

Roman Whig and Western Advocate.

"WESTWARD THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY."

VOL. II.--NO. 52.

SALISBURY, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 3, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 104.

G. A. MILLER S. W. JAMES.
MILLER & JAMES,
EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

TERMS.
TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment be delayed three months, and Three Dollars if not paid within the year.

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The Proprietors of the Newspapers in Salisbury, have agreed upon the following arrangement of uniform advertising rates.

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1	62	58	54	50	46	42	12
2	100	96	92	88	84	80	20
3	138	134	130	126	122	118	28
4	176	172	168	164	160	156	36
5	214	210	206	202	198	194	44
6	252	248	244	240	236	232	52

3 months. 6 months. 9 months. 1 year.
1 square, \$3 1/2 6 7 1/2 8 1/2 9 1/2 10 1/2
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No discount on these rates.

For the Whig and Advocate.
WALTER MACON,
OR THE LAWYER IN LOVE.

A Tale written and dedicated to the young Ladies of Salisbury,
By W. J.

I must now state that it had been several years since Walter had left the home of his activity, in which time his strict attention to his business had made him a very popular and successful lawyer. It is true that he was very shy of female company, and he was therefore accused of being a bachelor in principle, if not in fact. There is even a tale in circulation that, he became so much afraid of ladies that, on seeing some coming into the front door of his office on business, he ran out of the back door in order to escape. But we believe this is nothing more than a slander, published by the "old maids."

However, these matters stand; it is certain that he was a successful lawyer. As I before said, he frequently walked in front of his house at night. It was a beautiful evening—
"Heaven's own vault
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded brilliance
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain over her sleeping world."
When, as Walter was enjoying his usual walk, he received a letter, which he forwarded to him. He retired forthwith to learn its contents. He was somewhat surprised when he saw that it was signed by Thomas Lesly, the husband of Mary Southern. The note was very brief, simply requesting him to come soon and attend to a case of importance which would be committed to his charge.

Nothing was said in explanation of the case, so that he must remain in ignorance till his arrival at the scene of business. He determined to proceed without delay to the home of his early associations. Although he knew that it would resemble his lullied passion, he felt an inclination to revisit those spots, rendered dear by fond recollections. Shortly after his arrival at the scene of his future operations, he called upon an attorney who had been also employed in the same case, from whom he learned its nature and circumstances. While I briefly lay before you the facts of the case, you will remember the name of George Temple, the classmate and foe of Walter. At the termination of his collegiate course, Temple left home where he was too well known to attain any success except in rascality. After wandering about for a considerable time he settled in the same place where Mary Lesly and her husband resided. At this time there was a pretty little girl known by the name of Lucy Marian, residing for the time with Mr. Lesly. She had been sent to the popular female schools and had become quite distinguished for her cultivation and accomplishments. But she was a very peculiar little being notwithstanding her attainments, and though few saw her without loving her, none saw her without laughing at her childish follies. In her manners she was the essence of freedom, and though entirely pure and innocent in her intentions, her imprudence subjected her to frequent misrepresentation. In a word she was the very girl for such a man as Temple to delude.
Innocent and harmless, frank and open. She was the last to suspect ill in others. Indeed, she formed a striking illustration of a maxim of a celebrated French Count

that kind and unenvious hearts suspect none of others." Knowing that her little follies were the subject of general mirth, Temple, who was well-skilled in satiric or abusive writings, made them the subject of newspaper communications. Of course he did this anonymously, and in an under-handed manner, so that she and every one else knew the subject of his satire, though no name was mentioned. She was thus exposed to public view in a disagreeable manner without the ability to defend herself. In the meantime Temple pretended that he was shocked at the unprincipled meanness of this proceeding and that by hypocritical sympathy, insinuated himself into the favor of an unsuspecting girl. By means of guided the attention of Lucy Marian, and, as his character was here unknown, he retained them. But her heart was not his object. Wretch that he was, he knew not the value of female love.

He only who has witnessed the mother, bending over the lifeless body of an infant, who has seen the sister weeping at the bedside of a dying brother: who has felt the warm breath of a tender sweet-heart on his cheek, when he is leaving her, never (perhaps) to see her again—he only knows the value of female love! Excuse this wild digression of the fancy: I am but recalling feelings, which I never will realize again! To one, of Temple's cold and selfish disposition, such ideas are sheer bombast; and therefore we could expect but little good from him, when an innocent and lovely girl is concerned. On this point fact and theory wonderfully coincide. Before Lucy suspected his ultimate object, she had become the victim of his baseness. Yes! the same wretch who had exposed her to public ridicule, now subjected her to the scorn of the world!

Such were the circumstances of the case committed to the charge of Walter Macon. One might expect that Walter would have entered into the case more zealously from the fact, that the defendant had always been his bitter enemy. Such, however, was not his disposition. He felt deeply for Lucy and entered into the prosecution with the determination to advance the cause of public justice. While he deplored the enormity of Temple's conduct, he pitied him as a man, and especially was this event painful, because the culprit was an old classmate. At length the day of trial came. The evidence was very complicated in its nature; and great skill and ability were displayed by the counsel both for the plaintiff and defendant. Walter especially distinguished himself by the skill which he displayed in detecting inconsistencies in the testimony. The manner in which he conducted the whole suit showed plainly that he understood human nature well. At length Mary Lesly was called by Walter's assistant to prove the prior good character of Lucy. As Walter was at that time otherwise engaged, he did not hear her name when it was called. But, as she was giving her testimony, the pallid hue of Walter's cheek showed that he remembered those sweet features! She showed by her deportment that she was an intelligent lady, and had only come into the court-house, because a helpless and once pure girl needed her assistance. Although her language was precise and well-selected, she frequently betrayed great emotion; for though Lucy had fallen, she still loved her. All the lawyers examined her with the greatest politeness except one little Yankee, who was so pert and impudent in his question, that Walter, with more gallantry than legal courtesy, requested him to remember that he was examining a lady. After the evidence was closed, all spoke in regular succession, reserving the last speech for Walter. Great eloquence and ability were displayed by all, employed in the case. But the enormity of the offence, placed in its most conspicuous light, by the prosecution secured the verdict. Walter had thus gained himself a reputation; but fame was not his object. He cared not for the world's praises: he loved Mary as fondly as when there was a chance of gaining her. He called at her own house a few moments, and though he was received with the greatest cordiality, his visit recalled many sad feelings. He soon arose, and after bidding farewell to Mary and her husband, he took their little child, Alice Lesly, in his arms and often and fervently kissed her sweet little lips. And as he kissed her, the tears flowed down his rigid cheeks! Whence did that fount of bitter tears arise? You are happy, Mary: your life is one of pleasure! God be praised for that! You could not love Walter, though he loved you with an affection as pure as that of angels! He is leaving you now: he remembers the time when he played and sang for you; he remembers the time when

He remembers your sweet smile, your lovely face and nymph-like form: but you belong to another; and he must leave the scenes on which fond memory dwells.—Where shall he go? To the lonely retreats of the far West? No; solitude only increases the sufferings of the mind, for there is nothing but its own miseries to contemplate! He seeks the ocean, where the wild waves will bear him on till death. But he does not forget Mary! His love for her had become identified with his existence.
I know that some will call this idea boyish and absurd. Be it so! A boy writes the sentiment and begs indulgence where he errs! But still I must believe that a man who really, purely and sincerely loves a woman and is disappointed in his affection, will never love another with real affection. This idea is taught by Burns in more than one place. You may talk of friendship for one whom you love. But it is all a humbug. Not that love and friendship are inconsistent, but the former absorbs the latter. Walter was on the sea now, and though the gay and exciting scenes around him rendered him apparently more reconciled, he was the same in reality. It was now 16 years since he had left home, during which time none had heard of him. Alice Lesly was now a blooming girl of 18 years; and in company with her mother and father, had embarked for Europe on one of the largest vessels then in use. Before they had been at sea many days, a storm arose with fearful force. The winds howled through the rigging and imparted a fearful solemnity to the scene. Soon the violence of the storm increased! The mizzen sail was soon borne away and the irregular blasts of wind soon rendered it necessary to lower the main sail. Soon the mizzen-mast fell with tremendous force, spreading consternation among the passengers. Every sail was lowered, except the weather-jib, and the ship was thus left almost to the mercy of the waves. Frequently the huge waves burst over the vessel, exposing all on board to imminent danger. During this wild scene, there was one who seemed particularly anxious as often he cast his eyes toward the fair face of Alice Lesly and her devoted mother. Many were the anxious hearts that beat on board of the gullant ship, as their fancies roved to the sweet scenes of childhood. At length a huge wave burst over deck and the young form of Alice Lesly was borne into the savage sea. "Oh Alice! my child!" were the only words which escaped from the afflicted mother as she swooned away. But the weather-beaten sailor, who had been eyeing Alice so attentively, sprang boldly into the sea and grasped the linen folds of her garment as she was sinking. All were anxious to witness his success, but the powers of nature were against him. For a short time he buffeted the fierce waves boldly, but at length he sunk with the arms of Alice folded around his form. Soon the storm abated and the vessel reached a harbor in safety. But there was sad feelings among the passengers of this vessel.
When the captain called the roll, he found that Walter Macon was absent. He was the sailor who had been buried beneath the ruthless waves in endeavoring to rescue the daughter of his early love! While the vessel was undergoing repairs, the passengers frequently walked along the beach, on one of which occasions they found the body of Walter with that of Alice Lesly—her arms still clasped around him. It would be painful to dwell on such a mournful scene. They were both buried near the shore and a marble pillar broken midway, was placed at the head of Alice Lesly to tell the enquiring stranger that the lovely girl who was buried there, was cut off in the bloom of youthful beauty and vigor.
My tale has now drawn to a close. Many may have read it with an air of incredulity. But though there are many incidents of fiction contained in it, the foundation is built upon facts! Though I may laugh at the excessive love of Walter, I cannot but pity him. But who is Mary Southern? There is one maiden with an angelic form and mind, who knows her and often thinks of her. She knows the heart of Walter, though she knows not the fictitious events here connected with him. And though this tale may soon be forgotten, time will show the world who he is! There are facts in the history of the world to show that woman does possess a power equal to that which I have ascribed to her. It will not be denied that men have destroyed themselves for woman's sake: it will not be denied that disappointed lovers have given themselves up to vice and dissipation, that many have died on foreign shores; but female practice seems to reject the idea that they are in the least responsible! Some are rejected for no reasons, others for very trivial ones. But this is not my business. Let them think, and that carefully, before they consign pure-hearted men to misery and recklessness on earth, and perhaps, to condemnation in the next world.
Major Lee, of the eighth Infantry, U. S. Army, was not long since killed on the way from Ringgold Barracks to the Presidio, in Texas.
The plan of building houses with a mixture of lime, stone, and gravel is exciting considerable attention, under the present high prices of lumber and brick.
The young man that was kicked recently is said to be recovering.

ADDRESS
OF THE
HON. KENNETH RAYNER,
AT THE
STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR,
THURSDAY, OCT. 26, 1854.
Mr. President and Gentlemen of the North Carolina State Agricultural Society:
I congratulate you on the favorable auspices under which you are assembled, and on the stirring and inspiring scene this day exhibited. It is a scene well calculated to awaken emotions of joyous pride for the present, and cheerful hopes for the future, in the bosom of every patriotic son of the Old North State. The promise held out by our last Fair, in some spots, has been more than fulfilled. The seeds of industry, enterprise, and State pride, then sown, happened to fall on fruitful soil, and a diligent cultivation, has already ripened into a rich and abundant harvest.
What spectacle is better calculated to call into active play all the nobler and more generous impulses of our nature, than a scene like this? While in our own country, the elements of political discord are in agitation throughout the borders of other States—while on two continents of the old world, opposing hosts are confronting each other, ready for the work of slaughter—here we meet together friends and fellow-countrymen, for the purpose of making our common offerings around the altar of Concord, and of celebrating the achievements of the pursuits of peace. A calm survey of this living and moving panorama, is well calculated to superinduce reflections of a moral as well as practical character—to stir up associations connected with our past history and future destiny. Centuries in the history of nations and the progress of peoples are but as days in the lives of individuals. Carry your minds but two short centuries back and contrast in imagination the scene then presented on this spot, with that which now greets our vision. The solitude of nature was then undisturbed by any sounds but the hum of the breeze amid the boughs of primeval forest; whilst now the joyous greeting and gratulations of thousands of freemen attest the presence of christian civilization. Then, the wild and tameless beasts of the wilderness sought their lairs or crept stealthily to their prey—where are now standing in their stalls improved specimens of those noble domestic animals, whose usefulness ministers to human wants, and whose docility exacts the tribute of human kindness. Then, the surface of the earth presented an unbroken moor, the vegetable deposits of ages—whereas, varied implements of husbandry attest the efforts of human ingenuity for penetrating deeply into the bosom of the earth. Then, where from the council-fire proceeded the only conservative element of authority, known to the government of the red man—now proudly towers within our vision an edifice, erected by freemen for the government of themselves. Now stand in sight temples vocal with praise to the great Dispenser of these manifold blessings—where then, amid the manifold solitude, the communion of the elements alone proclaimed his majesty and power.
What has effected this mighty, this wonderful change? The avocation of nineteen twentieths of this vast assemblage readily answers the question. This great change has been wrought by agricultural enterprise and the mechanic arts—these concomitants of civilization; which it is the object of our association to honor, encourage, and promote.
Nothing has been more clearly demonstrated by the history of the human race, than that man's natural state is the social state. This law of his being adheres to him in all the varied relations of his existence. It is the cause of his strength and power. And it is remarkable that that animal, the highest in the scale of finite beings, endowed with the highest intelligence, made in God's own likeness, second only to the angels, should be the most dependent on his kind, for strength and happiness. This is the law of his being, no matter what may be the phase of civilization under which he lives. Man has never yet been found, in so degraded a condition, as to be able to dispense with it. The young Indian, the Fee-tee Combari, the Papuan of New Guinea, the Bushmen of South Africa, are as subject to this decree of nature as the most elevated type of the Caucasian race. This tendency of man to the social state is the origin of government itself. The protection of the weak against the strong, and the security to the ingenious and industrious, of the rewards of their labor, against violence and oppression, first led men to seek for safety in association—the theory of the social contract being, that what man consented to voluntarily was afterwards enforced through constraint, by the depositories of power. Happiness, as well as security, is another leading object of the social state. The private relations of life also appertain to the developments of social life. The relations of parent and child, husband and wife, the sources of man's temporal happiness, around which cluster so many hallowed associations and tender sentiments, have their origin in the principle of association and mutual dependence. The discharge of the duties which man owes to his God, in all highly civilized states, pertain to his social as well as his individual character. The early founders of the Christian Church, availed themselves of the social tendency of man, in organizing a pure worship, and in disseminating a pure faith. It was on the principle of association—by the organization of social communities, recognizing correlative duties, benefits and burdens among their several members, that the christian Church was planted. The cloister of the monk and the cell of the anchorite are as much a perversion of man's religious, as the cave of the hermit is of his social nature.
This principle of association is the great element not only of man's security and happiness, but of his strength and power

in the diffusion of knowledge, and in subduing and controlling the physical world. It is the striking feature in the rapid and unprecedented progress of the civilization of this age. The fable of the dying man, who presented to his sons a bundle of rods, which, when kept bound together, their united strength could not break; but which, when separated, each one could easily snap to pieces, contains the true philosophy of associated effort. It is associated wealth and enterprise, fostered and encouraged by government, that have elevated England to her proud and lofty position. It is this which has subverted the empire of more than a hundred millions of souls in India, to her control—which has covered the ocean with her commerce—enabled her manufacturers to furnish the world—dug her canals—covered her surface with a network of railroads—and sent her missionaries into healthful lands upon the errand of peace and glad tidings. Association has been equally potent in the advancement of science.—Her royal societies, for the promotion of science, by combining and concentrating the contributions of her wise men and philosophers, have done more, during the present century, than the scattered and isolated efforts of individuals for ten centuries preceding; in unfolding the arcana of nature, exposing error and establishing data, as a standpoint, from which genius and labor promise to achieve discovery, invention and knowledge still more startling, before the century shall expire. Her "Society for the diffusion of useful knowledge" has done more, in the last quarter of a century, to diffuse intelligence among the masses, and to elevate them in the social scale, than all the patronage of men of letters, by the wealthy and the great, since "the revival of learning." It is this element of association, which has placed France at the head of Christendom, in the abstract sciences. Her "Academy of Sciences" has continued to exist and flourish, through all the mutations of her government, fostered, honored, and encouraged by the "powers that be." It operates as a great laboratory, through which the lucubrations of her greatest minds are submitted to the closest analysis, that the useful and the true may be eliminated, for the benefit of mankind. The elective character of the moral philosophy of the ages is founded on this principle of association—that moral truth is not to be found in any isolated system of any individual mind; but by a combination of whatever, from all systems, experience has proven to be true in the past, awaiting the progress of events for the elucidation of other truths, as time rolls on.
In the application of science to the useful arts and the pursuits of life, association has achieved far more wonderful results in our own country than in either England or France—the two most powerful and highly civilized States of European Christendom. The embarkation on the May flower, and the planting of our infant colonies, had their origin in voluntary association. Combination of individual resources for the common good effected what separate and detached exertions, without concentration, was too feeble to accomplish. It was by association and concert, the early settlers were protected against the tomahawk of the savage, by which our great battle of freedom was fought and won—by which our free institutions were founded. It is association that has subdued a forest continent—tunnels our rugged mountains—spanned our rushing rivers—bound us together by 13,000 miles of railroad—covered New England with workshops—disembowelled the earth of her mineral treasures—whitened the waters of every sea with our commerce—covered our coasts and inland streams with floating palaces—and taught the lightning to speak in a language the echoes of which reverberate in a moment from one extremity of the continent to the other. It has been no less efficient in ministering to our moral than our physical wants. It has filled our libraries with the lore of ages—founded our colleges and institutions of learning—pointed the spires of our churches heavenward—and sent the gospel to the heathen of every land. The secret of this mighty power of association is, that it teaches man the dignity and elevation of his nature—that his high mission is not to labor for himself alone—that he owes something to his fellows, in his day and generation. It appeals to the pride, the patriotism, and benevolence of each, to contribute a portion of his time, his talents, and his means, to the advancement and prosperity of his fellow man. It gives combined power to individual effort, it unites the experience and knowledge of individuals, for the common good of the whole; it creates an identity of interest and harmony of action. It offers a stimulus for renewed enterprise and industry; by the attrition of mind brightens the intellect; and by an interchange of ideas and individual experience, it enlarges the field of operation, for the development of means of human enjoyment and elevation of human character.
But much as associated effort has achieved in our country, its task is just begun. Ours being a government, which, owing to its peculiar structure, renders the direct patronage and supervision of the objects of improvement in science, art, and industrial enterprise a matter of questionable—or, perhaps, I ought rather to say, of questionable—policy, the greater is the responsibility resting on the citizen, the stronger the appeal to his benevolence and pride, to contribute his quota of influence, energy and wealth in the advancement of any great movement, which promises to elevate the character of his country, or to enhance the prosperity and happiness of his fellow men. Ours also being a government, which recognises perfect equality, both social and political, among all classes—in which all are entitled to equal benefits under it, and subject to equal burdens in supporting it—there is no country, where associated enterprise, so much harmony and concert to all; where there is such a close identity of interests, where the call upon every one is so loud to aid in removing those obstacles to wealth and improvement, which obstruct the prosperity of all alike, and to

diffuse blessings which must equally ensue in common to all.
Among the great improvements on which the associated intellect and enterprise of the civilized world is now engaged, agriculture, and its hand maid, the mechanic arts, so far as their objects and results are concerned, may be said to stand at the head. To advance and honor these great elements of national greatness, and human happiness, is the object of our association. For this we are assembled—and in the remarks I have made in reference to nature and objects of associated effort, my purpose has been to show, that it is no mere holiday sport—no mere idle amusement, in which we are now engaged. The true, the occasion is well calculated to elicit the most enduring amusements. But these are not the main primary objects of our association. They are flowers to be culled by the way side along our journey—but one ultimate aim is the advancement of our country's prosperity and power, the welfare and happiness of human kind. There is a deep philosophy in our aims. We are competitors in the great race in which the intellect and industry of the world are engaged; in endeavoring to eliminate a still higher type of civilization, from the impulses and tendencies of the age, for those who are to come after us.
These annual Fairs and Festivals, in honor of, and for the purpose of promoting agriculture and mechanical industry, though of but late origin, are destined to stamp the impress of their influence upon; and to mark an epoch in the history of the moral, social, and political character of the age, especially in this country. Their peculiar recommendation is, that they combine the useful with the agreeable. They impart instruction to the mind, whilst at the same time they minister to our pleasure, curiosity, and hilarity through an innocent gratification of the senses. But their chief excellence consists in exciting and stimulating the nobler sentiments of our nature. They produce combination of mental effort upon a given subject; and by an interchange of opinion and experience, they make available for the common good the combined result of whatever may be useful and expedient in individual enterprise and ingenuity, in every portion of the land. They serve to impart most valuable information, in reference to the resources, productions and industrial pursuits of different sections and localities—information so very indispensable to the political economist, the legislator, and historian—in the absence of statistical Bureaus in which our country is lamentably deficient. It is hardly necessary to say, that they unburden the bosom of care, refresh the energies of our nature, and give us a relish for the many, yet innocent amusements, which experience has proven to be necessary for the full development of man's noblest faculties. They exemplify the philosophy of Aesop, in his fable of the unbent bow—that, by occasional relaxation from the laborious duties of life, we are the better enabled to discharge those duties, when the hours of labor comes. The joyous greetings and radiant countenances of the thousands who surround me—honored as we are with the presence of the fair wives and daughters of the land, whose presence ever bespeaks a tribute to the refining and ennobling feelings of the heart—proclaim in language far more eloquent than any I can use, that the present is not only a "feast of reason," but also "a flow of soul."—What is better calculated to minister to a laughable curiosity, than an inspection of these implements of labor saving machinery, by which man has harnessed the very forces of nature, and made them obedient to his will? What is better calculated to excite emotions of high intellectual enjoyment, and to identify in the mind of the beholder the farmer's home with calm contentment and comfort and pleasure, than the sight of those noble and highly improved animals in our stalls—whose beauty of form and docility of disposition are almost enough to make us converts to the doctrine of the author of "The vestiges of creation," that every type of animal existence is the development of one still lower, produced by some fortuitous combination of elements in the great laboratory of nature.
But it is upon the moral and social relations of our people, that these Fairs, devoted to Agriculture and Mechanical industry, are calculated to exercise the most important influence. They bring us together, make us acquainted with each other's advantages, wants, pursuits and feelings. They not only serve to convince us, that individual man is dependant on his kind for happiness—but that sections and localities, though diversified in pursuits and resources, are, to a certain extent, dependant on each other and identified in interest. A common bond of union is thus secured—a bond of union stronger than one of statutes or parchments, because it is founded in kindness, good will, and affection; strengthened by associations of common pleasure and enjoyment, and annually renewed amid the greetings and congratulations of joy and gladness. What is better calculated to counteract selfishness, that great bane of the human heart, and to excite feelings of a generous benevolence, than this annual pilgrimage to our great festival; when every one comes prepared to contribute his offering of the fruits of his industry and experience, and to carry back in return the accumulated treasures of information and experience contributed by all? What is better calculated to do away with individual conceit and stubborn perseverance in error in all industrial pursuits, and to elicit respect and consideration for whatever is useful and good in others, than the evidence here afforded of how pure is each one's strength and wisdom, in comparison of those of the great whole; and of the opportunity here tendered of appropriating to his own use the improvements and discoveries of the world around him? What is better designed to stimulate a laudable ambition to excel in industrial pursuits, than an exhibition of what others under no more favorable circumstances have achieved, by industry, care, labor, economy?—What is better designed to foster a noble and praiseworthy pride in the avocations of the farm

or the workshop, than the tribute of praise and admiration, for the products of their labor, by friends and fellow countrymen—and the premiums awarded for the same? These premiums and diplomas are trophies of victory, won in the pursuits of peace, which are not to be estimated by dollars and cents, for money cannot buy them; but title paper of usefulness and worth, in their day and generation, which their owners should preserve, and transmit as heir-looms to their children.
One of the happiest results, to be produced by these associations, is the social revolution to be effected by the high position to which labor is to be elevated; by investing it in public mind with that dignity to which it is justly entitled. So stubborn is the prejudice of habit, so hard is it to efface the associations of past history, that for centuries manual labor has been identified with degradation and vulgarity. In the ancient governments that were established, from the necessities of the times, the ruins of the Roman Empire, and out of which originated the Feudal system, war was the great occupation of Christendom: Out of the Church, mind was directed to its successful pursuit, either for conquest or defence. It was the only road to respectability. For several centuries, what are now known as "the learned professions" occupied an humble position in the social scale. Law, medicine and divinity were the targets at which literary humor and baronial meriment vented their jibes and sarcasms. The leech, the attorney and the priest were associated with conceit, cunning, penuriousness, and the gratification of sensual appetites in well stored larders and well filled cellars. Merchandise was regarded as the calling of the ignoble and avaricious. And, although, in process of time, these pursuits rose in dignity and importance; when violence yielded to law; when owing to a progressive civilization, the saving of life was regarded as more useful than destroying it; when the dissemination of a purer faith, exerted the tribute of respect for its teachers; when the acquisition of wealth placed the means of luxury and enjoyment within the reach of its possessors—still, mere manual labor, honest, unpretending labor, has continued to languish in obscurity—the by-word of the fashionable and the idle—the scorn of the purse-proud and pretensions. But in this respect, a new era is beginning to dawn upon the world. The last quarter of a century has done more to revolutionize public sentiment on this subject, than the eighteen centuries preceding, since the commencement of the christian era. The diffusion of intelligence, the operations of commerce, and the utilitarian tendency of the age, are beginning to teach mankind that labor is the source of all wealth and prosperity, the means of individual comfort and luxury, the basis of national strength and greatness. When we reflect that the object of our association is to enlarge the field of operation for labor, to secure to labor there wards of its toil, to stimulate it to still greater exertions, and to enable it to accomplish the greatest results by economising its powers, it is evident that the effect must be to dignify, honor and elevate labor. It is the laborer, especially, that we invite and welcome to our brotherhood. In our own country, above all others, labor must be destined soonest to reach its proper position. Our institutions recognize no distinctions in industrial pursuits. The road to honor, to wealth and power are open to all alike. The framers of our institutions were true to the teachings of a past history. Not only the soldiers who fought our revolutionary battles, but many of their heroic leaders, were laboring men, artisans, and mechanics. Washington was a land surveyor. Greene was a blacksmith. Wayne was a laboring farmer. Morgan was a wagon-driver. Our government then, in its organic structure, has done for labor all it could. It is for voluntary association, then, to elevate labor in the social scale. I am pandering to no spirit of political socialism when I say, that I have long thought society needed a radical reformation in regard to the estimate placed on labor. 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One of the happiest results, to be produced by these associations, is the social revolution to be effected by the high position to which labor is to be elevated; by investing it in public mind with that dignity to which it is justly entitled. So stubborn is the prejudice of habit, so hard is it to efface the associations of past history, that for centuries manual labor has been identified with degradation and vulgarity. In the ancient governments that were established, from the necessities of the times, the ruins of the Roman Empire, and out of which originated the Feudal system, war was the great occupation of Christendom: Out of the Church, mind was directed to its successful pursuit, either for conquest or defence. It was the only road to respectability. For several centuries, what are now known as "the learned professions" occupied an humble position in the social scale. 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