



9-23-1852

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 06, No. 10): September 23, 1852

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 06, No. 10): September 23, 1852" (1852). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 269.
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MISCELLANY.

BE OFF WITH YOU, NOW.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Be off with you, now, don't you know
That it's only a passing show?
With cheeks like the roses of dawn,
And glances more bright than the star?
'Tis true that my heart is but small,
And my ringlets may curl like the vine;
But I'm not like an angel at all!
Nor am I the least bit divine.

So, be off with you, now, don't I see
You're deluding from eye until dawn;
My step may be bounding and free,
But I am not the least like a fawn!
But 'twas ever the method we know—
Since Adam in Eden began—
The women were sure to be true,
And necks were, of course, like the swan!

Come, be off with you, now—till you learn
To woo like a plain-dear'd youth;
Let your mind, if you love me, discern
To wit, you must woo me with truth!
In which you are ever so life—
That you promised to love me all hours,
As long as each other had life!

From the Cambridge Chronicle.

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY WILDE ARSE.

"Oh, dear! If my boys had only been girls,
how much better off I should have been. I
should not have to be slaving all day, as I do
now, without a soul to help me. The very sew-
ing for such a number of children is as much
as one woman ought to do." And poor Mary
Wirkard drew the pail from the well, with a
sigh. Just as she got it to the top, and stretch-
ed her hand out to take it from the pole, off it
slipped, and went back with a thump and a
splash into the water.

"There it is again! I do wish I could have
a proper hook, and not a miserable old nail
drove through the pole, for the pail to always
be slipping off."

After several efforts, the poor woman suc-
ceeded in getting some water and carried it in-
to the house. Hardly had she set it down, be-
fore in rushed four boys, screaming and clam-
oring, and never stopping to wipe or scrape the
mud from their boots, but depositing little heaps
of it all over the floor, as they raced to the ta-
ble and snatched up a loaf of fresh bread, ear-
nably pulling off some of the crust, and squab-
bling with each other for the biggest pieces.

"Let that bread alone, that's for supper,"
cried the mother, angrily, seizing it from them.
"How have you made it look! It is not fit for
the pigs. Look at my floor, too! there is dirt
enough to plant potatoes in. Go along out of
the house, all of you, till supper's ready. There
is some old bread you may have."

"Mayn't we have some molasses on it?"
was screamed in chorus.

"Yes, only go out of the house and eat it.
Here, you Robert, what are you holding up the
corner of your jacket for? You haven't torn
that new jacket I've a great mind to get a
stick and give you a good whipping. I shall
have to sit up all night to mend it, for you shall
go to school, days. It is the only peace I get,
when you are gone."

The boys were fine, stout, healthy looking
children, with merry black eyes, and open, hon-
est countenances. The oldest was twelve, the
youngest six. But they were rude, boisterous,
and full of mischief. Pell-mell they tumbled
out-doors, and began to chase the hens furiously
round the yard, sending them screaming and
cackling in all directions, and calling forth fresh
rebukes from their tried and troubled mother.
Then they rushed into the street, and taking their
caps filled them with stones to make a
dam across the largest mud-puddle. They soon
began to dispute, and threw the muddy water
over each other, half in fun, half in earnest,
till they looked as if it needed a river to wash them
in. So things went on, till their father came
home to supper, and seeing them in this condi-
tion, scolded them into the house.

Their advent was a fresh trial to the poor,
tired mother, and the supper time was principal-
ly occupied in lamenting over the carelessness
and dirtiness of her children, in spite of all
her hard work to keep them clean.

Mr. Wirkard was honest and industrious,
and provided abundant food, and sufficient
clothes for his family. He wished them to be
good, sent them to school, threatened to pull
their heads off when they were unusually trou-
blesome, and considered his duties fulfilled. The
house, in spite of all his wife's unaided efforts,
never looked neat; and the garden, beside some
vegetables, rejoiced in a regiment of strutting
weeds, whose seeds threatened to overrun the
neighborhood.

"I don't know how it is," soliloquized Mr.
Wirkard, as he went out to feed the pig—"I
believe I have got the worst boys of any round.
They never do nothing but mischief, and are
always so dirty I'm ashamed of 'em, except
Sundays, when they look as smart as any body's
boys, and are washed as clean as a penny
from head to foot. Now here's neighbor Or-
derly," continued he, looking over the fence,
"he works no harder than I do, and does not
in fact earn as much; his house looks as well
again as mine, and look at his garden! there
is not a weed in it, and such corn, and such
squashes—they beat mine out and out. And
what beautiful plums are getting ripe on that
tree; and that vine is loaded with grapes. I
don't see why my landlord can't put out some
trees here."

Here Mr. Wirkard happened to remember
that there were some fine plum and cherry trees
when he took the place, but his boys had swung
on and raked them till they died.

He turned away, and kicking aside some
chips and rubbish that littered the yard, he ex-
claimed impatiently—"Pshaw! if I had such a
wife as he has, things would go different!"
Lifting up the clothes-line, to pass under it,
it suddenly snapped, and down went the clothes
just ready to take in, into the mud, for no space
of green grass had been left in plowing the gar-
den.

"Plague on the rotten thing," he cried, an-
grily. "Here's a pretty mess." His wife came to the door with lamentations
and reproaches.

"I do hope you'll get a new line, and a win-
der, so that I can take care of it, and not have
to leave it out to rot away as this has. It is
too hard to have my work to do twice."

Let us look into neighbor Orderly's house.
It is near tea-time. The table is neatly spread
with a clean white cloth, and a tempting array
of plain, wholesome food. The tea-pot sits by
the fire, and a plate of warm biscuits is just ready
to set on the table. In one corner of the room,
on a table, stands a basket of clean clothes just
folded. On a shelf in the entry, is a box of
clothes-pin, and over it hangs the clothes-line
neatly wound. The floor of the room and of the
entry is as clean as the broom and the mop
can make it. Presently, five boys come into
the yard, the last one shoving the gate as he
enters. Every one of them scrapes his feet
on the doorstep, and wipes them on the mat.
With smiling faces they greet their mother,
and the youngest, a merry rogue of a four,
holds up his reward of merit, and claims a kiss
for being such a good boy; which the mother
readily gives. The caps are then all hung up
in their places, the school-books laid on a little

round table, ready to learn from in early even-
ing. The oldest boy puts the chairs to the ta-
ble, and the youngest runs to the door to meet
his father, who stops in the porch to wash his
hands and change his coat. At supper, the fa-
ther asks his children of their school, their les-
sons, the little events of the day, and tells some
interesting thing he has read or heard. After
tea, the boys put on their overalls, the oldest
one attends to feeding the pig, and then goes
round and picks up all the decayed fruit. The
two carry away all the rubbish. The younger
gather currants from the loaded bushes by the
fence, some boxes of which they will sell. The
father prepares the wood for the next day, and
brings in the water; looks over his garden
tools, hoes his corn, and sees to whatever wants
to be done. Then the mother having finished
her house-work, comes out as the sun is set-
ting, and they all enjoy together the beautiful
flowers, the promising vegetables, and the rip-
ening fruits. In the evening, the oldest boys
study, and the younger one reads, till eight o'-
clock, when all the children quietly put aside
their books, and with a pleasant good-night, re-
tire, after the prayer by their father.

In this family, each boy has his allotted du-
ties. As there are no girls, they do many things
to lighten the burden that necessarily falls rather
heavy on their mother. They brush their own
clothes, the older boys help the younger
dress, the oldest makes the fire in the morning.
They do the errands according to their ability;
the duty of one is to keep the yard neat and
clean, the duty of all to put every thing in its
place. They have their hours for play, and they
enjoy them famously, but they are just as
happy at their light tasks. They have learned the
secret that to be useful to others is to make
ourselves happy, and they will carry it through
life, for the habits the parents either give their
children or allow them to acquire, will almost
certainly grow up with them.

"My boys are as good to me as if they were
girls," said Mrs. Orderly, smiling, as some one
condoled with her on having such a troop of
boys; they are neyer in mischief, because their
leisure hours are usefully employed. They never
quarrel, for they have learned self-denial. But
then, perhaps if they had not such a good
father, it might not be so. But they are all
like him, gentle as girls, but brave and enter-
prising as men."

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, SEPT. 23, 1852.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

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

Postage on the Eastern Mail.

The postage on the MAIL, after the 30th inst., accord-
ing to the new newspaper law, will be as follows:—
To any Post office in the United States, or Territory,
out of Maine, six and a half cents per quarter.
To any Post office in Maine, and out of Kennebec Co.,
five and one fourth cents per quarter.

To any Post office in the County of Kennebec, free.
NOTE.—The above are the rates when paid in advance,
either at the Post office where the paper is mailed or de-
livered. The postage may be paid quarterly in advance
at the office where delivered if desired.

THE WHOLE COST.

Of the Mail, then, to each subscriber, for one year
will be as follows:—
Out of the State, \$1.75.
In the State, 1.63.
In the County, 1.50.

Fruit and the Fair.

A box of delicious fruit,—pears and apples
—from our friend Sanford Pullen, of this town,
must serve us as a text for a short exhortation
to fruit growers. Those who have tasted Mr.
Pullen's fruit, and who know how readily it
sells for good prices, can judge how well he
has been rewarded for the pains he has taken
in rearing an orchard. Several Orange pears in
the box sent us weighed twelve ounces each.
His Yellow Gage plums have sold readily in
our village at ninepence a quart, or at the rate
of four dollars a bushel. Many of his fruit
trees have not yet reached maturity; but we
question whether Mr. P., who is a prosperous
farmer, has ever invested labor or money in
anything that has yielded an equal profit. We
inquired of a farmer in Fairfield, recently, if
the three hundred apple trees in his orchard
were mostly grafted fruit. His reply was, "No,
and I'd give the rest of my farm to make them
so." No doubt he could afford to do so. The
value of a few acres, seasonably applied, would
have made them so. But the object of this ar-
ticle is to urge the growers of fruit to make a
good exhibition at the coming Fair. The season
has been unusually favorable for this de-
partment of the show; while in some other de-
partments it has been proportionally unfavor-
able. Those who are thus favored should feel
that their best efforts are due to the Society,
lest there should be an apparent flagging of in-
terest among its members. Fruit constitutes
one of the most important points to which the
Society's efforts should aim; and to this point,
at the coming Fair, special interest may easily
be given. It should be so. The matter rests
with the few who are so fortunate as to be held
directly responsible. First, as most interested,
Messrs. Taber, of the Vassalboro' Nursery—
Crowell, of the W. Waterville Nursery—Taylor,
Richardson and Cummings of Belgrade—
Atwood, Taylor, Goodwin and others, of Fair-
field—Britton, Keith and others of Winslow
and a score at least of successful fruit growers
in Sidney—not forgetting Mr. Pullen, the do-
nor of the luscious fruit now before us. We
have the pledge of the Committee on Fruit that
their best attention shall be given to their du-
ties. Premiums are not promised to all—and
what of that! They have a commendable pride
in their success. Their care and foresight have
given them luxuries which others, by careles-
ness or neglect, are compelled to buy. Let
them present them and rejoice—thanking God
if they please, that they are not as heedless as
other men."

At the adjourned town meeting, on Saturday
last, it was voted that the street leading from
the head of Elm street to Pleasant street be
known by the name of Centre street; the one
leading from Maine to Front, by the dwelling

of E. Noyes, Esq., by the name of Appleton
street; the one on the south side of the Com-
mon as Common street; the one leading from
Sherwin street to the Cemetery, as Summer
street; and the one from the Emerson Bridge,
by the Cemetery, as Grove street.

It was also voted to accept the boundaries of
the streets and roads in town, as run out and
established by the Selectmen, and to remove
certain obstructions.

Messrs. Sam'l Doolittle, I. S. Johnson and
Solyman Heath were chosen a Committee to
ascertain the cause of our present high taxes,
and to devise a method of reducing them, with
directions to report at the next annual meet-
ing.

For the Eastern Mail.

Medicinal use of Alcohol.

In many of our villages, and cities the peo-
ple have just cause to complain of the bad
quality of the water, and upon this is founded
a pretext for mixing alcohol with it; but this
is unfounded, for there is no quality in the wa-
ter so bad as the alcohol imparts to it, and cer-
tainly none to which it is an antidote. And yet
there are hogheads of ardent spirits, in its va-
ried forms, which are medicinally used on this
pretext; and then, forthwith, all the mischiefs of
the rum are set down to "our bad water." The
bar-keepers of the hotels and other grog-
shops, find it for their interest to cry down the
water, and pronounce panegyrics on the virtues
of mixing it, especially for strangers, who are
earnestly cautioned against using the water
without its being first made into sling, punch or
bitters. The following editorial advertisement,
cut from a daily paper of one of our western
cities, is proof to the point:—"We believe that
it is admitted by all classes of physicians that
brandy, in small doses, is good, both as a pre-
ventive and remedy of the injuries resulting
from drinking river water; but we must cau-
tion our friends against the use of a mixed or
spurious article. A pure and genuine article
can be obtained at Mr. —'s, where we believe
may also be found a genuine article of Old Port
Wine, and doubtless other old and good liquors,
kept expressly for medical use." This intelli-
cing is my own. Such an influence, springing
from its medical use, thrown around a stranger
visiting these places of bad water, has been
often the ostensible cause of manufacturing
drunkards; for persons have here learned to
use rum as a remedy for bad water so well, that
on their return home, they could not unlearn it,
and have never found any water good enough
to dispense with the addition which they found
so exhilarating and medicinal. I have often
been not a little amused at the willingness man-
ifested to take this medicine, even by those who
abhor physic in all its forms, whether vegeta-
ble or mineral; and however sensitive or deli-
cate the stomach in refusing castor oil, Jalap,
Podophyllum or No. 6, this kind of medicine
never excites nausea or disgust, though drug-
ged with Henbane, Logwood, Opium, Tobacco,
Nux Vomica, Oil of Vitriol, Arsenic and El-
der-berries. The fact that it is thus drugged
does not rest upon any anti-alcoholic authori-
ties, but upon the directions which any one may
find in the Brewster's and Vintner's Guide Book
and Manual for preparing the different liquors,
and giving to them the various qualities pecu-
liar to each, such as paleness, clearness, body,
head, color, briskness, &c. And when I have
seen those who were otherwise an ornament to
their profession; and worthy their country's
boast, encouraging this admixture of alcohol
and water, it has caused a thrill of mortification
and anguish through my heart, and a curse on
spiritual liquors to burst from my lips. But
still another and greater evil results from this
error, which is that thousands of those who love
rum are daily drinking it as a medicine for the
cure of imaginary diseases, or for the relief of
real maladies which its use as a medicine is
not only increasing, but has absolutely created.
Indeed, scarcely any man having pretensions to
character would, previous to the passage of the
Maine Law, publicly call for, or drink a single
glass of spirits without complaining of indispo-
sition as his apology for drinking it. Hence
the varied and opposite excuses which are of-
fered for drinking—such as 'pain or gonorrhea
at the stomach,' 'want of appetite,' 'indigestion,'
'chilliness,' 'headache,' 'weakness,' 'inability
to sleep,' 'dry or wet, hot or cold weather,'
'hard work, or idleness,' 'soft or hard water,'
and the like frivolous pretences; and in all such
cases it is taken 'not as a drink, but only as a
medicine.' Thus is the habitual use of spirituous
liquors in a vast proportion of cases, in
which it is now drunk, the result of the medi-
cal use, by which men have been taught that it
is not only right to drink rum, but useful and nec-
essary. At this crisis, in the onward march of
the temperance reformation, it appears to me
plain that nearly all the drunkness of the fu-
ture generation might be prevented, but for its
medical use.

The opinion of the indispensable necessity of
ardent spirits is fortified by another sentiment,
as erroneous and absurd as any other of the
vulgar errors I have been deprecating. It has
been reported until it has grown into a prover-
b, that persons who have daily accustomed
themselves to drinking spirituous liquors, even
if they desire to abandon the vice, and howev-
er many motives may justify them to refo-
rmation, must not quit suddenly, but continue
to use it as a medicine, gradually reducing the
quantity. Indeed, such are told that to quit
drinking suddenly will endanger their health
and even life itself; and marvellous instances
are often related of drunkards who have aban-
doned their habits suddenly, and very soon per-
ished for want of a little alcohol as a medicine.
Such stories are unfounded by whomsoever
told, and so long as they are believed and re-
peated, drunkness will be perpetuated; for
the very obvious reason that he who under-
takes to quit drinking rum little by little will
never do so.

This false notion is most pernicious in the

management of the disease, peculiar to rum-

drinkers, called delirium tremens, familiarly

known by the name of 'horrors.' It is most

generally attributed by the patient and his

friends, to the want of rum; but is, in fact, the

result of repeated excesses which have over-

thrown both the brain and the nervous system,

and involved all the powers of life in a drunk-

en frenzy. When a patient arouses from his

previous lethargy he is delirious, and exhibits

marks of fright. He sees before him, assassins

and fiends who have come to torment him, and

he struggles convulsively, and often shrieks in

agony. From this state he often rouses to the

rage and fury of a demoniac; and when more

calm he will call aloud for more rum, and ut-
ter the most horrid imprecations and blasphemy
if it is not granted him. While in this shock-
ing condition, so obviously induced by rum,
those about him give him more of the same
poison which has so nearly destroyed his life;
and this medicine is poured down until the pa-
tient falls a victim to the destroyer; and then
his death is very sagely accounted for by de-
ciding that he quit drinking too suddenly, or,
as is often the case, that his stomach would not
receive any more of the infernal medicine.—
This idea is as cruel and absurd, as it is plausi-
ble and popular; and it would be as rational
to attempt to extinguish fire by piling on fuel,
as to cure the disease arising from rum by giv-
ing more; the only difference is, that the cause
of the disease was taking rum as a drink, while
its cure is found in taking rum as a medicine
—a very important distinction, truly, and one
worthy of capitals and italics.

As corroboration of the orthodoxy of the
above, I subjoin the following remarks from
Dr. Stokes, for many years physician of the
Meath Hospital, Dublin:—"The ordinary prac-
tice, when a patient is admitted into hospitals,
laboring under an attack of delirium tremens
after a violent debauch, is to order a quantity
of porter, wine, brandy and opium; and the
worse he gets, the more is the quantity of stim-
ulants increased. Now, this practice seems to
me as ridiculous as the old principle of treat-
ing a case of hydrophobia, with a hair of the
dog that bit." Mercurius.

Waterville, Sept. 20th, 1852.

The State Election.

All parties seem tolerably well satisfied with
the result of the election, however little reason
some of them may appear to have for this sat-
isfaction. The opponents of the Liquor Law
are satisfied because Hubbard is not elected,
while the friends of that law are equally well
satisfied with the evidence they find that a vast
majority of the people of the State are on their
side. The Whigs are satisfied with their gain
in the Legislature, and the Democrats with the
evidence of what they might have done if they
had been united; while the Free Soilers are
satisfied that everybody knows they have a
noble reason to offer why their governor vote
was so small.

In 308 towns and plantations Hubbard has 37-
823, Crosby 27,447, Chandler 20,331, Holmes
and scattering 6,833—Hubbard wanting 5,668
of an election, so far as heard.

The Senate stands 14 Whigs and 7 Demo-
crats elected. The House 79 Democrats to
65 Whigs. The Senate consists of 31 mem-
bers, and the House of 151.

For the Eastern Mail.

Alcohol as a Medicine.

I have noticed in your paper, for a few
weeks past, a series of articles with the signa-
ture of MEDICUS, on the medical use of al-
cohol, designing without doubt to prove the en-
tire abandonment of alcohol in medicine, not
only compatible with the well-being and de-
velopment of the Science, but also absolutely
necessary. Medicus presumes and well he
may, that his scheme may be called ultra and
Utopian, and until a total revision is had in
the Materia Medica of the Science; until the
practice of the fathers of medicine shall be
pronounced an abomination, and their hono-
rable name in oblivion, will his well-grounded
apprehensions have their full realization. Old
father Esculapius and Hippocrates would cry
out with amazement, knew they with what im-
punity the wisdom of ages is thrown to the of-
f, by some young disciple, either to pander to
the scruples of the skeptical, or satisfy their
own prejudices. This idea illustrates, too glaring-
ly, the radical tendency of the human mind
and the liability involving every reform, of be-
ing choked off by conservatism or drowned in
blind enthusiasm. I will not attempt to prove
that alcohol is indispensable, by a full refuta-
tion of his arguments, but will merely suggest
a few ideas to a practitioner, whose long expe-
rience has proved the medical use of alcohol the
source of all evil—that Gorgon monster whose
very sight strikes down the beholder—whose
very atmosphere is as pestiferous as the Styg-
ian fen, and that charmed seducer who has but
to tempt to win.

In the first place, to prove that the medical
use of alcohol is the cause of very much im-
temperance, he resorts to very unfair argu-
ments. The abuses of the dark ages are re-
sorted to with all the savagery imaginable, and
the gross impositions of quacks, nostrum ven-
dars and egotistical nurses are heralded forth
as the evils growing out of its use. Because
some pseudo doctor has suckled the child on it
and eased tottering age to the grave by it what
does it all prove? The same arguments can
be applied to every article of the Dispensary.
All have stood first in the category of anti-
vernal Panaceas, and almost all, in their un-
warranted use by ignorant or designing per-
sons, have proved a scourge paramount to old
king alcohol as a medicinal agent. If this is
your argument, down with your opium, lobelia,
calomel, &c., for they all, in the hands of im-
postors, have been the dispensers of disease
and death. But even, though owing to the fal-
libility of human judgments, or the willing
knavery of the ambitious, it is not always fa-
ciously administered and thereby lays the
foundation of that insatiable appetite, with its
awful doom, must science pay the penalty?

But he goes still farther and reasons that be-
cause its medical use affords a subterfuge for
a more indiscriminate use, we had better fore-
go its advantages and exterminate the monster.

Does not the right of property make the taker
a thief?—then abandon the right. Does not
the assassin under the cloak of night plunge the
ruthless dagger?—then turn day into night.
An Infante Being none the less designed recre-
ation essential to human happiness and pros-
perity, because some in their depravity seek
it at the gambling board or a night at 'Monk
Hall'; nor 'alcohol' because some will drink
themselves into 'gastritis' or an aggravating
but not, as represented by 'Medicus', similar
disease, dyspepsia. I contend, that a judicious
medical use does not lay the foundation of
premature decay and death in infants, nor in-
still that taste which leads to a drunkard's grave.
When given as a stimulant in medicine it is
when the vital powers are sinking and the sense
of taste and smell as perverted, that it would
be impossible to 'relish' or appreciate the most
palatable viands or cordials. Who has ever
contracted a relish during a fit of sickness, or
who, in their experience, has failed to contract
a dislike for many very palatable articles from
their real of fancied resemblance, either in taste
smell or look, to some nauseous medicine, taken
when prostrated by disease? When the body
has released itself from the gnawings of disease
and responds more vigorously to uses of reme-
dies, even then, they are administered in such
quantities, accompanied with such restrictions
or drugged with sickening bitters, as to render
them decidedly obnoxious. Says the distin-
guished Dr. Paris, the moderate use of al-
cohol does not give rise to the many diseases at-
tributed to it.

Again, has the learned 'Medicus' suggested
any equivalent, for this much used remedy, al-
cohol? If not, why cry out against it and de-
nounce it on account of its abuses? Perhaps
he would rather have those die, who might
need alcohol (for he cannot gainsay that lives
have been saved by its use), than risk the
'thousandth chance' of entailing the curse of
intemperance. If alcohol is so dispensable
why are our text books teeming with its use?

Why are not some equivalent remedies sug-
gested? Why does Duglison pronounce it
the 'best' in 'adynamic fevers'—Sir Benjamin
Brodie, in 'inflammatory mortification'? Why
does Watson recommend it on almost every
page? Why does Parcive specify its virtues
in his 'Materia Medica'? What shall we do
for a solvent of many resins? What shall we
do for an evaporating lotion? What shall we
do for exciting refrigerants? Congress would
not have had the privilege of voting 100,000
dollars to the inventor of ether, nor the suffer-
er the balm in Gilead for all pains. Where
would be one of our most valuable antiseptic
agents? Echo says where!

Something New.

And we have it in our fingers. Three or
four days ago the pen with which we write, at-
tached to a heavy pen-holder, was thrown sev-
eral times, point foremost, upon the stove; then
as many times forcibly into the plastering, and
as many more into the floor. Finding after
all this abuse that it was uninjured, and wrote
smoothly, we thrust it into our inkstand, where
any ordinary pen is sure to yield its usefulness
in ten to fifteen hours. There it has soaked to
this time, and yet shows no symptoms of yield-
ing a hair. We are assured that nothing less
than "fifty-five days in aquafortis" will cause
it to give up its point. We have four more
just like it, and expect them to carry us through
the year—for which service three hundred and
sixty-five ordinary pens have hardly been com-
petent. Such pens are a wonder; and though
these are from England, we venture, as their
manufacture is about to commence in N. York,
to commend them to Yankees as the nicest ar-
ticle in use. Messrs. Pray & Goodwin, of this
place, have the sole agency for Waterville,
Winslow, Skowhegan, Norridgewock and An-
son. They are certainly superior to any pen
we have used, and if they endure but a quarter
as long as warranted will be sure to satisfy the
most economical buyer.

King Alcohol on Trial.

We are glad to find that Alcohol has found
a champion. His last stronghold is the sick-
room, and his only competent defender there
the physician. His passport comes from the
Doctor; and towns, cities and States are com-
pelled to acknowledge its potency. 'We must
have it for medicine,' says the Doctor; and
the town is compelled to furnish a depot where
his orders are answered. 'The bearer may
have two quarts of new rum,' writes the Doc-
tor, and somebody's sore leg, or somebody's
sick baby is held responsible for the absurdity.
'Such a terrible diarrhoea!' grunts a fellow
who enters the agency with both hands on his
abdomen, and a bottle in his pocket. 'We
must have it for medicine,' says he, and 'O,
yes,' says the agent as he fills the bottle. Thus
hundreds and thousands of gallons of new rum
are passed over the Doctor's shoulder, while
the same Doctor is trying to save from delir-
ium tremens the very men who drink it. It is
time, and high time, the Doctor says his posi-
tion. He is responsible for nine-tenths of the
drunkenness that curses society. Think of it,
Doctor! 'My wife got new baby,' is the
Frenchman's draft for any amount of new rum
—and you are the endorser! By your prac-
tice, or by your tacit assent, all these absurd-
ities are tolerated. How much rheumatism,
and colic, and diarrhoea do you believe is cured
by alcohol?—and how much is sold for this
pretended purpose under the excuses you have
suggested? Where hogheads are sold, are
even girls really necessary? And are you not
indirectly responsible for all the falsehoods—the
pretences, aches, and sores, and poor appetites,
and lame backs—by which men and women
procure rum to get drunk with?—and with
which they make the appetites that make drunk-
ards? Go to the town, city, and State, and then
ask them, should science pay the penalty?

Now, Doctor, if these things are so, will you,
in the name of humanity, stand up in the face
of a deceived community and correct the er-
ror? You can do more than the occupants of
a thousand pulpits. You are the father of the
life, and retraction belongs to you. You can
reach the enemy behind his last bulwark, and
the world combined cannot do it while you
stand in the way. Will you do it?—or will
you continue to write 'Let the Bearer have a
quart of new rum!'

(We commend the articles of 'Medicus' and
'F.' to the careful notice of our readers.)

Interesting to Delinquents.

Geo. W. Hussey, Vassalboro', a young man,
in good health and with a good trade, has re-
ceived our bill twice without calling at the of-
fice.

T. J. Huntton, W. Waterville, need not look
at the post office for the Mail any longer.

John S. Lassel, Burnham, pays no attention
to the bill we sent him. Can't live on his pe-
troneage.

Philander Work, Dixmont, has worked us
out of several years' papers. He is welcome
to the good name we give him! See if he can
work anything out of that.

Two subscribers in Clinton—one in Winslow
—two at Kendall's Mills—one in Pahrna—
two in this village and several in other places,
may have another week in which to settle their
three-year-old accounts, or at least to call and
see us.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE AND PAR

