

THE PENNY DIP.



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SIGHT SEEING!

A Visit to the Slums of the City.

THE DANCE HALLS TAKEN IN.

Sights and Scenes on the Streets.

A PLACE THAT OUGHT TO BE CLOSED UP.

There are always localities in every city that are not considered to be heightened, or even respectable. In these localities, which in most cities are designated the slums, reside all sort of people a study of which would undoubtedly prove very interesting. But it is not of the inhabitants of the slums of other cities which we intend to speak at present; we will take up the corresponding neighborhood of our own city, which is well known as

SHEFFIELD STREET,

and parts of the streets that join it at right angles. This street has long been the bane of the authorities of St. John. The worst criminals our city has ever had have from time to time been harbored within its precincts and it has been the scene of many a row in which parties have received their death blow; and could some of the old houses that stood there before the fire speak, they would doubtless tell of many an unknown outrage, as well as many practical jokes, that have been played by the denizens of the street

UPON THEIR TIPSY VISITORS.

But enough of the past history of the street, let us take up what has been seen by a reporter of the Dip upon several visits lately paid to that locality. It was a fine Saturday evening when we first entered into Sheffield street by Carmarthen. Arriving at the corner of the street we were met and welcomed by Sergeant Watson of the police force who kindly volunteered to

SHOW US 'ROUND.

The first place we viewed was the "Globe Dance Hall," which is quite a large establishment. The entrance is through a double door and into a small lobby where the ticket seller stands. Passing through the entrance door we met with a dense crowd of onlookers which includes people of every nationality and, in fact, we observe people of every walk of life from the low rough

and corner loafer to the respectable merchant clerk who has, no doubt, ventured there on the same errand as ourselves; around the walls of the building is a line of wooden benches which is not enough to contain the sight-seeing mass. The floor of the building is fairly full of dancers, who come in from all the adjacent houses in order to have a dance and secure some one with whom they can affiliate. As a matter of course dancing can not be carried on without music, and the enterprising proprietor of the establishment has secured a piano and two violins, which furnish the necessary music. The dance continues and everything is kept orderly by an efficient floor manager, whose place it is to manage the dance and keep order in the building, which, while we were there, we must admit there was no cause of complaint in this particular. After the dance was over the dancers made an immediate rush for the bar, which is located alongside of the entrance door, where the dancers either partook of a glass of lager or indulged in a cigar, the female portion generally taking the latter, which they smoke with as much gusto as if they were of the opposite sex. After watching the process of dancing and drinking in this dance hall we passed around to the "Star Hall," situated on Carmarthen street, where the process is the same, each dance costing the male dancer the sum of sixteen cents, and as there is no difficulty in finding partners the price is cheap. We waited around the corner of Carmarthen street until midnight, when the dance halls shut up and their patrons leave which does not take long. The sober portion at once leave for home, while those who have imbibed a little too freely of intoxicating drink do not leave so quickly, but hang around until one or two or perhaps more get too boisterous in their amusement and get into the clutches of the law when they are placed in the lock-up which is not the pleasantest place to spend a night, although many young men and women too have the extreme satisfaction of sleeping off a drunk only to wake up and find themselves sore and numb from sleeping on the hard boards.

A few weeks passed before we again visited the locality referred to above; but on Saturday last we again visited this street. Our last visit was under the escort of Sergeant Briggs, who exhibited to us many new phases of low life, none of which are especially interesting, and if they were what was seen would hardly do for the columns of a newspaper. Taken all in all, Sheffield street to the casual observer is not so intensely wicked as some people think it to be though, perhaps, to those who know the history of the place it is. But much as the existence of such streets

and such dens is to be regretted it is easier to say do away with such places than to effect the desired result. If a policeman enters one of these places the whole establishment is at once alarmed, and before a search can be accomplished all the necessary proof and witnesses have disappeared.

But in closing we should like to direct attention to at least one place that should be closed up. The proprietor is now in gaol and his wife has disappeared, so that it would be comparatively easy to close the place up. Its situation is well known to the police.

More than a Year Without Food.

The London News says: "The female anaconda in the Zoological Gardens was torn from her home in South America some time in 1876. She was carried across the ocean in a narrow box, which caused her great discomfort, and may possibly have impaired her digestion. In February, 1877, the anaconda was consigned to her English abode, but she refused to be comforted or to take anything to eat. The dainties which have the greatest charm for her, live birds, and other animated trifles, were, happily for them, exhibited in vain. She persevered in starving herself resolutely, not to say sullenly, and we do not learn that food was thrust upon her per-force. A few days ago she recovered the taste for living, and gratified her friends by slaying and swallowing an unfortunate duck. She may now do very well, for appetite comes as we eat, but her prolonged fast of at least a year might prove trying to the most serpentine constitutions. It would be interesting to know whether the anaconda's weight has varied at all during her unexampled performance."

Barnum's "Wicked" Show.

Some strange temptation induced a Methodist clergyman in Wilmington, Delaware, to preach against Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth." Mr. B. has written to the Wilmington *Republican* in comment upon the matter, and the following is an extract from his letter:

"Of course, by shutting his eyes, he may believe it is dark, and he may by shutting his understanding, avoid the great sin of looking on my profane giraffes, my drunken sea lions, my swindling camels, my gambling rhinoceros, thieving monkeys, debauched antelopes and llamas, degraded lions, tigers and leopards, slanderous ostriches, hypocritical vultures, horetical golden pigeons, irreligious parrots and cantankerous cockatoos. He will, by the same process, be spared the humiliation of associating with my "Temperance Family," life size, in wax. He won't even risk his precious soul by beholding the Behemoth, the giants, the dwarfs, the tattooed Greek nobleman, nor the moving model of the famous Strasburg Apostolic clock; neither will his salvation be jeopardized by looking on tamed elephants, unregenerate horse-riding bears, frisky dancing ponies, athletic men and educated horses."

A TALE OF LIFE! TWO PAIR OF EYES.

Unlimited Indulgence in Fruit and Peppermints.

THE CONSEQUENCES THEREOF.

Not long since a promising young stair-builder (who shall be nameless), living in the suburbs of the city, had the "first twitter" caused by a pair of fascinating dark eyes. After indulging in several treats of fruits and lolly-pops, and raised great expectations of "wedding presents," (buying "wedding presents" he thinks an exceedingly amusing and profitable occupation); after contemplating upon the future for two or three weeks, he was taken badly with "Twitter No. 2" (much to the amusement of her numerous friends), brought on by a pair of "Heavenly eyes," so called by him, though an artist would fail to see the comparison, they being the missing link between buttermilk-grey and cat-green. Being cut by No. 1 he attempted to bestow his affections (if he had any) on No. 2 by paying particular attention to her, giving sweetmeats (don't imagine bread and molasses, but peppermints and oranges) to her. Having neglected his business he went head over heels, pardon the slang, in debt, as the saying is, on account of the high price of oranges; hence the failure of the large grocery. Not content with "two twitters" he expects to take about eight more of the delightful things.

When a rival of No. 2 steps forward at the church door, we consider her jilted. O, foolish young man, beware! When last seen he was holding on to the telegraph post, looking, with tears in his eyes, at the corner she just past, contemplating upon the perfect fit of his kids.

We remain, in a perfect state of horror of young men's actions,
TRUE FRIENDS.

Cut Out by His Son.

A recent dispatch from Rushville, Ind., say: A rather novel wedding was solemnized in our country clerk's office yesterday evening. Charles Harak, a wealthy farmer, living near King's Station, in this county, and whose locks have withstood the assaults of seventy winters, wooed and (as he supposed) won the heart and hand of Miss Mary J. Morris, a neighboring lady, whose golden tresses have been fanned by the gentle breezes of eighteen summers. He proposed, was accepted, and yesterday morning the wings of love wafted him into the clerk's office, where he obtained the necessary license. He started home with a light heart and smiling countenance. But, alas! During his absence, one of his sons visited the fickle maiden, and so vigorously besieged the citadel of her affections that she surrendered, jumped into a vehicle with him, drove to town by a circuitous route, and their hearts were burning in unison as husband and wife before the old man reached home. A large crowd witnessed the ceremony. It is said that the true state of affairs, opened his mouth and blasphemed.

An enthusiastic Indiana editor wrote "The battle is now opened," but, alas! the intelligent compositor spelt "battle" with an "o" and his readers say they have suspected it all along.