

JOSIAH QUINCY, MAYOR.

NOT THE FIRST OF THAT NAME TO GOVERN BOSTON.

His Election Means a Turn Over in Regard to Civic Affairs—The Kind of a Man He Is in a Jolly Crowd—The Night Lunch Man Will Have to Go.

BOSTON, Jan. 27.—A change of administration in Boston's municipal affairs means something.

There seems to be no such thing as a change in the administration of local affairs in St. John, for everything goes along the same there year after year, reform or no reform, and the fact that a new mayor is elected to office means nothing to the little army of officeholders.

In Boston it is very different. A man holding a public office must be a politician or stand in with the politicians, and when a new mayor is elected the old gang goes. He fills all the offices with his friends, and those who helped to secure him election. In fact the mayor's principal duty seems to be to look after those who, on election day looked after him.

Boston has a new and a democratic mayor. His name is Josiah Quincy, who made a reputation for himself by cutting off the heads of republican United States consuls in different parts of the world, when Glover Cleveland was elected four years ago. That was the work Cleveland assigned to Mr. Quincy and he did it like a little man.

I almost forgot how many Quincys have been mayors of Boston, but the list is a long one, and a good many of them have been Josiahs. A statute of one of the present mayor's ancestors stands in front of the city hall alongside of that of Benjamin Franklin, and they make a good pair.

The present Josiah is a young man with ideas, ability, and a good deal of chivalry about him. He exerts a tremendous influence in the democratic party, yet his popularity, if that is the word, is hard to understand.

It is said of Mr. Quincy that, while the democratic convention was being held at Worcester, he went into one of the rooms in a hotel where a crowd of prominent politicians were having a jolly good time. They were talking and laughing, perhaps drinking, and discussing politics in general as politicians always do.

When Mr. Quincy made his appearance things came to a stand still. There was no more talking and the politicians looked at each other in a sheepish sort of way. A current of cold air seemed to run all around the room and struck up the backs of the people in it. Mr. Quincy looked around, then went out, and the mercury went up again.

That is the kind of a man Josiah Quincy is. He is regarded as a human iceberg, but he gets there with untiring regularity.

Just now Boston is being surprised. The men who hold office under the republican regime are being dropped one by one, and new men are coming to the front every day, although the people sometimes find it hard to understand what some of them know about the positions to which they are appointed.

But everything goes in politics. Two politicians, one a congressman, got to fighting in the court a while ago, and the result has been a paralysis. The congressman was at one time city architect, and because the other man accused him of mismanagement while in office, he sued him for libel.

The trial showed that while the law said all contracts should be let out by tender when a certain sum of money was involved, the city architect had split up the contracts so that he could give them to his friends, without the latter being obliged to tender. It was also shown that one firm of contractors, received day's pay amounting to thousands of dollars for men who were never on their pay rolls and of course had never done any work. The libel suit was dropped before the end came, or it is hard to imagine what would have happened. As a result of it, however, the city is now using the contractors to try and get back its money.

The night lunch cart has become an institution in Boston, and now it has to go. The mayor says so, and it is said that settles it. You don't have night lunch carts in the province, and provincialists who have never been away from home do not know what it is to climb up into a gaily painted wagon, or to be on wheels and eat a ham or chicken sandwich and drink black coffee along toward midnight. But lunch carts are popular up this way. After dark one can see them standing on the street corners of any New England town or city, and even in the smaller places they are always well patronized. The fact that there are all-night restaurants does not seem to interfere in the least with the business of the lunch cart. They come and go night after night and people climb up the steps and drink their coffee all through the night and small hours of the morning. Where the lunch carts go in the morning or where they come from at night is something not worth considering. They are never around in the day time, but at night fall they are always on deck, and they sneak into their places so quietly, drawn by very slow horses, that they seem to bob up without anybody seeing them.

But the mayor says they must go.

Others have said the same thing, but the lunch cart put in its appearance just the same. The objection is raised that no one should be allowed to move his place of business into the public street, and there is a law against this. The owners of the lunch carts, however, got the best of the law by taking out a license for a stand for their "team" and at the same time getting pedlars' licenses. With these they had the privilege of standing on the streets the same as teamsters, and of peddling their wares.

But it is said the new mayor has discovered a way of getting the best of the night lunch men. That shows what a smart fellow Boston's new mayor is.

It may be interesting to provincialists to know that from all that can be learned in these parts war between England and the United States has been postponed indefinitely. As this has been done, however, without any consultation with the editors of some certain Canadian papers, this information had, perhaps, better be taken with a grain of salt.

WILKES BOOTH'S DOUBLE

A Richmond Preacher's Striking Likeness to the Assassin of Lincoln.

From a romantic point of view, the most interesting object of all about the old Monumental church at Richmond, Va., is the photograph of Wilkes Booth's double. It hangs in a dark corner of the old-fashioned vestry room, and represents a man in the prime of life standing before a table, his long clerical garments giving him increased height and dignity. The long straight hair is brushed straight back from the high, broad forehead, and the face—in every lineament—is said to be the image of Wilkes Booth as he would have appeared at the time. The resemblance is most remarkable—the deep, black eyes, the shape of chin, mouth, cheeks, forehead, eyebrows, and nose, and, moreover, here is a subtle similarity to members of the Booth family that defies description.

This man was the Rev. John G. Armstrong, rector of the church from 1878 to 1884. But even to this day strange rumors of the final end of Wilkes Booth are to be heard in places where his friends and intimates lived and talked long after the assassination of President Lincoln had passed into history. There are tales of a mysterious grave, of a body that tallied in some of its marks with those of Wilkes Booth and differed materially in others, and an intangible fabric of supposition built about a series of gossiped incidents. However valueless these may be historically, they show an undercurrent that found an outlet in the romance of Mr. Armstrong of Monumental Church.

The likeness of Mr. Armstrong to Wilkes Booth was so startling that some people who had seen both men found it hard to believe that they were not the same. The preacher's manner might be called dramatic. His movements and gestures had the repose and breath that most actors acquire in following their art and living and working constantly before an audience. He was, moreover, slightly lame, as Wilkes Booth would probably have been in consequence of the injury to his leg sustained in jumping from President Lincoln's box. Aside from this fact, Mr. Armstrong's manner, voice, and temperament led to the conviction that he was a priest he would have been a great actor. It is said that his daughter did subsequently go upon the stage and met with great success.

No subject of discussion was more constant in Richmond than the possibility that Mr. Armstrong and Wilkes Booth were the one and the same man. Mr. Armstrong strenuously denied the identity, but such denials could not silence the rumors. There seemed, moreover, to be a shadow over his antecedents. He came to Richmond a comparative stranger, and claimed that he was a priest ordained in Ireland. An investigation was quietly started to clear up the facts as to his past, but did not give entire satisfaction. In the midst of the constantly reiterated declarations and denials the clergyman was accused of irregularities in his habits, and this again called forth the charge that he was not all that he seemed to be. He finally resigned the rectorship of Monumental Church and went to a city in the extreme South. Shortly after he left the ministry he sank out of sight and died in obscurity. But even to the end the doubt as to his identity hung like a shadow over his life, and when on his deathbed his last words were a denial—a pathetic, heart-broken denial—that he was Wilkes Booth.—Polla. Times

Cause and Effect. Yeast—Who is that richly dressed lady coming out of that fashionable restaurant? Crimsonbeak—She's an artist's model. "And this seedy-looking fellow coming out of the free lunch saloon?" "Oh he's the artist."

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AT BOSTON'S THEATRES.

PLAYS OF THE SEASON THAT ARE OF SPECIAL INTEREST.

What There Has Been up to Date and What is Expected to Be—That which is to Come Will Not Lift the Reason Much Above the Average.—Notes.

Mid-season, and really on looking back, one does not see such a great many bright things stand out prominently; it has been a fairly average season and what is promised will not lift it very much above the ordinary plane. True, we have Italian and German Grand opera yet to hear, Bernhardt is still to come, and Irving is to play a return, still there is so much drivel and slop now-a-days that even a veteran like myself feels a bit dubious when he goes to a theatre as to whether he will be amused or disgusted.

Castle Square sings on its merry way unaltered by the difficulties of the opera underlined for production. Carmen, Faust and Il Trovatore were all approached with as little as the Mikado, or the Beggar Student. They usually give you a fairly creditable performance too, except when there is too much Wolf, and after all one cannot be too critical when the price is considered. Il Trovatore has just finished a two weeks run, and Iolanthe will hold the stage next week.

Speaking of music reminds me that the Hollis street theatre has had quite a lot lately, of contrasting kinds though. Hansel and Gretel was only put up for a week, much to the regret of very many people. The story of the piece is familiar to every child who has read Grimm, and the music was delightful, scored too heavily, perhaps, in the Wagnerian manner for such a light subject, but still with many very delightful and taking melodies. This week the London Gaiety Company have been filling the house with a musical trifle, the Shop Girl, which pleased the men about town, and is bright and amusing.

Julia MacLowe Taber comes on 10th. February and will play Prince Hal in Henry IV. Our old friend Wm. F. Owen has made a great hit as Falstaff, and has won praise from all the critics for his performance. Mr. Owen occupies a very high position on the stage as a Shakespearean actor, and is believed by many to be the best delineator of the master's low comedy creations on the American stage today.

The Park is occupied by Hoyt's "A Contented Woman," and like all of this author's pieces it has no pretence of a plot, and is simply written for revenue purposes. Caroline Mikel Hoyt is a very pretty woman but she is not an actress, and fortunately her part does not require that she need be.

The Tremont is musical too, Francis Wilson being there. For two weeks "The Chieftain" by Sullivan was given, and now "The Merry Monarch" rules. The Chieftain is Sullivan's old one act piece, "The Contrabandists" elaborated into two acts and the music is very good and attractive. The libretto is by Burnand and the wit is as heavy as might be expected from the editor of Punch.

Down at the museum E. H. Sothern is making the hit of his life in the triple character he plays in The Prisoner of Zenda. Everybody of course had read and was charmed by the story, and everybody naturally wants to go and see the play which follows very closely the lines of the romance. It was a happy thought to write out the prologus for this gives a raison d'être for the rest of the play. If you remember in the story, the reason for the resemblance, occasionally, between the Elphbergs and the Russendylls is merely spoken of, but in the play the ancestors of both houses are represented. It is really the best thing in Boston just now.

There has been a Boucicault revival at Bowdoin Square, and one had The Shagbawn, The Colleen Bawn and so on with dainty Sidie Martinot as the heroine and Aubrey Boucicault endeavoring to fill his father's shoes with quite a fair measure of success.

Spectacular extravaganza in the shape of Hamlin's Siperba is at the Boston and the great stage is filled with more or less pretty girls, with more or less costumes, beautiful scenic effects and bewildering transformations.

Damrosch's German Opera company here next Monday with Lohengrin and the powerful music of the great Wagner will delight its votaries for the next two weeks. Stag-lets.

Miss Jessie Gordon Forbes, of your city, made her Boston debut at a concert given in Union Hall on Wednesday 22nd inst. She was very warmly received and acquitted herself very creditably.

Mme Sans Gene will be played in English at the Boston Theatre beginning Feb. 18th with Kathryn Kidder in the title role. "Michael and his lost Angel" was a dire and dismal failure in New York and has been withdrawn.

Bernhardt and Fanny Davenport will play against each other in Boston, and the public will have a chance to see the great Frenchwoman and then hear the American in the plays they have been unable to understand when spoken in French.

The Sporting Duchess will be seen at the Hollis St. when it comes here. It is a poor enough piece but the immoral flavor of one scene has made it a success in New York.

Sidney Drew and his wife (Gladys Rankine), have gone on the vaudeville stage.

The Tabers expect to play Romola next season, but as the fair Julia is to essay the title role, I fancy she will make some changes so that she may have a chance to wear man's garb.

It is said Yvette Guilbert has a repertoire of 600 songs. She only sang six here and failed to make a success with them.

Mme Modjeska is very seriously ill in Cincinnati, and has had to cancel all engagements. PROSCENIUM.

Nearly the entire continent of Europe receives its supply of oleomargarine from New York and Chicago, and the importation is always through Rotterdam.

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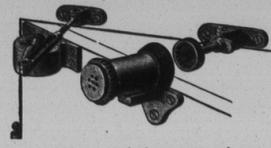
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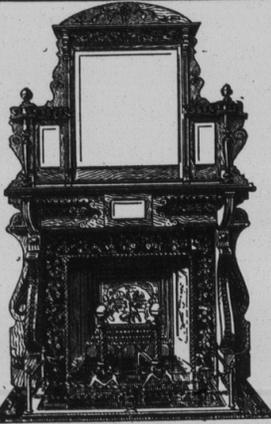
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