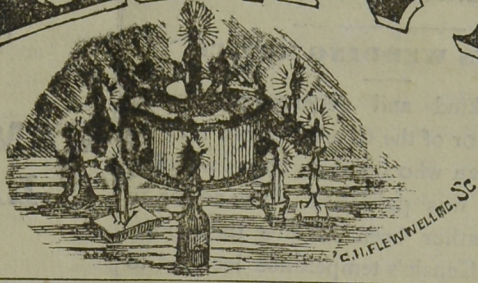


THE PENNY DIP.



Vol I. No. 20.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1878.

Price 2 Cts.

THE ROW!

An Editor with a Black Eye.

HOW HE BECOMES AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.

What Has Been Said About It.

A LETTER FROM BOWIE'S WIFE.

It is Signed By his Mother-in-Law.

As most of the citizens of St. John are by this time aware we were attacked by a stranger, whose name has since been given as Mr. Henry H. Bowie, of Montreal. Mr. Bowie, as we stated in our second edition last Saturday, paid us particular and peculiar attention, which would probably be thought very amusing to a crowd of corner loafers and bar-room bummers, but, interesting no doubt as they were to us, his attentions were not of such a friendly nature as to cause us to look upon the person before mentioned in a very friendly manner. But with that Christian feeling which we have always manifested to erring young men, we have long ago forgiven Mr. Bowie for losing his time in order to attack us, though we do think it might have been spent with considerable more profit to himself. But, then, that is really no concern of ours.

When we were met by Mr. Bowie we did not feel much alarmed, as we had often before been compelled to stand before equally as mad men as he in the shape of schoolmasters, who knew much better how to use the en-

trancing instrument of torture than Bowie. But when we gazed at the crowd of invited guests, consisting of Yankee architects, etc., etc., who had been asked round to see the editor of the Dip cowhided, we felt as if our day had arrived. After the row was over and we departed with only one mark, save a black eye, which was caused by a kick administered, as we since been told, as we lay helpless on our back, we instantly proceeded to the office, which was soon filled with representatives of the press and numbers of our friends. All this week we have been the innocent subject of much remark among all classes. As we pass along the street one fellow gives another a nudge, and quietly observes to his friend, "I say, there goes the editor of the Dip." Friends wink at us and ask, "How is the eye." Then there appears to be a great deal of peculiarity about the blackness of our eye. One friend meets us, and after looking at our optic in every conceivable way, puts on a long face and observes that "we have got a devil of a bad eye." Another, of a less sensitive nature, thinks it's not so bad.

Then the young ladies who pass up and down the street, afternoon and evening, feel very much interested in our eye, and are constantly watching to see if there is any improvement. They look us straight in the face before we meet them, they stare at us as we pass them, and after passing they turn round and gaze abstractedly after us in a manner that makes us almost wish we were home. But enough of decanting on what has been said about the eye and how many have looked at it, we received a letter which, if genuine, will prove that the rumors that were given in our last are entirely correct.

The following is the letter, which we give in full as it is not very long:

INFORMATION wanted of Mr. Henry Bowie, contractor, formerly of Montreal, Province of Quebec.

Information concerning his whereabouts will be gladly received by his wife, Caroline Courtney, No. 2 Mayor street, Montreal, P. Q.

Henry Bowie left his wife and children without house or home, saying he would send for them after he got employment.

MRS. JOHN COURTNEY,
No. 2 Mayor street.

We may here state, by way of explanation, that Courtney was the maiden name of Mrs. Bowie.

LACK OF EXERCISE.—An individual suffering from dyspepsia calls at a physician's house during his consultation hour. The practitioner examines him and declares: "I see how it is; you need a great deal of exercise, but perhaps your business does not leave you time. What is your occupation?" "I have been a letter carrier for twenty-five years."

Look out for next week's Dip.

THE EVANGELIST SANKEY'S FORMER PUBLIC APPEARANCES.

A Tour of the Country in a Gaudy Wagon, Singing Songs, and Exhorting the People to Buy a Bottled Cure for their Physical Aches.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey, the companion of Mr. Moody in revivalism, has become famous in Great Britain and the United States as a singer of religious songs. His singing of "The Ninety and Nine," "Hold the Fort," and "Pull for the Shore," appeals to the hearts of the hearers quite as tellingly as do the exhortations of Mr. Moody. It is well known that Mr. Moody was a Chicago dealer in boots and shoes before he became an evangelist. His history has often been told by himself and others. As to Mr. Sankey's previous occupation, nothing has been generally known.

Now, however, the Troy Budget makes the revelation that, a few years ago, he was peddling a liniment that he called "Instant Relief." He travelled with a showy wagon, and sang songs to his own accompaniment on a melodeon, thus attracting multitudes, to whom he sold the preparation.

The writer well remembers the travelling establishment to which the Budget chiefly refers. The wagon had a broad, high box, was gaudily colored with red and gold, and was drawn by six plumed horses. Soon after nightfall the spirited team would dash into the most frequented square of a city or village, drawing the vehicle to a favorable spot for the accommodation of a large audience. Flaring torches were then lighted, and placed in convenient sockets. A melodeon in the wagon was opened, and Mr. Sankey (the Budget says it was certainly he, and the statement accords with the writer's vivid recollection of the man) took his place behind the instrument. He sang several current songs, usually sentimental, but sometimes comic, playing an accompaniment. By that time a dense throng had collected, and every body wondered what was meant by the free entertainment. They found out immediately, for Mr. Sankey, standing at the tailboard of the wagon, delivered a harangue on the wonderful "Instant Relief" that he had to sell. Mr. Sankey's address is clearly recollected as having, in its delivery, the style of a religious exhortation of a fervid kind. He spoke of the ills flesh is heir to, and especially of the various aches with which the human body is afflicted. Then, with a bottle of "Instant relief" held aloft, he declared that he brought the glad tidings of a sure and instant cure. He did not, he said, ask anybody to take his word for it, but he would on the spot relieve anybody who had ear-ache, toothache, headache or bellyache. In short no pain could withstand "Instant Relief." He kept urging the afflicted to come to the wagon, much in the manner that revivalists beseech sinners to come to the penitential bench, until he was successful in getting a patient on whom to try the liquid. "Instant Relief" was of the familiar class of lotions, with laudanum for a principal ingredient, that rarely fail to deaden pain immediately on being applied. Therefore, having secured somebody with an ache or a pain, Mr. Sankey was able to convince his hearers that "Instant Relief" was something that they could not afford to

do without. Sales followed fast, Mr. Sankey continued his harangue, as he sopped the aching spots with the lotion, while his assistants handed out bottles and took in fifty cent shinplasters. Whenever the sales lagged, and the people began to disperse, he sat down at the melodeon and sang several songs.

Mr. Sankey went through the country with his novel establishment, and at times was reinforced by other singers. When he was in the Hudson River and western Massachusetts cities a young woman sang duets with him, and the party included a comic singer. The upshot of this business is not known, but it certainly had the appearance of prosperity. Not long afterward Mr. Sankey sang in a Chicago revival, in conjunction with Mr. Moody's work, and subsequently they went to Great Britain together, where they made their first great success.

A TRAMP EDITOR.

He took pepper-sauce in his. We were sure of it; for we could smell it from the other side of the table. He was short and seedy looking, and his foot gear wore the usual signals for distress. His red side-whiskers were a lighter but not a brighter red than his face; his whole physiognomy was rubicund. He rubbed his hands with pleasure as he steadied himself against the "bank" and exclaimed in a soft voice, "Well, it gives me pleasure to find myself among the gentlemen of the press; I feel like a fish in the water again."

"You are a printer?" we asked. "No; editorial!" was the dignified response.

We stared, and then we smiled. We had seen tramp printers, tramp hatters, tramp shoemakers, tramp almost everything, as well as tramps absolute; but never before had a tramp editor introduce himself.

He went on: "I came to Detroit with recommendations to the Free Press; but there being no opening there, Mr. Quinby advised me to look further West in the interior. Are you in need of any assistance in that line?"

We gently explained to the deluded individual how it would be as reasonable to expect that the proprietor of a peanut stand would employ a twelve hundred dollar book-keeper, as that the publisher of a country newspaper would hire an editor. The idea! when a good pair of scissors can be purchased for forty cents, and paid for in advertising.

A thought struck us: "Can you write greenback editorials?" we asked. "Oh, certainly," was the reply.

"Then, perhaps, we can direct you to a job. A greenback paper has just been started here, and they need an editor. They need some one who can write an editorial that a common, ordinary individual can find head or tail to; something that can be understood without an interpreter. They are going to beat us at the election next Monday, too, and you would have a chance of some glorification editorials. We should go and apply for the situation by all means. Dish 'em up lively, and then we will send 'em back to you, and we'll answer you."

Look out for next week's Dip.