

## OLDEN TIME GAIETIES.

A BALL WHERE OUR GRANDMOTHERS WERE THE BELLES.

The Ball of the Militia at the St. John Hotel Fifty-Three Years Ago—The Style of the Dresses Criticized by the Reporter—A Delightful "Function."

(The Daily Record.)

On Wednesday February 10th 1841 a grand ball was given by the officers of the St. John militia at the St. John hotel. A description of this grand affair was published in the Morning News of Feb. 15th. As the description is a most graphic one and one which even may be adapted in a great many respects to a spread of the present day, we publish the account in full.

One of the finest balls this season was given on last Wednesday evening, a fine evening too, by the officers attached to the St. John militia; and as we happened to be honored as one of the guests, we will attempt to lay before our readers a sketch of the affair, as well as a description of some of the beaux and belles, who aimed to break each other's hearts. We commence then with the room! It was tastefully decorated with the banners of Old England, as well as other emblematic ones, which were hung round the walls in graceful style. In front of the orchestra and also at the ends and sides of the rooms, the swords and bayonets of the different companies were arranged in circular order. At the head of the room, a large round board—likewise ornamented with swords and bayonets—contained on its margin the motto, which might have been more apt during the days of errantry knight—“None but the brave deserve the fair”—for at the present enlightened age a lady's heart is not to be won by the prowess of her lord in the field; she rather studies face and figure and the quality of the purse; and leaves bravery out of the question—as it is a word that has lost all its consequence. We want no better evidence of the fact than our own eyesight; for it brought to our mind on Wednesday evening, more than one proof of who our girls are willing to couple with. The muskets of the companies were arranged in the windows, by being placed with the muzzles upward; each window contained, we believe, ten. The orchestra was full; besides which we had the band of the 60th Regt., which made a great noise in one of the west corners of the room, in the waltz, the march and the gallopade. The orchestra only sent forth its music to the quadrille and contra dance.

The company began to assemble shortly after 8 o'clock and the stream was onward until 10, at which time there was a perfect jam of rank, fashion and beauty. When dead we are allowed at least six feet of ground to repose in; but in a ball room, such as ours was, we had not half the convenience, for although we were all stuck up end wise, like the muskets in the windows, still we had neither room to stand still, or move about; if we attempted to stand soberly, we were jostled against our neighbor and sent reeling—perhaps tread upon some fair Misses' toes, if we attempted to pace ahead, a current met us in another direction, and we were forced back to our original position. We felt for the time being, as if we were in the middle of a Chinese puzzle. At all events after a little while the crowd became more familiar with one another and all unnecessary formality was laid aside. People then moved to and fro, but like the waters of the troubled ocean without fear of discommodating each other's dresses; and then we felt ourselves at home.

A word about the ladies; the gentlemen afterwards:

We were never at Almack's, but we have read much about the rank, beauty and fashion, which distinguishes his exclusive assemblages. The highest nobles in the land are there to be met and the most angelic countenances seen. An admission to Almack's is the highest favor that can be obtained, even in the fashionable world; to be excluded is death itself, to both lords and ladies. It must therefore, be presumed, the bewitching eye, the rosy cheek, the fascinating smile—the attributes of female loveliness—are there to be seen; rendering earth itself a Paradise and man the most subdued of all created beings, by the irresistible charms of God's matchless masterpiece—woman. But why need we dwell upon Almack's for beauty? It is a flower that flourishes in every clime; among all ranks and conditions Heaven is more charitable than to forget those without title. It is made up to us in another way. If we have not ladies of Patrician rank, we have ladies of beauty to compare with any that ever graced the court of St. James; and what lady of beauty among us would exchange her form for an empty title? Ay! we will even say more. The lady of title, herself, would forego her dignity and descend to Plebeian worth, could she but exchange a homely face for a comely one.

St. John then, is not behind any other place for turning out handsome ladies Wednesday evening established this conviction upon our mind; for a better opportunity never before presented itself, for us to judge. But there is one thing, however, which we cannot pass by in silence. How comes it that our ladies

generally let their years outstrip their growth. They ought certainly to grow a little taller if for the sake of nothing else but to fill up a larger void in creation. They averaged, on Wednesday evening, about five feet one and nothing, in height. But we do not mean to say that their size detracts from their beauty or merits; oh, no, they imitate their Royal mistress too much in this respect and whoever called the Queen ugly?—on the contrary, we think it more in their favor, for we are a great admirer of little women; and we must say, the sweetest lady who was in the ball room, was one of the shortest. Her dress was of white silk, or something akin to it, trimmed with blue, on her head was a wreath of flowers and white beads, which, however, encircled a mind as pure and chaste as her form was divine. Her bust was well moulded—her carriage was noble—her action full of grace—there was poetry even in the movement of her little finger. She might have sat to Michael Angelo or Raphael, and we are not certain that even these great artists could have done her beauty justice. Perhaps the reader may think that we are smitten. It is not the case, we are not to be trapped in this way.

There is one thing fashionable in our ladies' ball dresses, which ought certainly to be abridged, and that is the drabbling length to which they wear their drapery. Now, we wish to see the ladies' feet, but that is impossible; they keep them hid beneath enormous folds of muslin, silk, satin, or whatever it might be, which trails upon the ground, serving capitolly the purpose of a duster to keep the floor clean. We do not know where the fashion is copied from; certainly not from the French, for the French ladies are not ashamed of their feet, or to show their steps; hence their popularity as being graceful dancers. Not from the English for Victoria has a beautiful foot and ankle; and as no doubt she leads the fashionable set she must display her feet, which, of course, the ladies of the court imitate; and so we think we cannot trace the fashion to England. It must then be one peculiar to St. John alone; and we hope it will soon end where it originated. In every other respect, the ladies set off their dresses and the dresses set off the ladies admirably well. To make distinctions, would appear invidious; but we cannot refrain altogether from so doing as we progress; although the lesser luminaries cannot be eclipsed in their effulgence, by anything we say.

We now come to the gentlemen. Red coats look well in a ball room and so do green ones; consequently our militia and army officers did not look bad. Then there were private guests—in black and blue; and we had gentlemen in court dresses, such as are worn at St. James, which, though they appeared novel, looked remarkably well. Then we had the real bulwarks of the land in our “sea fencibles,” who appeared like so many weather-beaten commodores—men who would as soon go through a thunderclap as a contra dance; who have “braved a thousand gales, the battle (perhaps) and the breeze.” These are the fellows we would like to stand by in the hour of danger. No starch about them—they have thews and sinews made of substantial stuff, and cannot be frightened. Then we had artillery and commissariat officers, whose uniforms bore a striking resemblance to the naval dress. They too appeared like men who would stand to their guns without flinching, and to their pens without discredit. We thought of one of these gentlemen's ancestors—who has contributed so much to the literature and wisdom of the world, and we felt a deep respect for the descendant. It was difficult to tell the militia from the army officers, they looked so much alike in their dresses. Some were stout and lusty and capable of wielding a sword; while, no doubt, they possessed as much steel as their weapons, if they only had the opportunity of confirming it. Others, again, were of shorter growth, but their swords were just as long; and as a little man's bravery is not to be questioned, we think the Yankees would find them pretty stiff customers to cross swords with, if they happen to cross our borders. But we cannot say as much for those who, like spiders, have more legs than body. We are told by anatomists that we are half an inch taller on rising in the morning, than on going to bed at night, owing to the spine of the back. Some of our red-coat gentry apparently kept their spines stretched all day, perhaps by laying a-bed, to appear as long as possible in the evening, for some of their bodies waved like a reed in the wind; and we thought, several times, that some of them would bend over so far that it would be impossible for them to obtain their equilibrium again. But we were mistaken! We would advise these supple gentlemen to mail their bodies in tin—like a man going to be pilloried—it will serve to keep the wrinkles down and make them look more like fighting than ladies' men. We will not fight the French alongside of these; we have made up our mind to it. At all events they looked pretty well, at least the ladies say so. In earnest, we do not remember having seen a more imposing

tout ensemble before, within the purlieus of a ball-room.

“Take your places for a quadrille,” shouts one of the managers; now for a hurley burley. Ladies and gentlemen rush from all quarters, getting in each other's way—some wishing to get in one set, and others in another—all in grand disorder—until by dint of pushing, squeezing, hauling, stumbling, e'e'e., all at length manage to find a place in the dance. The music now strikes up and the sport begins. Right and left from the heads—cross over—set to partners—turn partners—ladies chain—half promenade—cross over—and—statu quo. Now begins the small talk at the heads while the sides are figuring: “Foine company this, Miss Drucilla, very pleasant indeed—O'im thinking some of the ladies will faint—'you honor, 'tis very oppressive.”

“Ees, 'tis very very warm—Mar told me before I left home, the room would be crowded. I should not have come hadn't it been for brother Charles.”

“Oh! Miss Drucilla, it happens very well—O'im serious—we could not do without you.”

“Lal! now how you flatter—that just the way with the men—till cruel in the gentlemen to flatter the ladies so.”

“Nay—it's against my creed, Miss Drucilla, to flatter; O'i never was charged with that abominable dis-position before—may fancy for the females is too particularly good to deceive them.”

The sides have now got through; the conversation is consequently cut short. “Advance and retire, chassee right and left, cross over, back again, balance to partners, turn partners.” Thus proceeds the quadrille, while the small chat is renewed during the intervals.

Wonder who the young lady is opposite us—there is affectation for you done up in silk and cambric. Her name must be Miss Prude. Let us eye her motions—we are looking at her, and yet she does not know it;—pity she would—for we do hate prudish ladies to think that any one notices them. She now gives her hand—in ladies chain—to the gentleman immediately opposite her—at least the ends of her fingers; poor thing has no joints in her hand, she cannot bend them, consequently the gentleman only gets the ends of her fingers to play with. Give us the lady who is not afraid to take a modest Scotch grip; or who thinks less of her hands than she does of her manners: for it is not manners to act contrary to custom; it is customary for ladies to take the gentleman by the hand, whenever chance throws them in their way. These prudish—'tis strange to say—are strange creatures. Mark, they very seldom find husbands though they find hosts of admirers or triflers in a ball room. But there is a lady for you at the side set, full of modesty and grace, the very personification of female excellence, her face is illuminated with smiles, she appears to have one for all—though modestly withholding all from any. She knows herself, her place, and the company with whom she mingles. Her dress is white, trimmed with pink. We hope to see her again if she is not married.

But let us now turn in another direction. In the hall leading to the supper room sits several groups of ladies and gentlemen consoling together; we can occasionally hear a half stifled titter escape from one of the fair Misses, as though something is going on between her and hers. We think it rather imprudent, however, in young ladies, sitting in a cold hall, after having heated themselves in a dance, without something more, being thrown over their shoulders besides a piece of thin gauze. But there is no knowing to what excesses love will drive us.

Let us enter the supper room. Here is confusion for you; for wherever there's feasting going on, we cannot expect much ceremony—especially in a crowded company. Let us see what Scammell has been about, while we've been dancing. (We mean those under him.) He has not been idle; for here is good cheer, and plenty of it—but hard to get at. “Hand one a piece of that fowl, if you please,” asks a fat gentleman, wedged up in the middle of the crowd, while nothing can be seen but his head and shoulders sticking out, and he broiling in the face like a beef steak on a gridiron. “Will in a moment,” answers his friend, “when I get close to the table.” Here is Miss Drucilla again, wedged up in a corner, almost ready to faint, with a bunch of grapes sticking in her mouth, and her admirer alongside of her, with a cup of coffee ready to administer to her, as a “wash-down,” after the fruit. A little further to the east is Miss Florette Dontouchme, just in the act of sipping a glass of wine, with modern formality; a Sprig is in waiting at her elbow—in fact she is well supported on all sides; for she appears to be a stock surrounded with sprigs; though not very flourishing ones. Suddenly somebody, not through bad manners, but through accident knocks her lily-white arm and away goes the wine—but where? Where do you think kind reader? Clean down her throat. She saw that there was only one way of saving the wine and her dress; and that was by opening her mouth to a reasonable extent which modesty forbade her

doing before—so that between two alternatives the wine at length gets into her mouth. Many such scenes as these pass we over. Suffice it to say there was a great time of it in the supper room.

Below stairs was a card table for such gentlemen as thought more of Hoyle than the ladies, but we shall not say much about the gamblers, more than to tell them that they will have a sorry time of it in the other world. On the same floor was the gentlemen's refreshment room, in addition to the one up stairs; we shall not say much about this either. We turn the ipseidice of the apartment over to Bacchus to deal with.

In conclusion we must add everything went off remarkably well. We have been in all the principal ball rooms in the United States, amidst fun and frolic, mingled in all sorts of crowds, from the highest to the lowest, and have had the best opportunity of forming opinion of fashions and movements, and so, relying upon our experience, we pronounce the ball of Wednesday evening one of transcendent excellence, and

“All went merry as a marriage bell.”

## THE SIGHTS OF THE CITY.

A Big Load, A Costly Parade, and a Woman in a Hotel Office.

(The Daily Record.)

A small two wheeled cart was seen wending its way across Market square on Labor day preceded by a horse. The cart was built for one, but contained three and each of the three seemed in imminent danger of toppling out. Mr. Wetmore appeared on the scene, determined to see no cruelty done, whether he anticipated cruelty to the horse or to the wagon or to the occupants can only be conjectured. It is however surmised that his fears were for the animal on account of too heavy a load. There was a load of three, the wagon and each of the three also had a load which made a quadruple load.

It would be an interesting conjecture to know what the labor procession cost. A rapid estimate would place it at four or five thousand dollars. The ship laborers spent about \$1500 on their part of the show, including their suits and floats. Then the millman probably spent nearly half amount. The cost to each man of the thousand who participated would be about five dollars. To estimate the cost of the firemen's celebration would be difficult and it would count quite well up in the thousands. The executive spent \$1500, each fire company spent a large amount in decorations and uniforms, there was a wealth of flowers contributed, the bicycle club spent a large amount for lanterns and other decorations for their wheels. Parades and demonstrations are in fact quite an expensive.

Lovely women is still continuing to invade more and more those fields that will tend to make her unlovely. All occupations and professions are being invaded and there is now scarcely any branch of work where she is not seen. But there was one place where men thought they were secure. The woman with the typewriter might invade his office, with her reporter's notebook she might mingle with the crowd on public occasions, with her M. D. D. D. or L. L. B. she might preside over the curing of ills, spiritual and physical, but there was one place she dare not invade. The hotel office was the penetralia of man, where woman might not enter. There from his secure fortress he could look out upon her as she passed and feel safe, but these were vanishing hopes. The hotel office window, even on King street, has been seen to be adorned by a woman. Now the spell is broken, man's refuge is insecure, his rest is gone.

## ARBITRATION AT MONCTON.

The Leading Legal Lights of the Province Are Gathered There.

Moncton is enjoying itself. There has been considerable sport there recently; sport somewhat similar to that which the residents of Fredericton enjoy when the house is in session. The water question is the subject around which all the eloquence, sarcasm, quibbling, earnestness and repartee of the province is gathered and the shots and counter shots, broadsides and volleys are amusing if not instructive. The leading lights of the provincial legal world are gathered there, and as Westmorland may in the near future be one of the most warmly contested counties that has ever been outraged by a dominion contest, all the eloquence that is now being thrown to the breezes of Tantramar is intended, not solely for the interests and ears of those concerned in the water arbitration, but will also do service when Greek meets Greek in the muddy city and its environs. Attorney General Blair is there with all his natural ability and that acquired by his years of practice. He finds a foe in Mr. Powell, “the young man from the point,” who displays energy in debate which Dr. Stockton fears will cause the youngster to step over his head and take the leadership of the opposition, that is, if while they are considering who is best fitted for it, H. H. Pitts does not quietly slip into the chair. Other solons are there whose names are synonyms for shrewdness, perspicuity and oratory. This is the tenth day and yet only one side of the case, the company's, has been considered. Now that of the town will be taken up and probably ten or twelve days more will be passed. It is very evident that though the show is just now amusing to the people yet in the near future they will find they have to pay a good round price for the entertainment.—Daily Record.



## DRESSMAKERS DIFFER

About fashions in dresses, but everyone agrees that the best foundation for any costume is the

## “HEALTH BRAND.”

Black tights, which allow the figure to be shown to perfection and do away with overstockings, bloomers, and unnecessary skirts.

All ladies in Montreal wore them last fall and winter, and during the coming season nothing else will be considered, they were such a success.

Send for our illustrated catalogue, free by post, if your own dealer has not got them.

THE MONTREAL SILK MILLS CO., Montreal.

## A PLUCKY GOVERNOR.

“We may Kill Him, but He'll Kill Two or Three of us First.”

The late ex-Governor Robinson, of Kansas, in the early part of his career, went to California and settled in Sacramento, where he soon became an important personage in the troublous times that had set in there. Land-grabbers were scheming to rob the settlers and the “quatters” war” followed. Young Robinson saw the injustice being perpetrated and sided with the settlers, becoming their leader against the speculators. On August 14, 1850, occurred the conflict in defence of a squatter claim in which Charles Robinson was shot through the body, two inches below the heart. Before becoming insensible he raised his rifle and shot his assailant. He was dragged off to prison, where he was left in neglect to die; but he was made of sterner stuff. He was indicted for murder and was kept in prison ten weeks, during which time he was elected to the Legislature. After a long series of persecution and prosecution his enemies were forced to abandon their criminal charge against him. This episode once saved his life, probably. He was coming East while agent of the Kansas Company and was descending the Missouri River on a steamboat. The captain warned him that at the next landing a body of ruffians would board the boat with the intention of killing him. “You're joking, captain,” said he. “Why would they kill me?” The captain couldn't explain, but offered to find a hiding place for him, but he declined. The ruffians came aboard, twenty of them, and they talked about other things than killing Robinson, and when the next landing was reached went ashore. One of the party had been present in California when Robinson was shot and recognized him. The man advised his fellows to desist, saying, “We may kill him, but he will kill two or three of us first.” So they concluded not to try.

## COREAN WOMEN.

They Lead a Very Dull Life and Wear Very Ugly Clothes.

Corean women, who ought to be temporarily interesting to the rest of the world since their country has succeeded in starting a war, do not have a particularly cheerful existence. The wife of a Corean gentleman combines the duties of gardener, stable boy and field laborer, and she must always be mindful that she has to wait personally upon her husband. It is not to be wondered at, then, that her youthful ugliness soon becomes a haglike hideousness. The male laborer, on the contrary, has a very good time. If he is fortunate enough to own a small patch of land, he need only help his wife during the harvest season, the land is so fertile, and his demands on the luxuries of life are so moderate that the rest of the year he may spend in idleness and smoke. The dress of the Corean woman is about as ugly as her life is severe. In some respects it resembles that of the Chinese. It consists of a loose pair of rough trousers reaching to the ankle, tied round the waist with a thick cord. On the top of this is worn a short petticoat reaching to the knees, and fitted to the shoulders is a yoke or shoulder cape, to which are attached long, loose sleeves.

## Depend Upon the Paper.

The San Francisco Examiner has the following telling editorial on “Newspapers and Veracity.” When there is an issue of veracity between a reputable newspaper and a government official, it is generally safer to believe the newspaper than the official. The paper is sometimes misled into an error, and the official sometimes finds it convenient to state the facts, but it is the

## A Gentleman

Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes: “For 20 years past, my wife and I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and we attribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, ‘By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor—nothing else.’”

“In 1888, my affianced was nearly bald, and the hair kept falling out every day. I induced her to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and very soon, it not only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that it is claimed to be.”—Antonio Alarun, Bastrop, Tex.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

business of the newspaper to tell the truth, and that, to put it politely, is not the business of the officeholder. It is a tradition in the departments at Washington to deny every newspaper story not published by authority. That the facts may have to be officially confirmed a week later causes no embarrassment. Statesmen do not regard these little fibs as lies. They give them out with no compunction than they feel in sending word that they are not in to visitors whom they do not care to see. But to a newspaper accuracy of statements is a different matter. Its reputation depends upon it.

## SNAKE POISON AND HUMAN POISON.

The bite of a rattlesnake is almost always fatal to man. Yet this snake is never affected by the injections of its own poison into its own blood, neither when enraged it bites itself nor when its venom is injected by artificial means to test the question. Speaking on the latter point Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, an expert on snake poison, says: “I have over and over tried this experiment, but in no case have I seen death result. Why should this be?”

Dr. Mitchell further says: “The many noxious compounds man carries in his liver and gastric glands (the stomach) are fatal if they enter the blood in any large amount. There is scarcely an organ in man's body which is not a possible source of poison to him. Small doses are constantly passing into and out of his blood. The question is whether he can get rid of it as fast as it accumulates.”

Alluding to death by rheumatism, gout, and kidney disease, an eminent London physician says: “Thus man is poisoned by the products of his own body.”

Now let us cite a passage from a man's experience as related by himself. The time extends over a period from March, 1888, to May, 1889, more than an year. He says: “My head used to whirl around, and I had frequent bouts of faintness and giddiness; and at such times I used to fall down, no matter where I was. This would occur two or three times a day. For three weeks I was confined to my bed. I grew gradually weaker and weaker and lost a deal of sleep. I felt worse tired in the morning than when I went to bed. After a while I became nervous, and my legs trembled and shook under me to such a degree that I feared to walk out. I had great pain in my kidneys, and the secretion which I voided from them was thick and yellow as the yolk of an egg. Month after month passed and I failed more and more, and could hardly crawl out.

“I had a doctor attending me, but his medicines did not benefit me. He said my liver and kidneys were in a bad way, and that he never saw secretions passed in such a state. After treating me six months, he told me that medicine could do no more for me and advised me to go to a hospital. I went to the Peterborough Hospital, but got worse while there. The hospital doctors refused to tell me what ailed me. Having spent two months there, I got anxious and returned to my home, utterly disheartened. I continued to send to the hospital for medicines, which I took for three months longer. I was now so emaciated that my friends who came to see me said I would never get well.

“In this condition I continued until May, 1889, when one day an umbrella vendor called at my house, and, seeing how ill I was, said his wife had been cured of a serious illness by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. He spoke so seriously of it that I determined to try it. After taking the syrup for ten days I felt in better spirits; my food agreed with me, and from that time I gained strength daily. Persevering with it, I was soon able to return to my work as healthy and strong as ever. Since then I have been in the best of health. You are at liberty to publish the above facts, and I will gladly reply to any inquiries. Yours truly (Signed), READ WELFARE, Ramsey, St. Mary's, Hunts, February 18th, 1892.”

No brief comment can do justice to this remarkable case. When the public needs to know and to remember is this: Mr. Welfare's whole system was poisoned by the products of a torpid and inactive digestion. These had entered his blood, as Dr. Mitchell describes. The nervous system was disordered and half paralyzed; hence the faintness and falling fits. Rattlesnake poison kills by paralyzing the nerves which actuate the lungs; it kills by suffocation. Human poison, arising from indigestion and dyspepsia, always operates in the same direction, causing asthma in its worst forms. It then attacks the heart and kidneys, causing the state of things Mr. Welfare mentions. Nothing more noxious, or, in the end, surely fatal exists in any poisonous reptile. And yet people trifle with the disease! and doctors seem not to understand it.

Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup cures by stimulating the kidneys, skin, and bowels, and toning the gastric glands.

Who then, is man's most deadly enemy? Careless and ignorant man himself. Use the remedy when the earliest symptoms appear.

## An Explanation.

Mrs. Hasdust—That Mrs. Uppercrust called today and left her card, with “P. P. C.” marked on the corner. I wonder what it means.

Mrs. Rollinginwealth—Oh, I believe she's going out of the city, and she probably wants to let you know she's going to travel in a Pullman palace car. The vulgarity of some folks is just terrible!