

# PROGRESS.

Board of Works 851493

VOL. V., NO. 240.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## BOOMING A CANDIDATE.

### FRIENDS OF MR. STURDEE WANT HIM TO BE A MAYOR.

So far the Whispers are gentle, but Perseus—where Mr. Sturdee has good fighting chance—the Council has no good reason to feel up.

It is a little early for the discussion of civic politics, but the question of who is to be mayor of St. John next year is already in the air. A boom, in fact, has been started in a quiet way, and the leading spirit in the movement is said to be Ald. John Connor. The matter has been kept very quiet, for Mr. Connor is not a man who shouts very much until his speaking times are in position and the pipes laid, but a number of people to whom PROGRESS has spoken admit that they have heard something about it, though they are not at all confidential on the subject.

The gentleman whom it is proposed to boom is Mr. Henry Lawrence Sturdee, A. M., barrister-at-law, deputy clerk of the peace and ex-mayor of the old town of Portland.

Mr. Sturdee has been a candidate of one kind or another on various occasions, but fate, whether expressed by the votes of the people or the will or pleasure of the government has been unkind to him. His friends believe that his opportunity has now come, and that if the boom is properly managed he will be the next mayor of St. John. When the situation is critically considered, as no doubt it has been considered by the susemmered alderman for Stanley ward, Mr. Sturdee would seem to have a strong fighting chance.

Mayor Peters has made many friends during his administration, and has improved during his second year. He has made an excellent presiding officer, and his judicious repression of the eloquence of the West End members is especially worthy of note. He has done nothing to antagonize the public in general and has yielded gracefully to the will of the people, when it was opposed to his own views. He was strongly prejudiced against the site of the harbor improvements being at Sand Point, but when PROGRESS and the public insisted that they ought to be there, he submitted with very good grace. Some of the aldermen think he is too autocratic in his rulings, but anybody who knows anything of the council will understand that the right kind of a czar is not out of place there at times.

Mayor Peters, however, has had two terms, and that is generally considered enough for any man. When a man grasps after a third term the public are apt to sit down on him and cool his aspirations by electing the other man. There is where Mayor Peters is likely to get left if he is anxious to have the office again.

Whether he is or is not has not been officially stated. It is pretty certain, in the nature of things, that he will have opposition if he offers, and it is for him to calculate whether it will be wiser to retire with all the honors or run the risk of defeat. He will have plenty to counsel him to be in the field again, but now that Mr. Sturdee is to the front the mayor has no time to lose in his plan of action.

Should he run, and the contest be confined to these two, there is likely to be a pretty fight. It may be a repetition of the Robertson-Chealey contest, with the county left out. The civic contests are not run on party lines, as a rule, nor would they be in this instance. Yet Mr. Sturdee, as a Portland man, would get the North End vote, while as an undoubted liberal who has received nothing from his party he could not fail to have a good grit support in the South End. Apart from this, he is well liked as a man and a citizen, and would be likely to dignify and adorn the chief civic chair.

The common council, despite its size, is not rich in men who would either stand much chance as candidates or be fit for the mayor's chair if they could get it. Now that John A. Chesley has secured a seat at Ottawa, there are but few left who would even be hinted at as candidates. Ald. Blizard's name is one that commands respect, but he would only aspire to the office if he thought it was a call from the people. Ald. McCarthy is one of the most practical common council men at the board, but his chances for the mayor are not good. Ald. Shaw is already an M. P. P., but he would pull a good vote if a candidate, though his chances of election would depend very much on who opposed him. Ald. Connor is not after the mayor's chair yet, possibly because he sees, the time is not ripe for him to appear and also because he has something else in view in which his services will be more permanently valuable to the people. If the latter idea be correct, it would be unwise of him to run the risk of defeat in a mayoralty contest, which might weaken him in a more important fight a few years later.

The names quoted exhaust the list of aldermen who might be thought of in searching for a candidate. Mr. Sturdee's chances ought to be good as weighed with

the chances of any of them, were any of them to come to the front, as is not now likely.

The Sturdee boom has started in a quiet way, but the engineering of it appears to be in pretty good hands.

## THE RATEPAYERS' OBJECT.

### But School Trustees Peters and Fowler Crack the Whip.

School trustees Thos. A. Peters and Henry S. Fowler of Hampton station seem to be in a fair way to gain some further notoriety from their opposition to the wishes of the great majority of their neighbors.

These two local celebrities happen to be school trustees. "Happen" to be, because when the day of the annual school meeting came around so few of the ratepayers took an interest in the event that Messrs. Peters and Fowler found their election a matter of great ease. Once in power for another term, it appears that they began to carry out an idea that had evidently been hatching for some time, the execution of which tends to deprive a first class school teacher—acceptable in every way to the people,—of his position, and to place in his stead a young man named Harrington, who, to say the least, has not made an enviable reputation in his profession of teaching.

Mr. Sherwood, the present teacher at Hampton, has been notified by two of the trustees that his services will not be required after the present term has expired. The third trustee, Mr. Smith, is bitterly opposed to this proceeding and he seems to be in harmony with at least nine-tenths of all the tax payers in the community. PROGRESS has been given the facts of the case by a number of gentlemen who are determined that they will not be ridden over rough shod in this fashion, if they can prevent it. While realizing that they made their first mistake in not attending the annual meeting of the ratepayers and selecting other trustees, they think that by means of petitions to the proper authorities the wish and will of the people can be respected. It appears that Mr. Sherwood has proved himself so acceptable to the people of Hampton and to their children that the indignation at the move taken by the trustees is very general. At the meeting of the trustees at which it was resolved to send him notice that his services would not be required, one of the trustees, Mr. J. M. Smith, put the very pertinent question to his two colleagues, "what fault could they find with Mr. Sherwood?" stating at the same time that he had been trustee since that gentleman had taken charge of the school and had never heard a complaint against him. The only man with a grievance that either Mr. Peters or Mr. Fowler could bring forward was Mr. Robert Keen, whom it afterwards turned out, not only had no objection to Mr. Sherwood, but was well pleased with him in every respect.

The petition of the ratepayers was presented to the trustees at their meeting, and yet in spite of the evident wishes of the people Messrs. Peters and Fowler notified Mr. Sherwood that his services would not be required, and immediately asked for applications for other teachers for the position. PROGRESS understands that there were seventeen applicants, yet Mr. Harrington was promptly accepted.

Few things have stirred Hampton so thoroughly as this act of the two school trustees. Nothing else is talked about in the community, and unless something is done it is safe to say that neither Mr. Peters nor Mr. Fowler can hope for a vote from the people for any position they may aspire to. It is currently believed with good reason that had magistrate Peters acted in accordance with the wishes of the people in Hampton and the principles of justice in the Scott Act cases before referred to in PROGRESS, that he would not have had much difficulty in being one of the government candidates in the recent local election. Even as it was his name was before that convention, but exposures in this paper of the proceedings of the ring in Hampton forced the people to select another candidate. Mr. Peters has not gained further popularity by his present move.

## Hands Across the Land.

St. Andrew's Society's pleasant reunion on Wednesday evening was certainly a novel and entertaining departure from their usual custom of a dinner. One of the features of the evening was the reading of fraternal telegrams by the secretary, Mr. Campbell. A few of them are given below:

From Quebec:—"Here's a health to my ain native land."  
 From Montreal:—"How's 'er wi' ze night? Here's a hand my trusty friend."  
 From Halifax:—"Brother Scots our hands we cannot, but here's our hearts."  
 From Boston:—"Scott's Charitable Society send greetings the day, and a who honor it wi' a honors three."  
 From Fredericton:—"Hail be your hearts, hail be your aiddie, Long may your elbow jing and diddle To cheer you through the weary widdle. Awa wi' care till balran barnie kindly candle Your auld gey hair!"

PROGRESS to be sold in Boston at "Wing's Chapel News Stand," Corner of School and Tremont streets.

## IN THE NAME OF LAW.

### ROBERT OLSEN DIES BY THE HAND OF THE EXECUTIONER.

#### The Last Hours of the Condemned Man Described by the Special Correspondent of "Progress."—Reminiscences of Some Notable Murder Cases.

DORCHESTER, Dec. 1.—The despatches in Monday's papers proclaimed the fact that the prayer of the petition for the commutation of the death sentence imposed upon Robert Olsen for the killing of Joseph Steadman had been refused; the government in council had decided not to interfere with the sentence of the judge, and the law must take its course. Father Cormier bore the sad news of the condemned man. Buck stood it well. His face paled and his fingers twitched for an instant, but in the twinkling of an eye he had regained his wonted composure. He said it was all right, that he had had some little hope of mercy but was prepared to bear the worst. A little later he told Father Cormier that he had never felt as well since his arrest as now that all uncertainty was over and he knew what was before him.

On Tuesday workmen began the erection of the shed in which the execution was to take place. Buck was soon aware of the fact but appeared quite unconcerned in the matter. To the attendant who brought him his dinner he remarked that "they had started building the shanty," and laughed. Some visitors were in to see him during the day, and on one remarking that they left Dorchester on Wednesday, Buck said he would leave on Thursday. He has talked in the same easy strain with every one who visited him. He talked a great deal to constable Wilbur, who has been on guard in the corridor of the jail since Monday. Of his past life, however, he would not speak. His parents he said, were dead, and the only relative he has living is a sister. He said that when he died he would leave this world without any hard feeling against anyone, with the exception of Carroll, the constable. He did not want to see him around when he would be taken out. He maintained that the conversation Carroll swore to as having taken place between Jim and him in the cells never occurred.

Father Cormier has been in constant attendance on the doomed man and has administered to him the rites of his church. Buck was very tractable and seems sincere in his conversion. On Wednesday he said he would like to see Jim, and Father Cormier went to the penitentiary with a message for him. Jim was very much affected, he said he would like to shake Buck's hand again, and as that seemed impossible he wrote a few farewell lines to his doomed confederate. Father Cormier read the letter to Buck, who broke down and sobbed like a child.—The first time he was known to show any feeling.

Jim's letter was as follows:  
 DORCHESTER PENITENTIARY, Nov. 30, 1892.  
 MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am sincerely sorry that you must die old friend. It is some consolation to you that you have devoted the last days of your life in preparing your mind to meet God. No one could sympathize more sincerely with you than I have. I would have done anything in my power to save your life but I am as powerless to aid you as you are to help yourself. We both owe a debt of gratitude to your spiritual adviser for his earnest efforts to save not only your life but your soul. It is never too late for God's forgiveness. Buck, if we ask his forgiveness with a repentant heart. Forget the world, fix your thoughts on eternity, and ask God's forgiveness for the sake of the Saviour who died for us all. A few years and we must all appear before our Maker to answer for our deeds.  
 I wish I could shake your hand once more, but if I never do, it will be a source of satisfaction to the rest of my life to know you died like a good Christian. Once more I ask you to earnestly seek God's forgiveness. Good bye, old friend, may we both one day meet our Saviour in paradise and be satisfied in His presence.  
 May God bless you and take you to Himself in the fervent prayer of  
 Your old friend,  
 Jim.

It was decided to bring Jim down to the jail and let the pals have a parting. Warden Foster and Guard Colburne drove to the jail with Jim yesterday evening and the two accomplices had a long talk in the presence of the jail and penitentiary officers and the priest. Jim spoke in a very religious strain and Buck seemed deeply impressed. He reiterated he would die like a man, and told Jim there would be no reason to be ashamed of him. Jim advised him to die like a Christian and not put on any assumed recklessness.

During the interview detective Irvington M. Hanson, formerly chief inspector at police headquarters, Boston, was shown in. He is in the province working up the burglary of the Vanderbilt cottage at Ann Harbor, and thought to find something out from Buck and Jim. He failed to identify either of them, but Buck recognized him, and crimes and criminals mentioned by the detective seemed quite familiar to the two men. Jim was very much rattled when Hanson told him he knew him, but kept on talking and soon skillfully picked out of the detective that his identity was still unknown.

The parting of Jim and Buck was very affectionate, and not much credence is put in Buck's story that he saw Jim for the first time two days before the killing of Steadman.

Many of the Dorchester ladies kindly remembered the poor man in the jail and he was the recipient of many delicacies from them, especially during the last week. He was very grateful to them and said to constable Wilbur that he found it pretty hard to die, now that he was just beginning to enjoy living and experience for the first time the kindness of good friends. For Mr. Atkinson he has always had the greatest regard. She bade him farewell on Tuesday, but yesterday he sent for her again and she came to see him last night. She stayed with him and sang for him and Buck was very much affected on bidding her good bye.

PROGRESS' representative saw Buck late last night. Father Cormier had just got through praying with him, and Buck was sitting on his cot. He shook hands warmly and, being asked how he was, said he was all right. He was glad the god was near and was going to die like a man. He had looked death too often in the face to flinch now. He said that anywhere he was glad it was coming thus. In the life he had been leading, death might come at any moment in the most violent form, and he would be unprepared. Now, thanks to Father Cormier, he felt that he was ready to die. He felt confident that God would be merciful to him and give him a better show than he ever got on earth. He said, "I hope they will be easier on poor Jim when I have suffered the punishment." He did not want to see Carroll when he went out to die, and the only bitterness he manifested was when speaking of that constable. The reporter turned the conversation again to his preparation for death, and Buck said, "good bye, you will not see me flinch. I will sleep well to-night and be steady in the morning."



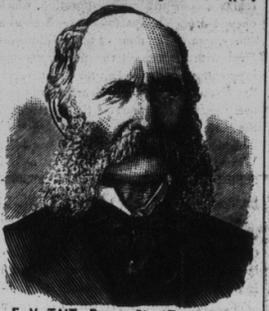
ROBERT OLSEN, or "BUCK."

Radcliffe arrived on Tuesday and became the centre of much interest. He had been recognized all along the line after leaving home. The official hangman is not a particularly hard looking fellow. He is a well built man of about thirty five or forty, about five feet ten inches in height with blonde moustache and a clear brown eye. He is decidedly a cool looking customer, with a large idea of his own importance and a good capacity for whiskey, as he soon proceeded to show. His tongue wagged pretty much from the time he arrived, and a reporter who took all Mr. Radcliffe got off would have a pretty good sized article. He overlooked the erection of the scaffold, and patronized the sheriff and other officers in a manner which must have conflicted very much with their ideas of their own dignity. One cannot expect very much of any man in his line of business, but one who is in trusted with the duties he performs for the different governments should show a little more common sense and less bluff. He brought with him the rope and the patent application of his own invention which does away with the former necessity of cutting the rope. He says he had no doubt Buck would die game, and states that he went into the work purely through a wish to see bungling executions done away with and the death sentence imposed with less cruelty. However much one is inclined to be sceptical of Mr. Radcliffe's philanthropy, it is nevertheless true that all the assassinations he managed have been successful and death in every case instantaneous.

Buck slept fairly well last night, awaking but twice, when he complained of a sore back. Father Cormier, who was with the prisoner till a late hour and who had slept in the jail, was with him early this morning and administered the last rites of the church. Buck last night had ordered eggs and toast for his breakfast and he ate three eggs with a fair allowance of the toast. He was nervous for a while, and kept asking when the execution would take place, but finally settled down and was much more unconcerned than those ministering to him. He joined in the prayers and talked with his confessor and Rev. Fathers Gaynor and Abbe, of St. Joseph's college, who were present. It is said that he divulged his real name to Father Cormier and gave him a part of his history, but the father says it would do no good if he gave it to the public, and at Buck's request will remain silent about the matter.

At a quarter past ten everything was ready for execution. The sheriff and his

officers entered the cell and were followed by the hangman. Buck stood in the corridor, while Radcliffe adjusted the straps and bound his arms to his side. He looked very much improved in appearance and was neat and cleanly. He wore a white shirt over his linder, and had on a pair of tweed trousers. His boots were polished brightly



E. V. TAIT, Deputy Sheriff and Jailor.

and on his head he wore the same black silk cap he had on when arrested. The walk from the cell to the gallows was about twenty-five yards. Sheriff McQueen and Deputy Wilson headed the procession. The condemned man followed walking steadily between Father Cormier and Father L'Abbe who were reciting the prayers for the dead. Arrived at the gallows, Buck stood coolly under the rope and doffed his cap. Father Cormier asked the forgiveness on his behalf of any one present whom he might have injured in any way. Buck repeated in a firm voice, "God have mercy on me, and forgive me my sins." He kissed the crucifix and the priest read the absolution.

The hangman stood at Buck's left with the noose in hand. Buck asked if any one wanted to bid him good bye and shook hands with the officials and with the hangman. He bade the priests good bye and thanked them. The black cap was pulled over his face and the noose adjusted around his throat with the knot immediately behind the left ear. He said again "Good bye." Some one said "go to heaven," he answered "Thank you; God have mercy on me." The hangman asked if all were ready and Buck in a clear voice said "Let her go!" The rope was pulled, the weight dropped and Buck's body shot up, falling again and dangling about two feet from the ground. Death, in the opinion of all, was instantaneous, though owing to his strong and wiry constitution the pulse beat for fully fifteen minutes. About two minutes after the weight fell, the legs were drawn up and again relaxed, but there was not any other movement of any member of the body.

Three quarters of an hour afterwards the body was taken down and viewed by the coroners jury. His face bore a peaceful expression and was as calm as though he were only in a deep sleep. There was no vestige in his countenance of any suffering. About fifty persons were present at the hanging. The medical profession was largely represented, and all the maritime



S. EDGAR WILSON, Deputy Sheriff.

papers had representatives there. The law says that the body should be buried in the jail yard, but the Ottawa authorities decided to allow Father Cormier to take it and inter it in the Catholic graveyard here. This was Buck's request and he was very anxious about it.

Mr. George W. Chandler was the officiating coroner at the inquest. The jury-men were Messrs W. D. Wilbur, S. L. Chapman, H. J. McGrath, F. J. King, M. B. Palmer, Walter Dobson and Alexander Black with Mr. Black as foreman, the formal verdict was brought in.

Radcliffe, the hangman, leaves for Cornwall, Ont., where on the 10th inst. he will hang Slavin, also found guilty of murdering a constable. He is well satisfied with the success of this hanging, and says no man could die braver than did Buck. It would certainly be a difficult thing to find in the same position two cooler men than both Radcliffe and Buck under the scaffold this morning.

The bullet shot into Buck's leg the night of the tragedy was extracted after the body was taken down from the scaffold. It was found to be of No. 38 calibre, corresponding to the size of the revolver found in the possession of Jim when the latter was arrested. Buck never seemed perfectly certain what side

this bullet was, or out of which revolver it came. He spoke of having it out during the trial but afterwards changed his mind.

The body of Buck was inclosed in a plain coffin and borne to the Roman Catholic cemetery as soon as the Doctor was through with it. A large crowd followed the remains to the grave where the Roman Catholic services for the dead were performed over the coffin by Fathers Cormier and L'Abbe.

Jim looked very quiet and sorrowful at the penitentiary today—at noon hour he stood apart from his gang and tears were seen to trickle down his cheeks—the two men had evidently long been confederates and shared in all the perils of the desperate life they were leading.

Carroll the constable, was on hand at the hanging. He kept out of the prisoner's sight but manifested great interest in the details. The number of Mr. Carroll's admirers is getting smaller and smaller and his principal associate here on this visit was the hangman, Radcliffe.

The Sheriff and his deputies are much relieved to have the execution over. They have had a large amount of work and trouble since the killing of Steadman, just four months ago today, and have manifested in the strongest way the efficiency of our county authorities. A large amount of the work fell on the shoulders of Deputy Sheriff Wilson for whom Buck would invariably send when he wanted anything. With the Sheriff and Mr. Tait the jailer, Buck was on very good terms, and expressed his thanks to them for their many kindnesses to him. Father Cormier above all, deserves the highest praise for the way in which he stuck to the condemned man from the day that Buck first sent for him.

Only new and distant readers of PROGRESS need be informed that Robert Olsen, as he has been called, was executed for the killing of policeman Joseph Steadman, at Moncton, on the night of the 1st of August. The store of Wilson & Co., Chatham, had been entered on the morning of July 29th, the safe blown open, and between \$200 and \$300 in cash taken. On Monday it was learned that two rough looking tramps were at the Donnelly house, Telegraph street, Moncton, and at 9 o'clock that night Marshal Foster and his men went to arrest the pair. When the Marshal entered the house Buck and his companion named Jim ran to the rear and encountered Steadman, who was guarding one of the doors. Firing was begun in the dark and Steadman was shot dead. Buck, who was wounded in one leg, was arrested, but Jim escaped, to be captured on the northern division ten days later. On the trial Buck was found guilty of wilful murder and Jim was sentenced to 25 years in the penitentiary. The date of Buck's execution was fixed for the 1st of December.

## THE SHADOW OF THE SCAFFOLD.

### Reminiscences of Some of the Notable Cases in this Province.

It is 28 years since there was an execution in the county of Westmorland, and in that case as in this it is questionable if the ends of justice would not have been as well or better served had the condemned man been imprisoned. Indeed, the law's victim on that occasion can only be called a "man" in the generic sense, for he had not attained to the age of manhood, and his intellect was weaker than that of the average ignorant country boy. His name was Amos Hicks and he with his uncle, Zachariah Tingley, was tried for the murder of a squatter named Wm. Hill, who lived in the woods between Sackville and Memramcook, but within the bounds of Dorchester parish. The tragedy took place in the year 1864.

The affair grew out of what is a very common occurrence in all counties where wood and timber abound and where surveyors' lines are unknown or disputed. It was a case of trespass by the squatter, and the interested party was Zachariah Tingley, who claimed ownership of the land. The poor lad Hicks became excited over the matter and went with his gun to the spot where the intruder was felling a log, took aim, fired and killed the man. He then fled toward Sackville and took refuge in a barn of one of his relatives. Blair Botsford, the high sheriff, gave immediate pursuit and found him in his hiding place. Tingley was later arrested as an accessory and both were tried for the crime. It was alleged that the boy had been instigated to do the deed, and was really not the responsible person, but whether this was so, or whether he simply became inflamed against his victim by the heated discussions he had heard about the matter can only be conjectured. Hicks, tried first, was defended by the present Judge Palmer, while the late Judge Watters, then solicitor-general conducted the prosecution. The jury found Hicks guilty, but disagreed in regard to Tingley, who was subsequently released and lived in Sackville for many years. He is now a resident of Toronto, advanced in years and of feeble health.

Hicks was hanged at the rear of the jail.