or fishtail propellers have been made by attaching them astern in the manner of a rudder, but such a motion has never succeeded in moving the boat clearly through the water. In Mr. Taff's idea the whole fin moves forth in the water. The problem of backing has also been solved by the inventor, as when he desires to do this he reverses the fins by means of a lever attached to the shafts. In large ships the single transverse shaft could be divided at the centre, and each half attached to a separate engine. This would admit of reversing one set of fins while going ahead with the other, in order to turn the boat quickly. There may be any number of fins along the sides of the boat.

Mr. Taff says that his idea is particularly adaptable to submarine boats; as the latter, when worked by screw propellers have a tendency to lower their bows. The fin propeller can be canting to any angle to counteract this.

Stranger than the Recent Halifax Case.

The strange story recently told of Mon sieur L. Bernard, who was registered, baptized, habited, conventually educated, and continuously treated as a girl until he came to man's estate, when he explained matters, and took unto himself a wife had its parallel in Scotland. James Barry, M. D., Edinburgh, was an army surgeon. He served his full time for a pension, in all parts of the globe; he retired upon that pension; and he duly died in 1865, aged eighty years. He was of small stature; had rather a high voice and an effeminate air; abhorred strong meat and drink, and was sudden and quick in quarrel, and fought a duel at the Cape. There were suspicions about—outside the Medical Board; but these suspicions did not point to the truth. The truth was only found out by a post-mortem, which the subject of it had expressly forbidden, but upon which science thought proper to insist. Then it was discovered that James Barry, M.D., Inspector of Hospitals, was a woman.