

Sweet flowers, and verdant shrubs, and shady trees,
 With pleasant walks between, engage the eye.
 Amid those splendid homes, no sound is heard
 Of slave or tyrant, or capricious Wealth,
 Lording supreme o'er toiling Industry,—
 But free and equal all!" * * * *

* * * * "The curse of war,—
 Once mankind's deadliest scourge, destroying wide
 Nations and numerous beings, form'd alike,
 With similar hopes, desires, and feelings fraught,—
 No more afflicts with its gigantic woes.
 Philosophy hath tamed all wild desires;
 Plenty hath vanish'd want and avarice
 From every home, and Peace smiles sweet on all.
 Woman! No more the weak dependant slave
 Of man—her lord and master—now appears
 In her own native dignity erect,
 His equal, not his vassal! Gone the gaze
 Of tame servility, she once evinced.
 Now health and beauty beam in brightest hues,
 From her enchanting features. Love is there,—
 Chaste and subduing love; intelligence
 Gives thought's divine expression to the eye—
 The watch tower of the mind, and grace embues—
 Her form, with motion's sweetest witchery.
 Gone are those haggard looks, so plenteous once,
 By man and woman borne; for light and joy
 Have claim'd the "human countenance divine"
 As their most fitting temple. Science sheds
 Its blessings equally on all. The powers,
 That man in ignorance had misapplied
 For selfish ends, while ruin spread its woes
 'Mong suffering millions.—now in unison
 With skill and labour join, to call up wealth
 In quick abundance, for the family
 Of man; the common produce shared alike,
 By each of humankind. Youth's countenance
 Expands and ripens, as the opening bud
 Bursts forth the prison which conceals its sweetness,
 And swells into the variegated flower,
 Unmarr'd by evil influence, or yet scathed
 By early sorrow or neglected culture.
 A beauteous scene it is, where all the charms
 Of wisdom, passion, feeling, have combined,
 To form the charming picture."

"Change we then
 To other lands, still the same gladdening smiles
 Of happiness are resonant around
 Throughout the world. The evil blights that cursed
 Earth's glens and plains are conquer'd; on the winds
 Of truth the germs of peace are widely borne
 Through every clime; and man, regenerate,
 Joins in the universal jubilee
 That celebrates his freedom. The vast sea
 Ceaseth to bear the traffickers in blood
 Upon her deep blue breast; no more oppress'd
 With war's huge hulks, hurling the cannons charge,
 With death's commission from their wooden ramparts,
 Dying the waves with gore. Now peaceful barks
 Laden with merchandise, and the kind tokens
 Of kindred souls, from shore to shore do glide,
 Borne by the balmy breeze that links each part
 Of one vast brotherhood."

Is there no poetry here, gentle reader; and are not the scenes of
 the new world as likely to kindle the flame of genius as the old world
 influences of war and strife?

We make no apology for the length at which we have extracted
 from this glowing production of one of the "apostles of free thought."
 We trust that the samples we have given, will only act as a stimulant
 to our numerous readers to possess themselves of the book, and render
 themselves familiar with its many beauties; to drink deep of its lofty
 spirit and ennobling philosophy, that so with unfaltering step and
 high resolve they may devote their energies to the realization of the
 glorious scenes of which the poet sings. We let him speak for himself
 again, in his concluding and emphatic words, pregnant as they are with
 materials for after reflection, no less than vigorous exertion on the
 part of all true philanthropists:—

"What nobler object ever yet engaged,
 The panting mind of man. Compared with this,
 How impotent and vain the mightiest schemes
 Of priests and statesmen, conquerors or kings!
 THOUGHT'S giant struggle, to erect the throne
 Of Truth supreme o'er Error's ruin'd shrine,
 Must soon in triumph end.—The GREAT and GOOD,
 Unawed by Custom's dark and chilling frowns,
 Stand forth a mighty band,—Earth's conquerors,—
 The masters of the world! No speck to dim
 The beams of happiness—no fears to thwart
 Joy's radiant course—no SUPERSTITION dire,
 To freeze and deaden human sympathy,
 And raise around the couch of death, grim shades,
 Spectres, and horrid forms, call'd from the realm
 Of wild Imagination, to perplex;
 But like the eternal bloom which torrid skies,
 Wake in perpetual summer, PEACE and LOVE
 Shall live, and twine around the human heart,
 Their tendrils sweet, till all beneath heaven's vault,
 Be redolent of PURITY and BLISS."

DEATH OF W. HAWKES SMITH. ESQ.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW MORAL WORLD.

Weep with me—aye, weep, for my friend, your friend,
 the friend of humanity, William Hawkes Smith, is no
 more! He expired this morning, after a short, but
 severe, illness of about three weeks.

What changes doth a little time effect! It is scarcely
 a month since he paid me his last visit but one, in
 company with the venerable Owen; and we were in
 the apartment in which this is written, discoursing on
 the cheering prospects of Socialism. He was then in
 good health,—he now lies a corpse! In his death I
 feel that I have lost a dear friend and brother; one of
 the best of brothers, with whom for many long years I
 have been anxiously and ardently labouring in my
 humble sphere, for the advancement of the human race
 in knowledge and happiness. How many happy hours
 and days have we spent together in this pursuit! and
 with what ardour did my friend engage in it.

Mr. Smith was a man of no mean classical and
 scientific attainments; and he was never so happy, as
 when rendering them subservient to the good of those
 around him. He, indeed, scattered with a bounteous
 hand what nature and a good education had given him,
 The benefit of his active exertions in behalf of the
 Philosophical Society, the Mechanics' Institution, the
 Society of Arts,—in fact, of every liberal institution in
 Birmingham,—will be long felt, if not acknowledged,
 by his townsmen. He was the author and compiler of
 several works on science, &c.; and the local peri-
 odicals teemed with valuable articles, upon a vast
 variety of useful subjects, from his ever-active pen.
 You know, Mr. Editor, how frequently, even since your
 acquaintance with him, he has rendered service in this
 manner to the cause of Socialism: but I, perhaps bet-
 ter than any man, am able to appreciate his exertions
 in this behalf. For nearly ten years, has he been
 eloquently, and efficiently, advocating our cause, in one
 shape or other. In common with all good men, but
 more particularly in his class of society, who are bold
 enough to think for themselves upon subjects of the
 deepest interest to our race, and honest enough to ex-
 press, publicly, their conscientious conviction, he was
 made to pay the penalty for his temerity, and was more
 or less shunned by the orthodox in faith, the plodder in
 business, and the pseudo-liberal. For all this, however,