

PROGRESS.

VOL. III., NO. 133.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

NOT CONTENT!

The Police Committee Dissatisfied.

THEY WANT NO "COURTESY"

A Warm Meeting of the Board of Public Safety.

WHEN THE WHOLE MATTER IS REFERRED TO THE COUNCIL.

The gist of the evidence against Covay—Rawlings on his vacation and not suspended though committed for trial charged with perjury.

The compliments of the season to you "Mr. Chief" and to you "Boss" Kelly. So there is liable to be an investigation on oath after all into the Covay charges?

That is what PROGRESS has been fighting for, the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. There is a chance now that the people may read some sworn testimony about the matter; there is a chance that, if the investigation is carried out in a proper fashion the evidence may be confined in some degree to the charges under consideration and not include the past and present conduct of all the officers who are and have been on the force.

When PROGRESS appeared last Saturday the one man who was aroused to a sense of his duty was Boss Kelly. He was under the impression that Chief Clarke had disposed of the matter since Covay was on duty as usual. Other aldermen were of the same opinion and it was a surprise to them to learn how the affair was being quietly hushed up. Kelly began to shout for an immediate investigation and called a meeting of the board of public safety for Wednesday. Ald. Tufts was alive to the situation and called a meeting of the police committee just half an hour before the safety board met and greeted that body with a report that threatened the peace for a time.

Chief Clarke should make a few notes of that report. He will find that the police committee do not consider that his investigation amounted to much, and that they are of opinion—along with PROGRESS—that there should be an inquiry under oath. If he is acute he will read something else between the lines. The committee have no actual authority over Chief Clarke, but representing the taxpayers who pay his salary, they resent his sending them a report "as a matter of courtesy."

PROGRESS came in for a liberal share of the attention of the committee while in session, and one alderman was accused by another with giving this paper information. His reply was that the information he gave could have been obtained by any taxpayer. Ald. Kelly wanted Sergt. Covay's name and part of the paragraph relating to him struck out of the report, but the board couldn't see why it should be changed. The meeting broke up after a three-hour session, and the matter will come before the council.

In the meantime Capt. Rawlings is out on bail, committed for trial on a criminal charge, and enjoying a vacation at the expense of the city. His vacation began last Saturday morning, and bright and early he called at PROGRESS office for a nice clean copy for his file. He got it, and remarked as he paid for it, "I see that you give me credit for paying for my paper." Then he continued, "Do you know what I am saving these papers for—so that my children can read about their father's rascality when they grow up."

Another caller was Chief Clarke, who came later, and stayed longer. He denied having told Mrs. Covay that PROGRESS was a scandalous paper, etc., but he did not deny having called upon her the morning PROGRESS published Mrs. Woodburn's charges.

Throughout the whole business Chief Clarke has shown a singular lack of discretion. Before he knew anything about the charges in regard to their truth, or falsity, he hastens to the wife of the officer accused and assures her that, in his opinion, there was nothing in them. Even when handing the charges to the sitting magistrate, he volunteered the opinion that it would take more than the evidence of "that woman" to take off Covay's uniform. Surely this was entirely gratuitous and uncalled for. Even when conducting the so-called investigation, as this paper has stated before, his main object appears to have been to fasten suspicion upon other

officers and avoid the real subject under inquiry. The conduct of Captain John Weatherhead, and even of the ex-chief, was dragged into the inquiry. Was this necessary? Is it any part of Chief Clarke's duty to mention any predecessor's name when that gentleman has retired from the service.

The "investigation" reminds one of the man who was looking for work and praying that he would not find it. Chief Clarke was looking for facts and apparently evading them. Even under such unfavorable circumstances, he did learn from officer Baxter that he saw Mrs. Woodburn give Covay the knife in exchange for a cent; he did learn that Covay had possession of the woman's purse for a time; he did learn that there was conversation about previous gifts, and if he had examined Mrs. Woodburn closely, he would have found out all about those gifts. He might even have had a detailed account of how Covay, while sitting in the woman's house drinking her liquor admired a moustache cup and saucer, how he stated that he did have one, but it was broken, and how Mrs. Woodburn, while he was in the place, went out to Mrs. McKelvie's store, on the same street, and bought the cup and saucer and gave it to him. If he had wanted to surround it by details, he might also have learned that Covay did not want to carry it away then, and it was arranged that he should come later and get it.

Though it is against the law for any policeman to accept gifts, yet the mere fact alone of his taking these articles would be a terrible crime, had he not also received money at different times, and in return given Mrs. Woodburn notice when any raid was contemplated. The woman is prepared to swear, PROGRESS understands, that Covay even came from another beat and told her of a proposed raid. The raids were made, but of course nothing was found.

The charges of drinking are also serious. Those who defend Covay, say that he is not a drinking man. Those who know him laugh at the statement. If Covay is not a drinking man he would not have ordered liquor from a teamster who delivers ale, who, by the way, had not up to a few days ago been paid for the same.

THE CHIEF IN DISGUISE.

How He Propose to Begin where Capt. Rawlings Left Off.

Chief Clarke resumed his lectures at the police court Saturday evening. The efficiency of Capt. Rawlings as a police officer was dealt with at some length, to an "appreciative audience." It was quite evident that the Chief is a great admirer of Capt. Rawlings' work in making the men feel and act like a lot of criminals who were in constant danger of being brought to account for something or other, they knew not what.

This is what Capt. Rawlings and some others in high authority on the force have accomplished. They haunted the men in civilian clothes, dogged their every action, and hunted up their past careers, in a way that would make a much better man than most policemen are feel far from comfortable.

They wrote out long reports about the doings of the men and were backed up by the Chief. Men were suspended and discharged on account of them. They have succeeded in making the men lose all heart in their duty; in making them feel that they were not trusted, but regarded with suspicion. Instead of the police being treated as trustworthy and capable to look after the interests of the citizens, they seem to be looked upon by their superiors as men who needed watching more than the worst criminals in the province.

That Chief Clarke has this opinion of his men seems evident. Saturday evening he informed them that he was going to take a walk around himself occasionally to see how everything was. He said further, that "sometimes they would know him and sometimes they would not." From this it would be inferred that the chief will assume disguises on some of his tours of inspection. The men will, therefore, have to be careful about what they do. It would be remarkable if they took the chief on his rambles for a dangerous character and arrested him on suspicion.

What is the matter with the men that they have to be watched so closely? Is a question that has been asked more than once since the doings of the heads of the department have been placed before the public. So far it has been the officers, who were detailed to watch their subordinates, that have had the gravest charges made against them. Yet the chief seems determined to catch the men doing something wrong. It may be that he does not have to assume disguises to learn of the wrong-doing of his advisers.

Which says a great deal for the ordinary policeman.

New Goods, Albums, Pictures, Bibles, and Miscellaneous Books of all kinds—best value in St. John—McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King street.

MAKING UP MORE CHARGES.

Efforts Being Made to Keep up the Disreputable Record of the Force.

One would naturally imagine that the members of the police force had had enough squabbling among themselves; that they would be tired of the disordered and unsatisfactory condition in which the department is at present. The citizens, at least, are heartily tired of it.

Not so, with some of the police. On the contrary, they seem more than anxious to keep the pot boiling. All sorts of rumors are heard, and some of them have pretty good foundation. They apparently keep Chief Clarke pretty busy, trying to settle things to his own and other people's satisfaction.

Capt. Rawlings appears to be enjoying his vacation immensely, and Detective King is helping him to do it. They are apparently trying to work up another investigation or so.

This was their object when they called on a woman who keeps a questionable place at the east end of Duke Street. They have made her pay something like \$270 into the city treasury since May last, and perhaps imagined that she would be very anxious to keep on the "good side" of them.

Capt. Rawlings and Detective King wanted to know if officer William Weatherhead was not a frequenter of her house; if he had not been drinking there when he was supposed to be doing duty on the Lower Cove beat. They were told that this was not the case. But the statement did not satisfy them. Capt. Rawlings was willing to give the woman his "word of honor" for some reason or other, but this failed to bring forth any statement other than that given at first. No amount of questioning would make her say anything that would satisfy them. They did not appear glad to hear that rumors decidedly unfavorable to a brother police officer had been proven false and that the force was not in danger of being brought into further disrepute. They seemed slightly disappointed.

The story of their visit and its object became pretty generally known around town, and as it travelled it grew. Chief Clarke heard it after it had grown into quite a scandal. He paid a visit to Duke street, and found that it had no foundation. The chief must have felt greatly relieved.

If such work as this is to continue, there is very little prospect of harmony on the force for some time to come. And as long as the chief shirks the responsibility placed upon him, and allows such disturbing elements to remain on the force, it is likely to continue.

A Great Day for Sales.

Last Saturday was another great day for PROGRESS. It was expected that it would be and preparations were made for it. The newsboys were around long before daylight, and they increased their orders to such an extent that by eight o'clock there was not a paper left in the office. And the boys wanted more. The edition was larger than that of the previous week, and yet some of the little hustlers arrived too late to get their share of it. Others who had taken out large armloads early in the morning, came back for more. They would not go away without them, and orders were taken for several hundred.

So the press was started again. As soon as the papers were printed the boys had them on the streets. After they were supplied, enough papers were printed, as was thought, to meet the demands of the newsdealers for their evening trade. But they fell short by several hundred. There was not a paper in the office at noon Saturday, except those laid aside for files.

The sale was very brisk in the morning. People who had put off buying the paper until late at night on the Saturday before, and found that they could not buy one in town, made sure of it last Saturday and bought early.

They should always do so, in order to make sure of getting PROGRESS.

Sam Small Coming.

The people of St. John will have an opportunity next Tuesday evening of hearing that celebrated preacher, of the Rev. Sam Small, who has divided public attention during the last few years with the Rev. Sam Jones, in his vigorous denunciations of the wicked, in both high and low places, as well as in cheering up the truly good.

Mr. Small will lecture in the Mechanics' Institute under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

Here's a Suggestion.

The Bank of New Brunswick had charge of some \$1,200 of the Young fund, Thursday noon, while the total paid subscriptions to the daily newspapers were over \$2,000. The Globe has deposited nearly \$800; the Telegraph all that it had collected, and the Sun has also deposited. PROGRESS suggestion is that those in charge of the fund should see to it that the whole amount is deposited at once.

Rainwater Hotel. See advt.

NOT A WORD!

Birchall Dies Without Confessing.

COMPOSED TO THE LAST.

His Parting With His Wife and Sister.

THREE MINUTES STRUGGLE AND ALL WAS OVER.

Doctors Say He Had No Pain—No Sleep the Last Night, but Full of Nerve in the Morning—His Wife Sleeping While the Execution Was Going On.

WOODSTOCK, ONT., Nov. 14.—John Reginald Birchall was hanged this morning.

He retained his jaunty callous air to the end, apparently unaffected by the advice of Rev. Mr. Wade, the clergyman who has been in his cell day after day exhorting him to prepare for death.

The past night has been a terrible one for all who, through family ties, held the condemned man dear. Various reports have been sent broadcast through the press concerning the final interview between the murderer and his unhappy wife. These accounts in no way represent what really occurred in the condemned cell. This morning, however, officials and friends talk freely about it. Mrs. Birchall went to the jail at 7 o'clock, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. West-Jones, and a college friend of Birchall's, named Arthur Leatham, now in Montreal. At that time Birchall had but just parted company with Deputy Sheriff Perry who was there to see that things were all right, and that no hitch would occur to balk justice at the last moment. The deputy sheriff had not talked to the prisoner many moments when he found that suicide was the most remote possibility. Instead of being dejected Birchall was resorting to every device which his vivid fancy might suggest to sustain his spirits at an elevated pitch. He had worked himself up to a degree not far removed from insane merriment. He made jokes about the gallows, and railed at the cooks who had sent him a venison steak for supper that had not been kept long enough after killing, but he had his calm moments also, and in one of these, he presented the deputy sheriff with a signed and dated photograph of himself.

Soon after Mr. Perry had left, Mrs. Birchall and Mrs. West-Jones were ushered into the cell. The latter remained only 15 minutes. Her farewell was a sad one, but she kept perfect control of herself. The wife was then practically alone with her doomed husband for the guards stood at the other side of the cell with averted faces, while the clergyman withdrew from the scene. The woman wept piteously though she tried to confine her tears for a while. Then she wept aloud in her abandonment of misery. The man kept cool for a time then adopted a caressing disposition.

Mrs. Birchall did not faint and help had not to be called in at any time. It would be charitable to draw a veil over the agonizing scene. After an hour had passed Mrs. West-Jones returned in a cab but she had to wait. The spiritual adviser declared that Birchall needed the brief remaining hours of his life for preparation. This was at 1.30 a. m. The effect of the prolonged interview had somewhat unnerved the prisoner but he smiled coldly as he parted with his wife forever.

For a time, after she had gone, he was as a child in the hands of the clergyman. Then he lay down and in his exhausted condition tried to sleep, but sleep was impossible. He arose and declared he would sit it out, laughed and joked at the guards again, but after awhile began to pay attention to the administrations of Mr. Wade.

At 6 o'clock the prisoner, who had again lain down for a few minutes, rose and robed himself in a dark suit of clothes, a white shirt with cuffs and collar, black corded tie, white gloves, and silk socks. Mr. Wade prayed earnestly, and was thus engaged, when the hangman entered the cell.

He was the executioner, "Ratley" of Toronto, who has hanged Kane, Smith and Davis. Radcliffe is the man's real name.

Birchall who had seen him previously during the day, nodded to him as he entered. The hangman essayed to open a conversation, but it was a failure. At this

Fancy Goods, Christmas Cards, Booklets, and all New Goods, at lowest prices—McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King street.

time, half a hundred newspaper men had been admitted to the jail yard, for it was then half past seven, and hundreds of people lined all the streets around.

THE STORY OF THE CRIME.

The Criminal Birchall's Career While on Canadian Soil.

On the line of the Grand Trunk Railroad, as you go from Niagara Falls to Detroit, is the Canadian township of Woodstock. Half a century ago it was the centre of a social life resembling no other in America. Swarms of families of gentle birth came over from England to settle there. Fine carriages with liveried coachmen drove along its roads. Admiral Vansittart built a house which Mrs. Jameson

old English families had passed with their liveried coachmen into nothingness.

As for pretty Alice Smith, the belle of the town, she lost her heart on the spot.

Drawing up at the O'Neill House, his lordship threw the reins to a groom; helped her ladyship to alight; took her to the parlor of the hotel; and then, returning to the bar, invited all good citizens and true to drink. The invitation was so democratically tendered that the frequenters of the hostelry stood dumb with amazement. One of them, however, who went about in a Scotch cap and plaid, and was currently reported to be descended from the Laird of Cockaleckie, saw that it devolved on him to place the matter on a proper footing. He advanced and said:



BIRCHALL TALKING TO HIS WIFE.

said reminded her of an African village, "a sort of Timbuctoo set down in the woods." It was composed of a number of log-huts, built one after the other, full of seaman's contrivances, odd galleries, passages, porticos, corridors, saloons, cabins, and cupboards; chimneys in which twenty oak logs were piled at once; drawing-rooms laden with views of Rome and Naples, tazzi and marbles, sculpture in lava and alabaster. The postmaster of Toronto makes his country-seat today.

But of all these English gentry hardly a survivor remains. Most of them lost their wealth, and their families have long since been scattered. While they money lasted they spent it freely, and in days when money was extremely scarce they did much good to the district. All that is left of them now is their money and their influence. Vansittarts, Drews, Fauquier, Grahams, Cottles, Farmers, Lights, Crawfords—they are all gone. Their names dwell only in local history.

Woodstock to-day is a quiet country town. Its citizens do everything in a leisurely way. Its newspaper, the Sentinel-Review—an excellent newspaper it is—contains the usual flaming announcements of "bankrupt sales" and "unparalleled offers of dry-goods," but the people seem in no hurry to avail themselves of these opportunities. When the housewife gets

"Pardon me, Lord—ahem—Lord—ahem. . . ."

"Somerset," said the gentleman in the knee-breeches.

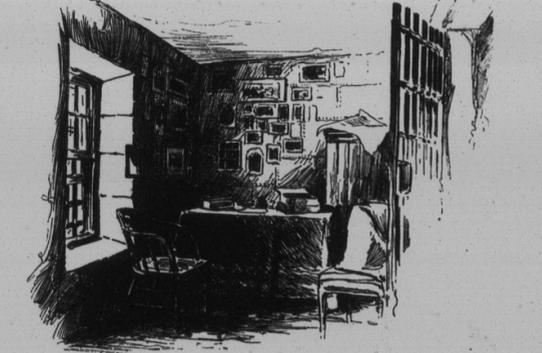
"Just so, Lord Somerset," replied the gentleman in the Highland plaid.

"I said plain Somerset," observed the gentleman in the knee-breeches.

"Ah, precisely," rejoined the gentleman in the Highland plaid, winking at his followers. "Incognito; we understand; just so. Well, Lord—that is to say, plain Somerset, we shall be delighted to accept your hospitality."

And that is how Woodstock came to know that it had a lord in its midst, and that his name was Somerset. The gentleman in the plaid was warmly congratulated for his skill in ascertaining who the stranger was.

Far from showing aristocratic pride, Lord Somerset hired two small rooms for his wife and himself—"rooms," say the inhabitants to-day, "that a well-to-do mechanic would have refused to live in." When he was not driving his horse-drawn steers, or riding a prancing charger through the streets, he was usually playing billiards or drinking at the bar. So thoroughly democratic a lord seemed a freak of nature to minds that viewed the nobility of England through the lens of the "Duchess's" novels. But there were



BIRCHALL'S CELL IN WOODSTOCK JAIL.

ready, she goes out to shop. Before she gets ready no flamboyant advertisement can hasten her.

From this universal state of quietude Woodstock was roused in the month of December, 1888, by the announcement that a real, live English lord was in town. The

gossips at the O'Neill House had hardly time to digest the morsel when the blowing of a horn awoke the tranquil streets, and, handling the ribbons of a four-in-hand, his lordship appeared. He was the first English lord that most of the Woodstockians had seen. The young ladies declared him as handsome as Apollo and particularly admired his jet-black mustache. His horses were tied up with gay little ribbons; he had a blond lady of distinguished appearance beside him; and his knee-breeches, flowered waistcoat, and velvet coat, with a hat perched jauntily on the side of his head, completed the most remarkable spectacle that had been seen in Woodstock since the

people in Woodstock who did not study the "Duchess's" or her novels. And these people shook their heads as his lordship went dashing by.

"He's a regular 'cad,'" said one of them.

"He looks like a counter-jumper," said others.

"He rides like a tailor," said others. "Pretty Alice Smith's grandfather should keep an eye on her," said others.

For pretty Alice Smith used to visit her grandfather in his cottage at Eastwood, about ten miles from Woodstock, and there Lord Somerset used to come and pay compliments to the budding girl, which made her cast down her eyes and blush.

"But why," she once ventured to ask him, "do you always bring a gun when you come to see me?"

"Because, after you send me away," said he, "I always go shooting in the Blenheim Swamp."

"Br-r-r," shivered pretty Alice Smith.