EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown
RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

VOL. XIX. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 19, 1836. No. 47.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
Saturday Morning
BY
Alexander Graham.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS
Per annum, payable half yearly in advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS
Not exceeding a square inserted three times for ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

STEVENS & RHODES,

Beg leave to inform their friends and customers, that they have removed to the Store House, formerly occupied by the late William Clark, and more recently by Wilson and Taylor, and there have just opened a large assortment of

Seasonable Goods,

To which they would respectfully invite attention. They will take in exchange for goods at cash prices, Kerseys, Linseys, and Feathers.

Oct. 22, 1836. tfw3w (W)

NEW FALL GOODS.

SAMUEL MACKEY,

Has just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore, with a full supply of Goods, suited to the present and approaching season—consisting of

Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Liquors,
China, Glass & Queensware,
Hardware, Cutlery, &c. &c.

All of which he will dispose of on the most accommodating terms. He requests his friends and the public, to give him a call.

Corn, Kersey, Linsey, &c. will be taken in exchange for goods at cash prices.

oct 29

Farm for Sale.

Called the Tan Yard, situate on the main road from Easton to Centreville, 3 miles from the former place. The proprietor of this farm being a resident of the Western country, will dispose of it on reasonable terms, and guarantee a title. Refer to

E. G. TILTON, Annapolis.

oct 22 (W1aw4w)

WANTED,

Immediately from 4 to 6 Journeymen Saddlers. Applications in writing can be made to the subscriber at Easton Maryland. None need apply but such as can come well recommended for sobriety and attention to business.

WILLIAM W. HIGGINS.

Sept 24 3t

The Baltimore American will publish to the amount of two dollars and charge this office.

LOOK AT THIS.

The person who took from the Bar Room of Mr. Solomon Lowe's Hotel, some time since a white speckled trunk, containing a quantity of cobbs, may be called on in a few days from the evidence in the possession of the owner, unless he immediately return the same with its contents or give information where it can be had, which course will save both trouble and exposure.

A. J. LOVEDAY.

nov 12 3t

COACH, GIG AND HARNESS MAKERS.

The undersigned respectfully present their thanks to their friends and the public of Talbot and the adjacent counties, for the many favours and flattering support, they continue to receive in their line, and now beg leave to inform them, that they are prepared to furnish

Coaches, Barouches, Chariotees, Gigs, Sulkes,
BUGGIES, CARRY-ALLS,

of any description of Carriage, at the shortest notice in the most fashionable and substantial manner, and on the most accommodating terms, they assure those gentlemen and ladies who are so worthy of ease and pleasure that there is no necessity of resorting to the city for handsome and good carriages, as their work will bear comparison and examination with the basicity work, and has stood the test of time and criticism: they will also say, that they will use every exertion to merit the unbounded confidence and patronage, their work has received from a generous and discerning public nearly all over the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

Having enlarged their establishment considerably, and keeping constantly on hand a *Large and complete assortment of*

MATERIALS,

with the assistance of the best of workmen, they will be thankful to fill all orders. Gentlemen and Ladies at a distance have only to specify the kind of carriage and price and have it brought to their own door free of charge. All kinds of repairing done at the shortest notice, in the best manner, and on the most pleasing terms. Silver Plating of every description done in the establishment, and all kinds of Steel Springs, made and repaired.

They have now on hand, a handsome assortment of carriages, both new & second hand, of various kinds and prices, and they solicit an early call from their friends and the public generally.

The public's obedient servants,

ANDERSON & HOPKINS.

They have for sale a pair of handsome young Horses, well matched, color, blood bay, warranted sound and kind to harness, also a first rate gig horse.

Wanting three apprentices at the above business of moral habits, from 14 to 16 years of age.

Easton Talbot county, April 9th, 1836.

The Eastern Shore Whig and Cambridge Chronicle will copy the above and discontinue our last.

From the United States Gazette

FRIEND CHANDLER: The accompanying story is from the pen of one of the fair daughters of N. England, who is now enlightening and adorning the society of the chief city of the West; for one of whose literary associations it was written, but has never yet, I believe, appeared in print. I may be trespassing perhaps, in giving it to you for publication without the author's consent. I believe it has been in many hands in manuscript, and several copies been taken. I have ventured to do so.—Its beauty and simplicity together with its elegant and chaste, and I may add eloquent style, as well as the correct sentiment it breathes throughout, would not detract from the credit of any author, no matter what may be his fame or attainments. C.

AUNT MARY.

Since sketching character is the mode, I too take up my pencil—not to make you laugh, though peradventure to put you to sleep.

I am a tolerably old gentleman—an old bachelor, and what is still better, an unpretending and sober minded one. Lest, however, any of you ladies should take exception against me in the very outset, I will merely remark en passant, that a man can sometimes become an old bachelor, because he has *too much heart*, as well as too little.

Years ago, before any of you ladies were born, I was a little good for naught of a boy, of precisely that unlucky sort, who are always in every bodies way—and always in mischief. I had to watch over my uprearing, a father and mother, and a whole army of brothers and sisters. As I have before insinuated, I was a sort of a family scapegrace among them, and one on whose head all domestic trespasses were regularly visited, either by real desert or by imputation. For this order of things, I confess there was a solid and serious foundation in the constitution of my mind. Whether I was born under some cross eyed planet, or whether I was fairly striken in my cradle—certain it is, that I was a sort of 'Mutsed the unlucky,' an out of time, out of place sort of boy, with whom nothing prospered: Who always left doors open in cold weather? It was Henry.—Who was sure to overset his coffee cup at breakfast—or knock over his tumbler at dinner, or to prostrate the saltcellar, pepper box and mustard pot, if he only happened to move his arm?—Why Henry. Who was plate-breaker general to the family? It was Henry. Who tangled mama's silks & cottons, or tore up the last newspaper, or threw down old Phœbe's clothes horse with the clean ironing thereupon? Why Henry.

Now all this was no malice prepense in me I really believe. I was the best natured child in the world—but something was the matter with the attraction of cohesion, or the attraction of gravitation, with the general dispensation of matter around me—that let me do what I would, things would fall down or break, or be torn or damaged if I only come near them; and my unluckiness seemed in exact proportion to my carefulness in any matter.

If any body in the room with me had a headache, or any kind of nervous irritability, which made it particularly necessary to be quiet, and if I was especially desired to be so, I was sure while stepping round on tip-toe, to fall headlong over a chair, which would fall upon the shovel, which would fall upon the tongs, which would animate the poker, and altogether would set in action two or three sticks of wood, and down they would all come with a racket, that showed they were disposed to make as much of the opportunity as possible.

In the same manner, any thing that came into my hands or was at all connected with me, was sure to lose by it. If I appeared in a clean apron in the morning, I was sure to make a full length prostration thereupon on my way to school, and come home nothing better, but rather worse. If I was sent on an errand, I was sure to lose my money in going or, my purchase in returning; & on these occasions my mother would often comfort me with the reflection that it was well my ears were fastened to my head, or I would lose them too. Of course I was a fair mark for the exhortary powers not only of my parents, but of all my aunts, uncles and cousins to the third and fourth generation, who ceased not to reprove, rebuke and exhort with all long suffering and doctrine. All this would have been very well, if nature had not gifted me with a very unnecessary and uncomfortable degree of feeling, which, like a refined ear for music, is undesirable, because in this world it meets with discord ninety-nine times, when it meets with harmony once. Much therefore as I had occasion to be scolded at, I never became used to scolding, so that I was just as much galled by it the forty first time as the first. There was no such thing as philosophy in me—I had just that unreasonable heart which is not conformed into the nature of things, neither indeed can be. I was timid, shrinking and proud. I was nothing to any one around me, but an awkward unlucky boy, and was nothing to my parents but one of half a dozen children, whose faces were to be washed and stockings mended on Saturday afternoon. If I was very sick, I had medicine and the doctor. If I was a little sick, I was exhorted to patience; and if I was sick at heart, I was left to prescribe for myself. Now all this was very well. What should a child want but meat and drink and room to play, and a school to teach him reading and writing, and some body to take care of him when he was sick? Certainly nothing. But the feelings of grown up children exist in the minds of little ones oftener than is expected, and I had even at that early age, the same keen sense of all that touched the heart wrong, the same longing for something which should touch it aright, the same discontent with latent matter of covert affection, the same craving for sympathy, which has been the unprofitable fashion of the world in all ages. And no human being possessing such constitutionals, has a better chance of being made unhappy by them than the backward, uninteresting wrong doing child. We can all sympathize to some extent with men and women, but how few can go back to the sympathies of children, can understand the desolate insignificance of not being one of the *grown up people*—of being sent to bed to be out of the way in the evening, and to school to be out of the way in the morning; of man fold sin and grievances, which the child has no eloquence to set forth, and the grown person no imagination to conceive.

When I was seven years old, I was told one morning with considerable domestic acclamation, that *Aunt Mary* was coming to make us a visit; and so when the carriage drove up to the door I pulled off my dirty apron and ran in among the heap of brothers and sisters to see what was coming.

I shall not describe her first appearance, for as I think of her I begin to grow sentimental in spite of my spectacles, and might perhaps talk a little nonsense.

Perhaps every man, whether married or single, who has lived to the age of fifty or thereabouts, has seen some woman, who in his mind is *the woman* in distinction from all others. She may not have been a wife. She may not have been a relative. She may have simply shone upon him from afar. She may be remembered in the distance of years as a star that has set—as music that is hushed—as beauty and loveliness faded forever—but remembered she is with interest, with fervor, with enthusiasm, with all that heart can feel and more than words can tell. To me there has been but one such, and that is she whom I describe. 'Was she beautiful' you ask. I also will ask you one question. If an angel from Heaven should dwell in any human form and animate any human face, would not that face and form be lovely. She was not beautiful except after this fashion. How well I remember her as she used sometimes to sit thinking with her head resting on her hand—her face mild and placid with quiet October Sunshine in her blue eyes, and an ever present smile upon her whole countenance. I remember the sudden sweetness of her look when any one spoke to her—the prompt attention—the quiet comprehension of things before you uttered them—the obliging readiness to leave whatever she was doing for you.

To those who mistake occasional pensiveness for melancholy, it might seem strange to say, my Aunt Mary was always happy. Yet she *was* so—her spirits never rose to buoyancy and never sunk to despondency; and I know, in the sentimental confession of faith, that such a character cannot be interesting. For this impression there is some ground. The placidity of a medium common place mind is uninteresting, but the placidity of a strong and well governed one borders on the sublime—invariably of emotion characterizes inferior orders of beings—but He who combines all interest—all excitement—all perfection is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.' And if there be any thing sublime in the idea of an almighty mind in perfect peace with itself, and therefore at leisure to bestow all its energies on the wants of others, there is at least a reflection of the same sublimity in the character of that human being who has so quieted and governed the world within, that he has nothing to absorb sympathy or distract attention from those around: Such a woman was my Aunt Mary. Her placidity was not so much the result of temperament as of choice She had every susceptibility of suffering incident to the noblest and most delicate construction of mind; but they had been so directed that instead of concentrating thought on self, they had prepared her to understand and feel for others. She was beyond all things else a sympathetic person; and her character like the green in a landscape, less remarkable for what it was in itself than for its beautiful harmony, with all the coloring and shading around it. Other women have been talented—others have been good, but no woman that I ever knew possessed goodness and talent in union with such an intuitive perception of feelings, and such an instantaneous adaptation to them.

The most troublesome thing in the world, is to be condemned to the society of a person who can never understand a thing unless you say *the whole of it*; making your commas and periods as you go along; and the most desirable thing is to live with a person who saves you all the trouble of talking by knowing just what you mean to say before you begin. Something of this kind of talent I began to feel to my great relief when Aunt Mary came into the family. I remember the very first evening as she sat by the hearth, surrounded by all the circle, her eye glanced on me with an expression that let me know she *saw me;* and when the clock struck eight, and my mother proclaimed it to be my bed time, and my countenance fell as I moved sorrowfully from the back of her rocking chair, and thought how many beautiful stories Aunt Mary would tell after I was gone to bed; she turned towards me with such a look of real understanding, such an evident insight into the case, that I went into banishment with a lighter heart than I ever did before.

How very contrary is the obstinate estimate of the heart, to the rational estimate of worldly wisdom—Are there not some who can remember when one word, one look, or even the withholding of a word, has drawn the heart more to a person than all the substantial favors in the world? Before Aunt Mary had lived with us a month, I loved her more than any body in the world; and a utilitarian would have been amazed in ciphering out the amount of favor which produced the result. It was a word—a look—a smile—it was that she seemed pleased with my new kite—that she rejoiced with me when I learned to spin a top—that she alone appeared to appreciate my proficiency in playing ball and marbles—that she never looked at all vexed when I upset her work box, and received all my awkward gallantry and maladroit helpfulness, as if it had been in the best taste in the world—that when she was sick, she insisted upon letting me wait upon her, though I made my customary havoc among the pitchers and tumblers of her room, and displayed through my zeal to please, a more than ordinary insufficiency for my station—She also was the only person I ever conversed with, & I used to wonder how any body, who could talk about matters and things with the grown up folks—could talk so sensibly about marbles and tops, and hoops and skates, and all sorts of little boyish matters. I will say, by the by, that the same speculation has often occurred to older people concerning her. She knew the value of varied information in making a woman—not a pedant, but a sympathetic, companionable being—and such she was to every class of mind. She had, too, the faculty of drawing others into her level of conversation, so that I would often find myself going on in most profound style, and would wonder whether I was a little boy still.

When she had enlightened us for many months, the time came for her to leave, and she besought my mother to give me to her for company. All the family wondered what she could find to like in Henry; but if she did like me, it was no matter, & so I was allowed to go From that time I lived with her; & there are some persons who can make the word 'life' signify much more than it commonly does; and she wrought upon my character all those miracles which a benevolent genius can work. She quieted my heart, directed my feelings, unfolded my mind, and educated me, not harshly or by force, but as the sun educates the flower into full and perfect life; and when all that was mortal of her *died* to the world, her words and deeds of unalterable love shed a twilight around her memory, which will fade only in the brightness of Heaven.

From Silliman's Journal for October 1836

LEGEND OF BRADY'S HILL.

Samuel Brady the hero of the following adventure, was over six feet in height, with light blue eyes, fair skin, and dark hair: he was remarkably straight, an athletic, bold and vigorous backwoodsman, inured to all the toils and hardships of a frontier life, and had become very obnoxious to the Indians, from the numerous successful attacks on their war parties, and from shooting them in his hunting excursions, whenever they crossed his path, or come within reach of his rifle; for he was personally engaged in more hazardous contests with the savages, than any other man west of the mountains, excepting Daniel Boone. He was in fact an "Indian hater," as many of the early borderers were. This class of men appear to have been more numerous in this region, than in any other portion of the frontiers; and this doubtless arose from the slaughter at Braddock's defeat, and the numerous murders and attacks on defenceless families that for many years followed that disaster. Brady was also a very successful trapper and hunter, and took more beavers than any of the Indians themselves. In one of his adventurous trapping excursions, to the waters of Beaver river, or Mahoning which in early days so abounded with the animals of this species, that it took its name from this fact, it so happened that the Indians surprised him in his camp and took him prisoner. To have shot or tomahawked him on the spot, would have been but a small gratification to that of satiating their revenge by burning him at a slow fire, in presence of all the Indians of their village. He was therefore taken alive to their encampment, on the west bank of the Beaver river, about a mile and a half from its mouth. After the usual exultations and rejoicings at the capture of a noted enemy, and causing him to run the gauntlet, a fire was prepared, near which Brady was placed, after being stripped naked, and with his arms unbound. Previously to tying him to the stake, a large circle was formed around him, consisting of Indian men, women and children, dancing and yelling, and uttering all manner of threats and abuse that their small knowledge of the English language could afford. The prisoner looked on these preparations for death, and on his savage foes, with a firm countenance and a steady eye, meeting all their threats with a truly savage fortitude. In the midst of their dancing and rejoicing, a squaw of one of their chiefs came near him with a child in her arms. Quick as thought, and with intuitive prescience, he snatched it from her and threw it into the midst of the flames. Horror struck at the sudden outrage, the Indians simultaneously rushed to rescue the infant from the fire. In the midst of this confusion, Brady darted from the circle, overturning all that came in his way, and rushed into the adjacent thickets, with the Indians at his heels. He ascended the steep side of the present hill, amidst a shower of bullets, and darting down the opposite declivity, secreted himself in the deep ravines and laurel thickets that abound for several miles to the west of it. His knowledge of the country and wonderful activity, enabled him to elude his enemies, and reach the settlements on the south of the Ohio river, which he crossed by swimming. The hill, near whose base this adventure is said to have happened, still goes by his name; and the incident is often referred to by the traveller, as the coach is slowly dragged up its side

Brady's Leap.—Capt. Brady seems to have been as much the Daniel Boone of the north east part of the valley of the Ohio, as the other was of the south west, and the country is equally full of traditionary legends of his hardy adventures and hair breadth escapes, although he has lacked a *Flint* to chronicle his fame, and transmit it to posterity in the glowing and beautiful language of that distinguished annalist of the West. From undoubted authority, it seems the following incident actually transpired in this vicinity. Brady's residence was on Charter's Creek, on the south side of the Ohio, as before noted in this diary; and being a man of herculean strength, activity and courage, he was generally selected as the leader of the hardy borderers in all their incursions into Indian territory north of the river On this occasion which was about the year 1780, a large party of warriors from the falls of the Cuyahoga and the adjacent country, had made an inroad on the south side of the Ohio river, in the lower part of what is now Washington county, but which was then known as the settlement of "Catfish Camp," after an old Indian of that name, who lived there when the whites first came into the country on the Monongahela river. This party had murdered several families, and with the 'plunder' had recrossed the Ohio before effectual pursuit could be made. By Brady a party was directly summoned, of his chosen followers, who hastened on after them, but the Indians having one or two days the start, he could not overtake them in time to arrest their return to their villages. Near the spot where the town of Ravena now stands, the Indians separated into two parties, one of which went to the north, and the other west, to the falls of the Cuyahoga. Brady's men also divided, a part pursued the northern trail, and a part with their commander to the Indian village, lying on the river in the present township of Northampton, in Portage county.

Although Brady made his approaches with the utmost caution, the Indians, expecting a pursuit, were on the lookout, and ready to receive him, with numbers fourfold to those of Brady's party; whose only safety was in a hasty retreat, which, from the ardor of the pursuit, soon became a perfect flight. Brady directed his men to separate & each one to take care of himself; but the Indians knowing Brady, and having a most inveterate hatred and dread of him, from the numerous chastisements which he had inflicted upon them, left all the others, and with united strength pursued him alone. The Cuyahoga here makes a wide bend to the south, including a large tract of several miles of surface, in the form of a peninsula: within this tract the pursuit was hotly contested. The Indians, by extending their line to the right and left; forced him on to the bank of the stream. Having, in peaceable times, often hunted over this ground with the Indians, and knowing every turn of the Cuyahoga as familiarly as the villager knows the streets of his own hamlet, Brady directed his course to the river, at a spot where the whole stream is compressed, by the rocky cliffs, into a narrow channel of only twenty-two feet across the top of the chasm, although it is considerably wider beneath, nearer the water, and in height more than twice the number of feet above the current. Through this pass the water rushes like a race horse, chafing and roaring at the confinement of its current by the rocky channel, while, a short distance above, the stream is at least fifty yards wide—As he approached the chasm, Brady knowing that life or death was in the effort, concentrated his mighty powers; and leaped the stream at a single bound. It so happened that, in the opposite cliff, the leap was favored by a low place, into which he dropped, and, grasping the bushes, he thus helped himself to ascend to the top of the cliff. The Indians, for a few moments, were lost in wonder and admiration, and before they had recovered their recollection, he was half way up the side of the opposite hill, but still within reach of their rifles. They could easily have shot him at any moment before, but being bent on taking him alive, for torture, & to glut their long delayed revenge, they forbore the use of the rifle; but now seeing him likely to escape, they all fired upon him: one bullet wounded him severely in the hip, but not so badly as to prevent his progress. The Indians having to make a considerable circuit before they could cross the stream, Brady advanced a good distance ahead. His limb was growing stiff from the wound, and as the Indians gained on him, he made for the pond which bears his name, and plunging in swam under water a considerable distance, and came up under the trunk of a large oak, which had fallen into the pond. This, although leaving only a small breathing place to support life, still completely sheltered him from their sight. The Indians tracing him by the blood to the water, made diligent search all round the pond, but finding no signs of his exit, finally came to the conclusion that he had sunk and was drowned. As they were at one time standing on the very tree beneath which he was concealed, Brady understanding their language, was very glad to hear the result of their deliberations, and after they had gone weary, lame, and hungry, he made good his retreat to his own home.—His followers also all returned in safety. The chasm across which he leaped is in sight of the bridge where we crossed the Cuyahoga, and is known in all that region by the name of 'Brady's Leap.'

SMALL FARMS.

There is a great mistake amongst farmers—And that is this, they covet too much land. Almost all our farms, are probably from four to ten times too large. A farmer never feels that he has got enough. He adds field to field, does not half subdue or manure what he has got, and still wants more. One of the most productive and profitable farms I ever saw contained but fourteen acres.—It was very much subdued, improved and manured; and the owner was called a very thrifty, if not a rich man; while his neighbor who skims over three hundred acres, and works full as hard, grows poor. By proper management I am satisfied every acre of land which is fit to raise corn upon can be made to yield one hundred bushels to the acre. Is it not better to put the labor and care upon it, and raise one hundred bushels, than to spread the same over four acres, and thus drive away three or four of your sons to the west? As things now are, what is the process? I will tell you.—A man owns one of our large farms—It is paid for. He raises up a large family. The girls are married off, and he gives each one her portion. He himself dies, and his farm falls to his five sons One of his five sons takes the farm, and agrees to pay the other sons the shares. They go off to the west and return no more He undertakes by economy and industry to keep it and send a fourth of its value to the west. By and by, he finds he can't do it as fast as he agreed to. He goes to the Life Insurance Company, or some where else, mortgages his farm, and starts anew to pay for it. All his life he toils, pays interest, thinks the farmer has a very hard row to hoe and it is not till near the close of his life that he gets free from debt. When he dies the same process has to be gone over again, and every generation that goes, we send four fifths of the value of our lands after them.—Now this is poor policy; and I wonder that our farms are in any tolerable condition; for their worth many times over has been sent away to the west. If, instead of this our farmers would divide up their farms and make each acre yield all it can, our towns would not have the appearence of age & decay; which many of them have.

I have noticed that men as they grow old seem to want more land; and seldom do you find a man who feels he has enough. I know they talk of the fertility of the west, and the beautiful land to be found there. And I know too, that a young man going out there, if he does not die under it, will in a few years become thrifty.—And why? The process is easily described. He goes into the wilderness purchases the land, lives in his log cabin, sleeps on the floor, or more likely on the ground, eats upon a slab pinned up into the logs, and it would be wonderful indeed if he did not gain property. And so would he here. Let a young man take the poorest farm you name, and labor on it as hard, and live just as he does at the west for fifteen years and he will be rich here. It is not so much the land that makes the difference, as the manner of living between the west and the east. I was struck while riding in the stage in listening to the conversation between two farmers, the one from Illinois, and the other from the state of Maine. The western man was describing the fertility of the soil, contrasting it with New England. 'Why how much corn can you raise to the acre?' says our farmer from Maine. 'I can raise all of 70 bushels with ease.' 'And how much do you get a bushel?' 'Nine pence a bushel at my door.' 'Well,' says the Maine farmer, I can raise 300 bushels of potatoes on my land, and get twenty cents a bushel at my door.' 'Ay, you have to dig them.' 'True, and don't you have to pick and shell your corn, and after all get but twelve and a half cents per bushel, and only seventy bushels on an acre.' I repeat it, with the same economy and the same industry, a young farmer here can get rich as easy as at the west. Whether they will practice economy is more than I can say. But let the fashion once prevail of having smaller farms and having them better cultivated and you will be surrounded by your own sons, instead of large landholders, and a floating population, who hire themselves to cultivate it, and who have no land.

Maine Farmer.

Steam Communication with England—We are told that a new steam engine has been invented in this State, which will require only *one-sixth* as much coal as those now in use, & at the same time possess equal power. An intelligent friend, who has some knowledge of this invention, expresses his entire confidence in its success. Should the result equal his expectations, the only remaining ob-

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