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Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. V.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1852.

NO. 40.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
MATHIAS & WING,
At No. 3-1-2 Bowdoin Block, Main Street.
TERMS:—
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00
Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POETRY.

(From the Nashville Banner.)
"He Does Well Who Does His Best."

BY DAVID H. ANKLE.

Let us not too much demand
Of a fellow-creature's life,
Let us rather bear a hand
To assist him in the strife;
We may have power to win
Just what God forbids him.
Let us not too harshly speak
Of a fellow-creature's fall,
Let us rather help the weak
To escape pollution's thrall;
Some temptation we despise
May have won his heart and eyes.
Let us not too rashly judge
Of a fellow-creature's faith,
Let us rather wait the grudge
And attend him what he saith;
He may have some doubt to tell
That with us did never dwell.
Let us always bear in mind
What from man to man is due,
How we need that human kind
Should forgive and love us too;
And afford a helping hand,
When we've fallen where they stand.
We are not of equal mould—
We have different tasks to bear,
Some have heritage of gold,
Some have toil, and want, and care;
We should not our brother blame,
Till our lives are made the same.
It is hard to require
Of our fellow-creature more
Than he does what we desire,
If he do the best he can,
Though he gather little store,
We ourselves can do no more.
Let this, then, our judgment be
Of our brother's tendency;
While so much we cannot see,
While so much we cannot know,
Let us leave with God the rest.

MISCELLANY.

MARRYING A BEAUTY.

"More poetry from poor Meadows, more woful ballads made to his mistress," said the fairest of young widows, as she held up about half a quire of pale pink note-paper to the vexed eyes of her humble companion; "really the young man makes himself very ridiculous." "Very ridiculous, indeed!" said Miss Hindley, who felt a great horror for Meadows, considering, with justice, that if her patroness were to select an humble servant, she would soon cease to stand in need of an humble companion. "I really wonder, dear Mrs. Temple, that a person of your fine mind can encourage the young man in his folly; the love of one so weak and silly is very little worth having." "Nay, Miss Hindley," said the beauty, "this love is at least disinterested; don't I know that the whole of my income was, by the will of my late husband, to pass from me if I married again? And don't I know that you make this communication to all single men between twenty and sixty? expressing your regret in your sweet tone of voice, at poor misguided Mr. Temple being influenced by his relations to make a will so unjust to his wife, while you are thinking, all the time, in your own mind, that Mr. Temple and his relations were perfectly right, and that Mrs. Temple has all the inclination to make herself ridiculous were she not deprived of the power of doing it?" Miss Hindley colored violently, the accusation was perfectly just; but she only clasped her hands together and said, "dear Mrs. Temple, you do not know half my affection for you. I am aware that money is quite an unnecessary adjunct to one so fascinating as you are; but I must confess I should like to see you loved for yourself." "And is it not a proof that I am loved for myself," asked Mrs. Temple rather sharply, "when a man of independent fortune is anxious to marry me, although he knows that second marriage will deprive me of every shilling that I possess?" "No," said Miss Hindley, who was not deficient in shrewdness; "I do not think it proves any such thing. Mr. Meadows loves you only for your beauty; now your beauty is at present a part of yourself, but it will not be permanently so; it will fade and decline when your accomplishments remain in full perfection. Your admirers do not estimate these, he only thinks of your outward appearance." "How can you possibly tell that, Miss Hindley," asked the fair widow. "Because," replied Miss Hindley, "Mr. Meadows, when he speaks to you, or of you, extols only your personal charms; if you mention a book, if you sing a song, does he not always contrive to bring in some absurd compliment to your loveliness?" Mrs. Temple did not consider compliments to her loveliness quite so absurd as they were considered by Miss Hindley; but as she had more sense than is usually allotted to the share of beauty, she was ready to admit, what indeed she had long secretly admitted to herself, that the fine speeches of Meadows were rather overdone; that he appeared to regard her rather as a fair Circassian than as an intellectual English woman; and that it would be extremely agreeable if he would sometimes converse with her as a rational being, instead of carrying on his courtship by a perpetual succession of sonnets, epigrams and compliments. "His cousin, Mr. Corbett, is a far more intelligent companion," said she; "the admires Alfred Tennyson as I do; then how scientific would he sing, and what excellent remarks he made on the cottage in the wood that I sketched from nature, giving it all due commendation, yet pointing out a fault in the shading. I like people who commend and find fault in their proper places." "Then you don't like people," said Miss Hindley, "who talk about your beauty, for that is the subject which Mr. Meadows cannot give up." "Adela Temple smiled and glanced at herself in an opposite looking-glass; she was certainly a brilliant beauty, but a beauty of a peculiar description; her figure was pretty, but not fine; her complexion, hair and teeth would merely have entitled her to the appellation of a nice looking person; her eyes constituted her beauty—such eyes were surely never seen! Dancing, glittering, flashing—now laughing so gaily that it seemed immaterial whether the lips were laughing or not—now veiled under the shade of the long fringed eye-lashes—now eloquent with intelligence—now melting in sensibility; they were large hazel eyes, but they could in turn look as animated as black eyes, as soft as blue, and as sober as grey ones; they were eyes that brought all sorts of quotations from the poets, and made the plain prosaic people of this work-a-day world shake off their common-places, and express their admiration in some such freak of speech as that employed by the gallant dustman who said he should like to light his pipe at the eyes of the Dutchess of Devonshire! And those eyes were the constant theme of Meadows' tongue and pen, and those eyes were eulogized on the pale pink paper, in verse which Adela Temple had the patience to read to the end, although they were certainly very trite and insipid.

"Not quite in the style of Alfred Tennyson," said Miss Hindley, in a caustic tone of voice. "Perhaps not, said Mrs. Temple, quickly, 'but all men cannot be poets any more than all women can be beauties. I am tired of my visit to this stupid watering place. I am determined, Miss Hindley, to return to London next Tuesday by the railroad.' Meadows and his cousin were sauntering slowly down Regent street. "Congratulate me," said the former; "I have received the most encouraging and delightful letter from Adela. She will be in London to-morrow. I have the most sanguine hopes that I shall soon have the happiness of calling her mine. I am not at all deservng of her." "Not at all, in my opinion?" said Corbett, pensively. "People do not always like to be argued with." "And pray, why am I unworthy of her?" asked Meadows, rather indignantly. "Because you only value her beauty," replied Corbett; "custom will render that beauty familiar to you, years will rob it of its brilliancy, and your love will deteriorate in proportion. I wish you valued her mental attainments as highly as—"

"As you do, I suppose," interrupted Meadows, rather scornfully. "I cannot compute with you, Meadows, in the goods of fortune, or captivation of manner; but I have an income quite sufficient for every comfort, and I would have gladly laid it at the feet of Mrs. Temple, if she had given me the least encouragement to do so. I certainly admired her appearance, but I have never coveted personal loveliness in a wife; her temper, mind and manners are the great source of attraction to me." "Temper, mind and manners are all very well in their way," responded his cousin; "but I could never be happy if I did not marry a beauty." "May you find all the happiness you anticipate in such a union," said Corbett, "and may you constitute the happiness of her who deprecates the charms of the countenance! And here the cousins separated.

"Another railway accident in the papers," said old Mr. Bridgmore, as he mumbled over the newspaper. "Concussion at the Vauxhall terminus—no lives lost, but several of the passengers materially hurt. The beautiful Mrs. Temple has received a dreadful injury; the sharp corner of a dressing case having literally crushed one of her eyes. She is now lying dangerously ill at her home in Wimpole street attended by a physician and surgeon." "Why, Celestina, my love," said Mr. Bridgmore to his daughter, "that is the beautiful young widow that Meadows raves about. Up on my word I am sincerely sorry for him. Suppose she loses her eye?" "Then she will lose her love," said Celestina—a prim, plain spinster, with dull greenish grey eyes; "I think the disappointment will be a proper punishment for him. I used to like Meadows very well, but I really have been perfectly worn out by his insane raptures about Mrs. Temple's dazzling eyes; actually, he seemed to fancy her a twin sister to the Princess. Brilliant in the fairy tale!" "She is a fine creature," said young Bridgmore, "and I dare say she will look very well, even with the loss of one of her eyes." "There I quite disagree with you," said his sister, "all her charms depend on her having her countenance well lighted up; these accidents make one have quite a horror of railways; such a thing might have happened to oneself."

And Miss Bridgmore looked complacently in the glass, feeling that her greenish eyes were an unquestionable pair, and left the room to put on her walking attire, and call on half a dozen neighbors to claim their sympathy for the shock her feelings had received from this disastrous announcement of that morning's paper. "The beautiful Mrs. Temple lay in a violent fever; the physician and surgeon looked grave; Meadows was on the brink of lunacy; Corbett said in his looks, and constant in his inquiries; Miss Hindley was a tender, kind and careful nurse. At length the patient was pronounced out of danger.

But with the sight of her eye restored? said Meadows, passionately, to Miss Hindley, as she walked down the drawing-room to communicate the cheerful intelligence to him. "Miss Hindley shook her head. "Not think about her eye!" exclaimed Meadows, "is life worth having on such terms?" "Miss Hindley regarded him with something like contempt. "Are talent, money and health of no value to the possessor, or to others?" she asked. "Nothing can compensate a woman for the loss of beauty," he replied. "Miss Hindley was on the point of favoring Meadows with some very candid strictures, when the door opened, and Corbett, who had heard the good news from the servants, rushed into the room in such paroxysm of joy, that

can and Miss Hindley knew my secret, and bade faithfully kept it. Don't look so disconcerted, Mr. Meadows; now I have regained my good looks, you will perhaps write verses on me again. I will give you my address at Turnbridge Wells, and shall expect a beautiful epithalamium by to-morrow's post."

"Dearest Adela," said Corbett, when alone with his bride, "was this happy assumption of a black velvet band your own thought, or that of Miss Hindley?" "My own thought, entirely," replied his bride. "I found that Meadows loved me alone for my personal beauty, and I had a peculiar reason to dread a love of that description. I married Mr. Temple when little more than a child; he was violently enamored of my beauty, and immoderately jealous of me. Oh, Corbett, you have no idea what a life of dullness and confinement I led. Had I not possessed many resources and occupations, I really think I should have gone out of my senses. I was insulted with degrading suspicions; my very servants were bribed to be spies upon me. How often I wished that my husband would think less of my beauty, and more of my good sense and good principles! Even my walks were circumscribed and few; my brilliant eyes did all the mischief, they were sure to bring a host of gazers upon me, and Mr. Temple persisted in thinking that I invited and encouraged the admiration I excited. At length he died, and his will stated that I was to forfeit all claim to his fortune if I married again. I was vexed and hurt at his want of kindness and confidence in me; and when I took my place in society, I often thought that if I married, I hoped it would be to some one who would prize my mind above my person. Meadows did not at all answer my requisition; but yet I was pleased and flattered by his attentions, and could not endure the thought of dismissing him."

"Frequently did I wonder within myself how he would act, if by any unforeseen mischance I were to be deprived of beauty, and the railway accident gave me an opportunity of ascertaining this fact. I shall never forget, Corbett, the generous delicacy with which you forbore making the slightest allusion to my supposed misfortune, when you asked for my hand. I have bestowed it on you with the greatest pleasure; feeling that your love for me is based on esteem and friendship; although I have just been complaining to you of the confinement to which I was subjected for several years of my life, do not imagine that I am disposed to rush into the contrary extreme, and to stale me to the people's eyes, because I am worth looking at. I am quite as fond of peace and quiet as yourself, and I undertake to say that you shall lead as domestic a life as if you had united yourself to the veriest dowdy of your acquaintance, instead of unwarily committing the hazardous action of marrying a beauty!"

TOM SHELBY'S VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Near the home of my early childhood, there lived a plain but wealthy farmer, by the name of Austin. He was a pleasant, intelligent man, and his wife was an excellent woman. They had a fine family of children—from Ann, about sixteen, down to Johnny, a bright little rogue of six. But the pleasantest and cleverest of all was Frank, the oldest son—a bonny, handsome, hearty, funny fellow, whom everybody liked, although he was rather mischievous, and fond of playing off little tricks. More was pardoned to him than to any one else, because he was never ill-natured, even when he seemed most wild and lawless.

Mr. Austin had a sister married to a rich merchant of the city of Albany, Mr. Shelby, who had a son about the age of Frank, a good enough boy at heart, but rather wild in his ways, and full of foolish, fine-gentleman notions. One spring, when Frank was about thirteen, he made a short visit to the city, and when he came home, he kindly brought his cousin with him to spend the summer and fall. It was whispered in the neighborhood that Master Tom was sent into the country because "his folks couldn't manage him at home." I do not know that this was the case; but very likely the report was correct.

I was very intimate with Hattie Austin, one of the dearest and prettiest playmates of my childhood, and happened to be making her a visit when the boys arrived. Frank leaped down the steps first, embraced his mother heartily, and hugged all the children. Master Tom Shelby descended with slow dignity. He was dressed in a suit of fine blue broadcloth—the pantaloons tightly fitting, and strapped down under a pair of stylish, narrow-toed, high-heeled boots. His delicate hands were encased in dark kid gloves, and very much on one side of his head he wore a black velvet cap with a long dangling tassel. His hair was long and straight; by the way, Frank could afterwards vex him very much by telling that it curled naturally in Albany, but that somehow it straightened out more and more, the further he travelled from French hair-dressers. I remember Tom so plainly, because he was the first dandy I ever saw.

The first thing he did was to brush the dust from his boots with his cambric handkerchief; then looking up to the driver, he drawled out, "Boy will you hand me down my dressing-case?" "Yes, grandfather," answered the good-natured driver, taking off that elegant article, and the other baggage.

That afternoon, a number of the boys and girls of the neighborhood came to welcome Frank home, and to have a peep at the young stranger. I never shall forget the air that followed gave himself. He walked about the yard where we were at play, for all the world, as a fine peacock struts around a crowd of pullets, ducks, and young roosters. How scornfully he eyed our homely clothes, and refused to join in our merry game of 'tag,' saying it was too rude and childish! Some of us soon took off our stockings and shoes, to run the faster, and he looked down at our bare feet with as much horror as though they had been claws or hoofs. But he soon found out, as some great people had done before him, that it was tiresome work to be grand. We let him alone, and he soon came down from his stilts. He began to talk about Albany: "We do this," "We have that," in Albany; "everything was handsome and finer there than in the country."

"Dreadful big of his Albany!" said little Johnny. "I had read in my copy-book, that 'God made the country, and man made the town,' and told him so, right to his face, and said I didn't think man had better set up to do things better than God."

"I don't know about that," he said; "but I do know that we city people put up handsomer buildings than you country people ever dreamed of. My father, now, lives in a great brass house, with a brick knocker on it!" "What a laugh we had at his blunder!" In the morning, we went to take a stroll in the woods. On the way, Tom amused himself, and I must confess, we also, by telling of the tricks that before he left home he had played off on Frank, who, he said, was 'as green as that meadow,' pointing to a wheat-field. He had made his poor visitor drink the water from his finger-glass, for lemonade; had sent him to the Female Academy, telling him it was the Capitol; and to an undertaker's to buy a new trunk; and one evening he sent him home on the full-run, by pointing to a watchman, and telling him that after one appeared in the streets all the strange boys were liable to be dragged off to the watch-house. Frank laughed good-humoredly while Tom was relating these cunning exploits; but shook his head once in a while, as much as to say, "Wait a bit; my lad, and I'll pay you!"

As we were passing through a cow-pasture, on the edge of the wood, we came upon a flock of geese, with a host of goslings, and a fierce old gander flew at us hissing like a serpent. Tom started back, and called out, "Why Frank, what is the matter with that great white goose, that it hisses so?" "It does behave strangely," said Frank, quite soberly; "what can it do? Can it be that it has gone mad?" In a moment Tom took to his heels, and did not stop till he had reached the wood, rods away. While we were screaming with laughter, Frank called out, "Stop, Tom! stop! it's only a gander; you're the goose yourself!"

In the afternoon, Tom brought out his fishing-tackle—his nice-jointed rods, his delicate lines and his flies—and invited Frank to go trouting with him. Though he talked large, as usual, Frank saw at once that he knew little or nothing of that sort of fishing. So he started out with him, stopped at the first piece of water they came across, put his finger on his lip in token of silence, then lazily flung himself on the grass under a willow, to watch the sport. The little sheet of water was nothing but a frog pond, weedy and muddy, where fish had never made their appearance. Tom had heard that trout were exceedingly shy, and went very softly to work, never speaking above a whisper to Frank. After about an hour, he concluded flies were not inviting bait, and, by Frank's advice, used worms instead. "Do they bite now?" whispered Frank, yawning, for he had taken a nice nap in the shade of the willow. "No," said Tom, "but they begin to nibble;" and in a minute after he cried, joyfully, "Now I have one! Come, Frank, and help me out with it. I think it must be a salmon trout!" But before Frank reached him, he pulled up a great mud-turtle, which he had hooked by the leg. Frank rolled on the ground with laughter, and Tom did not soon hear the last of his fine "salmon-trout!"

The next day, however, Frank took his cousin to a real trout stream, some miles distant, and taught him how to capture that most shy and delicious fish.

Not long after this, Tom proposed a hunt. Now, Frank was a good shot, but Tom knew about as much of hunting as he had known of trout. "You would be supposed," said Tom, "to be a perfect Nimrod—a mighty hunter." He had an elegant little following-punter, and all the accoutrements, even to a hunting-jacket of the latest English fashion. But, alas! his fine outfit brought him neither skill nor luck; he popped away incessantly, and as the boys say, "Killed nothing but powder," at last, Frank, who had separated from him, and had nearly filled his game bag with squirrels and partridges, took pity on the poor fellow. He happened himself to have shot an owl, and climbing a tree, he fixed this on a large limb, so that it looked very life-like and natural. Then, going for Tom, he led him softly within sight of the game, telling him that there was a big bird of some sort, he might have for shooting. Thinking that a big bird would require a big charge, Tom put in a double quantity of powder and shot, and the consequence was, that he was kicked clean over—boys will understand how. But he brought down the owl, and never would believe but that he had the first shot at him.

A few days after this, Mr. Austin said to his young guest, "I've a letter from your father, my boy, and he tells me to set you to work, and get some of the nonsense out of you. I don't want to put you to hard labor; you may do as you please; but Frank, here, has been fooling about long enough—he must go to work!" Tom turned up his aristocratic nose at the thought of his working on the farm; and when he saw Frank shoulder his hoe, and go cheerfully over the hill to the cornfield, he wondered at and pitied him.

But Tom had somehow become attached to his good-natured playmate; and, as he idled away hour after hour of the pleasant morning, through the house and about the yard, he found himself very lonely and stupid.

By the middle of the afternoon of the second day, he felt that he really could not stand it any longer; so paid a visit to the corn field, just to see how they got along, he said. After watching his cousin a while, he went to Mr. Austin, and asked for a hoe—"just to help Frank a little." His uncle gave him one with a smile, telling him to be careful of his fine clothes. Though Tom found that his work was even harder than fishing for trout in a frog-pond—though it made his back ache, and almost blistered his hands—yet he liked it, and he had his reward.

The next morning, after an early breakfast, he drew on an old pair of boots, rolled up his pantaloons, shouldered his hoe, and set out with the other workmen, feeling very stout and important. In the course of the week, he found in his room a regular farmer's suit of clothes—more easy than elegant—strong but cool material. These he put on with much pleasure; indeed, it was soon hard to persuade him to dress himself in broadcloth, even to go to church. He said that, in town jacket and corduroy trousers a man had room—a man could do as he pleased—and that a good straw hat was the thing for a man, after all.

Mr. Austin gave his nephew a small piece of land in the corn-field, for a melon patch. Tom planted and cultivated it, and was very proud of the thriving condition of his water-melons and cantelopes. It happened that a neighboring farmer had a fine melon-patch in the very next field. This Mr. Johnson was a cross, disobliging man on whom the boys loved to play

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE STORMY LAKE.

Michigan! along thy shore,
Breaking with a thunder roar,
How thine angry billows pour.

Up and down, to and fro,
With restless murmur, swift or slow,
In wild uncertainty they go.

Icy chill—bitter cold,
Madly rushing to engulf
In a death-clasp young and old.

See! ah, see! upon the tide
Hoary hair is floating wide,
Many a dark young look beside!

Dark young locks, and hoary hair,
Youth and age are struggling there,
With the vigor of despair.

Swimmers strong, they struggle well,
Bravely breast the billows' swell—
May they live the tale to tell!

Captain of the ocean steed,
To the rescue! fly! with speed,
Desperate, deadly is their need.

Help avails for only one;
For the others—sire and son—
Time's life history is done.

Fearful was their dying cry—
Fearful 'twas to see them die—
Dreadful life's last agony.

It is finished—no more fro,
Helpless, pale, the sleepers go,
In the sparry caves below.

Gentle motion, certain, slow,
Where the sunless billows flow,
E'en in death no rest they know.

WANONA.

MISCELLANY.

The Core to the Rum Question.

We hear much talk of the Maine Law as interfering with men's natural rights, subjecting them to inquisitorial searches, reducing the profits of landlords, breaking up the business of distillers, &c., but no man has ever yet asserted, so far as we have seen or heard, that crime, misery, pauperism, and vagrancy and the other fearfully increasing social evils of our time, would be increased by the passage of the act demanded of our Legislature by the prayers of over 200,000 petitioners. On the contrary, if the rum-sellers themselves were examined successively and compelled to make an answer on oath,—"Do you not believe that their awls, pincers, and poor houses, would be largely depopulated by the passage of the Maine Law?"—we believe a majority of them would be constrained to answer, "We do!"

Of what avail, then, are vague abstractions in the presence of such fearful facts as the rum traffic involves? Men in thousands are burning up their bodies and turning out their souls with the liquid madness, which fills their homes with unspeakable wretchedness, and dooms their children to shame, destitution and vice; yet we stand pattering over foggy generalities as if it were a question concerning the ring of Saturn or the mountains in the moon.

We protest against this cold blooded way of viewing the matter. The question on which our legislators are called to pass in considering the Maine Law, concerns the happiness of families, the prevalence of vice and virtue, the safety of human life. Of the last hundred murders in our State, it is perfectly within bounds to say that ninety would not have been perpetrated but for intoxicating liquors. Of the sixteen hundred criminals in our State Prisons, fully seven eighths are either the children of drunkards, or themselves maddened by liquor when they were first impelled to crime. Of the eighteen thousand persons in one year on charges of crime and misdemeanor, less than fifty were total abstemious, while a large majority were excessive drinkers. Of the denizens of our Almshouse, nine-tenths have either been tipplers or were reduced to want by the tipping of others. Our gaming-houses and haunts of infamy float their victims to perdition on a river of strong drink, without which they could but scarcely and meagerly exist.

Yet in view of these appalling facts, journalists coolly chop logic about the perils of excessive legislation, the proneness of law-makers to interfere with what is none of their business &c. They might as well call on our firemen to listen to a graceful and silvery toned speech in the midst of a vast and spreading conflagration.

Patriot! you profess to love your country, and are ready to pour out your blood in her defence. But 'he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city,' and a people who have thoroughly conquered their own vicious appetites need fear no foreign enemy.—The general adoption of the Maine Law by our States would add more to the strength, wealth, vigor, industry and prosperity of our Union than a new Bunker Hill, or half a dozen Buena Vistas. Help us, for our country's sake, to carry the Maine Law!

Christian! When you pray 'thy kingdom come,' do you really mean anything? How is the kingdom of God to come except through the banishment and overthrow of social and moral evils? Can it ever really come into a world filled with grog shops and their concomitants, unless these be cleared out to make way for it? How can you be indifferent or sluggish in view of the conduct now in progress?

Moralists of all creeds, reformers of all shades, philanthropists of every name or nature, we claim your assistance, we ask your earnest and active co-operation. The triumph of this cause requires effort and sacrifice, but it is richly worth them. Help us to carry the Maine Law!—[N. Y. Tribune.]

Mrs. Caudle on the Bloomer Costume.

'Now, Caudle, just keep awake awhile! I want to tell you about wearing the Bloomer Costume.'

'Sick of hearing about it—sick of seeing great green girls galloping round the streets, with ankles like an elephant, toes turned in, and great copper plates of hats turned over their ugly faces!'

'What has that to do with me, hey, Caudle? Don't pretend you are asleep, now—because I know you ain't, and what's more I don't intend you shall be. Now you see, Caudle dear, it takes a pretty woman to wear that beautiful dress. Think it will suit me, then? of course it will. What are you laughing at? Let me see; it will take twelve yards of silk for the dress, and five for the trousers.'

'Don't think it would be anything new for me to wear them! I don't know what you mean by such an insinuation, and if I did, I despise you for it.'

'Wish I would not keep digging my elbows into your side? well, keep awake then; take care of your end of the schooner, and I will take care of mine.'

'As I was saying—it will take just twelve yards for the dress, and five for the trousers! Laugh away! Laugh away! Caudle, I don't care what you call 'em, if I get 'em on.'

'If I do wear 'em you'll put on petticoats, will you? All I have to say to that is, that you will then appear in your true colors and not be such a walking lie as you are now. But there

is no help for it as I know, any way, that's neither here nor there. Shall I—have the Bloomer or not, Mr. Caudle?'

Hereupon Mr. Caudle groans out a faint 'yes,' muttering as he turns over—

'I wish I never had been born, I do; to which his wife devoutly responds—'Amen.'

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.... APRIL 22, 1852.

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The Maine Law in Connecticut.

There are zealous temperance men in Connecticut, notwithstanding the defeat of the Maine Law there. That law has been defeated in every State, thus far, except Massachusetts—just as it was in Maine! The representatives here had to go home to their constituents, in order to get imbued with the right spirit for its adoption. At the next session they dared not vote against it. So it will be in other States—the people will have the Maine Law.

A gentleman in Connecticut, in a letter to a friend in Waterville, says—

'Will you tell me how the Maine Law works in Maine? We are told in Connecticut that the Maine people will repeal that law as soon as the next Governor is chosen and a new Legislature. Now what is your opinion about it? How do the friends of temperance feel about it in Waterville?'

You have heard probably that the Democratic party here in Connecticut have all turned Democrats, and their war cry was a deadly opposition to the Maine Law. So we have twenty-eight thousand voters that rallied to the war cry of the rum barrel, and twenty-seven thousand and a half that voted in favor of the Maine Law. The Democrats have it by five hundred majority. But we have twenty-seven hundred temperance voters, and more than fifty thousand intelligent, virtuous ladies, and nearly all the intelligent clergymen of all denominations—these are the friends of the Maine Law. Yes, all we have Almighty God on the side of temperance. So if the good old State of Maine holds out we shall eventually have the Maine Law. And O, what a glorious time that will be when all the New England States—yes, all the civilized world, shall come under the influence of the Maine Law! In the language of Webster—'Unborn ages and bright visions of glory crowd upon the soul in contemplating the happy consequences of a universal victory over the awful tyrant Alcohol, in all parts of God's beautiful world; when ten thousand times ten thousand of thousands of poor, wretched, miserable families are redeemed from the cruel bondage of the oppressor, their day of darkness and gloom having given place to the bright, cheering rays of the glorious sun of temperance; and one universal song of joy shall be borne on every gale, from the North and the South, the East and the West; and a shout of triumph shall reverberate through the deep blue heavens, and angels, instead of hovering over us watching with deep solicitude the fearful ravages of this cruel tyrant, and the inroads it is making on human happiness, shall, as they stand on heaven's broad golden battlements, catch up the shout, and fill high heaven with a louder note of praise, which shall echo through those pearly gates and along those golden streets of the City of God!'

Ramble among the Farmers.

No. 2.

We told you last week that friend Drummond's colt took us down the river in fine style. The absence of Mr. Taber, (late president of our society,) at whose house we made our first call, was a serious disappointment. Mr. Taber is one of the most successful wool-growers in the county; having, unlike many, persevered in this branch of husbandry through low prices as well as high, till his experience is doubtless a book 'from which the strongest opponents of 'book-farming' would be willing to take a few lessons. We had prepared ourselves for a dialogue that would have given some of this experience to the society. We should have learned what he thought of the expediency of introducing the coarse grades of wool; what he thought of a cross of the Cotswold (Province) sheep and the Merino; what of the Tainter and Merino—the Tainter and Cotswold. We should have learned whether he permitted his sheep a short run upon his meadows in the Spring, and what he thought of it—as some agree that it improves the crop, especially of coarse clover. We should have inquired about the relative value of the different roots, carrots, turnips and sugar beets;—and perhaps we might have urged upon him our opinion, that the sugar beet is the best root crop the farmers of this country can raise for their sheep. We should also have tried to convince him that a cross of his Merinos with the coarse-wool sheep is a dangerous experiment; that with the Tainters, which are a very large and fine-wool sheep, he would accomplish his object in regard to size of sheep and fleece, with less sacrifice in the quality of the wool. We think he, in turn, would have urged upon the farmers of the Kennebec more attention to the quality of their flocks. Sheep that yield a fleece of four to six pounds of good wool are as easily kept as those which average but three; and it is only by more attention to this point that sheep can be kept with profit. It should be an important object with our Society to encourage improvement in this respect. There should be a larger and better exhibition of sheep at our annual fair, that farmers may buy and sell, or exchange, to improve their grades. We intend yet to find friend Taber at home, for the good of the Society in this respect. We saw his flock, of 150. They looked well, and indicated that their owner might be safely consulted upon this department of farming.

Now we come to the farm—we have half a mind to say the villa—of friend Lang. Mr. L. is the prince of farmers, so far as relates to means, manner, and disposition. He too is absent. And here we come to the inquiry, why so few of our farmers are found 'at home' to our calls? If we were not familiar with facts, we should suspect that the fooleries of fashionable etiquette were getting a foothold among them, and that 'not at home' merely meant that the stables were not cleaned out, and we might pass along till the farmyard could be put in order for our visit. Disagreeable as this answer would be, the true one is much more fatal to good farming. Our farmers are too much engrossed with other business. Their farms make them a home, while their business and their capital are abroad; and where these are, there are their interests, and there are they. Agriculture is only successful, in the best sense of the term, when it is the lead-

ing object of pursuit. No calling requires more close observation, more careful experiments, more judicious reading, more clear minded study, than this; and though some, with but half their efforts drawn to it, become worthy examples of success, what might they not do if all their energies were concentrated to one object!

Mr. Lang has the best barn we have seen. His arrangements for stabling his cattle, and saving his manure are very good, and show that his estimate of the latter item is in advance of the times. He has 15 or 20 excellent cows, some of which were at the Society's last exhibition. We hope they will be at the next. He has also some superior young stock. He gives more attention to farming implements than farmers generally. Had he been at home we should have inquired if he found profit in this—whether a hundred dollars invested in a Seed-Sower enabled him to save six, eight or ten dollars in labor, or increased crops. If it does not it belongs to the department of fancy rather than of profit.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

[Our Boston letter is made a little late this week, by putting our paper to press earlier than the usual time. For this reason our correspondent must excuse us for making only an extract.]

BOSTON, April 19th.

The Committee appointed to investigate the affairs of the Suffolk Bank, report officially a deficit of \$214,515.25 through the defalcation of Rand & Brewer. The latter has his trial in the May term. Notwithstanding the enormous loss, the Bank has declared a dividend (semi-annual) of five per cent, and after paying the same there will remain a balance of the surplus fund of \$140,000. It was the general impression 'in the street' that Rand had dipped deep and heavy. Brewer was less bold in his operations.

Rumor says that our 'city fathers' contemplate purchasing the Tremont House estate for a new city Hall—hope they will. The Tremont Temple is to be rebuilt immediately, and workmen are rapidly demolishing the half fallen walls. A new and splendid 'music Hall' is being built in Bumstead Place. It is intended to accommodate several short of half a million, on the Tripler or Metropolitan plan, New York.

There seems to be no flagging in the way of amusements. At the Howard, Mrs. Davenport has pleased all who have had the good fortune to see and hear her; she is certainly a very superior actress. Mrs. Sinclair, late Mrs. Forrest, commences at the National on Monday eve, supported by Vandenhoff. She has succeeded much better in her readings and recitations than was predicted, from her first failure. The Museum harps on the same old piece. The old Boston Theatre will probably change hands ere long, and be converted into stores.

Business-fair, and goods cheap enough.—Money is decidedly easy, with daily loans on call at 5 1-2 and 6 per cent. First class paper passes readily in the street at 6, and some transactions as low as 5 1-2 per cent. have been made. Money is getting 'dirt cheap.'

Yours respt. CHAS DUDE.

The Maine Law in Portland.

The late election of mayor in Portland was understood by many persons abroad as indicating a sentiment unfavorable to the Maine Law. Those who understood the precise manner in which that law was involved in that election had no such fears. The following paragraph from the Argus—which paper advocated the election of Mr. Paris—no doubt correctly represents the manner in which the people of Portland understood this matter:—

'It is proper here to repeat, what we stated during the canvass, that the merits of the Maine Liquor law were not, in any sense, involved in the issue. Large numbers in its favor, voted for Mr. Paris, as a known and publicly avowed temperance man. They believed that he, and his subordinate officers, would use their utmost efforts to maintain that and all other laws in their full integrity and force. And if any have flattered themselves with the belief that the liquor law, or any other law, is now a dead letter in Portland—we warn them against a mistake so fatal to their interests. No such authority has been given them by the late election. The law is in active operation as ever, and those who undertake to violate it, do so at their peril. Thus much we should say on that point.'

The following, from the same paper, shows, better than mere profession, how the new city government feel towards the liquor law:—

A quantity of liquor was seized on Saturday by the City Marshal, and lodged in the Watch House.

Some barrels of liquor on the same day, marked for Gorham, N. H., were claimed by certain persons in this city. It was sent however as directed, and the pretended owners went on their way sorrowing. We understand that if the freight is not paid at Gorham, the liquors will be sold there to meet expenses.

(For the Eastern Mail.)

Good bridges, affording a free and easy communication with the country, are all well, and are essential to the business prosperity of any place. While we enjoy the advantages on the west side of the river, we are in a great measure cut off from them on its eastern side by toll bridges, which, in addition to the expense they create, are a source of constant irritation and annoyance to those who are in a measure compelled to use them.

That our good and pleasant town of Waterville, in its business and social intercourse with that section of the country, is a great sufferer, no one will deny. Then why not unite as one man and remedy the evil? It can and should be done. If special authority cannot be obtained from the Legislature, or by a general law meeting such cases, let the town, through its selectmen, lay out a road across the bridge, and assess the damages as for a road. Should it be connecting county roads, a call should be made upon the county commissioners for that purpose. They would undoubtedly do it, were the amount of damages raised by subscriptions, which would in three years be reimbursed by the income of business. There can be no question of their power and authority to do it—the location not being over tide waters. This thing has been done by them in the State of Vermont, over a chartered toll bridge, and sustained by a decision of the Supreme Court of that State. If it can be done amicably, and by consent of the proprietors of the bridge, so much the better; and it is, I believe, understood they are disposed to aid the measure. The expense of maintaining the bridge would be more than repaid to the town in the increase of business, and consequently of taxable property. Why not take hold of the matter, and have it accomplished?

TIOONIG.

The question of our correspondent, 'Why not take hold of the matter?' has been in the

mouths of a large portion of our citizens for a year or two past. This view of the importance and necessity of free bridges, to our business interests, everybody admits to be correct. Our neighbors in Winslow are fully awake in this matter, and we doubt not will accomplish their object. It cannot be otherwise. With all but a unanimous sentiment in its favor, among the intelligent freemen interested, it cannot be supposed they will submit to defeat. That Waterville should be tardy in her movements, is no new thing; but that she will fail to do the work when once aroused, her whole history denies. Conviction of the great importance of this thing, not only to our village, but to our town, will yet reach them; and with such force as to accomplish the work. We cannot doubt it.

(For the Eastern Mail.)

Spiritual Manifestations.

It is evident that the subject of spiritual manifestations occupies, at the present time, the attention of a very large class of persons in our country. To one who keeps an eye upon the thoughts of the people, by reading, or who travels extensively, it is apparent that there are, in our country, thousands, and probably tens of thousands, who religiously believe that the 'tappings,' 'rappings,' and 'writings,' so much talked of, are actually the work of super-mundane beings, who were once tabernacled in the flesh. Those who profess to be conversant with the matter tell us, there are now, in the United States, over a thousand mediums.

Now, in view of these facts, the idea of deception is not to be tolerated. When the demonstrations were confined to the Fox family, in Rochester, it was natural, nay, reasonable enough, for such as had never seen the moving of natural substances, and heard raps on tables &c., without any visible or conceivable earthly cause, to suppose that it was the result of some secret machinery. This was the current opinion of nearly all who noticed the subject enough to form one, for a year or more. When it had been ascertained, by hundreds of experiments, that there was no machinery brought to the aid of the mediums, it was conjectured that the sounds were produced by the movement of some of the joints of the lower limbs; but this was a very unsatisfactory supposition. Thousands who had attended the demonstrations, had not only heard the rappings, but they had seen heavy substances move about the room, lifted from the floor, and hurled through the air; and, surely, though they might have the power to crack some of their joints as loudly as the sound of a tack hammer struck violently on the table, their peculiar physical organization could not enable them to suspend the laws of gravitation in all bodies in their vicinity. But time rolled on, mediums soon increased from one or two, to as many thousands. Yet no deception has ever been discovered, no machinery has ever been found, by the aid of which operators have deceived the public, no medium has ever divulged the secret by which he has caused so many to wonder. I have, indeed, heard of one who attributes the phenomena he has produced to magnetism; but no medium has ever confessed it a deception, and many of these are children, who, least of all, could keep a secret like that which enables a person to produce the manifestations under consideration.

It has become a fixed fact, in the minds of all who have given the subject careful attention, that the cause of the mysterious sounds, writings, movements, &c., is unknown, even though they have not a particle of faith that they are produced by spirits. Almost every candid person who visits a circle where it is claimed that spirits communicate, so far as my observation enables me to judge, goes away with the conviction that the phenomena are unaccountable, unless they are the production of spirits. Treat the subject as the leading characters of the day may, spiritual manifestations are the greatest mystery of the times. Those who have seen what I refer to, and who scout the idea of spirits holding communication with us, in this way, refer them to mesmerism or the kindred subjects; but this is no explanation. There are facts transpiring before our eyes daily, and we ask for an explanation.—Let an astonishing appearance be noticed in the heavens, would it be accounted any explanation to say it was the result of planetary attraction? Even the professed spirits allege that their communications are made through the aid of magnetism. Is it not strange that the sages of the age, men who have ascended the pinnacle of science to a dizzy height, and sit there looking out into the broad expanse of nature, watching like faithful sentinels, every uncommon occurrence in the world of matter, and endeavoring to trace it to a cause I say, is it not strange that such men do not grapple with the ten thousand facts daily accumulating, and endeavor to explain them? Does a traveller discover some curious relic of the past, or a miner throw up the remains of an unheard of animal, or is there a star missed from a constellation, men of science are willing to enter the field of patient investigation, and give the world the result of their researches.

But now there is a mystery among us, of the greatest importance, and they keep aloof. If it is the work of disembodied spirits, it is important that we know it; for then, however conflicting their testimony in some particulars, we have a proof of immortality, such as the world has not had for eighteen centuries. If it is simply an extraordinary mental phenomenon, it is time that it was known, for it is already producing results most grave, in the religious opinions of many.

I could give a score of instances of the manifestations which I have witnessed, and all of them unexplainable by any mental or physical laws with which I am acquainted. But I will give only one.

Less than a year ago I was in New York, and hearing that there was a child, ten years of age, belonging to a highly respectable fam-

ily, that was an excellent medium, I sought out her residence alone, and called, simply requesting permission of the child's mother to call on some occasion when there was to be a circle formed. I was a perfect stranger, and no one but the child, the mother, and the grandmother was present. She replied in these words, 'We invite none to come; we deprive no one of the privilege of coming. The spirits have chosen our child a medium; and the latch string is always out. We receive no compensation for our time. If you wish to come as an honest enquirer, you can do so at any time, with any of your friends.' Immediately 'raps' were heard on the table near me, as loud as could be made with a small hammer struck violently. I was told to ask any questions I pleased, bearing in mind that three raps meant yes, and one rap, no. I asked many questions all of which were answered rationally, and some that no human being, in an ordinary state of mind, could determine, proved correct. For instance: I inquired, would a certain relative, both of myself and the person whose spirit appeared to be conversing with me, who was most alarmingly sick, recover? The reply was three raps. I then said, 'Will it be a long time?' in reply was one faint rap. 'Will she recover in a very short time?' the reply was three loud raps. All of which was verified to the letter.

I then said 'If these sounds really come from the spirit of my father, will you give me a demonstration which shall be most convincing.' Immediately we heard, first, the sound of scraping a block with a steel instrument, then, all the sounds of cooping a barrel, and lastly, the imitation of cutting meat, and the sawing of bone, all so natural that the cooping and sawing were recognized by all present. Let it be understood that these sounds were no faint affairs, such as lively imaginations would fancy imitated almost anything. They were so loud as to startle us, and so life-like that none could mistake them. All of us know there is hardly any sound that resembles the sawing of bone; and yet the sounds that I heard there, were so perfect an imitation, that had I been blind, and not known that the sound purported to come from spiritual being, I could have taken my oath that I had heard some person cut meat, and saw bone in the room.—The friend, whose spirit purported to converse with me, was a dealer in provisions, and an Inspector of beef and pork.

Such is a part of what I have seen and heard, I state these facts, not to induce people to believe in spiritual manifestations. I can not say that I fully believe the sounds are produced by spirits. But by what power are they produced? I have seen enough to feel that I know it is not deception. When I think of the story of Samuel coming forth from the dead to converse with Saul, and other facts recorded in the Bible, I say, at least, before I reject entirely the idea of the spiritual origin of these phenomena, I wish to see some more rational theory advanced.

I confess there are some stories related of conflicting statements, and mistakes as to regards names, &c., which induce the suspicion that a full understanding of animal magnetism would explode the theory as to the spiritual origin of the phenomena. But, view the subject as we may, facts such as I have stated, and ten thousand more of a similar character, are worthy the attention of the greatest minds of our age; and he who shall unravel this greatest mystery of modern times, will do the public a lasting favor.

Waterville, April 19th, '52. L.

(For the Eastern Mail.)

All have an Influence.

Intemperance blights alike the hopes of all, bows down like a reed the strong of soul, prostrates in the dust with shame the high and lofty, blots out intellect, scathes genius, brings our brightest stars of mental splendor below the grade of beasts, to spend their miserable span of life in woe and anguish; leaves in its trail poverty, misery, crime and ignorance, and fills the land with the cries and lamentations of the widowed and the fatherless. And yet there are men who will look on and see this work of carnage in their very midst and not lend their active influence to stay its fearful ravages. To such I would dispassionately say, you have an influence which you are every day and hour exerting over your companions; and if not for good it is for evil. The first lesson that our children should learn, is that they have an influence which tells upon the community for good or for evil; and what will be its value if it can be an influence to save a beloved brother or a kind father from ruin! not all the mines of California could stay its action. The incident of the little maid in the house of Naaman the Syrian, who was instrumental in directing her master to the cure of his leprosy, furnishes us a valuable hint. And many a young person, by showing an early spirit of obedience and filial affection, has gained an influence over a father and a brother which has deterred them from ruin, and even rescued them from the fangs of the destroyer. More vicious young men have been reclaimed through a sister's influence than most of us are aware; and there are none, who, by an amiable and attentive disposition, by having a character and judgment of their own, and expressing modestly but firmly their opinion, may not be the means of doing great good to those around them.

But men persuade themselves that they have no influence in this temperance matter, and that if they have, there is no reason why they are called upon to act; for say they, 'I do not drink, my sons are not intemperate, and why then should I act in this matter?' Not because they do not abhor intemperance, and all those usages of society which have brought degradation and ruin upon society. It is only a recollection of the delusion which was once on all minds, and involved the whole community in the use of intoxicating drinks, that secures the mantle of charity for those yet upholding the hydra in its power. It is not demanded of our child-

ren, coming upon the stage of action, that they should abhor the drunkard and his suffering family; rather let them pity such as are ruined by the vices of a father, induced by the usages of society—and the term usages of society means much more than we at first glance might suppose. For drunkenness there is no excuse and no palliation; it is a sin of deepest dye in the sight of God, and the parent of other sins; and its guilt is charged, not only upon each successive act, but also back upon those early habits and those customs of society. These are the proper objects of detestation and abhorrence. Pride and fashion have stamped them as honorable. The sparkling champagne, a token of genteel society; the cordial, a holiday offering; the foaming beer, the sweet unfermented cider from the autumnal harvests, yes, the 'wine sauce and wine custards, the brandied peaches and preserves, and brandied pies—all deceitful—should be shunned, be detested as the arch-demon among the flowers of paradise, who, by his smooth and flattering speech, would betray the soul to endless night. Let parents then who love their children, as none but parents can, use their influence to forward the temperance reform by withholding day by day, from their table that which intoxicates, and let those who pray that sin and sorrow may be done away, cease to help thus by their example to keep open those fountains of liquid fire which burn up body and soul.

MEDICUS.

THE INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE.

The Legislature will probably adjourn in the course of next week; after which the people of the State may properly look back upon the first experiment under the plan of 'Winter Sessions.' That the greatest objection that can be found to this plan should have been developed at an early day is certainly a matter of congratulation; as it opens the eyes of the freemen of the State to the only remedy within their reach. Out-door or 'lobby member' influence, is always an obstacle to honest and independent legislation—such legislation as the interests of the great mass of the people demand. Winter sessions are unquestionably more exposed to this influence than Summer sessions, as the season is more favorable for loungers, demagogues and speculators to visit the capital. When this influence is so far and so openly exercised as to rebound upon the constituency of the legislature, the remedy is in their hands. They have only to elect such men as have the boldness and intelligence necessary to a faithful guardianship of the interests entrusted to them. When they see these interests gambled away, or yielded to the importunities of interested friends, they will see the necessity of saying to their representatives as Cromwell said to the Long Parliament, 'Get ye gone, villains, and make room for better men!'

It is easy to find fault with legislation, and it should not be done wantonly or carelessly; but who can look at the doings of the Maine legislature the present session, and not feel that a spirit of revenge and recklessness has entered there, that throws in jeopardy, to say the least, the best interests of the State?—a spirit that if permitted to continue, will obstruct our prosperity and destroy our best institutions? Close upon the defeat of the bill to amend the charter of the Somerset and Kennebec Railroad, followed the passage of the Gardiner bridge bill. 'Well,' said a citizen of Augusta when the latter vote was declared, 'Well, your Reform School will go to hell! No wonder that a man should be found in that great city who would utter such a threat; but that the representatives of the people should descend to such revenge was hardly to be expected. And yet there were those who stood harnessed for the execution of the threat. Provision had been made for such an institution, to be located at Portland; the contracts had been made, and the building had progressed to the second story. Here this great work must stand, either to fall to decay at the expense of the State, or wait for the Legislature to come to their senses. Then follows the bill making appropriations for the repair of the Insane Hospital. This splendid institution, an honor and a blessing to our State, has been partially destroyed by fire; in every county the victims of insanity are waiting for an asylum within its walls, and the people are looking to the legislature to see it restored to its former usefulness. But the system of retaliation already adopted must be carried out; and the Hospital has a fair prospect of going to ruin with the Reform School. The city of Bangor asks leave to loan her credit to a great public enterprise—Portland, Bath, Augusta, Gardiner, Hallowell, Brunswick, Richmond, Topsham, Bowdoinham, and Orono had each been permitted to do so. Contrary to the established policy of the Legislature, and in revenge for a supposed offence, this city, the second in the State, whose voters had almost unanimously agreed in making the application, was refused the privilege. The request was reasonable—but Bangor had cast her influence against the S. & K. railroad bill. The Hospital deserved an appropriation, but the friends of the Hospital had killed the Reform School. The Reform School was a noble enterprise, but its advocates, had voted for the Gardiner Bridge. And where are the great interests of the State, when they to whom they are entrusted barter them for a mess of pottage, or sacrifice them in revenge for a personal injury?

Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad;—and if the destruction of the reckless and disorganizing factions that rule the present legislature is not thus ordained in heaven, then the voices of the people of the State take the matter in hand the better.

Fire.—The dwelling-house of Col. Charles Chase of Fairfield, was totally destroyed by fire, on Monday morning, 12th. The origin of the fire is not known. It took in the wagon-house and before the devouring element could be checked, destroyed most of his grain and provisions, wagon, sleigh, &c. Most of the household furniture was saved.

