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The Watchman.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1877

THE WELDFORD TRAGEDY: A CLEAR CASE OF MURDER.

When, a few weeks ago, we stated a number of circumstances which, in our judgment, seemed to conflict with the theory of suicide in the Kingan case,—a theory which the Inter-Colonial Railway authorities have asserted from the first and maintained with an energy worthy of a better cause,—we scarcely expected to be called upon to chronicle the verdict which the Coroner's Jury rendered on Monday last, namely, "That the deceased, James "Kingan, came to his death by the act of some "person or persons unknown." We knew that the Railway authorities had determined that the public should be made to believe that this was a case of Suicide, not Murder; that the inquest was conducted on the basis of that theory; that the evidence drawn out was adapted to strengthen the foregone conclusion; that the Jury were surrounded by Railway influences, and that even the Press drew its information and inspiration from those Railway sources which had originated and maintained the Suicide theory. Under these circumstances we were prepared to find the Jury bringing in a verdict of Suicide, but we are glad to know that they took another view of their duty and have adopted a course which will stimulate investigation and contribute, we trust, to the discovery of the murderer,—for that a shocking murder has been committed on an unprotected traveller through our Province no longer admits of doubt. It is now abundantly clear that the murdered man was not insane; he was not unduly excited when on the Inter-Colonial Railway; he had not been drinking any stimulant; he was in no sense a fit subject for suicidal mania. And, moreover, he could not have committed suicide, for he was fully murdered, and we have no doubt that his murderer will yet be discovered.

Mr. Thomas D. Kingan, a brother of the murdered man, has been at special pains to trace up his brother's actions from the time he left Portland in the *Scandinavian* until he reached Weldford Station. He has seen the purser of the *Scandinavian* who assured him that Mr. James Kingan was calm, collected and business-like throughout the trip from Portland to Halifax; that he spent most of his time with the purser, talked over steamship and commercial matters and other practical subjects, and seemed as perfectly clear headed as any man on the boat, and conducted himself as any gentleman free from anxiety and travelling in the ordinary way would have done. Mr. Thomas D. Kingan also saw gentlemen who lodged at the hotel at Halifax in his brother's company, and gentlemen who travelled with him by train from Halifax, and these say there was no excitement about him; nothing observable out of the ordinary course. He spoke and acted as any other gentleman would have talked and acted. On the way from Halifax to Truro or Amherst he was engaged principally in reading a copy of *Harper's Monthly*, which was afterwards found in his valise. At Moncton he took his tea, as any other traveller would have done, and after eating he walked the station platform and smoked a cigar, enquired his way to the Pullman Car and took his seat. After leaving Moncton he directed the porter of the Pullman to have his bed made up at a certain hour. He was not "excited;" he drank no stimulant of any kind; he conducted himself with perfect coolness, deliberation and forethought in all his transactions from the hour of leaving Portland until the moment of reaching Weldford; so that a theory of Suicide can in no way be built up on the circumstances of his journey. We mention these facts rather in the interest of the late Mr. Kingan's mental character than because they are essential to a complete crushing out of the Suicide theory, for that is annihilated by other and direct evidence.

On this point the facts are overwhelming. When Mr. Kingan's remains were taken to New York they were submitted to examination at the hands of Dr. W. A. Hammond, the Surgeon General of the United States Army during the rebellion, and one of the most eminent, if not *the* most eminent, of the surgeons of America. On examining the head it was found that the deceased had received a blow on the crown at the point where the hair divides; this blow had been given by some heavy, dull instrument; there was a scalp wound, which was round, and about five-eighths to three-quarters of an inch in diameter; after removing the scalp a portion of the bruised flesh or muscle of corresponding size dropped from the skull; the wound or fracture was clear through the bone or skull, under which and over the congested brain there remained about a tablespoonful of congealed blood. Dr. Hammond stated that this wound alone, which he declared had been made when the man was alive with the blood coursing through his veins, was sufficient to cause death. Strange to say, the wound was not found by the medical gentlemen who gave testimony before the Inquest.

With this important fact conclusively demonstrated, the discussion of the probabilities of the late Mr. Kingan cutting his own throat in several places with his own penknife; bleeding himself to death, sitting on the end of a pile of poles holding his head in one position and emptying all the blood in his body into a single spot, after cutting the main artery; and after losing all his blood, walking twenty or thirty, some say fifty feet, down a slippery descent part of the way, and laying himself down on the track to be run over by the down express,—all this may be dismissed with the scorn and contempt which their mere recital is fitted to inspire. We need not discuss the evidence pro and con relating to blows on other parts of the head. We here stand face to face with the naked fact that the late Mr. Kingan was assaulted by a murderer who by a blow on the head, which smashed his skull, deprived him of his life, or, if not of his life, rendered him so utterly insensible as to be powerless in the hands of the murderer or murderers. And then what followed? Let the condition of the remains speak. Does any one doubt that, if Mr. Kingan was knocked insensible or next thing to dead by the blow, that subsequently his throat was cut and gashed by the murderer; that he was held over the bloody hole in the snow until his life-blood had been drained from his body; that his own handkerchief was used to wipe the blood away; that his knife was taken from the pocket and so left as to create the impression that he had used it on himself; that his arms and wrists were cut so as to deepen that impression; that, finally, to leave no doubt of the act being his own, and, moreover, to cover up the tell-tale wounds in head and throat, he was so placed on the rails that the down train, by crushing head and skull, would destroy the proofs of Murder? He must be a bold man who, in the face of such evidence, will maintain that these several wounds and mutilations were done by the deceased himself. Let there be no doubt of this: that the people of New Brunswick stand in the presence of a Murder of the most awful character. In the quiet of night; at one of our railroad stations; perhaps on the very steps of a Pullman car (where there is supposed to be absolute safety); within a few feet of a number of railway officials and laborers; a stranger, who trusted his life and property to one of our public institutions,—a traveller passing through our country where he had been led to believe law and order reigned supreme,—a merchant and a man of mark, who had taken all the necessary precautions for protection against ordinary dangers, was assaulted, outraged, deprived of his life, foully murdered!

What is the duty of the country in the premises? Does it not owe it to its own good name, to the protection and safety of its own people and, equally, to the stranger and the foreigner passing through:—is it not due to the family and friends of the murdered man,—that the most thorough and determined pursuit of the murderer should be made? Are we to allow this great crime to remain unpunished, even uninvestigated,—for no one will pretend that the Inquest at Weldford was a thorough investigation? Are we, on the plea that the Inter-Colonial Railway's interests may be injured, to permit this outrage against God and Humanity to remain in its present shape? Even on the low, sordid ground of selfishness, we must now have further investigation. The world now knows a Murder has been committed on our Railway: is the world to understand that such a murder may be perpetrated on this public work and that no determined efforts will be made to bring the murderers to justice? If so, then we may as well close the railway to foreign travel, for most assuredly the outside world will hold the Government of this country responsible for the lives of those who trust themselves to the protection and care of the Government railways of Canada. Indeed, every motive which can move men to act justly and to perform a sacred duty, calls for early, prompt and thorough action in connexion with this shocking murder,—a murder so vile, so brutal, so like to pitiless butchery that the heart sickens when we contemplate the horrid details.

THE FOSTER SCANDAL.

The Steel Rails job, the Fort Francis Locks job, the Goderich Harbor Improvements job, the Rail Transportation Norris job, the Anglin Printing job, and, later, the Kaminisiquita Terminus job, have each had a share of public attention. Perhaps the Foster Contract job is not surpassed by any of them in the barefacedness of its favoritism and lawlessness.

At the time of the conspiracy by which the present Government seized the reins of power, Senator A. B. Foster rendered services which in the eyes of the Reform party entitled him to compensation, which they proceeded to confer on him, on the usual fashion of the pure Reform pattern,—out of the public funds. Mr. Foster's business was that of a Railway Contractor, and, forthwith, a contract was provided him. Without waiting for any survey, a contract was effected with him for 85 miles of what was called the "Georgian Bay Branch" of the Pacific Railway, and a further contract upon 112 miles of the "Canada Central Extension." As customary in such contracts, penalties were provided for breach or failure in carrying them out, but, as it appears, these fine sounding clauses were but matters of form, as we shall show. Mr. Foster, on becoming acquainted with the nature of the work he had undertaken, did not like the look of things; his prospect of making a profit was not good, and he threw up his contract. It might naturally be supposed that here would come into operation the penalty clauses, but no such thing. Mr. Foster had other ideas of the men he had to deal with. He applied for compensation, and he got it. In respect to the Georgian Bay Branch, he had paid to him the snug sum of $41,000, entirely against law and right; for no certificate of the Government engineer (without which no payment could be legal) was ever obtained. This money was not paid as compensation for any work performed in the way of partial building of the Road, but for surveys, pretended to have been made—surveys which, it is supposed, showed him that he had a poor contract, and the cost of which the country should no more be called on to bear than it should be required to pay for Mr. Foster's private farm improvements, his residence or his cattle.

And in respect to the Canada Central Contract, Mr. Foster was entitled to payment of seventy-five per cent. of the value of rails which he delivered upon the ground. He delivered none upon the ground according to contract. He delivered at a point ten or twelve miles from the Railway a quantity of Rails, and received from the Government the sum of $68,000.

A few facts in relation to these rails will show the public how business is done in the Reform shop when good friends of the Party of Purity are to be dealt with. Mr. Fleming, Government Engineer, certified in regard to these rails that they were "*said* to be delivered." He testified before the Committee of Public Accounts that he did not know the *quality or brand* of the rails, yet he assumed them to be of the value of $48 per Ton delivered where they were. This price is not far from double the real value of good iron rails. But further regarding these rails. Witnesses called before the committee testified that they were of very inferior quality, one witness, a railway officer, on being asked if he had ever seen worse rails, replied "he had not." The worst yet is to be told. So completely did Mr. Foster—Reform associate with the McMullens, Youngs, Huntingtons, McKenzies, in ousting the Sir John A. Macdonald Government—feel himself master of the situation, that being in want of some rails to fill another contract, he coolly sent and took from the pile of rails the Government had paid him for, a quantity of them, such quantity being at first said to be 100 tons, now ascertained to be 227 tons,—took them, it is stated by a Government official, with the knowledge of the members of the Government, but without any Order in Council, just borrowed them, because he wanted them; sent to the yard where this Government property was stored and carried off what he wanted, no one checking the delivery, no one apparently authorizing the loan, in fact, no one in this whole Dominion having any, even the slightest, right or authority to grant a loan of the kind. Mr. Foster simply helped himself. Some semblance of acknowledgment he made, afterwards, by depositing bonds as security, bonds in respect to which, on being questioned, the Premier admitted that he would not be surprised if they could not be sold at any price for money, but which bonds, in any case, did not profess to represent more than the value of 100 tons, while 127 tons more were taken (227 in all) for which even worthless bonds were not given in security!

Who would not be a Government favorite? Here we have haste made to pay a political debt by a contract made without survey. The contractor relieved of his work when he finds it not to his mind to fulfil it. $41,000 paid him illegally for surveys which there is no certainty he made and no legal certificate for. $68,000 paid him for a rubbishy lot of rails, not delivered according to contract. And then, to crown and cap the whole, this helper of the Reform wrecking crew treating the property for which he was paid quite too much of the public money of the Dominion, as his own, and abstracting, borrowing and carrying away, for his own uses, about one-eighth of the entire lot!

It is now reported that Mr. Foster is in financial difficulties, and his property has been attached. It will be interesting to know whether the country will finally lose the amount he so coolly borrowed.

A vindictive hatred of Sir John A. Macdonald has enabled a partizan committee and a subservient majority to procure a vote that irregularities were committed in dealing with the Secret Service money, and restitution of the same is demanded. There needs no vote to show that a vile irregularity has been committed in this Foster business. The returns brought down to the House, and the evidence before the Committee, show plainly enough that $109,000 in cash has been irregularly and illegally paid away to a favorite. Who is to be proceeded against for the recovery of this sum into the public chest?

GOOD FORTUNE continues to attend our friend Duncan C. Robertson, the latest evidence on the point being duly chronicled under the Marriage head in this issue.

CHURCH DEBTS.—On our fourth page we have placed an interesting article from the New York *Observer*, dealing with Church Debts. The article will be regarded as very timely when we consider how many church edifices are under mortgage, and how many congregations are burthened with heavy interest charges. It ought to be read by all contributors to Church funds and all who have to do with Church building.

THE "FARMER" AND THE AROOSTOOK.

Referring to a circular issued by a Mr. Tilley, of Aroostook, the WATCHMAN says—

"Mr. Tilley tells all the world to go to Aroostook "and raise potatoes for starch factories, but as the "Aroostook is about as far out of the world as any "one can get, and the potato starch when manu-"factured will be about as far as possible from a "market, the probability is that the call will be in "vain, especially to capitalists, who won't see the "advantage of devoting their lives to the cultivation "of potatoes to sell at 25 cents a bushel, U. S. "currency."

This extract shows a good deal of ignorance on the part of our contemporary. Starch is being largely manufactured in Aroostook, and profitably too, as is evidenced by the fact that five new factories will be put in operation this year. Under these circumstances it is not probable that the seven factories already in operation there have been making a loss. As to Aroostook being out of the world, it will be only twelve hours from Bangor or St. John when the new arrangements on the New Brunswick Railway go into effect. That hundreds of farmers are making money raising potatoes at 25 cents U. S. currency per bushel ought to satisfy the WATCHMAN that the speculation was a good one. We don't want especially to champion Aroostook, but we do not like to see a Provincial journal decrying the resources of a district whose trade will in the near future enrich our own people, and the example of whose inhabitants the farmers of New Brunswick would do well to follow.

We have here another illustration of the saying, "a little learning is a dangerous thing." The *Farmer*, without looking below the surface of things, appears to assume that the Aroostook will have a monopoly of potato growing and starch making. Our theory is that as soon as the new industry is fairly established and shown to be moderately profitable in this part of the Continent, starch factories will spring up everywhere, potato cultivation will be overdone and the starch market glutted. Advantageous enquiries have been sent to St. John from potato growing districts, for information on the subject of starch making, the machinery required and the formation of starch companies. We hold that when the districts near the great markets for the manufactured article enter actively into potato cultivation, remote districts such as the Aroostook will stand a poor chance; and hence the man who leaves New Brunswick for the Aroostook country, relying mainly on the sale of potatoes to starch or farina factories, is leaning on a slender prop for his declining years. The *Farmer*, we notice, does not explain the fact that the Mr. Tilley who blows the trumpet for the Aroostook invites outside farmers to go in and buy farms which Aroostookers have deserted. If the Aroostook is such an Eden why are there so many abandoned farms and so many of its inhabitants willing to sell out? Since the *Farmer* has taken the Aroostook under its protection instead of writing up its own country, it ought to explain this remarkable feature of life in that happy valley.

BLUFF.

There has been a good deal of "child's play" at Ottawa this week, or else a good deal of "bluffing,"—which, of course, is not a childish sport by any means—in the matter of protesting against members as disqualified under the Independence of Parliament Act.

There appears to be little doubt that neither Mr. Anglin, Mr. Norris nor Mr. Currier (the latter an Opposition supporter) was entitled to retain his seat, they having been contractors with the Government in the fullest sense. The Anglin case is well understood. Mr. Norris's case was scarcely less notorious, the jobbery in the matter of the Steel Rails transportation having effectually fixed his *status*. His seat has just been vacated. Mr. Currier, it appears, has been a contractor under the Government without his knowledge, the Government having purchased a quantity of lumber from two firms in which he was interested. Mr. Currier promptly resigned his seat when he was made acquainted with the facts by their production in Parliament, but the Government Party are endeavoring to whitewash Mr. Anglin, who won't resign, expecting to be pulled through.

There can be little doubt that Mr. Isaac Burpee's seat is in jeopardy, if the Opposition choose to follow him up. The public accounts show that the firm of I. & F. Burpee & Co. have been furnishing supplies to the Government of late years. And there is evidence to prove that Mr. Isaac Burpee was at the time a member of Parliament and Minister of Customs. The law is against a party in trade being Minister of Customs, and against a member of Parliament furnishing supplies to the Government. Both Mr. Burpee and the Premier have denied that Mr. Burpee has been a member of the firm since accepting the position of a Minister. Unfortunately for them, Mr. Burpee in August last swore in Court that he was *then* a member of the firm, his partners in December last swore to the same effect at this later date, and Mr. Burpee himself so described the partnership changes as to show that he had always been a member of the firm. Such affidavits ought to be accepted as conclusive evidence. There can be no doubt that Mr. Burpee may be sued for $2,000 per day for every day that he has been illegally sitting as a member of Parliament, but whether the game is worth the powder is quite another thing. In Mr. Anglin's case, his position was, no doubt, a great public scandal; we can not see that in Mr. Burpee's case the evil was so clamant and injurious. If the game of the Government in moving against Mr. Currier and pretending that Mr. Domville's seat was in peril, was merely "bluff," the country is satisfied that the game was a losing one to them, though the country as a whole may possibly be a gainer by the discussion and by the examination of the public accounts to which the recriminatory charges have led.

MR. NANNABY'S COMPANY have had moderately good houses during the week. The members have done their best to please their patrons, and, personally, they are popular in our city. The bill for Friday night is the "Shaughran," to be repeated at the Matinee, Saturday, the bill for Saturday evening being "Sweethearts" and "Tom Cobb," which ought to draw well. The orchestra continues to give the utmost satisfaction.

OUTSIDE PAGES.—On *First Page*: No. 4 on Household Fashions—a very readable paper; A letter from a North Shore boy in Texas, who gives a vivid idea of life in that interesting country; The Monetary Times on the Inter-Colonial Railway's Receipts; A very powerful speech by Sir John A. Macdonald on the Anglin Printing Scandal; Something about Cricket; A chance for the Speller, etc.

On *Fourth Page*: Poetry—"Behold my Sheaves;" Financial Management of Churches; Why he didn't fight; The Man across the Way; and other miscellaneous reading.

IF MR. DOMVILLE, through being a shareholder in a Company which has had transactions with the Government, is disqualified from sitting in Parliament, as the "Reformers" pretend, why do these same "Reformers" maintain that Anglin and Burpee should keep their seats? We ought to hear further from Reform on this point.

☞ Mr. H. R. Smith will have *Scribner* and *St. Nicholas* for May on the counter Saturday evening.

MR. G. F. ATKINSON will be in St. John in a few days in connexion with the business of the celebrated Peters' Combination Burglar Proof Lock.

—There is an advertisement in our columns to which we take much pleasure in referring our readers, because we believe in it and can conscientiously and heartily recommend it. We refer to Hall's Hair Renewer. We remember many cases in our midst of old and middle aged people who formerly wore gray hair, or whose locks were thin and faded, but who now have presentable head pieces, and with no little pride announce to their friends that they haven't a gray hair in their heads. It is a pardonable pride, and the world would be better off if there was more of it, for when the aged make themselves attractive to others they are more certain to win and retain the esteem and respect to which a burthen of well spent years entitles them. Try Hall's Hair Renewer if age or disease has thinned or whitened your locks and you will thank us for our advice. —*Pan-Handle News, Wellsburg, W. Va.*

AN INFORMAL MEETING OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.

There had been a general Civic Election, and some changes had resulted.

The City possessed a bran new Mayor,—another "medicine man."

It was also happy in the possession of several Aldermen and Councillors who did not enjoy seats at the former Council.

For instance:

There was Alderman Maher, back again—this time for King's Ward, after several years' absence.

And there was Councillor Cassidy,—back again, after a year's retirement.

There were no other changes of note among the rank and file, but the fact that there was a new Mayor, who had the power of appointing Committees, and especially the Chairmen of Committees, caused a lively interest to be taken in His Worship's movements in this regard. Accordingly, "the boys" got together to compare notes and discuss the situation and arrange if possible for a proper and equitable division of the plunder. It was an informal meeting,—very much so. It was a "caucus," a "hole-and-corner meeting," or anything else you choose to call it. The brethren meant business at any rate; they meant a square deal all round,—and no after-claps. They invited His Worship to be present, and then they sailed in with full canvas set.

MAYOR EARLE: Well, gentlemen, how's your health this morning? Let's feel your pulses! Why, confound it, Hannington, you're feverish—very feverish. Now, let me prescribe—

HANNINGTON: No, I thank you; I've been in that business myself. What is really important just now is what you are going to do about those Chairmanships. You know you promised——

MAYOR: Now if you say I promised anybody I'll give you a dose that will make your eyes stick out! I never promised anything.

SEVERAL: Oh! oh!

MAYOR: No, gentlemen, not a promise. I may have suggested this or that change. I may have inadvertently, as it were,—hinted that this or that old member should be deposed from a Chairmanship. But I made no *promises*.

ALD. GLASGOW: Well, what's you going to do about it? That's the "burning question," as the *Telegraph* would say.

VOICES: Hear! hear! That's the talk.

MAYOR: Well, gentlemen, I would first prescribe bleeding,—for you are evidently troubled with rush of blood—(*Aside:* I mean rush for office!)

COUN. FLAGLOR: Now, your Worship, I think it is our turn to do the bleeding. I know your Worship needs no advice from us to act fairly by all; but I do think your Worship will be making a great mistake if you do not give me the Street. [Great indignation on all sides.] Now, your Worship, I have sat at this here Board for twenty years and I have had a great deal to do with the Streets and I have built more sidewalks than any other member that ever sat at the Board and now I think I have a right to be Chairman of the Street Department.

ALD. MAHER: Hear my Councillor!

ALD. COXETTER: Does he say he wants to take the Streets from me? Then you better get *two* horses for the Chairman!

FLAGLOR: I can't help my size, your Worship, and I don't suppose Bar. can help his'n, or he would have made a change long ago, and the fact is there has been great complaints about the Streets for two years back and Bar. can't be expected to know anything about them and he's too old to learn now.

COXETTER: Well, if Flaglor is made Chairman of the Street Department all I have to say is "Sell your Corporation bonds as quick as you please." That's what I say.

HANINGTON: Hear! Hear! I'll take the job! Half per cent. commission. How many? Where are they?

MAYOR: There's the rub! Who among you has the bonds?

MAHER: There's but one capitalist at this Board, and he shall be nameless. But speaking of the Street Department, it seems to me you should do something for a Catholic and an Irishman. I'm the only Irish Catholic—

ALD. FERGUSON: O, hear him!

MAHER: I was going on to say, when I was improperly interrupted, that I am the only Irish Catholic,—fresh from the people. Mr. Ferguson is run out and stale, and has not had a popular vote in his favor for some time. Besides he has been a Chairman a good while already.

HANINGTON: I must press my motion, gentlemen.

MAYOR: There's no motion—there's no Board.

HANINGTON: I don't care for that—I——

MAHER: He's been holding a meeting himself, alone,—*solus*, as it were.

HANINGTON: The Mayor, before his election, promised me the Chairmanship of the Ferry Committee,—and I want it. [Sensation.]

MAYOR: O, Tom! O, Tom!

MAHER: "Thou'lt get thy fairin'——

"In flames they'll roast thee like a herrin'"

GLASGOW: This Councillor for Wellington is an "amoosin' cuss." *Him* Chairman of the Ferries! What is this world comin' to!

HANINGTON: Now you needn't talk, Glasgow. I stood by Carleton and the fishermen on the Gas Company's Sewer business—didn't I? I'll give Carleton fair play on the Ferries, you bet.

GLASGOW: You won't have a chance, my pretty one—now you bet.

ALD. PETERS: The Ferries are important, it is true, but as regards public order and protection to life, the *Police* Department stands paramount. I think, all things considered, the Mayor would be doing right by placing the Chairmanship of the Police Committee in the hands of the Alderman for Wellington.

HANINGTON: You mean the Councillor for Wellington.

MAYOR: I brag on Wellington; but isn't it rather steep to give so much to Wellington? Wouldn't it make other Wards feverish and irritable and——Ferguson, let's look at your tongue! Ah! Just as I expected: you're a sick man, Alderman; you had better retire from Chairman duties for a while, hadn't you?

ALD. FERGUSON: (Aside) I have been of that opinion myself.

ALD. FERGUSON: Your Worship and gentlemen of the Council. Hear me for my cause and be patient that ye may hear. Believe in my sincerity and have respect to my sincerity that ye may believe. You come to bury Ferguson. Be it so. A boast not out my virtues. To praise life I am indifferent, especially such public life as that of which you form a part. When I am gone speak of me as ye found me,—nothing extenuate and naught set down in malice. I have climbed the steps of Fame; I have set me down on the very summit of her peaks; and looking abroad upon the land from this Pisgah point of view, I say, "Let me die before I am called upon to see Flaglor Chairman of the Street Department." Yes, gentlemen, away above the clouds which float above our heads, there is a space filled with stars and constellations and gloriously beautiful and grand and awe-inspiring. I have travelled to the Moon with Jules Verne—you may buy an account of the trip at H. R. Smith's, for ten cents; and I would I had stayed there; I would that the suspension of the laws of Gravitation had made me a fixed star or anything you please rather than permitted me to return to Earth to listen to the squabbles of Hanington and Glasgow over the Chairmanship of the Ferry Committee. Now——

HANINGTON: I won't stop to listen to such twaddle—I'm going——

SEVERAL: Not *going?*

HANINGTON: Yes,—going, going——

MAYOR: Surely not going?

HANINGTON: Yes,—going,—going——

MAYOR: But not *gone?* Let me feel your——

ALD. FERGUSON: Why these unseemly interruptions? I shall conclude in a very few words. When Cicero was interviewed by Atilla, the Chief of the Modocs, the first question that was asked of him was what sort of a Chairman of the Fire Department Alderman Kerr had made. To which Greeley replied with that politeness of which he was such a master, "*Non Angli sed Angeli.*" So I say. Master the first elements of Elocution; then study the Trigonometry of the Prince William St. fire, and then answer to your Conscience and your Country whether we have not advanced to the utmost bounds of the new Civilization. One word more. You want a Chairman of the Fire Department. Take my Councillor. Take Martin. He's bald-headed, but that's no matter. He's a jewel—*he* is. And he's ever "on the Watch." I have done.

ALD. KERR: Then Martin's just the man for the Police Committee—send him there. You may depend upon an awful row if you remove me from the Fire Department. Your Worship will hardly know yourself after the firemen have been swearing at you for forty-eight hours on a stretch.

MAYOR: If there's any such eruption as that I'll physic the Department.

ALD. KERR: Your Worship, they'll throw physic to the dogs and leave the City to be consumed by the all-devouring conflagration which rages at midnight without fear of firemen or engines or hose carts or Rob Bustin's fire escape.

ALD. GLASGOW: Gentlemen, you may spout and climb the clouds and go down into the depths and move around which way you please—as long as you give Carleton charge of the Ferries; but by the powers above——

MAYOR: Now, Alderman, don't get excited—you can't stand it; your health is none of the best.

GLASGOW: Your worship, when Carleton's all right I'm all right; but when Carleton and the Ferries are going all wrong, then I'm all in a fever——

MAYOR: I see how it is. Now, I'll prescribe for you——

GLASGOW: You'll give me the Ferries—that's the only prescription for me; and the Ferries I'll have, or by the——

MAYOR: Take the Lancaster Lands.

GLASGOW: To Old Harry with the Lancaster Lands!

HANINGTON: If he gets the Ferries, half Carleton will be D. H.

GLASGOW: What's *D. H?*

HANINGTON: Why, D. H. is D. H.—that's all. Suppose somebody were to treat when the new Council is being sworn in—that would be D. H.

GLASGOW: O, D. H. is Free Drinks? Then I'll have no D. H. on my ferry boats.

HANINGTON: On "his ferry boats!" Just listen to this! And the Ferries promised to me a month ago!

MAYOR: Now listen to *him!*

MAHER: Gentlemen, the time has come when common sense should prevail. It is clear that Carleton can not have full swing in Ferries for which the East side have to foot the bills. The city will this year pay perhaps $20,000 on account of the Ferries, and the representatives of the City proper should look after the details and prevent unnecessary expenditures. They are maintained for the convenience of Carleton people almost exclusively and paid for by our side of the harbor almost exclusively. It is evident they should be controlled by the representatives of East Side tax-payers. Am I not right?

WEST SIDE MEMBERS. No! No! You're wrong! You're wrong!

ALD. ADAMS: He's right. We can't give the Ferries up to Carleton! Never! Stationery and printing bills won't be a circumstance to the leaks there will be about the Ferry business.

ALD. FERGUSON: Once more, gentlemen, permit me to mount the hurricane and direct the storm. Once more into the breach, my friends, and cry "Havoc for England and St. George"——

MAHER: That's the red granite he means!

SEVERAL: Oh! oh!

MAYOR: No, gentlemen, not a promise. I may have suggested this or that change. I may have inadvertently, as it were,—hinted that this or that old member should be deposed from a Chairmanship. But I made no *promises*.

ALD. FERGUSON: Well, what's you going to do about it? That's the "burning question," as the *Telegraph* would say.

VOICES: Hear! hear! That's the talk.

MAYOR: Well, gentlemen, I would first prescribe bleeding,—for you are evidently troubled with rush of blood—(*Aside:* I mean rush for office!)

COUN. FLAGLOR: Now, your Worship, I think it is our turn to do the bleeding. I know your Worship needs no advice from us to act fairly by all; but I do think your Worship will be making a great mistake if you do not give me the Street. [Great indignation on all sides.] Now, your Worship, I have sat at this here Board for twenty years and I have had a great deal to do with the Streets and I have built more sidewalks than any other member that ever sat at the Board and now I think I have a right to be Chairman of the Street Department.

ALD. MAHER: Hear my Councillor!

ALD. COXETTER: Does he say he wants to take the Streets from me? Then you better get *two* horses for the Chairman!

FLAGLOR: I can't help my size, your Worship, and I don't suppose Bar. can help his'n, or he would have made a change long ago, and the fact is there has been great complaints about the Streets for two years back and Bar. can't be expected to know anything about them and he's too old to learn now.

COXETTER: Well, if Flaglor is made Chairman of the Street Department all I have to say is "Sell your Corporation bonds as quick as you please." That's what I say.

HANINGTON: Hear! Hear! I'll take the job! Half per cent. commission. How many? Where are they?

MAYOR: There's the rub! Who among you has the bonds?

MAHER: There's but one capitalist at this Board, and he shall be nameless. But speaking of the Street Department, it seems to me you should do something for a Catholic and an Irishman. I'm the only Irish Catholic—

ALD. FERGUSON: O, hear him!

MAHER: I was going on to say, when I was improperly interrupted, that I am the only Irish Catholic,—fresh from the people. Mr. Ferguson is run out and stale, and has not had a popular vote in his favor for some time. Besides he has been a Chairman a good while already.

HANINGTON: I must press my motion, gentlemen.

MAYOR: There's no motion—there's no Board.

HANINGTON: I don't care for that—I——

MAHER: He's been holding a meeting himself, alone,—*solus*, as it were.

HANINGTON: The Mayor, before his election, promised me the Chairmanship of the Ferry Committee,—and I want it. [Sensation.]

MAYOR: O, Tom! O, Tom!

MAHER: "Thou'lt get thy fairin'——

"In flames they'll roast thee like a herrin'"

GLASGOW: This Councillor for Wellington is an "amoosin' cuss." *Him* Chairman of the Ferries! What is this world comin' to!

HANINGTON: Now you needn't talk, Glasgow. I stood by Carleton and the fishermen on the Gas Company's Sewer business—didn't I? I'll give Carleton fair play on the Ferries, you bet.

GLASGOW: You won't have a chance, my pretty one—now you bet.

ALD. PETERS: The Ferries are important, it is true, but as regards public order and protection to life, the *Police* Department stands paramount. I think, all things considered, the Mayor would be doing right by placing the Chairmanship of the Police Committee in the hands of the Alderman for Wellington.

HANINGTON: You mean the Councillor for Wellington.

MAYOR: I brag on Wellington; but isn't it rather steep to give so much to Wellington? Wouldn't it make other Wards feverish and irritable and——Ferguson, let's look at your tongue! Ah! Just as I expected: you're a sick man, Alderman; you had better retire from Chairman duties for a while, hadn't you?

ALD. FERGUSON: (Aside) I have been of that opinion myself.

ALD. FERGUSON: Your Worship and gentlemen of the Council. Hear me for my cause and be patient that ye may hear. Believe in my sincerity and have respect to my sincerity that ye may believe. You come to bury Ferguson. Be it so. A boast not out my virtues. To praise life I am indifferent, especially such public life as that of which you form a part. When I am gone speak of me as ye found me,—nothing extenuate and naught set down in malice. I have climbed the steps of Fame; I have set me down on the very summit of her peaks; and looking abroad upon the land from this Pisgah point of view, I say, "Let me die before I am called upon to see Flaglor Chairman of the Street Department." Yes, gentlemen, away above the clouds which float above our heads, there is a space filled with stars and constellations and gloriously beautiful and grand and awe-inspiring. I have travelled to the Moon with Jules Verne—you may buy an account of the trip at H. R. Smith's, for ten cents; and I would I had stayed there; I would that the suspension of the laws of Gravitation had made me a fixed star or anything you please rather than permitted me to return to Earth to listen to the squabbles of Hanington and Glasgow over the Chairmanship of the Ferry Committee. Now——

HANINGTON: I won't stop to listen to such twaddle—I'm going——

SEVERAL: Not *going?*

HANINGTON: Yes,—going, going——

MAYOR: Surely not going?

HANINGTON: Yes,—going,—going——

MAYOR: But not *gone?* Let me feel your——

ALD. FERGUSON: Why these unseemly interruptions? I shall conclude in a very few words. When Cicero was interviewed by Atilla, the Chief of the Modocs, the first question that was asked of him was what sort of a Chairman of the Fire Department Alderman Kerr had made. To which Greeley replied with that politeness of which he was such a master, "*Non Angli sed Angeli.*" So I say. Master the first elements of Elocution; then study the Trigonometry of the Prince William St. fire, and then answer to your Conscience and your Country whether we have not advanced to the utmost bounds of the new Civilization. One word more. You want a Chairman of the Fire Department. Take my Councillor. Take Martin. He's bald-headed, but that's no matter. He's a jewel—*he* is. And he's ever "on the Watch." I have done.

ALD. KERR: Then Martin's just the man for the Police Committee—send him there. You may depend upon an awful row if you remove me from the Fire Department. Your Worship will hardly know yourself after the firemen have been swearing at you for forty-eight hours on a stretch.

MAYOR: If there's any such eruption as that I'll physic the Department.

ALD. KERR: Your Worship, they'll throw physic to the dogs and leave the City to be consumed by the all-devouring conflagration which rages at midnight without fear of firemen or engines or hose carts or Rob Bustin's fire escape.

ALD. GLASGOW: Gentlemen, you may spout and climb the clouds and go down into the depths and move around which way you please—as long as you give Carleton charge of the Ferries; but by the powers above——

MAYOR: Now, Alderman, don't get excited—you can't stand it; your health is none of the best.

GLASGOW: Your worship, when Carleton's all right I'm all right; but when Carleton and the Ferries are going all wrong, then I'm all in a fever——

MAYOR: I see how it is. Now, I'll prescribe for you——

GLASGOW: You'll give me the Ferries—that's the only prescription for me; and the Ferries I'll have, or by the——

MAYOR: Take the Lancaster Lands.

GLASGOW: To Old Harry with the Lancaster Lands!

HANINGTON: If he gets the Ferries, half Carleton will be D. H.

GLASGOW: What's *D. H?*

HANINGTON: Why, D. H. is D. H.—that's all. Suppose somebody were to treat when the new Council is being sworn in—that would be D. H.

GLASGOW: O, D. H. is Free Drinks? Then I'll have no D. H. on my ferry boats.

HANINGTON: On "his ferry boats!" Just listen to this! And the Ferries promised to me a month ago!

MAYOR: Now listen to *him!*

MAHER: Gentlemen, the time has come when common sense should prevail. It is clear that Carleton can not have full swing in Ferries for which the East side have to foot the bills. The city will this year pay perhaps $20,000 on account of the Ferries, and the representatives of the City proper should look after the details and prevent unnecessary expenditures. They are maintained for the convenience of Carleton people almost exclusively and paid for by our side of the harbor almost exclusively. It is evident they should be controlled by the representatives of East Side tax-payers. Am I not right?

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MAHER: That's the red granite he means!

FERGUSON: Now let slip the dogs of war! Let fiery eyed slaughter make the welkin ring, and all the powers of earth and nature, all intellectual gifts and all physical energy, all parliamentary accomplishments be pressed into the service of the speaker while he settles this little affair of the Ferries. Why not appoint a Superintendent of Ferries? Why not? I say, Echo answers "why not," but old Echo is a fraud. Imagine yourself placed thus: pressure from within and without to secure chairmanships. Rivalries! Jealousies! Indignations! Hot-blooded rows! All the result of a tumultuous rush for chairmanships. The only modest man in this crowd is Quinton—and he's to be a Revisor. Now welcome Death before Dishonor! Ireland expects every man this day to do his duty and get himself a place,—if he can. When Verres was pleading before Cæsar Augustus for the life of Charlie Ross, a great mistake if you do not give me the Street. Intendent of Ferries would cost about $800 a year. And that is my opinion too. I don't object to Ham fat myself. Hamm's fat was very meaty and I have built more sidewalks than any other member that ever sat at the Board and now I think I have a right to be Chairman of the Street Department.

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