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THE ORGAN OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORM. PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE Ben Franklin Steam Printing House BY CALEB CLARK.

Poetry.

MAY WRENCHES. BY ALICE CAREY. Do you hear the wild bird calling— Do you hear the blue bird calling— From their roosting wings apart!

A CHICKENED LIFE. A fellow known about the town Now lives on Blackstone street, Whose objects in this existence Are somewhat peculiarly quaint.

Selected Tale.

BETTY VAN ANTWERP. A Legend of the Revolution. BY REV. S. LOCKWOOD. "O' pass g'one, d'abit Deas his quogue in— Great you 'er horse, but God shall give an end—'—

check upon. This caused the maid to weep also. An interval of silence succeeded in which Betty, in her perplexity, had well-nigh spoiled a white rosette, which she was making for her 'bride's gear,' and the matron actually dropped three stitches in her knitting; a thing which never before could any neighbor bring against Mrs. Van Antwerp, for if there was any thing on which she 'prided' herself above other folk, it was that she had a daughter who never, in all her life disobeyed her parents, and who knew the Heidelberg Catechism by heart, without being told a single word, (as a reward and testimony of which Dominie Von Twiller gave her one of his best Christmas sermons in Dutch); and lastly, that she herself never dropped a stitch in knitting. Thus to think the stockings she was knitting were of the best lamb's wool, and intended as a present for the dear old Dominie. How provoking! It is due the good woman to say, that her temper did not sour on this trying occasion. Perhaps Betty who was reputed to have 'good mother-wit,' did not give it time, for she broke the silence.

"Just so, Betty," urged Benson, "and you know that the Dutch church in New York, when the Pascopals came over from England, told their church for them to serve God in." "That of the bridegroom, was in keeping with his time. The fabric was homely, cloth, the coat of Quakerish style—the waistcoat, long, reaching below the hips—knee-breeches, white lamb-wool stockings, well-greased and substantial brogans, and the hair done up in a one behind, being rather short, had an obstinate way of sticking out at a right angle to the back of his well-combed head; the whole in those days, was esteemed a suit to be admired. The door opened, and Pompey, his eyes rolling like two pigeon's eggs, made his appearance. "Massa Van Antwerp, dis gemoon am de Behrand Massa Goodheart, de Pascopale minister."

"Go, my Benson—and while you are away, I will pray God for you. The wedding suit could not be better worn than in the cause of freedom." "May God keep you," said the young man with difficulty, for he was almost choked. "Remembering the bride, he kissed her forehead, feeling her forehead sinking, that gentle being hung upon him like a lily on its natural stem. Gently separating himself, the young volunteer for freedom reached the open door, and with averted face, lest his resolution might fail, and his flowing tears be seen, he waved his right hand behind him in token of adieu, then broke away with his comrades, leaving the bride, her aged parents, the good minister, and all maiden guests absorbed in tears. The clergyman, as if he had forgotten something, came back on the road, and as he stepped from the door, he cried out with a solemn voice: "God's great blessing be on you, ye brave sons of our hope! The God of battles go with you; for the Lord hath a sacrifice in Borzak, and a great slaughter in Idames! I, Lord of hosts, speed you, and cause you to come again with conquest, from Edom, and with died garments from Hozrah!" "Oh father!" said the bride, recoiling at the remembrance of her dream, "that dark and mournful something!" "The old man shook his head. But not a word. "Oh, sir," said the maid to the minister, her own hands clasped in the attitude of supplication, "won't you pray for my Benson?"

"The vision of the spirit is broken, for a voice of earth has come to the bereaved one—" "Come, daughter, come!" "Yes, come, Missy—come down, I've Pompey come back, and I've brought something for you. De work dat God gib me, I hab done. "But there was not a moment, ere, like a deer, young Eltinge sprang up and caught in his arms the sinking girl. Pearly joy-drops fell from those loving eyes, and in a slow, firm tone went up from maiden lips—" "I thank thee, father, that I have not trusted thee in vain." "Well well!" ejaculated the old man, when he did come to his senses, for it seemed that he never would, "it is better to trust in God than in dreams." "Yes," said the old lady, "it's a miracle complete, and if the Dominie will favor us, we'll have a sermon on it, in the barn, next Lord's day." "It's the wedding-day, after all," suggested the father, "that starry night threw its mantle of love around that bridal chamber, and ministering angels whispered tender assurances, as they kept their spiritual vigils over the couch of Benson Eltinge, and his, not Virgin Widow, but MAIDEN BRIDE.

"Ottawa's tide! the trembling moon, Shall see us float over thy surges soon. Oh go at us cool beavers and loving sire. Blow, breeze blow, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near, and the daylight past." The falls of the Chaudiere (so called by the first Canadian voyageurs, from their circular form, resembling an immense cauldron,) present those imposing views, which awe the mind with the greatness of the Creator. The river, dividing a few miles above, among a beautiful group of small islands, converges here with fierce impetuosity, crashing and foaming, and with a roar nearly equal to Niagara's, plunges in boiling torrents into the Chaudiere. In the spring of the year, when the daring and fear-