

NOTCHES IN THE STICK.

PATERFEX TALKS OF THE VIEWS OF CERTAIN WRITERS.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Her Ideas of a Woman's Bible—Howells and His Way of Provoking His Friends—Why "America" Made Its Author Famous.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is doubtless entitled to all the honors lately thrust upon her by her sisters of the Republic. With all her eccentricities, her perversities of opinion, she is an admirable woman, who has rendered conspicuous service not to her sex only, but to our humanity. She has obtained some important advantages for women, with the promise given of more. She is a person of venerable and beautiful appearance, who at eighty preserves her intellect almost unimpaired, and who, from her splendid courage, her tenacity of effort, her spotless life, her great benevolence and energy of character, cannot fail to be interesting to us. Yet she exaggerates, with a true reformer's paralytic and enthusiasm, the importance of that which she specially advocates. Even Frederick Douglass, with all his chivalry, would not, when called up at an anniversary meeting of the Equal Rights Association, in Steinway Hall, N. Y., admit the equality of the Woman's Suffrage movement with that of Anti-Slavery. He said:

There is no name greater than that of Elizabeth Cady Stanton in the matter of woman's rights and equal rights. I must say that I do not see how any one can pretend that there is the same urgency in giving the ballot to women as to the Negro. With us the matter is a question of life and death at least, in fifteen States of the Union. When women, because they are women are hunted down through the cities of New York and New Orleans; when they are dragged from their houses and hung upon lamp-posts; when their children are torn from their arms and their brains dashed out upon the pavement; when they are objects of insult and outrage at every turn when they are in danger of having their homes burgled down over their heads; when their children are not allowed to enter schools—then they will have an urgency to obtain the ballot equal to their own.

A voice: Is not this all true about black women? Mr. Douglas: Yes, yes, yes; it is true of the black woman; but not because she is a woman, but because she is black. Julia Ward Howe, at the conclusion of her great speech delivered at the Convention in Boston last year, said: "I am willing that the Negro shall get the ballot before me." [Applause.] Woman! why, she has ten thousand modes to grapple with her difficulties. I believe that all the virtue of the world can take care of all the evil. I believe that all the intelligence can take care of all the ignorance. [Applause.] I am in favor of woman suffrage in order that we shall have all the vice and virtue confronted. Let me tell you that when there were few houses in which the black man could have put his head, this woolly head of mine found a refuge in the house of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and if I had been blacker than six o'clock midnight without a single star, it would have been the same. [Applause.]

All honor to Mrs. Stanton, who is every way worthy of the magnificent ovation she lately received at the Metropolitan opera house, N. Y., where three thousand women assembled to record her praise. Yet not all her views, especially along ecclesiastical and religious lines, can meet with general acceptance, for some time, at least. We have known a little of radicalism; but it seems to us that Mrs. Stanton goes not merely to the root, but several fathoms under it, and undertakes what, if she were successful, would, according to Dr. J. M. Buckley, leave "little peculiar to christianity." Mrs. Stanton, it appears, would have a revised bible, from which all which seems to imply the subjection of her sex shall be expunged. She would have "the canon laws, mosaic code, scriptures, prayer books, and liturgies purged of all invidious distinctions of sex, of all false teaching as to woman's origin, character and destiny." She insists "that all unworthy reflections on the sacred character of the mother of the race, such as the allegory of her creation and fall, and Paul's assumption as to her social status," have a broad black mark drawn through them at once, as sentiments incapable of inspiring "the rising generations with respect to their mothers." She demands "that the pulpit be no longer desecrated with men who read these invidious passages of scripture and preach from texts that teach the subordination of one half the human race to the other." In other words, she requires the obliteration of poetry and history,—having to deal with bards and chroniclers, from Homer and Herodotus, downward; she claims the right to amend arbitrarily what purports to be a divine revelation, and to mutilate venerable and sacred institutions. It would seem that, in the present state of mundane affairs, such sweeping changes cannot be immediately made. Woman will be declared not equal, but superior to man, before all these things are done.

John Bright, with all his generous liberalism, could never bring himself to believe in the great importance and urgency of the Woman's Suffrage movement. He gave his vote against it, and his opinion, in the following manner: I act from a belief that to introduce "women into the strife of political life would be a great evil to the world, and that to our own sex no possible good could arrive. If women are not safe under the charge and care of fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons, it is the fault of our non-civilization and not of our laws. As civilization founded on christian principles advances, women will gain all that is right for them, although they are not seen contending in the strife of political parties."

Mr. Howells, who has given us many an hour of intellectual and imaginative pleasure, has also provoked our aversion, and

irritated by laying down his laws and setting up his false and foreign gods in the very realm of our taste and fancy. The authors we love are by him discredited, and those we know not are approved. We think we are not alone in resenting such characterizations as, "the deliberate and impertinent moralizing of Thackeray, the clumsy exegesis of George Eliot, the knowing nods and winks of Charles Reade, the stage carpentering and lime lighting of Dickens... and the great art of Tourgenieff." We are not inclined to say, "A Daniel come to judgment," for a Daniel would deal more justly. The same kind of interest, we suppose attaches to his late book, "My Literary Passions," as to any account of a man of literary eminence might give of the authors who have helped to form his taste and to perfect his style. With garrulous freedom the author takes the reader into his confidence; but when we consent the most readily, we miss the gentle grace and charm that Charles Lamb, and the piquancy and force that Thackeray would have infused into a work of mixed reminiscence and criticism. His account of the "paroxysm of Alexander Smith," through which he passed brings back one of our own poetical passions. Alas! where is the promise of Smith, of Yendys, of Dobell, of Matsey, and other bright ones who once stood erect, with finger pointed to the future, in the pantheon of Gillfillan's "Literary Portraits"? They have fallen before the Sphinx. Yet some of the dew of Paradise seems on their roses yet, and in my heart they are not faded, I can say, with Mr. Howells, "I read this now dead and gone immortal with ecstasy unspeakable; I raved of him by day and dreamed of him by night; I got great lengths of his "Life Drama" by heart, and I can still repeat several gorgeous passages of it... The reading world is very susceptible of such lunacies, and all that can be said is that at that period it was time for criticism to go mad over a poet who was neither better nor worse than many another third-rate poet apotheosized before and since." We believe Smith to have been, in potency, more than a third-rate, and he is still one of our choicest writers of romantic prose. Heine, among poets, made a deep and lasting impression upon our author, for he says: "I knew the ugliness of Heine's nature, his revengefulness, malice, cruelty, treachery, and uncleanness; and yet he was supremely charming among the poets I have read." He thinks that Tennyson and Longfellow have "preeminently voiced their generation." That great stumbling-block in the path of many literary people, Browning's "The Ring and the Book," became to our author a poetical luxury, though he professes himself not devoted to Browning. He says: "There are certain books of it... that I think ought to rank with the greatest poetry ever written." But it is Tolstoy—Lyof Tolstoy, who has become to him not merely the north star, but the sun in heaven. "I do not believe that in the whole course of my reading, and not even in the early moment of my literary enthusiasms, I have known such utter satisfaction in any writer, and this supreme joy has come to me at a time of life when new friendships, not to say new passions, are rare and reluctant." Mr. Howells cannot be read but with interest, though, as a literary doctrinaire, he will provoke frequent dissent.

BAD BURGLARS CAUGHT.

HOW THREE CROOKS WERE VERY CLEVERLY CAPTURED.

The Story of the Way They Started to Rob in Several Nova Scotia Towns—Good Work in Following Them Up and Having Them Brought to Justice.

The story connected with the run down of a gang of robbers who have caused so much trouble in the provinces of late is given from the lips of a man who deserves much praise for his shrewdness in the capture of this gang. Mr. George H. McClary of the firm of J. H. Seaman & Co. of Joggins Mines, N. S., has shown a clever piece of detective work in the way he guided his companions in the search.

On the morning of October 23rd, the store of Angus McDonald at River Hebert was entered by burglars, his safe being blown open and a quantity of money stolen. Mr. McDonald's store is about 200 feet from his residence, and about 1:30 a. m. Mrs. McDonald was awakened by the sound of an explosion in the store and ran to the window. On seeing a bright light in the store, she awoke Mr. McDonald, and they both ran to the door, where they shouted "fire." They then made their way towards the store, but were stopped by five or six revolver shots. These came from the burglars, who had heard the noise. Some of them were guarding the door while the others were taking the money. The fellows, having thus shown their determination to resist if approached, got away from the store as soon as possible. It was afterwards learned that they had been brought from Springhill by a team, which was waiting for them when they were interrupted at McDonald's store. With this team they then went to Joggins Mines.

Having left their tools in their hurry to get away from River Hebert, the gang next broke into the Canada Coal and Railway Co.'s carpenter shop, where they procured the necessary implements and at once went to the store of J. H. Seaman & Co. They broke into the premises and while a part of the gang were guarding the door and the others proceeded to drill the safe.

Shortly after they had begun operations, a Frenchman by the name of Theban Balineau came along. He had been attending a party at the residence of Mark Legere situated on the Hurley road below Seaman & Co's store, and was returning home. On approaching the store he was ordered to halt, and not doing so, two of the burglars seized him and placed a gun at each side of his head, marched him into the store and compelled him to take a seat. The two men then stood over him ready to finish him should he attempt to escape. The safe having been drilled, and everything being in readiness for the shot, two of the burglars proposed to the leader of the gang, John Hickey, alias Fox, that they shoot the Frenchman and thereby stop him from giving any alarm. After some argument they decided not to finish him, greatly to his relief.

The blowing was a good job in every respect, as the safe was made a complete wreck. The smaller drawers inside were broken open by means of a chisel taken from the carpenter shop. Much to the robbers' disappointment, however, there was only \$35, in silver in the safe, as Mr. Geo. A. McClary the managing partner of the firm had taken home \$755 on closing the store that night.

There had been a placard fixed on the safe which reads as follows: Notice—This safe is unlocked and there is no money in it. Please leave the books and if we have good success collecting perhaps you will have better luck next time. Yours Respectfully, J. H. SEAMAN & Co.

The burglars, angry at not making a big haul, proceeded to ransack the office in a thorough manner, destroying notes, insurance policies and other valuable papers. They further expressed their disgust at the state of finances in this neighborhood by remarking that there was no money in the condemned country anyway. Before leaving they provided themselves with wearing apparel of all kinds, and also took a lot of valuable pipes and tobacco. They got hold of a grade of chewing tobacco that suited them pretty well, and in support of their opinion they compelled the Frenchman to take a chew which nearly frightened him to death, as he thought it was loaded. At the same time they made him swear that he would not leave the store for one hour after they had left. Strange to say the Frenchman broke his oath, and inside of fifteen minutes he made his way to the residence of a neighbor to whom he gave his experience.

The neighbor did not proceed to give any alarm, however, and the presumption is that he was too frightened. The first intimation Mr. McClary got of the affair was from Mr. Wallace Johnston who went to open the store at 7 o'clock and at once notified the firm. Mr. McClary went to the store as quick as possible and took in the situation. Then he went to the telegraph office and wired assistant police officer McDonald of the I. C. R. service at Amherst. The officer took the accommodation for Maclean where Mr. McClary met him and they returned to the Joggins, where they procured the service of deputy sheriff McCormack. There three men went to the Boar's Back

in the direction of Parrsboro, having heard that three strangers had passed that way. A clue was found in the shape of three tracks in the neighborhood of River Hebert, which tallied with the Frenchman's story, as one of the tracks was of a small man, the foot print being of a number five or six shoe.

This track was lost at foot of Boar's Head, a very good reason being that the three men had seen the team coming around the corner and fled to the woods unnoticed by their pursuers. Peter Carroll who has a reputation as a thief catcher, had been sent for in the meantime and met the officers at Parrsboro. After searching that part of the country for two days the party found where the gang had slept in a barn one night and concluded they had retraced their steps to Springhill, which surmise proved correct. McCormack and McClary went to the Joggins and Carroll and McDonald went to Springhill. In the meantime the burglars secreted themselves in the outskirts of the town and it is understood there were people willing to give such characters shelter. Shortly after the arrival at Joggins of McCormack and McClary, they learned that the burglars were part of the gang of whiskey distillers known by the name of Martell, accompanied by one John Hickey and Chas. White, both late of Dorchester penitentiary. In the meantime, McDonald and Carroll were working their end of the search, and when McCormack and McClary arrived in Springhill were about to make the arrest and with the additional information from the Joggins were assured they were on the right track. They at once surrounded the house of John Mullay assisted by officers in Springhill, and captured the gang excepting Israel Martell, who was captured later by Carroll 15 miles in the woods at Tatamagouche.

Some interesting evidence was brought out in the preliminary examination given by Mrs David Pagsley of Joggins Mines, at whose house Israel Martell went to after the Joggins job had been done. The prisoners were all tried before Judge Morse at Amherst excepting James Martell, who turned Queens evidence on the first indictment and was remanded to be tried on the burglary of J. H. Seaman & Co's store. The judge after administering a sound reprimand sentenced the three, namely: Hickey, Martell & White ten years in the Dorchester Penitentiary.

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