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ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

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"Former Legislation provided for lopping off the Branches of the Fatal Upas, thereby invigorating its pestilential growth, and pinching the tail of the foul Essence Pedlar, but permitted the people to do no more."

From the Massachusetts Life Boat. The Rum-Seller.

BY G. S. B.

Lord, how long shall the Avenger
Hold the fiery bolts of wrath,
While the needy and the stranger,
Lured away from virtue's path,
Fall the victim of the slayer,
In his foul or gilded layer,
Where the spider-like waylayer
Spreads his soul destroying snare.

Shall our loveliest sons and daughters
Sink in his infernal den,
Where remorselessly he slayeth
Thousands of our fellow men;
Pouring out the tide of ruin
In one red and burning wave,
Freighted with the dark undoing
Of the beautiful and brave?

Shall the fiend devour forever
In his God-defying pride,
And the bowl be broken never,
Whence he pours the damning tide?
Never quenched the fiery sources
Of unshorned woe and sin,
Piled about with human corpses,—
Black with blighted souls within?

God of mercy! shall the demon
Scathless pour his burning bowl,
While the truth's devoted freeman
Shrinks away with coward soul?
No! from every hill and valley,
Tempest-throated thunders no!
Till around our banners rally
Myriads against the foe.

Onward, in the fiery daring
Of the invincible in fight,
With the high majestic bearing
Of the spirits mailed in Right;
So shall we be armed with terror
To rebuke the Spoiler's lust,
And to tread the holds of error
Down into the trampled dust.

In the town of Falmouth, Mass., it is said, with a population of 2500, there is no fire company, no military, nor a grog-shop, or any place where liquor can be obtained.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

Very good—but we can beat it down in Maine. In the town of Orrington, containing 1850 inhabitants, there is no grog-shop, or place where liquor can be obtained, and has been none for twenty years; and, as a natural consequence, there is no pauper, no town debt, and no lawyer.

We can say the same of Shelter Island and Orient, in the State of New York. Neither have had for a long time a grog-shop, or a lawyer.

Christmas—Or the Good Fairy.

BY MRS. H. E. B. STOWE.

"Oh, dear! Christmas is coming in a fortnight, and I have got to think up presents for every body!" said young Eleanor Stuart, as she leaned languidly back in her chair. "Dear me! it's so tedious! Everybody has got everything that can be thought of."

"Oh, no!" said her confidential adviser, Miss Lester, in a soothing tone. "You have means of buying everything you can fancy, and, when every shop and store is glittering with all manner of splendors, you surely cannot be at a loss."

"Well, now, just listen. To begin with, there's mamma! what can I get for her? I have thought of ever so many things. She has three card cases, four gold thimbles, two writing desks of different patterns; and then, as to rings, brooches, boxes, and all other things, I should think she might be sick of the sight of them. I am sure I am," said she, gazing languidly on her white and jewelled fingers.

This view of the case seemed rather puzzling to the adviser, and there was silence for a few moments, when Eleanor, yawning, resumed—

"And then there's cousins Ellen and Mary—I suppose they will be coming down on me with a whole load of presents; and Mrs. B. will send me something—she did last year; and then there's cousins William and Tom—I must get them something, and I would like to do it well enough, if I only knew what to get!"

"Well," said Eleanor's aunt, who had been sitting quietly, rattling her knitting needles during this speech, "it's a pity that you had not such a subject to practice on as I was when I was a girl—presents did not fly about in those days as they do now. I remember when I was ten years old, my father gave sister Mary and me a most marvellous ugly sugar dog for a Christmas gift, and we were perfectly

delighted with it—the very idea of a present was new to us."

"Dear aunt, how delighted I should be, if I had any such fresh, unsophisticated body to get presents for! I must to get, and get for people that have more than they know what to do with now—to add pictures, books, and gilding, when the centre tables are loaded with them now—and rings and jewels when they are a perfect drug! I wish myself, that I were not sick and sated, and tired with having everything in the world given to me!"

"Well, Eleanor," said her aunt, "if you really do want unsophisticated subjects to practice on, I can put you in the way of it. I can show you more than one family to whom you might seem to be a very good fairy, and where such gifts as you could give with all ease, would seem like a magic dream."

"Why, that really would be worth while, aunt."

"Look right across the way," said her aunt. "You see that building?"

"That miserable combination of shanties? Yes."

"Well, I have several acquaintances there, who have not been tired of Christmas gifts, or gifts of any other kind. I assure you, you could make quite a sensation over there."

"Well, who is there? let us know?"

"Do you remember Owen, that used to make your shoes?"

"Yes, I remember something about him."

"Well, he has fallen into a consumption, and cannot work any more, and he and his wife and three little children live in one of the rooms over there."

"How do they get along?"

"His wife takes in sewing, sometimes, and sometimes goes out washing. Poor Owen! I was over there yesterday, he looks thin and wistful, and his wife was saying that he was parched with constant fever, and had very little appetite. She had, with great self denial, and by restricting herself, almost, of necessary food, got him two or three oranges, and the

poor fellow seemed so eager after them."

"Poor fellow!" said Eleanor, involuntarily.

"Now," said her aunt, "suppose Owen's wife should get up Christmas morning, and find at the door a couple of dozen of oranges, and some of those nice white grapes, such as you had at your party last week, don't you see it would make a sensation?"

"Why, yes, I think its very likely it might. But who else, aunt? You spoke of a great many."

"Well, on the lower floor there is a neat little room, that is always kept perfectly trim and tidy; it belongs to a young couple who have nothing but the husband's day's wages to live on. They are, nevertheless, as cheerful and happy as a couple of wrens, and she is up and down half a dozen times a day to help poor Mrs. Owen.

"She has a baby of her own, about five months old, and, of course, does all the cooking, washing, and ironing for herself and husband; and yet, when Mrs. Owen goes out to wash, she takes her baby and keeps it whole days for her."

"I am sure she deserves that the good fairies should smile on her," said Eleanor, "one baby exhausts my stock of virtue very rapidly."

"But you ought to see her baby," said aunt E., "so plump, so rosy, and so good natured, and always clean as a lily. This baby is a sort of household shrine; nothing is too sacred and too good for it; and I believe the little, thrifty woman feels only one temptation to be extravagant, and that is to get some ornaments to adorn this little divinity."

"Why, did she ever tell you so?"

"No; but one day I was coming down stairs, the door of their room was partly open, and I saw a pedlar there with an open box. John, the husband, was standing with a little purple cap on his hand, which he was regarding with a mystified, admiring air, as if he didn't quite comprehend it, and trim little Mary gazing at it with longing eyes."

"I think we might get it," said John.

"Oh, no," said she, regretfully; "yet I wish we could, it's so pretty."

"Say no more, aunt. I see the good fairy must pop a cap into the window on Christmas morning. Indeed, it shall be done. How they will wonder where it came from, and talk about it for months to come!"

"Well, then," continued her aunt, "in the next street to ours there is a miserable building, that looks as if it were just going to topple over; and away up in the third story, in a little room, just under the eaves, live two poor, lonely old women; they are both nearly on to ninety. I was in there day before yesterday. One of them is constantly confined to her bed of rheumatism; the other, weak and feeble, with failing sight and trembling hands, tottering about, her only helper; and they are entirely dependent on charity."