

The Maine Law's Worst Enemies.

Who are the Maine Law's worst enemies? Who are doing it the most injuries? or, who are doing more to hinder its passage. It consists not in open and avowed opposition, declared in every place or position, when they can find any one to "blow" out their denunciations upon. It is not with those who are the best practitioners at the bar, or who are the most vociferous in the praise of Bacchus. No, none of these! Who, then, are they who stand in the way of the progress of this moral reformation? Is it the wealthy?—No; it does not affect them, so far at least as the use of liquor is concerned; they have this, in common with other indulgences, which wealth can confer; and when men are not personally concerned, in their exertions for or against anything, they are not generally very strenuous. Are they the drunkards? the poor, despicable, nerveless and debasing victims of the vice! No. Poor drunken debauchees, who, though once probably were standing high in the confidence and esteem of their fellow-men, and in influence and as public benefactors, were pre-occupied, are "mightily fallen"—regarded as mere drunken brawlers, and scarcely more noticed than the cur.

With resolution weakened and destroyed—the man lowered in his own estimation—the more excessive indulgence of the bottle causes the less attention to be paid to his voice on any question. Neither of these classes do we call the Maine Law's worst enemies. There are many men of influence in the community who are pretty good at "spouting" on the prevailing vices, reforms, and *et ceteras* of the day, who profess to have a little sharper vision, or a telescope through which they can see through the maze and intricacies of the wire-works in the back-ground, who raise their voices—yes, their energies—against this "destroyer of liberty," as they call it. They have vociferated and "frothed," when descending upon this "enchantment upon their rights," that they could be led but never driven into measures. Well, the noise has already been listened to the *prophets* of many of them—the dear people for whom they are so much concerned about election time, have taken it into their heads to pass a Prohibitory Law, and they, seeing which way the victory will turn, array themselves under the banner, and are the most active pursuers after the enemy, which has been put to flight. They achieved a signal victory! This reminds us of an anecdote of Western life. In the Back Woods, among the early settlers, bears were very thick and dangerous; as they attacked, indiscriminately, man and beast. It happened one night, a bear got into the cabin of one of the settlers. The man, terrified at such a hideous monster, jumped upon the cross-beams, while Betsy, a perfect heroine, seized the pan handle, and, after a hard struggle, left her antagonist lifeless on the floor. William, seeing the bear stretched out, jumped down, exclaiming: "We killed him! We killed him! Didn't we, Betsy?"

These men are not the most dangerous, as they are satisfied in any water where the pearls lie. The worst enemies of this law, and those who will be the most hard to conquer, are the large and respectable body of people who have been brought up in the footsteps of their fathers—who think that every move to reform is drawing them closer in the folds of vice—every effort to improve is an innovation on the good morals and steady habits of "old times"—and, in fact, that the world is growing worse and worse every day; and, with the expression, oft repeated with a deep sigh, "Times ain't as they use to were!"

These men are the "bone and sinew" of our country—they move along in a quiet way, and are practical, well-doing and moral—men who give a weight and dignity to their class; who, after passing the meridian of life, can look back upon their past career, without discovering one black spot marked by the finger of drunkenness; and yet they have, all their days, been taking what they called a "glass" when they needed it.

These are the steady old fellows who set their faces against the law with such determination. Getting along themselves without a law, they conceive that every other man can do so, and express not the least charity for those who cannot govern themselves. These are the ones who will need the "scales" removed from their eyes. The next thing is, the most effectual way to do it—This will be most effectually done by spreading before them temperance prints, and showing them, unequivocally, the truth, justice, and necessity of a Prohibitory Law.

TEMPERANCE MASS MEETING.—Don't forget the "harvest home" to be held to-morrow at Pratt's Branch, in this county. Preparations have been made for an interesting day. Mr. Charlton, from Wilmington, is engaged to be there, besides several other speakers of ability. Come out all—friends or not friends to the cause—and hear the principles set forth which are, and should be interesting to every lover of his country. The meeting will be held on the picnic plan. All who know the hospitality of Kent county need not fear going dinnereless.

THE DEDICATION.—Remember, next Sunday is the day on which the new and elegantly built Church, Bethel—situated about five miles from Smyrna—is to be dedicated. All persons are solicited to attend, and as they wish to present this Church a "free offering" those with the "ready rhime," are particularly invited. All who have ever heard Bishop Waugh will want to hear him again, and those who have not, will justly regret it if they do not go.

TALK OATS.—Dr. William McK. Taylor, near Blackington's Roads, brought several stacks of Oats into our office yesterday; raised by himself, measuring five feet eleven and a half inches. Rather hard to get over!

PHILADELPHIA AGAIN ONE VAST SUNDAY GROCERY!—The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania on Wednesday last, decided that an indictment for keeping a disorderly tipping house will not lie against a licensed tavern keeper for selling liquor on Sunday, and that the remedy is under the act of 1784, which simply imposes a fine of four dollars. This decision was made by Judge Lewis, Woodward and Knox, and again opens all the floodgates of immorality, the scenes of excess and debauchery, from which this city has been for weeks relieved by the energetic action of Mayor Conrad.

The Sun speaking of this decision says:
Uncraps the Flag!—Liquor Sellers can now uncraps the American flag, and be free and independent on Sundays, and get as many customers inebriated as they possibly can serve their wares to. Rioting; fire alarms; profanity; whiskey and lager are triumphant. Uncraps the flag—let it float to the breeze, and God save the Commonwealth!

Mayor Conrad, in his able address to the police, on Saturday last—of which we give a synopsis—said, as there seemed to be some doubt on the part of the Police in relation to their duties in the cases of the sale of liquor on Sundays, I desire to state that their duties are wholly unchanged. They will continue, as heretofore, to report every offender for selling liquor without license. The line of conduct marked shall not for the present be receded from. The ruling of the Supreme court in the recent case of the Commonwealth vs. Barr, was the Commonwealth being wholly unrepresented, without argument, and strictly *ex parte*, and applied only to the case before them. The multiplicity of taverns under a system by which all who ask obtain licenses, and the number of intoxicated persons in the street on Sunday, rendered it deplorable.

Every consideration of duty demanded, from the authorities a reform; and aware of the utter inefficiency of a fine that scarcely diminished the wages of profitable crime, I adopted the expedient of binding over the offenders to answer before a Court known to be in earnest in its support of the interests of morality and law. The results amply rewarded the effort. A quiet, long unknown, fell upon the Sabbath of our city. The shouts of revelry and riot, and the clamor of contending fire companies no longer disturbed our streets; and not a single case of fire riot, or other public disturbance, not a case of gross personal violence was reported within the city, upon any subsequent Sabbath.

WARM WEATHER.—It is "orth!" hot—think of it! Here we have to sit, driving the "nib," while the thermometer is standing at 90 degrees, and the big drops of sweat rolling down our face like tears down the cheek of a motherless calf. It is really too hot to write a paragraph on the weather! While penning this, we were honored with a visit by several ladies. Our "devil"—polite gentleman—showed them the place that printers significantly call "hell." Horrified at finding any place hotter than they had previously found, they made a precipitate exit—the silken folds leaving the air in such a pleasant commotion, we haven't felt its warm since.

FRUIT.—Water-melons, apples and peaches, are becoming quite plentiful in our market. What is better than a nice, ripe, cool melon, when the thermometer is 99 deg., and rising, hey! Peaches are selling at one dollar per basket, and *rare-ripe* at that! The crop is very variable. Mr. B. Benson says, his orchard is full—full enough: as many as the trees can bear up under. Others, who have always had "enough and to spare," say they will have to "go a begging." The crop in this region will be about a half or two-third one.

POWDER MILL EXPLOSION.—One of the powder mills of Mr. John P. Gareschee, one mile and a half from Wilmington, exploded on Saturday evening, about half-past seven o'clock. There were three distinct explosions—caused by the mill being divided into so many different compartments. Jas. Lynch, the watchman, was killed, and Jas. Cannon, the engineer, slightly wounded. We are informed by several persons, of this place, that they distinctly heard the reports.

NARROW ESCAPE.—Mr. Joseph C. Fourcres, made a very narrow escape with his life, on Saturday last, at Jintown, near Smyrna. In attempting to jump from a wagon his foot caught in the check rein, throwing him under the wheel, which ran along his side, tearing all the scales away, but just grazing the skin. It is astonishing that his arm was not crushed. The wheel ran along it, cutting the clothes off like a pair of shears.

SEVERAL OCCURRENCES.—On Saturday afternoon last, as a son of Mr. Emory Temple, of this place, aged about ten years, was walking behind a horse, he struck him upon the hind leg, which caused the horse to kick, and, in so doing, he struck the little fellow on the side of the head with his foot, rendering him insensible for several hours. He still lies in a critical condition. Dr. Daniels is in attendance.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, for June; reprint of Leonard Scott & Co., New York. This is a work of world-wide reputation. The present is a favorable time for new subscribers to commence—July beginning a new volume. This is one of the oldest and best patronized magazines in Great Britain. The articles are forcibly written. Terms \$3.00 per annum.

RENEWAL.—While Mr. John Lockwood, of Hazletville, was about leaving this town on Saturday last, his horse became frightened—ran into a side post, and tore the carriage to pieces, leaving the front wheels attached to him, which were disengaged by his running into another post. The horse was arrested before he got out of town.

WE understand that, on Tuesday last, Hutton Hannum, of East Bradford, cut his leg severely, though not dangerously, with a grain cradle. *Wester Chester Jeffersonian.*

Wonder why he didn't use the scythe! We have a horrid idea of cradles—they're dangerous things!

CAMP MEETING.—The Camp Meeting, on the old ground in the woods of the Messrs. Cooper, near Red Lion, will commence on Tuesday next, the 8th of August. The managers will be on the ground on the previous Friday to select places for those wishing to erect tents. The encampment at this place is usually the largest of any in the Union.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE.—This number for August has already been received. Among the many articles of interest are The Smithsonian Institute, Spiritual Materialism, The Lightning Rod Man, West Point Cadet Life. All the articles are interesting, and those who buy it get the worth of their money. The terms are \$3.00 per annum—in the year containing some twelve or fourteen hundred pages of most valuable reading matter.

WE wish our friend who brought us those delicious apples, the other day, would "drop in" again soon. W. are pretty good judges of good apples—though we say it ourselves. If you don't believe it, try us!

CAMP.—A camp-meeting to be held at the old ground at Pratt's Branch, will commence on Friday, August 18th.

Communications.

Correspondence of the Smyrna Times.

Wilmington Classical Institute,
Mantua, near Wilmington, Del.

MR. EDITOR:—The above noble Institution is in ruins; it was destroyed by fire on the afternoon of the 4th of July, whilst the Principal, the Rev. Samuel M. Gayley, was at Media, assisting in the service of laying the cornerstone of the Presbyterian Church, about to be erected there for the Rev. J. B. Deke, of Chester. Mr. Gayley's very extensive and valuable library was happily saved, through the exertions of the firemen and citizens of Wilmington. The furniture was much damaged by water. I believe the building was partially insured. No building in the neighborhood being suitable for his purposes, the duties of the Institute will be suspended for the present, but it is to be hoped, that ere long they will be resumed, as we can ill spare an Institution, the thoroughness of whose education has long been characteristic. Mr. Gayley is one of the most sound and thorough teachers in the country; in every department he has few superiors. His pupils are scattered throughout this great Republic as ministers of Christ, as actors, physicians, lawyers, &c., all of whom will sympathize with our beloved teacher and his family when they hear of the desolation of Mantua, connected as it is with hallowed associations and school-boy days of yore.

AN OLD STUDENT.

Correspondence of the Smyrna Times.

LEWES, Del., July 28, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:—As I have heretofore mentioned my intention of giving your readers a few thoughts on the condition of our country in this vicinity, I now let you have them in a very rough and uncouth style, thinking, perhaps it may interest some one unacquainted with our lands, in an agricultural point of view. It has been a mistaken idea with a great many people not acquainted with the quality of the soil of this section of Sussex county, that it consists of a light, sandy and unproductive earth, but, let me tell you, this is a wrong impression, for there are not to be found anywhere in the State more productive land than is to be found in this part of Sussex county. Sand here will yield, at common times, from thirty to sixty bushels of corn per acre. Some ten or fifteen years back, land could be bought for twenty-five or thirty dollars per acre. Every farmer is now turning his attention to improving his land by cleaning up all the woodland, fencing in all the old and worn-out fields, reduced to extreme poverty by constant tillage, and sowing guano on them, making composts, and putting under cultivation every little spot that years ago would have been thought not worthy the trouble of putting the plough into. Guano is the kind of manure mostly used, as they think it suits dead-land best because it has effect the first year. Some years back time was extensively used, but guano has superseded it for the reasons given above.

There was, as I have been informed, about two hundred thousand bushels of corn shipped at Lewes during the year 1853. Corn is the most profitable crop for Sussex county, and the damp sea fogs that set in about the first of July or last of June, while it is ruinous to wheat, helps, and gives a start to corn. There are some handsome farms within a few miles of Lewes, which, for their tasty buildings and general arrangements, are a credit to our country. In Rehoboth, the farmers have organized a club, called the Farmers Club, and have monthly meetings. They have also an annual exhibition, where the finest of all kinds of vegetables, grain and fruit, are all exposed to the inspection of competent judges, and premiums awarded to the successful exhibitor. In Rehoboth, the Presbyterians are building a new church, which, when completed, will be a great addition to the relieving of the wants of the people of that neighborhood, as they have been in the habit of meeting in an old school house, with rude seats and no back to them, which is very uncomfortable. But with all the advantages of a good soil, and being near a good market, there is one thing that has clogged itself like an incubus on our society—and that detected thing is Rum—the effect of it in many a household; and, on many a countenance is seen in these parts! Yes, the energies of many an honest yeoman has been blighted by the effects of the "vile beast." Give us a Maine Law and the whiskey trade will be loosed from many an arm, and the produce of the soil will be sold for that which sustains life rather than destroys it.

We have lost one of our oldest citizens, Mr. David Walker; he was sick only a few days, and was an elder in the Presbyterian Church many years. Last Thursday was what is called "Barefooted Thursday," and was conducted by many of the farmers in this neighborhood, by assembling, in considerable numbers, on the Beach, two miles above the town, and participating in such sport as bathing, fishing, dancing, and various gymnastics. The mosquitoes (or, as they are commonly called, "skeeters"), have been here in abundance, but, as they have nearly disappeared, we would advise those that want to enjoy themselves, to "come along," as we can find room for a few more.

No more at present.

Respectfully yours, BREVITY.

Correspondence of the Smyrna Times.

Lewes, July, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:—We do not wish to flatter so acceptable a writer as our friend "Brevity" appears to be, but we can but give him credit for the masterly defence given in his last epistle. What a multitude of strong, sensible arguments he advanced to prove the stability of his assertions! And, how smooth and sentimental the expression where he desired the end to be! Now, an end we desire to undertake the task of addressing the *Times*. But the end we desire is the discontinuance of the uncouth remarks made upon the good people of Lewes, in a former letter by Brevity. Why those remarks were made we cannot tell—unless the writer was short of news. In his last letter, Brevity says, hear the conclusion, that the steamboat is supported by Philadelphia. Now, any person who has the slightest idea of the business done by the St. Nicholas, will see at once the absurdity of the idea. We all know, the citizens of Philadelphia visit this place for about two months in the year, by the St. Nicholas; but it is not for those "blackberries" and other good things that Brevity himself speaks so approvingly of the steamer, and her company would all go to the dogs (as the expression is) together.

We are always willing to take good advice, without regard to where it comes from; and as we wish to return the favor, we would just remind Brevity of an old proverb, which says:—"Persons living in glass houses should never throw stones." We are inclined to believe, Brevity is not a citizen of L., or if he is, he can have but little self-esteem, to speak so harshly of himself. It is a habit, which most writers fall into, to dilate a great length upon the characters of neighbors, and the whole community at large. Now, we would advise Brevity to cease scribbling, if he can find no other subject, save the sins of his friends, to scribble upon.

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We are always willing to take good advice, without regard to where it comes from; and as we wish to return the favor, we would just remind Brevity of an old proverb, which says:—"Persons living in glass houses should never throw stones." We are inclined to believe, Brevity is not a citizen of L., or if he is, he can have but little self-esteem, to speak so harshly of himself. It is a habit, which most writers fall into, to dilate a great length upon the characters of neighbors, and the whole community at large. Now, we would advise Brevity to cease scribbling, if he can find no other subject, save the sins of his friends, to scribble upon.

Yours, respectfully, JUSTITIA.

Correspondence of the Smyrna Times.

Lewes, July, 1854.

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