

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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

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Poetry.

From the Portland Transcript,
British Philanthropist.

I grieve the winds, and stay the waves,
On your own seas inflicted wrong;
Where prisoned in the caverned earth,
There'll rise the musing-hang'd feeble man;

These languid human frutes, these hearts,
Did they shun the sun?—the sun with shame!

Are they, the signal wreathes out—
Tuck them to a cruse?

They're pale, faintly eyes ayeen,
To look for wrong abroad;

Oh, ye are livish of your texts—
For slaves across the water,

Ye can deplore the sundered ties
Of Africa's sons or daughters—

Can one that's death a Southern son
They'll live the living day,

Fed, but not free; with no strong friends,
And their home-hand far away.

Wails, houseless, starvings, pale, and weak,

By your own gods gain wreathes lie—
Who looks for heroes—too faint to stand?

Yet many a soul is fit to die!

Oh, ye are almighty!—ye are wise!

The power strong we had ill-used—

Finisht for living as 'twere—

To wait the time of fiery fire.

With ye have gold, that makes might

Uphold the fleet on Afric's coast;

Why are these stunted creeps dead out?

To those who need thy pity—

Who need thy pity?—No! 'tis theirs;

The godless, mean-pitance you bestow

Is but a miter restored to us,

Whose fathers stood four years ago,

With ye have strength—Good God!

What would you say,

Who thus you ave by thousands scarce

Upon your charity more iron tongue—

Aell tell of her for wrong—

Manchester her woe dizzies—

And when our boundsmen see,

They will disdain that such as you

Should help them to be free.

Strikes of their chain we will—
and soon!

Fast comes the glorious day;

But some men shall lead us still;

Our hypocrits' aw!

W.

SELECTED TALES.

THE HOCUS-POCUS.

Partly concealed within the borders of the wood, which skirts a scene where a prairie

"Stretch'd in boundless beauty lies."

is situated a charming little cottage, nestled in shade and seclusion beneath the foliage of overshadowing boughs. On the piazza in front of this dwelling, a venerable sacerdote, (named Gordon) was seated, one summer afternoon, building dreams of trifles, as he surveyed his plantation, enameled with heavy crops ripened into plenty. Now, as our sweetest dream, are fleeting and quickest to close, it is not strange that his, although pleasant, was soon terminated, by some one about

hallo! yourself and disliver how it feels,

He repented, and, turning simultaneously with his rep., his eyes fell upon a young man, a stranger to him, leaning on the yard fence.

"Ass-e me!" said the stranger, "you may be young so clever as to tell a chap who owns that wheat field up beside the timber, won't you?"

"Well I will; I own it."

"Dew-yay said the stranger, "but what might cut that you allow four-legged animals and such critters to be in it?"

"But I don't," said Gordon.

I see a hole in it though as I know along," remarked the stranger dryly.

"A-hoss in my wheat?" exclaimed the sucker.

"Zags and lightning! Here Blucher! Sun-

Ana, fie-ee-e, fie-e-e!"

His call had the effect to bring forth two dogs, one a hound with legs half as long, as an eastern schoolmaster; the other a bull, the peculiar quiet of which under law might lead you to mislead that he was ever fond of what the knowing ones, call the "real game." Attended with these, he trotted back to his house, wagging their tails at old master, wagged his tongue diriting them to pursue.

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Poetry.



From the Harbinger.
Labor.

BY A. H. DUGGAN.

What is the poet's task?
To tell the grave clothes from the buried ages,
To lift the mighty curtain of the Past;
And, find the war that old Opinion wages,
Deal out his warnings like a trumpet blast.

This is the poet's task.

Thank God for light;
Praised be the source of mortal life and being,
That he hath stripped the veil from our eyes;
Now, in the blessed consciousness of seeing,
Man may gaze upward through the glorious skies
With a strong sight;

Labor hath earned its voice;
The strong right arm—the mighty limb of iron,
The handembroidered shirt, heroic toil,
The eyes that on the perilous which environ
From the honest heart that bears no soil.

These are its silent voice.

Silent, but oh! how deep!
Roaring the word to grapple with its curse—
Speaking the hope of freedom to the captive,
Volcan-like stand again those iron rocks,
To give the pow'ful Minerva birth.

Fresh from his long deathlike sleep,

Forth shall the nation stand!
Labor is calling on the heart that spins,
Labor is giving all its given away,
Labor the gauntlet and the sheet shall merit,
Break thou my sight; O glorious day!

Bless thou the poet's heart.

The Coming of Autumn.

The leaves on the bright staid
Are fading and falling.

And the wind and the wood-bird
Are mournfully calling;

And music around us,

Or landscape and river,
And feelings that bound us,

Are passing forever.

The mistle of the mountains,
With morning upspringings,

The thyme of the fountains,
Its melody ringing;

The foam where the river burst
Up to the day,

And all by the sweet stream runs it,
Passing away!

So hearts we have cherished

When life was before us,

As grown gold or pearls;

As years have roll'd o'er us;

And look in the faces

Once glowing with gladness,

And we find in their places,

But sorrow and sadness.

O life, it is fearful!

We're all of us sighing,

The moment we're cheerful,

That moment we're dying;

And all we have tasted;

And all we have spoken,

Are hopes that are wasted;

And hearts that are broken.

ROBERT OWEN, the eminent Communist, arrived here on Monday from England, in excellent health and spirits. He has invited those who are willing to discuss topics of Universal Reform, on the broad platform of Humanity without reference to class or creed to meet in informal Convocation in this City. The first meeting will take place at Clinton Hall on Wednesday evening next (Oct. 1st) at 10 P.M. We are assured by Mr. Owen that no intention is entertained—certainly none on his part—of introducing Theological questions at this meeting, which simply contemplates this problem: "What practical measures are needed and calculated to diminish and ultimately extinguish the want, degradation and misery which are now the portion of so large a share of mankind?"

The Convention for Universal Reform called by the National Refractors, New England Workingmen, &c., meets in the City the following week, during the great Fair of the American Institute. We believe it will be fully attended.—*N.Y. Tribune.*

He who sedulously attended, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

A steam mill in Newburyport has declared a dividend of forty-two and a half per cent—pretty fair earnings for the past year! Do the proprietors want more protection? Fifty, per cent would bring it up to a round number. The cry of the manufacturers always has been more, more; and it is hardly probable that they will be satisfied by such profits as above. *Providence Herald.*

LIGHTED UP. The drearied 20th of Sept. has made its annual arrival, and now may be seen from early dusk till half past 11 o'clock, all the factories in Lowell brilliantly illuminated, the operatives busily engaged, men-

We wish there might be a clear, whining out of lamp light toll throughout the land. Were the ten hour rule universal, nobody would thereby be injured, while millions would be greatly benefited.—*Lowell Rep.*

W. C. COLESWORTHY.

How common is the remark, "I wish I was doing as well as neighbor A." He has a good run of business,—money with him is plenty, and he is accumulating property fast. But how do you know well your neighbor is doing? To appearance, only, is he making money. He is as much put to it to collect money, which his notes fall due, as you are yourself. He has repeatedly made the same remark about you, as you have just made respecting him. You may learn a useful lesson from this circumstance. Not to be disengaged with the supposition that your neighbors do all the business, when in fact, they find no need to disclose themselves as others. Do the best you can still better for higher times, and you will have but little to perplex you. Even your friends are more prosperous than you, this should not make you fretful, or give you a moment's uneasiness. We have always noticed that those men who attend to their businesses, and do as well as they can, without

more trouble, are the most successful.

W. C. COLESWORTHY.

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