

# The Evening Telegram.

ST. JOHN'S, JANUARY 27, 1888.

## THE MARSHAL SPIRIT REVIVES.

### Our Commercial Men as "Warriors Bold."

WHAT'S going to happen next? Heaven only knows—we don't. At any rate it seems that our politico-mercantile friends have lost their heads completely. During the past few days a movement has been on foot here, with a view to the "creation" of a volunteer force, and as a result "the glory of the battle-field" and military affairs in general are now regarded as the only subjects worthy of consideration. At the Commercial Rooms the terrible God of War has usurped the place occupied for more than half a century by the meek-eyed Goddess of Peace and Prosperity, and, instead of profit and loss in business, 'tis profit and loss in the deadly conflict that forms the all-absorbing topic of conversation.

It was blood-curdling to see the relentless gleam of their fiery eyes and to hear the thrilling sentiments which dropped from their patriotic lips as those highly enthused gentlemen assembled at their den on Duckworth Street this afternoon. No wonder if the venerable Mr. G., the only peace-at-any-price man in the establishment, felt that it wasn't good for him to be there. Truly, as Plutarch says, "when the marshal spirit of a naturally warlike people once becomes thoroughly aroused, it sweeps on, like a mighty torrent, levelling all opposition before it."

We are not aware that any appreciable change has yet been made in the Commercial Society's daily programme, in consequence of this new inspiration, with the exception, perhaps, of the introduction of a little appropriate vocal music. Of course said music is of an heroic strain, and intended to fire the souls of the brethren with "a passion for glory." The Salvation Army's hymnody, it may be intimated, contains many very fine stanzas that might be appropriated for use by the Commercial Society during their war-craze. But the probabilities are that they have already carefully perused the whole collection. However, we would suggest, as an "Opening Ode," a few soul-stirring lines something like the following:—

I want to be a hero,  
 And with the heroes stand;  
 A plume upon my forehead,  
 A sword within my hand.

Of course the "Rupert of Debate" or any other member of the Society who may possess a modicum of real "poetic genius," is at liberty to alter or amend these lines as he may think best. But the sentiment, we believe, is a good one, and should, under any circumstances, receive due prominence. We have no suggestion to make as to the best "ejaculatory" couplets and stanzas to be used by the Society. That is a matter for their own judgment. They were very happy in their selections to-day, as they filed into the building and snatched from the rooms. Some of them whistled snatches from Byron, such as

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?  
 Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.  
 Earth! render back from out thy breast  
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
 Of the three hundred grant but three,  
 To make a new Thermopylae!

Others sang, with less assurance, perhaps, in the tone of their voices, but still with heads erect and hearts thirsting for gore, lines similar to these, perhaps the same—

See where the giant on the mountain stands,  
 His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,  
 With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,  
 And eye that scorches all it glares upon.

Others, again, stood in little groups near the foot of the main stairway, and talked of "the pomp and circumstance of war," while a few of the more learned members of the Society sat at the table in "the big room," where one of their number treated them to the following dissertation on the attributes of Mars himself:—

BRETHREN IN ARMS AND RIVALS IN RENOWN—  
 "Mars is described by Homer very diffusely. Notwithstanding his power, he is represented as sometimes foiled, and even wounded, by a mortal. Minerva the poet has characterized as the particular opponent of the God of War, and has always—e.g., in the dispute between Ajax and Ulysses—crowned her with success: which indeed is no more than just—since wisdom is generally very prudent in entering into warlike contests; yet when engaged, it is likely to prevail over brute force, and to bear off the laurels of the day. I could say more, but I hear the auctioneer's hammer down stairs, and I want to get fifty barrels of that pork. Let me, therefore, close with a few inimitable lines from Milton on the 'array of war':—

Through the gloom were seen  
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air,  
 With orient colors waving: with them rose  
 A forest huge of spears, and thronging helms  
 Appeared, and serried shields in thick array,  
 Of depth immeasureable. And they move  
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood  
 Of flutes and soft recorders.

Other interesting incidents in connection with the movement will be recorded in subsequent issues.

## FACTS ABOUT OUR FISH TRADE

By Grigson Smith, B.A.

THE great bulk of dried codfish, which forms the staple of the Newfoundland trade, is brought to the capital, St. John's, and the principal local market. About 1,000,000 qtls. are thus brought, another quarter of a million being marketed in and from the outports, the "quintal" being one hundred and twelve pounds weight. The dried codfish trade may be divided into three main divisions, as follows:—

1. Shore fish.
2. Labrador fish.
3. Bank fish.

The first-named are the codfish caught within easy distance of the shore of Newfoundland and there dried on flakes, &c. The second quality of fish is caught on the bleak shores of Labrador during the months of July, August and September. The third or Bank fish are caught in deep water on the great fishing banks, about five hundred miles distant from the coast of Newfoundland, and consist (as some suppose) of a distinct and different variety from the inshore fish.

I am myself disposed to believe that the inshore fish are simply local schools of codfish, which having originally migrated inwards from the great Banks have become localised in the different bays of the island, and from change of food and habitat, have become a different variety of the great Gadus family. However that it may be, it is certain that the flesh of these inshore fishes, both in its fresh and salt-dried state, is much preferred to that of any other variety known to the trade of Newfoundland. It is also a curious fact that almost as much difference exists between codfish caught in one bay or part of the island and another, when the fish comes to market in its dried or preserved condition, fish caught in St. Mary's Bay or Placentia being as different from the fish caught on the western coast of the island, as either from fish caught and cured in Bonavista or Green Bay.

All fish is "culled" into its various marketable qualities on reaching St. John's. These are mainly three in number, known as the merchantable, madeira, and west india grades. The "merchantable" quality, as the name imports, is simply the quality that has been saved to commerce in a merchantable condition. Strictly speaking, all other fish is not "merchantable." The madeira is the second quality of merchantable fish. The west india (so called from its destination), is the spoiled or "cullage" fish of the collection, and is generally exported to the West India islands and consumed by the blacks. Varieties of the west india quality are known as "dun" and "slimy," respectively, the first being fish which has become deteriorated by old age, the second being fish that has been spoiled by bad weather in the process of making.

The principal exporters of fish from Newfoundland are the old-established firms of Messrs. Baine Johnston & Co. and P. & L. Tessier, which, between them, export about one-fourth of the product of the whole island. Messrs. John Munn & Co., of Harbor Grace, are also large exporters from that port, the second in the island. Next in importance rank Messrs. Bowring Brothers, Job Bros. & Co., Walter Grieve & Co., J. W. Stewart, and Edwin Duder. Messrs. A. Goodridge & Sons are also very large exporters, and the Messrs. Harvey & Co. export considerable quantities to the West Indies.

(To be continued.)

## "I CAN'T AFFORD IT."

HENRY OLEANDER was a young man of promise, which is not always the same thing as a promising young man. He was brought up for the bar. He could drink, but he didn't. One day he met Smell Fish, when the following conversation ensued:—

S. F. "Come and have a drink, Harry."

H. O. "I can't afford it."

S. F. "Nonsense man, I'll stand."

H. O. "You can't afford it."

S. F. "How do you know?"

H. O. "Well, I don't know, as a matter of fact, but have you ever observed that every time a man drinks somebody pays for it?"

S. F. "Well, yes, I s'pose they do."

H. O. "Who pays for it?"

S. F. "The man who drinks, I presume you wish me to say."

H. O. "Just so, the man who drinks, for it cleans him out in a very short time!"

O. A merry, merry man  
 Is the man, no thinks;  
 A merry, merry man  
 Is the man who drinks.

## THE CITY CLUB.

MR. MILROY will, this evening, open the Literary and Debating Society in connection with the City Club with an essay on "Debating Societies." The meeting opens at eight o'clock. The election of officers for the winter course will also be held this evening.

Two arrivals, one from P.E.I. with produce and one from Barbados, in ballast, entered this port since yesterday.

## THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

### Preparing for the Fiercest Onset.

#### AJAX DETERMINED TO FIGHT WITH JUPITER.

#### Sir Robert's "Plan of Campaign."

#### THE CONTINENTAL WAR CLOUD.

#### Other Love Than That of Queen and Country.

Editor Evening Telegram.

DEAR SIR,—Lord Bolingbroke said: "The sudden invasion of an enemy overthrows such as are not on their guard; but they who foresee war, and prepare themselves for it before it breaks out, generally stand without difficulty the first and fiercest onset." It was always the nature of secrecy, Mr. Editor, to inspire suspicion. "Let me fight with Jupiter," said Ajax, "but give me daylight." These sayings are truly applicable just now, and as the war correspondents in the Government and mercantile organs this evening have made public the names of a few "military-struck" carpet knights, I think that the question of a volunteer corps for St. John's should be fully reconnoitered; and I trust you, sir, will fall into line and do your part towards the public, as you have heretofore done. I could not conceive why proceedings which should have been wholly of a public nature, were conducted in the hole and corner-like manner they were up until yesterday. My suspicion was aroused from the last note I received on the subject, and while I did not attend any meetings of the inner circle, yet the outside guard kept me well posted as to the movements of the sappers and miners.

It seems that during that ever-to-be-rememberable, and dishonorable, and irreligious campaign of Reformation and Retrenchment under the generalship of the Hon. Sir Robert Thorburn, part of the contract for supplying the blue ribbon by the Secretary for the Colonies was that a military organization on the lines of the Colonial defence scheme was demanded. Sir Robert then pledged his knighthood that a corps one thousand strong, composed of the flower of my countrymen, should be equipped and maintained at the expense of this already overtaxed, overgoverned and unfortunate colony. Whether Sir Robert's original intention was to form or reform his government on strictly military lines, in case of invasion by the "common enemy," I am not quite certain. I have no doubt, however, that it was his idea to hold the Government and likewise the finances of this country at the point of the bayonet. The continental war-cloud, the to-be results of the Bait Bill, and the danger this nation has incurred by sending so war-like a commissioner as our respected and dearly-beloved Brother Attorney General Winter to Washington, have somewhat changed the plan of our recruiting sergeant Sir Robert Thorburn. He now sees that his Government are neither mentally nor physically constituted to endure a prolonged bivouac on the heights of Bannerman Park, and fearing a northern blizzard on the opening of the House, he now seeks aid by calling out the bone and sinew of the country, whose names appear in the military "War Cry" this evening. Under cover of His Excellency the Governor, knowing full well that nothing emanating from his executive would be acceptable to the people, he has counter-marched his irregulars and would form square around the citadel of Commerce. Ah! no, Sir Robert. You can't hoodwink the people again. No more knighthoods will be purchased as yours and Sir Ambrose's were, at the expense of the public. From a series of strategic movements by His Excellency and his executive, I infer that other love than that of Queen and country appears in the ranks of the advance guards, as time will prove. "Our relations with all the foreign powers have been, and still continues of the most cordial and friendly nature," and to now arouse any suspicion of an intended attack on our part by arming, without the remotest excuse is, to say the least, not intended by the people. Ever since the threatened invasion, and spoliation of our banks by the Fenians in '69, and more particularly since the inception of the Thorburn Agricultural Act, the natives have become a pastoral and peaceable people, turning their old bayonets into fire-irons and potato grubbers, and their bullets into partridge shot. You will now find them along the sunny slopes of the Dildo Road pursuing a comfortable and happy livelihood without the smallest chance of ever overtaking it. To arm these tribes again would be a sad day for this country. Nothing short of the most liberal and elaborate commissariat, something on the level of the \$3,000 ball, will ever fire our people again with that military ardor to be found after consuming four or five whiskey "straits."

Your Excellency will find that there are at least five hundred men who have perfected themselves in the goose step and will not allow themselves to be wheeled into line to suit the selfish interests of a few would-be military

heroes. Call your public meeting, gentlemen, and you will soon find that any advance toward increased taxation will be sharply and most effectively repelled by

AN OLD VOLUNTEER.

St. John's, Jan. 25th, 1888.  
 P.S.—I do note that there appears not in the "military record" the name of a single member of the St. John's Volunteer Battalion. Are they all dead or sleeping?

## OUR WOULD-BE WARRIORS.

Editor Evening Telegram.

DEAR SIR,—Truly the climax of the long list of blunders of which the present Government have been guilty, was reached when a meeting, composed of M.H.A.'s and other titled gentlemen in the Government pay, was held in the Commercial Rooms "to discuss the question of a volunteer corps for St. John's."

After the would-be warriors have decided that "it is advisable to form a corps in St. John's," what is the next step? Why, of course, I suppose they started a subscription list among themselves to pay for their proposed toy. No, sir, they did not do that; but they unanimously agreed to wait on the Executive to solicit assistance to start their little game; only start it and we—the M.H.A.'s—will guarantee to increase the amount out of the contingent fund; or, perhaps, the educational fund might bear a little defalcation without notice from the citizens.

And these gentlemen, Mr. Editor, who coolly and without shame, in a public place, and through their organ the Colonist, propose to take, say ten thousand dollars of the taxes wrung from the struggling mechanics and fishermen of Newfoundland, to enable a few gentlemen of St. John's "to play at soldiers,"—these are the men who cry out loudly: "The people are demoralized; they must be taught to trust to themselves; they are paupers," &c.; and, yet, when the gents want a toy, they at once "solicit assistance" from the Executive. This is precept and example with a vengeance. Among all the M.H.A.'s representing the people of other districts, there does not appear to have been one man to object to have his constituents taxed for the purpose of enabling the martial ardor of St. John's gents to get a vent at the public expense.

The proposed volunteer movement will be a fizzle; no trouble will be found to raise officers, but the privates will be few and far between. The average mechanic or fisherman has at present the problem to solve how to exist with wages lessened and taxes on the necessities of life increased in an unjust and cruel ratio as compared with the wealthy classes. We do not feel like "playing as soldiers" for the benefit of men who pass us by in the streets like so much dirt.

And, again, we do not exactly see the reason why all at once we must volunteer. What is the pressing need for defence? Are the dangers to come from foreign or local sources? If the danger arises from a foreign power, why let Great Britain meet it for us; she has neglected us always and allowed us, her "most loyal colony," to struggle on through difficulties without aid or sympathy—her other colonies having left us far behind in all that goes to make a colony great or prosperous. If the dangers are local, and they may well be with a commercial Government and self-seeking representatives, if the feeling is abroad that a starving, deceived people may become dangerous, why our first duty may be against our fellow-countrymen; so I think it would be best to reflect before we volunteer.

Yours, &c., MECHANIC.

## LOCAL VARIETIES.

THE Band of Hope meeting announced to be held this evening in the basement of Queen's Road Chapel will be postponed owing to the unfavorable condition of the weather.

DULL though the times are with business people generally, yet the real estate dealers who keep pushing negotiations in all kinds of weather, winter and summer, succeed in bringing transactions to a head every now and then. So it has been with Mr. T. W. Spry, who informs us that he effected the following transfers of city property recently:—The brick building, shop and dwelling, on the Beach, owned by Mrs. Murphy, and till lately occupied by Mr. Chown as a dry-goods store, has been disposed of to Mr. Edward Kennedy, Salmon Cove, C.B., for the sum of thirty-three hundred dollars; a frame dwelling of superior class with high stoop, on west side of Cochrane Street above Gower, belonging to Captain Joy, has been sold to Mr. John Curran, clothier, Water Street, for two thousand dollars; two first-class frame erections on Lazy Bank have also furnished subjects of exchange as investments by the buyer for the sum of seventeen hundred dollars. The brick business store on the north-east side of Water Street and Beck's Cove, has also changed hands, the estate of Daniel Greepe, Harbor Grace, being the sellers.

## By Telegraph

### BIG BLIZZARD IN BONAVISTA.

#### Thermometer Five Below Zero.

#### STREETS COMPLETELY BLOCKED.

#### A Wild Southeaster To-Day.

#### WHO STOLE THAT CARPET?

(Special to the Evening Telegram.)

BONAVISTA, This Afternoon.

A change has come over the spirit of the weather this week, and we are now in what appears to be the midst of a cantankerous, old-fashioned Newfoundland winter. On Tuesday night a very severe blizzard, with the thermometer five below zero, set in from the north, and lasted fully twenty-four hours. The result was that our streets became so blocked as to render travel difficult, if not impossible. Since yesterday men have been engaged shovelling snow on Water Street and trying to make that thoroughfare passable. A wild southeaster prevails to-day, with copious rain. The people of Bonavista want to know WHO STOLE THAT CARPET!

## INCREASE IN CANADIAN REVENUE.

### Terrible Gale in New England.

#### A HURRICANE IN NOVA SCOTIA.

#### Wind Fifty Miles an Hour.

HALIFAX, N.S., Jan. 27.

The Canadian revenue last year increased three million dollars. The increase in exports was over four millions, and the imports eight millions.

A terrible gale prevailed in New England on Wednesday, and railways were blocked. The gale reached Nova Scotia yesterday. A hurricane, with hail and rain, was experienced for three hours. The wind blew fifty-five miles per hour.

## FROM CAPE RACE.

(Special to the Evening Telegram.)

CAPE RACE, This Evening.  
 The weather has undergone a marked change since last report. To-day a strong breeze prevails from the southeast, with heavy rain showers.

The steamer Curlew arrived at LaPoile at 4.20 p.m. yesterday, but put back again at 5 p.m., the weather being stormy. She remained there till 11 a.m. to-day, when she resumed her voyage westward. The Colonist of last evening states that the boat left Harbor Briton at midnight on Wednesday, bound home. As a matter of fact the Curlew hasn't reached Channel yet.

At a regular meeting of Union Division, No. 8, Sons of Temperance, the following were elected as officers for the ensuing quarter and installed into office by the Grand W. Patriarch, Brother Donald Morison, on the 27th inst.:—

Bro. John Freeman, Worthy Patriarch, re-elected.  
 " E. J. Boon, W. A., do.  
 " W. J. Thomson, R. S., re-elected.  
 " Thomas Payton, F. S., re-elected.  
 " John Smith, Treasurer, re-elected.  
 " L. F. Chanoy, Chaplain, elected.  
 " Robert Miller, Conductor, elected.  
 " Sis. Vey, A. C., elected.  
 " Bro. Marshall, L. G., elected.  
 " Tapper, O. G., elected.

After which the following Pastworthy Patriarchs were elected as representatives to the Grand Division until October next:—

Bro. Hon. J. J. Rogerson, Bro. A. W. Martin,  
 " L. T. Chanoy, " John Smith,  
 " Hon. J. S. Winter, " J. S. Spry,  
 " John Freeman, " James Bryden,  
 " Hon. C. R. Ayre, " Edwin Knight,  
 " Thomas Payton, " H. J. Martin,  
 " John McDougall, " E. J. Boon,  
 " Robert Vey, " E. Murray,  
 " J. R. Peters, M.P., " Robert Miller,  
 " J. R. Hughes, " T. A. Pippy,  
 " J. J. Vey, " J. W. Nichol,  
 " Robert Templeton, " John Scott,  
 " W. J. Thon, after a long illness, Ellen, wife of Mr. James Hennessey, aged 46 years. Funeral to-morrow (Saturday) at 2.30 p.m. Friends are invited to attend without further notice.

## SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

LOADING.

Jan 13—Carpasian, Brazil, W. Grieve & Co.  
 19—Lillian, Europe, Job, Bros & Co.  
 20—Fanny, Brazil, Job, Bros & Co.  
 21—Prince LeBoo, Liverpool, J. Murray.  
 24—Adamantine, Brazil, Bowring Bros.  
 26—Robert, West Indies, J. Murray.