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184.

NUMBER 498.

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ers and Anabaptists. In a word, Tom's  
zeal became as notorious as his riches.

Still, in spite of all this strenuous at-  
tention to forms, Tom had a lurking dread  
that the devil, after all, would have his  
due. That he might not be taken un-  
awares, therefore, it is said that he always  
carried a small Bible in his coat pocket.  
He had also a great fello Bible on his count-  
ing house desk, and would frequently be  
found reading it when people called on  
business; on such occasions he would lay  
his green spectacles in the book, to mark  
the place, while he turned round to drive  
some usurious bargain.

Some say that Tom grew a little crack-  
brained in his old days, and that, fancying  
his end approaching, he had his horse new  
shod, saddled and bridled, and buried with  
his feet uppermost; because he supposed  
that at the last day the world would be  
turned upside-down; in which case he  
should find his horse standing ready for  
mounting, and he was determined at the  
worst to give his old friend a run for it.  
This, however, is probably a mere old  
wife's fable. If he really did take such a  
precaution, it was totally superfluous; at  
least, so says the authentic old legend;  
which closes his story in the following  
manner.

One hot Summer afternoon in the dog-  
days, just as a terrible black thunder-gust  
was coming up, Tom sat in his counting-  
house, in his white linen cap and India  
silk morning-gown. He was on the point  
of foreclosing a mortgage, by which he  
would complete the ruin of an unlucky  
land-speculator for whom he had preleas-  
ed the greatest friendship. The poor land-  
jobber begged him to grant a few months  
indulgence. Tom had grown testy and  
irritated, and refused another day.

"My family will be ruined, and brought  
upon the parish," said the land-jobber.

"Charity begins at home," replied Tom;  
"I must take care of myself in these hard  
times."

"You have made so much money out of  
me," said the speculator.

Tom lost his patience and his piety.

"The devil take me," said he, "if I have  
made a farthing!"

Just then there were three loud knocks  
at the street-door. He stepped out to see  
who was there. A black man was holding  
a black horse, which neighed and stamped  
with impatience.

"Tom, you're come for," said the black  
fellow gruffly. Tom shrank back, but too  
late. He had left his little Bible at the  
bottom of his coat pocket, and his big Bible  
on the desk buried under the mortgage he  
was about to foreclose; never was slaver  
taken more unawares.

The black man whisked him like a child  
into the middle, gave the horse the lash,  
and away he galloped, with Tom on his  
back, in the midst of the thunder storm.  
The clerks stuck their pens behind their  
ears, and stared after him from the win-  
dows. Away went Tom Walker, dashing  
down the streets, his white cap bobbing  
up and down; his morning gown flutter-  
ing in the wind, and his steel striking fire  
out of the pavement at every bound.

When the clerks turned to look for the  
black man, he had disappeared.

Tom Walker never returned to foreclose  
the mortgage. A countryman, who lived  
on the border of the swamp, reported that  
in the height of the thunder-gust he had  
heard a great clattering of hoofs, and a  
howling along the road, and running to  
the window caught sight of a figure such  
as I have described on a horse that gal-  
loped like mad across the fields, over the

## DEFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER

An assembly of Knights of Labor has  
recently been formed in Lewiston. The  
Auburn assembly now has a membership  
of over 300, and workmen are joining  
at the rate of 25 at each meeting. The  
order is going to be a power in Maine in  
the near future.

The Lewiston Journal, speaking of the  
opposition to the continuation of Hon.  
Edmund Wilson of Thomaston in the posi-  
tion of member of the Democratic National  
committee, says: "Wilson is accused of  
being old-logyish and too headstrong. He  
got into a tremendous flare-up at Thomas-  
ton, a short time ago and moved out of  
town, going to a Rockland hotel to board  
and declaring himself no longer a tax-pay-  
ing citizen of Thomaston—all because a  
Thomaston town meeting would not vote  
to suit him. Thomaston still survives." The  
Journal is very much in error. Mr.  
Wilson has never indulged in any such  
foolishness. No man takes defeat more  
philosophically than he. Capt. Sam-  
Walt's performance after the special town-  
meeting last Spring, no doubt was the  
foundation for this reflection on Mr. Wilson.

## THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.

FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRE-  
SENT TIME—BY N. C. FLETCHER.

### Chapter XLV.

In my last chapter of the annals, I  
brought the ecclesiastical history of the First  
parish down to the close of the ministry of  
the Rev. Benjamin C. Chase, completing a  
half century of its existence, and some  
have thought I very adroitly evaded the  
mention of the difficulty which arose  
between their first minister (Rev. Mr.  
Cochran) and his church and parish.  
Next to family quarrels, church quarrels  
are the most unreasonable. The method  
of settling a minister, in early times, was  
an incongruous one. The inhabitants of a  
town constituted his parish, and a mass of  
minds was placed under his moral and re-  
ligious instructions which he was expected  
to control. It was a hopeless task, and no  
man ever yet accomplished it, never will,  
and, I may say, never ought to attempt it.  
It has been tried many times, and the re-  
sult has proved a miserable failure, and  
produced more hypocrites than christians.  
Two cannot long walk together in harmony,  
unless there is some affinity between them,  
and the church and parish lived in peace  
longer than could reasonably have been  
expected. The clergymen composing the  
council, as well as the delegates who ex-  
amined Mr. Cochran, and pronounced  
themselves "satisfied with his qualifications  
to take charge of the church, and have the  
overight of the parish in the Lord," con-  
sisted of Calvinists and Armenians, Trini-  
tarians and Unitarians; and yet, expected  
peace and harmony to prevail in all their  
borders. Strange delusion! But they soon

to dissolve the contract between Mr. Coch-  
ran and said town of Camden, composed of  
Samuel Brown, Joshua Dillingham, Robert  
Chase, Hosea Bates, Nathaniel Martin,  
Nathan Brown and Erasmus Foote. A com-  
mittee of seven was next chosen, to consult  
with Mr. Cochran and the church respect-  
ing a council, and to give the necessary  
notice, agreeably to the articles of agree-  
ment. The above mentioned gentlemen,  
were appointed as that committee. On the  
26th of the same month, the committee  
handed Mr. Cochran the notice contem-  
plated by the previous votes. According to  
the original stipulation entered into be-  
tween Mr. Cochran and the town, he was  
to be apprised of any intention of dismis-  
sion six months before the time when his dis-  
missal was to take place. The committee  
agreed to appoint a time and to meet Mr.  
Cochran and the church, if he desired it, so  
as to dissolve the connection by mutual con-  
sent. Mr. Cochran agreed to call a coun-  
cil and confer with his church upon the  
subject. The committee delayed taking  
further action upon the subject until the  
12th of December, when Joshua Dilling-  
ham and Hosea Bates handed Mr. Cochran  
a note apprising him of the expiration of the  
six months, and requested him to signify  
his views in writing. Mr. Cochran re-  
sponded that he considered the contract be-  
tween the town and himself as dissolved,  
and that he did not expect any more salary,  
and that he would consult with his church,  
and give the committee notice as to the coun-  
cil. He released the town from all claims  
as their minister, except the six months  
salary, as agreed upon at his settlement.  
Up to this time, everything had been  
conducted on business principles, and it  
seems to me, had the right spirit prevailed,  
there need not have been any trouble.  
Had the town promptly paid Mr. C. six  
months salary, which was justly due him,  
and he had coincided in the decision of the  
town in dissolving the connection, which  
was a just and proper procedure, all would  
have been well, and no ill feeling could  
have been generated. If there was any  
moral delinquency in Mr. C.'s conduct, the  
parish had nothing to do with it. He was  
their minister, and it was their duty to  
attend to their secular affairs. He was the  
pastor of the church, and it was his duty to  
lead his flock into the green pastures of  
gospel truth. If he neglected to do this,  
or was immoral in his conduct, the church  
was the proper tribunal before which he  
must be tried. The town should have paid  
the balance of their minister's salary; like  
honest men, without delay, and no doubt  
he would have departed from their borders  
in peace. But the town either refused or  
delayed payment, and their minister was  
obliged to resort to the civil law to bring  
them to their senses. It was a disgraceful,  
as well as an expensive, procedure on the  
part of the town, for the court gave a verdict  
in the clergyman's favor in the year 1818.  
According to the records of the town, the  
whole cost, which the citizens had to pay,  
was \$1,400. They learned to their sorrow  
that a clergyman had legal rights as well  
as laymen, and those who can pay and  
won't pay, must be made to pay their just  
debts. The trouble was brought on wholly,  
as far as I can learn, by the action of the  
town or parish, with which the church had  
but little to do. The parties connected  
with this mess, have long since passed to  
"that bourne from which no traveller ever  
returns;" and I should not have raked over  
the ashes of the past, had not so many  
gross errors still existed.

July 11, 1884 p. 1 [None for July 18]

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his wife said

swamp toward the old Indian fort; and that, shortly after, a thunder-bolt falling in that direction seemed to set the whole forest in a blaze.  
The good people of Boston shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders, but had been so much accustomed to witches and goblins, and tricks of the devil, in all kinds of shapes, from the first settlement of the colony, that they were not so much horror-struck as might have been expected. Trustees were appointed to take charge of Tom's effects. There was nothing, however, to administer upon. On searching his coffers, all his bonds and mortgages were found reduced to cinders. In place of gold and silver, his iron chest was filled with chips and shavings; two skeletons lay in his stable instead of his half-starved horses, and the very next day his great house took fire and was burned to the ground.  
Such was the end of Tom Walker and his ill-gotten wealth. Let all gripping money-makers lay this story to heart. The truth of it is not to be doubted. The very hole under the oak-trees, whence he dug Kidd's money, is to be seen to this day; and the neighboring swamp and old Indian fort are often haunted in stormy nights by a figure on horseback, in morning-gown and white cap, which is doubtless the troubled spirit of the usurer. In fact, the story has resolved itself into a proverb, and is the origin of that popular saying, so prevalent throughout New England, of "The Devil and Tom Walker."  
**JOHNNIE'S ACCOUNT OF THE OPERA**  
"O, papa, the hall was so big! and there were houses and rooms, and lots of things in one end, and they were hid by a curtain, and there were trees and peoples, lots of peoples; pretty ladies and ugly men, and pretty men. And down just before you got to the curtain was a big place like our coal bin, and it was full of men and they made music, and one man he shook a stick at 'em and they played harder and harder.  
"O, yes, I liked the music! and then just the prettiest lady came out, all dressed up splendid. The peoples laughed out loud with their hands, and she sang and sang, and looked away up at the sky. O, she sang so sweet! and I shut my eyes and listened.  
"Then another lady came out, and she sang louder and louder and made such faces and shook her head and reached way up tiptoes. I don't think I like the squealest music; it scares me. And then my lady came out and sang some more, O, so nice! and out came a big man singing as loud as he could, and he went up to my pretty lady and kissed her, and she sang and smiled, and he sang right in her face. Then somebody throw a beautiful bouquet right close to her feet, and she smiled and didn't say 'Thank you.' Then all the peoples laughed out loud with their hands again, and I did too, only soft, you know.  
"And there was a little girl who had an opera glass all her own, and next time I go to matinee I want one just like it."

**PECULIAR PARAGRAPHS**  
"Why, John," said his mother, as she caught him stealing her cake, "I am surprised." "So am I," was the reply, "for I didn't know you were at home."  
"Yes, my boy," said Mr. Malaprop to his son "animals that eat meat are carboniferous, while those like ourselves, that eat both flesh and vegetables, are amphibious."  
They were sitting on the sofa in the front parlor, and he was holding her little hand in his own. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike her and she asked sweetly, "Adolphus, are you a bolter?" Just then the old gentleman's footstep sounded on the top stair, and as he wildly grabbed his hat Adolphus answered, "Yes, darling—good-bye."  
"What was now is the time that my genius needs recognition—cash recognition; never mind the monument over my grave, dear friends. Contrast yourself with the simple, sincere and economical poor. Give me my monument now. I need a memorial pillar to mark my greatness and immortality. There!—that is the monument I want. Now is the time."

in human nature to ignore reason, and be submissive to the wild vagaries of an irresponsible priesthood. The civil law took precedence of the ecclesiastical edicts of the church, and the better portion of the people listened to the still small voice of reason, until the whirlwind of confusion passed by them. It was not until many years afterwards, that the final separation of the two branches of the Congregational church took place. When Dr. Channing of Boston and Professor Stuart of the Theological Institution at Andover, opened the great drama, New England Puritanism trembled from center to circumference. These two champions entered the arena, put on their gloves of iron, and wielded their battle-axes like the ancient Knights of Palestine. This controversy separated the two branches of the christian churches of New England, the Puritan element taking the side of Professor Stuart, and the liberal minded deploying into the ranks of Dr. Channing. The one was guided by the flaming light of Mount Sinai, with its intermittent flashes; the other, wrapping himself in his mantle, as did the prophet of old, rested himself and his disciples within the classic shadows of the Divinity school at Cambridge.  
I have made diligent search throughout the records of the parish, and also of the town, to glean any facts which might lead to the unraveling of the snarl of affairs during the ministry of Mr. Cochran, without being too inquisitive about matters which did not concern any one but those immediately interested in these ecclesiastical affairs. I have conversed with old members of the church who are now living, and who are conversant with its history at the time of the difficulty, yet they knew very little more about the matters of those early times than I did. They talked freely about the troubles of those times, and regretted exceedingly that they ever occurred, but no record can be found of the doings of the church of those times, and perhaps it is better that, having been buried in obscurity for a half a century, no attempt should be made to resurrect them. But there are a few facts which I have gleaned from the town records, which I will lay before my readers; not because they are of much importance, but merely to fill the greedy maw of that class of people who are unwilling to let a disagreeable quarrel rest in the grave of oblivion.  
The town of Camden had settled Mr. Thomas Cochran as their pastor, and they were both morally and legally bound to pay his salary until he was regularly dismissed by an ecclesiastical council. Accordingly I find an article in the town warrant, under date of May 4, 1814. "To see if the town will appoint a Committee, honorably to dissolve the connection between the town and their minister, agreeably to the call and settlement; also, to see if the town will appoint a committee to consult with the Rev. Mr. Cochran and the church, respecting a council, and to give the necessary notice, agreeably to the articles of settlement; also, to act upon any such matters and things as may be thought necessary, apically and honorably, to dismiss Mr. Cochran from the further ministerial duty as settled Minister over the inhabitants of said town, and to make any arrangement respecting a poll of the parish for him, or any other minister." The above articles were voted upon as follows: To decide the question whether the town will choose a committee to dissolve the connection between the town and their minister.

records exist, either on the records of the town or of the Congregational church, of any criminal delinquency in the conduct of either party. Therefore, let the dead past remain in its sepulchre until the time for the last trump to be sounded shall have come.  
**MENTIONINGS**  
An Ohio organ of much party enthusiasm says that "Blaine never showed his back to the enemy." No he never did—nor his face, either.  
A Kansas liquor dealer tucks up his business cards in the pews of the churches, and inserts them in the hymn-books and other localities where they will catch the eyes of the people.  
He had learned something. "Freddie, did you go to school to-day?" "Yes'm." "Did you learn anything new?" "Yes'm." "What was it, my boy?" "I got on a sure way of getting out for an hour by stuffing red ink up my nose."  
A few days ago a gentleman was watching the graceful motions of some goldfish, displayed in a window on Washington street, when his attention was attracted to a son of Erin whose clothes showed that he had but recently set foot on those shores, and whose actions betokened a free indulgence in the "crather." The Irishman gazed at the fish in open-eyed and open-mouthed wonder, and, finally turning to the gentleman, exclaimed: "Begorra, sir, an' did yez ever see any red hirrings alive before?"—*Boston Journal*.  
According to the reports from Washington the further exposure of the frauds in the navy department has been postponed until after the election. Chandler has been blowing about not fearing an investigation so much, that it is surprising that he tries to put a stop to it just as it was being started. The Senate committee that is making a nonsensical investigation is working with closed doors, so that nothing can reach the public. It will wind up as the Star route frauds, pension swindles and similar things have wound up, every one of the rascals being discharged from custody.—*Portland Argus*.  
A good story comes from an authentic source: Some years ago the floods carried away a bridge on the Michigan Central, and until it could be replaced there was a suspension of traffic. Said the general superintendent to the blunt, hard-working old master bridge builder: "You must put all your men on that bridge; they must work all night, and the bridge must be completed by daylight. The chief engineer shall furnish you with the plan, and you can go right ahead." Early next morning the general superintendent, in a very doubtful frame of mind, met the old bridge builder. "Well," said the general, "did the engineer give you a plan for the bridge?" "General," returned the old man, slowly, "the bridge is done. I don't know whether the picture is or not."  
A west bound freight train on the B. and M. main line yesterday reported at Dorchester that there was a man lying doubled up near the track some distance back, who looked as if he might have been hurled off a train and killed or made insensible. The word was sent in and orders were sent that the east-bound passenger should stop and an examination of the matter be made. As they approached the place designated they saw the man, evidently in the same position he was in when seen by the freight train crew. The train stopped and the conductor and the engineer and the fireman and most of the passengers got off in a great excitement and gathered around the prostrate form. "See how he is doubled up," said one of the passengers. "Poor fellow, that must be the way he fell." "Doesn't seem to be bloody," said another. "Look, he moves," said a third, as they came up closer. "He is not dead, anyway. Seems to be breathing all right." "I don't believe he's much hurt," said a little man from Kansas. "Here, what's the matter? Can you hear?" The figure raised up, and wiping his eyes with a pair of gray flannel, he said: "I don't know what's the matter with me, but I feel as if I've been hit by a train and am all over the place."

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rebelled and weakness caused in several cases. The difficulty of keeping heat in the body was very great. The rule of the camp was to permit no one to sleep longer than two hours. He was awakened roughly and called upon to shake himself, beat his hands and pound his feet, and restore circulation. This was found absolutely necessary to prevent torpor and possible death, the usual accompaniments of intense cold.

The survivors are all doing well, but are still weak and suffering from nervous prostration.

BLAINE MEETS A FRIEND

THE PLUMER KNIGHT AND REV. JOHN NICODEMUS TALK OVER OLD TIMES—A STRONG ALLY IN "OLE KAINTUCK."

Rev. John Nicodemus of Lexington, Ky., the well known colored preacher of that section, now traveling in the North and collecting funds for the rebuilding of the Galilean Fisherman's Colored Saint's Rest, recently destroyed by a visitation of Providence, had a talk with the Republican candidate recently, which is thus reported: "So you didn't know me at first, Marse Jeems?"

"No, I really did not, John; but I'm really glad to see you."

"Ye know I used to wait on ye at de table at de Blue Lick springs way back in 1860 when ye lived in ole Kaintuck an' was a professor in de Western Military Institute. It makes a heap sight o' difference if ye aint seed a pusson for sich a long time. Good Lawd; who'd a thought then that Major Jeems G. Blaine, all dressed up in blue coat, sky blue breeches wid a red stripe runnin' down de legs, a blue cap and big brass buttons—who'd a thought that he'd be nominated for de presidency of dese United States by a convention of Republicans, cabpet-baggers and niggahs, all pre-sided ovah by an educated darkey all de way from Mississippi?"

"Things have changed since 1860, John." "Ye bettah believe it, Marse Jeems! Right smart chance o' things has changed. Don't ye recollect what a big row tuk place at de Springs when Col. Johnson, de head of de institute, couldn't pay up after bein' boarded from 1st January, 1860 to de end o' December, an' what an' almighty big fight ole Marse Tom Holliday raised 'case ye couldn't git his money. Jee-roo-salem! Why, de institute had about 300 boys an' no faculty—you was one of 'em—all broke an' 'un like de ole Harry when ole Marse Tom Holliday an' Marse Lewis and little Marse John Buck went fur 'em. De folks said you run all de way to Millersburg, 'bout 13 miles off, an' when you got that ye tole de folks dat ye heard Miss Harriet Stanwood was sick an' ye come up to see wid-out waitin' fur de stage."

"People will lie, John—people will lie." "But ye did run part o' de way, Marse Jeems, case I was a-lookin' out o' de dining-room doah on de front piazza, and I did see ye run as fur as de bridge ovah de Cicking river—'bout a mile."

"Well, John, I didn't owe the Hollidays anything; I only got 'bout \$600 a year." "An' you an' Miss Harriet Stanwood—she was teachin' school at de Millersburg school—got married, I heard, an' boff 'ent back to Maine. Well! well! how me does swim along!"

"Yes, John, she is now Mrs. Blaine and she have children and grandchildren."

"Good Lawd! Marse Jeems. How you n' Miss Harriet use to bill an' coo in de ack pahlor at Col. Johnson's, in Millersburg, way off in ole Kaintuck. I neyah thought you'd git married."

"Yes, John, we married and concluded to come east, as Mrs. Blaine wanted to see er old home again."

"Yes, I heard so; dere's nuthin' like ova when it gits its grip on a fella, Marse Jeems."

"But let's drop private family matters, John. How do the colored people take ny nomination, eh?"

"Oh, splendidous, Major Jeems. De smoked-American votahs goes fur you fast, as an' all de time. What do you s'pose us keor fur all de fuss 'bout de Mullin lettahs? Why, say niggah politicians, he had helped a big rich railroad com-

DEFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER

The Republicans sneer at Gov. Cleveland because he hanged two murderers when he was sheriff. That is the best thing we have heard of him in connection with his public career. Mr. Blaine never did so good a job in his life.

The coal and iron companies of Ohio are importing thousands of Italians and other workmen under contract to work for starvation wages, and to take the place of civilized American workmen. These are the fellows who are supporting Blaine and talking about "protection to labor." They get all the protection there is in the present tariff, and we do not wonder that they want it continued. But why should workmen vote for such protection, where it does not protect them from competition with pauper and contract labor that must operate to injure and degrade them? Let every laboring man remember that Blaine is the candidate of the big corporations that are introducing contract and pauper labor, and bend every effort to defeating him.

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.

FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME—BY N. C. FLETCHER.

Chapter XLVI.

The First parish, or Congregational church and society, closed its first half century, about the termination of the ministry of Rev. B. C. Chase, as related in a former chapter, and the only serious difficulty which occurred between their settled ministers and the church, up to the present time, was that which I have already dilated upon in the last chapter of the annals. I think it would be hard to find a society during the last half century that has moved on in the even tenor of its way more harmoniously than has the First parish in Camden.

After Mr. Chase's removal from town, the pulpit was supplied by various clergymen until a call was extended to Rev. F. P. Chapin, who was ordained November 10, 1857, and dismissed September 3, 1867. Next came Rev. H. A. Shorey, who was installed September 1, 1869, and dismissed September 1, 1873. Rev. E. Bean was next settled, November 23, 1873, and dismissed January 2, 1876. Their next minister, Rev. W. R. Cross, was settled June 10, 1876; was installed November 13 of the same year; and dismissed October 30, 1883. From the time Mr. Cross was dismissed until July 10 of the present year, the desk was occupied by several prominent clergymen of well established reputation, as well as several younger men, as candidates for settlement, and a call was extended with great unanimity to Rev. Ambrose H. Tyler of Weymouth, Mass., to become their pastor, which was accepted, and he took charge of the pulpit July 10, 1884. The old parish anticipate a prosperous pastorate, and if they strive for the things which make for peace, their union will prove a blessing and the walls of their Zion will be firm and stable without, and as beautiful within as polished marble fluted by the hand of the Supreme Architect, emblematical of that spiritual temple so often alluded to in the sacred writings. They have had eight pastors since the parish was first organized, and the one just called will make the ninth during the lapse of more than a half century. Whatever they may think of them, I am certain they have no

where its surging waters would too frequently disturb his repose. He accordingly, after a residence of about two years in Camden, returned to his old people, in the beautiful village of Gray, who received him with open arms, and where he is still laboring, happy and contented, among a people who appreciate him and cherish his many virtues. The next came Rev. W. R. Cross, who had charge of the parish about seven years, and removed to Eastport in the latter part of the year 1883. He was a man of superior intellect to either of the former pastors, and had he possessed the ambition to excel and the application to enable him to quicken his mental forces, he would have kept up the excellent reputation which preceded him. But, unfortunately, the physical predominated over the mental powers, and the "flesh pots of Egypt" were more attractive to him than the springs of Heliopolis. The fountain of knowledge was too deep for him to plunge into its depths, and bring up the "pearls of great price." And after a few years, his stock of intellectual knowledge became somewhat exhausted, and he was driven to the dangerous expedient of too frequent exchanges to tide over the chasm which so frequently yawned before him. His parish was proud of him for a time, but their interest soon began to wane, and his audiences growing beautifully less, the "hand-writing upon the wall" pointed out to him in the distance a better field for grazing. He was never popular with the masses; he was too reserved and distant in his manners, and had the appearance of a certain haughtiness, that said to the common people, "Stand by thyself; come not near me for I am holier than you." Their first pastor (Rev. Mr. Chapman), I have already alluded to in a previous chapter. What I have said in regard to the characteristics of the several pastors of the First parish was drawn from my own judgment of the men. I have made no invidious comparisons, and have spoken of them as I found them, after an intercourse with them for many years. If I erred in my judgment concerning them, the reader must attribute to an "error of the head and not of the heart."

Those who have been elected to the office of deacon, since the close of Mr. Chase's ministry, in addition to those already mentioned are: Joseph Perry, March 18, 1878 (now deceased); J. Stone and E. D. Mansfield, who were elected in April, 1881; all good men and true, who have managed the affairs of the church in an admirable manner, to the latter of whom I am indebted for many of the facts connected with the history of this ancient church.

In speaking of the old meeting-house in a former chapter, I stated that it was erected in the year 1800, by the magnificence of private individuals; but who they were, I could not learn. I searched all the records available, and made numerous inquiries of every old settler of the town with whom I met, but I could get no information whatever, and I had given up the last lingering hope of being able to transmit their names down to posterity. When I was drawing near the close of this chapter and just in "the nick of time," I received the following note from my excellent friend, to whom I am indebted for many valuable facts recorded in my annals:

Enclosed I send you a copy of an old paper that I found at the State House in Boston. Perhaps it may be of use in your history. Yours sincerely,

Harper's magazine for August, 1884, contains an article by Justice Campbell on "The Encroachment of the Nation on the States," which will command the attention of all readers. Richard A. Treats of "The Origin of Comets," succeeds in presenting that difficult a light so clear that persons with little or no acquaintance with the subject can follow his argument. "A Nation of Rascals" is the starting article by John F. Hume, in that states, counties and municipalities the United States have already repudiated, or defaulted in the payment of an amount of bonds obligations equal to the sum of the debt. Judge Edward C. Lorin "Drift toward Centralization" in judgment of the United States Court on the power of the Federal government to issue paper money, an opinion of the minority of the court rendered in the suit for the Arlino, erty. Julian Hawthorne writes "American Element in Fiction," is a symposium on "Prohibition sensation," by Neal Dow and Dr. J.

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MENTIONINGS

"Do cats reason?" asks a correspondent. Certainly. There are two in our hood that are reasoning with each other through the still night.

"The number nine possesses remarkable properties," says an editorial. It certainly does when worn by the genial father of a remarkably precocious child.

A Milwaukee woman went to the Booth play Richieu, and afterwards found that Mr. Booth had such cough that she did not believe live six months.

"I wish my wife wasn't a said Snitkins, sadly. "Why?" "Friend. "Is she a Democrat?" "A bolter—she won't let me in after ten o'clock at night."

McArthur has a fine hunter, Jim Cooper has none. "Let us go in to-morrow," said Bob to J. you haven't got any dog!" "O haven't. If I had a dog, I would you to go along with me."

True modesty—Mr. Spinks such a beautiful dream last night! Briggs! I thought I was in the Eden." Miss Briggs (with air) "And did Eve appear as she is represented, Mr. Spinks?" Mr. "I—I—I—I didn't look!"

An exchange says: "A lady at S. C., the other day, found a gold potato which she cut in two to see how the ring came there is a It does not seem so to us, for if it was as old as those served in a house we know the natural su would be that the potato had been

"Is my shaving agreeable to you?" a loquacious barber asked a customer whom he had been shaving all day. The wife would admire it very much. "Indefinitely," responded the man. "Ah," said the barber, "your complacency, ladies are often judges of their husbands being well shaved. And you think mine will suit, sir."

July 25, 1884 P. 1 [None for August 1, 1884]

complacency. "Mines are often the judges of their husbands being well at. And you think mine will suit, sir?" doubt of it in the world. It was only morning she became angry because her husband could not afford to buy her a bonnet and said I ought to be shamed alive." The barber lost himself in

Fellow citizens, I left Louisville for  
cago on the J. M. & I. railroad and  
wended our winding sinuosities through  
climatic and placid forests of Indiana  
quietly, the birdlets and the bawlings  
out from their nests amid the foliage of  
eternal oaks and circling over my  
chirped: "Go on, Brown, thou pro-  
tender of thy country's liberties." Fel-  
low citizens, when the name of Blaine  
mentioned in that august body, I said  
ing, but lay as quietly as a bull-

The secretary of the treasury has  
a letter to Benjamin L. Nichols,  
States shipping commissioner, Prov-

R. I., in reply to a letter inquiring the operation of the shipping act of 1884, as affecting the duties of ship commissioners in respect to the engagement and discharge of seamen on vessels coasting trade between Atlantic ports. The secretary says: "You are in error in assuming that the act in question (sec. 10.)

strued by the department, modifies the existing law to the extent of prohibiting paying of any remuneration for the employment of seamen to any person other than the United States shipping commissioner. The new law does not, however, impair in any way modify the provisions of the revised Statutes, which, in effect, allow the owner, consignee or master of a vessel engaged in the coasting trade (except in the case of 75 tons or upwards in trade between the Atlantic and Pacific ports,) between the United States and the

**THE TERRIBLE SEQUEL**

Never before in our recollection have there been such high hopes of labor throughout the country as in Chicago. The increasing support of the Republican party to monopolies and trusts influences long ago made hopeless all

pects in that direction; and the pro-  
 low growth of the Greenback party  
 no place for the impatient many.  
 Democratic party, then, have hun-  
 thousands turned, expecting relief  
 change for their needed votes—votes  
 in the present distracted condition  
 Republican party would have given  
 victory if brought under the Des-

banner. To these men the Democratic party has not only turned the cold shoulder but it has heaped insult upon the platform, by its newspaper sneers at a dollar a day man who wished to do the party," and by nominating a man who has proved himself callous to the wants, and whom they have declared not receive their support. With no place in the Republican party, driven west and insult from the Democratic party is now no place for labor outside the Greenback party. In it they are given voice and an equal place. United to whip their enemies, divided under no other but Democratic banners.

...at Chicago is ready and able to deliver if they are called on. With

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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Continuation July 25, 1884



THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF SANDHURST, N.Y.

August 8, 1884 p. 1

ry; Law, Education  
are already in pos-  
to reliefs representing  
of the pilgrims—the  
og, the Signing of the  
first Treaty with the  
ese are already com-  
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Faith, cut in granite,  
on. Oliver Ames, and  
is at one dollar each.  
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to state a fact, with-  
ast lacious.—"Our  
Journal.

#### CIDER

ENDEARED HIMSELF  
TO FRIENDS.

blican committee on  
ough Chicago yester-  
He said he and his  
very pleasant time  
it took them a good  
d with the customs of

his speech," said the  
r of us started off to  
couldn't find anything  
we noticed others  
saying anything and  
ille eating cloves and  
ome of us mad, and  
that there was liable  
and there if he didn't  
it.

"That's what these  
to call it."  
kins, as if he had just  
ing, though he was  
"That's cider. Mr.  
barrel or two in his

he house and found a  
white apron serving  
It is a very pleas-  
you have got your  
der to find something  
trickling down your  
aw of Mr. Blaine the  
great head."—Chicago

#### THE RULE

ival and had obtained  
as a sort of a man of  
a landlord, "you see  
must use spittoons,"  
the guests violating  
to report the matter

eye out, and, after  
for half an hour, he  
ign, for the wall,

are it, this?"  
on the carpet," said  
mattered.  
an' we can't use the  
see to think or Oll-

August 1st, Mr. Amos, and  
another honorable member were in con-  
versation in the lobby of the house, when  
young Mr. Levy, the managing proprietor  
of the Daily Telegraph, entered and noided  
familiarly to the Parliamentary dignitaries.  
"An extraordinary man that," remarked  
the Colonial Secretary to his honorable  
friend: "have you heard that he has bought  
the Times?" "You do not tell me so?"  
was the reply; "he must have paid an  
enormous sum for it." "Oh, no," said the  
Secretary, "only threepence."

#### DEFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER

We learn from the Portland Advertiser  
that, "Maine's claim to be the birthplace of  
the Republican party is disputed by Ver-  
mont." Vermont is welcome to the distinc-  
tion. But if Maine does her duty next  
September, she may secure for herself the  
greater honor of being the burial place of  
that abominable party.

The Republican platform favors congres-  
sional regulation of the railroads. Evi-  
dently something has been transposed.  
Whenever the Republicans have controlled  
both the Senate and the House, Congress has  
invariably been controlled by the railroads.  
But perhaps this is only an illustration of  
Republican professions compared with Re-  
publican practices.

James G. Blaine, H. G. Davis and  
Stephen Elkins (the latter was Mr. Blaine's  
chief fugler at Chicago) are managers of the  
West Virginia Central & Pittsburg  
Railroad company, which corporation own  
coal mines in West Virginia. In these  
mines the men are paid 37½ cents per ton  
for mining the coal. These are the royal  
wages paid in the "protected" industries  
under the system advocated by Mr. Blaine,  
right in his mines. O, how workingmen  
must love protective taxes.

Neal Dow tells his audiences that there  
are no rum-shops in Portland. Will he  
please inform us what those places are that  
may be seen in all parts of the city and  
have every appearance of being rum-shops?  
They are fitted up with bars; bottles and  
decanters of various kinds of liquors are on  
the shelves; men come in and call for all  
sorts of drinks, the same as in rum-shops;  
they are served, and appear to be satisfied,  
pay their money for their drinks and de-  
part. These places may be inspected any  
day by any citizen of Portland—and no  
doubt are by many—or by any person who  
happens to be in that city. Mr. Dow as-  
serts that these are not rum-shops. Will  
he please inform us what they are.

The Republican papers contradict the  
report that Mr. Cleveland's mother was an  
Oxford county woman, under the heading,  
"No Maine Blood in Cleveland." There  
is at least quite as much Maine blood in  
Cleveland as there is in Blaine. The latter  
is nothing but a Pennsylvania carpetbagger  
in this state. He has no interests in Maine  
except political ones. When it comes  
down to business, he has always preferred  
the interests of Pennsylvania to those of  
Maine. That is the secret of his devotion  
to protection. Every interest of Maine  
would be benefited by free trade, but  
Pennsylvania demands that our people  
shall pay a heavy tax on their coal and  
everything of a metallic nature that they  
use, and so Mr. Blaine goes in and bet ex-  
protection.

during the remainder of his long, useful  
and eventful life. He was now in the  
dawn of his manhood, but rich in expe-  
rience and well qualified to enter upon the  
duties of his profession. He was a master  
carpenter, well skilled in the art. He first  
entered the employment of Capt. Noah  
Brooks, then a prominent citizen of this  
town, and a worthy business man, with  
whom he remained until the year 1816.  
In that year, he was united in marriage  
with Miss Mary Eaton, daughter of Wil-  
liam and Lucy Eaton. He entered into  
the shipbuilding business on his own  
account, and superintended the building  
of something near 65 vessels, some of  
which were 1,200 tons burthen. He was a  
most faithful workman, and those who  
sailed vessels built by him had no fears of  
being ship-wrecked, in consequence of any  
delinquency on the part of Master Stetson.  
He was no aspirant for office, but rather  
avoided being named for places which his  
fellow citizens would often have been glad  
to have made him the recipient. At length,  
in 1819, he was induced to yield to the  
solicitations of his friends, and he was  
elected captain of the light infantry com-  
pany, which position he held during five  
years. In 1824, he again acceded to the  
wishes of his friends and consented to enter  
the political arena, and contend for a seat  
in the legislature of the state. He was an  
old line Whig in politics, but never took  
much part in the affairs of the state. He  
was elected and did his duty faithfully and  
to the satisfaction of his constituents with-  
out distinction of party, but he did not  
desire a reelection. In 1824, he united  
with the Congregationalist church, and  
was soon elected one of its deacons, while  
office he held to the end of his useful and  
eventful life. He died May 8, 1872, leav-  
ing on the shores of time a widow, six  
daughters and one son, (the present cash-  
ier of the Camden national bank,) at the  
age of eighty years, respected in life, and  
when the taper was extinguished, deeply  
mourned by all who ever had the pleasure  
of his acquaintance. His widow, who was  
truly "a mother in Israel," and fruitful in  
good works, survived him eleven years,  
and then laid down to her last repose on  
earth, May 2, 1883. Thus doth time steal  
away all that we value on earth, and leave  
us in sorrow and sadness, but not without  
hope.

Mr. Berry, Clerk of Courts for Waldo  
county, has received the rescript in the case  
of Delora E. Keene vs. Inhabitants of Lin-  
colnville. This is the road case where Mrs.  
Keene asked for damages caused by her  
being thrown from a carriage two years  
ago just below the Beach on the road to  
Camden, through an alleged defect in the  
highway. The case has been tried twice—  
the first time there was a disagreement of  
the jury, but at the April term, 1884, Mrs.  
Keene got a verdict for \$1,350. The de-  
fendants moved for a new trial, which  
motion the law court overruled. The fol-  
lowing is the rescript: "The evidence is  
sufficient to show a defective way; that the  
municipal officers had reasonable notice of  
the defect, and that the plaintiff was in-  
jured without her fault, and without any  
negligence on the part of the defendants."  
It is not necessary to say that the

should contain a plank in favor of moral  
appropriations for an extensive system of  
coast defenses. He appeared before the  
committee, but met a rebuff, and then made  
a speech to a mob in front of Hooley's  
Theater. "Oh, you fellows can boot and  
yell," said he, "but I'm a Democrat from  
Cape Cod, and my house, stands on a neck  
of land where a foreign gunboat could  
shoot the cold potatoes right off from my  
table. It may be d—lunny for you fellows  
out here in the Mississippi Valley, but I  
want you to understand that if I have to  
emigrate at any time in the next four years  
I'll hold the Democratic party responsible."  
—Chicago Herald.

This is substantially the letter which  
George F. Edmunds wrote four years ago  
to a Burlington friend, and which was cir-  
culated extensively the night before the  
Republican State convention to prevent  
delegates being chosen who would in any  
contingency vote for Blaine. (The letter  
itself is in private hands now, but there are  
probably not less than 100 prominent Re-  
publicans in the state who saw it and knew  
of its existence. Mr. Edmunds said: "It  
is my deliberate opinion that Mr. Blaine  
acts as the attorney of Jay Gould. When-  
ever Mr. Thurman and I have settled upon  
legislation to bring the Pacific railroads to  
terms of equity with the government, up  
has jumped James G. Blaine, musket in  
hand, from behind the breastworks of  
Gould's lobby to fire in our back.")

Mr. Blaine is a great statesman. There  
is no doubt about it. He once called Mr.  
Conkling a turkey-cock. He allowed the  
Fort Smith Railroad company to sneak its  
land-stealing bill through Congress. He  
destroyed the Mulligan letters that would  
have shown his connection with that job.  
He "sloshed around" quite frantically in a  
good many bloody-shirt debates with the  
Confederate Brigadiers in Congress, whom  
he never interfered with in the field. He  
wrote some pretty savage letters to the  
British Government about a canal that we  
didn't have and are not likely to get. He  
tried to push the swindling claims of an  
adventurer against a little, crippled South  
American Republic. He egged Garfield  
into a row with Conkling, and he has lastly  
written an unreliable political history. Is  
anything more needed to prove that Mr.  
Blaine is a great statesman?—Chicago  
Times.

The telegraph announces that G. C.  
Crawford, formerly of Brunswick, but re-  
cently postoffice inspector for Texas, has  
lost his official head and is on his way to  
Maine. He probably comes disgruntled  
with the administration, but ready for the  
dirty work which the Maine ring will ex-  
pect him to do as usual, though this time  
he will have to do without government pay.  
He has quite a history, some of which the  
Argus has given in the past. He was  
accused of vote buying for Reed in 1880,  
and in a method as heinous as the crime  
itself. The same year Mr. Reed tried to  
get him appointed postmaster in Brunswick,  
but citizens protested and secured the ap-  
pointment for a soldier who had lost an eye  
in the service. His name was also Craw-  
ford, but no relation to the other. This  
year, however, Reed got back on the  
Brunswickers, had soldier Crawford turned  
out and another man quite as objectionable  
as the other Crawford put in. And indeed  
Mr. Reed appears to doat on his Mr. Craw-  
ford much. He has been trying for a  
year past to get him promoted to inspector  
general of postoffices in Texas, but without  
success and now it seems that for some rea-  
son the Postmaster General has become  
wholly disgusted with him, so that Mr.  
Reed cannot have him assigned to Maine to  
do party work at the people's expense dur-  
ing this summer, as he did in 1883. This  
Crawford is the same whom Postmaster  
General Graham said he suspected was  
one of the prime movers in the conspiracy  
to prevent the appointment of Judge  
Manning. Mr. Reed and Mr. Blaine will  
certainly welcome him, doubtless, but old  
friends and co-workers of the old

Continuation August 8, 1884

# Opinion.

1884.

NUMBER 503.

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## GENERAL BUTLER'S CANDIDACY

We cannot agree with those who regard the candidacy of General Butler as intended or likely to help the Blaine ticket. In our judgment it will weaken the Blaine vote, and in our belief General Butler, and Mr. Dana, who is supporting him very ably and vigorously in the Sun, do not mean to help the Blaine crowd to elect their chief.

General Butler and Mr. Dana are both able and astute politicians. They are both opposed to Mr. Blaine and his surroundings on public and patriotic grounds. To plan or do that which would help Mr. Blaine into the White House would argue them either blunderers in politics or insincere in their public professions and at heart unpatriotic and corrupt. We do not believe them liable to either of these charges. Nobody has ever called General Butler a fool, but to suppose him deliberately playing second fiddle to Mr. Blaine, a man in whom he can have no confidence and whose public career seems to him contemptible and mischievous, would be to argue him weak-minded. As for his leading supporter in the press, Mr. Dana, no one has ever ventured to doubt the sincerity or ardor of his patriotism or his great ability as a practical statesman. He is no blunderer or pretender. He meant precisely what he wrote in the Sun on the 29th of June:

Sooner than join in making James G. Blaine President of the United States we would quit work, burn up our pens and leave to other and perhaps rather heads the noble controversies of politics and the defense of popular self-government.

And again in the Sun for July 13, after the nomination of Governor Cleveland:

We propose to do what we can toward beating Mr. Blaine. He is not fit to be President, in our opinion, by reason of both moral and mental deficiencies, and, so far as lies in our power, we shall endeavor to have the American people reject him as decidedly as we reject the invitation of our correspondent.

Nor do we believe Mr. Dana has undertaken to advocate in the Sun the candidacy of General Butler without carefully considering its effect; the Sun on July 12 showed what considerations were then occupying his mind:

The question [of the election] may be somewhat complicated by the running of a third candidate, or it may not. As to this point the decision will rest with General Butler. He has been nominated by the Green-backs and anti-monopolists, but it is not yet known whether or not he will stand. Should he stand, will he be able to win votes enough to render doubtful the election of either Blaine or Cleveland? If not, what would be the effect of his presence as a third candidate? Would he draw away votes from Cleveland or from Blaine? Would the workmen and the citizens of Irish descent, who are undoubtedly hostile to Cleveland, prefer a vote for Butler, or would they go straight over to Blaine? Will the canvass go with a rush one way or the other, or will it be dull and dubious? All these are problems that will add to the peculiar interest of this election.

The political situation seems to us to stand thus: The nomination of the Blaine ticket by the management of a combination of star route and other jobbers and speculators is offensive to a very great mass of honest and devoted Republicans, who believe that the election of this ticket would mean ruin to the reputation of their party, and destruction to it. They wish, therefore, not as Democrats, but as Republicans, to defeat the Blaine people. Many of them do not want to vote a Democratic ticket, even in this emergency. That may be prejudice, but it is at any rate a matter of fact. To them other candidates—Mr. St. John, the prohibitionist, or the proposed "native American" ticket, or even General Butler—will be welcome.

On the other hand, no one doubts, we suppose, that the Democratic ticket does not please some who have hitherto acted with that party. The Blaine people were very quick to see this. They have been assidu-

## PECULIAR PARAGRAPHS

Coleridge said that toleration was impossible till indifference made it worthless.

Clouza writes to inquire: "What has given woman the reputation of being such a great talker?" We do not know, Clouza, unless it is her mouth.

A young lady named Major, who is yet a minor, has started a paper in Dakota. She writes the editorials, but allows a young man to put her form in press. The ~ is a great favorite with her.

City restaurant: First client, in a hurry—"Walter, fried sole." Second ditto, ditto—"Walter, fried sole, fresh, mind." Walter (equal to the occasion, shouting down tube)—"Two fried soles, one of 'em fresh!"

"And what part do you sing in the opera, Miss Pearl?" "I'm one of the sopranos." "I'm sorry to hear that." "How so?" "Why, I can't help thinking that if your voice was as low as your dress, you'd make a wonderful contralto."

Stephen Whitlock, aged eighteen years, of Lyons, N. Y., "after eating a quart of peanuts, two quarts of cherries, pits and all, and drinking several glasses of ice water, died in great agony." The cause of his death is unknown, but heart disease is suspected.

Walter—"What will you have, miss?" Customer (looking over the restaurant bill of fare)—"Permit me to cogitate. In the correlation of forces it is a recognized property of atomic—"Walter—(shouts across the hall to head server)—"Baked beans for one!"

She—"Mercy! how late we are. The concert has commenced." He—"Oh! it cannot be. It is not 8 o'clock yet." "But listen! They are playing a selection from Wagner now." "Oh! that is not the concert hall." "Not? Why, what is it?"—"A boiler factory."

Milwaukee has long been celebrated as having the finest lager beer made in this country. It has now a new school board composed of the following gentlemen: Hundhausen, Kuenzle, Wasweller, Zeigler, Schnurstein, Freitag, Koetting, Meinecke, Runcle, Obermann and Trumel.

"Doctor, I want to thank you for your great patent medicine." "It helped you, did it?" asked the doctor, very much pleased. "It helped me wonderfully." "How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?" "Oh! I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle, and I am his sole heir."

"John, what is that peculiar smell?" The hour was late and he had just returned from the lodge. "That is the incense we use in the lodge-room, my dear." "If that's all you go to the lodge for, I don't see why you can't buy a few bottles of it and keep it in the house in case of sickness." He merely remarked that he thought she was incensed enough already.

Oliver Doud Byron laid a wreath of flowers upon the Longfellow tablet in Westminster Abbey early last week and appended to the wreath a card, with the inscription: "From an American admirer—Oliver Doud Byron, actor." To these words Louis Harrison waggishly added: "Opens Utica, N. Y., October 6." The card remained on view several days before it was removed.

A Pittsburg girl, who was married last Spring, had the reputation of being a

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME

FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME—By N. C. FLETCHER.

Chapter XLVIII.

The compeer of Deacon Stetson, and in every respect worthy of a niche in these annals by his side, was Simon Hunt, esq., who departed this life at his residence on Elm street, in the village of Camden, on the 20th of June, 1865, aged 81 years. He was his senior in years, but in many respects he resembled him—in the gravity of his demeanor, the steadfastness of his principles, and his industrious habits. Coming from the same locality, and mingling in their early manhood with the immediate descendants of the Pilgrim fathers, they unconsciously imbibed much of the spirit of the age in which they first saw the light of day, and held with the greatest tenacity the stern morality which was taught them, both by precept and example by their parents and teachers. And yet they were different. The critic of the facial lines of the human countenance, can readily distinguish the difference between two individuals of the same walks in life, and come pretty near the truth in each instance. Mr. Stetson was the deeper thinker of the two, but Mr. Hunt, possessing more vivacity and less of that puritanic gravity which characterized the people of New England in that age, the humorous element would display itself in spite of him, and rendered him one of the most genial of companions. He was a harness maker by trade. Doing business on the opposite side of the street from his shop for twenty-five years or more, I became intimately acquainted with him and learned to love and respect him. He was a man venerable in appearance, methodical in his business affairs, and as regular to his daily task to the very hour, as the sun in the heavens. One wanted no time-piece in the vicinity of his workshop, for he seemed to know by instinct when the sun was near its meridian height, and laid aside his implements of toil, to the moment, and proceeded with dignity to his pleasant residence on Elm street to partake of his frugal mid-day meal. We shall never see his like again unless we take note of the movements of his eldest son, who succeeded him in the same business, in the same locality, and adopted the same habits of industry which his father pursued throughout his long and useful life.

Mr. Hunt was born in Concord, Mass., October 11, 1784. He removed to Camden in 1806. Having, therefore, been a resident of this town for nearly sixty years, he was well and widely known, and beloved and respected by the rich as well the poor. I don't think he ever had an enemy in his life. "His tastes," said Mr. Reed, the pastor of St. Thomas's church in this town, who wrote his obituary notice, "never led him into the arena of public strife, and his long life, calm, happy, uneventful, was spent in the exercise of those duties and in the enjoyment of those pleasures which constitute the real bliss of human life. He was distinguished for those virtues which attain their highest development, not in the strife of public, but in the retirement of private life. He was a Unitarian of the old school, and retained to the close of his life the religious sentiments in which he was educated, though he retained his connection with the First parish to the last days of his life, there being no Unitarian society in Camden. He was constant in his attendance at church, and his religion was manifested, not by an ostentatious avowal of his inward convictions, but by

August 15, 1884 P. 1

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On the other hand, no one doubts, we suppose, that the Democratic ticket does not please some who have hitherto acted with that party. The Blaine people were very quick to see this. They have been assiduously courting this Democratic vote, and bargaining with those who are supposed to "control" it, and who no doubt influence it. The great Republican defection has deeply alarmed the Blaine managers; they fear a political tidal wave; their hope has been to get enough Democratic votes in a state like New York to offset the certain Republican loss.

We believe that the appearance of General Butler as a candidate will be a death blow to these hopes and plans of the Blaine managers. We will go further and say that we believe it is designed by both General Butler and Mr. Dana, his most influential supporter, for this end.

The various tickets before the country will, we believe, all help in that one thing which is necessary for the country's honor and welfare. The prohibitionists ought to poll so great a vote in Iowa as to deprive the Blaine combination of the electoral vote of that state. They ought to have a serious effect upon the vote in Maine and possibly in Illinois. A Massachusetts Independent Republican writes us his fear that the candidacy of General Butler will give that state to Mr. Blaine. We do not see why. The object of the anti-Blaine Republicans is to defeat the Blaine ticket. If to do that it should be necessary for them to plump for General Butler rather than for Governor Cleveland they need not hesitate to do so. To give the electoral vote of the state, if necessary, to General Butler might be unpleasant to their prejudices, but it could do no harm, and it would take the State away from Mr. Blaine and do that much to defeat his election and all the evil that implies.—*New York Herald.*

**HE HAD THE DROP OF THEM**

A lot of merchant travelers in New York were watching the time ball about noon one day with their watches in their hands, betting as to when it would drop.

"I've got a watch that never fails me," said one, "and I've got a dollar that says it will drop in four minutes and a half."

"Done!" said another: "my watch says six minutes, and here's my dollar on yours."

"Both of you are off," chimed in another.

"I've got the regulator, and she says the ball goes down in five minutes."

"I've got a watch and \$2 which says she will go down in three minutes and a half," put in a nice little Broadway fellow.

"Here's a fiver that says she will go down in three minutes," sang out a Clafin traveler in a high collar.

"Ah, gentlemen," interrupted a new man, joining the gang, "betting on the ball, eh? Well, I don't bet usually, but I've got \$50 in my missionary pocket that I was going to pay my poor rent with, but if I hear no objections I'll put it up against the like amount that she doesn't drop in ten minutes," and he pulled out an old tin watch, with a gate hinge case on it, and looked into its dirty face in a tender, loving way.

The boys gave him the laugh, and covered his pile, and then they all stood and watched the ball with their time-pieces in their hands. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten minutes and the

did it?" asked the doctor, very much pleased. "It helped me wonderfully."

"How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?" "Oh! I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle, and I am his sole heir."

"John, what is that peculiar smell?" The hour was late and he had just returned from the lodge. "That is the incense we use in the lodge-room, my dear." "If that's all you go to the lodge for, I don't see why you can't buy a few bottles of it and keep it in the house in case of sickness." He merely remarked that he thought she was incensed enough already.

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A Pittsburg girl, who was married last Spring, had the reputation of being a terrible flirt. The evening she was swapped off to "one of our most promising young business men," the clergyman, per ceremonial form, inquired, "Who gives this woman away?" She said after the wedding that she could just kill that nasty fellow who sat behind her and remarked, "I could, but I won't."

This anecdote is told of Rev. Mr. De Lisle, one of the old "western circuit riders." The preacher found it impossible to make any progress in Hardin county, O. De Lisle went there and a crowd numbering thousands gathered to hear him. When it came to a collection between \$4 and \$5 was raised. Glancing at the battered coins, buttons, etc., the preacher yelled: "The Lord will never damn the souls in Hardin county singly, but he'll put about 40 of them in a box and damn the box."

"Yes," he said, thoughtfully, as he gazed through the open work in the door of his granite-walled apartment at the visitor who had been urging him to reform, "I suppose I ought to; but, you see, I have always been unfortunate and all my motives have been misunderstood. Why, do you know it was a mistake that brought me here."

"It was?" asked the visitor; "I am sorry for you, my man, but what was the mistake?" "Well, you see, I wrote another man's name on a check and the bank mistook it for his writing, and when they found out it was not his, they felt so much disappointed that they had me arrested."

A few days ago a party of gentlemen were together. One man, a joker, stepped up to a member of the party, and holding a long hair before his eyes, said: "See here, old fellow, this looks suspicious. Where did this long hair come from?" "Why, that's from my wife's head!" "Are you sure of it?" "Sure of it? Of course I am. You don't suppose you would find any other woman's hair about me, do you?" "No! probably not, but I am sorry you are sure it is your wife's hair, for I just picked it off the coat of this gentleman," pointing to a friend near by. There was a tableau; but the victim "set 'em up" for the crowd when he saw the point of the joke.

**DEFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER**

Congress adjourned July 7, but the government printing office is still employed in putting the eloquence in type. Numbers of the Congressional Record still come to hand from time to time. We hope all the old speeches will all get printed before the mill begins to grind out a new grist in December.

Seamen complain that some of the clauses of the Dingley Shipping bill are more unfavorable to them than was the old law. They say that when crews are shipped to foreign ports, the Dingley bill allows them to be discharged there, so that they have to pay their fare home or ship at greatly reduced wages. Their remedy would seem

and respected by the rich as well the poor. I don't think he ever had an enemy in his life. "His tastes," said Mr. Reed, the pastor of St. Thomas' church in this town, who wrote his obituary notice, "never led him into the arena of public strife, and his long life, calm, happy, uneventful, was spent in the exercise of those duties and in the enjoyment of those pleasures which constitute the real bliss of human life. He was distinguished for those virtues which attain their highest development, not in the strife of public, but in the retirement of private life. He was a Unitarian of the old school, and retained to the close of his life the religious sentiments in which he was educated, though he retained his connection with the First parish to the last days of his life, there being no Unitarian society in Camden. He was constant in his attendance at church, and his religion was manifested, not by an ostentatious avowal of his inward convictions, but by humbly walking in the path of rectitude and faithfully obeying the dictates of his conscience. In politics he was what every honest man ought to be—faithful to the interests of his country, not hankering after the loaves and fishes or striving to become a pensioner on the government, and aiding in wrenching from the pockets of the people their hard-earned money. Mr. Hunt married in early life Miss Hannah B. Rogers, a highly accomplished lady in her youth, and during her whole life she retained the characteristics which nature gave her, and died in the year 1882 at the age of 86 years. It may truly be said of her she was a matron in whom there was no guile. Mr. Hunt left four children, three sons and one daughter—viz., Thomas H., who resides in Camden, and follows without deviation in the footsteps of his venerated father; Gen. Simon, who resides in Hudson, Wis.; Hannah, who married the late Rev. John L. Locke, author of the first history of Camden, and who now resides in the old homestead and moving on, in the even tenor of her way, to the "silent mansions," as did her parents before her; and Abel, the youngest son, who lives in Bangor, and is a very active business man, and a worthy scion of the Hunt stock. Time moves so swiftly "and steals away our breath," that it will be soon said of us, who still retain our foot-hold upon this revolving sphere, "We are all gone." Then, let us not go, "like the quarry slave to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, like those who "wrap the drapery of their couch around them, and lie down to pleasant dreams."

**MENTIONINGS**

An enterprising itinerant is offering stuffed cats for sale in the streets.

At St. Joseph, Mo., there is a certain Nathaniel Jackson, a person of color. He has doubts of the fidelity of Mrs. Nathaniel Jackson. Whenever he has occasion to be absent from home, and he is frequently absent, before departing he reads to Mrs. Jackson the following impressive document: "Mrs. Mary Jackson: I am your husband, and you must mind no other nigger but me. You know that I will never give you up; I will stick to you, if I have to wade to my chin in blood to do it. I am a bad nigger when I get mad, so look out for me; I am coming." And then he goes.

Judge Drummond of Milwaukee expressed himself thus vigorously to three lawyers of that city who put in bills amounting to \$25,000 for services in settling an estate worth \$32,000: "Gentlemen, you consider yourselves good lawyers. How much more are your services worth to your clients than mine to the people? You

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Continuation