

From the West in Evangelist.
My Cottage Home.

BY B. BROWN.

"I dreamed a dream the other night,
 When everything was still,
 I thought I saw my cottage white
 Upon yon flow'ry hill—
 The grass-plot green before the door,
 The porch with vines o'ergrown,
 Were lovely as they were before,
 When that home was my own.
 Oh! Rumseller,
 That home, that home of thine,
 That pleasant home, that happy home;
 That cottage home was mine.

The gravelled walk, so white and straight,
 With flower banks on each side,
 That led down to the wicket gate
 Where Willie used to ride—
 The locusts o'er the path that grew,
 The willow boughs that swayed,
 All told me with a tongue e'er true,
 That there my Mary played.
 Oh! Rumseller, &c.

The silver lake, so calm and clear,
 Along whose banks I've stroyed
 So often with my Lucy dear,
 To watch the sunlight fade;
 The brook that, purring, sweetly ran
 The garden foot along,
 And murmuring fount, as bright as then,
 Still sang the same loved song.
 Oh! Rumseller, &c.

The window towards the garden gate
 That looked out on the west,
 Where that lov'd being used to wait,
 Who made my home so blest,
 Was closed—the sombre curtains hung,
 And no loved face was there;
 Nor voice, the evening song that sung,
 Or breathed the morning prayer.
 Oh! Rumseller, &c.

Silence hung round that happy home,
 Where once so light and free,
 My laughing children used to come
 And dance upon my knee;
 Where she who was that home's dear light,
 In constant beauty shone—
 Around that cheerful hearthstone bright,
 All now was still and lone.
 Oh! Rumseller, &c.

Yes, that loved wife has gone to rest,
 In death her heart is bound;
 Her babes are sleeping on her breast,
 Beneath yon grassy mound;
 And I am wandering lone and straggled,
 Nor master of my will,
 My home, my cottage home is changed
 To a hut behind the still.
 Oh! Rumseller, &c.

A Man Buried in a Well.

In reading recently an excellent article from the pen of Mrs. Gage, entitled, "A man in the well," we were reminded of a startling incident that occurred in this city a few months since, and that we had made a minute of at the time, with the design of further comment.

We were passing from our office to our residence, and noticing a few people gathered in a yard on Main street, but supposing the cause a matter of ordinary interest, made no stop. A hand from the office soon came in with the startling intelligence that a man was buried in a well. We shall never forget the sensations that crept over us like a freezing chill, and then into the heart, with a choking, almost suffocating force. Twelve feet of sandy earth upon the victim! Hope died within us, and we involuntarily shut our eyes upon the scene which flashed across the mind. Buried alive! The tale was too horrible, and yet clung like a nightmare to every thought.

The news spread with lightning speed, and on our return, dark masses of people were wedged around the spot. And still the brief but terrible words flashed from lip to lip, and the wildly excited living mass poured into the yard and broke like waves around the dense crowd. We leaned upon the fence and watched them as they came, for we have not the brass to run over men, women and children, when we can accomplish no good by such rudeness. Old and young, the officer and the citizen, the cold-featured land-shark and the laborer—mothers, wives and children, gazed with a startled look. Little was said, but the compressed lip and the eager eye told how much all felt. A son of the buried man was walking the yard in restless agony. It was a scene which we never wish to look upon again.

In the mean time, strong arms were plying the shovels with that energy which ever honors our common humanity on such occasions. The hot sun beat fiercely down, and the sweat rolled from the bronzed features, but hundreds of hands were ready to relieve, and every man's soul throbbing in the blade. The yielding sand would often break in, and an audible sigh would stir the silent crowd. Timbers were put in, and the work continued unceasingly. So eager were the frenzied and foolish people to obtain a view of the spot, there was constant danger of filling up faster than the shovels could throw out, and no efforts could beat them back.

After hours of hard digging, there was a low, yet strangely distinct murmur ran through the crowd, and the dense mass swayed like waves lifted by some magic power. We shall never forget the moment. "He's alive—they hear him speak!" We involuntarily straightened up from the fence where we were leaning, and with a glance heavenward, drew a deep, long breath. "He's alive!" The excitement was still more intense. The son wept afresh as he

strode backward and forward across the yard, and we found warm tears falling upon our own hand.

And so the scene continued until the mass gave back and a shout rent the air. "He's out—he's alive!" That excited crowd would have borne that saved man with wild and frantic joy in triumphant procession through the city. He was saved from his living tomb.

One is asked! His family would welcome him as one from the dead. Our thoughts were busy as we wended our way to the office. How ready people are—how happy—to save one life. When danger comes upon a citizen like the swoop of an eagle from a clear sky, all gather as one man to the rescue.

The same people look unmoved upon the footprints of blood which thicken at their very doors. At noonday, a plague stalks before them, dragging its victims to a worse than living tomb. Men have had their vitals cut away by inches, and died in chains, helpless, uncared for. Girded with demons and writhing and frothing in a worse than a demon's hell, men of mind and manhood have thrown out their arms in convulsions, and died at their own firesides with their teeth tearing their own flesh. Their maniac howl came up like the despairing wail of the lost. And was there any gathering to the rescue? Any excited populace eager to save? Before God, no! With a passing remark, the corpse of a citizen—a husband and father—was borne to the church-yard, and the marble shields him who was killed by inches.

But one such case? Father in Heaven! many have died thus in Auburn. Since our brief residence, we have seen their blood smoke like an incense of wrath upon the iron track and in the public highway. There was one who wrestled with delirium tremens upon the sidewalk in broad day. He would have lived and died a sober man. But, said he, and the tears coursed in a flood down his bloated cheek, "I must die a drunkard. There is not a rumseller in the city who will refuse me rum so long as I have money." Poor G—! He was robbed, degraded and killed by the rumsellers of Auburn, and is at rest in his grave. Did his neighbors rally to save him? Was there even a remonstrance against his murder?

We might pursue the record and invoke from the past a spectral train who have died by law in a Christian community. The followers of Christ even, have passed by the other side. They have not only held the garments of the murderers, but have themselves cast the stones. And all this time children have gone about sorrowing, and wept in vain. At the desolate home, woman has been tortured with a cruelty more refined than hell can boast. Hopes, bread, heart's blood—all have been wrenched out day by day as years have gone slowly by. And did men and women ever gather around that accursed home to save the lost one from the clutches of licensed fiends, or beat them back from their human prey? Never. Thus the innocent and the defenceless—the child and the mother—have been robbed of parent, and husband, and bread, and happiness and means for long years, and no shout of indignation has ever gone up from a darkening crowd against the worse than heathenish wrong.

We love humanity better when we see it stretching an eager hand to save a victim from a living tomb. But we turn with a tear from that cold and cruel barbarism which slumbers quietly while citizens and neighbors, with all their hopes of earth and heaven, are slaughtered in open day. And the deepest, basest damned one in us must turn with loathing from the human fiend whose hand is raised by vote or official act against his brother man.—Cayuga Chief.

For the Organ.

Temperance Sketches.

BY MEZQUE.

The Right of Prohibition.

The first grand objection which the friends of temperance meet with, in attempting to use legal means in putting down the liquor traffic, is that it is an infringement upon liberty; and so strenuously is this objection opposed to the work of reform that it becomes a serious impediment, and candor and fairness require that the objection be fairly met, in a spirit of kindness, but firmness; for if there ever was a case of public policy that required a desperate remedy to reform it, we have that case. One thing is very certain, and that is, that the right to enact a prohibitory law either exists or does not exist. If it does not exist, then the whole fabric of human laws and governments is without foundation. But, in order to arrive at conclusions in a shorter and plainer way, let us inquire a little into the nature of this thing called liberty.

BLACKSTONE holds the following language with regard to it:

"The absolute rights of man, considered as a free agent, endowed with discretion to know good from evil, and with power of choosing those measures which appear to him to be the most desirable, are usually summed up in one appellation, and denominated the natural liberty of mankind.

"This natural liberty consists properly in a power of acting as one thinks fit, without any restraint or control, unless by the law of nature; being a right inherent in us by birth, and one of the gifts of God to man at his creation, when he endowed him with the faculty of free-will. But every man, when he enters into society, gives up a part of his natural liberty, as the price of so valuable a purchase; and in consideration of receiving the advantages of mutual commerce, obliges himself to conform to those laws which the community has thought proper to establish. And this species of legal obedience and conformity is infinitely more desirable than that wild and savage liberty which is sacrificed to obtain it. For no man, that considers a moment, would wish to retain the absolute and uncontrolled power of doing whatever he pleases: the consequence of which is, that every other man would also have the same power; and then there would be no security to individuals in any of the enjoyments of life. Political, therefore, or civil liberty, which is that of a member of society, is no other than natural liberty so far restricted by human laws, (and no farther,) as is necessary and expedient for the general advantage of the public."

Now how far a prohibitory law would be for "the general advantage of the public," we will show in the course of these papers.

On the same subject Paley says:

"Civil liberty is not being restrained by any law, but what conduces in a greater degree to the public welfare."

The archbishop of York, says:

"Civil or legal liberty is that which consists in a freedom from all restraints except such as established law imposes for the good of the community to which the partial good of each individual is obliged to give place."

Upon the very foundation of liberty, as set forth in these definitions, the whole fabric of our government is based. In view of this fact, is it not passing strange, indeed, that the wise legislators of Ohio, with all the entreaties that have gone before them, can not find it lawful to put a stop to the liquor traffic, when common sense prescribes it not to be within the definitions just given, of civil liberty?

The liquor traffic is the only business which affects the public, to which the right of prohibition is denied.

The right to abate public nuisances has never been questioned. We have laws to protect sheep from the ravages of dogs. Who questions the right to enact such laws? Who denies their salutary influence? Are the lives of sheep worth more than the lives and happiness and general welfare of mankind? "O but," says one, "it is the wool interest to which the law looks." Well, if the matter is to turn upon dollars and cents, regardless of every other interest that is near and dear to the hearts and hopes of mankind (and which latter interest is above all other interests), we will take it upon even that score, and show conclusively, that the liquor traffic is not for the interest, even in a pecuniary point of view, of the public. Then, we have in our cities, our police laws to guard against hydrophobia. Nobody, for a moment, doubts the propriety of such laws, in times of danger, to guard against this terrible malady. On this

subject, the Secretary of the Hartford County Temperance Society, after stating that 82 in the county and 475 in the State (Connecticut) annually die of delirium tremens, says: "Suppose it were capable of demonstration that 82 individuals in this county and 475 in the State were annually cut off by hydrophobia; would a single dog be tolerated in the State? Would there be found an individual so regardless of the lives of his fellow-men that he would contend for the liberty to retain his dog? In what estimation would the man be held who should assert and vindicate his right to let his dog live and run at large?" And yet delirium tremens is far more to be dreaded than hydrophobia, for it is of more frequent occurrence; possesses all its terrors, and none of its apologies. One victim in a family to the former often brings upon it poverty and disgrace, while the latter is never followed by such consequences. Hydrophobia may and does produce death; but it cannot shroud the memory, which is left behind, in opprobrium. If it were the case that as many deaths occurred from hydrophobia as from intemperance, the cry of "death to the dogs!" "DEATH TO THE DOGS!" would be borne upon every breeze, until the whole canine race would become extinct. Would we go to our neighbor and plead with him and entreat and implore him to part with his favorite "Colonel," or "Rolla," for the common good and safety of the people? Would we say, "O, sir! for the sake of suffering humanity, let us kill your dog." See how the victims to hydrophobia are falling all around you; leaving widows and orphans to mourn their untimely loss!" Would we call meetings and consult together and resolve to petition the Legislature to raise the tax on dogs, and then wait patiently from year to year to see our prayers disregarded? No, Sirs, we would not stop to do any of these things; but with gun in hand, and our hearts throbbing with the warmest pulsations for distressed humanity, we would rush into our neighbor's yard, and in defiance of all law upon the subject, (and at the risk of afterward eating him in sausages) we would put an end to the existence of the dog in question.—Such would be our course in a case of this kind. But it is intemperance and not hydrophobia, that we have to contend with, and because the former has more show in its work, though equally fatal, in its consequences, than the latter, it is countenanced and tolerated. The one comes to his death, through the instrumentality of those claiming to be men, (I allude here to the dram-seller,) therefore, bad motives are not to be imputed, nor the right and sanctity of the traffic questioned: the other comes to his death—a less disgraceful one—through the instrumentality of a dog: therefore, the dog must die.

Several years ago, in the city of New York, several persons were bitten by rabid dogs, and died from the effects. This was enough for those philanthropic citizens, and an ordinance was immediately passed for the total extermination of dogs from the city, and yet at the same time, there were thousands groaning under the weight of sorrow and affliction, brought upon them through the death of fathers, sons, husbands and brothers, and all this through the instrumentality of those engaged in the liquor traffic. No one looked into this matter. A poor dog passed from his kennel at midnight, and bayed the moon, and instantly he was put to eternal rest by a policeman; and the proprietor of a grog-shop, at the same hour, turned a band of robbers and cut-throats into the street who set fire to the city, and the dram-seller felt no harm.