

# VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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VOLUME I.

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W. F. YOUNG, Editor.

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## POETRY.

BY MEN OF WISDOM.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

You view of wisdom—me of might,  
Why should ye struggle with the cold  
And another all the glorious light?  
Within—the blessed gift of God!  
It made you in his image, not  
To be degraded in the dust—  
With fear and misery your lot—  
Half eaten with a conking rust.

Put forth your strength and energies,  
And act like strengtheners when the day  
That comes will prove a doubtful task;  
Or nay—has not this day come real,  
Let us not mourn—let us sweep—  
Where duty prompts or interest call—  
Determined every day to stay.  
Or else where every brave man fails.

The dust of earth may never move,  
To your pillow—“tis your shroud;  
And fool alone tempts me degrade,  
And dare not think or speak about;  
Up! At your strength, and burst the band  
That feters your immortal mind,  
And take a high and glorious road,  
And cast your doubts and fears behind.

## WOMEN.

No star in yonder sky that shines,  
Can hide the woman's eye imper,  
The earth holds not all in its veins,  
A gem such as a woman's heart.

Her voice is like some music sweet,  
Poured on floodary harps alone;  
But that when storms dofully beat,  
It yields a clearer—truer note.

And woman's love, a holy light,  
That brightens home for ye;

Years cannot dim its radiant light,

Nor even barrenness quench it ray.

## SELECTED TALES.

From the Ladies' Wreath.  
A. & C. DOW, PUBLISHERS.  
OR A TALE OF ASSOCIATION.

### CHAPTER III.

"There needs no other proof that happiness is the whole moral atmosphere, and that in which the immortality of man is destined ultimately to thrive, than the elevation of soul, and the religious aspirations which attend the first assurance of solar certainty of time to come."

Philip Welton was the bosom friend of Rufus, though some years his senior. He was the son of a widow, left with himself and two sisters when they were quite children, to struggle on in the world as she best could. His father had died of interperitis before the age of forty. The widow Welton had some little means, and she devoted them to the education of her children. Philip, she hoped, would be a minister; and accordingly he was sent to college, and was supported by his mother, who, when he was graduated, found herself quite destitute by the expenses of his education.

And this time Philip had thought little about money. He was living very easily and pleasantly, and thought not of the future, so that when he became acquainted with the situation of his brothers, and how much it depended on him, he at once determined to try some desperate means of repaying her; for he would not listen to any proposal of continuing his studies while his property was so uncertain.

His sisters offered to go to the city, and seek service in the houses of the opulent; if he would consent to enter the divinity school, for the whole hope of the family was in seeing him a minister; Philip proved himself worthy of being a teacher of Christianity, by refusing all their offers. He immediately sold his home and sought employment as teacher, schoolmaster, and finally advertised for a place of reputable lodgings. It was difficult.

Nobody desired his services, or if they did, they read at the words of his name.

If he presented himself personally, his anxiety and desperation sometimes gave a excitement to his manner,

which invariably resulted in his rejection.

The means with which he left home were exiguous; he was in a shippe as a sailor on a whaling voyage of three years, and obtained

the advance of his wages,

"Hearken to me, I also, will show mine opinion."

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which he remitted to his mother. The hour when he wrote his last letter, enclosing the money, was the first happy time he had known since he had left his home.

The ship returned with a rich cargo, and Philip hastened home to place all his share in the hands of his mother, whom he found well and comfortably situated. His sisters had grown up to be handsome young women; and the eldest, Ruth, had a pensive air, which led him to expect that there was some story in store for her touching the young lady's heart. And he had not been in the house ten minutes before the youngest, Clara, whispered in his ear, "that Ruth was engaged, and that she would tell him all about it presently."

And Philip learned that Rufus Gilbert was the lover, and that he had been their friend during his absence; that the hundred dollars which he had sent, and which were placed in Rufus's hands, were not yet exhausted; the true statement of which latter fact Philip somewhat doubted. But Philip was willing the girls should be deceived in such a case, and he sought the man whom he felt he must ever consider his friend.

The young men fell easily and naturally into the most pleasant relation. They found mutual interest in the very dissimilarity of their temperament. Rufus was all fire, thought, prudence, and decision. Philip by nature was impulsive, rash, and wavering. Both were affectionate in disposition, of pure moral principle, and Philip was religious, in the popular sense of the term; that he was a member of the church. Rufus was not a member of any church, and did not religious in the popular sense, but he did others as he would they should do to him; he was the friend of the widow and the fatherless; and he kept himself unspotted from the world.

Philip had been at home but a few weeks, and he arrived soon after Rufus' Gilbert's death, when he inclined to make another stout effort to retrieve the fortunes of the family, in a wiser way than his first attempt. The two friends were walking together, and Rufus was endeavoring to dissuade Philip from going from home again, on some Quixotic scheme of money-making.

"You are older than I, Philip," he said, "but you will pardon me for saying that your plan seems wild and visionary. Now let me tell you, that though I have lived all my life in this country seclusion, and have hardly had enough from which to draw general principles, yet I have observed, that no man has ever done any to better his fortunes, who hoped to do it in a moment, in a day, or a year. For myself, I believe that the only way to do many things to arrive at any great result, is by beginning on the very spot where a man may happen to be, at the time effect becomes necessary; by being willing to labor in a small way, to do that which your hand findeth to do."

"But," said Philip, "it is with a design that I might be something better than a day laborer, and still I now have shelter, and bareely able to furnish them shelter and bread by my exertions, when my acquirements fit me to occupy a higher place?"

"High places, Philip," said the other, "are not found by seeking; they come to men who are worthy of them in due time. No man was ever greater who made greatness his similitude; it is only the humble who are exalted; it is only those who are willing to be obscure, who are destined to be famous and renowned. Unless Cheatinham had been found at the plough he would not have fit to lead the Roman arms to victory. The ambitious man may be famous for his crimes, for bloody victories, as were Napoleon and Alexander; but never for his virtues. No; I think it is true in small calculation as it is great, that success will only crown that enterprise which is prepared for defeat."

"I will talk with reason, Rufus," said Philip gloomily; "but what can I do here? This village is without life; it seems to have lost its soul."

"Do," said Rufus, "why, work man, if you can find nothing better; work with your hands, plough and dig the soil; but I have something to say to you upon an important subject, when I am convinced you are thoroughly sane; but not crook'd; and the friends approached the cottage of the widow Welton.

The residence of the widow and her daughter was a humble building, off the main street of the village. It stood by itself; a little eminence, and a clump of sycamores. A modest gate was set aside of it, a walk bordered with box on each side of it, which were beds of flowers and neatly trimmed shrubbery. Vines of various kinds almost concealed the color of the house, among which the thrifty girls had not forgotten the hop-vine, which none is more luxuriant and beautiful; nor the less fit for its value to the careful housewife.

"I have been thinking, Philip," said Rufus, as they passed at the gate to admire the beauty of the walk, so neatly arranged, and to inspect the delicate odor of the flowers now in bloom;

for it was an evening in June. "I have been led to believe, by the feelings I always have when I approach this place, that if our people had more comfortable homes they would love to stay in them better, and would not seek the tavern and store so much."

"Why, yes, you have particular reasons," said Philip, bantering.

"Oh fudge! no, not that; I've no romance in my nature; reality is too delightful and absorbing to allow any place to it." I feel very serious upon this point, and really believe that before our people will become temperate and industrious, lovers of their homes and their wives and children, those homes must be made more alluring by a new style of country architecture. Beauty must not be sacrificed to utility; and I believe that if we knew the whole subject, we should find them always to go together. Did you observe Bill Blake's house as we came round the corner? The pigs were in the front yard; and the cows evidently spend the night just before the gate. The house looks as if a strong wind would tip it over. I dare not look within; probably the master is still worse there than without. Now Blake is a drunkard and in my opinion will always remain so, long as he occupies so shabby an abode."

"Well, who is to blame? How wily you help it?" said Philip.

"To blame! help it? you are to blame, and I too. My father was to blame; and all people who put up these little shanties for the poor; avaricious expense, and then charge them exorbitant rent for them. Every body is to blame who says nothing of the evil when he sees it staring him in the face. If I were as sanguine as you, I should long ago have set out on a crusade against mean houses; have preached the one idea of a better architecture for the farms and villages, from Maine to Georgia. It is quite a worthy a topic for public exertion as many things people make a stir about."

"I do not see precisely the bearing of what you say."

"I mean," continued Rufus, "that one step towards making men good is to make them happy and comfortable; as one of the leading men of these days has said; 'You must give the man, you pick up from the gutter, a breakfast before you preach him a sermon.'

"With all heart, I agree with you; and the other; let us make the experiment on Blake-to-morrow; I want to see the master tested."

"What and give up your new scheme for making a fortune?" said Rufus, and see, your sister will fit for us at the door."

The appearance of Ruth and Clara in the light dresses of the season, their heads decked with flowers, but partly seen through the luxuriant vines of the door-way, put an end to all further conversation, if not to all thought for this time, concerning country architecture.

The evening tea (that chears but not intoxicates) was partaken of by all except Rufus and Ruth, who drank only water at the repeat after the blessing of Philip, who no more thought of eating without grace than of omitting his morning ablution.

"Now for your plan," said the curious Clara. "Ruth said we were to hear all about it this evening not a word can I get from her. After our grace will gratify, you said Rufus, as Ruth took up her guitar. And then they sang together some of Burns's touching melodies, the songs of the cottage poet of the world, and all future time. The sun was just setting behind the Green Mountains, throwing long shadows over the landscape; the smoke curled up from the farm-house on the hill-side; there seemed to be a gentle whispering among the trees and the banks of flowers; every thing denoted that nature was about to repose. The voices of the lavers rose swelling on the air, in most perfect harmony; for their thoughts and hearts were one, and their gratitude to Heaven for life and health and peace was heard distinctly by their Father, though the angels around the throne cease not, day nor night, in singing glory and power and majesty to him that sitteth on the throne and unto the Lamb for ever."

It might seem incredible that a young man, in the seclusion of an infant village, should originate a scheme upon principle which had made the name of Fourier immortal; for at this time doctrine of association had hardly gained a hearing abroad, much less in this country. But it must be remembered that the young men were remarkable for size, and exceeding overhand in their strength; and Rufus, which had impressed the minds of others; the same could exist in his village as in other places, and the pervading spirit of the age touched him and guided his thoughts, because he knew it not.

Rufus lived in obediency to his conscience; and he knew he never could be happy in the possession of the property his father had left, unless he devoted to it the good of those who had suffered by the selfish course of his sire. Filled with this idea, soon after his father's death he had

proceeded to make overtures to several of the young men of his neighborhood, to join him in conducting a farm upon an extensive scale conceiving, that by their joint labors, they would be able to realize enough time and money to attend to the cultivation of their minds, and place their parents in comfortable situations.

Those to whom he applied were mostly the children of enterprize parents; and in some cases where he felt sure of his influence over the parents themselves, they were invited to join him. With his own three thousand, John Laras and other funds which he commanded, he had already purchased a large tract of land in the town of Landsgrove, suitable for his project. The number of his contemplated community was almost full, and he was especially anxious to secure Philip, both on account of his superior education and the relation he was about to hold to him. Besides, the practical skill of Rufus saw at a glance that Philip never would succeed in life alone, his enthusiasm and rashness leading him constantly into plans whose only fault was their impracticability.

His love for the sister embraced the brother, and besides, Philip would be invaluable to fill the post of teacher in the establishment.

Fearful that his proposal to his friend would appear like a project of burying him alive in obscurity, he began to open his scheme to the reader,

### CHAPTER IV.

The privileged part of the community will doubtless derive a certain degree of advantage from the general prosperity of the state; but they will derive a greater from oppression and taxation. . . . In proportion as the number of the governors is increased, the evil is diminished. There are fewer to contribute and more to receive. . . . But the interests of the subjects and the rulers never absolutely coincide till the subjects themselves become the rulers.

Two years passed with Rufus in perfecting his plan, before he was prepared to leave his native village. This time was occupied in collecting his forces, such men as he felt willing to associate with him in his experiment. There were enough who were willing, and anxious to join him, as may be found in any novel enterprise at almost any time in any place; but especially for this scheme, where the risk was wholly involved by himself. It would be matter of little interest to the reader to know who were rejected. Not so with regard to the individuals of the little band about to move with one heart in this new undertaking.

And another important event occurred in these two years; less an occurrence than the marriage of Rufus to Ruth Welton. This gave new character to the scheme, and added the dignity of husband to the already matured mind of the leader. Philip his mother, and the blooming Clara, now could not hesitate to join him. Besides these was son of Blake, a young carpenter just through his apprenticeship, and longing to see the world. It was a difficult matter to persuade him to give up his plan of going to the sea-port for employment and to join the association. But it was a prime point with Rufus to secure him that he might save him. "He inherited his father's propensities; was of a sanguine temperament easily excited or depressed; and Rufus saw that his only hope was away from temptation. Few young men of his age equalled him in requirements, for besides being an excellent workman he was a musician and fine extempore speaker. So Charles Blake was enlisted, and his word once pledged, his whole mind became interested in the project.

And then there came Gordon Gray, a young blacksmith with the friend of Blake, and much like him in character and tastes. They were both fine-hearted fellows, fond of society and amusement, and only a little too careless with whom they associated, for their own good. Nancy Gray, his sister, was admitted into the company, for her father, and mother were dead, and her brother would unite in no plan which did not include her. They had suffered together as children, and Nancy still bore the stolid countenance which her child.

Nor must we forget Moses Stewart and his two brothers, John and Ellen, likely young farmers, that they were born to love and keep the soil; rise early and see the first beams of every day in the year; the orphan children of an unfortunate father, another name in the sad catalogue of orphans. These young men were remarkable for size, each exceeding overhand in his strength. They took after their mother, as the phrase goes, a woman of a thousand, who contrived to save the farm and stock from the lawyers and tavern-keepers, in spite of her husband's excesses. And it is well known that many a day has she worked in the field with her three sons, of getting in the hay, while her husband lay drunk under the fence.

These persons we named were all the first to be gathered in the cause of Rufus. The first of March, 18—was the day appointed for gathering at Meadow Farm. A large and commodious house had in the mean time been erected, but no barns were built; no acre of land had been cleared. Rufus wished to realize on entirely new ground for himself and those associated with him to take a place among the bountiful gifts of nature, and throw himself entirely upon the resources of his native energies. And Ruth too, was pleased with the idea.

"Every thing we have there, after our first few months of hardships and privation, will be our own in a true sense," said Ruth.

"Precisely so, my love," said Rufus, "and I am almost sorry the house is put up, for we might encamp by the side of our wagons until we could build a log hut; then every thing would be of our own hewing."

"We must not forget mother's comfort," said Ruth.

"By no means, and perhaps it is well as it is; but game is abundant along Landsgrove, and I doubt not we could start successfully if we carried nothing with us by way of provision but powder and ball."

"It is well to make difficulties, my children," said the widow Welton; you will find enough in any situation in which you may be placed, however promising it may appear."

"No mother," said Rufus, "it is not difficulty that we want, but discipline. Here are two young men whose fate in life depends upon what I may do. To say nothing of myself and our dear Ruth, to say nothing of Philip, who has never yet acted independently, I contend that we all need trials to strengthen us; and, I say sincerely, I care not for myself and Ruth, how hard and rough our life is at first, in the woods. And I feel certain that if we should go together to a farm already cleared, with every comfort prepared for our reception, to a king of elegant country residence we should surely fail in bringing any thing to pass. I therefore wish every thing depends upon our own exertions and the blessing of Heaven."

"I hope you will not pull down, the house, to begin with," said the arch Clara.

"We shall have too much to do in pulling down the forest-trees for that," said Philip.

Has William Smith agreed to join us, Mr. Gilbert?" said John Stewart, who was a constant visitor at the widow Welton's cottage, where he would sit for hours silently watching the young sister, without taking the least trouble to entertain her; a species of courtship very common in the country, a kind of mercantile operation, and by no means without its effect upon the heart of woman."

"Smith cannot go. It ties that bind him to this place are too strong to be broken; and I don't know that we ought to try to induce him to leave a place where his name always must have great influence."

"What influence?" said John, whose mind was so occupied with the vision of Clara, as to be rather obtuse in matters of history.

"Do tell us all the story!" said Clara.

"I can be stated in few words," said Rufus. "William Smith claims to be the descendant of the man who first shed his blood for American liberty in this very town. There is no doubt but he is the grandson of a William Smith who was killed in the collision of March in the same year of the battle of Lexington; which took place in April following. The Tory or New York party attempted to hold their court in this town; the whigs or Yankee party resisted the attempt, and William Smith was killed in the affray. This was the first blood shed in the cause of liberty in this country, as they aver. Vermont was never behind her sister States in love of liberty and abhorrence of all kinds of slavery, and the story is probably true. Smith would go with us, and we want just such men, but his friends have over-persuaded him."

One after another of the band dropped into the cottage until they were all assembled; for this was the evening when they were to agree upon some rules or adopt some system of government.

It will be recalled that Rufus Gilbert had been induced to this step by no fine-spun theory of others; that it came to his mind by an original thought, the simplest and most obvious way of remedying evils which he had been an unwilling agent in producing; that he wished to restore to the children of those who had been ruined, as he believed, by his father's influence, that property which he and others of his family were by law possessed of. He did not even aspire to give a name to his band. He called it a company, and the members did not dream of being the founders of a sect or party, and so nothing very important to himself. Nor is it strange that in carrying out his simple idea he should have hit upon a course which has since been the laborious production of thought and study, by philosophers and politicians. "See first the kingdom of heaven and all things shall be added unto you." See to be just, meekly, and timid, and any man will be in possession the great objects



# VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

the of the "Prince of Peace"? Where "God's house is made a house of merchandise"—Where the great chain of harmony—between man and man, on temporal welfare—between God and order and design—is substituted confusion and mysticism—wherever worship heretical spiritual dogmas, instead of their creator as manifested through his organized creation.

The industrious poor man who toils through sweat and poverty is taught to believe that such was to be his lot on Earth—that in the great drama of society he is to act the beggars and that his trials, disappointments and afflictions should make him more humble and devoted and wean him from thoughts earthly and lead him to place his affections only on Heaven.

The rich man, though, he may never have shamed a farthering to the intrinsic value of the world, is congratulated in his prosperity, that he has "an abundance of this world's goods," and reminded that it comes from "the giver of all good and perfect gifts," who has said, "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things else shall be added."

The rich becoming puffed up, hardened and regardless of the duties they owe to their fellow-men around them; are silly prepared to obey the law which requires those to love their neighbors as themselves. The poor, down-trodden and oppressed laborers, their minds tortured night and day with care and anxiety, the ghost of poverty constantly before them, their wrongs and miseries, inflicting their meditations, cannot in a fit mode to enjoy that religion which brings peace and consolation to the heart of its possessors.

After this short review of our subject, we come to the iniquitous decision that the present unpopular state of labor, the uprightness of whose controversies, debatings, poverty, privation, and misery in humanity, are the legitimate results of a false and isolated state of society. And after this deliberate and impartial investigation of facts, and evaded from various sources, we find our three propositions to be correct, and therefore must change modern society guilty, for breaking so much upon the rights of man; and dying hopes, would be heard voices voluntary song of joy, inspired by the beauties of Earth's abounding treasures, which every where recognize the holy claim of Christian progression, which binds man "to his brother" and the Universe to its Creator. These will labor be respected, friendships sincere, and our religion true and enduring.

We say below from the New York Sunday Mercury, the execution of James Eager, which took place at the Tombs on the 6th of last month, for the murder of Philip Williams on the 2d of December last, whom he suspected of intimacy with his wife. It seems that the profligacy of his wife had driven him mad, even to insanity. On the night of the fatal deed, he repaired to the house where Williams boarded, where he believed his wife was prosecuting her unhappy career, and there waited till daylight for an opportunity to gratify his burning revenge—Williams coming out in the morning encountered Eager, who gave him several stabs in the breast with a knife, one reaching the heart and causing instant death; for which he was tried guilty of murder, and condemned "to die." But the demands of a law which men call just, would not thus be satisfied, and accordingly he must alone sit upon the gallows, and all his hopes for life, cast into the uncertain future.

Fathers—Christians—what do you think of such a law? the execution of which causes the heart of man and all his kindred sympathies thus to revolt? Read the sad narrative below of a fellow-being who under such peculiar aggravating circumstances, in his wild madness, put an end to his brothers existence on cold blood, being swung out of time into eternity, by being afraid and short-sighted as himself, and then left you off if the laws of God, the good of man, or the progress of Christianity require such barbarous and heart-sickening occurrences.

**THE EXECUTION.**—About one o'clock on Friday afternoon we visited the interior of the Tombs to assist at the unpopular and perhaps unpleasant, ceremonial of hanging a man, guilty of murder. After working our way through a dense crowd which had congregated in the purloins of the Tombs, and about the gates of the prison, we gained access to the yard which surrounds the building, and found over 200 persons assembled, some with the unmistakable look of an adjunct of the law, and others with the unmistakable look at those men about town who are seen every where that a new sensation or a novel excitement can be obtained. Having taken a survey of the crowd we walked to the rear of the prison and took a look at the gallows. It appeared to be miserable and frail structure, having a new rope passed through the "trough" beam to one end of which was attached six weights which were held in equilibrium by another rope, the severance of which must elevate the cord thus run through the noose of the travee beams and bring up the object to which that was attached. The object of this case was to be the criminal James Eager.

We may enter the interior of the Tombs. Here we recognized another lot of loungers—some official, some otherwise—some from motives of curiosity, and some because their duties compelled them to attend. The feature of the day—the condemned man had less than one hour to live—is his walk with the minister of religion. He was thoroughly prepared to die, and hoped, if he did not believe, that his sins were forgiven.

We took a look at him, and he did not seem to be undergoing much outward change since he was in court to receive his sentence. His countenance was calm, as we thought, expressive indeed. He had been holding a conversation with the pirate, Babie, by means of the water pipe, as we were told, exhibited that expect to be present, for his time was at hand. Young Saunders, the forger, was also introduced into the cell of Eager and bid him adieu.

Later the people entered their protest against this system of wantful prodigality, by sending men to our public counsels of unassisting home and integrity—workmen who will use their efforts to make labor honorable and respectable, by example as well as precept, who will legislate with the welfare of man in view, and love of God's laws in their hearts, who instead of reviling our each session or the greatest possible length, by fashionable levées, disgraceful party parangues and shameful pugnacious encounters, would reprobate as foolish the time was too valuable to be squandered—they had other duties to perform and other calling as honorable.

Under such an organization as the one suggested, the political shrine would lose the halo of glory, which society has thrown around it, popular fashions and customs that are propitious to health and happiness, and contrary to the dictates of nature and common sense would be abandoned. Free labor would stand forth in its native energy, its varieties increased; its products and blessings, multiply unto none should want.

This oppression, sin and misery, would gradually wear away, and peace, health and happiness, dwell among men. Then instead of idle idleness, and impious lassitude, this world is a festal show.

For man's salvation given,

and these soul requies over disappointed ambitions and dying hopes, would be heard voices voluntary song of joy, inspired by the beauties of Earth's abounding treasures, which every where recognize the holy claim of Christian progression, which binds man "to his brother" and the Universe to its Creator. These will labor be respected, friendships sincere, and our religion true and enduring.

From this we are led to the final important question what shall be done?

Whichever path, what shall be done, to rescue ourselves and posterity from the devouring jaws of grasping monomaniacal power?

To this great question, the working people of this country and England, are truly making and at they will, they may now bow off the umbrella which they so long bound them.

Somewhat we must have a reduction of the hours of labor, & so far as relates to corporations, this is just. Government under the pretence *pro bona publica* have assumed the authority to grant charters of incorporation.

These corporations from love of gain, state up-right and cruel laws, rule & regulate, compelling their operatives to labor more hours than the health of their physical system will allow.

This being true, it is the duty of government to regulate these laws, that labor may receive protection.

But this could only be momentary and could only to those engaged in corporations, and their immediate vocations—it would drop down the branches of the great tree of happiness, while it bore, would bring us to the ground—the effect—it must be dug up root and branch.

The workingmen must disband from the pages of avocations, monopoly, discrimination and total competition, and reinstated the royal nature health, food and union of brotherhood.

The beginning of this must be momentary.

The laborers shall till their own soil, work their own stocks, make their own exchanges, and keep the fruits of their labor, instead of supporting such hosts of useless exchangers and mercenary speculators as are now consuming and destroying upon their hard earnings.

Let the laborers put together their means, (though they be small) purchases and implements, for mechanical pursuit, encourage their industry, by making it respectable, discongruous, indecent by clothing labor for its just reward.

The laborer must repudiate all systems of unnecessary legislation by discontinuing his refusing to support such franchises of dangerous and political tendencies as now hang around our republican church.

Look at the millions that are yearly thundered at our national Congress, in a gang of heartless politicians, who would disregard no political compact.

Why should these usless lords require eight dollars per day, just eight dollars every twenty miles travel, which does not even then meet; while the poor workingman goes from town to town for seven days, incurs one dollar.

Look again at the millions more to defray the expenses of the army and military posts.

Also the enormous expenditures through the various departments of the States.

And all this vast sum from the working people from the products of the public labor revenue or direct taxation.

What they get in return from these faithful pub-

lic servants?

Scorn, contempt, and jeers; or just before receive a bundle of "free" public documents, an electrifying shake of the head, now, or a condescending political smile.

Let the laboring people enter their protest against this system of wantful prodigality, by sending men to our public counsels of unassisting home and integrity—workmen who will use their efforts to make labor honorable and respectable, by example as well as precept, who will legislate with the welfare of man in view, and love of God's laws in their hearts, who instead of reviling our each session or the greatest possible length, by fashionable levées, disgraceful party parangues and shameful pugnacious encounters, would reprobate as foolish the time was too valuable to be squandered—they had other duties to perform and other calling as honorable.

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This oppression, sin and misery, would gradually wear away, and peace, health and happiness, dwell among men. Then instead of idle idleness, and impious lassitude, this world is a festal show.

For man's salvation given,

and these soul requies over disappointed ambitions and dying hopes, would be heard voices voluntary song of joy, inspired by the beauties of Earth's abounding treasures, which every where recognize the holy claim of Christian progression, which binds man "to his brother" and the Universe to its Creator. These will labor be respected, friendships sincere, and our religion true and enduring.

This is the best of living.

It is the best of living.

versation with the pirate, Babie, by means of the water pipe, as we were told, exhibited that expect to be present, for his time was at hand. Young Saunders, the forger, was also introduced into the cell of Eager and bid him adieu.

After this, he was clathed in the livery of the gallows, as it is termed—a dress of white muslin, trimmed with black tape, and a cap of the same kind to match, having a black tassel at the end. The Sheriff also arrayed themselves in dress chaperons—a procession was then formed, passed out at the south door of the prison, and thus round by the east end to the rear of the building where the gallows was erected. Here the officials formed a line, through which the procession passed. The prisoner did not appear to be in the least affected at the sight of the instrument of death, but marched on with the same unvarying inexpressiveness of countenance which characterized him when on trial. Arrived under the gallows, he turned round and faced the east, as if he would thereby avoid the gaze of the crowd which had congregated under and around the gallows. The Rev. Mr. Hunt immediately began a solemn and impressive prayer, the prisoner remaining perfectly passive during the whole ceremony. At its close, the Sheriff said a few words to Eager, to which he made a low response, and the Sheriff, at the same instant pulling the cap over the face of the convict—the rope was cut by Mr. McDonough, and the body of the convict rose about fourteen inches above the ground—a slight convulsive shudder was perceptible, and he appeared to die from strangulation, which produced a proplegia, almost instantly. We were within a few inches of the man all the time he was under the gallows, and saw his face, as his eyes gazed on the sunlight for the last time, and could perceive not the slightest shade of emotion; his lips have emitted the words attributed to him, "the Lord have mercy upon me," but so faintly, that they could only have been audible to the Sheriff or the Clergyman.

The jury of citizens, required by law, to certify to the execution, together with some medical gentlemen, examined the body after it had been suspended about fifteen minutes, and pronounced him dead. The Sheriff, however permitted it to remain on the gallows for forty minutes, and then it was cut down and placed in a coffin, preparatory to interment—and the crowd, which had collected together in groups, moved slowly away, apparently little edified or affected by the spectacle, leaving the question of the utility of hanging just as unsettled as ever.

We yesterday saw the body of the unfortunate man lying in the doctor's room of the city prison. His face was as expressionless as death as on the morning of execution. It was neither discolored nor disfigured in any way. Under the chin, round the neck, where the fat rope had been, was a slight red mark. With this exception he looked like one who had died not only a natural, but a quiet and painless, death. Some of his countrymen removed the body yesterday afternoon for interment.

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**IN TEMPERANCE.**—This blasting scourge is still making hideous in our community; frequently are its victims seen in our streets, or lodged in some poor gutter, within our village. And yet, we are told that Pittsburg is a temperance town.

How shall we account for this? "The strong arm of the law," has here been brought to bear upon the rum sellers, and at this moment declares vengeance on all who dare dispense with the law.

But this could only be momentary and could only to those engaged in corporations, and their immediate vocations—it would drop down the branches of the great tree of happiness, while it bore, would bring us to the ground—the effect—it must be dug up root and branch.

The workingmen must disband from the pages of avocations, monopoly, discrimination and total competition, and reinstated the royal nature health, food and union of brotherhood.

The beginning of this must be momentary.

The laborers shall till their own soil, work their own stocks, make their own exchanges, and keep the fruits of their labor, instead of supporting such hosts of useless exchangers and mercenary speculators as are now consuming and destroying upon their hard earnings.

Let the laborers put together their means, (though they be small) purchases and implements, for mechanical pursuit, encourage their industry, by making it respectable, discongruous, indecent by clothing labor for its just reward.

The laborer must repudiate all systems of unnecessary legislation by discontinuing his refusing to support such franchises of dangerous and political tendencies as now hang around our republican church.

Look at the millions that are yearly thundered at our national Congress, in a gang of heartless politicians, who would disregard no political compact.

Why should these usless lords require eight dollars per day, just eight dollars every twenty miles travel, which does not even then meet; while the poor workingman goes from town to town for seven days, incurs one dollar.

Look again at the millions more to defray the expenses of the army and military posts.

Also the enormous expenditures through the various departments of the State.

And avarice, is ever ready to furnish such gratification, and steal away their hard earned pitance.

The amount of interceps produced by our present business organization is beyond estimation; yet when anything is said or done about shaking the organization, when any thing is done to dry up the fountain head of interceps, by elevating and enlightening mankind, professed interceps are the natural curse and bane of the family character.

But, they have got to be brought out. This effectually, however, may be known by means of the natural charm and beauty of the female character.

There, her Physiognomy and Physiology will reveal; in doing which they will also disclose her true character, and her constant disease.

To do this, it will be necessary to gather up all the data of her life, the field is wide, but it is becoming corrupted and overwhelmed with the tales of uncleanliness and the shrill of vice.

To receive the good into vessels, it will be the object of every successive master of the vessel.

These, the reader, who drop tears of sorrow over fallen men, may perhaps help to bring him back to the service, and perhaps, by the aid of Physiognomy, he will be great men, set up to rule over us. Who will then cease being interceps to posterity, and to stop the progress of our business transactions to experiments and legislative upon?

**HATE.**—We were visited on Sunday last by a stout shower of hail. Many of the stones would weight a pound.—*Born Patriot.*

About how many to the pound Mr. Patriot?

**SIX OLD FELLOWS** have been excommunicated by the Baptist Church in Unionville, Washington Co., Pa., on account of the supposed inconsistency of the tenets of their order with a religious profession. We do not know as scripture warrants expulsion from the church for a *laizé* offence.

However, the church in Unionville showed as little knowledge of practical Christianity, as they did of the principle of Old Fellowship.

**NIGRO.**—A Negro being treated as a brute by his master, who happens to be white. The Ethiopians point the devil white, and they have much better reason for making him look like a European, than we have for giving him an African complexion.

**REVENGE.**—A momentary triumph of which the satisfaction does not last, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is the object of all revenges entails a perpetual pleasure.

**PROSPECTUS FOR VOL. VII.** OF THE

**American Phrenological Journal.**

To reform and perfect man—to bring out the original beauties and capabilities of his nature, are objects the most salutary that can possibly engage humanity; but to do this either effectually or correctly, that nature must be known and as Phrenology is the science of man's nature, and especially of man's intellectual and moral constitution, it evolves the principles of his conduct, and the means of his improvement, and the removal of his infirmities.

It also furnishes the only true and safe method to attain to the highest degree of happiness, which consists in the removal of whatever hinders it, whether it be external or internal.

Thus, the American Phrenological Journal, as far as it goes, is the best of its kind, and the best of its class.

It is the best method of improving the mind, and of removing the infirmities of the body.

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**PHRENOLOGY.**—Too long already have the exoteric sentiments been perverted, and the beauties and graces of her having been forgotten, and the physiognomy of her having been lost to man.

Her Physiognomy and Physiology must be known.

Those at all acquainted with the Editor's style of writing, will readily comprehend his manner of treating these and other subjects that come up within the wider range of physiological, physical and magnetic science.

The field is wide in the world. Not only is it a ripe field for the harvest, but the climate is favorable for the growth of the vine.

Those in this field will be greatly rewarded.

