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. XXV. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 11, 1842. No. 24.

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.

THE CAPTAIN'S FLIGHT.

The following story was related by a sedate gentleman to a company who were arranged around a table at a country inn where they had stopped to shelter themselves from the inclemency of a stormy night.—Exchange paper.

When I was a student, just after the close of the late war, I used to pay occasional visits to Mount Holly, which was even then a passable country town, and remarkable for its pretty girls, its gay winters, and the quantiiy of wine drank by its bar. There wasn't a lawyer in that place who couldn't carry his two bottles, and as for wit, these barristers were famed for it from Cape May to Hackensack. But it is not so much with the Mount Holly bar as with Capt. Slashbey, one of the clients of the wittiest member there, that my story has to do.

I first met the gallant captain on a hunting excursion into the pines. He was a portly little gentleman with a rubicund face, a constant flow of humor, and an opinion of his own good looks rather singular, I must say at forty-five. He had very short legs and a round person, and altogether reminded you of a fat pigeon walking upright. He had been in the service during the war, and at the reduction of the army, finding himself pretty well in debt, and without a sous in his pockets, had settled at Squankum, a place in the very heart of the ceder swamps. And very convenient it was for Slashbey, for a Sheriff's writ hadn't been there in the memory of man. It was once attempted to execute a capias in this heavenly resting place for rogues, but the foreman and squatters rose in a mass, and though the light horse were ordered out, the arrest had to be given up. Now the Captain was a popular man in Squankum, and therefore was as safe as in a sanctuary. He thirsted now and then, it is true, for the good things of civilized life afar off and would often make a dash into Mount Holly, like a guerilla taking care, however, to retreat before his creditors had wind of his approach. But at length he grew tired of this life, and determined to extricate himself from it by marrying an heiress; for the captain was a gallant man, you must know, and like Will Honeycomb, had a high notion of his own powers.

There was a merry little vixen at the country town—a gay, witty black-eyed rogue as ever lived—who was, in the captain's opinion the very pattern for a wife. She had a mouth that would tempt an anchorite--and a waist, egad! that made a man think of the Houris of Mahomet. And then—better than all—she was an heiress to a very pretty fortune—a thing which youngsters may think unnecessary for the wedded life, but which sensible men, let me tell you—know to be very requisite for a wife. Undaunted by the crowd of suitors for her hand, Slashbey determined to enter the list not doubting on the faith of certain smiles with which she always welcomed him that he would carry off the prize. He began his preparation like a Napoleon.—He bought a new pair of buff cassimeres, endued a shining blue coat with metal buttons, and ordered a wig of the most fashionable *perruquier* in Philadelphia for unluckily the captain was as bald as a cannon ball. Thus accoutred, he laid regular siege to his charmer; dancing and sleighing her whenever he could venture out of his cedar swamps without being chased by a bailiff. The heiress smiled on the captain, her suitors cursed the lucky rival and Slashbey spent his time betwixt studying his glass and singing "none but the brave deserve the fair."

It was just when he thought he was on the point of success that a grand ball was given at Mt. Holly, and the captain determining to carry his charmer by assault, forgot his usual prudence and escorted the heiress in his gig. Never did the fellow look so gallant. I was at the ball, and egad! could scarcely keep my eyes off of him. His wig was curled irresistibly, his new coat shone with resplendent lustre, his cassimeres fit him as a mould does a bullet, and he sported his new buff gloves with more vanity than a rider does his colors at a race. But alas! his glory was destined soon to wane. One of his rivals, whose nose the captain had valorously pulled, determining on revenge, had informed the Sheriff of Slashbey's whereabouts and just as he was leading his charmer to the dance, the myridons of justice pounced on him, and after a desperate struggle he was secured, on the charge of an assault and battery. But this was not the worst. Before the Court opened the next day a dozen writs in civil suits had been lodged against his body. The captain was beside himself. He trembled at the *expose* of his affairs and he trembled for his heiress.

We could laugh this battery out of court, he said: "but what the devil can I do with these creditors? I'm a ruined man. And to come just now, the infernal rascals! Oh, Anna Matilda!" he exclaimed with a love lorn look of his crow-feet eyes, "its all up with you and your fortune now. What would the fellows of the tenth say if they heard of it."

"Cheer up, said the attorney laughingly, your case will come up among the first, and we may yet find a way to get you off. It's all the result of envy. These young boys can't endure, that Mars and Apollo should meet together in your person, and the barrister winked wickedly to me, as Slashbey, marshalled by the sheriff, preceeded us into the hall of justice.

It was with a rueful countenance that he took his seat in the court. The room was densely filled with the usual motly assemblage at a county session. Loafers, half in rags, and shopmen in the latest cut; portly farmers with huge and stained boots, and drovers carrying heavy loaded whips—here a sober Quaker with a broad rimmed beaver—and there a gay young lawyer with more wit than briefs—long men and short men—fat ones and lean ones—some with merry round faces, and others with countenances as sour as crab-apples—officers and loungers, attornies and clients—filled up every vacant space outside the bar, whiling away the time until the appearance of the judge, by speculating on the prospects of a crop, or discussing the prospects of a case set down for trial at the term. At length his honor made his appearance, and bustling through the crowd, assumed the bench, wiped the perspiration from his rubicund face, coughed with judicial gravity, and ordered the crier to open the court. That high functionary accordingly started to his feet and in a nasal twang mumbled over a formula which no one could hear distinctly, but which appeared to be a recapitulation of the iniquities of those in authority generally, and of his honor in particular, as it ended with a hope that God would save the Commonwealth and the honorable court. After the crier sat down a very sharp nose, and a very squeaking voice called out "John Smith," whereupon a little fat man jumped up and said "here," but the clerk, without seeming to notice him went on and called James Thompson, Zerubabel Thompson, Joab Thompson, and the Lord knows how many more Thompsons and Johnsons, all of whom severally jumped up and said 'here.'—Then the jury being empannelled, the case came on and the attorneys got into towering passions, and seemed as if they could have eaten each other up, while the jury smiled and nodded, and their foreman—the little fat man—stroked his chin and looked extremely wise. After this was gone through with, there was a general buzz throughout the room, when suddenly the judge cried 'order,' and the sheriff cried 'order,' and the sleepy constables and tipstaves opened their eyes and echoed, 'order,' more lustily than either, whereupon his honor turned over one or two big books bound in white calf, consulted his notes for a moment, and then proceeded to sum up the evidence, and charge the jury.

The next case was that of Slashbey—and the same formality was gone through with until about half of the jury had been sworn, when the attorney general rose to acquaint the court that the panel was exhausted, and therefore he prayed a *tales* from the lookers on. These few and simple words of the attorney general acted on the spectators like the upsetting of a crowded bee hive. Instantly there was a rush towards the door. Drovers and farmers, shopmen and gentlemen, staid Quakers and burly topers all started in the race at once, tumbling and scrambling over each other in their haste to reach the entrance, while the tipstaves shouted 'order' until they were hoarse, and the sheriff and his deputies sprang to the door to close it before the egress of their prey. It was a moment of general confusion and Slashbey was forgotten in the *melee*. Even the judge had eyes only for the scrambling fugitives.

'Now,' said I, to Slashbey, who sat by me not far from the casement, 'now's your time—clear the window at a leap—my horse Thunderer is fastened not twenty yards off—ride like the devil and don't draw rein till you get to Squankum.'

Slashbey understood my plan as readily and rapidly as I had conceived it, and just waiting to see that the coast was clear, he placed his hands on the sill, and portly as he was, shot through the open window like a bomb, unseen by all except his honor who caught sight of the fugitive's coat tails as they disappeared outside.

'An escape!' shouted the judge, and starting to his feet; 'sheriff, to your prisoner. The captain's off.'

On the instant, the talesmen were forgotten, and sheriff, deputies, tipstaves and free-holders turned around, with open mouths and curious eyes. It was a minute or more before the matter could be explained, and by that time I saw that Slashbey had got mounted, I shouted "stop thief," at this and sprang out of the window, as if in pursuit, followed by the sheriff and his constables, tumbling helter skelter over each other after me. The officers no sooner caught sight of the fugitive than they roared lustily to stop him, while the sheriff bawled for the *"posse comitatus"* like a bull of Bashan. It was no time to respect property, so I followed the example of the officers; and sprung on the first steed I came across, to see the fun.

The court house stood nearly at the opposite end of the village, from that out of which led the road to Squankum, and when I mounted my horse Slashbey was scouring down the main street some hundred yards ahead. Before a minute, however, the sheriff and his pack were in full cry at the fugitive's heels, while as many of the spectators as could find horses and vehicles started on, a few to aid the law, but most to enjoy the sport. And—by my faith—what a sight it was! Foremost in the chase galloped the sheriff, his hat off and his queue flying behind, bawling himself red in the face by "stop thief;" "head him off," "maintain the laws," amid the laughter of some and the shouts of others, of the crowd. At every few leaps Slashbey would turn his face ruefully around to see whether his pursuers gained on him or not—reminding one of Tam O'Shanter, of blissful memory, when he heard witches yelling after him. The captain would never have won the prize at Astley's for horsemanship and now what betwixt his hurry and his fright, he rode like a frightened monkey at a circus Gilpin did not create more excitement in his famous race. The shopmen left their counters—the blacksmith hurried from his forge, children followed the pedagogue to the window—and the very chanticleers unwilling to let the hubbub go by without they partook in it flapped their wings on the garden fences and crowed lustily.

The race was now at its height. The uproar was tremendous. Up flew the the windows and out popped the heads. The women shrieked, the pigs squaled, the men laughed, the boys cheered, and a dozen curs hurried yelping and snapping at Thunderer's heels, who, alarmed at the cry around him, pricked up his ears, snorted, and fairly taking the bit in his teeth, went off at a frantic pace. You would have died with laughing had you seen Slashbey then. Holding on the rein with one hand he grasped the mane desperately with the other, and striking his feet up to the heels in the stirrup, he leaned forward until he lay almost prostrate on the horse's neck while the tails of his coat flying up behind disclosed the fair rotundity beneath, over which his shining new buff cassimeres were stretched as tight as a drum head. At every leap he jumped three feet from the saddle. The shouts of the *posse* in his rear increased, while the captain's rueful looks behind became more frequent. Some cried "murder," others bawled "stop thief," The perspiration poured down the captain's cheeks. He gasped for breath. And, to crown all, as he got opposite his charmer's dwelling, a puff of wind swept off his wig; for his hat had been left in the courthouse in hurry—and the envied locks sailed away to the rear amid convulsive shouts of laughter on the part of the crowd, betrayed the ball pate of Slashbey glistening like burnished silver in the sun.

"Go it, fat 'un and never mind the scratch," roared a ragged spectator.

"Hip—ho—heave ahead there," shouted another, throwing a missile at the fugitive.

"Whow—whow—whoa," halloed others, running out in front of Thunderer and waving their arms and hats before his eyes, but scampering hither and thither as soon as the frightened steed drew near.

The captain felt his heart sink within him at this accumulation of disasters, and he could scarcely summon courage to look up but he made a desperate effort, and—oh! shades of the gallant tenth—there was his mistress at the window, pointing to his glossy pate, and laughing until the tears ran out of her eyes.

The captain felt that his last hope was gone, and in a moment of despair would have reined in his horse, but Thunderer took the matter in his hands, and kept on at a thrashing pace, amid the shout and pelting of the crowd. He dashed down the cross street, clattered over the bridge, and in a few minutes crossed the brow and the neighboring hill in a cloud of dust. The motly group in pursuit kept on, but when Thunderer's mettle was up there was'nt his match in the whole country, so that before long, one after another of the posse drew in leaving only the deputies in pursuit. These, too, gave but before they reached the vicinity of the enchanted land, in other words the cedar swamps this side of Squankum.

The joke clove to the captain's name closer than a brother. The little vixen of an heiress had all along been coquetting with the "gallant warrior," and she was the loudest among the laughers at her wigless beau. She filled up Slashbey's cup of sorrow by marrying, shortly after, the gallant whose nose the captain had pulled.

"What branch of the service," said a spoony linen draper from the bottom of the table, after the laughter had somewhat subsided, "did you say your friend belonged to."

"I did'nt particularise," cooly said the narrator, "but I believe it was the *flying* artillery."

PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING AGRICULTURE.

Stated Meeting, June 1st, N. Biddle, President, in the Chair. Members from Philadelphia city and county, Delaware, Montgomery, and Bucks counties.

Dr. Mease, Vice President, read a paper on the most judicious mode of conducting the stall feeding of cattle, so as to save time, economise food, and to expedite the object intended, viz: the laying on an extra quantity of fat.

Mr Gowen read a paper in defence of the merits of the Durham short horn breed of cattle, in reply to an article in the March number of the Farmer's Cabinet, entitled "Crack Stock." This led to an interesting and useful discussion on the peculiar qualities of the various breeds of cattle among us. The article referred to, strongly inculcated the superior wisdom of improving our breed of cattle by judicious selections from well formed; thrifty native stock, and from choice and superior milkers in preference to giving the very high prices at which imported breeds are sold, especially the Durham short horns. This is not the first time of many times that similar recommendations have been made to farmers, but with comparatively little effect, and had we depended for such means of effecting a radical change for the better in our native stock, a century would be required to effect what the Durham's have done in a few years. What is more common than to see an uncommonly thrifty calf, sheep or hog sold to the butcher by a farmer, merely because an extra price is offered for it? Whereas, by keeping an animal promising in any way, for size, form and keep, a farmer might lay the foundation for a profiable breed, that would prove a source of riches, an heir loom to his family. But such a prospect is distant; he may not live to enjoy it, while the extra dollar or two from the butcher, tells quickly & speaks powerfully: posterity is left to take care of itself: and yet such is the conduct of the majority of the "regular built" farmers who, when you talk to them about improvements and changing their beaten track in any respect, will prate about their "experience," meaning thereby a blind adherence to the practice of their fathers, without being able to give a rational argument in favor of a bad routine of practice. Not a single improvement has ever been introduced into Pennsylvania calculated to effect a radical change for the better, by the "regular experienced" farmer. Not to mention others, we owe gypsum and clover to citizens of Philadelphia Some farmers for fear of poisoning their land, or lest they should enrich their children, and make poor grand children,' would not use gypsum, even when presented to them. The Durham cattle have deserved well of the country, and it is an ungrateful return to underate their merits, or to damp the ardor of those who wish to possess them although at high prices—no stock will pay a better interest for capital laid out for them.

Mr Gowen exhibited several stalks of rye grown on his farm at Mount Airy. 7 1-2 feet long. It is to be hoped that the remainder of the parcel of rye in the field, of unusual length, will be preserved, and the seed sown next season.

Mr. G. also exhibited several stalks of Bouchara Clover five feet and a half high and very fragrant. Cattle are very fond of this food which answers admirably, by reason, of its quick growth, for soiling cattle. Its native place has not been well ascertained, but probably satisfactory information on it will be obtained soon The plant will prove a great acquisition to the country, as its productive powers are unequalled.

Since adopting the former list the Society has added the following premiums

For the best Dur. heifer, betw	2 & 3 yrs.		$6
Do next do	do	do do do	$3
Do best heifer of improved breed,		do	$4
Do next do	do	do do	$2
Do best bull of	do	do over 2 yrs,	$8
Do next best do	do	do do	$4

These will be awarded at the next Autumnal Exhibition and Fair, of which due notice will be given.

Notes on Currency.—A traveller from New England or central New York starts for the South. At the Philadelphia Railroad Office he is gruffly told that they 'don't take New England money, nor any New York but specie;' so he has to stand a shave on the money in his pocket. Ten hours more and he is in Washington; and here (at the Railroad) they *won't take New York City bills except at 2 per cent. discount.* They won't take Virginia here, nor in Baltimore, save at some eight to twelve per cent discount. They won't take Pennsylvania Country money in Philadelphia, nor Maryland country in Baltimore or Washington In short, at every stopping place, you must put your pocket book in the brokers' hopper, and have the contents ground out *minus* the toll.

All this be it observed, is done with a currency every where (except Virginia) redeemed promptly in specie. There is no longer a pretence that suspension causes these inequalities. The simple fact is that we have touched bottom on Gen. Jackson's 'better currency' of State Bank notes; and you can't select any out of the lot that you can travel twenty-four hours upon.

This will never do. We cannot stop here; we must advance or go back. Before two years the issue must be broadly presented—a 'National Paper Currency, or an exclusive Metallic Currency.

N. Y. Tribune.

A SENSIBLE EDITOR.

G. G. Foster, Esq., who recently refused to fight a duel at New Orleans, has published a card, in which he says:—"My seconds, after having strongly urged upon me the choice of rifles, on the ground that pistols would place me at a great disadvantage, upon the friends of the other party objecting to the use of percussion cars, immediately changed the weapons to pistols, without consulting me or advising with me until it was too late. Did honor require me to throw away my life before a crack shot at ten paces, after my own friends had told me that I should 'stand no chance' in a pistol fight? I think not."

LARGE BUSINESS.—A notice in Bicknell's Reporter, of a new counterfeit on the "Commercial Bank of Pennsylvania,' last week, caused some inquiry in Lancaster, when it was found that each of the banks in that place had taken a counterfeit 500 dollar bill on that institution. The person who passed them was immediately arrested, and about $10,000, counterfeit paper, principally of the Commercial Bank of Albany, found in his possession. It consisted of 5's 10's, 20's, 50's, 100's and 500's, and proved to have been altered from the "Commercial Bank of Millington," to the "Commercial Bank of Pennsylvania," "of Albany," "of Boston," and "of New York." Of course the vignettes of the notes issued by either of these banks differ materially from the counterfeits.

The British never neglect an opportunity to "make hay while the sun shines.' The Legislature of New York stopped the work on the enlarged canal from Lake Erie to the Hudson, and forthwith John Bull jumps into his ditch connecting Erie and Ontaria, offs coat, ups with sleeves, and works away like a fellow on a good job. Half a dozen years hence we shall see Liverpool ships taking in flour at Cleaveland wharves! Who doubts it? Read the following from the last St. Catharine's Journal, and then doubt who can—Cleveland Herald.

HIGHLY GRATIFYING NEWS.

NEW STONE LOCKS.—We are informed, on the authority of a letter just received from Mr. Killaly by the engineer in charge of the new works on the Welland Canal, that, in consequence of advices received from England by the steamer Caledonia, at the Government House, Kingston, of a full guaranty of abundant means from the Home Government, preparations are to be made for the immediate commencement of the enlarged stone locks on this work, six of which, near the mountain ridge, a guard lock at the junction and a ship lock of 185 by by 45 feet within the chambers, at Port Maitland, (Broad creek,) will shortly be placed under contract, to be finished with all reasonable despatch.

CHURCHES IN ST. LOUIS.—There are in the city of St. Louis two Catholic churches and a third commenced; two Presbyterian; two Episcopal—the Episcopalians have three churches, but as yet but two buildings; two Methodist—this denomination is also building another large church; one Babtist, considerably enlarged lately; one Associate Reformed Presbyterian—this denomination is also building another large church; one Unitarian—recently much enlarged; one German Lutheran; and two African—There are two Colleges in a flourishing condition in the city and vicinity.

PECULIARITY IN ORANGE TREES.

Many of the trees in one garden were a hundred years old, still bearing plentifully a highly prized, thin-skinned orange full of juice and free from pips. The thinness of the rind of a St. Michael's orange, and its freedom from pips, depend on the age of the tree. The young trees, when in full vigor, bear fruit with a thick pulpy rind and an abundance of seeds; but, as the vigor of the plant declines, the peel becomes thinner, and the seeds gradually diminish in number until they disappear altogether. Thus the orange that we esteem the most are the produce of aged trees, and those which we consider the least palatable come from plants in full vigor.—[A winter in the Azores.

THE LAWYER AND THE FARMER.—RATHER SEVERE.—Old Kingsbury, of New Hampshire, was remarkable for dry humor. As he passed a rye-field one morning, in August, he saw a lawyer in the village surveying his possessions. Says the lawyer—"What makes you carry your head stooping upon your breast, friend K.? You see me!—I carry mine erect and upright." "Squire," answered Kingsbury, 'look at that field of grain! The full ears hang down like mine; but the empty heads stand up like your own."

From the Washington Independent.

Messrs. Editors:—I request you to give an insertion to the following from the report of the proceedings of the Senate, turnished by the correspondent of the Charleston, S. C. Mercury, under date of Washington, May 19, 1842, as a specimen of loco-foco regard for truth, justice, and mercy—or, if you like better, the decided advantage to a politician of possessing a *non mi recordo* memory.

"The Senate then went into Executive session, and acted on the following nominations: Joseph Grafton, surveyor of the customs for the port of Boston, in the place of John McNeil, removed. Gen. McNeil was one of the bravest officers of the last war, and was severely wounded while fighting the battles of his country. He was present, and actively participated in the battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, and most of the other battles on the northern frontier Some years since, in consequence of the lameness induced by his wounds, and the better to enable him to provide for a large family, he resigned his station in the army, and was appointed to the situation from which he has just been removed. A few years since his son, Lieutenant McNeil was killed in Florida at the head of his command, while gallantly leading a charge upon the Seminoles Such is the man whom the Webster administration deems unworthy of holding the surveyorship of the port of Boston It is, perhaps, unjust to expect that such veterans as Fenwick and O'Neil,* whose scarred and maimed bodies attested their services in the battles of their country, should find much favor with those who at that time were for cutting off the supplies, and giving comfort to the enemy. It is said that every whig Senator who spoke upon the subject, admitted the hardship of the case, and none more loudly than Mr. Preston, and yet they all voted for the appointment of Mr. Grafton."

I will add a few reminiscences to supply the omissions in this correspondent's statement.

Who was removed, to make room for this same Gen. McNeil? A son of the venerable Vice President Gerry, on whom were dependent for support a widowed mother and several maiden sisters. Mr. Gerry, Sen. was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and died in Washington shortly after he was elected to the office of Vice President; leaving, as many others have done, who have devoted their lives to their country, a family but poorly provided for.

A vacancy occurring in the office of Surveyor of the customs for the port of Boston, some twenty odd years ago, it was bestowed upon the eldest son of the deceased Vice President, the better to enable him to support his mother and sisters—a duty which he performed with pious care, and never was a family more united in the bonds of affection, as the writer of this knows.

The ruthless and blasting days of Jacksonism overtook the country, and removals and rumors of removals were rife from one end of the Union to the other. Among the victims, it was apprehended, from the rush for office and importunities of the hordes of locust like candidates that infested the Metropolis, Mr. Gerry might be included. Another son came to Washington, had an interview with the President, stated the circumstances of the family, and of his brother's appointment; and either had a positive promise, or left with a firm impression on his mind that his brother would not be disturbed. Hardly had he turned his back, or reached his family to convey, as he thought, the gratifying intelligence, than the mandate for the brothers removal was despatched, and this Gen. McNiel appointed in his place. Gen. McNiel resigned his office in the army, for a more lucrative one in civil life; and this is the interpretation of the Democratic doctrine—*rotation* in office. Mr. Gerry held the office about ten years—Gen. McNiel has enjoyed thirteen, and the effort is now made to convert him into a martyr. The poisoned chalice, which he was not unwilling to commend to others, is now returned to his own lips, and he finds it a bitter dose to swallow. I only wish that every man who was appointed to office since the 4th March, 1829, at the expense of anothers removal without just cause, could be made to taste the sweets of retribution.

And who is this son, is consequence of whose death additional sympathy is invoked for the father? He was killed in Florida, while gallantly fighting, and I shall respect the maxim, "*demortuis*," &c.; but may be pardoned for stating a few facts, to show the gross favoritism that prevailed in those days when pure democracy was in the ascent. He was a cadet at West Point, but left the Academy without graduating, he was shortly afterwards appointed a second Lieutenant of dragoons, thus placing him two years or more in advance of his class, who were condemned to toil through the whole of their term before they could obtain commissions. A regulation now exists, prohibiting the appointment of any cadet into the army, who leaves the academy without graduating, until one year after the class to which he belonged shall

* *Query.*—Is this correspondence an Irishman, that he so confounds the O's and the Mc's together?

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