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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 06, No. 07): September 2, 1852

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper... Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. VI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, SEPT. 2, 1852.

NO. 7.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

NATHAN & WING,

At No. 31-2, Route Block, Main Street.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.

TERMS: If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50

If paid within six months, \$4.00

If paid within the year, \$7.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CONFIRMATION.

Around the altar kneeling, low

In manhood's pride and youth's warm glow,

They make to Heaven their vows:

For from its altar, the sacred prayer,

In deep and trusting tones,

And spirit not of earth are there,

With joy the fervent words to hear

Up to the shining throne.

How soft and holy is the light

That bathes each kneeling form;

Why it not ever, calmly bright,

Shine from this world's storm?

Will not the radiance of this hour

Over all their journey beam?

To brighten every passing flower,

To soothe each angry tempest's power,

And calm each chilling stream?

Now in rich tones of joy the choir

Four forth the hymn of praise,

And every spirit's secret joy

Responds in kindred lays.

To them, from worldly claims to free,

A glorious goal is their soul's true desire.

With waves may roughen on the sea,

And dark clouds gather mournfully,

Yet bright beyond is heaven.

Henceforth no higher aim they own,

No path of life beside:

The shining cross is their true guide,

Their beacon and their guide.

And while through every shade of night

Their Savior's steps they trace,

His smile shall keep their souls from blight,

And on their hearts a cross of light

Rejoicing angels place.

MISCELLANY.

LUCKY WELFORD, OR THE TWO WOOLERS.

By the author of "Love's Sacrifice."

"And poor Lucy," said I with a sigh; "you have yet said nothing of her."

"Ay, poor Lucy!" my old friend echoed, and he repeated my sigh; yet in spite of it I could see a complacent smile play about the corner of his mouth.

"Welford!" I cried, with an indignation I could not suppress, "I will own to you that the story of your disgraceful sacrifice of your only child reached me even in Calcutta, and excited feelings of disgust I never thought to entertain towards the friend of my boyhood; feelings which the expression of your face painfully revived: I have delayed thus long making any allusion to it, that I might not bring a blush of shame upon your cheek at our first meeting, after a separation of so many years; but my delicacy appears to have been quite unnecessary; for I grieve to see that while you outwardly endeavor to make a show of sympathy, your heart exults in a recollection which ought to overwhelm you with confusion."

"Refresh your glass, my dear fellow," Welford replied. "Draw your chair to the fire, and I will tell you the whole story. It is rather late in the day for gray-headed old men like us to quarrel over the tender sufferings of a love-sick girl a dozen years ago; so dismiss that insignificant frown, and listen."

I had scarcely patience to obey; but my interest in the subject restrained any further expression, and he began.

"You remember Lucy at fourteen. She was pretty even then, very pretty, was not she? But I think I may say, without drawing on the natural partiality of a parent, that at seventeen she was really lovely. Her petite figure and playful joyousness of manner tempted one still to fondle her as a child; while her heart, had learned to swell with the deep sensibilities and matured tenderness of a woman. She appeared to combine all that is most fascinating and most touching in the two loveliest periods of feminine existence, before the rough finger of the world and the anxieties of life have brushed from the just ripening fruit that delicate bloom which can never be again called back. We were proud of her—very, very proud—and she deserved it all."

I need not recall to you that, although but a struggling, indeed, almost a needy man myself, my peculiar position threw me much into the society of persons of fortune far beyond our own; and I will confess that ambition—may I not say affection—induced in bright imaginings of a future for my child, worthy of those virtues and graces which seemed to mark her as an ornament fitted for any sphere. Admiration fluttered round her like bees round a flower; but like the same flower wayed by the wind, she playfully sported with its assaults, now eluding, now repelling every attempt, and holding still the nectar cup of her heart's treasure secure from all."

From all, did I say? I soon learned to think otherwise. There was one whose coming could make her heart beat with a quicker throbbing, whose whispered words could call a deeper thrill upon her glowing cheeks, and whose smiling parting always found a welcome smile upon her curling lip. Fred Manvers was, indeed, a dangerous man where hearts were to be assailed. Tall, and eminently handsome in person; possessed of talents which, if not brilliant, were at least far above mediocrity; and the unshakable master of a liberal fortune, he had run the round of society with that degree of success which gives a confidence and self-possession of mind and manner, better calculated to seize advantages and overcome difficulties than abilities or even virtues of a far higher order. Still there seemed to me to be something wanting—a deficiency of that inward refinement and delicacy of feeling on which so much of the domestic happiness of woman's life depends. But Lucy perceived nothing of this; and as I always entertained a high opinion of her good sense and discernment, I supposed I was mistaken. Perhaps, too, the worldly position of Manvers, and the extreme eligibility of such a match for my child disposed me to be charitable.

At about this time another visitor was introduced to our domestic circle. Except in age and fortune, in which they were about

equal, a more complete contrast to Frederick Manvers could scarcely have been imagined than was presented in Ernest Stapleton. Little above a dwarf in stature, and deformed in person, his appearance excited that painful sympathy which the sight of physical defects is apt to call forth in those who regard the sufferer as one irredeemably depressed below the ordinary level of human enjoyments. But he dressed carefully and well; and had a fair share of that innocent vanity so often found in those similarly afflicted—a beneficent gift, perhaps, to compensate their personal misfortune, and secure them from too repining a jealousy of their apparently more favored fellow-men. His features could certainly advance no claim to beauty; and yet there was so much intelligence in his bright, animated eye, and so pleasing a smile played on his well-formed lips, that it would have been equally impossible to pronounce him plain. So complete a contrast, however, did his appearance present to the manly beauty and imposing person of Manvers, who was present at his introduction, that it was difficult to restrain a smile on viewing them together.

It soon became evident that Mr. Stapleton possessed a highly-cultivated mind, and talents of no ordinary power; while his fearless advocacy of all that was elevated and noble in sentiment and in conduct (opposed, too, as he frequently was by a laugh, a sneer, or a witicism from Manvers) disposed us much to respect and esteem him. Some remark made by Lucy on one of these occasions appeared first to attract her attention to her; and as he skillfully drew her into the conversation, he listened to her replies with evident pleasure, and led her on till she chatted with all the unrestrained familiarity of an old acquaintance.

From this moment it was easy for an observer to perceive that Lucy became to him an object of interesting, though silent and unostentatious study. His eye would quietly rest upon her in abstracted contemplation till the presence of others seemed forgotten; or, in conversation, if her lips opened, he turned from every other speaker and listened and answered to her alone. Seeming, at length, to have concluded his inquiry, he then commenced a similar scrutiny of Manvers, whose position as an admirer of Lucy was too palpable to escape the notice of so close an observer. Yet this was but natural; for Lucy's naivete, innocence and good sense had attracted his interest, that interest could scarcely fail to extend to one who appeared not improbably fated to influence through life the happiness or misery of that artless, light-hearted, blooming girl. Here, however, the result seemed far less satisfactory. Lines of displeasure quickly flitted across Stapleton's brow; a sharp contradiction even would occasionally escape him, which, however, seemed rather to amuse than any way disturb the equanimity of the gay, spirited, Manvers, and at length he rather abruptly arose to take his leave; turning, I thought, as he did so, a glance of some compassion upon my daughter. This rather vexed me; for I felt that her admirer had seldom appeared to less advantage than on this evening, and his reputation was valuable to us, even with a stranger. However, a better acquaintance would secure him more justice, and Mr. Stapleton had, on the whole, rendered himself so agreeable that we presented him warmly to repeat his visit; which, after a little hesitation, he promised to do. The visit, so repeated, led to another; that to a third, a fourth, and in a short time he became a regularly expected member of our little evening circle.

At first his behavior was merely a continuation of that which I had observed on the evening of his introduction to us; the same quiet, almost deferential attention to Lucy, the same critical, suspicious (I had nearly said jealous), watchfulness of Manvers; the same glance of mournful compassion when any circumstance brought the two gay, young people in close contact with each other than ordinary. At length, as though he had concluded a resolution upon some point, long and deliberately considered, his manner changed; and he became frank, talkative and amusing; but strangely argumentative.

It was, however, to Manvers now that he chiefly addressed his conversation; and it soon became evident that he was commencing a moral dissection of the object of his study. I say dissection, because I know no other term so illustrative of removal first of the fair, pleasing skin of outward manner, and then the laying bare of the net-work of motives, principles, feelings and passions which, like nerves and arteries, it had covered and concealed. Yet, in one point, it was unlike the material dissection of the surgeon; for here the operator never used the knife or forceps; it was the subject itself which, under the influence of some powerful mesmerism-like agency, laid open its own secret structure and revealed itself to the right; while, as in most exhibitions of the kind, the display, however curious and instructive, was at the same time not a little revolting and repulsive, too. To drop the metaphor, Stapleton, contrived, by his choice of themes for conversation, and an ingenious skill with which he conducted it, to lead Manvers on to an exposition of principles, feelings and tastes, of which his handsome and polished exterior had before concealed every trace; and I was startled and revolted at the discovery; not by any charges of his adversary, but by admissions from his own lips, of a selfishness which scoffed at every claim of others; a hard, cold scepticism in regard to all that is held sacred, good, or noble; and a laxity of moral sense, which, disbelieving the existence of actual good and evil, was ready to make choice, indifferently, of either, according to the expediency of the moment.

These, of course, were not the discoveries of a single night; but the gradual unfolding of a character under the hands of one patient and skillful as the unroller of a mummy, and whose calm, determined, unwearied perseverance appeared resolved that not a single trait should remain unexposed to the light. At first, Manvers bore the operation with careless good-humor, and attempted to turn the tables on his assailant by mingled jests and arguments; but he soon found that he had to contend with a sharper wit and a profounder judgment than his own. He then endeavored to evade attack and find shelter in loose generalities; but his unpolished tongue followed upon his track; and left him no place of safety, no pause for breathing. At length, like the hunted stag, he started and stood at bay; opposing to his persecutor a haughty, defiant coldness, and a stern abruptness of reply so nearly bordering on rudeness that the comfort of our little social party seem-

ed momentarily threatened with a wreck. But all was in vain. Stapleton's perfect self-command and immovable good-breeding, parried every effort at offence, and left him still the conqueror.

At last, one evening when pressed with unusual pertinacity, Manvers so completely lost his temper, and with it all self-control, that he said: "A man's theories might be as rickety and misshapen as his person."

A dead silence followed, as we all shrank with horror at the brutality of the allusion; and Stapleton half started to his feet, while his very brow glowed with a crimson flush; but after a moment's struggle with himself, he sank again on his chair, and said calmly: "Deformity of the mind is a more just cause for shame than that of the body, for its remedy lies in our own power; while the other is an affliction from heaven, admitting of no relief but patience in its endurance, and no alleviation but the sympathy and forbearance which misfortune always claims from refined and delicate minds. But I confess I have brought the unpleasant attack upon myself," he added more cheerfully; "I know I have irritated you, Mr. Manvers, and you will probably find more difficulty than I shall in forgiving my harsh allusion. Let us try to forget it, and talk of other things."

This, however, was impossible; the peace of our little party had been altogether jarred. Manvers attempted something like an apology, and then sat gloomy and silent till he abruptly started up and took his leave; and very shortly after, Stapleton rose to follow him. At that moment a dreadful suspicion seized me of the probable result of a quarrel between two ardent young men, both moving in a sphere where custom allows one termination only to personal disagreements; and following him I obscurely hinted my fears.

"My kind friend," said he, taking my hand and looking smilingly in my face, "I thought you knew me to be a Christian; and even if I were not, he continued, 'a very pagan should blush to subscribe to a code of morals which demands only a quick eye and steady nerves to secure immunity for every offence. No, no! to-morrow, believe me, Mr. Manvers would be more happy to recall his words than I could be to make him retract them; and for the rest, the subject is too little flattering to my self-love, for me ever to allude to it again. Good-night.'"

The remainder of the evening passed very heavily. Lucy was silent and abstracted; indeed, she had for many days past been unusually grave and thoughtful, and for my own part, those pecuniary embarrassments—with which you are acquainted—began to close so threateningly around me that the future, both for myself and my child, was growing a subject of painful and gloomy consideration.

The next morning, during my absence, Manvers called, and had an interview with my daughter. As Stapleton anticipated, he expressed himself mortified and ashamed at the rudeness of the preceding night, "for it was ungentlemanly," he continued, "a very pagan should blush to subscribe to a code of morals which demands only a quick eye and steady nerves to secure immunity for every offence. No, no! to-morrow, believe me, Mr. Manvers would be more happy to recall his words than I could be to make him retract them; and for the rest, the subject is too little flattering to my self-love, for me ever to allude to it again. Good-night.'"

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for of herself, even if she were so disposed, seemed quite impossible.

How long this state of things might have continued I cannot guess; but one evening I myself broached to my young friend the subject of his repeated losses, and frankly asked if they were such that our recently acquired means could be made serviceable to him. He thanked me warmly and cordially, but said that though it was true he had lost a large portion of his fortune, still he was not reduced to want. His remaining means would, however, require some husbanding; and for this purpose he had invested them in a mercantile establishment, where his personal services would be joined to his contribution of capital. Indeed, the house had already proposed that he should proceed to Demerara, to superintend for some years their interests in that colony.

"To Demerara! You will not go?" cried Lucy, dropping the work she held, and turning deadly pale.

"I do not know," he answered. "My decision will depend upon events in which I am myself powerless."

Lucy did not speak again; but it was evident to me she labored under some strong though suppressed emotion. For my own part I strove hard to dissuade him, and urged the insubstantiality of the climate, and the strong probability that to one so unprepared it might be fatal. But he only shook his head, and said with a melancholy smile—

"If I do go I shall feel little anxiety on that account. It is of small consequence in what corner of the earth a solitary man's grave is made. But I confess I feel depressed, and am unfit for society this evening," he added, suddenly rising. "I have also much to do—good-night."

As he took Lucy's hand, it trembled in his, and when she tried to speak, her lips only moved, but no sound came from them. But as he closed the door, she flung herself into my arms and bursting into a flood of tears cried—

"Father! father! he must not go; detain him. I love him, father! I must not, cannot lose him!"

At this moment the door re-opened; but with a motion of my hand I checked the advance of the intruder unseen by my poor girl, whose back was to him, and she continued—

"He made me once the offer of his affection; but I from a false pride, rejected it. Oh, how mean, how pitiful, how paltry seems every other consideration in competition with a love like his; for he does love me, I know he does; it is my pride, my glory, to be assured he does!"

"My dear child," I said, smiling, "does not your enthusiasm hurry you too fast? Can you forget those personal objections?"

"Personal!" she cried; "his person is to me a sacred thing, enshrining the most virtuous, noble soul that ornaments the earth."

"But the world, Lucy?"

"The world!" she echoed, raising her head and shaking back her bright curls, "ay, the world of which all talk and think so much; I have now the power to show this sneering world I love him for himself. It cannot taunt him now, as it might once have done, with having accepted the sacrifice of a poor mercenary wretch who caught at any shelter from distress and poverty. Yes! there is pride—good honest pride in that! But father," she continued, almost wildly, "you must delay him, or it will be too late. He will be lost—murdered by that unwholesome climate. You must arrange all for me; or, if you will not, then at every risk, in spite of shame, in spite of even the hazard that he may think unworthy of me, I will myself speak with him; tell him I know he loves me; tell him that I—"

"Lucy," said a tremulous voice behind her; and as, with a faint scream, she turned, she sank almost senseless into the extended arms of Stapleton, for it was himself who stood there, having returned for something which he had forgotten, and which, as far as I am aware, he has never remembered to this hour.

I suppose I need not describe to you what followed, except that I benevolently found some pressing occupation which engaged me for at least an hour, and that Stapleton, notwithstanding the important business which had compelled him to take leave of us so early, did not quit the house till one o'clock had struck. I suppose also it is unnecessary to say that the voyage to Demerara was abandoned, and that in a very few weeks my daughter was no longer called Lucy Welford. But some weeks elapsed before we discovered that our imagined legacy from Uncle John Ramsden was a pure fiction contrived between Stapleton and his confidential man-of-law to place Lucy in that position which he had justly hinted, that his suit might find a chance of favor, and for which he had ingeniously availed himself of that family legend with which all our intimate acquaintances were familiar.

"And now," said my friend Welford, having finished his recital, "what do you think of the melancholy sacrifice of my poor Lucy?"

"I think," I answered, "that rumor is indeed the lying jade she bears the character of being. The tale reached me that you had only escaped your embarrassments by the marriage (of course compulsory) of your daughter, with a miserable but very wealthy hunchback."

"Nay!" cried Welford laughing, "the last epithet, at least, is true after all; for Stapleton had no romantic ideas of love in a cottage. His powerful intellect, when it directed its energies to commerce, soon made its influence apparent in the firm of which he had become a partner, and he has long since more than repaid all he had given up for Lucy's sake, and which, on the marriage he had insisted on being settled on her. Yet I am mistaken if he does not still consider his greatest wealth to lie in the heart of his dotting and happy little wife. But bark! there is a knock at the door, which sounds like Lucy's own, and ten to one her husband is with her, for, except in business hours, the two are rarely separated."

The next moment the sound of young voices was heard in the hall, and Lucy herself entered, accompanied by her husband and two fine riotous children; the one a boy of about ten years old, the other a girl of perhaps six or seven. I confess, however, my principal object of interest was Mr. Stapleton. There was no disputing that he was a very little and deformed young man; but whether from my prepossessions or not, I cannot say, I thought I had never seen a countenance of so much intelligence and sweetness.

Welford introduced me as an old friend, and then waggishly told how I had rated him for 'poor Lucy's' sacrifice to such an underserving husband. The happy couple looked at each other, and gave an unrestrained, joyous laugh in return for my sympathy; but the boy, who understood the allusion, walking up to his father, took his hand and looked up in his face with an expression of admiration and love in which his whole soul seemed concentrated; and then turning his eyes on me, scanned my six foot proportions from top to toe with a look of such contemptuous depreciation that I have felt myself a pigmy ever since!

IRON.—The uses to which iron is put are becoming more various every day. We have not only iron railroads, iron locomotives, iron

ships, and steamboats, but iron bedsteads, iron furniture, and iron crockery. We have iron stores, iron cottages, iron fish-hooks, iron viaducts, and iron light-houses. We have not only iron rolling pins and iron bureaus, but iron ball rooms—the latter article being just ordered by the Queen at Manchester. We have iron stools, iron rocking chairs, and in a few years will have iron overcoats and iron counterpanes, sheets of iron being already very common. Whether we shall ever reach iron cocktails or pork made of pig-iron, is yet to be seen. We should not be at all surprised, however, if we did.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.....SEPT. 2, 1852.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Scollay's Building, Court st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PETERKILL & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State St., Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

How to Prevent a Growing Evil.

The increasing length of the Sessions of our Legislature for the last 15 or 20 years has become a matter of complaint with all classes of people, without regard to politics or parties. Before 1830 the session seldom reached sixty days; since that time, it has ranged from 80 to 114 days. Every one is satisfied, that there is no limit to this increase but public opinion, and, if this opinion would tolerate it, the sessions, in a few years, will approximate in length to those of Congress. What then is the remedy? In most of the States, whose Constitutions have been recently revised or formed, a provision has been made limiting the number of days, for which the members shall receive pay, has been inserted. But this evil may be remedied as effectually in another way. By our Constitution, members of the Legislature shall receive such compensation as shall be established by law, and by a law as first made in 1821, and revised in 1841, they are entitled to receive \$2 per day and \$2 for every 10 miles travel. Now, this law may be so modified, that the number of days for which they shall receive pay shall be limited. But will any Legislature be likely so to modify the law, and thereby lessen their own emoluments? They surely will not, unless an extraordinary pressure is brought to bear on them. To produce this healthy pressure, I would propose that every Town, at the next Sept. meeting, shall pass a vote instructing its Representative to vote for a law limiting the number of days for which Representatives shall receive pay out of the Public Treasury—or, instead of this, the Town may choose a Committee to prefer a Petition in behalf of the Town to the Legislature, praying for a law limiting the number of days attendance, say to 60 or 70 days. And why should not this course be pursued by Towns at the Sept. meetings? There is no need in such case of any article in the warrant for calling the meeting, and, if two thirds of the Towns shall take this course, I can have no doubt the voice of the people would be heard, felt, and obeyed. I say then let us try it.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

[If the press of the State generally will pass the above suggestion to the people, we believe it will meet their hearty commendation and secure an important object. It is high time the growing evil complained of should have special attention. One of the great sources of danger to a free government is too much legislation. Congress now holds its session about ten months; and our State legislatures are closely following the pernicious example.—Let Maine be foremost in a just rebuke. The evil is easily removed if taken in season.]

SHAW'S LINE OF STAGES.—The editor of the Lewiston Journal, who has lately been over the road, pays the following deserved compliment to this excellent line of stages, acknowledged on all hands to be the best line in the State. Indeed so well have the traveling public been accommodated in the way of comfort and speed, that they have scarcely felt the need of a railroad on this route; and may not this account for some of the apathy manifested by the usually spunky Bangoreans towards the Bangor and Kennebec Railroad?—Who knows?

If we could ever be content to travel by stage coach, we do not know where we could find a route where the convenience of the traveler is more consulted than on the route from Waterville to Bangor. If speed is desirable we have it here with a witness. We have never been on any road where there was such rapid driving, and for a single hour to-day, (Friday) we sped through mud and rain eleven miles. We thought of the iron horse, whose wind never breaks, and whose muscles never tire, and wished that he had been harnessed to the burden.

Kennebec Democratic Nominations.

For Senators—Joseph E. Dunn, Henry P. Torsey, Folliot T. Lally. For Co. Commissioners—John B. Norris, S. N. Watson. Co. Treasurer—E. R. Butler. Reg. of deeds—Amasa Dingley. Co. Attorney—B. A. G. Faller. For Councilor—F. P. Theobald.

In Somerset, the Whigs have nominated Gustavus A. Steward and Philander Coburn for the Senate; Henry A. Wyman, for County Attorney; Wm. D. Hayden and Benj. F. Fowler, County Commissioners; and Henry P. Pratt, for County Treasurer.

CHEAP THINGS.—The New York correspondent of a New Orleans paper, writing of the loss of the Henry Clay, and the cheap fare by which hundreds were induced to go on board of that ill-fated vessel, gives his opinion of cheap things, thus:—

"I do not profess to be a married man, but my rule has ever been to carefully examine the cheap commodities of life. A 'cheap' ho-

tel is my horror. A 'cheap' shirt is a day and night made to me, laden with the sighs of heart-broken seamstresses; a 'cheap' coat disfigures God's image; 'cheap' boots give corns; 'cheap' education is dear at any price, and so is 'cheap' law, and 'cheap' medicine; and above all, 'cheap' travel is so allied to culpable negligence and carelessness, that one need value his life at the price which Burns' epigram hero-valued his when he offered the waterman a farthing for saving him from a watery grave.—And to sum it all up to a 'T,' there is just the difference of that letter between *cheap* and *cheat*."

For the Eastern Mail.

Medicinal use of Alcohol.

As early as the days of the venerable Dr. Rush, so manifest had the ruinous effects of all alcoholic medicines become, that he banished them from his Materia Medica, and taught his students in the University at Pennsylvania, from his professional chair, that all such medicines were pernicious to the health as well as the morals of the community. When his patients asked for spirituous liquors of any kind, his reply was,—"No man shall look me in the face in the day of judgment, and say 'Dr. Rush made me a drunkard.'" He would often remark that—"If God would forgive him for making drunkards in the early part of his practice, when he knew no better, he would make no more." If the Doctor's mantle had but fallen upon his successors, happy would it have been for the nation and for the world. But, alas, in the face of thousands of facts which this subject presents, few prescriptions are more common, with many physicians, than a mixture of tonic bitters, to be mingled with gin, or some other intoxicating liquor. No marvel that dyspepsia should multiply on every hand, with almost every derangement of the digestive organs; nor is it to be wondered at that drunkenness should become a wide-spread evil, when a large proportion of our adult population are regularly dosed with alcoholic medicines. Says Prof. John Bell, previously quoted by me in a former number,—"In my own practice, in former years, I have met, repeatedly, with gastritis" (inflammation of the stomach), "in women, brought on by the use of mixed liquors, cordials, &c." "These vile compounds, true poisons, made and drunk by the common people, and in greater proportion by females, under the name of cordials, have been by my knowledge frequent causes of gastritis, both acute and chronic." This last form of disease of the stomach is one of Protean character, and is commonly called dyspepsia. In a great majority of dyspeptic cases the exciting cause has been over stimulation of the stomach, either from the constant excess in strong, high-seasoned meats, or indulging in the use of exciting liquors. Persons who feed grossly and drink deeply, are generally the subjects of dyspepsia. By constantly stimulating the stomach, an inflammatory condition of that organ is produced. Long continued functional lesion will eventually produce more or less organic disease; and thus my polite and classical "Quæstor" may learn, if he be ignorant and wishing to know, how it is that alcohol daily poured into the tender stomach of an infant will inflict injuries which send the child to a premature grave. Alcohol does not only produce dyspepsia but as I will attempt to show in some subsequent number, in the foremost place of individual causes of dysentery, hemorrhoids, cholera, consumption, disease of the heart, rheumatism, gout, &c. we must place the immoderate use of spirits. Thus far I have spoken of the error of those who daily use brandy, gin or any other form of spirits, with or without water, for any medicinal quality which these stimulants are supposed to possess. Although such persons find that these liquors taken alone, produce the same sensation of relief which they felt while using the medicinal bitters, cordials, &c., compounded with these same liquors, and have thus been taught to drink, by using alcoholic medicines, yet these sensations are deceptive, and destructive to the stomach.

Alcohol possesses no medical virtue whatever which does or can compensate for the injury it does to the human system, if taken in repeated doses, larger than can be given by drops. And it is upon this principle only that the very large class of tinctures can be innocently retained in the Materia Medica. All these are alcoholic, but, like laudanum, are given in small doses of 10 or 20 drops, and this small quantity of alcohol produces no sensible effect. But all those tinctures, elixirs, essences, cordials or bitters which require to be given in larger doses than a tea-spoonful, ought to be rejected from the practice. And that they can be rejected is shown by the fact that Dr. Rush laid them all aside for many years before his death, and that very many physicians of extensive practice never use them under any circumstances.

The project, therefore, deemed by some as an Utopian one, of excluding alcohol entirely from the materia medica, is perfectly feasible, for every physician knows how to prepare the article used in the form of tincture in some other form, and I again repeat, that the alcohol in all these, possesses no medical quality or virtue whatever.

Says Dr. George B. Wood, Prof. of Materia Medica and Pharmacy in the University of Pennsylvania, and one of the authors of the "United States Dispensatory," the American Doctors' bible,—"Medicines are most conveniently administered in tinctures which act powerfully, in small doses; as the preparation of alcohol in which they are dissolved is too minute to produce an appreciable effect. Those which require to be given in large doses should be cautiously employed in form, lest the injury done by the menstruum should more than counterbalance their beneficial effect. This remark is particularly applicable to chronic cases of disease in which the use of tinctures is apt to result in the establishment of fatal habits of intemperance." Of the spirits of cinnamon, juniper, lavender, peppermint, &c., which are alcoholic solutions of their volatile principles ob-

tained by distillation, the Doctor remarks, that carminatives in flatulent colic, impart a pleasant odor to mixtures, are agreeable stimulants in debility of the stomach; but their frequent use may lead to the formation of intemperate habits, and should therefore be avoided.

A Suicide with a Moral.

The Philadelphia papers tell of a suicide of a young man named John S. Davis, at the West-Jersey Ferry Company's wharf, on Monday last. Among other letters found on his table, was one assigning a reason for the commission of the fatal act, of a character so different from that which ordinarily characterizes this species of literature, that it is worth while to copy it—

"It will be charged upon me by paragraph-mongers that mental aberration, caused by pecuniary difficulties, has led me to the act whose consequences are now visible, 'love,' 'domestic affliction,' or any but the true cause, will be assigned. To refute all such charges, and to set at rest forever all speculations on the subject, I write these lines.

"I have passed my life in the search after happiness. Like other men, I have tried and exhausted all the springs of action; ambition, friendship, love, have all moved me in their turn, but yet they have not brought happiness. 'Mine indeed has been a 'battle of life.'—

And as I have kept my post upon its field, I have beheld all that makes life happy pass forever away. Projects of fame have failed, friends have fallen from my side, the love of my youth has turned to gall in my breast, the wife of my bosom has deserted and denied me, wealth has slipped from my grasp—all has proved but a dreary blank. And now at the end of the strife, I stand alone upon the plain, my dead hopes strewn around me in mockery, and nothing in the future but despair and death.

"Why it has been thus with me—why I have never enjoyed that which other men have revelled in around me, I stop not to inquire. Suffice it that I have not. As many another, many a better, many a wiser man has found it less terrible to meet death than to brave the scolding finger of the world, and to endure the gnawings of his own bitter thoughts, so have I; and from a life of care and trouble, and more sorrow than my proud nature can bear, I turn to the quiet and silence of death. And what comes after? Eternity! dark, blank, mysterious and unfathomable eternity! In a single hour I shall have solved its mystery.

"To those who will be wronged by my voluntary exit from the stage of life, I have only to say that I have endeavored to act honorably and justly toward them all—to wrong no man—to do entirely unto others that which I would have others do to me. I have set before me the words of the poet—

"Thou jewel, Reputation! Let me seem thee, bright and spotless, now, Let this weak, care-worn body's dissolution Will cheaply pay the purchase."

"I have labored for a name white as mountain snow, dazzling and speckless; but the failure of the hopes I had built upon has come upon me too crushingly to be survived. If I could have lived, I should have redeemed my honor as it now stands pledged to them; as it is, they must only pity and forgive, while they condemn me."

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The September number is an unusually rich one, and we have laughed till our sides ached over the quaint conceits of the 'editor's table.' We hook the following good 'uns:

COMING DOWN on the upper-deck of an Albany steamer one day, many years ago, a party of gentlemen, as the boat neared Kinderhook-Landing, were discussing the merits of Martin Van Buren. Some praised, while others condemned him; and while they were discussing the question, the boat landed, and lo! Mr. Van Buren himself came on board. 'One of the party had been dwelling upon his non-commitmentism; and complaining that 'a plain answer to a plain question was never yet elicited from him,' etc. 'I'll wager champagne for the company,' said he, at length, 'that one of us shall go down now, and ask Mr. Van Buren the simplest question that can be thought of, and he will evade a direct answer. Yes; and I'll give him leave, too, to tell him why he asks the question, and that there is a bet depending on his reply!' This seemed fair enough, certainly, for to be forewarned was to be forearmed. One of the party was deputed to go down and try the experiment. He found Mr. Van Buren, whom he knew well, in the saloon, and said to him: 'Mr. Van Buren, some gentlemen on the upper deck have been accusing you of non-commitmentism; and have just laid a wager that you wouldn't give a plain answer to the simplest question; and they have deputed me to test the fact. Now, Mr. Van Buren, let me ask you, 'Where does the sun rise?' Mr. Van Buren's brow contracted; he hesitated a moment; and then replied: 'The terms 'east' and 'west,' Mr.—, are conventional; but I—' 'That'll do!' interrupted his interrogator; 'we've lost the bet!'—[Knick-erbocker.]

A WELCOME correspondent in Pennsylvania sends us the following specimen of cool audacity in a criminal. It is the great height of his impudence that makes the story so tall: 'Judge K—' (a very worthy and excellent judge by the way,) while holding a term of the criminal court at—, in this state, had before him on trial a slippery gentleman, charged with the offence of passing counterfeit money. After a long and tedious trial, the jury returned a verdict of 'Not Guilty,' but that defendant pay the costs of prosecution; as they may do, under the peculiar statute of Pennsylvania. The prisoner had been tried and acquitted several times before for a like offence, leaving upon the court each time an ineffaceable conviction that he was guilty. The court very dignifiedly commanded him to stand up, and pronounced sentence in accordance with the verdict, and then said: 'The court (take this occasion to say to you that you had not better be again arrested and on trial in any of the counties composing the district over which we have the honor to preside). The prisoner, with that coolness and impudence which can only be imagined, not described, looked at the court, and said: 'Will your honor have the kindness to inform me what counties compose your judicial district?'

We present the following brief reflections upon 'Monuments in the United States,' without giving in our adhesion to the positions assumed by the writer, an eminent and learned 'savant' of this city. Who, for example, or what true American, would not rejoice to see the national monument to the 'FATHER of his Country,' completed at Washington? 'Let it rise,' we say, in the sublime and beautiful language of the great WASHINGTON: 'let it rise, till it meet the Sun in his coming! Let the earliest light of the Morning glid it, and parting Day linger and play on its summit! But to our correspondent. 'This Republic has often

been reproached because it has not built monuments to its great men. The subject of a monument to WASHINGTON was earnestly considered a generation ago. The common-place arguments in favor of it, such as the 'custom of former ages,' and the 'holding before mankind a visible memorial of the exemplary worth of the great departed,' were met by such men as SAMUEL L. MITCHELL, of Congress, and others, by reminding us that the age of monuments passed away when the age of printing commenced, and that even before types were used, pens recorded such men as PLATO, ARISTOTLE, ALEXANDER, CATO, SENECA, AUGUSTUS, HOMER, VIRGIL, HORACE, etc., etc., in such clear and distinct terms as to infinitely surpass all monuments, temples, statues, and the like. The Anabasis of XENOPHON excels in this all the sculpture in the world—those on the walls of Nineveh or those on the Parthenon. We had the names of the kings of Egypt while we could not even read the hieroglyphs on the pyramids. Where are the monuments to MOSES and the PROPHETS? Where that to ADAM? Where is one wanted to ABRAHAM, ISAAC, and JACOB! Who wants that of JOB, of ISAIAH, or JEREMIAH? Letters first written and then printed have preserved all; and we realize the prophetic verse of HORACE as to his own fame: 'Exegi monumentum ære perennius.'

The Knickerbocker is published by Sam'l Hueston, 139 Nassau-st., New York, at 3 dols. per annum.

A correspondent of the Lewiston Journal has a good word for the 'Elmwood' and its proprietor; and also makes honorable mention of the beautiful village in which it is located. Hear him.

Took lodgings at the Elmwood House, kept by John L. Seavey, Esq. The Elmwood is one of those public houses in Maine which are a credit to the State. Neatness, order and comfort prevail throughout; excellent rooms, luxurious fare, a gentleman for a landlord, with all the 'et ceteras' that go to make a first-class hotel, are here to be found. Waterville is one of the most beautiful of New England villages, located on the west bank of the Kennebec river, in the midst of a fertile agricultural country; excellent roads leading from it in all directions, it presents inducements to the man of pleasure as a summer resort for himself and family not excelled.

JUST AS YOU PLEASE.—In noticing the accident on the Railroad last week, we stated that the oxen got upon the track by breaking or jumping the fence. So the story went, when first told. We are requested to state that it can be shown that some one had left the bars down. We are sorry to hear it, as a careless man is a greater nuisance than an unruly ox. However, we pass the bone to the lawyers, by whom it has a prospect of being picked—suggesting, as our opinion, that the man who left the bars down, if he can be found, should pay cost and damages to both parties.

ELECTION.—We hope for a cool day on Monday week, as it will be an occasion for warm work. Candidates promise to be plenty, from Governor down to town representatives. Causes, high and low, are the order of the day.

The Whigs of Waterville have just called their caucus for Wednesday afternoon. The Free Soilers had their's a week since, nominating John B. Bradbury for town representative. It is generally understood that they never lose sight of the subject of temperance, and Mr. B. is a Maine Law man. We see no call for a Democratic caucus, but have no fears that they will be caught napping.

WRITING BY A MASTER.—A letter from Mr. Perley, of Unity, tells us that he proposes coming to Waterville, in the course of a few weeks, to instruct a class in Penmanship. We are heartily glad to hear it, and take pleasure in commending him to our citizens as a teacher every way worthy of their confidence. His pupils always make good improvement; and where he instructs one class he invariably secures a confidence that insures another if he wants it. In addition to his qualifications as a teacher, he is an amiable and worthy man, to whom the instruction of youth may be safely confided. We think it safe to predict for Mr. Perley good success in Waterville.

By a recent act of our National Legislature, the appointment of Postmaster, in the more important offices in the different States, is vested in the hands of the President, and requires confirmation by the U. S. Senate. The minor Post Offices will be filled by appointments from the Postmaster General, as heretofore.

BLACKWOOD FOR AUGUST.—Contents:—Dies Boreales, No. IV; From Stamboul to Tabriz; Katie Stewart, part II; Gold, Emigration, Foreign Dependence, Taxation; The Moor and the Loch; My Novel, or Varieties in English Life, part XXIII; The Earl of Derby's Appeal to the Country.

Published by Leonard Scott & Co., 79 Fulton-st., New York. Price \$3 a year—price of Blackwood and any one of the four Reviews 5 dols.—the four Reviews and Blackwood, 10 dols.

A COUNTY TEMPERANCE CONVENTION is to convene at Winthrop, on Monday next, at which a good number of the 'lions' are expected to give addresses.

Persons, desirous of going from this vicinity, can have railroad tickets at half price by applying to Joshua Nye, Jr.—provided there are 50 applicants. Persons desirous of going should apply as soon as may be, in order that the number may be ascertained—and, by the way, why should not five times the number be provided for? It will be a rare feast for a real Maine Law man, with such speakers as Dow, Pierpont, Jewett, and others mentioned. Let all hands turn out and have a good time.

A SMART WOMAN.—The Rhode Island Temperance Advocate tells the following good story of a woman:

'In Foster, there was an intemperate man who had promised his wife that he would vote for the Maine Law candidates for the Senate and House. On the morning of election day, he was enticed to a tavern, and treated by his anti-law associates till he was drunk. His wife heard of it, searched him out and got him

home. Here she gave him an emetic and got him sober, and then borrowed a horse and wagon and drove him to the polls. He voted for the Maine Law candidates, and his single vote prevented the election of rum Representatives. The result of it is, that we got one, and possibly two Maine Law men from that town."

Fortunes made by Advertising.

From a small pamphlet, entitled 'The Art of making Money,' an extract has been taken, and is going the round of the provincial press, pointing out the facility of making immense sums by the simple process of continuous advertising. 'Doubtless large sums have been, are, and will be made by such a system by certain persons of ability, who no doubt would make their way in the world if called upon to play different parts on the great stage of life; but to suppose that men in general must, as a matter of course, acquire wealth by such means, is as absurd as to imagine that all the penniless and shoeless of London are capable of rising to the dignity and wealth of an alderman, or the lord mayor of London, simply by reading the 'Young Man's Best Companion.' Money is not so easily made as the writer of the article referred to, would lead people to suppose; if it be so, few need be poor. But to our text: fortunes made by advertising. Undoubtedly the greatest man of the day as an advertiser is Holloway, who expends the enormous sum of twenty thousand pounds annually in advertisements alone; his name is not only to be seen in nearly every paper and periodical published in the British Isles, but as if this country was too small for this individual's exploits, he stretches over the whole of India, having agents in all the different parts of the upper, central and lower provinces of that immense country, publishing his medicaments in the Hindoo, Oordoo, Gooratee and other native languages, so that the Indian public can take the Pills and use his Ointment according to general directions, as a Cockney would do within the sound of Bow Bells. We find him again at Hong Kong and Canton, making his medicines known to the Celestials by means of a Chinese translation. We trace him from thence to the Philippine Islands, where he is circulating his preparations in the native languages. At Singapore he has a large depot; his agents there supply all the Islands in the Indian Seas. His advertisements are published in most of the papers at Sidney, Hobart Town, Launceston, Adelaide, Port Phillip, and indeed in almost every town of that vast portion of the British empire. Returning homewards, we find his Pills and Ointment selling at Valparaiso, Lima, Callao, and other ports in the Pacific. Doubling the Horn, we track him in the Atlantic—Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia and Pernambuco; he is advertising in those parts in Spanish and Portuguese. In all the British West India Islands, as also in the Upper and Lower Canada, and the neighboring provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, his medicines are as familiarly known, and sold by every druggist, as they are at home. In the Mediterranean we find them selling at Malta, Corfu, Athens and Alexandria, besides at Tunis and other portions of the Barbary States. Any one taking the trouble to look at the 'Journal' and 'Courier' of Constantinople, may find in these, as well as other papers, that Holloway's medicines are regularly advertised and selling throughout the Turkish empire; and even in Russia, where an almost insurmountable barrier exists, the laws there prohibiting the entire of patent medicines, Holloway's ingenuity has been at work, and obviates this difficulty by forwarding supplies to his Agent at Odessa, a port situated on the Black Sea, where they filter themselves surreptitiously, by various channels, into the very heart of the empire. Africa has not been forgotten by this indefatigable man, who has an agent on the River Gambia; also at Sierra Leone, the plague spot of the world, the inhabitants readily avail themselves of the Ointment and Pills; thus we can show our readers that Holloway has made the complete circuit of the globe, commencing with India, and ending, as we do, with the Cape of Good Hope, where his medicines are published in the Dutch and English languages; and while speaking of Dutch, we have heard that he has made large shipments to Holland, and is about advertising in that kingdom; and we might add that he has also started his medicine in some parts of France; in some portions of Germany; as also in some of the Italian states. We have been at a little trouble to collect all these facts, because we fear that the article before alluded to, 'The Art of making Money,' is calculated to lead people to spend their means in the hope (as the author states) of making a hundred thousand pounds in six years for their pains, by holding up as an easy example to follow, such a man as Holloway, who is really a Napoleon in his way. Many may have the means, but have they the knowledge, ability, energy, and judgment necessary? Failing in any one of the requisites, a total loss is certain. Holloway is a man calculated to undertake any enterprise requiring immense energies of body and mind. He has made a large fortune by his labors; and is, we should suppose, every day increasing in his wealth. Of course it is not for our interest to prevent the public from advertising; but, as guardians of their interest, we think it our incumbent duty to place a light-house upon what we consider a dangerous shoal, which may perhaps sooner or later prevent shipwreck and ruin to the sanguine and inexperienced about to navigate in such waters.

The Editor of the 'Edinburgh Review,' in a number published about three years ago, stated, that he considered he was making a desirable bequest to posterity, by handing down to them the amount of talent and ability required by the present class of large advertisers. At that period Holloway's mode of advertising was most prominently set forth; and if these remarks, conjointly with his, should descend to a generation to come, it will be known to what extent the subject of this article was able to carry out his views, together with the consequent expenditure in making known the merits of his preparations to nearly the whole world.—[Pictorial Times; a London Weekly paper.]

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF MRS. STOWE.—Who has not a curiosity to see the writer of Uncle Tom's Cabin? I wish I had the time and the skill to paint her portrait for the readers of the Journal. But I must content myself with remarking that if it be true that a whole class of beings is honored and elevated by the epiphany of an individual member, then all the plain women throughout the land owe an immense debt of gratitude to Mrs. Stowe!—[Cor. of the Lewiston Journal.]

The Maine Farmer, in reference to the recent death of three men in this State, occasioned by a foul well, says it reminds it of a very simple experiment to test the condition of air in wells previous to going down them. It is simply to let down a lighted candle or lamp.—If it is extinguished, it is safe to infer that the air is foul. If it is caused by carbonic acid gas, a bucket of lime water suspended in it, and stirred up, will absorb it, and render the air pure.

