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Original Poetry.

THE FROGS.

BY MARION.

Ye sing of the murmur of running brooks,
Of the odors the roses bring;
Ye tell of the music of warbling birds,
That come with the sunny Spring;
But another sound that I love to hear,
Come up from the ferns and bays,
And while ye sing of the birds and flowers,
I'll sing a song of the frogs.

I have hurried past a lonely swamp
As the evening shadows fell,
Wishing for some kind, hopeful voice,
My rising fears to quell,
When a cheerful sound has come to my ear,
From my musical friends in song—
And I've welcomed with a thankful heart,
The pleasant song of the frog.

Perhaps you will all be quite amazed—
And wonder perchance at my taste,
And I must confess it isn't so sweet,
When one of the frogs sings bass;
But when they all are chanting together
In their own clear, shrill voices,
I know of no sweeter sound than theirs
For the close of a bright summer day.

The birds may warble their good night song
From covert or forest glade;
The fountain may play with a dreamy sound,
In garden or green meadow;
But another note that is quite as sweet,
Floats out from the ferns and bays,
And better than all I love to hear
The vesper song of the frog.

They are settling down in moor and marsh,
Where to bed would make one shiver,
And some have chosen their summer homes,
On the banks of the "Little River";
But let them sing where'er they may,
By rivers, streams, or bays,
I shall find a welcome ear
To the cheerful voice of the frog.

Miscellany.

From the New York Recorder.

THE BIBLE IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Shall the Bible be retained as one of the reading books in our common schools? This question has lately become, in many parts of our land, a very exciting one, and has been differently answered by different communities. From the first planting of our colonies and the establishment of our schools, through all our history, the Bible has had an elected and undisputed place as one of our public reading books. But now the Romanists, becoming numerous and hopeful among us, are marshalling their forces to war against this old and benign custom. Now, what is the line of duty in this emergency? And this is a matter that interests every community and every family, partly on account of the great social, moral element at stake, and partly because in this attack the genius and unity of our common school system and in fact of our social fabric, are directly assailed and jeopardized.

The movement first became public in about 1841, in the city of New York, when the Catholics petitioned the Common Council for a division of the public school money, on the alleged ground that the common schools, from the reading of the Bible in them, were "sectarian"; meaning, of course, that they leaned to Protestantism rather than to Romanism. The form of this petition was refused, though its substance was granted by removing the ground of complaint: the reading of the Bible, and all religious exercises, were by the civil authorities stricken from the school catalogue. This complaint, however, was only a ruse to obtain for exclusively Catholic schools a part of the public funds; for no sooner was their ground of complaint removed than they renewed the effort in a new form, complaining that the schools were now "Godless"—that is, destitute of any religious or moral element. Hence they proceeded to set up schools of their own, and again asked for a share of the public money for their support. The double-faced course of their proceedings plainly revealed their object.

Within the last two or three years, these movements against our common schools have greatly multiplied in number, and in the energy with which they are pushed on. They have agitated New York, Newark, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Detroit, St. Louis, and other cities and towns. The bishops and priests, through confessional conclave, pulpit and press, are stirring the strife to the utmost of their ability. One Archbishop says, "We are only beginning to agitate these questions." The Freeman's Journal declares, "What we Roman Catholics must now do is to get our children out of this devouring fire. At any cost and any sacrifice we must deliver the children from these pits of destruction." And again, "This subject contains in it the whole question of the progress and triumphs of the Catholic Church in the next generation in this country. Catholics! let us all act together!" These avowals need no explanation or comment.

Now let us inquire what our common schools are for? This question should decide the whole matter. Are they, as is alleged, "sectarian"? Are they organized to be, or have they been in any truth, schools of religion? Have they enforced religious duties as such? Have they taught any dogmas or creed or specific religious doctrines? For what have they been organized? And what are they in fact?

They are manifestly and specifically for common education, by which all understand instruction in reading, writing, geography, mathematics, grammar, and all and only those studies that are of practical moment in the common secular avocations of life. They aim to furnish to all the children what all need, and what should be common to the whole civil community. Religion, as such, belongs not to the State, and is not, and has not been, taught in their schools. No religious test has ever been connected with them, nor would it be allowed. No dogmatic faith, creed or catechism is suffered to be a part of the school exercises. The most that can be said is, that sometimes some of the schools have been opened or closed by prayer at the instance of the teacher, and the Bible has been recognized by common consent, or by election, as one of the reading books. This is the whole head and front of the offending. And surely in all this we see nothing so very blasphemous or offensive—nothing to deserve the stigma of "sectarian," or to peril the morals of children and youth.

But I suppose all will admit that while religion, as such, and as expressed in any creed or dogmatic form, or as a specific exercise required of the pupils, should undoubtedly be kept out of our schools, yet some general standard of morals and of moral character is and ought to be, expected for the maintenance of decency, order and common discipline. That school where all moral obligation should be studiously ignored, would not be tolerated, at least for any length of time, for it would soon work out its own destruction. In a combination whose parts are as imperfect as are human beings, there must needs be some regulator or balance wheel, else all will run to speedy ruin.

And as every community and every school must have some general accredited standard of morals, what, in our schools, shall that standard be? We want no standard of religion, but of morals. Among us there is such a standard acknowledged by all. When, therefore, we take away the Bible, and say that it is not fit and proper even to be read in our schools, what common moral ground have we left on which we can stand? Every thing, then, is left to superstition, caprice and passion.

But in what manner definitely ought the

Bible to be used in these schools? with what latitude and limitations? Why, simply as it has been, and is now used generally, as a reading book, and never as a text book. It is not to be expounded as a school exercise, for the State is neither the teacher nor the patron of religion. We ask simply to read it. Reading-books of some sort must be used; and while these should be of various kinds, at least one of them should be of the purest and most interesting moral character.

And why should not at least the New Testament be one of the recognized reading-books? What valid objection to it can be urged? What harm can arise, what has arisen, from its being read? Does it mar or blunt the intellectual faculties? Can it corrupt the sensibilities? Will it deprave the morals? Will it fill the mind with misrepresentations and delusions? Will it injure and deteriorate the character? What ruin or evil has it hitherto wrought? Let now these questions be answered. The book should be judged by its fruits. Its use is no novel experiment; it has been used for generations and centuries. Its fruits are its recommendation and defence. Has any school of any community been made worse by reading it? Exactly the contrary in every instance. Whence sprung the intelligence and moral character of Scotland? What has given to New England its peculiar, expansive growth in knowledge, industry, enterprise, manners and morals? With these compare Ireland and Spain. And what country where the Bible has been generally read by the children has long suffered from ignorance, superstition and tyranny? Is this book the source of light or of darkness? the parent of vice, or of virtue? the patron of evil or of good? Let all wise men and the world answer.

And if the Bible be rejected, what book shall take its place? Its antiquity, its venerableness, its serious, simple, majestic, authoritative tone and character, give it incalculable superiority over every other book known in the world. Its variety of matter—history, biography, narrative, description, dialogue, discourse, exposition, exhortation, parable, proverb, hymn, prayer, precept, and command, so artlessly and beautifully blended—makes it the richest, most interesting and impressive reading-book ever put into the hands of the human family. Moreover, it is God's book for the race—for all, great and small. No other book is so generally believed, admired and loved. And what book so readily and cheaply obtained? In every respect the book is pure, lovely, and of good report. Why should any object to it?

Let us examine the objections urged. The Romanists objected to its being read in the schools because it made them "sectarian"; that is, the reading of it was an encroachment on religious liberty. But when this objection was removed—without, however, giving to them, as they desired and expected, a part of the public money for the support of purely Catholic schools—they rallied their forces for a fresh attack, and denounced the schools as "Godless," and hence not a fit place for their children. See aures eminebant. They shrewdly calculated that we would not be so unwise as to reject the Bible as a reading book, for they knew how much we needed it, and that we had no book to fill its conservative position; and hence they supposed that in this dilemma, by plying us with our favorite doctrine of religious liberty, we would consent to divide with them our school fund, and so give them an open, strong civil footing amongst us. But the plot failed. Still they returned to the assault, and are now vigorously prosecuting it. They are determined to gain civil and political recognition as Romanists among us, and to do so by sapping one of our strongholds—yes, our strongest defence—the common school system.

Now, plainly, they are not the friends, but the enemies of common schools. They hate our free civil unity, and would lay the axe to its root. They are not asking for liberty, but for prerogative. They are not opposed to sectarianism, but seeking to establish it among themselves, under the shield of our laws and by means of our public funds. If we read the Bible, they stigmatize us as "sectarian." If we drop it, they denounce us as "Godless." But they want us to pay for their schools, where they may dogmatically and almost exclusively teach religion, whether from the (their) Bible or other sources, as they please. They despise sectarianism in us, but ask us to build it up by civil authority among them. This is the logic and theologic craft of Rome. And what shall we say to such arguments, demands and conduct? Shall we yield to their demands? How can we? What is yielding? They condemn our schools with the Bible in them and denounce them when the Bible is taken out of them. The whole truth is, they are resolved upon having their own schools apart from ours, and patronized by the State, where they may thoroughly teach and propagate the dogmas and superstitions of Rome. This is the length and breadth and depth and essence of the whole matter. This entire movement is a ruse, an artful scheme, for the establishment of exclusive and purely Catholic schools under the sanction and patronage of our State governments. It is a cunningly wrought link, for connecting Church and State, for making us pay tribute to the pope. It is a plot for overthrowing our common school system, and thus destroying the unity of our civil compact, and the guarantees of religious liberty to all born in our land. It is a Grecian horse for effecting a gap in the walls, and introducing forces into Troy. Now shall we throw down our walls and bring in this huge and costly monster? Ah! think! Why should these Greeks be so lovingly moved just now, to make us such a splendid and unwelcome present? How is it that Catholics are all at once so anxious and earnest and importunate advocates for the rights of conscience and for religious liberty? A word to the wise is sufficient.

Then let us hold fast to our common school system. Let all these schools be open, free, public, and adapted to the necessities of all the children in the community, and so conducted as to secure the largest amount of intelligence and morals and to preserve the unity of the State. We want no State patronage for religion. And we must especially guard against extending the shield of the State over a hierarchy.

Let us retain in our schools the Bible as a reading-book. This oldest, purest of all books, the gift of God to the race, can do no harm, but only good. As citizens, we claim the right of worshipping God as we individually please, and of teaching our children his truth. With this right the Roman has nothing to do.

For the public schools we only ask a wholesome standard of morals, and a right to read the best of books. And these schools constitute the foundation of our liberties, peace, unity, improvement, enlightenment and perpetuity as a people and a nation. If any wish not to enjoy our advantages of education, our free institutions, and our sacred guarantees of religious liberty, but desire to establish caste and perpetuate the instruments of superstition and hierarchical domination, let them provide for their favorite schemes and enjoy their modes of procedure as best they can, but let them not openly or in disguise attack us, or plot the destruction of our institutions, which are evidently adapted to the present and future good of all in our land, both friends and foes. In these things we speak for ourselves and for all who are to come after us. F. D.

Our Doctor's Opinion.

An experienced physician, of the old school, acknowledged to us just now, that thirty years of practice had served to convince him that the general health of Christendom would be far better at the present time if there was not a drug or a doctor in the world. We lifted our spectacles, and looked at him under the brows in astonishment, more than half suspecting a joke—for the doctor is something of a wag.

"But I'm in earnest, sir," cried our medical friend, slapping our knee—rather harder we thought than he would have slapped his own. "To be sure; no doubt of it," we answered, hitching our chair a little further off. "Only give us your reason for coming to such a conclusion."

The doctor hitched his chair towards us, as we retreated, and opened his hand for another emphatic slap. We at the same time cunningly devised a defense against his manual arguments, by hanging one leg over the other, and balancing our empty tumbler—we had been drinking weak lemonade—on the projecting knee.

"It is plain and simple—perfectly so," cried the doctor. "In the first place, nine-tenths of what we call confirmed invalids, have been brought to that hopeless state, from small beginnings, through eating drugs. The patient world—the doctor was sometimes guilty of a poor pun—"sits still and suffers us to poison it by our prescriptions. Suffer us, do I say," cried the doctor, menacing us with a slap, but desisting at the sight of the tumbler. "It compels us!" hitting the table instead—for the doctor could not talk without hitting something from time to time. "It is not satisfied if we do not feed it plentifully with minerals, roots and herbs. If I should say to the young lady I am about to visit this afternoon, 'you don't want any medicine, my friend; not a grain.'—Only be careful of your diet, keep your head cool and your feet warm, take a bath, and walk around the Common before sundown,—do you think she would like it? Not she!—Instead of ordering the bath, she would order another physician within an hour!"

So saying the doctor hit us a rousing slap on our left shoulder, which we had neglected to fortify, and afterwards rubbed his strong hands with immense satisfaction. By way of precaution against another assault, we carefully took up his knotty cane, shouldered it, and requested him to proceed.

But the principal harm done by physicians and drugs is this—people know that they exist, and put—alas for the credulity of weak man—unbounded confidence in our most uncertain of arts. If no such thing as a medical remedy was known, men would be careful how they abuse nature. They would study her laws, and shrink from incurring the sure penalties of transgression. They would avoid tea, coffee, alcohol, tobacco, and all such destroyers of nerves and digestion. They would learn to shun the dead air of close rooms; they would abandon a thousand evil practices which they know injure the constitution; and live more purely and simply. But now if any pleasant sin tempts your pleasure seeker, he eats the apple, although he knows it came direct from the devil, relying upon us to dissipate its ill effects. You know that your hot suppers and the precious bottle you keep hid in your closet,—we protested against the bottle, but the doctor went on,—and even your business habits, undermine your health; but you indulge recklessly, because there exist possible remedies for indigestion, fevers and the gout."

"Now," said the doctor, growing enthusiastic and making the table furniture rattle with his powerful fist, "a thirty years' practice has taught me that there is but one true remedy for disease. This is nature herself. Give her a chance in season, and she will cure the worst cases. Throw physic to the dogs—I say," said the doctor, lowering his voice, "not professionally, but privately and confidentially—throw physic to the dogs, I say; eat wholesome food, at proper times, and in proper quantities; avoid this fever of business, and of all things this fever of pleasure; be cheerful, pay your debts, and keep a clear conscience; drink cold water, and bathe in cold water every day; live in the sunshine, and breathe the fresh air from the hills; go to bed early and get up early; love your neighbor and respect your neighbor with a shout for joy, and sing, and play with children every chance you can get; do these simple things; reject the doctor, and you will have health. Never mind money, and pretty luxuries, and selfish pleasures—they are nothing in comparison with the happiness, the luxury, the glory and delight of health. But, the doctor's tone and manner changed from the enthusiastic to the professional—"if, said he, stringing our button-hole on his forefinger, and drawing us towards him, "if you do abuse nature—as I know you will, in spite of all I say; if you will have medicines—as I know you will when you fall sick; and if you then would see a kind, jolly, blunt, sensible, indigent, honest old doctor, why, cried he, knocking the tumbler off our knee, and giving us a tremendous slap, "I'm your man! But as a friend let me advise you to employ no doctor; therefore don't go to being sick; therefore, added the doctor, slapping our back as we bent down to pick up the tumbler, "let nature have her way."

"And beware," we added, as soon as we could speak—"beware how you suffer heavy hands to beat the breath out of your body in moments of enthusiasm."

The doctor laughed and bade us good morning; whereupon we sat down and wrote out our conversation.—[True Flag.]

COMPOST FOR SANDY SOILS.—Take twenty loads of common barn-yard manure, ten loads of clay, forty bushels of wood ashes and

forty bushels of lime; mix the whole thoroughly together, and allow the mass to remain undisturbed ten days, then turn it over, and after a period of a few weeks, it will be fit for use. This compost is a most excellent article for corn where the soil is light and arenaceous, or inclined to sand. If lime is not to be obtained, the quantity of ashes may be doubled.—The clay acts mechanically upon the soil, and changes its constitution,—rendering it more firm, compressible and retentive of moisture.

A Mob Never the People.

A newspaper, now before us, commends the proceedings of a late mob in Louisville, which assailed the residence of Mrs. Ward, as the voice of the people. Without pronouncing an opinion on the merits of the question agitated by the mob, we protest, as an honest journal, against this flagitious assertion.

It is a common practice to dignify riotous proceedings as the action of the whole people. Is a politician unpopular for the moment, with a portion of the community?—they burn him in effigy, or boot him in the streets, and call this the voice of the people. Has a sect, or a party aroused the indignation of another portion?—they set fire to churches or shoot down men, and call this the voice of the people.—Yet the people, neither in the one case nor the other, have part or lot in the transactions.

For who are the people? they are not this party, nor that; this clique, nor the other; this man, nor his opponents. They are neither the rich, nor the poor, the intelligent, nor the ignorant. They are neither the denizens of towns, nor the population of rural districts. They are neither Northerners, nor Southerners. But they are all of these combined. And the voice of the people is the voice of the majority, legitimately expressed, in its laws, after careful deliberation. It is not therefore the voice of a mob. It is not even the voice of the community pronounced in moments of excitement. Neither high office, on the one hand, nor the weight of numbers, on the other, can make that the voice of the people, which is passionate, illegal or revengeful.

The best persons are subject to inequalities of temper. Hence it was that a wise man said, that he never resented a supposed injury, until he had first slept upon it. Communities are as fallible as individuals. We have seen, and every one has seen, large populations transported beyond self-control, now by excess of enthusiasm, and now by excess of indignation. At one time they take the horses from a general's carriage and harness themselves to it. At another they hunt innocent women and children from their homes, and drive them out into the woods and fields, like game that is tracked by bloodhounds. The rage of individuals is more even than the rage of individuals, for passion becomes contagious in a crowd, and mounts higher and fiercer from mutual sympathy. If, therefore, no man should act, in the first moments of his anger, much less should a community. As many a person by yielding to, perhaps, a just indignation, has been hurried into crime, so may a community, by giving way holly to a sense of wrong, has, in the effort to vindicate the right, caused a temporary anarchy. On the one hand, a murder has to be repented of, at the foot of the gallows, or during the equally horrible punishment of a marked and Cain-like exile. On the other, arson, robbery and slaughtered rioters, have been the terrible fruits of hasty wrath in a community.

It is blasphemy to the cause of order to call the proceedings of a mob—we care not under what apparently mitigating circumstances—the voice of the people. Even if the numerical majority of the inhabitants of a State was to endorse the action of the mob, and even if this was to be done after careful deliberation, it would not be, legally, the voice of the people. For so long as there is a constitution, so long as there are regularly elected officers to execute justice, so long will there be no way by which the voice of the people can be expressed except through the authorized channels, and according to the regular forms. A sheriff, acting without a warrant, and at the dictation of a mob, would be a murderer, if he should execute a prisoner. A judge, who should condemn a victim of popular obprobrium, except by due course of law, would be a murderer also. A town meeting, which should repudiate an act of legislation, would be revolutionary. Nay, if the posse comitatus—the men of a whole county—should maltreat a criminal who had escaped "unwhipped of justice," they would be guilty of felonious homicide. Or, if they should burn down his house, they would be guilty of arson. Or, if thieves, in the tumult of sacking his dwelling, should make off with his goods, they would, however innocent of actual robbery themselves, be guilty of being accessories to the larceny or burglary.

We repeat: the voice of the people can only be expressed through its appointed constitutional channels. Well did the wisdom of our forefathers raise up forms, regularly organized bodies, and solemnly appointed officers, to declare and administer the will of the people! For such are, so to speak, backwaters, constructed by the people to protect society. They give time for sober thought. They allow the whole community to speak out. They delay action until intelligent and dispassionate examination can be had. And had the voice of the people, thus expressed, been always waited for, in crises, these United States would not have had to tremble for the supremacy of the law.

Everybody, in looking back to acts of mob-law long passed, unites to condemn them. It is only contemporary deeds of violence that even the most reckless dare to call the voice of the people. Yet ten years hence the outrages of to-day will be denounced as heinous as are now the excesses perpetrated ten years ago. Wise is he who thinks as if he belonged to the future, and stands, like a rock, firm amid the tempest.

The voice of the people can never be pronounced in favor of mob violence. For the people, in their constitutional action, reverence the law, and know that of all crimes, the worst crime is riot and misrule—the fertile worker of a thousand crimes. A mob is anarchy.—But the people have had nothing in common with anarchy.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

waiting for thanks, did as much, perhaps more, as he who endows a college and has his name blown through the press. We know a young colored man in this city who draws a hand-earned for a living, and who is as poor as well can be, who supports five children that do not belong to him—three belonging to a dead brother and two to a dead sister. Show an act of greatness that can compare with his! One who heard the story of his benevolence innocently asked him why he thus burdened himself. "Because their parents are dead," replied he, and the answer was enough. That ebony form, as unhandsome as it is, has a heart within it as true as steel, and in such a case Corporal Trim's question—"Have negroes souls, yer honor?" could easily be answered.—[Boston Post.]

Law and Justice.

Lawyers and those engaged in executing the law, as a general thing, seem sadly to misapprehend their mission. The first consideration of the disciple of Blackstone, after pocketing his fee, is to clear his client, guilty or innocent, by trumping up spurious evidence, brow-beating unscrupulous witnesses, or raising entangling legal quibbles to over-rule testimony and bring guilt off triumphant. We say lawyers consider this sort of conduct their duty, for certainly they act as if the discovery of truth and the suppression of falsehood were secondary considerations. True, there is a relative confidence between the lawyer and his client, ever to be held sacred; and all statutes, codes and legal experience, having reference to the defense of criminals, ought to protect the rights of the accused by giving them every opportunity to show their innocence, but not to try and twist and pick loopholes in the laws of the land, to screen vile scoundrels from punishment.

Then the partiality and favoritism, in the administration of the law, is often so apparent and palpable as to bring disrespect upon it as an institution for equal protection. Particularly, in the recent enforcement of the Sunday law, has this favoritism been exhibited. Large establishments, owned by men whose influence consists in the capital they have wrung from trembling hands and weak heads, have been winked at, while the utmost stringency has been visited upon less wealthy, but more honorable men. We might mention names in this connection, were it necessary.

The truth is, as things are at present managed in most of our courts, an arraigned party does not depend so much on his innocence as the ingenuity of his lawyer; nor on the fact of his not having committed the crime attributed to him as that a smart practitioner can find some hole to creep through in the law in such case made and provided. It may be shown that the culprit has practiced with the assassin's knife or the burglar's picklock; but the lawyer's endeavor is to show that the law does not exactly meet the case—not that his client is anything but a villain, but that legislators were more stupid, and lawyers are more cunning than they ought to be. Even in civil law the same uncertainty prevails; how often do we hear of some poor honest man, who has crept through the labyrinth of a civil law-suit, and come out a great deal smaller than he went in, say that he obtained plenty of law but little justice.

Self-interest, if no more honorable motive, should induce the members of the legal profession to look more after the justice of a case than to see what decision some thick-head, in big wig and ermine drapery, sitting in the Court of Chancery a century ago, made in a similar case. Look to justice; that never changes, but the opinions of judges are as fluctuating as the politics of a customhouse officer. If you would have the public respect the law, make the law respectable. Pettifoggery leads as certainly to contempt for courts as frosty weather does to slippery sidewalks; and the man who assists a criminal of any sort to escape, knowing him to be guilty, is not a whit less a participator in crime than the associate of a convict, who assists him to climb the walls of a Penitentiary by a rope or ladder. [Boston Mail.]

Deep Plowing—Its Wisdom and Its Folly.

Deep plowing is one of the hobbies of the "agricultural literature" of the day. All the agricultural journals, and nearly all the speakers at agricultural fairs, insist upon the importance of deep plowing. Many people seem really to believe that the only thing necessary to insure a good crop of almost any kind, and in almost any place, is to plow deep enough. "Give warm water, no matter what the disease," said the quack doctor, "and if the patient dies, say he didn't drink enough." "Plow deep," say these agricultural teachers, and if the crop fails they tell the farmers they did not plow deep enough.

Now, the depth to which ground should be plowed depends entirely upon circumstances. Where there was naturally a deep rich soil, and the surface of it has been worn out by exhausting crops and shallow cultivation, turning up the soil to a greater depth effects its immediate renovation. Good crops will grow where nothing grew before. This is the case with much of the land in Eastern Virginia.

But when there is a rich or fair surface soil, but very thin, underlain by gravel or sand, or anything else that is entirely unproductive, plow to a great depth, and, without heavy manuring, you ruin the land for present uses. Manure heavily enough, and you may plow any land ever so deep; but without such manuring the proper depth is determined by the character of the subsoil and the kind of crops to be raised.

Rye, many very experienced farmers say, always does best with shallow plowing. One of the best farmers in the United States told us that he tried carrots on two fields, side by side, and alike in other respects, one of which was plowed deep, and the other comparatively shallow, and the carrots on the shallow-plowed were much larger, and what seems strange, they grew to a much greater depth. Mr. Morgan, of Vermont, in an article which we published last week, says that "onions bottom better where the ground has been rolled or hard trodden."

We believe that sub-soiling may frequently be useful where deep surface plowing would be decidedly injurious. And it is desirable to deepen gradually, from year to year, the surface plowing, for many crops, as fast as it can be done without detriment; that is, as fast as you can enrich the additional sub-soil which is turned up, but no faster; unless we have said before, the sub-soil is already richer than the surface soil.—[N. Y. Eve. Post.]

The Practice of taking Purgatives.

As the warm weather sets in, a great many persons resort to purgative medicines from a sometimes mistaken idea of purifying their blood, etc. No doubt through ignorance much mischief is done in this way. There is a proverb that when a man is a poor lawyer, he has a fool for his client. Much more truly may this saying be applied to the art of healing. A few remarks of ours on the use of purgatives will, we are sure, not be out of place. Purgatives are divisible, according to their mode of action, into three classes: 1st, those which act chiefly on the upper part of the bowels; 2d, those which act chiefly on the lower part of the bowels; and 3d, those which act on the whole intestinal canal. The first are especially useful in correcting disorders of the stomach, and liver; such are the preparations of mercury, i. e., calomel and blue-pill, rhubarb and jalap. The second act especially on the lower part of the bowels; such are aloes. The third act on the whole extent of the bowels; such are castor oil, and the various salines—to wit, Epsom salts, tartarate of soda, etc. It is important to know which of these classes should be preferred, and that, while some purgative may be strongly called for, one will be much more likely to be beneficial than another; indeed, that while one would essentially relieve the overloaded, or the lethargic, or the irritable state of the system, another would aggravate these complaints.

Aloetic purgatives have long been the prime favorites with the mass of the people, and a large portion of the quack pills have aloes for their principal ingredient. This has arisen from the fact that aloes act only on the lower part of the bowels, and therefore there is less likely to be subsequent costiveness, than there is after the aperients which empty the whole intestinal canal. But aloetic purgatives are apt to irritate the lower part of the bowels; if continued even for a short time, they are apt to cause piles, and hardly ever afford that decided relief to the system which is given by other kinds of purgatives. On these accounts they do not deserve the extensive popularity they have acquired.

Everybody knows that the great cause of our bodily ailments is repletion—that is, eating a larger quantity of food than is wanted to supply the necessities of the system. The mass of the people are more sedentary in their habits than they ever were before, and these considerations point out the necessity of attention to diet, that the plainness of food may in some degree counteract the evils resulting from so artificial a mode of life. Our commercial relations are so much extended, that eastern luxuries, spices and condiments, spirits, and fermented liquors are attainable by almost every inhabitant of our large towns. Thus it is the stomach that becomes the principal seat in which almost all modern ailments begin, and from which they as it were radiate through the whole system; and therefore the remedies which act on the stomach and its adjacent and assistant organs, the liver, are the most likely to be beneficial to the system. It is for these reasons we think that those purgatives which act especially on the upper part of the bowels are to be preferred, unless some medicine can be devised that will operate on both stomachs. Smith's Root Pill is about as good a spring medicine as can be found. If rhubarb is preferred, the most agreeable way to take it is in the tincture. The taste of spiced tincture of rhubarb is pleasant, and for persons who take medicine very often, it is probably next to Smith's Pill in point of efficacy.

THEODORE PARKER.—Fanny Fern went recently to hear Theodore Parker, who entertains an audience every Sabbath day at the New Music Hall. Her impressions derived from the occasion are thus stated:

"Do you call this a church? Well I heard a great singer here a few nights ago; and bright eyes sparkled, and waving ringlets kept time to moving fans; and opera glasses gazing, and fashion and folly reigned for this once triumphant. I can't get up any devotion here, under these latticed balconies, with their fashionable freight. If it was a good old church, with a cracked bell and unwhewn rafters, a pine pulpit with the honest sun staring through the windows, a pitch pipe in the gallery, and a few hob-nailed rustics scattered round on the uns cushioned seats, I should feel aright; but my soul is in fetters here—it won't soar—its wings are earth-crippled. Things are all to fine.—Nobody can come in at the door whose hat and coat and bonnet are not fashionably cut.—The poor man (minus a Sunday suit) might lean on his staff in the porch a long while before he'd dare venture in, to pick up his crumbs of the bread of life. But, thank God, the unspoken prayer of penitence may wing its way to the eternal throne, though our mocking church spires point only with aristocratic fingers to the rich man's heaven."

That hymn was beautifully read, there is poetry in the preacher's soul. Now he takes his seat by the reading desk—now he crosses the platform and offers his hymn book to a female who has just entered. What right has he to know there is a woman in the house? it isn't clerical. Let the bonnets find their own hymns.

Well, I take a listening attitude, and try to believe I am in church. I hear a great many original, a great many startling things said. I see the gauntlets thrown at the dear old orthodox Calvinistic sentiments which I nursed in with my mother's milk, and which (please God) I'll cling to till I die. I see the polished blade of satire glittering in the air, followed by curious, eager, youthful eyes, which gladly see the searching sword of the Spirit parried.—Meaning glances, mothered smiles, and approving nods, follow the witty clerical rally.—The orator pauses to mark the effect, and his face says, "That stroke tells! and so it did, for the 'Athenians' are not all dead, who love to see and hear some new thing. He has an arrow in his quiver, it is his last arrow, soften—his voice is low and thrilling, his imagery beautiful and touching—He speaks of human love, touches skillfully a cord to which every heart vibrates, and stern manhood is struggling with his tears as his smiles are chased away."

O, there's intellect there! there's poetry there—there's genius there; but I remember Gethsemane—I forget not Calvary! I know the 'rocks were rent,' and the 'heavens darkened,' and the stone rolled away, and a cold shiver strikes to my heart when I hear Jesus of Nazareth lightly mentioned.

O, what are intellect, and poetry, and genius, when with Jewish voice they cry, 'Away with him!'

With 'Mary,' let me bathe his feet with my tears, and with the hairs of my head. And so I went away sorrowful that this busy man preacher, with great intellectual possessions should yet lack 'the one thing needful.' Joseph Leonard, a school teacher, was tried before a Justice in Chicopee last week, and fined \$4 and costs for assault and battery upon William E. Wheeler, one of his pupils, the punishment of whom, though appropriate in kind, was inflicted in consequence of the boy's refusal to stay after school hours to sweep the school house, a requirement which the magistrate held to be illegal, on the ground that a teacher's jurisdiction does not extend beyond school hours in matters foreign to the purpose of instruction.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE,.... JUNE 1, 1856.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His office is at Keiley's Building, Court st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor., Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor., North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PATTERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State st., Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

Laying Down Grass Lands.

An article is taking the rounds of the papers, that assigns as the principal reason for giving newly seeded grass land a smooth surface, the fact that more hay is obtained by cutting closer. Whether this be so or not—and we strongly doubt whether it is, for a term of years—there are reasons that to us seem much more conclusive. A smooth and well connected turf is the best protection against injury by frost. Roots are never thrown out from such a turf. They are also less liable to injury by severe drouth, as all farmers know from observation, unless they are mowed or cropped too close. When mowing lands are cropped for fall feed, a smooth and well connected turf is much less liable to injury from the hoofs of heavy animals. The saving of labor in 'hay-time,' and the additional beauty given to a field by a smooth surface, are by no means the least important reasons why special pains should be taken for this purpose.

It would seem unnecessary to point the farmer to this matter; but like all other men he is likely to veer now and then from what he well knows to be the true point of interest. Much grass land in this section is seeded in the spring, when time is of golden value to the farmer, and it seems to be almost impossible to do the work in the manner that he knows would be most profitable in course of time. Comparatively few fields are put down with all the neatness and care that would be found to 'pay.' The want of means is the reason generally given—and this is a formidable reason in all departments of business. With the farmer it is too generally true; and the only remedy we can suggest is smaller farms and higher tillage. Even this would not always avail.

A Hint for Horse Doctors.

The reader will naturally expect a 'broad' hint, as it claims the attention of almost everybody that ever saw a horse—for nearly all such are ready with a score of prescriptions for each of the numerous ailments of the horse. So much the more need of the hint, and that everybody should take it. Dr. Dadd, well known to horse fanciers and dealers, has just issued from the prolific press of J. P. Jewett & Co., Boston, a book of 425 pages, entitled "The Horse Doctor," in which he repudiates the popular and almost universal remedy of blood letting. The wonder is that this absurdity was not exploded long ago. We believe ten horses have been injured by it where one has been benefited; and this is the opinion of at least some who have extensively resorted to it as a remedy. But a few years ago nearly every human being who fell under the care of a physician, had at once to submit to the loss of a quart or two of blood. But the physicians of men have made some progress, while those of horses have done little better than go backwards. No physician can now be found unless he be some superannuated old bigot, who will deny that bleeding has killed more than it has cured. Is the horse doctor a fool that he must stagger forever in the dark, after others have reached the light? Certainly if this is an age of progress, the horse should share in the benefit, for no former age ever demanded so much progress of him. The horse is every year becoming more and more an object of interest throughout the world, and it is high time that his importance called to his aid a class of men not utterly destitute of all medical science. Mere human life, which in these 'fast' times, has a cash value below that of the horse commands any amount of them; while magnificent old 'Two Fords,' worth a thousand dollars, falls into the hands of an ignoramus who hardly knows salts from sulphur, while pouring down both by the gallon.

Let the admirers of the horse look at this matter, and see if it indicates the shrewdness usually conceded to them.

Fairfield Cattle.

The town of Fairfield has the reputation of producing the best neat cattle of any town in Maine. The high prices of the past winter have greatly reduced the number of choice oxen; buyers having resorted there from all sections, till less than the usual number of extra quality remain for sale. Mr. Sumner Fish has a pair of five-year-olds that he offers for two hundred and seventy dollars, and for which he has refused \$262.50. There are few if any more such in Fairfield. Their measure is about 7-1-2 feet. Two years of extreme scarcity of hay has made the raising of neat cattle an expensive business, and such as had attained their growth have been marketed; but the number of steers, in proportion to that of oxen, is unusually large. Fairfield will doubtless continue, notwithstanding the heavy draft upon her resources, to do her share in supplying the demand for extra oxen. Mr. Fish, we think, is likely to pocket the largest sum yet raised in this vicinity.

FREE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—A Mass Meeting of the Free Democracy of Maine will be held at Portland on the 7th of June. We learn that arrangements have been made with the A. & K. Railroad to carry persons who wish to attend at half the usual fare; the tickets to be good for the 7th and 8th of June.

We learn from the Banner, that the Universalists at Kendall's Mills have resolved to build a Meeting House at that place the present season, and will commence work upon it immediately.

Fugitive Slave Arrest in Boston—Great Excitement.

Most of our readers have doubtless already heard of the arrest in Boston, on Thursday last, of a slave named Burns, by his pretended owner named Suttle, from Virginia. The examination before the U. S. Commissioner was set for Saturday morning. On Friday evening there was a great meeting at Faneuil Hall. Before the adjournment a mob at the Court House attempted the rescue of the slave. On the announcement of this fact at the Hall the meeting suddenly broke up, and some three thousand persons joined the crowd around the Court House. A large police force guarded the prisoner within. A door was broken in, and a policeman named Batchelder who opposed the assailants at the door, was shot dead, and another badly wounded. In the course of the night sufficient police and military force was collected to disperse most of the crowd and restore comparative quiet. On Saturday the trial proceeded, the mob being kept down by a force embracing a company of marines and some half dozen military companies of the city and vicinity. Through Saturday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the trial continued, under this protection—the mob all the time manifesting a disposition to do all that bold men can do in the face of law, bullets and bayonets.

A negotiation was opened to purchase the slave, for whom \$1200 were demanded. When these terms were accepted the owner bolted, and refused to do anything but 'take him back to Virginia!' This added greatly to the excitement, by revealing the real character of the insult; which comes at a time when the public sentiment of the North is too deeply exasperated to bear it. Open resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law has come to be regarded as a virtue at the North; and though the cry of 'Law—law!' is still echoed from certain quarters, the great public heart feels that there is no virtue in it. Outrage upon outrage, can no longer be met by quiet submission; and when respect for law and compromises once fairly gives way, the South will find slave catching a dangerous business. Nine-tenths of the original advocates of this odious law have repented in dust and ashes, and conscience is goading them to an expiation of a sin committed in the broad light of revelation: When the work begins it will be 'meet for repentance!'

But what is there in the Fugitive Slave Law to demand obedience, in the face of such provocation? Was it not a part of the same system of compromise of which the Missouri compromise was another part? Have not the law-makers trampled upon the one?—and may not the people trample upon the other? Who says it is unconstitutional?—that it does not violate the law of God and the nature of man?—and every principle of political freedom embodied in the Declaration? And suppose it is law—with all the sacredness that should attach to good and wholesome laws—on what ground does the South claim respect for it? Is it because they make bonfires of the post-office—mob, tar-and-feather, and shoot down such men as attempt to carry freedom of speech over Mason and Dixon's line? Is it in return for imprisoning the women of the North who have gone South to teach? Is it because laws, constitutions or compromises have ever been respected at the South, when their tendency was not to fasten and nourish the great system of human slavery? That the City of Boston should have a holy horror of giving offence to the South is not strange; for it is but a few years since Mr. Hoar was sent as a commissioner to S. Carolina, to inquire why Boston seamen were cast into prisons without charge of crime, if they happened to land in a Southern port. The only answer vouchsafed was a threat to mob the commissioner, and he was compelled to take advantage of the darkness to escape a coat of tar and feathers. Massachusetts pocketed the insult, because Boston merchants feared injury to commerce!—those 'mercantile princes,' who so warmly cherish the interests of commerce that they make commerce of their religion, and barter freedom and independence for cotton and sweet potatoes! They are the men who send the slave back to his master. They are the men who meet the slave-hunter at the Revere House, and feed him with luxuries while they become the crouching dogs that smell out his game. They have no other idea of patriotism than that it is a granite building by the name of Faneuil Hall; and everything else in Boston is driven by bayonets to kneel at the feet of commerce. Their seamen may rot in Southern prisons, if their vessels may bring home Southern cotton. Their freemen may be dragged to interminable slavery, if they can sell ordure to the masters. Their very souls are under the auctioneer's hammer, to be bartered for the 'almighty dollar.' And Boston is a city of merchants. What then can be expected from Boston, save through the hands of the mob, so long as Southern negro-drivers offer a dime for her philanthropy and two dimes for her soul?

P. S.—The last reports of the trial are to 6-1-2 o'clock last evening, when the testimony was all in and the arguments closed. The decision of the Commissioner was to be announced on Friday morning. A good degree of gun-and-bayonet quiet was still preserved.

Needs Attention.

We cannot blame our Winslow neighbors for feeling some contempt for the piece of highway between the two bridges. Existing circumstances make it a thing to be sneered at. Still it ought not to be allowed to endanger life just now. It is in a bad state, and we know of more than one accident that has rendered the town liable for damages. Fix it up, good friends—and keep a clear conscience till the time comes when that bit of road makes you more trouble than all the rest in town.

Five of the Bangor rioters have been arrested, and held for trial in \$1000 bonds.

A Manly Position.

Charles E. Watkins, Esq., was arrested recently at Milwaukee, for participating in the rescue of the alleged slave in that place. Mr. Watkins went quietly before the Commissioner, and on being presented with the charge against him, arose and stated that he supposed he understood the offence with which he was charged, and then addressed the Commissioner as follows:

"If it be an offence that I visited a man in prison, then I am guilty. It is a crime to sympathize with those who are in affliction, then I am not ambitious to appear altogether innocent. It is true that when sent for, I visited a man in prison. It is true that when the prisoner told me that he had been knocked down with clubs, bound in chains and dragged in an inclement night, without covering upon his head, and with scarce any clothing upon his person, to a distant jail, I did not approve the act. It is true that when I saw the stains of blood from his bleeding wounds, I was not wholly insensible to his sufferings and wrongs. But that I advised him that he could have a fair trial by jury, or that his case would be heard by an impartial court, I deny. His complexion forbid the one, and I should have been false to my convictions if I had given him any assurance of the other. The only consolation I did or could give him was his right to the writ of habeas corpus, and I explained to him that such writ was a writ of right, a writ that the Fugitive Slave Act had not taken away, and the only right that was left a man of his complexion under his accusation. The benefits of this writ I vouchsafed to secure to him." It was applied for against the Sheriff who actually held him under restraint, and the writ was defeated by the return in fiction of law that he was in the legal custody of the Marshal. Another writ was applied for and served upon the Marshal.—To this, according to local precedent, there was open and avowed disobedience, and the prisoner, disappointed, was without hope. As a last resort, application was made to Judge Miller, but he refused any interference, perhaps that the Marshal ought not to obey the writ of habeas corpus from a State Court, and that he would not then entertain the case himself.

When this had all transpired, I do now here confess that I did to a large and respectable concourse of people, state what of facts I have here stated. I do confess that I vindicated the right of habeas corpus. That I declared it to be the great bulwark of personal liberty. There was no man so obscure that it could be denied to him, none so high as to refuse obedience to it. That when this writ was put at defiance, and all obedience refused, and all means had been exhausted to enforce it, I do further confess that I made public acknowledgment from the top of a fence post that I had proceeded in the law as far as I had any knowledge of the practice, and that as counsel for the prisoner, I left it for others to proceed in the case according to their sound judgment; and I understand that the prisoner is satisfied with the manner in which they conducted the case. Now, Mr. Commissioner, to all this I confess, and plead not guilty to the complaint, and shall at all times be ready for trial, and if I am not convicted I shall entertain at no time any suspicion that it is from any fault of the Court. If I am convicted, when the term of my imprisonment shall have expired, the people will again see me upon the fence post ready to vindicate the writ of habeas corpus as the surest protection of our prison houses as well as the liberty of the citizen."

Mr. Watkins gave bail in the sum of two thousand dollars, for his appearance at the July term of the U. S. Court at Madison.

Weekly Clock Report.

A fellow named Crockett was arrested on the Winslow side of the river on Saturday, charged with an attempt at rape upon a married lady. He was examined before Justice Heath, and bound over.

Edwin Tibbets, for the third offence of selling liquor, was sentenced to three months imprisonment and a fine of twenty dollars. Appealed.

James Gray, for selling rum, was fined ten dollars and costs, from which he did not appeal.

Warren Rannels, for drunkenness, was saddled with a moderate fine which it is hoped may operate as a good lesson, as Warren is a very good-natured, industrious man when not disturbed by rum.

Charles Stackpole, for rum-selling, was duly "proved innocent" by escaping conviction.

A. P. Stevens, on the same charge, was acquitted—apparently for want of proof to convict.

[Our police reporter promises hereafter to keep his accounts posted up.]

From Washington.

The Senate have resolved to adjourn on the 3d of July, but as the House have some 800 private bills to consider, it is thought they will not concur.

Considerable excitement has been produced by the following paragraph in a Washington paper, which is supposed to invoke personal violence to Mr. Sumner and other anti-Nebraska members.

"If Southern gents are to be threatened and assaulted while seeking the possession of property, for the use of which they have a solemn constitutional guarantee, if legal rights can only be fought for and established at bayonets point, certain men now in our midst have to evince a little more circumspection than they have ever evinced in their walk, talk and acts. If we contrast the treatment which a Southern slaveholder receives at the hands of a Northern abolitionist with the treatment which the latter receives at the hand of the former, we may boldly assert, that among the many virtues which adorn the Southern character, forbearance is not the least conspicuous!"

This threat appeared after various telegraphic messages had passed relative to the Boston slave case, to which allusion is understood to be made.

THE ARREST OF FUGITIVES IN NEW YORK.—The following account is given of the arrest and rendition of three reputed slaves in New York on Friday:

"About three o'clock on Friday morning, three colored men, father and two sons, known as Jake, Bob and Stephen Pembroke, were arrested at the instance of David Smith and Jacob Grove of Washington County Maryland, who claim them as slaves. They were taken before Commissioner Morton, of the U. S.

Court, and it was understood that they would be examined at 11 o'clock. Instead of that, however, the case was heard at once, no persons being present when the claimants testified that they were the owners of said slaves, and that they escaped from their service at Baltimore on Sunday last. From what we can gather of the proceedings, the fugitives acknowledged themselves to be slaves of Smith and Grove. The Commissioner considering the testimony sufficient, ordered their surrender, and they were accordingly given up to the claimants, who hurried them off at once, and they are now on their way to Baltimore. A telegraphic dispatch was sent on to Philadelphia, and it was expected that an attempt would be made to rescue the parties on their arrival. They were a father and his two sons; father about 45, sons 18 or 19. The evidence shows them to have recently escaped. The father is the brother of the Rev. Dr. Pennington, a highly respected colored preacher in this city."

DIFFERENT VIEWS.—During the Nebraska discussion in the Senate, the following conversation is reported to have taken place while Senator Norris of New Hampshire, was defending the bill:

Norris.—(turning to Senator Wade)—Would you, sir, if called upon by a U. S. Marshal, assist him in catching a fugitive slave?

Wade.—No, I'd see him in—Jericho first. Would you, yourself, sir?

Norris.—Most certainly I would, with great pleasure.

Wade.—(to Senator Dixon of Kentucky)—Would you, sir, if called upon to arrest a runaway negro, obey the command?

Dixon.—I run after him! No, I'd see the nigger d—d first!

Mr. Benson, Representative from this district, having obtained the floor, thus defined his position on the Nebraska question:

Mr. Chairman, as one of the Representatives of the State of Maine, whose admission into the Union is and forever must be associated in history with the enactment of the Missouri compromise, and whose people are strongly attached to that safeguard of freedom; and coming from a district more thoroughly opposed to the extension of slavery than any other in the State, I have felt it to be a duty to my constituents to present their views, as expressed in primary assemblies, public meetings, and by remonstrance to Congress, against the passage of the bill under consideration—a measure which, in my judgment, was unequalled for by the Slave States, is unjust to the Free States, and must be unwise for the nation.—For this purpose, Mr. Chairman, I have sought the floor at an earlier period in this debate, but without success. I am not to-day in sufficiently good health to do justice to the subject myself; and, as no opportunity will be afforded me hereafter, I propose to adopt the course pursued by others, if I deem it advisable, and avail myself of the press for the utterance of my sentiments.

A LAWYER'S DUTY.—Upon the question how far counsel may properly go, in defence of a bad cause, the New York Times lays down as an axiom, that—

"There is just as much of a moral limit to the efforts of a lawyer as there is to any other of life. All he can, is not the rule. But all he can conscientiously, justly, honorably in view of the facts, interests, circumstances of the occasion. His tact is subordinate to truth and goodness. His profession is secondary to his agency and accountability as a moral being. And before God and man, if the lawyer use his place and power to clear a guilty writh, he is as morally culpable as if he were to give him the facilities of escaping from jail."

The Daily Democrat of Tuesday, May 23, thus announces the return of Ward to Louisville:

ARRIVAL OF MATT WARD IN LOUISVILLE.—It is understood that Matt F. Ward reached our city on board the steamer R. J. Ward, and is now here. This is about on a par with his letter to the 'editors of the United States,' asking a suspension of opinion, &c. He now comes here in the face of a resolution passed at a meeting composed of ten thousand citizens, and by his presence bids defiance to the request for him to leave Louisville.

We publish the notice of his arrival that the people who expressed their sentiments there, may now decide whether he shall come into the home of Mrs. Butler, and stalk it with the blood of her husband still dripping from his hands.

FIRE WORKS.—We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Fire Works in another column. Messrs. Sander-son & Lanegan's works are ranked second to none in the country. We would advise all who may wish to procure any articles of the kind, to give them a call.

Mr. Wharton, Editor of the Wheeling Gazette, is a bold man. Hear what he says of Slavery in Virginia:

There is not more than one man in ten in the State who owns slaves and but few who do own them, who do not say in their hearts and tacitly admit in their conversation that Slavery is a curse to the State, retarding her progress, her intelligence, her population, her wealth, and her happiness. These are facts known to every man, and hinted about at the corners; but many men are too timid to speak them out plainly.

ARREST OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE.—A colored man, named James Worthington, was arrested in Akron this morning, by deputy Marshal Denis. The whole town turned out to the aid of the alleged fugitive; a great excitement prevailed, and the man was rescued, and delivered to his friends. In connection with the criminal charge of being a slave, was one trumped up of counterfeiting. Of course this was false, as the man has lived in Akron fifteen years, and has an irreproachable character. The citizens said to the Marshal that if Worthington was charged with crime committed in Ohio, he should answer to the laws, and be put under preliminary examination, and all aid rendered to the officers in the matter; but if he was accused of taking care of his own personal liberty only, he should never be taken from Akron. The Marshal saw fit to leave on the first train.—[Cleve. Herald. 18th.

A LETTER FROM MR. EVERETT.—Washington, May 28.—Mr. Everett writes from Boston that he finds there a feeling of hostility which he can neither approve or resist.—The dissatisfaction is strongest among the staunchest friends of the compromise of 1850.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT KENDUSKEAG.—We learn that a son of Luther Wadleigh, Esq., of Corinth, aged about 21, a very estimable young man, was killed at the sawing establishment of Mr. Higgins, in Kenduskeag, on the 17th. A picket pole was thrown violently by the circular saw at which he was working, and struck

him with such force as to crush in his stomach and severely rupture some of the intestines. He lived 35 hours only, after the accident.—Mr. W.'s father is now absent in California. [Bangor Whig.

The Great Navies of the World.

We find in our exchanges a table showing the extent of the five first navies in the world. It purports to come from a pamphlet published by an intelligent American naval officer, and is doubtless correct, or nearly so. Here it is:

Vessels of War.	No. of Guns.
England	667.
France	528.
Russia	170.
Holland	102.
United States	60.
	13,330.
	7,141.
	5,896.
	2,310.
	2,020.

The same writer says:

"I find from the British navy List of 1852, that the government of Great Britain had 480 war vessels, besides those employed for harbor and coast defence, of which there are quite a large number. They do not according to my computation, amount to quite so large a number as that stated above. But since the list was prepared an addition has been made, in view of the Russo-Turkish war, which would doubtless make the number as great as that stated above. Great Britain has now, according to a statement in an English paper, two hundred and two Steam vessels of war, or fifty-five thousand three hundred horse power. According to our last Navy Register, the United States have two thousand one hundred and fifteen guns, instead of two thousand and twenty-nine, as stated above. It is clear that the United States, with a commerce and tonnage equal to that of Great Britain, has only about one-eighth of her Naval force. This is too great a disparity. What would she do against England and France combined?"

[Journal of Commerce,

LATER FROM MEXICO—VICTORY OF SANTA ANNA.—New Orleans, May 26.—The steamer Orizaba from Vera Cruz, brings news from the city of Mexico up to the 18th.

Santa Anna made a triumphant entry on the 16th. General rejoicings were ordered to continue for three days on account of his victory over Alvarez after the abandonment of the siege of Acapulco.

An account from Gen. Banco says Santa Anna's troops stormed Mount Perapalme on one side, and drove the rebel troops down the other.

RIOTS IN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.—New York, May 28.—A riot occurred in the Park this afternoon between a party of Irishmen and the friends of a street preacher, who was there holding forth. Several persons were injured but none seriously. The police interfered and some arrests were made.

A riot of a similar character occurred in Brooklyn, near Smith street, where a Methodist preacher was holding forth. Some few persons were beaten and several arrests made.

THE BIBLE QUESTION.—The citizens of Winchester, Mass. have recently been exercised with the Bible question in their schools. The committee had taken action, at the demand of the Catholics, to exclude the bible as a reading book: whereupon the citizens, held a meeting, and unanimously requested that the new rule be rescinded, and that the commonly received version of the Bible be required to be read daily. This question is becoming widely agitated in this country, by the Catholics (unwisely as we think) seeking to exclude the usual version of the Bible. Protestants will never consent that it shall be thus driven out; and the inevitable effect of the attempts to do so, or to divide the public school money, will be to inflame the public mind against the whole Catholic system and the assumptions of its Church government—and seriously to disturb the spirit of toleration hitherto so happily prevalent in this land of civil and religious liberty.

TROY, May 28.—The jury in the case of Henrietta Robinson, charged with murder, after being out nearly three hours returned with a verdict of guilty. She received the verdict with great boldness, and exclaimed—"Shame on you judge, you are prejudiced against me!" She also charged the jury with being bribed. Sentence was deferred until Monday morning, to allow the prisoner's counsel to bring in a bill of exceptions. The prisoner's manner after the rendition of the verdict was strange and her language incoherent.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE MEETING.—N. Y., May 28.—Last evening the church at the corner of Prince and Marion streets was filled with an intelligent audience of white and colored people, to hear Dr. Pennington relate the circumstances connected with the arrest of his brother and nephews. He showed that he attempted to afford his brother the assistance of counsel, but was unable to do so, the officers at the Marshal's office having deceived him in relation to the time the trial was to take place before the Commissioner.

Hon. E. F. Culver next addressed the audience showing that a great injustice had been done to the brother of Dr. Pennington, and that he, up to that time, had advocated peace, he now had the spirit to tear down the building over the Marshal's head.

Proceedings, and much sympathy in behalf of Dr. Pennington.

HORSE THIEF IN CUSTODY.—On Tuesday last a young man calling himself Geo. Waterman at some places Geo. Walton, offered for sale a horse and phaeton to several persons in this city, at suspiciously low prices. The horse was recognised as belonging to the Messrs. Lancaster, of Belfast. The very unfortunate man was committed to jail, and the owners notified by telegraph. It appears that he hired the establishment for a few days' excursion in the country. The examination took place before Judge Mulliken, last Thursday afternoon. Meanwhile the prisoner occupies a cell in company with Trask mentioned in our police report, where the two can 'talk horse' to their heart's content.—[Ken. Jour.

THE COLORED EPISCOPAL CHURCHES.—The Convention of the Episcopal Church in session at Philadelphia last week, was agitated by a question relating to the admission of a church of colored people, who had applied for leave to send delegates. The debate was marked by calmness and good feeling, and excited a great deal of interest. The Convention refused to rescind a previously adopted rule, by which this class of churches were prohibited from sending delegates. According to the opinion of some speakers on this question, the colored churches were to be considered in Union, but in a state of pupillage.

THE RIVER IMPROVEMENTS.—Col. John Smith of the Engineers, has been appointed by the government to expend the appropriation made by Congress, for improving the channel of the Kennebec River. He proposes to remove the obstructions, which are principally bars of gravel, by a new process of excavating. He is confident that by this mode of operation he shall be able to make good navigation for the larger class of steamers to Augusta, with the present appropriation. Arrangements have

been made to commence the work with vigor the present season.—[Ken. Jour.

THE CHOLERA IN PROVIDENCE.—The Providence Tribune says there is no doubt as to the existence of cholera in that city. Seven cases have occurred within a few days, six of which terminated fatally. Three of the sufferers lived less than twelve hours after the first attack. Proper measures have been adopted by the City Government for cleansing and purifying those parts of the city which would be particularly benefited by the procedure.

DROWNED.—We learn by Mr. Blackden, stage driver, that two men, by the name of Samuel Holway, of the Forks, and — Green-let, of Starks, were drowned on the dead river, on the 24th ult., by the staving of a boat. Two others, names not ascertained, were rescued in a very exhausted state.—[Clarion.

WHAT IT COSTS TO MAKE LADIES.—The following extract from the Parlor Annual deserves a careful perusal from husbands and fathers as well as wives and daughters. It furnishes the key to much of the misery we find in the world:

In childhood and youth, girls are healthy, hardy, and capable of enduring fatigue as boys, for the very good reason that nature, regarding it equally necessary to give them constitutions, has kindly done so, and because they romp in the open air, and thus obey the promptings of unsophisticated nature. Yet our men are much more healthy than women, and even young ladies. Take the families of merchants and business men—not the purse-proud nabob on the one hand, nor the hardy deliver on the other—and how stands the matter? The men are active, industrious, accustomed to a great degree of bodily exertion; they are busy with babies and boxes among the draymen and porters; they are driving about the wharves and streets all day; their minds and bodies fully employed, and go home with a keen and well-earned appetite, while their wives and daughters, standing, of course, on the same platform of respectability as themselves, have dragged the wearisome hours of the day in listless idleness or sedentary pursuits, and approach the table with an appetite that almost spurs the repast other hands have prepared, and fill their anxious husband's or father's ears with complaints of a thousand ills, which, perhaps, nothing but a summer at the springs or watering places can assuage. Poor creatures, they have not been properly educated. Fashion would put its contemptuous lips, and toss its brainless head at the idea of useful toil for the wives and daughters of a wealthy merchant. But the same sickle goddess has no objection to the father or son going into the store and laboring all day, rolling barrels, packing and unpacking goods, which, for them, is all very well; but she denies to the daughter any part in household affairs, because it is vulgar and disreputable, and consigns her to the practice of music, drawing, worsted and lace work. What matters it if the son's hands be hard, his chest and muscles brawny, his face bronzed by the sun and wind, and, with these, firm health; but the daughters must be slim, fragile, pale, and delicate, with soft, white hands, to be worthy to rank with the sons of merchants, who are every day employed, just like her brother, with like results.

THE HAIR THEORY OF PETER BROWNE.—Mr. Peter Browne, to whose physiological investigations of the hair of the American pretender to the Bourbon crown we alluded to a short time since, has applied his theory to the question, whether the people whose remains are found in the mounds are identical with the existing race of American Indians. His conclusion is, that they are, which he found upon the identity of form between the horizontal section of the hair of the former and that of hundreds of specimens of the latter.

Mr. B. divides the hair of the human family into the cylindrical, the oval, and the eccentrically elliptical, as characterizes the various races. Mr. Browne has examined the hair of the mummy of a young American Indian, supposed to be a female of about ten years old, from Pachacarnack, Temple of the Sun, five leagues from Lima, South America. This cemetery has not been used since the Spanish conquest, previously to which (according to Herrera) it was kept sacred for the nobles and other dignitaries of Peru. The hair of this Indian, which is in good preservation, is cylindrical, diameter 1-364 of an inch. Mr. Browne has also examined eight other ancient specimens of Indian hair, and finds similar results.

On the other hand, he has submitted to the most critical investigation the hairs found upon the mummies of Egypt and Thebes, and has found them to be oval, without a solitary exception.

These observations of Mr. Browne bear upon the very interesting question in ethnology, as to the origin of the aboriginal inhabitants of America. Provided the hair theory be true, the favorite doctrine with many, that the Indians of this continent are descended from the Egyptians, must be false. The antichthonous origin of the aborigines of America is held by many on various grounds, which the theory of Mr. Browne would seem to confirm.—[N. Y. Evening Post.

GROUP.—A medical correspondent of the New Hampshire Journal of Medicine states that for three years he has used alum in group, and in all that time has not seen a fatal case which was treated with it from the beginning. He usually gives about ten grains, once in ten minutes, until vomiting is induced, using at the same time tartar emetic or the live syrup freely—the latter subduing the inflammation, while the alum has more of a repulsive action.

MEAD.—There is hope of warm weather yet, and Mr. H. S. Frost, at Kendall's Mills, is preparing an excellent article of Mead for such as expect to thirst. It is much cheaper and better than any liquor sold at the Town Agency, and we advise those who cherish cold water to try this mead for a substitute.

FACT, FUN, AND FANUE.

John A. Satter, a California pioneer, who was once worth his millions, is now in reduced circumstances, and has been obliged to mortgage his farm.

Any person, says a contemporary, who will present us with a correct translation of the following sentences, shall be entitled to subscribe for our paper for the term of one year. We doubt the reward. Papers regarding the subject, with remittances, may be sent by mail, or other wise.

TOMMY KID BIRD.—The one who ran on down err in an ant, She did not verif end of the veno ant, Unt illt eyr aked vid & hee dit, Toboy out pap erf first the ant add.

THE PRIVATEER STORY.—The report that an American privateer, Grave Shot, had captured a French vessel off Land's End, has created much excitement in England, but it appears to have been without foundation. The London Shipping and Mercantile Gazette learns on inquiry at the British Admiralty that there is not a word of truth in the statement.

AUGUSTA.—The citizens of Augusta have decided to have a celebration on the Fourth of July. Judge Weston is appointed orator. Three prizes will be awarded to the Fire Companies from out of town, for superiority of playing, viz:—One prize valued at \$100, one valued at \$50, and one valued at \$25. There will be a Floral Procession connected with the proceedings.

