

## QUEER NEWS FROM MAINE.

**A Bitter Quarrel Between Messrs. Sherman and Blaine—How it Occurred and How it Ended.**

[Sporadic Cor. N. Y. World]

PORTLAND, July 23.

The visit of Secretary Sherman to Maine has been attended with unlooked-for results. Concerning his interview with Senator Blaine nothing has been published save a brief item in the evening paper, which says: "Messrs. Sherman and Blaine had a long, confidential consultation at the Preble House to-day on the subject of this year's campaign." It is in my power to give the readers of the *World* some particulars as to this important conference. The two eminent statesmen, I need hardly say, are not upon the best of terms. Each has Presidential ambitions. Blaine is disgusted because while he was away speaking in the West last year he lost his opportunity to attend Sherman's visit this year, put him in a decidedly awkward position. If Maine should go Republican the fact will injure to Sherman's benefit, because his friends will say, "The Secretary carried it after Blaine had lost it," and so Mr. Sherman's presence is about as welcome as that of a cat in a game of ten-pins. To my interview however.

When the two great statesmen had locked the door of their room, Blaine—luckily they did not think to look under the sofa—Mr. Sherman began the conversation.

"Well, Blaine," he said, "I've come up to haul you out of the pit, as the Book says."

"Oh, thanks," said the Senator, warmly;

"I appreciate your kindness considering the way things look in Ohio."

"Ohio is all safe," said the Secretary, winking his eye; "Meantime we must see to it that if anything happens to you in September what will become of me?" In October I've brought up a thirteen-column speech that I will kinder knock the boys."

"There's nothing like it," said Blaine, contemplatively. "Morton once told me that he owed his success in Indiana to putting out a platform three or four feet long full of words like 'hegemony,' 'interdependent,' 'eleemosynary,' and so on; then by the time that his party had spent money and digested the eight introductory resolutions about the United States being a Nation, etc., had been had and there was no time to find out what the platform really meant. I hope you've got plenty of figures in it—figures is what people care for this year."

"Between us," said the Secretary, confidentially, "there has been a little demoralization in the Treasury, between putting through this last assessment and preparing for the new examinations under the civil-service examinations and so on. I've got to paste in the *Times* a list of the election frauds of 1876; but they'll do. The footings will show the progress and results of resumption, however."

"Good enough," said the Senator, applauding; "but I hope you go for the South!"

"Don't you be afraid. There were some little difficulties in the argument, but I think I have got round the question now, and I'll take this message." Up till 1874 the Democratic party remained in a minority in the House. How unmindful it was of the Constitutional duties and privileges of an opposition party I need not remind you. When, however, the grand old Republican party went into opposition and set itself to expose and combat the extravagance of the majority, what did we do? From \$184,304,757.08 the appropriation dropped steadily to \$177,370,973.80 to \$184,404,558, or \$15,000,000?"

How there should be some applause marked—indeed my pencil. Doesn't that strike you as good—making the economy of the Democrats so praise us? And the remainder of that economy we will denounce for starving the Government."

"Capital, egad!" said the Senator; "I own I wasn't quite clear in my mind how you were going to get round the fact that at the moment the Democrats had got control of the House—the appropriations were down. Well, go on."

"There was another snag in my path," said the Secretary, with a chuckle, "but I guess I got round it all right. I allude to the fact that while you and the rest of the boys have been howling aloud that under Democratic supremacy the country was going to the dogs I have been shouting the debt, and that the country was down. Well, go on."

"I beg your pardon, Jim, for aggravating you," said the Secretary, "and when I visit your Sabine farm I'll give you some new point about repairing fences."

The gentlemanly clerk at the Preble had no time in his experience had an order for one oxygen without a fixative, and can't account for the loss and the visit of a journeyman painter to the parlor occupied by Mr. Sherman and Blaine, except upon the hypothesis that some confidential negotiations are going on with the Greenbackers. The following item is from the Portland *Evening Republican*:

**RUNAWAY ACCIDENT.**—As Secretary Sherman and Doctor Blaine were driving to-day in a lonely part of the suburbs the horses became frightened and ran away, overturning the carriage and throwing out the occupants. Mr. Blaine escaped with a few scratches on the ear and slight damage to the clothing and coat. Sherman with a griffing contusion upon the cheek-bone. Congressman Reed, who happened to be passing, caught the horse after it had proceeded a short distance, and the vehicle was righted, escorted the distinguished visitors home.

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subject. Do you know that while New England sent 277,181 soldiers to the war to fight against rebellion, the Solid South sent only as many as 341,327? But to be exact here is Maine. With a population of 628,279, her contribution of Union volunteers was 72,114, or 11.3 per cent. That was a pretty good average, because New Hampshire's was 11.2 and Vermont's 11.4. Now, Delaware with a total population of 12,316, sent 1,670 volunteers, or 12.3 per cent. The Copeheadism of Delaware was more patriotic when it came to shedding blood for the old flag, than the Radicalism of Maine, in the ratio of 15 to 14. Blaine, I guess that cock won't fight."

"That cussed Secretary of War," growled Mr. Blaine, "has been putting so many Confederate Brigadiers into his department to codify the war records that it's as likely as not they've cooked the figures. Anyhow, the figures are out 240 in 70. Now, Secretary of the Treasury you are—there isn't an eight-year-old boy in the common schools of Maine that couldn't expose your fallacies."

I felt the sofa above me tremble as if Secretary Sherman were quivering with suppressed emotion, but he made no angry reply; he only said, with a light laugh, "Well, Jim, I have had to come to the front when you were drafted—or your substitute had—that would have made the figures even, since you are only one out."

An awful silence followed, broken only by the hard breathing of the two statesmen as they rose from the sofa and advanced into the middle of the apartment.

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"John Sherman," hissed Mr. Blaine, in a voice of deadly emphasis, "people who live in First National Banks."

Standing proudly erect the Secretary of the Treasury whistled, with the clearness and resonance of a silver-chiming bell, the first three bars of the "Mulligan Guards."

They clinched and rolled over and upon the carpet with the fury of tigers. At that instant the door burst open and Con-

"Gentlemen, for heaven's sake," he shouted, "cease this fratricidal strife." Don't arouse the hotel! Here, Jim, get off him; Secretary Sherman, let go of Senator Blaine's ear."

"You 'cheerful idiot,'" hoarsely panted Mr. Blaine, "you keep away or there'll be a Greenbacker chosen in the Portland District next year. I can lick any Ohio man that whistles the 'Mulligan Guards' at me. He can't lick me, of his political assessment we're here, Jim."

"Let us alone," growled Mr. Sherman, "or when you're elected to stay at home you'll not be made Collector. Whoopie, I'll make this white-plumed knight think a whole Memphis & Little Rock Railroad train is running over him."

The panting combatants clinched again, but Mr. Reed threw himself upon them, exclaiming, "Stop! stop! There's a *World* correspondent here!" Right, my Secretary Sherman, I'll send out for you that man. Your eye so that no one will ever guess that anything is wrong with it; meanwhile I will ring for an ostrich which you had better hold against it. As for you, Mr. Blaine, I'll lend you a pair of my pants—I don't think you can ever get those mended—and give you some court-plaster to put on your ear."

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**The Republican One Idea.**

While Doctor Chandler did not state very clearly in his Wisconsin speech what the "one idea" of his "one-idea party" is—he never is very clear except when he is ranting about "Confederate brigadiers" or "devilish rebels"—it was evident that he meant National Sovereignty as opposed to the right to have it. This may be the party's idea now, but when the Doctor, or any other stalwart, that attempts to convey the impression that this always was, or has been for any length of time, the Republican idea, he attempts to deceive.

The occasion of celebrating any one of the party's numerous "births" is an especially inappropriate one for making such an attempt, for the birth record everywhere shows plainly what the Republican idea was when the party was coming into existence at so many different times and places.

At the birth in this State there was no intimation given of any such idea.

It is his own, some days since, the Doctor published an account of that birth, illustrated, it will be remembered, with choice selections from the organ's stock of advertising cuts, including the liver-pad man and others equally well known; which were made to do duty for the godfathers of the new party. That account shows conclusively that the "one idea" of the party then was opposition to the extension of slavery, and that the idea of a contest between State-rights and National rights had never entered the god-father's head. Even as late as 1860 no such idea had been conceived by the Republican party or its leaders.

In that year was held the National Convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln for President. That convention adopted, among others, the following resolution:

"That the maintenance in violation of the rights of the States, of the right of each State to order and control its own internal institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend; and we denounce the law of State or Territory, in so far as it may affect the welfare of the people of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest crimes."

"Well, I say, Blaine, you ain't serious in that, are you?" said the Secretary of the Treasury: "you know so much about statistics and averages ought to be the last man to enter upon an investigation of that

subject. Do you know that while New England sent 277,181 soldiers to the war to fight against rebellion, the Solid South sent only as many as 341,327? But to be exact here is Maine. With a population of 628,279, her contribution of Union volunteers was 72,114, or 11.3 per cent. That was a pretty good average, because New Hampshire's was 11.2 and Vermont's 11.4. Now, Delaware with a total population of 12,316, sent 1,670 volunteers, or 12.3 per cent. The Copeheadism of Delaware was more patriotic when it came to shedding blood for the old flag, than the Radicalism of Maine, in the ratio of 15 to 14. Blaine, I guess that cock won't fight."

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He then touched upon the questions of specie payments, and claimed that the old notion about the danger of plunging into cold water when the body is heated had long ago been exploded. In fact, it is now clearly established that the colder the water the hotter should be the bather. Fever patients, it is well known, never take cold, even if wholly immersed for brief intervals in ice-water. If the body is not already in a vigorous glow, bathing is sure to do more harm than good.

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