

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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

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Poetry.

The Village Blacksmith.

By H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village-smith stands;
Thesmith, a mighty man is he;

With large and sinewy hands;

And like a smoky thunderous noise

Astir among iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;

His face is like the sun;

His brows like mountains awed;

He carves what'er he can;

And looks the whole world in the face,

For he never lets 'em go.

Weeks out, week in, from morn till night,

You can hear him halloway;

You can hear him heavy-hammer,

With music beat and slow;

Like a western fling the old kith comes

When the iron is hot;

And children come from home school;

"Look at the open door!"

They look to see the glowing forge;

And hear the bellows roar;

And catch the burning sparks that fly,

Like stars from a shooting-shoar.

He goes on Sunday to the church;

And sits among his boys;

He hears the psalm pray and preach;

He hears his daughter voice,

Singing in the village choir;

And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,

Singing in Paradise!

He keeps most think'd of her more,

How in the grave she lies;

And with his hard rough hand he wipes

A tear from out his eyes.

Tolling—rejoicing—sorrowing—

Onward through life he goes;

Each morning sees some task begin;

Each evening sees it close;

Something completed—something done;

Has earned a right's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,

For the lesson thou hast taught;

Thus at the "glaive" forge of life,

Our fortunes must be won;

This on its sounding anvil shaped,

Each burning need and thought.

RUTH,

By THOMAS HODGKIN.

She stood breast high amid the corn,

Clasped by the golden light of morn,

Like the sweethearts of the Sun.

Who many a glowing day had seen

On her cheek an autumn flush

Deeply ripened—such a blush

In the mimit of brown was born

Likewise poppies grown with comb;

Round her eyes her tresses fell;

But like lilies none could tell

But like lilies veiled a light

That had else been all too bright.

And her hat with shady brim,

Made her tressy forehead dim;

Thus she stood amid the stocks,

Praising God with sweetest looks;

Sure, I said, however did not mean,

Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,

Lay thy sheaf abounding and come;

Share my harvest and thy home;

A BEAUTIFUL FUTURE—Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams that perish if once dried up; frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the moulderings tenements that we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitutions by nature! The earth and the atmosphere where we draw the breath of our life is impregnated with death—death is made to operate its own destruction. The food that nourishes the body contains the elements of its decay, the soul that animates it by a vivifying fire tends to wear out its own action; death finds its abode in our paths. Notwithstanding this is the truth, so palpably confirmed by the daily example before our eyes, how little do we say it to heart? We see our friends and neighbors perish around us, but somehow does it occur to our thoughts that our kind shall, perhaps, the next fruitless warning to the world?

The wife of Mr. Caldwell, (Hannah Odgen of Newark,) gentle, lovely, and engaging as she was pale, elevated and exalted, possessed the affection of all particularly of those who constituted his husband's care. Her manners and feelings were refined; her principles firm; and her mind more carefully cultivated than those of the generality of females in her day.

Thus the commencement of our troubles

found them, dwelling amidst a home, bright

with sunshine and with love, knowing no sorrow but for their country's wrongs, which they felt most keenly, was crushed and oppressed by the power which should have afforded them strength and protection.

At that solemn juncture few were hardly

enough even to breathe the word independence; but our noble pastor, who had calmly and philosophically, as well as feelingly, pondered on our situation, saw that it was our only resource, and he dared to speak it even at the risk of sharing a traitor's fate. Confident in the justice of his cause, firmly relying on the God of the oppressed he felt that the time had now come when a great and mighty task awaited him to arouse a kind, and defend us.

We will now introduce the reader to a humble mansion, in a small village four miles from Elizabeth, to which Mr. Caldwell had removed his family in consequence of the frequent incursions of the British from Staten Island, lying directly opposite to Elizabeth, of which they possessed themselves; thus keeping the neighborhood and village in a constant state of excitement and alarm. He himself remained with the army, using all that eloquence with which he was so richly gifted, in inspiring the American troops with courage and confidence in the ultimate success of their cause. When suffering with pain, half closed and weary, a powerful effort of his burning bosom would never leave their gentle countenance quicken their faith in the Resurgence of the oppressed, and cause the shades of "Liberty or Death" to be cast from every lip.

Thus though bearing not with unfeeling weapons, the commanders of the American army left that in him they had a soul, while among the invaders was seated and exer-

ted as the means of keeping alive that rebellion which at the commencement of the war, they thought would be no difficult matter to crush and exterminate. The morning that we speak of, the British forces were landing at Elizabeth with the design of giving battle to Gen. Washington, who with his army lay encamped near Morristown. Mr. Caldwell was absent departing in company with a party of soldiers, to join them.

An unusual paleness rested on the cheeks of his devoted wife, as her husband pressed her to his bosom. She had struggled to preserve her composure, but her eyes rested upon her children, in their innocence and loneliness, and tears in quick succession rolled down her cheeks.

"Alas! alas!" she exclaimed, "I cannot account for these sad feelings that oppress and weigh down my spirits this morning; but they do between some impending evil. Who tell but you, my husband, may this day be a victim to your patroldom? The refugee fugitives and the Briton dread you! Oh! should their dark plans succeed, who will comfort me?—Will you protect our helpless babes, and avenge our beautiful Margaret?"

"Do not give way to such feelings, Anna!" answered her husband, "put your trust in the God who regards us with a watchful eye, and who will eventually deliver us."

This day of dark will not last forever; even now the clouds are rolling away and soon in our own quiet home, we shall again enjoy all that sweet peace we used to know before the invader invaded our land—aye, "and far more my love," he added, as his dark eye flashed with the patriot's fire, "for we shall be free. I shall return to-morrow evening, with the blessing of God, to tell you how the enemy have been defeated, and to spend a happy day."

Soon after his departure the British forces

commenced their march through the village, Mrs. Caldwell shrink from the sight, and found it indeed a difficult task to be obliged to expose herself to the view of her country's enemies; yet had she done otherwise, she knew the house would be leveled with the ground, under the plea of its containing rebels to his Majesty. Still they passed onward, while she often saw her place of refuge plighted at with menacing looks, while the name of her husband was mentioned with oath and imprecations.

"Mother Mother!" said Margaret, who although shamed from observation heard their expressions as they passed along.

"I cannot bear this and not hate these men, although my father warns me of the wickedness of doing so. What has he, so kind, so good, so amiable so benevolent, what has he done to deserve it?"

"He has done nothing, my child!" replied the agitated mother, "but endeavor to arouse a scorned and trampled people to east aside shackles too grievous to be borne; and oh Margaret, though I do not hate them, yet when I see my noble husband cursed and execrated my heart rises as it should."

Let me retire to implore forgiveness for this sin; and like my Divine pastor, pray for blessings on the heads of those who hate and persecute us."

Thus saying, she left the room. Upon her return, Margaret perceived that the voice of peace had calmed her soul. She had been communing with the Deity, and the effect of that interview was yet visible upon her countenance. Meto preparation of the dread hour approaching! The nurse entered with the infant to receive its maternal nourishment, she took it in her arms to perform this interesting office—ab! how little did she suppose for the last time? Having returned the unconscious infant to its nurse's arms, she was in the act of re-adjusting her bonnet-veil, when the ball from the musket of a British soldier, who had caught a glimpse of her person through the windows, pieced her bosom, and the blood of martyr mingling with the milk of the mother poured itself forth in a copious stream at the feet of the affrighted nurse. Her screams brought the terrified Margaret from the next room to behold, her mother gasping in death, and to hear her lips utter "Forgive them, Father! my Savior! my husband! my children!"—and the pure spirit flew to the bosom of its God. Margaret with a thrill of consolatory horror, stooped to raise the motionless body, but when she saw the life was extinct, she uttered one cry of agony, and stood mute and still as the lifeless remains before the daughter. The children crowded into the room with shrieks and exclamations, the soldiers surrounded that house of death with most terrible and threats of burning it to the ground; while some of the neighbors, hearing a confused account of what had occurred, forgetting terror of the British ran to the relief of the children.

"Margaret, dear Margaret," exclaimed a young man, about eighteen, entering the room, "hasten with me from the scene of horror and

cruelest. Your mother's precious remains will be attended to. Do not stay here they are firing the house. Let me conduct you and the children to my aunt's; come, come, there is no time to lose." He said as he drew her towards the door. At this she raised her eyes and he started at the fearful expression they wore. He saw two men had forsaken her, and motioned to another who had entered with a middle aged woman, his aunt, to bear the corpse to their house, on the opposite side of the street, and leading Margaret by the hand who made no resistance, towards the door, left Mrs. Wade and the nurse, to collect the other helpless little ones, and to follow him.

Indeed they had no time to lose for the house had already set on fire; but even the ruffian band seemed to shrink back from the group which emerged through the door.

The men bearing the bleeding corpse Alfred Wade holding in his arms the motherless infant and leading the pale Margaret, whose appearance was indeed awful, for her hair was saturated with her mother's blood as it flowed over her shoulders, in wild confusion, dyeing the white dress she wore; while her face, of a ghastly paleness, was streaked with the same dark and fearful hue.

The other orphans, screaming with affright, clung to Mrs. Wade as they passed through the crowd of soldiers, while Alfred expressed fear too, told the horror and desperation he felt for them. It appeared as if he too, was to be a victim, for the gun of one of those was levelled at the breast of the young rebel, when an officer, who proved to be Gen. Totten, called upon him to desist; and approaching Alfred, expressed his sorrow for what had happened, and offered his services to procure the distressed group any assistance in his power.

A bitter sinner curled the proud lips of Alfred Wade; it was succeeded by a look of deep and mournful agony, as raising his eyes he exclaimed,—"Can ye bring back to life to the dead? Can ye restore to these helpless ones their mother? At the name of mother a wild and troubled expression crossed the vacant face of Margaret. She gave an inquiring look at the General as she repeated after Alfred, "Can ye give me back my mother?" and it passed away, leaving that face so glowing, cold and unimpassioned as the chiselled marble.

"This too, is the work of your followers, who although shamed from observation heard their expressions as they passed along."

"Oh England! England! there is retributive justice on high!"

The General looked sad, but dispeased.—"Young man," he said, "I make due allowance for the excited state of your feelings, but know a commander often deplors the excesses of his soldiery, and would expect them were he able. Pass on; but it would be well for you to exercise more prudence in the expression of your sentiments before an infuriate army."

Alfred bowed his head, and the suffered life company were soon sheltered within the neighboring house we have spoken of, while that which had a few days past afforded them a place of shelter, was long, a black and smoking pile of ruins.

It was on the third day after his separation from his family, that Mr. Caldwell turned homeward. An engagement had taken place between the British and American armies, in which the former were driven back, and as they returned their course was marked by the destruction of all their ruthless march had hitherto spared. Entering the village of Elizabeth, they set fire to the church of which Mr. Caldwell was pastor. He, meanwhile, proceeded onward to the dreadful struggle, and perished in the fierce and bloody conflict which had occurred during his absence. With melancholy feelings he beheld the desolate fields and burning farm houses, with other marks of the destroyer's footsteps. Sighs of blood, bawling the horrors of war, he lifted his heart to the God he served, and prayed to him to end the dreadful struggle, and rescue his oppressed and stricken country. Meanwhile the thoughts of home, of wife and children, to be enjoyed; at least for a few days, came across his soul, and soothed its tumults. True the dark and unusual forebodings of his Sabbath sometimes entered his mind, but he soon banished such gloomy ideas anticipating her gentle smile—her cordial welcome—her low and fervent thanksgiving for his safe return. He saw his Margaret's bright and deepening color, as she hastened to meet him, and the noisy salute of the little group, as released from their sleep, they climbed to his knees with clamorous joy. A feeling of horror came over him when he beheld the scene of the house in which he supposed he had left them securely sheltered. No trace of his family was visible, as he approached the habitation of his neighbor Wade, to enquire concerning them. All around was still, as death, yet through the low windows of the kitchen, he beheld moving groups; and more than once looked that, amidst other figures,

he discerned the loved one of his Hannah. He tied his horse to a tree, and raising the latch, entered the kitchen. The master of the house was standing with his back to the door, hettin' round and upon beholding Mr. Caldwell, without any sign of recognition moved forward, passing through an opposite door to an inner chamber. His eye in an instant took in every occupant in the room; his failing heart discerned the absence of her the first looked for, the earliest to meet and welcome him. He saw Margaret sitting on a low chair, with the infant sleeping on her lap. As he entered she raised her heavy eyes, and with a cry of agony hid her face upon the babe she was holding. That look told a fearful tale; then he knew that something even beyond his heaviest fears had occurred. He heard the mournful cry of manna! manna! from his little Anna, who, shrinking in a corner from all around, seemed to refuse to be comforted. The tender mother, so prompt to answer the little loved one's call, where was she? Mrs. Wade rose from a table where she was giving the other children their supper, with a look of sorrow, which confirmed all that had been previously told him. He could command himself no longer, but speechless and unspared sank into a chair. Mrs. Wade wrung her hands—our pastor! our beloved pastor! how can I tell you how will you bear it? While a piercing shriek from Margaret went like an electric flash through his frame, he sprang upon his feet.—"Do you bear it? tell me! how can I tell you how will you bear it?"

With unsteady steps, Alfred approached from an opposite street, and had always been dear to Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, was childlike, while Margaret had ever been his heart's idol. He took the cold hand of Mr. Caldwell, and said, with a quivering lip, "Do you, dear friend, remember the illustrations example of submission to God, on the last Sabbath, presented before your people?" He said, "Blessed be the name of the Lord, though stripped of all." His full heart could utter no more, it relieved itself by sobs and tears.

The smitten husband groaned agony again as he uttered, "Show her to me," and Alfred supported his steps to the room, where his eyes beheld all that his heart had foretold.

We should draw a veil over that solemn scene. That miserable night his solitary watch was held beside the corpse of her who in life had ever been the rainbow of his sight; and the next morning, at an early hour, amidst the lamentations of all who had known her, the loved and the lovely victim was committed to the dust.

From the day that this awful event occurred a change was wrought in Alfred Wade. He had hitherto remained at home in compliance with the solicitations of his friends, although at times a hero's spirit was awakened within him, and he longed to join the devoted band who counted not their lives dear to them, as their country might be rescued from its thraldom.

But he now determined to cast aside all ties that would detain him, and either live in a country free from the oppressor's chain, or perish in its defence.

From that time the name of Alfred Wade was coupled with all that was valiant and magnanimous; while he and his excellent preceptor, each to their different sphere, had put one object in view—the rescue of their country from tyranny and thraldom. Mr. Caldwell's children were placed under the protection of an aunt, in the interior of the country where the horrors of war were known but from report, and where the mother had often been solicited to take refuge but who in the desperation of her soul and to her husband, had refused the offer.

It was a dreary night on the 23d of November, 1781, when two persons were discovered in a tempestuous shed, erected for a sentry box at Elizabeth's point, two miles from the village. The one was a sulky, dogged-looking man, of sturdy stature, who sat with his hat drawn over his eyes, as if to conceal their expression, near a rough table, on which burned a feeble light. The other, who stood beside him, carried in his dress and manner an air of assumed importance, while his face bore deep traces of hardened and determined villainy.

He was a refugee, who thirsted for the patriots blood, and who held in his hand a well-filled pelt of the fruits of treachery.

"Let your eye glace on this my good fellow, said he,

"But how do you know he will certainly be drawn to-morrow?" said Morgan.

"He will be drawn, I tell you, after that Miss Livingston, who comes from New York with a flag of truce. I wish you could settle matters with both at the same time."

It was settled that the active patriot, whose sagacity had so often thwarted the counsels of the refugees, should be despatched by the same death which removed his wife, but a little more than a year before, and Morgan, Judson,

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

What We Labor for.—The abolition of slaves and the suppression of the prevalence of industry, virtue and integrity.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1845.

Labor.

like received the price of innocent blood.

It was indeed true, as Holmes had, by some means ascertained, that Miss Livingston, the beloved friend of Mr. Caldwell, was on the ensuing day to come over to Elizabeth Point, and that Mr. Caldwell was there to meet her, and conduct her to the village. She was one of those who, as Gordon, in his History of the Revolution, remarks, "showed amazing fortitude and the strongest attachment to the cause of their country; who even stated the principles and other objects of contention, to solace their suffering countrymen."

To our prisoners, in New York she had been indeed an angel of mercy. Many a wounded soldier had died blessing the gentle hand that alleviated his sufferings, and even shrank not from beside his miserable bed during the awful struggles of dissolving nature.

The day that the murderers act was to be perpetrated, is said to have been ushered in by sad and mournful omens. It was with the ancestors of the writer that Mr. Caldwell spent the previous night, and the lady awoke her husband at day-light, with the account of a dark and fearful dream that had disturbed her repose. It was all indistinct, but there were troubled faces and wailings of blood; and so deep was the impression made on her mind by it, that she arose from her bed and called up her household, who heard her dream (related with all that superstitious awe which troubled times engender!) At breakfast it was repeated to Mr. Caldwell, who remarked, "It was singular that his dreams should have been of such a different nature, for they were of angel faces and celestial songs, which soothed his spirit into a frame it had not known during the last year."

At noon he left the village, on such a day as our November often produces. When he reached the Point, he found Miss Livingston already arrived; and after placing her in his carriage, returned for her trunk. The eye of the murderer was upon his victim; as Mr. Caldwell stopped to raise the trunk, Morgan exclaimed, as a veil for his treachery, "you have condemned good people;" leveled his musket and fired. The ball entered his side near to the heart, and his blood gushed forth, bathing the ground where he fell. The alarm was given, and a small party of Americans being near, Morgan was arrested without a struggle, appearing petrified with horror at the murderous act he had committed. Life was not extinct, and Mr. Caldwell was raised from the ground, carried on a litter, to the village, and placed in the house of one of his parishioners. A surgeon was sent for, who pronounced it a mortal wound.

His work was done. That noble heart would no longer beat; and those elegant lips sealed to death. He begged to be raised, and the last notes of the dying bird so often told in song, his parting exhortation was more impressive than the preceding one.

"We have said the day was gloomy, but at

its close the clouds were suddenly dispersed, and a flood of glory from the setting sun poured itself through the window, illuminating every object in the room, and casting a halo round the expiring patriot.

"I die but God shall be with you," said he; "see you not this token of deliverance? Even so shall the Sun of Liberty burst from the clouds which obscure it, till my country shall rejoice in its beams—Farewell! carry my blessing and forgiveness to him who thrust me to my blood; and now I yield me into thy hands, oh, thou Redeemer of sinners! my hope and my salvation!" His voice failed—Cain on the bosom of his God, his soul had sunk to rest, and those who beheld that parting smile, that look of love and peace, learned that death was not that appalling thing it had before appeared.

Deep, deep, was the wound made by his loss. The house was crowded night and day by those who would gaze once more upon the face and form so venerable and beloved, and when the hair came to consign the body to its narrow house, it was not alone a family, but a town, a state, a country, bringing their lamentations and raising their united voices, crying, "Alas! alas! my father, the chariot of Israel and the horseman thereof!"

He sleeps in the village church-yard of Elizabeth, beside the wife of his youth. The God who has said that "the seed of the righteous shall not be forsaken," remembered the orphan when he took their parents. The benevolent Lafayette adopted the eldest son, and educated him with parental care, while the other children formed, connections of the happiest kind, and were often cited by the good people of Elizabeth as examples of providential care. Their descendants are among the most respected families in New Jersey; and they will bear witness that the leading facts in this simple narrative are literally true.

Peace to thine ashes, thou martyr in thy cause! Thy name shall be enshrined in our hearts, while the remembrance of thy wrongs and sufferings shall teach us more highly to value the blessings we enjoy, and more gratefully to bless the hand which beheads them.

Four fellows who robbed the Poughkeepsie Clinton Bank several months since, have been tried in New York—James Smith, alias John, a city bank robber; Parkinson, James Parkinson, his comrade; and his company, who had not been guilty of quite so important a robbery as the great water—*Farmers' Cabinet*.

which the servants might be known from his lord. Nature's nobility would have been born with wings and spurs and their slaves with weak brains that they might be submissive and servile, and that no such struggling for freedom and elevation, should occur as are now manifested among the working population—that there should be no demand for "reduction of the hours of labor" or advanced wages, but that all should move along in peace and quietude, obedient to his luxury and the slave to his task. That labor is a christian duty, cannot be denied; it is embodied in the great law of love, that "whatsoever ye would, that men should do unto you, do ye also to them"; hence the duty is binding upon all—all should fulfil their part and receive their share of its products and blessings, and that state of society which encourages a different state of things is wrong and will generate strife, idleness and vice. We do not charge the present false state of labor, directly upon individuals, society is culpable, and those who are best informed, who move and guide public opinion, those who set up standards of right, such as statesmen, teachers and preachers, are most accountable for palpable evils which exist in society. A person who is engaged in a certain vocation which is injurious to the well-being of the community and mankind at large, feels justified in his cause because society sanctions it; he looks no further, for society has created a standard of excellence which education has taught him to reverence and regard, or atleast will indulge in it so long as public sentiment flatters and tolerates. Thus it is with hounds of unprincipled exchangers, speculators and idlers who are living upon the producing classes and depressing the real working-men of the country. Let Society make honest industry popular and reputable and all would be anxious to work, not from mere necessity to supply their immediate wants and gain wealth, but to gratify their natural desires and inclinations and gain the good will and applause of their fellows. It is a foul upon the character of free labor that it should be an irksome task performed with reluctance by menials and slaves. It is made tedious by abuses, protracted duration and the stigma of popularity has placed upon it, and until society washes away this stain, will it be blushed, despised and avoided.

The following is from the pen of a correspondent to the New York Tribune. We copy it to expose its falsity. The writer has recently visited Lowell and after giving various statistics and extolling his factory system to the skies, remarks as follows:

"As regards physical condition, from all that I could learn, two thirds of the females have improved in health, while employed in the Mills; and the same will apply to one half of the males. The toll is more constant than heavy or sedentary, and is limited to ten hours in the day. All New England—indeed all the North bears on its face the Tariff argument, but at Lowell it is condensed to a conviction."

The above clearly betrays the Tariff mania, and shows how far party prejudice will cause a man to misrepresent and pervert the true condition of things, or how party eyes will see things to suit their peculiar vision. "Two thirds of the females have improved in health while employed in the Mills." Let all the hospitals and various institutions of health be turned into factories and let invalids, instead of wasting away their strength and lives in seeking for health in distant climates, by the sea shore or by inhaling the pure breezes of health, immediately fly to these *hives* of health, these *panaceas* for the ills to which "flesh is heir," and spend their days amid the din, gaseous air and dust, of temples glittering with trophies of happy industry, & gain immortal life! But why do those fresh spirits, gathered down from the Granite Hills and from the great peaceful valleys, those who have improved their health while employed in the mills, return with renewed strength to the pleasures of toll?—strange infatuation this! "And is limited to ten hours in the day." That the operative-labor, but ten hours per day, is so abundantly false, that it needs no refutation—every person who is sufficiently informed to attempt to make it public, knows, or should know, that the Lowell mills are in operation twelve and a half hours each day, and that the operatives average twelve hours and most of them work during the whole time twelve and a half hours.

We were surprised to find such a bare-faced falsehood admitted into the Tribune, in fact, the whole article wholly contradicts with the expressed sentiments of its philanthropic and liberal editor, and we trust he will be induced to make it correction.

The Hutchinson Family.—We learn that these interesting vocalists, have determined on a voyage to Europe, and that they have engaged their passage to Europe in the Steamer Cambria, which sails from Boston on Saturday next. May they meet everywhere in the old world the welcome reception they have had in their native land, and make impressions upon the hearts of the Europeans by their sweet Yankee music, which shall tend to cement and strengthen the bonds of unity, amity, and peace between them and our own citizens, and be returned in safety, laden with useful experience, knowledge and the *soldi* acquisitions of the people on the other side of the great water.—*Farmers' Cabinet*.

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Extract of a letter from Horace Greeley, to the Anti-Slavery Convention at Cincinnati, published in the Cincinnati Morning Herald.

Let me re-state what I conceive to be essential characteristics of Human Slavery:

1. Whenever human beings, devote their time and thoughts mainly to obeying and serving other human beings, and this not because they choose to do so, but because they *must*, there (I think) is Slavery.

2. Whenever human beings exist in such relations that a part, because of the position they occupy and the functions they perform, are generally considered an inferior class to those who perform other functions, or none, there (I think) is Slavery.

3. Whenever the ownership of the soil, is so engrossed by a small part of the community, that the fair larger number are compelled to pay whatever the few may see fit to exact for the privilege of occupying and cultivating the earth, there is something very like Slavey. (I rejoice that this state of things does not yet exist, in your country.)

4. Whenever opportunity to labor is obtained with difficulty, and is so deficient that the employing class may virtually prescribe their own terms, and pay the Laborer only such share as they choose of the product, there is a very strong tendency to Slavey.

5. Whenever it is deemed more profitable to live without Labor than by Labor, so that a gentleman would be rather ashamed of his descent from a blacksmith, than from an illiterate pleasure-seeker, there is a community not very far from Slavey.

6. Whenever one human being deems it honorable and right to have other human beings mainly devoted to his or her convenience or comfort, and thus to live, or heretofore the labor of these persons from all productive or general usefulness, to his or her own special uses, while he or she is rendering or has rendered no corresponding service to the cause of human well-being, there exists the spirit which originated and still sustains Human Slavey.

I might multiply these illustrations indefinitely, but I dare not so trespass on your patience. Rather allow me to apply the principles here evolved in illustration of what I deem the duties and policy of Abolitionists in reference to their cause. And here I would advise.

Oppose Slavey in all its forms. Be at least careful not to be a slaveholder as not to vote for one. Be tenacious that your own wives, children, hired men and women, tenants, &c. receive the blessings of rational Liberty, as the slaves of South Carolina.

Mr. Gough and the Pic Nic.—Seldom have we witnessed an occasion of such beauty and interest, as the temperance Pic Nic, on Tuesday afternoon. A large concourse of men, women and children, were there assembled, in natures temple, to listen to the transcendent eloquence of natures orator. Mr. Gough seemed to us more interesting and "dearly loved" than ever, and he poured out his deep feelings, with an enthusiasm and pathos, that spell-bound the multitude, and claimed them with rapture to his transcendental imagination. The very trees seemed animated by his magic powers, and the stones to cry out. A bountiful supply of refreshments were prepared by the "Marble Washington Society"—through whose praiseworthy efforts, Mr. Gough's services were obtained, and everything passed off in peace, order and harmony.

Deacon Grant, the philanthropic guardian of the unfortunate ingrate, whose life has been spent in acts of benevolence and kindness, was also present, and made some interesting remarks from his abundant store of experimental knowledge.

In the evening, Mr. Gough spoke before a large and attentive audience in the Rev. Mr. Bullard's church, upon the instrumentalities which have brought about the temperance reform. His views are large and liberal, philosophical and strictly Washingtonian. His doctrine is *moral action*—which loves the drunkard and extends to him a helping hand—which restores him to friendship's manhood, instead of sending him to the house of correction and infamy. He loves the rum-seller as a man, but "abhors" the traffic; and if the drunkard makes of Fitchburg, could have heard his cutting reproof and burning appeals without fearing that they were engaged in one of the most beastly, brutalizing and soul-degrading callings, that ever cursed the race, they must be depravedly hardened.

Mr. Gough's consistent, elevating, practical and reconning temperament, vindicates the inferiority and nothingness of the vindictive railing which so frequently characterizes professed temperance advocates, whose strongest weapons are sweeping random curses, and whose strongest safeguard is the *law*, and we predict that one lecture like the one on Tuesday evening, will do more for the temperance cause, the unfortunate drunkard, and the final extermination of the blasting curse of rum-selling, than all the lawyers, sheriffs, constables and houses of correction in christendom.

Can the "Hirshberg" of "Weekly News" give us any intimation in relation to the adjourned Convention of the New England Workmen's Association, which was to convene at Fall River this Mth? It is highly important that some notice should be given.

Do we notice that the "Fusiliers" met with much attention, and many compliments, during their late tour to Hampton Beach?

Legal Situation.

At a meeting recently held in Manchester, by the professed friends of Temperance, a committee was raised to consider and report what should be done with the rummellers in that place. What! Rummellers in Manchester? Why, we thought that our good friend Dr. Brown, and his good friend Rev. Valentine had long since by the power of *Legal union*, shut up all rum shops, reformed all the rum sellers, and driven the critter completely beyond the bounds of Manchester!—Why, Dr. Brown, what have you and your constituents been about these two years, but with the all powerful weapon of *Legal union*, you have not knocked the monster interloper into the middle of the next century? You must certainly be guilty of great redundancy of duty, for you assured us, blind Nasua people, some twenty-four months since, that but a short time would elapse, before rum sellers and rummelling would become extinct in Manchester through the all powerful influence of *Legal union*. But alas! poor Manchester continues to be cursed with rum shops and rum sellers, in spite of legal union and all its advocates.

By the way, what has become of our good friends the legal unionists of Nasua? They seem to be rather tardy in their *work of love*. Wonder if they ever think or what we told them six or seven of twelve months since in regard to the effects of legal union?

The above article we take from a recent number of the "Nashua (N. H.) Gazette."—It only shows conclusively what we have ever contended for, viz.: that the selling of intoxicating liquors can never be stopped by law, while people continue to drink it—and when the people discontinue its use as a beverage, the law will not be needed—for the sale will cease as the demand for it declines.

Sometime since a paragraph went the rounds of the Temperance press, stating that there was now no public places in Manchester where intoxicating liquors were sold, and it was many prints titled as a great triumph of "Legal coercion" in ridding the people of the curse of rum-selling. We doubted the statement, but not having any proof to sustain our doubts, published the paragraph. From the above article it would seem that the rummellers were then pursuing their business, for it is hardly possible to suppose that in two or three months at farthest, Rummers should so suddenly start up and pursue their avocation all at once so openly as to cause public attention to be called to it.

The truth of the matter is, that wherever the law has been preached or has been attempted to be brought in to aid this temperance reform, there the temperance reform has absolutely perished. If any one doubts this, let them take the temperance reform, from the commencement of the first Society in 1818 and follow its history and see its progressive steps under "kindly moral influence" and then trace its retrograde passage under "coercion" and it will be seen that immediately attendant to the Washingtonian reform the temperance friends wept over the dead body of temperance, and hoped not for a resurrection.

Then look at the Washingtonian reform, glory every one halfed its invention, how eagerly every one halfed its doctrine of "moral influence,"—how it swelt like a torrent over the land—and then if you will look where its principles of moral power have had full sway and been kept free and uncontaminated with any other means, and see if you will find there—yes, you will find indeed a living fountain sending out constant and ever refreshing streams of purity and love. But examine where the law has usurped the place of moral power, and there you see the temperance man bowed down, discouraged while Rum reigns supreme.

Rum again aye men in Portsmouth N. H. had so stoutly but that the last rum-seller could be pointed out, and the day could be safely named when total abstinence should triumph and rule should be strong over that thing that had been. The law was invaded, and the curse came, and Portsmouth farther off from her day of rejoicing than she ever was. Manchester and Nashua and Concord and hundred of other places can bear the same testimony that the attempt to aid the total abstinence movement, by legislative enactments, marshals, juries, judges, constables, lawyers, &c., &c., has resulted in its death, strangled, crushed, smothered—who would under such a load.

Men must be convinced they are in error—they are manageable. You may drive them for a time, but they will turn and rend you. You cannot prove to a three cent rum seller that it is a heinous crime for him to sell a glass of rum, and no crime for another to sell a hogshead which contains many thousand glasses. He wonders that you should curse him while the other partakes of the emblem of Christ, the blind and broken body, and is called blessed. You must do away with these distinctions; let the three cent rum seller be the seller of pipes and hogsheads, eat and smoke, and he will think you are really sincere, and that your temperance efforts mean something.

Men who sell or drink, are in humble circumstances in life, will continue in their practices law or no law, if the

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

MISCELLANY.

What is Providence?

By Miss SWICK.

Take, for example, a young girl bred daily in town, shut up in the nursery in her childhood—in a boarding school through her youth, never accustomed either to air or exercise, two things that the law of God makes essential to health. She marries; her strength is inadequate to the demands upon it. Her beauty fades early. She languishes through hard offices of giving birth to her children, sucking and watching over them, dies early. What strange Providence! that a mother should be taken, in the midst of life, from her children! Was it Providence?—No! Providence had assigned her three years, years and ten; a term long enough to rear her children, but she did not obey the laws on which life depends, and of course she lost it.

A father, too, is cut off in the midst of his days. He is a bold and distinguished citizen, and eminent in his profession. A general buzz rises on every side, "What a striking Providence!"

This man has been in the habit of studying half the night, of passing his days in his office and the courts, of eating luxuriant dinners, and drinking various wines—he has every day violated the laws on which health depends. Did Providence cut him off? The veil rarely ends here. The diseases of the fatter are often transmitted; and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children.

It has been customary in some of our cities, for young ladies to walk in thin sleeves and delicate stockings in mid winter. A healthy blooming young girl, thus dressed in violation of Heaven's laws, pays the penalty: a chaste, red circulation, cold, fever and death. "What a sad Providence!" exclaims her friends. Was it Providence, or her own folly?

A ruined young wife, every nerve and muscle of her body made at ease at her marriage. She has a slight sore throat, perhaps, and the weather is inclement; but she must wear her neck and arms bare; for whenever saw a bride in an evening dress? She is consequently seized with an inflammation of the lungs and the grave receives her before her bridal days are over. What a Providence! exclaims the world. "Cut off in the midst of happiness and hope." Alas! did she not cut the thread of life herself?

A girl in the country, exposed to a changeable climate, gets a new bonnet instead of getting a flannel garment. A rheumatism is the consequence. Should the girl sit down tranquilly, with the idea that Providence has sent the rheumatism upon her, or should she charge it on her vanity, and avoid the folly in future.

Look my young friends, at the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating or drinking, or in study, or in business; by neglect of exercise, cleanliness, pure air; by indiscreet dressing, tight lacing, &c. & all is quietly imputed to Providence. Is there not implicitly as well as ignorantly in this? Were the physical laws strictly observed from generation to generation, there would be an end to the frightful diseases that cut life short, and of the long list of maladies that makes life a torment or a trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body, this "goodly temple," would gradually decay, and men die as if falling asleep.

Prosperity and Adversity.
Every man is rich or poor, according to the proportion between his desires and enjoyments. Of riches, as of everything else, the hope is more than the enjoyment; while we consider them as the means to be used at some future time for the attainment of felicity, ardour after them secures us from weariness of ourselves, but no sooner do we sit down to enjoy our acquisitions, then we find them insufficient to fill up the vacancies of life. Nature makes us poor only when we want necessities, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities. It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy/unmoved, to be healthy without physic, secure without a guard, and to obtain from the bounty of nature what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of art.

Adversity has ever been considered as the state in which man most easily becomes acquainted with himself, particularly being free from flattery. Prosperity is too apt to prevent us from examining our own conduct; but as adversity leads us to think properly of our state, it is the most beneficial to us.

Moral Courage.
There is no courage like moral courage; and the highest degree of moral courage is that which is exhibited upon small occasions. The moral courage of a minister of state is often regarded as a matter of wonderment. Sometimes the moral courage of politicians quite stagger us. To know one's self is the greatest of all moral exertions. Great acts of self-sacrifice, we repeat, are nothing to little ones. The doctor bleeds his dear patient without a sigh so does the lawyer—the feelings are excluded from matters of business. The insolvent comes boldly forward, makes a virtue of necessity, and meets his creditors; he is rewarded with his freedom; he becomes an emancipated man, can make both sides of the way, and down great thoroughfares, and what is more, be at home to everybody.

Their wisdom, there is virtue; there is philanthropy enough in the reformers of the present day, if they will come together in a living and liberal spirit, to devise a peaceful, and though full of national, state, county, and town reform.

Therefore, brethren in the train—

We are not only invaded, but subjugated by the common law, and other state mechanism,

of Great Britain, which have no positive power except to do wrong, and only a negative power to do right. All these invaders of the democratic principle, can be conquered by the judicious and constitutional use of the taking tools, applied to check monopolies and secure an independent sphere of labor to each citizen, and a still and complete education to each child.

There is wisdom, there is virtue; there is philanthropy enough in the reformers of the present day, if they will come together in a living and liberal spirit, to devise a peaceful, and though full of national, state, county, and town reform.

From the Harbinger.

Union of all Reformers for one Great Reform.

The evil that害society have been criticised by the progressive spirits of the age, and organized efforts have been made for their correction.

Every prominent abuse of the human family, every prevailing vice, every oppressive and degrading relation that prevails, has caused the friends of humanity to array themselves in bands, for the purpose of resisting, and if possible of eradicating, some one or more of the evils that disgrace our age and country, and these bands have been justly entitled Reformation.

The Democratic Party is an organization of reformers, whose principles tend to perfecting our political systems, by securing to each individual the greatest amount of individual independence, but they have made but little progress, because their leaders, corrupted by place and power, have almost always found, that their interests were hostile to the principles of their constituents.

The Abolition movement, sincere, a devout, heroic with attacks upon chattel slavery, has not succeeded, because those engaged in it have not perceived that it was only one of the many modes of expression that the productive labour has to endure, which every where condemns its contributions.

The Temperance reformers have done much

real good, but they find a constant tendency to reaction, from the great inducements to accumulation wealth by a traffic injurious to society;

from the too frequent profligacy of the rich, and from the despair of the weak, who fail in the universal conflict of interests, and from the merely animal education that is lot of the mass.

The Free Society are built upon a noble foundation of justice and philanthropy, but do not expect success in establishing permanent peace or permanent happiness in the intercourses of nations, while the inferior efforts

of others in all their ramifications establish the very reverse of concord.

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