

The Evening Telegram.

ST. JOHN'S, FEBRUARY 20, 1888.

RASCALS IN OFFICE.

How They Rob the People.

For the past few months we have been "casting around" in search of a parallel to the profligacy and "general cussedness" of the present amalgamated Administration here; but, so far, we have not succeeded in finding one. It would seem that Premier Thorburn and his official associates are, in this very unenviable respect, still "masters of the situation."

The nearest approach to anything like a parallel that we have yet discovered is that afforded by the late Norquay Government of Manitoba. Here the similarity is very striking in several important particulars, as our readers will observe from the following editorial paragraph published by the new Government organ at Winnipeg on the 25th ultimo:—"We have repeatedly declared," says the organ, "that the accounts presented by the Norquay Government to the Legislature were but a series of villainous falsehoods, blacker than darkness itself. For years back it has been our honest conviction that the men in power in this province were as wretchedly corrupt and unprincipled as it was possible to imagine. In trusting Norquay and his friends reliance was placed in men whose almost daily actions showed them to be steeped to the lips in corruption, and who would cheerfully resort to the blackest deed and the most persistent misrepresentation and falsehood, if only they might retain power. We now repeat that the people have been deceived systematically, grossly and almost criminally."

The foregoing are certainly very grave charges to make against any Government, and we are not surprised to find that, immediately on their being published, the people of Manitoba insisted upon the expulsion of Premier Norquay and his accomplices from office. But admitting that the offences charged against the Norquay Government have been, or can be, sustained in every particular, still they do not surpass in enormity some of the acts of the Thorburn Administration. Where can we find a parallel to the Placentia Railway scandal—a piece of political rascality amounting to A BRIBE OF NEARLY ONE MILLION DOLLARS to Messrs. Donnelly and Emerson; and for what? Why, for their support of a corrupt Government's dishonest and ruinous policy.

Bad and all, we repeat, as Norquay and his advisers have proved themselves to be, they are not worse than the men who govern Newfoundland to-day; and if a healthy public sentiment, similar to that which prevails in Manitoba, existed in this colony, the Thorburn Government would be compelled to resign before the close of the present session. Unfortunately, however, such a sentiment does not manifest itself here. Consequently "bold bad men" are allowed to plunder the people with comparative impunity, and our poor fishermen and laboring classes are being TAXED OUT OF EXISTENCE.

As in Manitoba, so here: Premier Thorburn and Receiver General Donnelly, in dealing with public matters are accustomed to state what is not true. The budget speeches that have fallen from the lips of the latter since his appointment in 1885 have fallen—with respect to many pre-eminently important matters—as black streams of falsehood. Repeated assurances that the colony has been living within its revenues have turned out to be nothing better than hideous distortions of facts.

However, it is to be hoped that the corrupt brood will soon be driven from office and additional light thrown upon their disgraceful proceedings. The books will then be opened and the story of iniquity which they contain will, we feel certain, be found to rival in ugliness anything of the kind ever enumerated. It is a national calamity to have in office men who are in the habit of finding public moneys before they are lost. Therefore THE PEOPLE will see the necessity of getting rid of the present political rogues as soon as possible.

CHARITABLE SOCIETIES.

It is cheering to hear from those connected with the charitable societies that the amount of destitution, as respects the food necessities of life, is not so great amongst the poor this winter as was feared. The St. Vincent de Paul Society find that the requirements of coal from them are greater than the need of bread, and their claimants are pretty nearly the same as those of former years. The investigation accounts, doubtless, to a great extent, for the unexpected diminution of claims upon the resources of the benevolent organizations, though there still remains a large amount of distress to be relieved and this will continue to be the case till well into April month.

OUR COUNTRYMEN ABROAD.

Delighted to Hear that Sir William Has Returned to Politics.

GOOD WISHES FOR THE PEOPLE'S STANDARD-BEARER.

OUR Boston correspondent—who, by the way, voices the sentiment of many intelligent Newfoundlanders now residing in that city—writes us as follows, under date of the 11th instant:—"What in the name of all that's fair and just are the blundering Thorburn Government about? There has been no mail from Newfoundland since the last direct boat from England, and that one was somewhat late. It is now nearly four weeks since I have had a sight of your much-valued paper, and I fear it will be two or three days yet before I enjoy that pleasure. In place of progressing, the Government appear to be going backwards as fast as they can. The weather here has been the coldest and most severe known for many years. Even yesterday we had it from below zero. It has been as low as 18 and 20 with us; and in parts of New Hampshire not a hundred and fifty miles from here they have had it down to 35. A young man from Newfoundland who is connected with a New Hampshire establishment wrote me the other day that the storm was so severe that for three days employes could not get to the establishment. They have had a continuation of snow-storms for fourteen days. This, I think, beats any Newfoundland winter that I know anything about. Are you to have any addition to the sealing fleet from Scotland this Spring? The outfit appears to be smaller each year. Ottawa despatches report the Newfoundland Government to be fitting out two or three steamers in order to enforce the provisions of the Bait Act; and as one despatch says, that French fishermen will be prepared to get bait at all hazards, there will likely be a lively time before long. Several American schooners have arrived here from Fortunate Bay with full fares of frozen herring. Two St. John's vessels have been detained in Boston a long time, owing to the severe weather. Both brought potatoes from P. E. Island, and for three weeks could not remove their hatches. The vessels alluded to are the *Dawn*, belonging to M. Tobin, and the *Plymouth*, owned by Clift, Wood & Co. Both these vessels will load for St. John's, and it is to be hoped will make a good run down. When does the House open? Are you likely to have a stormy session? What a pity the Government did not issue a writ for the election of a member in White's place. I should like to have heard of Sir William having returned for that district. Newfoundlanders here seem to think that his services are absolutely necessary to put public affairs in proper shape again. Any way, he is regarded as the ablest politician the colony has ever yet produced. I sincerely hope that, on resuming the reins of Government, he will have nothing more to do with any of the trimmers who acted in such a cowardly and treacherous manner in 1885."

DEATH OF A VETERAN SON OF TEMPERANCE.

Editor Evening Telegram.  
DEAR SIR,—At a meeting of "Union" Division, S. of T., held at the Temperance Hall on Thursday, 16th inst., the death of Brother William Whelan, an old and respected member of the order, was announced to have taken place on the 5th inst., and in the 88th year of his age. On reference to the records of the Division it was shown that Brother Whelan was a charter member of that Division in the year 1855, and the writer stated that the late brother was (in company with him) initiated in Terra Nova Div., No. 5, S. of T., on the 14th of March, 1851, showing that he was a member of the order for thirty-seven years, and that during that time he was loved and esteemed as a worthy and consistent member of the order.

He was on the benefit role and for a number of years, being past his labor, he received weekly benefits from the Division, and at this meeting the usual funeral benefit of forty dollars was voted to his widow.

The above must be a very gratifying record to the friends of our deceased brother, and it should also encourage others, especially young men, to cast in their lot with the Temperance Army, so as to secure similar privileges in their declining years, if they should require them. L. T. C.

The following are the names of the officers holders of the Benevolent Irish Society for the ensuing year. The annual meeting and election was held in St. Patrick's Hall last Friday evening:—President, R. J. Kent, Esq.; Vice-President, Wm. Donnelly, Esq.; First Vice-President, T. J. Greene, Esq.; Second Vice-President, H. V. Born, Esq.; Treasurer, M. Tobin, Esq.; Chairman of Schools, Thomas Mitchell, Esq.; Secretary of Society, M. H. Carty, Esq.; Chairman of Charity, J. J. O'Reilly, Esq.; Secretary of Review and Correspondence, John Howlett, Esq.,

"PUBLIC SPEAKING."

Lecture Delivered in the Athenaeum Hall on Monday Evening Last, by Rev. T. Hodgkinson.

(Concluded.)  
Suppose you enter into conversation with one of those doleful orators, and put a few systematic enquiries.

"Sir! Are you very tired?" Listen to the answer: "No!"

"Sir! On a public platform, do you try to look like Byron pensively musing over his own greatness and the littleness of everybody else?" "No!"

"Sir! Have you, spite of your solemn eloquence, just passed through a bankruptcy court?" "No!"

"Sir! Excuse me, but I have one more touchy question to ask: Is your mother-in-law dead?" "No!"

"Then, sir, you are a public imposter, giving people a false impression—giving people the idea that your life is profoundly sad."

In public utterances men should be manly and never ape in the tones of their voice a sorrow which has no existence in their hearts. Let a speaker be faithful to Nature, and she will instruct him in the way he should go.

A public speaker should possess enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is a word pregnant with meaning. It comes from Greece, the land of men "whose tongues were set to music." The word means inspired by a god. The derivation of the word sets forth a great truth.

A successful speaker must be inspired by a power outside and above himself. That power may be the welfare of the country, or some mighty reformation, or pressing problem, or some divine idea. Whatever the subject, it must be greater than the speaker: it must sway his thought and being.

What sunshine is to the face of nature, enthusiasm is to the speaker. Sunshine works like magic. It invests familiar and rare objects with indescribable beauty; the broken-down stonewall by the wayside; the wee modest daisy gemmed with dewdrops; the delicately fringed leaf shimmering in the summer light; the silver-tipped waves; the snowy robe on Alpine peak, dyed with gorgeous hues. So enthusiasm casts its irradiating power over a great subject: it makes dry facts interesting; it makes instinct with life prosaic truths, and it increases the splendor of the creations of genius.

Enthusiasm brings into bolder relief every quality of the speaker: flashes in the glance of his eye and quivers in his thrilling tones. Enthusiasm lights up the may-be ragged face of the orator with a glow of consecrated hopes and beneficent purposes. Enthusiasm fills the soul with joy and leads the speaker, in the hour of his transfiguration, to exclaim with Socrates: "What motive has a man to live, if not for the pleasure of discourse."

Enthusiasm leads men to face Titanic toils, and never rest till their bright dreams become glorious realities. Enthusiasm has touched the hearts of the great benefactors of mankind. It was enthusiasm that led Daniel O'Connell, when his frame was shattered by disease, and his voice was low and faint, to advise in his last speech in the House of Commons; yea, to plead with all the pathos of a patriot, that England would stretch out her hand of help to her sister Ireland, when poverty, and the pestilence, and death were sweeping through the land like destroying angels. Ah! men speak eloquently when the fires of enthusiasm glow and burn in their hearts!

Public speakers have a goodly heritage in the English language. It comes down to us enriched with the spoils of time and the contributions of far-off lands. It has been the medium through which great rights and privileges have been secured. Speech "has her victories no less renowned than war." Speech has moulded the fortunes and destinies of great nations, and we hope that more and more in the future the disputes of nations will not be settled by the bloody sword, or the winged bullets of death, but by the combined judgment of senators on whose lips there is poured the grace of just, straightforward, reasonable, amicable speech.

With the English tongue every man with natural abilities may hope to become an effective speaker, although he may not have been favored with a classical education. Look at the results accomplished with the facile pens and eloquent tongues of men who cannot be placed in the select category of learned classical scholars: John Bunyan, John Bright, Benjamin Franklin, Wendell Phillips, Charles Dickens, J. B. Gough, and last but not least—whatever may be your view either of his creed, or suspicions of a down-grade movement amongst men on the other side of the Atlantic—C. H. Spurgeon. The triumphs of these men have been won with their mother tongue. With Saxon words the wonderful story of "live and love"—the secret of national stability and progress—has been graphically told. With Saxon words—the smooth slopes from the brook—"Philistia giants" have

been laid. The English language contains an ample vocabulary. It is like a king's palace in which are precious treasures—things new and old. Here are words which wait like willing servants to fulfil the large ministry of expressing our feelings, painting our visions, liberating our captive thoughts. Here are words that have their roots in the misty past and ancient religions, or words that are of recent growth.

Here are words that instruct or pleasantly relax the tension of thought. Here are words, rhythmic words for the poet, or terse words for the homely philosopher. Here are words that express delicate shades of meaning or massive thought. Here are words that diffuse the genial warmth of humor and scatter the dangerous sparks of wit. Here are words that unseal the fountains of pity or stir musical ripples of laughter.

Here are words that ring like the strokes of a blacksmith's hammer, or words that fall softly as snow-flakes. Here are words that carry spell-bound listeners to the seventh heaven, or cast them into the depths of despair. Here are words that smite the heart with solemn awe, or break forth into singing; words that kindle the hot fires of indignation, or bind hearts together with the fetters of love. Marvellous are the effects produced by the combination of words when the spirit of life is breathed into them.

Gentlemen, we may not be great public speakers, but one thing we may do,—we can fight for the good, as well as oppose the ill. Let us see to it that our public words are like flaming swords, lifted up to bid defiance to the reign of superstition and bigotry, to the shams, the iniquities, the social wrongs which still exist in the national life; and let us be still more solicitous, that our words shall be as pitying angels, strengthening the cause of justice, truth, humanity—the eternal righteousness whose spell we all feel in our highest moods and best moments.

So shall we help to hasten the coming of the Golden Age to wistful watchers and sometimes sorrow-stricken hearts.

Duty of the Church on the Drink Question.

CANON FARRAR'S SPEECH AT MANCHESTER.

In his recent speech at Manchester, with respect to the duty of the Church on the drink question, Canon Farrar said he very much wished all those who were really interested in this subject would read the "History of the 18th Century," by Mr. Lecky. So far as he knew, Mr. Lecky was not a total abstainer, nor especially interested in temperance reform; but simply because he was a good man and a philosophical historian, he had turned his attention to this subject, and he deliberately said that the year 1724 was one of the most memorable epochs of the Hanoverian period—more memorable than any of our discoveries, wars, or lives or deaths of kings; and simply because about that time gin-drinking began to infect the masses of the population, and to spread with the rapidity and violence of an epidemic. When we looked at all the results which he there partly described, we could only apply those words of Coleridge, in which, though with a different reference, he writes a dialogue between "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter, and where Famine said, "Sisters, sisters, who sent you here?" and Slaughter answered, "I will whisper it in her ear:" and Fire added, "No, no, no:—

Spirits hear what spirits tell;  
"T'would make a holiday in hell!"  
"But who sent you?" "The same! the same!  
He came by stealth and unlocked my den,  
And I have drunk the blood since then,  
Of three three hundred thousand men."

This same destruction was going on at this our day as it did in those days. And what was our duty in the face of this great fact? He would tell them. Not long ago, on a part of the coast of England well-known to him, a gallant ship was speeding along in a thick fog towards a great iron wall of rock, where the cliffs reared themselves two hundred feet out of the deep water. The captain had lost his bearings, and the crew were ignorant of their peril. Suddenly, for one moment, the fog lifted, and they saw rocks only about a cable's length ahead. Instantly, with a shock felt by every man on board, the engines of the strong steamer were reversed; and then, even if the wind and tide had been against her, yet, if she had been able to make a single inch backward in the hour, she would have been saved. That is the position in England now; the fog had lifted: They saw the wall of rock ahead of them. It was their duty to reverse the engines whose throbs and motion, unless arrested, would hurry them along to inevitable destruction. It seemed to him to be the duty of the Church to point out that the fog had lifted, and to show the wall of rock ahead. If she did not, certainly the crash must sooner or later come, and England must hear as other nations had heard before her, those fatal words of her destiny fall from heaven, "Forever," and "Too late!"

There was one thing especially they wanted all people to do, and that was to simply look

at facts. It was all they asked statesmen to do. It was all they asked Englishmen to do. It was all they implored the licensed victuallers to do—namely, simply look steadily at the facts. They might sneer to any extent at temperance reformers; might point out their weakness and errors; they might strike, but let them hear us. The only thing we wanted them not to do was to close their eyes to patent and obvious facts. If they did that the danger must go on increasing. They knew how dreadfully easy it was to do that. When a nation had once committed itself to a distinct course of error, alarm was soon succeeded by apathy, horror ended in familiarity, familiarity in acquiescence, acquiescence in palliation, and palliation in defence. When once error had linked itself arm-in-arm with self-interest it was almost irresistible.

It was so in the days of the slave trade. John Newton, though a good man, said he had never sweeter hours of prayer and communion with God than when sailing from the coast of Africa on board a Guinea slaver, with its bala of human agony chained and rotting beneath the deck! We know how, in the days of the slave trade, the same arguments were used for it as for the liquor traffic. Scripture was constantly used in support of it. Moses had legalized it. Paul had sent back to Philemon the fugitive slave, and it was impious to denounce slavery. Then they said it was exceedingly dangerous to free the slave. The slave did not want freedom. If he had it, he would deluge the fields of our West Indian colonies in blood. Vast sums would have to be paid in compensation. And to free the slave was to rob the master. In spite of all these arguments, the common sense of the nation at last rose up and tore these arguments to shreds. The moral courage of the nation declared that an end should be put to that iniquitous traffic in human blood. The moral resentment of the nation dashed its strong hand against the lips of those who called evil good and good evil. (To be continued.)

LOCAL VARIETIES.

THE overland northern mail leaves to-morrow morning.

THE "Governor's Speech" will be debated by the St. John's Mutual Improvement Association on to-morrow (Tuesday) evening in the basement of Queen's Road Chapel.

HON. M. MONROE's speech in the Legislative Council, in seconding the motion for an address in reply to "the Speech from the Throne," appears on our third page to-day.

WE are requested to state that, "in consequence of the indisposition of several of the performers, the concert to have been held in the Athenaeum to-night has been postponed."

THE Agricultural Society propose holding a variety entertainment on Thursday, 1st March, in the Athenaeum Hall. The committee have succeeded in securing the best musical talent. Programme and full particulars will be published in due course.

Two Dundee sealing steamers—*Polynia* and *Esquimaux*—arrived here yesterday. They left on the 1st and 6th instant, respectively. The *Aurora* and *Terra Nova* left on the 6th and 9th instant, and may be looked for at any time.

THE steamer *Newfoundland* will sail at daylight to-morrow morning. She takes no freight. Her passengers are—Miss Carbery, The Right Rev. Dr. MacDonald, Messrs. P. J. Cahill, George Askwith, A. Ramsay, C. Macpherson; twelve in steerage.

MR. W. H. HORWOOD will deliver a lecture this evening at 8 o'clock, in the Cathedral Boys' Sunday School, under the auspices of the Church of England Temperance Society. Subject: "The Work and Aims of Temperance Societies." A discussion will follow the lecture. The public will be admitted free.

It was decided at the annual meeting of the Irish Society to hold a bazaar next year for the purpose of helping to pay off the balance of debt on St. Patrick's Hall. In view of the charitable and industrial objects, which are the fundamental principles of the society, the proposed bazaar will doubtless liberally receive, as it certainly deserves, the handsome patronage of all classes in the community.

**BIRTH.**  
At Fort-de-Grave, on the 11th inst., the wife of constable Turner, of a son.

**MARRIED.**  
At the Cathedral, Harbor Grace, on the 12th inst., by His Lordship Most Rev. Dr. Macdonald, Mr. Michael Tobin, carpenter, to Margaret, daughter of John and Alice Scully, both of Harbor Grace.  
At the Cathedral, Harbor Grace, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. J. Murphy, C.C., Mr. Michael Power, to Susanna Daly, both of Harbor Grace.

**DIED.**  
At Mosquito, on the 12th ult., after a long illness, Mr. Edward Have, aged 23 years.  
At Riverhead, Harbor Grace, on the 23rd ult., Mr. Thomas Scully, aged 70 years.  
At Harbor Grace, on the 1st inst., Ann Munright, aged 22 years.

Last night at the residence of her son-in-law (Mr. Jas. Furlong) Allan's Square, in her 80th year, Mary McGrath, widow of the late Edward Doherty, a native of McCarty, County Tipperary, Ireland. Funeral on Wednesday, at 2:30 p.m., when friends and acquaintances will please accept this, the only invitation.  
On Saturday night, Patrick Wakham, aged 42 years, a native of Presque, Placentia Bay, leaving a wife and seven children to mourn their loss. Funeral to-morrow (Tuesday) at 2:30, from his late residence, James' street Theatre hill; friends and acquaintances will please attend.

Drowned at sea, on George's Bank, Captain James Rossiter, of the schooner *William J. Parsons*, aged 48 years, a native of St. John's, Newfoundland. The deceased was son of John and Mary Rossiter, and brother of Mr. Thomas Rossiter, at Bowling Bros. He leaves a wife and two children to mourn the loss of a kind father and affectionate husband.  
At Montreal, on the 30th ult., Margaret Clarke, aged 88 years, beloved wife of Patrick Connolly.  
This morning, after a lingering illness, Walter, beloved child of Jonathan and Jessie Squires, aged one year and six months.

By THE HICKS CHAMBERLAIN SNOW The treaty ate's ru Sir H without Cham Fisherie Snow struct Wind weather off the N Auction—Shirts, cl Dorie— Fresh bu Dwelling Business Black ma Wanted— BUS he has op centia, w satisfact carriage paid to be feb21,1 of Smok feb20, f "JU in bars wrapped a pound, sore hand ine. It is purpose for it. TAK can be su Household at the rat per ton, 4 GRAN To-Mo MR We A LA triba bell zinc pois braal awit stationery feb21 Very On Due I AM A Publ March, at \$300. This dwe late John Legatee. Office: 34 opp. FI feb14, p GREA Groc HAVI to dispo busines ceased, in ter Street sale at pu next, con emending Harliwar queted t sale, feb20