

# The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM ONT., SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1904.

(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

## The Days of Auld Lang Syne

Interesting Events of Ye Olden Times Gathered from The Planet's Issues of Half a Century Ago.

From Planet files from August 26, 1857, to September 18, 1857.

The potato crop in some sections was a complete failure.

Why was St. Paul like a horse? Because he liked Timothy. Pretty bad.

Birth—At Chatham, on the 29th ultimo, the wife of Mr. Hugh Kerr, of a son.

The steamer Himalaya, Capt. W. Allen, advises that she will make regular trips to Detroit.

The Canadian Society of Kent held dinner in the Town Hall on Sept. 14. It was a magnificent affair.

Nothing to wear—A Detroit paper mentions the arrest of a woman in that city "with nothing on her person but a loveletter and a tintype."

A list of new post offices published in the issue of September 14, 1857, includes Duart, Kent County, and Harrow, Essex County, among their number.

Henry Richards, baker and confectioner, has his advertisement in this issue. His son, W. S. Richards, still conducts the business in the same place.

On Monday last Lord Althorp arrived in the city and registered at the Royal Exchange. The object of the lord's visit was to make him more familiar with Canadian affairs.

A notice appears in this issue to the effect that application would be made at the next session of the Legislature to have the Townships of Orford, Zorra, Metcalfe, Mississauga, Ekfrid, Euphemie, Dunwich and Aldborough formed into a new County to be called Argyle.

The issue of September 16, 1857, notes that His Excellency, the Administrator of the Government, has been pleased to appoint Charles Richard Atkinson, of Chatham, Esquire, to be Attorney-at-Law, and Richard Leonard Marsh, of Ridgetown, County of Kent, gentleman, to be Notary Public.

"On Sunday last a man named Dumas, living near Pain Court, was accidentally shot. It appears that Dumas' brother was ill at the former took his gun and went to the plains for the purpose of procuring a wild duck for the latter, when he placed his gun on his canoe which he was about entering and the gun, through some unknown cause, discharged itself, the whole charge passing through Dumas' hand and entered his neck, wounding him in a dangerous manner. What makes this more unfortunate is the fact that Dumas had lost his mother but the week before.

The Canadian Society had a banquet in the Town Hall. Among those present were Thomas McCrae, Matthew Dolson, Dover Township; Matthew Roe, Raleigh; Isaac Blackburn, Chatham Township; Abraham Holmes, Harwich; all of whom were numbered amongst the oldest inhabitants of this section of the County. Other guests were Col. H. Toll, G. W. Foote, Duncan McGregor, W. A. McCrae, David Sicklesteel, R. S. Woods, T. A. Ireland, J. B. Williams, James Burns, Walter McCrae, Solomon Knapp, A. D. McLean, C. G. Charteris, Alex. Knapp, Ingram Taylor, Henry Ridley, Daniel Forsythe, Miles Miller, P. Vandusen, Arch. McKellar, Oliver Dolson, R. K. Payne, John E. Brooke, Dr. Cross, Geo. Duck, Jr., John Delmage, and A. S. Holmes.

**THRESHING BY STEAM.**  
The Belleville Advocate learns that Mr. Stethern, of the Ames farm, in the American Bottom, has been lately threshing eight hundred to a thousand bushels of wheat per day with a machine made in Belleville, and which he runs by steam. The engine he uses is portable.

**FIRE! FIRE!**  
On Sunday morning last, at about half past two o'clock, flames were discovered issuing from the premises of G. S. Orr, baker, King Street. In a short time they communicated to an adjoining shop occupied by Albert Jahnke as a cabinet wareroom and in a short time both buildings were totally consumed. The fire engines were all on the ground and rendered considerable service in keeping under the flames. Mr. Orr's premises were insured and the loss is supposed to be about \$2,000. Mr. Jahnke was insured for \$500, which will not cover his direct loss, and the loss sustained indirectly will be considerable. This is the third time Mr. Jahnke has been burned out during the last four years.

## NEW POST OFFICE.

It is with pleasure we announce to the public that there is a fair prospect that suitable accommodations will shortly be offered to the public who find occasion to frequently visit the Chatham post office. It is and for some time past has been very generally admitted that our post office is too small for the amount of business which is transacted in it. Mr. Barfoot feels the inconvenience resulting from the want of space to as great and probably greater extent than that experienced by other parties and consequently, as he informs us, upon the opening of spring he will commence the erection of a suitable brick building for the purpose on Fifth street one door from King street and directly in the rear of Miller and Barfoot's Block. This is a splendid site, central and convenient for business and we doubt not the building will be a credit to the town.

This is the building now occupied by W. D. Sheldon as a liquor store.

## SAVED MANY PEOPLE

The storm which swept over the south Thursday night thrust a black hero to the force of public attention in the person of Arthur Lewis, an illiterate Negro boy whose home is near O'Reilly, Miss, a station on the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley railroad, about 100 miles south of Memphis, Tenn. Lewis averted the wrecking of fast passenger train No. 15, by flagging the engineer in time to save the train from running into a large tree which the storm had blown across the track. Discovering the tree on the track and knowing that No. 15 was due at O'Reilly about that time, he removed a lamp from a target at the north end of the switch and ran ahead sufficient distance to signal the engineer in time to stop his train. No. 15 was a little late, and in order to make up lost time was nearing O'Reilly station at the rate of 50 to 55 miles an hour.

By his forethought and timely action Arthur Lewis probably saved a number of lives from an awful fate. The night was dark and stormy and the train, owing to the fact that it had 10 or 15 minutes lost time to make up was running at a higher rate of speed than the schedule provides, which would have added terror to the consequence of a disaster. For his heroism the passengers made up a liberal purse on the scene and presented it to the boy, and as an additional mark of honor he was given free transportation to Greenville, where he was introduced to Supt. J. B. Kemp, who stated that Lewis would be rewarded by the company for his heroic deed.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

## COLD ORAZED ELEPHANT

An elephant belonging to an animal show in St. Paul, Minn., became enraged by the cold the other morning, probably fatally wounding Conrad Castens, its keeper, and wrecked the interior of the Milwaukee freight house.

When the animals were removed from the theatre they were taken to the Milwaukee freighthouse to be ready for transportation to Minneapolis. The elephant's ears and tail were frozen during the night and he was in an ugly mood the next morning when an attempt was made to load the animals into freight cars.

When Castens and other men attempted to transfer the animals to a freight car the elephant balked. With a load smother the beast seized the planks with his trunk and threw the boards 30 feet across the tracks. Castens approached the animal and attempted to calm him. The elephant swung its trunk and struck its keeper in the chest. Castens fell and the elephant planted one of its feet on the prostrate man. Castens was picked up unconscious and hurried to the hospital. The elephant could not be induced to go into the car, although a new and substantial platform had been constructed, nor would it go back into the freight house. The lion tamer was sent for and after a good deal of trouble the elephant was returned to the freight house.

While in the freight house the elephant tossed kegs of beer and other heavy articles about as if they were toys. The men in charge of the animals at 5 o'clock in the morning started to get the elephant into the car, and it was 2 o'clock in the afternoon before they got the doors barred on him.

A minute may mend what an age cannot mend.

A wise man can keep silent, but a fool cannot.

## SPARROWS ROUTED ARMY OF CROWS

A novel battle was witnessed in the Millcreek bottoms, near Brighton, a suburb of Cincinnati, yesterday morning. The combatants were a flock of crows and a swarm of aggressive-English sparrows. Hundreds of crows have made the bottoms a feeding ground during the cold weather, and at first break of dawn they awaken everybody in the vicinity. The sparrows and the crows got together yesterday, and a great quantity of feathers was left on the battlefield. In the singular fight the crows moved about like battleships, while the sparrows darted here and there like so many torpedo boats. Dodging the wings and the beaks of the black-feathered birds, they found the vulnerable spots, and a hoarse croak always registered a good stroke on the part of the sparrows. The ungainly crows fought back as best they could, but their boasted cunning stood for naught in the face of the fierce and swift assaults made upon them by the sparrows. They were driven from tree to tree, and not given time to offer any combined resistance. Finally the whole flock took wing and soared heavenward. The sparrows followed, and they made life a burden for the stragglers of the crow fleet. The sparrows did not abandon the attack until the crows had disappeared over the brow of Mt. Harrison.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## BRIDEGROOM ARRESTED AT HIS WEDDING FEAST

Dr. F. E. Thornton, a prominent physician at Syracuse, N. Y., who lives in a handsome suburban home at Fayetteville, has invoked the law in an attempt to make his 16-year-old daughter, Thelma, leave her husband of two days and return to him. Robert Hanna, 22 years old, a farmer of Albion, Orleans County, who, Dr. Thornton says, eloped with the girl, is under arrest at Albion. Hanna came to Syracuse a few days ago and met Miss Thornton by appointment. They took the afternoon train for Albion.

They were married, then the bride went to the long-distance telephone and called up her father, who had been searching for her all night, and told him what had happened. Instead of a blessing, he ordered the sheriff of Orleans County to arrest Hanna.

The officer located the couple as they were sitting down to the wedding breakfast. He placed the bridegroom under arrest, but, not wishing to spoil the festivities, considerably became a guest at the table, and when the feast was over took Hanna in charge.

Dr. Thornton tried to get his daughter to return to him, but she declared she would stick to her husband.

It is a good deal easier to cure another man's sins than to cure your own.



MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH OHEFF

Hale and hearty residents of this County, who celebrated the 60th Anniversary of their marriage on Thursday, January 28th. They live on the 9th Concession, Dover.

## ...A SIGNIFICANT CENTENARY...

The Bible Society is the greatest organ and instrument for diffusing the Bible which Christendom has ever known.

Let us pay homage to those valiant-hearted men who had courage to found such a society at such a season. They launched their venture in the year of Travafgar, just at the gloomiest crisis of England's struggle against Napoleon, when the terror of French invasion lay over the whole country, when our trade was half-paralyzed and our poor were half-starving. Yet the new Society struck a note which stirred Christian hearts, alike in England and beyond the seas. It won generous and enthusiastic support from the beginning. It has grown and prospered and spread abroad to the four corners of the earth, until to-day the seed of faith, planted a century ago, has become like a river by the rivers of water, whose branches overshadow the continents and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

When we look outside our own shores, we understand that the British and Foreign Bible Society, as its name implies, has no frontier. The translations and revisions of Scriptures which it has promoted or published in more than three hundred and fifty languages bulk large in the records of modern philology. But we rejoice over them because they have made it possible for nearly half the human race to read the Gospel, every man in his own tongue in which he was born. A century ago the Bible remained a sealed book for four out of every five people in the world; while to-day it lies open, more or less completely to seven out of every ten. Towards this amazing result, the Bible Society has contributed far more than all other agencies put together, and it still goes on toiling patiently "to undo the curse of Babel, and to carry out the blessing of Pentecost." Who can measure what it means for a single people or tribe to receive the message of God's redemption in their own mother tongue? Who can contemplate these manifold linguistic labors and triumphs without a thrill of wonder, love and praise?

The Society came to birth just as English Christianity had begun to feel afresh the burden of the heathen world, and to form new agencies for evangelizing foreign fields. The recent celebrations of the Baptist Missionary Society, the London Mission-

ary Society, the Church Missionary Society, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel have reminded us how the Bible Society has been privileged to serve all Foreign Missions as their indispensable partner and ally. It labors to secure for them in each language, one and the same common standard version of Scripture. It provides them with the editions of Scripture which they ask for, at practically no cost to themselves. Surely it is a great record that during all these years no genuine application for a grant of Scriptures from the Foreign field has ever been denied; no Missionary Society's request to print and publish a properly authenticated version or the Scriptures in a new tongue has ever been refused. Kindred Societies, sisters and daughters of the British and Foreign, have sprung up during the century in nearly all countries of the Reformed Faith.

## HORSE'S PRIDE

He was a fine-looking bay, an excellent specimen of horse flesh, and he looked decidedly out of place hauling a loaded coal sleigh. He was a snappy fellow, like those animals one sometimes sees at the circus. He would have done credit to any good fancier of horse flesh. He was merely doing his duty hauling the load of coal up one of the steep grades on the east side of Hartford, Conn. He was forced from the centre of the roadway towards the curb, where the slush and snow were the deepest. Like all good horses he knew when he was tired and of course he stopped. His driver appreciated the situation, and allowed the animal a chance to recover himself generally. The horse was soon refreshed and ready for work. He tried to start, but he couldn't, his sleigh runners were imbedded deep in the slush. Another slip happened along and having no load the occupants tendered their assistance. They tied a rope on to the forward end of the coal sleigh and made an effort to move it. The rope snapped. This operation was repeated three or four times with the same results. The fine looker of the new comer, thoroughly then, at the word from his driver, he started up the hill and brought the load safely to the top. "Merely horse pride," said one man who had watched the performance.—Hartford Courant.

## On Platform and Hustings

Humors of Men Famous in British Politics—Stories of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Roseberry, Sir Frank Lockwood and others.

When, as Crabb Robinson records in his "Diary," Coleridge was lecturing at Bristol, he was hissed by a wretched fellow because he chanced to make some profession of public spirit. "If you have so much public spirit," asked the man, "why do you take money at the door?" "For a reason," responded Coleridge, "which I am sorry has not in the present instance been quite successful; to keep out blackguards."

The late Mr. Gladstone began his public career with a very successful reply to an opponent. His first candidature, as all the world knows, was for the borough of Newark-on-Trent, for which he was selected by the Duke of Newcastle. At the nomination he had to undergo a heckling and one of the questions put to him was, "Are we to regard you as the nominee of the Duke of Newcastle?" Now this was a decidedly awkward interrogatory. Mr. Gladstone was virtually the Duke's nominee, and unless he frankly admitted the fact the only thing to be done was to evade the question. To do this he asked a counter question. "I will answer that question," he said, "if you will tell me what you mean by a nominee." "I consider this man as a nominee of the duke," was the unfortunate reply, "when he is sent by his grace to be crammed down the throats of the electors, whether they will or not." "Then according to that definition," said Mr. Gladstone, quite fairly, "I am not the nominee of the Duke of Newcastle." Thus nonplussed, the elector thought he would imitate the candidate's method. "What is your definition of a nominee?" he asked. "Ah," said Mr. Gladstone, "again, I ask what you mean by the word nominee, and according to your own explanation of it I give the answer."

Lord Roseberry's replies to interruptions are often exceedingly apt. Once, speaking during his premiership on the reform of the House of Lords, he said it was not a pleasant thing for the head of the government with a majority in the commons, to find himself with half-a-dozen empty benches in the house of lords when someone in the audience called out. "Fill them up." "Ah," said Lord Roseberry in his gravest tones, "I see the gentleman has aspirations to the peerage himself. But I should want to know more about him before I took any step in that direction, because men are apt to change opinions when once they have got their peerage."

The lamented Sir Frank Lockwood, as we learn from the Memoir by Augustine Birrell, K. C., once made a severe retort upon Lord Claud Hamilton, his opponent at King's Lynn. In the heat of the fray his lordship had said that his antagonist was fit for nothing but to defend prisoners. "I should be very sorry to defend Lord Claud," was Lockwood's biting answer. But both the sneer and the retort which it provoked were, of course, entirely Pickwickian.

No one was apter in dealing with interruptions than Lockwood's friend the late Mr. Waddy. Waddy's oratory, indeed, was not of a high order; in most of his speeches there was a good deal of bombast; but the nimbleness of his wit was amazing. On this occasion I heard him draw up a tremendous catalogue of evil doings of the government of the day, and when he got to the end of the indictment an opponent in the body of the hall gave a fearful groan. Quick as a flash, and before a soul could laugh, Waddy snapped out, "Yes, it's enough to make you sick, isn't it?" And the audience which would have been in another instant been dissolved in laughter broke into a roar of applause.

The humors of electioneering are not what they were in the days of nomination on the hustings and open voting, when such pleasanties as rotten eggs and dead cats were quite freely brought into play. So long as canvassing is permitted, however, candidates will always see something of unaccustomed phases of life. Let us hope that when they meet with an ungracious reception they will be able to deal with it as wittily and good temperedly as Fox met the rudeness of a Westminster shopkeeper. Asked for his vote and interest, the man produced a halter. "That is all I can give you," he said. "Ah, thank you," said Fox, "but I couldn't think of depriving you of what is no doubt a family relic."

Equally admirable is the story of Wilkes which, as we read in the Memoir of Richard Regrave, B. A., the late Earl Granville was fond of telling. When the clever demagogue asked a Middlesex elector for his vote, the man uncompromisingly replied, "No, I'd rather vote for the devil!" "Very good," retorted Eikes, "but in case your friend doesn't stand!"

Daniel O'Connell had a terrible facility for throwing at his opponents nicknames which stuck like burrs. In a Dublin election he was opposed by a Mr. West, whose countenance was not precisely a thing of beauty, and him O'Connell dubbed "sow West" and "ugly West." Mr. West took it all good-humoredly, and at last retorted. "Mr. O'Connell takes advantage of me, gentlemen, for he wears

a wig." "I scorn all advantage," responded O'Connell, pulling off his wig and exposing an immaculately bald skull. "Compare u. now, boys. Is sow West the beauty?"

The great Liberator turned to still better account an awkward incident that befell him during an election for County Kerry, when he was supporting the candidature of his nephew. He was speaking from the balcony of the Chamber of Commerce in Tralee, and opposite were the committee rooms of the Knight of Kerry, the champion of the other side. In the midst of an eloquent passage a donkey suddenly began to bray. Even O'Connell's partisans could not forbear to titter, and the enemy burst into roars of laughter. The great orator, however, was perfectly undisturbed. Looking round with a smile, and raising his voice until it rang out clear above the din, he called out, "Hear him! hear him, boys! 'tis the chairman of the Knight of Kerry's committee!"

Of another of the O'Connell stories which the late L. J. Jennings gives in his "Anecdotal History of Parliament," the hero was not the Liberator himself, but his advocate. In the Clare elections in 1828 O'Connell and Vesey Fitzgerald were the protagonists. While the voting was in progress an agent of Fitzgerald's rushed into the booth and declared that Father Murphy, of Carophin, was intimidating the voters. The priest was accordingly sent for, and on arriving demanded with a smile of derision what the charge against him was. "You were looking at my voters," said the attorney. "But I said nothing, and I suppose I may be permitted to look at my parishioners." "Not with such a face as that," said the attorney amid uproarious laughter—for the countenance was certainly a terrifying spectacle. At this juncture in rushed an O'Connell agent with a complaint that a Tory landlord had seized one of his tenants and threatened him with vengeance for voting for O'Connell. The latter's counsel saw his chance. "What!" he exclaimed. "Do we live in a free country and under a constitution? Is a landlord to commit a battery with impunity, and is a priest to be indicted for his physiognomy and found guilty for a look?" So the point was turned, and nothing more was heard of Father Murphy's terror-stricken visage.

## SAVED WOLSELEY

Winnipeg, Jan. 28.—Father McCarty, writing in answer to Lord Wolseley's comments on the late Archbishop Tache, his priests and people, says: "Allow me to add an incident which will bear out more fully Mr. M. J. Griffin's merited strictures on the noble lord's utterance. If Lord Wolseley is alive to-day, and when he wrote articles alluded to, he must know that he owes the fact of his life and the peaceable capture of Fort Garry to Bishop Tache, whom he to-day tries to belittle. While the military expedition was struggling through the defiles of the Dawson route, Riel and his council organized a counter expedition to arrest the progress of Wolseley, or to annihilate them; as they could have easily done, knowing so well every mile of that country. Bishop Tache nobly threw himself into the gap and implored Riel and his men, already equipped, to abandon the project. For this purpose his Lordship guaranteed, and assured them that an amnesty was granted to him personally by the Governor-General, Sir John Young, I think, and by Lord Cameron (?) for the Imperial Government, and that the Wolseley expedition was friendly to them. The Bishop thus induced Riel to remain in possession of Fort Garry and await the arrival of the expedition of Wolseley; to hand over the reins of government to her Majesty's representative. The Provincial Government reluctantly acquiesced, and remained quiet in the fort. But Wolseley's mission was far from friendly."

## SONNY GOSLING RHYME.

Billy Balloo is the boy for me,  
He's up in the morning before you can see,  
He's busy all day, yet he's ready at night  
For a romp round the house or a good pillow fight;  
He's generally hungry and ready to eat,  
He often is dirty, yet always is sweet,  
His grammar is faulty, his manners, oh my!  
At the table are such that I often say "Pie!"  
Perhaps you would find him less sweet than I do,  
But you're not the father of Billy Balloo.

The fellow who hasn't the money feels that he is a natural born spender.