

# PROGRESS.

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## A WOMAN IN THE DOCK.

MAUD LINDSAY AS SHE APPEARED IN COURT.

Other Cases Where Women Have Been Tried for Murder—The Scene in the Court Room Thursday—The Prisoner, the Witnesses and the Crowd.

The evil effects of hasty temper have rarely been more painfully shown than in the death, on Sunday, of Mr. John Moseley, a well-known resident of St. John. Mr. Moseley and wife Nancy were at breakfast when some dispute arose, the nature of which is not stated. At the height of the altercation Nancy threw a fork at her husband's head with such force and precision that the prongs pierced the temple, resulting in death on Sunday.

This rash act of Nancy Moseley took place on the 17th day of September, 1784. The parties were colored people, and Mr. Moseley had been one of the grantees of Farnstown, drawing lot 1084.

Nancy was tried for murder at the next circuit court and on Feb. 1st, 1785, was found guilty of manslaughter. The sentence was that she should be branded with the letter "M" on the left thumb. It is to be presumed the sentence was carried out, but the death of all the parties connected with the affair and its sequel prevents any fuller account of the matter. Even Mr. Clarence Ward, of the mayor's office, who has furnished such information as there is, can tell no more, save that Samuel Tilley was one of the jury.

Since that time the trial of a woman for murder has been very rare in St. John, and exceptional in the province at large. A half-crazy fortune teller, Sal Pitts, was charged with wilful murder in this city by neglect which caused the death of a child in 1825, but was not convicted. She was a well known character half a century ago, and died in 1844.

Convictions of women for murder have been even more uncommon. As long ago as 1836, Maria and Richard Stewart were tried at St. Andrews, before Judge Chipman, for child-murder. The trial began on the 12th of August, they were sentenced to death on the 16th, and were hanged on the 28th of the same month. There were long ropes and short shirts in those times—sometimes only three days intervening between sentence and execution.

The last execution of a woman in the province was in Gloucester county, nearly 20 years ago. A Mrs. Ward was sentenced at St. Andrews in 1875 for the Dowd-Ward tragedy at New River, but the penalty was afterwards commuted, and she was fully pardoned at a later date.

Maud Lindsay, now on trial for the murder of Longon, therefore comes to the front at the present time as an exceptional criminal in an historical sense. In other respects there is little about the case to enlist a very widespread interest in her. The story, however, has some peculiar features. So far as it has been told, the dead man, ten years her junior, was supported by her. She became jealous and shot him, repenting of the act the moment she had done so. The man persisted in saying that he had inflicted the injury on himself, and only just before his death, days later, did he admit that she fired the pistol. How far she is or is not guilty of wilful murder is what the jury are trying to find out.

And Thursday the twelve members of it fixed their ears for revelations in regard to the life lived by those who spent days and nights in Maud Lindsay's house on Walker's wharf, and it was evident from the moment Josephine Hunt got on the stand that Mr. Carleton intended to show how every minute was spent before and after the shot was fired.

The members of the jury were not the only ones interested in the evidence, notwithstanding the fact that it had all been given before. Long before the court opened the space allotted to spectators was crowded, while the halls were filled with men discussing the chances of the prisoner or enjoying a smoke before starting in to force their way through the crowd to the rail.

When the prisoner was brought in, the space between the wall and the railings held as many people as could possibly be squeezed into it without something giving way. Inside the railing the seats were filled by people who seemed to take a special delight in watching the struggle for position among the mob outside.

But when Maud Lindsay was brought in she was the great attraction of the courtroom. All eyes were turned toward her, and the fight for good positions among the crowd outside was greater than ever.

Sitting in the prisoners box she was a fair type of woman usually found there, although few have ever been before a bar of justice in St. John under such circumstances. A woman of between 35 and 40 years of age, wearing a heavy black coat, a fur hat that had evidently been put on without the aid of a glass, she showed no evidence of being the

passionate, active and determined woman that the evidence proved. She looked at the witnesses as one whose thoughts were somewhere else, and who placed little weight on what was said as affecting her case. If she turned toward the spectators it was only for a moment, viewing them from under her eye brows and quickly turning her eyes towards the floor. Yet there was a contemptuous expression upon her long, sallow face, behind which one could perhaps see all the forces that then lie dormant, but had governed all her career. The spectators viewed her critically and when she turned for a moment, every neck was strained to get a look at her, while those who knew young Longon wondered more than ever at the life he had lived with this woman.

The only woman in court besides the prisoner was Josephine Hunt, who sat at the rear of the court room near the deputy sheriff's box and seemed very ill at ease, as if conscious of the fact that scores of eyes were turned toward her, and there was some speculation as to who she was. While the court waited for the jurors, the toe of her boot seemed to interest her more than anything else in the court room, and at last, as though her position was too much for her, took the blue and white handkerchief that had been sticking in her breast and applied it to her eyes. But when she took the stand Mrs. Hunt seemed more at ease, and gave her evidence clearly and in a way that gave the lawyers very little bother. She was the most important witness in the case and her story of how she happened to be in Lindsay's at the time was remarkable inasmuch as she had only been in the place for a day, and although she had heard the other inmates talk about Longon she had never seen him until the time of the shooting.

Before the court opened, the witnesses attracted some attention, for the crowd wanted something to occupy the time. Shepperd, Price and Conboy sat near the Hunt woman, and seemed to be getting all the enjoyment possible out of large complements of tobacco. At the other end of the court room the doctors waited. Eleven jurors were in the box and the court was waiting for another. A more patient lot of waiters would be hard to find. All but the crowd outside the railing, which pushed and shoved until every man in it was red in the face, and those leaning on the railing bid fair to be broken in two. Constable McPherson had a large contract when he undertook to dictate to the crowd, while Constable Bond at the door leading to the sheriff's office was also discriminating as to who should get in and who should stay out of the many who knocked for admittance.

When the trial began the witnesses were no longer an attraction, for at the request of the counsel for the defence they were escorted to adjoining rooms. The prisoner and the witness in the box received all attention, while they told a story that has become familiar to all.

An amusing incident occurred in the evidence of the medical men. Mr. Carleton had a book on surgery, and when each doctor took the stand he produced the book and asked him all he knew about it. It happened that among the doctors examined the majority of them were young men who have only been practicing a number of years, and their college days are still fresh in their memories. All these were thoroughly acquainted with the book referred to, had studied it, and knew it to be a standard work on surgery. The older doctors were asked the same questions, but the answers were somewhat different. They had heard of the author, but had never read the book, and didn't know anything about it. Which showed how times change.

**Bargains in Clothing.**  
In spite of cold or warm weather merchants have to be up with the times and prepare for proper seasons. The spring goods will soon crowd out the winter stock—what is left of it. This is the time for bargains. Mr. T. Youngclaus says in his announcement that he can supply any quantity of them, both at his Charlotte street and the blue store. It always pays to note a bargain offer when made by a reliable concern such as this is.

**Not Yet Gazetted.**  
The appointment of George M. Ryan as chief railway mail clerk has not yet appeared in the *Canada Gazette*. In the meantime Fred Blizard has been put on the postal car between St. John and Montreal. The department is to be congratulated on having another first-class man on the route.

**Three Millers, of Millerton.**  
Three readers of *PROGRESS* met this week and their combined weight was 710 pounds. They all belong to Millerton, Kent county, the trio being composed of Mr. John W. Miller, 265 lbs., Mr. James Miller, 250 lbs., and Mr. William G. Miller, 225.

## IN SILENT SYMPATHY.

HOW ST. JOHN HEARD OF THE DEATH OF THE DUKE.

No Effusive Demonstrations, But the People None the Less Loyal—How Such an Event Affects Certain Classes in London—The Effect Not so Great in St. John.

St. John received the news of the death of the Duke of Clarence very quietly indeed. The despatch reached here about six o'clock in the morning, but it was nearly noon before the government buildings displayed flags at half-mast. Possibly the officials suspected a false rumor, as was the case before Sir John A. Macdonald's death, but it is more likely they heard nothing about the matter until the time of day in question.

The St. George's society, of course, put its rooms in mourning, and several of the stores began to prepare the sombre drappings for their windows. The citizens in general simply exchanged words with each other regarding the novel event of a death in the royal family.

Then, of course, the artillery ball has been postponed. The death of a member of the royal family means a good deal more to the Londoners than to us. We are just as loyal as they are—perhaps more so some ways—but the effect here is very different. With them, for instance, such an event has an important bearing on ordinary business affairs. It means, apart from all the loyal sentiment displayed, that the court goes into mourning for six weeks. London society follows its example, and so London tradesmen have a period of enforced dullness during what is ordinarily the height of the season. There are no gaieties and luxuries find no sale. Even the mourning worn in the fashionable world is chiefly that which has been worn before and put away, so that the draper's shops find ready sale at a complete standstill. In the course of way other lines of business are affected to a very noticeable extent.

It is indeed that the feeling in St. John is probable throughout Canada, is chiefly of sympathy for the Queen and Prince and Princess of Wales, rather than of more pointed regret that Albert Victor has been taken away. In our love for the reigning sovereign we are led to believe that she is destined long to be spared to reign. Beyond her we, in the same way, look for many years of life to the Prince of Wales, and so his eldest son has seemed very far from the throne. The probability of his ever being king has seemed remote indeed, and so it is that now most people look at his removal as an affliction to the royal family rather than a loss to the English people.

Whatever view individuals may take of the matter, there is undoubtedly a deep and widespread sympathy for those who have been bereaved, and were it necessary, our people would be as prompt in a heartfelt expression of that sympathy as Englishmen in England itself.

**The Chinaman and the Rat.**  
There has been some speculation as to the diet of Chinamen, but an experiment made by some King square men with a Chinaman in this city proved somewhat disappointing to one or more who took part in it.

One day this week a large rat was caught in one of the stores on King square, and after the usual fun on such occasions, some one suggested a way of getting the rodent out of the road. It was tied up in a neat parcel, and sent to one of the Chinese laundries, and the celestial, thinking that it was something in the usual line of business, gave the man who brought it a check for the parcel, and told him the day he might expect to get it laundered. But the man who took the parcel did not call for it. The check was given to a small boy who was only too glad to get a good look at the almond eyed celestial. He handed the check over the counter and the Chinaman looked at it. But instead of producing the parcel, as the boy expected, he jerked up the meat and began to beat him all around the shop, ending the performance by opening the door, and giving him a push into the street. It was good fun for all but the boy, who has since become convinced that rats is one of the Chinaman's sore points.

**May be Better Next Christmas.**  
A young lady of St. John was made pleased, last Wednesday, to receive a Christmas present which arrived at St. John post office on December 28th, but had not been reached in the routine of work in the post office customs department. The officials in that office have been hard worked and have done the best they could under what appears to be a bad system for emergencies. Next year, possibly, there will be better arrangements for the holiday season. If the minister of customs will cut this out and put it in his scrap-book, or tell his private secretary to jog his memory about it, there will be less crowding and complaining next season. Make a note of it.

## STILL AT THEIR WORK.

The Green Goods Men Continue to Set Traps for the Unwary.

It is the same old story, with little variation, and it doubtless proves as profitable as it did a score of years ago. One of the latest letters, received by a reader of *PROGRESS*, shows nothing new in the method, though the scheme is a little more elaborately explained than in previous circulars.

It is taken for granted that, though thousands of the unwary are and will be trapped by the green-goods swindlers, the readers of *PROGRESS* are of a class not open to be ensnared by such devices. They will, however, be interested in learning how others are fooled.

The man who professes to have counterfeit money for sale, but does not distinctly say so, and as a matter of fact really has none, sends out a confidential circular, printed by the thousands, which the innocent granger thinks is addressed personally to him. It encloses what purports to be a newspaper clipping showing that spurious money, which cannot be detected from the genuine, is puzzling the United States government officials. The clipping is simply a forgery, printed to order with a careful attention to details calculated to deceive even a printer.

The granger thinks it has been fresh cut from a New York paper for his especial information. It gives a reality to the affair and is accepted as a proof that the green-goods man is telling the truth. The circular begins in the old way by cunningly intimating that an agent is wanted to handle our "goods." A personal interview is necessary and the granger is asked to come to New York. When he comes, of course, he is fleeced.

The appeal to the cupidity of honest grangers and the ingenious arguments to quiet their scruples will be read with interest. Here is a specimen:

You can make money faster and easier by dealing in my goods than you ever dreamed of before in your life. You are bound to be successful, there can be no such thing as fail. An opportunity like this to make an independent fortune in a short time, and at a comparatively small investment, is well worth a favorable consideration, and should not be rejected hastily from conscientious scruples or otherwise. It was never intended that one man should have millions and another nothing. The wealth and good things of this world are too unevenly distributed; others have grown rich around you, but they were not slow to grasp opportunities; and unless you have enough money to live on comfortably the rest of your days, this is the chance you want to take hold of as the goods will be handled with perfect safety and immense profit to yourself, and enable you to provide a competency for your old age, and pass your remaining years in ease and comfort. No wrong in it. Uncle Sam has millions of our money locked up in the treasury, uselessly and unjustly so.

And so it whispers in the same seductive tone, and so it is that the granger still goes to New York from east, west, north and south to part with his cash for a satchel full of sticks or sawdust, and go home in a more subdued and chastened frame of mind.

And there have men gone even from this part of the world—always with the same result.

**Students Will Appreciate It.**  
A good many people, in their school days have studied the history of England with a very imperfect idea of the meaning of many technical and obsolete terms. When Rev. J. de Soyres had a class at Queen's College, Eng., he realized this fact, and as a remedy prepared a "Word Book," in which the obscure words and phrases were clearly defined. A second edition, revised and enlarged, has just been issued by J. A. McMillan, and will undoubtedly prove a very handy little manual for students.

**Mr. Beverley's "At Home."**  
Mr. F. Beverley was "at home" to the press Thursday, although he didn't know it. A report has got in circulation that several stores had been broken into and that "Beverley had captured the thief." Hence the calls from reporters. The truth of the whole matter was that Mr. Beverley had caught a small boy trying to manipulate the oak hall penny-in-the-slot machine, without a cent, and had taken him some distance in the direction of the police station.

**Economy or Retaliation?**  
*PROGRESS* mentioned recently that suspiciously soon after a good joke on Hon. Geo. E. Foster appeared in its columns an order was received to discontinue sending the paper to the department of finance. The *Union Advocate* has had a similar experience with the department of marine and fisheries. Either there is a spasmodic effort to make a reduction of the dominion deficit or an effort to send two New Brunswick papers into the pains of penury. Which?

**Something Unusual at the Depot.**  
There was considerable gaiety at the depot Wednesday evening, when no less than three newly married couples were sent off by a host of friends. Rice was more plentiful than snow. A Pullman palace sleeper with three brides and three grooms in one end of it is something that does not leave the station once in a good many years.

## THEY WANT GOOD BALL.

A PROFESSIONAL BATTERY FOR THE A. A. CLUB.

Is What Some Enthusiasts Are Willing to Pay For—Some Changes That Will Be Made in the Athletic Clubs—The Chances For a Representative Team.

The Minstrels have placed the finances of the A. A. club in a most satisfactory condition, and the boys are beginning to talk about the prospects of the summer's sport.

Last year there was a general shuffle among the ball players and athletes, and when the deal was made preparatory to the summer's work, it was found that the A. A. club was in rather a bad way, for men to represent it at the different sporting events, while a ball team was out of the question.

Base ball seems to receive the most consideration, and the proposition of several lovers of the game to furnish half the expenses of a professional battery for the A. A. club has caused considerable talk. That the St. John club should be the one selected by the men who make the proposition caused some surprise in certain quarters, when the part taken by the club in regard to base ball last year was remembered.

However, it is said that things will be somewhat different this year. The idea of a professional battery finds favor among the St. Johns, and from what *PROGRESS* has heard of the intentions of some of the ball players, it looks - as if the St. Johns would have no trouble in putting a nine in the field. It is said that Thompson will throw in his lot with the St. Johns this year; that Norris will not be a member of the Y. M. C. A. and that several other good men will be available.

Members of the St. Johns say that with a professional battery the nine would come out all right financially, and furnish good sport for the summer months. The two holiday games, it is estimated, would pay the club's share of the professionals' salaries, and the receipts from the other games would clear other expenses. Those who are talking in this way favor games with good outside clubs, the best in Maine, and such teams as the Sorel arms, and others could easily be induced to come down here.

It is generally admitted that amateur ball has not been popular, except with the men who have aspirations. It will not draw a crowd, or make the athletic grounds popular resorts on summer afternoons.

Should professional batteries be introduced, however, the experience of last summer will place the managers at a great advantage in selecting teams to meet outside clubs. While the all-professional teams held sway, the local players had little chance to show what they could do on the diamond, and a vacancy in the local representation of one of the nines had to be filled by a professional, as the chances of failure on the part of an amateur were too great to risk. Last summer, however, the amateurs had it all to themselves, and as a result a number of good players have come to the front and managers should have no trouble in choosing strong teams to represent the city.

As yet there has been very little talk about arrangements being renewed between the Y. M. C. A.'s and Beavers and the A. A. club, by which the former can have the use of the St. John grounds, but it is expected that if arrangements are entered into they will be somewhat different from those of last year.

**The Chief and the Constable.**  
Constable McPherson and the chief of police furnished a little amusement for those in the court room one day this week, although neither of the two probably see any fun in it. The chief said that the constable pushed him to one side, while the constable was equally prompt in proclaiming that the chief had pushed him. The chief went to see the sheriff about it, but the constable met him in the hall, and words between them were loud and expressive. The constable wasn't to be pushed by any body, so he said, and the chief of police never saw the day he could do it, and statements of this kind came so thick and fast that the spectators became alarmed. Nothing serious occurred, however, and after some talk with higher officials the affair was dropped.

**Some Changes Made.**  
Some changes were made in the directorate of the opera house company at its annual meeting and more than the usual interest was manifested in its affairs. The old and tried president, Mr. A. O. Skinner, was unanimously re-elected, and Mr. J. F. Dockrill made first vice, with C. N. Skinner, M. P., second vice.

**Protests It Is Loyal.**  
The *Telegraph* outdid all the city papers in the number of column-ruled it turned in token of mourning for the Duke of Clarence. Perhaps in view of the political company in which it finds itself, the management feels bound to protest most emphatically that the paper is truly loyal yet.

## TOWN TALK ABOUT THE WEATHER.

What People Say When They Happen to Make Remarks.

Did you ever see a January like this? Isn't this weather like the English winter?

I'd rather have clear cold weather than this?

It will be a very bad winter for the lumbermen.

We have had a January thaw in earnest this year.

The ice crop is likely to be very light next year.

Do you suppose we'er ever going to have any winter?

Isn't this remarkable weather for the time of year?

This weather is the cause of a great deal of sickness.

It is a great blessing to poor people who are short of fuel.

The plumbers have not reaped much of a harvest so far.

Don't you think the seasons are changing in this country?

This is shocking weather for people who are at all delicate.

The month is half gone and we have had no winter yet.

It doesn't cost much to have the sidewalks shoveled this season.

This kind of weather must cause a great loss to the livery stable keepers.

The doctors say they don't know when there has been so much sickness.

We will have snow enough and cold enough before the winter is over.

I never remember the like, except one season about 45 years ago—wasn't it? No, let me see. It was the winter before old John Gander, he was the father of Jim Gander that went out west the winter that Peter Green built that house, etc., etc.

## FATHER DAVENPORT'S ILLNESS.

He Has Had a Severe Attack But Is Very Much Better Now.

Some of the St. John friends of Rev. J. M. Davenport, of Philadelphia, have had letters from him this week which state that his health is much improved. He has had a long and severe attack of grip which has kept him from his duties at St. Clement's church since Dec. 13th, and he will not be able to resume work before the end of this month. In the meantime he will take a rest at Atlantic city, N. J.

St. Clement's church seems to be very active in charitable works, an instance of which is the seaside home for poor women and children. The Sisters of All Saints, attached to the church, began the work on a small scale six year ago, while they have now an institution capable of accommodating 300 visitors during the summer months. The Arnold house at Point Pleasant, N. J., has been rented during the past two years, and as the property is now for sale the rector and vestry ask for the funds to purchase it. The cost will be \$12,000, which would seem a good deal to the people of some places, for a special charity, but which will probably be raised with little trouble in the Quaker city.

## Endman Blackadar's Big Hit.

The minstrels had a number of new jokes for Monday evening's performance, but the one that made the audience laugh until every one's sides were sore, was endman Blackadar's hit at the city member.

"You heard about how the Harris property was sacrificed to the government, I suppose, Mr. Mack. Yes, well do you know that the whole transaction put me in mind of a game of cards. Now what game do it resemble, Mr. Mack?"

"Well, Fred, I'm afraid I'll have to give it up. Euchre, say?"

"No, faint it."

"Whist."

"Nah!"

"Poker."

"Naw; better give it up."

"All right, I give it up. Now what game of cards did the purchase of the Harris property put you in mind of?"

"Bezique," said the endman, soberly, straining the B-e into B-i; and as the audience grasped the situation everybody roared.

## Going to Have a Brass Band.

The latest in the musical line is the Colored Citizens brass band, which is said to be composed of a number of the file and drum band of the same complexion that has been bobbing up periodically for some years. The members of the new organization are making efforts to get instruments, but the name they have chosen doesn't seem to find much favor with another city band.

## The Small Boy and His sled.

There was just enough snow on the ground last Saturday to make the small boys feel happy in the possession of a sled, and some of the police force evidently saw a chance to distinguish themselves, and to give the newspapers an item. A very small boy on Wall street proved a victim, and his sled was numbered among the "arrests" in the Gilbert's Lane look up, as announced in Monday morning's papers.