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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 09, No. 11): September 27, 1855

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Miscellany.

KATE'S CHOICE.

CONCLUDED.

At the end of two years an opportunity offered of a visit to England, and Kate did not find it necessary to deny herself the pleasure of seeing her old friends. One Christmas evening, a fly drove up the avenue leading to Crawford House, and a strange lady descended.

"Mrs. Crawford is at home, I suppose?" said Kate.

"No, ma'am, but master is," replied the man. Kate, in some surprise, was ushered across the wide hall into a room at the further end—a sort of study, small and cheerful, in which Mr. Crawford sat reading. The opening door roused him, and saved Kate the embarrassment of announcing herself. "Kate! is it you? My dear sister. The greeting was as warm as she desired."

"Then I am not unexpected," said Kate with a reassured smile. "No, certainly. But Ellen had an engagement—she always has plenty—and we were not sure of the exact day. How glad I am to see you!" His cordial manner gave Kate a warm feeling about the heart; her momentary embarrassment vanished; she threw off her shawl and sat down before the fire, to be made comfortable, and waited upon with all a brother's kindness. Kate had so much to ask—her mother, Ellen, and the baby.

"Oh! he's not much of a baby now, you know; a fine strapping fellow, of a year old and more, asleep in the nursery, and not visible at present. Mrs. Ashcombe and Ellen are well, and as gay as ever. As for me, my butterfly days are over: I'm an old fatherly man now, and prefer sitting over my fire to gallanting at balls and parties."

He spoke gayly, but there was a tone beneath Kate did not like: he spoke of his boy with a bright and open look, but something crossed it when he named his wife—and Mrs. Ashcombe, why did he not call her mother? She glanced at him: there was a shade on the clear manly face; that wrinkle rising up just now between the eyes, that half sneer about the handsome lips—she did not remember these. She was glad that, as they talked on, the unpleasant indications vanished, and the old frank smile came back. When she was talking of her German affairs and her governess-life, he sat back in his chair and looked at her with an expression of unusual pleasure. Perhaps Kate's lively energetic way, the sunshine of her brave independent spirit struck him as a delightful change from the peevish inanities he listened to every day. Then she was so warm and natural: Crawford felt himself awakened from a sort of slumbrous state while he listened to her; activities that had fallen dormant began to stir; his eye caught the returning light, and he almost started at the sound of his old hearty laugh. They sat late; but sitting up for the absentees was out of the question, Crawford said; so he bade Kate go and rest, with a reluctant pressure of the hand and a glance into her eyes which did not need the words: "Truant, how well you look! never say again you are not handsome. Kate, you are something better—dearer." Words which would not have come quite so warmly but for the unshaking influence of that long pleasant evening chat. Kate walked up the oaken staircase into a spacious and well-arranged chamber, where, delightful English sight a ruddy fire was cheerily blazing, throwing up the crimson of the heavy-curtained bed and of the deep bay-window. "Thanks to mine host, no doubt," thought Kate, as she threw herself on the rug before it. There was a warm response within her to the cordial brotherly welcome he had given her; but something of wonder and regret mingled with it, and she fell into a vague musings, until sleep at last put an end to her cogitations.

Kate's first visit in the morning was to the nursery. Children are not gracious to strangers, and it was some time before the little shy boy could be lured from behind his nurse's apron. She had made but very little progress towards acquaintance, when Mr. Crawford came in to pay his morning visit. The boy started to his father's arms, as to a well known place, and Kate watched him tossed above his father's head, shouting with delight, with no little interest. She thought Crawford looked well at that moment, with a nobler expression in his face than she had yet seen; she trusted that the elements of domestic happiness, he seemed to possess so largely in his nature, were not to be suffered to lie undeveloped.

What a terrible noise you two make! was said as a morning greeting behind her. She turned round to embrace Ellen. Wrapped in a pale-blue cashmere, Mrs. Crawford looked thin and faded. She assured Kate that she must take it as a great stretch of regard for her that she had risen so early after being out so late; Crawford remarking in a parenthesis, that was Ellen's usual hour for appearing. Kate prevented a displeased rejoinder by drawing Ellen away.

"Let us go down to breakfast, and then we can have a long chat," Ellen assented with the alacrity of one who was glad of any novelty of diversion; and with a careless kiss of her boy, led the way from the room, Crawford excusing himself from attendance as having breakfasted an hour before. He would take a walk over his farm; and he took Alfred off with him, mounted upon his shoulder, and laughing deprecatingly at the demonstrations of nurse.

Ellen conducted Kate into a pleasant breakfast-parlor, with a broad bay-window opening upon a velvet lawn.

"No fire! no breakfast!" exclaimed Mrs. Crawford, angrily pulling the bell. The servant's apology, that she thought the ladies would breakfast in their own rooms, as usual, was a sufficient indication of the state of arrangements in Crawford House.

"What! to do away with that charming meal, an English family breakfast!" remonstrated Kate.

"Oh, we go out so much, and are so tired," said Ellen. "It is useless to ask: Why go out so much?—this had been Ellen's foible of old. Kate did venture to say: 'But surely, with your husband and your little boy, you cannot have so much time for visiting?'"

"My dear, I have been a slave long enough while nursing. Only a husband with Alfred's peculiar views would have required me to shut myself up as he did. But men have no consideration, so now I am taking my revenge."

This speech seemed unworthy of an answer, and the entrance of Mrs. Ashcombe prevented one. Kate thought her mother looked faded and much older, and after the first greetings, there was little more affection than there used to be in her manner. Safety after excitement, a restlessness weariness of tone and pursuit, marked all they said or did. Kate's lively accounts of her German home created, she perceived only a temporary diversion; it was so beyond the pale of their sympathies, that they grew weary before she did. In the evening Kate had fresh proofs of the disparity of mind and character between man and wife. Ellen did not even try to please; she had been too long accustomed to be pleased, to submit to a reversed position. But she had not even the power, listless and apathetic at home, her whole interest was abroad where she might gratify,

# The Eastern Mail.

VOL. IX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, SEPT. 27, 1855.

NO. 11.

though in a measure diminishing every day, her thirst for admiration—the one passion of the spoiled beauty. But it was her beauty Crawford had married—what right had he to complain?

The first was the only evening these two ladies remained at home during Kate's visit. Kate did not like visiting, and she was not to be treated as a stranger; so their consciences were easily pacified. How could she refuse, after little Alfred was dismissed, and she and Crawford were left alone, to beguile the long evenings with favorite books, or a repetition of that first friendly talk. Crawford treated her as a favorite sister, and she could not help it that those evenings were pleasant; she could not help it that their tastes were so much in harmony, that to each the chosen author was a dearly-loved friend; that their criticisms grew so animated and eloquent; that Crawford's eyes brightened, and his fluent tongue seemed loosened: She could not help it at first—the danger had to grow a little before she noted it.

It was not till sitting thus one evening, that after Kate had been reading some of Schiller's poems, and had thence been led to talk of Germany, and her dear little pupil, Minnie Topfer, that Crawford bent forward with a start at some allusion to her return.

"You cannot really mean to leave us, Kate!" he exclaimed, laying his hand on hers. For the sake of all of us, don't think of going back to that drear Germany, that odious Cologne! Kate looked up to see if he were in earnest. He went on rapidly: "The truth is, I'm a different being since you came, Kate. I was asleep, I think. When people don't like what about things, they go to sleep; they whole nature sinks into a stupid apathy. I have aroused me—the better part of me, I mean—given me keener perceptions, fresher and more natural tastes and pleasures; now, do not throw me back, again. I don't strike without contact, Kate; and Ellen—who, has she not given me up to your sisterly interest? He spoke in that half-jesting tone which covers a deeper feeling.

"I shall go back to Germany of course," said Kate steadily. "I have made my home there. If any duty bade me stay here, it would be different, but it is not so; this is not my home." Crawford glanced hastily up; there was a half-suppressed ejaculation on his lips. "Alfred," said Kate quickly, "I am grieved; oh, you know I must feel all that is wrong here! I don't give Ellen up to her own pursuits in this way; don't let her go so much without you try what love, interest in her, and her doings may avail: love is powerful!" Kate spoke earnestly; she wished to say what she felt—to point out a remedy if possible; but the matter was so difficult, and Crawford was not at that moment disposed for advice.

"Thank you for reminding me of my duties; I need to be reminded," he muttered. "If any of us had your energy, things might come right perhaps. Kate, I admire your independence; he went on with sudden warmth: 'I admire your noble useful life; I always did, although I opposed your choice at the time.' He had taken her hand, and was looking half-sadly into her face.

Kate could have been angry with these ill-timed commendations of herself, but the look of anxious regret in his eyes awoke a more painful feeling; she drew away her hand, and rose up. There was nothing more to be said; she closed the books, and replaced them in the bookcase, to dispel the sense of uneasiness stealing over both. But the act was significant, and she felt glad to make her escape from the room without another word from Crawford, only a steadily following glance as he threw himself wearily back in his easy chair. Kate drew a deep breath as she reached her room; she was thankful that no weakness on her part had allowed words to be uttered that might afterwards have been bitterly regretted. There was one clear conclusion—that the sooner she left Crawford House, the better; but could nothing be done with Ellen? The time was long past when Crawford's amenities of disposition could blind Kate to his want of something higher—strength of will, and steady principle. Had he not always fallen under the sway of circumstances? Could she quite blot out the past from her memory, or help perceiving that only a weak vacillation of feeling and purpose had led him to make a choice in life which he now vainly regretted? Perhaps Kate was unconsciously drawing a contrast between his and another character, in which warmth of heart was tested by substantial deeds rather than by mere ebullitions of feeling. It is certain, however, that her sad reverie upon Crawford and Ellen ended in a secret regret that her friend Mr. Dalton had been out of town when she called upon him.

Ellen was not greatly surprised when Kate informed her, next morning, that she must end her visit earlier than she intended; she received her farewell with customary listlessness, only remarking they should be dull without her. Nor did Kate go without venturing an earnest remonstrance upon her frivolous life, entreating her not to fling away her husband's affection. It was a difficult duty, and the suggestion was not received very graciously; but she led little Alfred to his mother, with tears on his rosy cheeks, saying: "Will you not notice your own boy more, and stay more at home with him? Don't let his papa be the only one to care for him." Mrs. Crawford was half-disposed to be angry, but the soft boyish face looking sadly up to Kate, touched her a little; and Kate left them together, trusting that the childish influence might work, and Mr. Crawford standing beside it. Kate held out her hand; he pressed it gravely and sadly. After all, her heart was full of pity for him. She glanced at the handsome woman, with all its English accessories of comfort and pleasure, and sighed. What had it to compare with the peace and content of fitting away her husband's affection? Every mile that distanced her from Crawford House revived affectionate and cheerful anticipations of her governess-life. So far from regretting her choice, she rejoiced over it—she even longed to recommence its happy usefulness; but first be paid. It was getting dusk when she reached home, but she did not wish to lose another day; she would just be able to get to Hamstead by Mr. Dalton's tea-hour, and though weary, she exchanged with alacrity train for omnibus. The pure fresh breeze upon the Heath revived and invigorated her; she could not refuse herself a turn or two on the main road before entering Mr. Dalton's house. A comely, matronly woman admitted her; she had the pleasure of hearing that he

was in town, but was not yet returned from the city; so she had time to lay aside bonnet and shawl, and settle herself in the handsome parlor. The brilliant fire lighting up the crimson paper, the substantial furniture, the sparkling tea-equipage, all united to form another English picture. But Kate sat rather erect, with an air that seemed to resist any other idea than this: "I am Minnie Topfer's governess."

"Your servant, madame," said a deep voice behind her. Kate started up, and turned. "Ah, my German friend! So it is actually Fraulein Kate! And she has found her way to Hamstead, despite the attractions of Crawford House."

"I came from there," said Kate; "but I think you would allow an old friend to come and thank you before she goes back." "Come from Crawford House to-day! Why, you must be tired, child. Sit down and let me make you some tea."

"No, let me make it, Mr. Dalton; it will be like old times." So Kate installed herself, while Mr. Dalton lighted the lamp, and then sat down with an air of great content, to receive his cup from her hands. She had the pleasant art of making people feel particularly at home in her society, and it was only to be supposed that she and Mr. Dalton would enjoy that English meal thoroughly. Kate thought it the pleasantest she had had for a long time. Then afterwards, in a close tete-a-tete told over the story of her governess-life through its gradual stages; her cheerful but hard-working days in the Frankfurt school; her struggles with the language; her friendship for the pale delicate Minnie; Minnie's letters home, and her aunt's in return, inviting Kate to come and try how she liked living with them. Then the pleasant country-house, the homely simple life with the motherly Madame Topfer and affectionate Minnie. Kate dwelt on all in graphic detail; she had no fear of tiring the interest of her listener, whose shrewd eyes, fixed on her animated face, and whose pertinent questions, proved his thorough comprehension and enjoyment. How different from her late listener's thought Kate. When she at length came to an end, Mr. Dalton fell back in his chair, and looked steadily at the fire for some time.

"Then you are satisfied, Kate?" said he after a long pause. "Satisfied! oh, yes. I think I am a fortunate girl, Mr. Dalton; or rather, Providence has blessed my choice, and given me a useful and happy position. I am not cramped; I can use my faculties freely. I have felt myself expanding mentally, and it is a pleasant feeling," said she laughing.

"I can believe it, I see it in you. You are getting almost handsome, Kate."

"Am I? I am very glad you think so," said she frankly. "Why, what does it signify to you? You have no womanly weaknesses, you know." Kate looked a little surprised.

"It was always my opinion, Kate, that you were a strong-minded woman, as I told you; and I admire you very much. I don't know a woman I admire so much," said Mr. Dalton, looking into the fire; "but at the same time, Kate, it's not every woman that could do as you have done. There are some soft-hearted creatures whose affections want scope as you call it, who haven't strength to live your single independent life." Kate was silent.

"Don't be offended, Kate, that I exonerate you from these womanly yearnings, or weaknesses as you might call them." "I suppose men like women to be weak—even the most reasonable of men," said Kate, sadly. She felt wounded. She knew what lay within her heart; she knew of more than one struggle; and just because she had conquered, she was to be supposed destitute of those softer feelings which perhaps were not half so keen in those who weakly yielded to them! She felt that man was a harsh judge of woman; but Mr. Dalton!—she had thought he understood her a little.

"Speak out, Kate! Don't write bitter things against me in your soul, but charge me with them."

"No," said Kate. "There are things we can feel, but cannot speak. Perhaps I was hurt that you should know me so little; perhaps I thought you might have understood that my duty in life has been to check those softer feelings you allude to; but no matter. Allow me just to say, that because a woman has never even had an offer of marriage, she is not compelled to let her affections freeze, but may find scope for them, though not in the one peculiar channel."

"Very bitter, indeed," said Mr. Dalton, and glancing down into her face—"I do believe she is a woman after all! I actually saw something gladden in those indignant eyes."

"Then if you did, I do indignantly despise the weakness!" said Kate, jumping up.

"Only one word before your offended majesty withdraws," and Mr. Dalton took both her hands.

"Kate, with all seriousness, I am grieved if I have vexed you. Be so forgiving as to tell me whether, if such an offer were to be made you to-night, you would yield to your weakness, or be stern in your independence?" Kate's heart gave a strange bound; then she stared, and grew red and white by turns, but at length answered steadily—

"It would all depend upon who it was made the offer."

"One who has loved Kate long enough to be no light wooer—one who prizes her in his heart of hearts—but one who is a great deal too old for her, and not nearly romantic enough, I fear. But it is for you to decide that."

"What says your heart, Kate?"

"Give me a moment to think," said Kate in a low tone. She covered her face with her hands.

"Mr. Dalton," she said, lifting it up pale to his, "you will think me very hard; but, oh! judge for me. Minnie has been taken from school and given up to me; I have been received as one of that family with the utmost kindness, upon the understanding that I am to complete her education. She loves me; she is improving rapidly; she is a delicate plant, that would not flourish under any sort of fostering. Have I a right to give up what I have undertaken! Have I a right to disappoint those who have opened their hearts to me in full trust—and all for my own selfish pleasure!"

"Then it would be your pleasure, my own noble girl!" asked Mr. Dalton, drawing her to him. Kate did not answer for a moment; although it was obvious from her quickened breath and heaving chest that she was remonstrating with herself roundly on the weakness, and that the struggle, being new, was a hard

one. Her habitual truthfulness, however, prevailed.

"Yes, it would," said she in a low voice, but with a warm, frank glance. "But it must not." Mr. Dalton walked across the room, then sat down. "Come and sit by me, Kate."

"No, Mr. Dalton, I would rather not. I am going to prove myself your strong-minded woman. I am going home. It is late."

There was a falter in her tone that suppressed the exclamation on his lips—"What do you call home, pray?"

Mr. Dalton looked gloomily into the fire. Kate wrapped her shawl round her; he did not see her tremble, or her lingering glance upon that pleasant room.

"God bless you, dear friend!" said a husky voice beside him, and Kate pressed one hasty kiss upon his forehead. He caught her to him. "Don't delude yourself with the idea that I'm going to submit to this, Kate Ashcombe. I have something to propose that may set your scruples to rest. Will you sit down and listen to it?"

"I will listen," said Kate in a low tone; but she did not sit down; she even fastened her shawl more closely, as she stood back in the shadow of the curtained window. Mr. Dalton glanced at her and went on.

"Did you not say that Madame Topfer regretted she could not obtain masters for Minnie in her country home?—that she would even remove to Cologne, if the advantages there were not so few?"

Kate assented.

"Now, what would she say to a home in England for her niece?—a home here, I mean, Kate, with all the advantages we could procure for her in London? You could have her in your own hands, and she could spend all the vacations with her aunt. Now, what think you, Kate? Madame Topfer is a sensible woman. Do you think she would refuse when her child's interests are concerned?"

Kate could not answer; the plan seemed feasible enough. But was Mr. Dalton quite in earnest—to take a daughter as well as a wife upon his hands!—He read her look, and smiled. He came up to her, and taking her hands, drew her to the fire. How could Kate refuse that seat, or the full discussion he would draw her into? She was no Stoic, nor was she bent upon the folly of an unnecessary sacrifice. It might not need, after all, that she should put away from herself the love of this strong-hearted man. Had not her heart long given him a secret preference, which she had not distinguished till now from her acknowledged esteem and gratitude? Could she help contrasting the warm, unselfish love, the pleasant home now offered her, with late recollections! And Kate looked up to the kind keen eyes that were so anxiously bent upon her face; her own were full of tears, but there was a sufficient answer in them not to need many words.

Mr. Dalton wrote next day to Madame Topfer, and Kate wrote also, a frank and sincere letter, which did not disguise her own feelings, but which conveyed the conviction to the good lady's mind, that it was no mere form of words when she said that she felt she owed herself to Minnie Topfer, and that her consent to Mr. Dalton's proposal was contingent upon her own.

Madame Topfer was a kind-hearted and sensible woman; she was pleased with Mr. Dalton's letters, and was touched by Kate's frank confidence. It would not cost her much to exchange her country-home for the town and the society of her relations; but she was not one to press hasty determinations. She was a woman of decision, however; and when she saw how Minnie's blue eyes sparkled over the letters, she lost no time in making her arrangements, and undertaking a sudden trip to England, to see and judge for herself.

We need scarcely say that Madame Topfer's acquaintance with Mr. Dalton proved sufficiently satisfactory to both parties, and that she was induced to stay until Kate was installed as mistress in her new home, with Minnie, her happy young bridemaid beside her.

We have no room for the astonishment of Crawford House. Mrs. Ashcombe's consent was propitiated by an invitation to superintend the wedding arrangements; and perhaps the influence of a plain, practical mind like Madame Topfer's, full of sense and energy, was not without a beneficial effect upon that lady.

It was satisfactory, too, to hear from her, that Ellen had not been out quite so much since Kate left. Mr. Dalton gave Kate a cheering glance.

"We must ask Ellen to bring her boy Alfred to town, and introduce him to his uncle." After all, there might be hope in the future, and Kate smiled a glad response as she warmly pressed her husband's hand.

SOME PUMPKINS.—Mr. Skopendike has been farming it in Nebraska, for the last three months, and now relates the following, and subscribes to it under oath before a justice of peace. He declares and avers that the pumpkins in his field are so large as to endanger the life of his entire household. A few days since one of the juvenile Skopendikes had, by means of a rope ladder, climbed to the top of a treacherous squash, when he was seized with dizziness, and falling off, fractured both of his arms, broke his leg, and hurt him besides.

[Nebraska News.]

HOW FORTUNES ARE MADE.—No person who has not investigated the matter, can be aware of the effect of small savings and small expenditures when long continued upon men's fortunes. What laborer is there who with good health may not save fifty dollars per year. And yet this trivial sum compounded with only six per cent interest, amounts to 650 dollars in ten years. 1800 dollars in twenty, 3,950 in thirty and 7,700 in forty years. This fortune, a comfortable provision to say the least for the future, to a man of sixty years of age, may accumulate by saving only thirteen and three-fourth cents per day! It is not uncommon to see families side by side, equal in numbers and industry, living apparently in the same style and possessing, so far as the people can judge, the same sources of prosperity, whilst the one grows wealthy and the other labors under the continual pressure of debts and pecuniary embarrassments. The old proverb, that some men are born with silver spoons in their mouths and others with wooden ones, is often resorted to as the explanation of such mysteries, when examined a little more closely is no mystery at all. Thirteen or fourteen cents a day may slip through any man's fingers imperceptibly not only to others but to himself! He may have some invisible bad habit that will cost him twice that sum daily, and which he will never think of as a considerable source of expense.

A temperate and worthy man, after each meal calls regularly at the next hotel for a few moments and smokes a cigar which costs him three cents. Suppose he continues this practice from twenty to seventy years of age. This expenditure, with the accumulated interest upon it, will, at this time, amount to more than nine thousand dollars! And if after an enterprising and industrious life he has accumulated that sum, he will in almost any country town be reputed wealthy. A fortune of \$145,000 may be acquired in fifty years by earning and keeping safely invested eight shillings and three pence, New England currency, per day.

Curious Facts in the Census.

On looking over the Compendium of the Census, we discover some interesting facts, which we lay before our readers.

The remarkable equality in the number of males and females, which is said to exist in the world, is strikingly illustrated in a table of the number of each sex, of which the particular States of their nativities have been ascertained. The male is 6,546,375; the female 6,558,136, which gives the latter about 11,000 majority in an aggregate of 13,000,000. But in the total population of the United States, the number of females is about one twenty-fifth less than that of the males.

These figures apply only to the whites.—Among the free colored population a greater difference is observable. Of 434,495 of the latter, there are nearly 20,000 more females than males.

With regard to the slave population, the numbers of each sex are even more closely equal than those of the whites. The total of males is 1,602,525; and of females 1,601,878—showing a difference of only 700 in an aggregate of 3,000,000.

This remarkable equality of members in a measure necessitates a similar equality in regard to ages, and conclusively settles the question that women as a general thing are not younger than men.

The State of New York contains about one-eighth of the population of the Union, and Pennsylvania one-tenth.

The smallest places in the United States are Harris, Essex county, Vt., having a population of eight; Averil, in the same county, with a population of seven; and Liberty in Keokuk county, Iowa, with a population of five.

There are nearly 4,000,000 dwelling houses in the United States.

The number of clergymen in the country is nearly 27,000; that of the lawyers 24,000.

The largest exclusive class of persons is that of the farmers, numbering nearly 2,300,000. The editors number 23,000; the artists, 2,000; the butchers nearly 18,000; and the blacksmiths nearly 100,000.

In the census report there is a total of about 36,000 churches.

There are 6,000,000 of milch cows in the country. This number will afford an average of one cow to every four persons.

The number of scholars who attend public schools is 3,355,000; and those who attend private schools 263,000. The number of teachers in the former is 95,000; and in the latter 12,260.

The total number of persons in the United States, over twenty years of age, who cannot read or write, is nearly a million. Of these 200,000 are foreigners.

The number of daily newspapers in the country is 254; of weekly, nearly 2000. A singular fact with regard to these presents itself. The census reports only 1300 editors! This is the more pallid, when it is known that it takes several editors to make one paper! The fact, however, that large numbers of editors are also proprietors of their journals, and are put down in the census as the latter and not as the former, explains the apparent incongruity.

The volume of the census is a store house of curious and interesting facts to any one who will take the trouble to peruse its various tables of statistics.

Trade in Flour.

A few days since the citizens of Provincetown held a meeting, and chose a committee of five persons to proceed to the West, with full powers to contract for flour sufficient to supply the families in town. [Boston Jour.]

It might seem advisable for the people in each of our towns who do not raise their own bread, to combine together like the citizens of Provincetown, and send out an Agent to the West for the purchase of their requisite supplies of Flour. The best brands are quoted in Chicago at \$7 per bbl. It costs but \$1.27 per bbl. to bring it to Boston, and quite as little, if not less, to Portland. This would make it cost \$8.27, where now it is put at \$12. The balance of \$3.73 is just so much paid by the consumer of every bbl. to the speculators. The Buffalo Republican says that during the present summer, no less than between three and four millions of dollars have been thus swindled out of consumers, on the flour that has arrived at and been forwarded east from that city! This is wicked business. The large capitalists in the great cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore have a perfect understanding on the subject. They have obtained control of the Rail Roads and Canada, so as to have flour forwarded only so fast as they can bring up the demand for their prices. This is the worst feature in the combinations, which may defeat all attempts of our towns to supply themselves.

For if they send out an Agent, and he makes good purchases in the west, the chance is that he cannot get it forwarded by the Roads or Canals, in season or on terms to make the consumers safe of to answer their wants. Such a conspiracy in the matter of bread-stuff is a crying sin, and should arrest the attention of the Government. It is vastly more mischievous than all the monied monopolies, in the shape of United States Banks, or other Shaving Mills, that have arrested the attention of our State and National Legislatures. [Drew's Rural.]

FASHIONABLE.—We learn from Philadelphia that—

Those ugly, detestable plaids, better suited to cover the floor than a delicately formed lady, have again come in vogue; and in order to show them to more advantage, whalebone or hoops are employed, which give an extra fullness to the skirt. Broad stripes, which being truly American and in perfect accordance with the Republican spirit of 1855, must be admirably, are to be worn extensively; but unfortunately, the neat gaiter boot which sets off the pretty foot and the well-formed ankle, is to be discarded, and in its place high heeled slippers

with large rosettes, are to be introduced. As regards bonnets, they appear to grow frightfully less, and before winter sets in it is probable that a large rosette fixed on the back of the hair will take its place.

FALSE NOTIONS ABOUT CONTAGION.—The presence of the yellow fever at Norfolk has revived the controversy respecting the contagiousness of this disease. In this dispute, as in so many others, the difference consists principally in the different meaning applied to the term contagion. It would be better, consequently, if that word was dropped entirely, when speaking of yellow fever, and that of infection substituted. There can be no question, for example, that the disease cannot be propagated by mere contact, which is the popular meaning of contagion, unless the atmospheric conditions, as well as that of the individual who comes in contact with the patient, are favorable to the dissemination of the disorder.

Thus, while numbers have gone from Norfolk to Richmond, carrying the disease with them, and dying at the latter place, it has not spread, because the atmosphere of Richmond, as yet, is too pure to nourish the fever. Thus, also, none of the nurses and doctors from Philadelphia, though exposed to the poisonous atmosphere of Norfolk, fell sick until after they had become more or less exhausted by watching and fatigue.

As long, therefore, as the sanitary condition of a city is properly attended to, there is but little danger of yellow fever prevailing epidemically, and none at all in cities as far north as Philadelphia and New York. It is probable that, even at the extreme south, sanitary reform might extirpate the yellow fever, in spite of the heat of the climate, the rapid decay of vegetable matter, and the thousand noxious exhalations continually tainting the air, if efforts are made to remove the producing causes.

While streets and houses are kept cleanly, there is no chance for the disease to take a foothold, because there is no foothold in the air. But if, through the neglect of either the authorities or individuals, a city gets foul, then the atmosphere, at this season, rapidly becomes poisoned. If, at such a time, an infected vessel arrives, the epidemic, according to the well-known principles of miasmata, or decay, communicates itself instantaneously to the atmosphere, when the fever breaks out.

It is, in such a case, like applying fire to flax, or like firing a train of gunpowder. Often when a disease is communicated, in this way, to a low and filthy quarter of a great city, it spreads finally to the most cleanly and elevated, or even extends into the country, by gradually poisoning wider and wider circles of the atmosphere.

A hundred persons might come to this, or any other city, and die here of yellow fever, without peril to the inhabitants, if the sanitary condition of the place was what it ought to be. As long as doubt exists on this latter point, prudence, indeed, would call for measures of quarantine; but the great object to be secured, the chief duty at such a time, is to keep a city cleanly throughout. [Philadelphia Ledger.]

PRESERVED CITRON MELON.—Cut off the hard rind of the melon, (which should be the preserving citron, not the green cantalope), and cut it in pieces of any size and shape you choose; the slices should be from a quarter to a half an inch thick. Weigh your fruit, and to every pound add one of sugar. Put the sugar into a preserving kettle with a gill of water to a pound of sugar, and some glass dissolved in warm water; it will require a quarter of an ounce of singlass to every five pounds of fruit. When the sugar is dissolved put it over the fire and boil and skim it. Then pour the syrup out of the kettle, wash it and return the syrup to it. Now put in the fruit, and set it over a brisk fire, where it will boil rapidly. When the fruit appears translucent when held up towards the light, it is done. It will take from an hour and a quarter to an hour and a half to cook it. Then take it out a piece at a time, spread it on a dish, and strain the syrup in a pan. When the syrup is lukewarm, put your fruit in the jars and pour it over. Let them stand till next day, put brandy paper over and paste them. This fruit may be flavored with lemons sliced and preserved with it. Do not peel the lemons. Cut them in thin slices, and cook them with the fruit. To three pounds of fruit add one lemon. As the citron makes a beautiful but tasteless preserve, it is necessary to flavor it with lemon, orange, or some other fruit. If, when it is a little cool it does not taste sufficiently of the lemon, a few drops of the essence may be added.

MILITARY LITERATURE.—American papers are remarking on the absence of all literary effort in the Crimea, and are therein noting—very much to their own glory—a characteristic difference between the surroundings of an American and of an English army. The contrast is fair. The self exultation is not unjust. Our readers know that when the Yankees marched into Mexico they carried with them a printing press, and published a newspaper along the line of invasion. Across prairies, through dangerous passes, over mountain ranges, sometimes on mules, often on men's shoulders, occasionally in wagons,—editors, contributors, and press men, fighting, foraging, writing, working onward. Infinite were the uses of the press. It carried orders through the camp. Every morning the soldier read in it the story of the previous day. It anticipated the gazettes. It disseminated orders of the day. It perpetuated the gossip of the camp; reflected public opinion in the army; made known every want; supplied every information; exercised, inspired and animated every heart. Had the Americans been in the Crimea they would



## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, ... SEPT. 27, 1855.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

P. 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 No. 10, W. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. FETTER, & 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 registered as payment.

## A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

## Our Cattle Show and Fair.

Which is to occupy Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of next week, promises to be by far the most attractive exhibition the North Kennebec Society has yet held. The department of horsemanship, with the trial of speed of horses, is in the hands of committees who are exerting themselves to render it highly interesting.

Tuesday will be devoted to the exhibition of stock, of all kinds; and the season has been such as to warrant a fine display.

On Wednesday at 9½ o'clock the horses entered for premium will be led in procession round the trotting course. At 10½ the Plowing Match will take place. At 2½ in the afternoon the annual address before the society will be delivered by Th. S. Lang, Esq., of Vassalboro'. Immediately after the address there will be a trial of speed of four and five-year-old horses, the former in harness, and the latter under saddle; alternate heats, best two in three.

On Thursday morning at 10 o'clock a cavalcade of ladies and gentlemen will form near the Universalist church, and pass through the principal streets of the village; proceeding finally to the Show Ground, where they will take a position to witness the exhibition of Ladies' Horsemanship—which contest is to decide the ownership of sundry nice premiums offered in this department. It is said there will be numerous competitors, as the trial will be free to all ladies, without regard to the limits of the Society. At 2 o'clock there will be further trial of fast horses, to close with a 'Best Gait' contest for a purse of ten dollars. In this contest it is understood that the horses choose their own mode of getting round the course in the quickest way, and we may look for some rare samples of 'talk walking.'

The Fair for the display of manufactured and fancy articles, with vegetables, fruit, &c., will be at the Town Hall, as heretofore, on Wednesday, to be open through the day.

Should the weather be favorable the festival will be one combining more attractions than the Society has ever before offered; and the concourse in attendance must be large in proportion.

## "A Good Time Coming."

We are promised a rare musical treat. The well-known Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston are soon to make a flying visit down east, giving concerts in the principal places on their route. They are to be in Waterville on the 11th of next month, and the arrangements for the entertainment with which we are due to be favored will of course appear in due season. In the meantime we take pleasure in publishing the following commendatory note from a friend, one of the acknowledged leaders in our little musical world here at home.

Messrs. Editors:—It is too late for me to call your attention to the fact now in circulation in the papers that the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston are intending to visit this State. I can only rejoice with you in view of their coming. It would be idle for me to sound their praises. Their concerts for the last seven years in Boston have given them a reputation familiar doubtless to every lover of music. Some of them we had the pleasure of hearing in this place on the Anniversary eve previous to the last. All who recollect the Violoncello solo of Mr. Wolf Fries will rejoice at the opportunity of hearing him again; and his brother, Auguste, will give equal delight. Besides they will be accompanied by Mrs. E. A. Wentworth, so well known as one of the principal vocalists of the Handel & Haydn Society. So that the public may be sure of a musical treat superior to anything we have had since the Germanians were here, not excepting the rarity of last Commencement eve.

E. H. KEOLOS.

**LARGE POTATOES.**—Mr. Samuel Runkle, of this town, has probably beaten all the farmers of Kennebec in a crop of potatoes. From a half bushel of seed he raised twenty-one bushels of very large and very handsome potatoes, resembling somewhat in appearance the Robans, but not strictly of that kind. They are very mealy and fine when cooked; and either from their quality or their large growth, Mr. R. has named them the "Know-nothing" Potato. We recently saw some of the same kind on the farm of Mr. Sanford Pullen. In neither of them were there any symptoms of rot. Mr. R. will present some of his at the fair next week, which will doubtless be readily sold in small quantities for seed. If Mr. Pullen does not also present his, it will be because his attention is devoted to the department of fruit, of which he can show some fine specimens.

**Prof. J. W. TAYLOR,** whose instruction in elocution has been enjoyed and appreciated by many in this vicinity, is on a tour in this State, and may be expected in Waterville soon. His high qualifications, not only as a teacher of elocution, but as a dramatic reader, are too well known here to need commendation.

**GOOD OXEN.**—Mr. Hall C. Burleigh, of Fairfield, sold a pair of four-year-old cattle this week for the pretty sum of two hundred and fifty dollars. That they were worth the money, nobody will doubt when told that the buyer was that veteran in the cause of big oxen, John Otis of Fairfield. Nobody better knows how to make them bigger yet, and sell them for a price in proportion to their weight.

## OUR TABLE.

**THEATRES OF ENGLISH WORDS AND PHRASES:** No. 1. A new edition of this valuable book, with additions and improvements, has recently been issued, of which the Boston Traveller makes the following well-deserved notice: in which is set forth not only the particular merits of this edition, but also a graphic representation of the plan of the work.

The following are the advantages of this edition over the first:—1st. It contains the subject matter of the original work unaltered; 2d. It contains the revisions and additions made by the author in the new stereotyped edition just issued in London; 3d. The portions of the original work which were omitted in the first American edition have been restored to it; 4th. Not to interfere with the educational purpose of the American edition, Dr. Sears, the restored portions have been arranged in two distinct parts: an Appendix, to the first American edition, and a new Appendix, to the second American edition, in the single one contemplated by the author; 5th. Important additions of words and phrases not contained in the English, or in the first American edition, have been inserted in this edition; 6th. The index of this edition is more full, complete and accurate than that of the English edition.

But what, said a friend, is the object of the book? Is it a dictionary? A dictionary is designed to help us in getting the meaning of words. The *Thesaurus* of words is intended to aid us in getting words. You are supposed to be in possession of an idea, but to be in want of a word to express it. The words of the English language, therefore, are arranged not alphabetically as in a dictionary, but according to topics. Topics are arranged in six different classes. The first class, that of Abstract Relations, includes Existence, Relation, Quantity, Order, Number, Time. So each class is divided and subdivided in a manner required by the law of the mind. The subdivisions are numbered, the numbers running as high as 1000. Then follows a very copious list of words, more than ten hundred in number, arranged by means of which we are enabled to turn immediately to any sub-division that we may desire to find.

Suppose then, that we are writing upon the subject of deception. We are at a loss for a word. We turn to the word-deception in the index, and find it marked 545. We find under Deception no less than forty-five different words or phrases expressing the general idea of deception. Under the same number are arranged all the verbs that express the act of deceiving; then all the adjectives that express the quality of deceitfulness.

The restoration of words and phrases, which, though not classical, have yet an acknowledged currency, adds, we think, great value to the new edition. The volume closes with a copious alphabetical list of words and phrases, such as are current in modern literature, both in England and on the continent. He who buys the book will find his money restored to him with compound interest.

For sale by all booksellers.

**LETTERS TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN** just entering upon Practice. By James Jackson, M. D., LL. D., Professor of the Medical Jurisprudence and Practice of Medicine in the University at Cambridge; late Physician in the Massachusetts General Hospital, &c., &c. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

He is a wise man who knows how to avail himself of the experience of others, and to profit by the teachings of those who have preceded him in the journey of life. Though this is not the course always pursued by 'Young America,' yet we trust there are those by whom the present volume will be welcomed; and though its advice may not be in all cases implicitly followed, yet it will at least obtain a respectful hearing. The author has seen a half century of honorable and useful public service, and of course must be able to impart much valuable information and give many useful hints to those just entering upon the profession in which he has grown gray. We commend the work especially to the attention of the younger members of the profession, though doubtless it might be perused with profit by many of those well advanced, as well as by the general reader.

For sale at C. K. Mathews's, in Waterville.

## VISITS TO EUROPEAN CELEBRITIES. By William B. Sprague, D. D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

This book is filled with pen and ink portraits of celebrated men and women, whom the author met during two visits to Europe. It is not large; and as nearly a hundred individuals are noticed, the sketches are necessarily short; but they give us a better idea of how these people looked, acted and talked, than we get from whole volumes of individual biography. The list embraces the most of those names which came across the water to us twenty years ago—too many of them, alas, now chiseled in marble—names famous in the various walks of literature, science and art, the pulpit and the forum, and which, having become familiar to us as household words, will awaken a lively interest whenever they meet our eye. Accompanying the sketches will be found the autographs of the individuals described, adding much to the value of the volume.

The book is probably for sale at our bookstores.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE: AND A DRAMATIC TALE. By Charles Reade, author of "Peg Woffington," and "The Golden Bough." Boston: Ticknor, Reed &amp; Fields.

Another delightful volume by an author who has recently come before the public—the American public, at least—containing two stories: both excellent, but widely different. The first is a story of English peasant life, full of honest, hearty, healthy sentiment, and genial humor: the other an episode in the life of an actress, dramatically told and sparkling with wit. Mr. Reade's stories are no servile copies of other men's labors, but are characterized by a wonderful freshness and originality; and though they cannot fail to be admired and appreciated by all readers of correct taste, yet we should suppose they would drive a modern sentimental lady novel reader into fits. The volume appears in the beautiful style peculiar to the well-known publishing house by which it is issued and is for sale at our bookstores.

**LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.**—No 592 is full of attraction, having the following table of contents:—Corralle, Doctoring begins at Home; Mr. Brown's Last Ascent; A Concert in Sydney; War over all Europe; Napoleon I. and Russia; The Child Seer; A Criminal Case in Russia; Poor Angelica; Two Days in Rio; The Free Love System, with many short articles and some choice poetry. The next number, which will be the first of a new volume, will contain the Queen and the Emperor, and the beginning of a story by Lever, characteristically full of life and spirit. Published by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at 50 cts., and sent to any part of the country free of postage. Single numbers 12 1-2 cts.; to be had of periodical dealers.

**GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.**—The October number of this periodical is a fine one in all respects. The engravings are particularly good, especially that of Cromwell and his daughter. The fashion plate, too, as well as the new patterns and designs, and many curious knick-knacks, cannot fail to please the ladies. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at 33 cts.

## "Great Central Route."

It will be seen by advertisement in this number, that the Fare by this popular route is reduced \$2.00 on each passenger. This is considered the best and safest route from the Eastern to the Western States. Offering superior facilities for travellers, avoiding all ferries (excepting at Detroit) and extra charge for handling baggage, and allowing passengers to stop at way stations if they wish.

For information respecting this route we would refer passengers travelling West, to Edward C. Lowe, who can always be found at the Waterville Station of the And. & Ken. R. R., and who at all times is willing to impart the necessary information.

The Rev. George A. Lord, formerly a Roman Catholic Jesuit Missionary, will speak on Romanism, at the Town Hall on Thursday (this) evening at 7, lecture to commence at 7 1-2. Admission 10 cts.

Mr. L. will in the course of the evening appear in his Jesuitical dress, exhibiting a number of relics pertaining to the Roman worship; also illustrate his lecture by an exhibition of beautiful Italian Paintings; closing the exercises by giving a specimen of his singing in his own native tongue (French) and Latin.

**A. AND K. RAILROAD.**—It will be seen, by referring to advertisement that a change in the time of running trains over this road will take place on Monday next.

**CONVENTION ON KANSAS AFFAIRS,** at LEXINGTON, MISSOURI—Chicago, Sept. 24.—The address to the people of the United States from the committee of the late convention at Lexington, Missouri, is published. It is quite long, and is principally devoted to a denunciation of the emigration from Mass. and other States, under the management of Aid Societies, whereby the Kansas-Nebraska law, they allege, is rendered a dead letter.

Such emigration is pronounced to be without precedent, and dangerous in the extreme: calculated to circumscribe slavery to its present limits, and defeat the true intent of the Nebraska bill. In conclusion it declares that the Missouri Convention, whence it will not recede. The rejection of Kansas as a slave State will be regarded as a gross insult to the South, and the declaration that slavery is incompatible with the republican form of government, as an unequivocal step toward a dissolution of the Union.—The address is signed by J. W. Napton, late Supreme Judge; Sterling Price, the present Governor of Missouri; Mordca Oliver, Member of Congress, and L. M. Woodson, a prominent lawyer. Ex-Governor Austin A. King refused to sign it.

**GOOD SPUNK.**—We have seldom been more highly pleased, than at the relation of the following occurrence, which took place at Razor's corner in the town of Washington, a few days since. This place with several others in the town, prior to the passage of the Maine Law, was afflicted more or less with an open grog-shop, and several industrious men, with large families, were the victims. But, since the passage of the law, the friends of temperance had entirely suppressed them and no liquor had been sold in town but at the agency. Some time during the latter part of the summer, one Doe opened the shop, which had been long shut up, and put in a small quantity of goods. It soon became evident from an inspection of his stock, that he had other purposes in view than to sell goods. In order to break the ice gradually, he, a few days after, placed on top a barrel of drugged cider, and it was not long before men were seen around the shop drunk. Things went on so a few days, when one of the men spoken of, who had for the most part of the time, since the passage of the law, been sober and industrious, was allured thither and sent home intoxicated to his afflicted family.—In a day or two, another man similarly circumstanced was drawn in and became intoxicated. Their old appetites becoming thus revived, they continued day after day to get intoxicated. Their wives with two interesting daughters belonging to one of them, went to the store, and with tears besought him not to sell their husbands and father any more liquor, which he promised not to do, but no sooner was his stock exhausted than he procured a new supply and the men were again enticed thither and made drunk. Finding that their remonstrances were of no avail, the four ladies repaired to the store, seized the cask and rolled it out of doors, where they broke in the head and spilled it to the last drop, and then placed the empty cask back, with the solemn admonition, that if he sold more liquor he would not be dealt with so kindly. Since then his movements have indicated a closing up of business, preparatory to a removal to some place, where the women will be a little more submissive to his operation of brutalizing their husbands and fathers. Our informant says it is quite doubtful if this place is soon again afflicted with another such nuisance. [Progressive Age.]

**THE YELLOW FEVER.**—Richmond, Va., Sept. 26.—There were only 7 deaths at Portsmouth on Monday.

At Norfolk the first frost of the season occurred last night. There were about 20 deaths there on Monday. Among them are Dr. Richard Timmial and John D. Gordon.

**ALONZO MCCRILLIS, Esq.,** of Great Falls N. H., only brother of the late David McCrillis, of Bangor, was last Saturday fatally injured by being thrown from his carriage, near his residence, and died the next day. He was a lawyer, of fine abilities, and honorable character. [Mercury.]

**ARREST FOR BARRATRY.**—Yesterday evening on complaint of George F. Shepley, Esq., U. S. District Attorney, Deputy Marshal Woodard of Rockland arrested Captain Pelah Perkins, of Hampden, master of the late brig Ohio, and his mate, Frank Bogart, also of Hampden. They are charged in the complaint with corruptly casting away the brig Ohio, a vessel owned at Salem, Mass. The Ohio sailed from Carthage about the first of August last, for this country, with a cargo of old cannon balls, &c., to be broken up for castings.—About two days out she sprang a leak, and soon sunk, the crew saving themselves in the boats. The parties arrested are well esteemed at Hampden, where everybody is surprised at the arrest. They will have a hearing at Portland before Commissioner Deblais.

[Bangor Mercury, 21st.]

**BURLINGTON, Sept. 23.**  
The Grand Jury last evening brought in a verdict of manslaughter against Israel Adams; the Engineer of the train, that suffered in the recent Railroad catastrophe.

**SOUTH KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.**—Postponement.—In consequence of the State Agricultural Society holding their Cattle Show and Fair at Gardiner the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th inst., the South Kennebec Agricultural Society, by a unanimous vote of the Board of Managers, have postponed their Show and Fair until the Third Tuesday and the following Wednesday and Thursday, the 16th, 17th, and 18th of October.

**COST OF FLOUR.**—The Boston Traveller states that, some weeks since, a gentleman of Boston was travelling in the West, and while at Chicago, purchased half a dozen barrels of fine flour for his own use, at five dollars, eighty-seven cents a barrel. He sent it to Boston, and the extreme cost, delivered at his house there, was seven dollars seventy-five cents a barrel. At the time the same barrel of flour was selling there at fourteen dollars a barrel, or for nearly double what the gentleman's cost him.

Peaches are now sent from Alton, Illinois, to New York. Ten years ago the idea would have been considered absurd.

**MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.**—The New Hampshire Telegraph is of the opinion that 'an editor who cannot stop in the middle of one of the finest trains of thought that he is putting on paper, to minute the dimensions of a dog, enter the name of a new subscriber, or receive pay for an old one, take a cowardly run for something he has said, and after all resume the thread of his discourse, and carry out the idea in its original force and beauty, is next to no editor at all.'

**WHAT A NEWSPAPER DOES WITHOUT REWARD.**—The result of my observation enables me to state a fact, that publishers of newspapers are more poorly rewarded than any other class of men in the United States who invest an equal amount of labor, capital, and thought. They are expected to do more service for less, to stand more sponging and 'dead heading,' to puff and defend more people, and sorts of people, without fee or hope of reward, than any other class.

They credit wider and longer; get oftener cheated, suffer more pecuniary loss; and are often the victims of misplaced confidence, than any other calling in the community. People pay a printer's bill more reluctantly than any other. It goes harder with them to expend a dollar on a valuable newspaper, than ten on a needless gewgaw; yet everybody avails himself of the services of the editor's and printer's ink. How many professional and political reputations and fortunes have been created and sustained by the friendly, though unrequited pen of the editor? How many embryo towns and cities have been brought into notice, and pulled into prosperity by the press? How many railroads, now in successful operation, would have foundered but for the assistance of the 'lever that moves the world'; in short, what branch of American industry, or activity, has not been promoted, stimulated and defended by the press? And who has tendered it more than a miserable pittance for its mighty services? The bazaars of fashion and folly, the haunts of appetite and dissipation, are thronged with an eager crowd bearing gold in their palms, and the commodities there vended are sold at enormous profits, though intrinsically worthless and paid for with scrupulous punctuality; while the counting room of the newspaper is the seat of jehing, cheapening trade orders and pennies. It is made a point of honor to liquidate a grog bill, but not of dishonor to repudiate a printer's bill.

**THE PORTUGUESE IN ILLINOIS.**—The St. Louis Republican contains a very pleasant account of the prosperity of the poor Portuguese who were exiled from Madeira for embracing Protestantism a few years ago. Many of them in their own country were persons of wealth. But they lost all for the truth's sake, and were aided to come to this country and to settle in Illinois by the contributions of the benevolent of our country. A considerable portion of them settled just out of Springfield, Ill. They were entirely without means when they went there; but they refused no honest labor, however humble, and have by degrees gained and prospered until now they live in neat houses, surrounded by little lots of land which most of them have purchased and own, and are a prosperous and happy people, distinguished for their sobriety and morality and their frugality and industry. The writer says:

'Crime is not charged upon them. They are unobtrusive in their manners, strict in their attendance at church, where they appear dressed with scrupulous neatness. They do not interfere in the politics of the country, believing that they have not the knowledge of our institutions which would justify the interference. They feel that they are secured the enjoyment of 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness' and with these, as far as government is concerned, they are content.'

**THE SOUTH AND THE NORTH.**—We take it that all are agreed that it is time we had quit patronizing the North in any shape or form whatsoever. We have made little or nothing by the operation. On the contrary, the intimate intercourse which has hitherto existed between the two sections has resulted in advantage to the North almost exclusively. If we go there either for business or pleasure, we are insulted and robbed before we have time to scarcely turn around. Self-interest, self-respect, and State pride, all require us to have as little to do with the Northern Heathen as possible. [Richmond, Va., Whig.]

**Comment.**—The best commentary we can give upon this bad spirit is to point to the thousands and tens of thousands of dollars which the North with a willing heart, is sending to the hundreds of sick and dying persons in Virginia. New York has sent 25,000 dollars, and we hope will forward as much more; Philadelphia 20,000 dollars; Boston four or five thousand; New Haven, with other things, a cargo of ice to cool the parched lips of those dying of fever at Norfolk and Portsmouth. This 'heaping of coals of fire' from 'Northern Heathen' upon the heads of their calumniators, is the best possible answer for such uncalled for and indiscriminate sectional attacks.

[New York Express.]

**GREAT RESULTS.**—The negroes who were held to bail for assault and battery on Colonel Wheeler, President Pierce's Minister to Nicaragua, have been tried at Philadelphia and sentenced to one week's imprisonment, and the payment of a fine of ten dollars.

The assault was committed at the time Jane Johnson and her two children, slaves of Col. Wheeler, were set at liberty under the laws of Pennsylvania, their master having bro't them voluntarily into a free State.

Samuel, son of Mr. Samuel S. Robbins, of Salisbury, Ct., died at that place on the 8th inst., at the age of 18 years. His death occurred from a disease of the lungs, brought on about nine years ago, when playfully running and holding a head of herbs grass by its stem in his mouth, he drew it with his breath into his lungs, from which it was removed after death, in a perfect state of preservation.

The yellow fever is making terrible havoc at Natchez, Vicksburg and Waterville. In the latter place nearly all the inhabitants are sick. A despatch from New Orleans received on Saturday, says:—The deaths by the fever at the Hospital for the past week were only forty-four, which is a gratifying reduction as compared with the previous six or eight weeks. We have alarming reports of the ravages of the fever in the towns on the river. The accounts from Memphis represent the fever as raging there with much violence, and the citizens were leaving in great numbers.

**VERY CLEAR BUT VERY FUNNY.**—Professor Henry says that the curious phenomenon of the blowing off of the horses' shoes, during the late terrible powder explosion on the Brandywine, was owing to inertia. The shoes were not blown away from the dead horses, but the horses were blown off the shoes—the gravity of the shoe being seven, while the specific gravity of the whole horse is but one. This is a very scientific distinction that must appeal to the good sense of every reader.

**LIME WILL DESTROY SORREL.**—Edmund Ruffin gives, in the last number of the Southern Planter, the experience of thirty-four farmers, on the subject of lime as a remedy against sorrel. Their experience is from nine to thirty-six years, and their unanimous opinion is, that marling or liming, in proper manner and quantity, will entirely destroy the growth of sorrel, and prevent its return.

**CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.**—Returns from 334 towns show a majority of about 4,000 in favor of the adoption of all the proposed constitutional amendments.

**GREAT ROBBERY OF TREASURY GOLD.**—New York, Sept. 22.—Two boxes containing \$50,000 in gold coin were stolen from Wells Butterfield's Express recently, while in transit from Dubuque, Iowa, to this city. The money belonged to the U. S. Sub-Treasury, and its delivery in this city was contracted by Messrs. Adams & Co. who employed Wells Butterfield's Express for that purpose. On arrival here, the boxes supposed to contain the Gold were found to be filled with bullets.

## Wouldn't be a Farmer.

'My dear husband,' exclaimed my wife, as I entered the house, with my face and frock and trousers all bespattered with mud, after finishing a long line of ditch, 'If I knew as much as you do, and could command the wages of a good journeyman, in the city at seven different trades, as you can, I would not be digging and delving on a farm, one day in the ditch and the next in the compost heap—I would not be a farmer I assure you.'

'Why, wife, do you think it so dishonorable, or degrading, to work on a farm—to make ditches and compost? Who lives more independently than we? True our income is small; but we owe no man anything, save a debt which I never expect fully to discharge—love. We always have as much spending money as is needful for our comfort and respectability; and if you ever wish for anything in the line of furniture or dress you know we need not run in debt for it.'

'I am not complaining about our circumstances; but I think you could engage in some other business that would not be so intolerably dirty. Let them dig that are not capable of engaging in occupations of a neater order. There is so much dirty work on a farm that I would not be a farmer at any rate.'

'Well, I'll scrub up, and to-morrow we will go to friend L's, (merchant who trades from six to eight thousand dollars a year,) and make that long anticipated visit.'

'L can spend little or no time in visiting; he must be at his store early and late. He finds it very difficult to get a trustworthy clerk. They are heedless about the real price of articles, and often forget to enter many articles which their customers have purchased on credit. What little time he did find to visit with us, was spent in telling of embarrassments—of accounts which he must lose, of losses on certain kinds of goods—of the incessant perplexities and vexations in trading with a certain class of customers, and a score of other grievances, which an independent farmer knows nothing of.' We are again seated in our quiet home, talking of our visit, &c.

'I would not be a merchant on any consideration, says my wife.'

'Why, I'm sure that's not very unpleasant, dirty business, to measure off lace, and calico, and silk, for the ladies.'

'Ah, if L had not unfolded to us so many vexations and uncertainties, that I never even thought of before in the mercantile business, I should think it would be well enough for us to engage in it. But, if it is as he says—and I am not disposed to question it—I don't look upon it with any more approbation than I do upon farming. If there were not so much dirty work upon a farm I should like it much better—still I think you could do better, and not labor as hard, at some trade as journeyman, or foreman.'

We next visited a friend who is foreman of a Machine shop. He commands fair wages, but complains of close confinement, and when he stops work, 'it is all outgoes, and no income; while you farmers,' says he, 'can spend a week, and your income will not be diminished. We are now seated at our own evening board, loaded with smoking cakes, and butter and honey, and peaches, served up in cream and sugar, and such like.

'I am real hungry,' says my wife; 'I did not eat half a dinner.'

'Well, truly, the fault was all your own, for cousin spread an uncommonly rich table.'

'She did, indeed, as she always does and with her everything goes and comes as though it cost nothing. But when I heard her tell how much they were obliged to pay for that little article of food, and how much for that—things that we have in abundance, and which cost little or nothing—I thought it was too expensive eating much. It is a mystery to me how they manage to get along and pay such high prices for every little thing which we never think of reckoning—and such high rents and exorbitant taxes! I should like to live in the city, if it were not so expensive living. One cannot have a cup of cream, or a pitcher of milk, or an egg, or a little basket of fruit, without paying the highest price for them. And, more than that, cousin complains, as much as I do sometimes, about her husband's dirty clothes. It does seem as if mechanics need not get their clothes so dirty as she tells for.'

'Well, cousin himself dislikes the business, and wants to get on a farm. Suppose we sell him ours, and I take his place. Or we might go into the jewelry business.'

'Mercy on me! I don't think much of either of those occupations. I should hate to have all our capital in silver and gold, when a midnight robber could carry off all we have and leave us penniless. I once thought it a very desirable occupation, and indeed, I have not changed my mind now, if it were not so hazardous. I did think, before cousin W. had his shop robbed, that we might justly envy their station; they always looked so neat and clean—not a wrinkle in their bosom or collar, and their clothes were always as unsoiled as the pure white snow bank.'

'That's the way our minister always looks—as if he had just stepped out of a drawer or bandbox. You ought to have married a minister, my dear.'

'Anything but a minister's wife! I would rather live by my needle, than to be lashed with everybody's evil tongue, as they nearly all are.'

'Suppose we sell our little farm, and put the avails on interest. We could then have from four to five hundred dollars a year—over one dollar per day—and not make ditches nor compost.'

'If we could only have some good place, where we would be sure that our money would be in safe hands and we could have the interest just when we want it, I should like it—but, then, there would be another difficulty; we couldn't have our home, our fruit, and all the luxuries that we now have. We must either board—and that I never could consent to do; or we must have a hired girl, and this and that, in order to keep up appearances; and I guess we should be under the necessity of drawing some of the principal of our estate. I should not like that move at all.'

'We can't keep our candy and eat it too. My dear how many days do you suppose I spend with you in going to visit, and to places of amusement, &c., during the year? One day in a week?'

'Quite as much as that, I should think.' I don't know, after all, as we could situate ourselves any more desirably than we now are. I guess you would not find as much leisure to read and write; if you were in any other business.

'Well do you suppose we should be any more respectable, or wiser, or better, or enjoy life any better, if we were engaged in any other business?'

'I have no idea that we should. Why are you so discontented with our circumstances?'

'Why my wife often says, she would not be a farmer.'

'Well, (blushing) I'll retract that; and I must confess that there is no class of citizens so apparently happy and independent as the farmer.'

'By him the whole creation's fed;  
Of him the merchant seeks his bread;  
His bounteous hand feeds everything,  
From the poor beggar to the king!'

## Kennebec ss.—S. J. C. August Term, 1855.

**CONVICTS SENTENCED.**—James B. Blanchard, (Adultery,) 1 year in State Prison; Davis Guild, (Adultery,) 2 years in State Prison; Louis Baster, (Adultery,) 1½ years in State Prison; Samuel Danton, (breaking and entering store in night time, and committing larceny,) 2 years in State Prison; Hannibal Hinckley, (Embezzlement,) 2 years in State Prison; Sarah McDemitt, (larceny,) \$12 fine and costs; Joseph Boynton, (Assault and battery,) 6 months in County Jail; Boy, (for attempting to burn school-houses,) 4 years in Reform School; Edwin Ellis, (Common Seller,) 60 days in County Jail; Seven citizens of Augusta, (Common Sellers,) sentenced to fines from \$100 to 300 each and costs; John Hatfield and wife, each convicted as Common Sellers under the new Law. Exceptions filed—for want of bail committed.

**THE NEXT CONGRESS.**—The N. Y. Courier & Enquirer says the next National House of Representatives will be composed as follows: Fusion and Free Soil Whigs, 95; Pro-Slavery Whigs, 6; Know Nothing Whigs, 26; Free Soil Democrats, 13; Know Nothing Democrats, 8; Administration Democrats, 55; Independents, 30; Nebraska, 3; Anti-Nebraska, 126.

The Courier says:—The regular administration force will be 76—the united opposition 159. But there is no possibility of a union which will combine more than a majority of the whole House namely, 118 members. Upon the question of sustaining the Nebraska law, the best calculations give the result of ayes, 103—noes, 131—majority 28. But as the Senate stands ready to veto any such movement of the House, the passage of a bill to repeal would be a preliminary proceeding to a long and fierce contest.

**CORRESPONDENCE OF SECRETARY DAVIS WITH GENERAL SCOTT.**—Washington, Sept. 21.—It has leaked out here that the War Department is engaged in a sharp and bitter controversy with General Scott, and that developments may be expected at the opening of Congress, which will put the famous Marcy and Scott contest entirely in the background.

The affair is only remotely connected with the question of allowing the General back pay, under the act of Congress authorizing the appointment of a Lieutenant General, though it undoubtedly has a bearing upon it. Mr. Cushing has given the President a very elaborate opinion on the legal question of the General's title to pay back under the act, which is understood to be against it. No action on this matter, however, has yet been taken. The controversy referred to grows out of another matter.

It seems that some months since, General Scott gave General Hitchcock, who has long been an intimate personal friend, leave of absence for six months. The Secretary of War immediately wrote to General Scott, demanding his reasons for this act of favoritism to General Hitchcock, and at the same time countermanded the General's order, granting leave of absence. The Secretary's letter was quite as sharp in its tone as it was insulting in its tenor.







