

THE PRESS

THE PRESS
WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 9, '79
FOR GOVERNOR,
NELSON DINGLEY, Jr.

For Representatives to Congress:
 1st District—JOHN H. BURLEIGH.
 2d District—WILLIAM P. FRYE.
 3d District—JAMES G. BLAINE.
 4th District—SAMUEL F. HERSEY.
 5th District—EUGENE HALE.

For Senators.
 Andover—WILLIAM H. BOYNTON.

Amherst	WILLIAM GOULD.
Andover	EDMUND RUSSELL.
Cumberland	WILLIAM GOULD.
	WILLIAM W. CROSS.
	SAMUEL A. HOLBROOK.
	FREDERICK N. DOW.
Franklin	ALBION DYER.
Hancock	LUCILIUS A. EMERY.
	JOSEPH T. HINCKLEY.
Kennebec	EDMUND F. WEBB.
	MOSES S. MAYHEW.
Knox	MOSES WEBSTER.
Lincoln	FREDERICK KENT.

Oxford.....ENOCH POSTER, JR.,
JOHN P. SWASEY.
Penobscot.....JOSEPH W. FARRILL,
GEORGE CUTLER,
JOHN MORRISON,
GEORGE R. THURLOUGH.
Piscataquis.....JAMES FOSS.
Sagadahoc.....THOMAS W. HYDE.
Somerset.....ABEL PRESCOTT.
WM. H. STEVENS.
Waldo.....FRED ATWOOD,
E. R. RICHARDSON.
Washington..SAMUEL N. CAMPBELL.

York..... W. J. CORTELL,
JOHN HALL,
BENJAMIN F. HANSON,
IVORY LORD,
For Clerk of Courts.
Hancock.... H. B. SAUNDERS.
Kennebec.... WILLIAM M. STRATTON.
Lincoln..... GEORGE B. SAWYER.
Piscataquis... H. B. FLINT.
Somerset..... LUTHER H. WEBB.
Washington... F. H. LONGFELLOW.
For County Treasurer.

Androscoggin ALFRED F. MERRILL.
Cumberland J. W. PARKER.
Franklin J. WARREN MERRILL.
Hancock LUTHER LORD.
Kennebec ALFRED STARKS.
Knox EDWIN SPRAGUE.
Lincoln JAMES M. KNIGHTS.
Norfolk CHRISTOPHER C. CUSHMAN.
Piscataqua C. B. CURTIS.
Sagadahoc H. B. TAYLOR.
Somerset W. C. HALL.
Waldo GEORGE D. MERRILL.
Washington IGNATIUS SARGENT.

York.....ESREFF H. BANKS.
For Sheriff.
Cumberland...WILLIAM L. PENNELL.
Franklin.....GILBERT MILLER.
Keenebec...WILLIAM H. LIBBY.
Knox.....J. W. SMITH.
Lincoln.....FRED E. MORSE.
Oxford.....J. W. WHITTEN.
Penobscot...SIMON G. JERRARD.
Piscataquis...CHARLES FOSS.
Sagadahoc...P. K. MILLAY.
Waldo.....SAMUEL NORTON.

Washington.....ISAAC WILDER.
York.....THOMAS TARBBOX.

For County Commissioner.

Androscoggin.....JOHN READ.
Cumberland.....SAMUEL DINGLEY.
Franklin.....M. A. PHILLIPS.
Hancock.....GILBERT E. SIMPSON.
Kennebec.....REUBEN S. NEAL.
Knox.....CHRISTOPHER PRUNCE.
Lincoln.....ROBERT MONTGOMERY.
Penobscot.....WILLARD B. FERGUSON.
Piscataquis.....LAMBERT SANDS.

Sagadahoc.....F. J. PARKS,
Somerset.....FRED G. GREEN.
Waldo.....A. B. CLARK.
Washington...BENJAMIN LINCOLN.
York.....DIMON ROBERTS.
Knox.....JOHN E. HANLEY.

For County Attorney.
Waldo.....WILLIAM H. FOGLEH.
For Judge of Probate.
Piscataquis...E. J. HALE.
For Register of Probate.

Lincoln.....HENRY C. ROBINSON.
Penobscot.....AMBROSE C. FLINT.

Gossip and Gleanings.

Alexander Dumas was asked recently what the "gallery" of a theatre was called Parisian in France. "Because," replied the wit, "apples are eaten there."

Detroit Free Press: Ben Butler wanted Kansas to name a town after him, but the legislature wrote back that they had a hamlet called "Hellville," and couldn't think of blasting the State further, _____

There is to be an Episcopal General Council in New York next October. Shrewsbury people expected as much when the

people expected as much when the Congregational Council met in Brooklyn. Let a boy get a new pair of top-boots, and sure as death some other boy will never leave off teasing his mother till he gets a pair, too.

Savans have bothered themselves since the days of Lucretius trying to determine the

istence of a law in matter by which the organism is naturally developed from the inorganic, but none of them have been courageous enough to grapple the problem of why it is that a man with a green-watermelon colic doesn't get before a looking-glass and see himself as others see him.

The Muster at Bangor.
BANGOR, Sept. 5, 1874.
A smooth thirty-acre field with a gentle southwesterly slope, at the foot of which lies Kenduskeag Avenue; bounded on two sides by woods, and on the fourth by a deep ravine; such is French's field, the ground of the second muster of the Maine State Militia.

der its present organization. An elevated plateau, it is surrounded on three sides by higher grounds, making it a natural amphitheater. I have selected Thursday, the day of receiving the Governor, for our visit, and, as the muster-field is situated two miles from the city, I charter a carriage when I start out at ten o'clock in the morning. The

road is filled with vehicles of all descriptions, from the elegant barouche to the coal wagon, and fitted up for the occasion with seats, and flashing the placard, "FOR THE MUSTER GROUND—15 cents." At this hour of the day vehicles going in my direction are well filled, while I meet a long line of empty teams coming back to the city in quest of passengers.

Hackmen, truckmen, express-drivers, reap harvest of scrip, while even the

HARD-FISTED FARMER

from the suburbs has laid aside, for the nonce, the rake and pitchfork, and has come to town with the family carry-all, or inflexible porter-wagon, to refresh his soul with the martial parent, and, withal, turn an honest

penny by conveying passengers to and from the muster field. Whether from an exalted moral sensibility on the part of these carriers or, which is more probable, from extensive competition, no case of extortionate fares has been reported, a noteworthy fact in the history of such an occasion.

of the

MUSTER-FIELD

comes into view close at hand, and soon, in a maze of vehicles, I am striving to get upon the grounds. In spite of the apparent confusion of teams excellent order is preserved, and I drove upon the grounds without accident. A row of booths line the roadside, fr

which proceeds the voice of the vender proclaiming the merits of the ginger-cake, while from a high platform outside, the patent-medicine dealer lifts to high heaven the praises of his marvelous elixir. A large tent standing a little to one side, indicates by grotesque pictures on the outside, that within may be seen animals

monstrous snakes, and Punch and Judy whose wonders are expatiated on by the voluble showman at the door, while inside some unhappy wretch perpetually turns the worst hand-organ that ever vexed the ears of suffering humanity. I escape these things driving across a comparatively clear space which separates me from a dense crowd

people and teams about the parade ground and beyond these gleam the snowy tents of the encampment. It is the hour for battalion drill, and two battalions are marching about to the music of the Bangor and Pembrokeshire land bands. The parade-ground is five hundred feet square and affords a fine chance for the evolutions. There are about five thousand

and people on the ground this morning; the afternoon there will be eight thousand.

