



VOLUME 1.

CINCINNATI, WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1852

NUMBER 27.

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

TERMS: Single subscriptions, \$1 00; Clubs of ten and upwards, \$10 00. All subscriptions must be accompanied with the cash, and addressed, postage paid to CALLEB CLARK, BEN FRANKLIN PRINTING HOUSE, CINCINNATI, O.

Poetry.

From the N. Y. Daily Tribune. BY L. W. W. CASHMAN.

TRUMPET powers of Song, awake! A note that dauntless a lay, An influence that the nation shall, And we'll praise thee to-day, A thousand happy homes shall hear, Ten thousand hearts the joy proclaim; The eye of sadness dries its tear, And sorrow bursteth into song.

THE DEAF POSTILION; OR, THE RUNAWAY LOVERS.

In the month of January, 1804, Joey Duddle, a well-known postilion on the north road, caught a cold through sleeping without his nightcap; deafness was, eventually, the consequence; and, as it will presently appear, a young fortune-hunter lost twenty thousand pounds and a handsome wife, through Joey Duddle's indiscretion, in omitting, on one fatal occasion, to wear his sixpenny nightcap.

them on through so heavy a stage as the "long down." "How excessively provoking!" exclaimed one of the passengers, "I am certain that our pursuers are not far behind us. The idea of having the cup of bliss dashed from my very lips,—such beauty and affluence being snatched from me for want of a second pair of paltry posterns,—drives me frantic!"

"A Gretna Green affair, I presume, sir?" observed the inquisitive landlord. "The gentleman made no scruple of admitting that he had run away with the fair young creature who accompanied him, and that she was entitled to a fortune of one thousand pounds:—'One half of which,' continued the gentleman, 'I would freely give if I had it, to be at this instant behind clear horses, scampering away, due north, at full speed.'"

"I can assure you, sir," said the landlord, "that a fresh pair of such animals as latter-day will carry over the ground as quick as a fly, had ten dozens of the regular road-hacks. No man keeps better cattle than I do, and this pair beats all the others in my stables by two miles an hour. But in ten minutes, perhaps, and certainly within half an hour—"

Before this short conversation between the innkeeper was concluded, Joey Duddle had put to his horses—which were, of course, kept barned—and taken his seat, prepared to start at a moment's notice. He kept his eyes upon the innkeeper, who gave the usual signal in a rapid wave of the hand, as soon as the gentleman ceased speaking; and Joey Duddle's cattle, in obedience to the whip and spur, bobbed off at that awkward and evidently painful pace, which is, perhaps, adopted by the most prize-worthy post-horses for the first ten minutes or so of their journey. But the pair over which Joey presided were, as the innkeeper had asserted very speedily, and the gentleman soon felt satisfied that it would take an extraordinary quadruple team to overtake them. His horse rose, as the signal of such succeeding milestones, he ceased to put his head out of the window every five minutes, and gazed anxiously up the road, he already anticipated a triumph—when a crack, a crash, a shriek from the lady, a jolt, an instant change of position, and a positive pause occurred, in the order in which they are stated, with such suddenness and relative rapidity, that the gentleman was, for a moment or two, utterly deprived of his presence of mind by alarm and astonishment. The bolt which connects the fore wheels, splinter-bar, sp. tags, fore-bell, axle-tree, &c. &c., with the perch that passes under the body of the chaise to the hind wheels, springs and carriages, had snapped asunder; the whole of the four pairs were instantly dragged forward by the horses, the traces by which the body was attached to the fore-axle gave way, the chaise fell forward, and of course, remained stationary, with its contents, in the middle of the road, while the deaf postilion rode on, with his eyes intently fixed on vacancy before him, as though nothing whatever had happened.

A MISTAKE ABOUT MARRIAGE.

When I was a little girl, I was a fat, merry, jolly dumpling, as happy as the day was long. Everybody pined for my red cheeks, and I was doted about with my doll in my plump arms. Ending for in everything, and fully believing that my doll was a sensible being, and perhaps she was, almost. But though I had a natural antipathy to a spelling-book, and no fondness for spending long summers afternoon in poking a needle in and out of a bit of calico; though I considered patch-work a foolishness, and gossams as superfluous; though I was called a singleton for asking my mother why she sent out to school and then she and I together again, still I was fond of picking up ideas for my own fashion.

When I was ten years old, I had one sister age fifteen, and another seventeen, and as usual with girls at that age, they had a set of cronies, some very like, and some quite unlike their character. One afternoon, as I was sitting in my room, Cynthia, who was sick in bed, I heard a brisk discussion among these girls; which, I may almost say, decided my fate for life. The first words that caught my attention, came from an animated, romantic girl of sixteen, who was the heroine of a novel she had just read, was left smarted at the end of the story.

"What would you be willing to die an old maid?" "Mary said, very quietly, 'Yes,' and sister Ellen added, 'So would I.'" "Then such looks of amusement and incredulity." "You can't mean, what you say," said one of the girls. "If I did not know you too well to think you a hypocrite," said another. "Why, it was second that all women should be married," exclaimed a third. "Then why are they not all married?" asked Mary, with simplicity. "Beger and not grew the controversy, and I lost not a word, while Cynthia lay flat on her back, her stiff lid arms sticking out, and her crumpled curls forgotten. Then first did I take notice of our heroine, I scanned her countenance, 'Old Maid.' In how many different tones of contempt, dread, and depression, did I hear it uttered by those juvenile voices. What anecdotes came forth about cross old maids, and fifty old maids, and ugly, sad dress, and leered, and pious, and flirting, and mischief-making old maids. Never did I hear of a regular fifty-year old spinster utter so much scandal in one afternoon, as was poured forth by these blooming young creatures. Two or three friends of my mother's, whom I had always cherished in my innocent affections, because they talked so pleasantly and were so kind to me, now appeared like new persons. "Miss Z. was so ugly, she never could have had an offer." "Miss T. dressed so shabby, and wore green spectacles, to look literary." "And Miss A. was ever talking about Sunday-schools and prayer meetings," and so on.

My parents said "No," positively. Of course I thought them unreasonable and cruel, and made myself very miserable. Still, it was something to have had "an offer" of my kind, and my lips were not hermetically sealed. I had several confidants, who took care that all my acquaintances should know the comfortable fact that I had refused Mr. B.

THE CONSUMPTION OF OYSTERS IN LONDON.

During the season of 1848-49, 130,000 bushels of oysters were sold in our metropolis. A million and a half of these shell-fish are consumed during each season in Edinburgh, being at the rate of more than 7,300 a day. Fifty-two millions were taken from the French channel banks during the course of the year 1828; and now the number annually dredged is probably considerably greater, since the facilities of transport by rail greatly increase the inland consumption of these as of other marine luxuries. French naturalists report, that before an oyster is qualified to appear in Paris, he must undergo a course of education in discretion for the artificial oyster-beds on the French coast, where the animals are stored to be carried away as required, are constructed between tide-marks; and their denizens, accustomed to pass the greater part of the twenty-four hours beneath the water, upon their valves and gape when so situated, but close them firmly when they are exposed by the recession of the tide. Habituated to these alternations of immersion and exposure, the practice of opening and closing their valves at regular intervals becomes natural to them, and would be persisted in to their certain destruction, on their arrival in Paris, were they not ingeniously trained so as to avert the evil. Each batch of oysters intended to make the journey to the capital, is subjected to a preliminary exercise in keeping the shell closed at other hours than when the tide is out; until at length the shell-fish have learned by experience that it is necessary to do so whenever they are uncovered by sea water. Thus they are enabled to enter the metropolis of France as polished oysters ought to do, not gaping like astounded rustics. A London oysterman can tell the age of his flock to a nicety. They are in perfection when from five to seven years old. The age of an oyster is not to be found out by looking into its mouth; it bears its years upon its back.

Everybody who has handled an oyster-shell must have observed that it seemed as if composed of successive layers or plates overlapping each other. These are technically termed "shoots," and each of them marks a year's growth; so that, by counting them, we can determine at a glance the year when the creature came into the world. Up to the epoch of its maturity, the shoots are regular and successive; but after that time they become irregular, and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky. Judging from the great thickness to which some oyster-shells have attained, this mollusc is capable, if left to its natural changes and unmolested, of attaining a patriarchal longevity. Among fossil oysters, specimens are found occasionally of enormous thickness; and at the moment of their passing between the d-position of the bed of rock in which such an example occurs, and that which overies it, might be calculated from careful observation of the shape and number of layers of calcareous matter composing an extinct oyster-shell. In some ancient formations, stratum above stratum of extinguished oysters may be seen, each bed consisting of full-grown and aged individuals. Happy broods these pre-Adamite oysters must have been, born in an epoch when epures were as yet unthought of, when neither Sweeting nor Lyuu had come into existence, and when there were no workers in iron to fabricate oyster-knives! Geology, and all its wonders, makes known to us scarcely one more mysterious or inexplicable than the creation of oysters long before oyster-eaters, and the formation of oyster-banks—ages before dredgers! What a lamentable heap of good nourishment must have been wasted in the pre-Adamic epoch! When we meditate upon this awful fact, can we be surprised that bishops will not believe in it, and rather than assent to the possibility of so much good living having been created to no purpose, hold fast with Mattioli and Fallopio, who maintained fossils to be the fermentations of a materia pinguis; or Mercati, who saw in them stones bewitched by stars; or Olivi, who described them as the sports of nature; or Dr. Plot, who derived them from a latent plastic virtue? Westminster Review, Jan. 1852.

THE PREACHER AND THE LAWYER.

John Lee, one of the first Methodist preachers in New England, was a man who combined unresisting energy and tenderness of sensibility, with an extraordinary propensity to wit. Mr. Stephens, in his new work on the "Memorials of Methodism," gives the following specimens of Lee's bonhomie: "As he was riding on horse-back one day, between Boston and Lynn, he was overtaken by two young lawyers, who had been a Methodist preacher, and were dispirited to assume themselves some what at his expense. Saluting him, and raising their horses one on each side of him, they entered into a conversation something like the following: 1st Lawyer.—I believe you are a preacher, sir? Lee.—Yes, I generally pass for one. 2d Lawyer.—You preach often, I suppose? Lee.—Generally every day, frequently twice, or more. 3d Lawyer.—How do you find time to study, when you preach so much? Lee.—I study when reading, and read when resting. 1st Lawyer.—But do you not write your sermons? Lee.—No; not very often. 2d Lawyer.—Do you often make mistakes in preaching extemporaneously? Lee.—I do sometimes. 3d Lawyer.—How do you do then? Do you correct them? Lee.—That depends upon the character of the mistake. I was preaching the other day, and I went to quote the text—'All liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone;' and by mistake, I said, 'All lawbreakers shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.' 1st Lawyer, interrupting him.—What did you do with that? Did you correct it? Lee.—O, no, indeed! It was an earthly law, I didn't think it worth while to correct it. 'Humph!' said one of them, (with a lanky and impatient glance at the other, 'I don't know whether you are the more knave or fool!') 3d Lawyer, he quietly replied, turning at the same time his mischievous eyes from one to the other, 'I believe that I am just between the two.'

ON THE MONUMENTAL 21st OF JUNE, 1804.

On the memorable 21st of June, 1804, (Lord Howe's victory,) Captain Berkeley, the uncle of the present Granville Berkeley, commanded the Marlborough, and broke through the French line between Elanets and Le Mazis, each of superior force, and engaged them both. On going into the action, the captain ordered all the live stock to be thrown overboard; but at the humble request of his crew, permitted them to retain an old game cock, which they (the crew) had fought several times, and always with success. Though the coop was thrown into the sea, the cock was allowed to range the deck at liberty. In the action the Marlborough was so severely handled by her tremendous opponents, that half her crew were disabled, her captain carried wounded below, her mainmast shot away, and the remainder of the men driven from their quarters. At this very juncture, when the Marlborough was on the point of striking, she chanced one of those awful lulls in the roar of the thundering cannon, often experienced in general action; in that momentary silence, when the falling of a rope might be heard, the old game cock, who had escaped the human carnage, hopped up upon the shattered stump of the mainmast, and with a loud and triumphant flapping of his wings, sent forth such a loud and lusty challenge as to be heard in every part of the disabled ship. No individual spoke in reply to the homely but touching alarm; one universal and gallant cheer from the broken-hearted crew arose; they remonstrated the indomitable courage of her bird thus undismayed above the bleeding horrors of the deck, and every soul on board who could drag their limbs to quarters, remanned the guns, resumed the action, and forced each of their opponents to surrender. A silver medal was struck by order of Admiral Berkeley; it was, hung upon the neck of the old game cock, who, in the parks and around the princely halls of Goodwood, passed the remainder of his downy days in honored safety.—British Naval History.

A Yankee Macbeth.

The Boston Carpet Bag relates the following laughable anecdote, in which Charlotte Cushman and a low comedian named Adams figured together. One night Charlotte Cushman was to play Lady Macbeth, and a "distinguished comedian" was to come Mr. "Macbeth." The flaming handbills were posted, and great promises made. As the hour of the performance to begin approached, news came that Mr. Macbeth was attacked with the "tremens." The managers stormed and fretted—Charlotte was alarmed, and a complete failure seemed inevitable. But a fellow named Adams who had done the Yankee for the establishment, and who had a good memory, and had read Macbeth, volunteered to become the hero of Dunsinane. The play commenced—Miss Cushman was doing up the tragic in her best style—Mr. Adams succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations of the manager, until the banquet scene "came on board." He recollects the sentiments, but the wording of the poetry he had entirely forgotten. He ought to have said—

"Avast and quit my sight! Let earth hide thee! Thy bones are mar-malade—thy blood cold! Thou hast no speculation in these eyes, Which thou dost so glare with!" Instead of this, the immortal Adams burst forth in his richest style—"You git out! Go hide yourself! Yer haint got no marrer in yer bones; yer blood's colder'n thunder—yer haint got no speculation in yer eyes! Yeon git out!" The house, stage, and all, yelled with laughter, and after it had in a measure subsided, Charlotte advanced to the front of the stage, as the writer says, looking as sour as pickled crab apples, and said in the words of the book:

A Curious Discovery in Bulgaria.

A curious discovery has just been made in the provinces of Bulgaria in Turkey. Some Greek workmen in digging near the village of Rahmanliak and the town of Hadzad, found a large table of grey colored marble; they removed it and found one beneath exactly similar; having removed that, also, they saw a great number of articles shining like gold and silver. They hastened to the assistance of two ecclesiastics, proceeded to make an examination. They found a skeleton of large stature, with a copper helmet on his head, surrounded by a thin crown of gold, the hands and arms up to the elbows were stained with something of a bronze color, in the right hand was a copper chain with an incense bag of the same metal, covered with verdigris, on the third finger of the left hand was a gold ring, with the figure, in Roman character, 666. By the side of the skeleton were three cups in silver, very brilliant, and twenty-six cups in iron, very rusty but bearing traces of having been gilded; there were also an immense nail, and about five hundred arrows, of which the wood was rotten and the points rusty. The skeleton and the different articles were carefully packed up, and sent to Adrianople for examination. The Eastern says a correspondent asserts that the cause may be considered a defect in the constitution, "as the spirit has departed to another state!" If Jack offers Ned a hand of tobacco, Ned needs't take it unless he shows.