

The Saturday Gazette.

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AT HARDING'S POINT.

A DAY IN CAMP.

One Word About Camp Life and Another About the Neighborhood.

They were five in number, a painter, a philosopher and a poet, and two fox-terriers, Grip and Ned. They had resolved to have the city for an indefinite period, to pitch their tent wherever night might overtake them, and to fully enjoy for a season the pleasures of a nomadic life, closing their eyes to all the discomforts incident to such an existence. The first thing to be done was to put the camp equipment in readiness, which was done by the painter. This consisted of a tent, capable of housing sixteen men, wool and rain camp blankets, a variety of cooking utensils, some camp chairs, an axe and various and sundry tin plates, tin cups, steel knives and forks, etcetera. The philosopher supplied some cans of corned beef and fish, a hamper of home made bread, tea, coffee, sugar, pepper, salt, pipes, tobacco, matches, etc. Camp should never forget the last mentioned items, including a telescope. The poet contributed to the general stock his massive brain and a lead pencil; Grip and Ned added their bark to the other supplies. For butter, milk and like necessities it was proposed to forage on the people with whom they might be brought in contact. They left Millidgeville in a boat supplied by the "genial Jacob," and with the philosopher at the tiller, in a very brief space, for the wind was favorable, saw the Brothers behind them, with Kennebecasis island to their right, Boat's Head to their left, and the sunny southern shore of Grand Bay in their front. Here they met the Clifton, which was late in the afternoon, and Grip and Ned, having no handkerchiefs to wave, saluted her passengers in the manner of their species. They passed Brundage's Point and at Harding's Point, opposite the pretty village of Westfield they disembarked, the painter with his easel and paints and camp equipment, the philosopher with his edibles, the poet with his pencil and tin, and the fox-terriers, which were impeded in their work by a few moments. Spreading the canvas on the beach near the famous elm that is the observed of all observers, a few pins were driven in the sand, the centre pole was erected and after providing a liberal quantity of apron bought the campers were shortly housed. Then a great fire was kindled on the beach, over the ruddy embers of which the evening meal was prepared. As the fire was made in part of resinous woods and boughs, as it grew dark the flames and sparks shot into the air like rockets illuminating the hills and the river for a half a mile away on every side. The philosopher gazed at the display for a time and then, taking his pipe from his mouth, remarked, "Just like those sparks we pop into life, and just like those sparks we pop out of it." "Some of us do," answered the painter, scratching a match on that part of the philosopher's person which was most exposed, and applying it to his corn cob. The poet smoked on in silence, but the fox-terriers growled sleepily, whether approving or dissenting from the philosopher's remarks cannot be told. Later the five retired to their bed of boughs but not to peaceful sleep. The fingers of the painter grasped unobtrusively the philosopher's hand, and the melancholy murmur of the waves, (it seemed as if the river had risen during the night, and that the waves were crawling under the door of the tent, their sound was so distinct), and he thought how strange it is that all the utterances of nature have an undertone of sadness, while Grip and Ned in pursuit of phantom foxes plunged into fog holes that had no existence save in their dreams. "What's that?" exclaimed the painter as he leaned on his elbow and peered about in the darkness. "It's the rain on the roof," said the poet. "Not a drop of rain has fallen to-night," answered the philosopher, looking through a slit in the canvas. "Ghosts!" said the poet; "for it may be the leaves of the old elm talking to one another, not dreaming that we are awake."

There was an old graveyard in the immediate vicinity of the camp, and it occurred to him that the ghosts of the departed might have been disturbed by their intrusion. For once the poet was partially right. The sound which was not unlike that which would be made by a visitor rattling at the door of the tent, was the rustle of the leaves of the old elm, whose arms almost hung over the spot where they lay. The graveyard at Harding's Point is on a pleasant eminence above the landing,

and borders on the river. Nature made the spot a beautiful one but of late years it has been sadly neglected. The lands on this side of the river for a considerable distance above and below the Point were originally granted to John Sherwood and this is the inscription on the simple stone that marks his grave. JOHN SHERWOOD, Aged fifty two years, Died June 28, 1800. Very many of the graves in this old burial place are unmarked, some of which are doubtless of a remote date than that of John Sherwood. Other inscriptions which were pointed out to the GAZETTE representative are as follows:— To the memory of JANE ORKNEY, wife of ALEXANDER MATHER Who died the 21st of April, 1824, Aged 52 years; DAVID MATHER, ESQ., NEREPEIS, Who died 7th October, 1830, Aged 49 years. JAMES CLARK A native of Dumfriesshire, Scotland. Died —, 1875, Aged 78 years. In memory of JANE S. BUCKLEY, Born March 15, 1855. Died Jan. 13, 1888. These were too poor, too frail a flower That cluster round the path of youth. Thy mother's summons came for thee. To dwell with him in Paradise. We'll miss thee, happy one!

In this graveyard the resting place is pointed out of Wm. Kerrigan, his wife, five children and two women, all of whom were murdered by him at Land's End, while laboring under an attack of insanity thirty-five or forty years ago. After the tragedy Kerrigan wandered down to the river and perished from exposure. It is said the murderer and his victims were buried together on the same day. Their graves are unmarked, but this, the most terrible tragedy in the history of the province, will never be forgotten by those who knew the murderer or his victims. Still the painter paints, the philosopher philosophizes and the poet and the fox-terriers amuse themselves as best they may.

That art thou that stand where the dumb shall sit. Where the lame shall walk, and the weary shall rest. Over the river of death, with angel wing She has passed sweet child through the gates of the west. To repose on her Saviour's breast. Why weep for the weary at rest. Oh flower of our heart, my mother's first care, These words will come as a check to my grief. When alone on the past I reflect, Till there comes in this vale where life is so brief. But trials our faith for to test. Why weep for the weary at rest. Never see bath beard, nor heart hath conceived The glory of that great benefactor Jesus. Which all shall see when from this life relieved. Thy surely with our loved one best. Why weep for the weary at rest. Then we lay thee aside, the flower of our home, That hath bloomed in our midst for years, And when thou art in this world, alone we may roam. We will see thee again through our tears— See our bright cloud in the west— Why weep for the weary at rest. FANNIE HAMILTON.

They will be done. Beneath Thy chastening rod, While all our pride lies humbled in the dust. We bow the knee, and own that Thou art God. All-merciful and just. They will be done. Though our our hearts and hearts Death's angel spreads the shadow of his wings. Though sorrow deepen as the day departs, And soon no gleams bring, They will be done! For still beyond our sight— Above the clouds and earthly shadows dwell— Shine the sweet beams of everlasting light. Thy will be done! They will be done! On earth as 'tis in Heaven; And when our souls are freed from sin, Till from our trials and griefs release be given, To join our loved ones where Thy holy will is done. W. P. Duff.

The Brook and Maid. I knew a brook that fair to see That laughed and danced right merrily. From rocks to deep Ot sweet water it lay And hid a mountain-stream away. I knew a maiden fair to see With shining eyes full of witchery. "O maiden pure," True lover's melody. Rang true-love, wooing her to stay And bid her love's consent give. I knew a brook that sang, "I go!" "A maid that loved at Love," "No, no!" "I'll suffer day." The brook would tell us in the sea, The lost maid moaned: "O we are!" EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

PICKED UP EVERYWHERE.

Odd Items that are Overlooked by our Contemporaries.

It has been decided that in future locking on all the St. Lawrence canals and locks on the St. Lawrence shall only be discontinued on Sunday. Snow was plainly visible until Tuesday last on the St. Lawrence above the falls of the Katakadi. The old mountain still presents a rather frigid appearance. Felleman Davis, of Biddeford, Me., was driven almost frantic the other day by a rat running up his trousers. Jumping about the room for a minute or so and banging upon the walls to drive him, the terror-stricken officer dislodged his tormentor and sank exhausted into a chair. It is reported that a package received at the dead-letter office in Washington last week contained the scalp of a white woman stretched upon the male defences. The hair was long and dark, and the scalp had evidently been removed quickly. It is supposed that some one is "out" a rather glibly curiosity. Few people in our State enjoyed a better dinner than was served to the patients at the Insane Hospital on the fourth of July. Four hundred and five pounds of fresh salmon were used, and the ice-cream in abundance, being the several halves. Lemonade was also served to the boarders during the day. —Bangor Commercial.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Stratton, "day-care" specialists, were charged before the magistrate at Toronto recently with obtaining money under false pretences from a certain contortionist or acrobat to produce a cure of heart palpitation and a tripple leg from which she suffered \$75 or three months, and the female member of the troupe was directed to \$50 or to go to jail for thirty days. Prince Krapotkin a man of learning and culture thinks that with a system of the French market garden, which would be raised off the land to support comfortably the male defences, to the square mile. According to the computation Great Britain and Ireland, growing out one-third the area as unproductive, could support a population of one hundred millions without importing any food necessary for sustenance, while the soil of the United States could be made to yield enough to sustain three thousand millions of human beings, or twice the present population of the continent.

The philosopher who edits the North Star at Presque Isle wrote the dumb shall sit. Where the lame shall walk, and the weary shall rest. Over the river of death, with angel wing She has passed sweet child through the gates of the west. To repose on her Saviour's breast. Why weep for the weary at rest. Oh flower of our heart, my mother's first care, These words will come as a check to my grief. When alone on the past I reflect, Till there comes in this vale where life is so brief. But trials our faith for to test. Why weep for the weary at rest. Never see bath beard, nor heart hath conceived The glory of that great benefactor Jesus. Which all shall see when from this life relieved. Thy surely with our loved one best. Why weep for the weary at rest. Then we lay thee aside, the flower of our home, That hath bloomed in our midst for years, And when thou art in this world, alone we may roam. We will see thee again through our tears— See our bright cloud in the west— Why weep for the weary at rest. FANNIE HAMILTON.

It is announced by the Health Department of New York city that no sick person need suffer for want of a doctor. In a matter of the past it has been a physician ready at all times to minister to the sick, free of charge. By visiting the nearest station-house and presenting a case, a physician will be assigned. Medicine can be procured at any of the city dispensaries on a prescription from a physician of the summer corps. Miss Gertrude Hutchins and Miss M. Smith, two women who have been visiting the mountain resorts in northern parts of California arrived in Sacramento a few days ago and viewed the sights of the capital city. They are accompanied by a large dog which they call Sullivan. They carry pistols and blankets, and sleep wherever night overtakes them. They now propose to travel over the southern part of the State, and possibly to write a book. They refuse to tell where they came, but some say they are residents of San Francisco, while others think they are two eccentric residents of Plumas county.

Pasquale di Giacomo, an Italian with a red moustache, who looks like an Irishman, has eloped with Miss Margaretta Muraffino, the voluptuous daughter of the King of Little Italy, who is the wealthiest Italian in the district. The girl, before her departure, stole \$400 in cash which her father had placed in a trunk, and he has sworn out a grand larceny warrant for her arrest. He does not want her, he says, only the money. It is believed that the couple went to Kansas City or Pittsburg. The new clock just placed in the tower of the Glasgow University is a tremendous affair. The main wheels of the striking and quarter trains are twenty inches in diameter. The weight of the hammer that strikes the hours is 120 pounds, and it is lifted ten inches. There is an automatic apparatus attached to the clock which starts them in the morning. The act influences of temperature. The bob of the pendulum is cylindrical, and weighs 300 pounds, and the beat is 1 1/2 seconds.

Undoubtedly True. "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and found it a sure cure for summer complaint. I was very sick and it cured me entirely." Alexander W. Grant, Moose Creek, Ont.

THE ARIZONA "KICKER."

Fresh Society and Other Items from a Unique Journal.

We extract the following items from the latest issue of the Arizona Kicker. "IMPORTANT NOTICE.—We shall next week begin the publication of a weekly column devoted to society gossip. The statements of society people, balls, parties, visits, etc., will be chronicled as far as space will permit, and this will be done without increasing the subscription price of the Kicker, which is \$2 a year, in advance. We hope to receive the assistance of the ladies in this enterprise. When anything occurs that sends us an outline of it, say as follows: "On Wednesday evening last Mrs. Chick A. Luck received a few friends at her elegant abode on Coyote avenue. Seven-up and old sledge were indulged in (as well as whiskey punches) until a late hour, and the guests departed to their homes in the happiest mood. There are no files on Mrs. Luck. Her former experience in Chicago as a hash-slinger in a cheap hotel fits her to play the part of hostess to perfection." "LEFT FOR THE SHABOON.—Sunday evening last our friend and fellow-townsmen, Col. Bivans, left for the Atlantic seaboard to spend the heated term among his old friends. "He was accompanied by a detective, to see that he did not lose his way. "It is said that he will stop off at Sing Sing for a time. "The Colonel left in a hurry, and had no time to bid his friends good-bye. We wish him bon voyage, and hope the sea breeze will do him good. "His hair is still with us, and his venomous tongue is still at work. He has, as his latest transaction, covered the town with the report that we attended Mrs. Maj. Gordon's birthday borrowed of Sol Jackson, the livery stable man. "It is an infamous calumny! "It is a slander steeped in malice! "It is a slander worthy of the days of Nero! "We not only wore a shirt, but we had another at the office. "We not only did not borrow Sol Jackson's coat, but we wore one which we have owned for fourteen years. We believe his emaciated form the Widow Stevens, who set her cap for us and got left. We are tracing it home and the authoress of it had better be prepared to skip!"

"ATTENTIVE STRIKER.—On Saturday evening last Old Bill Towner, whose drunken carcase has obstructed every gutter in town by turns, got an idea that he would be better off in heaven. He therefore went down to the bridge and rolled himself into the river. It was his first tumble of water he had struck for thirty years, and it made him loose to get back to whiskey. Some people heard his yell, and supposing that he was somebody worth saving, they landed him out. We hope he will try it again soon. He spouted the water for twenty-three miles down stream, and it's no wonder he is ashamed to show his face on the streets up to date. "It Hurts 'Em.—The show of live aids which the Kicker is now making hurts some of the newspapers in this locality awfully bad. The Bull-hacker and others are charging us with procuring our ads by threats and intimidation. It is a monstrous lie. Business men advertise with us because they know that we are reaching out after a circulation of 100,000 copies, and that we have already booked 184 names towards it. We drop into a business house in a business way, explaining the advantages of advertising in a paper like the Kicker, and seldom go away empty-handed. While it may have happened that non-advertisers, like old Cobb, the grocer, and dead-beat Smith, the druggist, have had their records published, and been shown for what they were, it was only a coincidence. Let the jackals howl! We know our gait and propose to keep right along."

Come In.—Will the individual who telegraphed the St. Louis papers the other day that we had been cowed by a woman please call and see us at an early date? We want to tell him what we think of his conduct and then break him in two. "The only foundation for such a slander was the fact that the Widow Briggs, who runs a cross-eyed eating house on Arkansas Alley, called upon us to say 184 names towards it. We had a whip in her hand. We offered to apologize, and she playfully hit us about the shoulders. Some base-born hyena at once wrote out a sensational despatch and hurried it off, exclaiming to do us all the harm possible. We have camped on his trail, however, and when sure of his identity will make his heart ache."

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Edgar L. Wakeman, THE FOUNDER OF THE CURRENT, IS INTERVIEWED BY A GAZETTE REPRESENTATIVE. It is a question if any of our summer visitors more thoroughly enjoy the holidays that they spend here than the "literary fellows," who make it a point to put in print, once or twice during their lives, the impressions evoked by a tour through the Maritime Provinces. Among the first to visit us was Louis L. Noble, with a company of artists, who landed on Grand Manan and were so enraptured by the magnificence of its scenery that they spent an entire summer on the island. Then Fred Cozzens, an eminent New York wine merchant, who handled a charming pen, and was one of the favorite writers in the old Knickerboker Magazine, made a journey through N. B. and N. S., and got stranded in Cape Breton where he wrote some of the funniest chapters in "A Month Among the Blue Nooses." Then Dudley Warner sprang on the world his "Buddock" and that sort of thing; Arlo Bates, his romance of Campobello, and Mrs. Reeves published her charming stories of life in the provinces. Other writers have visited us whose names, frequently illustrated, have graced the pages of "Harper's," "Scribner's," the "Century," "Woman," and other magazines, as well as the columns of the leading newspapers of the country; still others are constantly arriving among us, of our country and new to say.

About a month since the GAZETTE observed the following among the editorial paragraphs in the Book Record:— Among the names that are not born to die in the literary world, and whose editor is steadily increasing, is that of Edgar L. Wakeman, founder of the Current, and whose articles are among the highest merit among the contributions of highest merit among the leading journals of the country. There is a graceful lucidity, all honor to the opportunity of arriving among us, of our country and new to say. The writer was not wholly unacquainted with Mr. Wakeman's work, such as he has greatly admired, and when he observed his name among the arrivals at the Royal about a week since, he resolved to avail of the opportunity to make his personal acquaintance. Mr. Wakeman is a middle-aged gentleman, engaging in manners and a ready conversationalist, and to gratify the writer's curiosity, he proceeded to give him a sketch of his literary career which was at times humorous and at times pathetic. In the space allotted to this article it is, of course, impossible to do more than touch lightly upon a few of his notable incidents. The father of Edgar L. Wakeman was eminently practical in all his views of life and his duties, and when his son, at the age of eighteen or so, placed in his hands a volume of poems of which he was the author, he was astonished and grieved. He was astonished that a young man should so demean himself; grieved because he had mapped out for the young man a serious career, and he saw in the volume a serious obstacle to his advancement. Writers of prose in his opinion, were drawn from the north-west of the world, and writers of prose were to be better. This being the case it is not to be wondered at that the older Wakeman remonstrated with his son, and finally, after enjoining him to abandon poetry, advanced him \$1,000, with which he lay the foundation to a career in which literature should have no part. Young Wakeman accepted the thousand dollars (but twelve copies of the thousand had been disposed of) and joined the army, in which he served until the close of the rebellion, all the time corresponding in his various newspapers in the east and west, where he became known as a terse and graphic writer. In 1867 Mr. Wakeman found himself in Rochester, N. Y., where he joined a theatrical troupe, as general utility man, at a salary of nine dollars per week, still writing for the papers, "which," said Mr. Wakeman, "no man who had once gotten into the net is ever ready to abandon." He was soon promoted to the position of acting gentleman, at fifteen dollars a week, but his people learning of the profession which he had adopted, insisted upon his abandoning it, as he had poetry, and his last appearance upon the mimic stage soon followed. After remaining at home a short time, Mr. Wakeman went to New York, where a chequered existence, culminating in despair, was succeeded by an appointment as correspondent of the Louisville, Ky., Courier-Tribune. Here he had an opportunity to do literary work, and his work was liked. His career was opening before him; preparations for the purchase of his writings came to him from every quarter. "People thought me brilliant," said Mr. Wakeman with a smile, "but I was no more brilliant than any one else. It was to

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THE FOUNDER OF THE CURRENT.

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Edgar L. Wakeman, whose life among, and close study of, the Romany entitles him to be ranked as highest authority upon Gipsies, furnishes from time to time, many interesting facts in regard to their progress in this country. He states that in Chicago there is a clergyman who was born a Gipsy. A member of the Pennsylvania Legislature has his name wandering band of Gipsies, and finally set at work and wrote an elaborate history of the Gipsies in America, which is now in press. The New York World says:—

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