

POETRY OF INDUSTRY.

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

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POETRY.

BY D. C. COLSWORTHY.

Ye men of wisdom—men of might,
Who stand ye strong, with the old,
And another all the glorious light,
Within—the blessed gift of God!
To make you in his image, not
To be degraded in the dust—
With fear and misery your lot—
Half eaten with a conkering pest.

WOMEN.

Ye men of wisdom—men of might,
Who stand ye strong, with the old,
And another all the glorious light,
Within—the blessed gift of God!
To make you in his image, not
To be degraded in the dust—
With fear and misery your lot—
Half eaten with a conkering pest.

SELECTED TALES.

FROM THE LADIES' WRITING.

OR A TALE OF ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER III.

"There needs no other proof that 'Association' is the most wholesome moral atmosphere, and that in which, as a matter of fact, is destined ultimately to triumph, than the elevation and religious observance which attend the first assembly, the first solemn certainty of true love."

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 girls when they were quite children, to struggle on in the world as she best could. His father's death had left a deep and gloomy shadow on the widow's life, and she devoted those few 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.

which he remitted to his mother. The hour when he wrote his last letter, enclosing the money, was the last 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 contentedly 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 him touching the young lady's heart.

Philip had been at home but a few weeks; and he arrived soon after Daniel Gilbert's death, when he thought to make another strenuous 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 persuade Philip from going from home again, on some Quixotic scheme of money-making.

"You are older than I, Philip," he said; "but I will partime 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, and have hardly had cases 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 any thing to arrive at any great result, is by beginning on the very spot where a man may happen to be, at the time (if it becomes necessary) by being willing to labor in a slow 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, that by my other expanded here, all in my education, and shall I move stay, and here be able to do it, then, sister and bread by my exertions, who my requirements fit me to occupy a higher place."

"High places," said the other, "are not found by seeking; they come to men who are worthy of them in due time. No man was ever great who made greatness his aim. 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 Cleopatra had been found at the plough, he would not have been fit to lead the Roman arms to victory. The ambitious man may be famous for his crimes, for bloody victories, as were Napoleon and Bonaparte, but never for his virtues. No I think it is a sure and calculated gain, that success will only crown that enterprise which is prepared for defeat."

"You 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."

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, banteringly.

"Oh fudge! no, not that; I've no romance in my nature; reality is so 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, these houses must be made more alluring by a new style of equal 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; the windows were stuffed with old hats; and the cow evidently spent 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 maker is still worse there than without. Now Blake is a drunkard and in my opinion will always remain so, so long as he occupies so shelterless a abode."

"Well, what do you propose to do?" "I will 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, attendent 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 are, 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 us air about."

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

"I mean," continued Rufus, "that one step towards making me good is to make them happy and comfortably 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," said the other; "let us make the experiment on Blake to-morrow; I want to see the matter tested."

proceeded to make overtures (as several of the young men of his neighborhood, to join him) in purchasing 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 intemperate 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 and other (and which he commended, he had already purchased a large tract of land in the town of Landgrove, suitable for his purpose. 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 mind of Rufus saw at a glance that Philip would succeed in life alone, his enthusiasm and rashness leading him constantly into plans whose only fault was their impracticability.

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

Rejoice that his proposal to his friend would appear like a project of burying him alive in obscurity, he had begun to open his scheme, which the progress of our story will explain to the reader.

CHAPTER IV.

"The principal part of the community will doubtless derive a certain degree of advantage from the general property 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 pay. . . . But he interested to the subject, and they had never absolutely coincided till the subjects themselves believed the rules.

"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 himself in his experiment."

There were enough who were willing, and anxious to join him, as may be found for any novel enterprise at this time, but almost always in a place, and especially for this scheme, where the risk was wholly assumed 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.

appointed for gathering at Meadow Farm. . . . large and commodious houses had in the mean time been erected, but the barns were built; an acre of land had been cleared. Rufus wished to realize an entirely new garden life for himself and those associated with him; to take a place among the beautiful 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 then, after one first few months of hardships and privation will be our own in a true sense," she said.

"Precisely so, my love," said Rufus, "and I am almost sure 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 our own baking."

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

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

"Is it well to make difficulties, my children?" said the widow; "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 as both how hard and rough our life is at present in this town. And I feel certain that if we should go together to a farm already cleared off, with every comfort prepared for our reception, to a kind of degen country residence, we should surely fail in bringing my plans to pass. I therefore wish these young men to feel, that 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 countenance of the young man, the least motion to ascertain him, a species of curiosity very common in the country, a kind of morbid operation, and by no means without its effect upon the heart of woman.

"Smith cannot go. The 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.

"It 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 that he is the grand-son of a William Smith who was killed in the month of March in the course of the battle of Lexington, which took place in April following. The story or New York party attempted to hold their court in this town; and the Whigs or Yankee party resisted the attempt, and William Smith was killed in the affair. This was the first blood shed in the cause of liberty in this country, as they say. Vermont was never before held in the 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 may just as well, but his friends here over-ruled him."

One after another of the band dropped in to 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 recollected that Rufus Gilbert had been induced to this step by no fine-spoken theory; other; that it came into his mind by 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 in-fidelity, 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 not a community, or a phalanx; he did not dream of being the founder of a sect or party, and so adding any importance to himself. Nor is it strange that in carrying out his single idea he should have had his own course which has since been the laborious province of the phalanx, by the phalanx and philanthropists. "Seek first the kingdom of heaven and all things shall be added unto you." Seek to be just, merciful, and true, and you will, in pursuing these great objects,

POETRY.

MISCELLANY.

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

History reveals a distant emporium, from which to take...

not stimulated and quickened by a holy religion. "What institutions," inquired the Japanese Emperor of a European...

It is a perfect wonder that the rate at which the press works, and the omnivorous power of the printed word...

Need we wonder then that such deplorable and wide wastes are seen in the history of the human intellect...

What government, as well as false religion, has operated always and everywhere to the extinguishment or degradation of intellect...

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I saw a widow who was young—perhaps forty but whose form, once fresh and beautiful, had become exactly the reverse...

Hark! 'tis the early lark— Awake, my children, awake! Oh! yield to God another hour...

Again, the bell rings out— Upon the morning breeze— And see the toilers rising forth...

Up, up, my sons, the lark is soaring to the sky— With its soft tones little one— Open your laughing eye!

Away, away they speed— To watch with gladness each Each episode with its circling thread...

How rosy once was I— How smooth my gush bow— Health gushed and glowed in every vein...

Oh! what a fearful blow was that— How sorrow fraught the day! Five years I toiled with them...

Whose quick ear from on high Bends down to catch the widow's moan— And lead the orphan's cry...

Oh, God! 'tis their doom— From year to year the same— To toil and tollish wearily...

Scorn not the slightest word or deed— Nor deem it void of power— There's fruit in each word-wind used...

A whispering word may touch the heart— And call it back to life— A look of love bids sin depart...

No set falls fruitful, none can kill— How that life is power and life— Nor what results unfolded dwell...

It is an interesting as well as probable inference from the discoveries of modern astronomy...

But what of "bright-eyed science" in her farther explorations, should reflect on the broad field of the heavens...

Precisely such a world they may not be, but a world resembling it there is, and that world is ours...

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BANK NOTE TABLE: This table of all the Banks in the New England States...

Maine: Agricultural Bank, Bangor; Commercial Bank, Portland; Farmers' Bank, Bangor.

Vermont: Agricultural Bank, Troy; Commercial Bank, Burlington; Farmers' Bank, Vergennes.

Massachusetts: Agricultural Bank, Lowell; Commercial Bank, Boston; Farmers' Bank, Springfield.

Rhode Island: Agricultural Bank, Providence; Commercial Bank, Pawtucket; Farmers' Bank, Woonsocket.

Connecticut: Agricultural Bank, Hartford; Commercial Bank, New Haven; Farmers' Bank, Meriden.

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