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**To the Young Men of the UNITED
STATES.**

AN APPEAL.

WHILE you are young men prepare yourselves for
future happiness, wisdom and respectability.
For a small amount of money saved from some
profitless expenditure once a month, you may in a
few months be put in possession of a work from
which you may derive interest and profit for the
time, which will serve for a study through your
life, and which you may hand down to the next
generation as a treasure worthy the age in which
you lived and worthy the age in which you live.

The subscriber will publish about the middle of
October the first number of a Popular, Elegant and
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**FROM THE
Creation of the World,**

BY THE LATE
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of Jurisprudence in Scotland, and former Prof.
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and if you have more knowledge than your neigh-
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Cruz to the City of Mexico, a line of country
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This stupendous Painting, to which the Press
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orama ever exhibited in Boston, is now on exhibi-
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BOYLSTON HALL,
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EVERY EVENING, and on every Wednesday
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Mexico," and for seven months a prisoner, Non-
the recent war, will be present to explain the pic-
ture, and during the exhibition, will relate many
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Tickets 25 cents. Liberal arrangements made
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For particulars, see bills of the day.
Boston, Oct. 2.

**The Great Exhibition of the
Day.**

AT AMORY HALL, BOSTON, Washington Street,
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Mississippi and Ohio Rivers.

Representing all the chief cities, towns, villages,
granitic hills, Indian mounds and encampments,
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nals, &c., and giving a most truthful delineation of
the various kinds of River life and craft; arks,
steamboats, coal, iron, wood and cattle loads,
presenting the diversified scenery of 18 different
States, a distance of 2000 miles, from Pittsburg,
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Tickets of admission to the whole, 50 cents, to
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The Exhibition will be concluded in season for
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Liberal terms made with large parties from neigh-
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Office open for transaction of business and
sale of tickets from 12 to 1 o'clock.
Nov. 6, 1848.

Cash for Wool.
G. C. HALL wishes to purchase 10,000 lbs.
November 1st.

VERMONT PHOENIX.

The following letter is published by re-
quest. It was written by Mr. David Burns,
of Halifax, Vermont, who left his native town a
few years since, for a milder climate, but died
at sea on his return to the United States:

Buenos Ayres, August 26, 1848.

Dear Brother:—Having a convenient oppor-
tunity to write and send you a few lines, I hasten
with pleasure to improve the time by in-
forming you of my health, present condition, and
what it has been since I left Boston. After leav-
ing Boston, we had been out 38 days, when our
ship sprang a leak; we were obliged to make for
the nearest point of land, which was about 400
miles off, and was the Cape de Verde Islands,
on the coast of Africa. The ship being loaded
with—* was the only thing that saved her
from sinking. We labored hard at the pumps
3 days and nights—the 4th day we made the
Isle of St. Vincent. The ship was abandoned
and sold for \$500, with part of her cargo. We
went on shore, and staid 25 days. Such people,
mishandled and customed I will not undertake
to describe to you fully, but will give you a little
idea of them, and of our case. We hired about
as good a house as there was for 20 cents a day.
The house was about 15 by 15 feet square, the
walls were made of mud, the roof was thatched
with straw, and the bare ground constituted the
floor, furniture, and all there was in it except a
door. We made a table, and rigged some chairs,
and made a fire-place out of doors, and did our
own cooking. We spread our beds on the
ground, and lived equal to the Governor. One
of the natives, who spoke English, wanted me
to go to his house with him, and see where he
lived. He appears to be as well off as the best
of us. His house was about the size of your
hog-pen. He had a wife and family; his bed
was in one corner of the room, and consisted of
two boards, raised from the ground at each end
by a few stones, so as to leave room for the dogs
underneath. That was his station (the two
boards were for the man). His wife and young
labe, with three or four children, occupied the
other side, on the ground. The dogs, goats and
pots, with the fire-place, were at the other end
of the room. The fire-place in which they cook-
ed was made by placing three round stones on
the ground, so as to fit the three legs of the pot.
There was no chimney to it. After the victuals
are prepared, which consist of a piece of boiled
goat, or pounded corn, with goat's milk, they can
sit on the ground, and eat out of one pot, or
take it in their fingers, or eat out of a shell,
whichever suits their fancy the best; and in
case the dogs or goats are too intimate at such
times, they are ordered out of doors directly,
with a big stick over their heads, until such
times as the family are done. They then have
a sweep of all there is left. So you see that ev-
ery thing is carried on as regular as possible.

We left there on board a small schooner, with
our baggage, lads, pigs, and a few other things;
for the last of May. We sailed there in 2
days. We went on board a large schooner, and
sailed to the Isle of St. Jago. We sailed from
there to Pernambuco, Brazil, remained there 17
days, discharged a cargo of salt, and took in a
cargo of sugar, and sailed for Buenos Ayres—
We arrived here after a passage of 4 months and
3 days from Boston. The climate here is the
reverse of what it is at home—winter here, sum-
mer at home. July and August are the coldest
months. Vegetables, peas, beans, oranges, and
lemons grow all winter. The people here are
principally Spaniards, and they live chiefly on
beef that they cook out of dry cow-dung and a few
sticks, then lay the sticks on the ground, and the
beef next the dung on top, and set fire to it, or
else hang it on a stick over the fire. Wood is
very scarce—I believe it costs about \$30 a cord.
Beef brought to you is 1 cent a pound; flour \$8
a barrel; potatoes are 3 or 4 cents a pound—
Clothes are very dear here; shoes sell rather
hard. The people of Buenos Ayres and Monte
Video are at war with each other. I don't know
what will be the result of it. If a man walks
out after dark here, he runs the risk of losing
his life. They don't make no more of cutting a
man's throat than you would of killing a dog.
The 9th of July, being a celebration day, a party
came over the river, about 100 miles above
here, and killed 1500 people. A few days ago,
a family of 9 persons was murdered some miles
back in the country—a man, his wife, and 7
children. I have not room to give you an ac-
count of their proceedings. Therefore I will
give you an account of myself. After being
here about 5 weeks, we got all things nicely ar-
ranged, and went to work. Daniel and I had
made about 70 pairs of shoes—the 1st was on Sat-
urday. Saturday night, as I was going to bed,
I blowed out the light, and the second time I
blowed, I set my lungs to bleeding. They bled
so hard it almost stopped my breath for two or
three minutes. Sunday I had another attack,
and Monday another. I sent for a physician,
who bled me and gave me some medicine. I
had four more attacks in the course of 8 or 10
days. The physician called on me almost every
day for 4 weeks, and during 6 weeks I was not
able to get off and on my bed alone, nor per-
mitted to speak aloud. I had the best care taken
of me by Mr. Hickman and wife, and Miss Ev-
ans, a lady that came out with us from Boston.
It seems to have been the will of God that it
should be so, and that, for my best good. It
showed me that I am liable to be called from
this world to eternity at any time, prepared or
unprepared, and in order to meet this, we've got
something to do besides seeking the riches and
vanities of this world. Let us first seek the
kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness, and
by up treasures in Heaven, and there let our
hearts be also. Brother and Sister, I desire an
interest in your prayers, that I may hold out to
the end, and let us pray for one another, that
we may hold out, for the promise is to those, and
those only, that are faithful; and when we are
prepared to die, and are willing to leave this
world and be with Jesus, if it is the will of God,
then we are prepared to live, and live as though
we received every blessing from God. It was
His goodness that spared us from a watery grave,
and it is His mercy and goodness that has raised
me from a bed of sickness, and I hope I shall
* The word is omitted.

live a Christian life, and serve Him as I ought
for His kindness to me, after being so ungrateful
to Him, and laying every thing aside to seek the
transitory things of this world. Religion is the
very thing that makes us happy in this world,
and makes us feel reconciled to the will of God,
and not only that, but we have the promise of
eternal life in the world to come, if we are only
faithful. If I never meet you again this side of
sternity, may God bless and sanctify these few
lines to your spiritual and everlasting good—
Farewell!

DAVID BURNS.

"THE LADY'S BOOK" for January, has been
forwarded in advance. For this liberality to
newspaper publishers, Mr. Godey deserves many
thanks. The January number excels all that
have preceded it, both in taste and richness of
embellishments, and variety and value of read-
ing matter. We have no room to particularize
the many new and attractive features with which
the volume for 1849 opens, but will just say to
our readers—Go and subscribe! For \$2 in
advance, you can obtain for a year, both the
"Lady's Book" and "Lady's Dollar Newspaper"—
the latter issued semi-weekly. Address L. A.
Godey, 113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

"HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE," for De-
cember, contains several English views, engraved
on wood, and a portrait of Rev. Charles G.
Somers, a distinguished Baptist clergyman of
New York city. The series of *fac similes* auto-
graphs of eminent literary men is continued,
with quaint criticisms on their style, &c. The
articles generally, in fact, are fresh, racy and
instructive, and infinitely above the sickly, twad-
dled, milk-and-water love tales to be found in
too many periodicals. Published by C. L. Hol-
den, 109 Nassau street, New York.

[May we ask Mr. H. to forward us another
copy of his Magazine for September last? Some
free-and-easy friend, who is a judge of good read-
ing, has asserted that number to be his library
on file.]

"THE WATER CURE JOURNAL," for De-
cember, contains, in the compass of its 32 pages,
a great amount of matter interesting and im-
portant to every one—to those out of health as show-
ing them how to regain it, and to those in health
as showing them how to keep it. Dr. Shaw, the
editor, sets plain, practical language, so that all
persons of ordinary comprehension will be able
to understand him without having swallowed a
Latin Dictionary.—Published monthly, by Fow-
ler & Wells, 141 Nassau street, New York, at
\$1 a year.

WHEAT HOMINY, OR "GRITS"—It has al-
ways surprised us to see the great mass of com-
munity bolt down whatever trash bearing the
name of food happened to come in their way,
and then go to taking worse trash bearing the
name of medicine, to "repair damages." True
wisdom would seem to dictate to us, to find out
carefully, by experience and study, what sub-
stances are best for food, and then confine our-
selves to those substances, as near as practicable.
Better keep the fences up, the doors fastened,
and the ravelling wolves of disease out of the
human fold completely, than to rely on the
artifice of the boldest dogs to expel them.

Of many preparations which we have tried
for weak digestion, Wheat Hominy, or "Grits,"
is preferable. It is easily cooked, very nutri-
tious, and to our taste, most delicious with good
molasses, or in milk. It is also cheap, consider-
ing the large quantity of puddings, etc. that can
be made from a 2 lb. package, costing 17 cents.
If it could come into general use, the pill-mak-
er's murderous trade would go down, for there is
nothing like the "Grits" to relieve constipation.

Put up by Hoeker & Brothers, 201 Cherry
street, New York; and for sale in Brattleboro,
with full directions for cooking, by F. & L. T.
Woodcock, 607 of Main street.

We commend the following article
to the attention of all parents—convicted,
as we are, that a very large proportion of
children who die are killed by the excessive
kindness of parents in stuffing them with
food for which their systems are not pre-
pared. There is more ignorance of the
physical laws of the human system, especi-
ally in the matter of dietetics, than on any
other general subject, although one of
prime importance. Young stomachs are
like young bones and young muscles, un-
able to cope with the strong demands of a
mature system; and while parents cram
their children so very kindly, with meats,
gravies, fat substances, pastry, rich cakes,
confectionary, and such stuff, instead of
giving them simple and nutritious food, in
reasonable quantities, just so long will fe-
vers, humors, and a multitude of diseases
furnish death with its hosts of early vic-
tims, killed by over kindness and indul-
gence in tender-hearted, but very foolish
people, who ought to know better. But to
the article:—[Lowell Journal.]

"WATER DRINKING IN CHILDHOOD.—It
is particularly with those who have been ac-
customed to water drinking in childhood,
that it will show its good effect in after life.
During the first nine months, the infant is to
be nourished by its mother's milk, which
serves as food and drink: it is gradu-
ally accustomed to other sustenance dur-
ing the period of weaning. After this is
accomplished, however, the infant should have
fresh water as well as milk. By water
drinking in childhood and youth, the
foundation of a durable stomach is laid,
and thus of a healthy body throughout life.
The nervous and blood systems are over-
excited by taking viands, spices, beer, wine,
chocolate, coffee, &c., and thus a constant
artificial state of fever is maintained, and
the process of life is so much accelerated
by it, that children fed in this manner, do
not attain perhaps half the age ordained by
nature. Besides this, experience has taught
that they generally become passionate and
wilful, having neither the will nor the power
to make themselves or others happy.—
Furthermore, too exciting and nutritious
food gives rise to many diseases to which
they fall a sacrifice in early years. Parents
should weigh this well; they should
resist their prejudice against water, which
they look upon as weakening. Ignorance
considering that the tender organism of
children requires for more nourishing diet,
to bring it to maturity than the already per-
fected body of the adult. This is a wrong
notion; children thrive best upon a simple,
moderately nourishing vegetable diet—on
milk and pure water; we see this confirm-
ed in the cottage of the peasant."

From the *Massachusetts Courier*.

The Wolf and the Lamb.

Not many years since, there resided in
Portland a man, who, for present purposes,
shall pass by the name of Jones. He was a
boisterous, troublesome, quarrelsome fel-
low. He was somewhat above the ordi-
nary height, with large black whiskers, and
an exuberant crop of hair. He had the
reputation of being a man of great courage,
and a dangerous foe to encounter;—

but how this reputation had been acquired
it would be difficult to tell, as he had never
been known to display any real trait of
personal courage. But no matter, every-
body gave him a tacit acquiescence to the op-
inion, therefore, according to the old adage,
it must be correct. Being aware of the es-
timation of his character, he lost no oppor-
tunity of improving the advantages to the
great annoyance of those whom he chanced
to meet. He sported upon a matrimonial
legacy, which was being rapidly dissipat-
ed by his dissolute and extravagant course
of conduct.

It was a favorite diversion of his to an-
noy travellers whom he chanced to meet in
his frequent rides into the country, by carry-
ing them to turn out, giving him the whole
road, to their great inconvenience,
especially if they happened to have loaded
vehicles. If they offered to demur at his
unjust requirement, a few threats, accom-
panied by his dare-devil manner, and terrific
personal appearance, was sufficient to bring
them to a compliance. In this way, he
soon became generally known in the ad-
jacent towns, and as generally dreaded and
feared.

A few miles from Portland, dwelt an
honest Quaker by the name of Green, re-
nowned for his activity and great strength, who
was no less attached to the principles of
peace, than (with the exception of an occa-
sional black sheep with whom you, Mr. Ed-
itor, may have met in your time) are gen-
erally the respectable denomination of
Christians to which he belonged. But
even he did not furnish an exception to the
well-established truism, that "there is a
point beyond which endurance ceases to be a
virtue."

Never having met with Jones, he was an
entire stranger to him, although not to his
character. On a cold winter's day, Green
was wending his way towards the principal
city of the Pine Tree State, with his four
ox team and sled heavily laden with wood.
There had recently been a heavy fall of
snow, and the roads were "broken out," as
it is termed, with a snow-plough, so as
barely to admit vehicles to pass each other
comfortably, when the respective drivers
were accommodated. On either side the
snow formed an almost impenetrable wall.
While walking leisurely along by the side
of his team, his right arm resting on the
ox-yoke, in meditative mood, his attention
was suddenly arrested by the sound of bells,
and on looking up, he saw a man with a
horse and sleigh dashing furiously toward
him, and he lost no time in turning his
team out according to custom, so as to give
the stranger half the road, while the latter,
acting likewise, drove up directly in the
centre of the road, until both teams were
nearly in contact, when stopping his horse,
he roared out at the top of his voice:

"Hallo there, old broad-brim, turn out!
turn out!"

"That's got half the road, and these may
go by if these wishes," calmly returned the
other, at the same time sticking his good
stick into the snow and folding his arms to
await patiently the movements of the other.
This only called forth the same unceremoni-
ous requirement—"turn out! turn out!" in
still louder tones if possible.

But Jones little thought that he was
arousing the lion in the person of the peace-
loving Quaker, instead of being himself
the lion, as usual.

"I don't know what kind of a man these
calls thyself," said the other; "but if these
were an honest man, these would not ask
more than half the road, especially as I am
loaded and there is not; besides, there must
see that I cannot turn out further, if I
would, without plunging my team into the
snow bank."

"Don't prate about honesty and snow
banks here," said Jones, "but turn out, I
say once more, and I'll give you but just
two minutes longer. If you don't comply
in that time, I'll just have to take the trou-
ble to turn you out. Do you hear that, you
old anti-fighting Foxite?"

"I hear thee for an insulting braggart,"
said the Quaker, who now more than sus-
pected whom he was dealing with; "but I
neither fear nor intend to leave thee, and
these may make the time as short as these
pleases; I shall not move my oxen till these
pleases, and thee had better attend to thy
own team, and let mine alone."

Jones had now arrived at a new era in
his life. For the first time he found his au-
thority calmly and decidedly resisted. He
deliberated in his own mind what course to
pursue. He almost regretted having made
the unreasonable demand, but having made
it, he thought he would sustain it, or his re-
putation for courage would be ruined. He
never had felt himself so over-awed as by
the determined and piercing gaze of the
Quaker's clear and undimmed eye—he
"Surely he'll make no resistance," thought he,
"it would be inconsistent with his reli-
gion, and would disgrace him; therefore
I shall succeed."

Then summoning all his resolution, he
jumped from his sleigh, with a determina-
tion of carrying his threat into execution.
The other remained unmoved until he ap-
proached and commenced whipping his ox-
en to drive them into the snow. Peace
principles were now of little avail; in the
impulse of the moment they were either
forgotten or deemed impracticable—which
is altogether unimportant. Taking his good
stick in his right hand, and springing forward
like a tiger upon his prey, with the iron
grasp of the other he seized Jones by the
collar. It had the effect of an electric
shock; the whip dropped from his hand,
and he trembled like a condemned culprit
when some cruel punishment is about to
be inflicted, while the other slowly raised
his large oak goad over his head and de-
liberating a moment whether his hand
should now for the first time inflict so well-
merited a punishment upon his fellow
man, he let it fall upon his back with all

the force an almost Herculean arm was ca-
pable of imparting, continuing to repeat it
until our hero cried for mercy. The Quak-
er, thinking justice now satisfied, ceased
and, relaxed his grasp—the other, spring-
ing hardily to support himself, and address-
ed him thus:

"Now if these doesn't get right into thy
sleigh, and go along about thy business, I'll
give thee just what thee deserves."

It is useless to add that our hero did
not require a repetition of the admonition,
much less the infliction of the penalty at-
tached to his non-performance, a specimen
of which he had just partaken of, but im-
mediately complied, not however without
requesting his chastiser not to mention the
circumstances, at the same time giving his
voluntary promise never to be guilty of in-
sulting a gentleman in like manner again.

But it is said "murder will out;" so in
this case; the joke was too good to be kept
secret, and soon became noised abroad;
and instead of being feared by everybody
as formerly, he appeared to fear every one,
or shun them at least. Some of the boys
were so ill bred as to cry out when they
saw him in the street. "I'll give thee just
what thee deserves," when Jones would
soon be among the missing.

But the effect upon him was most salutary.
Being so greatly chagrined at the
wound his reputation had suffered, he se-
cured himself from society as much as
possible, and this gave him opportunity to
reflect upon the folly of his conduct, which
led to a resolution to lead a different life—
in short, to become a gentleman. He en-
gaged in business and thus saved a greater
portion of his patrimony from waste, and
gained the respect of the community. He
is now said to be a wealthy merchant, and
well to do in the world. He often
laughs over the joke, and says he "caught
a Tartar" when he stopped the old Quak-
er. He is also an active member of sev-
eral benevolent associations, and although
he has not joined the Friends, he is Presi-
dent of a Peace Society. Thus the utility
of chastisement—at least in one instance
—is well supported.

A PINT OF ALE AND A NEWSPAPER.—
How strangely the value of different things
is estimated in some minds! A few grains
of toasted barley are wasted, and the juice
squeezed into a little water, with a taste of
the leaves of the hop plant—the value of
both being too small to be calculated; and
a very slight tax is laid upon the mixture,
which costs also so little labor as hardly to
be reckoned in our course. A pint of
this sells, retail, for fourpence; and if of
good flavor, it is reckoned cheap and well
worth the money. It is drunk off in a
minute or two—it is gone. On the same
table on which this was served, lies a news-
paper, the mere white sheet of which cost
one penny-farthing, and duty thereon one
penny, with no deduction for damaged,
crooked, or over-printed copies, made ready
for sale, and charged, too, with carriage
from mill and stamp office at a distance;
and it is covered with half a million of
types, at a cost of thirty pounds for itself
and other sheets printed at the same office
the same day; and this sells for no more
than the pint of ale, the juice of a little
malt and hops! And yet after one person
has enjoyed it, affording him news from all
parts of the world, and useful thoughts on
all that interests him as a man and a citi-
zen, it remains to be enjoyed by scores of
others in the same town or in distant lands;
and the building up of our productive, me-
chanical, and educational interests, enters upon
statistics of another kind will also show
that the productive powers of our soil have
never begun to be developed. The profits
of our husbandry may perhaps average \$3
per acre. Emigration is too often consid-
ered by our young men as the first impulse
of the principle of self-preservation. An
uneven surface and rocky soil have requir-
ed a vast proportion of mechanical labor
in clearing the land while its chemical con-
stitution has yet attracted but little atten-
tion. Our distance from market has hitherto
cut off the great stimulus to exertion in
production. Our growth as a State has
been very much slower than that of most
of our sister States. The great interests
of education have but lately met with any
thing like their proper share of attention.
So that a Journal devoted, as ours is, to
the building up of our productive, me-
chanical, and educational interests, enters upon
a field vast in extent, but almost destitute
of cultivation; producing now but little,
yet requiring only enterprise in its improve-
ment and diligence in its management to
repay bountifully the labor expended on it.
At the present period especially, when the
successful experiments of other States have
at last convinced us of the advantages to
be derived from rail-road communications
with the Atlantic cities; when the demand
which will shortly