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His Excellency.

TOO RATE. BY JOSEPH R. SANDLER.

"I will," said the venerable man to his wife, "they sat together late one evening in July, 1846, it is well that we discovered the character and habits of the young man before he advanced further in our esteem; he might else have inveigled our only daughter into marriage, and brought disgrace upon us, as well as misery upon our child."

"Which would have been misery to us too, surely," said his wife.

"It would have been an insupportable misery. But thank God," he continued, raising his eyes in heartfelt gratitude, "I was informed in season to prevent my child from the disgrace of a connection with a——"

"With a what?" said a good looking young man, bowing to the venerable pair, with a WHAT SIR? speak out now, I am your daughter's husband; and it seems unfit that there should be so much concealment between father and son, as that the latter should know the opinion of the former upon his attributes, when the former knows the relation in which each stands to the other."

"(It is too late to prevent the marriage)," said the father——

"It is too late."

"Then, at least, though my rights as a father may have ceased, those of a husband and of a man are unimpaired; and if I cannot rule those in my house, I can at least say who shall be its inmates."

"Father," said the young bride, kneeling, with clasped hands, "do not cast me from you; give me my home, my place, my station; to prove that you do not do me injustice. Mother, dear mother!"

The closing of the door on the other side of the room drew the attention of the applicant, and they found that her husband was the only one left with her. "It was too late."

Hand in hand, the newly married pair felt had been to her the Eden of early happiness. The stern commands of a father were there, at least, to be obeyed; and she was yet to her part would never to be forgiven by one who had seemed wrapped up in her affections——

she left that Eden then. Hand in hand the banished pair took their departure; and as the offending daughter and confiding wife turned back to look at the closing door of her parental mansion, it seemed to her, indeed, as if some angel, severe in awful beauty, guarded the portal against her entrance to the place which she had deserted by filial disobedience.

The price of the new husband was just too much for his situation. He was anxious not only to maintain his wife independently of her family, but gave her many of those comforts to which she had been accustomed. He could easily have attained the former, and have met all her wishes in that respect; but his pride induced him to neglect rational means of securing ordinary comforts, and led him to resort to what he deemed "chances" to sudden wealth. He had before his marriage suffered by the estimation of many respectable persons, by his associating with certain dashing young men, who to their other social qualities were supposed to add that of fondness for games of hazard. He had amused himself in that way without pecuniary profits, and by observation had learned the tricks of the art without practicing them upon others.

Time passed on, and the young wife became a mother, and saw in the birth of her first a renewal of the attentions of her husband, which, without apparent loss of affection, certainly without other evidence of unkindness, had been pretermitted. He had neglected himself from his home until a late hour at night, and had appeared haggard and care worn. It was also obvious that the means of support were diminished, and the wife began to feel many, very many of her comforts curtailed. The descent was rapid, and with it the renewal of the absence of her husband by night, but the open unkindness was exhibited, nor was there reproach on her part, unless the pale cheeks, and emaciated frame, and the heart-broken sigh could be so construed.

Misery, wretchedness, and want beset the family; and the husband, torn himself away from the bed of the wife and child early in the evening, left a determination to bring back to them their former comforts. He met not an old friend, who informed him that a place was vacant in an office, which, with security and fidelity, would be his."

"And who will be my security?"

"Who? Any one—I will, I told you so two years ago."

"I will never see, indeed?"

"Present yourself to me to-morrow, free of debt, and I will give you the place."

He was not free from debt, but a few hundred dollars would make him so. He felt assured that a few hours at the gaming table, the last time he would ever darken the accursed boards, would supply him with the means to pay those debts—more than that he would not receive."

He hesitated to the place and passed at the last step of the door. "Why should I go?" The few hundred dollars which I own, I can soon save; and he, knowing my poverty, would not think worse of my character; if I confess my indebtedness, and my determination never to place myself within the chances of another hangers again."

The resolution an excellent relief his heart and he turned with new feelings to add a course of virtue. It was then too late."

He saw within a few yards of him, one of the officers of the institution in which he was to have the place of trust. "To have turned from the door would be to expose himself, and he could not stand where he was. He entered; he played, and at midnight had won a few dollars. His luck had turned," he said; he followed up the luck, and morning saw him in possession of more than the desired sum."

He left the gambling room a man of better resolution than he had been, though he had all day resolved well. He thought of the pleasures resolved well. He thought of the pleasures in store, of the good he would yet do, and the delights he would enjoy."

The outer door of the house in which he lived was open. He stole quietly up the stairs, and gently lifted the latch of his room door. It was dark and still. The child at length moved. He felt that his wife had occasion to complain of his long absence, but the joy of his heart was too great for him to utter a word of resolution he had formed, and the means he now possessed of carrying it into effect. He called her by name—she did not answer. He felt that his new intentions deserved more kindness. He then opened a window shutter and the light of the morning poured full upon the face of his infant. He went to the window to see his wife. He laid his hand upon her arm, and his eye fell on the bed and groaned in anguish. The crying of the child called some of the contents of the room into the room."

The coroner's aid was demanded to remove the dead body of his wife. The verdict of the jury was "Died of the visitation of God." But one or two thought that distress had weakened her frame so much, that anxiety and cares, and the new feelings of suspicion, or the sense of utter abandonment that night, had been too much. Her heart broke with ever freight."

The pride of the injured father at length yielded, and with quiet efforts, he traced out the residence of his daughter."

Determined to meet her at more than half way towards reconciliation, he came just as her husband had awakened to a sense of his misery. It is "too late," said the latter, and retired to the bed."

The pomp of the funeral did not insult the wretchedness of the living, or the emaciated form of the dead."

The grave is on the very verge of the western declivity of Laurel Hill. There is no stone to tell of her name, moulders there——

What lesson could it teach?"

His whose reformation was almost begun before her death, the path of virtue afterwards, but it was "too late!"

He had resolved to reform for the sake of his wife, and not for the sake of VIRTUE.—U. S. GAZ.

EDUCATE YOUR CHILDREN.—The following elegant extract ought to be read by every parent, and particularly every farmer:

"If the time shall ever come when this mighty republic shall desert when the beacon which now rises in a pillar of fire, a sign and a wonder of the world, shall wax dim, the cause will be found in the ignorance of the people. If our union is still to continue to cheer the hopes and animate the efforts of the nation—if our fields are to be untrod by the hirings of despotism; if you would have the sun continue to shed its unclouded rays on the hills of Freedom, then educate all the children in the land. This alone restores the tyrant in his dream of power, and rouses the slumbering energies of oppressed people. It was intelligence that reared up the majestic columns of our national glory; this alone can prevent them from crumbling into ashes."

HENRY TO WYVER.—"I am not at home from the party to-night at ten o'clock, don't wait for me; send a husband to his better and bigger hall." "That I won't, but I'll come for you." He returned at ten precisely.

A SMART GUY.—A dandy in Ayrshire, Scotland, having two lovers, and not knowing which to prefer, settled the matter by marrying one and immediately eloping with the other.

We see a letter advertised in the Post office for Mr. Cain. If our name was Abel we should be careful to keep out of the reach of him.

"Was it Providence?"

"Take, for example, a young girl bred delicately in town, and shut up in a nursery in her childhood—in a boarding-school through her youth—never accustomed 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 nervous fails after a time. She languishes through suckling, and yielding to her mother's entreaty. "What a strange Providence, that a mother should be taken in the midst of her care for her children?" Was it Providence? No! Providence had assigned her three score years and ten; a term long enough to rear her children and to see her children's 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 useful and distinguished citizen, and eminent in his profession. A general acquaintance on every side: "What a striking Providence!"

He is studying hard to have been in the halls of his office or in the courts; that a healthy, luxurious dinner, and drinking various kinds of wine. He has every day violated the laws on which health depends. "Did Providence cut him off?" The evil rarely ends here. The diseases of the father are often transmitted; and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children."

"It is less customary in some of our cities, for young ladies to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings in mid-winter. A healthy, blooming young girl thus dressed in violation of Heaven's laws, pays the penalty: a checked circulation, colds, fever, and death. "What a sad Providence!" exclaimed her friends. "Was it Providence, or her own folly?"

A beautiful young bride goes night after night to parties, made in honor of her marriage. She has a slightly sore throat; perhaps the weather is inclement; but she must go with her neck and arms bare, for who ever saw a bride in a close evening dress? She is quickly seized with an inflammation of the lungs, and the grave receives her before her bridal days are over. "What a Providence!" explains 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 our changeful climate, gets a new bonnet instead of getting a flannel garment. A rheumatism is the consequence. Should the girl sit down tranquilly with the illness 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 and drinking, in study or in business, by neglect of exercise, cleanliness, and pure air; by indiscreet dressing, tight-lacing, &c.; and all is quietly imputed to Providence! Is there not impiety as well as ignorance 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 make life a torment of trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body, this "godly temple," would gradually decay, and men would die as if falling asleep."

Health is also attainable. Its laws are within our reach and application. It is even spontaneous. Let Nature have her perfect work, and she will furnish this greatest of blessings already at our hands. To preserve it we have neither to visit some distant clime, nor do some great thing, nor even practice the least self-denial, but only to prevent it."

A state of health is simply the state of nature. It is never altered, but some illness, if it is not a fever, is a violation law. It flows on to every human being as freely and perpetually as the river to its own ocean home. It is as perfectly natural as breathing, sleeping, eating, &c. Indeed, it consists in the perfection of these and all the other physical functions, and is equally spontaneous. Unprevented, they will go on perpetually to produce health and life in abundance; nor is there any need of performing when the law is obeyed, but to prevent the law from being shut out of your eyes for want of attention, or refusing to breathe, or stopping any other physical function by force. The power of the human constitution to resist disease is perfectly astonishing. How many readers have abused their health most outrageously hundreds of times with comparative impunity, and even after they had thus broken down their constitutions, have still induced sickness and suffering in their youth, but they got their lives back again by their own exertions."

What would your health have been, if it had been fostered instead of abused? A self-evident inference is, that it is our imperious duty to be always healthy, that to be sick is sinful, and to die prematurely is suicidal. Say, ye who denounce, who have any "divine right" to violate Nature's laws, will you induce sickness? Show "indulgences"

from the court of Heaven permitting such tampering on its ordinances, or else admit such treatment and its consequent sickness to be wicked. Alas! sickness is sinful, because the consequence of violating law, which is necessarily wrong. Is your painfulness is the witness of its sinfulness. Stop sinning, and you will escape suffering."

Premature death is still more sinful, because occasioned by still greater violation of law—is indeed one of the greatest crimes that man can possibly commit! "What!" objects some, "but how can you help dying when death comes?" Never summoned by violated law, will you unless some ill old age has gradually folded us up in a pleasurable bed, so that we all have no desire to live, or dread of death. The extreme painfulness of death is proof positive of the proportionate sinfulness of its cause. Is not suicide most wicked? Yet it consists in a similar breach of those same laws which, broken, cause premature death. If to shorten life by self-murder be awfully wicked, shortening life by injuring it is proportionately wicked, because the thing done is alike in both cases, namely, the destruction of life, and by similar means—a breach of its laws. Unless we have a Divine right to commit suicide, gradual or sudden, we have no right to incur premature death, and by as much as suicide is most heinous, by so much, and for precisely the same reason, is it proportionately wicked to induce death by the careless exposure or wanton injury of health! "Fraud and robbery are as valuable than life, and this is of greater value. Exceptions of course occur in some persons, ar made sick or killed by unaccountable accidents, or by their fellow men, or children may inherit disease, yet these cases only transfer the guilt from the sufferers to their authors, but do not obviate the sin of breaking the laws themselves. It is high time that sickness and premature death were considered—what indeed they are—high-handed crimes; perhaps of sufferers, perhaps of parents or others, but at all events a breach of Heaven's laws, and therefore wicked." (Fowler's Ethnological Journal.)

Promises and Performances. He that is true to his word has happiness; it is always to be credited and relied on; and is most valued for this, while the man that is regardless of it, fails of all advantage accruing thereby, which should stand him in the greatest stead."

When we promise, doubtless our performance is expected; and if we fail in it, we throw a high indignity upon those we break it with, and instead of a blessing, are likely to have a curse thrown upon ourselves."

Many times a man's whole worldly conversation is laid upon a promise, which broken his anchor is gone, and he is left to rock on the roisterous waves and winds of adversity. This many times takes a man off from the benightedness and pleasure of life, and crowds him down to the horrors of a sad fate, which compels him to a desperation that may prove of every ill consequence."

He that loses promises, as if it was a lighter matter, and of slender consequence, and is negligent of performing when the law promises, he will find that his promises are broken, and he will find that his promises can without great difficulty, if at all, be removed."

Some years ago, when all the world were mad upon lotteries, the cook of a middle-aged gentleman drew from his hands the savings of some years. Her master, curiously to know the cause, learned that she had repeatedly dreamed that a certain number was a great prize, and she had bought it. He called her a fool for her pains, and never pointed an occasion to take it, and she was subject to One day, however, the master saw in the newspaper, or at his bookseller's in the country town, that the number was actually the \$20,000 prize. Cook is called up a palmyr ensues—had known each other years, lots to part, &c.; in short, he proposes and is accepted, but insists on the marriage being celebrated the next morning. Married they were, and the carriage took them from the church, where they were to be married, to the subject of the lottery. "Well, Molly—two happy events in one day. You have married, I trust, a good husband. You have something else—but first let me ask you where you have looked up your lottery ticket?"

Molly, who thought that her master was only bantering her upon the old point, cried, "Don't say no more about it. I thought how it would be, and that if I should never hear the end of it, so I sold it to the baker of our village for a guinea profit; so you need never be angry with me again about it." Blackwood.

They have got a machine called an Invisible Wig. No doubt it is a very handsome affair. Probably it is transparent. That would be delightful, as it will keep the head warm while the native baldness remains.

Doctr.

From the New York Tribune. BERTON.

"Oh fear not a world like this, To long have I had kept for long. Know how sublime 'tis to be To suffer and be strong."—LOSAFELLOW.

Bear on, Oh friend!—even amid thy fears, The gift may be thy bliss.

Though hope deferred through many years Hath made thy spirit pine,

And clouds like dark above thy head, And shadows dim thy day—

Through disappointments' shadows spread— Oh, yet be on thy way.

Though pain and poverty, toil and care, Bear up thy heart against despair.

Oh, bear up through friends and kin-folk's, Though shander hurt her day,

Do thou a finer purpose cast, To long nice pure in heart!

In the face of all that's wrong, Affix with uprightness;

Yet innocence is strong to bear, The weight against it hung.

And in this faith through every trial, Oh learn to suffer and be strong.

And still it's always night, The poor man's break at light.

That thou shalt all as clear as light, As'er thy youth was cast.

Few are the summers yet, Oh friend! Who'll wrangle long to live!

And for the sake of thy dear friends, Thy meekness yet be true!

With truth unaimed within thy breast, Bear on to love and to the rest.

Apoptrophe to the Wind. FROM HEAVEN.

Alas! I know, 'Tis I!

Which but the wisest stillitude of God The Spirit, His just most and mightiest gift.

The earth, with all her steadfastness and strength, Sustaining all, and holding both with chains

Of momentary life, life's mercuries, ranging round Of all her sister spots the whole of Heaven.

Is not to like the unlikable One? 'Tis thus—Ocean is less divine than thou.

For although all his beauties, it is yet Anomalous, a had not fitting.

But thou art, love, life, eyes, exultance; 'Tis thus, O'er ocean triumphing, sail with clouds,

"Thou like the highest of ocean's billows roll, Decking or darkening beneath." The sun's light

Which he doth not daily like the tide; The moon's slow growth, and her shining light.

The eclipses stars shine forth by day and night, And our exultation planets come and go.

And all are known by their laws and theories, But no man's fingers yet coming, none

Reason against thy power, thy force, The type impalpable of Spirit thou.

Thou art but man's momentary thing, Like a wisp of death—yet, and like the dead,

And lightning, like the blaze of the sun, can blind Only, and stay. But what art thou to do,

Which all-present variations? Now, 'Tis light is not to wake the snowiest down

Upon the dove's breast, winning her bright eye, And in the twinkling of an eye, to be

Towards her mate's grave, and in an instant strong As ordinance, overbearing thee and lower;

Cooling the white hours of the peaks of fire, Turning the sea's head throws like a globe,

Flaming the fruiting planet, breathing the sweets Of unobscured, wandering 'er blinding rays.

And sends like sea-birds, and the stripes of fishes, Where met as gathered grain are heaped together;

Softening their cheeks, and mingling of the locks Of youth and beard, and youth and age together.

"Scolding the fleets of nations like dead forces, In all the same of universal sight and force."

And lifting up the dust of earth and air, Fate-like, confounding region, and thy God's

Spirit, conferring life upon the world! Malignant corruption insupportable;

Manack of all the elements!

Golden Sayings.

A BITTER TROUBLE—Never level the poor to the dust by our general policy, and so infuse credit to debtors for raising them up again with the grace of charity.—Faulkner.

If you try to do what is right and do not succeed, try again and again, till you do succeed. No success, try for it for the sake of perseverance.

As various birds are quick-witted, so the worst man has his greatest talents.

As you are angry man for a while, let his passion pass, and let avoid a malicious man forever, for malice never dies.

Nothing struts a man more than his misfortune; if he arraigns only it will arm him against many dangers.

Stealing ever makes him a villain, and never makes him a poor.