

Prohibition—A Song.

BY JAMES CHALLEN.

Prohibition! Prohibition!
Let us form a coalition.
Strong and mighty as our mountains,
Thundering as their gushing fountains,
Flowing now, and flowing ever,
Till it swells a noble river;
For a voice is heard in sadness,
Heard in wailing, and in madness,
Which shall turn joy and gladness;
Louder still, and louder sounding,
O'er our hills and valleys bounding,
From our sisters and our brothers,
From our fathers and our mothers,
Prohibition, sternly crying!
Prohibition, for the dying!
Prohibition, for the sighing!
See, the foe is from us flying.

Prohibition! Prohibition!
Let us form a coalition.
Like our fathers, who, in story,
Won immortal fame and glory;
When their rights had been invaded,
Chains'd, insulted and degraded,
Up they rose, like clouds in heaven,
By the gathering tempest driven.
When the varied oaks are riven,
Hark! The voice is louder sounding,
O'er our hills and valleys bounding,
From our sisters and our brothers,
From our fathers and our mothers,
Prohibition, sternly crying!
Prohibition, for the dying!
Prohibition, for the sighing!
See, the foe is from us flying.

Phila., 1853.

For the Ohio Organ.

A Lesson from the Street.

BY WILLIAM T. COGGESHALL.

There are pictures on every city street which convey lessons of great practical force. From the dandy as well as from the loafer—from the beggar as well as from the clown, we may derive knowledge, if we shrewdly study their characters, and treasure up for reflection, the contrasts they present. Peculiar characters impress us though we may but glance at them. We often gain lessons which are but little heeded at the time they come to us, but which yet exert a saving influence on our minds, and become valuable among the treasures of experience.

The shudder which creeps over every man and every woman, even though he or she may not possess very delicate sensibility, when a fellow being reels along the sidewalk, under the influence of intoxicating drinks, has a grave lesson in it.

That society is indeed wretched, in which a drunken man can move without exciting disgust and even terror. Children universally are struck with terror at the sight of a human being, whose will and reason having been overcome by strong drink, goes zig-zag, and with frequent stumblings along the street. And well may such a being be a terror to them. They have not become familiar with the vice which social life encourages, till it well nigh verges upon bestiality.—They do not reflect that the drunkard is only one step lower than he who loves to treat and be treated. They see only something to them terrible, and they fly from it without asking excuses for themselves on the object of their dread. Would that such sights could always prove a warning, which no familiarity with genteel drinking could ever after deaden!—There would soon be none of them.

Not many days ago, I was walking in the southern part of the city, when I heard a child scream violently. I knew it was either in great pain or deep terror. I looked around for it, and saw a little boy, not over four years of age, dancing before the door of a mean looking house, and screaming with all his might. My first impression was, that his little fingers had been caught, when the door was shut, and had been most severely pinched. I started hastily to go to him, when I saw him run, and scream louder than before. The cause was apparent. A drunken man was reeling toward him. The drunkard took a step after the boy, who saw him, and his terror was increased, and he ran into an adjoining confectionery shop, and hid under the counter.—The drunken man was about to enter

the shop, but the proprietor stood in the door and forbid him.

"I'll have my boy," said the drunkard.

"Not till you are sober," answered the shop-keeper.

Swearing a great oath, the drunken man cried, "You will see if I don't," and he staggered into the street to pick up a stone.

He would have thrown it at the shop-keeper, but at the moment he swung it over his head, his wife rushing from her house, caught his arm. He turned to strike her, but several persons surrounded him. Presently a watchman came, and swearing bitterly at the shop-keeper, he was dragged away to get sober in the city prison.

I stood near the afflicted wife, who looked after her drunken husband, with tears in her eyes, and her hands clasped. I ventured to converse with her. When I had asked several questions which conveyed sympathy, I said,

"Why was the little boy so much afraid of his father?"

"Oh, Sir, he beats him. He's a little boy, Sir, but he knows how dreadful it is."

"Does he ever abuse you?" I asked.

"Only when I interfere to save the boy. Sometimes, Sir, I wish the Lord would take him; but Sir, he's my only comfort."

The afflicted woman turned to meet her boy, who just then came out of his hiding-place, and when I saw him, run to his mother, and clasp her hand and hide his face in the folds of her dress, I went on my way.

Was there not a grave lesson in the terror of that boy? Scarcely old enough to express in words, his thanks for his mother's care, he was inspired with uncontrollable dread at the sight of his drunken father. The burden of sorrows and heart-burnings that boy's mother had to bear, no words can tell.

What a father was that! What hopes in life! What joys in store for that boy, with such experience in his early youth! Can he ever forget the terrors of his childhood?

Let us reflect upon the character such a father's influence must give to the home of his wife and boy. Is not the lesson taught by that child's terror-incited impulse to flee from his parent, sufficient in itself, if given its due weight, to reform every man who ever went home drunk. If any such a man read this sketch let him think

With pictures like this before him, convinced that the influence of intoxicating beverages thus degrades men, destroys homes, terrifies children, and breaks the hearts of wives and mothers, dare any reasonable man say that the traffic ought not to be prohibited—that society has not the right to protect itself from such great wrongs, from such bitter abuses?

For the Organ.

Scenes in the Police Court:

—OR—

LIVING ARGUMENTS FOR THE MAINE LAW.

No. 1.

There is no place where the ruinous effects of the rum trade can be better witnessed than in our municipal courts. The Police Court of this city, is the one before which all the persons arrested by the watchmen are taken every morning, and there we see the ruin of mind and body caused by the present free and untrammelled traffic in alcohol. As but few have an idea of the distressing scenes daily witnessed in that Court, we propose to give a sketch of it as it appeared last Sabbath morning—yea! Sabbath morning, for so great is the curse upon us, that our Municipal Court must be held even upon the Sabbath day, to relieve our watch-house and to fill our jail.

The Court Room is a hall about 40 by 60 feet in size. At the south end opposite the entrance sits the Judge, with the clerk on his right, and the City Marshal upon his left. Before him is the prosecuting attorney, and between him and the Judge, the reporters for the daily press, sit with ready pencils and observing eyes.—About one-half the room is appropriated to the "bar," and there beside the officers of the Court, are scores of watchmen, professional jurors and such like. Outside the "bar" spectators assemble, and this morning it is crowded with a curiosity-excited people.

The Court is opened. A little door close to the Judge is pulled apart, and displays an entrance to the watch-house. Down this the Marshal descends, and soon returns with a prisoner by the arm.

"Your name?" asks the Prosecutor.

"Samuel Clapp," carelessly replies the prisoner.

An investigation is gone into, in which it is proved that Samuel was found drunk, that he is frequently in that condition, and that he has often been in jail for that offense. This is enough for the Judge. Samuel is a confirmed drunkard, without money, or home, therefore he must go to jail as a vagrant. The prisoner is sentenced to twenty days confinement, on bread and water diet, and that ends the case.

But who is this Samuel Clapp that is so summarily disposed of? Why, he is a young man, with a stalwart frame, but a burning appetite for whisky. Only a few years ago he was a noble boy, the pride of his comrades, the honor of his father's household. But he soon fell into the claws of the monster, and now is a ruined young man. He is well educated, and possesses good natural abilities, but he can't withstand the tempter, and for the last year has never been sober, only when in jail as a criminal.

But we have another case, and one too, in which three persons are charged with disorderly conduct.—One of them is an old, gray-haired man named Henry Milky, the next a young man named Albert Fenny, and the third a middle aged person named Klausterman. The two first named have been in the watch-house since midnight, but the third, who is genteelly dressed and has rather a hang-dog look about his countenance, has money which he gave as bail, and consequently he slept at home. What does the evidence for the prosecution prove against these men? Why, that Klausterman keeps a doggerly, on the corner of Western Row and Pearl streets, which he calls the Brookville House. There men assemble, daily and nightly, get drunk, and not unfrequently fight. On Saturday night, the visitors at this "refreshment saloon," drank themselves "tight," as usual, and then, being ripe for it, got into a fight: knives were flourished, pistols fired, and chairs dashed to pieces across the heads of men!—The noise attracted the police, who entered the house just in time to see the landlord extinguish the lights.—They struck a light, but by that time all had left the house but these three, and they alone were arrested. The old man, whose countenance tells of years of dissipation, declares that he only fought in self-defense, and so does the young man, whose trembling hands show too plainly that the *blight* is upon him. But the landlord, what does he do? He introduces as witnesses, several of what are commonly called "swell heads"—men who live upon whisky, are ever ready to do anything—aye, even swear falsely, for whisky. They raise the uplifted hand and swear, that they were present all the time, and that the landlord

was not to blame. One is ordered to take his seat, his evidence is so palpably untrue! The gray hairs and the family of the old man save him from punishment—the court pities and discharges him. The young man is fined a small sum, and the landlord gets it a little harder.

Next comes another young man named Burns. His eyes are red, and his hands tremble with the effects of strong drink. He was arrested near Gas alley, a most loathsome place, where, having drank himself out of money, he smashed up a portion of the fixtures of a coffee-house, because he could get no more alcohol. It is in evidence that the keeper of this coffee-house is a female, and that she refuses to appear against this man who destroyed her property. Why? She is afraid of losing his custom, for he is not yet so low in the depths of drunkenness, as to neglect altogether his business. He is fined \$5, and costs of prosecution.

Then comes a female, Ann McDonald is her name, and she is the mother of three as pretty children as ever smiled upon a father's lap. But they are orphans. Their father is in jail, and here goes their mother after him. The two have been drunkards for years, and now they are vagrants—homeless loafers. Their children have for some time been in the poor house.

After her, came others—male and female, young and old. Some are charged with disorderly conduct, others with beating their wives, others with committing petty crimes, but the one thing—the use of ardent spirits. All, without a single exception have either been intoxicated when arrested, or have sank so low in inebriation, that they have violated the laws of their country to satisfy their burning thirst for rum!

How it Works.—Nearly every paper in the State of Vermont has, within a few weeks published a statement from the Burlington Courier, that the county jail at that place was now empty, and crediting the happy circumstances to the effect of the Liquor Law. We find it stated that the Chelsea jail is empty; but what is to us far more unusual, the last term of the Court continued but little over two days for jury cases. Think of that taxpayers!—*Delaware Herald.*

The Maine Law States continue to advertise jails to let. Thus is property rendered worthless and a great business ruined! Grass will grow up where constables and their subjects have so long gone in. When we have been at the expense of erecting such buildings, it is clearly a loss not to have them filled.

THE SALE OF INDULGENCES.—An exchange informs us that there is a benevolent gentleman in Boston, who gives twenty-five cents for religious purposes every time he swears.—He has already d—d a new steeple on the Presbyterian church, and is now engaged in "cussing up" a donation to the Home Missionary Society.

• • A magnifying glass was recently found by Mr. Layard in one of the temples of Ninevah. Mr. L. says, that many of the Cuneiform inscriptions on the smaller sculptures cannot be seen without a magnifying glass, and, of course, could not be cut without one.

• • A Swedish Artist, Carleman, has made a new discovery, which he calls photochromography; by means of which he takes from 400 to 800 copies per day, in all their natural colors.

• • A hog, weighing 1,100 lbs., is to be exhibited at the World's Fair, from Wisconsin.