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Poetry.

(From the St. Louis Temperance Battery.) Rev. D. J. Snow: The following poem from a Santa Fe paper, has not in all probability had that extended circulation in this section, to which its truthful picture of the drinker's course, and its poetic beauty entitle it.

They told Me off to Shun the Bowl.

They told me off to shun the bowl, They said its ruby glow, Was treachery's wife to lure me on, And plunge my soul in woe; Their word seemed like the idle wind, And I believed them not, For oh! I seem'd to think that I Should e'er become a sot.

Miscellaneous.

National Division.

The Committee on the State of the Order would submit the following report: The Order, in every locality within our jurisdiction, has been fulfilling its mission with more or less faithfulness and success. The attentive and careful student of the Temperance reformation cannot fail to see that it has been marked by distinct and yet all necessary parts of our great and perfect whole. Thus each association for the promotion of this great cause has been adapted to the particular work assigned to it. None can fail to recognize in every successive step of progress the guiding hand of God.

That traffic in intoxicating drinks is the fruitful source of pauperism, wretchedness and crime; that the traffic of evils is not merely incidental to the traffic, but inseparable from it; that no police regulations, however strict, can prevent, or greatly mitigate these evils; that the object and duty of Government are not to regulate, but to prohibit wrongs, not to license, but to punish, crime; that for the injuries inflicted upon society by this gigantic wrong, there is and can be no redress after the injury is done; and that consequently the only adequate remedy must be a preventive one.

These facts being all admitted, it has yet been denied that our Order is instituted to interfere with the legislation of the country, and it is asserted that as Sons of Temperance, we cannot legitimately assault the established usages of Society. We apprehend that as citizens, we have a right, and that it is our duty to exercise it, of interposing the strong arm of law—embodied public opinion—against the terrible outrage upon the peace and well being of society, perpetrated by the manufacture of, and traffic in, ardent spirits.

Your committee feel, that while the members of our Order should be true to their Division rooms, and to all their obligations as Sons of Temperance, they should be exhorted to regard the extinction of the liquor manufacture and traffic, in their several jurisdictions, as their special business, not forgetting at the same time to direct their attention to the National Councils, and seeing that all foreign liquors shall be specially placed under eternal quarantine.

That such laws when enacted, are enforced in their letter and spirit; that these things be done, and with the blessing of God, not many annual sessions of this body will have passed, before other and less laborious duties will devolve upon those who wear the badge of the Sons of Temperance.

First Resolved, That as members of society, as citizens, we have the right, and it is our duty to exercise it, to suppress by all legitimate and honorable means, the manufacture, and traffic in, intoxicating drinks.

Second Resolved, That in becoming Sons of Temperance, we give up some of our moral rights, and are exempt from none of our duties as citizens.

Third Resolved, That we desire, will have, and will enforce laws, in our respective localities, for the suppression of this man-degrading, God-dishonoring business.

Cadets.

Father Cady, editor of the New York and New England Cadet, says: The order of Cadets is, of all other temperance orders, the most important, and yet it is the most neglected. The friends of temperance appear to be thoughtless and unconcerned as to the welfare of the young and rising generation; this does not surprise us so much as to see the parents of young boys fill on their arms, and stand as idle lookers on, and see their young sons go, step by step, down the road to utter ruin; they do not appear to wake up until it is altogether too late to save them—till, alas! they have passed the Rubicon, and are lost; yes, forever lost! O, parents, we beg of you to awake to your duty; delays are always dangerous. If you permit your sons to be finally lost to the world, and perhaps eternally lost, without making use of all the means that God has placed in your power to save them, you may fling upon you, that the ever-living God will hold you accountable. Do you ask what you can do to guard your young boys from the thousands of vices that lay in wait to allure and destroy the young? We answer: In the first place, let your sons that are of a proper age, become members of the order of Cadets of Temperance; this will do much to prevent their ruin. It cannot be denied that this is well calculated to save the young from utter ruin; it is a God-sent institution to save the young boys; then why not try it? Let your sons become members at once; we assure you that you will soon see visible alterations in the habits and conduct of your sons. As soon as they become members of the order of Cadets, their drinking, smoking and swearing habits will be at once changed; you will then find them obedient sons, in fact, the first lesson they are taught in the Order of Cadets, is obedience to parental commands. If this noble institution will do anything towards saving your sons from ruin, why not let them have the advantage of it? Will you do it? We know you think you will by and by; but we again remind you that to delay is most dangerous; delay but a single day to make Cadets of your sons, and it may be forever too late. Heaven grant that you delay no longer. Temperance men, you are guilty of a grave neglect of duty to the young, in not doing all you can to rear them in temperance ways.

COMPLETION OF THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH TO IRELAND.—A submarine telegraph between the coast of England and Ireland is now an accomplished fact, and an event pregnant with interest as regards the future welfare of this country. On Tuesday morning, at four o'clock, which was purchased subsequent to 1839, and of Madame Adelaide for part of the domain of Moncaux. 3. That they have enjoyed the property for more than 20 years on what they considered a good title and in good faith. 4. That the property has been made the subject of marriage settlements, which have created irrevocable rights for the married parties and their children; and, finally, that the ordinary judicial tribunals have jurisdiction in the case.

HYDROPHOBIA.—The following recipe, used by a French physician, is said to be a preventive of hydrophobia: Take two table-spoonfuls of fresh chloride of lime in powder, mix it with half a pint of water, and with this wash keep the wound constantly bathed, and frequently renewed. The chlorine gas possesses the power of decomposing the tremendous poison, and renders mild and harmless that venom, against whose resistances attack the artillery of science has been so long directed in vain. It is unnecessary to add that this wash should be applied as soon as possible after the infliction of the bite. From 1810 to 1823, the number of persons admitted into Braslav Hospital, was 154, of whom only two died; from 1823 to 1824, in the Hospital of Zurich, 222 persons were bitten by different animals, (182 by dogs,) of whom only four died.

DISORDERLY.—On Tuesday afternoon, an open cart containing the corpse of a man and woman, entirely exposed to view, was driven through the streets of Cincinnati, to the establishment of Mr. Perkins, where they were confined. Several ladies were in the street at the time, and naturally were much horrified at so shocking an exposure. We cannot say with certainty, who was to blame in this instance, but certainly in a sickly season, when all kinds of rumors are rife, and are but too readily received by the credulous, such a sight should not be allowed in the public streets. The trouble of covering the bodies even with a little straw or a cloak of any kind, would not be great, and would be more than compensated for by sparing the unnecessary alarm, which the display of the stark, ghastly corpses is calculated to excite in the minds of the nervous.

THE EMIGRANTS.

BY JUNIOR.

America is the bright star of earth, which, said a waste of clouds, slants its beams to lands the most remote, and cheers the struggling, the suffering and the crushed with the hope of reaching that home where liberty is centered and comparative happiness enshrined. Like the distant heaven to the Christian, Columbia promises rest to the toil-worn spirit, and waves her noble flag in every breeze that floats towards her shores, beckoning the oppressed of every clime to the great asylum of all—the temple of freedom and equality. Beneath her broad banner sleep the fears of tyrannical, lulled by the knowledge of security, and transmitted into gladsome conceits by imagination of the future. And yet, with all the privileges and blessings our country confers, her realization fulfills not the dreams she inspires, nor answers the exaggerated expectations of her adopted sons. Expecting too much, and weaving rose-garlands with fancy, instead of drawing sober pictures with reason, they come and, though greatly meliorated, are still deceived. The purple hues vanish with diminished distance, and smooth curves exhibit rough angles—angles that ever protrude in life, and sharpen desires into enduring longings after the vague and limitless archetype of all.

Ship after ship, whose bellows sails within the sea, bears emigrants from the old to the new world, tearing their affections from deserted homes, to be reborn and blossom anew upon a stranger's soil. What trials, what hardships, what miseries oft have they to sustain before they seek in theirs! These we shall attempt faintly to describe.

Like multiplied waves, constantly and ceaselessly flow the emigrants to our land, peopling it in the North, the South, the East and especially the West, crowding our cities, settling our territories, and diffusing their energy and industry into the great arteries of agriculture and trade. No end is there to the stream; and the period seems approaching when the kings and potentates of Europe will have no people to govern.

The spots where parents live, perhaps have died, where dwell friends and relatives—where every object is entangled with memory, and even the bitter past assumes a lingering fondness—they leave behind, and with tears and sighs, tortures and heart-aches, consign their fate to the boisterous ocean—frequently less rude than what lies beyond. Husbanding their little means, they are thrust into rude cabins ill ventilated, and half-starved, half-suffocated, their ordeal begins upon the first day of their voyage. Sickness and disease break out and ravages their thick ranks, smothering many an unfortunate into the opaque realms of the great to be! Corpses follow corpses into the tomb of waters, and the vessel glides on, lightened of the freight of one human soul, deep resting in coral caves that plummet never reached. The living, with mind and body racked, gaze one last farewell upon their companions, and stiffle feeling they cannot destroy. Soon 'the Land of Promise' bursts upon their sight, and a cry of joy from their lips.

Driven like swine into railroad cars, and huddled together upon decks of steamers, wondering at all they see, and cursed, and jostled, and cramped, they finally arrive—

—'Where fair Ohio rolls her amber tide, And nature blossoms in her virgin pride.'—'Tis a curious sight to observe them as with gaping mouths and staring eyes, their odd costumes and odder accents, they gaze about them at their first entrance into the Queen City!—Imagine their emotions in a strange land amid strangers, of whom their partial knowledge but augments their mystery. Rough commands mechanically they obey, and, following each other like lost sheep, wander through the streets, often unconscious where they shall lay their heads. Nor do they care—they are in blessed America, and surely they cannot want in their new home. Deluded creatures! ere many days they will discern the fallacy of their dearly-cherished ideas, and learn the great but fearful lesson: the world is purely selfish, nor cares less for itself! They have entered upon another stage of tribulation, upon which many will perish and others remove all difficulties between them and fortune.

If not stripped of their means before their arrival, they soon will be, as the insurance and pawnshop agents have held what many would scarce believe could exist in our city without speedy relief, and yet found none. The vast amount of poverty and wretchedness and suffering among the emigrants is unknown except by those who search for the means of being charitable, not tarrying until the cry of affliction assails their ears. They penetrate the forbidding residences of woe, and passing not upon the threshold, mingle with and relieve to the extent of their power. Up the blind alley, to the cluttered garret and the dark cellar they go, firm in the great purpose of humanity and strengthened by their past teachings, bear countless trials, wage

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without an article of decent furniture or anything to make them comfortable, they swallow the wretched food furnished and breathe impure atmosphere, and pay roundly for the luxuries they enjoy. When they complain of the condition of things, they are gravely informed no better place can be obtained in the city at so low a rate; they should esteem themselves fortunate in selecting so respectable an abode; and every effort will be made to advance their success. Such stuff makes, of course, an impression upon the ingenuous emigrant, and he parts with a few more dollars to his landlord, to induce him to remember him when the first opportunity offers for providing him with a situation. The landlord keeps him, until he gets his cash, and then turns him, well or sick, out of his house with his family, to beg, steal or starve, he cares not which. Peniless, he might as well do one as another.

As this world goes, a man without money is no man; he is avoided as a pestilence, and only recognized for fear his forlorn condition may render him desperate against his insulters.—Man, noble man, depends upon his purse for his nobility, and in proportion as that is lengthened or abbreviated, are his faculties exaggerated or forgotten.

On every side, turn where he will, the emigrant finds land-shacks, waiting to catch their prey and devour whatever he has left in their ravenous maw. For his daily provender he is forced to pay five times its worth, even though of the poorest description. Every possible effort is made to fleece him of his hard earnings, and every temptation thrown in his way. A dram of whisky the respectable grocer will give him for nothing, knowing he will purchase another and another, until the habit fastens upon him as strong as death. The emigrants constantly advised against false friends, and poor incredulous fool, he swallows the hook baited to catch him, and wonders why he was so reckless, after he has been dragged to land.

Considering all this, all the conspires against the emigrant, it is strange he often becomes debased? Rather is it not strange he arrives at any importance and prosperity, when his every act and aspiration are thwarted by the despicable wretches who swarm about him? Often the emigrant, after having braved the perils of the deep, and the hovering atmosphere of death, lurking throughout the close confines of the ship that bore him from his country, no sooner sets foot in our own fair city, than the seeds of disease, planted in his system, burst into life and lay him helpless and weakened upon the couch of pain. Who is there to watch over him, to bathe the burning brow or raise the cooling draught to the parched lips? None, none. The hours elongated into ages, as bodily and mental torture rack his being into a very paradise of agony. How sad a spectacle is he, afar from all he holds dear, leagues on leagues from that land mellowed by association into an Eden of the soul. As he groans the tedious minutes through, does not his memory glide on, lightened of the freight of one human soul, deep resting in coral caves that plummet never reached. The living, with mind and body racked, gaze one last farewell upon their companions, and stiffle feeling they cannot destroy. Soon 'the Land of Promise' bursts upon their sight, and a cry of joy from their lips.

—'In that instant o'er his soul Winters of memory seem to roll, And gather in their drop of time A life of pain and age of crime.'

He is alone, how terribly alone! But the door of his rude apartment opens and a young man enters with an air of dignity, and wisdom personified written in his face. He gingerly approaches the side of the wretched pallet and takes the sick man's wrist within his fingers and looks upward, as if for inspiration. He is a newly manufactured physician and needs inspiration, for assuredly the knowledge of his art can but little serve him. He is trying his hand upon his poor patient, and if he kill him, it matters not; who will be the wiser or the loser? A more bungler at his trade, he prescribes a remedy the very opposite, perhaps, of what he should, and when he calls on the morrow for his patient, he has none. Through immeasurable distances has hid the weary spirit, and the once enveloping clay lies there, stiff, cold and unconscious—beyond the possibility of further joy or pain.

Pitiful and pitiable are the mournful drams, with fearful terminations oft hidden from the general eye, in which the Emigrants are the suffering actors. Our laws have beheld what many would scarce believe could exist in our city without speedy relief, and yet found none. The vast amount of poverty and wretchedness and suffering among the emigrants is unknown except by those who search for the means of being charitable, not tarrying until the cry of affliction assails their ears. They penetrate the forbidding residences of woe, and passing not upon the threshold, mingle with and relieve to the extent of their power. Up the blind alley, to the cluttered garret and the dark cellar they go, firm in the great purpose of humanity and strengthened by their past teachings, bear countless trials, wage

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front in horrid shape terror's grisly king. Regard this melancholy picture, one drawn from memory, sombre in its dreariness, not a light amid the heavy shade. A large family, husband and wife, a sister and six children, varying from ten years to ten months in age, are scattered in ghastly groups upon that base and filthy floor. Smoky and crumby the walls, the door broken from its hinges, the air unclean, added to the wretched and wasted human forms with their glaring eyes, and skinny fingers twitching in pain, might appal the stoutest heart, and send a shudder through the most iron frame. Suddenly seized one after the other with that terrible emigrant scourge, the ship fever, they yielded to the disease, and no one is left to lend assistance to the sufferers. Here they lie, the very picture of despair, groaning, uttering incoherent exclamations, and raving after water to quench their insatiable thirst, and the burning heat that consumes their body. But all do not groan; four are dreaming of reality along the eternal slope, whose first step is reached through the grave. Where lies come not, nor egress, their sabbles senses pervade a world, all glory, and all peace.

An infant there, that the fever just has touched, looks round with its laughing eyes, as if it had caught a hope-gleam from its parent's gaze. It clasps its tiny hands, and waves them to and fro. Can it be sporting with the spirit of its mother, or returned to bear its kiss to heaven as a peace offering for her sins? The dead and the dying there, terrible! These regarding those, and praying for their fate, which tardily approaches—awaiting, perhaps, the soul-purification, to give death an angel shape. Not a foot profanes the wretched place, not a kind face beams over that wreck of carthiness. Ah! yes, a dog, man's last, man's best, fast friend, watches each suffering face, and moans in concert, as though he would offer assistance, if he could. He would die off last for those about him. Who could do more?

Examples of this kind might be multiplied. But why need they? During the late ravages of the cholera, who, that visited its thousand victims, witnessed not such scenes as we have painted—even more barbarous and revolting, and terrible ones? Many died alone, and others unknown to the public; and yet others were quietly seized by some unpretending Christian—not of your long-feathered, splendid-peregrinating kind. As the Board of Health heard of such cases, and sent their officers to afford pecuniary and other assistance, these good Samaritans, or the humane Sisters of Charity—who, whatever the opinion of their religion, acted nobly, womanly, religiously, self-sacrificingly—might have been seen standing out, noiselessly, secretly, anxious to escape detection. They want not their good deeds vaunted forth to the world. Acting in spirit, not for effect, good deeds are deeper graves in the eternal book, when their perfume is not robbed by babbling tongues. The poor emigrant received much of comfort and assistance from, and many a life was preserved by, those modest types of true greatness, silent but acting, universal philanthropists.

The condition of only a portion of the emigrants is such as we have sketched; but almost all—during the first years of their probation, before they become acquainted with the manners, customs, people and institutions of the country, before they in some manner grow Americanized—pass through a severe ordeal, many falling by its severity, before they have reached their mind's goal.

The emigrant finds, after all, this country similar to his own; where he has to labor, but is protected from injury and aggression; where the broad basis of equal rights exists, and where every citizen, native or adopted, can by his own exertions, acquire for himself wealth, influence and honor. 'Tis indeed a glorious land! Who would not exclaim: Columbia, —'My country, with all thy faults, I love thee, still.'

A friend gives us an amusing idea of 'a Dutch Judge'; is the following sketch: 'He was about to sentence a prisoner, on looking around for him, he found him playing checkers with his custodian, while the foreman of the jury was fast asleep. Replenishing the ample judicial chair with his broadest person, he thus addressed the jury:—'Milder vermanen, en oeder juremanen: Der brisener, Hans Vleeter, is vinnished his game mit der sheriff, and has post me, but I shall take care he don't murder before you, and you must bring in der verdict, but it must be 'ordin lair. De man he kill't wasn't kill't at all, for it was broved he was in de jail at Moridown for sheepstealing. Bot dat ish no madder. Der law says ven daze ish no son't you give 'em to der brisener, put here der ish no son't, so you see der prisener ish guilty. Besides he ish a great feeder. I haf know'd him vifty year, and he hasn't tone a ditch of work in al dat dimes; und daze ish no one debanding upon him for der livin', and he ish no use to no body. I dink it would be goot base to hang him for examble. I dink Mr. vermanen, dat he better be hang next Fourt' o' July; as der militia ish gone to drain in onder ground, und daze would be no van son't on here! It should be added, to the credit of the jury, that in spite of this learned and impartial charge, they acquitted the 'briber'; finding him 'not guilty, if he would leave the State.'—Knickerbocker.