

OUR PROVINCIAL PATERS.

Having considered the matter for three long sleepless hours, without anything to eat or anything to drink, the JURY finds that the true mission of the newspaper man is to make people acquainted with other people and other people's affairs; which explains why we are now engaged in the work of introducing our readers to those who, above all others, they ought to be acquainted with—the members of the Provincial Parliament. As an illustrated journal, the JURY should perhaps employ pictorial means only in presenting the M. P.'s; but we think the work might be more satisfactorily regarded by the general reader should we supplement the efforts of our artist with a sprinkling of letter-press, superfluous though this may appear to those who happen to be skilled in physiognomy.

The course of true journalism never did run smooth, which accounts for the fact that our good and faithful goose-quill is at this moment slowing up to almost a dead stop. The confronting difficulty is an uncertainty that we feel as to the order in which the proposed introductions should be made.

"Order is Heaven's first law, and, this contest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest."

While rank may seem to entitle one M. P. P. to precedence, good looks may give that claim to a second, oratorical powers to a third, pounds sterling to a fourth, and pounds avoirdupois to a fifth. In order to determine who's what and what's which, it should be ascertained which should be considered the most desirable: to be eloquent, handsome, wealthy, portly or silver-tongued. As a newspaper man we should feel that it would be quite against the grain of our conscience to declare in favor of anything but the wealth. But we have, since writing that last sentence, conceived an idea which we think will enable us to satisfactorily dispose of the question. This idea suggests that the place of honor be given not to that M. P. P. who in the highest degree possesses any one of the hereinbefore enumerated qualities, but to him who may be found to possess in an appreciable degree each and every one of the same.

Without leaving the "box," the JURY returns a verdict in favor of an M. P. P. who, in our opinion at least, is as eloquent and determined as William Pitt, as poetic and original as William Shakespeare, as humorous and popular as William Nye, as handsome and shapely as William Pugsley, and so successful in undertakings, political and matrimonial, as to have earned for himself the title of William the Conqueror.



"None but himself can be his parallel."
N. E. HOMO.

It was while gazing in admiration upon the majestic countenance which we now behold that the poet inquired of the small boy:

"Whose is that noble, dauntless brow,
And whose that eye of fire,
And whose that generous, princely mien,
Even rooted foes admire?"

The small boy aforesaid, who was something of a poet himself, replied as follows:

He's the handsome young gent
Who, on politics bent,
To Fredericton went
From the County of Kent,
To save Blair's Government,
Though he spoke not frequent
Through the whole parliament.
In language eloquent,
In a style quite fluent,

He just said what he meant.
Four hundred he spent,
Two hundred he lent,
Then folded his tent,
And back home he went,
This handsome young gent,
To the county of Kent,
Without a red cent.

Then the poet, with dewy eye lash and unsteady lip, said that the tale so simply and so beautifully told was truly pathetic, that the M. P. P. was truly noble, and that he would be glad, oh, ever so glad, to know the post office address or "at home" day of one so very, very, very generous.

Then said the poet to the small boy, "Tell me the story over again." And when the small boy repeated that line which speaks of the M. P. P.'s practice of not too frequently addressing the House, the poet's finer feelings began to liquefy and trickle down to find their level in the recesses of his low-cut vest. Speaking with perceptible effort, the poet said there was but one other such man in this world of clap-trap and buncombe—Von Moltke, who could be silent in eight languages. The small boy said something about changing the M. P. P.'s name, by act of parliament, to "William the Silent," but no encouragement was offered by the poet, and they parted.

In connection with our statement that the subject of this sketch, in point of eloquence, poetry and humor, is a Bill Pitt and a Bill Shakespeare and a Bill Nye all in one, we could not do better than reproduce here a recently delivered speech which the literary critics acknowledge to be the best of its particular kind on record. The speech was delivered *ex tempore* on an occasion of a very happy character, and was reported stenographically for the associated press. We give it in full, together with the reporter's introductory note:

His remarks, through which ran that happy and poetic vein that characterizes Mr. Wheten's best speeches, were very keenly appreciated by those who were present at the wedding feast, being in fact the story of his courtship. Mr. Wheten, according to the hieroglyphics of a shorthand man, said: "When on a beautiful September morning, my gaze for the first time met your beautiful, high and many-hued hills, and your beautiful, clear, blue sky, and your beautiful, silvery Restigouche winding its way down the beautiful valley to the beautiful deep blue sea, and when on the same lovely September evening I first beheld your lovely moon, and your lovely stars, and your lovely daughters, I whispered softly, very softly, to my poor, fluttering and uneasy heart: 'Men of Restigouche, by virtue of a lease everlasting ye can hold your hills and your sky and your moon, stars and river, but as to your charming daughters it is charmingly otherwise.' So, speaking to myself in a bolder style of noiseless, non-creaking soliloquy, I said: 'William, my boy, thou must arise, brace up, and go forth unto those maidens of Restigouche, and pluck from among them the fairest of the fair.' Like a Kent boy bold, like Caesar of old, I came, I saw, I conquered, which translated is *veni, vidi, vici*."

It will be observed that when Mr. Wheten does speak he gives utterance to words that are worth listening to and worth remembering. Though not an incessant spouter, or afflicted with what is called "running at the mouth," Mr. Wheten is never idle. When not engaged in writing a speech for Dr. Alward or Will Park or some one of the other M. P. P.'s who go to Fredericton to dazzle the crowd with scintillant oratory, he is sure to be dashing off an editorial for the *Miramichi Advance* or taking an active part in a game of lawn tennis (weather permitting).

(To be continued.)

It would be advisable that the King's Ward Aldermen look after the condition of Nelson street sidewalk, from the Provincial Oil Co.'s office to R. P. McGivern's. A few of the shop-keepers in that vicinity, we are informed, cannot swim.