

# New-York Organ.

A FAMILY COMPANION.

Devoted to Pure Literature, Temperance, Morality, Education and General Intelligence.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY BROGNARD & Co., No. 118 NASSAU STREET. TERMS—CITY SUBSCRIBERS, ONE SHILLING EVERY FOUR WEEKS, COUNTRY SUBSCRIBERS, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Vol. 11.—No. 51.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1852.

Price, Three Cents.

## Poetry.

### WILD FLOWERS.

BY NINA ZANINA.

Fringing the young wheat's velvet green—  
What matchless 'broidery is seen,  
Nearest the forest bower;  
The emerald glory of each sod,  
Gemmed with those living smiles of God—  
The flowers, the angel flowers.

Delicious with unknown perfume,  
In nameless shapes of life and bloom—  
Tinted with rainbow dyes—  
Fresh from the shapeless clod they start,  
As from some rude, uncultured heart  
Spring sweetest sympathies.

Here graceful bluebells from the ground,  
In swan-like dignity rise round,  
While with the chastened splendor  
Of azure tassels from a sheen  
Of velvet, from the leaves of green,  
Droop down, their blossoms tender

Rearing their starry heads to light,  
In azure, pink, or stainless white,  
The queenly May-pinks stand;  
The soft breath of the flowing air,  
Bears their rich fragrance everywhere,  
O'er all the flowery land.

Along each cleft and shelving edge,  
On the long walls of massy ledge;  
The bright rock-lilies cling;  
O'er the cool fountains far beneath,  
Their graceful bells, with every breath  
Of the light breezes swing.

Here with its loveliest eyes of blue,  
The woodland violet beameth through  
The brushwood's crossing bars;  
The tiny ground-nut, too, I find,  
Coquetting in the soft South wind,  
Its fairy crown of stars.

Magnificently robed in green—  
Each slender branch and spray is seen,  
Lately so bleak and bare;  
Even the freshly springing grass,  
O'er which the tripping ground birds pass,  
Is beautifully fair.

The wild bees fill the sunny air  
With busy humming everywhere,  
While through the cloudless sky—  
The "homeward bound" pursue their flight,  
Pausing in every wooded height,  
A warbling company.

With song and sweetness day by day,  
How all things woo us to the gay,  
To worship and rejoice;  
Alas, our self-made tyrant, Care,  
Leaves little time or heart to hear  
Nature's harmonious voice.

Ohio Farmer.

## VILLAGE SCANDAL.

### A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

THE small country town of H—, in which I reside, is a bustling, thriving little place in the western part of the State. Among other evidences of its prosperity it exhibits an unusual number of respectable shops. Being a small community, we, like all small communities, take sometimes a very great interest in very little matters, especially when of a local nature. It is also said, and cannot well be denied, that we are a little given to scandal. We know what everybody in our little town is about, and everybody canvasses every other body's affairs with the greatest freedom. Yet the old established inhabitants have a sort of clannish regard for each other, and we do not usually treat any with severity, except strangers who may be endeavoring to obtain a settlement among us.

Some years ago, one of our principal shopkeepers died in a state of insolvency, and his shop was shut up, to the great disfigurement

of the town, as it occupied a very conspicuous place near its centre. Every one felt concerned at the dulness which its closed windows gave to the street; but the predominant feeling was curiosity as to who should be its next tenant. On this point a variety of rumors were set afloat. One day it was confidently asserted that the shop was taken by a great tea merchant from the capital; the next, an extensive dry goods dealer from an adjacent city was said to be the man. At length a tenant did appear—a native of England—a mild, gentle looking man, of somewhat slender form, and about forty years of age. Strange to say, nobody knew or could learn anything about him, neither whence he came nor what were his means. It was only seen that he opened shop as a grocer, under the name of Johnson.

The public remained in this ignorance for a few weeks; but at length a rumor got abroad that Johnson was a person of doubtful character. By and by specific charges were heard of. It was said that he had once committed an extensive forgery, and only escaped the penalty of the law through the forbearance of the parties whom he had injured. Another charge was, that he had deserted his wife and three children, who were now starving in a remote and obscure village in England. He was also said to be a fraudulent bankrupt, having robbed his creditors to a large amount. He was, lastly, a person destitute of religious principle.

I cannot say that we were much grieved at learning all this of the new-comer, for we had a decided prejudice against him, and would have much preferred seeing his shop occupied by one of the native inhabitants of our town. Some went so far as to entertain a decided wish to drive Johnson from amongst us, and with this view did not scruple to give currency to the scandals which had been raised against him. The consequence of their efforts was that Johnson obtained no business. Three weeks elapsed from his opening shop, without his being known to have obtained a single customer, except for the most trifling articles.

Curious to know how he felt under the treatment he was receiving, I and another shopkeeper availed ourselves of the opportunity presented by our undertaking to collect subscriptions for the widow—herself dying—and small family of a respectable townsman, a tanner in business, who had died suddenly, and in poor circumstances, in consequence of certain heavy losses he had recently sustained. Provided with this apology—for we had no hope whatever of obtaining a contribution from Johnson—we entered his shop; my friend winking significantly to me as we did so. To our surprise, we were received with the utmost kindness of manner. We had expected blustering hauteur and insolence, from which my companion hoped to derive some amusement. But the very opposite conduct was exhibited, and I must say it threw us out. In order to draw him forth, we asked how he had found business since he came to H—; to which he replied, that he had as yet done nothing, but it was not surprising, as he was wholly a stranger, and no doubt it was natural for every one to prefer old acquaintances. He hoped, however, that by and by, when the people should know him a little better, they would favor him with a share of their custom. "And," he added, with a significant expression, but with the

same gentle smile and the same mild tone, "when the good folk here know me a little longer, and consequently a little better, they will, I hope, see cause to change the opinion they have formed of me, and will be sorry, I dare say, for having believed—still more sorry for having taken any share in propagating—the absurd stories about me that have been raised by falsehood and malice."

My friend and I were confounded both by the matter and manner of these remarks. We clearly enough perceived that Johnson was perfectly aware, not only of the reports that were in circulation against him, but of the share we had in propagating them. We did not make any reply, but proceeded to the ostensible purpose of our call. We laid the subscription paper before Mr. Johnson, at the same time explaining the circumstances of the case.

Having glanced at the paper, he, without saying a word, went to a little desk at the head of the counter, raised the lid, thrust in his hand, withdrew it, returned to us, and—still without speaking a word—laid five dollars upon the subscription paper. It was the largest sum which had yet been contributed by any individual. "Poor woman," said Johnson, in a voice which, from another, I should have said was that of true compassionate feeling, "I trust she will yet recover. I hope she is properly attended to, and that the sum which may be collected will be sufficient to put her in some little way of doing."

With feelings which I should not find it very easy to describe, I took up Johnson's contribution, wished him good morning, and accompanied by my friend, left the shop. The conduct of the man altogether puzzled us. The gentleness of his manner, and the patience and mildness with which he spoke of his want of success in business, and of those who had traduced him, confounded us. We came to the conclusion that he was, after all, merely a consummate hypocrite, and that there was no doubt he would shortly appear in his true colors.

One forenoon, some little time after, my neighbor Manson, the person who had accompanied me in my call on Johnson with the subscription paper, and who had, I must say it, been particularly industrious in spreading the evil reports, called me into his shop and put a letter into my hands. It was from Johnson. Here it is:

"SIR,—It is with very sincere regret I have learned that you have been circulating reports highly prejudicial to my character, and utterly ruinous to my interests. This is a very serious charge; but I beg of you to understand that I do not bring it against you without having sufficient proof of its truth. Such proof I could command as would at once obtain for me large damages in a court of justice. But it is not my intention to adopt such a course with you; I mean rather to appeal to your reason and your better feelings, and to try whether I cannot, by such a proceeding, bring you to a sense of the injustice you have done me.

"I now, sir, make this appeal, and am very sure that a little reflection will point out to you the impropriety of your conduct towards me, and induce you at once to express your regret for it, and to desist from it in time to come. Please to remember, that I have never done you the smallest injury, either, by word or deed, either directly or indirectly. Why, then, this unprovoked hostility towards me?

Allow me, in conclusion, to say, that it would afford me inexpressible happiness could I by any means induce you to think better of me than you at present do. I would do much, sir, to gain your goodwill, if I might not aspire to your friendship. In the meantime, have the kindness to desist from farther injuring me. I am, sir," &c.

"Well, Manson," said I, after having read the letter, "what do you think of it?"

"Why, that its writer is a mean-spirited, sneaking, canting fellow, and a most accomplished hypocrite," replied Manson.

"Then, upon my word," said I, "I cannot agree with you; neither can I help beginning to entertain a somewhat different opinion of this man. I now doubt the truth of much that has been said against him. I do not know how it is, but this unalterable gentleness of his has a strange effect on me; it is beginning to make me feel somewhat ashamed of myself, as regards the part I have acted towards him. In truth, this mildness of spirit, with all its seeming inertness, appears to me to possess an extraordinary power. Had he given us bad language that day we called with the subscription-paper, my prejudices would have been confirmed; but his suavity has completely disarmed me. What do you mean to do, Manson, with regard to that letter?"

"Why, to take no notice of it. I do not mean to answer it: I wish to have no correspondence with such a character."

About a week after this, we had a subscription-ball in H—, got up by some of our gayer and wealthier townsmen. Amongst those present were Johnson and his sister, a lady-like girl of about two-and-twenty, to whom, it was said, her brother was extremely kind and attentive. On this occasion, Johnson and his sister were treated with marked discourtesy on all hands. Some, as if studiously to insult them, turned their backs on them when they approached; others, got out of their way with offensive haste; while others, again, sneered at them while they passed. I could observe that Miss Johnson felt keenly the treatment to which her brother and herself were subjected. She looked pale and agitated; and, occasionally, as a more than usually marked instance of disrespect occurred, a blush would hurry over her fine, intelligent countenance. Johnson, again, though apparently not less sensible of the contumely to which he and his sister were exposed, met it differently; his demeanour as he perambulated the ball-room, and uttering leaning on his arm, was calm and collected, while a gentle and significant, but almost imperceptible smile played about his rather handsome mouth. I really could not help admiring his calmness and self-possession under these trying circumstances.

Greatly struck by what had fallen under my observation, I could not help reflecting, as I went home, that surely he must be no common man who could thus maintain his temper under such trying circumstances; and I began to feel a friendship for him taking possession of me. Being now anxious to be convinced of his worth, I determined on stepping into his shop now and then, and having some conversation with him. Let me here parenthetically remark, that, in spite of the rumors that had been circulated against him, and in spite of the efforts of a clique to injure his business, or, rather, to prevent him obtaining any, Johnson was gradually acquiring

a fair share of custom. His mildness and civility, together with the perfect propriety of his conduct, were gradually overcoming prejudice and winning confidence. People said; "As to the unfavorable reports of Mr. Johnson's character, we must suspend judgment; we believed them at first, certainly, but now we have our doubts. Besides, his articles are, at least, as reasonable in price, and certainly much better in quality, than those of many dealers in town."

In pursuance of the resolution I had formed, I called, a day or two after the ball, on Mr. Johnson, and sat for nearly two hours with him—fascinated at once by his singularly pleasant and gentle manners, by his great intelligence, and by the extraordinary extent and variety of his information. There was, even in the tones of his voice, a charm that I found exercising a powerful influence over me.

I frequently repented my calls, and after each interview, became more and more satisfied that Johnson had been grievously wronged. Under this impression, I took every opportunity of expressing amongst my friends and acquaintances my strong doubts of the truth of the reports. To my great gratification, I found almost everybody, although they had no such opportunities of correcting their opinions, willing to believe that he had been unjustly dealt by.

By and by Mr. Johnson and I became so intimate, and I so assured of his innocence as regarded the special accusations which scandal had circulated against him, that I ventured one day to mention them to him. He said calmly, "My dear sir, I knew from the very first of the circulation of these rumors; but, excepting one letter to Mr. Manson, I have never made any attempt to meet them with a denial, being certain that my own conduct would be their only effectual refutation. Since you have adverted to the subject as a friend, I will explain all to you. As is often the case, these reports are not altogether creatures of any one's imagination, but have a certain basis in fact, though not as applicable to me." He then proceeded to show—proving at the same time the truth of what he said by various documents—that the forgery of which he had been accused, instead of being committed by him, had been committed upon him; and this by a nephew of his own, whom he had forborne to prosecute, although his loss by the act had exceeded \$10,000. As to the desertion of wife and children, he also satisfied me, first, that he had never been married at all, nor ever had any children; next, that the family alluded to was the widow and children of his brother, whom he was now supporting and had supported for many years. He showed me a number of letters from the widow, who resided in England, and several from her elder children, whom he was educating; all of which were filled with expressions of the warmest love and gratitude.

A letter which he next produced, and which he had but a day or two before received from the rector of Combermeath, his native parish, was written in an affectionate strain, and bore, in an incidental way, the strongest testimony to his moral and religious character.

"Now," said he, laughing, "we come to the last remaining charge—my fraudulent bankruptcy. Well, it is true, perfectly true, that I did stop payment about fifteen years since; chiefly in consequence of the forgery on me by my nephew, and partly in consequence of large losses otherwise. But success in business enabled me at a subsequent period to pay all my creditors in full, including interest. Of the satisfaction of my creditors with my conduct on the occasion of which I speak, I have evidence inscribed, not indeed on a tablet of brass, but on a vessel or rather utensil of silver, which I will show you."

Having said this, he rose, went to a corner of the shop, and drew a bell-pull. His sister—there being an internal communication between the shop and the house which was above—answered the summons.

"Izzy dear," said Johnson, "will you be so kind as to bring down the salver which was presented to me by my good friends at Combermeath?"

Miss Johnson quickly appeared with a large, massive and richly ornamented piece of plate,

which her brother desired her to put into my hands; directing my attention, at the same time, to an inscription in the centre. This inscription I read, and found it to be a flattering testimonial, from Mr. Johnson's creditors, to the excellence of his character, and expressing their deep sense of his rare integrity, as exemplified in the circumstance of his having paid in full, and with interest, the several sums he owed them, after he had been legally discharged of the same.

Dear reader, the man of whom I have been speaking—the man who was so slandered and traduced when he first came amongst us—who was called everything that was bad—who was shunned and despised—is now first magistrate of H—, and has long been esteemed, as he indeed is, one of the worthiest men in the county.

#### ROBESPIERRE.

In our recent notice of Robespierre, it was mentioned that, at the period of his capture in the Hotel de Ville, he was shot in the jaw by a pistol fired by one of the gendarmes. Various correspondents point to the discrepancy between this account and that given by Thiers, and some other authorities, who represent that Robespierre fired the pistol himself, in the attempt to commit self-destruction. In our account of the affair, we have preferred holding to Lamartine (*History of the Girondists*), not only in consequence of his being the latest and most graphic authority on the subject, but because his statement seems to be verified by the appearance of the half-signed document which it was our fortune to see in Paris in 1849.

The following is Lamartine's statement:—"The door soon yielded to the blows given by the soldiers with the butt-end of their muskets, amid the cries of 'Down with the Tyrant!' 'Which is he?' inquired the soldiers; but Leonard Bourdon durst not meet the look of his fallen enemy. Standing a little behind the men, and hidden by the body of a gendarme, named Meda; with his right hand he seized the arm of the gendarme who held a pistol, and pointing with his left hand to the person to be aimed at, he directed the muzzle of the weapon towards Robespierre, exclaiming: 'That is the man.' The man fired, and the head of Robespierre dropped on the table, deluged with blood the proclamation he had not finished signing." Next morning, adds this authority, Leonard Bourdon "presented the gendarme who had fired at Robespierre to the notice of the Convention." Further: on Robespierre being searched while he lay on the table, a brace of loaded pistols were found in his pocket. "These pistols, shut up in their cases still loaded, abundantly testify that Robespierre did not shoot himself." Accepting these as the true particulars of the incident, Robespierre cannot properly be charged with an attempt at suicide.

In the article referred to, the name Barras was accidentally substituted for Henriot, in connection with the insurrectionary movement for rescuing Robespierre. Barras led the troops of the Convention.

A correspondent asks us to state what was the actual number of persons slaughtered by the guillotine, and otherwise, during the progress of the Revolution. The question cannot be satisfactorily answered. Allison (vol. iv. p. 289) presents a list, which shows the number to have been 1,027,106; but this enumeration does not comprehend the massacres at Versailles, the prisons of Paris, and some other places. A million and a half would be a safe calculation. One thing is certain, that from the 2d of September 1792, to the 25th of October 1795, a space of little more than three years, 18,613 perished by the guillotine. Strangely enough, the chief destruction of life was among the humbler classes of society, those who mainly promoted the revolution; and still more strange, the greater number of victims were murdered by the verdicts of juries—a striking example of that general subserviency which has since become the most significant defect in the French character.—*Chamber's Journal*.

**THE INCESSANT WORKER.**—The great tree of life is laden with the hopes, fears, joys and sorrows of mortality. From infancy to manhood the progress is smooth and delightful. The sunshine of the moral world dances through the leaves with a gladdening radiance, and its shadows, when cast, serve only to render the returning brightness brighter still to the joyous hearts beneath its branches. The throbbing pulses of youths and maidens beat with as glad a response, and the laugh of childhood rings as cheerily as if the whistle of that remorseless scythe were not evermore heard beneath, sweeping to their eternal rest those who, having run their course, have dropped from the tree, ripe for the harvest. But he who reaps them knows no rest. Above and all around is life—busy, active, wondrous, mysterious life; below, at the end and at the beginning of all, is death—unwearied, ever toiling death.

#### AN OBLIGING DISPOSITION. A RAILROAD INCIDENT.

There is nothing like an obliging disposition," I thought to myself one day when travelling by railway from Boston to Worcester, seeing a gentleman putting himself to considerable trouble to land another gentleman, who had fallen asleep at his destination.

"Passengers for Needham!" cried out the conductor. "The train stops but one minute." "Hallo!" exclaimed a young man in spectacles, at the same time seizing an old gentleman by the shoulders who was sleeping very soundly, "here's Captain Holmes, fast asleep, and this is Needham, where he lives. Come, get up, Captain Holmes, here you are."

The gentleman got upon his feet and began to rub his eyes, but the young man forced him along to the door of the carriage, and gently assisted him to alight. Whizz went the steam, and we began to fly again, and the obliging young man took his seat again, and said with a good deal of satisfaction to somebody near him, "Well, if it hadn't been for me Captain Holmes would have missed his home finely. But here, he has left his bundle," and the young man picked up a paper parcel and threw it out of the window, and directly discovered another bundle in a handkerchief, which he also threw out. "Well," he said again, "if it hadn't been for me Captain Holmes would have missed his bundles finely."

When we stopped at the next station a lady began to rummage under the seat where Captain Holmes had been sitting, and exclaimed in great alarm—

"I can't find my bundle."

"Was it done up in a sheet of brown paper?" I asked.

"Yes, it was, to be sure," said the lady.

"Then," said I, "that young man yonder threw it out of the window at the last station."

This led to a scene between the obliging young man and the old lady, which ended in the former taking the address of the latter, and promising to return the package in a few days, provided he should find it.

"Well," said the obliging young man, "catch me doing a good-natured thing again. What can I do for that old woman if I should not find her bundle?"

Whizz went the steam, ding, ding, went the bell, the dust flew, the sparks flew, and away we flew, as they say, like lightning, until we arrived at the next station—I forget the name, but it would be of no consequence if I could remember it—when an old gentleman started up and began to poke under the seat where Captain Holmes had sat.

"What are you looking for?" I inquired.

"Looking for?" said the old gentleman, "why, for my bundle of clothes."

"Was it tied up in a yellow pocket-handkerchief?" I asked.

"Yes, and nothing else," said the old man.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the obliging young man, "I threw it out of the carriage at Needham; I thought it belonged to Captain Holmes."

"Captain Holmes!" exclaimed the old fellow, with a look of despair, "who is Captain Holmes? That bundle contained all my clean clothes, that I was to wear at my son's wedding to-morrow morning. Oh dear! oh dear! what can I do?"

Nothing could be done, but to give his address to the obliging young man as before, and console himself with a promise that the bundle should be returned to him, provided it was ever found. The obliging young man was now in despair and made another solemn vow that he would never attempt to oblige a man again. The next station was his destination, and as he went towards the door of the carriage he saw a silver-headed cane, which he took hold of, and read the inscription on it, "Moses Holmes, East Needham."

"Well," again exclaimed the obliging young man, "if here isn't Captain Holmes' cane!"

"Yes," said a gentleman who got in at the last station, "and the old fellow is lame, too. He will miss his stick."

"Do you know him?" inquired the obliging young gentleman.

"Know him? I should think so," replied the gentleman, "he is my uncle."

"And does he live at East Needham?" asked the obliging young gentleman.

"Of course he does; he never lived anywhere else."

"Well, if that don't beat everything," said the obliging young gentleman, "and I put him out at Needham, just five miles the other side of his home.—*New-York Journal of Commerce*.

Some bitter cynic, twenty years since, thus descanted on the precocity of youth in his time:—We have philosophers not yet breached; and young ladies giving lessons in chemistry to their dolls. You will hear a young gentleman of seven summers instruct his grandmother how to suck eggs. The lesson will be to this effect. "You see, grand-mamma, in order to suck, or rather to exhaust the contents of this egg, it is necessary to make an incision at the apex, with a corresponding aperture at the base." "Bless us," cries granny, "when I was a gal, we only made a hole at each end."

#### KNICKERBOCKERIANA.

We select the following from the Editor's "Gossip" in the June number of the Knickerbocker:

Happening to get a peep at a half-written book by our friend Pynnhurst, whose "Wanderings and Ways of Thinking" are becoming so popular, we "conveyed" the following: "I remember to have been sent by my mother on a mission of consolation to Mrs. Beddles, who had just lost her husband, our farmer. What I best remember about her before this occasion is, that she had quantities of ducks, of which she was very proud. She evidently believed that no other birds knew what moulting meant; she thought her ducks, and they alone, committed this action. 'Yes, Master Hugh,' she used to say, 'yes, sir,' with a strong emphasis on the 'sir,' 'them ducks as you see there, which the one that his tail turns up is the drake; well, them ducks changes their foliage regular every spring.' Well, being sent, when nine or ten years old, to console with Mrs. Beddles, I did not know exactly what to do. 'Mrs. Beddles,' I said, 'Mamma sent me down to say how sorry she is that Mr. Beddles is dead.' 'Oh, ho! yes, my dear Master Hugh; your mar is so good: she too have lost a husband, but nobody don't know what I lost, he was sitch a good purwider.' I felt like laughing and crying at the same time, as I said, 'Yes, I know he was a good provider, but that makes you glad to think of now, don't it?' 'Yes, my dear; but when one is all lonely so, and no particular business for to foller, one can't help a-cryin' for them as is went to their long 'omes, and as was sitch a good purwidens. And now he lays there into the back kitchen, in his clean shirt and drawers, and they ain't nobody to purwider no more.' When I had gone a little way, I felt as if I had not done enough, and began to think that if anybody I loved was dead, I should be sorry to have them buried very soon; and that suggesting another topic of consolation, I went back, half opened the door, and said: 'Mrs. Beddles, don't you bury Mr. Beddles so soon. I know that mamma would like you to keep him with you as long as possible.' 'Yes, Master Hugh,' she answered, 'I would keep him, but it is sitch warm weather that I'm afeard he'll spile!'

A friend gives us an amusing idea of "a Dutch Judge" in the following sketch:—"He was about to sentence a prisoner; and on looking around for him, found him playing chequers with his custodian, while the foreman of the jury was fast asleep. Replenishing the ample judicial chair with his broad cast person, he thus addressed the jury: 'Misder voreman and t'oder jurymans: Der brisoner, Hans Vlecker, is vanished his game mit der sheriff, und has peat him, but I shall dakę gare he don't peat me. Hans has peen dried for murder before you, und you must pring in der vardick, but it must pe 'cordin' to der law. De man he kill't wasn't kill't at all, as it was proved he is in der jail at Morrisdown for sheep-dealing. Put dat ish no madder. Der law says ven dere ish a tou't you give ven to der brisoner: put here dere ish no tou't; so you see der brisoner ish guilty. Pesides, he is a great loafer. I haf know'd him vifty year, und he hasn't tone a s'ditch of work in all dat times; und dere is no one debanding upon him for deir livin', and he ish no use to nopody. I dink it would pe goot plans to hang him for de example. I dink, Mr. voremans, dat he petter pe hung next Four' o' July, as der militia is going to drain in anoder gounty, und dere would pe no vun goin' on here!' It should be added, to the credit of the jury, that in spite of this 'learned and impartial charge,' they acquitted the 'brisoner,' finding him 'Not guilty, if he would leave the State.'

**A CHILD'S FAITH.**—"A strong man will carry me over the mountains." These were almost the last words of a dear little boy, just five years and seven months old, who died a few weeks ago in the city of Boston. About the middle of the night in which he died, he saw something beautiful which he could not very well understand. He was much delighted with the vision, and his parents assured him that God had given him a glimpse of heaven. But they soon perceived that the vision was somewhat marred by the appearance of mountains which he saw before him. Almost in a moment, however, after they were discovered, he exclaimed, "A strong man will carry me over the mountains!" Thus at once did the eye of faith rest upon One that is mighty to save; and thus it will ever be with those who put their trust in the Lord. He then called the family around him, and asked each one to give him a kiss. He also entreated his father and mother to "go up with him."

**A COLLOQUY.**—"How do you do?" "Do what?" "How do you find yourself?" "I never lose myself." "How do you feel?" "Pretty smooth, I suppose, but you can feel me and see." "Good morning, Mr. Smith." "I think it's rather a bad one—very wet and nasty."

From the Boston Olive Branch.  
**THE RIVAL PAINTERS.**  
 A TALE OF ROME.

"Farewell, my son, go trustingly forth, have thine own fortunes by untiring efforts, and it will be doubly enriched by the memory of those years of patient toil that gained so much happiness for thee. The world is bright and beautiful to a young heart, but its light and loveliness pass away. Set not therefore too great value upon its riches. Walk calmly in the quiet path that leads to thy duty, envying none, loving all, and a purer and more lasting joy will be thine than the praise and homage a flattering world can give thee. Fear nothing but sin and temptation, follow only the dictates of thine own innocent heart. Be faithful to thy friends, forgiving to thine enemies, true to thyself, and earnest in thy love to God, and with a mother's blessing on thy head, fare thee well."

And with nothing but a deep love for his beautiful art, and a heart filled with pure and lovely feelings, Guido, a young Florentine painter, left home for the great city of Rome, where all his hopes and desires were centered. There, in the studio of some great master, he would seek honor and wealth for himself, and a luxurious home for her who, with all a woman's patient constancy, had toiled to gain enough to place her son where his exalted genius might be guided and taught, till he could gain that she so fondly hoped; and when the time came, freely gave up all that made life pleasant to her—cheerfully bade farewell to her noble son, and in her lonely room toiled on, that he might lack nothing to cheer and help him on his way. Nor was all the mother's self-sacrificing love unappreciated or unfelt; it kept her son from temptation and cheered him on to greater efforts, that he might repay with unflinching care and tenderness the sacrifice so nobly made. Nothing could stay or turn him aside, while his mother's words lingered in his ear. No harm could fall on a head made sacred by her blessing, and no evil enter a heart filled with such holy love.

And so 'mid all the allurements of a luxurious city he passed unharmed, and labored steadily on till he won his way among the first of the high born young artists who crowded the studios of the great masters, and as time went on, honor and wealth seemed waiting for him, but not happiness.

The kind old painter with whom he had spent so many happy years, had a fair young daughter whom he had loved long and silently, happy that he could be near one so good and beautiful. He never thought of asking more, till a fellow student, possessed of wealth and rank, comely in person and courtly in manner, sought her hand; and then only, when he feared it was too late, did he gain courage to plead his love so well and earnestly that the old painter could not refuse to leave the choice to his daughter.

"Tell me truly, Madeline," he said, "and he you love shall be thine, with my blessing. But pause and consider; young Ferdinand hath wealth, rank, a splendid home, and a heart full of love for thee; Guido has nothing—nay, blush not so proudly, my child; I mean no earthly riches. He hath a noble soul and a rare talent for painting; but in this cold world these are uncared for, where gold and honors are prized more highly. Judge for yourself, Madeline, which will bring the most happiness, the pomp and show of a countess, or an humble painter's home, subject to all the care and sorrow poverty brings. Wealth or love—few maidens would pause; and yet 'tis a hard choice—both so noble and comely—I wonder not at your decision."

The image of the pale young painter came oftenest to the girl's heart; all his silent acts of kindness, his humble, self-denying life, and most of all, his deep and earnest love for herself; and the gay, gallant Count was forgotten. A flower from Guido was more highly prized than all the costly gifts her titled suitor laid at her feet; but she knew her father longed to see her the wife of some high born lord; his own life had been darkened by hours of poverty and sorrow, and he fondly hoped to spare her that pain which he had borne uncomplainingly. So, with a daughter's self-denying love, she answered:

"Father, as a painter's daughter, my life has been one of perfect happiness; why not as a wife? The Count loves the beautiful art only as a means of gaining honor, and even that love will soon pass away, and some trifling thing succeed it. Guido is poor, and his art is his all. I know the deep, earnest love he bears for all that is great and good; beauty and purity he worships with a true painter's steadfastness, and while he humbly toils for bread, the noble genius which lies hidden now will awake, and hallowed by such a purpose, will bring him honor and wealth. But I am young, father, and the world is new to me; judge as your own wise love counsels, and by that judgment will I abide."

"So let it be, Madeline, and if I do not greatly err, our choice will be the same," he replied, as he passed out and left a loving

heart behind, struggling with the gentle memories that thronged so tenderly about it. But with a woman's strength, all thoughts of love were banished, and she waited to fulfil her duty, hard though it might be.

"Seniors," said the old painter, when he joined the rivals, who together sought to learn their fate, "my daughter leaves the choice to me, and as a father I would ask, what you would give up to win her love? Maidens are fond and foolish things, and would be hardly won. My lord, how highly do you prize the love of a simple girl?"

"More than life, liberty, wealth or honor," replied the Count, with a glance at his humble rival, who possessed so little to sacrifice.

"And you, Guido?" said the old man. The bright blood mounted to the pale face, and clear light glowed deeper in his dark eye as he answered with a low, sad voice, "I would give up that which is more precious than life or liberty; that for which I would most gladly give the little of honor, wealth, or happiness that I possess; all these were trifles, useless and vain, if that one thing were not gained."

"And this is what?" asked the wondering painter.

"Your daughter! her happiness is more to me than all the earth can offer. Let her bestow her love where she will, and God protect him who is so blest as to possess it. My deepest, truest joy will be the knowledge of her own. Cold and selfish were the hearts that did not find pure happiness in the joy of those they truly love. My rival hath all that can make life fair and beautiful; I would not bring a cloud to darken her bright sky; but when all the blessings that the world can give are hers, I would only ask a passing thought of one whose earnest life and abiding love ever link all bright and happy memories with her."

"It is enough! hear my decision: Three weeks hence is the Carnival; he who before that time hath painted a picture the most perfect in grace, and beauty of form, design, and coloring, to him will I give my daughter. Strange as it may seem, I feel a painter's pride in bestowing my only earthly wealth on one worthy the glorious art that wins her. Three weeks hence at the gallery of —, we meet again; 'till then, farewell."

And as the two rivals turned away, his eye rested proudly on Guido, as he whispered with a smile, "He is worthy of her, and will succeed."

The hours went by, and rumors of the strange trial between the rival painters were rife through the city. Many were the wondering thoughts of the people: gay jests went round, and happy visions of fame from the hand of the painters filled many a fair lady's heart.

The beautiful Madeline sat alone, and strove to banish the thoughts that would come, bringing a picture she would not look upon, and so the time went on, the days were spent, and the Carnival was in progress.

Gallery after gallery filled, and still the crowd poured on till the dim old halls were brilliant with the fair and noble of the gay city; the sunlight stole softly in through the richly stained windows, throwing a strange, bright hue on the old pictures within, and the air was heavy with the fragrance of the flowers, twined around statue and pillar.

Two dark mysterious curtains hung side by side, and before them stood the rival painters—a strange contrast. The young Count, his proud face glowing with joy, his costly garments glittering with embroidery, and his plumed cap, heavy with jewels, stood proudly forth, and many a light heart beat, and fair cheek flushed, as his dark eye glanced over the galleries, bright as an Eastern garden with the loveliest flowers of Rome.

But they soon turned from him to his rival, and lingered there. His humble dress and threadbare mantle were unheeded for the noble face that looked so pale in dark shadows where he stood; but a ray of sunlight lay softly on the long dark locks that fell heavily round his face, and all unconscious of the eyes upon him, he stood looking calmly on the sweet face of a Madonna above.

A crowd of the first painters stood around a canopied seat, conversing with the father, who listened, silently watching the dial as it fast approached the appointed hour; beside him sat Madeline; the long veil folded so closely could not hide the lovely face that blushed beneath; and the hand that clasped the victor's wreath, trembled with the emotions of hope and fear that made the dark eyes fill with tears, and the gentle heart beat wildly.

As the twelve silvery chimes died away, the Count sprang forward and exultingly flung back the curtain. A long breathless pause, and then loud and long sounded the applause, till the vaulted roof rang again.

It was Madeline—beautiful as love could make her. Beneath the picture, traced in golden letters, were courtly words of love and flattery, and before it the Count knelt gracefully, and with uncovered head.

Then the pale young painter lifted his dark curtain, and not a sound broke the deep stillness as with fascinated eyes they gazed. Tears were on many a cheek, for the simple

word "Mother" traced below, brought back to many a careless heart, the long forgotten hours of innocence and youth; it was strangely beautiful. The silvered hair lay softly round the gentle face, and the mild dark eyes seemed looking down on her son with all a mother's fondness, while the golden light that fell from the high window seemed to shut the world of sin and shadows from them.

The silence was broken by a burst of applause that shook the old walls, and often as it died away 'twas again renewed; plumed caps waved, and flowers fell at his feet. Still, with folded hands he stood heedless of all, for his thoughts were far away; he only saw the gentle face before him, heard only her low, sweet voice, felt only her hand laid in blessings on his head, and all else forgotten.

Then clear and deep above the murmuring crowd, sounded the voice of the old painter, saying—Guido of Florence hath won the prize; and more than this, he hath gained our love and honor, for one whose holy affections prized above the young and lovely, the face that first smiled upon him, the heart that first loved. I ask no greater wealth for my child than the love of so noble a son. She is thine, Guido, with my fondest blessing."

And 'mid a burst of triumphant music the wreath fell upon his breast. The noblest painters crowded round him, fair ladies scattered flowers in his path, and even his rival, shrouding his own fair picture, flung a bright wreath over the other, and with tears on his proud face, stood humbly before it, while gentle memories came stealing back, bringing a quiet joy, long unknown, to his ambitious heart; and he rose up a better man for the holy lesson he had learned.

And while noble painters, and beautiful women paid their homage to the humble artist, and the deep-toned music rolled through the bright halls, high above all, the calm, soft face looked proudly down on the son whose unflinching love for her had gained for him the honor and love he so richly deserved.

#### PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.

A young peasant one day on returning to his village from Sion, a heavy fall of snow, about the beginning of October, met him on his toilsome ascent; he reached at length a rock from which he could see his own chalet, but in its stead nothing appeared but a frightful mass of snow heaps, beneath which his house, his wife, and their only child were doubtless engulfed. At first he was overwhelmed with despair, and threw himself on the rocks in a state of stupor; but presently the light of hope broke upon him—he started up, and rushed to the still uninjured cottage of one of his neighbors, whose assistance he entreated; several others joined with them, and together, armed with pickaxes and spades, they set to work with the view of disengaging the devoted from the overwhelming wreck. It required both strength and resolution, and the friends worked till night with ardor. The young man was then left alone; he continued to labor without ceasing, and at day-break his companions returned; the second day ended without result, but despair gave the husband fresh vigor, in spite of his fearful disappointment. A third day he toiled on, and at last, to his unspeakable rapture, he discovered the roof of his dwelling, and through an aperture for the smoke he perceived his wife sitting by the light of a lamp watching her infant, who was being at the moment suckled by a goat. His cries of joy were soon responded to, and the story of deliverance was soon told. A large rock behind the chalet had forced the avalanche which had descended to take another direction, and all beneath the roof, to the last of his flock were saved. His resolute perseverance was rewarded, and the pair became the objects of congratulation to the whole district. When one sees the position of these villages, one is not astonished at any of these histories, which, however, have seldom so fortunate an ending as this.—*Sites in the Alps, by Miss Costello.*

RELIC OF ANTIQUITY.—The editor of the *Wheeling Gazette* lately saw a rare relic of antiquity, in the shape of a Bible in German, 212 years old. It belongs to S. Ott, Esq., of Wheeling, to whom it descended from his grandfather who paid \$250 for it. The original cost at the time of its publication, was probably £500. It is nearly a foot in thickness, about twenty inches long, and must weigh some 60 or 70 pounds. The illustrations, and those well done, are several in number. It is truly a record of the olden times and style of printing.

PSALMS AND HIMS.—A maiden lady, suspecting her female servant was regaling her beau upon the cold mutton of the larder, called Betty and inquired whether she did not hear some one speaking with her down stairs? "Oh, no, ma'am," replied the girl, "it was only me singing a psalm!" "You may amuse yourself, Betty," replied the lady, "with psalms, but let's have no hims, Betty. I have a great objection to hims." Betty courted, withdrew, and took the hint.

☞ Hear instruction and be wise.

ASK FOR WHAT YOU WANT.—Several gentlemen of the Massachusetts Legislature, dining at a Boston hotel, one of them asked Mr. M., a gentleman who sat opposite,

"Can you reach them *peraters*, sir?" Mr. M. extended his arm towards the dish, and satisfied himself that he could reach the "peraters," and answered,

"Yes, sir." The legislator was taken aback by this unexpected rebuff from the wag; but presently recovering himself, he asked,

"Will you stick my fork into one on 'em, then?"

Mr. M. took the fork and very coolly plunged it into a finely cooked potato, and left it there.

The company roared as they took the joke, and the victim looked more foolish than before. But suddenly an air of confidence struck him; rising to his feet, he exclaimed, with an air of conscious triumph,

"Now, Mr. M., I will trouble you for the fork."

Mr. M. rose to his feet, and with the most imperturbable gravity, pulled the fork out of the potato and returned it, amidst an uncontrollable thunderstorm of laughter, to the utter discomfiture of the gentleman from B—.

A MARTYR TO SCIENCE.—We lately reported the death of Dr. Ellenberger, a French physician at Prague, in consequence of an experiment he made himself, with poison, against the effect of which he contended he had discovered an infallible antidote. M. Meniere related, in the *Gazette Medicale*, some of the experiments of which he was a witness, while travelling in Germany with M. Orfila. During their visit to the Museum of Natural History at Prague, they were introduced to Dr. Ellenberger, who was happy at having an opportunity of showing them his experiments with the antidotes against vegetable poisons, and particularly strychnine and morphine. After relating the various trials he had made on himself, he proposed to perform an immediate experiment. He sent to an apothecary for 15 decigrammes (13 grains) of acetate of morphine, which, after it had been examined by M. Orfila, and declared to be pure, he put on his tongue and swallowed to the great alarm of all present. One minute afterwards he swallowed about the same quantity of a white powder, and the poison produced no effect whatever on him. He related that he had made the same experiment on animals and on plants, and invariably with the same result. He appears to have done the same with strychnine, and always with impunity, until the last time, when he unfortunately lost his life.

ANECDOTES OF FAT MEN.—Dr. Beddoes, the English antiquarian, was so enormously corpulent that a lady of Clifton used to call him the "travelling haystack." He was once requested by a butcher to give it out that he bought his meat of him, as it would redound to the credit of any shop to have the feeding of such a Falstaff. At Cambridge resided a huge professor, and the pious were wont to exclaim:—"God bless you sir!" when he chanced to walk over their work. In the Court of Louis XV. lived two lusty noblemen, who were related to each other. The King said to one of them, when rallying him on his corpulence, "I suppose you take little or no exercise." "Your majesty will pardon me," replied the bulky duke, "but I generally walk round my cousin two or three times every morning."

SURMISE WITH CHARITY.—A kind-hearted old lady was once reproved quite sharply by her friend for giving money to a stranger, who seemed to be very poor, when he asked charity in the streets of Boston. "Suppose he spent the money for rum?" said the censorious and suspicious friend. The quick and noble answer was, "If you must 'suppose' at all, why not 'suppose' that he will spend the money for bread? Why suppose anything that is evil about any one, when you are at liberty to suppose what is good and noble?" That lady had the true Christian spirit.

FLORAL EMBELLISHMENTS FOR FARM HOUSES.—I would have the windows of our farm houses adorned with flowers, not in rusty tin measures, and old black, glazed, spoutless tea-pots, and glass bottles with their necks broken off, but in whole and handsome flower pots or neatly painted wooden boxes, for they really cost little or nothing. I would have the door yard filled with flowers and shrubbery, and the roadside lined with trees; here a clump and there a single line, mingling the varieties as nature mingled them.

RICHES.—Richness, without meekness and thankfulness, do not make any man happy. But let me tell you that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavor to be honestly rich or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said, "He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping."—*Isaak Walton.*

## Ladies' Department.

## A KITCHEN SCENE.

"Well, Dinah, here I come to cook the dinner. Mamma has tucked my curls closely under this cap; my arms are as bare as if I was going to dance, and, with this hideous apron, I trust I suit your taste."

Dinah, showing the whites of her eyes in the most extraordinary manner—

"Yes, missy, but is dat a cook book sticking out of your apron pocket?"

"No, you old lynx-eye! You know well that it is a very interesting novel that I intend to read while the meat is roasting, and recollect that you are to say nothing about it."

"But, missy, you know dat I have my orders not to touch the dinner, and if you read dat book de meat burn as black as Dinah's face—what den?"

"Oh! mind your wash tub, Dinah, and leave me to manage. A piece of pork to roast, eh? Lucky I'm no Jew; here's the dredging-box and the salt, so I'll commence operations."

Mrs. Clement—Elsie's mother—was a thorough New-England housekeeper. Married when a mere child, totally ignorant of domestic affairs, she had experienced, of course, innumerable mortifications in consequence, and having, by perseverance and energy, made herself acquainted with all the details of domestic economy, she determined that Elsie should begin in time to make herself useful as a housekeeper.

But, return we to our heroine. There she sat with her little slipped foot peeping from beneath her neat gingham morning dress, her shining hair confined under her snowy cap of muslin, and in her hands, the book referred to by Dinah. Dinah herself stood near, at the wash-tub, ever and anon looking over her shoulder and muttering, "Nebber saw a gal yet do two things well at once." But after watching some time, and seeing the salt and flower duly applied, and the meat occasionally turned, she ceased to remonstrate.

At length, the meat and the novel being done, Elsie jumps up from her chair, spatters a handful of soap suds in Dinah's face, and says—"Look here, my dear woolly pate! there's your meat done to a turn, and your gravy *comme il faut*, which, translated into African, means, you could not do better yourself. Now, do your duty as I have done mine, dish it up properly and I'll speak a good word for you to Pompey; so now I'll make the custard, and then prepare for dinner."

This being accomplished, with a skip and a bound she vanishes.

The last shining curl was just arranged to her satisfaction, when Dinah presented herself at the door, with both hands raised, and her face looking blacker than ever.

"Oh! dear! Oh! dear! Missy Elsie, it only wants five minutes to dinner, and young Mr. Alfred coming home with your papa; Oh! bless my soul, 'tis too much for dis nigger, if he thinks I cook dat dinner—Oh! dear! Oh! dear!"

"What on earth do you mean?" said Elsie, with a vague foreshadowing of some impending evil.

"Oh!" said Dinah, sitting down in a chair and wiping the perspiration from her face with the corner of her apron. "You take the cup of saleratus, and you baste de meat and season de gravy wid it—and you put peppermint in de custards instead ob de essence of lemon. Land of Goshen! dis nigger nebber discomposed in all her life. Only wants five minutes to dinner. Oh! all for dat novel book, Miss Elsie."

**WOMEN AND MEN.**—Women, especially young women, either believe falsely or judge harshly of men in one thing. You, young loving creature, who dream of your lover by night and by day—you fancy that he does the same of you? He does not—he cannot; nor is it right he should. One hour, perhaps, your presence has captivated him, subdued him even to weakness; the next he will be in the world, working his way as a man among men, forgetting for the time being your very existence. Possibly if you saw him, his outer self hard and stern, so different to the self you know, would strike you with pain. Or else his inner and diviner self, higher than you dream of, would turn coldly from your insignificant love. Yet all this must be; you have no right to murmur. You cannot rule a man's soul—no woman ever did—except by holding unworthy sway over unworthy passions. Be content if you lie in his heart, as that heart lies in his bosom—deep and calm—its beatings unseen, uncounted, oftentimes unfelt; but still giving life to his whole being.—*The Head of the Family.*

A writer on Parisian New Year's gifts, states that there are second-hand shops in Paris, which make a large trade of buying from ladies the useless presents which they have received and selling them at a third of their original cost—a little money being more acceptable sometimes to a lady's pocket, than a large ornament to her dressing-table.

## A PARSEE LADY.

I asked her how the hair was disposed of with them. Whereupon, laughing merrily, she threw back her saree, and the disfiguring kind of bandage which concealed the forehead and head, and shaking down a quantity of black silky hair, her eyes sparkling with animation, she really looked so beautiful that I could not refrain from exclaiming against the barbarous style of costume which thus transformed a perfect houri into a bandaged Egyptian mummy. Another personal disfigurement they very ingeniously contrive, by perforating completely their small, delicately formed ears all round, inserting such heavy jewelled pendants that the shape becomes distorted with increasing years, and the appearance of the feature is so unnatural that I was glad to see the saree drawn over it. All these ladies were of small stature, with slight and graceful figures, regular features and a pale olive complexion, which in their estimation is the highest attribute of beauty. My sociable friend pointed out to me a little girl of about nine years of age, who, she said, was so strikingly fair that her hand had been eagerly sought in marriage by several before she attained her fourth year. She had been now, for some years, betrothed to the son of a wealthy Parsee; and when of sufficient age to be separated from her mother, she was to take up her abode in the family of her future husband. She was a sweet, gentle little creature, with an expression of melancholy in her soft, gazelle-like eyes, and judging from the mother's constant caresses and looks of love bestowed on her child, I could well imagine how heavily the thought of separation must press upon both their hearts. I was delighted to see some specimens of needlework strewed about the room, such as canvas work and embroidery; and upon inquiring how they had learned these arts, I was informed that an English missionary lady had lately given them instructions in the use of the needle; and that the father was so astonished at their progress, that he talked of allowing them to learn the pianoforte, and had actually provided a magnificent instrument in anticipation. I begged to see it, and never shall I forget their delight as I ran my fingers over the notes. The entire female household, including the servant, gathered round me, clapping their hands as I played a few lively airs; and when at length I rose to depart, they all loudly entreated me to come again and spend the whole day with them. \* \* \* Their only recreation appeared to consist in giving occasional parties to the ladies of their acquaintance, and making a grand exhibition of silken sarees and costly jewels. I was greatly amused to hear that, of late, it is considered an essential mark of style and fashion to wear English silk stockings beneath their embroidered slippers on a party night, though the usual custom is to have the feet and ankles uncovered, with the exception of the handsome jewelled ornaments which are clasped round them.—*Life in Bombay.*

## WOMAN.

## A COMPARISON.

The National Intelligencer is publishing a series of letters, from a citizen of Washington, who is travelling in the Old World. In his last letter he thus compares the women there with those of his own country:

In my rambles about the village of Baalbek, I was struck with the beauty of the children, and the extreme youthfulness of some of the Arab mothers. I say several young females, not more than twelve or fourteen years of age, with babies in their arms, evidently their own; and I was told that this is quite common throughout Syria. Many of the women are very beautiful—much more so, I think than either the Circassian or the Turkish women. It was quite enchanting to see their fine complexions, dark eyebrows, and flashing eyes; and for regularity and delicacy of features, I have seldom seen them equalled except in other parts of Syria. In Nazareth, I saw some of the best formed and most beautiful women I had ever seen in any country; I believe it is noted as much for the beauty of its female population among tourists, as for its historical interest; but at no place did I see what I really thought approached the perfection of beauty in so high a degree as in Bethlehem. The women of Bethlehem are absolutely bewitching. I never saw such perfect profiles, such eyes and eyebrows, and such delicate little hands and feet. Not that I mean to say that they are at all to be compared in all the higher attributes of beauty to our own fair countrywomen, for that would be sacrilege. There is nothing in the East, or in Europe either, or any where else that I have visited, to compare with the ladies of Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Talk of Parisian beauties! Lively and vivacious they are, to be sure; but not dignified, not queenly, not gentle and modest. Talk of English beauties! Grand enough, fair, but not graceful, and stiff as buckram. Italian beauties; dark, dull and greasy. German, fat and florid; Turkish, tallowy and buttery; all well enough in their way; but; Mashallah! it won't do to mention them in the same breath with American beauties.

## NEW-YORK ORGAN.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1852.

CHARLES HOOVER, EDITOR.

## TERMS OF THE PEOPLE'S ORGAN.

The Organ is published in a large and beautiful quarto form, and mailed every Thursday, in strong wrappers, to all parts of the United States, at the following extraordinary low prices:

One Copy, One Year,.....\$1 00  
Six Copies,..... 5 00  
Thirteen Copies,.....10 00

To secure THE ORGAN at the above rates, the full amount must be in one remittance in advance.

Remittances may be made through the post-office with entire safety. Communications should be addressed, post-paid, to BROGNARD & Co., Publishers, 118 Nassau Street, New-York.

## NEW VOLUME!

## WITH FRESH FEATURES OF INTEREST.

## THE VARIOUS ATTRACTIONS

In store for the TWELFTH VOLUME OF THE NEW-YORK ORGAN are of an order to command the continued approval of our numerous readers, and to win the favorable regard of the thousands whom we hope to enrol on our subscription list.

## NEW AND BRILLIANT TALES.

The Volume will open with a New and Beautiful Story by

MRS. M. A. DENISON,

Author of the Prize Tales of Gertrude Russel, Life in the Barracks, &c. &c., entitled

LAURA GRAHAM,

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES;

In our judgment one of the best things this fascinating authoress has produced.

## THE SEQUEL TO THE SLANDERER

Having been much inquired for by the readers of that Useful Story, will also be produced.

MRS. E. C. LOOMIS,

Whose tender and touching delineations of Home Scenes have so often moved our readers, contributes an Original Tale of great merit, while her poetical pieces will continue to enrich our Literary Department.

D. W. BARTLETT, ESQ.,

Whose Brilliant Stories stand among the most sought for, has engaged to try his pen again in our columns, in the same line.

Music, Poetry, Biography, Gleanings from new and choice Books, Editorials, and other Original Matter, with the News of the day, will, as usual, render The Organ rich, various and attractive.

We shall feel much obliged to our country exchanges if they will notice our plans for the coming volume.

It is much to be desired that new subscribers will commence with the volume, as, notwithstanding the large extra number printed of former new stories, we have been exhausted and unable to supply back numbers. To prevent this, subscribe early.

## N. Y. ORGAN TEMPERANCE MELODIES.

The frequent inquiries from all parts of the country for suitable music for Temperance meetings, have induced us to prepare a collection in one book of 48 pages of all the choicest pieces of music published in this office for several years past. We think it superior to anything of the kind yet published. A number of our best composers have contributed to it, and the variety of subjects and tunes will be found quite sufficient for ordinary wants. We shall sell it at the low price of 25 cents a copy, or \$2 per dozen.

## NOTICE.

We must again request subscribers wishing their paper changed to a new post-office to mention the office to which it was previously sent, thus:—John Smith, whose Organ is now sent to Boston P. O., wishes it changed to Portland, Me. Failing to mention their present address, they oblige us to wade through our whole list to find where we have been sending.

A serious illness has disabled the Editor of this paper the past week. Any deficiencies in the present number must be attributed to that fact.

## THE FATHERS ASLEEP.

Some months ago the clergy of this city with few exceptions signed a petition to the Legislature, then in session, asking for the passage of a liquor law similar to that of Maine. Among the few who refused to sign was Dr. Spring, pastor of the Brick Church in Beekman Street. A week ago last Sunday morning he preached to his people on the subject, and gave his reasons for withholding his name from the petition. We did not hear him ourselves, but from the report of intelligent friends who were present, and who were deeply grieved to hear the sentiments then uttered, we gather that the Dr. took ground very similar to that held by the defenders of "the accustomed beverages of the people."

We understand that after laying down the principle that temperance is not to be promoted by legal measures, and urging exclusive reliance upon moral suasion, the Dr. went on to say that he had been one of the earliest advocates of the reform in this city, and had continued to uphold it till he found it was falling into bad hands. Reformed drunkards undertook its advocacy, and that was a bad move. Then politicians mixed themselves up with it, till finally he, the Dr., could stand it no longer, and backed out from all association and co-operation with them, and he advised his congregation to follow his example.

It is wonderful how good and sensible men can unwittingly lend themselves to the aid of a bad cause, and think all the while that they are doing God and man good service, and taking higher ground than other people. Probably Dr. Spring does not dream that he is substantially with the rummies of this city, supporting their cause, and filling their hearts with joy. They would probably be glad to print and circulate his sermon and reward him for his services if he wished it. Probably, too, the Dr. never thought that on the same ground that he assigned for cutting loose from the temperance reform, viz: that bad men and weak men had meddled with it, he should abandon the advocacy of religion, the Bible, the Sabbath, &c., since it is notorious that all these interests have at times been espoused by unworthy advocates.

But what chiefly saddens us is the fact, that at a time when nearly all the judicious and earnest friends of temperance have counselled with great deliberation, and come to the nearly unanimous conclusion that nothing short of stringent laws, honestly executed, will check the horrors of intemperance; when, too, the experiment of legal prohibition has been actually made with the happiest results in one of the most extensive States, in proof of which, facts without number can be seen by all who are disposed to regard them. We say, for Dr. Spring to attack the whole movement and try to array his large and influential Church against it, looks to us like a venturesome assumption of responsibility which no modest and conscientious clergyman should be in haste to take upon him.

The Maine Law plan is no longer a theory merely, with no practical working to attest its efficiency. In numerous instances it has been demonstrated beyond all question that this law has wrought the most surprising and blessed results. Rioting, rowdiness and outrage of every kind have been almost entirely abated. The jails and poor houses have been nearly emptied of tenants. The work of policemen and courts has been diminished two thirds, and hundreds of families that were helpless and wretched have been restored to happiness and plenty, and now rejoice together in the Maine Law as their deliverer. Even drunkards and tipplers have thankfully acknowledged their indebtedness to this wise and decisive legislation as giving them a chance to escape from their bonds. Almost the only objectors to the law have been the liquor-sellers, who care for nothing but their own gains.

Under such circumstances we say, it is humiliating and heart-sickening to see a clergyman like Dr. Spring, who for forty years has witnessed the dreadful effects of the liquor traffic in this city, take his stand against the only effectual device to arrest the horrors of the rum trade which has yet been tried. We record the fact, not in anger, but

with profound sorrow, and we fear that many a family in the large and respectable congregation of Dr. Spring will have reason to mourn hereafter that their sons received their ideas of the temperance reform from the lips of their pastor. We fear no fruits of life and peace and joy can ever spring from such teachings as the Brick Church people listened to on the 6th of June. Forty years long has Dr. Spring led his flock through the wilderness and the desert, and now that the green and fragrant fields of the promised land are brought nigh by the Maine Law, it seems a pity that he and they should not enter with the rejoicing hosts of temperance into the Canaan of our hopes, instead of halting and perishing on the wrong side of Jordan.

#### IN DEATH NOT DIVIDED.

There is something inexpressively touching in the last hours of the celebrated Niebuhr and his devoted wife who followed him in a few days. We quote from his memoir, lately published:

His illness lasted a week, and was pronounced, on the fourth day, to be a decided attack of inflammation on the lungs. His hopes sank at first, but rose with his increasing danger and weakness; even on the morning of the last day he said, "I can still recover." Two days before, his faithful wife, who had exerted herself beyond her strength in nursing him, fell ill and was obliged to leave him. He then turned his face to the wall, and exclaimed, with the most painful presentiment, "Happy house! To lose father and mother at once!" And to the children he said, "Pray to God, children! He alone can help us!" And his attendants saw that he himself was seeking comfort and strength in silent prayer. \* \* \*

On the afternoon of the 1st of January, 1831, he sank into a dreamy slumber; once on awakening, he said that pleasant images floated before him in his sleep; now and then he spoke French in his dreams, probably he felt himself in the presence of his departed friend, De Serre. As the night gathered, consciousness gradually disappeared, he woke up once more about midnight, when the last remedy was administered; he recognized in it a medicine of doubtful operation, never resorted to but in extreme cases, and said in a faint voice, "What essential substance is this? Am I so far gone?" These were his last words; he sank back on his pillow, and within an hour his noble heart had ceased to beat.

Niebuhr's wife died nine days after him, on the 11th of the same month, about the same hour of the night. She died, in fact, of a broken heart, though her disease was, like his, an inflammation of the chest. She could shed no tears, though she longed for them, and prayed God to send them; once her eyes grew moist, when his picture was brought to her at her own request, but they dried again, and her heavy heart was not relieved. She had her children often with her, particularly her son, and gave them her parting counsels. And so her loving and pure soul went home to God. Both rest in one grave, over which the present King of Prussia has erected a monument to the memory of his former instructor and counsellor. The children were placed under the care of Madame Hensler, at Kiel.

How melancholy would be these partings of true and loving hearts at the grave, were we uncheered by the belief of a happy reunion in a world where farewells are not spoken and bereavement unknown.

**DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.**—About half-past one o'clock on Tuesday morning a fire broke out in the third story of the building on the corner of Pearl and Broad Streets—known as "Washington's Head Quarters." It is feared that several lives have been lost, as many of the inmates cannot be found. One man, named Lane, a porter, is known to be buried under the ruins.

The building in which the fire occurred is generally known throughout the city. It was in one of its rooms that Washington took his farewell of the officers of his army, at the close of the revolutionary war. It was erected about the middle of the last century, and its foundation is probably the oldest in this city. An evidence of the strength of the material used, and the firm manner in which it was erected, is found in the fact that, though it was a corner building, but a small portion of the walls fell down.

**DECIDED STAND.**—The temperance men of South Camden, N. J., have resolved to vote for no man for the Legislature who will not pledge himself in favor of temperance reform.

#### THE MARRIED STATE.

"People who sigh and whine and cry over the 'hand of fate' that interferes between them and some *loved one*, would find, after a few months or years of married experience, that those 'congenial dispositions' would become disgusted with each other, and a dog and cat life would follow, for 'the balance of the season.'"

The above sentiment was written by one whose experience and observation entitled him to be a judge of the matter in question, and doubtless thousands could respond and acknowledge the truth of the humiliating statement. But, it may be asked, have those snarling and discontented specimens of humanity, who attempt to degrade and bring into disrepute the most sacred and holy of all earthly ties, have they ever traced out the cause of and applied the cure for the vexations and disappointments that sometimes follow marriage?

The hasty and thoughtless manner in which many enter the matrimonial state, is one grand cause of all the woes that follow. The young lady is fascinated by a soft voice and winning manners, or a fine person. The young gentleman is smitten by a fair face and form. He proposes, is accepted; they take moonlight walks together, quote poetry, talk sentiment and nonsense, but never speak, hardly ever think, of the active, serious, responsible duties following the step they are about to take. They marry in entire ignorance of each other's disposition or capacity to perform those duties. They imagine themselves deeply in love, and may be really so, but they are building their hopes on romantic sentiment, and will find the structure in great danger of crumbling to the ground when the first slight breeze of adversity comes; or when they discover the fact that *their idols* are as far from perfection as the rest of the human species. Yet, in cases like this, where the parties are neither unprincipled or vicious, where there exists any native strength of character, any right views of life and its duties, a little exercise of self-government, a habit of forbearance, of mutual concessions and confessions only are necessary to bring happiness out of such unions.

And, by following the same rule, those who discover, too late, that no congeniality of disposition, tastes or pursuits, guided them in their choice, may avoid all discord and disgraceful jarrings.

If such as are influenced wholly by worldly and mercenary motives in choosing a partner for life, should find the chains galling, what else could they expect? What better do they deserve?

#### THE FIREMAN'S PARADE.

The second annual parade of the New-York Fire Department took place on Monday. The line was formed on Abingdon Square, the men four abreast, and the procession then marched through Hudson St. to College Place, through College Place to Murray Street, through Murray Street and the Park to Chatham, up Chatham Street and East Broadway to Grand Street to Bowery, up Bowery to Third Avenue to Fourteenth Street, through Fourteenth Street to and around Union Square to Broadway, thence down Broadway to Canal Street. On the head of the line reaching Canal Street, the procession stopped and was dismissed.

As the procession passed through the Park, it was reviewed by the Mayor, the Common Council, the Heads of Departments, and many old officers of the Fire Departments, and distinguished individuals.

The streets were filled with spectators, and as the procession moved along, it was the general remark that a more brave, disinterested, honorable and enduring body of men could not be found anywhere.

Previous to the parade, Mr. James R. Mount, foreman of Hose Company No. 14, was presented with a magnificent silver fire-trumpet, in testimony of his brave and humane conduct in rescuing four persons from the late fire at No. 89 Bowery.

The procession was dismissed between six and seven o'clock, and in the evening "the city boys" showed their invited guests around town.

The citizens of Milwaukee have instituted the May Feast with success.

#### TEMPERANCE GATHERING.

The N. York City Temperance Alliance held an enthusiastic meeting at Metropolitan Hall, on Monday evening. The proceedings were commenced by Rev. Mr. Stout, who invoked the Divine blessing upon the efforts of those engaged in the cause. The Secretary of the Alliance, Rev. C. J. Warren, made a brief report of the result of the efforts to obtain a reform in the system of granting licenses practiced in this city, and though they had not been as successful as they could desire, yet they had received assurances from the Aldermen of the Fifth, Ninth, Tenth, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Wards, that they would revoke the license of any house that did not remain closed on the Sabbath. Mr. Warren also presented a series of resolutions in favor of the Maine Law, which were unanimously adopted. Brief addresses were made by C. C. Leigh, the President of the Alliance, Philip S. White, of Philadelphia, Rev. Mr. Putney, of this city, Rev. Mr. Wakeley and Horace Greeley. A collection was then taken up which amounted to about \$1,000, one gentleman giving \$250, another \$100, and four others \$50 each. Judge O'Neill, of South Carolina, was then introduced to the audience. His address was mainly in favor of legislative enactments to prevent the traffic in intoxicating drinks, and he strongly urged the necessity for concerted and harmonious action among the friends of temperance. By union the evil might be remedied—by discord it would be increased. He made a forcible argument in favor of temperance, and told several anecdotes to illustrate his views, which were received with shouts of laughter.

**ARRIVAL OF ALBONI.**—Madame Alboni, the greatest contralto in the world, reached our shores a few days ago. Marietta Alboni was born at Casena, in 1826, and is consequently 26 years of age. She is a native of Italy, and has won her laurels at all the principal theatres and courts of Europe. During the great season of the World's Exhibition she was the reigning attraction of that aristocratic establishment, Her Majesty's theatre, London.

In person Madame Alboni is a magnificent looking artiste. She has a powerful frame, is quite tall and well proportioned, with a face full of intelligence and eyes full of fire. She has dark hair but blue eyes.

Albani is accompanied by her husband, Count Pepoli, and sister, and by Signor C. Vivier, her secretary, together with Augustino Rovere, the great barytone buffo singer, considered the first now living of his class, and Antonio Sangiovanni, an excellent tenor. She is staying at the New-York Hotel.

Mr. Freberhuysen, a musician of Albany, has invented a new musical instrument, the material used for the construction being sea shells. The exterior of the shell is not disturbed, and retains all its rough attractions. The mouthpiece is fitted to a screw tube adjusted at the head of the shell. Along the sides the keyholes are arranged at proper intervals, and the edges carefully lined. A valve, lined with velvet, hinged at one corner, covers the mouth of the shell, and is compressed or opened as the character of the music requires. At the opposite and extreme corner of the mouth, the vent is left for the egress of the surplus air. The instrument, therefore, with the valves and keys closed, is air tight, and the variations in the size and natural organization of the shell furnish the change in the tone of the instrument. The music is said to be powerful and agreeable.

We see it stated in our Western exchanges that a gentleman near Louisville, Ky., has applied the telegraph to an entirely novel and unique use. He has nearly completed an invention for writing music as it is played from the piano-forte, the notes upon the sheets being produced as fast, and to the exact time, as the keys are touched by the performer. Strakosh has offered him \$10,000 for the patent right when the model is finished. Rather doubtful.

Ole Bull's Concert in Boston was a great success.

We read that Wm. T. Coggshall, Esq., has in preparation a volume devoted to the details of Gov. Kossuth's sojourn and travels in the United States. Mr. C. has been connected with the suite of the distinguished Hungarian since his arrival on our shores, and consequently has enjoyed the best opportunity for obtaining the materials for his proposed book. He also has much merit as a writer, and will doubtless give the public an interesting and acceptable work.

An ingenious instrument has been invented by M. Seaward, a printer, at Indianapolis, Ind., which will be death on rats. To the treadle on which the bait is placed, is attached an iron lever, communicating with a wire spring, to which is fastened a sharp instrument, which revolves rapidly when the treadle is touched, hitting the rat between the peepers, and knocking it six or eight feet from the trap, which resets itself instantly for another rat.

The Newark Mercury says that the amusing endorsement of every thing by the Democratic Convention in its platform, is made the foundation of a capital hit. "You cover a great deal in your resolutions," said a gentleman in Washington to a returning Delegate. "Yes," said the chap, we would have backed up Christianity as well as other things, but we had a Jew on the Platform Committee and he staved it off."

The old frigate Macedonian, which was captured in the war of 1812 by the frigate United States, has been cut down and rebuilt at the Brooklyn Navy Yard to a corvette, and is to be named the "Raleigh." A new frigate now on the stocks, is to be called the Macedonian.

We notice the death at Richmond, (Va.) of Mr. Edward C. Mayo, late a resident of Elizabethtown, New-Jersey, aged 61 years. This gentleman was a brother of Mrs. General Winfield Scott, and was related to some of the leading families of Philadelphia.

Phebe Way graduated in December last with seven others, at the Pennsylvania College of Medicine, instituted for the instruction of females in the medical art, and has come to Baltimore to enter upon the practice and duties of a regular physician.

We learn from Saratoga, that although the weather during the last week has not been very favorable, yet company is coming in as fast or faster than usual. The excellent arrangements on the Railroads leading to this place tend very much to bring on the people early in the season.

A majority of the New-York Supreme Court, on Thursday, decided the American Art Union to be illegal and unconstitutional. Judges Mitchell and Roosevelt concurred in this opinion, Judge Edwards dissenting.

A pleasure trip to the Mediterranean has been undertaken by a party of ladies and gentlemen on board the ship Cygnet, which cleared from Boston for the purpose last week.

The Albany Dutchman expresses its surprise that young men can consent to loaf about the rum-shop as they do, when a good dose of arsenic can be purchased for a six-pence.

Lorenzo Dow once said of grasping and avaricious farmer, that if he had the whole world enclosed in a single field, he would not be content without a patch of ground on the outside for a potatoe-patch.

The amount of "material aid" from various sources received by Gov. Kossuth since he left Massachusetts, is \$7,523. The whole amount raised in this country is about \$90,000.

Bloomers are plenty in Michigan, according to a correspondent from Barry County.

The 2d of June was the anniversary of the adoption of the Maine Law in that State.

## The City.

**ARREST OF STREET GAMBLERS.**—For several weeks past, numerous complaints have been made at the Eleventh Ward Station-house, by various citizens of the Ward, against a gang of fellows who congregate in the ship yards and public streets along the East River, on Sundays, and indulge in pitching pennies, playing cards, and other gaming, to the annoyance of the neighbors. With a view of effectually putting a stop to this business, Captain Squire made a descent upon different squads of the Sabbath gamblers on Sunday last. Upwards of forty young men, aged from 15 to 20 years, were taken into custody, and have all been committed for trial by Justice Wood.

**RESCUED FROM DROWNING.**—About half past three on Sunday afternoon, a boy, apparently about eleven years of age, fell overboard at the foot of Market Street. The alarm was speedily given, and nearly every one of the large assemblage listening to the remarks of the speaker on the subject of temperance, rushed to the spot. In the meantime Daniel Welch rescued him from a watery grave. At the successful termination of the event, he received the approbation of the throng around him, and the little boy whose life was saved went on his way rejoicing.

**ARREST OF RIOTERS.**—On Sunday afternoon an affray occurred in the Twentieth Ward, between a large number of laborers, which would have resulted in a serious riot but for the prompt interference of Captain Hannigan and his force. Some of the policemen received heavy blows in the face and head from bricks and other missiles, thrown at them by the mob, but they finally secured about twenty of the ringleaders, who were committed by Justice McGrath.

**ANOTHER FORGER CAUGHT.**—On Monday morning Michael Barritt was taken into custody by officer Patton of the Fourteenth Ward upon a charge of passing several altered notes on the "Government Stock Bank," in this State. There have been several of the spurious bills passed recently in different parts of the city, and although a number of persons are in custody for the crime, the authorities are yet unable to ferret out the principal operators in the forgeries.

**BURGLARY AT THE "TEA ROOM."**—On Sunday night Henry Wilson was detected in entering a saloon, called the "Tea Room," in Chambers Street. Officer Gallagher, of the City Watch observed the accused endeavoring to remove the shutters, and took him into custody. Justice Bogart committed the prisoner for trial.

**DROWNED.**—Coroner Ives held an inquest on Monday morning, at the foot of Dover Street, upon the body of an unknown sailor, who was drowned on Monday night, by falling from the deck of a ship. The remains of deceased were not recognized, and a verdict in accordance with the above circumstances was rendered by the Jury.

The Committee of the Common Council, appointed to tender to Gov. Wood, of Ohio, the hospitalities of the City, waited upon that gentleman and performed the duties imposed upon them. He thanked them for the courtesy extended to him, but declined the invitation on account of the pressure of private business.

Mr. Meagher, the Irish patriot, has declined the hospitalities of the city, and the honor of a public reception. The Tribune suggests that a public room be obtained, and that Mr. Meagher be requested to address the citizens, at a small charge for admission, until all that desire have had an opportunity of hearing him.

Signora Alboni the superb contralto sings next week at Metropolitan Hall.

**WEEKLY REPORT OF DEATHS** in the City and County of New-York, from the 5th day of June to the 12th day of June, 1852. Men, 83; Women, 55; Boys, 114; Girls, 55.—Total, 307.

## Miscellaneous.

## FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamship Illinois arrived here on Saturday morning, from Aspinwall via Kingston, bringing advices from San Francisco to May 15th, with 525 passengers, and \$1,500,000 in gold.

The Panama Railroad has been extended four miles, and in two weeks was to be extended two miles further, bringing it up to the crossing, a few miles below Gorgona.

We take the following items of mining news from the Calaveras Chronicle:

**BOSTON HILL.**—The tunnels at the new diggings on Boston Hill are progressing under encouraging auspices of success. The miners who are working on the hill, however, do not seem to be very communicative respecting the "prospects." Of one thing there can be but little doubt, that there is an immense deposit of gold in this range of hills. Situated, as it is, between the Rich Gulch and Poor Man's Gulch, both of which have yielded large amounts, we have no doubt that the miners will be largely rewarded. Through the range, too, there runs a lead of quartz, which has in some places, where it protrudes through the surface of the ground, being prospected and found to yield from three to ten cents per pound.

**BIG BAR.**—This bar has been remarkably rich. One claim, last season, yielded upward of \$3,000, and from a hole sunk by a company of Frenchmen, \$2,500 was taken out. The bar has, in most places, been worked out on the ledge by means of drifting, which was pursued to a great extent last fall, and to much advantage. Another method of working the bar is now in vogue. The miners are at present washing the top dirt with toms, and making good wages. Some of the companies have as much as two hundred yards of hose laid down to conduct the water from pumps worked with paddle-wheels.

**A DUEL.**—In the Union we find the annexed account of a deplorable affair which occurred near that city on the 7th inst.:

We regret extremely to have to announce a hostile meeting which took place on Friday afternoon, in Yolo County, opposite this city, between H. A. De Courcy, Esq., editor of the Calaveras Chronicle, and Mr. W. H. Carter. The parties fought with pistols, at twenty paces, and at the first fire Mr. De Courcy received the shot of his adversary in the right side of the abdomen, just below the point of the lower rib, the ball passing out on the opposite side. The wound is a dangerous one, but we trust it is not mortal.

The public feeling awakened in the mines on the subject of Chinese immigration, by the famous Cooley bill, and subsequent discussions of the subject, threatened at one time to lead to unpleasant results. Politicians, ever on the alert to turn to their own advantage the smallest indication of popular excitement, when they found they had made a mistake on the Cooley question, wheeled about and became the loudest in denouncing the Chinese as a curse and a scourge to the country, and encouraged the miners to drive them out of the country.

**ANOTHER SUICIDE.**—The Memphis Eagle mentions that while the steamer Emma Dean was under full headway, some forty miles below Memphis, Miss Mary Ann Bradley walked deliberately out upon the guard of the boat, sprang overboard, and disappeared immediately beneath the waters. Several persons saw her commit the rash act; the vessel was stopped instantly, the yawl was manned, and every possible effort was made to save her; but to no purpose. She never rose to the surface again, and after waiting and searching in vain for some time, the boat was compelled to return to the steamer, which proceeded on her voyage. It appears that a stateroom was engaged at Little Rock for two persons, Miss Bradley, and a gentleman to whom she was to have been married previous to their embarkation. When the time arrived for the departure of the steamer, only one of the passengers, Miss Bradley, for whom the room had been engaged, came on board, unaccompanied by any one beside. The boat then left the city with Miss B. as a passenger, until the shocking occurrence. It appears from what was said by one of her fellow passengers, that immediately before the intended marriage, something transpired which prevented its fulfillment. The precise nature of this cause is not known, though it is understood to be nothing derogatory to her character. She is described as a young and beautiful girl, of Irish birth, with the address and conversation of an accomplished lady.

A violent thunder-storm passed over York County, Pennsylvania, on Thursday week. Trees were uprooted, fences were blown down, and in several instances the roofs of barns, sheds, &c., were entirely removed. The barn and stable of Jonathan Hartman, Esq., of Dallastown, and that of Mr. King, at the Red Lion Tavern, were much injured, as were also several fine orchards.

**PETITION FOR FREE SCHOOLS IN THE D. C.**  
—The Washington correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser writes:

"A beautiful and interesting scene was enacted here to-day by the presentation of the free school petition to Congress, by the hands of three thousand school children. The children of the District free schools went in procession to the Capitol, the boys and girls all neatly clad in uniform dresses, and delegations from each school covered the steps of the eastern portico and presented the petition to a committee. The ceremony occurred before the hour of meeting, and nearly all the members of both houses were present. The memorial is signed by eleven thousand citizens of Washington, and asks aid from Congress for the free schools."

**DEATH BY RATS.**—A day or two since, at South Boston, a little child, but twelve months old, came to its death in a most singular manner. Its mother was a widow, who had confided the care of her child to its grandparents. A few evenings since the couple having the infant in charge, administered a dose of paregoric to it, and retired to bed leaving it asleep in a cradle in the kitchen. In the morning, it was found that a rat had entered the cradle during the night, eaten off one of the fingers from the hand of the child and gnawed the flesh to the bone in several places on its arms in so frightful a manner, that although medical aid was immediately called, yet the child lived only a short time.

**WEALTH OF GERMAN EMIGRANTS.**—The emigration from Germany to this country is increasing largely. Captains of vessels, recently at New-York, state that all their passengers have brought money in coin and bills of exchange, varying from \$250 to \$400 each. The arrival of German emigrants during the last three weeks, it is said, has added \$2,500,000 to the circulation. These emigrants do not remain in New-York, but seem to be well informed as to the point they ought to strike for; and accordingly they proceed without unnecessary delay to their destination.

For several weeks a challenge has appeared in Bell's Life, "none accepting it," to the effect that a member of one of the leading clubs in London will back "a young lady" for from £2,000 to £5,000, to ride with any other young lady in England, either on turnpike road, against time, on a course, or after the hounds.

The St. Louis papers state that passengers now go through from that city to New-York, via Chicago, in four days, at a cost of \$25, and adds that they can now go from St. Louis to New-York, via Cincinnati in four days and a half, and for \$21 50.

Two sons of an Emperor in Venice lately got into a quarrel. In the height of passion, one of them said to the other "You are the greatest ass in Venice." Highly offended at quarrelling in his presence, the Emperor said, "Come, come, you forget that I am present!"

A man at the City Hospital of Cincinnati, recently had his leg cut off, it being thought the only means by which his life could be saved. As soon as he got out of the hospital, he applied the Mayor to bring suit for him against the city for a sum sufficient to buy him a wooden leg.

A bomb-shell, while in the process of being broken up, at Alger's Foundry, South Boston, burst on Tuesday, injuring one of the workmen. One piece was thrown forty rods, and it is very singular no more were hurt.

Recent frosts in Kentucky, it is said, have destroyed whole beds of tobacco plants.

## New-York Markets.-----June 14.

**ASHES.**—The market is irregular, with a fair inquiry, at \$5 68 for Pearls, and \$4 75 a \$4 87 1-2 for Pots; the latter held very firmly.

**COTTON** is lower. Some sales have been made at a decline of 1/4c., but the market is very dull at that.

**FLOUR AND MEAL.**—Canadian is quiet but steady at \$1 1-2 along side vessel. Domestic at \$4 1-2 for State, \$4 6 1/2 a \$4 25 for mixed to fancy Michigan and Indiana, and \$4 18 1/2 a \$4 25 for favorite State and good Ohio. Southern Flour is without improvement, is dull, and the receipts are moderate, at \$4 31 1/2 a \$4 50 for mixed to good straight brands, and \$4 75 a \$5 50 for fancy do. Rye Flour is a shade firmer, at \$3 18 1/2 a \$3 25. Corn Meal is firmer. Brandywine at \$3 50. Jersey at \$3 18 1/2 a \$3 25.

**GRAIN.**—There is very little Domestic Wheat in the market. Canadian is in good supply, and in demand. Southern is scarce and wanted quotations nominal. Rye is inactive at 73 a 73 1-2. Barley is dull at 64c. Oats are steady and more plenty at 42 a 43c. for State and 40 a 41c. for Jersey. Corn is very firm with a good export and local demand. Western mixed is arriving in bad order at 61 1-2c. for heated; 62 a 63c. for Round Yellow; 63 a 64c. for Western Mixed, and 66 1-2c. for Southern Yellow.

**PROVISIONS.**—Pork continues dull at \$18 for Mess, and \$16 25 for Prime. Prime Mess is quiet at \$18, and Clear at \$19 25. Sour Mess and Prime are quiet and prices nominal. Beef is in good demand and the market is very firm at \$10 a \$13 75 for Mess, and \$6 a \$6 50 for Prime. Prime Mess is inactive at \$18 50 a \$20. Beef Hams are quiet but steady at \$15 50 a \$16. Cut Meats are dull, lower and prices nominal; Dry Salted Hams at 8 1/2c. Shoulders are heavy at 8 a 8 3/4c. Bacon is more freely offered, and is dull at 9 a 9 1/2c. Lard is plenty, and is in fair request at 9 1/2 a 10c., in bls., and 11 a 11 1/2c., in kegs. Butter comes in moderately, and the demand is fair at 15 a 16c. for Western New-York, and 16 a 16c. for Ohio.

## Temperance.



Correspondence of The New-York Organ.

NATIONAL DIVISION S. OF T.

RICHMOND, Va., June 7th, 1852.

**BRO. HOOVER.**—The National Division closed its ninth annual session to-day at about three o'clock. It has been in all respects most harmonious, and its influence must be felt for good upon the whole country.

In the few moments I have to spare I can only allude to some of the business of importance which has been transacted, and that from memory. A synopsis will soon be published which will give you all in detail.

One thousand dollars was appropriated and placed in the hands of P. M. W. P. S. F. Cary, J. W. Oliver, and P. G. W. P. Charles Eginton, of Kentucky, with full power to procure a new ritual and have it published to the subordinate Divisions. This they will no doubt be able to do, and that satisfactorily, in the course of about three months. The regrets, therefore, which I expressed to you, under date of the 5th, may be somewhat modified.

The negro question was renewed by means of a memorial from the East, but was disposed of by a unanimous reaffirmation of the vote of the National Division in 1850.

The difficulty between the Eastern and Western Grand Divisions in New-York was finally adjusted very satisfactorily to the representatives of both of those Grand Divisions, by the unanimous adoption of the following resolution introduced by Bro. Reid, of Connecticut, viz.: "Resolved, That the M. W. Scribe be instructed to have an exact copy of the charter of the New-York Grand Division, engrossed, and, if possible, signed by the officers who signed the original; or, if not, certified by the M. W. S., as a correct copy of said charter; and that he be also directed to record the division of said Grand Division into two jurisdictions, upon the face of both charters—said engrossed copy to be placed in possession of the G. D. of Western New-York, and said Grand Divisions to stand upon the roll as now arranged." This places both on an equal footing, except that E. N. Y. stands first on the roll, which honor was cheerfully conceded, as a matter of courtesy, by the representatives of W. N. Y., a year ago, at Toronto.

The subject of a "Social Degree" lies over till next year, when it is hardly probable it will be adopted, although it is not improbable that wives, daughters and sisters of members may be admitted as spectators at Division meetings. An effort to obtain the admission of acting Grand Scribes to membership in the National Division failed, as also a proposition to make no persons eligible to the office of G. W. P., who has not served a regular term as G. W. A., and to exclude acting G. W. A.s from the N. D.—no change being made in the composition of that body.

An amendment to the constitution of subordinates was made, by which, under dispensation from the Grand Division, Divisions in Colleges or institutions of learning, may elect to the offices of W. P. or W. A. members under twenty-one years of age. This I regard as one of the most important acts of the Session, as our Colleges, Academies and Seminaries stand greatly in need of the influence of Divisions, and could not well sustain them under the old clause in the constitution.

The subject of Honorary Membership was discussed without definite action. It seemed to be conceded that the object sought could be attained, or nearly so, by each Division by an amendment to its by-laws.

The National Division decided that it is constitutional for Divisions to have by-laws excluding from all the privileges of membership, those who may be in arrears for dues; also, that a brother convicted of violating article 2d does not thereby lose his membership, and when reinstated, is immediately again in good standing and entitled to benefits, if he were a benefit member before, unless precluded by a by-law of the Division.





A PLEA FOR EGGS.

BY MRS. E. BOXER.

Be gentle to the new-laid egg, For eggs are brittle things; They cannot fly until they're hatched And have a pair of wings;

'Tis but a little while, at best, That hens have power to lay— To-morrow eggs may added be, Although quite fresh to-day.

A QUEER KIND OF REVENGE.—There were once two boys in the same class at school, who were, so far as scholarship was concerned, pretty nearly matched.

A GOOD RULE.—A man who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches he replied: My father taught me never to play till my work was finished and never to spend my money until I had earned it.

DO YOU HONOR YOUR PARENTS?—I knew a little boy at school, whose father was dead. He was one day writing from the copy, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Seven hundred boys and girls of Harrisburg sent to the Legislature recently a petition in these words: "We the subscribers, boys and girls of Harrisburg, respectfully petition the Legislature of Pennsylvania to pass a law like the Maine Liquor Law."

An angry cook was lately seen blowing up the fire, because it wouldn't burn.

A farmer who recently had his butter seized by the clerk of the market for short weight, gave as a reason that the cow from which the butter was made was subject to cramp, and that caused the butter to shrink in weight.

FORMS FOR THE USE OF SUBORDINATE DIVISIONS OF THE ORDER OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

THE SUBSCRIBER has prepared the following List of Forms, distinctly arranged, for the different departments of business as follows:—

Table listing forms for recording scribes and special committees, including items like 'Notice to individuals of their Election', 'Notice to Defendant to answer charge for Violation of Pledge', etc.

THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE RECORDER.—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY BROGNARD & CO. THE object of this sheet is to diffuse Temperance Knowledge among the people. It is neatly printed on good paper, and is embellished with Engravings, illustrating the dangers and evils of Intemperance.

STATEN ISLAND FANCY DYING ESTABLISHMENT, OFFICE NO 3 JOHN STREET, NEW-YORK (Two doors from Broadway.)

LADIES and gentlemen's garments dyed; Crapes Shawls, Lace and other Curtains, &c., cleaned and refinished.

COMPLETE SETS OF BLANK BOOKS, manufactured expressly for the different societies of the Order of Sons of Temperance, for sale low, at 93 William Street, New-York.

HATS! HATS! HATS! WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, No. 128 CANAL STREET. THE SUBSCRIBER would respectfully inform his Friends and the Public that he still continues to furnish by the single one or case, his superior Hats, which are unsurpassed for beauty, durability, or cheapness.

THE NATIONAL UNION of the Daughters of Temperance of North America, (formerly United States.) organized April 17th, 1848, according to the constitutional requisitions of the Order having at its late Annual Session in the City of Philadelphia, changed the style of the Order to correspond with its comprehensive design, and also to agree with its great co-organization, the Order of Sons of Temperance of North America, formerly United States.

GRAND UNION DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE, State of New-York, under the jurisdiction of the National Union, organized July 3d, 1848, is ready to grant charters to ladies wishing to unite their efforts to carry out the great and glorious principles of total abstinence.

HENRY SMITH, THE ORIGINAL RAZOR STROP MAN.—Wholesale and Retail Fancy Store, No. 253 Grand Street, corner of Christie.

MECHANICS' MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION, SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS. OFFICE, 299 BROADWAY, N. Y.

SMART'S ABORIGINAL PILE OINTMENT is the most speedy, certain and effectual remedy ever applied in cases of PILES. We do not offer this Ointment to the public as a thing new and untried.

DIVISION AND LODGE JEWELS AND REGALIA. Eleazer Ayers, Manufacturing Jeweller, No. 100 Nassau Street, continues to manufacture all kinds of Regalia and Jewels, and seals for the various Orders, viz: I. O. O. F., Encampment, Blue Lodges, R. Arch, Knights Templars.

NEW-YORK AND NORTH AMERICAN GRAND UNION DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE.—The only legal head of the Order in North America. FORM OF APPLICATION FOR A CHARTER—which must be signed by eleven or more ladies.

REDUCED PRICES. Popular Temperance Works NOW READY. According to the new postage law, the following publications are charged at the rates mentioned, which must be paid in advance.

Illustrated Temperance Anecdotes.—With numerous Engravings. 10 cents. NEW-YORK ORGAN TEMPERANCE MELODIES.—A choice collection of Solos, Duets, Glee, Quartettes, &c. especially arranged for Temperance Meetings, Celebrations, &c. 20 cents.

Philosophy of the Temperance Reformation.—A Prize Essay, by Dr. R. T. Trall. Price \$3 a hundred—\$15 a thousand. ADULTERATIONS OF LIQUOR.—By E. C. Delavan, Esq. Designed to establish the fact that, in this country, there is little or none of the Wine contained for by the opposers of Total Abstinence.

Tracts of the Sons of Temperance. No. 1.—Nature and Effects of Alcoholic Liquors—by Horace Greeley. No. 2.—The Liquor Manufacture and Traffic—by S. F. Cary. No. 3.—Intemperance in Relation to Family Interests and Happiness—by C. Hoover, Editor of the New-York Organ.