

THE INNSMOUTH COURIER

JOHN LAWRENCE, Editor and Proprietor.

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INNSMOUTH, MASS. THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1846.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

Among the many rational and pleasant modes of celebrating the last Fourth of July, that we gladly notice to have taken place throughout the country, was that adopted jointly by the students of Amherst College and the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary at South Hadley. Joined by the officers of the two institutions, and the citizens of both towns, in all 500 persons, they made an excursion to the top of a peak of the Holyoke range, between Amherst and Granby, to which a path of easy travel has lately been constructed. It has heretofore been known as "Hilliard's Nob," but was on this occasion christened MOUNT NORWOTTUCK (the Indian name of Hadley), and a flag bearing that name was run up on a staff at the summit of the mountain. A platform had been here erected, 24 feet high, and from this speeches were made by Leonard Humphrey, of the senior class in the College, President Hitchcock, Professor Shepherd and others. Sentiments from all sides followed, and refreshments, that had been bountifully provided, were indulged in. Mt. Norwottuck as it is now called, is considerably higher than the celebrated Holyoke peak, and the view from its summit, though perhaps less beautiful, is spoken of as more extensive, grand and sublime than that from the latter. It bids fair to rival the attractions of its renowned fellow.

The largest Iron Gun ever made was cast at Alger's Foundry in South Boston, under the supervision of Col. Bumford for the Government. The weight of it, when finished, will be 25000 pounds, 5000 more than Capt. Stockton's "Peacemaker," which was procured in England, at a cost six times greater than that of the one cast at South Boston. It is be mounted on Fort George in Boston harbor, and will carry a shot or shell 3 1-2 miles. The weight of the round shot which it will carry is 230 lbs.—of the shell 180 lbs. The expense of this immense instrument of war, which we trust will never have to be used against an enemy, is under \$1800.

The Annual Meeting of the Worcester & Newburyport Railroad Co. was holden in Worcester, on Thursday. Owing to the conflicting opinions of the stockholders in regard to the subject, the meeting was quite an exciting one and was prolonged until 2 o'clock of the next morning. The following were chosen Directors: Asa F. Lawrence of Pepperell, Alexander DeWitt of Oxford, Jacob Little of N. Y., Stephen Salisbury, Pliny Merrick, Wm. A. Wheeler and Rob't. Scott Marshall of Worcester, Jacob Fisher and H. N. Peabody of N'port, Jno. G. Park and Edward Lamb of Boston, Jno. A. Rockwell of Norwich, and Joel Pratt of Arkham. They were instructed to suspend all operations on the road, and the Treasurer to pay all debts, and hold in trust the balance of the property, till the sum of \$700,000 shall be unconditionally subscribed, when it is probable, the work on the Rowley branch line will be renewed.

FIRE IN NANTUCKET.—A terrible calamity has befallen the town of Nantucket. On Tuesday night, about eleven o'clock, a fire broke out in the store of E. G. Kelley and spread with fearful rapidity in all directions, and was still burning at the last accounts, which were of Wednesday forenoon. An extra from the Nantucket Warder, dated at 8 o'clock, Wednesday morning, says that "the town presents a scene of devastation that language cannot describe. The whole square of buildings bounded by Main, Center, Broad and Federal streets, is in ruins."

A PRECOCIOUS ROGUE.—A stranger recently stopping in this city relates the following case of youthful vagrancy. While wending his way through one of the by-streets, he was accosted by a tatterdemalion boy, who piteously begged for a fishscale to buy a loaf of bread for his dying mother. The stranger's heart was moved : the urchin grasped the proffered three-cent piece, with a look which spoke volumes of gratitude, and darted away around the next corner to fulfill his mission of filial love. The stranger walked around the corner also, with a swelling heart, when he was surprised to see in a neighboring alley, a half score of young urchins pitching pennies. In their midst stood our young vagabond, exhibiting his fishscale, and exclaiming with great glee, "I'll pitch with any on you now, for I've got the brads." "How did you raise 'em," inquired one of the group. "Oh, I cum de bread act on a green 'un," was the reply. The stranger "walked."

REV. JOSEPH BACON of New Haven will address the Society of Inquiry in Miskatonic College, on the evening preceing the Commencement, instead of Rev. Mr. Agnew as has been before stated.

OUR COUNTRY.

The sentiment has often been uttered—"Our Country, right or wrong." The spirit of monarchy has enshrined a similar sentiment—"The King can do no wrong." We repudiate both as a libel on that right of thinking, and that manly independence, which belong to the human mind. So long as that deeply marked line of distinction remains, which every true system of morality has indicated, between what is right and what is wrong, we shall hold the wrong which is done by our country, to be as worthy of condemnation, as that which is done by our state, by our little municipalities, in our family circles, or by ourselves individually.

The sentiment we speak of has been not infrequently appealed to since the commencement of our hostile attitude toward Mexico, as if it were a sentiment sanctified by a state of war. On that point, we maintain, that we should do nothing to bring detriment to the republic, nothing to interfere with its true interests, nothing indicative of a factious or unpatriotic spirit, and that we should render full obedience to all constitutional and legal requirements. Whilst in the present relations of our country, we would not volunteer to go to a foreign battle-field, we would not throw any obstacle in the way of others so doing. In the defence of our own territory, or just rights, put at hazard, we hold the obligation to be complete and unquestioned on every citizen to be promptly and constantly in readiness. But the causes of an existing war we regard as at all times open to the fullest and freest examination, be it only done so as not to give encouragement to the enemy. The right of independent judgment is never in our opinion to be abandoned, whether in reference to public or private affairs.

Attachment to one's country is a deep-seated sentiment of every heart—like attachment to home and friends. No man but feels it : no man but acts on it. He, who does not, fails to be a man. If there be any thing, which above all else distinguishes man, it is the right of judging—of judging independently of control—be it the control of power, the control of party, the control of wealth, or the control of numbers. He who cannot think for himself is unfit to think or act for others, except under special delegation. This right of independent thought is the last we would give up. Oh, what a rich legacy of precept and example has been left to us by the old puritans! What a treasure in the life, and bearing, and conduct, in the sufferings and in the death of such a man as Sir Henry Vane! Had any man deeper love of country, a stronger and heartier devotion to its best interest, more intense anxiety for its well-being? Where are purer patriots, truer men, devouter Christians to be found? They were literally men, of whom the world was not worthy: nor has the world yet come up to the mark of their high calling.

If we apply this great right of independent thinking to the question of war, we do so because we regard this as the field where an independent spirit may manifest itself to most efficient and beneficial purpose. It is the great point for the interest of the race; strikingly so for the interests of free government. And if we, professing to be in the gristle of manhood, cannot divest ourselves of the old threadbare swaddling clothes, that have so long concealed the deformity of the nations that are war-worn, we had better content ourselves to lie down in perpetual childhood—until, at least, some harder and more thoroughly puritan race shall tread us aside.

We have been reading the Fourth of July Address delivered at Boston, which purports to be a defence of War—of War, as an established custom amongst nations. The Address is pleasantly, smoothly, and flowingly written : but it bears no marks of the "bow of Ulysses*." It indicates a patriotic spirit; but far too much contentedness with things as they are—too much quasi conservatism—too much trust in doubtful and tottering maxims : and yet many glimmerings does it contain of wants that it does not utter. As an argument for war, it may safely be left on the pathway of its predecessor, the "True Grandeur of Nations." There are some singular views disclosed in this address. "If wars were impossible to occur, where were nationality, where patriotism, where love of home and friends?" What the meaning of this inquiry may be, we do not fully understand—unless it be another form of saying what a Senator uttered during the Oregon debate, that we need a ten years' war "to develop patriotism and establish nationality." We are somewhat relieved as to the Orator's meaning, however, by what he elsewhere says, when urging that "pestilence" can hardly be called "an evil."

*The Orator is a son of Daniel Webster.

Furthermore, he inquires—"Where had been the sublimest poetry, but for war?—Where had been the royal Psalmist, had not the Philistines come up against Israel?"—The Orator has a very different conception of David from any that we have cherished, if the Philistines had any thing to do with the inspiration of the psalms. The Orator must have had his eye on those 3000 psalms which the legends have attributed to David : for we believe that few, if any indeed, of those which stand on the sacred record, have the tone or spirit of war in them. More than half of them have reference to scenes and events during and subsequently to the Captivity at Babylon : and of the remainder, a large proportion are imbued with that sublime melancholy, to which David gave utterance when suffering from the unnatural, the demon-like, conduct of Absalom.

When alluding to the Trojan war, as giving birth to the Iliad and Æneid, why did the Orator omit to mention, sublimer still, "Paradise Lost?" He would there have found an illustration of his point, and, at the same time, the true source of war : for the basis of "Paradise Lost" is the war waged by the Parent of all Evil against Omnipotence, the Parent of all Good.

And then the Orator's further inquiry—"Where would be Statesmanship and all the illustrious light of former times and of the present day, had the world been wrapped in immutable peace?" How could the Orator have overlooked the answer? They would all have stood on the same bright eminence where stands his own pre-eminent father, with the treaty of Washington in one hand, and with the other, pointing to the treaty of Oregon. They would have been lights indeed and Statesmen indeed, illustrated by the glories of peace, not surrounded by the desolations of War.

THE FLORIDA WAR OVER AGAIN.—As was predicted by the Whigs, at the commencement of the Mexican war, the *extravaganzas* of the Florida war, are being re-enacted on the part of those who conduct it to the infinite satisfaction, doubtless, of all who share in the spoils, though they must be far from agreeable to the people of the country, who have to bear the burthen of the war in the way of taxes. Several instances of the manner in which the money of the nation is spent in hiring steamboats by the day or month, have before been published, but the following comes nearer the Florida mark, than anything we have yet met with. The government is buying mules in *Tennessee*, at \$100 a head, and paying *pro rata* for conveying them to the Rio Grande, though on the very spot where they are wanted they are plentiful, acclimated and well trained, and moreover, can be bought at seventy-five per cent less than they cost in Tennessee. This is the way the expenses of the nation are swelled to the enormous amount of half a million a day. The jobbing system, the great secret of the long continuance of the Florida war, is revived under this boasted pure administration of Democracy. It is "following in the footsteps of its illustrious predecessor," and fast plunging the country into bankruptcy. At the same time will it seal its own fate—the same which greeted that of which this is the copy, in 1840.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

WASHINGTON, July 6, 1846.

I have seen a letter from an officer of our squadron in the Pacific, dated at Mazatlan on the 19th May, which says that the news of Thornton's capture had just reached them, and they were to sail the next day or the day after to plant the *American flag* in *California*, by the capture of Monterey and San Francisco. They had taken on board on the 19th, a large number of shovels, spades and axes, from which the writer inferred that it was intended to throw up fortifications at those places, in the capture of which they anticipated no more opposition than Com. Jones met with in the capture of Monterey a few years since. The frigate Congress had not yet joined the squadron.

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OUR CITY.

TOWN COUNCIL MEETING FRACAS—RANCOR—INVECTIVES AND FURNITURE HURLED.—The meeting of the Innsmouth Town Council descended into chaos on Thursday last following an escalation in the dispute between Conservative members of the council and those more closely aligned with the so-called Marsh Faction. With ever more council members joining the Esoteric Order founded by Obed Marsh, the town's conservative minority has felt the need for an increasingly strident tone in order to make their points heard.

Abel Putnam, leader of the conservatives, expressed outrage at the vote put to the council regarding the dredging of the channel leading into Innsmouth harbor. All Innsmouth citizens are well aware that sediment from the Manuxet washes into the harbor and over time the accumulation decreases the depth of the harbor, making it increasingly difficult, if not impossible, for vessels of deep draught to tie off at the Water Street Pier. Putnam and his allies attest that to maintain the viability of Innsmouth as a vital fishing port, dredging remains an imperative civic endeavor. "Innsmouth has dredged her channel for well over a century and a half, ensuring our place as a port accessible to trade between Gloucester and Portsmouth." A refusal to dredge was an affront to Innsmouth's founders and history.

The Marsh-contingent, was far from swayed by the conservatives' demands for business as usual. Prosperity Hopkins, of the council spoke up. "Since the founding of the Order, we have new and better ways to do things here. We have an image for a grand and glorious future for Innsmouth and we are not about to allow stodgy copolites who are mired in the past to stand in our way." At this, Putnam erupted with language unsuitable for publication. However, he was quickly shouted down by the majority of the council who, as I'm sure we all know, now sit solidly in the corner of the Esoteric Order and its allies. Following the collective ejaculations of the liberal councilmen, Putnam rapped his cane loudly on the lectern, demanding silence from the the contingent he derisively referred to as "Marsh-Mallows".

The councilmen of the Order quickly took exception to the disrespectful epithet, coming to Marsh's defense. "No man has done more to bring Innsmouth into the 19th century than Obed Marsh. Such taunts will be repaid four-fold by the Pelagic Knights in the name of mighty Dagon!" Cries of "Blasphemy!" went up from the conservatives as the meeting degenerated here into something barely short of a brawl. Whatever modicum of civility may have once existed among the council now seems to be a thing of the past as tempers are clearly now at the point of boiling over.

After the meeting was adjourned and the room had cleared, Putnam said the city had "reached a breaking point." He added, "We are citizens of Innsmouth, not citizens of Marsh's club. I, for one, cannot stand idly by as our town falls under the sway of thugs and bullies operating under the guise of tropical hokum." Putnam's opinions these days are not widely supported as every day we see more citizens of Innsmouth participating in the activities of the Esoteric Order of Dagon. What began as a fraternal order is now a veritable religion in this town, and its influence should be considered with a marked degree of skepticism.

"Richelieu," the Washington correspondent of the Tribune, relates that—

The Indians now in the city, feel the inconvenience of the warm weather. A day or two since one of them was going up the Avenue clothed in such apparel as civilization was heaping upon him. Feeling them of no manner of use, he took off his pantaloons, threw them over his arm, and strode up the avenue in buff instead of black. He attracted quite as much notice with them on his arm as if they had been on his legs. It was comfort triumphant over civilization.

HENRY GARRISON,
House, Ship and Sign Painter and Glazier.

DEALER in Paper Hangings, Brushes, White Lead, Linseed Oil, Neats Foot Oil, Verdigris, Paris, French and Imperial Green, Rosin, Bright Japan, Copal, Mastic and Coach Varnish, Smalts, spirits Turpentine, White and Red Chalk, American and Chinese Vermillion, all kinds of Paints dry and ground in Oil, Litharge, Red Lead, Blue Starch, American and French Window Glass, Gumshellac, Window Sashes and Window Blinds, Gold Leaf, Perfumery, Essences and various kinds of Medicines.

N. B. All the above articles and many more too numerous to mention will be sold a very small advance from cost.

Miss ELIZABETH A. STANTON, of John and Thomas Forest, Baltimore County, (Md.) presented to MR. ADAMS, a few weeks ago, a pair of knit gloves. In acknowledging their reception the "old man eloquent" penned the following lines:

Who shall say that public life
Is nothing but discordant strife?
And he whose heart is tuned to love,
Tender and gentle as the dove,
Must whet his talons, night and day,
For conflict with the birds of prey!

This world is fashioned, Lady fair!
Of Joy and Sorrow, Ease and Care.
Of sudden changes, small and great;
Of upward and of downward fate;
And whoso bends his mood to trace
The annals of man's fallen race,
May sigh to find that nature's plan
Is ruthless war from man to man.
But nature cruel, to be kind,
Not to war only man consigned;
But gave him woman on the spot,
To mingle pleasure in his lot.
That if with man war cannot cease,
With woman reigns eternal peace.

Fair Lady, I have lived on earth
Nigh fourscore Summers from my birth;
And half the sorrows I have felt
Have by my brother man been dealt;
And all the ills I have endured
By man inflicted, woman cured.
The glove from man to man thou know'st,
Of fired defiance is the boast;
And cast in anger on the floor,
To mortal combat shows the door.
But gloves from woman's gentle hand,
Of cordial Friendship bear the wand;
And in return a single glove
Betokens emblematic Love.

Thy gift fair Lizbeth then I take,
And cherish for the giver's sake;
And while they shelter from the storm
My hands, the Heart alike shall warm;
And speed for thee to God above,
The fervid prayer of faithful love.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

WASHINGTON, April 19, 1846.

COLLEGE EXPERTS WARNED AWAY FROM DEVIL REEF.—On multiple occasions in recent months, the Sleuth out of Kingsport has been sighted prowling waters off Devil Reef. With no nets in the water and running no lines, the purpose of the ship's visit was uncertain. Capt. Daryl Dansby, piloting the sloop Perpetual out of Innsmouth heaved alongside the Sleuth to learn her business. The crew of the Sleuth purported to be carrying "experts" on a "research expedition" on behalf of the Miskatonic College in Arkham. Pressed on the point as to the nature of this research, the academics claimed to be scouring the region for something called a cryptic species reported in the area. When pushed to use plain talk, the professors said they were following up on reports they had received of "mermaids" having been sighted off the reef and elsewhere north of Cape Ann. The college men thought it likely the witnesses had observed a sea-cow, and were startled at the sight. Such a sight would be startling, if true, since sea cows, referred to by the Arkham scholars as "manatee", are seldom seen in waters so far north. But documented sightings in Narragansett Bay and off of Cape Cod in recent years preclude the impossibility of the claims, and in the name of "science" they were obligated to see if they could substantiate these reports.

Capt. Dansby put their minds to rest, telling them that in decades of regularly trawling these waters, nothing of that kind had ever been seen by ships sailing out of Innsmouth. Our good natured captain gave them fair warning about the tides and the many unseen hazards that surround Devil Reef and let them know that for their own safety, they should steer clear of the place and stick to the waters around Kingsport. The crew of the Sleuth took the warning in the spirit intended and the Perpetual does not expect to encounter the Sleuth in these parts any time soon, no matter what the "experts" may wish.

CAUTION

To Females in Delicate Health.
DR. DOW, Physician and Surgeon, No. 7 Endicott Street, Boston, is consulted daily for all diseases incident to the female system. So invariably certain is the new mode of treatment, that most obstinate complaints yield under it, and the afflicted person soon rejoices in perfect health. Boarding accommodations available for patients who may wish to stay in Boston a few days under his treatment. Dr. Dow, having confined his whole practice for the cure of Private Diseases and Female Complaints, acknowledges no superior in the United States.

THE COURIER.

INNSMOUTH, MASS.
Thursday, July 16, 1846.

WEDDING AFFRAY AT ORDER BANQUET HALL.

OUTSIDERS BEATEN AND JAILED.—What had promised to be a joyous wedding reception disintegrated into a raucous brawl Saturday last at the Grand Banquet Hall of the Esoteric Order of Dagon. The groom, Plentitude “Plenny” Pabody of Innsmouth, was married to Ethel Marie Beecham, age sixteen, also of Innsmouth in a private ceremony conducted by Rev. Prosper Harmon of the E.O.D. earlier in the day. During the celebratory banquet a row broke out prior to the customary cutting of the bridal cake. According to one witness, the reception was set upon by several “outsiders” who were neither guests at the wedding nor even citizens of Innsmouth. The outsiders objected to the wedding and were hellbent on disruption. It is believed the outsiders had been drinking and were intoxicated during the assault.

The four outsiders were taken into custody and it is believed that a fifth escaped on foot. One of the men in custody, one Perry Semolina of Rowley, made a statement to the constables, according to which his associate (also from Rowley) Timothy Gander, was romantically involved with the intended bride. “It wasn’t as if they’d just been to a dance together, they were fully affianced and fying to be wed one day,” said Semolina. He went on to relate that two weeks ago, Gander and Beecham met and she told him that they could no longer be married. Her family were members of the Esoteric Order of Dagon and officials in the Order decreed that she would have to marry Pabody, also a member of the Order, instead. Beecham’s father, Hiram Beecham, also a member of the Order, endorsed the match and was insistent that any prior commitments be nullified in favor of the union to Mr. Pabody.

Unaware that the civil ceremony had already been conducted, the Rowley men arrived at the E.O.D. with the intent of objecting to the nuptials. Arriving late, their intercession came during the bridal banquet and the bride and groom were already legally united. “We got there and they were already married,” said Semolina. “That made Timmy [Gander] mighty wroth at the folks in the church ‘cause he knew that Ethel loved him and not that old devil,” by which comment was apparently meant Pabody. Driven by the fury of love denied, Gander, Semolina and the other three Rowley men set upon the party of the groom, a well-respected Innsmouth citizen considerably older than the disgruntled youths. According to Semolina, Gander told the assembled guests that if the bride would declare she wanted to marry Pabody, he and the Rowley men would leave peacefully. Gander construed her silence to indicate that she was being forced to marry against her will, and this precipitated assault by the Rowley men.

The wedding guests, estimated at around seventy-five in number, won the upper hand in the altercation and the Rowley boys were rendered into submission before being hauled to the town jail by wedding guests. The remainder of the reception was a subdued affair.

Mrs. Pabody will be the second wife of the widowed Mr. Pabody, his previous wife Carmina Gilman Pabody of Innsmouth having succumbed to pthisis in 1841. In addition to her performance of wifely duties to Plenny Pabody, the young bride will also take up the rearing of his motherless children: Motryn, Xeryes, and Mirabelle, ages, nine, seven and five respectively.

Innsmouth has seen increasing numbers of marriages being planned and arranged by the Order rather than through the affections of the betrothed themselves. It seems to this author that such arranged marriages sanctioned through the Order are more likely to bring about strife in our community than if young people were left to follow the course of nature and the guidance of their parents. Day by day, we see the Order inserting itself into our lives for no good reason. Let the Order stick to the fraternizing of its members and the allotment of fishing territories. Let them carry out what odd “mystic rituals” and tributes to Poseidon they may wish; there is no compelling reason for them to meddle in the affairs of Aphrodite.

 **FOR SALE.** The subscriber is building at his Ship Yard in South Salem, (near Naumkeag Steam Cotton Mill,) a beautiful medium model barque of about 360 tons. Her dimensions are 118 feet on deck, 28 feet beam, 12 feet hold, and 11 inches dead rise. She is calculated to carry a large cargo and sail fast. Her frame is of the very best white oak, and can be finished in two months or sooner if wanted. Purchaser can have her finished to suit themselves, if applied for soon. She is just timbered out and ready to plank. ED. F. MILLER.

PETTEY & WEAVER,
CORNER OF WASH. AND PAINE
BAIT: Chum, Ballyhoo, Eels, Pilchards &c.

Arkham Unveiled: Innsmouth
Innsmouth Courier text
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 **WOMAN HALF-SEAS OVER.**—Something must be done about the rampant displays of public drunkenness by the foreigners that have married Innsmouth men plying the South Seas trade. The most recent example of this was suffered by the good Christian folk of our town on Sunday, when Alice “Aloonee” Kinkaid, the islander wife of Cletus Kinkaid, was found dressed in little more than underthings in New Church Green. The inebriated woman insisted upon singing unpleasant Polynesian cantillations despite repeated requests that such hullabaloo stop immediately. Knut Hamsun, City Marshall was brought to the site of the caterwauling. Only after being struck repeatedly with a baton did the shickery tosspot cease her reeling. Kinkaid has been fined \$10, this being the second offense of public intemperance observed in his wife.

Innsmouth residents know full well this is only the most recent in a long string of outrages carried out by these outsiders. How and why Capt. Marsh allowed members of his crew to “marry” these women and bring them back to a Christian community is something which beggars understanding. Perhaps Marsh feels it is of greater importance to bolster the morale of his crews than to maintain the moral fiber of the community that supports both ships and crews. Perhaps the sailors who are so keen to wed such people ought to do so there in Otaheite, and remain with their brides on some coconut infested island. We have seen time and time again that these people are unable to assimilate with the cultures and traditions that make our New England such a joyous place to live.

 **PREACHER BIDS FAREWELL.**—The Reverend Resolved Babcock, the parson at the First Baptist Congregational Church of Innsmouth, delivered a farewell sermon from the Mill Street pulpit on Sunday last. The parson, who has been in poor health since having fallen down a staircase in his home in early June, said that the demands of ministering to the Innsmouth congregation were “beyond his capabilities at this time, and I must go”.

Babcock, a graduate of the Westminster Theological Seminary in Philadelphia, took over the pulpit at the First Baptist Congregational Church in October of 1838. Founded in 1749, Innsmouth’s First Baptist congregation was never among the city’s largest. Still, Babcock played a vital role in ministering to his spiritual community and providing moral guidance through challenging times, particularly in the wake of the dissolution of the Innsmouth United Methodist Church and the sudden departure of Congregationalist minister Jabez Winthrop. The closure of yet another Christian congregation is a heavy blow for the pious and faithful people of our community.

Said Babcock in his farewell sermon: “My friends, in recent months I have stood before you many times and spoken of the true church and the false church. Now more than ever, the peril of the false church weighs around us. As I leave you, it breaks my heart. Truly it does. But I beseech you to turn away from the false church. I will not name it here, for everyone in Innsmouth knows the order of which I speak. As the Lord says in Revelations 13:1, “I saw a beast rising up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and on his horns are ten crowns, and on his head a blasphemous name.” Friends, there is no peril greater than that posed by this false church risen up from the sea. It is the beast. It is clearly an affront to God. As the Bible exhorts us in 1 Timothy 4:1, “Now the Spirit expressly says that in latter times some will depart from the faith, giving heed to deceiving spirits and doctrines of demons.” Friends, those demons are among us. They walk our streets. They invite you to break bread and sit among them in fraternal gatherings. Do not. I beg you, do not give yourselves unto them. Keep you apart. Even in my absence, keep to the one true church.”

Babcock is expected to return to Philadelphia as he continues to convalesce from his injuries. At present the congregation has not appointed a successor to Babcock, nor has it interviewed candidates to replace him.

GILMAN HOUSE,
On the European Plan,
BY JEBEDIAH GILMAN,
TOWN SQUARE—INNSMOUTH.
A BATH ON EACH AND EVERY FLOOR.


EBENEZER SOUTHWICK,
DEALER IN
FRUIT, VEGETABLES, BUTTER
AND CHEESE.
Stall No. 42 Market Building.

PIERCE & MOWRY,
(SUCCESSORS TO HALE MOWRY)
Commission Merchants,
FOR THE SALE OF
Nets, Lines, Barrels and
FISHPACKING SUPPLIES,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
INNSMOUTH, MASS.

ALABASTER JEANNIE GOES DOWN.

TWO HANDS LOST AND CLAIMS OF SABOTAGE.—Innsmouth Harbormaster Ichabod Munroe reported Thursday last that the gaff-rigged sloop Alabaster Jeannie out of Innsmouth went down in the waters East-Northeast of Plum Island Sound. The vessel began taking on water through the leaks in the aft starboard hull planking shortly after dusk. The four-man crew attempted to repair the hull, but soon realized she was going under. Two salts were lost in the fairly shallow water of the sound. They were Matt Harper, aged 34, and Cornelius “Con” Danroy, aged 40.

Skipper Merton Hockfeld reported the incident to the harbormaster and alleged that he believed foul play was involved, the Alabaster being in fine sailing condition, fresh oakum having been applied to the hull the preceding year. Hockfeld publicly decried his assertion of misdeeds in a vigorous harangue on the pier. “It was the Order that were behind this, mark my words!” This strong allegation against a faction of fishermen aligned with the Marsh’s Esoteric Order drew a bellicose reaction from the pro-Marsh contingent of sailors at the pier and a lively donnybrook followed. The City Constabulary was able to break up the altercation. Injuries were deemed to be minor and no arrests were made.

Jasper Thurmond, a mate on the Marsh-owned barque Quagmire, claimed that Hockfeld had received multiple warnings about fishing in waters claimed by Marsh and his allies. “We all know that some waters have been claimed for generations and moving in on fishing grounds that aren’t yours can be a dangerous business. Hockfeld knows full well he was warned.” In an interview Hockfeld offered a contested opinion. “The local shoals aren’t the same as where folks are running lobster lines nor crab pots. This is the open sea. I don’t give a good _____ about where Marsh and his Order says I can fish.” Maritime law does not allow for “ownership” of international waters but asserts that such waters can be fished by all parties. In practice however, there is a long maritime tradition of “protected” fishing waters, and violating such waters can prove a risky endeavor.

Prosper Harmon, a leading figure in the Esoteric Order, says his group is there to keep peace among the fishermen and promote prosperity for the Innsmouth fleet. “The Order takes great pains to coordinate the efforts of our members and ensure bountiful catches for all. No just blame can be placed with us when a captain takes upon himself to go rogue and fish waters that have already been allotted to other crews.” Harmon hastened to clarify that in no instances would members of the Esoteric Order willfully damage the boat of a fellow Innsmouth captain.

Hockfeld was not placated by the preacher’s words. “They threatened to send my ship to the bottom and that’s just what’s happened. Marsh and his cronies may think they’re above the law, but I will have justice!” exclaimed Hockwell. Harbormaster Munroe has declared that a thorough investigation of the sinking of the Alabaster Jeannie will be forthcoming. As for the impartiality of such an investigation, that remains to be seen. The Harbormaster is a member of the Esoteric Order of Dagon and is believed to hold a high rank in the organization. Current events being what they are, it strains credulity to imagine Munroe rendering a decision against the brothers of his so-called “fraternal order”.

 **BALTIMORE AUTHOR TO READ IN ARKHAM.**—MR. E. A. POE of Baltimore and formerly of Richmond, is presenting a programme of readings from his *Tales of the Grotesque & Arabesque*. In addition to his stories, he intends to share with his audience the much celebrated new poem, “The Raven”.

Praised by critics in both New York and London, “The Raven” shocks the reader with its originality of structure, rhythm, rhyme, and subject matter. In it, a heartbroken man, lamenting his deceased love, suffers a mysterious visitation by a corvid who repeatedly utters the disconcerting word “Nevermore”. Only the fertile imagination of Mr. Poe could forge such a ghastly ode of heartache whose versification is so utterly ingenious.

Beyond the written page, readings of the work by Mr. Poe have been broadly celebrated. A recent recitation at Providence’s Athenaeum Library garnered the following acclaim from the Providence *Journal*. “He would turn down the lamps till the room was almost dark, then standing in the center of the apartment he would recite ... in the most melodious of voices ... So marvelous was his power as a reader that the auditors would be afraid to draw breath lest the enchanted spell be broken.” Surely such a reading will be among the highlights of the literary calendar for Essex County this year.

Mr. Poe’s reading is scheduled for July 27 at Derby Hall at Miskatonic College at seven o’clock in the evening. Admission is free.

COFFINS.

THE Oldest Ready-Made Coffin Stand in Innsmouth, where may be obtained Mahogany, Black Walnut, Cherry, Pine or White wood Coffins. Those in need can be accommodated at about an hour’s notice.

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 **BANK LOANS FAVOR ORDER MEMBERS.**—Some citizens of Innsmouth have alleged that the East India Marine Merchant Bank has been giving preferential treatment to members of the Esoteric Order of Dagon. On the seventeenth of April, Jephtha Elliott of Innsmouth applied to the bank for a collateralized loan in the amount of five thousand dollars and was offered a rate of six per cent. interest: the maximum allowable under the Usury Laws for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The bank could not have charged him more without running a risk of a penalty of three times the amount of the usury.

We have learned that same month, a similarly qualified borrower sought to take out a loan in a comparable amount for the same term. This borrower, whom we cannot and must not name here for fear of his safety, was, for all intents and purposes identically qualified as a borrower with one key exception. This borrower, had taken the “first oath” of the Esoteric Order of Dagon. And this borrower was offered a bank loan at a rate of four and one quarter per cent.

Now some will no doubt declare it unreasonable that a bank should offer comparable rates to all its customers. Surely some will hold that it is the bank’s prerogative to offer advantageous terms to the customers of their choosing. If a financier’s experience in the world has demonstrated a diminished risk in lending to, for example, persons with brown hair, men called Robert, or persons born under the zodiacal sign of Sagittarius, why should they not be allowed to do so? If they prosper by such decision-making, why then, their decisions shall be attributed as part of their business acumen and thereby the banker should be at liberty to enrich himself through such lending. Conversely, should our banker offer inferior terms to those whom at his whim he deems of greater risk, this too may be left to his discretion. And should the blond-haired borrower be placed at disadvantage by one bank, perhaps he merely need cross the street to avail himself of preferred treatment at another bank.

All of this may seem to make sound business sense. Yet consider how at present in Innsmouth, only one bank remains for the use its citizens. A customer must either bank at East India Marine Merchant Bank or take his business most inconveniently to Newburyport, Rowley, Arkham, or points more distant. If, with most excellent reasoning, a citizen has chosen not to align himself with the sort of people who join the Esoteric Order of Dagon, with its quasi-mystical south seas trappings of “civic brotherhood”, such a customer has no recourse. If the bank’s preferential treatment is extended to members of the Order and denied to good Christians, it stands to reason that the financial foundations of our entire community are jeopardized. Can citizens of Innsmouth stand idly by and tolerate this discriminatory and prejudicial treatment? We cannot. We must not. It is imperative that citizens rise up and demand equal treatment. If citizens do not make a stand soon, the God-fearing traditional families that built Innsmouth will be imperiled as the most affluent among us attempt to usher in a new world “order”.

 **PROPER WORDS.**—Zeb Allen, the local shantyman known to all who frequent the Crow’s Nest, has noticed with consternation that the men of the Sumatra Queen and other Marsh ships have taken to altering the words of the traditional sea songs dear to the heart of every sailor. He has had occasion to instruct his young son Zadok, who has been heard to sing some of these impious and aberrant verses, in the correct and traditional lines. We are glad for Zeb’s reminder and will print from time to time the proper words in these columns for the benefit of Zadok Allen and all the youth of Innsmouth.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast
And bends the gallant mast my boys
While like an eagle free
Away the good ship flies
And leaves Manuvet on our lee

CHORUS after each verse
Oh! Give me a wet sheet a flowing sea
And a wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast

Oh for a soft and gentle wind
I heard a fair one cry
But give to me the roaring breeze
And the white waves heaving high
And white waves heaving high my boys
The good ship tight and free
The world of waters is our home
And merry men are we

There’s a tempest in yon horned moon
And lightning in yon cloud
And hard the music mariners
The wind is piping loud
The wind is piping loud my boys
The lightning flashes free
While the hollow oak our palace is
Our heritage the sea

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GEO. MARTIN, General Manager.