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IT IS A FARCE!

Another Stage of the Investigation.

CHIEF CLARKE CLEAR OF IT.

The Peculiar Way in Which It Was Conducted.

THE INVESTIGATION WAS CONTINUED ON SUNDAY.

Right Bower Rawlings Fined \$12 for Abusive Language - The Chief Takes His Part - How the Turkeys Became His - John Scott Tells His Story.

The chief of the police has finished his investigation into the conduct of the force and has placed the evidence and his own conclusions in the hands of the director of public safety.

Whether it will be dealt with or pigeon-holed is a matter for future consideration.

PROGRESS gave some idea of how the alleged inquiry was being carried on in its last issue, but the complete ridiculousness of the affair was not given to the public. In fact, at that time no persons save the witnesses had any idea of how perfect a farce was being acted, and how thoroughly the investigating authority was beating about the one issue—the charges against Sergeant Covay.

The examination was conducted in great part by that model of propriety and good language, that apostle of truth and foe to bribery, Captain Richard Rawlings. He was, as PROGRESS has stated before, the counsel for the defence and clerk of the court at the same time. He took the evidence and was in a position to take down and omit any evidence that he pleased. When the statement of the witness failed to coincide with his own views, it was difficult for him to control himself. This was especially the case with the witness Bowen, who enraged the captain-clerk beyond bounds by his refusal to answer certain questions that had nothing to do with the case and by his persisting in his first statements about Covay and his relations with Mrs. Woodburn.

It did not seem to be the aim of Chief Clarke to confine the investigation to the charges against Covay, but he extended it over a much wider ground. Despite the fact that he has laid great stress upon his statement that all offences back of his regime should be closed books, he has not hesitated to inquire and get information about those who were in authority and on the force before he was.

To give an example of the perfect farce the investigation became, an officer—one of the oldest and best on the force—who has never been associated with Covay, and has not for many years traversed the Lower Cove beat, was called to tell what he knew about the charges and about Covay. Despite his repeated statement that he knew nothing about the business, that he even did not know Covay intimately, that he had not been in that section of the city for many years before Mr. Clarke took charge, yet an expression of his opinion was insisted upon. "Every man has an opinion," said the chief. "Do you think Covay would get drunk when on duty?"

"I know nothing about it," said the officer, "but I should think he would not."

"Take that down, Mr. Inspector; take that down," said the chief, quickly. "Officer—does not think that Covay would get drunk?"

What kind of evidence is this? Placed in a nutshell, the main facts of the case are these: Sergt. Covay has been charged by Mrs. Woodburn with accepting money and presents from her in return for information given her of premeditated raids upon her saloon. She has given her evidence and is prepared to swear, not only to the above facts, but also that the same officer, while on duty, became intoxicated in her house, and was taken care of there until he became sober. She does not give her own evidence alone, but produces another witness who will swear to the same facts. She has named policemen also, who will bear out her story, and one of them at least corroborates it very strongly. The evidence of the others is simply negative. They do not want to know anything about the business; they are not compelled to talk, and they will not talk.

Chief Clarke declares that he has no wish to go to the penitentiary, and that is where he could be placed if he held an investigation under oath. What nonsense! Who expected him to put the oath to a witness? But with a police magistrate upstairs, and with a desire to come at bottom

facts, the solution of the problem would appear easy.

The unwillingness to assume the responsibility in the affair is one of its most curious features. The police committee shifted the responsibility upon the place where it belonged, Chief Clarke, but that gentleman instead of acting promptly and coming at the facts in a few hours, or days at the outside, has taken nearly a fortnight to consider the matter, and then shirked the responsibility by handing over the whole business to the public safety committee, of which boss John Kelly is chairman.

In the meantime his right hand and chief clerk and counsellor has been getting into trouble. He has been arrested for abusive and insulting language and fined by the court for the offense. He was found guilty despite the fact that he swore without flinching that he did not use the words charged to him. He has now to answer a charge for perjury.

When Capt. Rawlings gets the opportunity he can explain to the public all about those gilt turkeys; PROGRESS understands that he has claimed that the butcher never sent him a bill for one of them; that which he said was to be paid for by another party; and Mr. R. Nixon declares it is said that the 22 pound gobbler in the market was won by the gallant captain on a bet.

In spite of Rawlings' conviction and fine he seems to have risen in the estimation of his superior officer. Chief Clarke was, in fact, exceedingly grieved and angry with Weatherhead and Birchall who made the information against Rawlings. He tried to smooth the matter over when they consulted him, as required by the police law, before taking out a warrant against their superior officer, and said that he would make the matter all right. They did not depend upon that, for Rawlings' influence with the chief appeared to exceed theirs, and they took out the warrant.

Chief Clarke rated Birchall soundly for his course—Weatherhead having gone on his vacation leave that morning—and stated that while he had succeeded in getting the warrant he would take it out of court in morning. But he did not. Capt. Rawlings contributed twelve dollars to the city revenue instead.

In the face of this, when the hour for the evening oration came around, and all the force assembled in the guard-room, with the city entirely unprotected, the chief assumed the platform and delivered his speech. According to it, Capt. Rawlings had risen in his estimation, and was regarded as a worthy and efficient officer by him.

It was only a few evenings before that he stood in the same position and informed the force that one of the officers present had been misrepresented to him, and that he had suspended him on a previous occasion. He was glad now to testify to his worth.

This same officer proved to be William Weatherhead, who was a few moments afterwards called into Clarke's office and informed that just as soon as there was an opportunity he should have a "raise." Weatherhead, in his natural elation, repeated the promise, and there is a very audible smile going the rounds of the force just at this time.

This charge against Rawlings will recall some things to the members of the police committees of old Portland. One of them in particular was Rawlings' unbounded charge against policeman Robert Hamilton who, overcome by fatigue, overslept himself one evening and arriving late was charged with drunkenness by the captain and suspended. Hamilton walked to the sidewalk where several of the council stood, gave the satisfactory proof that he had no liquor upon him and then awaited the result of the charge. He was cleared, of course, and Rawlings was reprimanded. If Chief Clarke has not heard these anecdotes about his right bower, there are plenty in Portland who can give him sufficient facts to warrant him in being careful.

THE CHIEF OUT OF HUMOR.

He Objects to the Officers Chatting with the Press.

Chief Clark was not in very good humor Saturday evening. He had seen certain information in PROGRESS concerning police matters that was not given by him. So just before the men left the guard room to go on night duty, the chief delivered an oration. It was a very fair effort, but as only the captains, sergeants and detectives on the force agreed with the chief, there was no applause to speak of.

He wanted the men to understand that they had no right to give information to the newspapers. In fact, he wouldn't have it. If the newspapers wanted information, they could come to him for it—possibly, Capt. Rawlings, Sergt. Covay or Detective Ring. These parties would, without doubt, give information that would satisfy the chief. This is the source from which the *Star* and *Globe* got their information regarding the charges made against Sergeant Covay.

EVEN ON THE SABBATH DAY.

Important Conferences in the Police Station Sunday Evening.

The investigation was a long and tedious affair. It kept Chief Clarke pretty busy. Also his clerk, Capt. Rawlings. The chief was anxious to "get at the bottom of the matter" as soon as possible. He got there much sooner than some people expected. But this was only done by "investigating" night and day. When Sunday came, the chief's labors did not cease. He was "investigating" still.

A representative of PROGRESS wandered into the police station Sunday evening, about 8 o'clock. Every gas jet in the place was lighted, yet the guard room presented a deserted appearance. There was only one policeman there. But there was a great deal of whispering and talking.

Chief Clarke and Alderman Kelly were in the chief's private office, and the door was shut.

Capt. Rawlings, Sergt. Covay, Detective Ring and Alderman McGoldrick were in the captain's private office, and the door was shut.

The investigation was going on.

Capt. Rawlings has a private office. There was a time when the guardroom was large enough to accommodate both the officers of the force and the men. That was before the giant from the North End came over. Now the officers and men have to be kept in separate rooms, in order to avoid a pitched battle.

That there is a lack of harmony in the police force, no one will deny. This has been caused by the military discipline introduced by the new captain and his friends. The police force is composed of a fine body of men. Many of them feel as big as they look, and when they are abused by a man of Capt. Rawlings' stature and abilities, they find it hard to keep still.

When Capt. Rawlings had charge of the Portland force, this same difficulty was experienced. He delivered an oration at every opportunity, and he always made great preparation for it. Other orators who want to make an equally good effect should adopt Capt. Rawlings' method. He got a good supply of North End syrup on board, and then proceeded to address the men.

He finished one of these addresses from the floor. The captain was stretched out flat on his back, and a policeman stood over him.

Perhaps Capt. Rawlings has adopted this same recipe to prepare himself for orations before the southern division. Josh Ward, on Dock street, sells liquor, and the captain knows what it tastes like. He has sampled it since Chief Clarke assumed control.

JOHN SCOTT TELLS HIS STORY.

He Did Not Write The Letter, But Had Talked About The Matter.

It was a trifle past one o'clock last Saturday when John Scott, "at present working in Armstrong's foundry, Lower Cove," walked into PROGRESS office. He asked for the editor, and when he found that he was talking to the right man, introduced himself.

"My name is Scott—John Scott, of Armstrong's foundry. I would like to see that letter you have printed in this morning's PROGRESS."

"That is easily done," said the editor, and in less than time it takes to write this Scott was looking over the three pages of the letter which had his name signed to it. He looked at it again and again, and as he handed it back, remarked with emphasis, "Well, that is all right, but I never wrote it. What I want to find out is who has been using my name without authority."

"Do you mean to say that you did not write that letter?" asked the editor.

"No, I didn't. The first time that I saw it was in the paper this morning, when the boy brought it to me."

"Who did write it?"

"That is what I would like to find out," answered Scott.

"How about the facts in the letter. Are they correct?"

"Well, I didn't come here to say anything about the facts in the letter. I wanted to see the letter before I contradicted it in this evening's *Globe*."

"Yes, but we want the facts, and are going to get them if we can. Do you deny them as well as the authorship of the letter?"

"Well, it is just this way, Mr. Carter. If I have to tell about this matter, I am prepared to swear to the truth, but unless I am put upon the stand I prefer not to say anything about it. There are times I suppose, when some men say more than they should; let other things that they never intended to speak about, and it may be in this way that I have been mixed up in this matter."

"Is there any friend or any person you know who would be likely to know as much as you do about the matter?"

"There would be only one man."

"Did you not talk over the matter with

him lately and mention the facts contained in this letter?"

"I might have, but I do not remember it."

"When this letter reached the office Thursday afternoon," said the editor, "we started out to hunt up some information about you. We did not know you and had never heard of you. The first man that we asked was intimately acquainted with you. We told him that we had a letter from you on the Covay matter, and asked him what you would be likely to know about it. He said that you and he had been talking over that very matter a short time before, and that the question of sending the facts to PROGRESS had been discussed. He said, further, that you were a decent, hard working fellow, and was engaged in Armstrong's foundry at good wages. Now, do you know who that man is?"

Scott hesitated a moment, then glancing at the others present, he said, "There is only one man who could tell you that, but—could I see you privately for a moment?"

"Certainly," and moving out of hearing of the others, Scott said, "If I mention his name, I do not want it mentioned. He is my best friend, and if he has had anything to do with this letter I will drop the matter right here."

Upon being assured that the name would be private, Scott said, "Well, that man is Is he the man you asked about me?"

"The very same person," was the reply.

"Are you sure that you gave him no authority to use your name?"

"Not that I know of, but since he told you these things, I will not go any further in the matter."

"I won't contradict it, but I would like you to do what is right for me in next week's paper."

"You can depend upon that," was the reply.

Scott said a good deal more which it is not necessary to publish. It would not be fair to him to give his reasons for not wishing to testify against Covay unless he was forced to. It is sufficient to say that from a business point of view his reasons were sound.

Shortly after 2 o'clock the same afternoon Mr. James McIntyre walked into the office, inquired for Scott, and learning that he had been in the office and had gone, he also departed hurriedly. An hour or two later Scott came in again and stated that he could not get clear of McIntyre (whose saloon was mentioned in the letter) who was following him about wanting him to contradict that he had anything to do with writing it, that his friend had assured him that he knew nothing about it, and he had denied that he wrote it in the *Globe*. He also stated that Rawlings had asked him a number of questions at the police office, but that he had told him nothing except that he did not write the letter and denied that he (Scott) was drinking on Sunday.

NO PERSON SMILED.

At Bishop Courtney's "Don't you Know" Joke.

Bishop Courtney, of Nova Scotia, addressed an impassioned appeal to the young men, Thursday evening, in Trinity church to live so as to be physically, mentally, morally and spiritually strong. His lordship has very evidently lived up to his own standard, for he looks as if he were very strong himself—physically speaking of course. His discourse proved to the satisfaction of his audience that he was mentally strong, and they were quite willing to take it on trust that he is morally and spiritually vigorous. The bishop is a most imposing looking man, and the two magnificent seal rings which sparkle on each of his nervous white hands, are calculated to impress the beholder with a large idea of his spiritual and temporal power, as they flash before the dazzled eyes of the beholder, with each of his lordships animated gestures.

The writer may be mistaken, because we are all liable to fall into errors, but his own impression is that Bishop Courtney got off a joke, and expected us all to laugh at it, in a decorous manner, as became the sacred edifice in which it was perpetrated, a sort of genteel snigger, not, of course, a regular "haw! haw!" which would have seemed out of place. But if he did, he was disappointed, for it would take a large quantity of nitrous oxide to make the Church of England Institute laugh when they are assembled together in a solid phalanx, and each member can see just what the other is doing.

The bishop told the young men in his audience that they ought to know something about their faith, to be able to answer questions when the bulwarks of Christianity were assailed, and not waive the subject aside as did the bishop of Peterborough recently, with the intelligent and satisfying remark, "We don't know anything about these things, don't ye know." Huxley says we don't, don't ye know."

His lordship's rendering of "Don't ye know" in true bank dude style was inimitable, and would have called forth rounds of applause on the stage or the lecture platform, but nobody even smiled, and the service went on peacefully to the close.

THE RECTOR ASSIGNED,

NOT HIS FIELD OF LABOR, BUT HIS GOODS AND CHATELNS.

For The Benefit of His Creditors—Sussex Shaken to Its Centre—The Unshaken Confidence Reposed in His Ability to Pay Gave Mr. Little Plenty of Credit.

The town of Sussex has been shaken to its centre. Its people have lost the firm grip on faith and confidence in men and things that they have always had heretofore. They have felt lately that a punishment has come upon them, an undeserved punishment, for it is in this light that many of them regard the "failure and assignment" of their rector, Rev. Henry W. Little.

That worthy gentleman has not been in Canada for a year, and yet he has succeeded in making himself known in a number of ways that are not likely to be forgotten in so short a time.

His impression upon the people of Sussex is deep and lasting. Whether he will remain to efface it and leave affairs in their usual smooth and quiescent condition is for them and the bishop to answer.

When Mr. Little came to Canada he went to Fredericton, and remained for a considerable time in that city of churches. He was in most comfortable quarters in the Queen hotel, and made himself generally agreeable and useful. He found Canada quite civilized, contrary to his expectations, and many of the preparations that he made were therefore quite unnecessary. As a preacher he was regarded in the cathedral city in different lights. Some of the people thought him second only to the Metropolitan, while others were not prepared to go to such length.

The rectorship of Sussex was vacant, and the needs of the people, coupled with outside influence, secured the position for the visiting English clergyman. No person expected him to fill the place of his predecessor, either in the church or in the hearts of the people, but all things considered at that time the choice was regarded as acceptable to the bishop and the congregation.

People with good memories are recalling just at this moment the terms of his address of acceptance to the people. He did tell them how large his bank account actually was or how great an amount he had invested, but he certainly left the impression that he was above the ordinary needs of most clergymen, and "Expected to spend two dollars for every one he received from them."

It was a new experience for the parish. His former rector had worked hard in his extensive field, and spent every dollar that he received for actual necessities and in good work, and to have a new comer declare that he would spend twice his income among them was enough to throw the steady-going parishioner off his balance.

It would appear from recent developments that more than the steady-going parishioners lost their footing. Almost every important and unimportant store-keeper in the place put his best foot forward to secure such a good customer as the new rector.

They had no trouble in securing him, for he patronized all of them. He made no invidious distinctions. Grocer, druggist, furniture, dry goods, books, and livery people were all given a share of his generous patronage and are all included in his list of creditors!

The reverend gentleman lost no time in getting a house furnished, and he went about it in a fashion that would have made any prosperous business man weak-witted. Nothing was too good for his house, in fact there were some articles in the Sussex warehouses that were not good enough, and they were ordered through the courtesy of the local merchants from larger cities of population.

In a reasonable time the rectory was furnished in a fashion to make the ordinary parishioner lift his eyebrows in surprise. And yet it was not strange, for the rector had an independent income and could afford to have everything about him fitted up in a comfortable fashion!

The implicit trust and faith of the people in Mr. Little's credit speaks well for the general financial promptness of other clergymen.

No stranger of any other profession could have gone into Sussex and even by talking loudly about his invisible resources have obtained \$50 of credit without references. It was different with a clergyman, with one who had come to lead the people, to teach them to be honest, and straightforward, to abhor evil and do good, to do as they would be done by, to be, according to Bishop Courtney's extreme idea, the ambassador and representative of Christ—not to be criticized.

He was received as every minister loves to be received, with open arms. There was no cold reception but the warmest kind of a hearty welcome, not only from the church members but from those of other congregations. More than ordinary pains were taken by all creeds and classes

to make the new rector, who was a stranger to the country, feel the genial warmth of a Canadian welcome.

It is not the intention of this article to comment upon or criticize the parochial work of the new incumbent. It appeared, however, that he had and has some leisure moments in which to consider the general social condition of the province and to look into the affairs of the neighboring denominations. The public received the benefit of his conclusions on the temperance question through the press before very long, and the meeting of the synod afforded him an opportunity to make some remarks about two other denominations which the friends of the church would much rather have been left unsaid.

In addition to the consideration of these questions Mr. Little has found time to inquire into the question of African Exploration, and just now is assisting in the work of a mission on the St. John River.

Meanwhile the bills which he incurred in Sussex were not paid. The merchants there, as in any other place, like to get their money sometime and while the gentleman's profession did protect him from importunities for a time, still it is not in the nature of things that even a minister could get clear of paying his bills. So it was that bolder counsels prevailed, and one merchant who was more hardy than the others even threatened to sue for his account. One of the church officers hearing of the affair became responsible for the payment of the bill, and now the other creditors are wishing they were in the same luck, for shortly afterwards the reverend gentleman placed his property in the hands of trustees and made an offer of so much on the dollar!

It was a thunderbolt from a clear sky. The people would not believe it until they had indisputable evidence of the fact.

Mr. Little's liabilities amount, it is said, to nearly \$3,000. The only excuse made for his singular course, PROGRESS understands, is the unexpected failure of returns from some books which he had written and expected to publish.

INDEPENDENCE COSTS MONEY.

The St. John School Board Will Probably Pay for its Secretary's Independence.

There was quite a breeze at the meeting of the Exhibition Association when the education bills came up. There were two of them—one of \$55, representing the expenses of the provincial booth, and one of \$175, representing the St. John expenses. These bills were largely for putting the booths in readiness for the exhibition, which was the source of no particular profit to anyone but the association, and therefore it was claimed that they should be paid to that extent at least.

The bill for \$55 was promptly thrown out, and insult was added to the refusal by refusing even to allow the finance committee to sit upon it. The St. John bill endorsed by Chairman H. J. Thorne, was refused to the finance committee.

It will now be in order for the provincial press to rail concerning the selfishness of St. John. Quite a lively discussion took place over the bills, one director discovering a marked similarity between the education exhibit and the government horse exhibit.

No doubt the education department will smilingly pay their bill, and the finance committee cannot consistently pay the other, so the St. John school board will have to ante up.

The province can congratulate itself also that the efforts of Mr. John March saved it from paying both bills. Early in the year, the department of education sent out circulars asking the schools to co-operate in a provincial educational exhibit, and proposing that after the matter was displayed, it should form a permanent exhibit in the museum for that purpose in Fredericton. The various sections of the province represented sent their work, except St. John, which was controlled by secretary March. The province being unable to control St. John, it was next in order for Mr. March to reach out and try to control the province. But the Exhibition Association having no more authority to create him educational commissioner than it had to make him commissioner for the Trinidad or Manitoba exhibits, he retired in good order to the shelter of the St. John booths, where he was supreme. This was the row hinted at by the chairman, but it was not much of a row. Had the St. John exhibit, like that of the rest of the province, been under the control of the department, the government would have had to pay all the bills; but as the cost of independence is only a couple of hundred dollars, and as that is nothing in this age of the city of St. John, the school board will be most happy to pay it. What is bothering the board more is what to do with the great mass of matter exhibited. Mr. March has been understood to say that it shall not go to Fredericton to form a part of the permanent exhibit. So of course it can not go there; there is no place for it here, and what is to be done. PROGRESS would suggest that the upper stories of the Victoria and Winter street buildings be converted into museums, where they are fit for nothing else.

The paper from 20 to 50 cents a box, at McArthur's, 60 King street.