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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 08, No. 43): May 10, 1855

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.... MAY 10, 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 South's Building, Court St., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; W. W. Co., Third and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia; S. W. Co., North and Fayette Sts., Baltimore.

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

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

"Probably at Augusta."

The editor of the Maine Farmer takes time by the forelock in proclaiming that the first annual fair of the State Agricultural Society will be held "probably at Augusta." This may be; but we should like to know on what authority the editor of the Farmer, who is the Secretary of the society, makes this early proclamation. The location of the first meeting of the society was entrusted to a committee. That committee has had no meeting and no consultation. Has the Farmer had a "feeler" among them, whose report gives ground to say "probably at Augusta?" We suppose the committee will locate the fair where it will best accommodate the farmers of the State. If Augusta can offer better accommodations than Gardiner, Winthrop, Portland, Paris, Bangor, Waterville, or the other places that various individuals have placed among the "probable," doubtless it will be there;—not because the State House or the Arsenal, or the Maine Hospital are essential to the occasion; nor because this favor should go to the State capital because all others have gone there.

It may not have occurred to the Farmer that the North Kennebec Society, with the aid of citizens of Waterville, are preparing a bill of fare to offer the committee, which it is thought they will accept. The reason for thinking this "probable," is that it will be the best that is offered. Convenience of access, and the local accommodations that can be secured, are the points at which the committee will look. The proposition of North Kennebec will present a combination of these, at least worthy of the consideration of the committee. They are now engaged in fitting up a show-ground, of about twenty acres, enclosed with tight board fence, and embracing a half-mile graded trotting course. This will be finished, and furnished with the proper conveniences, with special reference to the accommodation of the State Society. The freedom of toll-bridges, and the favors of boats and railroads, will be secured to the best advantage, with other attractive features that may at least be counted "probable." The convenience of access is an advantage that no other place can offer. By the A. & B. R., the Androscoggin, and the A. & E. Railroads, the entire southern and western sections of the State are within a few hours ride. The Penobscot & Kennebec and the Somerset & Kennebec railroads are equally convenient in an opposite direction; while either cars or boats will accommodate all the denizens of the Kennebec, from Bath to Waterville. Can any other location offer the State Society better inducements?—or can the Maine Farmer tell us why, with the offer of such accommodations at Waterville, the fair will "probably be at Augusta?" We are willing Augusta should have the favor, but not "without a why or wherefore." North Kennebec presents her claim, and expects a fair hearing;—and is at least "probable" she will have it. Other places too, we are told, will give the State Society pressing invitations. When all are before the committee, in case of disagreement, provision is made for their reference, with a statement of facts, to Mr. Dana, the member of the Board of Agriculture from Washington county, who becomes the umpire.

Mr. Whitehouse's "New England Bards" give a Concert at Appleton Hall on Friday evening, as will be seen from our advertisement. Their merits are known to such of our citizens as have heard them on former visits, and they doubtless have, at least, enough to constitute a good audience. Last night has given us a most ravishing appetite for music, and we are thankful for this visit.

The exhibition of the students of the Liberal Institute, was adjourned to a second evening, and attracted two crowded audiences, by whom the usual evidences of satisfaction were very strongly expressed. Mr. Ludden has evidently been very successful in securing from his pupils the co-operation so desirable to a teacher, and without which his efforts avail but little. The excellent behavior of the scholars, without exception, was highly commendable.

See the Card of Messrs. Woodman & Benson, West Waterville. We know Mr. Woodman's like a book, and those who put the feet of their horses or oxen into his hands, may leave him to his own counsel, without instructions. He knows what they want.

GLASS FROST.—Messrs. Ely & Kimball have suggested a good improvement for the stores in Ticonderoga Row, by the insertion of an entire glass front in their Dry Goods establishment at No. 1. If adopted by the other stores in the block, it would render it an attractive business location. Possibly a glass front there might open a glass back there somewhere;—but the owners of the stores would gain by the operation.

SAD ACCIDENT AT NEWPORT.—A correspondent informs us that three men engaged in cutting lumber on Newport pond were drowned on Saturday last, by the upsetting of their boat. He does not give their names. Nobody witnessed the accident, and the discovery of the boat stranded upon the shore was the first indication that it had happened. They belonged to Newport. Up to yesterday morning neither of the bodies had been found.

OUR TABLE.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The April number of this good old Tory monthly contains the following articles:—How to Dress Him. Psychological Inquiries. Zaidie, a Romance—part 6. Notes on Canada and the North-West States of America. Charles Dickens. State of the Campaign, written in a text in the Crimea—part 5. The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 54 Gold Street, New York. Terms of Subscription.—Any one Review or Blackwood, \$3 a year. Blackwood and one Review, or any two Reviews, \$5. The four Reviews and Blackwood, \$10. Four Copies, \$20. Postage on the four Reviews and Blackwood to any Post Office in the United States, only 50 cents a year. Vis: 14 cents a year on each Review, and 24 cents a year on Blackwood.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The May number is full of pleasant reading, suited to all moods and tempers; and though the Editor's Table, for lack of room, shows a deficiency in quantity, trust us, there is no falling off in quality. Published by Samuel Houston, New York, at \$3 a year.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—No. 572 abounds in short articles, on a variety of subjects, that all tastes may be gratified. Another chapter of "Zaidie, a Romance," is given, and something of interest will be found in this number, as in every recent issue, relating to the conduct of the War and the state of affairs in Europe. Published weekly by Little, Son & Co., at \$6 a year, and sent to any part of the country free of postage.

THE DRESS MAKERS AND MILLINERS' GUIDE, and Report of the Paris, London, and New York Fashions.—The May issue of this work, of which we receive an occasional number, has just come to hand. It should be in the hands of all professional dress makers and milliners who wish to keep up with the times and satisfy their fair patrons. This work is issued bi-monthly, by S. B. TAYLOR, New York, and each number contains four or more beautifully colored fashion plates, with full sized patterns in tissue paper, and printed descriptions and directions, enabling every lady to be her own dress maker; or, falling in that, at least to keep her well informed of what is worn at the head quarters of fashion. Price, \$3 a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is a capital number, richly filled and elegantly illustrated. The picture of a "Mortified Daughter" is a gem. Other engravings are also given, fashion plates, patterns for embroidery, bead work, bracelets, caps, slippers, book marks, &c., &c. It cannot fail to suit the ladies. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—This monthly, which by sheer force of merit, has outdone scores of rivals and reduced scores of others to a supine condition, shows no falling off, but is continually growing better and more popular. The May number is a rich one; the following are the illustrated articles:—Sketches in Brazil. The Lion and his Kind. Daring Exploring Expedition. The Newcomer. Comicalities and Fashions. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York, at \$3 a year, with a liberal discount to clubs, and for sale by all periodical dealers. It will be found in Waterville at Moody's.

Death of Willie.

But a few weeks have passed since a happy family circle was broken! Death entered that happy circle and took from them their Willie. Willie was the cherished idol of that band. A short time prior to his death, a part of that family group left the idol of their heart-circle in the full promise of health and life, to spend the winter. But alas! their return Willie was laid beneath the sod. How often did they in their absence, think of the playful childish laugh of that little boy, the parents' only child, the grandparents' pride; and how impatiently did they wait for spring to appear, that they might greet that little pet, and impress on his cheek that kiss they were wont to bestow. But that home is desolate, for its purest light has faded out. Willie is dead! O, how they loved the boy! He was a child of more than rare promise, a beautiful, noble boy. Would that in the springtime he had gone to his long rest, when the flowers and leaves were bursting to clothe the fields with beauty. But it matters not; he wandered not alone through the dark vale, "for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." The warm sun will shine on the grave of the little sleeper, but little will he heed the sunbeam or cloud; there is no shadow in Heaven, the home of Willie. The beautiful child of "but one summer" will mingle with the earth; but in the silence of the night when sleep has refused to close the eyelids of those fond parents, they will fancy that they feel a soft hand pressed to their cheeks as they used to Willie with him. "But we hope and trust one of the strongest links of earth has been broken to bind their souls to Heaven." We enter the silent graveyard, and there is the newly made grave of that little sleeper, whose locks were browned but by the sun of one summer. There is yet no record of marriage, but his image is given in the hearts of his bereaved friends. "Ye become weak when he passed from earth, yet 'tears well as freely down their cheeks as they did that long lonely day when the sound was making for the lost one." It seems when they enter the home, that were to speak the name "Willie," he would run to us as he used to; yet we know that naught but the dust of that grave remains. Blisful thought! "The Redeemer loveth little children." Yes, another one has passed into the spring of eternal bliss and shining bloom. The snow has fallen on the hill above his rest, and it is as white as his cheek, or the shrub around him. But the spring will come, and the flowers will bloom on the grave of the little boy white in the summer of immortality. Willie will bloom in undimmed youth and beauty. The playthings are all put away. Ceased and broken the scorching friendship to their fate; but may they be enabled to thank God that there is a better world than this for them. Willie, gentle, loving, boy, farewell! And that the bereaved friends may rely on Him who doth all things well for him, and who hath said "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." In the wish of one who sympathizes with them, M. M. (Annona, March 1855.)

PHILOSOPHY OF SECTARIANISM, or a classical view of the Christian Sects in the United States, with notices of their Progress and Tendencies. By Rev. Alexander B. H. Boston. The profile press of Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, has just issued the above work. It is not such a book as the title indicates to be, yet possibly a better one. The author is a Presbyterian, and his philosophy is Presbyterian philosophy. Like all sectarians, he regards his own sect as the only true one, and makes his truth as obvious as the hump of a camel. Still he is a philosopher, as well as a very agreeable writer, and if we belonged to his side of the house we should hold up both hands for his argument. But we don't, and can only commend his sectarian philosophy to sectarian philosophers, the legions of whom would soon demand a second edition.

THE IRISH RING.—No further intelligence has been received of Mr. E. N. Doe, of Ohio, whose disappearance has been the subject of much alarm with his family and friends. He left home for Portland a fortnight since, to return the next day. He was afterwards seen in Boston, but no further trace of him was to be discovered.

BARNEY SMITH, a well-to-do Irishman at Chicago, Ill., wished to return to Swatara Ireland and the bank his bill of \$3,000 by draft. The only difficulty was how to establish his identity at the bank in Ireland. The difficulty was overcome by taking photographs of Barney and his mother on one plate, and on a half sheet of paper placed on the banker's cost, was written in a bold hand: "The likeness on my left represents Barney Smith of this city, now about to leave for Dublin, Ireland." R. K. Swift, Banker.

NOMINATIONS BY THE GOVERNOR.—In addition to the nomination of Henry Carter to be Judge of the Police Court of this city, which we announced yesterday, the Governor has nominated S. M. May, of Winthrop, to be Justice of the Supreme Court, and Samuel Small, of Portland, to be Recorder of the Police Court in this city. Chief Justice Gumpley and Justice Tenney, Biss and Appleton, constitute the Law Court under the recent act of the Legislature. [Portland paper.]

prophet," at the same time handing her a V to change. "Oh yes," said she, in a most uncharitable manner, pocketing the five dollars, "Oh yes, I make very fair profit!"

A GOOD PLAN.—We like the plan of the Baptist Church, in commencing their afternoon service at 3 o'clock. It is unnecessary to detail reasons; but it seems to us that upon fair trial its adoption, for the long summer days, will extend to the other societies. We have more wisdom in secular than religious plans, and of course our advice is of no value to those who are not "our way of thinking."

S. & K. RAILROAD.—We learn that the repairs are progressing between this place and Augusta, and that the trains will probably resume their regular trips early in June.

GXT OFF.—Those who have read the laws enacted by the last legislature, or seen the bills posted along the railroad lines, need not be informed that by standing or walking on the track of any railroad in this State, without special authority to do so, they expose themselves to a fine of not less than five or more than twenty dollars. Those who find it convenient to violate this law will curse the legislature for making it; but those who have been once run over by a locomotive will be thankful for any security against a recurrence of the accident.

PICTURES.—A very pretty and very good pencil drawing of the Colleges and grounds, by young Dingley, of Winslow, may be seen at Mathews's. It has the credit of being, at least, the best that has been taken. The daguerotype fails on account of the interference of trees—making a pretty picture, but as likely to be taken for one, college as another. The grounds, in Dingley's drawing, are well given, and contribute their full share to the truth of the picture. It deserves a record by the graver—which it is hardly likely to get.

An excellent picture of Mr. Saxo is given in Ballou's Pictorial. It shows the facetious poet so like himself, that one who should salute it with "How are you, Saxo?" would be answered "So-so" as promptly as by the original. And so it is, bearing puns and pleasantry in every line—the artist having imitated the poet in this respect. The hundred lectures Mr. Saxo is reported to have given during the past winter, must have contributed to his person as well as his pocket, though we hope not to the detriment of the latter contribution, which was the more needful of the two.

ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN.—We were recently shown, at the residence of Maj. Marston, in this village, a specimen of ingenious workmanship, which we deem well worthy of notice, as it reflects great credit upon one of our own deserving mechanics. It is a spiral staircase—light and graceful—which sweeps three half a circle from the floor to the landing above, and this with a curve so beautiful, and the whole structure combining so much of symmetry, harmony and nice adaptation to purpose and place, that the sight of it affords continual delight to the eye, for of a truth, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Better judges than we pretend to be pronounce it a piece of work of such rare excellence, in its way, that they have seldom seen it surpassed anywhere. In its planning and mechanical execution, it is the unaided work of Mr. Stephen Thomas, who to great mechanical skill, unites such invincible modesty, that we seldom hear of his ingenuity except through the work of his hands. We intend nothing invidious in this mention of Mr. T., for we are of opinion that our supply of mechanical talent and skill here is too great to excuse the man who violates alike good policy and a laudable public spirit, by sending abroad for either; but our attention being called to the work by his generous brother "chips," we take pleasure in saying a word for a deserving man too modest to speak for himself.

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Now a thrifless Farmer was returned.

[We copy the following story from one of Dr. Glen C. Haven's Letters to his Son, published in Life Illustrations.]

If you have a place for every thing, and keep it in its place, if you have a time to do business, and do it in its time, you will find that you will "drive business" instead of business driving you, and so will have leisure instead of constant worry. It pains me to see some men undertake any business of moment. They are as sure to become entangled, and thrown on to their backs, their business a-top of them, as they are to undertake it. Take farming for instance. Now I venture the assertion that two-thirds of all the farmers in this State are burning green wood this terrible cold weather. Go into their houses, and you hear the sizzling of the beech, or maple, or elm, as like to the death-dirge of a cockroach as can be. Out of the chimney tops come forth smoke dark as Tartarus, and their wives and hired girls are crouching as bedlam. These men could not find time to cut their wood, and have it seasoned. Now I charge it on you, that you fail not to have time to do all that you undertake—in order. Every day accidents, casualties, catastrophes, providences are taking place, because men, women and children have not time to do things as they ought to be done. I must tell you a story, which is a fact. When I was a boy, there lived in my native village a family by the name of Wilson. There were four boys and four girls, and they were exceedingly gifted. Not one of them was there who did not rank in beauty, intellect and personal physical power a good way above mediocrity. They all had more than common educational acquirements, for they learned easily. The girls all married early and to young men of high promise. The men all married—and to respectable women. Yet all remained poor. Their failure was directly attributable to a want of order. Not one of them was ever known to do a thing in its time, nor have a thing in its place—with one exception, and he is the hero of my story. Of one of the girls I may say truthfully that for thirty-five years she has never seen the sun rise, always going to bed past midnight and rising past midday. But to my story. Erastus Wilson was a farmer—a thrifless, slovenly, disorderly, slipshod farmer. The winds and the waters, the sun and rain, darkness and broad day, all conspired to do him harm. His gates were unhung, his hog's noses were unwrung, his sheep could leap his fences like wild deer, his cattle were seen with boards over their eyes, great spiked chains on their necks, pokes on, and "tied head and foot." His horses were as thin as a Rhode Island sparrow—you could see sunrise through them. His windows had old hats, old coats, old newspapers, and shingles, instead of glass. His corn was stunted, his meadows half covered with grass, and around and about him the spirit of decay seemed to brood. Yet he worked hard, did not drink, nor gamble, nor quarrel. In fact, he was a pious man, but he did every thing at the wrong time and in the wrong way.

He immediately set about it, and by what means he did it he never could tell. But that that deep snow and over the drifts he dragged the implement to the barn. Once there, he took a raw hide, stripped himself naked, and addressed himself: "Erastus Wilson, you are a mean, dirty, poverty-stricken man. All your life you have been too lazy to save what you have earned, or too careless to do it. You deserve a flogging. Here is your yoke, whose handles you could never see, till you thought them the horns of a deer, then you could waste drafts waist deep to get them. You deserve a good flogging, you careless blockhead, and you shall have it; and he laid the raw hide on to his body, legs and feet, till he raised great waves, he skipping around the floor naked and screaming, while he would say, "leave your yoke off, I'll use it if I can't teach you better. Thus he flogged himself most soundly, dressed himself, and went in. From that flogging he came forth a changed man. He was prompt, orderly, saving, and up with the times. His neighbors were surprised. His family were wonder-struck. He began to thrive, and in less than three years his farm, his flocks and herds all bore the evidence of being under the guidance of a spirit whose energies were of the amplest order. About this time he sickened and died. (N. E. Farmer.)

FACTS CONCERNING THE BREAD WE EAT. [Compiled from Chemistry of Common Life.] In order to exhibit the happy adaptation of food to the feeder, let us glance for a while at the "bread we eat." It is the stuff of life. It is also a key to the composition of all our vegetable fare. Now, if an ignorant miller were told that his flour would some day be converted into human blood, he would laugh at the notion just as much as if told that any part of his body could be made available (as it can) in the manufacture of lucifer matches. There is an external resemblance between the fine white powder which fills his sacks, and the crimson fluid which streams from his heart. There is still less similarity between that powder and the brainy manacles that render him a terror to the whole village. Yet, if the man were to surrender himself to live exclusively on the product of his mill, and he might do so without forfeiting his powers, provided he retained the habit, wherein the most nutritive principle largely exists, is in plain fact, his flour must necessarily be made into blood. The first glance, indeed, an analysis of bread would only seem to render the mystery more perplexing still. The chief ingredients in point of quantity, it is found to be water. Nearly one-half of every substance is composed of this cold and unpretending fluid. But when it happens that water is also the preponderating element in the constitution of solid men and women, a gentleman who weighs one hundred and fifty-four pounds, will be surprised to learn that he has only thirty-eight pounds of dry matter in the whole of his body. Upwards of one hundred weight of this humanity is literally identical in nature with the liquid which drips from the clouds or is pumped from the soil (after filtering itself through the porous earth) into the veins of the human body. The materials were not associated with more consistent materials, we should have to live in buckets or barrels, and people would subside into liquid.

masses charged with a few soluble salts, and depositing a small quantity of matter by way of sediment. Strange, therefore, as it may appear, that our frames should be so successful in their composition, it is necessary that our diet should correspond. Hence the natural fitness of a commodity which like flour possesses, and is capable of taking up, so large a proportion of water. A dry crust is in truth a tank of moisture. We drink bread as well as eat it.

As an instance of the striking information conveyed by Professor Johnston's work on subjects of a very homely description, we may mention a fact which to many will be as new as it is surprising. After the lapse of a few days bread loses its softness and becomes apparently dry. Most persons, if asked the cause of this change, would ascribe it to the loss of moisture. But the fact is, that stale bread contains exactly the same quantity of water as new. The alteration is supposed to be due to some internal action amongst the atoms; for if a stale loaf is exposed in a closely-covered tin to a heat not exceeding that of boiling water for a period of half an hour or an hour, and then allowed to cool, it will be found to have recovered its youth, and will be restored in appearance and properties to the condition of "new bread." As another illustration, we may refer to the development of alcohol in flour during the process of conversion into bread. The total abstinence will be greatly alarmed to learn that at one stage of that process the farina which he regards as the mildest of eatable things, is really pervaded with his deadly enemy. During the fermentation excited by the yeast, part of the starch of the flour is converted into sugar, and this again is resolved into carbonic acid and alcohol—literally alcohol we repeat! Fortunately the adversary is compelled to evacuate the bread when exposed to the heat of the oven, and thus it becomes impossible to get drunk on quarters loaves. Mischievous bakers, however, have a glimmering of science in their heads, have sometimes attempted to imprison the ardent element, and have audaciously announced that they sell "bread with the gin in it!"

In like manner, out of one hundred parts of lean beef, seventy-eight are nothing more than water mixed with blood. Apples, gooseberries, mushrooms, and many other articles of food, yield eighty per cent. of this fluid, and three quarters of every potato are simple moisture. Carrots are extravagantly humid, eighty-three parts being composed of the same liquid. Turnips should be shipped; they contain only ten parts of solid food to ninety of water. It is amongst the gourd tribe, however, that we find the most striking examples of succulence. In the watermelon, ninety-four parts of every mouthful consists of mere moisture; and in the cucumber you get only two morsels of substantial matter to ninety-seven of condensed vapor. Well might the old pasha, Mehmet Ali, consume a forty-pound melon at a single sitting, and even treat it as an easy appendix to an excellent repast!

The second noticeable ingredient in bread will surprise the non-chemical reader almost as much as the first. He will find it difficult to believe that animal matter may be extracted from muffins or biscuits; and though he admits figuratively that all flesh is grass, he may object to regard it literally as flour. Wheat bread, however, contains six per cent. of a substance called gluten, which, when analyzed, is found to exhibit the same ultimate elements as the fibrin of muscle. Both are represented by the same chemical formula, and both belong to a striking series of substances known as the protein compounds, which correspond, to a remarkable extent, in their constitution and dietary uses. In the gluten of bread, therefore, the fibrin of the flesh already exists, and hence Dean Swift was a good deal nearer the truth than he imagined, when he penned the witty scene in the Tale of a Tub, where my Lord Petre attempts to persuade his Lutheran and Calvinist brothers that a dry crust was as fine a piece of mutton as ever came out of Leadland market.

Besides the materials demanded for the repair or enlargement of the tissues, and which may therefore be called the body-building principles, others are needed for the purpose of providing a constant supply of animal heat. Our food must contain a quantity of fuel, and not a little either; for as the temperature of the body is considerably higher than that of the atmosphere, averaging, in fact, about 98 degrees Fahrenheit, we are plundered of our caloric continually. Now every grain of wheat includes, if we may so speak, its own little stock of oil and coke; that is to say, it is equipped with a quantity of fat, starch, gum, and other substances, which, by combining with oxygen inspired, are burnt within the body on the same principle, but not with the same fiery manifestations, as tallow or coal are burnt without it. The proportion of fat contained in wheaten bread is indeed very small, not amounting to much more than one per cent; but the starch, sugar, and gum exist in comparative abundance.

It would be impossible, in our limited space, to refer particularly to the mineral matters, which bread, like all other perfect food, must include. Still less would it be practicable to follow the author, whilst analyzing one substance after another, and indicating the properties wherein they excel. He admires that our food should contain a due admixture of vegetable and animal substances, in which the properties of the three most important constituents, fat, starch or sugar, and fibrin or gluten, are properly adjusted. It is here that the wonderful instinct already mentioned, which leads mankind to mingle various articles of diet so as to obtain all the necessary elements, comes into conspicuous play. Without possessing any chemical knowledge whatever, the stomach appears from time to time to have given strong hints to its owner, which have led to combinations as subtle and efficient as if they had been prescribed by the profoundest science. Why, for instance, should bread or potatoes form an indispensable accompaniment to beef? On analyzing the latter substance, it is found to consist of seventy-eight parts of water, nineteen of fibrin, and three of fat. These principles appear, as we have seen, in bread. But there is much in your loaf. The fat, it is true, is not so much as in meat, but it is not so much as in butter. It is not so much as in oil, but it is not so much as in lard. It is not so much as in tallow, but it is not so much as in suet. It is not so much as in mutton, but it is not so much as in beef. It is not so much as in pork, but it is not so much as in ham. It is not so much as in bacon, but it is not so much as in sausage. It is not so much as in pudding, but it is not so much as in pie. It is not so much as in cake, but it is not so much as in biscuit. It is not so much as in cracker, but it is not so much as in cookie. It is not so much as in wafer, but it is not so much as in candy. It is not so much as in jelly, but it is not so much as in jam. It is not so much as in marmalade, but it is not so much as in preserves. It is not so much as in fruit, but it is not so much as in vegetables. It is not so much as in herbs, but it is not so much as in spices. It is not so much as in salt, but it is not so much as in pepper. It is not so much as in vinegar, but it is not so much as in oil. It is not so much as in butter, but it is not so much as in sugar. It is not so much as in honey, but it is not so much as in molasses. It is not so much as in syrup, but it is not so much as in wine. It is not so much as in beer, but it is not so much as in spirits. It is not so much as in tea, but it is not so much as in coffee. It is not so much as in chocolate, but it is not so much as in vanilla. It is not so much as in cinnamon, but it is not so much as in nutmeg. It is not so much as in cloves, but it is not so much as in cardamom. It is not so much as in ginger, but it is not so much as in allspice. It is not so much as in anise, but it is not so much as in fennel. It is not so much as in dill, but it is not so much as in coriander. It is not so much as in cumin, but it is not so much as in mustard. It is not so much as in horseradish, but it is not so much as in radish. It is not so much as in turnip, but it is not so much as in carrot. It is not so much as in onion, but it is not so much as in garlic. It is not so much as in leek, but it is not so much as in asparagus. It is not so much as in bean, but it is not so much as in pea. It is not so much as in lentil, but it is not so much as in chickpea. It is not so much as in soybean, but it is not so much as in alfalfa. It is not so much as in clover, but it is not so much as in timothy. It is not so much as in hay, but it is not so much as in straw. It is not so much as in wood, but it is not so much as in coal. It is not so much as in oil, but it is not so much as in gas. It is not so much as in electricity, but it is not so much as in magnetism. It is not so much as in heat, but it is not so much as in cold. It is not so much as in light, but it is not so much as in sound. It is not so much as in smell, but it is not so much as in taste. It is not so much as in touch, but it is not so much as in feeling. It is not so much as in thought, but it is not so much as in emotion. It is not so much as in action, but it is not so much as in passion. It is not so much as in love, but it is not so much as in hate. It is not so much as in joy, but it is not so much as in sorrow. It is not so much as in hope, but it is not so much as in despair. It is not so much as in faith, but it is not so much as in doubt. It is not so much as in belief, but it is not so much as in disbelief. It is not so much as in knowledge, but it is not so much as in ignorance. 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