# The Watchman.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1877


## THE KINGAN MURDER.

### No. 4.

We have traced the late Mr. Kingan from the time he left Portland until he lay down to sleep in the Pullman Car of the Inter-Colonial Railway at Moncton; but in order to give those who may read the concluding chapters of the tragic story a clear idea of his condition during the last days of his life, we will have to recapitulate the leading facts, as far as they are known or can be proved. It may, however, be proper to notice first, one or two absurdities originated by the Inter-Colonial Railway authorities but in the main traceable to one person. It has been alleged that the late Mr. Kingan had his life insured for a large sum; that hence his family are interested in having the cause of death assigned to Murder rather than to Suicide. Now, as a matter of fact, the late Mr. Kingan was a total unbeliever in the principle of life insurance; he regarded the man of means, who paid out large sums during his life for the sake of the amount to be realized after death, as not engaged in a legitimate transaction, and he was wont to speak contemptuously of the whole system. Moreover, his life was *not* insured—not for a penny. No papers have been found connecting him with any Life Company; no claim has been made, or can be made, on any Company. No Company is resisting any claim, or making any enquiry into the cause of his death. No Life Insurance institution has been troubled or is troubling itself, to the slightest extent, as regards the cause of his death. The allegation, or the insinuation, that the late Mr. Kingan had his life insured, has not the slightest foundation in fact, and to-day no man dare stand forward and either assert or insinuate publicly that it has such a foundation. This report, circulated to bolster up a bogus theory, was made of whole cloth, and belongs to the category in which was found the story of the deceased drinking brandy on the train. It is a falsehood through and through. Another "argument,"—for so, we suppose, it must be called—relied on by the Suicide theorists, is that before leaving New York he wrote his sick wife telling her to rest perfectly easy, that "he would not do away with himself." The Railway writers and inventors say: "You must read this just in the opposite sense. You must not suppose that this man meant what he said. You must not understand that he wished his wife to believe that he *would not* do away with himself. On the contrary, you must assume that he wished her to think and feel that he WOULD take his own life. You must read this kind and comforting letter in the light of the belief that the man was insane, that he was contemplating suicide, and he wished his wife and all into whose hands the letter would fall to know that he was going to kill himself!" We imagine that the mind which could put such a construction on this letter is a good deal nearer to insanity that Mr. Kingan was. This man was not a complex scoundrel. He was not one of your ingrained hypocrites who rant about Temperance and "drink like a fish,"—who can teach a Sunday School class and practice seduction with equal ease,—whose lives are perpetual deceptions, their acts the exact opposite of their professions. On the contrary, he was a man of honor, a truthful man, one who loved his wife, loved her so well that he could not bear to meet her and tell her, personally, of the great losses he had met with in his business operations. Writing her a note before leaving home he told her that he would disappear for a time but he would not do away with himself,—and it is this expression which the Railway Suicide theorist has tortured into evidence that Mr. Kingan was insane, and that he even at that time contemplated suicide! If people were to be convicted of insanity on such evidence as this no man's liberty would be safe. Say that a railway official makes a mistake in accounting for monies collected on freight transported, that he is brought to book for this offence and pleads that he had no intention of withholding one cent, the omission having been due to the purest thoughtlessness. Are we to be shut up to the alternative that this man is either a thief or insane: are we to interpret his statement in a sense directly opposed to what appears on the face to be the proper meaning? Would it be fair to do so? Would it not savor of injustice to do so? Could such a course be justified by any possible argument? But how much greater the injustice seems of applying to the words of a thoroughly open-minded, honorable, pure living man a construction so entirely different from, so opposed to and destructive of the apparent meaning of, the sentiment embodied in those words,—a sentiment entirely in accord with all his previous life and so reassuring to his afflicted wife.

We have stated—and all that we have stated "can be proved,"—that Mr. Kingan's conduct on the steamer *Scandinavian* was entirely consistent with that of a man in full possession of all his senses. It was entirely calm, rational, business-like. Even in arranging for his ticket, the caution of the astute business man was conspicuous. He wished to arrange with the purser for a "lay over" ticket which would enable him to take a later steamer from Halifax if he wished, but this the purser could not give him. Mr. Kingan then asked him to give a receipt for the money paid him from Portland to Liverpool, so that in the event of his taking another boat and so being obliged to pay for a second ticket, he might have an equitable claim on the owners of the line for a "refund" for one passage. The purser gave him such a receipt. On the steamer, as we have seen, he was as sane a man as any of the passengers. At the Halifax hotel his conduct was exemplary. Our readers know from the Coroner's evidence which we have quoted how he put in the time and conducted himself on the railway between Halifax and Weldford. When leaving New York his selection of monies for his trip, judging from the sums found on his person,—English bank notes, gold, U. S. currency and bonds,—were in proper proportions of each currency, and even the size of the notes showed appropriate selection. (When his remains were found, about $12,000 of the $20,000 worth of funds with which he set out were missing.) The small purchases of underclothing, hose, etc., made after leaving New York, were suitable for the trip,—these, with his overcoats, his travelling cap, umbrella, valise, etc., giving sufficient quantity in the smallest possible bulk. He had attended carefully to his personal appearance. He had even carried with him the small vial of a mixture which his physician had prescribed years before. He had made no mistake in his railway tickets, and had even got a receipted bill for a day's board at the Halifax Hotel. Everything about his movements gave proof of complete sanity, of a mind perfectly under control, and of the gentlemanly instincts for which he was noted. We have seen that he reached Weldford at about eleven o'clock on a night in March, on an express train bound north. The train came to a stand still before reaching the station, at the tank where the engine took water. The Pullman officers and passengers were all asleep, with, as it subsequently appeared, the exception of two persons, Mr. Kingan and Mr. Luttrell, the Traffic Superintendent of the Railway. The car and train stood at the tank all the time the train remained at Weldford, this tank being south of the station about 100 yards. (When the train left the tank it moved up past the station platform without stopping.) The occupants of the Pullman, therefore, were at a distance—allowing for the length of the train—of 150 yards from the station, nd, as it were, alone, without protection, outsiders aving free access to the car and its occupants. It uld appear that some one entered the car (who as is not stated, no enquiry apparently having made about or from this person in regard to it to the car) and awoke Mr. Luttrell, who car, walked up to the station, attended to ailway business, returned to the car and went to bed again; but what Mr. Luttrell saw or heard while within or without the car at the time he was "up and about" he has not stated in his evidence, as reported by the Coroner, nor does he appear to have been interrogated. The other party who was "up" was James Kingan. Why he got up, when he got up, or when or how he left that car does not appear. The evidence throws no light on this subject. We know he must have left the car during the stop at the tank, but beyond this the witnesses tell us nothing. The colored lad who acted as conductor of the Pullman that night says he "might have got out of the car by the forward end"—that is, the end nearest the tank,—"without my knowledge;" and indeed, it seems that he might have left at either end without this lad's knowledge, since the lad was asleep at the time. Thomas Delany, a railway section boss and a resident at Weldford station, walked from the station platform down to the tank house while the train stood at the tank; he says "he observed three persons standing behind the "Pullman car. Could not tell who they were. He "did not see them get off the cars." He "heard afterwards that one of them was Peter Daigle of the North West," but on comparing notes with Daigle it was found that, at the time spoken to by Delaney, Daigle was in Delaney's house a few rods from the tank. Who these three men were remains a mystery. Daigle himself who walked past the cars on his way to Delaney's house swears that in going by the Pullman he felt the car swaying slightly as if somebody was moving about inside. It must have taken a heavy body in violent motion to cause even a noticeable tremor in the car. This circumstance is not explained to any extent by other witnesses. We only know the fact that Kingan, either of his own motion and in the full vigor of life walked from that car, or that after being stupefied he was removed from it; that willingly or unwillingly he was at a pile of poles by the side of the track about forty miles distant from the Pullman car and further down the track; that here he lost his life's blood; that afterwards he either walked or was carried to the railway track to a point, some say 33, others 50 feet, from the place where he virtually bled to death, and that there he laid his neck directly on the rail or was placed in that position by some one. The body was struck by the cow-catcher of the down train about four o'clock in the morning, or say five hours after the up train left. The body was very cold, not only as regards the limbs but the warmly protected parts. On the shoulders, the legs and about the back of the head there were wounds as if made by the cow-catcher, as well as by the gravel and sleepers over which the body was driven with some violence by the cow-catcher, the body then dropping under the engine, the whole train moving over it without doing further injury. Dr. Doherty testified that the deceased was dead when struck by the cow-catcher. Aside from the injuries caused by the cow-catcher, there were fatal injuries which had been inflicted by the hands of man. While in life, as stated by Dr. Hammond of New York, ex-Surgeon General of the United States armies, who made a critical examination of the head, the skull had received a heavy blow on the crown; a blow which had so separated the fleshy matter from the scalp, that when the latter was removed, the discolored matter dropped from its proper place,—a blow sufficiently powerful to smash the skull itself, and produce congestion of the brain, as from the brain at this point Dr. Hammond removed a tablespoonful of congealed blood. Dr. Hammond alleged that this blow of itself was sufficient to cause death; he stakes his reputation on the assertion that it was inflicted *during life;* and as Dr. Doherty has testified that the man was dead before the train struck him, we have in this skull smashing wound in the crown of the head (which was not observed during the Inquest) a satisfactory reason for declaring that other hands than Kingan's own caused his death. By whatever means Mr. Kingan reached the pile of poles, it is certain that it was there his life's blood was drained away. If he was first knocked down here and rendered unconscious by violent means it is clear that the same hands committed the mutilations which were subsequently found on his body. The throat was cut, from the right ear downward and from the left ear downward; the carotid artery was severed repeatedly—in opposition entirely to the experience of the first medical men on the Continent, who declare that a suicide was never known to "haggle" at his throat or at the main artery. There were several cuts on the left arm, from the elbow down, which Dr. Doherty described as about three inches in length, but so far gone was the victim with loss of blood that no blood, either from the wounded flesh or the smaller blood vessels, followed the knife; his under-clothing was absolutely unstained at these parts. Now, our contention is that this was the work of the man who stunned him and virtually killed him by that first skull-crushing blow. It was natural that the murderer should wish to create the impression that his victim committed suicide—and this, by the way, has been a feature of all the murders committed at this place. If successful in creating this impression, pursuit would be stopped and the murderer's safety ensured. To secure so desirable an end, an adept at his work would naturally be at some pains to give the body the appearance of suicide, especially if by so doing the death of the victim would be made all the surer and the evidence of the crime be all the more certainly concealed. To bleed a man to death and then to place him on a railway track close at hand involves nothing original in the art of murder; to leave a certain quantity of money on his person is not a very extraordinary proceeding,—if nearly twice as much has been taken; and to leave the victim's own knife smeared with blood is not an original conception. And yet these are all the "evidences" of suicide which are forthcoming. Had the railway car-wheels passed over the victim's head, as contemplated, and crushed the skull and throat to a jelly, the blow on the crown of the head would never have been heard of, the suspicious character of the cuts in the arms would not have been enquired into, the bleeding to death might have seemed natural enough, and probably no one but the man's immediate relatives would ever have enquired as to the extent of his funds on leaving home. But we have now in all the circumstances of the case, Providentially preserved, so clear a demonstration of the folly of the theory of Suicide, that we only need to state what it was necessary for this man to have done before death came to him, according to the Suicide theory, to utterly and for ever eradicate the impression so zealously created by a few railway officials and writers in their employ.

If James Kingan took his own life there was enacted by that pile of poles near Weldford station, on a dark night in March last, a scene without parallel in the history of suicides, and which may never happen again on earth. This man took his own life, say the Suicide theorists: he was insane; he know not what he was doing! We maintain, on the contrary, that if he committed suicide he did it with the utmost deliberation; he exhibited super-human power of will as well as physical strength; he cut and carved himself as a butcher would cut cold meat; and he did it when full of life, with the healthful blood bounding through his veins, and with his mind intent on his work! There could have been no excitement, no frenzy, nothing of that condition of mind which Suicide theorists have ascribed to him. To have done what they say he did he must have sat down on the pile of poles on the side away from the track, taken out his pen-knife, and with a blade about an inch and a quarter long deliberately gashed his throat, commencing first below one ear, cutting downward several inches, then inflicting a similar wound below the other ear, and then cutting across the throat,—in fact nearly severing the head from the body. Other suicides have been content in their frenzy to deal themselves a single gash and so end their troubles, a razor or some heavy-handled, deep-cutting instrument, rather than a small pen knife, being the instrument of destruction; but they have not been scientific carvers! He must then have propped himself, by some mysterious agency, so that the blood from his wounds on both sides of the neck and from the throat would drop on the frozen snow and ice at one particular spot and with such regularity and precision as to make a hole in the snow of say one and a half inches in circumference, and no more,—with no traces of where the blood spouted from the main artery when twice severed,—no drops around this central hole,—nothing whatever to show that the head or body had moved forward or aside! This "excitable" man then bled himself to death in the most exemplary fashion, as coolly and calmly as if he had had merely a slight attack of "nose-bleed" and did not wish to soil his handkerchief by rising before it had stopped! Then, say the Suicide theorists, finding he was not dying quickly enough, he decided to open the veins of his arms—he who had already severed the carotid artery in several places, and who had bled to such an extent as to make a hole through the hard frozen and hard packed snow and ice to the depth of two feet, the appearance of the hole, says an eye-witness, resembling that which might have been "made by pouring hot water from a tea-kettle." To do this vein-opening properly, he must have stood up to take off his coats—holding his pen-knife in his teeth, we presume—for the breast of the coats were bloody from the wounds in the neck; he must have folded them up and laid them carefully on the poles by his side, as they were found in that position; he must have by this time lost so much blood that no more would flow from his cut throat, as none was found on his shirt front; he must have used superhuman strength (for a man destitute of blood,) as he must have unbuttoned his left wrist-band, which was very stiff and the stud so difficult to unfasten that the corresponding one on the right wrist could not be removed by the Coroner and had to be cut; he must then have rolled up his cotton shirt and his undershirt to above the elbows and then given himself with his pen-knife three gashes in the left arm when there was so little blood in him that not a drop flowed from the wounds; and then in the most thoughtful manner he pulled down his shirts' sleeves over his left arm, as a man would, after putting on his shirt when dressing of a morning, and taking the knife in his left hand he inflicted similar wounds on his right wrist! All this the work of a man who had bled to death!! Did we not say it was a remarkable scene to be enacted on that dark night in March? Next, say the Suicide theorists, he resolved to "make an end" of himself. He had about bled to death; he had also cut his arms and his wrists; but that was not enough—he would make things surer—he would lay down on the track for the down train to run over him! So he started for the track. The knife was found at least six feet away from where he had sat,—not in the direction in which he would walk to the track but alongside the poles in the opposite or northerly direction. To walk to the track on that dark night from where he had sat or stood required a clear head and good judgment, but the deceased, according to the Suicide theory, was equal to the occasion. He first walked south three feet to the end of the pile. Then he would require to walk east to the track, a distance representing the width of the poles, say 4 ft., and the distance between the poles and the track, say 4 ft. more, or eight feet in all. But at the outset of this 8 ft. there was a rise at the end of the pile of about 8 inches, and then a descent to the track of about two feet—or two feet in six. This was safely managed,—no tripping, no falling, no trouble of any kind, apparently. There were no marks of blood along the course, save a single drop, each, in two places. It would have been a troublesome feat for a man in perfect health on a dark night; but no matter. The feat did not end here. The deceased reached the track; he did not stumble over the iron rails on that dark night; he seemed to know intuitively when to lift his feet, and he lifted them accordingly. Nor did the elevation of the sleepers above the road bed bother him; he surmounted these and walked up the track, all bloodless and serene, for a distance, some maintain, of 15 or 20 feet, others 40 feet; we will split the difference and say 30 ft., although a few feet here or there cannot make much difference to the argument. (Why he did not lay himself down on the rail when he first reached the track it is not our mission to explain.) That is to say: he first marched south 3 feet; then east 8 feet, passing up an ascent and down a steep declivity: then north 20, 30 or 40 feet,—all without blood, without accident, and in obedience to a fixed plan and resolution, not to be too late for the down coming train! So careful was he that he spilled not a drop of blood on the snow or on the bosom of his shirt, although his head was nearly severed from his body all the while!! Can our readers doubt that such another scene was never enacted since the creation of the world? Can they imagine anything more wonderful, more startling, more tragic, than this ghastly spectacle? Yet this is the Suicide theory in detail!

We leave our readers to consider it fully, with the aid of their imagination, reserving further comments for another number.

THEE AND ME.—Unless we keep constantly reminding them we are apprehensive that people will forget the transcendant ability which has characterized the Inter-Colonial Railway management since Mr. Carvell was exchanged for Mr. Brydges.

All our readers will remember what indignation was expressed by Mr. Brydges in his famous "Report" at the bare idea that Mr. Carvell should have undertaken to buy a quantity of rails in the face of a declining market. Mr. Brydges condemned this act as an unbusinesslike transaction, Mr. Mackenzie condemned it, and the whole caboodle of Grit politicians and petty newspapers took up their parable and echoed the condemnation from end to end of Canada. These exacting, patriotic and money-saving gentlemen have, thus far, failed to tell their friends and the world generally that Mr. Brydges afterwards did precisely the same thing. In July or August, 1874, this wonderfully economical Railway Manager,—whose genius enables him to make a Palace car which cost upwards of $13,000, appear in the accounts as only costing some $1,300,—himself purchased some 2,000 or 2,500 tons of rails in England at £12 sterling, to be delivered in Now Brunswick the following spring, or say nine months after the purchase. He did this in the face of a falling market. That is to say, he did precisely what he condemned Mr. Carvell for doing. Rails for which Mr. Brydges paid £12 sterling can now be purchased for £5 10s., the market having been steadily declining from that day to this. Yet we fail to find any mention of the circumstance in Mr. Brydges' official reports. Mr. Mackenzie makes no mention of it anywhere. No Grit orator has risen to condemn it. No Grit journalist has taken it for a text and aired his patriotism on the strength of it. And for the simple reason that it was done under a Grit administration and by a Grit manager, or, rather, by a manager who turned Grit and assisted in destroying his old political friends for the sake of securing absolute control of the Railways of the country. The fact we cite shows how utterly hollow was the cry raised against Mr. Carvell on the score of this mismanagement.

RAILWAY TICKET SELLING.—While we think of it, we would advise the Inter-Colonial Railway authorities to have better holiday ticket-selling arrangements at the St. John Station than were made on "the 24th." The crowding and jostling and disorder that prevailed around the single wicket the morning of that day were quite discreditable. The fact that the 8.20 a. m. train did not leave for three quarters of an hour after the advertised time, mainly because passengers were unable to obtain tickets, is one which will not bear a repetition. There ought to be temporary ticket booths on such occasions. It was so in Mr. Carvell's time, and there were no delays.

HELD OVER.—We have on hand a considerable body of facts bearing on Inter-Colonial Railway management, which we are obliged to hold over for another issue.

## ACCIDENTS ON THE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY.

The Accident Department of our newspapers ought not to be let drop. Scarcely a week has passed since the Railway was opened through to River du Loup in which accidents have not occurred; and although, of late, there has probably been some improvement, and the public have heard less on the subject than formerly, it has not followed that there was nothing worth chronicling. We regret to say that there have been far too many such accidents, as passengers by the road know only too well, and as shippers and consignees of merchandize can testify. Some of these accidents, to which no allusion has been made in the newspapers, have destroyed thousands of dollars worth of private and public property. They are again becoming so numerous that it is proper once more to direct public attention to them, in the hope that the Management will take steps to promote greater efficiency in the service, and thus render the transport of human lives and private property over our Government railways more secure.

The Moncton *Times*, of last week, said:—

We now fear that apathy and indifference are again in the ascendancy and that the interests of the railway and of the people will demand at our hands a renewal of the crusade which before was attended with such beneficial results. Accidents, of course, will occasionally occur on any line of railway but there is no doubt that the greatest majority of those on the Inter-Colonial during the past year have been attributable to want of discipline and good management.

We note that a few days ago No. 9 train for St. John left Moncton without taking the Pullman car from the north, in which, it is said, thirteen passengers were sleeping. The train was held at Salisbury and a special sent on with the Pullman car, but the delay prevented the passengers from making connection for the West, and they were obliged to remain a day in St. John. We expect to hear that damages are claimed for this blunder.

It was also some days ago that a smash-up occurred at Calhoun's Mills, but the consequences are not very serious.

In the Moncton Station yard on Friday a train of loaded coal cars was run up the coal trestle with such force that the bumper was broken and five cars fell over the end to the ground, a distance of eighteen feet. Some of them were almost totally destroyed and all will need repairs.

Other occurrences of this class and many evidences of inefficiency and stupidity are reserved for future use as may appear necessary.

A very serious accident appears to have occurred on Monday last, between Springhill and Athol. A telegram to the St. John evening papers on that day, which plainly bears the stamp of "official," reads:—

MONCTON, May 28.—A wrong train order by a Truro train despatcher caused two special trains to collide this morning, at a point between Springhill and Athol. No one was hurt, and *the damage was but trifling*. The despatcher has been suspended.

After the official Toots had thus declared the accident to be of "not the slightest consequence,"—nobody hurt, damage but trifling,—the *Telegraph* of the following morning gave us an additional paragraph which reads:—

Owing to a delay caused by the collision of two freight trains on the Inter-Colonial, the Halifax passenger and mail train did not arrive until after eleven o'clock last night.

A correspondent, who is "posted" in railway matters, writing on the day after the accident, said: "I presume you will not be deceived by the mild reports of the Railway accident, such as the *Globe* contained. Whoever sent that despatch knew very *quickly* about the train despatcher being dismissed; so you can understand where it came from. By all accounts from men from the scene of the disaster, the destruction is enormous; the two engines are totally destroyed; one large six-wheeler has six or eight cars laid on top of it, and the other train of cars is also destroyed." Subsequent reports confirmed our correspondent's version, the *Telegraph* of Tuesday giving the following particulars:—

MONCTON, May 28.—There has been a great collision on the Inter-Colonial between Athol and Springhill, by which two freight trains were badly smashed, but fortunately no lives were lost. It is impossible as yet to gather anything like the exact particulars, but, so far as known, the accident was caused by the error of a train despatcher at Truro, who has been suspended in consequence. The engines and cars were badly smashed, but the road bed was not injured, and this section of the line was re-opened for traffic within a few hours.

Even this was putting the facts very mildly. The Halifax papers give us fuller particulars. The *Chronicle* (Government) says "the trains met midway between the two hills, causing what is said to have been the largest smash-up that has ever occurred on the Inter-Colonial. * * * The engine on one train was a large six-wheeler and the other an ordinary four-wheeler. Both were completely smashed. Some persons who saw them say they will never be of any use save as old iron. About fifteen hopper cars and twelve box cars were smashed so as to be almost useless." The Halifax *Herald* speaks of the accident as "the most destructive of the kind that has ever happened in the Province. * * Conductor King's train (running from Springhill to Amherst) contained 33 cars, and Conductor McLeod's (from Amherst to Springhill) had 17 cars. The drivers of the respective trains sighted each other when on a straight line, each on a down grade, and not in time to avoid the collision. Simultaneously they set the brakes, reversed engines, and jumped,—every man on each train following suit, except Conductor King, who remained by his train in a rear car. The engines came together with a frightful crash and were completely wrecked, remaining a mere mass of iron and brass. Of the half hundred cars making up the two trains, 42 were totally wrecked and smashed to atoms and the rest were badly damaged. * * The damage will probably foot up something like $80,000. * * All trains were delayed. The passengers, freight and mails of the express trains had to be transferred." After reading these particulars it may interest some to refer back to the lying telegram sent to the *Globe* from the headquarters at Moncton, which reads: "No one was hurt and *the damage was trifling*." The train men, it is true, barely saved their lives by jumping from the trains when they were both running on a down grade at the rate of twenty miles an hour, but the destruction of property has been simply frightful.

The blame is thrown on the train despatcher at Truro. It may be well for the public to know what the duties of the train despatcher really are. Are they simple or complicated? Are they easy or onerous? Is there an excess of work thrown on him through the incapacity of those above him? Has he really so much work, is he obliged to keep the run of so many trains, that he cannot properly handle all? We do not even know the name of this train despatcher, but we have heard of just such accidents occurring through the inefficiency of those who have the placing of the trains and the arrangement of the time tables, in the first instance. It is notorious, too, that there is an immense amount of "loafing" about Cities and City hotels, and playing at Conductor on trains carrying ecclesiastical and political dignitaries, by head officials who should be at their proper posts and attending carefully to the duties of their important offices. It is scarcely possible that the example set by the higher officials of the Railway service can have any other than a demoralizing influence on the subordinates. When we find these officials loafing about the country and neglecting their proper duties; when we find the accounts so "cooked" as to conceal the actual monetary transactions of the road; when it is seen the department defies the efforts of Parliament to compel full revelations in regard to notorious mis-management; when every safe-guard that was erected to secure the proper expenditures of the public monies on the road has been overthrown; when it is seen that salaries to head officials are increased beyond all legitimate proportions and that promotion is made to depend, not on capacity or efficiency, but on flunkeyism, espionage and the doing of what is popularly known as "dirty work," it need not surprise the public to find here and there a careless or an overworked subordinate or to discover that much of the old time discipline of the Railway service has disappeared. But, in the present instance, we understand, there is no difficulty in tracing the disaster to its proper source. A correspondent assures us that "he is informed on good authority that the train despatcher at Truro, who gave both trains right of track without giving them a cross order for Athol, had not had his clothes off for a week, but working steadily and getting what sleep he could." There can be no doubt of the truth of this statement. There had been but one train despatcher for both night and day work at Truro for some days before this accident happened, and we believe the same is true of Moncton during the present week. While a number of head officials, whose numbers and salaries have lately been increased, do not know how to go to work to kill the time, subordinates are left short-handed and over-worked, at the risk of the lives and property of the patrons of the Railway. This, of course, is entirely in keeping with the rest of the heaven-born management which has been characteristic of the road during the past two or three years.

## FASHION NOTES.

Contrary to the tardiness with which our real summer weather usually puts in its appearance the last few weeks of the past month have so successfully heralded those which are to follow, that summer dresses instead of being a thing still of the future, are a positive and actual necessity. Usually at this season of the year it is no uncommon sight to see winter or semi-winter costumes represented by the majority, but just now they are the exception, light silks, beiges, bunting and even grenadine and cottons having reduced them to a minority.

Of the nature and relative popularity of each of the last mentioned fabrics we have already spoken more than once, but respecting their making and fashioning, so many alterations and innovations are being constantly introduced, that an attempt at condensing their purport may be at once timely and appropriate. Giving

SILK DRESSES

the precedence, we find that the Princesse polonaise or full robe, has, in a measure, been deposed from its eminence and that various newer styles such as the Louis Quinze, variations on the Breton costume, Juive overdresses, and plastrons in every imaginable shape reign in its stead. Of these the Breton seems to enjoy most favor at present, though it is hardly probable that the term of its existence will be very lengthy, the style being so pronounced that ordinary people would soon weary of it. In view of this peculiarity, therefore, we should advise any of our friends whose wardrobes are limited and destined for a long life, not to follow fashion in this respect, for the dowdiest thing imaginable is a dress which conspicuously belongs to the stylish things of a season gone by. For those, however, who put on their summer dresses as the trees put on their leaves, the Breton costume is an especially pretty variation from ordinary styles and when rich silk is used can be made to look absolutely gorgeous.

ONE VERY ELEGANT COSTUME,

lately shown us as being bought in New York and designed by Pingat, was of black silk combined with black brocade and trimmed with black and white galloon and mother of pearl Breton buttons. So far as the bare cutting out was concerned it was like all the Breton costumes in the fashion books or elsewhere, but great variety was imparted by the disposition of the trimmings and the odd way in which the silk and brocade was combined. The underskirt, side gores of the jacket and under part of the sleeves were gros grain while all the rest was brocade. The galloon instead of being used in profusion was confined to the top and bottom of the vest, the back form of the jacket, the back of the overskirt, the cuffs and the pocket, but the buttons put on in the usual over-lapping style, were exceedingly plentiful, so much so in fact, that taken altogether the dress might be described as actually gaudy. It was exhibited to us as part of a mourning outfit, but we could not help thinking that were any of our St. John girls to imitate the effect for the same use, there would be critics in plenty to pronounce her pretence at mourning but "a snare and a delusion."

Of the Louis Quinze style we have seen so few models that we can hardly venture upon a description without borrowing from the fashion books, and as this mode of procedure is contrary to our principles, we shall dismiss the subject temporarily and pass on to the next decided novelty in the shape of

THE JUIVE OVER-DRESS,

a style which it is predicted will be in especial favor among very young ladies throughout the coming summer. It is simply an overskirt, queerly made of grenadine or wool *barege*, with bretelles over the arms and open places on the sides below the hips. The details are very simple, but when made of any very nice material, as, for instance, white sea-side *barege* trimmed with gay India ribbons, it is very becoming and effective as a *grande toilette* for a young girl.

For those who prefer basques and overskirts to any of the inventions which simulate polonaises, a very novel fashion is lately shown in the form of a

HABIT BASQUE

with blouse fronts and deep apron overskirt, shirred to represent two aprons, while the back is square, long and irregularly draped. The basque is like all ordinary basques, excepting that a new feature is added in the shape of a straight piece of grenadine on each front from waist to throat, gathered quite full, but careless looking and tied across in four places with inch wide ribbon. The front of the basque is buttoned up under the blouse; the edges are rounded in front, short in the hips and square behind, and are simply piped. The overskirt is very long and may be trimmed with lace-like galloons and thread lace, never omitting a plentitude of ribbon bows.

Excepting the gathered piece of grenadine, this same pattern is very effective when made up in linen, percale or the new Madras cloth dresses, but as a general thing in

COTTON DRESSES

we, should prefer the blouse waist to the basque. They are certainly more convenient when washing and ironing are considered, besides being cooler and more comfortable when the warmer weather makes lounging a necessity. Loosely fitted jackets and basques are also very appropriate for cotton, or still more especially for the bunting, *barege* or light serge dresses, which eclipse cotton when intended for a sea-side or country costume.

For

MORNING WRAPPERS

of white muslin, the newest are nansook trimmed with bands of Hamburg insertion and plain or frilled edging. They are generally in something of the Princesse shape, perfectly plain down the front and sides, quite narrow in the skirt and finished down the middle of the back by a Princesse pleating, set in below the Marguerite waist, low on the tournure, and forming a fan train. The insertion is placed up each front, crosses over the shoulders and is in each of the three seams that shape the back. In others still it is arranged so as to simulate the outline of a sacque longer in front than behind, while yet another lately shown us had a delicate blue ribbon passed through the open work of the insertion. The effect was very pretty, but the proper adjustment is so troublesome that as far as personal taste is concerned, we should prefer a trimming easier of arrangement.

In the final and

SMALLER DETAILS OF DRESSMAKING,

it is noticeable that where the collars were formerly made high all around, they are now only very high at the back, with the open points in front rolled back very far so as to show the inside facing. With this style, known as the English collar, the bow at the throat is invariable, but on other dresses, as, for instance, those of Worth, square collars are very frequently seen, and those, only fastened to the back, are so deep as to seem like a yoke to the dress. As a neat finish for neck and wrists, pleatings of fringed silk are very much used, and when these pleatings are made of a contrasting color to that of the dress, they answer a double purpose, inexpressibly brightening up the whole costume.

ANOTHER MARKED FEATURE

in the latest spring dresses is the shortness with which the shoulders are cut and the full manner in which the sleeves are inserted. All the gathering is at the shoulder, not under the arm as formerly, and pipings are not so generally used as they were. The effect is decidedly GENTLEMANLY and very trying to the peculiarities of some ladies' figures but then it is the fashion and that covers a multitude of defects.

Yet another novelty is the disappearance of whale bones which are or will be replaced by

STEEL SPRINGS

somewhat resembling those formerly used for crinolines. Parisian dress-makers use those springs entirely for the waists of dresses and it is said that they are more pliable and far more becoming than whale bones. Corsets are also made of the same substitute and are recommended as defining the figure to perfection. "Seeing is believing," however, and thus as we have not seen those beauty imparting springs as yet, we do not believe in them, and will therefore keep to our whale bones until such time as we become fully assured of the advanages to be gained by encasing ourselves in such a panoply of steel.

As to the

POCKETS

on the new dresses they are literally "too numerous to mention," thus disproving the affirmations of some of our cotemporares that those useful and pretty appendages had reached the latter end of their existence. On Mr. Hammondi's dresses in particular, stylish and ornamental pockets are the rule, but the rule is so intricate that we cannot undertake to define it more narrowly. We may however say to amateur dress-makers that pockets of every kind are worn and thus, with so wide a margin, nothing but a very crude effort will cause them to go astray.

In

FRENCH LINGERIE,

the most popular style continues to be two standing rows of pleated white lisse or muslin, having the effect of an Elizabethan frill and being equally becoming. An edging of colored silk, as for instance navy blue, mandarin or geranium is often added and makes a pretty dash of color, although it is a question open to doubt whether pure white is not more becoming to the generality of faces. At Mr. W. W. Jordan's we have seen some very fanciful collars and neckties combined, in Torchon lace and Mandarin Chenille, also white crepe lisse and pale mauve ribbon, the latter especially suitable for old ladies, providing the old ladies are nice looking enough to wear such delicate colors. At Messrs. J. W. Barnes & Co.'s are also some very tasteful novelties in the way of lingerie, but being so near the end of our column to give any more definite description of them, we shall have to leave our readers to discover for themselves what the nature of those novelties is.

Next week we shall give our column up to the discussion of children's fashions, the children having for a long time been pushed aside to make room for their elders, a very natural consequence, but one which the little people do not always relish.

## OUR BOOK TABLE.

SYRIAN SUNSHINE, by T. G. Appleton. Boston, Roberts Bros.; St. John, J. & A. McMillan.

Mr. Appleton is a very intelligent writer, and the books of travel which he gives us always show a wealth of observation and good judgment. He is never tedious or prosy and seldom prejudiced. Those who have read his delightful story of the Nile will be charmed with this new book of travel, which records a six weeks sojourn in Syria. The Holy Land is a much explored region, and travellers of every shade have told us of Palestine and Egypt, but this clever and fresh account comes to us to-day with greater pertinency and more varied interest, by reason of the troubles in the East and the affairs of the Ottoman. We have a neat glimpse of life in Jerusalem, in Damascus, and in Fabled Jaffa, with a well considered description of Constantinople and Athens, which will be read at this time with great interest and pleasure. In telling of the wonderful things he saw, and in relating the story of his adventures, Mr. Appleton happily blends the light and shade together, and he invests his narrative with all the power of a warm-colored and deeply interesting romance. Indeed, his book is aptly named "Syrian Sunshine," for it is bright, attractive and rich in Oriental bloom. It is written with true art and grace, and no one can lay the book down after once beginning its perusal until he has finished it. It is not disappointing, but fulfils the highest expectations one may form of it. The publishers have wisely included it among the notable volumes of "Town and Country Series."

A BRIEF HISTORY OF RUSSIA by Francis A. Shaw. Boston, Jas. R. Osgood & Co.; St. John, J. & A. McMillan.

This is a well compiled history, and the author gives in a pleasant way brief sketches of the men and women who have ruled from the earliest times to the present day over the vast empire of Russia. He tells us how the country became great, and traces the career of the several dynasties and exhibits the characteristics of the rulers from Oleg to Alexander II., who to-day joins the army of invasion against the Turk. A large amount of pertinent information, in a little space, can be found in this valuable *brochure*, and one can see at a glance almost everything he wants relating to Russia, without consulting the more ponderous books on the same subject. It is, in fact, a miniature compendium of the Empire—useful, entertaining and delightful to read. The two maps which accompany the letterpress are drawn with skill and faithfulness, and every one who is interested in the war will find them of especial value in tracing the movements of the troops and learning the whereabouts of the battle-grounds. Mr. Shaw's booklet is an excellent contribution to the literature which the Eastern question has brought to the notice of the public. Its compactness and cheapness will ensure it a very large circulation.

HISTORY OF TURKEY, from the German of Dr. Johannes Blochwitz by Mrs. M. Wesselhoeft. Boston, Jas. R. Osgood & Co.; St. John, J. & A. McMillan.

This is a companion volume to the work noticed above, and like it, it is of incumparable value at this time. It gives the leading events in the history of Turkey from its earliest days down to the reign of the present dynasty of Abd-ul-hamid II. The personal sketches of the various sultans who have occupied the throne from time to time, are written with splendid judgment and must interest the reader exceedingly. In addition to this we have a clearly considered and intelligent exposition of the Eastern Question and the trouble which led to the present war. The book is an excellent digest of the leading events in the career of the "sick man" of Europe, and with the two well executed maps which come with it, cannot fail in its object to educate the masses to a knowledge of the country, which just now is uppermost in every man's mind. This is the third of a valuable series of text-books on the Eastern Question. Mrs. Wesselhoeft, who has translated so admirably this brief history, is a resident of Boston. With this little book before him the reader can understand the situation of affairs at once.

THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT, by Rev. William W. Faris. Boston, Roberts Brothers; St. John, J. & A. McMillan.

Mr. Faris is the Fletcher Prize Essayist for 1877 and the volume before us is the work which gained that distinction. It exhibits in an almost masterly way the heritage which every Christian possesses, and it points out the path which all should follow if they would inherit the glorious life to come. The story of Christ is told again, told in simple, beautiful and chaste language, and his works are presented once more to the people and his commands given to the world. The essay abounds in eloquent passages and is distinguished alike for its clear reasoning and liberal tenets. The author is no bigot, but a zealous, kindly teacher of the word of God—a Christian and a man who would make religion a bright and holy thing. No reader cannot fail to be impressed with this essay. It is neither dogmatic nor narrow, but liberal and charitable towards all. "The Children of Light" is admirably adapted for Sunday reading in the family circle.

CAMP, COURT AND SIEGE, by Wickham Hoffman. New York, Harper & Bros.; St. John, J. & A. McMillan.

This is a delightful story of two great campaigns, told by an eye witness. From the first page to the last the interest is kept up, and some of the chapters are more than merely interesting. They are powerfully drawn, and show a wealth of vigor in description and much acuteness in personal narrative. The author tells us much in his pages which the massive histories of the two immense wars do not contain. He aims at a personal history of the campaigns all through, and he has admirably carried out his plan. The greater portion of the book is occupied with the civil war in America, during the years 1861-65, when Mr. Hoffman was Assistant Adjutant-General of the United States Volunteers. His work here is even better than it is in the last half of his book. He shows in it greater intimacy with the leading events, and also gives us a keener knowledge of the Chief Captains of the day. He writes in an independent spirit, and where abuses existed points them out. The matter is of historic value, and the author has nowhere burdened his narrative with tiresome details of unimportant events. In the treatment of the affairs of the Franco-German struggle, Mr. Hoffman has been liberal, and his position of Secretary to the Legation at Paris gave him good opportunities of observation. He faithfully records his impressions in a crisp and splendid style, and no one can read the book without interest or enjoyment. A vein of humor, quiet in its character, runs through the book and adds much to its piquancy. The author does not attempt to go into the minutiæ of the wars, but just sketches events in them as certain thoughts occurred to him. It is not a history, but a romance full of nerve, excitement and dash.

We have received four volumes of the Half Hour Series, which the Messrs. Harper have just published. These include three books of Epochs of English History, which take up the subject from Louise Creighton's England a Continental Power, which brought the reader to the year 1215, and discusses the rise of the people and growth of Parliament 1215–1485 by James Rowley, M. A. Then follows Mr. Creighton's excellent and well digested sketch of the House of Tudor and the history of the Reformation, which brings the history to the year 1603. Bertha Cordery furnishes the matter for the next volume, and treats of the struggle against absolute monarchy 1603 to 1688. These Epochs will be continued to the present day. From three to four maps accompany the letter press and when the series is completed the student will have a thorough history of England from the beginning, written by the foremost scholars of the age. The fourth of these little books is University Life in Ancient Athens, by W. W. Capes of Oxford. It is remarkably ornate, and University men will be especially delighted with the four lectures which it contains. On sale at McMillans.

The admirers of the Concord Philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, will be charmed to get the two additions to the famous vest-pocket series, which contain half a dozen of his more popular essays. The splendid paper on Success, the rich essay on Greatness, and the thoughtful lecture on Immortality—the three really great articles which reveal Mr Emerson in his best mood, and show his many sidedness, are in the first book, and the other contains his other three eloquent essays which belong to his larger volume, "Society and Solitude," and which comprise "Books," "Art" and "Eloquence." These elegant little books are marvels of cheapness and usefulness. They are specially designed for the vest pocket, and their handy size and legible print make them very desirable. The cream of home and foreign literature is to be found in these pretty books and the Publishers, Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., issue them in very attractive bindings. The low price at which they sell, fifty cents each, places them within the reach of every one. Messrs. J. & A. McMillan have them on sale.

The June number of *Belford's Magazine* is on sale at McMillan's, Prince Wm. street. It is a good No. Dr. Holland's story of Nicholas Minturn has become more and more interesting, and James Payn's serial is equally attractive. A Fragment of a Tragedy by Lord Lytton, entitled *Cromwell*, which appears with an introductory by Rev. William Scott, will please the admirers of the author of Richelieu and make them wonder why he never completed a play which, in the portion before us, reveals considerable dramatic force and fire. Richard Lewis contributes the first of a series of papers on Shakespearian studies, and disposes of MacBeth in the present number. This essay is written with some ability, but it seems to lack completeness. H. B. K.'s Anxious Day, forty years ago, is an interesting account of military life in Ireland during the dark days of the Celtic peasantry. The authoress tells the narrative with very good effect, and is occasionally exceedingly graphic. Mr. George Stewart, Jr., discusses in the fifth paper of his series "Evenings in the Library," the poetry and prose of Longfellow, one of the noblest and sweetest poets of our century. Rev. James Carmichael treats of Socrates and Dean Stanley, and combats some of the Dean's favorite views. "My First Salmon," by an anonymous author, is a pleasant and spirited sketch which should have many readers. "Life's Dawn," an illustrated poem, is only fair, but the picture is clever. Some notable books are reviewed in the Current Literature department in a friendly and honest spirit, and the musical notes and humorous page complete the number. We are glad to notice the strides which this excellent Canadian magazine is making. The publishers are remarkably enterprising, and the editor of the monthly is judicious and tasteful in his selection of reading matter. We are sorry to find, however, in so excellent a magazine, so many errors of the composing room. Some one is to blame, for scarcely a page is free from blemishes of this kind. In some instances one almost doubts that the proof has been corrected at all. The editor should look closely after this matter, for errors of this kind are distressing alike to author and reader. Mr. Stewart's article in the present No. is especially full of mistakes of the types. The proof should be read with more care.

Messrs. McMillan have the June issue of *Blackwood* on their counters. "Pauline" grows intensely interesting and the Protocol and the War will interest every one. It is a strong paper and must command attention. Nelson in the Bay of Naples is a fine historical paper written in the form of a letter and is the sixth of these now famous Letters of a Wanderer. The Anglo-Saxon Tongue will interest Philologists. It is full of information about the growth and development of the language. The War Caldron is a spirited poem. We have few such powerful appeals as this in these days. Whist at our Club is exceedingly entertaining. This No. of "Old Ebony" is one of the best we have had for a long time.

The leading article in the April No. of *The London Quarterly* is an exhaustive review of Mr. Elwin's edition of Alexander Pope's works. The reviewer, while according high praise to Mr. Elwin, seems to consider that the edition requires a conclusion, that Mr. Elwin should have written a life as well as criticised and edited the works of the author of the Essay on Man. "Political Biographies" is a clever notice of Mr. Ashley's recent life of Palmerston, in two volumes. Wallace's notable book on Russia comes in for a long and excellent criticism, and Harriet Martineau's autobiography is also treated in fine spirit. A sketch of Turkey and an article on the Military Position of Russia in Central Asia, together with a paper on The Balance of Power, furnish quite timely reading. There is also in this No. a capital resume of the writings of the famous French novelist, George Sand. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, of New York and sold here by Messrs. J. & A. McMillan.

THE ALBERT RAILWAY BILL.—The Moncton *Times* has been calling on the Messrs. Burpee, Mr. Wallace, of Albert, and the other Grit M. P.'s who voted down the Albert Railway Bill in the Commons after they had first given it their approval, to step forward and explain. The *Telegraph* states that it has received private explanations from the Burpees, but as it is not usual to defend public acts merely on the strength of private assurances, it intimates broadly that they had better come to the front in their own persons and over their own signatures with their little story. Which is an eminently proper stand for the *Telegraph* to take, even though it has reached the position very late in the day. As the Burpees have *not* stepped forward and made their explanation, the fair presumption is that they are not prepared to maintain before the public over their own signatures the statements which they were willing the *Telegraph* should make on its own responsibility. We presume when the Grit political managers promised to govern by "practices which would bear the light of day," they intended to include some such practices as the vote on the Albert Railway bill and this "private" communication to the Editor of the *Telegraph* are fitted to suggest.

IT IS VERY IMPORTANT that the rate-payers of St. John should know all the facts connected with the Ferry expenditures under Corporation management. There should be a monthly statement of receipts and expenditures prepared and laid before the Council, and the Press should report accurately and fully all the facts submitted.

PREPARING.—On Monday the Ottawa correspondent of the *Telegraph* announced, for the first time, that the Reformers of Ontario were everywhere preparing for a General Election. Meantime, Mr. Speaker's paper has been declaring, right along, that there will not be, there should not be, there must not be, a Dissolution! The *Freeman*, no doubt, is being used as a blind to conceal the real intentions of "the Party," and prevent, as far as possible, attempts at the organization of the Opposition in the Maritime Provinces.

"THE IRISHMAN IN CANADA," published by Maclear & Co., edited by Nicholas F. Davin, a distinguished *literateur*, will shortly appear. Mr. Macomb is now canvassing St. John for subscriptions. The work will be handsomely bound and exceedingly readable. Mr. R. A. H. Morrow is the general Agent for the Maritime Provinces. A number of our leading Irish citizens have already enrolled their names as subscribers, including Bishop Sweeney, Speaker Anglin, John Boyd, Esq., Rev. James Bennet and others. The work promises to attain great popularity.

COMMITTEE MEETINGS.—The most important business connected with Corporation affairs is transacted at the meetings of the Standing Committees. These Committees, in most cases, are severally composed of a majority of the Board. Their meetings have heretofore been private, but there is no good reason for continuing this privacy. These meetings should be open to the Press, just as the meetings of the Council are and have always been. We hope action will be taken by the Council in this direction. There has been entirely too much star chamber practice about the work and meetings of the Council's Committees. There can be no business transacted there in which the public have not an interest, and the members of the Committees, who owe their position and authority entirely to the rate-payers, ought not to be afraid to let their constituents know *all* they are doing.


—Science has accomplished no more wonderful or gratifying result than the perfection of an antidote to the chilling signs of approaching age, something to obliterate the tell-tale tracks of time and preserve the natural adornments of youth to ripe old age. Hall's Hair Renewer does all this, and its praise resounds in cottage and palace. The dwellers among the snows of Norway and the peasants of sunny France and Spain find use for it, and find means to get it, and it does not disappoint them. The whitening locks again resume their youthful color, the thin, dry, and faded hair becomes bright and glossy. The whole appearance is changed as if by magic, and the man or woman who before was called aged now appears as one in the prime of life. Such wondrous changes cannot pass unnoticed, and they have produced the unprecedented demand that now exists for the first and only article ever compounded that can produce them in a pleasing and satisfactory manner.—*New Era, Woodstock, Ill.*