

A VALUABLE FIND.

A Hundred-Pound Lump of Ambergris Picked Up at Sea.

The schooner Fannie Lewis, belonging to Lewis, Chase & Whitten, which arrived to-day says a Portland (Me.) dispatch to the Boston Globe, brought in a rare cargo.

While off Monhegan Captain Henderson, who was sitting at the masthead, suddenly saw something white floating on the water. Moved by an impulse, he shouted to the helmsman to keep her off. As soon as he was on deck he regretted giving the order, but concluded to run down and see what the object was. A dory was lowered; and several of the crew jumped in and pulled for the object, which seemed to be a mass of dough. The men smelt of it and set out to return and leave it, but at last concluded to take it to the vessel.

On board, one of the seamen at once pronounced it ambergris. It was carefully put away in a barrel, which it two-thirds filled, and on arriving at the port the owners were told the good news. Several experiments were at once made to see if it was really ambergris, and the result seemed to show that it was without doubt.

Samples were sent to New York and also to Cumming of this city, to be tested. The substance has a peculiar, penetrating odor and much resembles wax. It will melt in the flame of a candle, but will not run like grease would. It is used in making the finest kinds of perfume and retails for about \$30 an ounce.

The mass weighs 100 pounds and therefore it would be worth a matter of \$25,000. This sum will be divided in the same manner that fish would be, the owners of the vessel taking half, and the crew, of which there are fifteen, taking the other half. Eight or nine hundred dollars apiece will pay the men very well for a short trip and will do much toward counterbalancing the losses occasioned by the scarcity of mackerel.

No WORSE THAN THE DEMOCRATS, EH?—In the art of decapitation Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson exhibits a skill which only long practice can give.

With great frankness and just a flavor of ghoulish glee in his voice he declares that during the last five months he has turned out about 15,000 office-holders.

That is to say, an average of 100 per day including Sundays and stormy weather.

From the standpoint of an implacable partisanship this is a remarkably good record. If from a merely patriotic point of view it does not seem creditable the reply is that Clarkson v as not thinking of patriotism, but of party.

Patriotism has its place—before election. It serves to decoy the groundlings. But after the election the Republican boss has something better to attend to—namely, the perquisites.

Lowell describes him to the life in the lines—

A ginoing statesman shou'd be on his guard,
Ef he must have beliefs nut b'lieve 'em 'oo hard.

Mr. Clarkson naively remarks that he is no worse than his Democratic predecessor. We may be excused, perhaps, if we smile at this chaste and eloquent statement.

The Republicans have denounced the Democratic party as venial and corrupt. Last autumn they affirmed on their honor—that is, on the remnant that remains—that the country was going to one everlasting smash. They gave the public the impression that they were themselves angels just arrived from the new Jerusalem and that they proposed to hang their white wings on a peg for four years and

save this republic—unless it should perchance be too late—from Democratic ravages by the strict, impartial and rigid enforcement of the civil service law.

That was the "holt" on the community. Their pledges fell thick and fast until the country was knee-deep in them.

They even resorted to the wholesale purchase of votes in order that they might get into power at once and begin the evangelical work of setting the business of the country on its feet and purifying its politics.

And now Clarkson offers as an excuse for his course that he isn't any worse than the Democrats.

In one breath he curses the Democratic party as a horde of spoilsman, grows red in the face as invectives follow each other in hot succession, and in the next breath coolly informs us that he is a spoilsman also, just like those horridly wicked Democrats.

Mr. Harrison enjoys his respite at Deer Park and smiles as he hears the dull thud of official heads dropping into the basket.

Mr. Blaine listens in the calm retreat of Bar Harbor to what the wild waves are saying and the falling heads have a sweeter sound than a symphony of Beethoven.

Down through the circumambient ether come two other lines of Lowell which seem fitted to the occasion:—

A m'reiful Providence fashioned us holler
O' purpose that we might our principles swaller.

Well, it is just as we supposed. A Republican has great moral ideas, but is ready at all times to swap them for office. They are his capital in trade. He may have a conscience, but it is active only when there is nothing within reach.

He believes in protection because it creates a class of monopolists who willingly shed their dollars for a continuance of the policy which enabled them to make other millions by crowding small traders to the wall and killing competition.

He grows wroth at the indiginity done to the negro, but his philanthropy has the smell of the ballot box. The right and wrong of the matter be hagged. If the negro votes the Republican ticket he is a man



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and brother; when he dares to throw a Democratic vote he is denounced on the floor of congress as a monstrosity.

But the people remain, and evidently they have their eyes open. They have been hoodwinked, but they have not lost their senses. Their present experience is profoundly educational. Strikes are to be found on all sides; business men who were cajoled last autumn into voting for a higher tariff now cry for free raw material and will soon face trouble unless they get it. The community in the last five months has grown distrustful.

The shoes pinch the people's feet, and when the time comes to take them off they are not likely to put them on again.—N. Y. Herald.

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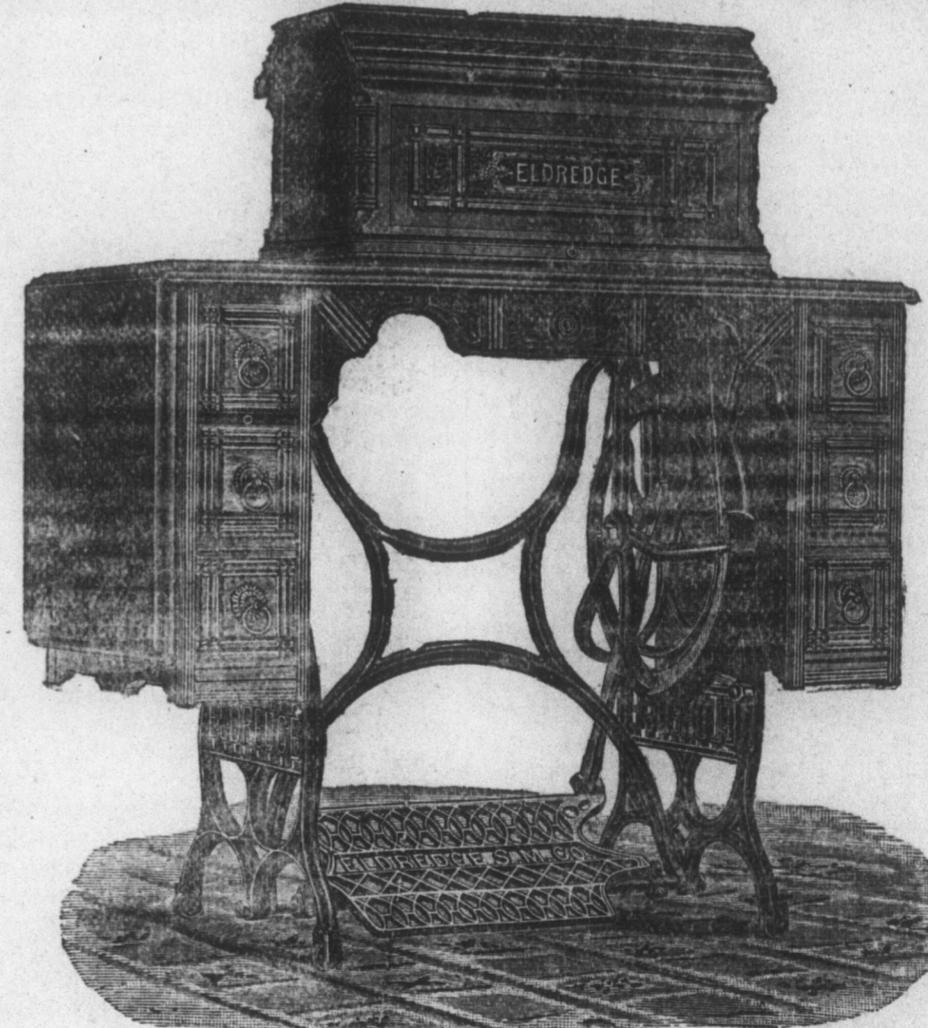
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