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WHEN THE THRONE'S SHALL
FALL.

TO ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

You have written of the falling
Of the thrones of pure proud kings,
And have prophesied an e'er day
For the flow of plenty's springs;

You tell us that our starry flag
To the wide world will be flung

By glad triumphant progress

When royalty's knell is rung.

But think you, lovely sister,

That our chains will break themselves,

That our fetters will be borne away

By stealthy mountain elves?

That our care and toil will vanish

And our deep injustice die,

While the great mass of the toilers

Utter no protesting cry?

Think you that dull indifference,

Or a careless yielding up

Of all the freeman's liberties,

Will fill the poor man's cup?

No! for curses, prayers, predictions

Die and fade like rising mists;

Heal me can move us onward

Wo for tireless work enlists.

Trust in the old assertion

Whose truths so lucid grow:

“Who'd taste the sweets of liberty

Themselves must strike the blow;”

For freedom's fruits are harvested

By a marshaling of hosts,

Whose labors must be mighty

As the son of Philip boasts.

Thrones ne'er fall and crowns ne'er crumble

By their own dead weight alone,

Their descent is written only

In creeds torn down and champions

thrown;

But when laborers, with the ballot,

Their powers invincible display.

The time is coming rapidly

When thrones shall pass away.

—EMMA GEHRT CURTIS.

Dr. Joel P. Justin, the inventor, is re-
ported at work on an explosive appliance
in which the clockwork idea is to be com-
bined. Presumably it will arouse the tardy
servant girl, and “blow her up” at the same
time.

LABOR IS NOBLE AND HOLY.

WORKINGMEN, WALK WORTHY
OF YOUR VOCATION.

There is a dignity in toil—in toil of the
hand as well as toil of the head—in toil to
provide for the bodily wants of an indi-
vidual life as well as in toil to promote
some enterprise of world-wide fame. All
labor that tends to supply man's wants, to
increase man's happiness, to elevate man's
nature—in a word, all labor that is honest
—is honorable too. Labor clears the forest,
drains the morass, and makes “the wilder-
ness rejoice and blossom as the rose.”

Labor drives the plow, scatters the seeds,
reaps the harvest and grinds the corn and
converts it into bread—the staff of life.
Labor, tending the pastures and sweeping
the waters as well as cultivating the soil,
provides with daily sustenance the thou-
sand millions of the family of man. Labor
gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar,
the cotton from the field and the fleece

from the flock and weaves it into raiment
soft, warm and beautiful—the purple robe
of the prince and the gray gown of the
peasant being alike its handiwork. Labor
moulds the brick, splits the slate, quarries
the stone and shapes the column, and rears
not only the humble cottage, but the gor-
geous palace, the tapering spire and the
stately dome. Labor, diving deep into the
solid earth, brings up its long hidden stores
of coal to feed ten thousand furnaces, and
in millions of homes to defy the winter's cold.

Labor explores the rich veins of
deeply-buried rocks, extracting the gold
and silver, the copper and tin. Labor
smelts the iron and moulds it into a thou-
sand shapes for use and ornament, from the
massive pillar to the tiniest needle, from
the ponderous anchor to the wire gauze,
from the mighty fly wheel of the steam en-
gine to the polished purse ring or the glit-
tering bead. Labor hews down the gnarled
oak and shapes the timber, and builds the
ship and guides it over the deep, plunging
through the billows and wrestling with the
tempest, to bear to our shores the produce

of every clime. Labor, laughing at diffi-
culties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts
over marshy swamps, suspends bridges over
deep ravines, pierces the solid mountain
with the dark tunnel, blasting rocks and
filling hollows, and, while lining together
with its iron but loving grasp all nations of
the earth, verifies, in a literal sense, the an-
cient prophecy: “Every valley shall be
exalted, and every mountain and hill shall
be brought low.”

Labor draws forth its delicate iron thread, and stretching it from
city to city, from province to province,
through mountains and beneath the sea,
realizes more than fancy ever fabled, while
it constructs a chariot on which speech may
outstrip the wind and compete with light-
ning, for the telegraph flies as rapidly as
thought itself. Labor, the mighty magi-
cian, walks forth into a region uninhabited
and waste. He looks earnestly at the
scene, so quiet in its desolation; then, wav-
ing his wonder-working wand, those dreary
valleys smile with golden harvests, those
barren mountain slopes are clothed with
foliage, the furnace blazes, the anvil rings,
the busy wheel whirls round, the town ap-
pears, the mart of commerce, the hall of
science, the temple of religion rear high
their lofty fronts; a forest of masts, gay
with varied pennons, rises from the har-
bor; representatives of far off regions make
it their resort, science enlists the elements
of earth and heaven in its service, art
awakening clothes its strength with beauty,
civilization smiles, liberty is glad, humanity
rejoices, piety exults, for the voice of in-
dustry and gladness is heard on every side.

Workingmen, walk worthy of your voca-
tion. You have one able scutcheon; dis-
grace it not. There is nothing really mean
and low but sin. Stoop not from your lofty

throne to defile yourselves by contamina-
tion with intemperance, licentiousness or
any form of evil.

Labor, allied with virtue, may look up to
heaven and not blush, while all worldly
dignities, prostituted to vice, will leave
their owner without a corner of the uni-
verse in which to hide his shame. Labor

achieves grander victories, it weaves more
durable trophies, it holds wider sway than
the conqueror. His name becomes tainted
and his monuments crumble; but labor

converts his red battle fields into gardens
and erects monuments significant of better
things. Labor rides in a chariot driven by

the wind. It writes with the lightning; it
sits crowned as a king in a thousand cities,
and sends up its roar of triumph from a
million wheels, it glistens in the fabric of

the loom, it rings and sparkles from the
steely hammer, it glories in shapes of
beauty, it speaks in words of power, it
makes the sinewy arm strong with liberty,
the poor man's heart rich with content,

crowns the swarthy and sweaty brow with
dignity and peace.

Don't live in hope with your arms folded,
Fortune smiles on those who roll up their
sleeves and put their shoulders to the wheel.
You cannot dream yourself into character;
you must hammer and forge yourself

one. To love and to labor is the sum of
living, and yet how many think they live
who neither love nor labor. The man and
woman who are above labor and despise the
laborer show a want of common sense, and
forget that every article that is used is the

product of more or less labor, and that the
air they breathe and the circulation of the
blood in the veins are the result of the la-
bor of the God of nature. The noblest

thing in the world is honest labor. It is
the very preservative principle of the uni-
verse. Wise labor brings order out of
chaos, it turns deadly bogs and swamps
into grain-bearing fields, it rears cities, it
adorns the earth with architectural monu-
ments and beautifies them with divinest

works of art, it whitens the seas with the
wings of commerce, it brings remote lands
into mutual and profitable neighborhood, it
binds continents together with the fast-
holding bands of railroads and telegraphs,
it extinguishes barbarism and plants civili-
zation upon its ruins, it produces mighty
works of genius in prose and verse which
gladden the hearts of men forever.

Work, therefore, with pride and glad-
ness, for thereby you will be united by a
common bond with all the best and noblest

who have lived, who are now living, and
who shall ever be born.

Washington and his lady were examples
of industry, plainness, frugality and econ-
omy; and thousands of others of the wealthy
labored in the field and the kitchen in older
times, before folly superseded wisdom and
fashion drove common sense and economy
off the track.

No man has the right to expect a good
fortune unless he go to work and deserve it.
“Luck! I never had any luck but by get-
ting up at five every morning and working
as hard as I could.” No faithful workman
finds his task a pastime. We must all toil
or steal—no matter how we name our

stealing.

The education, moral or intellectual,
must be chiefly our own work. Labor,
honest labor, is mighty and beautiful. Ac-
tivity is the ruling element of life and its
highest relish. Luxuries and conquests are
the result of labor; we can imagine noth-
ing without it. The noblest man of earth
is he who puts his hands cheerfully and
proudly to honest labor. Labor is a busi-
ness and ordinance of nature. Suspend
labor, and where are the glory and pomp of
earth, the fruit fields and palaces and the
fashioning of matter for which men strive
and war? Let the laborer look to himself
and learn what are the trophies

From the crown of his head to the sole of
his foot he is the debtor and slave of

The labor which he scorns has tricked him

into the stature and appearance of a man.

Where gets he the garmenting and equip-
age? Let labor answer; labor, which

makes music in the mines and the furrow

and the forge. Oh, scorn not labor, you

man who never yet earned a morsel of
bread! Labor pities you, proud fool, and

laughs you to scorn. You shall pass to dust,
forgotten; but labor shall live on forever,

glorious in its conquests and monuments.—

Journal of the Knights of Labor.

WORSE THAN SLAVES.

Italian Laborers Shot and Starved.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.—Chief Contract In-

spector Milholland sent to the District At-