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ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

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"Modern Legislation provided for digging up the Opas by the roots, and dealing a death blow at the vital parts of the foul ESSENCE PEDLAR."—Cary's Speech.

HE'S NONE THE WORST FOR THAT!

What though the homespun suit he wears,
Best suited to the sons of toil—
What though on coarsest food he fares,
And tends the loom, or tills the soil—
What though no gold leaf gilds the tongue,
Devoted to congenial chat—
The man is none the worse for that.

What, though within his humble cot
No costly ornament is seen—
What though his wife possesses not,
Her satia gowns of black and green—
What though the merry household band
Half asked to bail and bat—
If conscience guides the heart and hand,
The man is none the worse for that.

True worth is not a thing of dress—
Of splendor, wealth, or classic lore;
Would that these trappings we loved less,
And clung to honest worth the more!
Though pride may spurn the toiling crowd,
The faded garb, the napless hat,
Yet God and Nature cry aloud—
The man is none the worse for that.

The New Year's Gift.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I don't mind the hurt so much," said George, after he had recovered himself, "but I won't be able to do anything at the mill until it gets well."
"Can't I go and work in his place, mamma?" spoke up quickly, little Emma, just in her tenth year.

Mrs. Foster kissed the earnest face of her child, and said:

"No dear; you are not old enough."
"I'm nine, and most as big as George. Yes, mamma, I'm big enough. Won't you go and ask them to let me come and work in brother's place till he gets well?"

The mother, her heart almost bursting with many conflicting emotions, drew the child's head down upon her bosom, and held it tightly against her heart.

The time of severer trial was evidently drawing near. Almost the last resource was cut off, in the injury her boy had sustained. She had not looked at his hand, nor did she comprehend the extent of damage it had received. It was enough, and more than enough, that it was badly hurt—so badly, that a physician had been required to dress it. How the mother's heart did ache, as she thought of the pain her poor boy had suffered, and

might yet be doomed to suffer. And yet, amid this pain, came intruding the thought, which she tried to repel as a selfish thought, that he could work no more, and earn no more, for perhaps a long long time.

Yes, the period of a severer trial had evidently come. She did not permit herself even to hope that her husband, when he returned, would bring with him enough money to pay the rent. She knew, too well, that he would not; and she also knew, alas! too well, that the man at whose tender mercies they would then be exposed, had no bowels of compassion.

Wet with many tears was the pillow upon which the mother's head reposed that night. She was too weary in body and sorrowful in mind, to sleep.

On the next morning, a deep snow lay upon the ground. To some, a sight of the earth's pure, white covering was pleasant, and they could look upon the flakes still falling gracefully through the air, with a feeling of exhilaration. But they had food and fuel in store—they had warm clothing—they had comfortable homes. There was no fear of cold and hunger with them—no dread of being sent forth, shelterless, in the chilling winter. It was different with Mrs. Foster, when she looked from her window, at daylight.

George had been restless, and moaned a good deal through the night; but now he slept soundly and there was a bright flush upon his cheeks. With what a feeling of tenderness and yearning pity did his mother bend over him, and gaze into his fair face, fairer now than it had ever looked to her. But she could not linger long over her sleeping boy, with the daylight, unrefreshed as she was, came her "never ending, still beginning" toil; and now she felt that she must toil harder and longer, and without hope.

Though little Emma's offer to go and work in the mill in her brother's place, had passed from the thought of Mrs. Foster, yet the child had been

too much in earnest to forget it herself. Young as she was, the very pressure of circumstances by which she was surrounded, had made her comprehend, clearly, the necessity that existed for George to go and work daily in the mill. She knew that he earned a dollar and a half weekly; and she understood very well, that without this income her mother would be greatly distressed.

After she had eaten her breakfast of bread and milk, the child went up stairs and got an old pair of stockings which she drew on over her shoes, that had long been so worn as to afford but little protection to her feet; and then taking from a closet an old shawl, drew it over her head. Thus attired, she waited at the head of the stairs until her mother was out of the way, and then went quietly down. She managed to leave the house without being seen by any one, and took her way through the deep and untracked snow, towards the mill, which was about a quarter of a mile off. The air was bitter cold, and the storm still continued; but the child plodded on, chilled to the very heart as she soon was, and, at length, almost frozen, reached the mill. The owner had observed her approach from the window, and wondering who she was, or what brought so small a child to the mill through the cold and storm, went down to meet her.

"Bless me! little one!" he said, lifting her from the ground and placing her within the door. "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"I'm George's sister, and I've come to work in his place till he gets well," replied the child, as she stood with shivering body and chattering teeth, looking up earnestly into the man's face.

"George Foster's sister?"

"Yes, sir. His hand's hurt so he can't work, and I've come to work in his place."

"You have, who sent you, pray?"

"Nobody sent me."

"Does your mother know about you coming?"

"No, sir."
"Why do you want to work in George's place?"

"If I do, then you'll send mother a dollar and half every week, won't you?"

The owner of the mill was a kind-hearted man, and this little incident touched his feelings.

"You are not big enough to work in the mill, my child," he said, kindly.

"I'm nine years old," replied Emma, quickly. "Oh yes! I can work as well as any body. Do let me come in George's place! won't you?"

Emma had not been gone very long before she was missed. Her mother had become quite alarmed about her, when she heard sleigh-bells at the door, and looking out, saw the owner of the mill and her child. Wondering what this could mean, she went out to meet them.

"This little runaway of yours," said the man, in a pleasant voice, "came wading over to the mill this morning, through the snow, and wanted to take the place of George, who was so badly hurt yesterday, in order that you might get, as she said, a dollar and a half every week."

"Why, Emma!" exclaimed her mother, as she lifted her from the sleigh. "How could you do so? You are not old enough to work in your brother's place."

"Besides," said the man, "there is no need of your doing so; for George shall have his dollar and a half, the same as ever, until he is able to go to work again. So then, my little one, set your heart at rest."

Emma understood this very well, and bounded away into the house to take the good news to her brother, who was as much rejoiced as herself. After inquiring about George, and repeating to Mrs. Foster, what he had said to Emma, he told her that he would pay the doctor for attending the lad, so that the accident needn't prove a burden to her.

The heart of Mrs. Foster lifted itself thankfully as she went back into the house.

"Don't scold her mother," said George. "She thought she was doing right."

This appeal, so earnestly made, quite broke down the feelings of Mrs. Foster, and she went quickly into another room, and closing the door after her, sat down by the bedside, and burying her face in a pillow, suffered her tears to flow freely. Scold the child! She felt more like taking her in her arms, and hugging her passionately to her bosom.

To know that the small income her boy's labor had produced was not to be cut off, proved a great relief to the mind of Mrs. Foster; but in a little while, her thoughts went back to the landlord's threat, and the real distress and hopelessness of their situation.—To the period of her husband's return, she looked with no feeling of hope; but, rather, with a painful certainty that his appearance would be the signal for the landlord to put his threats into execution.