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SHE HAS LOTS OF NERVE.

MRS. H. T. STEVENS PRESENTS A BOLD FRONT TO THE PUBLIC.

A Sketch of Her Moncton Life—When the Baby Arrived at the Household—How Mrs. Crossman's Boy Came to Light—What Became of Him?

MONCTON, FEB. 9.—The excitement over the Hallet-Stevens case, in Moncton, seems not to have abated in the least. The proceedings before the magistrate are of the greatest possible interest to the people. The court room is thronged as soon as it is opened, and hundreds who fail to gain admittance go away disappointed.

At the time this is written, the examination is not finished, but it is thought that today, or at the furthest, tomorrow, will see the end of the proceedings before the magistrate, and that the accused will be sent up for her trial before the County Court which meets early in March, in Dorchester. The chances are that the magistrate will exercise his discretion and admit Mrs. Stevens to bail, but if he does not choose to do this, no doubt an application will be made to a judge for such an order.

The extraordinary coolness and non-chalance of the prisoner have caused a variety of comment some of them favorable but most of them unfavorable to Mrs. Stevens. Instead of appearing stricken and crushed with shame she carries herself with the air of a Lizzie Borden, and laughs and chats as she walks the streets and to and from the examination. No one will ever question the boldness and nerve of the woman after this; those who knew her thoroughly before were, indeed, not disposed to do so and her present attitude has but emphasized their opinion as to her ability to carry through any project she undertook.

Ever since she went to Moncton as the wife of H. T. Stevens, Mrs. Stevens has been a bold woman, or rather a fearless woman. She has never consulted the public in any of her enterprises whether they were of a social public or of a private nature. On the contrary she has defied the public, perfected her plans, executed them and laughed at the tongue of Mrs. Grundy. It can be well imagined therefore that she has not been as popular as she might have been. She has always occupied a well defined position in society as the wife of one of the prominent and popular men of the town but society does not care to be slighted or its opinion ignored and Mrs. Stevens did not hesitate to risk the consequences of causing her society friends to talk when her plans demanded it.

Although a married woman of some years she had not the happiness of having children, and it was in consequence of this that she and her husband concluded to adopt the ill-fated child, Mabel Hallett. That was some six or seven years ago, and people who knew the Stevens and the Hallett families were inclined to congratulate both upon the move that had been made.

It was not very long afterwards—a year or two perhaps—when it became whispered about in the mysterious way that such things get about that the long wished for event in the Stevens' family was to happen. The lady friends of Mrs. Stevens were assured of the correctness of the rumor, which was further substantiated by the fact that those necessary accompaniments of such interesting events, dressmakers, began to have an exceedingly busy time of it in the Stevens household. Nothing was too good for the expected new stranger, money was lavished without stint upon the outfit which was to be his or her's when born.

When one bright March morning the only morning paper of the town, the Times came forth with the announcement that a son had come to the house of Stevens and the joy of the inmates was complete. Mr. Stevens was then the active editor of his newspaper and he made appropriate references to the elegantly bound edition of his name.

tained his burden. To tell the story in his own words: "I started too early on my mission but the party for whom I was acting was impatient and, besides, I wanted to get the job over with. Of course I was in disguise and soon after I left the house of Mrs. Crossman I was glad that I was for I met two fellows whom I knew well. They knew my figure or thought they did for, as I passed them one turned and looked after me remarking 'who is that.' This made me walk faster and I suppose caused the sleeping infant to wake for it set up a wailing cry which fairly chilled my blood. Discovery seemed inevitable and the only course open to me was instant flight. My promptness seemed to make the men hesitate for a moment and I gained a fairly good start before they pursued me. Nothing in the world saved me but the fact that a short distance ahead some trees caused a shade on the walk and as I plunged into this I turned into an old alleyway. The next minute my pursuers passed at a full run and I breathed freely. All this time the infant had not made a sound since its first cry and I was about to move forward again when the men appeared opposite the alleyway and began peering around looking for me; you can imagine how I felt with them but a few yards away and me swinging that wicket basket back and forth fearful that the baby would yell again. But as good luck would have it the men passed on and there was no sound from the basket, which I carried to the gentleman who engaged me to do the job, Dr. James D. Ross. He was the only person I knew in the transaction and I delivered the baby to him safe and sound.

This is the curious yet true story of the fate of the Crossman boy. The young physician who attended the mother was surprised the next day to find the infant missing and even he was not satisfied with the improvised yarn that the baby had been hurried off to Halifax when but a few hours old. Dr. Ross could probably tell what became of the boy—if he would. At any rate the night in question was a very busy one for him because he hurried away, as stated before, to the house of Stevens where he was required.

EVERYBODY SAID IT WAS JUST.

How the Verdict of the Coroner's Jury Was Received in Moncton.

MONCTON, FEB. 8.—The result of the coroner's inquest into the cause of Mabel Hallett-Stevens' death came somewhat as a surprise to most Moncton people, the verdict was different from what was expected and yet satisfactory. It was to the effect that Mabel Glennie Hallett-Stevens came to her death by a shock, the result of ill treatment from Jane Stevens, wife of H. T. Stevens.

The verdict was handed to the coroner at 4 o'clock on Monday afternoon, after the jury had been out for an hour and twenty-five minutes.

Public imagination had been wound up to the highest pitch of expectation during Sunday and Monday, a report having reached Moncton on Saturday night, that Mr. Best, of St. John, had discovered poison, but this proved only a rumor, the analyst having failed to discover any poison known to ordinary chemistry, though he found some very peculiar translucent discs which he was unable to account for, or identify, and at first supposed to be poison, but finally decided not to be any poison within the knowledge of the ordinary analyst; Mr. Best added in his testimony that the examination could be carried further if desired.

AGAIN "A WOMAN IN IT."

THE STORY OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ALEX. D. CAMERON.

How He Married Foolishly, Lived Miserably and Died Suddenly—His Widow, Charged With Murder, Tries to End Her Own Life in Her Prison Cell.

When the coffin lid was fastened down over the body of Alexander D. Cameron, at Hampton, Nova Scotia, on Saturday the 30th of January, a number of the people in that vicinity, including the widow, supposed that there was an end of the matter. He had died on the preceding Saturday, and Dr. Gideon Barnaby was of the opinion that death was due to natural causes. He thought it was apoplexy, and said that if the brain was examined there would be found a superabundance of serum, or a clot at the base of the brain. Then the widow sent the body to Bridgetown, to be forwarded to Pictou for burial.

Hampton, N. S., is a village of which a good many of the readers of PROGRESS have never heard. The ordinary Gazetteer of Canada is silent as to the existence of such a place. It is a small settlement five miles from Bridgetown, on the shore of the Bay of Fundy. There lived Capt. John E. Farnsworth, at whose house Cameron died. Others than the widow were interested in the case, and they had a belief that Cameron's death was not due to natural causes. With this feeling they called upon Coroner Primrose, of Lawrencetown, and demanded an inquest be held. When the body reached Bridgetown, on Monday, it was stopped in its transit to Pictou and an inquest was held.

It was not a very formal enquiry, but loose as the methods appear to have been, a startling revelation was made. Rupert D. Taylor, a druggist, testified that Mrs. Cameron had recently purchased 36 grains of morphine from him, and that she had got 30 of these on the morning she left to visit her husband, on the day before his death. Thereupon a post mortem examination was ordered, and every symptom of death from morphine poisoning was discovered. Later the portions of the body necessary for a test were sent to St. John for analysis.

Mrs. Cameron knew nothing of these proceedings until Wednesday, when thinking her husband safely buried at Pictou, she came out to Bridgetown and went to the house where she had boarded.

Mrs. Saunders, who owned the house, fainted at sight of her, and Mrs. Cameron went to Burpee Chute's, where she spent the night. The next day she was arrested. Coming down in the train to Annapolis, Mrs. Cameron seemed quiet and unconcerned. On being asked for her ticket she



said, "The sheriff has my ticket." On the evening of her arrival at Annapolis she asked the gaoler for a razor, saying that she had a corn which was so painful that she could not sleep. He gave her the razor, remarking that he hoped she did not want it for any other purpose than to cut the corn. She assured him that she did not, and he left it with her. The prisoner had refused food at tea time, and late in the evening the gaoler's wife went in to try and persuade her to eat something. She found her lying with her shoulders and neck wrapped in a shawl, apparently asleep. The shawl and bed were covered with blood, and it was found that she had cut a gash several inches long in her throat. Dr. Withers was immediately sent for, and the wound was dressed. A number of pieces of paper were found, several of which had evidently contained morphine. What drug was in the others, no one knows. Mrs. Cameron was used morphine for years.

A brother of Mrs. Cameron, one of the most prominent lawyers in Maine, has been at Annapolis but has returned home. He was summoned when she tried to kill herself, and while the wound was being dressed paced the floor holding both hands to his head.

POSSESSED OF A DEVIL.

WAS THE INFATUATION OF RECTOR STEVENS A MANIA?

His Past Record and Conclusions to be Drawn From It—What a Good Many People Think of Him and of Mr. Nase—Something About His Life and Tastes.

Last Monday night, Rev. L. G. Stevens called at the sheriff's office, accompanied by his counsel, Hon. Wm. Pugsley, and was served with a writ holding him to bail in \$2,000, in an action of trespass brought by Leonard Nase. The grounds on which the action is based are known to every reader of PROGRESS. Mr. Stevens is said to be willing to let the matter be decided by the courts, with full confidence in the result. The bail demanded was given when the writ was served.

The point is not whether Mr. Stevens lost his head over the woman and wrote the most foolish letters ever penned by a clergyman in this diocese, but whether Mr. Nase has been damaged by the alleged alienation of his wife's affections. If the case ever comes to trial, it is understood that some interesting evidence will be brought into court by the counsel for Mr. Stevens.

In Mr. Nase's case, it would seem that "the jingle of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels," and while his original price of \$22,000 has been considerably abated, he is still after money, and has brought a suit with the hope of getting it at some stage of the proceedings.

The publication of extracts from the letters in the daily papers by Mr. Nase has

been a sword that cuts both ways. While it showed that Mr. Stevens had been more foolish than any mortal man could have supposed he would be, it made hundreds who had condemned him of the opinion that he was laboring under some peculiar mental aberration—veritably possessed of a devil—during the period of his infatuation. At the same time, the act of Mr. Nase in giving to the world these letters which his wife had received and continued to receive without protest until there was a volume of them, did not tend to put him in a very enviable light in the opinion of the public. While many people condemn Mr. Stevens, not a few are inclined to pity him, but if any pity is felt for Mr. Nase the fact has not yet been generally known. In justice to Mr. Nase's side of the case, extracts from the letters are republished on the twelfth page of PROGRESS today.

It is impossible for anyone acquainted with human nature to imagine a deliberately bad and designing man taking such a course as Mr. Stevens took. He would have been a foolish knave indeed who set about his work in that way, and Mr. Stevens in his normal mental condition has never been accounted a foolish man in any of his methods.

Nor has he been considered a bad man. His record is the reverse. When he was graduating from the leading university of America—old Harvard—his intent was to distinguish himself in the practice of medicine, and he entered on his favorite study under the guidance of one of the leading surgeons of the United States. He abandoned this profession, because he felt he had a call to enter on the higher work of the ministry. For nearly a score of years his life as a clergyman has been marked by a devotion to his labors and he has brought the exercise of fine abilities to bear in all that pertained to his work. The beauty which impresses one who visits St. Luke's church is largely due to the skill and taste of the rector which were brought to bear in carrying out the details of its construction. So, too, the flourishing condition of the parish today may be traced to his systematic and untiring energy. He was thoroughly in love with his high calling, until the devil tempted him and he fell.

No one, therefore, can claim that he has in the past been either a foolish or a bad man. Why, when he did step aside, he should have floundered so terribly in the quicksands of immoral folly is one of the things that can only be explained on the hypothesis advanced by many who know him well—that as regards that particular matter he was, for the time, mentally and morally irresponsible for the wild jargon of love, philosophy and erotic suggestion that flowed from his all too facile pen.

Foreshadowing is not defending Mr. Stevens, but his extraordinary conduct must well puzzle everybody who has had any knowledge of the man and his work in the past.

WERE THE RETURNS WRONG?

There is a Strong Presumption that Bad Blunders Were Made.

According to the figures of the census of 1891, the population of St. John city in that year was 39,179, a decrease of 2,174, or a trifle over five per cent. from the figures of 1881. There are and will be a great many people who doubt the correctness of these returns, and are of the opinion that the population has not diminished and may have increased during the last ten years.

A striking confirmation of this belief is found in the returns made by the water works for the purposes of assessment. Each house and family residing on the streets which have pipe lines or within a radius of 700 feet from a pipe line is definitely located, so that there is no chance for exaggeration of the figures. The surveys for last year and the year before differ very little, but for the purpose of comparison with the census returns the survey of 1891 may be taken. It shows no less than 8,030 families living on the streets supplied with pipe lines and not including a large number of others living outside of such lines on streets in such places as Stanley ward, and other parts of the North end, as well as other sections of the city.

These figures are for families only, and do not include stores, workshops, etc., which are separately enumerated.

Allowing the moderate computation of five persons to a family, which is less than the average made by compilers of vital statistics, there is a population of over 40,000 people on the streets reached by the water-supply alone, without counting those who are outside of Mr. Murdoch's survey, but within the city limits.

In the face of this, it looks as though there had been a good deal of blundering by the men who undertook to make a count of the population of St. John.

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SCOTTISH RITE MASONRY PLEASED.

They Have New Quarters Not Excelled by Any in Canada.

The bodies of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, embracing St. John Lodge of Perfection, 14th, Harrington Rose Croix Chapter, 18th, and New Brunswick Consistory, 32nd, are about to remove into their new apartments on the upper floor of the Masonic Building, where they have fitted up a suite of rooms specially adapted to the work of the various degrees. Prior to taking possession an "At Home" was given last evening, for which some four hundred invitations were issued. The hour at which Progress goes to press prevents any details being given, but an excellent programme was arranged, including vocal and instrumental music, followed, after refreshments, by dancing. The main lodge room, on the floor below, as well as the halls and anterooms, gave additional accommodation for promenade purposes, etc.

The apartments devoted to the Rite occupy the whole of the fourth floor, and include two fine rooms for meetings, janitor's room and a number of smaller rooms, the utility of which is less apparent to the public than to those who have taken the degrees. Everything is very nicely finished and the furnishings will be of a correspondingly handsome style. The members of the St. John bodies have by all odds the most comfortable and convenient quarters of any occupied by the A. & A. Rite in eastern Canada, and equal, if not superior to the apartments at Hamilton, Ont., which have been considered very complete in their appointments.

The committee under whose supervision the work has been carried out are Messrs. T. W. Peters, chairman, T. Nisbet Robertson, secretary, J. V. Ellis, W. A. Ewing, Frank L. Tufts and Geo. Blake. To these have been added in connection with the "At Home," Messrs. W. H. Thorne, J. Henry Leonard, F. W. Wisdom, T. A. Godsoe and H. V. Cooper.

The rooms will be fully equipped for working purposes by the date of the annual meeting of the Lodge of Perfection, on the 21st instant.

POETS ARE HARD AT WORK.

Another batch of poems sent in competition for the \$5 February prize has been reaching Progress in instalments during the past week, and although something more than two columns is published in various parts of this issue, a formidable pile of manuscript is still awaiting consideration. It would be out of the question to publish all that are received, without issuing a special edition, but so far as possible every verse which stands any chance beside what has already appeared will receive due attention during the next two weeks. Poets who have not been able to forward their manuscripts this month will have the March and April competitions in which to enter into a generous rivalry with each other. So far, the contest has been an active one, and verses have been received from every point of the compass in Canada and some from distant sections of the United States. By next month, possibly, the other side of the ocean may begin to send in its tributes. In the meantime, the supply furnished by home talent is not likely to fail.

HAVE ARRANGED THE SERVICE TO SUIT.

Some time ago, PROGRESS told of a worthy member of one of the presbyterian churches who had walked out during a Sunday service on account of some new features of singing during the taking of the collection, etc. It was hoped, however, that he would be induced to return, and it is now stated that he has done so, a compromise having been effected which suits all parties. At the morning service, when the gentleman in question is present or supposed to be, only the old time singing is heard, but in the evening, when he does not attend, all the modern effects are given. This simple method of compromise has effectually restored harmony in the bosom of the flock.



REV. LORENZO C. STEVENS.

(Continued to Eighth Page.)

SEPARATES RATE! ES IN e away ON RS. will have a chance OYAL CLOTHING a list of the pres. Store, YAYS. Railway. RANGEMENT—1883. the 17th day of Oct. this Railway will run ted—as follows: VE AT ST. JOHN: Pugwash, Pictou 7.00 Moncton 11.20 St. John 16.20 St. John to Pugwash, Pictou 16.50 St. John to Moncton 16.50 St. John to St. John 22.20