

and Whelan—who absolutely fought to a finish every measure that was introduced for the relief of the people—who had for years worked with their faces to the whipple-trees and their backs to the ends of the shafts—who believed in the “divine right” of a faction to rule the country—who were dyed-in-the-wool obstructionists, and so fossilized that even an autumn rain couldn’t penetrate the mossy thatch that covered their backs—I say when I saw these men calling themselves Liberals and proclaiming themselves the friends of the people, I thought it about time for me to change quarters. And I did. Party names in my young days had some significance. In after years they lost their meaning. Progress I discovered, like Job’s gold, was where you found it.

I always had a desire to be connected with a newspaper. When but twelve or thirteen years of age, I went around with my pockets crammed full of papers. When my mother saw me coming, after being out working at something, she would always say: “Here comes old Abercrombie Willock.” Abercrombie Willock was a very eccentric but highly intelligent old gentleman who went around the country with his pockets filled with papers, telling the people the news of the world and proclaiming the merits of the once popular doctrine of Escheat. He was a ceaseless talker, with an astonishing command of language and a boundless fund of knowledge, and when my mother saw me with my pockets stuffed with papers I always reminded her of Abercrombie Willock, so she said. This nickname greatly annoyed me but I clung to the papers nevertheless.

After I quit teaching I went into the milling business at Orwell. I was very fond of working among machinery. I came by this honestly. Whenever you came across a Hayden on the Island, you came across a man who owned a mill or two. My grandfather, James Hadyen, Esq., of Vernon River, was said to be one of the best millwrights on the Island in his day. He was also one of the best story-tellers, and I think possessed the greatest fund of natural humor of any person I ever knew. Although I had a grist, carding and saw-mill, I generally found time to scribble some nonsense for *THE EXAMINER*, and on more than one occasion I felt highly honored in receiving a communication from