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THE THREE ADMIRERS.

"When shall we four meet again?" said Arthur Egerton. "Not till three years have passed away," answered Clara. "For Campbell says it will be three years before he returns to the land of his birth. And I shall be left alone with only one of my 'three admirers' as every lady calls you." "And George," said Louis Campbell, "will be considered the successful admirer, because he will be left behind with you. Propinquity will give him the advantage." "I will not agree to that," said Arthur, "the people that seem the nearest to us are often the farthest off. I discovered it was really a Polynesian who helped me up from the ice yesterday, while my next door neighbor looked out of his window, and laughed at the occurrence." "And you," answered George, "at Clara's elbow, leave it to me to ask her if I shall bring her some grapes. I shall have to lean forward very awkwardly to relieve her of her plate." Very awkwardly, too, did George let it fall upon the floor. The beautiful piece of china was broken into four pieces. Louis was about to give them to a servant— "Stop a moment," cried Clara. "See! The plate is broken into four pieces. Each of my three admirers shall take a piece. I will keep one myself. There is a forget-me-not on one piece, that is for Mr. Campbell, as he goes away the farthest."

It was right and proper that Mary's brother should be at home in the house where she was born. And Mary could not imagine to be a very dangerous person, for he was a great traveller, now here, now there. One of the kind, she said, that never gathered any more. It was not, however, without some inward misgivings, that Aunt Mary saw Louis Campbell take his departure for Canton, on the same day that Arthur Egerton left for the West, while Clara remained behind, apparently heart broken. As there is born into some women an eagerness for match-making so there is ingrained in others, a shuddering horror of an approaching engagement. In the young circle over which they watch, Aunt Mary would have been one of the first to congratulate Clara on the prospect of a happy settlement, or an engagement, after the preliminaries should be settled, yet if an indifferently observer hinted a match likely to come off, or suggested that two people had a fancy for each other, no one could be more eager than Aunt Mary, to snuff the match, and separate the destined lovers, or destroy, at a blow, the inevitable consequences that might ensue. Three years, sometimes pass very quietly on. In Clara's circle, they made but little impression. They brought forward a set of young girls, to whom Clara graciously yielded her place among the pinks. The young set might criticize her style of dancing, yet they were not unwilling she should form a part of the festoon that encircled their German quadrille. Apart of every sort was still incomplete without Clara. A younger sister was an excuse for her to go to all the young parties where she received as much admiration as the younger belle. Clara had received from each of the travellers, a particular journal of their doings. Arthur Egerton's was sent to his sister Mary, and Clara through her was acquainted with its contents, while Campbell's was boldly addressed to Clara herself. In this way, she felt well informed of their proceedings. And she felt equally with those of Louis Campbell. Some part of every day he spent at her own house, lounging in, in the morning, to talk about the evening before, or bring a friend to dine, or in the evening insisting that Clara and her sister, with Aunt Mary should go to see the new farce. An unexpected visit of cousin George's character had lately developed itself to her. Clara was one day, visiting some poor people in the upper story of a house, each room of which was filled with some of the most destitute of population. The poorest man whose sufferings and that of his family, she had come to relieve, needed some aid to raise him in his bed. Clara, hearing a step in the water, hastened to the door. She met the wife of the old man, whom she called to help her, but her attention was arrested by a familiar voice, at the opposite door. It was that of cousin George. Some one seemed to be asking a favor of him, and she was refusing. "I will have the whole rent, and nothing but the rent. If that does not come to-morrow, you shall go. There are plenty who will beg of a chance to come in here." Clara shut the door, that she might not hear more, and was soon too much occupied to think of what she had heard, then. Afterwards, she shuddered, at the tone of voice, such as she had never before heard cousin George assume. In the afternoon, she spoke of her protégée to her sister. He was very eager to do what he could to assist them. He begged she would call upon him, whenever she needed aid in her charitable projects. Clara accepted largely of his proffers. It seemed an inconsistency that cousin George should pay his own rents in this way. But he made no confession. He never spoke to her of his own business affairs. It was a private gratification to her, throughout his life, in this homage that he rendered to the outward charity that was required of him—obliging him to make amends for the private meanness he was ashamed to confess. Clara discovered that this homage was the only one of this kind of property that he owned, and she was careful that the occupants should not suffer from the oppressive tyranny of their landlord. But this discovery was made but a short time before the return of Louis Campbell and Egerton. Aunt Mary groaned in spirit when she heard the Ohio had arrived at New York. Louis Campbell had been to California, after a year or two in Canton. The same morning brought a note from Mary Egerton, from Savannah to Clara: "He has come! Arthur has come home. We will be with you this evening, if you will let us."

"Why should we seem like strangers indeed?" said Louis Campbell. "I have been in a very different sphere, but I could easily imagine what was going on at home." "And our surprised journals," said Louis, "they have kept you informed of us." "I valued your present highly," said Clara, "that you sent me from Canton. I have shown it to no one, for something peculiar has happened to it." "It was taken from an etagere a china plate. It was one Louis had ordered to be made in China in imitation of the original plate, that had been broken the last evening he had passed at home. The workman had also imitated with Chinese precision, the cracks made by the several pieces. Louis started as he looked at it. "It arrived here," said Clara, "but a few months ago, this little break appeared in the edge. I have always kept it in my room, and I could not at all account for its being so broken." "The broken place is in the counter-part to my piece," exclaimed Louis, thoughtfully. "It is very strange." "I can't say much for your artist's eye for color," said George, "the leaves are decidedly yellow. Now you know we all admire the rich coloring, in the green leaves on my piece." "Ah," started Louis, "but the green was very brilliant when I sent it away!" "And when I first received it," Clara would have said, but a rustling of the wax upon the stairs, Annie with Mary Egerton, and Aunt Mary, came in from the next room, and the party began. "It is very strange," said Arthur to Clara in the course of the evening "to find one's self back in the same old circle, with the same customs and ceremonies of life, going on around us. A nephew filled the room from the profession of the three years of Oregon, and Saint St. Marie, and all that, or to look back upon it as if the history were the pages of some book of travel. I had read last night over the fire, something in which the author had carried me along with him, but out of which I could drop easily into my career of life." "And you," said Clara, "only then, it was one life seemed to you like a dream, and your own activities were the reality." "It was very far from being so," said Arthur. "In travelling, I always felt as if I were one of the Great Ones, and I felt as if I had given up all my free will for this passion for locomotion; and I look with wonder at myself, that I consent to be its victim, and leave behind the pastoral pictures of home." "Very pastoral, this scene is!" exclaimed Clara. The large orchestra was sending out a full sweep of music, and by its enchanting tones, graceful figures were gliding through the room. Dazzling white muslin, and brilliant colored and contrasted with each other, as did the delicate floating drapery of the maidens, with the heavy velvet folds of the dress of the matrons. A superb perfume filled the room from the profusion of flowers. These flowers had been brought up and were used to just such an atmosphere, and it was the hour, too, for them to send out gladly their varied perfume. Only large plants loaded with camellias, that stood around and looked down upon the scene, seemed to be irresponsible beauty, to look with some disdain upon the lighter flowers that were so redundant of their odor. But it was the next day at eleven o'clock that Clara had agreed to meet: old friends more quietly in the library. George had hinted that something decisive and important ought to be done and said on this occasion. And the two others felt also that the time had come when their feelings towards Clara, which three years had only developed the more, must be confessed to her and submitted to her decision. Louis appeared rather sad and serious. It was unusual with him. "I have brought with me, my piece of porcelain," he said "you will be surprised to see that it has just such a break in it as the original. It was four months ago, that it appeared. And when it came, I took it as a prick of conscience. It reminded me of a failure in my promises to you. You know you told us that last evening, when we were regretting we could no longer be at hand to do for you daily services, you told us we must go to our last, to help on other people—anybody we came across, who might be in suffering and distress. My piece of porcelain broke just as I had neglected to do this." "I know it," said Clara, "the day that I received your journal from Chagres, there came one from Arthur. He told me of a severe accident that happened to him on his way to Panama. He had fallen from his horse. He said that a party going in the other direction, refused to stop at the earnest entreaties of those who were with him, to give him any assistance. He was in a little fever, senseless, with a wound in his head, many days; two poor Indians who were his guides—don't interrupt me, Arthur Egerton were his only companions. And this American party passed by, without offering any assistance." "Don't go on," interrupted Arthur, "if I could have had any idea who were of the party—" "You would never see me," continued Clara, "as you did, an easy upon the advantage of evasion upon refining the feelings. Louis's letter in part excused him, for it showed me his haste in travelling, and how necessary it was to reach a certain point, to meet the steamer. But his dates showed me conclusively, too, that you must have passed within a few days of each other, and you were not together." "Perfect Evangelines!" exclaimed George. "But let us see your remnant of plate," asked Louis of George. "Does this copy the truth with regard to your green leaves. Perhaps you are not imitable." "You will see," said George, "that it is proved, that green is not a fast color, but changes with time." "They are the same sickly yellow, as those on the Chinese plate!" cried Clara. "At this moment, Aunt Mary burst open the library door, and Annie rushed in—" "Clara, Clara, a telegram from Helena—she

was just arrived, and Walter is on Board. She is very ill, and she has had a very bad attack. But this is his own telegraph—oh come and tell mamma." Clara would have followed them out of the room, but George, much disturbed, interposed. "I declared this morning should be a decisive one! You shall not leave this room till you have told me which of us three you are going to give up. But if you say no, Walter must be left in charge of your property and his family. Your mother's, all the rest, I was involved. But I speculated, I was involved. I fancied you encouraged me, that what was yours would be mine sometime or other, and in short, it has all gone the same way. I declare to you I meant that all should stand right, by the time Walter returned. But here is a year earlier than expected. But if you will entrust all to me, and believe in my energy, if you will let me tell Walter that you have promised yourself to me, and that you leave your affairs to me, I promise you that when you marry me, every thing that was yours shall still be yours, and I will never touch your own again. But if you say no, Walter must know all, the whole affair will be blown to air, and I shall blow my own brains out!" Clara leaned on the table to support herself, the last glass—the porcelain plate fell upon the floor, and all the separate pieces. They were all crushed to atoms, but two—that in the shape of a heart, and Clara's piece," as she called it. "You see," said Louis, "to George—" "You may as well let this settle the affair. You and I have both been faithless in our promises to Clara. Arthur is the only one who has remained true. She must choose for herself. But you and I must retire from the field. Don't turn away. Our compact has always been support each other, as these separate pieces, of porcelain sustained each other in their position. We are not quite so fragile as we are. I came home with an East Indian fortune. I had my hopes and my plans, I would have gladly devoted all to Clara. She will not let me, I must devote it to the person nearest. You said that in a year, you could restore affairs to what they were before. It shall be my business to help you in this. Before Walter's return we can arrange everything. We will leave Egerton to take care of Clara's affairs."

Louis took George from the room, and left Arthur to discover if his penetration were true. Clara allowed Arthur, "the man I had given up must hasten to mamma," but he departed quite radiant with pleasure. A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE. The following facts possess some striking points of interest. We may promise that the story is strictly true, the names only, for obvious reasons, being suppressed. In the year 1837, a young woman, of decent parentage, engaged in the service of a clergyman's family in the west country, became acquainted with and formed an attachment to a young man in the neighborhood. A child, the result of this attachment, was ultimately, from the inability of either of the parents to support it, consigned to the care of the grandmother on the father's side. The mother had frequent opportunities of seeing and hearing of her boy while she remained in that quarter of the country, but some time afterwards, she left the neighborhood and removed to a distance. Thereafter the father left the same district also, and removed to Ireland, taking the boy along with him. Some years passed away; the boy, being ignorant of each other's place of residence, the mother, after using means to discover whether her child had been removed, gave up all hope of obtaining the much desired intelligence. She conducted herself well in the gentleman's family in which she served, and in a few years she was able to marry, and was blessed with a respectable tradesman, which, after candidly relating to him the circumstances of her previous life, he was, by reason of his attachment to her, induced to repeat, and she gratefully accepted the offer. In the prosecution of his business he soon thereafter removed to Glasgow, where he commenced business as an engineer. The father of the boy, in the mean time, had also married, and by him the youth, when he grew up, was sent to and completed his apprenticeship with an engineer in Ireland. Subsequently the lad went to Glasgow in search of, and obtained employment, by a singular coincidence, and without knowledge on either side of the relationship, from the engineer, who, as he has stated, had married the boy's mother; and from the fact of her not having seen him since he was an infant, she never suspected, and indeed could not possibly have recognized him as her long lost boy. It appears that a brother of the lad's father happened to keep a book-keeping office for parents, &c., in the city, and to him, among others, the father had sometimes, in his letters, alluded to the relations of his boy, and his natural curiosity to know what had become of her. The young man was occasionally in the habit of calling on his father's brother, and reading or talking him. Some letters passed away; the boy, being over any mutual letters they might receive from his father in Ireland. It chanced one day that a well-dressed, and even lady-like woman entered the office to book a paper. The man fixed his eyes upon her, and said he had some distant recollection of having seen her before, and begged with all civility to inquire whether, in her youth she had been in employment as a servant at a man's in the west country, which he named. The lady replied that she had, and, ever anxious regarding her boy, and having no reason for complaint, eagerly inquired if he could give her any tidings of her son, or if he knew any thing concerning him. The man told her that he was the brother of the boy's father, that having seen her in former years, he remembered and recognized her countenance, and if she would call at his office on the succeeding evening at seven o'clock, he would make arrangements whereby her son would be in attendance, and she might see him. The interest and anxiety, it may be imagined, of this woman was great. She had not heard of her boy, after many vain endeavors, for the long space of twenty years—not even by letter, and here, by a single accident, when she least expected it, she was on the fol-

lowing evening to see and converse with him. She immediately went home, and told the circumstances to her husband, and deep was the interest he also took in the matter which so much concerned her; for she had been to him a good and faithful wife, and if she had erred, she had washed it away with long sorrow and repentance; and he of all others, had fully and freely forgiven her. The intervening time, it may be supposed, assumes long and tedious, and it was with an anxious eye, and palpitating heart, that she entered the office of the book-keeper, the succeeding evening, a few minutes before the appointed hour. The man informed her that the lad had not yet arrived, but would be there soon, and, handing her a seat, told her that he would close a half shutter of the side window when he came in, by which signal she would know that it was her son who entered. People came and went for a considerable time, and the mother's feelings and anxiety were every moment increasing when one of her husband's workmen entered the office. She instinctively turned away her head, for she liked not that one in her husband's service should observe her at such an anxious time; but as that instant the half shutter was hastily closed; for she was indeed her son who had entered. She gazed at him as he stood in his prime, and her wonder was great that she should recognize in one of her husband's workmen her long lost son; but the preceding anxiety and the shock were too much, and as she looked she became pale and fainted away. Restoratives were immediately procured, and, after her being completely recovered, the explanation of the extraordinary circumstances was communicated to the son. Although he had had frequent occasion to speak to his mistress, there had not been the least suspicion on either side of the close relationship. They went home to her husband's house and his place of business together. Her husband was amazed, as well he might be, at the turn matters had taken, and indeed it was a subject of deep interest and wonder to all of them. He was pleased to find that his wife's son was doing so well, for, of course, as his master, he knew him well; and shortly afterwards, having seen influence with his friends in his behalf, and knowing the lad's ability, he procured for him a situation as engineer on one of the English railroads, which he still holds. Only about ten months ago, the lad interceded and obtained for his father a subordinate situation on the same line of railway. The subdued and grateful thoughts of the mother may well be imagined. Her husband was amazed, as well he could, not in any degree abate the feelings of maternal attachment; and though she had often deplored the error of the youth, it was with feelings of thankfulness and a gladdened heart, she contemplated the extraordinary chain of circumstances, which, under Providence, had restored to her, after such a protracted separation, the child of her affections.—Scotch Journal. A Love Scene Cut Short. A young friend of ours—who shall be named—a matchless waltz and punster, and gifted with the keenest relish for fun of every description, became ardently enamored of a delicate young lady, the daughter of a heavy grocer residing on Euclid st. They met, 'twas at a ball, and at the close of a short waltz, he found himself spotted through the heart—done for—"Poo! he said, when he returned home, "all gammon! I've laughed at such nonsense all my life-time. This milk and water sentiment, Love, belongs to the flats," and he opened a favorite volume of Tom Hood. It was of no use, though—the graceful form of Amelia "blurred every page." He retired to bed, and it delightfully haunted him in his dreams. The next morning, on reviewing his condition, he concluded that matrimony would prove the only relief, and with the natural impetuosity of youth, determined to declare his passion at once; especially, since the fair Amelia was, at that time, the host of visitors drawn thither by her own charms, and the more restless fascination of the paternal "hams and shoulders." He decided quickly, and the next evening saw him scrupulously attired, cap-a-pie, at the door of the grocer's dwelling. One modest pull at the bell, and he was ushered into the presence of his charmer. She was seated, and she sat blithely that rose—her cheeks showed how "the land lay." She was "dressed to kill," in expectation, undoubtedly, of other visitors. By her side stood a tolerably large mastiff—a family pet—an animal well calculated to leave a good first impression, especially on the mind of our young friend, who was a regular devotee to the whole canine race. Smothering his antipathy, however, and knowing well the value of time, he advanced to the "adored," took the proffered chair, and exchanged the ordinary compliments of the evening—there was then an awkward pause. Our young friend knew no other topic but his burning love; he stammered, blushed, equated at the ceiling and felt that he was making a fool of himself. Things were coming to a crisis, and with one desperate summons up of his courage he flung himself at the charmer's feet. "My dear Amelia," he cried, seizing her passionately by the hand, "how can I tell you of my love, the rapture that I feel in your presence when I bow—how I adore you!" "How come! how come!" roared the huge mastiff, rushing fiercely up and catching the "lover" by the leg. Our young friend sprang to his feet, and mad with rage and confusion, planted a heavy boot in the intruder's ribs and sent him yelping across the room. Amelia shrieked—the dog recovered himself and bounded forward for a second attack. It is quite needless to say that our young friend left the room instantly. He now hates the woman as badly as the demitison dog loves!

OLD HABITS—Hiram Powers. Extract of a letter from an American residing temporarily in Florence. My correspondent is engaged in putting up some fixtures, and thus describes some of the vexatious incidents of a dependence on the mechanics of that city: He says: "In America I might be saved all this loss of time; but here, where the carpenters have nothing but a red-hot poker to bore deep holes with, not an auger in all Florence! what can be expected from other mechanics? A part of my room is fitted up like a blacksmith's shop; where I hammer through my difficulties as best I may. But, you will ask, how do the Florentines get on? Why they get on as their grandfathers did. They work without tools, and take as much time to do a thing, as a Yankee would require to do it twice or thrice over. What would you think to see a man sawing wood holding the wood in both hands and the saw-frame between his knees, bobbing up and down over it, with the perspiration dripping from his nose? And yet this is the way that the sawyers all do here. Every thing is inside out, or wrong end foremost, in this country. The gimlets are made to turn the reverse of ours; axes are shaped like grubbing hoes; and plows are made from a forked tree. Even the sculptors are incorrigible. Our celebrated fellow-citizen, Powers, has invented and constructed many ingenious tools and great improvements in the art; and, although all praise and admire, none will adopt them. For instance, Mr. Powers, to prevent his models drying in the intervals between work, or in the night time, has an oil-cloth cylinder suspended over the work from a pulley. When this is drawn down, the air is effectually excluded, and there can be, of course, no evaporation. Well, the native artists have been to see it; but as it never had been done by Canova, they couldn't make up their minds to try it.—They returned to their studios, and still adhere to the old method, which is to swathe the clay statue from head to foot with wet bandages of muslin. This soon rots, and soils the clay with slime; and besides, it rubs away the delicate modeling. It also requires considerable time to put it on and take it off, whereas, by Mr. P.'s method, it is done in an instant. But Mr. Powers has gone even beyond all this, for now he models his statues without the use of clay at all. He has discovered a process by which he makes the plaster as impalpable as clay, thus saving both expense and time. This is an immense improvement; but, nevertheless, the old fogies shake their heads at it, as much as to say, 'Our grandfather's didn't do things in this manner.' Before closing, I ought to tell you that Mr. P. is blocking out his America in a spotless piece of Marble. It is of the natural size of America, if you can guess what that is; or about six feet one inch high. I wish Congress would order it made of colossal size, say ten or twelve feet high, and put it in the place of the ten-piper player on the eastern portico of the Capitol. It is rather an oversight in the Great West to neglect their renowned fellow-citizen, whose genius was first excited on the banks of la belle riviere."—National Intelligencer. STATUE OF ETHAN ALLEN.—Of Kinsey's statue of Ethan Allen, now on exhibition at Burlington, Mr. Saxe says, in the Free Press of city: "The colossal statue of Ethan Allen we pronounce wonderful. It is the length and breadth, the depth and power of Ethan Allen, morally and historically considered, and nothing else. It is an artistic realization of one of the most practical and common-sense characters that ever lived, it is an incarnate idea, and what is more, it is the incarnation of a popular idea. No one who sees this remarkable statue doubts for a moment that it is an actual likeness of Ethan Allen. It is nobody else. It is Ethan Allen in his physical, no less than in his intellectual characteristics. Nobody mistakes it for an intended representation of anybody else. And, therefore, Mr. Kinsey has shown the power of his genius in its creation. It is a creation. COLLIER DIALOGUE.—A Freshman meets a senior in the college hall. Freshman—Will you tell me, sir, is facerias difficult? Senior—Well, I believe it won't be to me. Freshman, (much relieved)—I'm glad that, for our class are going to take it next week. Senior, (reflecting)—Let me see, what language did he write in? Freshman, (surprised)—Greek. Senior, (still uncertain)—Is Greek the language with the funny little crooked letters? Freshman, (astounded)—Certainly! Senior, (his doubts removed)—Oh, well, then, it was hard—confoundedly hard.—Lancet. A colony of planters is organizing in South Carolina with from five to eight hundred slaves. They have a memorial to the California Legislature, asking leave to settle there with their slaves.