

THE OHIO ORGAN,  
OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

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Bill Johnson's Pledge.

The Rev. John Abbot, the sailor preacher, addressed the Washingtonians of Poughkeepsie on Saturday evening, Sept. 17. After animating upon the conduct of clergymen and other persons who refuse to sign the pledge, because they love to drink a little wine occasionally, and illustrating the influence which the example of such individuals exerts on society, gave the following simile:—

During the last war with Great Britain, an American soldier expressed a strong desire to have an opportunity of displaying his valor, but when the opportunity offered itself, he was the first to seek a hiding place. His eye caught the sight of an old hollow tree in which he snugly ensconced himself and watched the movements of the red coats through a knot hole, with the same interest that the Texan lover did when he beheld his gal sewing bear skin petticoats, though with very different feelings.

At last when they passed, he sighed, "I hope every one of them will be taken prisoners!"

His whole heart was in the cause, like many people who say they are the friends of Temperance; but when kindly solicited to lend the influence of their names and examples to the good cause, they refuse to do so, as timid and cowardly as the soldier of hollow-tree memory.

Mr. Abbot concluded with the story of Bill Johnson, who was raised from the pit of inebriation through his instrumentality.

Mr. Johnson, at the close of a cold water lecture, intimated that he must be permitted to sign the pledge his own way, which he did in these words: "I, William Johnson, pledge myself to drink no intoxicating liquor for one year." Some thought he would not stick three days; others allowed him a week; and a few gave him two weeks. But the landlord who knew him best, said he was good stuff, but at the end of the year Bill would have a real bender.

Before the year was quite gone, Mr. Johnson was asked by Mr. Abbott, "Bill, ain't you going to renew the pledge?"

"Well, I don't know, Jack, but what I will. I have done pretty well so far, will you let me sign it again my own way?"

"O yes, any way so that you won't drink rum."

He writes, "I, William Johnson, sign this pledge for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and if living at the end of that time, I intend to make out a lease for life."

A day or two after, Johnson went to see his old landlord, who eyed him as a hawk does a chicken. "O, landlord!" whined Bill, accompanied with sundry contortions of the body as if enduring the most excruciating torments, "I have such a lump on my left side."

"That's because you have stopped drinking; you won't live two years longer at this rate."

"If I commence drinking, will the lump go away?"

"Yes. If you don't you will have another just such a lump on the other side."

"Do you think so, landlord?"

"I know it; you will have them on your arms, back, breast and head; you'll be covered all over with lumps."

"Well, may be I will," said Bill.

"Come, Bill," said the landlord, "let's drink together;" at the same time pouring out the red stuff from a decanter into his glasses, gug, gug, gug.

"No," said Johnson, "I can't for I have signed the pledge again."

"You hain't though! You're a fool."

"Yes, that old sailor coaxed so hard, I couldn't get off."

"I wish the devil had that old rascal well, for how long a time do you go this time?"

"For nine hundred and ninety-nine years," whimpered Bill.

"You won't live a year."

"Well, if I drink, you are sure the lump on my side will go away?"

"Yes."

"And if I don't drink, I will have just such a lump on the other side?"

"Yes."

"Well, I guess I won't drink; here is the lump," continued Bill, holding up something with a hundred dollars in it, "and you say I'll have more such lumps—that's what I want!"—*Mich.*

Loafers.

We ransack our vocabulary in vain to find words to express our abhorrence of a "loafer." Amid the stirring active scenes of this laboring world, and still loaf about with nothing to do, Ah, no! they do something. They hang about fashionable saloons, seeking for prey. The moment the young mechanic has left the shop, where he has done honor to himself and friends, he is seized by the "button-hole" by these lurking wolves, and enticed to spend a pleasant hour in some fashionable game: and it may be that at the very moment, when the evening prayer of a fond mother is ascending to Heaven for the protection of her son, these destroyers of fond hopes are chuckling over their new victims. O, ye pests of society, how can ye escape the damnation of Hell!

—The swindler goes to State Prison for his rascality. The man who sells poison to another and while thus poisoned, robs him of his money, is an agent of the people and the pet of good citizens.

The great law of Nature is "eat and be eaten." The spawn-eater swallows the worm, the hawk swallows the chicken—the eagle on the hawk—the sportsman on the eagle; rogues feed on honest men, pettifoggers on rogues, and the devil on pettifoggers. Queer arrangement this; but who will say that it is not all the best? Let us turn over and reflect.

—"If it was't for hope the heart would break," as Mrs. Perkins said when she buried her seventh husband, and looked anxiously among the funeral crowd for another.

Beautiful Extract.

The editor of Knickerbocker attributes the following to Ike Marvel, and it is certainly worthy of him. Read it without tears if you can:

"Last evening as we were walking leisurely along, the music of choirs in the churches came floating out into the darkness around us, and they were all new and strange tunes but one.—And that one—it was not sung as we have heard it, but it awakened a train of long-buried memories, that rose to us even as they were before the cemetery of the soul had a tomb in it.

"It was sweet old 'Corinth' they were singing—strains that we have seldom heard since the rose color of life was blanching; and we were in a moment back again to the old village church, and it was a summer afternoon, and the yellow sunbeams were streaming through the West windows, and the silver hair of the old deacon who sat in the pulpit, was turned to gold in its light, and the minister, who we used to think could never die, so good was he, had concluded 'application' and 'exhortation,' and the village choir was singing the last hymn and the tune was 'Corinth'.

"It is years—we dare not think how many—since then, and 'the prayers of David the son of Jesus are ended,'

and the choir are scattered and gone. The girl with blue eyes that sang alto and the girl with the black eyes that sang air—the eyes of the one were like a clear June heaven at noon. They both became wives, and both mothers, and they both died. Who shall say they are not singing 'Corinth' still, where Sabbaths never wane, and congregations never break up! There they sat. Sabbath after Sabbath, by the square column at the right of the 'leader,' and to our young ears their tones were the 'very soul of music.'—That column bears still their pencilled names, as they wrote them in those days, life's June, in 183—, before dreams of change had overcome their spirits like a summer's cloud.

"Alas! that with the old singers most of the sweeter tunes have died upon the air, but they linger in memory, and they shall yet be sung in the sweet reunion of song that shall take place by-and-by in a hall whose columns are beams of morning light, whose ceiling is pearl, whose floors are all gold, and where hair never turns silvery, and hearts never grow old. Then she that sang alto, and she that sang air, will be in their place once more."

The Lowell Railroad, which has been in operation about sixteen years, has carried ten millions of passengers, or two hundred and sixty millions of persons one mile, without having lost a life in that period.

A Madrid journal says that it is reported that Santa Anna has not only claimed the protection of Spain against the United States, but of France and England, and that the communication had been favorably received.

A Voice from Morrow County.

It gives us great pleasure to present to our readers such encouraging accounts of the workings of the Sons of Temperance as the following. It is from a true and devoted Son.

For the Organ.  
Lumart, June 2d, 1853.

Ma. Editor: I write merely to notice the fact, that two Divisions of Sons of Temperance have been organized in this vicinity. One on the 11th of May, at Sparta, Morrow county, consisting of eleven members. These give promise of success, although they are almost entirely wanting in experience in conducting the affairs of the Division, two or three only ever having belonged before. The other on the first of June, at Canterbury, Knox county, consisting of sixteen members, good and true, and will make it succeed. They have had more experience, several having been members of this (Hopewell,) Division for some time prior to their organizing. Sparta Division is situated about five miles N. W., and Canterbury Division about four miles S. W. of this, so you see we have the old king in pretty close quarters in this vicinity. The influence of these three Divisions is immense and well calculated to make the cause succeed. Our most fierce opposition has ceased. None, acquainted with the fruits of our labors, can, with the least propriety or sense, raise an objection to our Order. We have within our halls many who have been addicted to the intoxicating bowl.—Now, instead of three or four habitual drunkards, in our village, as was the case prior to the organization of Hopewell Division, we have none. Instead of three rum-shops in full blast, doing the work of death, we have but one. These facts silence all objections.

Had I time, I would like to write you a short account of our rise and progress, with the causes of our unparalleled success. I may do this at some future time, but will forbear at present. Yours, in L. P. and F.

A Son.

A row occurred at the Catholic Church, in Elmira New York between the Priest and some of his flock. The former was knocked down and his priestly robes terribly lacerated.

A manufacturer in France has forwarded to the World's Fair a mirror plate, 22 feet by 10; 2½ inches thick, said to be the largest ever made. It has arrived safe.

The Wilmington Politician says there is a cat belonging to a lady in that city over forty years old. The 'over forty years' refers to the cat, undoubtedly, as no lady was ever known to reach that age.

• • A bet of 120,000 francs is pending on a race from Bordeaux to U. S., between an American Ship, called the President Fillmore and a French Clipper called Benjamin.

• • A commissioner has been appointed to settle the boundary between Greece and Turkey.