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"How happy I am to find you love me; for our people have endeavored to make me believe that I was forgotten by all my relatives," and she again leaned lovingly on my breast, that ached with its very fullness of delight, and threw her snowy arms gracefully around my neck. Had ten thousand voltaic batteries of bliss been simultaneously discharged through my system, already raised to what I deemed the unapproachable climax of human felicity, I could not have felt more, and the melting gush of the vital current blinded me completely. I rested my head backward against the tree in whose shade we sat, and closed my eyes; but she did not stop here, for I soon felt upon my cheek, the tingling of her raven tresses, each particular hair of which thrilled through my frame with a tenfold shock of electricity until my every nerve awoke in the sea of sensations unutterably sweet. The next moment her rosy breath fell on my burning lips—then came a kiss of loving woman; my brain whirled in rapturous delirium, and my heart ceased its pulsations in a perfect paralysis of ecstasy. I do not mean to say I fainted, but certain it is that my senses left me, and when they returned, they found me standing ten feet from the bench I had previously occupied, with Lucy holding my hand and anxiously inquiring if I was ill.

"I'll tell you, no, my love—my sister—yes, I often have turns of—don't know what I feel, but I never felt this way before!"

Lucy was not a little alarmed at my strange behavior, but this was too much for her gravity, and she laughed the wild, joyous laugh of uncontrollable mirth, in which I soon joined her with the greatest good will.

Lucy and myself now returned to the house, where I soon left her in the performance of her duties, and wandered into the fields in order to arrange my discomfited and scattered thoughts—to drill them into something like discipline, and bring them into active service, as the rank and file of the mind. When this was accomplished in a degree, my first movement was such as had been adopted by skillful generals, similarly situated, from time immemorial. I sent out a scouting party of the aforementioned thoughts, to reconnoitre and define my whereabouts. The only conclusion that I was enabled to arrive at with any assurance of certainty or precision, after a most profound and arduous course of reasoning, was that I was desperately in love; and so rapid had been the falling off, that even this looked more like moonshine than it did like sober reality.

The longer I reflected upon it the firmer became my conviction that it was a genuine cucumber fact, which is supposed to be about the coolest kind of fact in existence. Yes, I, Claudius Victor Wilson, the redoubtable vanquisher of half the female hearts in Jersey State, and the agent for half the periodicals in the United States; I, who had so often stooped, and never but to conquer—it was really incredible!

Well, what was to be done, was the next question that called imperatively for consideration; and many were the strong, the almost irresistible temptations that circumstances suggested, but thanks to the propitious stars and my own good resolutions, I successfully combated them all, and determined what I would not do, though yet at a loss to know what I would. One thing was certain, however—I could not think of leaving Wyoming that day.

After having rambled for three hours through fields, glades and glens, I returned to the house in time for tea, subsequent to which I engaged in conversation with uncle as I called him, in order to appear as much as possible like my sister, and in this manner I was conversing until eight o'clock, when I invited Lucy to accompany me on a short walk.

We soon out beneath the open sky, where I found that my companion could read the stars—the poetry of heaven, almost as readily as I could that of earth—thanks to the volume of Burritt, before mentioned, and she immediately began enlightening me in the science of astronomy.

"You see that beautiful, bright star yonder?"

"Yes—half a dozen of them," I replied, gazing with unpeaked admiration upon her face, and not so much as glancing in the direction she designated.

"Why, Henry, how strangely you behave—don't you look at all as I direct you?"

"Well, never mind; I am looking at the fairest heaven I ever saw, and if there are no stars there, it's not my fault."

"How provoking! Now do look at the Pleiades, and I'll relate their history. Their names are Alcyon, Merop—"

"Omit the hard words, dear, and give me the story."

"Well, they were seven immortal sisters—but you are not looking at the sky at all—you are there only six of them fairly visible, the seventh, shining quite dimly, a little below the others."

"Yes, said I, without taking my eyes from the lecturer."

"The reason why she shines so much paler than her sisters, is that she was the only one among them that married a mortal, and—"

"Ah, Lucy, I interrupted, kissing her ardently, there were no mortals like you in those days, or it would never have been counted a sin to marry them."

"How you flatter!—one would be apt to think you a lover instead of a brother, judging from your conduct."

"And suppose I were not your brother, after all?" said I, seriously.

"She recoiled from me, trembling as if she had escaped the fangs of a serpent, and then asked, in a tone husky with terror—"

"You are Henry Crandall, are you not?"

"Of course—I was only supposing a case."

"Oh, how you frightened me! why, if you were not my brother I should love you just as well, and perhaps even better than I do now; but after what has happened, you would despise me."

country rosebud a kindness to bring her to the city."

"Country, you mean," I replied. "But I am not so fond of conferring kindness of this sort as some people are. However, you have not heard my story yet. When I quitted Wyoming, it was with the intention of writing to Lucy at the first opportunity, informing her of the deception I had practiced, informing her of forgiveness, and bidding her adieu forever. How well and sternly 'this resolve' was kept, may be gathered from the fact, that before that day, one fortnight, I was again seated in Lucy's flower garden, and with his fair owner in my arms, listening with rapt attention to the minute details of all the joys she anticipated reaping from a residence in the city whither I had promised to conduct her. Poor purity! she scarcely knew more of the great world, than did the kindred rose she held in her taper fingers, and which she frequently shaded by pressing it to her rosy lips. The recital of those little incidents that made up the sum of my happy existence for the next two days, which were found necessary to prepare for her departure, would seem to you but a repetition of what I have already related of my first visit to my strange sister. I found it impossible to live without her, and of course, I could not be otherwise than supremely blest with her. Suffice it then to say, that after a delightful journey we arrived in town and took lodgings in a respectable private boarding-house, the mistress of which queried curiously if we would require separate apartments. I replied that I had not made up my mind as yet, but that I would let her know in the course of two hours or so, and then I returned to the parlor, where I had left my sister. Seating myself on the sofa by her side, and taking her hands in both of mine, I said in a tone of assumed carelessness, though she must have perceived that I trembled—"

"Well, Lucy, we are in the great city at last—what do you think of it?"

"It must be a dreary place for those who have no friends," she answered solemnly.

"Yes, so it is—but you will never be without one friend, at least, while I live." She made no reply, but appeared thoughtful and melancholy, and I continued, "But did the suspicion never occur to you that I was not your brother?"

"Never but once—when you asked me to suppose the case. That started me cruelly, though your assertion immediately after calmed me again."

"But you know how easy it was for me to assert a falsehood, if I wished to deceive you; and taking this into consideration, do you not think you have acted indirectly—very indirectly, in leaving your home with a strange person, on the mere surmise that he was your brother, with no other evidence than his word, and a little information he gave you concerning your relatives, which he might have himself acquired by a week's acquaintance with them?"

"Why do you reproach me, dear Henry? Surely no one would be cruel enough to tell an untruth for the purpose of deceiving a mere child like me. Why do you ask me such a harsh question?"

"Lucy, young and guileless as you are, and beautiful, you are the very being whom of all others, the deceiver would most delight to be bold caught in his toils; and as for the question, I will tell you why I ask it. It is because my name is not Henry Crandall, but Claudius V. Wilson—and I solemnly assure you that the first intimation I ever had that there was such a being as yourself in existence, was the sight of you in your uncle's door."

By the time I had finished this declaration, she had wrestled her hands from my grasp, and stood full before me, her cheek blanched to snowy whiteness, her large dark eyes bent upon me with the agonizing stare of trembling deprecation, and her colorless lips parted in painful astonishment—her whole expression and attitude forming as perfect a picture of beautiful despair as well as could be—a despair that one might court for its very loveliness.

She uttered no cry—not so much as a whisper—but turning suddenly toward the door, she advanced a few steps, and returned to my side, where, sinking upon her knees she fainted.

I anxiously watched this exhibition of feeling without stirring from my seat, for I had resolved to read her inmost soul in her conduct on this occasion; and the result was an entire confirmation, if such were needed, of my previous opinion with regard to her pure and angelic nature. I knew from former circumstances, though she was ignorant of it, that she loved too deeply for a sister; yet I had much to overcome in her wounded delicacy and the indignation I was confident she would feel at having been so easily deceived. I determined to yield, without opposition, to whatever request she might prefer upon recovery, until the first violence of passion should subside. At length her sensibility slowly returned, and the first words she spoke were a prayer that I would assure her of having been jesting in what I had said—she implored me to unsway it—but I steadfastly insisted on its being so. She then conjured me with clasped hands and streaming eyes, by every holy tie of earth, and hope of heaven, to take her back to Wyoming, promising if I would comply, to remember me with devout gratitude to the latest hour of existence!

"Certainly, Miss Crandall; I said, in an assumed tone of anger, 'you shall depart in the very moment if you wish it. I will bespeak a carriage instantly; and so saying I turned to go out, when she took my arm and begged, in a tone of mingled sweetness and sorrow which cut me to the heart, that I would not be angry, as I must necessarily see the propriety of the course she desired to pursue! I did not deign to look at her, and she continued—"

"Henry, if you could know how dreadfully I feel, you would not set me adrift."

"Don't Henry me if you please, Miss Crandall, as that unfortunately happens not to be my name," I replied sternly.

"Oh, why will you treat me harshly, when I have loved you so?"

"Have loved is nothing in the case, and you will therefore see the propriety of my calling a carriage immediately, and losing her hold on my arm, I left the room."

I was not more than two minutes absent, and when I returned with a cat, Lucy was still weeping, and a fresh flow followed my true announcement that we were ready for a start, but she spoke not, she was absolutely dumb with agony. I handed her into the vehicle, saying that her movements would be forwarded after her, and entered myself, directing the driver to keep up a good pace. We sat for some time in silence, when, wiping her eyes,

she turned them upon me, with a half-imploing, half-inquiring look, upon which in a manner much more in accordance with my feelings, than that I had previously exhibited, I said—

"Lucy, you have disappointed me most bitterly, and I do not know which has the greatest cause to complain of deceit, you or I."

Now she uttered no word of complaint, nor even the gentlest reproach, this remark of mine was not only untrue but uncalled for, still I added—

"You once told me that your affection would be increased by the knowledge that I was not a relative of yours—and now behold the consequences; indeed it's too much!"

She made no audible reply, but burying her face in a snowy veil she, gave me her unoccupied hand, and once more she was clasped affectionately in my arms, and I whispered the question in her ear—but still no answer came. In another moment we halted before the door of a jolly Alderman, a friend of mine, and dismounting with my companion we were soon ushered into the parlor, where I left her wondering what was to happen next. Ten minutes after, everything being satisfactorily arranged, I returned to her accompanied by my friend the Alderman—and raising Miss Lucy Crandall from her seat, the marriage ceremony was handsomely performed in double quick time—and we were again in the cab, tolling rapidly away.

"I shall we go back to Wyoming, my dear?" I enquired of my wife as we returned to the house. She replied with the same look of meek resignation that had distinguished her while listening to the Alderman's queries about 'love, honor and obedience,' as much as to say 'at your option sir'; but as for speaking, I do not think she could have articulated a sound to save her life, though a happier bride the sun never shone upon, as herself can testify. Come, Fred, shall I introduce you to the Miss Crandall, who I had finished my story, for he had supposed that Lucy and my wife were two distinct persons.

"But where is your mutual mistake?" he asked, 'there does not appear to be but one in the whole affair.'

"Why in the first place it was a great mistake in my wife to suppose me her brother, and in the next place there was never a poor fellow more completely miss taken than I was."

"Oh, I ah, yes, good evening."

"I suppose," said my good wife, when he had gone, 'that your friend Fred is as honorable a young man as one in twenty, and yet I shudder to think of what would have been my fate had you been like him.'

"True, you run a narrow chance, but you are safe and happy now."

"Yes—thanks to you, dear Henry—Claudius I mean."

Manuring on the Surface.

Surface manuring is no new idea, yet if our memory serves us, the practice is almost universally ignored by agricultural writers of the present day, as a method of manuring. It is acknowledged as a very good thing to preserve favorite plants or newly set out trees from the effects of drought, but very little beyond this. Those who imagine, says the editor of the Working Farmer, 'they find good results from spreading of manure on the surface, and leaving it for days, weeks or months before it is plowed under, mistake the action of the litter or longer portions of the manure as a mulch, for the action of the manure on the soil.' We so far differ from this and kindred opinions on the subject, that we think manuring on the surface, for ninety-nine farmers in a hundred the best general method of application. We except all cases where the drill application of compost is found desirable, and garden and lot culture. Nor do we maintain that there is not a more perfect method of preserving and preparing all the elements of the manure heap, by its careful husbandry and sheds, an occasional treatment with diluted sulphuric acid, or some other fixer, a cistern to catch the drainings, and a pump to pump them back upon the heap, and patience, perseverance and constant watchfulness. A more perfect method still is that of Mr. Mechi, who applies his manure only in a liquid state, and for this purpose has his farm traversed with iron pipes, to convey the fluid to the different fields. He says it pays in England, and it may be so, though his neighbors doubt it very much. But on a Virginia farm, we think a sensible man would account the Sheriff of London stark mad. We maintain that this mode of manuring (viz., on the surface, is in itself so little inferior to the most perfect methods, that taking into consideration the circumstances of our farming population, the extent of surface and high price of labor, the attention, and time and management that the mass of farmers can give to this branch of their operations, it is for them the most economical and the best. It will pay better.

We ask now the reader's attention to the ammonia theory. That ammonia is the element of greatest value in stable manures, we do not question. That it is very volatile, flies off and escapes by exposure to the atmosphere, everybody knows. Upon these principles, based the recommendation to plow under immediately, manures which yield ammonia, that the earth may absorb and preserve it. Now let it be distinctly borne in mind, that fresh manure of any sort does not contain this volatile ammonia, but only nitrogen, which is not volatile, out of which the ammonia is formed; and that ammonia is generated only as the nitrogen putrefies in the rotting manures. If the manure accumulated in the stable, the warmth and moisture of the daily additions soon bring on active fermentation, and the pungent ammonia which results, is the result of the putrefaction thus caused. Until this process of rotting commences, ammonia is not formed, and the manure not likely to waste, and it ceases to be regenerated when the rotting is checked. Now when we are ready to remove our manure heaps in the spring, we find them usually rotting to some extent. Let us follow, and observe the whole process. It is taken up first, forkful by forkful, and pitched into the cart, the ammonia, of course, all the time seeking its freedom. It is hauled, reeking and smoking, a long distance perhaps, to the field; now it is dropped into small heaps, where it remains a week or so, until you are ready to plow the land. If you are ready, or when you are ready, these heaps are carefully spread out on the ground, the more perfectly the better, and then plowed under, not immediately, even under the most careful management, but as soon as it can be done—with a delay, or

parity, of an average of some hours. Now with all this necessary opening and forking, and tossing and spreading, our impression is, that the free ammonia is very much like the Frenchman's flea, which, when he put his finger upon it, wasn't there; the point of time when we are ready to lay hold of it, is just when we may as well save ourselves the trouble; is not there. But let it be borne in mind, that the ammonia we have been dealing with, is that only which was generated in the rotting heap, before its removal. When the heap was opened to the air, the process of rotting ceased, and ammonia was no longer formed. Supposing, then, this free ammonia is pretty well gone, at any rate, we have the remainder of the manure, with its unchanged nitrogen, (not ammonia) to deal with. Plow this under to the depth of eight inches, and for want of the proper temperature to cause its putrefaction, it may remain unchanged and unavailable, until another plowing shall bring it up again to the influence of heat and moisture, which will disengage the ammonia. As is a frequent experience, that we plow under deeply for a spring crop, fresh stable manure, and receive no benefit from it whatever, until it is brought up again to the surface, and the wheat crop following reaps the advantage.

But suppose, instead of making a week or two weeks' heavy labor of hauling out manure in the spring, when the teams are at best not strong, and there is a press of hard work on hand, you get rid of this necessity of hauling out and plowing under simultaneously, and hauling at your convenience, you throw the manure upon the surface of a grass field, what is the result? At the worst, as we have shown above, there is equal loss of the free ammonia, when the manure is plowed under. In both cases, that is about all gone, before it can be with certainty taken possession of, by any process. The mass remaining on the surface, however, the work of putrefaction, which made the free ammonia, and which we stopped by the opening and exposure of the heap, is now commenced and very slowly carried on by the warmth and moisture at the surface. The ammonia thus formed is absorbed by the litter above it, and washed down by every shower into contact, and combines chemically with the humus at the surface, or with the soil itself. But bear in mind, that when these frequent removals are made, we never find the heaps in such a state of putrefaction as when we postpone to some one allotted time, and therefore never have so much free ammonia to deal with. A very large proportion of the manure never begins to rot before it is removed. By this plan, moreover, we take favorable opportunities for hauling, and may carry out much of the manure in damp or moderately rainy weather, when the showers will wash the ready formed ammonia immediately into the soil. [New England Farmer.]

An 'Angel of Mercy.'

The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal, 'Burleigh,' a few weeks since wrote, in one of his letters to that paper, a charming description of a warm-hearted, benevolent young lady, who has been 'going about from day to day, for years, into the lowest and most destitute parts of New York, doing good.'

The article attracted considerable attention at the time; but it gains greatly in interest to our citizens, when it is known that the young lady in question is Miss Caroline P. Smith, for many years a resident of this city, and daughter of James Smith, Esq., once an officer in the Portland Custom House. Such a life of patient charity, as narrated below, shines out brilliantly even in the gayest times; but in a period of depression and peculiar suffering like the present, it assumes a moral splendor which the world cannot sufficiently admire. We copy below, with pleasure, the extract from the letter alluded to—

"I have been greatly interested in one of these Angels of Mercy, who may be called the Florence Nightingale of New York. She was brought up in great tenderness and delicacy by parents who had all the comforts that wealth could command—and the daughter had youth, health, beauty and high spirits, and took the world as it if it were her portion and was to last forever. But one of the tornadoes which sweep away wealth, position and worldly goods passed over the land, and her father found all beneath the ruins. He was not a man to yield to the blast, and sink in despair. He came to New York to earn his livelihood, away from the theatre of his former possessions, and here went to his daily toil. Nor did his daughter sink beneath the blow. With a spirit and energy that surprised all who knew her, she bore up the spirits of her household—and with as light a heart and as joyous a spirit as she ever possessed, she went on with her favorite palfrey, or stepped on the floor, the queen of the ball room, she bade adieu to scenes so dear to her young heart, and came to this city to share the humble lot and the toil of those who shared their wealth with her in palmy days. The woe and wretchedness of New York touched her heart. She organized a system of benevolence of her own, and alone for a number of years she has trodden the solitary path with the blessings of many ready to perish showered upon her.

Her plan is this. She selects a number of needy families who need a little aid to make them comfortable, and to these she makes a weekly payment. Her collections are made by herself, and a certain number of benevolent persons pay her so much a week, and this she collects and distributes with her own hands. And in the lanes and alleys of destitution, in the garrets of crime and woe, among the famished and perishing, she may be daily seen on her errands of mercy. To one she brings a little medicine, to another a little food from her own table, some wool and coal for others, to another a much needed dress and some clothes. If the wants are above and beyond her means, she goes in person to the larger institutions of benevolence, and gets them to aid; for another she finds a nurse, a coffin and suitable burial; and thus from week to week this lady walks her round, to seek out the suffering and relieve.

And called, as she is, to visit some of the most dangerous and wicked places in New York—and passing often up tickety stair-cases, on which bold, desperate men are often seen—called to seek out suffering families in the dark and dangerous lanes and alleys where many of the poor are found—and though warned and cautioned by her friends of the dangers she is often exposed to—alone, young and unaccompanied, she looks lady-like—yet in the course of seven years she has never met with

one insulting word or rudeness—never received anything but respect, and has not been in peril one moment. And she is as well known among the poor and destitute as any monument in our city. The sacrifices of a young female, who leaves home and country to carry salvation to the habitations of cruelty, are worthy of all praise. The daughter of Britain, whose angel form on the tented field gave consolation to the dying soldier in the Crimea, and whose hand lifted the parched lips of the sufferer, and who dared the horrors of war to do the work of humanity, should be emblazoned in the affections of the people of England. But no less worthy of praise is that young lady, who forgets her own misfortunes in those of her race, and who lives only to do good among the forlorn and neglected, and suffering of our great city. If one sinner can destroy much good, how great the good the large hearted and devoted person may do. Surely the work of mercy belongs to that class which was—

'Last at the Cross, and earliest at the grave.'

A Successful Merchant.

A communication in the Country Gentleman, has a word in season for those young men who banker after tickets in the great lottery of mercantile life:

I am a city merchant, having commenced my career as an adventurer from the farm on a salary of \$80 per year, and having passed through half a life-time of incessant toil to reach the point where dependence ceases, and 'dinner ahead' begins. I filled a clerkship in several first-class mercantile houses, and was associated with a very considerable number of salesmen, accountants, and clerks generally. Nearly thirty years have passed since my clerkship began, and the retrospect has developed the following results:

All mercantile houses by whom I was employed, have since failed—one, after an eminently creditable career of fifteen years, was carried into hopeless bankruptcy by outside speculation, and another after thirty five years of unbounded success and credit, was a few months since in inextricable difficulties—the result of a single dash of the pen—and has forever closed its mercantile existence. Of all the clerks with whom I have been associated, not one has achieved permanent success equal to the value of a well-stocked one-hundred-acre farm, while from the most brilliant of their number, the penitentiary, the hospital, the drunkard's grave have claimed their victims. Some embarked in business with lofty anticipations of success, but soon passed away in disaster, and the career of not a few would fill thrilling illustrated chapters in the unwritten history of city merchants' clerks, and prove beyond a question that—

'Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with his face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.'

Some sanguine youth may ask where the successful men originate. I answer, they are one in one hundred of those who embark in business, and one in several hundred of those who seek clerkships with anticipations of fortune in prospect.

Personally, by a rare combination of favorable circumstances, those 'wonder flowers' that bloom but once in a life-time, I am meeting what is called success. The way to it was paved by years of incessant labor, of sixteen to eighteen hours per day, and such days and nights of toil as no farmer's boy that I have met with ever dreamed of in rural labors, and which, if applied to the cultivation of a hundred-acre farm, would have developed hidden treasures not dreamed of by the reluctant plowman. But as years pass and develop, along with the vanities of life, the gray hairs which are stealing upon me, my thoughts often revert to the home scenes of my childhood in the country, and I feel tempted to shake off this artificial life, and seek for my declining years that repose and quiet which I imagine might be found in rural life, among an intelligent and open-hearted population devoted to agriculture—and secure my family those health-giving influences, both mental and physical, which cheerful country life must supply to general minds.

On the Reality of the Science of Medicine.

Moliere wrote a comedy for the purpose of exposing the blunders of physicians, and the absurdity of some of their pretensions; but his comedy is no less severe upon the follies of patients than on the pedantry of practitioners. Some of his pleasantest are extremely amusing. 'What do you intend, says a female neighbor to a father, sir, by having four doctors to your daughter? Is not one man's answer enough for one person?' Dr. Sanarelle answers, 'Be silent, miss, four opinions are better than one, any day.'

Lisette.—Then you will not let the poor child die in peace, but must needs let the doctors worry her to death?

Doctor.—Do you think these gentlemen will really put her to death?

Lisette.—No doubt at all of that. The other day a friend of mine, by the best reasoning in the world, proved to me how a person of her acquaintance, who was thought to have died of a fever, died, on the contrary, of four doctors and two apothecaries.

Dr. Sanarelle.—Hush! you will offend the gentlemen in attendance.

Lisette.—Well, listen to me, sir. Our cat has just recovered from a fall she had from the top of the house into the street below. For three days she ate nothing, and all that time she could not stir a paw; but luckily for her, there are no cat-doctors here. If there had been, they would have bled and medicated her life out to a certainty."

The tables seemed to have been turned, since the time of Moliere; for at the present day those persons swallow the most medicine who doctor themselves without consulting a physician. This is proved by the well known fact that the quantity of medicine which is sold from the apothecaries' shops to supply the demands occasioned by the recipes of physicians, is not one-tenth part so great as that which is sold in the form of patent nostrums. A careful study of the history of medicine, notwithstanding all the pleasanties which have been uttered at its expense, would convince any intelligent person that the theory and practice of medicine is a true science, having its foundation in nature. It would likewise convince them that there is no more uncertainty in its results, than in the results of any other branch of human knowledge, if we except the mathematics and what are called the exact sciences.

The theory and practice of medicine very closely resembles the science of agriculture, in

the practice of which, an experiment that has succeeded nineteen times consecutively, will perhaps fail on the twentieth trial. We may apply lime or any other specified material, successfully to nineteen different soils, with manifest advantage. When applied in the twentieth case, the soil is injured by it, and rendered unproductive, because its hidden ingredients were such as to require a fertilizer of a different character. The science of chemistry enables us to analyze a soil, and to determine by this analysis what kind of substances it requires to render it productive. Still, with all the light afforded us by chemistry, there is always some degree of uncertainty in the results of chemical applications to the soil. In the application of guano to the soil there is some danger of injuring the crop, because a great deal of experience and judgment is necessary to determine the precise quantity and the precise manner in which it should be applied.

A still greater amount of judgment, learning and experience is required for prescribing medicines successfully for different constitutions. Everything that is necessary to be done cannot be laid down in books, but must be left to the judgment of the physician. Consider then the importance of selecting one who has had the advantage of a complete education, to make amends for any natural deficiency of judgment which every man is liable to possess. It is evident from these circumstances, that a more comprehensive intellect is required for the attainment of disinction in the exact sciences. In chemistry it has been ascertained with perfect precision, how much of a certain kind of acid would be required to neutralize a given quantity of a certain alkali; but no rule of medicine could decide how much opium would be required to alleviate a spasm. This must in all cases be determined by the judgment of the physician. The chemist can proceed in all his operations by rule; the physician, not by rule, but by judgment. It is this circumstance that causes so many people to doubt the reality of the whole medical science. We might for the same reasons deny the reality of the science of navigation. The best navigator in the world might by some accident, or by some error of calculation, run his vessel ashore and dash her to pieces upon the rocks, while at the same time and place an inferior navigator had carried his vessel into harbor. Should we on this account ever afterwards employ ignorant navigators to pilot our vessels? If we did so, we should follow the example of those who have witnessed certain mistakes in the practice of educated physicians, resolve, ever afterwards when they are sick, to place themselves in the hands of a quack.

Chemistry, to return to our parallel, can measure the exact amount of oxygen that must combine with a certain amount of hydrogen, to produce water. Indeed, nearly all its operations are certain and exact. A person, therefore, with a good memory, though possessed of an inferior share of judgment and compassion, might be a good chemist. If fewer was the effect of an acid, and this acid could be measured, the physician might cure his patient, on chemical principles, by prescribing a definite portion of alkali. But the diseases of the human system cannot be managed by a simple rule; and on account of the different circumstances, every remedy is uncertain. The physician must watch its effects, and modify his prescriptions according to certain changes in the aspect of the disease.

Hence we may account for the remark of Dr. Gregory, a celebrated English physician, that 'nine-tenths of the practice of medicine consists of guess-work.' Another celebrated man left the practice of physic, giving as a reason for his conduct that he was tired of guessing. But it is this very circumstance that elevates the science of medicine above the exact sciences, because it requires the highest exercise of the human intellect, while the exact sciences can be attained by a dunces who has a good technical memory. There is such a thing as enlightened 'guess-work,' which may be defined, the exercise of the judgment in applying certain rules to uncertain cases. The navigator is obliged to use a great deal of this guess-work; yet there can be no doubt that an intelligent and well educated navigator, with the aid of science, the compass and the barometer, would in the majority of cases guess more accurately than one who was ill educated and without these aids.

The effects of a stimulant or narcotic, or any other medicine, vary according to the susceptibility of the patient to its influence. A frequent and constant use of opium, of ardent spirits or cayenne pepper, may so harden one to their effects, as to enable one who is accustomed to the use of them to bear the dose without any apparent effect, which would destroy the life of another person. This principle, (says Dr. Parry,) may be illustrated in a clear and forcible manner, by the different sensations which the same temperature will produce under different circumstances. In the road over the Andes, at about half way between the foot and the summit of the mountain, there is a cottage, at which the ascending and descending travellers meet. The former, who have just quitted the sultry valleys at the base, are so relaxed, that the sudden diminution of temperature produces in them the feeling of intense cold; while those who have just left the frozen summits of the mountain, are overcome with the sensation of extreme heat.

But we need not climb the Andes for an illustration. If we plunge one hand into a basin of hot water and the other into one of cold water, and then mix the contents of each vessel, and replace both hands into the mixture, we should experience the sensation of heat and cold, at the same time by the same fluid."

The hand which had been in the hot water will feel cold, and that which had been in the cold water will feel warm. The physician is obliged to take all such circumstances into his calculation before he prescribes for his patient; a little false information given him by the attendants may lead to consequences which would be attributed to an error of judgment on the part of the physician. The public is not generally aware how frequently the reputation of a physician suffers, on account of the ignorance, carelessness or stupidity of the attendants of the patient.

Our common ailments may in certain states of the constitution act upon one as powerful stimulants. In an old volume of Medical Reports is recorded the case of a miner, who after remaining eight days without food, was killed by being placed on a warm bed and fed on chicken broth. There is no end to the influences to which we are constantly exposed, that serve to increase or diminish our susceptibility to the operation of medicines. All these circumstances involve the practice of physic in so much uncertainty, that the best intellect must be entirely devoted to the study and practice of it, to insure success. Voltaire, who excelled almost all men in the sagacity of his observations, remarked that 'those men who are occupied in the restoration of health to other men, are, when honest, above all the great of the earth. They even partake of divinity. No man is more estimable than a physician, who having studied nature from his youth, knows the properties of the human system, the diseases that assail it, the remedies that will benefit or heal it, who exercises his art with caution, and pays equal attention to the rich and the poor.'

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, . . . JAN. 21, 1858.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. 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 25 W. corner North and Fayette streets, Baltimore.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, 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.

WOOD.

Those who propose to bring us wood are requested not to delay, as the sleighing may compel them to disappoint us when it is too late to supply ourselves elsewhere.

Farmer's Club Meeting.

Each succeeding meeting shows increasing interest; and we believe there is no one thing that indicates so much for the prospective success of agriculture as the prevalence everywhere of these clubs. They are a higher and more vigorous branch that has started out from agricultural societies; and while they tell of the vigor that still remains in the trunk, they promise the earliest and surest fruit. The tongue and eye, and hand, and foot, through all the channels of commerce and speculation, have been turned to the present scene of financial depression and ruin, has turned the eye of the farmer, from wandering in discontent to the emerald earth, and led him to search his own field for chances and elements of success within his reach. This has been the one thing needful to the farmers especially of N. England. With one eye to the farm and the other to speculation, they could no more prosper than they could at once serve God and mammon. Speculation has proved a soap-bubble; and the farmers have wisely gone to forming themselves into clubs of inquiry to see what can be done.

It is a question with them, what has been done, than what can be done. So, at the last meeting, the question for discussion was, "How can farming be made to pay better than it now does?"

Mr. Percival, the president of the Club, led the discussion by proposing, as a means of improvement, sub-soil plowing and a deeper and closer pulverization of the soil. He stated several cases in his own practice, all going to show that the extra labor gave more than a proportional increase of crop. Some five years ago he bought the well known "Cool farm," near the iron foundry. It was emphatically a worn out farm, as was known to all present. A common word of caution from the former proprietor was, "Boys, don't stir up the dead soil." Mr. P. had adopted deep and thorough plowing, and on much of his ground had used the subsoil plow. One field, for which he had no dressing, was thoroughly plowed and harrowed and sown with clover and Hurd's grass, early in the fall. The result was more than a fourfold crop of hay. Another field was a low swale that has borne nothing worth harvesting. It was thoroughly ditched and the muck removed to the yard and converted into dressing. He believed the dressing paid for the entire labor of ditching and hauling, while the grass crop was the best on his farm. These two processes he suggested as the most prominent in making "farming pay better than it now does."

A member inquired whether farmers do not lose, on an average, six, ten, or fifteen per cent. of the manure produced on the farm by neglecting to make proper care of it? "Double it!" said Elihu Cook—and so said George Shores and Abram Morrill—Franklin Marston and Henry Morrill—Henry Shores and Josiah Morrill—Joseph Percival and Winthrop Morrill! A dozen of the best farmers in Waterville agreed that at least twenty-five per cent. of the value of the manure heap was lost. They did not all suffer this loss, but they believed it to be a fair average. Everybody knows that "manure is the farmer's capital," and here goes twenty-five per cent. of it in a single channel of waste! Could any other branch of business stand such a leak, and yet be made to pay?

The use of muck, leached ashes, and guano, and the various modes of application, took much of the time and contributed much to the interest of the discussion. Josiah Morrill had used muck to advantage on corn. Winthrop Morrill is using leached ashes in large quantity, and with good prospect of profit; and Joseph Percival stated that his experience with guano satisfied him that it paid well as a dressing when used with judgment. He had found it profitable on his crops generally.

This meeting was at the house of Henry Morrill; and whether it was on account of the good farmer-like traits of the owner, and his worthy sample of a farmer's wife, we judge not; but the meeting was the largest we have yet had, and was honored with the presence of more of the wives of the members.

The same subject was continued for discussion at the next meeting, which is to be at the house of Mr. William Dyer, on Winter street.

SPEAKER DRUMMOND.—As we expected, the Speaker of the House of Representatives is winning golden opinions by the acceptable manner in which he discharges the difficult duties of his place. He has all the qualifications but age, and as this is not a fault for which he is responsible, it bids fair to turn to his advantage. We clip a paragraph from a Belfast paper:

"The Speaker of the house, Mr. Drummond of Waterville, is, I should think, a prince of good-fellows. He cannot be more than thirty. He has the advantages of a handsome person, and a rich voice which can be heard distinctly at the furthest part of the hall. He fills the chair with dignity and courtesy, and is the best selection that possibly could have been made as the republican side of the house."

OUR TABLE.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The February number is very prettily ornamented, and has many a tasteful design and pattern for the ladies. The literary portion of the number is full of life and spirit, and Leland, in his Easy Talk, shows no sign of slackening his hand, but is as heartily genial and fantastically funny as ever. Published by Watson & Co., Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—The leading articles in Nos. 712 and 713 are—Memorials, Scientific and Literary, of Andrew Crooke, the Electrician; Perils of Certain English Prisoners, and their Treasure in Women, Children, Silver and Jewels; Life and Times of Sir Peter Carew, the Autobiography of Edward Bohun, Lord Normanby's Year of Revolution, The Ratcheter's Carol, Wined Words on Chantrey's Woodcocks, Only a Woman's Story, Murray's Life of John Banim, The Flag Covers the Cargo, The Lettre de Cachet, The Bank of England's Banking, The New Trade in Negroes, Artisan Walls in the Desert of Sahara, Masterpieces of Glean Woodcutting, (Origin of the term "Lolard," Simple People and their Investments—with Poems, short articles, &c. Published weekly, in numbers of 64 large octavo pages each, by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at \$6 a year, and sent free of postage.

GUINER'S LADY'S BOOK for February is truly a brilliant number, as all will testify who see it. The embellishments are a splendid set of engravings, a beautiful slipper pattern, an elegant fashion plate, and innumerable smaller engravings, and the literary matter is of rare merit. Every number of the Lady's Book contains 25 cents' worth of music, and a quarter of a dollar's worth of recipes—in addition to its other attractions. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

FORESTER'S PLANTER.—With the January number a new volume of this nice little juvenile commences, and we would again commend it to the attention of parents, as well worthy of their patronage. A whole year of delight can be secured for the little ones, by the payment of a dollar; and no child can fail to reap great benefit from the visits of this Monthly Instructor for Youth. Published by William Guild & Co., Boston, at \$1 a year.

A NEW COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR.—About the most useful thing that any person in business can have, in these times, is a correct and reliable Counterfeit Detector, or Bank Note List. This want is now to be supplied. Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have just commenced the publication of "Peterson's Philadelphia Counterfeit Detector and Bank Note List"—a monthly paper publication, which contains all the information that can be obtained in regard to all Counterfeits, Broken Banks, and the rates of discount on all the Bank Notes of the country. It is under competent management, and will without doubt be a useful and reliable publication to the whole business community. The price is but one dollar a year, with a liberal discount to clubs. Address T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 206 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

H. W. BEECHER IN PORTLAND.—Somebody said of the sermon last Sunday, that if the minister had held out as well as he began the discourse would have been excellent—adding that "he began by reading a chapter in the Bible!" Portland papers give a synopsis of Mr. Beecher's lecture at that place on "Success and Failure in Life," from which we should conclude that if he began as he left off, the lecture was the best he ever gave.—He closed with the following comprehensive and beautiful quotation:

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. This indeed would be a 'success,' not only in this life, but without the fear of 'failure' in the life to come. Let those who would aim at a 'success in life' take the Bible for their guide, and see how little occasion they will have to look for other instruction. Who can doubt its divine origin, when a single verse is more than a whole lecture, and is made the basis of a thousand sermons! Take it as the 'man of your counsel,' and whether high or low, sick or well, rich or poor, success is yours."

STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—This was held at Augusta on the 18th inst., and was well attended. A spirit of harmony and union prevailed, that augurs well for the ultimate success of the friends of prohibition; and we do not doubt that the present legislature will give us a judicious and efficient temperance law.

The following resolutions were passed by the convention:

Resolved, That the license system for the suppression of the liquor traffic has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Resolved, That prohibition is the true and only basis of legislation for the suppression of intemperance; and the people of Maine demand an immediate return to that great principle.

Resolved, That in the cause in which we are engaged we recognize no religious sect or political party as such, but cheerfully welcome to our ranks every one who will adopt, in principle and practice, the great moral doctrine which lies at the foundation of our enterprise, viz. Legal Prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating liquors as a crime.

Resolved, That we repudiate the aspersion which has been cast upon us as giving so much prominence to prohibition, we have abandoned moral suasion; on the contrary, we believe that prohibition is the highest and truest development of moral suasion.

Resolved, That since it is understood to be the policy of the Legislature to submit to the people a law to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors, it is especially important, and we think it is imperatively demanded by the friends of Temperance throughout the State, that the law be submitted at the earliest possible day.

A friend out West sends us a Minnesota paper, in which he makes the following article. If he will tell us how a western farmer manages to procure "farming implements, seeds, &c." for a large farm, and cultivate about one hundred acres under the plow, to such crops as corn, potatoes, wheat, &c. harvesting the whole and paying laborers living prices, for the sum of four hundred dollars, he will give the farmers of old Kennec some new light in the way of making farming pay. If he can't do this we advise him to count over "a \$500" again, and see if he has not "run it into the ground" to the amount of a cent or two. But the story speaks for itself—and we advise such farmers as believe it, to pack up for the West as soon as possible.

The eastern press has for years past, and particularly since the tight times has turned the eyes of her young men in this direction, misrepresented the quality of the soil and climate of the West, and particularly has Minnesota been the object of their hatred. One would suppose from their accounts that we were cursed with a Siberian climate, and our prairies were as barren as the desert of Sahara, that the newspapers of Minnesota were a set of jack-o'-lanterns set up by evil spirits for the special destruction of those who heeded their light, instead of being, as they are, "beacon lights, to warn and give the voyager safety," to direct the emigrant, the honest laborer to a new land where he may secure a home and a competence in a few years. We have beautiful streams, furnishing ample field for the capitalist, but our great wealth lies in the development of our agricultural resources. The following instance of a profitable farming, related by the St. Paul Advertiser, is by no means a solitary instance.—Read it, if you can, of the

'down East' States, who have worn out the 'best part of a valuable life between digging in a heavy clay soil and picking up 'hard heads,' and still have but a pittance, and if you can't come yourselves send that 'big boy' of yours, and in a few years he will be able to take care of you.

Mr. W. of Hennepin county, one year ago bought an improved farm for which he paid \$2,900, and from which he this year raised the following crops:

| | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|-------------|
| 480 bushels of wheat on 20 acres, | 1940 " | corn " 40 " |
| 1150 " | oats " 25 " | 2100 " |
| 28 " | beans " 1 " | |

Also 6 bushels of beets, 2 of carrots, and 20 of onions.

This produce would bring at the present low cash prices, about \$3,900. Improvements, wages, threshing, farming implements, seeds, &c., amounting to about \$400, leaving a net profit, after paying for his farm, stock, &c., all the first year of about \$500.

SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 6, CLINTON.—We have received a very candid communication from Owen G. Flood, Esq. supervisor of Clinton, in explanation of certain charges made in another communication to which we alluded some weeks ago. Having stated the substance of the charges, we feel under obligation to give the substance of the reply. The charges were that an incompetent teacher was hired in order to secure the payment of a note the supervisor held against him; and that a majority of the voters of the district, from political party motives, afterwards sustained him in what he had done. The reply of Mr. Flood is, that the note was mostly paid before the school began, and the balance a few days after, and before it became due. He says that the qualifications of the teacher are endorsed by several certificates from the Committee of Benton; and that the voters of the district, at a meeting called to decide upon sustaining him, stood 25 in favor and 7 opposed; of whom three of the seven were republicans and three had no children—five of the twenty-five being democrats. He also states that he had "nothing to do with hiring the teacher, except to give him a certificate, to which he was legally entitled."

A SMART OLD GENTLEMAN.—Capt. John Moor, of Clinton, eighty-four years of age, started from his home recently, at nine o'clock, traveled one mile to his work, felled his trees, chopped, split and put up one cord of hard wood, returning to his home at four o'clock P. M., hearty and well. How many of the boys can do better?

IMPUDENT.—Recently in Congress when the President's Message was under consideration, a Mr. Leiter sent up an amendment to a resolution, the reading of which created considerable laughter. He proposed that an inquiry be made to determine whether Gen. Walker was induced to enter upon a filibuster expedition by the Ostend Manifesto, and the letter of the Secretary of State, produced at filibustering meetings held in the United States and elsewhere.

Sewall Patterson, the escaped prisoner, who was arrested here by Constable Jones, and conveyed to Belfast, has been taken to the State Prison.

THE CASE OF MANY.—A Democratic editor in Ohio who enjoys at the same time the honors and emoluments of a Postmaster's commission, defines his position as below. His case is the case of many, though few have the frankness to avow it:

"For my own part, my brethren, although I have full faith in Judge Douglas, and fully believe in the doctrine of popular sovereignty, yet having a due regard to my position, as an officer under the Federal government, as well as a profound respect for the American eagle, and the income of my office, as a matter of expediency I shall support the President. N. B.—In the event that Douglas succeeds, we can change our views about the end of old 'Buck's' term."

"THE DAVENPORT BOYS."—This singular and very mysterious exhibition, which has recently excited so much interest in Boston, Portland, and other places, will open this (Thursday) evening, at Appleton Hall. It must speak for itself, as it has done elsewhere—in all cases, as a friend writes us, leaving the audience in "a quandary of astonishment." Their small bills tell what they claim to do; and without denying or endorsing their claims to spiritual agency, we say, go and account for these wonderful performances if you can.—That they are both strange and wonderful, and beyond reasonable explanation on the ground of deception, is attested by all who have seen them.

We learn there is an increasing degree of religious interest in several of the churches of this place, and also in Fairfield.

The St. Louis Leader does not place much reliance on the report that the Mormons in a body will leave Salt Lake City in the spring. It thinks it probable that Young, and a few of the faithful, who have so often defied the power of the government, will flee, from fear of the consequences of this reason, but that a large majority will quietly submit to the laws and remain.

Both the Savannah Republican and the New Orleans Bulletin deny the existence of pretended sympathy for Walker and his filibustering schemes in those cities and the South. They say the people cannot be misled in this manner by politicians.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The fair sex have won a victory over antiquated prejudices in San Francisco. A young woman—we should think liberal descendant of John Hampden—resolved to test the validity of the arbitrary regulation which compels females to appear in petticoats and bonnets, and forbids the use of pantaloons and "wide awakes." Boldly equipping herself in male apparel, she promulgated the public thoroughfares, outraging the modesty and delicacy of a policeman. The latter arrested her, and she was made a prisoner. He was argued and stood for judgment. His Honor Judge Owen delivered elaborate decision. He laid down the law to the effect if a woman prefers pantaloons to petticoats, she has a perfect right to wear them, and no policeman has a right to interfere with or disturb her in their use. The decision was vehemently applauded by a lot of journeyman tailors;

The Raising of Animals.

I have read with much interest the article on mule-breeding which appeared in your issue of the 4th inst. It affords much valuable information on a subject of no small importance in our national economy, and one entitled to much greater consideration than is usually accorded to it.

It is to be regretted, however, that the writer had not confined himself to the limits of his subject, but, by blending the questions of the propagation of hybrids and animals of a pure species, has given to both an air of confusion which must at least be perplexing to the minds of his readers. It is obvious that the breeding of hybrids, or animals of the same genus but of different species, and the breeding of the same genus and species, are not parallel cases; and that, consequently, a theory that may be susceptible of satisfactory demonstration in one instance will altogether fail in the other. And here your writer was, I think, correct in ascribing the excess of power of transmitting properties possessed by the ass to the fact of that animal being nearer to his natural condition than the horse. This you will perceive destroys at once the doctrine that breeders of the pure horse species should seek to have the excess of blood and vital energy in the sire. It is this point, indeed, that I wish chiefly to notice. Very little reflection is necessary to show us that this theory is altogether one sided; and in the very nature of things must be unsound. If it were true, we could not at the present day by any possibility, have had more than one type or variety of the horse on the earth; or establish the principle now and in a very short time we should reach the same result. It could not be otherwise; for if we once admit a preponderance of the power of transmission on the part of the sire, that power must be strengthened in the progeny (and you will remember that the properties of the sire would be given to his female as well as his male offspring,) and as it would increase by arithmetical progression in each succeeding generation, it must inevitably assimilate to its own type every other variety. It is not surprising that Linnaeus and Du Candolle, and Gen. Daumas and the Inspector of the French studs, should have held opinions the reverse of each other on this subject, and I will venture the assertion that Abd-el Kader is as far from the truth as either of them. But as your columns are scarcely the proper medium for a discussion of this character, I will sum up by saying that my experience as an amateur breeder has led me to the following conclusions:

First: That there exists in every kingdom of animated nature, a grand law of compensation by which nature maintains her equilibrium, or where lost by fortuitous circumstances, restores it. This is illustrated by what is known among breeders as "throwing back"; that is, where any animal may produce offspring, which, though bearing the remotest resemblance to either dam or sire, shall yet be the exact counterpart of one of its progenitors, or perhaps five or six generations back.

Second: The imagination of the female during the period of gestation, may be impressed so vividly as to affect the fetus. Jacob's mode of procedure with Laban's cattle, and which he persevered in until the whole of the flocks became ringsteaked, speckled and spotted, will be familiar to your readers. I have little doubt, also, that the quagga phenomenon mentioned by your author would, if investigated, be found to be referable to the same cause.

Third: There is an almost invariable tendency in the male offspring to resemble the female parent, and in the female offspring to resemble the male parent. This, I admit, may be qualified by either of the two preceding considerations; but I have observed it so long and so constantly as to astonish me that the fact has not been prominently recognized by those writers whom we call authorities. It is a most important one to persons who have occasion to make selections of very young animals.

These conclusions would seem to teach that no good result can be depended on in an attempt to engraft good stock on poor. It should rather be the breeder's aim to effect a union of the best blood, always keeping closely in view the particular points or qualities he may wish to reproduce. Thus, the milk-selling dairyman, who raises his own stock, should not be content with knowing that his cows are good milkers; let him see to it that the sire also comes of a milking family. If he spend a week in search of evidence of this, he will be repaid a thousand fold. And so with regard to other departments of animal breeding.

[Correspondence of N. Y. Tribune.]

BABYLONIAN BANK BILLS.—Among the curious discoveries lately made in the region of Babylon, a lot of Nebuchadnezzar's Bank Notes is mentioned by Mr. Loftus. He was exploring the ruins of Warka, (by some supposed to be 'Ux of Chaldees,' when he one day met with a number of small brick tablets, covered on both sides with minute characters. There were forty of them in the locality, (perhaps the strong box of some Babylonian money lender or note-shaver,) varying from two to four and a half inches in length, by one to three inches in breadth. Many others were irretrievably damaged or broken. Those obtained entire, are now in the British Museum. Sir Henry Rawlinson found the larger ones to be notes, issued by the Government, for the convenience of circulation, representing certain values, expressed by weight of gold and silver, and redeemable at the royal treasury. The names of Nabopolassar, Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, &c. (626 to 522 B. C.) The precise day of issue is given in every instance. The smaller or tablets seem to be private notes of hand, or acknowledgements of indebtedness.

TIPS.—The following method of cleaning and preparing tips, I have tried successfully, and prefer to any other way that I know of. When the paunch is taken from the beef, care is used to keep it clean, and as soon as it is emptied, it is washed in clean water till it is clean; if it is cold weather, it is put into warm water, and soaked a short time, when it is cleaned in this way; Have a kettle of boiling water ready; take the tips and cut it into pieces small enough to handle conveniently; then take a piece and hold it in the water till it is scalded, so that the skin will start, when it should be laid on the table, and scraped with a knife till thoroughly clean; proceed in this way till it is all cleaned. It should then be put into cold water, and remain a week, the water being changed every day.

It should then be boiled till it is so tender that a straw can be run through it easily. While it is boiling, a small quantity of saleratus should be put into the water, for the purpose of sweetening it, and to make it tender. After it is cooked, it can be pickled to suit the taste of those who use it.

In this way, it may be prepared in a way which, if suitably cooked, will make a dish of food equal in every respect to any part of the beef.—[Country Gentleman.]

JUDGMENT RENDERED.—Judgment was rendered on the 5th inst. against Gen. Walker and his surety, S. P. Slater, in the

Circuit Court of the United States, at New Orleans, for \$2000 on the recognizance of the former to appear to answer for a breach of the neutrality laws, and which recognizance was forfeited by his departure in the Fashion in November.

A Parable for Business Men.

There was once upon a time a man who kept a store, and sold goods wholesale and retail.

And he became melancholy, because customers were shy and times were bad.

And he said: Lo! I am ruined, and the sensation is disagreeable.

And my ruin is the more painful, to bear, because it is slow in progress, even as water doth gradually become hotter in the pot, where the lobster boils, until the grastaceous creature shrieketh out his soul in anguish.

Lo! it is better to be ruined quickly than to endure this slow torture.

I will give my money away to the poor man—even to the poorest, which is he who printeth newspapers, and I will shut up my shop and wrap myself in the sackcloth of broken banks, cursing the hardness of the times and rending my garments.

And the howlings of Rome shall be as the dulcet sound of dulcimers, and they who blow flutes and instruments of music, compared to the din I will make in the ears of the wicked—even in the ears of the bank directors.

And even as he said, so did he; for he was not like other men's sons, who are foolish and know it not, and they say they will do so, and so, performing that which is contrary.

For the sons of men are fickle, and he that is born of woman doth spite his face by diminishing the length of the nose thereof.

And lo! the printer—even he who did publish newspapers—was made glad by the bounty of him who sold wholesale and retail; and he did send his praises and print them moreover, and he did blow the trumpet of fame respecting that man's dealings from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same.

And he—even the printer of paper—did magnify and enlarge upon the stock of goods which the trader had in his store, and did publish the variety and the excellence, and the newness, and the beauty, and the cheapness thereof, till the people—yea! all of them, far and near, were amazed.

And they said lo! this man hath gathered from the east and the west costly merchandize and wares of wondrous value—even the workmanship of cunning artificers—and we knew it not.

Go to, then. We will lay out our silver and our gold in those things which the printer printeth of, and that which he doth publish shall be ours. For this man's merchandize is better than the bank notes of those who promise to pay and therein lie, even banks of deposit which beguile us of our money and swindle us like sin.

But that trader was still sad, and he said, the money that these people bring me for the goods in my store will I still give to the printer, and thus will I ruin myself; I will do that which no man hath yet done in my time or before me. I will make the printer man, whom all men scorn for his poverty, rich, and he shall be clad in fine linen, and shall rejoice.

And the sons of men shall seek him in the market place, and the sheriff shall summon him, and the scoundrels shall be rebuked, and shall take off their hats to him that was poor.

And he shall flash the dollars in the eyes of the foolish and shall eat bank note sandwiches. Yea, even shall he light his pipe with railroad scrip and cast his spittle on the beards of other men.

For I will ruin myself, and who advertises me shall enjoy my substance.

But lo! the trading man—even he who sold merchandize, become rich, and even as the unclean beast lieth in the mire, so stirred he not by reason of much gold.

And the people flocked to his store from the North.

And from the South.

And from the East.

And from the West.

And the printer, rejoiced, and his fat did abound.

But the trader could not become poor; and his melancholy ceased, and the smiles of happiness were upon his face.

And his children did become mighty in the land by reason of the dollars which many of the people who read his advertisement had poured into the trader's money bags.

Here endeth the first lesson.

A singular misapprehension seems to prevail in Congress, and throughout the country. We all know that the slavery question was settled long ago. It was settled first by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and then, to make the matter sure, it was settled over again by the election of Mr. Buchanan. Of this we were assured in the most positive terms by all the organs of the Democratic party, and yet, in spite of this final and reiterated settlement, the President's message is full of it, the debate in Congress open upon it, the newspapers are all discussing it, and everybody is talking about it, just as though it had not been settled, wiped out, dilled up, and stowed away, as safe and forgotten as a used up principle of the Democratic party.

Something should be done to stop this. It is high time, as the President justly observes, to stop talking about the subject that forms the principal topic of his message. The President has certainly done his share, but the fire blazes out of the very holes that he stops up with shavings and in spite of the oil with which he attempts to extinguish it. This is very strange; fire ought not to do so, but it will. [Providence Journal.]

DISCIPLINE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.—An officer of the U. S. frigate Congress, which has just returned from a cruise of 2 1/2 years, during which she has sailed 25,000 miles, writes to the Journal of Commerce as follows:

"The new mode of discipline without flogging is producing a rapid and decided change in the character of seamen, and in almost every particular the change is for the most desirable nature. There is perhaps less promptness and energy in the movements of some who formerly jumped to the repetition of fear of the 'cat's' and that class of reckless, bold and dare-devil spirits who seemed in their native element only when the storm was highest and howled through the rigging with most terrific violence, is to some extent passing away. But there is rising in its place a self-repelling, and intelligent manliness, a reliable fidelity, a sympathy with their fellow-men and a desire for their regard, which is full of promise. Considering the grade of society from which seamen ordinarily come, and the motives which lead the great majority to seek the service, it is surprising that the improvement in their character should have been so great and so permanent. I have seen and heard of no man who, after a cruise of two years, has returned to his old habits, and who is not a better man than when he started out."

MAN-KILLING CAVALRY.—The Cavalry Corps of the U. S. Army, which has just returned from a cruise of 2 1/2 years, during which she has sailed 25,000 miles, writes to the Journal of Commerce as follows:

of Livermore, was consumed by fire on the eve of the 14th inst., and that Ellen, an only and much beloved daughter, aged about 17, perished in the flames. Two sons narrowly escaped. Mr. and Mrs. K. were absent at the time.

INTERESTING NEWS FROM THE UTAH EXPEDITION.—The St. Louis Republican of Tuesday, Jan. 12th, has advices from the Utah Expedition to Dec. 1. By this news it appears that the Mormons are not going to fight after all, but were preparing to leave for the British possessions, and pioneer parties had already left. Col. Johnston, it was reported, was so well assured that the Mormons will leave in the spring, that he asks no increase of the force now under his command.

The troops were all in winter quarters at Fort Bridger, with the exception of Col. Cook's command, which was posted forty miles distant on Henry's Fork, where a scant supply of grass remained. Fort Bridger was being rebuilt, for the purpose of protecting the provisions in tents with awnings. The weather had been very mild and good health prevailed. The provisions on hand were sufficient to last until next June, by close allowance. Capt. May, had been sent to Santa Fe to obtain supplies. Nearly two-thirds of the animals of the expedition had died.

Brighton Young had sent a quantity of salt to Col. Johnston, which that officer sent back, stating that he would have no salt sent from the same quarter, on a similar occasion. Young had also invited the officers of the army to partake of his hospitality and spend the winter at Salt Lake City.

We learn from the Bangor Union that on Sunday morning last, about 4 o'clock, the log house of Aaron Scribner and Samuel Harvey, at Shin Pond, about 11 miles from Patten, in Penobscot county, was consumed by fire, and perished to relate, two sons of Mr. Scribner, aged eleven and thirteen years, perished in the flames. These boys occupied the attic of the house, in which portion the fire took. In the lower part were Mr. Scribner and daughter, Mr. Harvey and his mother, and two woodsmen. The women were saved in their night clothes, and Mr. Scribner escaped with his under clothes, and had his shirt burned off, and his back scorched. The woodsmen lost their hats and boots, and everything else was consumed. The escaped inmates took shelter in the barn until clothing was obtained, and then were conveyed to Patten. The bones of the boys were found among the ruins.

A Cure for Dyspepsia.—The Oxygenated Bitters have been successfully used in some of the worst cases of Dyspepsia on record, and proved to be the best remedy ever discovered for the cure of this troublesome disease.

The Bath Organ says that sixteen of the ship carpenters of that city, under the superintendence of Mr. Thos. Lowden, have taken the yard of Wm. M. Rogers and Son, and have commenced to build a brig of 275 to 300 tons. The timber is furnished by one of the Bath merchants, the iron by another, and the workmen hope to realize enough by the sale of the vessel to pay for materials and to remunerate themselves for their labor.

The United Service Gazette says that the odium theologorum rages in some parts of Ireland with most unparalleled intensity, and that we may expect to hear of some very serious commotion. At Castletown both Catholics and Protestants go armed to their respective places of worship, each anticipating a public disturbance during the hours of divine worship. The 4th Middlesex Militia is on the alert.

Last week, the barn of Mr. Mark Perkins in Orland, was entered, and one of his cows driven off into the woods, where she was killed. The thieves were tracked, and the beef found. Stephen and Seldon Bowden were arrested, acknowledged their guilt, and were committed for trial. The premises of Eliakim Colson were searched, and in the cellar, covered with sand, were found the pelt, head and other parts of a sheep. Colson was arrested and fined \$5 and costs, and sentenced to the county jail for one month.

The store of George Fassett of Abbott, was burned to the ground about 4 o'clock, on Thursday morning, 14th inst. A part of the stock of goods was saved. Store was insured for \$400, value about \$600. Goods insured for \$800.

Father Sawyer, who is in his 103d year, recently addressed the Sabbath Schools in Bangor, for nearly an hour, in a clear and distinct voice.

"How do you and your friends feel now?" said an exultant politician in one of our Western States to a rather irritable member of his defeated party. "I suppose, said the latter, 'we feel just as Lazarus did when lifted by dogs!'"

Two literary ladies were lately witnessed

POETRY.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO THE ABSENT.

BY LORA MAY.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to the absent ones,
To friends in the far-off west;
The dear ones at home claim our good wishes too,
Yet we pray that the absent be blest.

The old year had its birth and its death since we met,
Its joys and its sorrows have fled;
Our friends? Ah! some in life have grown cold,
And some—some lie cold with the dead.

But today let us bury all gloom of the past,
And rejoice that we still linger here;
Let us thank the Great One who has brought us to see
The light of another New Year.

Oh, happy young year! what visions of joy
In the glass of the future appear!
Each morn'g with pleasure, each eve with bright
Glowing with blessings the whole circle year.

But oh! if dark clouds should gloom o'er the bright way,
Melting joy like the summer morn's dew,
In the far land above may each one secure
A pleasure more lasting and true.

Though the riches of earth glitter temptingly round,
May we wisely our chief treasure lay
Where the moth nor the rust can creep in to corrupt,
Nor time waste its brightness away.

For the Great One who loves us and keeps us always,
Who guards us with fostering care,
Says, wherever a man's choicest treasures are laid
That his heart it shall also be there.

Watson, Jan. 1, 1858.

HE HAD HIM THERE.—We heard the other day, a capital anecdote of a witty clergyman of this city, who is said never to come of account but in a jocular encounter.

As one day he was passing down one of the streets of a village in this state, where he was settled, he was observed by some waggy hangers-on at a public house which he was approaching. One of these fellows, knowing that the reverend gentleman was a hard case, at a joke, said that he would bet the drinks for all hands that he could head Mr. H.—

'Done,' was the response from a number. Mr. H.— halted and drew near, whereupon the confident chap thus addressed him:—

'Mr. H.—, we have a dispute here of some importance, which we have agreed to leave to you as one competent to a correct decision.'

'Ah! what is it?'

'It is in relation to the age of the devil—who you tell us how old he is?'

'Gentleman,' said the importunate minister, 'how can you presume me to be acquainted with matters of that sort? You must keep your own family records!'

The minister went about his business, and the vanquished gentleman went in and bled freely.

SETTING HENS.—Make a small open pen, of laths, or some similar material, in one corner of your hen house, about eight inches wide, and of any convenient length and height. Let one of the laths or slats be so secured that it may be easily taken out, or moved one side, so that a hen may be conveniently passed into or taken out of the pen. On the bottom of this pen, and running lengthwise through it, set up a couple of laths on edge, and fasten them about the same distance from each other, and from the sides of the pen. Run a small perch across the pen and the work is done. When a hen wishes to set, put her in there. She will soon find that she can walk leisurely upon the floor, or roost comfortably upon the perch, but she can't set without 'riding on a rail,' and that, they seem to think, isn't decorous. The length of time for which they will have to be confined will vary somewhat, and in obstinate cases it may be necessary to put a few pegs or tacks into the edges of the laths.

[Genesee Farmer.

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Kendall's Mills Advmts.

STOVES,

HARD-WARE AND BAR IRON,

At Kendall's Mills.

Ring Philip Air-Tight

GILBRETH & RICHARDSON,

Stoves, Hot Air Furnaces, and Fire Frames,

Cut Iron Pinks, Furnace Bolts and

Ploughs, Horse Trimmings, Cutlery, Files,

Burners and 'Exhausters' of all kinds, Cross

Cut Saws and Leather Belting, Vermont Nail, Glass, Sheathing

Paper, Oil Cloth, Carpeting, Pumps, Lead Pipe, Sheet

Lead and Zinc, together with, Bituminous, Tin,

Japanese, Kieselguhr and Sheet Iron

WARE, &c. &c.

Having had experience in the Furnace business, we are

prepared to furnish, and set in the best manner, and at the lowest

price, any article in the market; and constantly have on

hand, DARRY UNBURNED HOT AIR

FURNACES,

which we sell and warrant.

Among our variety of Cooking Stoves, we have the

'KING PHILIP AIR TIGHT,'

which requires no pipe, for we warrant them to give entire

satisfaction, and they will heat the stove to the same extent

as any other place or the river, for cash.

We receive and all kinds of Tin and Sheet Iron work done

order. GEO. RICHARDSON.

Aug. 1857. 19

Dr. A. BACKUS,

SOLE AGENT FOR

Portland Advertisements.

F. W. BAILEY'S

BOOK BINDERY,

68 Exchange Street, Portland.

THE LARGEST BINDERY IN THE STATE.

WHERE you can have Music, Magazines, Pamphlets, in fact

any and every kind of Book, from a folio Bible to

the smallest primer.

Bound in Styles to suit your own tastes.

BAILEY'S, 68 Exchange Street

Orders for Binding may be left with MAXWELL & WING, at

the 'Eastern Mail' Office, or directly to the Bindery.

TO THE TRADE.

We are just receiving our SPRING IMPORTATIONS of

CROCKERY WARE,

Direct from the English Potteries, and are prepared to job all

goods.

Most FAVORABLE TERMS.

Our RETAIL DEPARTMENT is well stocked with

China, Glass and Earthen Ware,

Also, common Glass and Earthen Ware, (fish plated and

common.) Ten Trays, Plated Knives, Forks and Spoons,

Plated Teas, and Coffee Sets, Table Mats, Painted

Tin Ware, with many other articles in the

HOUSE FURNISHING LINE.

April 24, 1857. 1500 STEELE & HAYES, Portland

R. L. DAY,

PAPER WAREHOUSE,

No. 21 Exchange Street, Portland, Me.

Constantly on hand, all sizes and qualities of Wrapping

Paper, Hardware, Cloth, Shoe, Envelope and Bookbinding

Cash paid for Paper Stock. 1500

BOSTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

CRITICAL AND ACCURATE EXAMINATIONS.

Agents wanted in all parts of the United States, and in all

parts of the Northern, Middle and Western States, and in

all parts of the world, for the purpose of procuring

subscriptions to the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company.

For particulars, apply to the Agents, or to the

Company, at No. 100 Broadway, New York.

AMERICAN COTTAGE PIANO.

Warranted superior in tone and in workmanship, and

superior in price. For particulars, apply to the

Agents, or to the Company, at No. 100 Broadway, New York.

PATENT ROYALTY KNIFE CLEANER.

This is the best Knife Cleaner ever invented, and

it will clean any Knife, without the use of any

oil or grease, and without the use of any

water. For particulars, apply to the

Agents, or to the Company, at No. 100 Broadway, New York.

VENTHURST & CO.

80 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

GOOD BOOKS, For sale at the

lowest prices, at the

Office of the

Agents, at No. 100 Broadway, New York.

OTIS W. MERRIAM, Manufacturer and Dealer

in all kinds of

Hardware, and

all kinds of

Tools, at No. 100 Broadway, New York.

DIAPHRAGM CUTTING, HOWEVER CAUSED.

By the use of the

Diaphragm Cutter,

which will cut

any Diaphragm,

without the use

of any oil or

grease, and

without the use

of any water.

For particulars, apply to the

Agents, or to the Company, at No. 100 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED, To sell the

Diaphragm Cutter,

which will cut

any Diaphragm,

without the use

of any oil or

grease, and

without the use

of any water.

For particulars, apply to the

Agents, or to the Company, at No. 100 Broadway, New York.

BROOKS & MERRIAM, Manufacturers and Dealers

in all kinds of

Hardware, and

all kinds of

Tools, at No. 100 Broadway, New York.

MODEL SINGING, The new

Androscoggin & Kennebec Railroad.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after November 30, current, Trains will leave

Waterville for Portland and Boston at 9:40 A. M., and for Bangor

at 1:30 P. M., daily, Sunday excepted.

RETURNING A Passenger Train will be due at Waterville

from Portland, and Boston at 4:25 P. M., and from Bangor at

9:40 A. M., and returning arrives at Waterville at

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