

PASTOR REBUKES CAPT. EVANS.

**Dr. L. Woolsey Bacon, in Open Letter,
Accuses Him of Boasting and
Objects to His Profanity.**

NORWICH, Conn., Aug. 10.—The Rev. Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon has given out the following open letter to Capt. Robley D. Evans:—

To Capt. Robley D. Evans, U. S. N.:

Sir: In common with a multitude of your fellow-citizens, I have read with attention and interest your letter of July 23, addressed to the public through a Pennsylvania newspaper. It was occasioned by the contrast drawn by that paper between the reverent religious thanksgiving of Capt. Philip of the Texas and your own notorious habit of profane swearing. Your reply consists partly in covert disparaging reflections on your brother officer, and partly in extolling your own superior virtue. It would be hardly respectful to you if your public manifesto should be let pass without public notice.

You justly say that the approval of Capt. Philip's brief word of faith and thanksgiving to God is "a matter of taste," implying that in your opinion it was in bad taste—although oddly enough, it happened that you were just going to do the same thing on your own ship, if you had not been interrupted. On this question of taste, I think you will find the mind of the American public, to which you appeal, to be distinctly made up. Considered as the simple, spontaneous act of a sincere believer in God, uttered at that thrilling moment, the word of Capt. Philip seems to us full of a noble and beautiful dignity; it gives him a place in our hearts beside Foote and Farragut, not to mention equally illustrious names among the living.

If the case had been different, if it had been a notorious foul-mouthed blasphemer writing to the newspapers afterward to advertise the public of the exuberant plety of "every drop of his blood," and of the act of worship that he would have rendered if he had not been interrupted, our judgment on the question of taste would have varied accordingly.

On one point you will have the cordial agreement of all your fellow-citizens. When you claim that the best expression of faith in God is found in acts of duty and humanity, you utter one of the universally accepted commonplaces of Christianity. It is pleasant to find you so orthodox on this point. But when it comes to using this principle as an apology for your dirty habit of profane swearing, your logic fails you. You recount your exploits in succoring the wounded and drowning, and tell us of the tremendous fighting you were just going to do, when the Spanish ship turned out to be an Austrian, and you seem to reason thus: "I, Evans, am pre-eminent for courage and patriotic devotion to duty, and for generosity and humanity in the hour of victory; therefore I am justified in habitually insulting the name of Almighty God, and thus outraging the most sacred feelings of the best of my fellow-citizens."

Now, Captain, it is our duty, since you have appealed to us, to be very plain with you on this point. We believe you to be brave in battle and generous in victory, not because you tell us that you are, but, notwithstanding your talking so much about it. But pre-eminent in the navy for these qualities you certainly are not. The utmost that can be claimed for you is that you are as good as the rest, and even this remains to be proved. It has thus far fallen to others than yourself to give the highest and most heroic proof of these qualities. You are not distinguished by them; and it is a mistaken policy on the part of yourself and your friends to represent that you are.

Nobody can deny that you are a distinguished officer. And, so far as I am acquainted with your record, you are distinguished not for fighting, but for threatening to fight, and for telling about the fighting you meant to do; also for writing to the newspapers about your deeds of mercy and about the prayers you meant to have had said, and the pious emotions that you felt, but did not express. This is your first distinction, and your second is that, so far as appears, you are the most profane man in the naval service.

In view of this, it is not wise in your friends to try to glorify you as "Fighting Bob." To begin with, this title has already been appropriated by a stage hero to whom it is not quite just to compare you. I refer to "Fighting Bob" Acres. And then it would be easy to find some epithet to the fitness of which no exception could be taken, such as "Swearing Bob," or "Swaggering Bob," or "Blustering Bob," or "Advertising Bob." Your worse enemy could not deny your right to some of these titles.

I do not think that in replying to your letter at such length I have attached too much importance to it. It has been an occasion of patriotic pride and of devout thankfulness that the real heroes of our navy in this war have been modest, dignified, and self-respecting gentlemen, and in so many cases in which their inmost character has become known, have proved to be devout and humble Christian believers.

It seems to be your ambition to figure in a different character, and to use whatever prestige of military glory may fall to you to commend your coarseness and vulgarity to the admiration of young men and boys. Your smart sayings, copiously garnished with dashes and blanks, are read with delight from the barrelheads of grocery back shops, and make you the favorite hero of the saloons and the slums. But with this kind of glory, so far as now appears, you will have to content yourself. You are not going to do so much harm as you think, either to the service or to the public.

No Administration is likely to put such very vociferous valor as yours into positions where it will bring disgrace upon the country; and as for your popular influence, it is quite sure that your style is, if I may so speak, too Spanish for the American taste. If ever it shall appear that your exorbitant pretensions to pre-eminence in warlike virtue are doing any serious detriment to the public, it will be the duty of good citizens to see that they are duly punctured. I have the honor to be, yours faithfully,

LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON.
Norwich, Conn., Aug. 8, 1898.

ROBBED OF HIS MONEY.

**Bernard Hoffman, a British Seaman,
Falls Foul of Thieves.**

Bernard Hoffman, until he caught the fever at Progreso, Mexico, an able-bodied British seaman, arrived in New York Tuesday, never thinking but that everybody in the metropolis was as guileless and honest as himself. He had been in a hospital at Progreso, and later had been sent by the British Consul to the Consul General at New York. On arrival here Bernard was advised to put up at the Sailors' Home, at 190 Cherry Street, a place favored by the British Consular officers.

"Shiver my timbers, but I'll tie up at the nearest buoy I find after dark," he said, and drawing \$12.70 due him, he steered his craft into the channel and disappeared.

Yesterday afternoon he appeared at the Consulate, and amid unmanly tears related how his belief in human nature had been shattered. It appears the jolly tar had dropped anchor Tuesday night in Furman Street, Brooklyn, where he met a landshark disguised as a friend. They entered a boarding house, where it was agreed Bernard would pay \$1 a day for accommodations.

The British tar put up \$2 and went to sleep. Yesterday morning, when just out of bed, his friend, with accomplices, fell upon him, and, after doing some figuring with fists and boot heels, cast up his reckoning anew, and abstracted about \$8 from his pockets. Bernard was able to escape alive and find his way to the Consulate to ask about this strange method of performing mathematical problems. He was advised to follow the Consulate officials' directions in the future.