

The Carleton Sentinel

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

VOL. XVII.—NO 32.

WOODSTOCK N.B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1865.

WHOLE NO. 865.

Poetry.

An Ode to the River St. John.

By JOSEPH BAKER, ST. FRANCIS, AGED 75 YEARS.

John of the North! unknown to song,
Most of the mists along,
Rivers of warmer climes,
Put on thy flood, eldest muse,
Mid snow top mountains, antheus choose,
Warmed by the fire of thy rhymes.

We on thy faithful breast have sailed,
Deep current, which hath never failed,
For untold years to run,
Bearing vast wealth to every land,
From boat of workmen at command,
All nations under sun.

Kingdoms that every other flood,
Have stained, here with few drops of blood,
Have marked thy virgin breast,
Not long ago the tankard armed,
Thy peaceful folk thy spirit charmed
And put the strife to rest.

Nearly a thousand miles in length,
Thy shoulders bear a giant's strength,
The weight of tons upon thee,
Subdued by man, the lofty pine,
For domestic uses in every clime,
Is yearly bought and sold.

The world is richly blest by thee,
Whether we land on land or sea,
Something of thee is in every clime,
Sun-shading quires in cities there,
Proud sailing ships floating in air,
The billowing ocean cheers.

Time, out of mind, highway has been,
For every colored race of men,
Demanding toll of none;
No tariff lays on men or goods,
Whether from ocean or the woods,
Free trade our nation's boon.

Thy banks are rich with fertile soil,
Inviting fur, rewarding toil,
Thirty to sixty fold;
Though seasons short, the longer sun,
And fewer days, man's work is done,
Rest hails him with the cold.

But should we wish to labor more,
The forest yields an ample store,
A winter crop of pine;
Free hearted John will bear it down,
The produce money, every crown,
Return at given time.

Now, man, we are both warm and dry,
Snow storms and frost have passed us by,
Now falls the southern breeze,
Green grass and flowers of varied hue,
In smiling beauty greets the view,
Rich foliage girds the trees.

This seems no more a northern clime,
Warm sunshine cheers the evening sublimine,
Decks hills and valleys gay;
Between this river runs along,
Heaving the spring on its song,
And daint thy hopeful lay.

May thy Salvation, Oh, our God,
Flow freely, like this useful flood,
In peaceful plenty pour;
O'erwhelming all the basins of sin,
Making us only pure within,
We'll sinners pure no more.

An altar built for prayer and praise,
Both old and young thy praises raise,
To him who loves to bless;
On Sabbath's meet to worship God,
His children brought with voices loud,
Clothed with his righteousness.

Their peace will like the river flow,
Nor strife, nor want, will any know,
The fields abound in grain;
Industrious, frugal, taught to be,
Loving and kind, none disagree,
And so be rich and good.

Select Tale.

THE LOST CHILD.

By EMERSON BENNETT.

Some years ago I was stopping at a little village on the Delaware, in one of the upper counties of New Jersey. Looking from my chamber window, early one morning, I observed an unusual commotion in the village—men, women, and children collected in groups at different points, and all seeming greatly excited. I hurried out to learn the cause, and was informed that a little girl of five years, the daughter of a widow living some two miles from the place, had been missing since about four o'clock of the previous afternoon, and it was supposed she had wandered off into an extensive wood not far from the dwelling, and got lost. The nearly distracted mother, with some of her nearest neighbors, had searched for her the day preceding as long as she could see, and during the night a messenger had arrived at the village with an appeal to the citizens to turn out en masse and endeavor to recover the missing one, which many were preparing to do. I immediately resolved to make one of the number, and in less than half an hour was on my way to the woods with a party of friends, and where were soon collected not less than a hundred persons, of both sexes, and some of them quite venerable.

After a general consultation, we divided into small parties, each taking a certain portion of the wood, and agreeing to meet upon the summit of a hill which was visible from our place of starting; but in case the child should be found before reaching the hill, a messenger was to be instantly despatched to the village, and have a six-pounder discharged, as a signal that success had crowned our efforts.

As the different parties were about to commence their search, each under the guidance of a neighbor living in the vicinity, my attention was called to a woman running across the fields and gesticulating wildly, and some one remarked it was the almost frantic mother herself. We waited till she came up to us, and I did not think I ever saw more terrible grief depicted on human countenance than was expressed in her pallid face. She was in reality only thirty years of age, and naturally rather handsome; but the deep lines of grief and anxiety, now drawn on her expressive features gave her the look of sixty. Her eyes, red from weeping, were wild and unsettled; her lips were ashy and quivering; her hair was disheveled, and her dress was badly torn in different places, as if from rushing among brambles and bushes. With clasped hands and with wild, hurried glances from one to another, she ran up to where I was standing, exclaiming in the most piteous, heart-touching tones:

"Oh, for God's sake, find my child! My darling! My sweet little innocent!"
"If possible, madam, we surely will!" I answered.

"Oh, find her, sir, or I shall go mad!"
"Doubtless we shall find her before the day

is over!" I rejoined; "but you must try and be calm, for this wild excitement will do you an injury!"

"Calm!" she cried, with a look that was almost fierce; "who talks to me of being calm, when my little Ada is wandering in unknown wilds and dying of starvation? Oh, my God! My God! will no one find her and restore her to her mother's arms? But I will seek her myself! I will have her! She shall not be lost!"

Saying this, she started and ran into a thicket near at hand, regardless of tearing her clothes and lacerating her flesh with the brambles.—Fearing she might lose her reason, and either do herself an injury, or wander off and get lost also, two gentlemen and myself immediately started after her. We had some difficulty in catching her, for she plunged through the bushes like a wild beast. I took hold of her, using considerable force, and told her in a stern, determined tone, that we should not permit her to act in such an unreasonable manner; and that if she wanted us to search for and find her child, she must be quiet and permit herself to be under the guidance of the ladies present. At first she was disposed to treat our advice with contempt, and declared with a strange, wild look, she would do as she pleased; but when she found we would not let her go, unless she promised compliance with our request, she became more reasonable, and declared she would do anything if we would only set forward and find her darling child.

We now began our search in earnest, spreading out our party in a line, some ten or fifteen feet apart, and beating the bushes in our direct course. In some places the woods were very close, and thick with underbrush, and here our progress was always slow and tedious—for to make a good deal of noise, and called the name of Ada at least once a minute, yet it was not certain that the little wanderer would answer, even should she hear us, being perhaps so bewildered and frightened as to shrink from her friends—and so to make our work sure, we left not even the smallest hiding-place unsearched; but again, where the woods were open, we pushed forward pretty rapidly, and succeeded in reaching the summit of the hill mentioned, just as the setting sun was lighting it with his last golden rays. Some of the villagers were there before us, and the others came up soon after, and the meeting there was a serious one, as no one could give the last tidings of the missing child; and it was painful to think, not only of her forlorn condition and sufferings, but of the deep, mental agony, of the poor, loving mother, that one man proposed to give a hundred dollars, to whoever should find the child alive, and nine others quickly joined him, making the handsome sum of a thousand dollars reward, which was rightly believed would prove a great stimulus to exertion on the part of many who might otherwise prove comparatively indifferent.

In fact, the news of the reward did fly rapidly, and the effect was almost magical. Several of those present who, a minute before, were so tired from their day's work as scarcely to be able to drag their weary limbs home, now hurried off to get their supper, procure lanterns, and continue the search all night, while numbers at the village, who could not find it convenient that day to give their time to this work of humanity, now turned out with an eagerness that clearly showed how potent was the spell of money.

Not being in very good health myself, and wishing to husband my strength for the following day, I went home, and went to bed at an early hour. Though very much fatigued, I could not sleep for a long time, and moved restlessly to and fro, my mind filled with painful thoughts of the poor girl dying of starvation in some lonely spot and the poor mother shrieking away her reason over the horrible discovery.

At length came a confused, half-conscious state and then that peculiar condition in which we dream and know we dream, yet have no desire to wake. I thought I was out hunting the child, as I had been that day, and that besides the persons who had pursued the search with me, there was also a stranger, a man with a pale, ashen face, and dressed not unlike a clergyman. Walking close up to me, and fixing his dark, expressive eyes intently upon mine, he said, in a mild pleasant tone, with a winning smile:

"You are troubled about this lost child—it does credit to your heart—and I have come to show you where she is."

"Oh, if you know, speak!" said I; "not because of myself, but for her sake, and her almost frantic mother's!"

"Follow me!" returned the stranger, at once leading me away from all the rest.

Then I thought we were at the foot of the hill already more than once mentioned, at the very point where my companions and myself had begun its ascent, and that instead of going up, as we had done, the stranger turned to the right, and led the way through a kind of swamp, till he came to a grassy meadow, through which flowed a sparkling rivulet.

This he crossed, and continued on till he came to another hill, which was steep and rocky. Clambering up this hill, past rock after rock, we soon came to a ledge that was very difficult of ascent, and around the base of which the shrubbery was very dense. Turning into this thicket, and keeping around a hill, we soon reached a point where the ascent to the top of the rocks was comparatively easy, and on coming to the summit of the ledge, there sat the poor little girl, crying and wringing her hands, and occasionally stopping to gaze with a shudder upon the dreary scene below.

At this point of my dream I awoke; but the whole scene had been so real, that it was some time before I became convinced that I had been

dreaming and had not seen the child at all; and even then I was so impressed with the idea that the vision was something more than a chance fancy, that I felt quite confident I should find her on the morrow.

At the first streak of day I arose, broke my fast, and started off in haste, telling my family of my dream, and that I really expected to find the lost one. A large number of the villagers set off at the same time as myself, and on our way to the wood we met nearly as many returning home from a fruitless night's labor, some of them completely worn down with a constant vigil and travel of four-and-twenty hours. To none of those going out or coming in, however, did I communicate my secret hope, but managing to separate myself from all, I repaired with all haste to the spot where the stranger of my dream had led me away from my companions.

To my great delight—I might almost say surprise, though I confess I half expected the result—I discovered the very swamp I had gone through in my sleep; and beyond it, too, the very same meadow and rivulet. My heart beat fast. Could it be, after all, that I had been directed by some higher intelligence? and that I was destined to save a sweet little life, and bring great joy to the almost breaking heart of a fond mother? I fervently prayed it might be so.

I hurried on, and still saw everything exactly as I had seen it in my dream. I came to the hill, ascended it, and discovered the ledge. I was almost to the end of my journey! I should soon know! Hark! did I not hear a child's cry? My heart seemed to rise to my throat and choke me! Could the dream be a clairvoyant sight?

I plunged into the bushes, and ran around, up the hill, panting with exertion and excitement. I gained the summit of the rocks, looking eagerly, almost wildly, at every object.

Ha! what was that? Something was before me, stretched out on the rock, like the form of a child! I bounded forward, and uttered a loud cry of joy!

Yes—the poor, sweet little girl was there, her golden-haired head pillowed on her little white arms! At the sound of my voice she lifted a beautiful face, with a pair of soft blue eyes, and gave me a look I shall never forget. The next moment she was in my arms, strained to my heart, and I was weeping and thanking God.

"Mamma! mamma! take me to dear mamma!" murmured the poor, sweet little creature, in a feeble tone.

"Yes, my poor, dear little innocent! God bless you! I will take you to your dear mamma!" I answered, in a choking voice.

The rest is soon told. I carried the child home, a distance of five miles, for she was too weak to walk. Some one told the mother before I reached the house; and with a wild shriek of joy she ran out to meet me, but faint and fell, overcome by her emotions.

It was decided that I was entitled to the thousand-dollar reward. I accepted it, and then made a present of it to the poor widow, whose heart-felt blessings afforded me a happiness not to be found in gold.

The Arab horse is watered only once in the twenty-four hours. It is often obliged to content himself with dates instead of barley;—these are given to him before they are perfectly ripe, when their stones are soft, and are eaten stones and all. In the spring he is turned out in the pastures; and in the summer, if his master can afford it, he gets a little barley. On this scanty fare, a horse in the desert is expected, if necessary, to accomplish, for four or five successive days, distances of a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and fifty miles; and after a couple of days' rest and good feeding he will be quite well enough to repeat the feat. If he shakes himself at any resting place, or paws the ground with his foot, it is held that there is no occasion to pull up in the journey; and if you would know at the end of a day of excessive fatigue how far you can yet depend upon your horse, get off his back and pull him strongly by the tail—if he remains unmoved, you may still rely upon him. "It is of no very rare occurrence to hear of a horse doing one hundred and eighty miles in twenty-four hours!" The requisites which the men of the desert look for in him are, that "he should carry a full grown man, his arms and a change of clothing, food for both his rider and himself, a flag even on a windy day, and if it be necessary, drag a dead body behind him."—English Paper.

"Lord, be pleased to shake my clay cottage before thou throwest it down. May it totter awhile before it doth tumble. Let me be summoned before I am surprised. Deliver me from sudden death. Not from sudden death in respect of itself, for I care not how short the passage be, so it be safe. Never any weary traveller complained that he came too soon to his journey's end. But let it not be sudden in respect of me. Make me always ready to receive death. Thus no guest comes unawares to him who keeps a constant table."—Thomas Fuller.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

The conclusion at which I have arrived at is, that without temperance there is no health; without virtue no order; without religion no happiness; and that the sum of our being is to live wisely, soberly, and righteously.

We once heard of a rich man who was badly injured by being run over. "It isn't the accident," said he, "that I mind; that isn't the thing; but the idea of being run over by an infernal swill cart makes me mad."

Love and Tea, and What they Did.

We passed the house a short time since where many years ago there lived a family whose deeds, in one respect at least, are worthy of remembrance. The husband was a shoemaker, and diligently plied his sedentary trade. He was a man of thought and aspirations which were not fully satisfied in his sphere of life.—His wife was beautiful, intelligent, prudent and industrious, desirous above all else to maintain a pure and happy home for her family, the center of her affections and the hope of her life. In her devotedness and watchful care, she observed that her husband left his work at about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to visit one of the shops. The next day he did the same. She thoughtfully considered the subject and communed with her own heart in silence upon it.

The next day, shortly before the witching hour, she prepared a cup of favorite tea, together with palatable little pastries, and taking them with her, she unobtrusively slipped into the shop, saying, as she entered, that it seemed so long a time before the dinner would be ready, and her husband worked so diligently, that she thought he would relish the preparation. A short time was spent in cheerful and pleasant conversation, when she gathered up the fragments and left for home. Her heart was lightened from the fact that her husband did not leave his shop that day on his accustomed visit. The next day and the next, the attractive and satisfying cup of tea was promptly prepared and proffered.

Months passed in the same way, and at the end of the year the shoemaker took his wife tenderly by the hand and recounted her angel doings, and all without one word of reproach or allusion from her lips to the habit which a year before he was acquiring. He had after due trial fully made up his mind that he did not need intoxicating drinks for his comfort, for he had in such a wife and her devoted attention what was vastly superior. This little fact may possibly contain within it a suggestion for farther practice in our sin-stricken world.—Kennebec Journal.

Earth has some sacred spots where we feel like loosening the shoes from our feet and treading with holy reverence—where common words of pleasure are unfitting; places where friendship's hands have lingered in each, where have been plighted, prayers offered, and tears shed. How the thoughts hover around such places, and travel through immeasurable space to visit them. Yet, of all spots on earth, none is so sacred as that where rests, awaiting the resurrection, those we once loved and cherished. Hence in all ages the better portion of mankind have chosen these spots where they have loved to wander at eventide and alone. But among the channels flows of the dead, if there is one spot more sacred than another, it is a mother's grave. There sleeps the mother of our infancy; the one whose heart was a stranger to every feeling but love, and who could find expanse where we could find none ourselves. There she sleeps and we love the earth for her sake.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.—A treasure of a husband—carries the day. A treasure of a wife—never asks for money. A treasure of a son—has money in the funds. A treasure of a daughter—looks the same as her mother; if anything, a little older.

A treasure of a servant—runs to the post-office in less than half an hour. A treasure of a baby—doesn't disturb its dear papa in the middle of the night.

A HUSBAND OF WAX.—"A curious incident in Paris high life," says the *Epique*, "is about to become the subject of a suit for divorce before the First Chamber of the Tribunal of the Seine. A young husband belonging to one of the great families of France, in order to conceal his nightly absence from home, formed the idea of placing in his bed a figure with a wax head made to resemble him. The artifice succeeded for a time, but one night the lady, venturing to enter her husband's room and approach the bed, discovered the trick. Hence the suit for a judicial separation."

A cat, even if she is friendly, never approaches thee by a direct course. No more does a truth, O friend; but winding round thy stupidities and rubbing up against thy prejudices, it reaches thee gently—and then perhaps scratches.

Mrs. Partington says she did not marry her second husband because she loved the male sex, but just because he was the size of her first protector, and would wear his old clothes out.

"Taking them one with another," said the Rev. Sidney Smith, "I believe my congregation to be the most exemplary observers of the religious observances; for the poor keep all the fasts and the rich all the feasts."

EXTREMELY POLITE.—A young widow of very polite address, whose husband had lately died, was visited soon after by the minister of the parish, who inquired, as usual, about her husband's health, when she replied, with a peculiar smile, "He's dead, I thank you."

LUCIFER MATCHES.—"I wonder how they make lucifer matches!" said a young married lady to her husband, with whom she was always quarrelling.—"The process is very simple," said the husband—"I once made one."—"How did you manage it?"—"By leading you to the altar."

Don't live in hope with your arms folded; Fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves and put their shoulders to the wheel.

When can donkey be split with one letter? When it's U! Nothing personal meant.

Items Foreign & Local.

Four laborers in England got drunk together, and by way of sport three buried the other alive. Dr. Pritchard has made another confession, acknowledging that his first confession was not true, and that he murdered his mother-in-law as well as his wife.

The Bazar recently held by the Roman Catholics of St. George, for the benefit of their Church, yielded the handsome sum of \$1,000.

At the Circuit Court for Charlotte County, last week, Justice Parker presiding, there were only five cases entered for trial, of which two were criminal.

Elizabeth, N. J., they tax the single men one dollar more as poll tax than the married men. The bachelors pay it cheerfully as a tax on luxuries.

The celebrated Indian warrior "Bloody Hand," of the Seneca nation, died on the Cattaraugus Reservation on the 10th ult., nearly one hundred years old. He was terrible with the tomahawk and scalping knife.

Letters from Americans travelling in Germany state that the fields are parched by drought, and groups of persons are everywhere seen in which clergymen and people are imploring heaven to rain the suffering earth with copious rains.

A returned soldier in Missouri once stabbed his mother with a bowie knife, and was killed by his brother.

The State of Massachusetts furnished during the war 157,393 men, for the army and navy, or 5,333 more than called for.

Stewart's palace, in New York, cost a million and a quarter of dollars.

Mrs. Lincoln is living in perfect seclusion seven miles from Chicago.

A farmer in Pennsylvania had ten sons in the Union army. Eight were killed, one was starved to death at Salisbury, after eating his own right hand, and one has just returned.

Telegraphic communication with India is suspended, it is thought through some break in the Gulf Cable.

It is stated in an English paper that the Pope has excommunicated Maximilian, the Emperor of Mexico.

There are said to be more Americans in Paris at the present time than was ever before known. The largest Parisian hotels are almost exclusively occupied by rich Americans.

The London Times urges that Constantine Kent ought not to be executed. It says, however, that her pardon is out of the question.

Cholera has broken out in the Work-house at Birmingham, England, and a large number of paupers are said to have been attacked.

It is calculated that within thirty years there have been in Spain about fifty different premiers and four hundred ministers, so frequent have been the changes in the Cabinet.

The total appropriations of the last U. S. Congress will amount to eight hundred and twenty millions of dollars.

The barley, wheat and hay harvest in Western New York is mostly finished, and the crops were secured in good condition. The oat harvest is now progressing.

The city of Palermo, in Sicily, has voted to call one of its streets Abraham Lincoln, after the late President.

It is five years since France and England were at war, and the only time since that they have celebrated in the City Palace at Paris.

The Emperor of Austria has announced his intention of being crowned King of Hungary.

From the list of cotton ships now on the way to the Mersey, it appears that 391,854 bales are coming from India and China.

The Suez canal, which has been under construction for years and is now completed, connects the Mediterranean and Red Sea. It is 90 miles long, 40 feet wide, and 4 deep. It is the purpose to make the width of the surface 230 feet, and the depth 20 feet.

The first through train for Richmond, for more than four years, left Washington on the 11th of last month.

Since the Federal occupation of Nashville, the government undertaker has buried 13,631 Federal soldiers and employees, 8,000 Confederate soldiers, and 10,000 contrabands and refugees.—The bodies of 5,000 officers and soldiers have been embalmed and sent home.

Canada papers speak of starvation among the German and other settlers on the Upper Ottawa.

A tailor near Edinburgh, who had a pig which got one of its legs broken, has replaced the injured limb with a wooden one. It is curious to see the animal hobbling about, but it is thriving as well as it did before the accident.

General News.

EMBALMING A LATE MAN.—A miraculous escape from the horrors of actually being buried alive has just taken place in New Orleans. A person by the name of Martin was supposed to have died from disease of the heart, and to every outward appearance was dead. The attending physician had given his certificate of burial, certifying to the cause of death, and the supposed corpse had been prepared, shrouded in the habiliments of death and encoffined. Near and dear ones had shed tears over the loss of one whom they supposed dead, and whose body they had carefully prepared for the silent precincts of the tomb, when the fortunate thought suggested itself that the body should be embalmed. The necessary steps were taken, the coffin carefully closed up, and the body sent to an embalming establishment. Here the process of embalming was in due time entered upon. It appears that in the process which preserves the body from immediate decomposition, the preserving quality is infused in the main artery of the arm. The incision with a lancet is in the same manner as in the case of blood letting. The embalmer had commenced his work by making the necessary incision, and to his surprise he discovered blood freely oozing from the vein. He knew there must be life where blood would flow, and desisted from the work of embalming. In a few minutes there was a slight motion of the body, and presently the man in the coffin made an effort to raise himself, with assistance, did rise up and speak. Game restoratives were administered, and he desired to know how it was that he found himself in a coffin clothed in the habiliments of death, and was so near the portals of the hereafter. His friends to his utter joy, were advised of what had taken place, and he was sent to a hospital instead of the grave, where he is in a fair way of recovering. This is, indeed, a miraculous escape from the clutches of death.

LADIES INTERFERING WITH THE LIQUOR TRADE.—The way the ladies of Greenfield, Ohio, "resist" the liquor trade is thus described by a local paper:—

About two o'clock on the afternoon of Monday about twenty-five ladies (some of them armed with hatchets and axes) appeared in front of Newbeck's saloon, on Maine street, the doors of which were closed in expectation of a visit. The ladies demanded a surrender of the liquor on the premises. The demand not being complied with, they commenced an attack on the doors, but finding these did not give way as easily as they expected, they broke in the windows, through which one of the boldest of the party entered and unfastened the doors, and the ladies followed.

The work of destroying the liquor was commenced with zeal, and kegs of beer, wine and bottles of ale were speedily tipped and their contents spilled in the street. The drug store of Mr. Linn, on the opposite side of Maine street, a little lower down, was next visited. Here the doors were also closed, but by a vigorous use of their hatchets and axes the ladies soon effected an entrance, and the stock of liquors inside shared the fate of Newbeck's.

During the proceedings at Mr. Linn's, Mayor Eckman appeared on the ground and read the riot act, but without effect.

The "regulators" next visited Dr. Slagle's drug store, on the same side of the street. The doctor, deeming "it desirable the better part of discretion," surrendered his stock of liquors on demand, much to the satisfaction of his fair visitors.

The drug store of Norton and Robinson was the next place visited. Here the doors were also closed, but by a vigorous use of their hatchets and axes the ladies soon effected an entrance, and the stock of liquors inside shared the fate of Newbeck's.

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CITY HOTEL.—The following very complimentary card, which we copy from the *Reporter*, speaks for itself, and must be very gratifying to Messrs. Atcherson and Smith, by whom it was well received:

"At a meeting of the Volunteer Officers—forty-seven in number—who have, during the Campaign of Instruction, resided at the City Hotel, Captain Fairweather in the chair, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

"Resolved, That we feel it our duty to return to the Proprietors, Messrs. Atcherson and Smith, our sincere thanks for their kind attention to us during our stay at their establishment, being assured that in no other place could we have met with greater urbanity, and a more sincere desire to please than we have experienced at their hands."

THOMAS MILLIGAN,
Ensign 2nd Batt., S. M.

A MYSTERIOUS ROAD IN MAINE