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One evening as I mounted the stairs with the rapidity usual to me, after a long absence, I heard Clara's clear ringing laugh, mingled with the gentle tones of my dear Marcelle; both heard, and hastened to meet me.

I took them in my arms, and my kisses descended from the brow of the mother to that of the child.

"Well, thank God," I cried, gayly, "this is a happy home!"

"Do you not know the news then?" Marcelle interrupted, her whole face glowing with pleasure.

"No, what is it?"

"The child can speak?"

"No, can she really?"

"Listen!"

And addressing the little girl in her most caressing tone, she entreated her to repeat the syllables which she had uttered before. Clara replied at first, only with those confused but charming murmurs belonging to early infancy; but, suddenly, seeming to think better of it, she distinctly called "Papa," and held out her little hands to me.

Overjoyed, I clasped her in my arms. This first word lisped forth with difficulty, seemed to me as a second birth. The child had quitted the phalanx of mutes, where until now she had been confounded with the creatures of instinct, to enter that endowed with speech, reserved for the sons of Adam only. She had begun to claim her right to the sovereignty of creation; until now she had been but a living image, henceforth another soul was added to our life.

As might be expected, Marcelle's affection for Clara was redoubled, and she became her sole thought and care. To material wants was now added solicitude about her moral training. She must watch the awakening mind, protect it from unfavorable influences, and surround it, like Montaigne's cradle, with harmonious sounds and lovely visions! And thus the chain became every day more heavy, each fresh improvement of Clara's by creating a fresh obligation, added another link; and I felt it increasing with her growth until it filled the house, and drove me from it.

Marcelle felt it, and as an inevitable consequence suffered; but her maternal instinct, added to her exaggerated ideas of duty, made her struggle against these very natural feelings; and these differences of opinion gave rise, too often, to mutual irritation and annoyance.

One summer's evening I returned home, worn and mentally wearied with a hard day's work. A refreshing breeze was just beginning to rise, after the overpowering heat of the day, and whispered among the leaves, as it bore along the perfume of a thousand flowers; whilst the last rays of the setting sun bathed the white houses in the suburbs with a glittering flood of light. My heart was swelling from the long day's oppression, and feeling as though my feet had wings, I hurried home.

Formerly, Marcelle was on the watch for my return, and hastened to meet me; but since Clara had engrossed her whole time, I had been forced to renounce this sweet custom. I cannot tell why I so particularly regretted its loss this evening, but I longed to see her, and take her out with me to enjoy the delicious freshness of the evening.

I entered quickly, and asked for her immediately; she was in her own sitting-room, which had for some time been devoted to the child's use; there I found her, her head buried in her hands, whilst Clara, surrounded by her playthings, was seated on the floor at some little distance, pointing and with tears yet wet upon her cheeks.

I saw at the first glance how matters stood; there had been another of the child's outbreaks, which were becoming every day more frequent.

I had returned happy and comforted; but the sight of the two countenances before me was sufficient to dispel all my joy; it came like a cloud to shroud the sunshine of my heart.—However, I conquered my first impulse, which had been to turn away, and approaching Marcelle, I begged, with a smile, to be informed of the cause of this grand quarrel; but the mother was indignant at my treating the matter so lightly, and began an enumeration of her troubles.

They were the thousand anxieties of an over-watchful mind. Attentive to the child's smallest actions, and from them deducing the most serious consequences, as if it were the peculiar privilege of infancy to be ever influenced by the profoundest reason, which no man constantly obeys, she gave a meaning to every word and every motion, and imagined an intention to exist in the mere caprice of a moment. I had very often endeavored to warn her against her dangerous habit of drawing inferences, to persuade her to let the seed germinate by itself, always taking care to supply it with water and sunshine, without prejudging the ear which is to result from it; but all my efforts had been unavailing, and it was obliged to listen to what I had so often heard before. Clara was selfish and obstinate; her affection was interested; she was submissive, or disobedient, according to fancy!

And then came, heaven knows, what consequences and fears for the far-distant future! I listened with ill-restrained impatience, for time was flying, and the rays of the setting sun were rapidly dying away one by one. I took advantage of the first pause made by Marcelle, to try to soothe her, and as she was about to reply, I rose and took her hand.

"Time enough to be serious to-morrow!" I said, gayly; "I want you to go with me to the nursery-grounds. My father expects us, and if we do not hasten, the nightingale will have finished her song."

"Go out!" exclaimed Marcelle, "and the child?"

"We will take her with us," I replied.

"Is it not too far?"

"I will carry her, if necessary."

She went to the window and looked out.

"Good heavens!" she said, "but it is—I'm fearful of the evening air, my dear; it will not do for Clara to encounter it."

"Well, then," I exclaimed, in the restless manner of a man who stands in need of air and exercise, "we will leave her in Jeanne's care."

"Leave Clara here! impossible," Marcelle hastily replied; "every time I absent myself I feel the grievous consequences of my neglect; and now, more than ever, I am anxious to keep her with me, and constantly watch over her."

"Now listen to me, Marcelle," I answered, quickly; "there is, notwithstanding, a limit to all things, and it is not right that our two whole existences should be devoted to this child; she was given us by God to be our consolation, I should think, rather than a jailer."

"Oh, pray!" interrupted Marcelle, her eyes filling with tears, "do not bring up that subject again; do you not believe that it pains me to refuse you?"

"But why attempt to accomplish an impossible task?" I cried, out of all patience. "The child must learn some day or other to walk alone, then why acustom her to be always supported? Does woman's sole duty on earth consist in rearing her offspring?" Can it be a

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law of nature, that over each imperfect creature in the cradle, another completed being should stand guard, flaming sword in hand, to ward off the spirit of evil? What necessity can there be for this constant external guardian, when God has planted one in the heart of each of us? Conscience awakes of itself, but requires exercise to strengthen it!"

"I am perfectly aware that our opinions differ on this point," replied Marcelle, in a trembling voice; "but—if I am mistaken, why not be more lenient?"

"Because the error into which you have fallen is dangerous to all three; because Clara's little arms entwined around our necks, ought to bring us closer, rather than separate us; but you place her between us as a wall, you make her a trouble, a restraint; and you hazard in this game, not only our more social pleasures, but the true appreciation of our duties! Are you sure that the child you now make an obstacle will not become less dear? that her faults will not sooner exhaust our patience, and that you will not convert an intended joy into a burden?"

"At least I can answer for myself," said Marcelle, whom the severity of my tone had offended, and who was passing gradually from sorrow to bitterness.

"Then you would insinuate," said I, wounded in my turn, "that I alone am capable of forgetting my duty?"

"Was it I who expressed that fear?"

"At least you exculpated yourself at my expense. But no matter, this thirst for martyrdom is a necessary attribute of your sex; you like to feel the crown of thorns; and if God in His mercy lays it lightly on your brows, you press it down with both hands; every one of you has more or less of the passion for self-immolation!"

Marcelle started, and the blood rushed to her face. It was the first time, in all our disagreements, that a bitter word had passed my lips; she gave me one sorrowful look, then drawing herself up, said coldly,

"So be it, but what need then of this discussion? The wise do not argue with fools."

And taking Clara by the hand, she passed into the salon.

I made a motion to detain her and offer some excuse, but my pride prevented me; perhaps also I yet felt somewhat aggrieved. I had come home my heart swelling with happy hopes, and I could not yet forgive her for having so suddenly dissipated them.

My feelings were not improved by a burst of laughter from the child, evidently elicited by her mother's efforts to amuse her. Presently I heard the piano; Marcelle was playing her noisiest quadrilles, to the evident great delight of Clara, who shouting with joy, endeavored to keep time with her feet to the music. I forgot that this was mere show to conceal her sorrow; and that this forced gaiety was assumed to prevent the ready tears from flowing; I took the gay mask as a defiance, and answered with a bravado.

I sought in the drawers of the bureau for a forgotten cigar, the last vestige of my past extravagance, and having found one, began with the greatest effrontery to fill her little boudoir with clouds of smoke! Marcelle continued to play her giddy dances, I whistled my liveliest airs, each doing his best to vex the other, as we were from regret as spite.

As much surprised by aunt Roubert in this agreeable occupation; she made her appearance at the door of the little room, just as I finished my cigar.

"Eh! eh! you seem very merry here," she said; "my dear boy, you sing like a lark."

"It's the only way to drown the noise of the piano," said I, throwing a glance of ill-humor toward the salon.

"Ah! the piano tries your nerves, poor thing," said aunt, gayly; as she opened the window to get rid of the acrid odor of the tobacco.

Marcelle, hearing Madame Roubert's voice, had hastened into the room, and now remarked that my tastes must have suddenly and strangely altered, as it was only a few days ago that I had passed an entire evening in listening to this very music which now seemed so much to annoy me.

"Well, very likely! why are you surprised?" asked aunt Roubert, as, already established in the easy-chair, she was beginning to knit; "do you not know that we weary at last, even of that we like best? There should be moderation in all things, my dear."

I darted a sharp glance at Marcelle, who felt, rather than saw it, and colored slightly.

"Doubtless, dear aunt, when it concerns our pleasures, and—"

"And even when our duties are concerned," peremptorily added Madame Roubert.

"Hear, hear," said I, almost involuntarily; Marcelle bit her lip.

"It seems to me," she replied, "that on the latter point, negligence is more general than an excess of ardor."

"But not the less to be feared," replied her aunt; "and I have reason to say so, as I have experienced it."

"You?" I cried, "where and how?"

"It is an old story, my child," said she, with a sigh. "You would hardly believe it of me now; but I was once young like the rest of you! Your uncle was the husband of my choice; I was never happy unless knitting or working at his elbow; so, when business was over, he used to come and seat himself on the low chair at my feet, and tell me all he had done during the day; enter into all his difficulties, and though I sometimes understood very little about it, I wished for no greater happiness than to listen to him!"

She stopped, hesitated, and looked up at us. "You are laughing at the old woman, are you not?" she said, with a timid embarrassment not belonging to her age, and of which I should not have suspected her.

I warmly protested against any such idea, and Marcelle with a kiss entreated her to continue. "The old lady shook her head—"Oh, but 'tis the usual way, we cannot believe we have been young! But no matter—I was saying then, that I had become accustomed to your uncle's society, I had made it, so to say, my daily bread, and prayed that I might never be deprived of it. Unfortunately, I had not taken into consideration M. Roubert's zealous activity in the discharge of his business."

"One fine day, he took into his head to think that the work left to the junior clerks, would be better done by himself, that there was need of reform in the office, and that it concerned his honor to look to it. Immediately there was a grand rummaging of papers, looking over dusty files, and yellow deeds. Every evening he returned loaded with papers; which he re-

mained till past midnight arranging. It was impossible to find out whether he was too hot or too cold, what dish he would prefer, or to inquire if there was any news in the paper; from the moment he seated himself at the writing-table, he became a nonentity, and I might as well have been alone!

"On Saturday, at least, I tried to tear him from his work, to take a walk with me along the river, or through the fields; but it was all of no use; there was always some document to look over, or some calculation to prove. First I pouted; then I cried; and last of all I got angry in good earnest. I felt that if matters went on much longer in this manner, he at his pen, and I at my needle, we were in a fair way to become strangers to each other; so one day, grown bold by the sorrow I had felt, I said to myself—this state of things has lasted long enough, and must be put an end to. Never shall I forget that day! It was an afternoon in Whitsuntide, about the middle of the delightful month of May. The sun shone brightly on the tops of the houses, the sparrows chirped in the gutters till they were hoarse, and the bells rang out merrily. I watched my neighbors, in their new clothes, double-locking their doors, and preparing to go a Maying; and as I looked my heart grew sad within me, till at last I made up my mind. I went straight to your uncle, who had seated himself at his writing-table, and was mending a pen, laid my hand upon his arm, and resolutely said,

"To-day is a holiday; we have worked hard all the week, and ought to rest to-day; come, and take a saunter in the fields."

"Impossible, dearest," said he, gently; "I have these accounts to look over, and, 'duty first, and pleasure after,' you know."

"But," I interrupted, "there is no duty which has any right to monopolize a man's entire life, or to exempt him from all other obligations. You promised me your love and society; do you already regret that promise?"

"I!" he said. "Is it possible you can think such a thing, Jeanne?"

"Then prove the contrary by giving me your society during the hours that I have a right to it."

He still endeavored to raise his conscientious scruples as reasons for denying them, but I interrupted him. I told him there was far more pride than conscientiousness in these pretensions to doing better than the rest of the world; and that if he desired to be just, he must divide his time between his various duties; and as he still resisted, I made a sudden dash at his papers, and seized them in my arms.

"What are you about?" he cried.

"Rescuing my husband from his business," I boldly replied, whilst cramming the papers into my linen-chest, the key of which I turned and put in my pocket."

"And what did M. Roubert do?" I exclaimed.

"He started up angrily enough," he replied, "turned red and then pale; but I brought him his hat, took his arm and said, come! so sweetly, that he was obliged to smile in spite of himself, and there was peace between us."

"But since?"

"Afterward," she said, "he moderated his zeal, and never again forgot that he was not merely a business man."

My eyes and Marcelle's met, but only for a moment; she turned away abruptly, and rose to put the child, who had begun to fret, to bed.

I then remembered that my father was expecting me. I had letters of business to consult him upon; and, begging Madame Roubert to excuse me, I set off for his lodgings.

I was in that state of mind when one looks upon the dark side of everything, and all around me seemed to add to my melancholy feelings; during my whole walk I met nobody but beggars, or drunken people quarreling. Even my father, generally so calm and serene, was that evening quite overcome. He had just heard of the total ruin of a friend of his youth, who had been suddenly reduced from wealth to poverty, at an age when the mind finds it difficult to change one set of ideas for another.

He proposed that we should walk, as was his custom when he felt the need of motion to calm his mind. We went down to the nursery-grounds, and wandered by moonlight through its alleys. The flowering acacias perfumed the air; the sky glittered with innumerable stars, and the sound of our footsteps was lost on the freshly-made paths. In this manner we made the round of the grounds, exchanging only, at long intervals, a few words; whilst the sole sounds which in the still evening met our ears, were the distant rumbling of the market wagons, and the barking of a dog on a neighboring farm. At last, the church clock struck eleven; my father remembered that I had others expecting me, and bid me good night.

I returned slowly home. This walk under the clear sky of night, had soothed the irregular and quickened pulses of my heart; my head was clear, and I felt a longing for that peace and love which constitutes the charm of home. I was no longer angry with Marcelle; I no longer blamed her; but anxious on my side for a reconciliation, I feared to find her less disposed for it; I doubted what reception I should meet with, whilst a foolish pride counselled me not to be the first to make advances.

I very leisurely mounted the stairs, divided between my desire for a reconciliation and this false and foolish pride. I quietly opened the door; the lamp was extinguished, and all was dark and silent. A sharp pang shot through my heart.

She has not heard me, I thought, and is asleep, likely.

I softly made my way to her room, through the uncurtained windows of which the stars sent a feeble light.

On finding myself there again, surrounded by objects, to each of which belonged some sweet remembrance; and as the scent of yvetiver, Marcelle's favorite perfume, saluted me on entering, the flood of bitterness which had again risen in my heart subsided, and I drew near to Clara's cradle, in which I heard her breathing softly. A moonbeam, penetrating the light drapery, fell round her head in an aureole of glory.

As I stood gazing upon that fair and rosy face, as yet untouched by care, my heart swelled with emotion. The innocent happiness of childhood seems to draw us nearer to God. I deeply regretted that this dear child should have been made the cause of dispute and recrimination between Marcelle and myself; and I felt I had been guilty of injustice toward this darling little creature. With some remorse I bent over the child, and pressed my lips upon her chestnut curls. As I did so, a hand seized mine, and from behind the white curtains rose Marcelle's sweet face.

"Ah, then you do not hate her for having separated us!" she said, smiling through her tears.

"Not if you are happy in that separation," I said, with an earnest look.

She laid her hand upon the cradle.

"Oh, no," she cried, "I am not, I cannot be! let us rather endeavor to consider each other's happiness, and in doing so we shall make our own. Aunt Roubert has enlightened me, and I have understood, and will profit by her lesson."

At these words her hand crept up to my shoulder, her head bent with mine over our child, and she drew us both together in the same embrace.

THE DANDELION.

BY MARY CLEMENS ANES.

The little Dandelion,
It springs by the way,
A bluish and unnoted flower,
That blossoms in the May.
It shines in the grassy fields,
In forests dim and old,
Even the bare and ragged hills,
Are mottled with its gold.
It gleams beside the dusty road,
Where rush unheeding feet;
It peers between the cold, gray stones,
Which pave the city's street.
And all around us, everywhere,
Within our daily way,
Springs this unheeded, little flower,
That blossoms in the May.
How much like the unnoted joys,
Which cheer me every day,
Is this bright, golden, little flower,
That springs in my way.

And unto me it seemeth like
The gentle, tender friend,
To whom earth's passing crowd,
Her proud and thoughtless multitudes,
In homage never bowed.
They have no wish in courts to shine,
They have no wish to roam;
Content are they, to fill with light,
The little world of man.
Our simplest joys, our nearest friends,
Brighten our common lot.
But they are certainly our ours,
That oft we prize them not.
And they are like to thee, O flower,
Shew'ing with wealth untold,
Along the dusty track of time,
Life's richest, brightest gold.

We sigh for gay exotic blooms,
Reared by a foreign hand;
And turn away from this bright flower,
Born of our native land.
And so for joys beyond our reach,
Our foolish spirits call;
While we refuse the richer gifts,
Our God hath given to all.

(From the Boston Journal.)

Medicinal Inhalation for the Cure of Consumption.

MR. EDITOR:—This mode of treating Lung Diseases, extensively practiced by myself for more than six years, is justly attracting much attention. It strikes the popular mind, and the professional mind, too, as being eminently reasonable and necessary. It conveys the remedy directly to the diseased parts; and I claim that it comes with the highest of all sanctions—being armed with the power of cure.

Whether it is so armed, is a question of incalculable interest, as a moment's reflection will convince any one. And small pox, yellow fever, and cholera are very terrible in their visitations; but what are all their aggregated slaughters to the countless, silent march of that fell disease which ever steals away in their fresh prime the brightest and the best? Boston, from its population of 150,000, loses by consumption about 15 per week, 65 per month, or about 780 per annum. Massachusetts loses about 6,000 per annum; New England, not less than 20,000; and with the State of New York added, the victims of this single disease swell to 40,000 a year! What an army! Picked from the choicest! All sundered from life untimely, and leaving more blight and sorrow behind than would perhaps twice or thrice the number whom any other pestilence would have selected. The magnitude of the evil places the question of the remedy before all others that pertain to the healing art.

I shall speak of inhalation, therefore, very earnestly,—not as palliative merely, but as far more,—as a remedy. After long and patient use, my experience allows me to say, I know it to be such; and knowing this, I should be criminal not to present it to the public. With no other feeling toward my professional brethren than that of respect, I shall yet address what I have to say to the popular mind; for it is the great multitude of sufferers, pressing fast through the gate of death, who need to hear words of hope.

It is not denied that consumption is a general disease, needing constitutional treatment; but it has also a local development in the lungs, first in the form of aluminous tumors, called tubercles, and then, after the softening, breaking down and discharge of these, in the more formidable shape of ulcerous cavities, which, beginning at the summit, devour the lungs down to the base. Can it be reasonable to apply no remedy directly to this local disease? Not so does our profession deal with other local diseases. To an inflamed skin we apply poultices, cold compresses, solutions of acetate of lead, nitrate of silver, &c., to leprosy or scaly affections, sulphuretted potash, bichloride of mercury, zinc ointment, nitrate of mercury ointment, sulphur, crocus, &c.; to weak and inflamed eyes, sulphate of copper, sulphate of zinc, nitrate of silver, and opium; to ulcerated gums, sulphate of zinc, myrrh, honey, &c.; to open chronic ulcers upon the skin, tannin, pulverized rhubarb, opium, or cinchona; and to an inflamed throat, nitrate of silver. These are but specimens of the thousand cases in which we use local remedies. Why, then, when the mucous membrane, which lines their tubes, should come inflamed through all its branches, should we neglect, by the inhalation of medicated vapor, to apply a remedy directly upon the whole inflamed surface? Why, when tubercular matter is beginning to be deposited upon the surface of the air cells, and of the small bronchial tubes, should not the vapor go right to those parts, and cause, as it would, the immediate expulsion of this offending and dangerous matter? Uneducated common sense sees the reasonableness of these opinions at a glance.—Many a person, with pulmonary disease, dies of suffocation, not because there is not muscular strength to expel the matter which is strangling him, but because the lungs below the large pellets of mucous which plug up the bronchial tubes, cannot be inflated, and have therefore no means of driving out the offending substance. Yet a proper medicated vapor, drawn in with the breath, would either dissolve the mucous, or rouse up the expiring membrane to cast it off.

If the reader were to place one end of a stethoscope directly over the disease upon the breast of a person in the third stage of consumption, and should then ask him to talk, the words spoken would seem to rise up through the instrument, and enter, well articulated, into his ear. This in technical language, is called *pectoriloquy*—a word signifying chest-talking. It implies a cavity in the lung. If now the patient be asked to cough, a gurgling and splashing sound will be heard. This denotes that the cavity is partly filled with fluid, which is dashed about by the air explosively driven through it by the portion of lung below. Here we have an excavated ulcer, with its filthy contents, composed of pus, mucus, serum, and dissolved tubercles, lying in it day and night to aggravate its unhealthy condition.—What more reasonable, what more necessary, than that a soothing, alterative, and astringent vapor should be drawn into this cavity, to cause its sides to heal, and its absorbents to remove this fluid? A surgeon who should permit an ulcer upon the surface of the body to remain in that condition without a local dressing, would be deemed unfit to practice his profession.

Both in tubercular disease and in simple bronchitis, the bronchial tubes always suffer some physical change. The mucous membrane lining these tubes is generally softened. At other times they become enlarged through their whole length, so that many of them, from the size of a quill, reach the bigness of the finger of a glove. In still other cases, the straining produced by coughing causes a tube to belly out at some point, forming a sack, which is generally filled with mucus or purulent matter. At still other times, a tubercle will press against a tube so as to flatten it into a musical instrument, the air, as it is drawn laboriously through, producing a high or low note, according to the size of the pipe. Those physical changes are all produced by causes which the inhalation of a suitable vapor, at the proper time, would almost infallibly remove. How strange that this remedy—so simple, so effective, so easily comprehended—should have been so little used! Right at this vital point in the lungs, where the blood runs in a ceaseless current—where the whole of it goes every two minutes to vitality by contact with atmospheric air—we have, in thousands of cases daily occurring, inflammation with roughening or softening of membrane, with its consequent hoarseness, to impede or interrupt respiration; we have tubercles in the hard or soft state, adding to the general embarrassment, and not only lessening the vitality of the blood, but disturbing all the sympathies of the system;—and yet the practice has been, and is, to attack these central disturbers of life only through the circuitous path of the stomach, lacteals, &c.

In making these remarks, I would not be understood as disparaging remedies taken into the stomach. For while it is true that consumption is a local disease, it is equally true that it is constitutional,—consisting in mal-assimilation. Now, as all animal and vegetable growth begins with the cell, and as the cell is produced by the union of a minute particle of oil with albumen, reason suggests, what experience proves, that Cod Liver Oil is a valuable remedy, provided it can be had pure. Besides oil, iron also, with quinine and other tonics, are often of great service. But that they may be borne without producing fever, much exercise should be taken in the open air. Bathing and friction should likewise be used; and more than all, perhaps, should depressing emotions be dispelled, and the mind of the patient be filled with pleasure, hope and cheerfulness. But however judicious these general modes of treatment, if pellets, if mucus are permitted to remain in the air-tubes, if the membrane lining them is allowed to remain dry and rough, and to become thickened, if the air-cells are permitted to grow stiff by viscid depositions within them, so that effort is necessary to fill the pulmonary organs, such a state of things is sure to bring in its train that mal-assimilation which is the forerunner of tubercles, and all the catalogue of ills which end in death. And this brings me to repeat my affirmation of the necessity of meeting these local disturbances by the direct remedy of inhalation.

In the autumn of 1848, the writer of this article turned his whole attention to the treatment of throat and lung diseases. In the fall and early winter of the next year, 1849, he contrived his *Shower Syringes* for treating throat and lung diseases, which are now extensively used, and for which he has received letters of thanks from the profession in every part of the Union. He well remembers sitting in his study, on Christmas day, while recovering from sickness, and whittling with his knife a pattern for those syringes, and also a powder Inhaler—both of which have been secured to him by letters patent. Since that time, he has constantly used inhalation in managing lung complaints.

I mention these facts because a member of the profession in New York virtually claims priority to others in this mode of treatment, while his dates show that I was two years before him. The whole system of inhalation, now so properly used, was for some time practiced to any extent by myself alone.

The difficulty of getting powder into the lungs I found so great, that I soon began to resort to the more feasible mode of inhaling vapors and fumes, which easily reach every air cell, and permeate every particle of lung tissue.

For breathing vapors, I have constructed an instrument with two tubes, (silver or britannia), running through a silver-plated cap into a flint-glass bottle, which is encased in a neatly ornamented paste-board box. One tube descends into the fluid to be evaporized—the other merely reaches through the cap,—the upper portion being finished in the form of a neat mouth-piece, through which the vapor is to be drawn into the lungs. The act of suction upon this mouth piece, creates a vacuum in the bottle above the fluid, causing the air to rush through the long tube, and producing a violent commotion, and a bubbling up of the vapor, to be drawn out through the short tube.

This is about the only feasible way of inhaling effectually. The mode of doing it from a sponge held in the hand is imperfect, as the largest part of the vapor is lost; while that of tying a saturated sponge upon the chest is scarcely worthy of mention, as hardly a thousandth part of the vapor reaches the nostrils, and the sponge itself becomes filthy, and therefore offensive to the wearer and those around. India rubber tubes are liable also to the objection of becoming foul; and in the French hospitals, have in several instances communicated disease to others after having been used by persons having extensively ulcerated lungs.

I deem it important that persons who wish to give my mode of inhalation a fair trial, should come to Boston, and, under my immediate care, allow it to be used systematically and thoroughly. I am making arrangements for a beautiful *Retreat for the Consumptive*, just on the borders of our city, where those suffering from pulmonary complaints may find the comforts of a home, and where inhalation in all its varieties may have a chance to display its powers. Persons who cannot visit me may, if they choose, correspond with me as to the next best method of proceeding.

To thousands of families in New England, this article opens a subject of deep interest: for one of the horrible features of consumption is the inexorable doom to which professional custom consigns all upon whom it fastens. Happily, nature does not agree with our profession in the comfortable dogma that consumption is incurable; on the contrary, she is particularly careful in this disease to cherish the hope of recovery, and if *post mortem* examinations tell the truth, this hope, in thousands of cases, has not been delusive.

I would not speak upon any subject otherwise than soberly, and with due deference to the convictions of enlightened men; but it is my firm belief that if the forty thousand who are destined to die of pulmonary disease in New York and New England within the next twelve months, could be put upon a system of inhalation, judiciously administered, with such other treatment as modern skill supplies, thirty thousand of them would remain to comfort their friends for many years.

The subject is hardly opened, but I must close. I am bound upon heart, mind and soul, in the study and treatment of throat and lung diseases. Any person to whom my views upon these diseases are of any value, may have a small book from me gratuitously, by asking for it through the mail. To the consumptive, for whom this article is written, joining my voice with that of nature, I close by saying—*hope!*—

IRA WARREN, M. D.

Boston, 3 Avon Place.

ANNOYING WITH OIL.—The custom of anointing the body with oil seems to be entirely abandoned. The present cry is "Baths and Wash houses," "Hydropathy," "Water Cure," "Fountains," "Street watering," "Scrubbing out the house,"

THE EASTERN MAIL,
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FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

TO MY POLAND ROOSTER.
"O thou, whatever title please thee ear,
He-Chicken, Rooster, Cock, or Chanticleer;
Whether on France's flag you flap and flare,
Or roost and crow in sheltered barnyard air,
Or, roused the drowsy, please the female kind,
And chuck and strut with all your years behind;
As symbol teacher, time-piece, apostle, to you
Our praise is doubtless, Cock-a-doodle, die."
Oviparous Sultan, Phoenix, Casar, Czar,
Sleep-shattering sonnet, feathered morning star;
Many-mixed monarch, cock-pit, Spartacus;
Winner alms of coin and hearty cheer;
Sir Harem Seamus, knight by crest and spur,
Great glorious gallantuous Aaron Burr;
How proud I am—how proud you own cock-flock
Of cackling hours are of this, old Cock!

Illustrous Exile! For thy kindred crew
When Warsaw's towers with morning glories glow,
Shaggy and Chittagong have their day,
And when Britain's colors fade away;
But thou shalt live, immortal Poland, then,
Though Russia's eagle clip thy pinions now,
To flap thy wings and crow with all thy soul,
When freedom spreads her light from Pole to Pole.

A Grammatical suggests the following recipe for the
million in these hard times. He says it can be at the
option of the consumer, be taken as a bread or a pudding.
Cut up four pounds in a peck of saw dust. When well
mixed, bake it by placing a napkin containing it, in the
sun for half an hour. Serve up with sauce made by
soaking a cedar shingle in a pail of water.

Horace Greely, in a recent letter from Paris, says:
"Voltaire is embodied Paris—noble, satirical, selfish,
youthful, sensual, irascible, valuing everything as it
may be turned to a present use and believing in nothing
that it cannot buy. Paris has probably produced more
great men than the world has, and nowhere else are
also are the intellectual classes so passionately, inveterately
irreligious."

DOOT ON THE OTHER LEG.—The Connecticut and
Pascagoula River Railroad Co., lately recovered in the
California County Court, Vermont, the sum of \$150 and
costs of \$100. The railroad company had been ordered
to pay the sum of \$150 and costs of \$100.

The Wisconsin Slave case has been again before the
courts in a second suit of the owner of the slave against
Booth for \$1000 damages, occasioned by the slave being
taken to the first trial. The first trial was a complete
failure. The second trial was a complete success.

In the list of patents issued during the week ending
July 10th we find the following:
J. B. Brown, for a new method of Waterville. For im-
provement in air and steam engines.

Boswell and Johnson were conversing upon the con-
dition of a planter, who so fogged his slave that he died.
The doctor thundered savagely.

"Well, but," said Boswell deprecatingly, "I have al-
ways been of the opinion that a whip is a connecting
link between a man and a brute."
"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, rolling his huge tongue from
side to side, "I have always been of the opinion that a
black man is a connecting link between a brute and
the devil."

He then went and dined with Boswell at the Mitre.

EFFECT OF THE STUDY OF ART ON LADIES.—Mr.
Chadwick, speaking of the female school teachers of the
country, said that the study of art had a very beneficial
effect on the mind and body of the female.

The females have been so far advanced in mental pow-
er and influence as to have obtained the service by
the most competent and experienced teachers.

CLUB BOAT RACE IN BOSTON.—This race, on Thurs-
day, was between the "Maid of Erie," manned wholly by
Catholics, and the "P. F. Meagher," manned wholly
by Catholics. The former beat handsomely. The race was
for ten miles.

The Hartford Republican says that the "Wild Men of
Borneo," which were exhibited last spring at various
places in the country, have been taken among the moun-
tains, natives of this country, and some years ago lived
in Bristol, Connecticut.

"Results," says a modern philosopher, "are like counter-
force; we cannot hinder them being offered, but we
are not compelled to take them."

GENERAL.—We learn from the Boston Transcript
that the Rev. Mr. Killebrew, of Boston, has been
given to the Rev. Mr. Killebrew of Rockland, an
unanimous call to become their pastor. Now we want
that Killebrew to have a good minister, but we really hope
that Mr. Killebrew will not leave the State.

P. & K. R. E.—We learn that strenuous efforts
are making by the Directors and Contractors to run regular
trains from Bangor to Waterville early in August. We
hope to be able in the course of next week to state the
precise day.

We regret to learn that a private letter from our Paris
correspondent that the youngest and youngest daughter of
Buchanan Read, the American Artist and Poet died of
cholera at Florence during the early part of the present
month.—[New York Times.]

Never marry a man till you have seen him eat. Let
the candidate for your hand pass through the ordeal of
eating. Try him next with a spare rib. If he accomplishes
this feat without putting out one of his own eyes, or
pitching the bones into your lap, name the wedding day
at once; he will do to do to.

The N. Y. Medical Times announces that "seven
young and fine looking women may be daily witnessed
at the New York Dispensary, where they are under the
surgeons on their rounds, and present at all operations
on males or females."

Many well executed bills of the denomination of \$5,
on Casco Bank, Portland, are in circulation at the present
time. They are well calculated to deceive.

THE HEIGHT OF CONSERVATION.—The great Lamen-
nais died a thorough radical, but he was in early life a
conservative as a bar of wrought iron, thus reversing
the common course with men of excitable minds. He
opposed all reforms in the days of the French revolu-
tion, when Courcier, a contemporary of the other side,
"What a fine Lamenais would have made a man of the
of the creation," said Courcier. "His first cry to the
Divinity would have been to pray him to respect that
ancient chaos."

THE POOR WOMAN.—Well, Jane is a queer
woman. She had a very good husband, but he died
the other morning. A set of women philosophers have
just sprung up. "Indeed," said Jane, "and what
do they hold?" "The strangest thing in nature," said
he,—their tongues!

Horace Greely has returned to Paris in order to have
his trial. He means to give his prosecutors a hard fight.

At Paris on the 4th of July, about 40 Americans
celebrated the day by visiting the tomb of Lafayette and
the house of Franklin.

Vulgar Errors.
"He that spareth the rod spoileth the child."

Is a sentence which, though it be that of the
wise Solomon, is often in the mouth of many a
man that hath not Solomon's wisdom, or he
would have known that if the advance of knowl-
edge be not of force to enable us to teach the
young to love goodness, rather than to fear pun-
ishment, we might, for all the profit we have
gained from learning, as well have remained
ignorant. Truly, that is but a slavish service
which is paid merely through fear of the rod;
and as good Doctor Martin Luther hath well
said, "How shall our works please God when
they come from a disinclined and unwilling
heart? For to fulfil the law is to do the works
of the law with inclination and affection; and
freely, without the constraint of the law, to lead
a godly and pious life, as if there was no fear
of punishment." I trust that none of those who
are so free to quote this sentence of King Solom-
on's, would be satisfied with all Solomon did.
And here arises much bitter fruit, for
while parents are pleasing themselves with the
thought that all offense is to be whipped out of

the child by future pedagogues, and all learning
to be whipped in; those years wherein the
tender shoot can best be trained are wholly
neglected, and the child who, happily, in after
years may be called on to harangue in the pul-
pit or the senate—to guide a family, or, it
may be, the State—is left in the nursery to
learn to speak English from rude unlettered
persons, who cannot utter three words without
transgressing against the common rules of
grammar; and to gain the first notions of logi-
cal reasoning from those whose argument reach
no further than, "it is because it is," and the
first ideas of duty from such as most frequently
hold the bearing a fair face towards the head of
the family to be the only point to be aimed at;
and whose squabbles and ill language, uncon-
strained before the baby, gives its young mind
the first impressions. One who spoke as never
man spoke, said, "Ye do not gather grapes from
thorns, nor figs from thistles;" yet what
but thorns and thistles are likely to spring up
in a nursery where the mind is left, as was
quaintly said by some one, "a sheet of white
paper for the devil to write upon;" whereas if
parents would do their duty, and by keeping
their children with them under such gentle re-
straint as parental affection would dictate, check
in the bud the first indications of evil, the
young member would be stored with knowl-
edge picked up from conversation, without the
weariness of learning; the language would be
polished, the manners refined; and the child,
instead of coming down one day to destroy
everything he can lay his hands on; to howl
if in an ill, or to howl if in a good humor;
would be a cheerful and pleasant companion,
knowing when and where to indulge in his re-
creation; and when to withdraw into discreet
silence, should graver matters require it. Nor
is this any fine-drawn picture of the imagin-
ation; for in this my revisitation of the world, it
has been my happiness to see some such fami-
lies, and the felicity enjoyed by all the mem-
bers, old and young, hath shown that knowl-
edge, if rightly employed, can give us a better
system than that of a semi-barbarous age, now
passed away along with that law of Moses,
which, though good for the times, was pro-
nounced by the greatest of all Israelites "be-
cause of the hardness of their hearts."

Children should not ask questions.
I remember once hearing of a fellow of a
college at Oxford, whose training was in the
days when University men could go deeper into
a bottle of port than into a problem of Euclid,
who exclaimed against the evil practice of al-
lowing children to be inquisitive. "A child
cometh up to one now-a-days," cried this rem-
nant of the olden times, "and asketh me the
diameter of the moon. Now I don't know what
is the diameter of the moon, and I don't like to
be asked such questions." This old gentleman
was at least honest, and confessed without re-
serve, the real cause of his objection. If others
would be as honest, I have little doubt that
we should find the very strenuous objection
made to children's inquisitiveness and eager-
ness to search into *omne scibile*, to have its ori-
gin in a like cause; the elders do not know
the diameter of the moon. But to me seemeth
that even though the former generation should
have been ignorant of many useful things, they
have not any right thereby engendered, to
choke the spring of knowledge for the young,
even though their searching inquiries should
disclose how little the old had drunk of it; and
he must have been a bad parent who hath
gained so little of the affection of his child by
kindness, as to have any fear that he shall at-
tract his mockery by his want of erudition.
A better answer would such a parent give, even
in that case, were he to say, "My child, when
I was young, no one would answer my ques-
tions, and, therefore, to my regret, I remained
ignorant of much that I wish to know; but,
my dear child, I will not so deal with thee, and,
therefore, though to this question of time I am
unable to give an answer of mine own science,
yet as happily we have in this age of books
that will tell us this, and much more, we will
together seek this out, and then we shall both
be the wiser." Nor need any one fear the be-
ing lightly esteemed by his children for this
plain spoken sincerity; for the lesson thus
learned is made pleasant by the very circum-
stance that it is participated in by the parent,
not dogmatically enforced; and the child will
rather wish that much of his learning should be
thus acquired, than that he should run the haz-
ard of being rebuked for sloveness of apprehen-
sion, by one who already knoweth what he
hath to explain.

CALIFORNIA TREES.—The San Joaquin
(Cal.) Republican tells some famous great stor-
ies about the mammoth trees of Calaveras
county. In one grove of them, it says, there
is a first class hotel, well fitted up, and with
fine accommodations for travelers. Near the
hotel is a building eighty feet long by fourteen
feet wide, divided into two fine bowling alleys,
and built upon the top of a fallen log! The
lower part of the log, which is separated from
the main portion, is placed on end, and is to be
hollowed out and converted into a spacious ball
room, more than thirty feet in diameter.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—At Rockport, on Thurs-
day last, Mr. Rufus Davis was killed by an
accidental and premature discharge, as he was
arranging the fuse to a Dupont charge in a
lime quarry. He leaves a wife and seven small
children. On the same day, F. T. Simmons
fell from a staging, and broke both bones of his
right leg. Dr. Eaton set the fractured parts
with his usual skill. At the same place, on
the 17th, Lawrence Britt was injured very bad-
ly by a brick which fell from Hunt's Block.—
[Belfast Journal.]

DEATH OF GREENWOOD CHILDS, ESQ.—Mr.
Greenwood Childs, of this city, died very
suddenly on Tuesday morning, (24th). Mr.
Childs was one of our oldest citizens and well
known to the people on the Kennebec as a
merchant formerly doing an extensive busi-
ness. His assiduous attention to mercantile
pursuits for a long series of years had placed
him in the front ranks of our wealthiest men,
while his kindness and neighborly feeling made
him one of our best citizens.

TO CURE SHEEP SKIN WITH THE WOOL.
ON.—Take one table spoonful of alum and two
of saltpetre; pulverize and mix well together
then sprinkle the powder on the flesh side of
the skin, and lay the two flesh sides together,
leaving the wool outside. Then fold up the
skins as you can, and hang them in a dry place.
In two or three days as soon as they are dry,
take them down and scrape them with a blunt
knife till clean and supple. This completes
the process, and makes a most excellent saddle
cover. Other skins which you desire to cure
with the fur on, may be treated in the same
way. We can speak in favor of the above
recipe. It does all it promises. Such skins
make excellent mats for in-doors.—[Farmer's
Companion.]

The citizens of Yorktown, Va., have decid-
ed that bricks are an abolition institution, and
consequently they won't have a steam brick
factory erected in their midst. The citizens
tumbled some brick making machines into the

river, one night recently, because two or three
Northern men were to be associated in the
manufacture of bricks.

A man who lives in Clermont county, Ohio,
was lately stung by a locust. The effects of
the wound, says the Cincinnati Gazette, were
similar to those produced by the bite of a mad
dog. He has violent fits, so that it takes five
or six men to hold him in bed, and he has bit-
ten his tongue into strings.

A BAD SPECULATION.—We understand
that corn was sold in this market yesterday at
85 cents, which had been purchased some two
months since at \$1.10 and stored in anticipa-
tion of still higher prices. So says the New
Orleans Delta of July 12. It is well under-
stood that the produce dealers have held a con-
vention at Buffalo, N. Y., which was largely
attended, for the purpose of keeping up the
price of breadstuffs. Immediately afterwards
large quantities of flour were ordered to store,
and corn, in face of a decline of 45. 6d. in the
English market, maintained its buoyancy in ad-
vance. It is not difficult to account for the
milk in the coconut now. The matter is per-
fectly clear, and several very unusual "freaks
of trade" are reconciled without the aid of
forty leaf reflectors. It is to be hoped that
the conspirators will meet with the experience
of their New Orleans contemporary.

There was a famous Irish Member of Parlia-
ment who was a glutton at dinner, but who was
remarkable for his neglect of all ablutions.—
His son was one day standing in the bow-win-
dow of the Club-house, conversing with Lord
Somebody, when the father passed down on
the opposite side of the street.

"Jack," said the noble lord, "what does make
your father's hands so dirty?"
"Well," said the affectionate young man, "I
believe it arises from a bad habit he has of
putting them up to his face."

PATRIOTIC HOOPS.—One of the New York
Union savers, a Gen. James W. Nye, recently
said in a speech that he loved the Union. It
was bound around with the hoops of twenty
millions of people! There is a figure of
speech for you! Just imagine twenty mil-
lions of people making hoops of themselves
wherewith to bind the Union! Surely the
Union is safe, after this.

Markets.

Waterville Retail Prices.
CORRECTED WEEKLY.
Flour 9 50 a 12 75 (Best) 6 a 12
Corn 120 a 125 Port, fresh 8 a 10
Oats 55 a 60 Pork, salt 10 a 12-12
Beans 250 a 300 Round Hog 7 a 8
Eggs 17 1/2 a 18
Butter 15 a 18 Hams 11 a 12
Apples, best 15 a 18 Mackerel, best 7 a 10
Apples, cooking 10 a 12 Mackerel, 28 a 30
Apples, dried 6 a 8 Turkeys 10
Potatoes 70 a 80 Chickens 10
Hens loose 10 00 a 12 50
Rye 10 00 a 12 50

Brighton Market, July 19.
At Market, 1500 Beef Cattle, 20 Working Oxen, 80
Cows and Calves, 200 Sheep, and 575 Swine. Several
large lots of beef cattle and sheep.

Prices.—Beef Cattle.—Prices have very materially
declined. We noticed a very small number sold for a
trifle over \$1.00. We quote Extra No. 1, first quality \$ 85
a 875; second do. 750 a 800; third do. 600 a 700.
Working Oxen.—Not in demand.
Sheep and Calves.—Sales \$25, 30, 37, 45 a 60.
Hogs.—Sales \$12, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100, 105, 110, 115, 120, 125, 130, 135, 140, 145, 150, 155, 160, 165, 170, 175, 180, 185, 190, 195, 200, 205, 210, 215, 220, 225, 230, 235, 240, 245, 250, 255, 260, 265, 270, 275, 280, 285, 290, 295, 300, 305, 310, 315, 320, 325, 330, 335, 340, 345, 350, 355, 360, 365, 370, 375, 380, 385, 390, 395, 400, 405, 410, 415, 420, 425, 430, 435, 440, 445, 450, 455, 460, 465, 470, 475, 480, 485, 490, 495, 500, 505, 510, 515, 520, 525, 530, 535, 540, 545, 550, 555, 560, 565, 570, 575, 580, 585, 590, 595, 600, 605, 610, 615, 620, 625, 630, 635, 640, 645, 650, 655, 660, 665, 670, 675, 680, 685, 690, 695, 700, 705, 710, 715, 720, 725, 730, 735, 740, 745, 750, 755, 760, 765, 770, 775, 780, 785, 790, 795, 800, 805, 810, 815, 820, 825, 830, 835, 840, 845, 850, 855, 860, 865, 870, 875, 880, 885, 890, 895, 900, 905, 910, 915, 920, 925, 930, 935, 940, 945, 950, 955, 960, 965, 970, 975, 980, 985, 990, 995, 1000, 1005, 1010, 1015, 1020, 1025, 1030, 1035, 1040, 1045, 1050, 1055, 1060, 1065, 1070, 1075, 1080, 1085, 1090, 1095, 1100, 1105, 1110, 1115, 1120, 1125, 1130, 1135, 1140, 1145, 1150, 1155, 1160, 1165, 1170, 1175, 1180, 1185, 1190, 1195, 1200, 1205, 1210, 1215, 1220, 1225, 1230, 1235, 1240, 1245, 1250, 1255, 1260, 1265, 1270, 1275, 1280, 1285, 1290, 1295, 1300, 1305, 1310, 1315, 1320, 1325, 1330, 1335, 1340, 1345, 1350, 1355, 1360, 1365, 1370, 1375, 1380, 1385, 1390, 1395, 1400, 1405, 1410, 1415, 1420, 1425, 1430, 1435, 1440, 1445, 1450, 1455, 1460, 1465, 1470, 1475, 1480, 1485, 1490, 1495, 1500, 1505, 1510, 1515, 1520, 1525, 1530, 1535, 1540, 1545, 1550, 1555, 1560, 1565, 1570, 1575, 1580, 1585, 1590, 1595, 1600, 1605, 1610, 1615, 1620, 1625, 1630, 1635, 1640, 1645, 1650, 1655, 1660, 1665, 1670, 1675, 1680, 1685, 1690, 1695, 1700, 1705, 1710, 1715, 1720, 1725, 1730, 1735, 1740, 1745, 1750, 1755, 1760, 1765, 1770, 1775, 1780, 1785, 1790, 1795, 1800, 1805, 1810, 1815, 1820, 1825, 1830, 1835, 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