

The Tri-Weekly Mercury

VOLUME XII--NUMBER 77.

WILMINGTON, N. C., SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 17, 1857.

WHOLE NUMBER 1478

THE TRI-WEEKLY COMMERCIAL

Published every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at \$6 per annum, payable in advance.
BY THOS. LORING—Editor and Proprietor
Corner Front and Market Streets,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 sq. insertion \$5 00 1 sq. 2 months, \$4 00
1 " 3 " 75 1 " 3 " 3 00
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Ten lines or less make a square. If an advertisement exceeds ten lines, the price will be proportionately increased.

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No transfer of contracts for yearly advertising will be permitted. Should circumstances render a change in business, or an unexpected removal necessary, a charge according to the published terms will be at the option of the contractor, for the time he has advertised.

The Tri-Weekly Commercial is strictly limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as all advertisements not immediately connected with their own business, and all advertisements in length or otherwise beyond the limits engaged, will be charged at the usual rates. No advertisement is included in the contract for the sale or rent of houses or lands in town or country, or for the sale or hire of negroes, whether the property is owned by the advertiser or by other persons. These are excluded by the term "immediate business."

All advertisements inserted in the tri-weekly Commercial, are entitled to one insertion in the Weekly free of charge.

JOB, CARD AND FANCY PRINTING,
EXECUTED IN SUPERIOR STYLE.

AGENTS FOR THE COMMERCIAL.
NEW YORK—Messrs. DOLLNER & POTTER.
Boston—Charles Smith, No. 6, Central Wharf.
Philadelphia—Wm. H. Peckard & Wm. Thomson.

MISCELLANY.

A VISIT TO MARAT.

By a Member of the French National Convention.
One of the Journals in which Marat preached murder and destruction, happened to fall into my hands the very day on which I learned my nomination to the Convention. Marat denounced to all France the choice of my Department as a crime; and lavished on me personally the most offensive language. I determined to see him.

I procured his address, which was No. 1, Rue St. Honoré.

Having ascertained a dark winding staircase, I knocked at the door on the fourth story, and a female, faltering voice, like that of an old woman, inquired who I was.—"Deputy to the National Convention," I replied. I then heard the rattling of a bunch of keys, and after several locks were turned the door opened.

"Mr. Marat, I presume," said I; for the term citizen was not then in use.

"My name is Marat," replied a man not more than five feet high, dressed in a ragged cloak and night cap. His hair was tied with a piece of pack thread, his neck encircled by a pocket handkerchief, his worsted stockings were ungartered, and his chin was overgrown by a dirty beard. His eyebrows and eyelashes were disproportionately large.

I could scarcely believe my eyes. Surely this could not be the man of Saint Sulpice, thought I. I suspected there was some mistake, and I again said, in a tone of inquiry, "Mr. Marat?"

"That is my name," he replied, ill-humoredly, and darting at me a furious look.—"What do you want?"

"A moment's conversation with you."

"Come in."

The apartment of this hideous dwarf was truly worthy of its occupant. The furniture consisted of a miserable bed, a desk covered with papers, pens, and ink, a few wretched chairs, and a wooden time piece, surmounted by a little guillotine. Such was the dwelling of the man who spread terror throughout the capital.

When I entered, Marat was conversing with a man whose tall figure, expressive countenance and gentlemanly dress and air, presented a singular contrast to the person whom he had come to visit. As soon as he perceived me he politely stepped aside. Marat offered me a chair, with the air of a man impatient to be rid of his visitor. I very coolly seated myself and commenced the conversation.

Marat's eyes glistened like those of a hyena ready to dart upon her prey; and I know not what length his rage might have carried him, had it not been for the sight of a dagger, which I, in common with other deputies of that time, carried about me, and which I accidentally discovered in unbuttoning my coat.

The stranger, who observed Marat suddenly turn pale, approached us, and having made some excuse for interrupting our conversation, he took my hand and shook it with an air of cordiality. I took my leave of Marat, who remained silent, and as if petrified in his chair. The stranger conducted me to the door, and with a polite bow, bade me farewell.

What can two men so dissimilar have to say to each other? was the question I several times asked myself, as I descended the staircase.

When I reached the streets I found a crowd of people assembled around the door. Two men had on their shoulders a sort of hand-barrow, destined, as they informed me, to carry Marat in triumph through the streets of Paris. Cries of "Vive Marat!" soon resounded on all sides. The divinity speedily made his appearance, and having placed himself in his triumphal car, gave the signal for the procession to move on.

Three days after this, I happened to be crossing the Place de la Bastille just as a criminal was ascending the guillotine. I raised my eyes, and what was my astonishment when I recognized, in the executioner, the gentlemanly looking stranger whom I had met at Marat's lodgings.

VIRGINIA COPPER.

About 40 tons of copper from Toneray's Mines, Floyd county, Va., have been shipped during the last few days.

LADY LIKE AMUSEMENT.

A late number of the Glasgow Herald tells us, under the head of "Ladies on the Moors," that Mrs. Baird, of Cambusdoon, and party, bagged on the 16th and 17th of August, 16 1/2 brace on Ury Moors, and on the 20th and 21st, 33 brace on Auchmeddin. The birds, it adds, were generally strong on the wing, and very wild. This is probably a good illustration of life that would be recommended to American ladies, by those writers who are continually selling them for bad habits, and holding up their imitation the example of English and Scotch ladies. Those articles in American papers, complaining of physical weakness, the laziness, the rudeness, and the general inefficiency of American women, are usually written by the refugees of the English newspaper press, who have fled for very good reasons from London, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Edinburgh and Dublin, and have hired their cleverness and their experience, at a rather cheap rate, to the proprietors of New York daily and weekly papers. Most of them know very little about American ladies, except such as they see in Broadway, very few of whom, we are glad to say, are types of the true American lady, in New York or anywhere else. They doubtless admire such ladies as this Mrs. Baird, of Cambusdoon, and her party, who, in a few days' shooting on the Ury Moors, bagged some fifty brace of grouse. The next thing will be to recommend the ladies of the United States to go grouse shooting on the prairie of Illinois and Wisconsin, or deer hunting in northern Pennsylvania, or to suggest to them to go out to the Rocky Mountains and bag a few brace of Buffalo. It is a comfortable thing to know that American ladies—even the most strong-minded and able-bodied among them—have not yet acquired a taste for these very lady-like amusements. They have their domestic duties to attend to, and they leave shooting for the other sex. By the way, the Glasgow editor omits to tell us where Mrs. Baird, of Cambusdoon, and the husbands of the rest of the party, while the ladies were on the Moors.—Perhaps they were at home keeping house and attending to the children.

Philadelpia Bulletin.

SOAKED CORN FOR HORSES.

One of the most successful and judicious farmers in the vicinity of Baltimore, effects a saving of from one-third to one-half of his corn, by soaking it thoroughly before feeding. His method is this:—Two empty vessels, hogheads, or something similar, are placed in his cellar, where there is no danger from frost, and filled to the chime with ears of corn. He then pours in water till the receptacles are filled. When the water is soaked, the corn is fed to the horses, and when the contents of one cask are consumed, it is again filled, and the animals fed from the other. Even cobs, soaked in a similar manner, put in pickle instead of pure water, are eagerly devoured by cows, especially if the usual allowance of salt is withheld. The corn cobs contain a large quantity of nutriment, and is by far too valuable to be thrown away.

R. F.

Chester, Kent co., Md., Jan. 2, 1857.
REMARKS.—This has become a general practice among judicious farmers, who feed their horses upon corn. One estimable friend, David Landreth, Esq., who keeps a number of fine horses upon his great seed farm, near the town of Bristol, on the Delaware, always feeds them upon soaked corn, and has done so for several years. He considers it a decided advantage.—*German Telegraph.*

A GOOD SAMARITAN AT SEA.

In December last a New York vessel, called the E. Z., met a sinking English ship in mid-Atlantic, called the John Garrow, torn down upon her, and was engaged the whole of the night in carrying off the crew, together with the captain's wife and child, in all twenty-four, and placing them on board the E. Z. The Liverpool Board of Trade empowered Mr. J. S. Graves, chairman of the Shipowners' Association, to present to Captain Hodges of the E. Z., an acknowledgment of the feeling entertained toward him for this service, and also toward the owners of the vessel, who had refused to receive any pecuniary remuneration for the maintenance of the rescued people on board their ship. To Capt. Hodges was presented a telescope, manufactured by a first-class London maker, with an appropriate inscription; and to the owners of the vessel the sum of £60. Mr. Graves, in making the presentation, referred in proper terms to the great vigilance on the part of the Government of the United States in regarding the British ships performing like honorable services. Captain Hodges also received a gold medal from the New York Life Benevolent Association, for the same gallant act.

HEAVY ROBBERY IN N. C.

A package of \$1,000 in Mexican eagle dollars, and \$800 in American gold, consigned to J. H. Phelps, per steamer Robert Waltemar, from Brazos Santiago, were missing on Friday morning, and suspicion resting upon Thomas Brussel, fireman, and Jacob Schmidt, deck hand, they were closely watched. At night they were found, and on being arrested, confessed the robbery, and disgorged all but \$50 of the \$2,000 stolen. The officers pocketed \$300 of the remaining money in reward for their night's labor. Good pay that!

A SEA-SICK LOVER.

The following letter, purporting to have been found in a bottle, on a voyage from San Francisco to New York, is supposed to be the last adieu of a lover at sea to his innamorata at home:

My Darling Julia—We are going down!
At least so the fast mail informs me very soon; and that kind gentleman advises me to do my little chores before the fatal stroke ends my career on earth. I feel very queer, having at no breakfast, and my supper having gone the wrong way. The waves are rolling mountains high, and our dyin' stand advises pork and molasses tied to a string; I feel very sick; I should like to take a hat and go ashore. The captain is very kind hearted, and I am so soft-shell stumick'd that he is always orderin' me to blow and I feel constantly like comin' up. Oh, if I was ashore, I'd never come to sea agin never, never.

Just to plague me, they've been and salted all the water. This morning I was sick to my stumick, and undertook to git a drink. Oh you've no idea how salt it was. I asked the wait what the cause was, and he said it was an akkout of all the pork barrels havin' leaked.

There now, agoin', I heard the cap'n say to a large colored gentleman:—Yond better light the lamp before you go down—and I can feel it two. The ship is pitching, and the sailors is duin up the sails to take 'em ashore, them as can swim—what kan I do? I aint ust to the climate, and the watter is so damp that cum int'm bunk list nite. All you'll ever no about me well be this ere bottle, and yo can't rely upon ever gettin very sartin, the whales is so thick in this longitude.

* * * There, we're goin down. Now I must seal the bot—

The rest was illegible.

THE OLD SLAVE TRADE.

As much and as severely as Northern men may inveigh against slavery and the slave trade, and denounce the sins of iniquities of the South, they have had quite as much—probably more—to do with such infamous business, as they call it, as the people of the South. The following extract from an exchange will exhibit the interest they felt in nigger's and nigger trading not a great while ago; and the fact, also, that many of the wealthiest persons at the North owe their wealth to traffic in African slaves.

"From 1804 to 1807 there were imported into the little town of Bristol, Rhode Island—a seaport that did not contain a population of 2,000—more than 1000 slaves annually. The whole number imported within the period was 3,141, all from the coast of Africa. During the same time there were brought into Newport a town within twelve miles of Bristol, in the same State, now the famous and attractive watering place, 3,488 slaves. Providence, in the same State, received 559. Hartford, Connecticut, 250, and Boston 100, in the same years. The slaves brought into Rhode Island, were but a small portion of the number brought into the United States. Fifty-nine slave ships belonging at the time to the little State of Rhode Island. Some of the largest fortunes which have descended to her citizens were created by this traffic; and but a few years ago there were persons in that State, among the honored and wealthiest of the inhabitants, who had been active participants in the trade, or owned the ships that carried the human cargoes. One of her Senators in Congress, as late as 1826 or 1828, commenced his life as a slave trader from the coast of Africa and the West India Islands; and he had ships engaged in it till the trade was suppressed by law—if not afterwards also. He died but a few years ago, bequeathed a fortune of millions to his children, who at that time classed in the highest ranks of society."

How THEY SHOOT MEN IN ARKANSAS.—Mr. A. M. Wilson, of Fayetteville, Arkansas, thus describes, in a letter to the Little Rock Democrat, how he was shot in his sleep:

"Two of the bullets entered my right shoulder, one my left hand, and strange to say, I was so sound asleep that I did not hear the report of the pistol or gun. I had three small sons in my room, but they did not hear the report. I supposed that in my sleep I had torn my hand against the bed-post. I waked up my sons, they lit a candle and I discovered that my right shoulder was covered with blood. I did not feel any pain at first, but my shoulder was covered, felt benumbed, as if I had lain on it too long. I have had two of the suspected parties arrested and bound for court. They were two men; two whites, one a free colored man. One of them had a difficult with in his country. One of them had passed counterfeit money, and knew that I would prosecute him next court if I got sufficient testimony of his guilt. They picked the mortar out from between the logs and shot me. I was within two feet of the gun or pistol.

AN INMATE OF A MAD HOUSE.—Charenton is the model mad asylum in France, and worthy of a visit from all tourists.

The last comer at Charenton is M'me de C.—who was, two winters ago, the belle of Paris. She was equally celebrated for her ease, sprightliness and beauty. One night, feeling slightly unwell, she took, by mistake, one vial for another, in her medicine chest, and swallowed a poison. It was believed, for a long time, that she must surely die; the prompt and skillful action of the family physician vanquished the poison but at the expense of the face, which was terribly ravaged. When the victim was in some measure restored to life, her first care was to ask for a looking glass. Her request was imprudently granted. She saw the dreadful truth at a glance; her beauty was destroyed, her eyes were bloodshot, her cheeks swollen, her mouth twisted, and her nose's feet, and wrinkles furrowed her brow and eyes. She gazed with haggard eyes on the wreck for some time in silence, she gave a heart rending shriek: she was a lunatic for life.

A MAN DRUGGED AND ROBBED.

Michael Hennessey and Wm. Blow, says the Cincinnati Gazette, came to this city a few days since, for Northumberland, Pa., en route for Kansas, and while tarrying here, formed a drinking acquaintance with one John O'Connell, proprietor of a boarding house on Front street, near Ludlow. O'Connell persuaded them to take up their abode with him while they remained here; and the first night of their sojourn in his house, he persuaded them to drink what he supposed was drugged liquor; after laying down, they slept with unusual soundness, and arose with a violent headache in the morning, when Hennessey discovered that two watches, and a purse containing seven hundred and fifty dollars in gold had been stolen from under his pillow. O'Connell was immediately suspected and arrested, and one of the watches found in his possession.

A SHAME.

In Patriot, Indiana, last week the keeper of a grocery sold liquor to Albert Driver, a boy ten years old, who got very drunk and died from the effects the next day. The man became alarmed at the indignation of the citizens and decamped.

FLESH IS GRASS.

Bishop Hughes, in a sermon to his parishioners, repeated the quotation, "All flesh is grass." The season was Lent, and a few days afterwards he encountered Terence O'Collins, who appeared to have something on his mind.

"The top of the moroin' to your reverence," said Terence, "did I fairly understand your reverence to say, 'All flesh is grass,' last Sunday?"

"To be sure you did," replied the bishop, "and you are a heretic if you doubt it."

"Oh devil o'it do I doubt anything your reverence says," said the wily Terence, "but if your reverence please, I wish to know whether in this Lent time I could not be after having a piece of bafe, by the way of a salad?"

SCHOOL LEARNING.

A female teacher of a school, that stood on the banks of a quiet English stream, once wished to communicate to her pupils an idea of faith. While she was trying to explain the meaning of the word, a small covered boat glided in sight along the stream. Seizing upon the incident for an illustration, she exclaimed—

"If I were to tell you that there was a leg of mutton in that boat you would believe me, would you not, even without your seeing it yourselves?"

"Yes ma'am," replied the scholars.

"Well, that is faith," said the school-mistress.

"The next day, in order to test their recollection of the lesson, she inquired—

"What is faith?"

"A leg of mutton in a boat," was the answer shouted from all parts of the school-rooms.

A few days since, says the New York Post, a boy was passing through the cars on the Cleveland and Erie road, handing out advertisements of "Nothing to Wear," illustrated. A lady remarked to a gentleman, "That takes off the ladies, I suppose."

"No," said her friend, "it only takes off their dresses." "Then," replied the lady, "it is proper that a strippling should sell it."

STATE FAIR OF MAINE.

The Maine State Fair commences in Bangor on the 29th instant, and will hold four days. A list of premiums is offered on trotting horses, varying from \$30 to \$200.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.

A friend informs us by letter under date of the 14th inst., that James Henry Robinson, son of Wm. Robinson, Esq., of the Goldsboro' Tribune, committed suicide on the 11th inst., by shooting himself in the head with a pistol. No cause has been assigned for the terrible act. He was about 17 years old, had been a student of the University, and bid fair to be a talented and useful man. We deeply sympathize with his father in this hour of sore affliction.—The unfortunate young man was buried in Goldsboro' on Sunday last.

Charlotte Democrat.

A MULLET TO BEAR.

The Iowa State Gazette says a yellow bear has been seen in the region of Lake Superior, supposed to be a cross of the polar and black bear, and as large as two of the common black species. One of the cubs of this bear was taken by the Indians, and by them carried to Green Bay, where his juvenile bearship was regarded as a great curiosity.

WARM WEATHER.

WE have just received 50 gallons of that delicious RASPBERRY SYRUP. Every family should have some of this very superior article. For sale by the quart or gallon. Also 100 dozen Muir & Son's Java Ale. For sale by GEORGE MYERS, No. 11 & 13 Front st.

GONE NORTH.

THE Store of Stern & Neuhoff (Hornet House) will be closed until Mr. Neuhoff's return from the north—about 20th of September.

STERN & NEUHOFF. 67-1/2

FOR RENT.

For Twelve Months from 1st October, the office at present occupied by the subscriber.

Sept. 8, 1857. G. W. DAVIS, 1w73f

EMPTY SPIRIT BARRELS.

250 PRIME quality second hand Empty Spirit Barrels, with hoops, for sale. Adams, Bro. & Co. Aug. 11.

REMOVAL.

SIMON B. KARNWILKEP will remove his Dry Goods and Millinery Stock and Business from his present stand to the CORNER STORE NEXT DOOR, on the 1st August, where he will soon open an entirely new stock MILLINERY and DRY GOODS. August 6th, 1857. 66-2m

"THE SOUTHERN CITIZEN."

A New Political, Commercial and Literary Journal.
JOHN MITCHELL & WILLIAM G. SWAN,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

THE Title of this Journal, with the names of its Editors, may be nearly enough to indicate its position. It is a journal of the South, and one of those Editors being an American citizen by birth; the other intending to become such by adoption; there is no question affecting the desirability of Americans, on which they will hold themselves debarr'd from openly expressing an opinion.

The one a Southerner by birth—the other by preference, they cannot be of those who know "No South, No North." They well know both; and in the struggle which the South is now called upon to make for her own rights and honor, they mean to stand with the South.

A thoroughly Democratic and States-Rights Journal, the South to vindicate her own rights, and to be called "Partisan" unless the Constitution of the United States is to be called a partisan document.

It will uphold the Federal Union, provided the sovereignty of the confederated States be respected; it will not.

Holding that the Institution of Negro Slavery is a sound, just, wholesome Institution; and therefore, that the question of re-opening the African Slave Trade, is a question of expediency, and not of principle; and that the Southern view of the late action of the Southern Commercial Convention, at Knoxville, apply themselves to the present.

Information bearing upon that important subject—on the whole industrial condition and necessities of the South, and the policy and action of European Powers in reference to the Slave Trade.

Reading at Knoxville; and choosing this point as the place from whence to conduct its enterprise, the conductors of "The Southern Citizen" will be guided in the matter of State Policies, by general principles, and not by local considerations, but to the rights of office holders. In short, it will support the candidates for all offices, who will support the equal rights of the Sovereign States, North and South—the equal rights of the Sovereign Citizens, wherever they may have been born, wherever they may worship or not worship.

It will support the progress of internal improvements, and especially of our Southern Railroads, there will be an ample and carefully compiled weekly report.

Letters and Reviews will form a main feature of "The Southern Citizen." Intellectual grandeur, wherever it appears in the world, shall be noticed and recorded. It will not be shut out light and strife inquiry; but, in this department as well as in Politics, will take leave to examine and judge from our own standpoint, and not from the standpoint of England, still less at second hand from New England. To the utmost of our power, we shall aid the movement which at length will strike the South from the intellectual and moral existence, to revolve round her own centre of thought, and to appeal to a standard of taste and culture high above the consideration of political or commercial expediency.

Special care will be taken to furnish a weekly digest of all the news of the world, at home and abroad.

Conducting their new Journal in this spirit, and constantly endeavoring to make good these undertakings, it is presumed that "The Southern Citizen" will meet with the support which it may deserve.

The first number of "The Southern Citizen" will appear between the first and fifteenth of October. It will be published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays. Terms: TWO DOLLARS per annum. New Types, Press, and Materials of all sorts, are being procured for the Journal; and as the publication will certainly be continued, subscribers will be required in all cases, to remit the amount of their subscriptions in advance; otherwise the paper will not be forwarded.

The Terms of advertising will conform to the usual rates in Tennessee.

Communications to be addressed to Messrs. MITCHELL & SWAN, Knoxville, Tenn. 1w-3

August 28th, 1857.

HOUSTON'S PATENT SKID SCALES.

THESE Scales, for which the Inventor has obtained Letters Patent from the United States Government, are intended to supersede the present cumbersome and objectionable apparatus used for weighing cylindrical packages, such as bags, barrels, &c., and for weighing bulk of cotton, hay, or other similar packages. The advantage claimed for these Scales is, that they are portable, and no hoisting is required, as the article to be weighed is immediately suspended by its own gravity, and without shaking, on reaching a given point, the scale beam, by having a large amount of time and labor, and preventing injury by hooks, or otherwise, to the fastest package. The patents will be granted to exhibit his invention at the store of Mr. S. M. West, and receive orders for such sizes and quantities as may be desired.

GEO. HOUSTON, Patentee. 67-1/2

FROM T. TYSON & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERS, BALTIMORE, who are authorized to act as AGENTS for The Commercial.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN JOURNAL OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE PROMOTION OF SCIENCE, ART, MANUFACTURES, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE AND TRADE.

AND DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF Merchants, Planters & the Homes of Business Men.

ASSISTED BY WILLIAM H. MEREDITH & RICHARD EDWARDS EDITORS

W. H. MEREDITH & RICHARD EDWARDS EDITORS

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GEORGE MYERS,