The Lancaster Gazette.

MILLER, KOOKEN & SUTPHEN
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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The Lancaster Gazette.

THE UNION OF THE STATES—ONE COUNTRY—ONE DESTINY.

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GEORGE ARNOLD.

On another page will be found the last article ever written by our dear friend George Arnold. We copy it from the New York *Weekly Review*, where it appeared a few weeks since as one of the charming series of papers which he contributed to that paper over his well-known signature of "*McArone*." It was written when the brilliant author was suffering from an illness which—as our readers are too well aware—terminated on Thursday last, fatally. It is far from being the cleverest or the wittiest of his productions; but read by the light of his situation at the time—his exhaustion of body, his lassitude of esprit, and his all but weariness of life—it will long be cherished by those of us to whom he was so dear, and who knew so well the operations of his mind, with the most tender interest. We remember reading it when it was first published with a sadness which not even its exquisite wit could subdue. Now, every line of it brings tears to our heart.

We knew George Arnold long and intimately. No friend on earth was ever more dear to us. He had more endearing and enduring qualities than any person we ever met. In all the vicissitudes of our little journal—so personal in its character and associations—he was with us heart and soul. He made no professions to anybody, but in the time of trial he was always at hand. Never have we known any one so generally loved and admired.—The news of his death came to thousands as the one grief of their lives.—For our own part, we have no heart to speak or think of it. At some other time, when we can more fully realize the fact of our friend's loss, we may attempt some analasys of his life and character. At present, we can only extend our sympathy to his heart-broken family and friends, and bow with resignation to the Supreme Will.—*Saturday Press.*

[From the Round Table]

GEORGE ARNOLD.

We stood around the dreamless form
Whose strength was so untimely shaken,
Whose sleep not all our love could warm,
Nor any dearest voice awaken;

And while the Autumn breathed her sighs
And dropped a thousand leafy glories,
And all the pathways, and the skies,
Were mindful of his songs and stories.

Nor failed to wear the mingled hues
He loved, and knew so well to render,
But wood—alas, in vain!—their Muse
For one more tuneful lay and tender.

We paused awhile—the gathered few
Who came, in longing not in duty—
With eyes that full of weaping grew,
To look their last upon his beauty.

Death would not rudely rob that face,
Nor dim its fine Arcadian brightness,
But gave the lines a clearer grace,
And sleep's repose, and marble's whiteness.

And, gazing there on him so young,
We thought of all his ended mission,
The broken links, the songs unsung,
The love that found no ripe fruition:

Till last the old, old question came,
To hearts that beat with life around him,
Why Death, with downward torch aflame,
Had searched our number till he found him?

Why passed the one who poorly knows
That blithesome spell for either fortune,
Or flocked with lingering menace those
Whose pains the final thrust importune:

Or left the toiling ones who bear
The crowd's neglect, the want that presses,
The woes no human soul can share,
Nor look, nor spoken word, confesses?

And from the earth no answer came;
The forest wore a stillness deeper,
The sky and lake smiled on the same,
And voiceless as the silent sleeper.

And so we turned ourselves away,
By earth and air and water chidden,
And left him with them, where he lay,
A sharer of their secret hidden.

And each the staff and shell again
Took up, and watched with memories haunted,
But henceforth, in our pilgrim strain,
We'll miss a voice that sweetly chanted!

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

GREENWOOD, November 13, 1865.

The surgeons reports show that our armies have suffered greatly from chills and fever which is induced by the miasma and change of climate to which they are exposed. They also find Ayer's Ague Cure is an effectual remedy for this distemper, and are urging the government to adopt it within the regulations. The Surgeon-General hesitates because it is put up in a proprietary form. However great that convenience to the public, he prefers the physicians of the army should give their own directions for the doses. Whatever professional pride may dictate, he knows as well as we do, that Dr. Ayer's "Cure" is an almost perfect antidote for the Ague and that the soldiers should have the benefit of it, as well as the people.—[Washington Cor. D. C.

A Warning to Whisky Drinkers.

An exchange gives "divine notice" to whisky drinkers in regard to the coming of the cholera. After warning all that the cholera is at our gates, it says the "drunkards who refuse to reform should set their houses in order at once. Their doom is determined.—Yet it is not so much hurried after all. Since liquors are so drugged that eminent physicians refuse to administer the 'rectified' brandy of the shop, there are no ancient inebriates. A man can't drink hell-fire and live up to Methuselah! His race will be short as it will be tormented with boils, ulcers, swollen limbs, disfigured face, sickening breath and disgusting form."

JIM SMILEY
AND HIS JUMPING FROG.

BY MARK TWAIN.

[We give up the principal portion of our editorial space, to-day, to an exquisitely humorous sketch—"Jim Smiley and his Jumping Frog"—by Mark Twain, who will shortly become a regular contributor to our columns. Mark Twain is the assumed name of a writer in California who has long been a favorite contributor to the San Francisco press, from which his articles have been so extensively copied as to make him nearly as well known as Artemus Ward.—*Saturday Press.*]

MR. A. WARD,

DEAR SIR:—Well, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and I inquired after your friend Leonidas W. Smiley, as you requested me to do, and I hereunto append the result. If you can get any information out of it, you are cordially welcome to it. I have a lurking suspicion that your Leonidas W. Smiley is a myth—that you never knew such a personage, and that you only conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him it would remind him of his infamous *Jim* Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was your design, Mr. Ward, it will gratify you to know that it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the little old dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Boomerang, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He raised up and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquires about a cherished companion of his boyhood named Leonidas W. Smiley—Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley—a young minister of the gospel, who he heard was at one time a resident of this village of Boomerang. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair—and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the quiet, gently-flowing key to which he tuned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm—but thro' the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in finesse. To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and he replied as follows. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once:

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of '49—or may be it was in the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, some how, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first come to the camp; but anyway, he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side, and if he couldn't he'd change sides—any way that suited the other man would suit *him*—any way just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still, he was lucky—uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solitary thing mentioned but what that feller'd offer to bet on it—and take any side you please, as I was just telling you; if there was a horse race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it, if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he bet on it; why if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting he would be there regular to bet on parson Walker which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man; if he even see a straddle-bug start to go any wheres, he would bet how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up he would follor that straddle bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *anything*—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in and Smiley asked him how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his infinit mercy—and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Providence she'd get well yet—and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't anyway."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards' start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and spraddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust, and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezin and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cypher it down.

And he had a little small bull-pup, that to look at him you'd think he warn't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him he was a different dog—his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the for'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but he was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up—and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog just by the joint of his hind legs and freeze to it, not chaw, you understand, but only just grip and hang on till they threw up the sponge, if it was a year.—Smiley always came out winner on that pup till he harnassed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off in a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he came to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged like, and didn't try no more to win the fight and so he got shucked out bad. He gave Smiley a look as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take hold of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece, and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for himself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight, as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last night of his on, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-terriers and chicken cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day and took him home and said he calilated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but sit in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little hunch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time so far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on the floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out. "Flies! Dan'l, flies," and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd done any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and-square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand, and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money to him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywheres all said he laid over any frog that ever they see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch it down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—It's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "Hem—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "He's good enough for *one* thing I should judge—he can out-jump ary frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley and says, very deliberate, "Well—I don't see no points about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"May be you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll resk forty dollars that he can out-jump ary frog in Calaveras county.

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad, like, "Well—I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog—but if I had a frog I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute I'll go and get you a frog;" and so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and then set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and pried his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail-shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went out to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketch'd a frog and fotched him in and give him to this feller and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him along-side of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word. Then he says, 'one—two—three—jump!' and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l give a heave and histed up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wasn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away, and when he was going out at the door he sorter jerked his thumb over his shonlder—this way—at Dan'l and says again, very deliberate, "Well—I don't see no points about that frog that's any better than any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him; he 'pears to look mighty baggy somehow"—and he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up and says, "Why blame my cats if he don't weigh five pounds," and turned him upside down, and he belched out about a double-handful of shot; and then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And—

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to go and see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Just sit where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond Jim Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only just a short stump like a bananner, and——"

"O, curse Smiley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered, good-naturedly, and bidding the old gentleman good-day, I departed. Yours, truly,

MARK TWAIN.

The Family of Jefferson Davis.

Mr. Jefferson Davis was well known by sight by most of the citizens of Richmond and sojourners here during the war. He might be seen any morning walking with erect mein and measured military step from his residence on Clay street to his office, in the third story of the Custom House; or any evening during the spring and summer of 1862, the latter part of 1864, and the early months of the present year, at which several times the Federal hosts were laying siege to Richmond, riding to the front, alone, or accompanied by a single aid. These frequent occasions gave all an opportunity of becoming familiar with his appearance. With Mrs. Davis it was different. Few of our citizens, beyond the congregation of St. Paul's Church, ever saw her, and not more than a dozen visited her sociably. She and her sister, Miss Howell, found their society among the wives and daughters of Confederate officials, who, with the staff and post officers of the Confedate army, made up what was known as the "Court circle." Though Mr. Davis' family were little known to our people, they, for four years, held such high position here that their fate must be a matter of some interest to us.—With the purpose of stating their whereabouts, this paragraph was begun.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis is residing at the house of a Mr. Schuyler, near Augusta, Georgia. She enjoys her usual robust health, is under no surveillance, and is permitted to correspond at will with her husband and friends. Mrs. Howell, Mrs. Davis' mother, is in Canada in general charge of the children of the latter, of whom Maggie, aged eleven years, is at the convent of the Sacred Heart at Montreal, and Jeff., aged nine, is at school at Lennoxville, distant from Montreal sixty miles.—[Richmond Times.

Ohio Election Returns.

Abstract of Official Votes for State Officers at the Election held Tuesday, October 10, 1865.

COUNTIES.	GOVERNOR. Cox	Morgan	Long	ATT. GEN. West	Wilson
Adams	1982	1730	17	1990	1709
Allen	1323	2152	..	1649	2145
Ashland	2039	2219	8	2024	2227
Ashtabula	4069	961	..	4142	945
Athens	2541	1149	..	2503	1158
Auglaize	918	2049	..	955	2040
Belmont	3363	3289	..	3374	3292
Brown	2610	2973	..	2624	2978
Butler	2981	4346	..	2985	4343
Carroll	1632	1117	..	1649	1173
Champaign	2449	1925	1	2448	1929
Clark	2946	1719	..	2999	1719
Clermont	3726	3307	..	3745	3330
Clinton	2328	1923	3	2347	1914
Columbiana	3705	2271	..	3751	2252
Coshocton	1979	2371	..	1995	2374
Crawford	1759	2191	..	1761	2215
Cuyahoga	7472	8809	..	7526	8780
Darke	2637	2995	..	2648	2990
Defiance	849	1508	..	855	1513
Delaware	2491	1909	2	2501	1870
Erie	2143	1651	..	2160	1638
Fairfield	2371	3594	3	2364	3591
Fayette	1647	1987	1	1558	1989
Franklin	4296	6236	..	4310	6216
Fulton	1511	879	..	1523	878
Gallia	2005	1651	..	2127	1643
Geauga	2291	526	..	2225	523
Green	2873	1523	..	2883	1521
Guernsey	2493	1858	..	2502	1859
Hamilton	17943	13605	90	18040	13564
Hancock	2120	2228	..	2141	2225
Hardin	1644	1902	56	1652	1906
Harrison	1969	1467	..	1981	1462
Henry	811	1268	..	817	1266
Highland	2695	2863	109	2719	2869
Hocking	1251	1691	..	1277	1669
Holmes	948	2558	..	951	2558
Huron	3302	1944	..	3323	1935
Jackson	1758	1102	..	1770	1109
Jefferson	2813	1569	..	2890	1579
Knox	2629	2436	53	2645	2435
Lake	2103	629	..	2107	627
Lawrence	1416	1291	..	1401	1345
Licking	3152	3804	..	3174	3803
Logan	2302	1487	1	2311	1481
Lorain	3474	1874	..	3540	1871
Lucas	2912	1713	..	2999	1707
Madison	1391	1157	1	1397	1151
Mahoning	2594	2184	..	2616	2163
Marion	1460	1837	..	1465	1839
Medina	2521	1636	..	2563	1605
Meigs	2450	1493	4	2463	1475
Mercer	730	1738	..	731	1793
Miami	3175	2289	..	3239	2266
Monroe	1177	2783	..	1188	2776
Montgomery	5083	5634	1	5110	5613
Morgan	2239	1628	..	2228	1631
Morrow	2195	1560	..	2172	1556
Muskingum	3972	3993	..	3986	3969
Noble	1949	1588	..	1967	1586
Ottawa	697	920	..	703	917
Paulding	502	852	..	509	847
Perry	1713	1774	..	1722	1774
Pickaway	2111	2493	..	2118	2491
Pike	935	1533	..	910	1532
Portage	2853	1932	1	2893	1930
Preble	2333	1524	..	2340	1518
Putnam	875	1493	..	887	1494
Richland	2874	3276	..	2898	3215
Ross	3262	3125	..	3268	3122
Sandusky	2161	2355	4	2170	2354
Scioto	2295	1936	..	2310	1926
Seneca	2867	3650	..	2910	3650
Shelby	1412	1886	..	1429	1881
Stark	4447	4026	..	4477	4014
Summit	3220	1879	..	3249	1879
Trumbull	3980	1651	..	4023	1649
Tuscarawas	2715	3048	..	2730	3048
Union	1980	1173	..	1944	1172
Van Wert	1247	1153	..	1255	1153
Vinton	1137	1168	..	1144	1170
Warren	3229	1489	..	3210	1477
Washington	3439	3012	..	3452	3012
Wayne	3068	2657	..	3091	2656
Williams	1062	1388	2	1082	1387
Wood	2036	1408	..	2082	1405
Wyandot	1673	1869	..	1686	1868
Total	223,633	193,697	360	225,268	193,469

Lieutenant Governor.—Andrew G. McBurney, 224,913; William Lang, 193,510; M. Ney Maginnis, 325.

Treasurer of State.—Sidney S. Warner, 225,657; George Spence, 193,072; John McGuffey, 313.

Judges of Supreme Court—(Full Term) Jacob Brinkerhoff, 224,958; Philadelph Van Trump, 193,284; Matthew H. Mitchell, 326; (vacancy) John Welch, 225,182; Thomas M. Key, 193,422; Alexander S. Boys, 319.

School Commissioner—John A. Norris, 225,332; Hiram H. Barney, 193,397; James M. White, 311.

Board of Public Works—James Moore, 225,265; Charles Boesel, 193,410; William H. Creighton, 312.

Clerk of the Supreme Court—Rodney Foos, 225,223; Daniel S. Dana, 193,372; Virgil E. Shaw, 312.

Aggregate vote on Governor	417,720
Aggregate vote on Attorney General	419,070
Cox's majority over Morgan	29,936
Cox's majority over Morgan, Lane and scattering	29,576
McBurney's majority over Lang	31,403
Warner's majority over Spence	32,585
Brinkerhoff's majority over Van Trump	31,674
Welch's majority over Key	31,760
West's majority over Wilson	31,799
Moore's majority over Boesel	31,855
Foos's majority over Kate	31,851
Norris's majority over Barney	31,835

It will be seen that the majority for Treasurer of State is larger than on any other officer; this is because his opponent (Spence) fell several hundred behind his political associates. The highest number of votes were received by West, Attorney General, and Capt. Norris, School Commissioner.

Compared with the vote of the October election, 1864, it shows but a few hundred votes different on the aggregate, though over 20,000 less Union majority.

Vote for Smith (Union)	237,210
Vote for Armstrong (Democrat)	182,439
Union majority	54,771

VOTE AS CANVASSED BY THE STATE BOARD.

Some of the County Clerks failed to make any return of the army vote for their counties. The official vote for Governor as canvassed by the State Board is as follows, *all* the soldiers' votes being counted.

	Cox.	Morgan.	Lang.
Home vote	221,352	193,084	363
Army vote	2,428	687	4
Total	223,780	193,769	367

Cox over Morgan ..... 30,080.

From the Middletown Journal.

HYGEINE.

In the preceding article we noticed the peculiar effect of Alcohol on the nervous system, and especially upon the brain. It is a well known fact that the brain of an inebriate contains large quantities of alcohol and is much harder than that of the person who does not use stimulants. Seeing then the great affinity this fluid has for the brain and nervous matter, and the changes produced in these structures, it is not wonderful that alcoholic drinks should produce Insanity, of which delirium tremens is but a species. All writers agree that intemperance is the most frequent cause of insanity. In many cases the use of ardent spirits acts as the predisposing or commencing cause, by weakening the brain or rendering it liable to be operated on by immediate or exciting causes, both of a moral or physical nature. In other words, accident and disease frequently produce Insanity in the *debilitated* brain of the intemperate man, while the same causes would not produce insanity in the strictly temperate. In the tables published by the Commissioners of Lunacy, in 1844, comprehending the returns from 8 Asylums in England and Wales, we find that out of 12,607 cases whose causes were returned, 1799, or nearly 15 per cent. are set down to the account of intemperance. In this account of intemperance, the exciting cause, only, is referred to. If the pre disposing cause was taken into account, the per cent. would be much larger. Prof. Carpenter writing upon this subject says, referring to the Glasgow Lunatic Asylum that one-fourth of the inmates were brought into the institution by intoxicating liquors. There is an Asylum in the East of London where the proportion of cases attributed to intemperance is 41 per cent and those cases arising out of this, in combination with other vices 22 per cent. And it is stated by Dr. Macnish that of 286 lunatics in Richmond Hospital, Dublin, *one-half* owed their madness to drinking. In addition to taking the statistics of particular institutions, we will take the proportion of lunatics to the number of gallons of intoxicating drinks used by various nations. In Holland and Belgium where the consumption of ardent spirits is two gallons to every individual, there is one lunatic to every 2,000 of the people. In France where the consumption is five gallons to each person, there is one lunatic to every 600 of the inhabitants. In Normandy where there are 3 and a half gallons consumed to every inhabitant there is one lunatic to every 750 of the people. In America there are three gallons consumed by each individual and our Asylum records show one lunatic to 650. In England three gallons are consumed by each person and there is one lunatic to every 800 of the people. In Ireland there is five gallons consumed to every man woman and child, and they have in that country one lunatic to every 550 of her citizens. So we see that the number of cases of Insanity in any country seem to be in proportion to the number of gallons of intoxicating liquors consumed by its inhabitants slightly varied by other local circumstances.

But there is a species of Insanity to which I wish to direct your attention particularly, and that is Oinomania.—This kind of insanity exists in every community and in some to an alarming extent. It is for the cure of this form of disease that New York is erecting a mammoth Asylum, where already the records show hundreds of applicants from both sexes of all professions, trades and classes of society. The Ohio State Medical Society has petitioned the legislature of this state to establish an institution at our Capitol of the same character, and other states are moving in this direction; so we see that not only does intemperance stand as the most prolific cause of crime, and the violator of law, filling our poor houses, and private charitable institutes, but also furnishes as many inmates to our Lunatic Asylums as all other causes combined.—Truly this is a monster of frightful men."

Dr Hutcheson of the Glasgow Asylum thus describes this form of mania called Oinomania. "It is quite different from drunkenness, which, however, may lead to it; the distinguishing wark of the disease being the irresistible propensity to swallow stimulants in enormous doses, whenever and wherever they can be procured.—There are individuals who, at the festive board invariably become excited, if not intoxicated, but who are otherwise habitually sober, and in the course of the year drink much less than others who never appear to be under the influence of stimulants. Others indulge in their potations in a regular manner, and daily consume a large quantity of liquor than is consistent with good health or sobriety. All these, however, possess self control, and can, at any time, refrain from stimulants; but those affected with the disease cannot do so, however convinced they may be of the impropriety of yielding to their propensity, or however desirious they may be to subdue it. I repeat that the disease does not consist in the mere act or habit of becoming intoxicated, but in the *irresistible impulse* which *drives* the unhappy being to do that which he knows to be pernicious and wrong, and which in the intervals of his paroxysms, he views with loathing and disgust. He derives no pleasure from taste, for he gulphs down the liquor of whatever kind it may be; or from society, for he generally avoids society; but he only derives a temporary satisfaction from the gratification of his insane impulse. This disease the Doctor divides into acute, periodic and chronic. Of this last form of the disease he says, "the patient is incessantly under the most overwhelming desire for stimulants. He will disregard every impediment, sacrifice comfort and reputation, withstand the claims of affection, consign his family to misery and disgrace, and deny himself the common necessaries of life to gratify his *insane* propensity. In the morning, morose and fretful, disgusted with himself, and dissatisfied with all around him, weak and tremulous, incapable of any exertion either of mind or body, his first feeling is a desire for stimulants. In all these forms of the disease the patient is perfectly incapably of self control, he is impelled by an *irresistable impulse* to gratify his propensity. While the paroxysm is on him is he regardless of his *health*, his *life*, and all that can make life dear to him." However responsible he may have been for bringing the disease on himself, his responsibility ceases as soon as he comes under the influence of the malady, and the whole responsibility is transferred to the *man* "that puteth the bottle to his neighbors lips." How terrible the responsibility of dealing out fiery poison to those who through insanity have lost the control of themselves. It is well established that persons affected with this species of mania can only be cured by confinement in Asylums made for this confinement to be of benefit must be of years duration.

Intemperance is not only the most prolific cause of insanity, but also of Idiocy and mental debility in the offspring. This proposition is sustained by all who have had extensive opportunities of observation; and the fact has come down to us sanctioned by the experience of antiquity. Plutarch says "one drunkard begets another." Aristotle remarks that "Drunken women bring forth children like unto themselves." Dr. Browne, the resident physician of the Lunatic Asylum at Dumfries, makes the following statement: "The Drunkard not only injures and enfeebles his own nervous system, but entails mental disease upon his family. His daughters are nervous and hysterical; his sons are weak, wayward, eccentric, and sink insane under the pressure of excitement, of some unforseen exigency, or of the ordinary calls of duty." In a report made by Dr. Howe on Idiocy to the legislature of Massachusetts, he says out of the parents of 300 Idiots, 145 or nearly one half were drunkards. One intemperate husband and wife had seven idiotic children. I know that many *interesting parties* will laugh at the propositions I have laid down and deny their truthfulness. But these propositions have been sustained by the best evidence, and if they do not stand supported by the facts and experiences of the *best* institutions and the most capable and *distinguished* men, then nothing can be sustained by testimony.

My next will be on other diseases produced by alcoholic drinks and upon the spontaneous combustion of the intemperate. I. A. COONS.

Middletown, O., Nov. 20th, 1865.

HISTORY OF THE M. E CHURCH.

Philip Embury formed the first Methodist Society in America, in 1766; his first congregation consisted of four persons besides himself, and were gathered in his own house by Mrs. Barbara Hick, "an elect" Methodist "lady" from Ireland. Preachers were sent over by Wesley, and the denomination soon extended to Philadelphia, to Baltimore, to Norfolk. It held its first Conference in 1778, and its first General Conference (organizing it as "the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America.") in 1784. What have been the results?

Embury's little congregation of five persons has multiplied to thousands of Societies, from the northernmost settlements of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, from Nova Scotia to California.—The first small conference of 1778, with its 10 preachers and its 1,160 reported members, has multiplied to 60 conferences, 6,821 itinerant, 8,205 local preachers, 928,820 members in the Methodist Episcopal Church alone, exclusive of the Southern, the Canadian and minor branches, all the offspring of the Church founded in 1766, and episcopally organized in 1784.

It has property in churches and parsonages amounting to about $27,000,000.

It has 25 colleges and theological schools, with property amounting to $8,055,000; 158 instructors, and 5,845 students: and 77 academies, with 556 instructors and 17,761 students; making a body of 714 instructors, and an army of 23,108 students.

Its church property, (churches, parsonages, and colleges, aside from its 77 academies and Book Concern,) amounts to $80,054,000.

Its Book Concern has a capital of $837,000; 500 publishing agents, editors, clerks, and operatives; with some thirty cylinder power presses in constant operation, about 2,000 different books on its catalogue, besides tracts, etc; 14 official periodicals, with an aggregate circulation of more than 1,000,000 copies per month.

Its Sunday School Union comprises 13,400 schools, more than 150,000 instructors, nearly 918,000 pupils, and more than 2,500,000 library books. It issues nearly 2,500 publications, besides a monthly circulation of nearly 300,000 numbers of its periodicals.

Its Missionary Society has 1,059 circuits and stations, 1,128 paid laborers, and 105,675 communicants.

The Methodist Episcopal Church South, has published no statistics since the rebellion broke out; it has doubtless suffered much by the war; but it reported, the last year before the rebellion, nearly 700,000 church members, nearly 2,600 itinerant and 5,000 local members. It had 12 periodical publications, 12 collegies and 77 academies, with 8,000 students. Its Missionary Society sustained, at home and abroad, about 860 missionaries, and 8 manual labor schools, with nearly 500 pupils.

According to these figures the two great Episcopal divisions of this denomination have had, at their latest reports, 1,628,820 members; 9421 traveling and 13,205 local preachers; with 191 colleges and academies, and 31,106 students.

Aggregately there are now in the United States and Canada, as the results of the Methodism of 1766, 1,972,770 church members, 13,650 traveling preachers, 15,000 local preachers, nearly 200 colleges and acadmies, and more than 80 periodical publications; 1,986,420 communicants including preachers, and nearly 8,000,000 people.

☞ The grape harvest on the Rhine, the Ahr, and the Mosello, is stated to be very rich this year.