

The Evening Telegram.

ST. JOHN'S, JANUARY 17, 1888.

SORRY TO SEE IT!

We are sorry to observe from last evening's issue of the Mercury that the editors of that paper—Messrs. Harvey and McNeilly—still persist in their vitriolic course of personal abuse and party vituperation. It is a sad commentary on the social condition of our unfortunate country to find a minister of religion with head bleached by the snows of nearly three score years and ten, and any individual—no matter how characterless he may be—occupying the office of Acting Attorney General, devoting their time and attention to the concoction and dissemination of newspaper scurrility.

Mind you, reader, we have no personal motive in this writing. As far as we are personally concerned, it doesn't affect us in the least. Of course, if so disposed, we could satirize and ridicule the conduct of those abusive writers, and make the journalistic situation a little lively for a time. But, alas! in the present instance, there's a moral melancholy about the whole affair that turns satire into pity and ridicule into contempt.

Eminent divines, and great lay leaders of thought as well, tell us that this is pre-eminently an age of skepticism and insincerity, especially with respect to religious matters. Indeed, such an opinion has recently been expressed by no less an authority than the Primate of all England himself. But is this to be wondered at, in view of the worldly tendency of our pulpits in so many instances just now, and the manifest disposition of even "venerable" looking ministers to obtain preferment and power from temporal instead of spiritual sources? Not at all. It is only the natural outcome of such inconsistent conduct. For instance, does any one suppose that the reckless course pursued by the Mercury's reverend editor has no injurious effect on the moral and spiritual tone of this community? If so, the person who thus thinks has not given the matter due consideration. The evil consequence of that old gentleman's tortuous conduct is making itself felt, to a greater or less degree, in every stratum of local society.

Every clever rogue who sets himself up to be a public teacher, be his "doctrines" ever so erratic, is sure to have a number of disciples; and although the pernicious results of his teaching may not be apparent during the lifetime of the said rogue, yet the bad seed, having once been deposited in the youthful and susceptible mind, is sure to bring forth bitter fruit in due season.

Our contemporary of Prescott Street and the little coterie whom he represents may sneer at these facts as much as they please. But, all the same, they are facts, and every good, honest, intelligent man in the country will readily recognize their importance.

Laying aside all personal and party feeling, is it possible, we ask, for any one who has the smallest regard for the Church and its interests, to read yesterday's Mercury without a feeling of pity mingled with contempt for the reverend recusant who edits that paper? We have the greatest respect for sacred things, and our regard for the ecclesiastics of this city—with the solitary exception just mentioned—is as heartfelt and sincere as that of any man living. But we cannot help despising that miserable exception, as we would despise any other renegade from the cause of religion and truth. It is such behaviour as his that checks the spread of the Gospel and gives clever sophists like Robert Ingersoll opportunities to lead people away from the path of religious rectitude.

It is bad enough, in all conscience, for a layman to give rein to his revengeful disposition, and indulge in personalities through the press. But what shall we say of a regularly-ordained minister—a minister who still rules a church and compels the youthful pastor thereof to reproduce his old plagiarized sermons,—what, we repeat, shall we say of such a minister, when we find him bespitting a private citizen's private character and flinging among the youth of the country such vile epithets as he uses in last evening's number of the Government organ!

Unhappy church, to have such an incubus sitting on its spiritual life! Unhappy pastor, to be in the power of such a wayward and unscrupulous "superintendent"! Unhappy country, whose Government stoops to employ such a paper and such a man to support its policy and defend the corrupt practices of its departmental officers!

One word more. Can it be possible that no one has any influence over our contemporary's erratic conduct? Or are all his friends as deep in the mud as he himself is in the mire? If they are not all alike, why don't they try to keep him within the bounds of common decency? Surely something ought to be done in this direction, if not for his own sake, at least for the sake of the respectable church and

congregation with which he is connected. What will people in other countries think of the clergy of Newfoundland when they read last evening's edition of the Mercury and are told that that paper is edited by a minister of the good old Kirk of Scotland? We do not know whether all the scurrility contained therein emanated from the parson's pen, or whether he was assisted by the Acting Attorney General. If so, all the worse for the parson. Any way, the contents of that paper are a disgrace to its managers and a reflection on the moral status of the colony in which it is published.

RICHARD HIMSELF AGAIN!  
'Just as We Anticipated.'

EXIT THE LAMB; ENTER THE BLACKGUARD.

He tried each art, reprovd' each dull delay,  
Alur'd to brighter words and led the way.

OUR Prescott Street contemporary has just been charming and delighting us all—his old friends—by a change of base. He hasn't had to go very far out of his road to give us this treat; in fact, he hasn't had to go out of his road at all. "Be natural," said the old musician to his pupils, "and you are sure to succeed." What a pity our reverend contemporary did not try this "art" before; or, rather, what a pity he did not try it oftener. We have been telling him all the time that he was a John L. Sullivan in disguise. We have told him that he held in his hand the mirror that would convince him of the fact. We assured him he was a natural born lion, and not a lamb at all. And every time we repeated the "foul accusation" he has flown into a rage with us, declared we didn't know him, and that he was a reformed character—"quite reformed, I assure you, quite!"

However, it now appears that even the best of men, such as our reverend friend undoubtedly is, may be sometimes mistaken. Of him it may be said, in the words of the gentle Goldsmith:—

"On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,  
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting."

Here he has been straining himself to pieces the last few months trying to enact the part of a "meek and lowly" divine, and with the effect of losing his advertisements, his subscribers, his companions and his friends. "Look at that bold bad man over there in Gregory's Lane!" he exclaims. He is the very worst man I ever knew, and yet he seems to have lots of friends. Here have I been posing in this tight rag for ever so long as a saint, an apostle or pattern to all men, and what have I ever got for my pains? The reigning deity holds court in Gregory's Lane, while I—the real "pink of perfection," am left at the Forge as desolate and neglected as an old maid at a country bonnet-hop! I'll put up with this thing no longer! I'll be a bold, bad villain, too! I'll peel off the gown and put on the gloves. Here James, Frederick, Moses, hold my coat, for death or victory!

We welcome our old friend to the journalistic arena in his new role, and are glad to find that Richard is himself again at last. No more pretences after this. No more going behind backs and personal statements. No more artificiality and acting. "The libel-suit era is over once more, and Tommy, the lion comes in the door."

Well, now, wouldn't it be just as well, don't you think friend Moses, that you should retain your present becoming costume as a permanency, and no longer act but sustain the part for which God and nature so obviously fitted you? Why leave us any more at all? Playing the part of heavy villain pays, according to your own account, and abusive journalism is the only successful sort. You have been telling us all along, you know, that virtue is its own reward and therefore you were virtuous. Now you have another song to sing, and would have us believe that "dropping into poetry" sometimes, and that foul language and foul play is "just the thing for me."

If sometimes, why not always? If the interest on a hundred pounds for one month is so much, must not the interest on the same amount for one year be twelve times as much? Come and be permanently bad. Laying in a stock of the article on which Gregory's Lane flourishes and which you have abused us so long for having a monopoly of. You would make a very pretty villain. That beard and goatee, all streaked with the hoar frost of holiness, would strike terror into the hearts of the crowd. Some of them would believe your fee, faw, fum, and respect your anathemas. This is mainly a community of ignorant persons, as you have frequently observed, and they only want to be fed with slander and cowed into submission by brute force in order to make them governable. No longer, then, assume a virtue when you have it not, but cease to be a lamb and be a long-lost lion.

There is one solid advantage to be gained by the permanent change, at all events,—you will obtain the respect of all your friends. As it is, you know, they, as well as you, have been having a very uncomfortable time of it since

you first took charge of "the family paper." You have been in and out and round about, never anything very long, trying all the dodges to secure journalistic success, and the longer you live you will be further off from it than ever. Go in for the heavy villain business and set them ease. Be natural and be bad. We'll all respect you more; and if we cannot love, we'll at least yield you that formal bow on meeting which says as plainly as words can speak, "Welcome home again!"

We notice, by the way, that our contemporary winds up his last night's panegyric with the plaintive word Farewell. (We suppose Amen is its sacred equivalent). Now, why farewell? Is it needful that he should go away just yet? Stay with us, faithful shepherd of souls, and explain to the unthinking multitude why you do not uniformly save sins by preventing them, instead of saving them, in the other sense, to make timely political and personal capital. Is it possible that such a saintly economist would permit the world to go on in sin that he may extract a final profit out of it, and not save them from being such "heavy villains" as he is sometimes compelled to be in order to derive advantage from their castigation?

But enough for to-day. By a sort of paradox we may say: Those who know our old friend will be glad, on this occasion, to find him out, and those who don't know him will be equally ready to take him in. The former will feel themselves much more at ease than they have done for a long time past, and the latter will have to experience a "long time past" before they will have similar cause to feel equally at ease. "All this world's a stage," said the immortal Shakespeare, and all men only players. But some men in their time play many parts, and it seems hard to realise our superior intelligence in having originally to "play the part" dear old Devon Row wants to succeed us in. Welcome, brother, to our humble cot and lot. Often have you despaired, chucked and sneered at us before—

"Welcome, brother, welcome now,  
And be yourself at last."

The "Falcon's" Report.

THE steamer Falcon, Captain Ash, had a very rough time the present trip, so much so that she had to pass by the southerly ports of call in Whitebay in order to reach Conche with certainty, for which place she had a quantity of flour for the destitute. She landed her consignment all right and, to get clear of being jammed in there all the winter, had to hasten back with every rapidity; in places for twenty-five miles she had to butt her way through the sheet. The last cold snap has had the effect of making ice rapidly in the more northern bays and of such thickness as to seal up navigation for the present. An extremely heavy sea has poured into Notre Dame Bay the past fortnight, and at Tilt Cove nearly all the skiffs and open boats were damaged and in some instances broken up, so that for the want of these means of conveying freight ashore there, the steamer had to carry it north, but in returning she landed everything safely. Two schooners were lost in Pierce's Harbor, where they were moored for the winter, and in another part of the bay two more crafts also came to grief; one of which latter belonged to Messrs. Waterman & Co., the other to Mr. Osmond of Moreton's Harbor. The loss of Mr. Scott's steam launch in the Tickle at the entrance to Fogo, referred to in our telegraphic columns yesterday, was occasioned by the craft becoming jammed in the slob ice and subsequently succumbing to the heavy swell of the sea. The passengers and crew consisted of four persons—three men and a woman, Mr. Robert Scott himself being amongst the number. They were no sooner rescued than the launch was dashed to atoms. So intense has been the frost and so high was the spray of the sea driven, that the Gull Islands of both Cape Freels and Cape Bonavista are enveloped in coats of white. The Falcon did not bring up much freight, amongst it, however, is a valuable shipment of seventy tons of copper ingots.

GOVERNOR BLAKE AS A LECTURER.

WE are pleased to learn that His Excellency Governor Blake has kindly consented to open the Athenaeum course of lectures this season. The public will, therefore, have an early opportunity of enjoying a real intellectual treat from the popular representative of Her Majesty who now presides over the Executive of this colony. Governor Blake has already taken a prominent place in "the world of letters," and we have every reason to believe that he is an able speaker as well as a forcible and effective writer. We congratulate the Athenaeum committee on their great good fortune in obtaining the consent of His Excellency to deliver a lecture for the benefit of that excellent institution and the edification of the public generally.

THE SYME MEDAL WAS WON YESTERDAY BY MR. CHARLES J. HARVEY, WITH A SCORE OF 15 POINTS.

The next scores were Mr. Thomas Winter's 18, and Mr. Strang's 12.

[FOR THE EVENING TELEGRAM.]  
HOW WE MANAGED TO DEVIATE

MANY persons having expressed a "strong desire" to know the circumstances which led to that holy ebullition of righteous wrath on Friday last which carried us off our feet, so to speak; and we being not unwilling to gratify them, now that the holiday season of Christmas, with all its hallowed associations—with all its joys and sorrows—is forever past; we bid farewell once more to that long, long spell of indigestion and biliousness with which we are annually troubled as a pendant to the festive festival and make a clean breast of it. Briefly, then, this is how it came to pass:

At first we thought we should have been successful in accomplishing our object during the fall term of the Supreme Court, a tribunal which gives us frequent opportunities of paying off old scores by means of that patent remedy, "the libel suit." This article is compounded of such drastic materials as rarely fail to do the business, when the patient can be induced to swallow it "according to prescription." As our readers know, it consists of seven powerful drugs which are formulated as follows:

Law, gospel (or soft sawder), prejudice, chance, government support, private influence, and popular ignorance. These ingredients, cunningly mixed together, make up a bolus that rarely fails to accomplish the desired result, except on those unfortunate occasions where some of one of them happens to be absent! There is an old proverb which says that one cannot very well put a man to a worse use than hanging him, and Shakespeare (the original conspirator) exclaims, "Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it." But legal physic is a very good thing when successfully administered, and when we can get the tribunals of the country sufficiently flexible to administer them. We all know very well that "civil and religious liberty" is a fine, high-sounding expression as an expression—"the liberty of the press," etc., etc., being all very well in a refined state of society where every second man is not either as ignorant as a pig or watching the chance to get his hand into his neighbor's pocket. But in a community like this, where the strongest thief always comes off best, it is sometimes necessary to conform ourselves to the sacred doctrine of expediency, (see 1 Cor. 10, 23th; 2 Cor. 12, 16th; also 1 Cor. 9, 20 to 23, inclusive).

In the present case the fall term of the legal purge was tried, but tried in vain. There were also other considerations of a commercial and personal kind which raised our dander, one of which was that we couldn't play our organ to our satisfaction, in consequence of our federal head being constantly interfered with in his attention to the family duties: the interests of the ring were suffering, and even our "fish," (the sacred object of Terra Nova worship) was being "diverted into other hands." We had also several old chores of one sort and another to "pay off;" and this being the natural settling time of the year, why not pay them off now when all other means seemed to fail?

In fact, the situation was serious: a crisis had arrived: this country has always been governed by a series of crises or coups d'etat. What should be done? Ha! we had it! We called a meeting of "the ring" at the office of our chief counsellor and addressed the family as follows: "Look here, fellows, we are not going to stand this; you know, something must be done, what shall it be? We have tried all the dodges, but without success. We have fed lawyers, articulated libel suits, made the air heavy with slander, used the wind of the law and the featherly oil of the gospel. All to no effect. 'The world still moves;' but all that disturbs our digestion is that it is moving further and further away from the orbit of our ring. O, for a fifty million army of archangels that would give us a monopoly of 'the chest' for ever! Something must be done. What shall it be?"

Then up spake brave Horatio,  
The keeper of the gate,  
"To every man I'm certain sure  
Death cometh soon or late,  
I'm clumsy at the pen myself,  
The press I seldom try,  
But well I know a handy chap  
Whose salary is not high.  
This gentleman can write so well  
The very thing we need,  
We'll give him "points" and touch it up,  
Then it must sure succeed:  
I'll offer to increase his screw  
If this he'll do for us—  
Produce a stout SLOCKDOLOGER,  
And do it instantly!"

We accordingly resolved nem. con. to try this as the next stage in the development of the domestic and political drama. There was, of course, a little difficulty to be got over in the first instance, namely, as to how we should manage to reconcile to the public conscience our very recent professions of dove-like innocence, donkey-like gentleness, and general journalistic amiability. But there was no time for squeamishness, the situation was urgent: the thing must be done somehow, and the best way was to do it with a jerk. All we bargained for was to make it strong enough to do the business, so that it would be necessary to keep our premises in the state of a common sewer all the time.

All being now ready, and the opportunity having come, we laid the train, set fire to the match, and then gently—O! so gently!—stepped behind the curtain to await the explosion! It came—as usual, with a very bad smell—in fact, a regular gunpowder plot. It had its Guy Fawkes, too, worse luck! to make the resemblance complete, in the shape of a fellow who "peached" on the whole business. And that, reader, is, for the present, the true story of HOW WE MANAGED TO DEVIATE!

NOTES FROM BONAVISTA.

A Marvel of Artistic Taste.

THE WEATHER TO DATE.

A Night of Profitable Amusement.

By last mail the public were in receipt of your handsome Christmas Number, truly a marvel of artistic taste, and certainly the most beautiful of any work ever emanating from the local press. Your venture in this direction is a capital move, and, as year by year rolls along, it is to be hoped that you will receive increased patronage. You richly deserve it.

The weather up to this date has not been very severe. Recently we have had some cold snaps and considerable snow. Very high seas have lately been common, and these have in places swept right across our main thoroughfare. There are a few men at present employed on the breakwater here, and, as "hauling" is excellent just now, the labor proceeds apace considering the small number engaged.

On Thursday evening last an entertainment took place in the convenient hall of the Fisherman's Society, when a night of profitable amusement was enjoyed by a fairly large audience. The entertainment was given by the children attending the Church of England School, which is under the able and superior management of Miss Edna Gould, a young lady of many accomplishments, and whose energy and perseverance in teaching the "young idea how to shoot" has been an invaluable blessing to the rising generation who have had the benefit of her excellent training in the paths of knowledge. The programme consisted of songs, rounds, recitations, dialogues and dances. That every piece was satisfactorily executed goes without saying. The Maypole Dance was brilliantly gone through, the little ones evidently heartily enjoying the excellent music provided, and keeping time on the "light fantastic" with remarkable precision. These little ladies were gorgeously attired, while the comfortable atmosphere of the room made one imagine "twere in the merry month of May." The dancing was received with rounds of applause, and I am not surprised to hear that Miss Gould has been requested to give another opportunity to the public to witness an entertainment which is truthfully asserted to have been one of the best ever held in this town. The Rev. A. E. C. Bayley kindly presided on the occasion.

Bonavista, Jan. 14, 1888. AQUILON.

CENTRAL DISTRICT COURT.

THE case of Dryer & Greene vs. Murray was an action taken for the value of a stick of wood broken by the defendant's servants while they were repairing his wharf. Mr. Dryer swore that the stick was worth at least \$24, the amount claimed. Captain English was called for the plaintiff and gave evidence that he had paid \$32 for a similar spar, that he had seen the one in dispute since it was broken and considered it only fit to cut up for ship's fenders, and worth about \$3. The "gods," who are always in attendance and ready to laugh at all the small jokes and petty squabbles of Judge Prowse and the Sub-Inspector, were a little amused by Mr. Murray, who appeared in person and put Captain English through a long cross-examination, after which he addressed the Court. Judge Prowse considered the damage to be \$6, and judgment for plaintiff was given for that amount. Mr. Shea appeared for the plaintiffs.

LOCAL VARIETIES.

The steamer Curlew left Burin this morning at 9 o'clock, bound hitherward.

The Allan boat "Assyrian" did not go out till a quarter past 7 o'clock this morning.

The S.S. "Falcon" proceeds shortly to Pool's Island, whence she will prosecute the North-coast seal-fishery. Several of her sealing crew came up in her for the purpose of working the ship down to her winter quarters.

The steamer "Hercules," which proceeds north to Nipper's Harbor this evening, will take a mail; on her way up she will call at Greenspond, Fogo and Twillingate only, but coming back she will enter all the ports of the mail route for postal matter.

The new officers and executive of the Home Industries Encouragement Society held their first meeting last evening, and besides transacting other business, they revised the Constitution and Bye Laws, so that the society can work more generally, at the same time affording means to any particular industry or trade to have their interests attended to. A general meeting will be held on Wednesday evening when the revised rules, &c., will be submitted for adoption.

BIRTH.

At Trepassy, this morning, the wife of Mr. G. Curtis, of a daughter.

On the 7th instant, the wife of Mr. George Marshall, of a son.

On the 16th inst., the wife of T. J. Allan, of a daughter.

DIED.

At Little Bay Mines, on the 3rd inst., Mary Ann, beloved wife of Jacob Philip Diem, aged 35 years. Last evening, after a long illness, Mr. Wm. Toucher, in the 24th year of his age, leaving a wife and four children to mourn their sad loss. His funeral will take place from his late residence, William Street, Monks-town, on Thursday next, at 2.30 p.m.; friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.