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Daniel Ripley Wing

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Poetry.

MY MOTHER.

BY R. P. WILLIS.

My mother's voice! How often creeps
In cadence on my lonely hours,
Like healing on the wings of sleep,
Or dew on the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer,
While "wondering pleasures" maddly fly;
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by;
And years of sin and rancor flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

I have been out at evening,
Beneath a moonlit sky of spring,
When earth was garlanded like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing;
When hushing birds and dewy grass,
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that makes the pulses pass
With wilder freshness through the night;
When all was beauty, then I knew
With friends on whom my love is hung,
Like myrror on winds of Arab,
Gazed on where evening lamp is hung.

And when the beautiful spirit there
Flung over all its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air,
Like the light dropping of the rain;
And, resting on some silver star,
The spirit of a blessed knee,
I've poured a deep and fervent prayer,
That our eternity might be
To rise in heaven, like stars by night,
And tread a living path of light.

Miscellany.

LAME FOR LIFE. A DOMESTIC TALE.

BY J. R. INGRAM.

While she is fancying how the invalid
received it, let us, dear reader, really know how
he received it.

He had slept not quite an hour when his
sleep was disturbed by the ringing of the street
door bell. Opening his eyes he looked round
the chamber and called in a faint gentle voice,
"Clara!"

There was no reply, and after waiting an
instant he roused himself:
"Ah, yes, I had forgotten! She has returned
home. Poor girl! I sympathize with her in
her overwhelming sympathy for me. So I
am to be lame for life! This is a sad, a heavy
misfortune. Ah, mother, I am glad you have
come in. Please draw aside the curtains and
let in the light. It is so gloomy. I have slept
well, and feel refreshed. Have you heard from
Clara?"

"Her footman has just left this note for you,
Leslie," said Mrs. Pierpont, putting aside the
curtains.

"Give it to me, mother."

Leslie hastily broke the seal, opened it, and
ere he began to read pressed his lips to her
name at the close. Have the kindness to turn
back and re-read the letter, dear reader, with
him, that you may enter into Leslie's feelings
as he perused it. He read to its close without
betraying the least emotion in his expressive
face. But when he had come to the end he
slowly crushed the letter up in his left hand
till the nails of the fingers met through it into
the flesh. His teeth became set, and his whole
face stern and rigid as marble. His alarmed
mother caught the expression of his fixed eyes
and flew to him. He waived her away with a
quiet movement of the hand.

"No, no, do not touch me, mother. I am
well, very well," he said hoarsely.

"No, dearest child, you are very ill. I will
ring for assistance."

"No—give me a pen—ink—paper too! I
would write."

"The doctors have forbidden it."

"But one—line, dear mother."

Mrs. Pierpont looked at him a moment with
hesitation and then silently obeyed. Not a
muscle of Leslie's face moved, but it was pale,
very pale, as he took the pen in his fingers.
His hand was steady while he wrote the follow-
ing brief reply:

"Mr. Leslie Pierpont's compliments to Miss
Clayton—he assures her it is far from his wish
to place an obstacle in the way of her happi-
ness."

Thursday morning,
No. 27—South Sixth-st.

He directed and despatched it without a
word or look of emotion; and when the ser-
vant had left the room he calmly turned to his
surprised mother, whose looks were fixed upon
him full of anxious inquiry, smiled faintly up-
on her, and said, at the same time offering her
Clara's crushed letter:

"Dearest mother you would ask me what
this means! Read this—it will explain—it is
elegant! Read it, and be so good as never
to mention the subject of it to me again."

Mrs. Pierpont perused it in silence and with
tears of sorrow and sympathy for him whose
manly heart Clara Clayton had crushed as he
had crushed the letter. The mother and the
son exchanged glances, and the letter was fold-
ed up and laid aside. From that hour Leslie
Pierpont never breathed the name of Clara,
never looked upon a woman, but with secret
dislike and contempt.

From that day also he began to mend. On
a temper such as his, treachery, like Clara
Clayton's, must either be fatally effective or
perfectly harmless. His haughty and con-
temptuous spirit did the service of coat armor
in the protection of his heart. It broke not!
It remained whole and manly as ever—but it
strengthened itself in its strength against all
future approaches of love.

Whether the soundness of Leslie's heart ex-
tended itself to his limb, or the energy of his
proud spirit exerted a commanding influence
over the physical body, cannot be ascertained;
but the fact is clear that he began rapidly to
convalesce from the day he so cavalierly gave
Clara her freedom. At the end of three months
thereafter, after having gone through the regu-
lar course of, first, two crutches, then a crutch
and a cane, and then a single crutch alone, he
made his appearance with Dr. M. on one side
and his only support on the other, an ordinary
walking stick! Everywhere he received the
congratulations of his friends and rejoiced in
them; for he had at last felt a triumphant
pride in getting well—a sort of cherished spir-
it of revenge, though he confessed it not to
himself, upon Clara—false, heartless Clara.—
It is true he walked lame with his cane and
the doctor, but every day he grew better, and
at length his physicians pronounced that the bones
of the leg were properly united and that strength
in the limb was only necessary to restore it to
its original sound condition. Tenderly and
most eagerly did Leslie nurse his leg, and he
was so kindly temper toward health. Time
at length rewarded his care, and the end of
fourteen months from the time he received
Clara's letter, he walked Chestnut street sound
in limb, and with the "lucky carriage," distin-
guished air, and noble step that had captivat-
ed the fancy and won the heart of Clara Clay-
ton.

Leslie, however, never again looked kindly
upon women. He believed the sex to be in-
herently false-hearted and selfish; he ac-
knowledged no love in her but love of herself,
and religiously believed that she married only
for self-interest, and that she looked upon men
only as instruments for the gratification of her
vanity. He no longer trusted women from that
time up to the period we have introduced him
to the reader, seated in his arm-chair in his li-
brary with the gentle snow of forty-one win-
ters upon his head.

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. VII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1853.

NO. 1.

But time aided by circumstances achieves
apparent impossibilities. Leslie Pierpont pos-
sessed a heart that would be a treasure to any
woman; and because one had proved traitor-
ous to his noble confidence, Love had resolved
that it should not always be locked in the ice
of winter—that its summer should come to it
again, its seed-time and harvest should return,
and fruits and flowers bear witness to the mois-
ture and richness of the long barren soil.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Translated Latin.

We hate hypocrisy as we hate the devil, and
when we hear our young snipes and tip-ups at
college, and some of their pedantic professors,
talking largely of the glorious bards of anti-
quity, &c., we feel a huge calf's head work-
ing up in our throat, endeavoring to cry "Bah!"
That German, French, Spanish or Italian po-
etry may now be translated into English, is
very possible; but that the poetry of Virgil
can now be rendered into English is a false
and absurd notion. The poetry died with the
vulgar use of its verbiage.

Poetry is too subtle an essence to be poured
out of one vessel into another without some of
it escaping. You may preserve the plot, the
filling up, yes, have every word translated, and
yet let the poetry escape. You may get the
complete body, but you will knock the breath
and soul out of it. For the expression of poetry
is something not always to be given by the dic-
tionary meaning of the words. Let us explain:
for giving the idea of the sky we have several
words—vault, dome, heavens, blue, ether, &c.,
so of ocean we have main, deep, sea, waste,
waters, &c.; so of earth we have world, land,
globe, sphere, ball, &c. Now if it is admit-
ted it makes a vast difference in English po-
etry which of these words is used upon occasion
—one being poetical and apposite, while another,
of indiscriminate use, in prose, would be
unpoetic—it is but reasonable to suppose that
the Latin language had words equally diversified
in their prose and poetic signification. And
we must know the vulgar Roman impression as
to the comparative dignity and beauty of these
Latin words, before we can select those from
the English which shall give us the same im-
pression which Virgil's gave the Romans. We
must know the Roman onomatopoeies—those
words which were constructed from the sound
or taste, or any impression whatsoever, of the
things to which they were applied. And there
were far more of these in Latin than there are
in English, because the origin of the Latin is
nearer to the time when language grew out of
Nature; while much of our language is con-
structed out of Latin roots, and the varying as
well as varied conditions of society. The po-
etical, the onomatopoeical words of our language
are Saxon, or original. When Dryden put
the *Æneid* into English verse, did he give us
more than the facts of the poem? Did he
give us that for which Virgil labored so many
years? Did he give us the embodiment of
those vulgar impressions which, when the old
Latin was read, made the Roman soldier shiver
in all his many limbs? This part of the
poetry of Virgil is as dead as his body and
bones.

It is as easy to Romanize Saxon as to Sax-
onize Roman. Let us suppose we are all dead
and gone, and the revived Roman genius is
translating Shakespeare into Latin. He comes
to the words, in *Orbello*—
"Farwell, the plumed troop and the big wars
That make ambition violent! O farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Fride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!"

Is there a man under heaven that can put
these battle-field expressions into Latin, so that
a man of equal genius (not knowing the Eng-
lish original) shall translate them back into
English as Shakespeare has left them, with all
their piquancy, their nobility, and general ef-
fect? Will he be sure to have the words "big
wars," or "spirit-stirring drum," or "ear-pierc-
ing fife," or "big wars," or "big wars," or "big wars,"
as "big wars." As Fluellen, the Welchman,
said to Gower—Alexander de Great and
Alexander de pig is all one reckoning, only a
little variations. For the "plumed troops,"
[how beautiful!] he would be as likely to say
"feathered corps." Is not the poetry of Virgil
full of such things, which cannot now be trans-
lated? If not, he was no poet, and the Ro-
mans were a pack of fools. And we cannot
see these beauties any more than we can trans-
late them.

Or take those matchless words of Thomson,
in describing the scenery about the Castle of
Indolence:

"A pleasing land of drowsy head it was," &c.
Who can put them into Latin, and who will
restore them to English, without evaporating
all that hazy, mazy, lazy, dreamy, drowsy, po-
etical gossamer that arises in the mind when
we read them as they are? The poetry of
this description does not consist in the dictio-
nary meaning of the words, but in a vulgar prej-
udice in regard to the Z sound, and sundry va-
riations of long, sharp, and flat in the vowels;
it consists in mental and physical onomatopoeies.
The Latin onomatopoeies are lost to us; so would
be the English to the supposed Roman transla-
tor. How could he recover them? Will he
go to the works of Gibbon, Burke, Addison,
Johnson, Byron, Thomas Browne? Who will
tell him which of these authors Taste decided
to be smooth, or odd, or energetic, or bombast-
ic? He looks through Johnson to find when
to use the words "big wars" and "plumed
troops"; but it so happens Johnson had not
genius enough to use such peculiar and striking
language. There is no one to explain to the
translator the originality of Shakespeare. So
of Virgil. Can we catch the poetic effluvia of
his language by searching through Horace, and
Livy, and Cicero, &c., to learn when they used
a certain word? If so, they were as great po-
ets as he. And who shall tell us which of
these writers was considered by the mass most
free from affectation? Who was their correct
and bombastic Johnson? Who was their ner-
vous and energetic Byron? Who their exqui-
site Thomson? Who their grand, rude, incom-
parable, unapproachable Shakespeare? To at-
tempt to get the beauty of Virgil by any such
sort of calculation, would be like a blind man
attempting to find the beauty of the Colosseum
of Rhodes by measuring him with a tape-
string. Besides, there is now no tape-string to
measure with. We have not the opinions of
the Roman mass on these men of old—we
have not their newspapers, and reviews, and
criticisms.

It ever the English shall become a dead lan-
guage, the far future must take it on our word
that Shakespeare was not only the wisest, but

most poetical and beautiful mind that the me-
dium of the English language has revealed to
us. And so of Virgil and Homer; in the
transcendent honor of their laurels, won from
an age that is and will be the glory of time,
we read the majesty of their intellects; but the
essence of that poetical expression which raised
their names to be the wonder and admiration
of the past, is lost to us forever—it clings
like smoke of incense round the long forgotten
vulgar passions, and proverbs, and by-words
of Greece and Rome, as irrefragable as the days
themselves of their by-gone glory and reward.
Amsterdam [N. Y.] Intelligencer.

Camphene and its Perils.

To the Editor of the Mail:—Every intelli-
gent, humane editor esteems it a duty to call
the attention of his readers, from time to time,
to the great peril, the imminent hazard of us-
ing what are known as Camphene and Burn-
ing fluid, for purposes of household illumina-
tion.

It is important that correct information
should be given, as it regards their true nature,
their chemical character, and the cause of ac-
cidents resulting from the use of these fluids.
The remarks editorial in your article of
Wednesday morning, are just and correct; but
the testimony of Mr. Haynes, before the com-
mittee at Brooklyn, as given in your paper, is
so widely at variance with the truth, that it
should be corrected. It is a matter of aston-
ishment to me, that such gross errors, as re-
spect Camphene and Burning fluid, should
continue to be cherished in the public mind;
and it is a matter of still greater astonishment
that dealers in the article should know so lit-
tle of the chemical character of the compounds
they furnish consumers. I attribute very many
of the accidents resulting from the use of Burn-
ing fluid to the impression that *Camphene*
(pure turpentine) is the article that does the
mischief, and that Burning fluid (a mixture of
alcohol and Camphene) is comparatively safe.
Such is not the case.

The mixture of alcohol with the camphene,
constituting burning fluid, renders it far more
explosive when atmospheric air is blended with
its vapor, in proper proportions. Mr. Haynes
says that the fluid must be highly heated be-
fore it will explode. This is entirely wrong.
By heating highly the fluid, it is rendered
wholly incombustible. Neither the fluid nor the
vapor of the fluid of themselves will ever ex-
plode. Take a lamp and fill it with burning
fluid and hold it over flame until temperature
of 200 deg. Fah. is reached, and it is utterly
impossible to explode it. There must be mix-
ture with the vapor in the vessel twenty or
thirty parts of atmospheric air in order to have
the conditions favorable for explosion. Hydro-
gen gas of itself is incombustible, but mingle a
certain proportion of air with it, by which the
presence of oxygen is thus obtained, and it ex-
plodes violently when flame is applied. The
nature of the explosion of the vapor of burn-
ing fluid with air, is the same as that with hy-
drogen and air.

A lamp, seldom if ever explodes, when the
cap is removed. The explosion that occurs in
filling a lighted lamp, is that of the cap, or de-
canted vessel, not the lamp. A decanted
vessel is almost always in a condition favor-
able for explosion. By turning out of the ves-
sel one pint of fluid, a pint of air rushes to
supply its place. Hence the explosive mixture
of air and vapor in the case, the ignition of which
has cost the lives of so many.

Lamps explode from four causes only:—
1st, by the dropping of the wick, thus open-
ing an orifice into the lamp; 2d, from the loos-
ening of the wick tubes; 3d, from imperfec-
tions in the cap; 4th, from imperfect cemen-
tation of the cap to the lamp.

Air becomes mingled with the vapor in the
lamp, by condensation of the vapor by cooling.
Allow a lamp to burn two or three hours and
the vapor around the cap becomes heated from
7 to 9 degrees warmer than the fluid below.
Agitate the lamp, the cooler liquid condenses
a part of the heated vapor above, forming a
partial vacuum. Air instantly presses in around
the screw to fill it. You have now an explosive
mixture in your lamp, and if your wick falls,
or there is a small orifice in any part of the
lamp by which flame can reach the interior,
you get an explosion.

Nearly all explosions occur while conveying
the lamps across a room, or upon lighting it af-
ter it has remained extinguished awhile. The
reason of this will be seen from considerations
just stated.

All burning fluids are explosive, no matter
by what name they are called, or what their
color may be. Let the consumer repudiate all
compounds offered him, which are warranted
safe.

After all, more accidents occur from the
breaking of glass lamps than from explosions,
and those who would be reluctant to have a
pint of burning alcohol turned upon them or
their children, will not use them. Who can
see a lady carry a frail glass lamp filled with
this highly combustible material across the
room and not feel that there is but a step be-
tween her and eternity. A trip, a misstep,
the lamp is dashed to atoms, and the person en-
veloped in flames. Thousands of ladies are do-
ing this every day of their lives, when the
presence of a few grains of gunpowder upon
their tables, or in their rooms, would alarm them
beyond measure.

To remove this terrible peril, as far as pos-
sible, I have been led to construct a glass lamp
lined throughout with metal, so that the fluid
cannot be spilled though the lamp be broken.
This lamp, protected by a wire gauze arrange-
ment, I have used for several months, with a
sense of personal security exceedingly pleas-
ant.

Communities make use of the volatile hy-
dro carbon liquids, such as burning fluid, be-
cause they are compelled to do so. The com-
mon tallow candle is so disgusting and un-
tidy its use is out of the question. Wax, stearine,
and spermaceti are vastly too expensive. Oil
will not burn; gas cannot be had out of cities
and large towns, therefore people must use the
fluids or live in the dark.

If consumers are determined to use the or-
dinary glass lamp in which to burn the fluid,
let them watch for their lives, and observe ex-
treme caution, and never for a moment relax their
vigilance. In this way they may escape un-
harmful for years. Persons have lived in pow-
der mills all their lives, and lived to good old
age, while their successors were blown to atoms
on the first day of their labor. If with all
their care, they happen in some unlucky mo-
ment to be burned, they must not ask for much
sympathy, since by scientific skill the vessels

in which these liquids should be stored and
burned, have been rendered perfectly secure,
both as it regards breakage and explosion.
Haverhill, Mass. J. R. N.

Consumption.

The late lamented death of Dr. Bushe, from
that species of consumption known as chronic
bronchitis, painfully reminds me of a duty the
subscriber owes to his profession and to society,
of making known a simple form of treatment
that has never failed him in curing this form
of consumption, so destructive to the clerical
and literary professions: this treatment is of
nearly equal efficacy in catarrhal phthisis, and
is a valuable remedy for consumption in all its
forms, when in its chronic stages, and free from
any inflammatory symptoms. This treatment
is based on the pathology of consumption, as a
generic name for disease.

Under the name of consumption are included
that variety of diseases attended with the
expectoration of purulent matter from the
breathing surface of the lungs, connected with
emaciation, hectic fever, and its concomitants,
night sweats, colliquative diarrhoea, &c. All
the forms of consumption act on the general
health from one common cause—the presence
of matter acting upon absorbing surfaces, and
thus producing those symptoms known as hec-
tic fever. It is the presence and violence of
this system of consumption that prostrates the
patient, until it more or less slowly ends in
death. It is the consequence of this hectic fe-
ver, and not the immediate disease of the lungs
causing it, that forms the source of fatality
from consumption.

The treatment I now with reluctant diffi-
culty submit, I have successfully used for more
than twelve years, and during that period of
medical practice, I am not aware of having
lost more than four or five patients from all the
various forms of consumption, and these were
mostly passed to that stage of disease where
the structure of the lungs had become so ex-
tensively diseased, as to preclude the use of
more than palliative treatment. Cases of chron-
ic bronchitis were in every instance cured by it,
even when the purulent expectoration amount-
ed to pints daily, with hectic fever, diarrhoea,
cold sweats, and entire physical prostration.

The treatment is the administration of sul-
phate of copper in nauseating doses, combined
with gum ammoniac, given so as to nauseate,
but not ordinarily to produce full vomiting;
the usual dose for this purpose is about half a
grain, and five grains of the respective ingre-
dients, in a teaspoonful of water, to be taken
at first twice, and in the convalescent stages
once a day.

In cases of chronic bronchitis, a gargle of
the sulphate of copper alone is superadded.—
In this latter form of consumption, this treat-
ment almost invariably suspends the hectic
symptoms in a few days, and the disease rap-
idly advances to its final cure.

In cases of the more proper forms of con-
sumption, the treatment must be intermitted
frequently, and again resorted to; and when-
ever soreness of the chest or other symptoms
of inflammatory action exist, the treatment
should be suspended; as it is in the chronic
state alone that the remedy is indicated or use-
ful—that state in which the condition of the
general system as sympathetically involved be-
comes the more prominent symptom, and the
success of the treatment depends chiefly on the
breaking up this sympathetic action of the dis-
eased lung, on the more healthy tone of the
stomach, and increasing its digestive powers,
and likewise causing, during the nauseating ac-
tion, a more active and healthy circulation of
blood through the lungs. Its curative powers
are more immediately attributable to these ef-
fects of its action. But theory apart, the treat-
ment presented is based on more than ten
years experience of its curative advantages in
the proper treatment of diseases of mucopu-
rent and purulent expectoration.

Having left a profession, that more nearly
than any other approaches the pure duties of
humanity, but which has nearly ceased in this
country to be honorable or profitable, I have
little motive in exposing myself to that certain
ridicule that follows the enunciation that con-
sumption may be cured; but the assurance of
practical experience, and the desire of making
known a means of saving life, in one of its fre-
quent and unwelcome visits.

[EDW. C. COOPER, M. D.]

Live Within Your Income.

Few directions are more valuable for suc-
cess in life than the above. It is applicable to
all ages and of paramount importance to all.
It is a very good starting point for the young
man just commencing the race of life. Here
the early habit may be so formed of regulating
the expenses, crushing all unnecessary desires,
and avoiding those temptations that lead be-
yond the income, that the whole future life of
property, influence and respectability may de-
pend upon it. A young man commences life
with a salary or with wages a little beyond the
supply of his ordinary and proper wants. By
carefully living within his income, not only
will there be laid up a supply for the future
when it will be needed, but a habit of self-con-
trol will be acquired more valuable than mon-
ey. Fictitious wants will not become real
ones, and the mind will be better prepared
for those days of need which will come upon
all.

The young man who spends his whole in-
come upon his present wants and pleasures,
will be apt to do so when that income increases,
and will never be a prosperous man. Wants
increase with time, and habits grow with
its indulgence. Let the young man, then, regard
this precept and learn wisdom.

Young married people are too apt to indulge
in foolish expenses, because they think they
can afford them. Perhaps they can; but if
they live up to the extent of their income, with
their present family, what will they do when
their family increases? The habits of expense
that they have acquired will adhere to them,
and they will soon be beyond their means.

It is a very unhappy condition for a family
to have been brought up to consider certain
luxuries as indispensable, and not having been
taught to regulate their expenses, to be con-
stantly stepping over the boundary line of their
income. How many mean steps, how many
disreputable things, how many unpleasant
things, must be resorted to, to keep up appear-
ances! There is hardly a more pitiable con-
dition. The children are imitating the extrava-
gances of the wealthy, while the father is hap-
pily assuaged with debt and duns, and the mother
often to deny herself the comforts of life. Such
children should show at once their energy and

their wisdom, by relinquishing at once this
foolish contest for fashion, and by their endeav-
ors to earn their livelihood, exhibit to the world
how superior they are to its follies.

He who is spending more than his income
is guilty of dishonesty. What he thus spends
must be from the pockets of his neighbors.—
He is incurring debts that he knows he can
never pay, and is thus undermining the foun-
dation of his own character, and teaching his
children one of the worst lessons that he can
impart before them. His situation too is a
most uncomfortable one. He cannot look his
creditors in the face as an honest man should,
but is obliged to resort to subterfuge, false prom-
ises, and, eventually, lies, to satisfy those he
does not pay. Any man that has any regard
for his own happiness, or respect for his own
character, will avoid these evils.

But what shall be done? Give up this
struggle for appearances. Conform to circum-
stances, and live poorly and dress poorly, if
necessary, until debts are paid. But, above
all, go to work! Work is not dishonorable or
disgraceful. In this country, independence is
of more value than gentility; and the satisfac-
tion of an honest conscience is worth more than
the notions and splendors of society. No man
or woman can degrade themselves by honest
labor; but the struggle to keep up appearances
must be a degradation always in our own eyes,
often in the eyes of our neighbors.

[N. Y. Times.]

The Gentleman.

At table he is never in a hurry; he waits
till a servant addresses him. In eating for
anything, he never addresses a servant abrupt-
ly or sternly. Instead of saying, "Bring me
water!" he says in a mild and civil tone, "I will
thank you for the bread." "Will you bring me
some water?" "A cup of coffee, if you please."
"Will you be good enough to hand me the sa-
gar." And whenever anything is brought, he
always addresses the servants, especially women,
in a mild, civil tone, as if asking a favor,
and not demanding a right; and he never rings
his chamber bell unless for something that he
cannot conveniently forego. Clerks and ser-
vants at hotels are often harassed by frivo-
lous orders, especially by women who under-
take to play lady, and show consequence, by
being imperious and exacting. At table, the
gentleman never talks loud, never stares at the
other guests, and especially never commits that
indecent, so common in Englishmen, staring
at women. He never makes remarks upon any
one present; never looks up and around when
eating or drinking, like a dog over a bone, and
afraid of losing it. He never drinks or talks
with his mouth full, or fills his mouth till his
cheek is distended like that of a ground squir-
rel gathering his winter store. He never spits
at table, or coughs or sneezes over his plate.

He never looks about stealthily or boastfully,
as if afraid or anxious to be gazed at, but sits
quiet and self-possessed, taking for granted
that the rest of the company have their own
business to mind, and no leisure to be busy
about himself. In a parlor, especially among
women, he never stretches on a sofa, puts his
feet on or in a chair, or on a table or window
sill, or sticks them out at full length. He nev-
er sits with his feet stretched out, and his
hands on his head as if holding it on. He nev-
er makes general denunciations of parties or
sects, in presence of strangers whose opinions
he knows not, or in presence of acquaintances
whose opinions are adverse. He defends his
opinions when called upon, or omits it at his
discretion, but never aggressively assails those
of others in the social circle, or among stran-
gers, or in any place where controversy is not
expected. At table, when partaking of things
designed for common stock, as salt, bread, wa-
ter, castors, placed in the middle of the table
for all, as they sometimes are, he never leaves
them beside his plate, but restores them to
their proper place, for the use of others. He
never utters profane or indelicate language, or
makes coarse allusions, especially in presence
of women.

If a woman or an old man drops anything,
he stoops to recover it, and, if successful, pre-
sents it civilly; and always politely acknowl-
edges such courtesy to himself. He abstains
from all those outrages upon good manners, and
the rights of others, practical jokes. He nev-
er joins in ridicule of any person present who
is selected for a butt. If any should combine
to make one of a company drunk, he puts the
intended victim on his guard. He never laughs
at a fall or other dangerous or mortifying ac-
cident, but always offers assistance. If a wom-
an meets with any provoking mishap, as drop-
ping a set of curls, or having her dress acci-
dentally damaged, he never laughs, but picks it
up and presents or arranges, as if he did not
see, and endeavors to aid in concealing the dif-
ficulty. If the accident requires feminine aid,
he sends his own wife or daughter to render it,
or informs the sufferer's husband, if present.—
He never ridicules the unfortunate, or exults
over misfortune, or alludes unbidden to de-
graded friends. In short, he tries in all things,
great and small, to do as he would be done by,
and never sacrifices to his own selfishness, the
rights, feelings, or comfort of others. Such is
the real gentleman. He is confined to no con-
dition in life, for his gentility depends upon
benevolent and enlightened consideration of
others, and not upon arbitrary distinctions of
human creation.—[Phila. Ledger.]

THE MAN OVER-DEVOTED TO BUSINESS.

There is much sound philosophy in the old
sage, that "All work and no play makes Jack
a dull boy." There are men, and plenty of
them too, so thoroughly wedded to business,
that they have never a moment to spare for in-
tellectual improvement, or leisure to cultivate
rationally the graces of social life. When such
men are reproached for this continued devo-
tion to business, which, after all, is the wor-
ship of the Golden Calf, in another shape,
their constant reply is, that their pleasure
and recreation is their business. This may all be
so, and so is the pleasure of some crazy men,
unless restrained to be forever maiming them-
selves; but is such a pleasure a proper or
healthy one? Those who are in the habit of
walking a great deal know that it is less fatiguing
to walk over uneven ground, for any length
of time, than it is over that which is perfectly
level. In the former, a variety of muscles are
called into action, one set relieving the other;
but in the latter, the same muscles are con-
stantly engaged, and the fatigue is proportion-
ate. It is so with the faculties of the human
mind. No one will bear a continued tension
without injury. Tenacity has been well-defi-

ed to be the continual entertainment of one
idea. Now, if this be so, we will have the man
over devoted to business to say how far he is
removed from a madman. A prudent and
steady attention to business becomes every
man; but it is sadly making the means the
end, when every other faculty of the mind is
allowed to lie fallow, and all the rational de-
lights which are so lavishly sown in our
path, to remain ungathered and unloved. To
this class of men, the market price of tallow is
of higher importance than the freedom of
Greece—and the value of sugar dearer to them
than all the sweets of social life.

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FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

A curious movement has been lately made in Baltimore by the German residents there: it appears that a considerable number of them have been organized to assist the German voting community of Baltimore to cast their votes at the next elections.

Brook's monument, about six miles from Niagara Falls, is to be rebuilt by a person from Toronto. The contractor has already begun to remove the ruined shaft of the old monument.

To Mian Hui. Pora-Mix finely sifted lime with some white of eggs till a thin kind of paste is formed; then add some fine flour. Apply this to the fracture, and the vessel will be found to be nearly as sound as ever.

Nations are easily moulded into habits. The fable that Romulus was warned into being by a she-wolf gave a position to that proverbial beast which exhibited itself in every page of Roman history. Had the she-wolf of Rome been a lamb or a dove, it is very likely that Nero would have been a sheep-herder or a bird-fancier.

The Lion, that the English have adopted as their national emblem, is a very proper emblem, as the lion is the most courageous of animals, and the English are the most courageous of nations.

Simon says there is no place like home, except the home of the girl you are courting. Outo chap, that Simon.

The new poet thus speaks of "Marriage of the sea and shore."

The bridegroom says
Is lying with the shore, his wedded bride;
And in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He deems her to be a little more than wife,
Retires a step to see how far she looks;
Then prouder, runs up to kiss her.

One of the Jones. A few years ago, while acting in the capacity of a foreman in a country printing office, a tall, rather awkward, but very good natured fellow, who was a printer, had travelled far and near, and was out of money, and asked for a situation.

Being short of help we gave him a stick and rule and a copy of the Bible, and he went off with them, and our usual avocations for some time, without paying any attention to our new friend. Finally, not hearing anything from him, we went around to his case and asked him how he was getting on. "Oh," said he, "I've got nearly two ropes up." He left soon after that—Capital City Fact.

"Samba, what are your 'pinion' bits at? Why, I think one of them is the shortest tail you will find in the whole of the world."

That people should spend hundreds of dollars annually in visiting the springs of the world, and then to find that they are not worth the visit, is a very curious thing. Why waste the contents of a pocket-book on a jaunt to Sharon, when a beverage equally as pleasant as the one obtained there can be made at home for a few cents more, and mixing them with bludge water? For five dollars we will furnish a person with a recipe for making all the more celebrated waters of the country. For the sparkling offering of the famous Congress Springs, we offer a very cheap substitute—drink weak pickle out of an old boot.

A windy orator once got up and said—"Sir, after much reflection, consideration, and examination, I have concluded, and do hereby declare, that in the whole of the world, there is no place in which the population is less, than in the city of New York."

Example is more forcible than precept. "My people," said Mr. Cecil, "look at me six days in the week to see what I mean on the seventh."

The citizens of Plymouth and descendants of the Pilgrims generally, are making arrangements to celebrate on the 1st of August the anniversary of the embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven, in 1620.

At the celebration in Boston on the Fourth, the following toast was given: "The Children of the Pilgrims, who have become wiser and better men than their fathers—and the girls grow up to be—just like their mothers."

A man once went to an eccentric lawyer to be qualified for some petty office. Said the lawyer, "Hold up your hand. I'll swear you, but all creation couldn't qualify you."

The report that the man who couldn't contain himself is about to issue a supplement, is contradicted.

The Boston Atlas having mentioned that during the last year 50,000 bushels of canary seed were imported, costing \$15,000, a writer in the Journal of Commerce adds the intelligence that 11,000 canaries were annually imported, costing \$17,360, making a total of nearly \$31,000.

Mr. Jones. "That is a fine horse you're leading, Patrick. He carries his head well."

—That's true. An it's a grand that he carries behind him."

J.—Behind him? Don't everything that carries a tail, carry it behind?

—No, yer honor.

J.—Aint more, carries it's tail on one side, and its head on the other.

There was some unconscious wit and a deal of childish philosophy in the remark of a little girl, who, being asked, "What's a fine horse?" made to her father. She was annoyed at some old shoes, which she was anxious should be replaced by new ones, and was venturing her opinion in rather more boisterous manner than her father considered proper.

"What's the matter there, Cora? Have you got a fit?"

—No, papa; they don't fit me at all, said she. And then she enumerated all the faults of the shoes in sets, and reached the climax thus: "They are the meanest shoes I ever saw; why, they haven't squeaked in a long time."

If a young woman wishes to have herself published as "fascinating, beautiful and accomplished," let her pick up her best clothes in a dirty towel, crawl out of the back up-stairs window some dark rainy night, and come down in her father's old coat and shoes, and her father's horses. It's a big price to pay for compliments, but it will bring them just as certain as a dirty rain-barrel will bring mosquitoes. In fact, we never knew a woman make as much of herself in the way of compliments without enhancing her charms two or three hundred per cent. by the time her case got into the papers.

Little Boy, whose appetite is refreshed by passing a confectioner's, "Ma, I'm hungry, I say."

—Be careful, little boy, you're talking about your appetite, but you're not talking about your stomach. You're hungry, but you're not eating."

Little Boy, "I ain't hungry for bread and butter, I'm hungry for candy."

In the Whig party dead or not? (Boston Post.) Put your finger in its mouth and you will perhaps find the Louisville Journal. You are trying to gag us, Mr. Journal! (Boston Post.)

Among other reports in the State Convention of Mass. last week, was the following: (Reported.)—Inexpedient to take any action in reference to striking out the word "whereas" in the constitution. Inexpedient to take any action in reference to giving females the right to vote on proposed amendments to the Constitution.

A "Mohawk" of a greenhorn was loitering the other day near a group of Irish who were discussing the merits of the President.

"Say you," (said a loud, crowding fellow among the speakers,) "I know him like a book—he lived up there to Concord close to where I belong; I know him—well acquainted with him!"

"You!" replied one of the group, contemptuously, "a damned sight you know him! I guess I know him. He wouldn't speak to such an ill-looking fellow as you!"

"Wouldn't he though?" "I bet he would! He shot my uncle's dog once!" (Clinton Count.)

The school question is to be the great topic at the next election in Maryland. The Catholics and Protestants are making out separate nominations for Governor and members of the Legislature. The old party divisions stand away with for the present.

Mrs. Partridge fears that her son Ike is getting so daring that he will be killed in one of his narrow escapades.

A hint. It is not generally known that leaves of general pardon are an article of commerce in the State of New York. It is rubbed off and other words of that kind. One or two leaves must be rubbed and applied on linen to the part, and the wound will become cicatrized in a very short time.

A rogue is a roundabout foot, a fool in circumlocution, and a coward.

THE MAINE LAW. The Maine Law was defeated Monday in the New York Assembly, upon a motion that it be ordered to a third reading, by a vote of 46 yeas to 52 nays. Of the yeas, 22 were whigs, 22 democrats, and one independent. Of the nays, 5 were whigs, and 47 democrats.

It will be recollected that at the time of the Norwalk Draw accident, a daughter of Rufus W. Griswold of New York, was rescued by the persevering efforts of Mr. L. Benedict, after her life had been given up for lost. The New Haven Journal learns that Mr. Griswold has now presented Mr. Benedict a richly engraved heavy watch, with gold chain and key.

We notice a call in the last Oxford Democrat, for a meeting to be held by a person from Toronto, to nominate a candidate for Governor. The call is signed by Noah Prince, Esq., the publisher of the Oxford Democrat, by order of a committee recently chosen for the purpose.

SCOTT. It will be remembered by our readers that Gen. Scott met with a severe accident some months since while walking in Ninth street. We learn that he is very slowly recovering the use of his arm, but it is very doubtful if he will ever have the full use of it restored. He is now staying at the West Point for the benefit of his health. [New York Express.]

A LITERARY HOTEL. The Mansion formerly owned and occupied by the late J. Fenimore Cooper, the distinguished Novelist, at Cooperstown, Otsego Co., N. Y., has been recently converted into a commodious summer hotel.

The Southern and Western papers are exhorting Mississippi to pay her repudiated bonds, both for her own sake and that of the country, as well as in justice to the good-will bond-holders. They remind her that her repudiated bonds are a disgrace to her name, and that she is doing wrong to the people of the United States by her refusal to pay them.

A New York trade advertiser lately envelopes with United States Postage stamps attached, (which makes them as good as and as legal as the government envelopes) for 5 cent stamps, which is charged for the new envelopes. Over the stamp stands the motto, "Free Trade,"—under it, "No Monopoly."

OUR TABLE. MEMOIR OF MARY L. WARE, wife of Henry Ware, Jr., by Edward B. Hall. Boston, Crosby, Nichols and Company, 1853.

The lives of many wonderful geniuses and eminent heroes and heroines, persons noted for a few brilliant achievements in a lifetime, have been given to the world; often, however, to the gratification of a love of the marvellous and to excite astonishment and wonder, than as furnishing examples which it would be well, or possible, indeed, for the great mass of mankind to imitate.

In the work before us, however, we have the life of one, great only in her goodness—a model woman in the relations of daughter, wife, mother, friend, and Christian; one who did not dazzle all eyes by a few brilliant; inimitable flashes, which might only serve to blind and lead astray, but who illumined the world by a course of cheerful, equal glow of christian principle, and by her kindness warmed and cheered the hearts of all around her, exciting a spirit of love and admiration and a desire to follow in her footsteps and imitate her example. And such an example, though bold and high, is not entirely beyond the reach of the humblest individual, and it is not in vain that it is put on record. The character of an every-day hero or heroine, it has been said, is the hardest to maintain; and this in a certain sense is true, calling as it does for a constant watchfulness and self-denial; but for the attainment of such a character we are none of us constitutionally unfitted—there is no insurmountable barrier in the way. We regard this book as one of the most useful that could be written; and doubtless these "footprints" will inspire many a weary and wayworn pilgrim with fresh courage in his lifetime journey, and enable him to press on with renewed vigor to the gates of the celestial city.

FATHER GAVAZZI'S LIFE AND LECTURES.—We have received from De Witt & Davenport, of New York, a neatly printed little volume, containing the life of this saintly and able anti-slavery lecturer, which has been so much admired in New York, and the repetition of which in Montreal led to the late riot and loss of life there. It is a book which everybody will wish to read, and will no doubt find a ready sale. Price 50 cts.

PERENNIAL LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The August number has come to hand, and is the 6th another glimpse of the White House from the pen of the author of "Sally L's Diary." So long as Peterson fills his magazine with such charming stories it cannot fail to be popular. The number is prettily embellished and is an unusually good one.

THE RECENT HAIL STORM.—Judging from the accounts in the Pennsylvania papers, the recent hail storm in that State was the most severe of any ever experienced. Near Shoemakertown, the top of a carriage was completely perforated by the hail, the stones passing through into the carriage. The driver of one of the mail stages states that the hail-stones came with such severity as to draw blood out of his horses. The destruction of window glass, and the damage to the growing crops was immense.

Markets.

Waterville Retail Prices.

Flour 51-70, 70-80, 80-90, 90-100, 100-110, 110-120, 120-130, 130-140, 140-150, 150-160, 160-170, 170-180, 180-190, 190-200, 200-210, 210-220, 220-230, 230-240, 240-250, 250-260, 260-270, 270-280, 280-290, 290-300, 300-310, 310-320, 320-330, 330-340, 340-350, 350-360, 360-370, 370-380, 380-390, 390-400, 400-410, 410-420, 420-430, 430-440, 440-450, 450-460, 460-470, 470-480, 480-490, 490-500, 500-510, 510-520, 520-530, 530-540, 540-550, 550-560, 560-570, 570-580, 580-590, 590-600, 600-610, 610-620, 620-630, 630-640, 640-650, 650-660, 660-670, 670-680, 680-690, 690-700, 700-710, 710-720, 720-730, 730-740, 740-750, 750-760, 760-770, 770-780, 780-790, 790-800, 800-810, 810-820, 820-830, 830-840, 840-850, 850-860, 860-870, 870-880, 880-890, 890-900, 900-910, 910-920, 920-930, 930-940, 940-950, 950-960, 960-970, 970-980, 980-990, 990-1000, 1000-1010, 1010-1020, 1020-1030, 1030-1040, 1040-1050, 1050-1060, 1060-1070, 1070-1080, 1080-1090, 1090-1100, 1100-1110, 1110-1120, 1120-1130, 1130-1140, 1140-1150, 1150-1160, 1160-1170, 1170-1180, 1180-1190, 1190-1200, 1200-1210, 1210-1220, 1220-1230, 1230-1240, 1240-1250, 1250-1260, 1260-1270, 1270-1280, 1280-1290, 1290-1300, 1300-1310, 1310-1320, 1320-1330, 1330-1340, 1340-1350, 1350-1360, 1360-1370, 1370-1380, 1380-1390, 1390-1400, 1400-1410, 1410-1420, 1420-1430, 1430-1440, 1440-1450, 1450-1460, 1460-1470, 1470-1480, 1480-1490, 1490-1500, 1500-1510, 1510-1520, 1520-1530, 1530-1540, 1540-1550, 1550-1560, 1560-1570, 1570-1580, 1580-1590, 1590-1600, 1600-1610, 1610-1620, 1620-1630, 1630-1640, 1640-1650, 1650-1660, 1660-1670, 1670-1680, 1680-1690, 1690-1700, 1700-1710, 1710-1720, 1720-1730, 1730-1740, 1740-1750, 1750-1760, 1760-1770, 1770-1780, 1780-1790, 1790-1800, 1800-1810, 1810-1820, 1820-1830, 1830-1840, 1840-1850, 1850-1860, 1860-1870, 1870-1880, 1880-1890, 1890-1900, 1900-1910, 1910-1920, 1920-1930, 1930-1940, 1940-1950, 1950-1960, 1960-1970, 1970-1980, 1980-1990, 1990-2000, 2000-2010, 2010-2020, 2020-2030, 2030-2040, 2040-2050, 2050-2060, 2060-2070, 2070-2080, 2080-2090, 2090-2100, 2100-2110, 2110-2120, 2120-2130, 2130-2140, 2140-2150, 2150-2160, 2160-2170, 2170-2180, 2180-2190, 2190-2200, 2200-2210, 2210-2220, 2220-2230, 2230-2240, 2240-2250, 2250-2260, 2260-2270, 2270-2280, 2280-2290, 2290-2300, 2300-2310, 2310-2320, 2320-2330, 2330-2340, 2340-2350, 2350-2360, 2360-2370, 2370-2380, 2380-2390, 2390-2400, 2400-2410, 2410-2420, 2420-2430, 2430-2440, 2440-2450, 2450-2460, 2460-2470, 2470-2480, 2480-2490, 2490-2500, 2500-2510, 2510-2520, 2520-2530, 2530-2540, 2540-2550, 2550-2560, 2560-2570, 2570-2580, 2580-2590, 2590-2600, 2600-2610, 2610-2620, 2620-2630, 2630-2640, 2640-2650, 2650-2660, 2660-2670, 2670-2680, 2680-2690, 2690-2700, 2700-2710, 2710-2720, 2720-2730, 2730-2740, 2740-2750, 2750-2760, 2760-2770, 2770-2780, 2780-2790, 2790-2800, 2800-2810, 2810-2820, 2820-2830, 2830-2840, 2840-2850, 2850-2860, 2860-2870, 2870-2880, 2880-2890, 2890-2900, 2900-2910, 2910-2920, 2920-2930, 2930-2940, 2940-2950, 2950-2960, 2960-2970, 2970-2980, 2980-2990, 2990-3000, 3000-3010, 3010-3020, 3020-3030, 3030-3040, 3040-3050, 3050-3060, 3060-3070, 3070-3080, 3080-3090, 3090-3100, 3100-3110, 3110-3120, 3120-3130, 3130-3140, 3140-3150, 3150-3160, 3160-3170, 3170-3180, 3180-3190, 3190-3200, 3200-3210, 3210-3220, 3220-3230, 3230-3240, 3240-3250, 3250-3260, 3260-3270, 3270-3280, 3280-3290, 3290-3300, 3300-3310, 3310-3320, 3320-3330, 3330-3340, 3340-3350, 3350-3360, 3360-3370, 3370-3380, 3380-3390, 3390-3400, 3400-3410, 3410-3420, 3420-3430, 3430-3440, 3440-3450, 3450-3460, 3460-3470, 3470-3480, 3480-3490, 3490-3500, 3500-3510, 3510-3520, 3520-3530, 3530-3540, 3540-3550, 3550-3560, 3560-3570, 3570-3580, 3580-3590, 3590-3600, 3600-3610, 3610-3620, 3620-3630, 3630-3640, 3640-3650, 3650-3660, 3660-3670, 3670-3680, 3680-3690, 3690-3700, 3700-3710, 3710-3720, 3720-3730, 3730-3740, 3740-3750, 3750-3760, 3760-3770, 3770-3780, 3780-3790, 3790-3800, 3800-3810, 3810-3820, 3820-3830, 3830-3840, 3840-3850, 3850-3860, 3860-3870, 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