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Maxham & Wing

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From Dr. Holland's poem, "Katharine," just published by Charles Scribner & Co.

A REFLECTION.

Oh! not by bread alone is manhood nourished
To its supreme estate!
By every work of God have lived and flourished
The good men and the great.
Ay, not by bread alone!

"Oh! not by bread alone!" the sweet rose breathing
In throbs of perfume speaks,
"But myriad hands, in earth and air, are wreathing
The blushes for my cheeks.
Ay, not by bread alone!"

"Oh! not by bread alone!" proclaims in thunder
The old oak from his crest;
"But suns and storms upon me, and deep under
The rock in which I rest.
Ay, not by bread alone!"

"Oh! not by bread alone!" the truth flies singing
In voices of the birds;
And from a thousand pastured hills is ringing
The answer of the herds.
Ay, not by bread alone!

Oh! not by bread alone! for life and being
Are fine complex all,
And increment, with element agreeing,
Must feed them or they fall.
Ay, not by bread alone!

Oh! not by love alone, though strongest, purest,
That e'er swayed the heart:
For strongest passion overcomes the surest
Defends each manly part.
Ay, not by love alone!

Oh! not by love alone is power engendered:
Until within the soul
The gift of every motive has been rendered,
It is not strong and whole.
Ay, not by love alone!

Oh! not by love alone is manhood nourished
To its supreme estate!
By every word of God have lived and flourished
The good men and the great.
Ay, not by love alone!

THE DOCTOR'S MATCH-MAKING.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Good morning, Mrs. Barnett," cried Dr. Singletary, as we drew near a neat farm house, during one of our morning drives.

A tall, healthy young woman, in the bloom of matronly beauty, was feeding chickens at the door.

She uttered an exclamation of delight, and hurried towards us. Perceiving a stranger in the wagon she paused, with a look of embarrassment.

"My friend, who is spending a few weeks with me," explained the doctor.

She greeted me civilly, and pressed the doctor's hand warmly.

"Oh, it is so long since you have called on us that we have been talking of going up to see you, as soon as Robert can get away from his cornfield. You must stop and see her."

"She's coming to see me, herself," replied the doctor, beckoning to a sweet, blue-eyed child who stood in the doorway.

The delighted mother caught up her darling and held her before the doctor.

"Doesn't she look like Robert?" she inquired. "His very eyes and forehead; bless me! here he is now."

A stout, hale young farmer, in a checked frock and brown straw hat, came up from the adjoining field.

"Well, Robert," said the doctor, "how do matters stand with you? Well, I hope."

"All right, doctor. We've paid off the last of the mortgage, and the farm is all free and clear. Julia and I have worked hard, but we're none the worse for it."

"You look well and happy, I am sure," answered the doctor. "I don't think you are sorry you took the advice of an old bachelor, after all."

The young wife's head dropped until her lips touched those of her child.

"Sorry!" exclaimed her husband—"not we. If there's anybody happier than we are within ten miles of us, I don't know them. Doctor, I'll tell you what I said to Julia the night I bought home that mortgage; 'well, that debt's paid,' said I, 'but there's one debt we can never pay as long as we live.' 'I know it,' said she, 'but Doctor Singletary wants no better reward for his kindness than to see us live happily together, and do for others what he has done for us.'"

"Pshaw!" said the doctor, catching up his reins and whip. "You owe me nothing. But I must not forget my errand. Poor old widow Whiting needs a watcher to-night, and she insists upon having Julia Barnett, and nobody else. What shall I tell her?"

"I'll go instantly. I can leave Lucy now as well as not."

"Good bye, neighbor."

"Good bye, Doctor."

As we drove off, I saw the doctor draw his hand hastily across his eyes, and he said nothing for some minutes.

"Public opinion," said he at length, as if pursuing his meditations aloud, "Public opinion is, nine cases out of ten, public folly and impertinence. We are slaves to one another—we dare not take counsel of our consciences and affections, but must needs suffer popular prejudice and custom to decide for us, and at their bidding are sacrificing love and friendship, all the best hopes of our lives. We do not ask what is right and best for us, but what will folks say of it. How few dare seek their own happiness by the lights which God has given them, or have strength to defy the false pride and the prejudice of the world, and be firm in the liberty of Christians. Can anything be more pitiable than the sight of so many who should be choosers and creators under God of their own spheres of utility and happiness, self-degraded into mere slaves of propriety and custom—their true natures, undeveloped, their hearts cramped and shut up, each afraid of his neighbor, and his neighbor of him, living a life of unreality, deceiving and being deceived, and forever walking in a vain show? Here, now, we have just left a married couple who are happy because they have taken counsel of their honest affections, rather than of the opinions of the multitude, and have dared to be true to themselves in defiance of impertinent gossip."

"You allude to young farmer Barnett and his wife, I suppose," said I.

"Yes. I will give you their cases as an illustration. Julia Atkins was the daughter of Ensign Atkins, who lived on the mill road, just above Deacon Warner's. When she was ten years old her mother died; and in a few months afterwards her father married Polly Wiggins, the tailor's, a selfish, shrewd, managing woman. Julia, poor girl, had a hard time of it; for the Ensign, although a kind and affectionate man naturally, was too weak and yielding to interpose between her and his strong-minded sharp-tongued wife. She had one friend however, who was always ready to sympathize with her. Robert Barton was the son of the next door neighbor, about two years older than herself. They had grown up together as school companions and playmates; and often in my drives I used to meet them, coming home hand in hand from school, or from the woods with berries and nuts, talking and laughing as if there were no scolding step-mothers in the world."

It so happened that, when Julia was in her seventeenth year, there came a famous writing-master to Peconic. He was a showy, dashing fellow, with a fashionable dress, a wicked eye,

and a tongue like the old serpent's when tempting our grandmother. Julia was one of his scholars, and perhaps the prettiest of them all. The rascal singled her out from the first; the better to accomplish his purpose, he left the tavern and took lodgings at the Ensign's. He soon saw how matters stood in the family, and governed himself accordingly, taking special pains to conciliate the ruling authority. The Ensign's wife hated young Barnett, and wished to get rid of her daughter-in-law. The writing-master therefore had a fair field. He flattered the poor girl by his attentions and praised her beauty. Her moral training had not fitted her to withstand this seductive influence; no mother's love, with its quick, instinctive sense of danger threatening its object, interposed between her and the tempter. Her old friend and playmate—he who could alone save her—had been rudely repulsed from the house by her step-mother; and indignation and disgust, he retired from all competition with his formidable rival. Thus abandoned to her own undisciplined imagination, with the inexperience of a child and the passions of a woman, she was deceived by false pretences, bewildered, fascinated, and beguiled into sin.

It is the same old story of woman's confidence and man's duplicity. The rascally writing-master, under pretence of visiting a neighboring town, left his lodgings and never returned. The last I heard of him he was a tenant of a western penitentiary. Poor Julia, driven in disgrace from her father's house, at last found refuge in a dwelling of no very creditable character. There I was called to visit her; and although not unused to scenes of suffering and sorrow, I had never before witnessed such an utter abandonment to grief, shame and remorse. Alas! what sorrow was like unto her sorrow! The birth hour of her infant was the hour also of its death.

The agony of her spirit seemed greater than she could bear. Her eyes were opened, and she looked upon herself with loathing and horror. She would admit to no hope, no consolation; she would listen to no palliation or excuse for her guilt. I could only direct her to that source of pardon and peace to which the broken and contrite heart never appeals in vain.

In the meantime Robert Barnett shipped on board a Labrador vessel. The night before he left he called on me and put in my hand a sum of money, small indeed, but all he could then command.

"You will see her often," he said, "do not let her suffer, for she is more to be pitied than blamed."

I told him further that I would do all in my power for her, and added that I thought far better of her contrite and penitent as she was, than of some who were busy in holding her up to shame and censure.

"God bless you for these words!" he said, grasping my hand. "I shall think of them often. They will be a comfort to me."

As for Julia, God was more merciful to her than man. She rose from her sick bed thoughtful and humbled, but with hopes which transcended the world of her suffering and shame. She no longer murmured against her sorrowful allotment, but accepted it with quiet and almost cheerful resignation, as the fitting penalty of God's broken laws, and the needed discipline of her spirit. She could say with the Psalmist: "The judgments of the Lord are true, and thy judgment is right."

Through her exertions she obtained employment in a respectable family, to whom she endeared herself by her faithfulness, cheerful obedience, and unaffected piety. Her trials had made her heart tender with sympathy for all in affliction.

She seemed inevitably drawn towards the sick and suffering. In their presence the burden of her own sorrow seemed to fall off. She was the most cheerful and sunny-faced nurse I ever knew; and I always felt sure that my own efforts would be well seconded when I found her by the bedside of a patient. Beautiful it was to see this poor young girl, whom the world still looked upon with scorn and unkindness, cheering the desponding, and imparting, as it were, her own strong, healthful life to the weak and faint; supporting on her bosom, through weary nights, the heads of those who, while in health, would have deemed her touch pollution, or to hear her singing for the ear of the dying, some sweet hymn of hope or resignation, or calling to mind the consolations of the Gospel and the great love of Christ."

"I trust," said I, "that the feelings of the community were softened toward her."

"You know what human nature is," replied the doctor—"and with what hearty satisfaction we abhor and censure folly and sin in others. It is a luxury which we cannot easily forego, although our own experience tells us that the consequences of vice and error are bitter enough without the aggravation of reproach and ridicule without. So you need not be surprised to learn that, in poor Julia's case the charity of sinners like herself did not keep pace with the mercy and forgiveness of Him who is infinite in purity. Nevertheless, I will do our people the justice to say that her blameless and self-sacrificing life was not without its proper effect upon them."

"What became of Robert Barnett?" I inquired.

"He came after an absence of several months, and called on me before he had even seen his father and mother. He did not mention Julia, but I saw that his errand with me concerned her. I spoke of her excellent deportment and useful life, dwelt upon the extenuating circumstances of her error, and of her sincere and hearty repentance."

"Doctor," said he at length, with a hesitating and embarrassed manner, "what would you think if I should tell you that, after all that has passed, I have half made up my mind to ask her to become my wife?"

"I should think better of it if you had wholly made up your mind," said I. "And if you were my son, I would not ask you for a better wife than Julia Atkins. Don't hesitate, Robert, on account of what some ill-natured people may say. Consult your own heart first of all."

"I don't care for the talk of all the busy-bodies in town," he said, "but I wish that father and mother could feel as you do about her."

"Leave that to me," said I; "they are kind-hearted and reasonable, and I dare say will be disposed to make the best of the mat-

ter, when they find you are decided in your purpose."

"I did not see him again, but a few days after I learned from his parents that he had gone on another voyage. It was now autumn, and the most sickly season I have ever known in Peconic. Ensign Atkins and his wife both fell sick, and Julia embraced with alacrity this providential opportunity to return to her father's house, and fulfill the duties of a daughter. Under her careful nursing, the Ensign soon got upon his feet; but his wife, whose constitution was weaker, sunk under the fever. She died better than she lived, penitent and loving, asking forgiveness of Julia for her neglect and unkindness, and invoking blessings on her head. Julia had now, for the first time since the death of her mother, a comfortable home and a father's love and protection. Her forgetfulness of herself in her labors for others, gradually overcame the scruples and hard feelings of her neighbors. They began to question whether, after all, it was meritorious in them to treat one like her as a sinner beyond forgiveness. Elder Staples and Deacon Warner were her fast friends. The Deacon's daughter—the tall, blue-eyed, brown locked girl you noticed at church the other day—set the example among the young people of treating her as their equal and companion."

One midwinter evening I took Julia with me to a sick patient of mine, who was suffering for lack of attendance. The house where she lived was in a lonely and desolate place, some two or three miles below us, on a sandy level, just elevated above the great salt marshes, stretching far away to the sea. The night set in dark and stormy. The fierce, north-easterly wind swept over the level waste, driving thick snow clouds before it, shaking the doors and windows of the old house, and roaring in its vast chimney. The woman was dying when we arrived, and her drunken husband was sitting in stupid unconcern in the corner of the fire-place. A little after midnight she breathed her last.

In the meantime the storm had grown more violent; there was a blinding snow falling in the air, and we could feel the jar of the great waves as they broke upon the beach.

"It is a terrible night for sailors on the coast," I said, breaking our long silence with the dead. "God grant them sea-room!"

Julia shuddered as I spoke, and by the dim flashing firelight I saw her weeping. I knew her thoughts were with her old friend and playmate on the wide waters.

"Julia," said I, "do you know that Robert Barnett loves you with all the strength of an honest and true heart?"

She trembled, and her voice faltered as she confessed that, when Robert was at home, he had asked her to become his wife.

"And like a fool, you refused him, I suppose, the brave, generous fellow?"

"Oh, doctor," she exclaimed, "how can you talk so? It is just because Robert is so good and noble and generous, that I dare not take him at his word. You, doctor, would have despised me if I had taken advantage of his pity, or his kind remembrance of the old days when we were children together. I have already brought too much disgrace upon those dear to me."

I was endeavoring to convince her, in reply, that she was doing injustice to herself, and wronging her best friend, whose happiness depended, in a great measure, upon her, when, borne upon the strong blast, we both heard a faint cry as of a human being in distress. I threw up the window, which opened seaward, and we leaned out into the wild night, and listened breathlessly, for the sound. Once more, and once only we heard it, a low, smothered, despairing cry.

"Some one is lost and perishing in the snow," said Julia. "The sound comes in the direction of the beach plum bushes on the side of the marsh. Let us go at once."

She snatched up her shawl, and was already at the door. I found and lighted a lantern, and soon overtook her. The snow was already deep and badly drifted, and it was with extreme difficulty that we could force our way against the storm. We stopped often to breathe and listen; but the roaring of the wind and waves was alone audible. At last we reached a slightly elevated spot overgrown with dwarf plum trees, whose branches were dimly visible above the snow.

"Here, bing the lantern here!" cried Julia, who strayed a few yards from me. I hastened to her, and found her lifting up the body of a man who was apparently insensible. The rays from the lantern fell upon his face, and we both at the same instant recognized—Robert Barnett. Julia neither shrieked nor fainted; but, kneeling in the snow, and still supporting the body, she turned toward me a look of earnest and fearful inquiry.

"Courage," said I, "he still lives. He is only overcome with fatigue and cold."

"With much difficulty, partly carrying, and partly dragging him through the snow, we succeeded in getting him to the house, where in a short time he so far recovered as to be able to speak. Julia, who had been my prompt and efficient assistant in his restoration, retired into the shadow of the room as soon as he began to rouse himself and look about him. He asked where he was, and who was with me, saying that his head was so confused that he thought he saw Julia Atkins by the bedside. 'You were not mistaken,' said I; 'Julia is here, and you owe your life to her.'"

He started up and gazed around the room. I beckoned Julia to the bedside, and I never shall forget the grateful earnestness with which he grasped her by the hands, and called upon God to bless her. Some folks think me a rough-hearted old fellow, and so I am; but that scene was more than I could bear without shedding tears. Robert told us that his vessel had been thrown upon the beach a mile or two below, and he feared that all the crew had perished save himself.

Assured of his safety, I went out once more in the faint hope of hearing the voice of some survivor of the disaster; but I listened only to the heavy thunder of the surf, rolling along the horizon of the east. The storm had in a great measure ceased, the gray light of dawn was just visible, and I was gratified to see two of the nearest neighbors approaching the house. On being informed of the wreck, they immediately started for the beach, where several dead bodies, half buried in snow, confirmed the fears of the solitary survivor.

The result of all this you can easily conjecture.

Robert Barnett abandoned the sea, and with the aid of his friends, purchased the farm where he now lives, and the anniversary of the shipwreck found him the husband of Julia. I can assure you I have every reason to congratulate myself on my share in the match-making. Nobody ventured to find fault with it, except two or three sour old busy bodies, who, as Elder Staples well says, 'would have cursed her whom Christ had forgiven, and spurned the weeping Magdalene from the feet of the Lord.'"

THE STATE CONSTABULARY.

THE STATEMENT OF JOSHUA NYE, ESQ.

At the quarterly meeting of the Androscoggin County Temperance Alliance at Mechanic Falls, recently, by invitation of the Society, Joshua Nye, Esq., of Waterville, Chief of the State Constabulary, addressed the society. After some interesting personal explanations, as reported by the Lewiston Journal, he spoke as follows in relation to the constabulary, stating that he entered upon his duties in April, and appointed at that time and subsequently about twenty-five deputies for the thirteen counties of the State. He sought to get the best possible advice in selecting these deputies, yet he might have erred in some cases. It would be surprising if he had not done so. But mistakes, if any there have been, in carrying out a new system, should not lead to condemnation of the system itself. There are mistakes in every department of government, yet no one thinks of throwing aside government on that account. He simply claims to have acted honestly and faithfully according to his best judgment, and he had instructed every officer to execute the law without fear or favor. Complaint has been made in some quarters that the rich and powerful rumrunner has fared no better than the poor dram vender, but so long as he occupied his present position there could be no distinction of persons.

Mr. Nye said he had not commenced prosecutions without notice and followed them up harshly, as has been charged. He had sent his deputies first to visit every man who was engaged in rumselling throughout the State, and had kindly admonished all of them to leave the business, assuring them that if they did not do so the law would surely be executed. Thirty-one hundred places were found where liquor was sold as a beverage—four hundred in one city—and a large number of open bars. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred these men went out of the business when they saw this determination to enforce the law. Many hotel keepers said they were glad the law was to be executed, because if their neighbors did not sell they would not have to. The mere occasional visit of a deputy through these sections has prevented most of these men from resuming their terrible business without prosecution.

Now the question arises has there been any change in consequence of this work of the State Police? Of course in Androscoggin, and a few other counties where the law was previously executed and intoxication infrequent, you do not notice so marked an improvement as is apparent in other counties. The very fact that every rum-seller and rum-sympathizer throughout the State is so clamorous against the Constabulary, shows that their business is interfered with by it. These fellows never denounce a law or officers that do not interfere with their traffic. You might cover your Statute books with prohibitory laws having the severest penalties, and set an officer at the door of every rum shop, but so long as the laws were not executed, and the officers "minded their own business"—to use a common phrase of liquor-sellers—so long they would not have a word to say. Therefore the amount of clamor raised by rum-sellers is an index of the efficiency of the means used to stop their business.

But there is a clearer proof than this of the efficiency of the amended law, enforced by the Constabulary. Mr. Nye said it is acknowledged that there are no open bars in the State at the present time. That certainly is one point gained, for our youth are usually in little danger of going into secret dens to take the first glass. He, however, was prepared to show that there was not one-tenth as much liquor sold and drunk now in the State as there was one or two years ago. The Boston and New York wholesale rum-sellers say that last year they sold one and a half million of dollars worth of liquors to go into Maine, but that at the rate they have sold the same for the past six months, they will not dispose of two hundred thousand dollars worth the present year to go to Maine. Does not this falling off in the sales of liquors, of a million and a quarter of dollars, indicate the marked decrease in the traffic and use of them?

But the people of nearly every city and town in the State have ocular proof of this fact. It is generally agreed that drunkenness has been much less prevalent than ever before. Mr. Nye said he conversed a short time since with an Insurance agent who had been accustomed to travel over the State every summer, and the agent voluntarily said to him that he had never witnessed such a change for the better, and that instead of meeting intoxicated men frequently as formerly, he had seen scarcely one for the summer. Mr. N. saw the manager of a circus which had travelled through our State for several seasons, and although he was a license man, yet he bore cheerful testimony to the wonderful improvement. His own men, the manager said, instead of being frequently intoxicated, as usual, have been unable to obtain liquor, and had kept sober all summer. Hardly a case of intoxication had been noticed in the crowds in attendance upon the circus. When the circus was at Waterville there would have been fifty. At Skowhegan only one was seen; at Dexter none. The same has been true at the Camp Meetings and Cattle Shows.

The Belfast Age says that \$75,000 worth of liquor was sold in that place last year, while this far the present year none has been sold; and that several men who have been accustomed to make yearly from \$5,000 to \$10,000, each, by rum-selling, have been wandering about the streets all summer, out of business. The Rockland Free Press says that rum-selling is practically broken up in that city, and that drunkenness is rare. The Bangor Whig tes-

tifies to the marked improvement in that city. Other papers speak in similar terms. A gentleman who had occasion to travel by stage from Bangor to the Aroostook, states that he did not see a single person who appeared to have imbibed liquor, and that the stage driver informed him that whereas nearly every hotel on the route has heretofore sold liquor, now it is utterly impossible to obtain a drop. Lumbermen say that their river drivers never before came in so sober. In Aroostook the liquor-dealers have gone out of the business. The effect on the upper Kennebec is equally marked. Mr. Coburn of Skowhegan, says that never before has he been able to have the large number of men whom he employs drive by Moose river without having a long drunk there. This year not one was intoxicated there, thus saving thousands of dollars to him and the men. One of the largest hotel-keepers in the State recently told Mr. Nye that the eastern hotel-keepers had all suspended rum-selling until the repeal of the legislation of last winter.

These and a multitude of other facts, said Mr. Nye, make it as clear as the noon-day sun that the Constabulary has wrought a wonderful change in the State. Now it is proposed to abolish the machinery that is working such wonders and repeal the penalty that makes prohibition a reality. Who demands this and why? Only three classes lead off in this. 1st, those who want to buy liquor to drink and can't find it; 2d, those who would like to sell liquor but don't dare to; and 3d, the politicians who are afraid they shall lose the votes of some of these classes. It is the liquor interest that makes the demand in order that it may have an opportunity to rob the State of millions of dollars and fill our streets with drunkards. There is reason to fear that the large political influence and immense wealth of this interest will secure the end they aim at.

Of course the movers for repeal do not put forth the real reason for such a course, but they are striving to secure their end by base misrepresentations of every movement of the officers and particularly by the most outrageous stories as to the cost of the Constabulary. One would think to hear them talk that the amendment of last winter entirely changed the character of the prohibitory act of 1858, whereas all that it does is simply to increase the penalty of what was before prohibited. Farmers have in some quarters been made to believe that it cuts them off from manufacturing and selling cider, whereas it leaves them precisely as the act in 1858 did, with full authority to both manufacture and sell. Apothecaries have almost persuaded themselves that it imposes some new restrictions upon them, whereas it leaves them precisely where the act of 1858 did.

But it is in the expense of the Constabulary that this system of base misrepresentation has done its work. Said Mr. Nye, stories have been set afloat that the State Police would cost \$75,000, \$100,000, and even \$300,000 the present year. Even if it did cost these sums, it would be money in the pockets of the people to continue the system, for it will certainly save this year more than a million of dollars, which would have gone for rum, and will save immensely more in taxation, misery, crime and even deaths averted. The State would be the gainer, said Mr. Nye, if by expending even these sums the sources of intemperance could be so nearly dried up as they have been. The saving in taxation alone would defray the expenses. In 1846, a thorough execution of the prohibitory act of that year, saved \$2,000 in paper expenses of the single town of Fairfield.

But, said Mr. Nye, the baseness of these misrepresentations is seen, when it is known that the whole expense of the Constabulary for the six months ending Sept. 1st, will not much, if any, exceed nine thousand dollars; and out of this are to come the fines imposed on rum-sellers. The aggregate expense for the whole year cannot exceed thirty thousand dollars, said Mr. Nye, and from this is to be deducted all the fines, reducing the cost several thousand dollars. In Massachusetts, where the system has been thoroughly organized, under a law where the fines are very much heavier than in this State, the Constabulary the past year paid their own bills, and then turned a balance of \$109,639 into the State Treasury. The first year they were an expense to the State, for the reason that liquor dealers appeal as long as they can before they pay, just as they are doing here. In all probability the fines already imposed would not be followed up and collected in case of a repeal.

At the outside, said Mr. Nye, the Constabulary system cannot cost on an average more than five cents a year to each individual in the State, while it will save that amount, and to very many thousands of times that sum, to say nothing of what is of immensely greater value—reputation, happiness and even life itself.

In conclusion Mr. Nye said that he had no more interest in the legislation of last winter than any one else—not so much indeed, for he had no near friend in immediate danger from rum-traffic. It had been charged that he personally desired the Constabulary continued on account of the salary attached to his position. Where he was known it was unnecessary to reply to this, but he would take occasion to say, what he originally said, that he should gladly give the sum to the State to aid in the good work. He had taken the place from high convictions of duty to God and his fellow men, and so long as he remained in it, God helping, he should endeavor to faithfully do his duty, and his whole duty, conscious that the work he is performing is one that is lifting a burden from many a heart and saving many a son of promise from a drunkard's grave.

Mr. Nye was most warmly applauded as he closed, and several gentlemen came forward and warmly congratulated him. The whole audience felt that the evident sincerity and fidelity to principle of Mr. N. put him beyond the reach of the base misrepresentations which have been set afloat.

Benzine seems to be a dangerous article.

In a shop in Bangor, Edward Page poured out some in a basin to remove the grease from his hands, when the gas from it came in contact with a kerosene lamp and enveloped him in flames. A workman tried to assist him by using water freely, but could not extinguish the flames and Page rushed into the street. He was severely burnt on one leg from the knee to the ankle, says the Whig.

A terrible accident occurred at the Hoosac Tunnel on Saturday, by which 13 men were killed outright or suffocated to death. The gasoline works at the mouth of the shaft exploded, setting fire to the building which contained them. The debris fell down the shaft, burying the whole gang of workmen at the bottom.

The New York Citizen says the negroes at the South should not be allowed to vote unless they can read, but that the whites should vote whether they can read or not. From which the Boston Transcript draws the natural inference that the whites are the inferior race, and need special assistance from the laws to enable them to compete with the blacks.

AN EFFECTIVE REBUKE.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Columbian tells the following story:

At Lafayette a well-dressed man, accompanied by a lady, evidently his wife, and two little children, entered the cars. He was short of stature, with a short, turned-up nose, a short, thick lip, small eyes, and imperceptible eyebrows. The lady had an expression on her pale face that indicated suffering patience. Her younger child appeared sick, and tossed fretfully on her wretched knees. The other soon grew tired of the irksomeness of the car, and became fretful and impatient. The man lay lazily reading a paper, lounging on a whole seat he monopolized to himself, though other passengers were standing.

At length the lady, unable to attend the two children, in a tone of gentleness that had something of fear in it, besought him to attend to the wants of the elder. She was answered in a loud and abrupt tone that attracted every body's attention:

"Don't bother me!"

Her eyes dropped; a look of sorrow and shame passed over her face.

A few moments afterwards the conductor, Mr. Paul, came along, and the man inquired of him the distance to Michigan city. With a tone modelled to the life after that previously used by his interrogator, Mr. Paul exclaimed,—

"Don't bother me!"

The man's eyes glared fury as he demanded the reason of such an insult, and threatened to resent it unless a proper apology was immediately offered.

"I shall offer no apology for my language," said the conductor, "neither will you resent it; for a man who deems himself injured by having applied to him the same language he has disgraced himself by applying to a lady, is too little of a gentleman to be apologized to, and too much of a coward to even dare resent it!"

NEW POINT IN A GOOD COW.—The following, from a writer in the Wisconsin Farmer, contains an idea that commends itself to the careful consideration of farmers:

Long observation and experience with heifers and their subsequent character as milkers have satisfied him that commencing milk in summer is an indispensable condition to a good milk in after years, and that the difference is fully one-half in a year of grade of stock. The philosophy of the difference in favor of heifers coming in for the first time in June, he states as follows: "The grass being then in the best condition to produce a full flow of milk, all the parts that tend to the secretion of milk are developed to their utmost capacity. The udder, the teats and milk veins become enlarged, permanently; and the best cows I ever raised we had to commence milking several weeks before they calved, to prevent getting."

The theory seems to be that the milk vessels become fixed in their capacity by their first use, or, at least, that their subsequent development will be after the type they are first made to assume. It is not reasonable to suppose that a heifer two years old, under any circumstances, will give as much milk as the same animal will at four years old, with the same antecedents, and in this sense the milk vessels cannot be fully developed with the first calf, if the heifer be quite young. But it is reasonable to suppose that the type of the lacteal vessels in their proportions to the age and general development of the animal will become fixed at the period alluded to, and the idea is well worthy the attention of every farmer.

FRUITS, AND HOW THEY SHOULD BE EATEN.—A medical journal has some remarks on the subject of fruits, which are, in some respects, at variance with views generally entertained, and are of interest to our readers now, when fruits are so plenty. It says that fruits afford an endless supply of delicious and wholesome food, but as they are usually taken, may more properly be considered as dangerous luxuries than as healthy food. The great error in their use consists in making them a dessert, in overloading the stomach with them, and eating them at all times between meals. When taken along with our food, as food, and in moderation, they are highly conducive to health. The peach is the most delicious and digestible of the stone fruits. They should form part of either meal, or be eaten moderately when the stomach is empty. Plums are less digestible, all pulpy stone fruits are more or less so, and prone to ferment in the stomach. The apple is one of the best of fruits, and when baked will agree with the most delicate stomachs, and is excellent in sickness. Pears are also good. Strawberries are a wholesome fruit, but they should not be eaten with ice-cream. There is nothing more wholesome than watermelons.

HEMORRHAGE FROM EXTRACTING TEETH.—The remedies are few and simple, and can be had in every family. The first remedy is cold water, held in the mouth and copiously used on the outside. This, in many cases, will be sufficient; yet there are cases where this will not answer. In such cases take cotton or lint, well soaked in a strong solution of alum water, rolled up in a small, hard wad, and press it firmly up the cavity of the tooth so as to reach the mouth of the bleeding vessel, and at the same time close your teeth upon and compress it, so as to retain it in that

Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, . . . OCT. 25, 1867.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 87 Park Row, New York; S. R. Miller, Advertising Agent, No. 100 Broadway, New York; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 28 Congress Street, Boston, and 58 Cedar Street, New York; and T. B. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

Advertisements are referred to the Agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS relating either to the business or editorial departments of the paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

The high price of wood seems to be working a revolution in the fuel department of our village economy. The great fall in the price of coal turns everybody's attention to this article as a substitute, and the further the matter is investigated the greater seems the advantage of substituting coal for wood. The Messalonskee paper mill, which has heretofore used between five and six hundred cords annually, has been changed in this respect so as to burn coal exclusively. Many of the stores and shops, and still more dwelling houses, are making the same change. It is found that at present prices a ton of coal costs but little if any more than a cord of wood, when the latter is honestly measured, cut and stored; and common report confidently asserts that one ton will go as far as two cords, and with great saving of care in tending fires. Already coal comes to our depots in considerable quantities, and is daily seen in its distribution about the village; and the demand for coal stores has already induced our stove dealers to take measures to provide them.

How far this change will affect the price of wood remains to be seen; but the quantity required in this place will probably be eight hundred cords less this year than last. It has been foretold by the wise ones, for several years past, that whenever the extravagant price of wood should induce a general inquiry into the relative value of coal, there would at once be a decline in the value of wood lots. During the war coal reached an unreasonable price, and now it is down to the very bottom. We think the proposed change will be profitable to buyers of wood, and that the convenience will be an additional gain; but wood sawyers and wood haulers will suffer in proportion. At the present time the demand for good hard wood is sharp enough to secure very high prices and very short measure. Those who have a relish for either or both will find this a good time to indulge it.

Some movements in real estate indicate growing expectations from the Water Power enterprise.

James Stackpole Esq. has sold several building lots from his tract on Mill-st., between Elm and Pleasant-sts., and is off ring others at moderate prices.

Mr. D. W. Moor, who owns the "Pulsifer farm," between the farms of Joseph Percival and John Mathews, proposes to divide it into eighteen lots of three acres, and offer it to purchasers in this form—running a street through the center from east to west.

Mr. Julius Alden and Dr. Pulsifer, each of whom have several acres near the upper depot, have divided them into building lots, which are meeting ready sales.

The Dr. Leighton place, on Pleasant Street, has changed hands twice within a week—the first buyer being Mr. Ed. C. Gray, and the second Mr. Geo. Youngman, an enterprising mechanic, of the right kind, who proposes to make our village his home. The last price was \$1650. The lot is a choice one, of 3-4ths of an acre.

The Lewiston Journal thinks the agricultural societies of this State generally show signs of declining interest. It may be true of some, but not of the North Kennebec, which this year gave emphatic tokens of progress. What did the Journal's reporter say of the North Kennebec Society?

The report of a Mr. Eldridge, of Canaan, that he was robbed of some fifteen hundred dollars by two highwaymen, a few miles out from Kendall's Mills, seems to gain but little credit so that if he cares for his veracity he had better back it with some proof.

"DO YOU HEAR THAT, MOSES?"—To this inquiry of ours, in noticing the new foundry, the editor of the Clarion responds:—

We will tell you, friend Mail, what we think of it. We think that in Mr. Fletcher you have got one of the best mechanics of the kind in the State, but we notice that most of his castings come to Somerset to find a market. We also think it a pity that you hadn't a dozen more of our Skowhegan boys to make a little more business noise in your quiet village.

Gov. Chamberlain has appointed Thursday, the 28th of November, as a day of public Thanksgiving and Praise.

A HORSE FAIR—which we suppose means a horse trot—is advertised to take place here next Wednesday and Thursday, under the auspices of the Waterville Horse Association, John A. Jenkins, Manager. The bills announce that General Knox will grace the occasion by his presence, and that Dashaway, Lady Chapman, Little Fred and Emperor will trot for the sweepstakes. The additional attraction of a Firemen's Muster is also added to the bill, with \$150 to be played for in two prizes; but we do not learn that any companies beside our own have promised to be present. The Victors, content with the honors they have won, have positively declined to come.

Two horses, a nice top buggy, two silver mounted harnesses, &c. were stolen from the stable of Mr. Geo. S. Newhall, on Friday night last. The rogues turned the poorest horse adrift two miles out of the city of Augusta, since which no trace has been discovered of them, though a vigorous pursuit has been made.

While looking for the rogues who had robbed the stable of Mr. Newhall, Sheriff Nye found at Newport a suspicious character trying to sell a horse, and after luring him to Kendall's Mills, with a promise of finding a purchaser, Nye arrested him. It was then discovered that the horse had been recently stolen from M. K. Rice of Stetson, and that the man who had it in possession was George McDougal, a desperate fellow and a notorious horse thief. On Monday, Sheriff Nye started with his prisoner for Bangor, and when near Carmel, the train going at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, McDougal sprang from the car window with the bracelets on, and escaped. The alarm was given and the cars stopped, and while they were backing up McDougal was seen running for the woods. He had alighted in a soft place, leaving a deep furrow in the yielding embankment, only a foot or two, however, from a big boulder, which if he had luckily hit, there would have been no further costs and charges on his account. As it was, his shoulder was broken, and one of his fingers dislocated; and he managed to dodge his pursuers till far into the night, when he was found in the woods with his handcuffs severed as though done with a cold chisel. He fought like a tiger, though, and was only arrested after being knocked down with a club.

There is a little uncertainty about the Italian news. First we hear that the Italian troops have been ordered into the Pontifical territory and that the revolutionary bands have retired. Then comes the news that Garibaldi has escaped from Caprera, and has gone to rally his troops for another demonstration; and lastly we have the somewhat indefinite announcement that the news is glorious for Italy, but that the government deems it best to suppress the details.

They are building a new hall at Somerset Mills, and are arranging for a good time in its dedication. That little village is making good progress in industry and enterprise, and those who pass by cars among its huge piles of lumber will before many years notice above them all the spire of a neat little church—so we guess.

The "WINTHROP BULLETIN," is the title of a neatly printed paper, five or six numbers of which have already been issued, though we have but just got sight of one. The publishers are W. H. Berry & Son, and the editor D. H. Sherman. It is a live paper, and reflects credit upon all concerned.

During the recent beautiful weather we noticed Pierce flitting to and fro with his magical tripod, and the result is a dozen more fine views on different streets in our village. Drop in and look at them; you may find that your own home has been taken without your knowledge.

BASE BALL.—After holding the silver ball and the championship a few days, the Bowdoin club were compelled to surrender these to the Pennessewasse club of Norway, at the close of a game, the score of which stood 23 to 8. So important was the victory regarded that the triumphant Norwegians on their return home, were received with the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon. The holders of the coveted ball have consented to play one more game this fall, to afford the Eons of Portland a chance to regain the lost pre-eminence. [This last is contradicted.]

GEN. SHERIDAN will visit the capital of our State next Monday, by invitation of Gov. Chamberlain. There will be a large gathering of the military, to assist in the reception, and a great crowd of people will doubtless be in attendance. Gen. Sheridan will lodge at the Augusta House, where a public dinner will be given at which the Governor will preside. For the accommodation of the public, special trains will be run on the Portland and Kennebec and the Me. Central railroads, with one fare for the round trip.

We invite attention to the statements of Mr. Nye, respecting the doings of the State Constabulary, published on our first page this week.

The Kennebec Journal nominates Gen. Grant for the presidency, subject to the decision of the national convention, and a correspondent of the Portland Press suggest Gen. Howard as a candidate for Vice President.

The Methodists of the Kennebec valley are moving for the purchase of a permanent camp meeting ground in the north part of Richmond.

THE well known "Goodale Farm," in Orono, has recently changed owners—B. F. Nourse, Esq. of Boston, having sold it to A. G. Hunt, Esq. of Bangor.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The contents

of the November number are thus enumerated:—Three chapters of the Guardian Angel, and a monograph "Chanson without Music" are contributed by Dr. Holmes; James Russell Lowell has a review of the life of Edmund Quincy; part two of the Rose Lullaby and the Autobiography of a Quack, a chapter of the Opinions of Dr. Nott, a sketch of Cretan Life, a readable string of anecdotes of literary people under the title of "Bibliography," a picture of the Howery at Night, a paper on Stephen C. Foster and Negro Ministry, a story "In the Gray Gosh," a claim for Sir Walter Raleigh to the authorship of the little poem, "The Lye," or "The Soule's Errand," and an article on the Conspiracy at Washington, complete the prose contributions. "Are the Children at Home," anonymous, and "The Feast of Harvest," by E. C. Steadman, with the Reviews and Literary Notices fill out the number.

For 1868, the publishers of this leading literary magazine announce the following attractions:—Dr. L. I. Hayes, the Arctic Voyager, will contribute a series of papers on "Life in Greenland and the Arctic Regions," similar in character to "Dr. Moltke," James Parton will continue to furnish articles on cities of the United States, with prominent industries and other topics—an article on "Pittsburg," will appear in the January number; Bayard Taylor, who is now in Europe, will contribute regularly papers on "Out-of-the-way Corners of Old World;" Two excellent Serial Stories will be commenced in the January number; Ralph Waldo Emerson will commence his contributions for the year, with an article on "Aspects of Culture," which will be given in the January number; Edward Everett Hale, Author of "The Man without a Country," will contribute frequently throughout the year—his first paper for 1868 will appear in the January number, under the name of "A Week in Syria;" Edwin P. Whipple will continue his series of admirable articles on English Literature; John Meredith Reid, Jr., Author of "An Historical Inquiry concerning Henry Hudson," will contribute a series of historical articles, of deep general interest; William J. Stillman, United States Consul in Crete, will furnish a series of papers, giving his experiences and observations during the struggle of the last year or two between the Greeks and Turks; Charles Dawson Shanly will contribute regularly several new contributions, who have already made their mark in the Magazine, and in a capital article which will appear during the coming year.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$4 a year.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The November number of this favorite monthly, which closes a volume, has the following illustrated articles: "The Mines of Santa Eulalia, Chihuahua," "The Forest Pine," the 9th paper of "Recollections of the War," "An Old Apple Woman." The remainder of the number is occupied with many able articles, and several capital stories; and there is the usual space devoted to an interesting "Record of Current Events;" the "Easy Chair," full of well-written editorials; and the "Editor's Drawer," crowded with crisp and spicy anecdotes.

Among the good things promised in the next volume is a new novel by Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik, author of John Halifax. Take it all in all, there is no better magazine for general circulation than Harper's.

Published by Harper Brothers, New York, at \$4 a year.

THE GALAXY for November contains the following articles:—

Steven Lawrence, Yeoman, by Mrs. Edwards; Love's Largest, by H. H.; Grottoes Songs, by George Wakeman; Journalism as a Profession, by James Wallace; The Good Physician, by T. W. Parsons; Concerning Kissing, by a Connoisseur; To-day, by Eugene Benson; Our Doctors in the Rebellion, by Fred B. Perkins; Chronological Abstract, by B. T. Sears, Cor. Secretary U. S. S.; Waiting for the Verdict, by Rebecca Harding Davis; Ancient and Modern Cookery, by Pierre Blot; Words and their Uses, by Richard Grant White; Autumn Song, by E. C. Steadman, Editor.

Published by W. C. & F. P. Church, 39 Park Row, New York, at \$3.50 a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for November contains the following embellishments: A magnificent steel plate, entitled "The Woful Heart;" the usual colored fashion-plate; "Sports in Childhood," a picture for the juveniles; and still another of those beautiful tinted plates—"Scene in Venice." The wood-cut fashions consist of a dinner-dress, a morning robe, a walking suit, bonnets, aprons, and children's sacks. In the department devoted to fancy work will be found designs for ornamenting braid for the trimming of wraps; crochet pattern; new style of girdle; design for a handkerchief; travelling shoe-bag; watch-pocket in bead-work; glove sachet; letters for marking pillow cases, embroidery, etc., etc. Drawing lessons will also be taught in this number. A Suburban Residence with the plans. In fact this number contains everything necessary to make it a first class ladies' magazine.

Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

FRANK LESLIE'S MAGAZINE for November

has an elegant colored double-page fashion plate; a four-page sheet of full length toilet figures; with dresses, bodies, paletots, bonnets, caps, styles of hair-dressing children's fashions, etc.; a full sized picture of the Sultan Palatol, for cutting, and also of the Metternich Jacket.

Of the miscellaneous portion of the magazine it is enough to say that it is as good as usual, and includes a great number of good stories, among which is a continuation of "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," by the author of "Archibald Lovell."

Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3.50 a year.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE for Young People, for November, has for a frontispiece, a characteristic illustration by Stephens, of the nursery rhyme—"Two Little Dogs were basking in the Cinders." There are also, in addition to numerous minor engravings, a full page illustration of "Husking," and the history of "Africa at War with Turkey," comically done in silhouette, with "To bed, to bed, says sleepy head," set to music and illustrated. For reading there is a continuation of "Six Little Princesses," the conclusion of Shakespeare's story of "Prince of Tyne;" more of the "Once-upon-a-time Club;" the beginning of a burlesque fairy tale, "Ting-a-lings;" the first part of "Another Story of Dory and Doris;" "Among the Trees in November;" a Thanksgiving story, "Jack's Chickens;" a poem by Alice Cary, and other stories, poems, characters, etc.

The publishers promise to make the next volume, which will commence in January, even better than the present; and we suppose they will do it, though it is not easy to see how. It really makes our mouth water to read the list of good things which they have in store for 1868.

Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York, at \$2 a year.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for November has a fine steel engraving of "The Savoyard," and the usual number of patterns and designs of articles of dress and ornament. The literary contents of the number cannot fail to please and profit the reader. In his announcement for 1868 the publisher says there will be no change in the character of the magazine, but its aim in the future as in the past will be to elevate and purify a serial story by Miss Virginia F. Townsend will be announced in the January number, and also a new series of Temperance Tales by the author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room." The author of "Watching and Waiting" will continue to enrich its pages with her admirable contributions, as well as many other old favorites.

The price of the Home Magazine has been reduced and single copies will be furnished for \$2; three for \$5; four for \$8; and nine for \$12. Liberal premiums are offered to those who get up clubs. Address T. S. Arthur, 811 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

EVERY SATURDAY.—Nearly one half the current number is taken up by Miss Thackeray's story of Little Red Riding Hood. The other articles are sketches of two eminent Frenchmen who have recently died, Charles Baudelaire, the author, and De Velpaen, the surgeon; The first use of Gas in London; a story, The Journey to Jutland; and Going to Sea in a bowl.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$5 a year.

A wonderful variety of things interesting to ladies. There are two pages of Music—"The Pearly Stream Polka;" and the literary matter is uncommonly rich;—August Bell, Elizabeth Prescott, Aunt Alice and Frank Lee Benedict have done their best. Great inducements in the way of premiums, etc., are granted to new subscribers.

Published by Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut Street Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

GEORGE A. GIFFORD, Esq., of the Kennebec Bar, has accepted a position on the editorial staff of the Portland Press. Mr. G. is a Waterville graduate of the class of '62, and while in college was marked as a good scholar and an elegant writer. He has excellent qualifications for his new position, and will take high rank among the editorial fraternity of Maine. In this connection it may not be amiss to mention that the proprietors of the "Press" are sparing no expense in strengthening their editorial force, and in improving their paper in every department. A first class daily may now be found without going out of the State.

We know that the whole community—whose sympathies have been painfully excited by some aspects of the case—will rejoice with us that all matters of difference between the family of the late Jonas Davis and the Portland and Kennebec Railroad Co. are in a train for immediate settlement—both parties having signed an agreement to abide by the decision of the following gentlemen:—Judge Danforth, of Gardiner, John Ware, Esq. of Athens, and E. F. Webb, Esq. of Waterville. This desirable result has been brought about mainly through the exertions of G. A. Phillips, Esq. who has labored quietly but with persistent energy for a long time to bring it about. It may not be amiss too, to say that the present Railroad Company—whatever the sins of their predecessors—have ever shown a disposition to adjust these matters of difference in a fair and honorable manner; and in this final agreement they show their generosity, after great provocation, by consenting that the referees may bring into the settlement some claims, which, in any view of the case, have long ago been outlawed.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I think Joseph Marston, Esq. is entitled to a vote of thanks from this town, besides a more substantial remuneration, for clearing out the bushes and rubbish from the old cemetery ground, and rendering it a decent spot to look upon. C. C.

[Now let our citizens finish what Maj. Marston has so well begun, by planting trees, &c. and we may have a very pleasant promenade there. By the way, where is the Soldiers' Monument, we were to have on this spot of ground?]

See advertisement of new millinery store at Kendall's Mills.

The Showhegan Clarion says that the regular opening of the Brewster Hotel will probably not take place until about the middle of next month.

GOV. BROWNLOW has been chosen United States Senator from Tennessee.

BALTIMORE, as was to be expected with its host of secessionists and returned rebel soldiers, went for the democrats by a large majority, at the recent election.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The Boston Advertiser, reports that at Cambridge and Brighton, this week, the trade opened with an advance on cattle, but in consequence of an unexpectedly large supply from the New England States, prices declined on Wednesday. Sheep and lambs are considerably lower, and trade exceedingly dull. Poultry is also much lower.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Methodist Church in Waterville will be held at the Town Hall, next Sabbath in the forenoon. The Love Feast will be at 9 o'clock, to which all interested are invited. Rev. Dr. Webber will preach at the usual hour in the forenoon. Communion immediately after the forenoon service.

REV. J. D. FULTON, of the Tremont Temple, is lecturing against female suffrage.

One of the Norridgewock jail breakers, has been heard from at the Canada line.

"A Veteran Observer," in the New York Times, says the Republican party must leave negro suffrage and lager beer alone. The last half of that injunction is good, sure.

They are rebuilding the Detroit Tannery, recently destroyed by fire.

WATERVILLE SECTION of Cadets of Temperance.—The following is a list of the officers for the current quarter:—

Ned. Meader, W. A. J. Fred. Hill, W. A. Wm. H. Wentworth, S. Wm. H. Kelley, A. S. Robert P. Clay, T. Willie F. Dodge, A. T. Robert Keith, P. W. A. Geo. K. Wentworth, Chaplain. Emma L. Crowell, 1st Visitor. George E. Page, 2d Visitor. Henry W. Rannels, Guide. Stephen F. Brann, Usher. Henry L. Hopkins, W. Herbert A. Clay, S.

Messrs. Butler & Place, of the Biddeford Journal, are making arrangements to publish a daily evening paper, to be called the "Saco and Biddeford Daily Reporter." It will be a live paper, and we hope they will find money in the enterprise.

There was a violent outbreak of cholera on board of the receiving ship Potomac, lying off the Philadelphia Navy Yard, last Saturday. The disease was at first of a very malignant type, but it has since assumed a milder form, and the medical men are confident they have it under control.

[For the Mail.]

MESSRS. EDITORS:—

It has been thought necessary, by the assembled wisdom of the State, to create a constabulary force to see that the laws of our State are duly executed or enforced. So far so good. But as I understand the matter, it is not one law alone, but all laws, that should be executed.

Now I wish to call attention to a violation of law that exists in our midst; a violation which causes more suffering and misery, and exhibits mankind in a more degraded and brutal aspect than is caused by a violation even of the liquor law. I allude to the abuse of old, worn-out, broken-down horses, that is practiced in our village every public day.

That so much misery should be inflicted upon these poor brutes, right in our main business street, without even a word being said, or an arrest being made of the worse than brutes who perpetrate these cruelties, surpasses belief. Can it be that more popularity is gained by our public functionaries in giving their whole attention to the enforcement of one law, and the utter neglect of others?—or is it considered by them so much worse to violate one law than another? No fault is intended to be found in this article, because any law is enforced, but because some others are so utterly neglected.

Every public day there are gathered, in the vicinity of the grist-mill shed, seemingly all the broken-down, disabled, worn-out, heavy, sick, two-legged, three-legged, no-legged quadrupeds, called horses, within a radius of many miles. And here they are exhibited and put through their paces; beaten, banded, swapped off, dragged off, licked off,—and when too weak to be got off any other way, killed off.

That such things are permitted, with impunity, shows either that these things are not cared for by our authorities, or that there would be no popularity attained by checking these abuses, or that they are not known; which last reason is really worse than either of the others, for they should be known. It is the duty of public officers to know them, and when known, to correct them, and bring to merited punishment the authors of such barbarities.

Only a short time since, one of these poor old hacks, with his shoulder fatally broken, was permitted to lie through a pitiless storm—not entirely dead, but with just enough of life to be got upon his three legs by severe beating. Suffering as he was, an effort was made to drag or whip him off; but it failed, and he was finally killed. All this right in the main street of our village. No Christian or humane person happened to be out, (as it was raining) or if they left their Christianity at home, as a great many seem to do.

It will be said that none such happened to see this outrage;—but our authorities should be around, and see that no such things are permitted. Credit should be given where due. Our State Constable, when called upon, came willingly to the spot and told the owner to kill the horse, which was done,—or rather about half done, as the poor animal lingered for a quarter of an hour, and until his throat was cut by a friendly hand. He was finally, after half an hour, dragged away by another poor, decrepit beast, almost as far gone as the dead one.

Now, these cruelties should be checked. I blame no one for not taking more interest in the matter; but I do think the law should be enforced in such cases with as much vigor as in other instances of broken laws.

This is written in haste, without thought, and in the midst of talk of all sorts; and therefore may be ungrammatical and otherwise faulty. It is not written for show, but to call attention to a glaring and barbarous wickedness, that exists among us without let or hindrance. C. H. R.

[We have allowed our correspondent the freest liberty, in consideration of his warm humanity; and if this has made him a little unreasonable in his fault-finding, the virtue of a heart must atone for the error of the head. No one else replies to him, we may draw a parallel for his instruction at some future time.]

[For the Waterville Mail.]

TRAVELLER'S NOTES.

DEAR MAIL:—On Tuesday, Oct. 22, my wife, my daughter and myself, with our faithful "Black Tiger," left our domicile, notwithstanding the clouds portended a rainy time to come, (but which rainy time did not come.) Setting our faces eastward, we crossed the Kennebec at Kendall's Mills, where we noticed that a new dam had been erected recently, raised somewhat higher than the old one. This will undoubtedly afford more security for the logs lying above, against freshets which were wont to carry them over the dam and down the river, as well as the better to secure the water for the use of the mills below.

Continuing our journey we passed across the "Neck" and Benton Village. At this last place there are excellent privileges for mills; we noticed a saw-mill near the bridge, while there were other mills a short distance below which we were informed were employed in manufacturing "Brush Woods" &c. Crossing the Sebasticook at this place and taking the road up the eastern side, we were soon shown the field in which young Fowler was killed by a moving machine, last summer; and a couple of miles farther on, the place where young Morrill committed suicide, by shooting the top of his own head off,—all for love. At nine o'clock a.m., we passed Unity Village. This is a quiet, pretty little village, situated on a beautiful plain. It was once, before railroads changed the travel from the place, a very thriving village, and had quite an extensive tannery. It is now as quiet, almost, as Norridgewock or Waterville. Turning here to our right, we passed through a piece of pretty farming country, a distance of four miles, to Thordike. This is a small place, and we could not discover that much business was done in it; we saw some men gathering apples, and noticed that the orchards here seemed to be producing better than at any other place we had seen this fall; and a little farther on, was a cider mill in full operation. We suppose the people here have not heard of the State Constabulary and the amended liquor law. We did not call, therefore should "know nothing about it," if summoned as witnesses.

Having now driven somewhat over twenty miles, and the clouds having dispersed, and the sun pouring down his hot rays upon us, we thought it about time that Tiger should have his dinner. There being no hotel, however, we were at a loss how to provide for his necessities. In this emergency, as good luck would have it, we discovered a threshing machine in operation in a barn near by; so we procured some grain, and hitching up to the fence, we poured a good feed down upon the ground, and poor Tiger regaled himself, while we did the same, with some provisions which wife had thoughtfully taken along with her. This was on a high hill, from which, with our spy-glass

we had a fine view of the country round about. It is a rocky, hilly place, as we look eastwardly, while beautiful farms and pleasant prospects show themselves to the west. After the repast, we continued our journey up high hills and down deep valleys, over rocks and through mud and sloughs, occasionally passing good farms, a distance of some twelve miles to Monroe Mills. This is a delightful place when once you are here, though the mills show evidence of decay and show that business is not so brisk as in former times. Three miles south of these mills is the residence of F. H. Black, Esq., formerly of Kendall's Mills. It was a part of our purpose to make a visit to friend Black, when we left home. Thither we drove, and found the family in good health and spirits. They, being spiritualists, and we also having some faith in the revivifications of the dead departed, called together several persons of like precious faith, and in the evening we held a "circle" where communications were received through the medium (Mrs. Black) purporting to come by Father Bryant, Dr. Ford, and others. Those communications were to us very interesting and instructive,—that from Father Bryant, in an especial manner. E. W. M.

LOOK AT THIS OFFER!—We have received the American Agriculturist for October. We wish that all our friends could see this paper. We know of no way in which so large an amount of truly valuable, interesting, and instructive matter could be given to a family at so small a price as the subscription to the Agriculturist. Each number contains 32 to 40 large quarto pages, and 30 to 50 fine engravings, many of them very costly and beautiful. Here, in this October number, we find, in addition to the great amount of valuable information, hints, suggestions, etc., more than 30 engravings, several of which are among the most expensive ever found in an illustrated Journal. This number is of itself really worth a year's subscription. The cost of the American Agriculturist is only \$1.50 for a year, in advance, or four copies for \$5. The publishers offer that valuable journal free for the remainder of two months of this year to all new subscribers for 1868, (Vol. 27.), who send their subscription during this month of October. We advise all our readers to secure it on these terms. It will be sure to benefit all fathers and mothers, and interest and instruct the children. Subscriptions should be sent to the publishers, ORANGE JUDD & Co., 245 Broadway, New York City.

REV. A. DEFOREST PALMER, formerly of Dover, has accepted the call of the Baptist Church at West Waterville, and entered upon his pastoral duties.

The day is not far distant when the majority of the people in want of musical instruments for their homes, will not rest satisfied with the mere testimony of advertisements, but their purchases will be based upon the actual musical merits and mechanical excellencies of the desired instruments. Messrs. S. D. & W. H. Smith, of Boston, manufacturers of the AMERICAN ORGANS, have been favored with such a class of customers, and have thus been enabled to build up an immense trade, notwithstanding the great competition which exists in this particular branch of business. [Musical Review.]

PROF. L. LYNCH, of this village, is agent for the sale of these organs.

WHY DO YOU USE "Barrett's Hair Restorative?" Because I have tried all others, and find my hair in too many colors.

The Bangor Whig says the track laying on the European and North American Railway got fairly at work in that city last week. The rails were down on Saturday as far as the bridge across the Kenduskeag, which is now about ready for crossing. The draw was to be completed on Wednesday. The sleepers are nearly all delivered along the line as far as Milford, and the iron is all ready.

SUICIDE.—Mr. Parker Dow of St. Albans, committed suicide on the morning of the 4th inst., by hanging himself in his barn. No motive can be assigned for the commission of the fatal act. He was a man of wealth, and made his will about two weeks before his death. He leaves a wife but no children. Age fifty-six years.

A newspaper correspondent, writing from Chicago, says: "A note of complaint comes from our farmers, who have been unable to plow and to put in their fall grain. The long-continued drought has dried up and baked the earth to such an extent as to render plowing impracticable. The fall grass has failed, and vegetation generally presents a yellow, melancholy, burnt appearance. We have not had one-third of the usual quantity of rain since last May."

Poverty is Bad, but the worst kind of poverty is poverty of the blood; this makes a man "poor indeed," for it takes away his strength, courage, and energy; but enrich the blood with its vital element, Iron, by taking the Peruvian Syrup (a protoxide of iron), and you will feel rich and "as good as anybody." Try it.

Until a perfect self-working washing machine shall be invented, we know of nothing that will so greatly facilitate the grievous toils of washing day as the STREAM REFINED SOAPS of Messrs. Leathe & Gore. A few more such improvements as these are, and the millennium of labor will have come.

REMODELING OF THE STATE HOUSE.—Elaborate plans for enlarging and remodelling the State House have been submitted to the Governor and Council by Mr. G. L. F. Bryant of Boston, the eminent architect. These plans embrace an extension of the present building eighty feet to the rear, and the same width of the main edifice, three stories in height; the lower floor being assigned for a State Library Hall, Adjutant General's and Land Agent's Offices; the second floor for the Representatives Hall and lobbies, and the third floor for the State Cabinet, Trophy room, Committee rooms, &c. The plan also contemplates the addition of a Mansard roof to the entire building, raising it another story and giving largely increased accommodations for various necessary purposes. This latter improvement will make it necessary to remodel the dome to harmonize with the other proportions of the edifice. For this purpose the architect proposes to change the present form of the dome and raise it to a height of about one hundred and thirty feet.

MAINE FARMER.

