

PROGRESS.

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HOW JOHN MEEHAN DIED

A CORONER'S JURY FIND WALSH GUILTY OF MURDER.

A day that began quietly enough but ended disastrously—Much Liquor Drunk by Three men—Walsh's Temper—A Visit to the Prisoner's Late Home.

A week ago Tuesday morning two men met on Douglas road. They had nothing to do, the day was fine and they made up their minds to pass the hours in a peculiar way—carousing on the green by the roadside. Company was not wanting, liquor was to be had as fast as they could drink it, and the result was that before many hours had passed, one of the carousers, John Meehan, had a fractured skull, and his companion, Jack Walsh, was a fugitive in fear of the law. Meehan's injuries resulted in death Saturday night and a coroner's jury returned a verdict of murder against Walsh Thursday evening.

Meehan was a millman, a brawny, strong fellow who has lived here for years, generally, with a good reputation. He drank when he got a chance but was not a quarrelsome fellow. Walsh's record is not so good. Instead of being a worker he was an idler whose sole aim appeared to be to earn enough to keep body and soul together. Sometimes he was unable to do even that, for drink was his besetting sin and he drank to excess whenever he got the opportunity. Then he was a dangerous man, so his associates say, a man to steer clear of, for stones or any other missile were apt to be thrown by him.

Meehan did not meet Walsh at first but a fellow workman, named Thomas Rooney. He tells a pretty straight story which indicates without doubt what caused the trouble and how naturally it all came about. They went and had a drink and were returning from McDonald's saloon when Walsh hailed them. He had a "quarter" and gave it to Rooney to get its worth of whiskey. He did so and the three cronies retired to the hillside to drink it.

Half a pint of whiskey did not go far among the three of them. It simply whetted their appetites and then Walsh said he could get some more money. He got half a dollar and went back and gave it to Meehan who was his messenger to McDonald's this time. This time they bought gin—a "square face." And they drank that too. It can easily be imagined that all three men were under the influence of liquor by this time. But they did not have enough, for Walsh started for another bottle and Meehan followed him. They got it at the same place, McDonald's, and went back to the hillside. Then they began to quarrel, at least Rooney says that Walsh wanted to fight. They tumbled around on the ground and when they got up Walsh began to throw stones. That settled Rooney. He got away as quickly as he could and left Meehan and Walsh in possession of the hillside.

The next scene of Meehan was in the house of Mrs. Clary on Bentley street with a badly fractured skull. He went from there to the hospital and four days later he died. Dr. Christie said the wound was caused by a heavy blow by some blunt instrument such as a stone or a weighted cane.

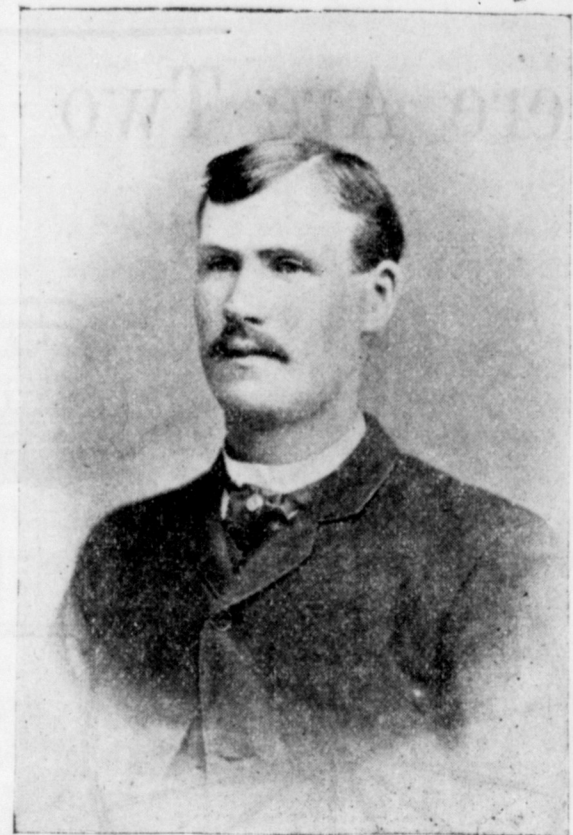
These facts were brought out by careful inquiry at the first sitting of the inquest by Coroner Berryman. Walsh was not defended then but Mr. Morrill appeared for him on Thursday evening. Then the important evidence came out that Meehan had spoken to his sister and told her how it happened and who struck the blow. Many people were of the opinion that Meehan had not spoken or told anything of the blow that ended his life but according to the evidence of Patrick Quinlan and Mrs. Markie, who are relatives, Meehan said that John Walsh struck him with a stone. This evidence was quite plain and positive and there was no reasonable doubt of what the verdict of the jury would be. They retired for nearly an hour and then brought in a verdict of guilty.

On Wednesday afternoon PROGRESS paid a visit to the prisoners' home, which is on the Strait shore road, near the Suspension Bridge. The locality is not a pleasant one by any means and the Walsh's humble place of abode is perhaps the best in its immediate vicinity. PROGRESS escort and body guard was a bright boy of twelve years who enlivened what would otherwise have been a dreary walk along the Shore by a cheerful recital of the dark doings of the denizens of that particular part

of the city. "The policemen never come out here unless they're sent for—and then sometimes they don't come," said the boy. "Well this must be their visiting day, for here are two now," was the reply as Captain Jenkins and a brother officer of the force appeared in the distance, much to the disgust of the youthful detractor of St. John's "finest."

When PROGRESS sought admission to the home of the Walsh's, the door was opened by a prematurely aged woman, whose pale face bore many lines of care, and whose dim, swollen eyes told plainly of recent tears for the boy who, from his earliest years, has been a scold to his parents. The prisoner's father is a fine-looking man, and while his grief over his son's unfortunate position is less demonstrative than his wife's, it is quite evident from his depressed bearing that he takes the matter deeply to heart.

The Walsh's are poor, very poor, so far as this world's goods are concerned, but there is no want of affection between the



John Meehan, the Murdered Man.

several members of the family, and the various wild escapades that an evening paper has ascribed to the prisoner has given much pain to his relatives.

"We may be poor" said the sorrowing mother bitterly, as she buried her face in her hands, in an outburst of grief "and things are bad enough as they are now, but we are not thieves, murderers and laws, as some of the papers have tried to make us out. When my boy was not drinking he was always kind to us, and the stories that he used us badly are not true."

Asked as to his mental condition Mr. and Mrs. Walsh said that the prisoner was easily influenced by his companions, or as they expressed it "a little soft," and when in liquor he seemed to lose his senses entirely, but they strongly denied the suggestion that he was of unsound mind.

Young Walsh is not yet twenty-one years of age, as his mother like many another native of St. John who dates everything from the time of the fire, says he was born the February preceding that event, but in that comparatively short space of time he has caused the rest of the family much trouble. As a child it was impossible to get him to attend school or listen to religious instruction or advice, and he has, in a word, drunk and stoned his way through life with an occasional day's work thrown in.

Lately Walsh has not spent much of his time at home as his father would not allow him to remain around when drinking, and for the past two months Judy Walsh's cabin on the Bridge road has sheltered him at night, while his days have been devoted to roaming around the fields and hills in that neighborhood. From various unprejudiced sources it was learned that the other members of the Walsh family are sober hardworking men and that while the man who now stands accused of murder was generally regarded as a worthless dissipated fellow, he was not looked upon as dangerous in any way, except for his unfortunate habit of throwing stones at any one against whom he had a grudge.

MR. CUISACK RESIGNS.

He Says Nothing Will Induce Him to Retain his Present Position.

MONCTON, Oct. 11.—Emboldened no doubt by the obstinate refusal of the city council to take any action in the case brought against him by Mr. Hanington, and doubtless feeling sure of the cordial support of that body no matter what course he choose to pursue, policeman Cuisack has once more forced himself into a posi-

tion more prominent than enviable. As usual it was a case of excessive zeal, and in his praiseworthy effort to do his duty Officer Cuisack has overdone it to a most unpleasant degree and only succeeded in getting himself greatly disliked for his pains.

Last Wednesday evening a party of quiet and thoroughly respectable citizens were returning from a drive into the country, where they had been attending a party at the house of a mutual friend. Several of the number being musically inclined, the tedium of the homeward journey was beguiled with song. As they approached the city the party were finishing a chorus and being quite unconscious of doing anything wrong they did not consider it necessary to modulate their voices even when they were accosted by two officers whom they passed; just as they were entering town. Thinking nothing of the circumstances of the man speaking to them and probably not recognizing the doughty Cuisack, the driving party went peacefully on their way, quite unaware that the offended majesty of the law in the form of Officer Cuisack was in close pursuit, until they were stopped by that worthy who proceeded to arrest three of the boys belonging to the party, the charge being that of singing and shouting on the street. When the case came up before the police magistrate he dismissed it immediately after hearing the evidence. The families who comprised the party are not only amongst the most respectable, but the best known in town, and they are naturally indignant that law abiding and peaceful citizens should be annoyed by the petty officiousness of such a man as Cuisack.

Since writing the above the police circles of Moncton have been shaken to their very foundations by the totally unexpected announcement that Policeman Cuisack had sent in his resignation to take effect on the first of November; but the excitement spread in ever widening circles which radiated from the sacred precincts of the Council chamber even to the very outskirts of the city causing a feeling of intense apprehension lest the news should not prove to be true. Later reports however confirm the rumor but the cause which led Officer Cuisack to take so desperate a step, remains a mystery. It is not believed however, that the City Council will entertain the prospect of losing their favorite policeman, for a moment, and it is even whispered that a round robin imploring him in the most touching terms to reconsider his decision, is already in course of preparation. Mr. Cuisack's friends assert that all overtures in this direction will be useless, as he has been urged to take his present decisive step by a feeling that his efforts for the preservation of law and order have not met with anything like the appreciation they deserved, neither has he received the hearty co-operation he had counted on, from the citizens at large, in enforcing the laws, and promoting a wholesome dread of those to whom the maintenance of a proper respect for the municipal authorities has been entrusted. In short Mr. Cuisack is a firm believer in the absolute infallibility of the police, and holds the opinion that their authority should not be questioned under any circumstances. Therefore, it is but natural that having failed in his laudable efforts to convert the citizens to his way of thinking he should have taken an unalterable resolve to "quit de law" and it is reported in some circles that he has decided to leave the shores of his native land and bidding a long farewell to the noise and rowdiness of Canada enter the Trappist Monastery in Kentucky, where his sensitive ears will no longer be vexed with the sounds of laughter, mirth and revelry, which have been a continual annoyance to him ever since in an ill advised moment he consented to accept a position on the Moncton police force.

Of course, this is mere speculation the true reason being a mystery which has not yet been divulged to the outside public, though Mr. Cuisack has doubtless taken the members of the City Council into his confidence.

He Had His Own Champagne.

A good story is told at the expense of a prominent politician of the north end who went to the dinner on Wednesday evening with a fair sized parcel under his arm. This he handed to one of the head waiters with the remark: "When I call for wine please to bring me my own bottle." To say the least such a course was unusual but a gentleman with a continental taste for good wine prefers no doubt to drink from the store in his own cellar.

MUCH TO EAT AND DRINK

AND NONE OF THEM WENT HOME TILL MORNING.

Some Drank Water at the Banquet While Many had Champagne—What the Speeches Were Like—A Description From Another Point of View.

The assembly room of the mechanics institute was brilliant with light and abundant in expansive shirt fronts on Friday night when some 170 citizens assembled at the Blair banquet; and there were beaming countenances there that looked rather haggard the next morning when the inevitable reaction followed the festivities. There were lots of good things to eat and good things to hear and there were of course the usual post prandial gratulations interspersed with laughter-exciting; criticisms and amusing incidents.

The room was beautifully decorated, the immense banquet board dazzled with snowy linen and shining plate with smilax and flowers trailed down the centre. The pillars were wrapped in cream, harmonizing prettily with the prevailing color of the room and entwined with sprays of Russian violets, at half past eight the guests began to arrive and the reception room was crowded with banquetters arrayed in their evening uniform and the buzz of conversation filled the air. It is no easy task to handle such a big gathering of diners and it was not an easy thing to find out where your seat was. At one end of the room was a placard giving the names of all with the numbers of the chairs which they were to occupy. This was surrounded by a crowd endeavoring to find out their numbers and there would have been less confusion had each one been handed a card as he entered bearing his number. However when the hour for sitting down to the feast arrived, all found their places and they proceeded to devote themselves assiduously to sampling the dozen courses provided. This occupied two hours leaving ample space between the acts to digest the previous course before commencing operations on the next. There was an army of waiters there but they could have served with more alacrity and thus saved a portion of the all-night session that followed.

At eleven o'clock the more important second act was called and the toasts began. Those who liked could drink the toasts from the limpid fluid from the Little River reservoir, but there were others, the majority by the way, who quaffed their bumper in fluid from reservoirs of other sorts.

After the Queen and Governor General had been honored the President of the United States whose representative Consul Myers sat at the right of the guest, was toasted and there upon Mr. J. J. McGaffian who was in excellent spirits started up to sing Yankee Doodle. His support was weak however and he had to render it as a solo. However, they all agreed that Mr. Myers was a jolly good fellow and were not chary about saying so in stentorian tones.

The least provocation called forth applause, when Col. Tucker's regrets were read everybody enquired what's the matter with Col. Tucker though everyone knew that his exertions in behalf of the city had laid him up. A letter was also read from one John McCormick, expressing his approval and then there was an oration; perhaps it was that it was so unusual for anyone outside of the railway chief's own particular henchmen to flatter that they considered a demonstration in order.

The guest was the Chauncey Depew of the occasion and told all he knew about railways, and valiantly threw down the gauntlet to the C. P. R. There were those who wished that Sir William Van Horne might have been present to measure swords with Andrew G. and with the weapon of technical knowledge ward off the sweeping strokes of his "glittering generalities."

The speeches of course covered a wide range and roamed over present, past, and future. The Hon Peter Mitchell contributed some ancient history concerning one Peter Mitchell who was well and favorably known to himself. Mr. C. N. Skinner told them all that they did not know what their politics were which created quite a laugh. Count de Bury gave an exposition of international relationships. Dr. Ellis did not boil over with enthusiasm. Mr. W. S. Fisher evidently had not forgotten Sir William VanHorne's remarks re St. John and the tatty question, and gently rebuked the great monopoly. Mr. Ward Pitfield spoke

with eclat. He said what he meant, and meant what he said.

Each toast was accompanied by an appropriate selection played by Harrison's orchestra. That of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for instance, was a railway gallop, and the tooting of the engine and the rig-a-jig-a jig-jig-whirr-r-r-r of the train was quite natural; and, by the way, the Clary concert was going on upstairs during the first of the evening and those who attended got more than they bargained for. Every once and a while the sound of the orchestra from the floor below broke in on one the numbers. Finally a request was sent down to the orchestra not to play until the concert was out. The rival music's muffled their instruments for a while but they started up again near the close of the concert.

There were some songs between the speeches, Mr. Wm. Lemont, of Fredericton, and Mr. J. N. Sutherland of the C. P. R. rolled out in deep basso once, a couple of patriotic songs that roused the fire of patriotism in the breasts of their auditors. Mr. J. O'Keefe sang the praises of the shamrock and Ald. Daniel rendered The midshipmate.

It was free and easy but not too free and easy. Under the stimulus of the dinner, the oratory, "the rosy" and the curling wreaths of cigar smoke peace and contentment reigned and in laugh and banter the night passed swiftly and very few had deserted at four in the morning when the function broke up.

AT THE MAJOR'S EXPENSE.

How Some of the Boys Made him pay for Their Escapade.

During a recent camp held in the vicinity of Fredericton there was a certain Major on the staff. This gentleman lived in close proximity to the camping grounds and as the nights were unpleasantly chilly under canvas, he concluded that a good comfortable bed was preferable to sleeping out. Accordingly, every night after all was quiet and "lights out," the Major would his himself to his home, unknown of course, to the officer in command. But after a while, some of the men got on to the officer, and one night, they concluded to put up a trick on the major. After taking his departure for the night the boys becoming a little hungry, forced open the cooks' pantry and extracted therefrom a fine supply of food, and with knives, forks and spoons took shelter under the deserted canvas of the officer, and there enjoyed themselves until they had done full justice to the good things. They then retired, leaving all that remained for the Major's care. When he arrived in the early morning he found everything topsy turvy, with dishes, knives, forks, spoons, etc. scattered promiscuously—but what could he do but keep quiet, for he did not dare give away that he had been absent "without leave." The cook had already reported the theft during the night to the commanding officer, who at once ordered an investigation which very soon revealed the stolen goods within the Major's tent. The Major was called upon to explain, and to the surprise of the jokers, he made a clean breast of the whole affair, explaining that he had a number of gentlemen friends in the night before and had taken the liberty of thus entertaining them. The commanding officer, not wishing to be too severe, under the circumstances, allowed the matter to drop, on the major promising to pay all expenses—a matter of several dollars for the devoured grub and all damages to property. The boys enjoyed the joke immensely and have not yet stopped talking about it; the major slept under canvas the remaining nights of camp.

Speculation Finds Another Match.

The race between Speculation and Calcutra is over and now perhaps the talk will cease. The result was not surprising. Calcutra won with ease. The time was slow but so was the track, it is said, and the wind was high. Now if the season is not to far advanced let Arlight meet the Fredericton horse and settle the question of supremacy. Katrina, too, may have a word to say. The mare is going nicely and with a strength and aim that would have won for her in the free for all at Halifax, it is said, had the track been wide enough, or matter good enough upon the outside for her to speed by. Truly, horse racing is a most uncertain sport and the winner is hard to choose.