

# INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME II—NUMBER 17.

STANFORD, LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1873.

WHOLE NUMBER 69.

**THE INTERIOR JOURNAL,**  
PUBLISHED IN  
STANFORD, KENTUCKY,  
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.  
OFFICE—SOUTH SIDE MAIN STREET, (opposite  
HILTON & CAMPBELL, Proprietors.  
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## THE CHOLERA.

**How to Control or Prevent it.**  
The cholera, which has just left us, after committing fearful ravages, is making its way into Europe, and will probably cross the Atlantic before another season has passed.

Having been providentially compelled to have a good deal of practical acquaintance with it, and to see it in all its forms and stages during each of its invasions of Constantine, I wish to make my friends in Maine some suggestions which may relieve anxiety or be of practical use.

1. On the approach of cholera, every family should be prepared to treat it without waiting for a physician. It does its work so expeditiously that, while you are waiting for the doctor, it is done.

2. If you prepare for it, it will not come. I think there is no disease which may be avoided with so much certainty as the cholera. But providential circumstances, or the thoughtless indiscretions of some member of a household, may invite the attack, and the challenge will never be refused. It will probably be made in the night, your physician has been called in another direction, and you must treat the case yourself or it will be fatal.

**CAUSE AND SYMPTOMS.**  
3. Cause of attack.—I have personally investigated at least a hundred cases, and not less than three-fourths could be traced directly to improper diet, or to intoxicating drinks, or to both united. Of the remainder, suppressed perspiration would comprise a large number. A strong healthy, temperate laboring man had a severe attack of cholera, and after the danger was past, I was curious to ascertain the cause. He had been cautious and prudent in his diet. He used nothing intoxicating. His residence was in a good locality. But after some hours of hard labor and very profuse perspiration he had laid down to take his customary nap, right against an open window, through which a very refreshing breeze was blowing. Another cause is drinking freely of cold water when hot and thirsty. Great fatigue, great anxiety, fright, fear, all figure among inciting causes. If you can avoid all these he is as safe from the cholera as from being swept away by a comet.

**Symptoms of attack.**—While cholera is prevalent in a place, almost every one experiences more or less disturbance of digestion. It is doubtless in part imaginary. Every one notices the slightest variation of feeling, and this gives importance to mere trifles. There are often a night, nausea, or transient pains, or rumbling sounds, when no attack follows. No one is entirely free from these. But when diarrhea commences, though painless and slight, it is really the skirmishing party of the advancing column. It will have at first no single character of Asiatic Cholera. But do not be deceived. It is the cholera nevertheless. Wait a little, give it time to get hold, and say to yourself, "I feel perfectly well, it will soon pass off," and in a short time you will repeat of your folly in vain. I have known many a one to commit suicide in this way.

Sometimes, though rarely, the attack commences by vomiting. But in whatever way it commences, it is sure to hold on. In a very few hours the patient may sink into the collapse. The hands and feet become cold and purplish, the countenance at first nervous and anxious, becomes gloomy and pathetic, although momentary restlessness and raging thirst torments the sufferer, while the powers of resistance fall away; the intellect remains clear but all the social and moral feelings seem wonderfully to collapse with the physical powers. The patient knows he is to die, but cares not a snap about it.

rhubarb. Thirty drops for an adult, on a lump of sugar, will often break the diarrhea. But to prevent its return, care should always be taken to continue the medicine every four hours in diminishing doses—twenty-five, fifteen, ten, nine—when careful diet is all that will be needed.

In case the first dose does not stop the diarrhea, continue to give increasing doses—thirty-five, forty, forty-five, sixty—at every movement of the bowels. Large doses will produce no injury while the diarrhea lasts. When that is checked, then is the time for caution. I have never seen a case of diarrhea taken in season, which was not thus controlled, but some cases of advanced diarrhea, and especially a relapse, paid no heed to it whatever. As soon as this becomes apparent I have always resorted to this course: Prepare a teaspoon of starch boiled as for use in starching linen, and stir into it a teaspoonful of laudanum for an injection. Give one-third at each movement of the bowels. In one desperate case, abandoned as hopeless by a physician, I could not stop the diarrhea until the seventh injection, which contained nearly a teaspoonful of laudanum. The patient recovered, and is in perfect health. At the same time I used prepared chalk in ten-grain doses, with a few drops of laudanum and camphor to each. But whatever course is pursued, it must be followed up or the patient is lost.

2. Mustard Poultices.—These should be applied to the pit of the stomach and kept on till the surface is well reddened.

3. The patient, however well he may feel, should rigidly observe perfect rest. To lie quietly on the back is one half of the battle. In that position the enemy flies over you, but the moment you rise you are hit.

When attack comes in the form of a diarrhea, these directions will enable every one to meet it successfully.

4. But when the attack is more violent, and there is vomiting, or vomiting and purging, perhaps also cramps and colic pains, the following mixture is far more effective, and should always be resorted to. The missionaries, Messrs. Long, Trowbridge and Washburne, have used it in very many cases, and with wonderful success. It consists of equal parts of ginger, and tincture of cardamom seeds. Dose, thirty to forty drops, or a half teaspoonful in a little water, and to be increased according to the urgency of the case. In case the first dose should be rejected, the second, which should stand ready, should be given immediately after the spasm or vomiting has ceased. During the late siege, no one of us failed of controlling the vomiting, and also the purging, by, at most, the third dose. We have, however, made use of large mustard poultices, of strong pure mustard, applied to the stomach, bowels, calves of the legs, feet &c., as the case seemed to require.

**TREATMENT OF COLLAPSE.**  
Collapse.—This is simply a more advanced stage of the disease. It indicates the gradual falling off of all the powers of life. It is difficult to say when a case becomes hopeless. At a certain point the body of the patient begins to emit a peculiar odor, which I call the death odor, for when that has become decided and unmistakable, I have never known the patient to recover. I have repeatedly worked on such cases for hours, with no permanent result. But the blue color, the cold extremities, the deeply sunken eye, the vanishing pulse, are no signs that the case is hopeless. Scores of such cases in the recent epidemic have recovered. In addition to the second mixture, brandy (a teaspoonful every half hour), bottles of hot water, surrounding the patient, especially the extremities, sinapisms, and friction, will often, in an hour or two, work wonders.

Third.—In those, and in all advanced cases, thirst creates intense suffering. The sufferer craves water, and as soon as he gratifies the craving, the worst symptoms return, and he falls a victim to the transient gratification. The only safe way is to have a faithful friend or attendant who will not heed his entreaties. The suffering may be, however, safely alleviated and rendered endurable. Frequent gargling of the throat and washing out of the mouth will bring some relief. A spoonful of gum arabic water or of camomile tea may frequently be given to wet the throat. Lyndham's White Decoction may also be given, both as a beverage and nourishment, in small quantities, frequently. In a day or two the suffering from thirst will cease. In a large majority of cases it has not been intense for more than twenty-four hours.

Diet.—Rice-water, arrowroot, Lyndham's White Decoction, crust water, camomile tea are the best articles for a day or two after the attack is controlled.—Camomile is very valuable in restoring the tone of the stomach.

The Typhoid Fever.—A typhoid state for a few days will follow all severe cases. There is nothing alarming in this. It has very rarely proved fatal. Patience and careful nursing will bring it all right. The greatest danger is from drinking too freely. When the patient

seemed to be sinking, a little brandy and water, or arrowroot and brandy have revived him. In this terrible visitation of cholera, we have considered ourselves perfectly armed and equipped, with a hand-bag containing mixture No. 1, mixture No. 2 (for vomiting, &c.), a few pounds of powdered mustard, a bottle of brandy's paper of camomile flowers, and a paper of gum arabic.

## THE JUDGMENT.

By A. FOGLE.  
A little while, now and then,  
Runs out of unexpected men—  
Tears, morn, and the sun in bright splendor  
For the last time disturbing kind nature's rest,  
And driving before him the legions of night—  
Clothed each in the glittering mantle of light,  
The hosts sang as gently, the wind breathed  
As he,  
The streets of the city—gay as ever it flowed  
And man, of emotion, the rightly crowned  
lord,  
Still ceased not his scheming. The glittering  
sword  
Hung dangling at ease, or uplifted in fight,  
To struggle for wrong, or to battle for right.  
The former rejoicing, the latter his gain—  
He saw, that he had come never again!  
The miser in counting, in gluttonous greed,  
The hoard he has gathered from poverty's  
need—  
Unconscious his treasure must soon pass away  
And leave him ALONE in that mystical day.  
Up from the hill-pite—the dark dens of vice,  
Where virtue is bought—dishonor the price!  
Come up the low laugh of sensuous mirth  
From the fens incarnate of a sin-cursed earth;  
Sin on! the Almighty has written your doom.  
Too long you have waited repentance deferred  
Till now 'tis too late. Hear! Justice now!  
"Let him that is good, be good, in my will,  
And he that is filthy, be filthy still!"  
Is his cloak, the christian is kneeling this  
morn;  
On the plains of faith his petition is borne,  
Far up to the skies, to the father of love,  
"May thy Kingdom, Lord, in its fullness, soon  
come,  
Till thy will on earth, as in Heaven, is done;  
Forgive me my sins, as I others forgive;  
Oh teach me to die—Instruct me to live!"  
Ah! see as you alter a gaily-dressed throng;  
Hear the spirit of gladness borne out in their  
song:  
Hush! There in the beauty and bloom of her  
life,  
Stands the fair young bride who will ne'er be  
a wife.  
Ah! what is that sound that now falls on the  
ear,  
Like the peal of the thunder when the storm-  
cloud is near?  
The angel of God! Hear the dreadful com-  
mand:  
"Delay is no longer; the time is at hand  
In which all ye nations receive a reward  
Of the works ye have done, at the hands of the  
Lord.  
Come forth slumbering trillions!" And quick-  
ly up  
An innumerable host from their deathly re-  
pose,  
O, what a gathering there was that day,  
From East, North, South, West, and every  
side,  
And earth was so crowded for want of room,  
She had to call in the help of the moon.  
See! the Judge has descended, and taken his  
seat,  
And earth's motley millions are bowed at his  
feet;  
The Angel of Mercy, his mission o'er,  
Is hushed from earth to pity his doom;  
While Justice, his sword of avenging high,  
Descends in wrath from the low, smiting sky,  
And the Book that contained the doom of  
each man,  
Forewritten and written before earth began,  
Before His footsteps, and all things prepared—  
Even the pious old deacon seemed won-  
derfully scared—  
"John Smith," said the Lord, "if you're in  
800 tons,  
You're one of the elect that's writ in this Book."  
And quickly to Heaven there started a train  
Of a million or two that answered that name.  
But alas! like the straggler building loon,  
They counted their chickens a moment too  
soon:  
For out of this almost innumerable host  
Just twenty were saved—and the others were  
lost.  
Now on toward eve, when the day was most  
through,  
To be yet judged there remained only two.  
Then up spoke the Lord, "To make the elect  
Descend in wrath from the low, smiting sky,  
The person of any, I will save the one  
Who on earth the worst deed has done."  
Then up stepped the richer, and haughtily  
spoke,  
As he folded around him his soft ermine cloak:  
"I have lived a good life; the hungry I've fed,  
And 'oh have I pilloved some weary one's  
head;  
I've soothed the mourner, comforted the weak,  
Rebuked the haughty, and taught the meek;  
The naked I've clothed, and 'er from my  
side,  
Have I turned untidied the famishing poor;  
I gave to the church a thousand a year,  
And never neglected the preacher to hear."  
He paused, and cast on the man at his side,  
The scornful look of victor-like pride.  
The poor man approached, and knelt where  
he lay,  
No penitent mortal e'er knelt in vain.  
And softly said, "I did all I could do—  
I took up some paper and paid for it too!"  
"Enough," cried the master, "receive your re-  
ward,  
Come sit at the side of your Father and Lord.  
But you, who hangst upon the regions of night,  
Quick! Quickly! depart, add wings to your  
feet!"  
I awoke from my sleep, pale, trembling with  
fright,  
And thought as I lay there, that night,  
There are things that do not come true,  
AND THERE'S MANY A THING THAT'S NOT ALL  
A DREAM.  
Good citizens, prosperous ones, kind  
friends, loving ones, devoted husbands,  
happy fathers and Christian soldiers, are  
not made of young men or boys, who sit  
around drinking saloons.

## GOOD TEMPLAR'S COLUMN.

**Veterans of Lincoln County!**  
In pursuance of an act of the last Legislature, you will be called upon at the August election to express, by your vote, whether you are in favor of tipping houses, dram drinking, and their attendant evils, or against them. The Legislature has given you the right, by your vote, to abate these evils, or sanction and perpetuate them. A more important question you were never called upon to determine. There are no political elements so called, involved in this question. It is a question, however, that does vitally affect every social, commercial and moral interest of society, hence no one can afford to be indifferent of the results.

We will assume, in the discussion of this whiskey question, that man, and therefore, civil society, has "inalienable rights," and among these are the rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; or, in brief—society has a right to live. In the light of those self-evident truths, we make the following solemn indictments, against the retail of whiskey:

1. We charge that all persons engaged in such business are a total loss to the productive forces of society. There are no returns to the several industrial elements of civil government for all the money and patronage the whiskey business absorbs. It can never be shown wherein one single business, calling or profession, which is productive of any good, has ever been or can ever be benefited by the retail of ardent spirits. But if this were all, then the law might tolerate the evil, on the ground of charity, and license those only to retail whiskey, and thereby derive a support, who were physically incapable of pursuing a productive calling. Such however, is far from true.

2. It is further charged that the retail of ardent spirits inflicts a positive injury upon every productive and legitimate business. Now for the proof.—Make a witness of your merchant. He testifies that his annual losses amount to a given per cent. on sales made to young men and others, of intemperate habits, which loss is traceable to intemperance, and intemperance is but the fruitage of the law that licenses tipping shops. The merchant then virtually pays out a certain per cent. of his sales to support the whiskey trade. Every merchant knows these are facts, and everybody knows that society has no right to inflict such an evil upon one of its own vital elements of property. Is not this the unpleasant experience of every merchant in Lincoln county? Let them not accept a burden they have no right to bear, and sustain a law that compels them to suffer a perpetual loss. The same or a similar loss is sustained by your family physician: by the lawyer, the farmer, the mechanic, and every other vocation. And that no advantage in the argument may be taken of the whiskey trade, we will introduce the bar-keeper himself as an interested witness! This we cheerfully do for truth can afford to be generous. Is he liable to losses in running his business? Has he full confidence in the promptness of his customers to pay of their accounts? Or would he very gladly prefer to do a cash business—and why? Does he ever refuse credit—and why? Have the habits formed over his glasses deprived his best customers of their ability to pay? Or does he question their moral integrity? Does he believe his customers to have been benefited? If so, why does he feel in his heart, the more frequently his customer patronizes his bar, a growing unwillingness to trust him for his drinks?

The fact is patent. Tipping houses are liable to losses similar to those of productive employments, but the marked difference between them lies in this: The retailer of whiskey has reduced his customer from solvency to insolvency, from credit to discredit, from ability to inability to pay, and this inability, brought about by the whiskey business, extends over to the farmer, the merchant, and every other legitimate calling, so that they are made to lose a certain per cent. at the hands of the whiskey trade. Let there be no law then, tolerating a business that necessarily inflicts an injury upon every other, and the worst of all injuries upon its own customers!

But what words can paint the injuries inflicted upon the many heart of a father, as he beholds his son drawn into these haunts of vice?—or what tongue can tell of a loving mother's grief, as she is compelled to bear, in silent despair, of the waywardness of her child, and the life of intemperance to which the sin of intemperance must lead him? Must all the sweet peace and calm of human life be wrung from parental hearts, under the false plea of human rights?

The retail of whiskey infracts every law of God, and every right and just part of man.  
W. L. W.

## DEPPEN'S CLOTHING HOUSE.

Corner Fourth and Market Streets, LOUISVILLE, KY.  
CLOTHING DEPARTMENT on Ground Floor.  
FURNISHING GOODS DEPARTMENT on Ground Floor.  
CUSTOM DEPARTMENT on First Floor.  
**Four Cutters in the Custom Department.**  
Special Attention Paid to Orders from the Country.

submit a bottle to their sideboards or drink as a beverage intoxicating liquor, however moderately.

Mothers who die without a thorn in the pillow of death, are not those who gave sanction to the use of ardent spirits among their children.

A young lawyer recently offered a resolution in a Sunday-school—"That a committee of ladies and gentlemen be appointed to raise children for the Sabbath-school."

**A BRIDAL WINE CUP.**  
A True Story.  
"Pledge with wine, pledge with wine," cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood; "pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the bridal wreath trembled on her pure white brow; her breath came quicker, and her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for once," said the Judge, in a low tone, going toward his daughter, "the company expects it. Do not seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own house set as you please, but in mine, for this once, please me."

Every eye was turned toward the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Harvey had been a convivialist but of late his friends had noticed a change in his manners—a difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming tumbler, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back she gracefully accepted the crystal bumper and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every eye was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh! how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass to arm's length, and was fixingly regarding it as though it was some hideous viper.

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Especially for the West and Trade, which we  
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GEO. D. WEAREN & CO.

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Having recently rented the shop of Wm. Deppen,  
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preparing to manufacture wool for the farmers in  
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equipment for the purpose, and will guarantee  
to do all kinds of woolen goods, and will  
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