

THE ORGAN OF TEMPERANCE REFORM.

For the Organ of Temperance Reform.
L. M. F. & Co., April 10th 1852.

At a meeting of the "Quarterly Council" for Athens Co., held in Hillsdale, on the 9th inst., the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, that this council heartily approve of the "Maine Liquor Law," firmly believing it to be constitutional and imperatively demanded by the people of this State, and are now waiting in anxious expectation for the passage of said law, by our present legislature assembled.

Resolved, that in case the present legislature fails to enact the "Maine Liquor Law," or one similar, (and thus trust the citizens of Ohio with contempt,) that we will make it a test of office until the prayers of an injured people are responded to.

Resolved therefore, that for the purpose of carrying out the above resolutions, we will withhold our suffrage from any candidate for state, county or township officers, who is not a firm advocate of the temperance cause.

Resolved, that for the further carrying out these principles, we will not entirely forego party or political trans.

I stood there in the midst of that group, a minister of Christ. The Bible was before me—the Bible so full of denunciations against sin. But as I looked around me, it seemed as if sin had disowned itself. There were the visible, tangible, heart-rendering fruits of a golden life, and if possible the more revolting spectacle of a godless death, upon all which seemed written, forsaken, hopeless, miserable. I strove to direct attention to the necessity of religion to preserve us from the vicissitudes of life, and to the holy consolations to support us under the trials of our earthly pilgrimage. But I feared then, and still fear, that it was too late for such advice. There were hearts there which had been so long accustomed to the treachery of men, so steeped in sorrow and accustomed to sin, that they could hardly be led to repose confidence in God. Having commended them to the care of heaven and especially to the God of the poor, the coffin was carried down the narrow stairway, and the drunkard's family, half clad, and shivering in the keen November wind, was placed in that one horse open wagon at the door, and following the hearse, drove slowly and sadly through the streets of our Christian city, to the Potter's Field, the last resting place of the friendless poor, where the drunkard sleeps to-day unknown and unwept.—Sentinel.

We are indebted to the "Daily Times" for the following report of John B. Gough's speech at the legal notice.

JOHN B. GOUGH'S ADDRESS AT MASONIC HALL.—The announcement that John B. Gough would address the legal voters on the subject of the Maine Liquor Law at the Masonic Hall, last Saturday evening drew, as was anticipated, an immense crowd. Prior to the arrival of the speaker, a collection was taken up to defray the expenses of the Hall—the residue, if any, to be appropriated to the use of Mr. Gough. Lord applause announced the entrance of Mr. G., who was conducted to the platform amid renewed tokens of approbation. Rev. Mr. Freely, remarking that no crowd could be expected, the assistance of the Almighty, offered up a fervent prayer to the throne of grace.

Mr. Gough remarked he had not come there to discuss the Maine Liquor Law, but to discuss the Maine Law, but he would give his opinions upon it. Annihilation was the only remedy for intemperance. It was asserted by many, that no one had a right to oppose the traffic, and the previous exertions of temperance societies had been so employed. This was an egregious error—the traffic and the trade should be warred against. He would prove what he asserted, proving the truth of assertions, not mere vituperation, was what makes men angry. He hated, from the very bottom of his heart, he hated, the traffic; he had been a drunkard, and would prefer all manner of misfortune to a return to the degraded condition; and yet would rather be the lowest, vilest, idiotic drunkard than a liquor seller, to strong an assertion required fortification with reason, he was a coward and a slanderer if he did not give them.

The dealer in liquor was a useless trade, the dealer could get nothing more than his "board and clothes," he could own nothing properly called his, but the small space of ground which should be his grave. He might amass wealth, but what good could it do him?—he could only leave it to those who cared for him not a bit.

The seller of liquor was a paper—paper, inasmuch as he received support from the public, without any return, which was the true definition of a paper. He meted out to his customers disease, and death, and madness, and murder, and received curses, broken hearts, blasted hopes and fiendish depravity as his recompense. No class of the community was more humiliated than the wine and liquor drinker. Young men gloried in drinking sparkling champagne worth two dollars a bottle when it was often sifted through charcoal, and cost the manufacturer fifteen cents. All liquor in this country were (he said) made by a chemical process, and never saw the land of their pretended importation, unless sent thither to insure deception. At the great World's Fair, there almost every possible production of man art was exhibited, not a single drop of liquor was visible, though millions of dollars were employed in its manufacture. This fact he considered one of the signs of the times.

No better proof of the effect of the Maine Law was needed, than the simple knowledge of the decreased number of the inmates of the penitentiary, the almshouses and the houses of correction. These, within a short period of fifty, and in some instances over seventy-five per cent.

He hated the liquor selling business for the effect it had upon the seller. He might be naturally generous, humane and sympathetic, but his soul-damning trade would convert the gentle blood of his better nature into gall. He might play the philanthropist to an unfortunate man who fell before his door in a fit; to his customers, however, those by whom he lived, he was ice and adamant. No mother's prayer, no pale-faced, weeping daughter's supplications, no despairing, heart-breaking wife's appeal could touch his feelings, withered as they were by selfishness and love of gain. Mr. G. then gave several examples of the base treatment of wives and daughters who had begged liquor dealers to sell their hands and fathers to move poison. The relation of such incredible brutality would raise the lion in the lamb.

Numberless persons there were who laughed and took delight in the fall of man who had once been temperate or in any way associated with the temperance cause. If he himself were to enter any one of our coffee-houses, whether the lowest grogery or the splendid saloon, and ask for a glass of brandy, the proprietor, knowing it would produce frenzy in his brain, bring it upon his father in sorrow to the grave, break his woman's loving heart, and blast his only prospect, present and to come—would he get give it to him? If on the morrow he were to fall and again become a drunkard, driving idiot, would not the coffee-house keepers and intemperance fellows be rejoiced, and throw up their hats and shout, until the infernal limbs in the earth were but wood, waken up and wonder why their customers were treating so terrifically upon? The speaker had known frequent instances where every effort had been made by persons opposed to his cause to get temperance advocates drunk, and who, when they succeeded, were as enraptured as if they had conquered a hemisphere. These wretches (for such they were) felt proud that they had reduced a fellow creature to the level of the brute, and stiff-necked, perhaps for ever, elevated himself to a higher state of nature. From an example so pregnant with horror, the arch-fiend himself would revolt and hurry howling back to his native hell.

No redress could be gained from a liquor seller—none whatever. He might murder indirectly your brother and your father, but no course was left you but calm submission. You might kill the heartless liquor seller, but would that be of any possible benefit to him that had done you? You would thus only injure yourself, and become the victim of the law. Talk as we might, the trafficker in the liquid poison had his patron completely in his power; he bound him to the hateful and loathsome fetters so hard to sever, but which weighed him gradually down to despair, death and damnation.

The Maine Law did away at once with all these evils, it acted decisively and effectually, and until you could get the law into vigorous execution, you must suffer unnumbered thousands of miseries that might be pitifully kept not only upon your relatives and friends, but upon the entire race of mankind. The Maine Law was the proper law to quench—the only

law that would quench—the fatal plague that was yearly consuming thousands. Give him, he said, the Maine Law or none—annihilation or nothing. Take extreme measures, or abandon the labor,—which must result fruitlessly. This law had been called a political measure; it was not; it was a law of humanity which sprang impulsively from the teachings of Christianity, and had its foundation upon the grand basis of all religion: "Do unto others as unto yourself."

It had been remarked the law was in advance of the age; so likewise had it been stated of the movement in favor of the great representative of free principles, the opposer of tyranny and oppression, who was now sojourning an exile, on our shores. But nothing was in advance of the age that had for its object the melioration of man, the ennoblement of his faculties and the suppression of vice. Such reforms could never commence to soon nor end too late. This was an age of progress, and everything must progress with it. The speaker could remember the first temperance society in the Union provided that its members should abstain from all spirituous liquors—except on the Fourth of July. "How had the cause since improved? and it would continue improving until the Maine Law was everywhere carried into effect. Its necessity was being felt more and more every day. Countless methods had been adopted and tried, and experience had taught that there was only one way of reaching the drunkard, and that was by the Maine Law.

The evening train from Columbus was notified by telegraph of the injury to the track. It stopped about half past 10 o'clock at the upper depot, above Fulton, where the means of the train were immediately brought to the city, which arrangement had been promptly carried out by Gen. Spangler, its agent. The train was a very large one, but we believe all the passengers were accommodated in the omnibuses. Some fears were entertained that the omnibuses would be attacked by the rioters, but all was quiet and peaceful as they came through Fulton.

This morning, workmen were busily engaged in repairing the track. Within the corporate limits there was no excitement, and the work was proceeding rapidly. In Fulton, a party of some forty or fifty men and boys appeared disposed to interrupt the proceedings. They threw clubs and stones at the workmen, and used abusive epithets, but did not deter the work of any consequence. One of the Directors of the Company was grossly insulted, and threatened with a "belting." We heard several threats, that the track should not rest long in repair.

The Express train which left this morning, received passengers at the crossing about a mile above the passenger depot. The passengers on the down train were received at the same place by the Company's omnibuses. It was expected that the track would be completely repaired by 3 o'clock this afternoon.

It was currently rumored in Fulton this morning that the riotous proceedings of last night were partially sanctioned by Mayor Tardif—that he had applied to 15 persons as to what would be done with persons caught in the act of destroying the track, and he replied that if any persons were arrested and brought before him for the offense, that he would discharge them if it was proven that the train which run over the girl was going at a greater rate than five miles an hour. We mention this rumor, because we believe it is not true, and to allow Mayor Taylor an opportunity to reply to it.

THE MAELSTROM WHIRLPOOL.—The following description of this great phenomenon is from a letter to Judge Woodward, of Florida, from a friend traveling in Europe:

"This wonderful phenomenon, that has excited the wonder and astonishment of the world, I have seen. There are few of my countrymen who had the opportunity, in consequence of the situation of it being remote from any point of commerce. Its latitude and longitude I do not exactly recollect. It is situated between two islands, belonging to a group off the coast of Norway, called the Low-in-staff Islands, between Dorthelm—being the most southern point of commerce—and the North Cape. I suppose the latitude to be about 69 north, but will not be certain.

I had occasion, some years ago, to navigate a ship from North Cape to Dorthelm, near all the way between the islands and rocks, and the main. On inquiring of my Norway pilot, about the practicability of running near the whirlpool he told me that with a good breeze it could be approached near enough for examination without danger. I at once determined to satisfy myself. We began to run at about 10 o'clock A. M., in the month of September, with a fine and north-wind. Two good seamen were placed at the helm, and the mate on quarter-deck, all hands at their stations for working the ship, and the pilot standing on the bowsprit between the night heads. I went on the mainmast yard, with a good glass. I had been seated but a few moments when my ship crossed the dish of the whirlpool, the velocity of the water altered, the course three points towards the center; although going eight knots through the water.

This alarmed me extremely; for a moment I thought destruction was inevitable. She, however, answered her helm sweetly, and we ran along the edge, the waves foaming around us in every form, while she was dancing gaily over them. The sensations I experienced are difficult to describe. Imagine to yourself an immense circle, running round the diameter of one and a half miles, the velocity increasing as it approached towards the center, and gradually changing its dark blue color to white-foaming, surging like the vortex, very much concerned, as much as the water in a funnel when half full; the noise, too, hissing, roaring, dashed—all pressing on the mind at once, presenting the most awful, grand, solemn sight, I ever experienced.

We were near it about eighteen minutes, and in sight of it about two hours. It is a very extraordinary passage that leads to the North Cape. From its magnitude I should not doubt that instant destruction would be the fate of our largest ships, were they drawn in at the same moment. The pilot says that several vessels have been sucked down, and that whales also have been destroyed. The first I think probable enough, but I rather doubt the latter.

THE Boston Journal describes as one of the curiosities of the age an electric clock, recently completed by Mr. N. Farmer; on an entirely new principle, and pronounced by scientific men to be the most perfect and simple of any. All wheel-work in the time-keeping part is dispensed with, therefore all friction is overcome. The time-keeping part of the clock is simply a pendulum, an electro-magnet, and two armatures. The vibrations of the pendulum break close the circuit of electricity, while the combined action of the electro-magnet and armatures keep it in motion.

It is a clock that runs without weights or springs, or anything of the kind. Its moving power is a galvanic battery, which requires a small quantity of sulphuric acid once or twice a year; or if the workmanship of the clock is delicate, a copper plate buried in the ground will keep it in motion. There is no friction to overcome save the suspension points of the pendulum, and the two armatures. Hence, it approaches the nearest to perfection as a time-keeper of anything is existence. One hundred or a thousand clocks all over the city, all ticking at the same instant, and keeping the same time, may be carried by one pendulum.

COLUMBUS AND JEFFERSONVILLE RAILROAD.—We learn that a sufficient quantity of rails have been received at Jeffersonville for the construction of the road. This will extend the road 2 1/2 miles beyond the Vernon fork of the Muskhukutuck creek.

persons soon assembled, and much excitement prevailed while the Coroner was holding an inquest over the body. The following is the Coroner's report:

Joseph No. 173 was held by A. W. Patterson, Coroner, on the body of Hannah Hart, aged about twelve years, lying in a house on the Miami Railroad near the corporation line, Cincinnati township. Verdict of the Jury: That deceased came to her death by falling off the car, while the locomotive was going faster than the law permits.

At dusk, a large crowd of persons assembled near the spot where the accident occurred, and commenced tearing up the rails. Several officers were upon the ground, and endeavored to stop the lawless work, but they were driven away by force. Another party proceeded farther up the road, and tore up some fifty yards of rail near the "crossing" in Fulton. And still farther up another party made up toward the track. About 8 o'clock, a large body of the police, headed by the Mayor, proceeded along the front street to the corporate limits, stopped the work of destruction, and arrested one or two of the rioters. This stopped the rioting.

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ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.—Quite a respectable man stepped into the drug store of Frederick Eckstein, Jr., corner of Fourth and Main streets, on Tuesday evening, and called for a dime's worth of arsenic. One of the clerks, observing his excited manner, suspected he had some ulterior purpose, and instead of the arsenic, as soon as he received it, swallowed with gusto. He then sat quietly down by the stove, and awaited with the utmost stoicism the expected period of dissolution—which, of course, didn't come. Thinking he had not taken enough arsenic, he rose up suddenly and demanded more, which the clerk refused with the remark: "If that dose don't kill you, nothing will." He insisted upon having the poison, but finding the clerk intransigent, he took his departure, with threats of arrest against the proprietor for selling arsenic—prepared chalk. The man got out of sight before his course could be traced, and has not been heard of since. He may be the individual who died of delirium tremens in the watch-house.

LITERARY MEN AND THEIR FALLING.—Surprise is often manifested that men of genius and learning should have their "falling" in other words, stoop to debating vice as intemperance. Never having heard any reason assigned, we mention, without giving them as excuses, several causes, to us apparently provocative of such unbecoming profligacy in those who lead a literary life.

As mankind in general wish to appear learned, they think to acquire such a reputation by acquaintances with those really so. This disposition renders the society of literary persons greatly sought after, and from being courted, flattered and caressed, they naturally and by degrees fall into habits of dissipation.

A continual habit of reading and reflection creates an ideal world so different from the real one, that communion with the latter excites discontent and disgust, which seek the lethargic waters in the poisoned bowl.

By constant exertion, authors become so weary and fatigued, they fly to the wine cup for the sustenance of the body and reinvigoration of the mind.

That persons of the largest sympathies and most generous motives are the most ready victims to intemperance, has long been the subject of remark. All literary men, from their Associations, propensities and professions, acquire, if they do not originally possess, an expansiveness of soul and a tenderness of sentiment, easily influenced for good or evil, which, together with our mentioned cause, are prone to render them what so often they become.

Their excessive sensibility may also be mentioned as a principal efficient. In this life, we poor mortals are necessarily exposed to vexatious disappointments and troubles, which, upon frigid hearts and rugged constitutions, produce but little effect; but upon the delicate and sensitive nature of those whose thoughts are heavenly, whose souls are music, the thick-stomach of life generate dissatisfaction, misery and despair, which, temporarily drowns, are finally reabsorbed.

These causes (if they be such) appear to us explanatory of dissipation in superior minds. They occurred to us this morning, and so we jot them down for what they are worth—an extremely low value. No one will doubt such profound researches into human nature are original.

POST OFFICE BUSINESS.—The following statistics show the business done at the Post Office in this city during the quarter ending March 31, 1852, in comparison with the corresponding quarter of preceding year:

Sea Letters received from Jan. 1st to March 31st, 1852.	Sea Letters rec'd from Jan. 1st to March 31st, 1851.
California.....	153,342
Bremen & Havre.....	52,946
Collied.....	91,280
Cuba.....	302,032
Private Ship.....	24,224

Newspapers..... 295,004 Newspapers..... 219,912
Showing an increase in favor of the past quarter of 31,159 letters and 17,545 papers.

Sea Letters sent from Jan. 1st to March 31st, 1852. Sent from Jan. 1st to March 31st, 1851.

California.....	146,389
Bremen & Havre.....	47,044
Collied.....	101,439
Cuba.....	266,168
Private ship.....	16,098

Newspapers..... 69,181 Newspapers..... 67,292
Showing an increase in favor of the past quarter of 67,101 letters, and 68,940 papers.

To the gross amount of Sea Letters, 1,332,461, add the domestic correspondence of the quarter, 6,603,493, and 180,000 circulars, and it will give 7,115,954 letters and circulars, that have passed through the office during the quarter, or daily average of nearly 80,000.

The gross amount of domestic and foreign letters sent and received for the quarter ending June 30th, 1851—being the last quarter under the old Law, was 4,494,430, showing an increase in favor of the quarter ending March 31st, 1852, of 1,119,063 letters, or about 15 per cent. increase of the vast increase of circulars.—*Journal of Com.*

A NEARLY FATAL OUTRAGE was committed Monday night upon the person of an elderly woman, whose name we cannot learn, residing on Webb street, below Smith. The perpetrators of the unprovoked assault were two men, whose dastardly and unprovoked attack upon a defenseless, aged female, renders unpopular in our mind the present efforts to abolish capital punishment. The injured woman was brutally beaten in her own apartment, by the villains, who forced their way into the house without the slightest cause or provocation. After satisfying their malignity upon her, they entered another room of the building, and shamefully abused two of its inmates, also women.

Such high-handed outrages as these, are beyond toleration. Col's pistols, it seems, will have to usurp the place of the crippled law in Cincinnati. They operate much more speedily than the latter sleepy lamb.

STEAMER POESHOHNS DESTROYED BY FIRE.—Two Thousand Three Hundred bales Cotton Lost.

We learn from Capt. Estes, of the Saxon, that the steamer Poesho, with a cargo of 2,300 bales of cotton, caught fire in the Mississippi river on Friday night, the 16th instant, at the head of Choctaw island, and was totally destroyed. The boat was from the Arkansas river, and when about 20 miles below the mouth of the river, the cotton along side of the furnace caught fire, and the flames spread with fearful rapidity. The boat was rounded to, but while in the middle of the river, the tiller rope burned off, and she became unmanageable, and drifted down to about the middle of Choctaw island, where she lodged some distance from the shore. The passengers and crew were compelled to jump into the river, and reach the shore in the best way they could. The mate, with a portion of the crew, was the first in the yawl, and when he took a great many out safe, and then returned to the burning wreck and rescued others. A great many persons saved themselves by clinging to cotton bales, driftwood, and portions of the wreck.

Several lives were lost by the disaster, but it was not ascertained how many. A Mr. Jones, passenger, with 60 bales of cotton, was drowned; also the chambermaid, and a little girl she had with her in the cabin. A cabin passenger with his family lost his wife and three children. He had one of the children with him on a plank, but was compelled to abandon it, and it was drowned.

The Saxon was woody at the time some 20 miles below, and the Captain, by the great light that was made, thought it was a boat on fire, and hastened to the scene. Long before the boat was reached, he saw the river full of burning cotton bales, and soon he picked up and rescued a great number of persons, who were floating in the river on cotton bales, and pieces of driftwood and planks, from the wreck of the boat.

Capt. Kline, of the Poesho, saved himself by swimming to the shore, with the assistance of a plank, though he never swam a lick before in his life. The books, papers, money, clothing, and almost everything belonging to the boat and passengers, and crew, were lost.

Capt. Estes took on board the Saxon some 70 persons altogether, including passengers and crew, and took them to Napoleon, Arkansas.—He thinks that ten or twelve lives were lost, but was unable to positively ascertain who they were, in addition to those named. Nearly all of the wrecked people were destitute of clothing, and many of them had nothing left but the shirts on their backs. The officers and crew of the Saxon generously supplied them with half their clothes, and whatever else they could provide. The boat was bound for New Orleans, and will prove a total loss. The loss of boat and cargo cannot fall short of \$150,000.

The Poesho has been an unfortunate craft. She burned one of her boilers in the Arkansas river on the 13th of March, killing eight, and wounding eighteen persons.

The clerks of the Poesho, who were passengers on the *Gleady Berke* to Memphis, and they are of the opinion that eleven lives were lost—all lady passengers and children, and servants. All the crew were saved.—*Louisville Courier.*

Wanted, a man of undoubted poverty and happiness, to preside over the Society for the Amelioration of the Deplorable Condition of the Rich.

Form of application for a Charter of the Temple of Honor.

The undersigned, believing the Temple of Honor to be well calculated to cement more truly our fraternal relations, and add to the general prosperity of the cause of Temperance, respectfully petition the Grand Temple of the State of Ohio to grant them a Charter to open a new Temple, to be called the Temple of Honor, No. —, of the State of Ohio, to be located in —, and under your jurisdiction.

We pledge ourselves, individually and collectively, to be governed by the rules and usages of said Grand Temple, and also by those of the Order at large. Enclosed is the Charter Form, &c. To be directed to J. Wadsworth, G. W. R., Cincinnati, Ohio, free of postage.

Form of Application for a Union of the Daughters of Temperance

The undersigned, inhabitants of —, being the Daughters of the Daughters of Temperance, do hereby petition to extend the blessings of total abstinence, and promote the general welfare of mankind, respectfully petition the Grand Union of the State of Ohio to grant them a Charter to open a new Union, No. —, Daughters of Temperance, to be located in —, and under your jurisdiction.

We pledge ourselves, individually and collectively, to be governed by the Rules and usages of said Grand Union. Enclosed in the Charter, &c. To be directed to Mary Cooper, G. S. S., Cincinnati, Ohio—free of postage.

Carding and Spinning Machinery

I wish to sell the Carding and Spinning Establishment situated in the town of Ripley, Brown Co., Ohio, on the Ripley & Hillsboro' Turnpike Road. All the machinery, including the engine, one Flaker, one Breaker, one Condenser, one Finisher, one Spinning Rack, 120 Spindles, with all the fixtures and apparatus to one name belonging. Also, one steam engine, and one boiler, with the necessary fixtures and apparatus for running said machinery. I will sell the machinery, engine, &c., separate from the building and premises. Said building is a three story frame, 50 feet long and 25 feet wide. The terms will be reasonable. As my own wish to purchase will of course examine the premises and machinery, it is unnecessary to give any further description. D. M. SEXTON, April 27, 1852. By L. R. SATES, Agent. ap 30 3c

THE NAPOLEON OF TEMPERANCE!

SKETCHES of the Life and Character of the Hon. S. NEAL DOW, Mayor of Portland, and author of the Maine Liquor Law; with a portrait, and an Appendix containing the law, Mr. Dow's Report, &c. &c. Price, 25 cts.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—Six Reasons why the State of New York should adopt it. Sets.

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