

For the Organ.  
Clermont Co.

Mr. Editor:—Knowing that you wish to know what is going on in different parts of the country, as to the prosperity of temperance, I will send you a short account of our proceedings here.

We are still up and doing in this great and good cause, and expect to make our mark at the ballot box this fall, if nothing happens. The rummies are beginning to get scared and to think seriously that their craft is in danger. If I am not very much disappointed they will find the destruction of their nefarious business a dreadful reality to them.

Although we daily see the evil effects of their trade in our community, and the misery and degradation they are bringing upon many, yet in spite of all this, we are sorry to find many who profess Christianity, take sides with them. They boast of their temperance principles, and can go to church and pray as long and loud for the temperance cause, and the destruction of the evils of intemperance in all its forms, as any. To hear them, you would think the salvation of our country depended upon the promptness with which the temperance men acted at that moment. After prayer, they have nothing to do but find fault with our proceedings, and stand aloof, afraid to say anything lest they should injure the business of the dram-seller.

You may think this an extravagant assertion especially concerning professing Christians, nevertheless it is a fact, and I am not done with them yet. Last spring the temperance men here determined to use what law they had, and selected, as they supposed, trustees that were temperance men. In due time one of them presented an ordinance for the suppression of the liquor traffic in our township, to the other two for their signatures. One of them, in all his wisdom, had just discovered that the law was not constitutional, the other (a Methodist class-leader, and a professed temperance man by the way) stated that he could not sign it as he did not wish to be made a laughing-stock in the neighborhood. So much for cowardly temperance men; as for Christians, *God save us from such!*

Our Alliance is progressing finely. On last Thursday we had a meeting in the street and had a large audience, which was addressed by George Fishback, Esq., of our county. He is a young man, and right side up on the temperance question. His remarks were plain, and pointed, and well-received by the audience. We are looking forward to the time when there shall not be one distillery or dram-shop within the limits of our county. The ladies are strong in the cause and cheer us on with their presence at every meeting, and they tell us to secure the Maine Law, and say if we can not enforce it, they will. And I tell you they will, so sure as they have an opportunity. Still continue to give the rum advocates a "little grape" through the Organ, and the victory will be ours.

MAINE LAW.

Richland Co.

Extract of a letter dated July 20th, 1853.

I have spent only a few moments this morning, in procuring these names and the necessary cash, which leads me to think that, with a very little exertion on the part of the friends of the cause you are so nobly, and I may say, *successfully* advocating, the "Organ" may send forth its soul-cheering notes, to make glad the hearts of many of those who, having "passed through much tribulation," have been permitted to see the dawn-

ing of the day, of their emancipation from the thralldom of King Alcohol. Yes! and thunder its "double bass" in the ears of the rum-seller, and cause him to quake as did Belshazzar, in view of the crime, misery, wretchedness and woe caused by his hellish traffic.

I saw, some time since, an article in your paper, from a correspondent in this place, giving the action of the ladies of our village in circulating petitions asking the town council to suppress the sale of all kinds of the "kitter." Suffice it to say, the ordinance was duly passed, and for a time it seemed to work well, notwithstanding the rummies did all in their power to make the measure unpopular with the Germans and many others who are in the daily habit of using strong beer and ale. (This ordinance prohibits the sale of beer and ale.) I say for a while, because, notwithstanding the head of the viper is bruised, the tail is yet alive, and will sting as deadly as ever, all those who are blind enough to come within its reach; and the tail will live, in spite of all such legislation, and squirm, and coil about its poor, miserable victims until the bloody sun of alcohol's day shall set to rise no more, and the glorious sun first seen in Maine, shall usher in the day of total annihilation to every thing that will intoxicate.

Our young ladies, determining not to be foiled in this attempt to drive the monster from among us, have recently addressed letters to each one of the liquor sellers of the town, in which, after setting forth some of the evils resulting from the sale of intoxicating drinks, make an appeal to their consciences, (?) in the name of humanity, justice, virtue, religion, philanthropy, and by the love they cherish for their own wives, children and mothers, not to make fiends of their fathers, brothers and husbands, by dealing out to them the damning cup of intoxication. I have further been informed, that they suggested to them that, if this modest request was not complied with, means might be resorted to similar to those so signally efficient at the "spiritual rapping" demonstration in our neighboring town of Ashland. We will see what we shall see. We have here a thriving Division of the Sons of Temperance, also an Alliance, auxiliary to the County Alliance, which is doing very good work, by distributing tracts, procuring lecturers, &c. Of their doings, and the workings of old whisky, I will tell you somewhat when I send you the next installment of subscribers, which shall be soon.

Truly Yours,  
Wm. CASE.

From the Cayuga Chief.

New York.—Now for the Struggle!

There are few, we presume, who are disappointed in the action of our Legislature upon the temperance question. When people cling to party, and send tipplers and demagogues to the Capitol, they must expect an utter disregard of the best interests of the State and wishes of the people. Well for the reputation of our State and the honor of its legislature, if the course of the latter, for a year past, were never written. It is broadly stamped with the most flagrant personal and political intrigue, and has brought shame upon the good name of the commonwealth. Two sessions, with few exceptions, have been squandered in most dishonorable political scheming. We trust those party temperance men who stood with the rum interest at the polls and helped to elect a rum Legislature, will make a note of the success of their Maine Law petitions, and henceforth burst away from the bondage which ever binds them to wrong and dishonor.

We regret to say these things. But

the facts stand out in humiliating relief. Unless there is a reform in these matters, and we have less of Common Council dinners, and Bacchanalian festivals, and railroad excursions, and more attention to the interests of the people, the Legislative branch of our Government will become a curse to the State.

Twice the people—the better portion of the people—have asked protection of their servants from the wide-spread evils of the rum traffic. But such servants, while voted into their position by those who petition them, turn from their prayers with scorn. Rum and demagoguism, two foul and overshadowing iniquities, have very naturally allied themselves together for mutual support. Their united strength has, thus far, been sufficiently powerful to defeat us. The ballot-box is found to be the strongest hold of this alliance. There met and defeated, the rum traffic falls in ruins.

The cry of temperance and politics has lost its terror. When rum and party combine, for wrong, as they have for years, it is time for an honest people to combine for the right.—The issue has been steadily tendered at the polls, and should be met as becomes freemen and not slaves. Every man who loves country, home and neighbor, more than mere party, will choose promptly, for duty is plain. All the interests that enlist the blind efforts of party are nothing in comparison to those involved in the Maine Law question.

It is folly to hope more from petitions. Such has long been our opinion. The blow must reach the root. The people must speak in this matter as they do in others. They can create a legislature which will remember the higher and holier interests of society without unceasing prayer at the door of the Capitol.

We know the right, and let us pursue it. The campaign has already opened, and with brilliant promise. The popular heart never answered more quickly to the truthful appeal. Every man must give money and time to the work. The spirit now kindling, must be made to sweep the whole land. With unceasing energy and zeal, the struggle must be kept up until the election. If our friends are firm, acute and true, November next will proclaim such a triumph in the election of Representatives, as rum-fuddled politicians have never dreamed of. The weapons are in our hands. With the calm, yet unyielding determination of freemen, let us use them, and the Empire State is redeemed from the accursed wrong of the rum traffic.

Who that has a friend or home—that has a stake in society—that loves his country, race, or heaven—will falter in the struggle? May all be true.

For the Organ.

Meigs Co.

Long Bottom, July 23, 1853.

Mr. Editor:—In accordance with the request of some of the friends of temperance in a part of Meigs county from which you have probably had no intelligence, in regard to this subject, I shall attempt to state briefly the success it meets with in this place; presuming that any such news will be gladly received by the friends of temperance and good order elsewhere.—Until recently, there has been but little interest manifested here, in regard to the present reform; but the people are now becoming interested upon the subject, and are beginning to inquire whether man has the right to make, sell or give to his brother an article which is in itself a poison, and which will destroy his health, weaken his mind, and degrade and reduce him below the brutes that perish; and af-

ter having investigated the subject, they show a determination to rescue our citizens from the power of Bacchus, and to rid our State of the disgraceful liquor traffic, which, with the concurrence of the friends of temperance generally, can but result in the happiest of consequences. Dr. A. Wilson, who is now canvassing Athens, and the northern part of this county, lectured in this place on the 20th inst. His subject was the necessity and constitutionality of the Maine Liquor Law, the claims of which he set forth so eloquently, clearly and logically that all were convinced that he possessed the ability to "tell where the bolt will strike, and how." At the close of the lecture, he requested the assembly to express their sentiments by pledging themselves to vote at the ensuing election, at the sacrifice—if necessary—of party politics and preferences, for men who would make every effort to obtain a prohibitory law, similar to that of Maine, which pledge was almost unanimously sustained. But the opponents of the Maine Law, when called upon to express their opinions, were like the "sheep, dumb before their shearers," and looked almost as insignificant as some of the *genus canis* when caught in the act of killing those animals.

Your obedient servant,  
F. BARION REED.

MISERABLE DEATH OF AN INTEMPERATE WOMAN.—Last night a woman named Mary Kane, was found dead at cellar No. 54 Ann st, under the following circumstances: One Patrick Kane, with the deceased, his wife, occupy the cellar; they have three children, one eight, another four, and the third about two years old. Two girls also occupied the cellar, one of whom said that she tended bar, and the other did the house work and danced with the customers. In one corner of the cellar was a small bar, where cheap and poisonous liquors were dispensed to sailors and others who visited the cellar. Adjoining was a small room, which was entirely filled up with two small bedsteads upon which all the inmates of the cellar slept. This bedroom had no window or means of ventilation and light, except what came in the door leading into the main room of the cellar. It appears that the husband and wife had been continually drunk since Sunday last and that on several occasions the deceased has been beaten by her husband.—Yesterday afternoon they were so drunk that they staggered to bed and there laid. At about eight o'clock in the evening the husband roused up, and called 3 his eldest son to bring him a mug of beer which he did. He then managed to get out of bed, and called upon his wife to get up, but she made no answer. The son then looked at his mother and cried out she is dead. This proved to be the case.—The limbs of the unfortunate woman were drawn together as if she had died in a sudden spasm of pain, her head was drawn upon one side and her face was of a purple color. Coroner Sanborn was called, the husband sent to jail as a drunkard and Dr. Green requested to make a post-mortem examination of the body of the deceased, to ascertain the cause of death. The sight of the crawling vermin, with which the bed and body were covered, was almost too much for those hardened to such scenes, though about fifty of the associates of the woman, as soon as they learned of her death, crowded into the cellar, and it was with some difficulty that the body was taken from them.—*Boston Traveler.*

SINGULAR FACT.—According to the *New York Journal of Commerce*, no ship made of iron or propelled by steam was ever struck by lightning,