

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

NOV. 3rd, 1894.

HE SHOT DANIEL DEVOE.

THE SAINT JOHN BOY WHO PLAYED WITH A HORSE-PISTOL.

An Old Time Tragedy at the Corner of King and Germain Streets—The Result of Master Barton Powlett Wallop's Experiment with a Dangerous Weapon.

Some weeks ago, in telling the story of the skeletons of deserters found at the Keltie farm, on the Westmorland road, reference was made to Barton Powlett Wallop as having been one of the notable occupants of the old mansion at that place. To the present generation, save to those of it who are students of local history, the name of Wallop conveys little meaning, but up to half a century ago it had for many years been well known in St. John, both father and sons being prominently before the public and being moreover connected by marriage with the family of Major John Ward, "the father of the city."

Barton William Powlett Wallop, the father, was a grandson of the second Earl of Portsmouth, the family name of the house being then Wallop, though it has since become Fellowes through descent in another line. Mr. Wallop was sent out to his country by the imperial government, and for many years, up to his death, in 1824, held the now obsolete position of naval officer in the customs department at the port of St. John. This position had a good salary attached to it, and was a very easy berth. Mr. Wallop's chief labor was in attaching his signature to clearances carried by vessels, and his pay was nine hundred pounds sterling, or nearly \$4,500 a year. He was married to a daughter of Major Ward, and was therefore an uncle by marriage to Mr. Charles C. Ward, the artist, and Mr. Clarence Ward, of this city. He resided in Prince William street, opposite the custom house, and his grave is in the Old Burial Ground.

Mr. Wallop had two sons, Newton Ward and Barton Powlett. The former was afterwards prominent among the officers of the local artillery, while Barton, as a man about town, an owner of fast horses and a patron of the turf was very widely known. In the year 1818, when only ten years old, he had the singular experience of killing a man on the public street in broad daylight. The incident is briefly referred to in Lawrence's Footprints, and I have to thank Mr. Clarence Ward for some additional information.

It does not require an aged person to remember the old two-and-a-half story wooden building which stood on the south-east corner of King and Germain street, where Hall's bookstore is now. As I remember it, there were shops in the lower story, but it was originally wholly a dwelling house, owned by Major Ward, who drew the corner lot, No 412, in the grants made after the landing of the Loyalists. Here, in the year 1818, lived the Ward family, including Charles Ward, who died only twelve years ago at the age of 91. He was father of the present representative of the family and uncle of the Wallop boys.

The lot on King street next above Major Ward, No. 413, was owned by Daniel Devoe. The name is spelled "Davoust" in Footprints, but that this is clearly wrong is shown not only by the newspapers of the time, but on the still more positive authority of a deed executed by Devoe to James O. Betts. This deed has to some extent a connection with the story.

James O. Betts was postmaster of St. John, and in July, 1813, Devoe gave him a deed of this property in consideration of the sum of five shillings and that Betts should feed, clothe and maintain him as long as he should live, and should cause him to be decently buried at his death. Mr. Betts, therefore, became the actual owner of the house, though he did not put the deed on record until 1822, four years after Devoe's death. Devoe was not married and had no relatives in this country. He appears to have been among the early settlers, though his name is not among the grantees. That he had been a man in humble life is shown by the fact that he signed the deed by making a mark. How he originally became owner of the property is not quite clear, as no conveyance of it to him appears on the records. If he bought it, he probably got it cheap, but however he obtained it his title seems to have been a valid one.

Mr. Betts appears to have faithfully carried out his part of the bargain, and in 1818 Devoe, then 63 years old, was living contentedly and in the enjoyment of good health. He was accustomed to take the air morning and evening by promenading up and down the south side of King street. To all appearance he was destined to live to a green old age.

At this time militia duty was a very important matter with all good citizens. Among other accoutrements of the officers were holsters, or large leather cases, one carried at each side of the saddle, containing huge horse-pistols. These pistols took heavy charges of powder and large bullets, and of course had flint locks and priming pans. Mr. Charles Ward had a pair of these, and late in the afternoon of

the 13th of June, 1818, he returned from the military exercises, and left the pistols in an up-stair room of the corner house, not supposing that anybody would interfere with them. One of the pistols was not loaded, but the other had the powder and ball which had been put in it twelve months before.

After Mr. Ward went out, his nephews, Barton and Newton Wallop, went to the room to play, and got hold of the pistols, as any boys in their place would be sure to do. First of all, they played fighting a duel, each taking a corner of the room and pointing his weapon at the other, and it is even asserted, on the authority of Mr. Charles Ward, that they snapped the pistols, which may be readily believed, as the chances of a worn flint missing fire were not a few. Finally, Barton seems to have learned that one of the weapons was loaded, and he determined to have a shot at something on the other side of the street. Adjusting the priming, he cocked the pistol and pointed it through the open window at some mark in the distance. It hung fire, and the next moment he dropped his arm, thus changing the direction of the shot to the sidewalk below.

Old Daniel Devoe was at that unlucky moment sauntering along, smoking his evening pipe, the hour being between 7 and 8 o'clock. Just as he neared the corner, the pistol was discharged, the bullet entering at the rear of his left ear and lodging over the right eye. He fell to the ground, not quite dead, but unconscious, and expired within half an hour. In the language of the papers of the day, the bullet "put a period to his existence"—a good enough phrase when it is remembered that "period" and "full stop" are synonymous terms.

There were then as there always are and will be in a community, a number of people who are continually expecting their neighbors to do some villainous act when there is any motive for it, and so it was in this instance. Everybody knew of the bargain by which Mr. Betts was to be free of all charges on the property at Devoe's death; as nobody saw where the shot came from, somebody jumped at the conclusion that Betts had fired it. The supposition would be that he had become discouraged at the prospect of having to support Devoe for the next twenty or thirty years and had anticipated the decree of nature by recourse to a horse-pistol. There was not the slightest ground for such a suspicion, but the fact that nobody else could profit by Devoe's death was quite enough for the public. The boys had disappeared, for they had run panic-stricken to tell Major Ward, their grandfather, what had happened. The major was so shocked that it was some little time before he could communicate the facts to the increasing crowd of spectators, and in the meantime, I believe, Mr. Betts, if not actually under arrest, was most unjustly an object of watchful regard by the constables and the crowd. With a knowledge of the circumstances, therefore, it is easy to read between the lines in the Star's remark that "had it not been for this untoward event, he bid fair to enjoy many years under the hospitable roof of a person whom we are proud to say, he had not put a mistaken confidence in."

Young Wallop was held in custody, probably by his grandfather, until 10 o'clock that night, when an inquest was held by J. C. F. Bremner, coroner, and a verdict of accidental death returned.

Barton Powlett Wallop lived in St. John until 1840, and as already remarked, was a very prominent man about town, with a special fondness for horses and guns. In that year he went to England, where he was married, and by the death of Lord Bayning, inherited an estate worth £40,000 sterling a year. By the terms of the inheritance he was obliged to transmute his name and become Barton Wallop Powlett. He died in England in 1886.

Newton Wallop, who was several years the junior, lived in St. John until 1850, when he went south for his health and died. He was a man of great courage and dash, and was very handy with his fists.

One of the pair of pistols which "put a period" to Devoe's existence is now among the treasures of Mr. Charles C. Ward, the artist, at Rothesay.

The old wooden house on the corner stood until the year 1871, when it was torn down and replaced by a brick building. Oddly enough, the date chosen for the demolition of this relic of the Loyalists was the fourth of July.

ROSLYNDE.

The Camera Cure for Nervous Cadets.

A naval officer once found he could not teach the youngest men in the naval academy not to squirm and start and jump and plug their ears with their fingers when the heavy cannon were fired. It was of no use to argue with them, pleadings were in vain, and reproofs were useless. It was highly ridiculous to have a lot of young men, whose profession it is to make war when war is needed, act like school-girls when the sea artillery was in noisy operation. Finally the officer hit upon a plan. He had a camera "trained" upon his gallant cadets without their knowing it, and then he ordered broadside after broadside to be fired. The noise was thunderous, and the actions of the cadets were as usual, most undignified and most unwarlike. A few days later some excellent photographs of the "young men-afraid-of-a-noise" were hung in prominent positions, to be a perpetual reproach to those who plugged their ears. These photographs did their work. The next time the cannon roared the cadets stood like statues carved from stone, petrified with their fear of the "deadly camera" and its brutal frankness.

The Chinese army carries no ambulance corps. The soldiers are undoubtedly expected to run away before they can be shot.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

SHOULD BE REWRITTEN SO AS TO INCLUDE THIS INJUSTICE.

How Two Poor Boys Were Imprisoned at Moncton on the Ridiculous Charge of Stealing a Shirt Which Was Not Stolen—The Indignities They Suffered.

MONCTON, Oct. 31.—During the last two years Moncton has achieved for herself the proud distinction of being the especial terror of the genus tramp. In fact, to fall back upon the language of hyperbole, the very name of the railway town stank in the nostrils of every Weary Wraggles in the country, and there was not a gentleman of elegant leisure between Moncton and Sydney, Cape Breton, who did not know how unhealthy the climate of that city was for people of his profession, and who would not have sooner faced a woodpile the size of the great pyramid, than enter the city limits, if he could have helped himself. But unfortunately it is difficult to reach any given point in the Dominion without passing through Moncton, so the Chevalier de Industrie was compelled to make a flying trip through the city occasionally, and it happened to be caught on the wing, the authorities felt it a pleasure, as well as a duty, to make it as little of a pleasure trip as possible, and that traveller walked in a path which was both narrow and stony during his stay amongst us, which is merely a poetical way of expressing the bitter truth, that he paced the contracted limits of the police cells, which are only about four feet wide, and floored with stone flags. I hear there have been unkind things said about the police force of Moncton, that they have been accused of looking with a too lenient eye on the transactions of the insinuating fakir, when he was plying his trade in town, and of neglecting to enforce the Scott Act with the rigor which its pious promoters would have wished; but I can only say if our guardians of the peace attend to their other duties with one-half of the assiduity they display in the stalking and capturing of tramps, they are indeed models of all a policeman should be, and worthy of having their names inscribed upon a roll of honor.

But unfortunately their zeal sometimes interferes very much with their judgment, and then it is very unpleasant for the tramp, of course, but all right for the policeman who is comfortably sheltered behind his blue coat, bright buttons, and the majesty which surrounds the minions of the law.

In short it is perfectly safe to be well dressed and vicious in Moncton, but awfully dangerous to be poorly dressed and friendless, no matter how virtuous you may be, for neither the board of aldermen, the police committee, nor the police force are disposed to regard either of the last named misfortunes with any degree of leniency.

A case which has been very much in print happened only last week. The following item appeared in the Daily Times of October 24th in the police news:

Two lads about 16 years of age, giving the names of Stephen Miller and Frank Robinson, were arrested on Highfield street yesterday afternoon for not being able to give a satisfactory account of themselves. A white shirt with the name of — stamped on it, was found in the vicinity of where the young men arrested were loitering about. It is supposed to have been taken from a clothesline in that vicinity.

And it was doubtless read with considerable interest by the citizens, especially those who lived in the vicinity of Highfield street, owned clothes lines, and had their shirts done up at home. The career of the daring thieves was not followed up however, and strange to say no further notice of their trial, conviction, sentence, or possible release appeared in the Times, and their future fate would have remained a mystery, had not the writer taken pains to find out what ground there was for the complaint against them, and what became of them.

The unfortunate lads against whom nothing but poverty could be proved, followed the number, but I believe legal avocations of junk collectors, and the pursuit of their profession brought them very frequently into the back yards of the citizens, but as they were always civil, and apparently honest, no objection was made when they collected the bones and other rubbish which littered the yards. But alas for the boys! Their anxious investigation of ash barrels and dust heaps attracted the eagle eye of one of the city aldermen, who is not only a very pious young man, but a leading light in the Salvation Army, and who, as such, should have remembered the touching experience of one of the army's trump cards—"Ashbarrel Jimmy"—and shown a tender solicitude for all misguided youths who lurked around ash barrels. But, somehow, his heart was not touched, and his suspicions were aroused, so he immediately harnessed his prancing steed and bled him away down to the city marshal, to whom he imparted his suspicions, and together the two officials, with an air of authority on their brows, and two pairs of handcuffs secreted about their persons, bled them back again to arrest the two dangerous criminals whom they found without difficulty and immediately proceeded to arrest

them.

They were only a couple of street boys, but the fact that they were suspected of stealing could not help injuring them, and it was the plain duty of those who accused, to see that they were cleared as publicly as they were accused. Even the poorest of us has rights and I have always understood it was for the maintenance of these that the law existed at all. But if there is to be one law for the rich, and another for the poor, we might almost as well go back to feudal times where might was right and nobody thought of interfering.

GEORGEY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

Where the Count of Paris got Money.

A good many persons have wondered where the Count of Paris got all his money, for it costs a pretty penny to even act as pretender and keep up a mimic court in exile. Thereby hangs a little romance. When the count was casting about him, some fifteen years ago, for a means of raising the wind, he suddenly received one day a letter from a mysterious foreigner, whose name was never divulged, but who wrote in substance thus: "I owe my immense fortune to your grandfather, and I am not ungrateful. If money is what is needed to keep up the establishment suitable to an heir to the throne of France, you shall have plenty. Give a trusty man five of your visiting cards, and bid him present them to the five stockholders named below, and what I destine for you will be handed him." The count did as he was bid, and the man received from the brokers bonds enough to half fill his cab. The precise sum is unknown, but the bonds were so valuable that an insurance company wanted 50,000 francs for guaranteeing their safe transport to England.

CABLE REPEAT ORDERS.

We have just opened a very large quantity of

Black Mantle Cloths

in Beavers, Serges and Cheviots, 52 to 56 inches wide.

Black Cloths at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.40, \$1.60, \$1.85, \$2.00, \$2.20, \$2.40, \$2.70, \$3.25, \$3.75 and \$4.00.

Value for Price Asked Guaranteed the Best in the Market.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

—at least the marshal did—and the alderman lent his countenance and approval to the performance of the disagreeable duty.

It may seem incredible to people who have not the privilege of living in Moncton, but it was considered necessary to handcuff those two small boys, against whom nothing had been proved, together, just as hounds are lashed, and when one of them offered some protest, the only response he received was a blow on the side of the head administered by the little white hand of the marshal. "Don't do that again, sir," cried the criminal. "Don't do it again, an' we'll go along all right, sir." Then he lifted his free hand to his gyrating cheek and ear, allowed himself and his chum to be assisted into the aldermanic chariot, and was driven to the police station, where he and his companion spent the night. I don't suppose they spent a very pleasant night, because I have seen the police cells, and I know just what they are like. If I owned a horse or cow, and thought anything of either of them, I should shrink from making them spend a night in the cells, but of course boys who are vaguely suspected of something which has not been proved, don't count, and can stay anywhere.

Next morning, despite the fact that the sole evidence against the lads, the shirt found in their possession was laundered, and that it is not customary for housekeepers to leave starched and ironed shirts out on the line, at the end of October, or indeed at any other time, the "suspects" were escorted by the marshal to the place of business of the gentleman whose name appeared on the shirt, and upon his identification of the same, and his emphatic assurance that he had left it amongst several other articles of cast-off clothing at his boarding house, to be given over to some poor person, and that he thought it quite certain that the boy told the truth in saying a lady had given it to him, the lads were both released.

Doubtless the alderman and marshal both did only what they considered their duty, and performed what might have been a service to society at large, but at the same time their good intentions, like the laws of nature, were rather hard upon the individual as represented by the boys. Their good name was taken from them and not the slightest effort made to restore it, the offence of which they were suspected published with their names in full, but so far, I have not seen any statement made through the same paper that the suspicions against them were proved to be unfounded.

They were only a couple of street boys, but the fact that they were suspected of stealing could not help injuring them, and it was the plain duty of those who accused, to see that they were cleared as publicly as they were accused. Even the poorest of us has rights and I have always understood it was for the maintenance of these that the law existed at all. But if there is to be one law for the rich, and another for the poor, we might almost as well go back to feudal times where might was right and nobody thought of interfering.

GEORGEY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

Where the Count of Paris got Money.

A good many persons have wondered where the Count of Paris got all his money, for it costs a pretty penny to even act as pretender and keep up a mimic court in exile. Thereby hangs a little romance. When the count was casting about him, some fifteen years ago, for a means of raising the wind, he suddenly received one day a letter from a mysterious foreigner, whose name was never divulged, but who wrote in substance thus: "I owe my immense fortune to your grandfather, and I am not ungrateful. If money is what is needed to keep up the establishment suitable to an heir to the throne of France, you shall have plenty. Give a trusty man five of your visiting cards, and bid him present them to the five stockholders named below, and what I destine for you will be handed him." The count did as he was bid, and the man received from the brokers bonds enough to half fill his cab. The precise sum is unknown, but the bonds were so valuable that an insurance company wanted 50,000 francs for guaranteeing their safe transport to England.

ASTRA.

A Chinaman's Use of the Phonograph.

A traveller mentions that Qo Feng Loh, who is Li Hung Chang's secretary (for a long time attache in London), has in his bedroom a quite up-to-date product of Western civilization. "That is my phonograph," said he. "I have spoken the most beautiful parts from the works of our classical authors into it, and I go to sleep nightly listening to the words of my favorite poets through the phonograph, which is put in motion by an electric battery. Moreover, it serves to educate my children. I speak the lesson into the instrument and the phonograph repeats it until my children know it by heart. In this way I save time and anger."

ASTRA.

ASTRA.

NOW WE CAN EAT OYSTERS

For the Months with "R" in Them Have Come.

In considering the many delicious uses to which oysters can be put, one does not usually include sandwiches in the list, but yet oyster sandwiches are an undoubted, and very toothsome fact, if properly prepared, and they afford one more available dish for that most troublesome of meals, luncheon. Unlike most sandwiches they are served hot:

Oyster Sandwiches.

Chop one pint of oysters very fine, having first drained off all the liquor. Add salt, pepper, two tablespoons cream, two tablespoons butter, one tablespoon cornstarch, and cook for five minutes in a frying pan, stirring all the time. Spread the mixture between thin slices of bread and butter and serve at once.

It is really wonderful how many ways there are of cooking oysters! One may imagine that it would be impossible to invent any new methods of depriving him and yet every year some gastronomic artist finds out a new way of serving him. Here are several recipes, which are new—at least to me.

Oysters for Breakfast.

For breakfast the oyster is delicious dropped into a hot shell with a little butter and pepper, and exposed for one minute to the downward heat of the hottest of fires; or it may be dried gently on a towel, dipped in beaten eggs mixed with salt and pepper, and quickly browned in hot butter, or, served more simply still, as Swift welcomed him, and as the Washingtonians like to dress him, by steaming until his shell opens, and then swallowing him hot.

Broiled Oysters.

Oysters of the largest size must be selected for broiling. Drain them, and lay for a few minutes in a folded napkin to absorb all moisture. Rub a little butter over a gridiron and place the oysters on it before placing over the fire. Sprinkle salt over them, and broil first on one side and then on the other. Serve on a hot platter with drawn butter, or arrange small pieces of toasted bread on the platter; turn the oysters on the toast, and pour over all the sauce made by simmering together the liquor, a bit of butter, and enough flour to thicken the consistency of the cream. A fine meshed wire gridiron is the best for the purpose. It should be kept exclusively for oysters. It meat is broiled on it it will impart an unpleasant taste.

Steamed Oysters.

Drain the oysters and put them in a steamer over boiling water. Cover closely and steam until they are plump and the edges are curled. Season with salt and pepper; let them stand a moment longer, then serve on rounds of buttered toast.

Beefsteak and Oysters.

The best of porterhouse steaks is just good enough for this dish, and fine large count oysters. Broil the beefsteak in your best manner over a clear, hot fire, until it is about two-thirds done. Meantime carefully run each oyster between the thumb and forefinger to remove every particle of shell, and lay them on a clean, dry towel. See that the oven is hot. When the beefsteak is ready lay it on a hot platter containing salt, pepper and butter. Cover the top of the steak with the oyster in a thick, even layer; put bits of butter all over them and dust them with sweet red pepper, set the dish in a hot oven only until the edges of the oysters curl, and then withdraw the platter from the oven and send it at once to the table with its contents smoking hot. Be sure that the platter is heat proof: of course you can use a silver plate if the family plate is not at the bank, or a tin-lined copper gratin pan, or even a white-lined blue enamel dish. Any of these hot dishes may be slipped upon another platter, slightly larger, to protect the surface of the table.

ASTRA.

ASTRA.

ASTRA.

ASTRA.

ASTRA.

PAPA'S PANTS

Will soon fit Willie. So papa is having them dyed at UNGAR'S, and Willie will soon be sporting a new pair of trousers.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS.

St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S.
WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

ARE YOU AWARE

That the cough that so terribly tries you And which to consumption must lead, Can be cured by ROYAL EMULSION, A true friend in cases of need?

ARE YOU AWARE

That ROYAL EMULSION That "tired feeling" soon drives away, Makes you brisk and ready for business, And shows you along through the day?

ARE YOU AWARE

That ROYAL EMULSION Will quickly and pleasantly cure Bronchitis, La Grippe and Consumption, And health and long life ensure?

ARE YOU AWARE

That ROYAL EMULSION Will build up and strengthen the weak? They'll acknowledge it most efficacious, When rescued from prostrations so bleak.

ARE YOU AWARE

That DAWSON'S ROYAL EMULSION, Druggists at Fifty Cents and one Dollar sell, Children take without any compulsion, And give me'er a cry nor a yell.

Wallace Dawson,

Chemist, Montreal.

Restores Nervous Energy, Mental Activity, and Muscular Vigor. Re-Vitalizes the Blood, Invigorates the Stomach, and Aids Digestion.

HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach TONIC.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS 50 CENTS A BOTTLE, SIX BOTTLES, \$2.50. MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE HAWKER MEDICINE COMPANY, LIMITED, ST. JOHN, N. B.