

# VOICE OF REFORM

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### Poetry.

#### God save the Plough.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.  
See how the shining share  
Maketh earth's bosom fair,  
Crowning the low hills,  
Bread in its furrow sprints,  
Fruitful and golden brings,  
Treasures unknown to Kings,  
God save the plough,  
Look to the warrior's blade,  
While o'er the fenced glack  
Late breakers sit yoked,  
With it unsparing wakes,  
Eve at its lightning wakes,  
Weeping and woe it makes,  
God save the plough.  
Ships o'er the deep may roam,  
Storms wreck their haughty pride,  
Waves wheel their proud  
In the well loaded way,  
Flourishing the golden grain,  
Gladdens the household train,  
God save the plough.  
Who are the truly great—  
Mintons of gold and state,  
Where the crowd has  
Give us hard lands and free,  
Colors of field and tree,  
Best friends of liberty—  
God save the plough.

#### The Last Tear I Shed.

BY ROBERT JOSSIAK.  
The last tear I shed was the weep one that fell,  
As I kissed thee, dear mother, and held thee farewell,  
When I saw the clear angels' light on thy face,  
And felt for the last time a mother's embrace,  
And heard thy choked accents, impassioned and wild,  
"I thought thee forever! God bless thee, my child!"  
I thought of my father—his kindly to me,  
When youngest and dearest, I sat by his knee,  
Of thy love to me ever so faintly expressed,  
As I grew up to manhood—on my own best,  
I thought of my mother—her kind words to me,  
While with a word passing on fondling and strong,  
I thought of thy councils, unheeded or scorned,  
As childhood advanced, and anger had burned,  
And how, when to sickness all helpless I lay,  
Thy old nurse in and softness by night and by day,  
How much I had been both the sorrow and joy,  
And my feelings overflowed, and I said like a boy,  
Years, years of endurance I've sustained, and now  
There is pain in my heart, there is care on my brow,  
The stars of hope and of fancy are gone,  
And cheerless I travel life's pathway alone,  
I thought of thee, dear mother, some kind words thou hadst,  
"There are none here to love me, to love me like thee!"  
My mother, dear mother, who comforted thy dear  
"Thy offspring, but oh! I can not visit thee."  
"Though crying and weeping, all changes I see,  
I could thy bed in my bosom, and be forgiven,  
And now, sad and lonely, no memory recalls  
Thy blessing at parting, again the tear falls."

### Miscellaneous.

#### A TEXT FROM THE STREETS.

A TALE OF 1846.  
BY ARNOLD WEAVER.  
"And by chance there came down a certain priest  
That way, and when he saw him, he passed by on  
the other side, but as he passed, he was  
compassion on him, and set him on his own feet,  
and took care of him."—Parable of Christ.  
Another year was born. "The old year had  
shed her life—had fought and struggled with its  
latent breath—going to its stern account as re-  
luctantly as a human mortal. It departed  
many, but those who blessed it, hated its  
successor every way as readily as those who  
hated it. The chimes pealed from hundreds  
of steeples, and thousands of people—some  
with hands in hand nodding to their fellows—  
some raising themselves on their bed of down  
and listening to catch the sound of the swing-  
ing bells—some roused by the peal, and hud-  
dling closer to each other of their straw—  
some in mansions—some in cellars—some in  
their daily home, the streets. The words will  
bear repetition. Only let us reflect on them,  
and we shall discover how fearful they are.  
And contemplating the picture they present,  
does not humanity bow its face to the hem of  
its garment, and gather up its folds to hide its  
emotions? 1846 so many years ago—and  
yet in Christendom's most enlightened coun-  
try, (so it boasts itself) there is a population  
whose life is a hell of horrors. Oh, divine  
Friend! how have we wronged thee! how  
have we misinterpreted thy mission and thy  
words of love!  
Perhaps of all the wretches that wandered  
in the streets, and heard the bells break forth

their peal of jubiles, there was none more de-  
serving of commiseration than a poor boy,  
with his red feet, dragged himself slowly  
down Holliston hill, and pausing when he  
came in sight of the gloomy walls of Newgate,  
burst into tears, evincing the most unequivocal  
signs of heart-rending agony. There he  
stood at the corner of the Old Bailey, gazing  
on those stern, massive walls, which men  
could no longer pass without blushing for  
the ignorance of their fathers, who preferred  
to rear prisoners in the place of schools; choos-  
ing to deface God's image, and transform its  
earthly likeness into the lurking haunt of  
demon guests, instead of building it up a fit  
tabernacle for angels. There he stood, the  
thing that his fellow beings had cringed from  
from his early days—the thing which they  
had made him—a vagrant at the streets—yet  
with nature pleading in the yearnings of his  
heart and the rivulets of his eyes for a better  
destiny. He had never been taught to pray—  
had never heard the name of God pro-  
nounced save as a hurrah to some drunken  
oath. No one with christian pity for his  
wretched condition, had taken him by the  
hand and led him to the Sunday school. Ig-  
norant as the beasts that perish, and more  
neglected—for the beasts are profitable to  
their owners—he had reached his present age  
of fifteen years, a weed growing in the garden  
of humanity—an excrement upon the body  
politic. He had never as we have said, been  
taught to pray—had never heard of God—of  
the human soul—knew neither hope of hea-  
ven nor fear of hell—and yet, strange circum-  
stance! he did pray as he gazed on the walls  
of Newgate. He did pray—not in words—  
not in gesture. No clasped hands did he  
raise—to supplicating agony did he use. But  
he did pray with the yearning with which his  
heart seemed to quit his body, and vault up-  
ward into boundless space, to fetch help from  
where the bright stars shine on serene nights  
in glory defying, to free his brother from  
the crime-encumbered cells of Newgate. In  
all the wide world he had no relation, no  
friend, but his brother, pent up in a cell  
of that great idol upon England's too besmired  
escutcheon. Abandoned by their parents—  
yagants like themselves—in their earliest  
years, he had grown up in the gutter and  
streets, the growth of our rotten social com-  
pact. "They could not be other than they  
were. From infancy, unsoftened, un-  
taught, they must, by a fatal mistake, desert the dis-  
tracted jargon of rabbi and sophist to relate  
become thieves. They thus might sooner have  
stayed his stone, than those that have been ar-  
rested in their course of guilt. And heavy is the  
responsibility of those who rule and legislate,  
and make no provision for such orphans of  
the State."

Separate from his only friend, the boy had  
no one with whom to exchange a word,  
wherewith to ease his overburdened heart.  
From the hidden springs of his better nature  
—the angel that, veiled to the world, still  
pleaded for him with the orphan's God—there  
gushed forth such an intensity of sorrow, such  
a deep oppressive sense of his loneliness, that  
the very stones, more easily touched than  
sensitive hearts, might have grown softer at  
that sight and sound of woe.

St. Sepulchre's church, a temple erected  
for the purpose of christian worship—whose  
clock strikes the hour at which the hampman,  
in behalf of Christ, ties his dexterous  
knot and strangles a fellow sinner beneath the  
insulted slices—sent forth from its steeple a  
merry peal of bells, welcoming the infant  
year, the boy turned upward to the bell's  
ringing eyes, with a glance that child the  
sonorous metal for its mirth, and slowly con-  
tinuing his progress passing along the Old  
Bailey, and stood presently upon the pave-  
ment of Ludgate hill.  
"Come, young thief," cried a surly police-  
man, "tramp off, no loitering on my beat."  
The boy eyed sullenly the guardian of the  
night—traced his hands into his pockets—  
made a rust of whistling, and dragged himself  
onward to Blackfriars's Bridge.  
Few persons were abroad here and there  
some drunken rascals stumbled through the  
streets. Occasionally, one man paused to ex-  
change the new year's greetings with another,  
and somehow it happened there were fewer  
dark passions abroad, fewer evil reflections  
courting the midnight solitude, than upon any  
other night in the year.  
The boy staggered forward. He was on  
the bridge. Down in the deep water shone  
the glare of numerous lights, and bulky cre-  
atures loomed through the partial gloom like  
living monsters describable in form, undec-  
ifable even in outline. These, in the day-  
light, would have been barges—floating palaces  
—some sort of craft at rest; but in the murky  
indistinctness that prevailed, leviathan shades,  
they seemed, lying as upon the threshold of  
creation ere light was first summoned to chase  
away the primal darkness.  
The boy staggered onward.

At the foot of the bridge on the Surrey side  
he encountered a girl, who, like himself, was  
homeless and friendless. He saw that she  
was intoxicated before she addressed him.—  
She was about twenty years of age and might  
have rivaled in beauty the proudest belle of  
England, but for the life she had led, which  
had imprinted its defacing mark upon her  
features. She was handsome still, even in her  
rags, and dirt, and drunkenness. Seizing the  
boy by the collar, she asked him "what food  
he had tasted since the wind howled on the  
previous night?"  
"I answered, and truly, "None."  
"I have," she cried excitedly. "I need  
a child upon a turnin', and stole a bit of bread"  
"but her he was eatin'. Oh, it was good!"  
"S' help me!" the boy exclaimed. "I've  
had more than a bit of orange peel that I picked up  
this morning."  
"I think I see you at the leak's office in  
Moblroy (Marlborough) street 'to-day, did  
n't'?" said the girl, "when that young  
bloke was sent to the jug for prizing the cul-  
ly's wife?"  
"Yes," replied the boy, "he war my broth-  
er."  
"Wur he now? Was it his first visit to  
the beak's?"  
"No, he's been had up three times afore—  
but he got off once."  
"He'll go over the herring-pond, this time,  
any how."  
"I knows he will,"—and the boy burst  
afresh into tears.  
"Hang it, don't cry," exclaimed the girl;  
"I had a sister lugged for a fourteen stretch  
(transported for fourteen years) and I never  
handled the pump, (shed tears) though I went  
to 'Ogdile to see her the day before she sail-  
ed."  
The boy was suddenly overcome with faint-  
ness. His companion had not caught and  
supported him he would have fallen down in  
a swoon as genuine as was ever witnessed at  
Alma's. The girl became terrified as she saw  
she lay by the light of a neighboring lamp how  
pale his face had grown. "Pale, indeed! In  
deprivation of every kind had reduced him to  
a skeleton, and the blood that flows so tender-  
ly through aristocratic veins scarcely circu-  
lated."  
There came a while the girl thus support-  
ed the swooning boy, an individual dressed  
completely in black, save the white kerchief  
that encircled his neck. He wore no shirt  
collar. He walked erect with his glance di-  
rected upwards as if he sought commune with  
the clouds, for the stars did not appear that  
night. So perseveringly did he direct his  
gaze towards the firmament, that he would  
have passed, unobtrusively have passed, and  
of course, unconsciously, the Magdalen, sup-  
porting with her enfeebled arms the boy faint-  
ing, perhaps lying through the woman's neg-  
lect, had not a gust of wind sweeping over  
the bridge carried with it the hat of the up-  
ward-gazing man, and thus reduced him to  
the instant necessity of bringing his eyes and  
his whole attention to the humble earth which  
he was treading.

Something the man uttered sounding to the  
girl's ear like an oath—perhaps she was mis-  
taken—as he pounced upon and pinned the  
flying hat to the pavement with the ferule of  
his umbrella.  
"Oh, Sir," she cried, sobered by her situa-  
tion, "pray help me!"  
"Ha!" exclaimed the individual, fixing his  
hat upon his head; "sinners so near me!"  
"This a poor boy, sir. He has eaten nothing  
—nothing all the day, and he is ill."  
The girl will be remarked, had ceased to  
quote from her vocabulary of slang. The  
person addressed,—this man, who, with head-  
on directed eyes, had just regained his  
in the manner just narrated—fixed a  
scantling and downward gaze upon the girl,  
whose strength was growing unequal to her  
burden.  
"You? what are you?" he demanded.  
"—sir?" answered the girl, blushing.  
"—yes—you!"  
"I'm a poor girl, sir—I have no home. I  
am afraid the boy here is dying."  
And with the utmost exertion she contrived  
to shift the weight of the reeling body,  
and gained a momentary ease by the change.  
"He is in want, is he?" said the gentleman.  
"Oh, he is very much in want, sir."  
"Then I will give him this. It will be of  
service to him. Who knows," said he, rais-  
ing his eyes once more aloft, "but what the  
girl will be satisfied?"  
He drew forth from his pocket a tract.  
Pressing it into the girl's hand, he strode  
onward, and soon renewed his floating gait,  
with course with the cloudy skies, his steps  
scarcely died away, and the disheartened girl  
with tears streaming down her cheeks, had  
just laid her burden upon the pavement, for she  
could not longer support it, when a cab  
could not the bridge. Its fare was a comic actor,  
well known to the visitors at the—theatre.

Having finished his professional avocations,  
he was hurrying to celebrate the new year's  
nativity with a party of friends at Keating's.  
The comedian, attracted by the scene  
then passing on the pavement of the bridge,  
pulled the check string, and slighted without  
assistance. Gazing at the prostrate and sense-  
less boy—gazing at the girl—he comprehended  
the whole, and ordered the driver also to dismount.  
"Help me in with him," he said to the  
man; "knock up the first lamp, was ready—  
or—d-n it no, be do-d-n, what a doctor.  
Poor lad, he wants to be lugged on the free  
list of a cook's shop. Help me in with him  
and drive like Old Nick."  
The fellow complied; judging that his singu-  
lar fare would not out an extra sixpence  
or so, it being New Year's morning, when the  
goal was reached.  
"Go it like bricks, d'ye hear?" cried the  
comic actor, when the poor lad was stowed  
in a recumbent position upon one of the seats.  
"Aye, aye," shouted the driver, "and I  
will."  
"Treat him well, sir, for God's sake," peti-  
tioned the girl.  
"Oh! had forgotten your jump in my girl,  
and you can tell me all about it as we go  
along."  
The driver was good as his word; past the  
Oldbick, past the Elephant and Castle,  
whisk through Kensington Gate, catch the  
toll, you long legged lurcher; missed it, have  
you? there it lies on the ground, then, and  
here we are in the Vauxhall Road.  
Good follows those, that keep the supper  
waiting at the risk of sending the cook to a  
Lunatic Asylum the next day, while they at-  
tended to the poor boy, who from the hour  
of his birth up to that precise time had never  
(on our credit as chroniclers) known what  
it was to call forth mere words; let alone  
wholesale acts, or sympathy, as on the pres-  
ent occasion. Symptom! a clout, a kick, a  
name of scorn, threats of the prod and tread-  
mill, had been his welcome from society, and  
hunger so recognises that it brought the glare  
of the wolf's eye into his human eyes, had  
howled in the gutter for his food. "It is a doctrine entertained by theo-  
logians that the mere act of wandering, with-  
out anything else carries with it a vehement  
suspicion of capital crime," says George Bor-  
roy, in his "Gipsies in Spain," quoting a  
Spanish Doctor. By certain theologians also  
in England, if we may judge from their con-  
duct, and by too many of the rich among the  
laity.  
The cook could endure it no longer; the  
pheasants were removed from the spit, and  
despatched up stairs: come what might of it  
she did not care, she would sooner lose her  
place than suffer the birds to stay another  
turn at the fire. But her master and his  
friends did not repair to the table, in spite of  
repeated summons. The boy, restored by  
generous sympathies, and by more generous food  
was telling them his story. And a sight it  
was to behold these men,—and he assured  
visitors that they were not aware of it—  
hold them—listeners to the touching narrative.  
Our tale draws to its close. A call-boy's  
place at the theatre on a rising salary of nine  
shillings a week, with a certainty of gaining  
some additional five or six shillings a week  
to the company, was promised our hero. And  
what touched him more at the time, the  
guests (except all of them) joined their host  
in a subscription whereby to free a com-  
patriot to defend his incarcerated brother at the  
next sessions, thus giving him a chance of es-  
cape, of reformation, and an honest liveli-  
hood. The poor boy's ragged clothes were  
doffed on the spot, and his limbs were invest-  
ed in a suit that had belonged to the first's  
eldest son, a previous ceremony in the per-  
formance of which hot water and soap were  
graciously in request, having been enjoined and  
complished with. Supper did not wait all this  
time, the cook was mollified when word was  
sent her that the vintners were worthy of the  
occasion; and her heart expanded under the  
influence of portwine, and the leg and wing  
of a capon.

And thus, ere the New year was yet two  
hours old, though young as it was, it was al-  
ready pregnant with great hopes, and was in  
fact, most articulate in promises, to those  
who, disappointed in the Past, still looked  
forward with unabated expectation to the Fu-  
ture at this early period of its existence, it  
had become a real benefactor. The vagrant  
had found friends, had tasted kindness,  
he was to be a vagrant no longer, eighteen  
hundred and forty-six had done this. Danger  
sawest thou? these Samaritans, outcasts them-  
selves, according to the Bible-creed of bigots  
considered none. Cherishing faith in human-  
ity, which no ingratiate had had experi-  
enced had sufficed to trample out of their  
were not its some of our faint-hearted phi-

anthropists who suffer the first disappoint-  
ment to chill their sympathies; they were  
willing to accept the boy's gratitude as a suffi-  
cient pledge for his future integrity.  
But the girl?  
"They did not forget her either; but she re-  
sented, not unthankfully, their good offices.  
She was not fitted for a servant, she said. It  
was too late now, she maintained; to with-  
draw her from her old haunts, and her old  
companions. She had a lingering affection  
for them, notwithstanding all the ill that had  
been torn to her of the association. They  
had entered into her being, and become the  
memories that could not be rudely torn, or  
withered charmed away. Evil as they were,  
better, she falsely reasoned,—but what mor-  
alist had ever been her teacher?—to have her  
heart filled with them, than for that heart to  
become a place of tombs. Fly her hugely,  
—blame her gently, sparingly."  
Thus, after having satisfied her hunger,  
and accepted of five shillings that were in-  
ferred her, she went forth into the street, and  
into the dull, dark morning.

From the Manchester Democrat.  
**The Ten Hour System.**  
"Thurs day evening, week a stranger in the  
city asked of a 'factory girl' the cause of  
such commotion, and those torch lights on  
the common. The reply was in substance as  
follows:  
"I am glad to inform you that we have a  
Labor Reform Association here, composed,  
in part, of such 'factory girls.' The male mem-  
bers are mechanics, honorable and industri-  
ous, who want to try for a reduction in the  
hours of labor, which you and every one must  
know is needed. At the last meeting of our  
Association, it was a unanimous vote that a  
part of the money in the treasury should be  
appropriated to pay letters, favoring our  
cause, and that the City Hall should be en-  
gaged, (not thinking we should be denied, as  
it is invariably left for everything that comes  
along, even the 'Man-etter') and our pur-  
pose was to hear the Rights of Labor dis-  
cussed. Our Secretary applied to the Mayor,  
Deacon Brown, for the use of the Hall. 'For  
what a cause, at our meeting.' 'Well, he  
would see about it, and he should know if  
he would call it the evening."  
Mr. Cushing, with others in city authority  
were consulted. The result and answer was,  
"I have laid your petition before the commit-  
tee, and you can't have it."  
Does this look like a republican form of  
Government? It seems to me like a mon-  
archical government. Here, sir, please ac-  
cept of this Circular to the Citizens and Op-  
eratives of Manchester, and you will get  
more information than I am able to give you.  
"Well, Miss, by your account, I am in-  
clined to think you have been wronged by the  
City. I am sorry for your disappointment,  
especially on the part of the Factory Girls,  
who seem to be taking a conspicuous part in  
promoting Labor Reform and contending for  
a reduction in the hours of Labor, so they  
may have time for mental cultivation. I hope  
you will get the Ten Hour System; you do  
yourself honor by contending for your rights  
and all men who contend for you, honor them-  
selves and their country. You have my best  
wishes, and may God bless you."  
This ended the colloquy between a Factory  
Girl and a Reverend Stranger.  
We think the treatment our cause has re-  
ceived from the City authorities deserves re-  
solutions of censure and indignation from us  
Factory girls, as well as from the citizens pe-  
titioning.  
"Truth is our watch word, and Justice our  
motto, and we must be allowed to say, we  
hope the latter will be observed by the City  
authorities. We cannot but think the Deacon  
will repeat and "so all things will be well"  
for time to come.  
Editors who still persist in saying "all man-  
ner of evil against us" and bur, movements  
"must keep truth on their side," and have  
"Charity for Labor Reformers who denounce  
sometimes, but less perhaps, than lecturers in  
Electrochemical campaigns."  
I see something in the American which  
seems to me to be "Disgusting Billingsgate,"  
"Sixty." Many in the State are sick of Jared  
W. Williams as a candidate for Governor,  
as ever a Thompsonian patent was of hav-  
ing swallowed a porringer of "Lubelia Tea."  
"Cannot speak of him without such con-  
fusions of countenance, frightful writhings,  
which are dreadful to behold." We think  
Joseph did not hardly do Justice by his re-  
marks on Labor Reform. We think the "un-  
known man speaking from the gate top" must  
have said some true things about "money  
power, corporation influence, and oppressed  
operatives." Was he too timid to take notes  
or remember what he said about them?  
There has been misrepresentation by our ap-

posters in regard to our Convention at Nash-  
on, which I feel glad has been contradicted.  
I was there during the sitting of the Con-  
vention and can say there was a oneness of  
sentiment as to the principle for which our  
Convention was held, and an entire harmony  
of feeling among its friends which gave the  
convention a character for strength seldom  
equalled among any body met to discuss mat-  
ters of such great importance and of so ex-  
citing a nature.

We shall still strive for the Ten Hour Sys-  
tem, and we feel gratified to every one who  
lends a hand in ameliorating our condition,  
and may this be the last time we have had  
occasion to speak of justice from the officers  
of the first City in the Granite State.

### A FAVORITE GIRL.

From the Young America.

### The Election.

The Anti-Renters have carried the State,  
having elected, I believe, every candidate  
they nominated, Governor, Lieut. Governor,  
Caval Commissioners, Congressmen, a Sen-  
ator, and at least ten Members of Assembly.—  
Mr. Young is elected by about ten thousand  
majority, all Anti-Rent votes. Although I  
opposed the nomination of Mr. Young in the  
convention, without requiring a pledge, it  
would take an onion to make me cry about  
the result. How many of the Anti-Renters  
elected are National Reformers, and what  
the Anti-Renters have gained by electing any  
who are not, time alone can tell. There is  
no doubt that a large proportion of Anti-Rent  
National Reformers (not pledged) voted for  
Mr. Young, believing that he would liberate  
the Anti-Rent prisoners, but if Silas Wright  
is wise he will save Mr. Young that trouble.

The Anti-Renters, it will be recollected,  
took the Whig candidate for Governor, the  
Democratic candidate for Lt. Governor, and  
a Canal Commissioner from each party, all of  
whom are elected. The death-knell of Feudal-  
ism is sounded! No longer will a few aristoc-  
rats be enabled to live without labor by  
collecting rents from land they never tilled,  
and through the Freeholder clique may for a  
time throw obstacles in the way, while the  
farmers are throwing off their shackles, the  
measure of Land Limitation will ultimately  
be adopted to prevent any future Patroner-  
ies.

In this city the democrats have elected all  
their candidates except one member of As-  
sembly and one Congressman.

The National Reform vote has probably  
fallen a little below our vote of last spring,  
in consequence of the rain and the adoption  
of the land resolutions at Tammany Hall but  
two of our candidates are elected, and the re-  
turns of the election in time for to-day's  
paper, and do not think it worth while to give  
them incomplete.

Mr. Rhinck, the Whig candidate for Con-  
gress, lost his election by not giving (as he  
was inclined to do) the necessary pledge to  
the National Reformers. A letter like that of  
Mr. McGowan would have elected him.

The Native vote has been reduced below  
4000.

The New Constitution is adopted, although  
there was a large vote against it in this city.  
Negro suffrage is denied! I have much to  
say in regard to this election next week.

THE FUTURE AGE.—I closed my eyes on  
the dark past, and lo! a beautiful vision of  
the future opened to my imagination.—the  
nations of the earth had ceased hostilities.—  
the flag of the warrior was furled, and laid in  
the dust,—and all the trophies and monuments  
of war were buried out of human sight; all  
was concord and unity.—The green earth re-  
joiced in a softer sunlight, and all nature was  
in jubilee. Religion, with a radiant brow,  
and aspect of heavenly benignity, sat among  
the children of men.—She called unto her  
Science and Liberty, and said,—Behold!  
these are my sisters! At that moment, the  
rainbow bent its wreath over the scene, and the  
nations bowed in silent submission.—[Truth  
Seeker Magazine.

An exchange paper, describing a smile  
which one man gave to another as thanks for  
a favor received, says, "It was such a smile  
as one might suppose would result from  
scrubbing an inch square through the spine of  
a man's back?"

THE FOX TALK.—The Journal de Liege  
contains the following advertisement:—A  
P. captain of infantry, having announced in  
the journal of the 8th that he will not ac-  
knowledge or pay any debt contracted by his  
wife, she thinks it right, in her turn, to inform  
the public that she will not pay any debt con-  
tracted by her husband, and that her pecuni-  
ary resources enable her to pay her own debts  
much better than her husband can pay his."

Count Sternberg, a celebrated German geo-  
logist, has ordered in his last will, that his  
body shall be enclosed in the hollowed-out  
trunk of one of those gigantic antediluvian  
palm trees, which have assumed the hardness  
of the most compact sandstone.

The names given to the Queen of Portu-  
gal's youngest infant are Don Fernando Mar-  
tin Luiz Miguel Raphael Gabriel Francisco  
de Assis Gonzaga Antonio Apollinari de  
Braganca Donjon Saxe Coburg Gotha.

## VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

WHY NOT VOTE LABOR FOR?  
The Rev. Mr. M. has himself, to a permanent home  
on the earth, in the clothes of industrial pro-  
fit, to look for the inducement of toil, to an equivalent  
of what he professes, to the best opportunities for  
education, and to freedom in every thing.

LOWELL, NOVEMBER 13, 1846.

### The Industrial Reform Pledge.

"We who have long and unceasingly desired of reform-  
ing to give the National Right to Labor, its solemnly  
agrees that we will not vote for any man for the Presi-  
dent or Congress who will not pledge himself in writ-  
ing to abstain from the exercise of his station, if elected,  
to prevent all further traffic in the Public Lands of the  
State and of the United States, and to cause them to  
be held out in farms and lots for the free and exclusive  
use of actual settlers, not for any man for the Govern-  
ment of the Legislature who will not so pledge himself  
to the President of the Public Lands, to a limitation of  
the quantity of land to be obtained by any individual  
hereafter in this State, to the exemption of the Home-  
stead from any form of debt or mortgage, and to a limita-  
tion of the hours of daily labor on public works or  
on industrial undertakings carried by law."

### The Election.

The contest is over, and a more mongrel,  
conformatory, conscience-elastic, set of voters  
than Massachusetts contains, we do not know  
where to look for. They have swallowed  
Texas, the Mexican war, and the whole of  
Cottonland with all their abominations, with-  
out a single shudder. The Whigs of Massa-  
chusetts talking of their abhorrence of Slave-  
ry and the present war, and then walk up to  
the Ballot Box and sanction the same by vot-  
ing men into office whose official influence  
has been used to sustain and perpetuate them!  
Shame! Shame. Well may the minions of  
Slavery—the extenders of the "area of free-  
dom," exult over such a result in palliation of  
their shameful outrages upon humanity. We  
did hope for better things from the more hon-  
est portion of all parties, but we fear they are  
chained to their iron palaces, swayed by love  
of popular favor or by pecuniary loss. The  
Cotton pilots of Massachusetts are deter-  
mined to have a Tariff, though they base it  
upon all the abominations that curse the Na-  
tion, and if it is to come, the sooner the bet-  
ter. Let the working people of this country  
by the bitter experience, if they will not be  
convinced without, of building up an industri-  
al feudalism to grind them to the dust. But  
so long as your voice has a word to say in the  
matter, it shall be in condemnation.

By the returns it appears that Briggs is  
elected by about 7,000 majority. The Lib-  
erty vote was happily to say shows a healthy  
and permanent increase.

The Whigs have elected members of Con-  
gress in all the Districts but the second, fourth  
and fifth. Mr. Knapp, the Liberty candidate in  
the third District, run well, and had the  
Abbott the non-conventional automaton Whig  
candidate would have been defeated.

So far as heard from, the Whigs have elected  
170 members of the House, Democrats 29,  
Liberty Party 3, doubtful 1.

All Senators elected are Whigs. Middle-  
sex county has failed to elect; therefore Mr.  
Buckingham's "velvet cushion" is doubtful.  
The City Election—Whig, as usual,  
by extraordinary effort Schouler is elected.  
After pledging and narrowing himself down  
(if possible) to just nothing at all, he has  
squeezed into the House. Last year he was  
a great enemy to a new Rail Road from Low-  
ell to Boston. This year, so rapacious has he  
become for office, he swallowed Rail Road,  
Police Court and various other great reforms,  
and suffered himself to be run on three differ-  
ent tickets, although a great stickler for "the  
regular ticket."

Six members only are elected to the House.  
Messrs. Holbit, Lawton and Trip were de-  
feated.

The Chamber man says he "feels more  
proud of Lowell" than he did last year when  
he was defeated, and talks about the "clamor  
of his work shops having gone out," and her  
"mechanics having spoken." The clamor of  
her corporations, and her Agents and political  
parties have spoken, and all the mechanics  
have to do, is to say "even so Lord." "Great  
blood" this Schouler.

LETTER FROM HON. AMOS ABBOTT.—This  
gentleman has written to the circular of some  
wages self-elected reformers, who use and  
abuse Yankee's privilege of boring every  
candidate and office holder from a hog-reeve  
to a Hidalgo, has written a letter two inches  
and a half long, in which he says that the  
Whigs Mr. Buckingham compares Mr. Abbott,  
could not have disposed of these romantic re-  
formers in a shorter space. [Lowell Adver-  
tiser.]

"Wags! Romantic Reformers!" Really,  
Mr. Advertiser it is highly amusing to see  
these same visionary romantic reformers, after  
a long day's work is over, assemble together  
and declare that with wages, and women  
shall have the right to cultivate their mental  
powers—that men should be superior to money-  
—that the products of labor should be  
controlled by the laborers, instead of capital-  
ists, and that the people should employ equal  
opportunities for acquiring wealth and edu-  
cation. [Shouting.]

What will this world come to, if these  
"Wags" continue their "romantic reforms"  
much longer? Our glorious institutions  
will be ruined, and our republican system of  
political humbuggery, cease to bless the  
country! O, modern Democracy save us  
from such a heart-shaking calamity!

Mr. Editor:—In looking over a file of  
"Bell's Messenger," an English paper, some  
time since, I was struck with the following  
significant fact, which I found in its columns.  
It is of value as a proof of the progress of cor-  
rect opinions on the subject of a Reform in the  
Industrial and Social organization of Society,  
and, coming from such a source, must have  
weight with all candid persons.

"Not long since a Grand Jury in South  
Laneshire, after reviewing their customary  
duties, feeling that something more devolved  
upon them as friends of virtue and of their  
country, proceeded to record their solemn  
convictions with regard to Intemperance, and  
in their opinion intemperance can never be re-  
moved, until provisions are made for public  
education before them, that four fifths of the  
offences committed were traceable to drinking.  
They felt compelled to state further that in  
their opinion intemperance can never be re-  
moved, until provisions are made for public  
education, till sources of rational amuse-  
ment are opened to the masses and leisure  
for relaxation, recreation and study are given  
to them. That which is such a requisite of  
the laboring classes, and so little given in  
return—white hours of labor are so long,  
and the wages so small—drinking, the only  
indulgence they have, to give up, would never  
be relinquished."

"This seems to be a common sense view of  
the matter, and worthy of the attention of  
all who would elevate the toiling millions in this  
country. The same causes produce the  
same results here, as in England. Friends  
of temperance, and public morality, let us  
unite in our efforts to destroy the rooms from  
which the great evil receives its support,  
and strive no longer to destroy it, by  
merely plucking off its leaves and branches.

"SO MUCH FOR BUCKINGHAM.—One of  
our subscribers, residing in Hanover, Mass.,  
writes us as follows, relative to the answer of  
Mr. Buckingham, who Boston Courier's candi-  
date for Senator in Middlesex;—The ques-  
tions put to him by the committee of National  
Reformers at Lowell:—

"The answer of Mr. Buckingham ought to  
be printed with gold types, and distributed  
over the Union in handbills. I will pay one  
dollar—and if a few of his friends will add a  
trifle to meet the expense, I hope there will  
be a number printed and circulated. I am a  
democrat in politics, but when I see senti-  
ments advanced that will live and endure fore-  
ever, let them come from whig or democrat;  
it does me good, and I want others to know it.  
I think Mr. B. for his high-minded and loyal  
sentiments, and his firm and bold manner of  
expressing them. He is well worthy of a seat  
in the Senate. His answer does me more  
good than all the lectures that have been  
preaching about the country tows for three  
years past."—[Daily Mail.]

You a Democrat?—And ask for the senti-  
ments of a defender of moneyed power, to be  
printed with gold types," when these same  
"loyal sentiments" are reducing the working  
classes of this country to dependence and pov-  
erty.

TO SUBSCRIBERS. Will our subscribers  
who are in the arrears recollect that our prin-  
ters have backs and stomachs, and that we  
as yet have found no paper dealer philan-  
thropic enough to furnish us paper gratis.  
As for the editor, he lives on faith and opinions  
as his productions indicate. But seriously,  
friends, were we not in urgent want, we should  
not say a word about money. Will you re-  
member this and save us the disagreeable task  
hereafter? A word to the wise, &c.

We received a letter from J. M. B., of  
Worcester, and would inform him that it is  
no fault of ours that the subscribers have  
not received their papers. S. O. has been mil-  
dred with the rest, every week, or rather S. W.  
O.; perhaps the middle initial does not belong  
to him, if not please inform us. We did not  
get the names of the others you spoke of—un-  
til last week, which will account for the non-  
reception of their papers.

Will our friend W. R. of Waltham, give  
us the names of those who do not take their  
papers?

We are not able to comply with J. B. L.'s  
request to send him the back numbers, for the  
reason that we are entirely out of some of them  
—can send a part if he wishes.

We have perused the October number of  
the "Mechanic's Mirror," and find it filled with  
not only interesting but really useful matter.  
We would advise all workmen to sub-  
scribe for this work.

We received that letter from our William  
friend and are obliged to him for his sugges-  
tions. Will he have the goodness to send us  
the names of those subscribers, so as to pre-  
vent mistakes.

The editor of the Lowell Niagara, intend-  
ing to speak of the Oasis as "A PRETTY  
THING," was made to call it, by the type-  
setter, "A PRETTY ENIGMA." Now, we pre-  
sume you have people are well minded enough to  
say the error was correct. [Oasis.]

Look to it, friends, that you do not allow  
the "error" to become "correct," by suffering  
yourselves to be moulded by the capricious  
influences around, into a supporter, rather  
than a meliorator of paucis (paucis).

It is stated that a Yankee has taken out a  
patent for an improvement in the "scales of  
justice."—[Farmer and Ledger.]

"An improvement," very much needed, and  
the last one that capital would wish to mo-  
nopolize. But really we should like to know  
from what office this patent has been taken  
out.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Lowell Manufacturing Companies.

Sirs:—As you are members of Bible Soci-  
eties, the sacred volume must be high author-  
ity with you. I would therefore point you to  
the first six verses of the fifth chapter, of  
James. If the apostle had been an eye wit-  
ness to your tyranny, fraud and deception, he  
could not have written anything more applic-  
able to you than the verses above named.  
You are there charged, and justly too, with  
keeping back by fraud the hire or wages of  
those who have done your work. You very  
well know that you do not pay your opera-  
tives in proportion to what they produce—  
that you do not reward them according to  
their work. If you did, you are well aware  
that you could not live in luxury and idlen-  
ess, and make from fifty to a hundred per-  
cent on your ill gotten capital, while they are  
compelled to work thirteen hours a day in the  
impure air of close bastilles, for a bare sus-  
sistence. You know that you appropriate  
the produce of their labor to your own use,  
and allow them hardly enough to keep soul  
and body together. You are there charged,  
and justly too, with nourishing your hearts  
as in a day of slaughter, and with killing the  
just without resistance.

You crowd your operatives into corpora-  
tion boarding houses, without any regard to  
their health and happiness, and without any  
accommodations adapted to the comfort and  
convenience of females. You have, by your  
infamous "black list," defamed and injured  
the characters of the operatives, after tyrannizing  
over and abusing them till they are compelled  
in self-defence to leave your employment, you  
then prohibit them from obtaining work at  
other places; which you have no right to au-  
thority to do. It is an act almost, if not quite  
unparalleled in the wide range of history.

You have prevented the operatives from  
being party to an agreement, you have  
denied them these our laws, and you must  
obey them; thus depriving them of their lib-  
erty, and leaving them no power to resist  
your tyranny. You compel your operatives  
to toil thirteen hours a day in your industrial  
prisons, exposed to the deafening hum of ma-  
chinery and the deleterious effect of the cot-  
ton dust settling on their lungs, sowing the  
seeds of disease and death. You do not allow  
them sufficient time to eat their meals, thus  
making them liable to disease, by not having  
time enough to masticate their food; and by  
the short time allowed them they are com-  
pelled perhaps in a state of perspiration, to  
run out of the heated mills into the winter  
air, without time to put on clothing sufficient  
to protect them from the intemperance of the  
cold, which may end in consumption and  
death.

By excessive toil and privation you break  
down the constitution of the operatives in a  
few years; then they have to leave the fac-  
tories, with a death disease upon them. Thus  
you have killed or worked to death the just  
and they have not resisted you. You have  
nourished your hearts as in a day of slaug-  
hter; you have boasted, through your agents,  
that when you worked your operatives to  
death, you could hire more. You are worthy  
members of Bible Societies; indeed, you de-  
serve leather medals, as large as leather  
aprons, for your christian conduct.

But there is another side to this picture.  
You are told in the same verses that the cries  
of them which have done your work are en-  
tered into the ears of the Lord; that your mis-  
eries shall come upon you; that your riches  
are corrupted, and that your gold and silver  
is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a  
witness against you, and shall eat your flesh  
as it were fire. And now if you would es-  
cape the impending vengeance of heaven, loos-  
en your tyrannic grasp of your operatives,  
and treat them as human beings, and not as  
machines of iron and brass. Reduce their  
hours of labor to ten—give them suitable  
sleeping apartments—give them an opportu-  
nity to attend to the cultivation and improve-  
ment of their minds—give them the means to  
attend to the laws of nature, and the preser-  
vation of their health, and reward them ac-  
cording to their work. If you refuse to grant  
them this, rest assured that the day of retribu-  
tion is at hand, and that you will soon be  
compelled to comply with their demands, in-  
stead of a withering blast of public indignation  
poured upon your guilty heads.

There is a point in human suffering when  
endurance is no longer a virtue; and that  
point is near at hand with the operatives.  
And you must rest assured that the Industrial  
Reform movement is destined to revolution-  
ize the world. It is upward and onward, in  
its course; and nothing can arrest it in its  
glorious career, until every vestige of tyr-  
anny and oppression is banished from the earth.  
JOHN CASE.

Danville, Pa., Oct. 11, 1846.

FOR THE EDITOR, Lowell, Nov. 8th, 1846.

DEAR MR. VOICE.—I see you have printed  
the letter I wrote to you, a short time ago,  
and now I am going to write you another. It  
seemed queer at first to think you should take  
so much notice of me as to print my childish  
suggestions; when there are so many, who know  
so much, and can write so well about things  
all over the country, and who do so much

good by telling of the wicked things done by  
people, who enrich themselves, by making the  
poor work so many hours in the day, and then  
not pay them half they earn. But I have a  
story to tell you Mr. Voice—it is a sad one—  
it is about a young girl who came to work in  
the mill; her mother was dead, and her father  
used to drink strong drinks which made  
him cross; and then he treated her ill, and  
folks thought she had better go, and work in  
the factory; and she did. When she went in,  
her cheeks were red as roses, and her eyes  
bright and beautiful, and she would laugh and  
run like a little mad thing. I used to fol-  
low her sometimes on the "hill side;" for it  
used to make me feel glad, to see her so very  
happy. She had not worked there but a  
short time when she left the Mill looking very  
pale; and she sighed dreadfully. I used to  
see her every little while, and she kept grow-  
ing poorer and weaker, and at last I missed  
her altogether. Then I used to linger near  
the house where she lived, and listen to hear  
some sound that would tell me she was there;  
for I loved the little girl that was so good and  
kind, and knew she would soon be an Angel,  
in Heaven. One day, they lifted her up to  
the window, where I could see her, it made  
me weep to look at her, for though she smiled  
as sweetly as ever, I knew she was dying. I  
thought she was praying, to, for she clasped  
her little thin hands, and turned her eyes  
toward Heaven—her lips moved—then there  
came a strange look across her face—she  
didn't move again. They took her away and  
I knew I should never see her more. In two  
days after, they buried her in the cemetery,  
near "my home;" and after they had all gone,  
I went and gathered some of the flowers I  
knew she loved best, and laid them on her  
grave, and as fast as they will I get fresh ones  
for I love to do it, Mr. Voice, although it makes  
me feel sorrowful; and I think she would  
thank me, if she could. There are a great  
many who die just as she died; and I wish  
the folks would not make the girls work so  
long in the factories; for I think that is the  
reason why so many die. Perhaps Mr. Voice,  
you can convince the rich folks, that it is not  
right to oppress the poor; if you can I think  
it will make you feel happy. But I must say  
good bye for the present.

Your little friend,

THE CHILD OF THE HILLS.

Short Sermons, without a Patent.

No. 2.

MY HEARERS:—I am surprised, and pained,  
at the frivolity, and depraved taste, which  
most of you display, with regard to the cov-  
erings and ornaments of your persons;—sur-  
prised that beings made in the image of God,  
and who bear the mighty seal of intellectual  
powers, should so far distance and forget  
themselves, as to use every means to their  
own and delicate that beautiful image; and  
to destroy that gift, which might raise them to a  
state little inferior to that of the Angels; and  
to spend to see the tendency to dress and dis-  
tinction, increasing at a rate, which threatens  
in a few years, to crush the body under a load  
of bustles, stays, pantaes, gawags, and fan-  
cy-trappings, with which the youth of both  
sexes, again the habit of adorning (2) them-  
selves, and sink the mind in the lowest depths  
of sensuality, and vice.

Most of you, my fair hearers, were originally  
gifted by Nature, with lovely forms, bloom-  
ing, healthful cheeks, sparkling eyes, and intel-  
lectual powers, to which even the "lords of  
creation" would bend the knee in admiration,  
and which were calculated to retain them in  
your dutiful subjects. Did not Nature do her  
work well! Have you discovered any of her  
defects in your physical or spiritual organiza-  
tion, which you are so foolish as to imagine  
your unpractised hands can remedy? Or  
have you with characteristic, "Yankee ingenu-  
ity," discovered that you can make some  
patent improvements on the bird-work of  
the Almighty? Can the colors of Dr. Con-  
rad's, or any other quack's, paint your cheeks  
with higher hues, than the free air of the  
hills, or the first beams of the morning? Do  
you think that a bag of cotton, or sawdust,  
though it is an addition to your weight, will  
likewise add to your beauty? Does it set off  
your fair complexions to better advantage,  
to cover them with cosmetics, or the inventions  
of man? In short, are you sunk so low in the  
scale of humanity, as to suffer yourselves to  
become the mere toys, and playthings of fash-  
ion, liable to be thrown aside and neglected,  
when age, and wrinkles come upon you; and  
is your love of admiration satisfied with the  
praises of the ignorant, and vicious, in  
preference to the fellowship of the wise, and  
virtuous, and the approval of your own  
hearts? For the honor of woman, I trust  
these things are not so.

Young men! you are guilty in a great mea-  
sure of the follies and extravagances of the  
opposite sex, and to your charge will be laid  
the sin of aiding and abetting, in the disfig-  
urement of the fairest portion of the human  
race. So long as you express by your con-  
duct, that you prefer outward show, to in-  
ward worth and purity; so long will vanity  
and vice, occupy the place of worth and excel-  
lence. So long as rioting and dissipation are  
the chief employments of man, so long will  
woman be the slave of his caprices, and pas-  
sions; a mere automaton in the hands of her  
exhibitor. But when virtue, justice, and long

exiled Honor, resume their sway over your hearts, and regulate your actions, then will woman cast off the shackles of fashion, and 'trianical' custom, and become what (in the opinion of your elders) is the original design of God, viz: the equal, friend and helper of man, and a beacon to light him 'on his happiness and Heaven.

Formless many of you engaged in the great reform movements of the present age, and are anxious to "turn and overturn" even in every ship; but will not be well to commence with "charity, at home," and leave the faults of others till you may attack them, nor meet with the rebuke:—"Physician, heal thyself!" Amen.

Mr. Editor.—It becomes necessary at the present time, to announce to your readers a great and alarming infringement of human rights. In Manchester, last week, a pedler (legalized by the State) went into a house on the Amoskog, Cor., to carry a dress pattern which he had promised but a few hours before. The agent of that Corporation, seeing him go in pursued, and went in after him; he immediately gave orders for him to depart—told him he did not allow any one to sell goods on his corporation. The pedler knowing he was acting lawfully, and not infringing upon the agent's rights, quickly refused; when the agent called the assistance of two men, digging at the door, and thrust him in to the street, and his goods after him, (after injuring his physical system to some extent). Another pedler went into the same house the week with some shoes. The mistress of the family, said she wanted a pair of gaiter boots, and must have a pair before the week ended. She had a pair that suited to a charm, but she did not like them, for fear of the agent; so she let her to obey the rules of the God of corporation. Now reader pause—think! "Where are we? what sort of a place do we inhabit?" from what country, or among what people shall such infringements of common rights be tolerated? Who but framers of aristocratic organizations, the founders of incorporated monopoly, would have dared to enforce such restrictions upon tenants? Who but the Archfiend of darkness, could have laid the foundation of combinations so tyrannical—so monopolizing and destructive to the poor man's rights.

LIBERTARIAN.  
Manchester, Nov. 11, 1846.

FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

The Angels' Serenade.  
Milder, on the silent night—  
Hark!—what music sweet is stealing,  
Milder, on that faint pealing,  
It is my heart with new delight.  
Chorus, I hear my strain, my song,  
Greeting thee, thou poor sick maiden!  
Now cheer now, the sorrow-laden;  
Sleep forsaken—sofly on—  
Milder, on an earth well-sweet,  
Cally on mine ear is falling—  
Angels hence your choir are calling,  
Dearest, mothers, fare thee well!

The False One.  
Dissipate ever hoods on the ruins of love—  
Sweep disease to him, in her cheek and smoky;  
The body of affection are eared where they grow—  
Hope ever has fled with 'love's' lasting aid—  
The fire of a demon kindles this eye—  
I gaze off at now, without breathing a sigh,  
As a dream gleams the past, both painful and true,  
Hope ever has fled with 'love's' lasting aid—  
I have cherished this fondly, loved this thy spell,  
And madly my heart was enchain'd by thy will,  
Thou hast broken it now—no longer I live;  
Hope ever has fled with 'love's' lasting aid—  
Tily smile is far colder than moonbeams on snow,  
And cold words are spoken, that freeze as they flow;  
Thy powerless fall, on one sworn to be true;  
Hope ever has fled with 'love's' lasting aid—  
The roses of life, thou hast scattered with thorns,  
The peace and the future, seem trembled with storms,  
While memory, weeping, bids whisperm thy true;  
Hope ever will fly with 'love's' lasting aid—  
With nuptial longings blooming, for Venus appears,  
The Cupid soon follows, break'd with tears,  
Declaiming 'for pleasure, and not for love';  
Hope ever will fly with 'love's' lasting aid—  
Great, Fall, 1846.

The Influence of Woman.  
How beautiful, how diffuse, how compelling  
The influence of woman! in whose presence  
and examples we recognize the barrier between man and his consuming, terrible passions. In her chaste and retiring modesty, in her compassionate sympathy; we see the potent agent that has been fast bringing up before the silent and repeating mind of man the atrocities of deeds perpetrated under the sanction of feelings natural to himself, degrading in their continuance, and incessant in their continual uttering; he beheld pitying woman in that tender loveliness of her nature, stooping to raise poor earth's fellowman, the victim of his, her pursuing and insatiate tyranny—or listened to her plaintive voice, as with flowing tresses and untraced hand, her blue eye suffused with the persuasive tear, she mourned his rashness, and sought

to woo him back to fidelity and peace. A more ennobling effort to the object and agent—a lofter aim; and a happier consummation, man boasts not of; and yet those there are who tell us she is weak! Ah, though thus they speak they feel it not! No; if not acknowledged, her influence is felt as widely as the ennobling effects of civilization have extended her refining, her beautifying way. Infancy stretches its rosy arms, and lifts its feeble voice in supplication to her; youth recognizes her plastic hand in the moulding of his character; and man sees and acknowledges in her his best, his most devoted friend. What though she is not able to compete with man in animal strength, does that lessen her power or influence in controlling his tendencies? Was it by physical strength that Washington placed upon the pinnacle of fame his blazing name? Was it by physical power that enabled Franklin to beat the thunder-cloud, and enwreath in its dependent wreath around his name its scathing lightning? Was it by such strength Henry has outstared a nation while he rang the knell of British tyranny? No; it was by strength of head and heart; and by the man who is conversant with the maxims and translations of France's Louis, Russia's Catharine, England's Elizabeth, Sweden's Christina, and Spain's Isabella;—by that man, to his honor, to the credit and glory of woman, these maxims are acknowledged to be as much hers as his, to be, to burn as brightly, as viridly, in her breast, as in his.

But, fair one, thy sphere is the social circle;—thy object the culture of youth.—To implant truth, heroism, patriotism, the love of high and noble deeds, by appropriate action. — Is a high duty charge?—Thou art pressed forward for the strife. Thou hast a high, a holy duty to perform. His country's glory, or his country's shame, be his destiny. No middle way, no conservative course, be his; his thine; to make or ruin—then he has his name in the temple where passing generations shall gaze upon it with admiring eyes; be it the watchword when the patriot shall strike from his country her fetters; be it that around which his brethren shall rally to their country's blood sacrifice upon their country's altar; or by the light of which the astronomer shall send his way through the starry skies—theologist, deity to enlighten the recesses of earth. Be this thy task—by thy success—a mother's pride, a mother's reciprocated love, thy reward—when ministering angels shall attend, to bear thee to that land from whence no traveller returneth.—Saturday Courier.

We are often told that if operatives had more leisure time, they would give themselves over to all manner of wickedness and degradation. This is said, too, by house keepers; persons of all others the most to be pitied, if the statement they make are true. No mother would be willing to place her dear child in a position so unsafe as would be hers in case we deserved the character some of them seem disposed to give us. If the young man and woman who are employed in our mills, are only waiting for time to commit depredations, then are house keepers and their children indeed in danger. Shut in with them in the same fold, this know not at what hour the wolves may fall upon them. Believing, as they profess to, that this requires only to be employed in some kind of labor to change the young man of talent and worth to a reckless villain, say only within the walls of your factory, how can they allow their daughters to live in such a perilous condition, in danger every moment of falling a prey to the destroyer. All agree that the influence of labor is powerful. If then, my friends, are what they represent us to be, no wonder that they should dread the time when we should have a cessation from toil. We lament that there are so many self examples of the depravity of the human heart; yet we believe that our laboring men and laboring women are as free from vicious habits as are the sons and daughters of our agents and house keepers. We believe that these industrious persons are able to "take care of themselves;" and we believe, too, that we are capable of disposing of two hours in a day, without the direction of a corporation agent, who for a seamy living would dare to blunder the names of the very persons by whom they are surrounded with employment. House keepers tell us that they come to the manufacturing city that they may educate their sons and daughters. We grant it is a good object; but why are they so unwilling that we should have time to add to our little stock of knowledge? America is said to be the "home of the brave;" and yet there are in our midst those who can look hourly on, and see women toiling fourteen hours out of twenty-four, for a small pittance; selling her physical and intellectual powers for something that is not even the shadow of an equivalent.

We are glad that so many young men are already seeking to discharge enterprises. It remains with the "young men" to try how long we shall be in bondage to the present system of labor; or will they abandon the field and leave us to the tender mercy of him who never earned his food by the sweat of his brow? I know they will not. The blood of the revolution has not yet been washed from the hearts of our fathers and brothers. We look upon Labor Reform at that which

tends to the elevation of our race in general, and to the improvement of the condition of woman in particular. The language of this heavenly messenger is, "Give to woman time for intellectual improvement, that she may be prepared to fulfil her mission." Here it is to train the infant mind—then if we would have a good government, we must have intelligent mothers.

To the Labor Reform Association in Manchester.

SISTER OPERATIVES.—When I last addressed you I was in the "city of spindles." I engaged in the mill for a few short months, but the fatigue and ruinous system of labor to which I was subjected, brought on disease and depression of spirits, and I was obliged to resort to employment less laborious; I soon became sick and discouraged by the long and tedious hours of labor. I had an ignorant, cynical and overbearing overseer to contend with, who, like many others, pretended to bear the appellation of a christian, but was apparently devoid of sympathy, humanity, and every other fine feeling.

Perhaps a few facts which have occurred to my recollection during my visits to manufacturing mills, may be interesting. I found many engaged in Labor Reform—free in expressing their feelings—manifesting an interest, whenever the subject was introduced. They complained bitterly of the hours; and said one, "we are shut up from half past four to half past seven—deprived of all rights and privileges—divested of every thing which contribute to health and happiness; and how can we be happy?" "But," continued she, "I am an orphan, alone in the world, and am obliged to remain in this den of slavery."

I have met with some who never heard of Labor Reform, and would appear embarrassed, and tremblingly ask the meaning, and while giving an explanation—an endeavor to enlighten their darkened understandings—they would attentively listen with wonder and astonishment.

On asking one if she would not join the Association, "Oh," said she, "I belong to no religious society, and never attend class meetings of any kind." Some would ridicule, censure and oppose me, and ask what necessity there could be in establishing the "Steel hour system;" and why cannot they see why are they so easy and contented? It is ignorance; and this ignorance is caused by the present system of labor.

A person possessing one spark of intelligence will not hesitate in saying there is need of reformation. I could relate more facts but time will not permit. Already have I mentioned enough to make the heart of adamant weep if rightly reflected upon, and will it not arouse the public spirit, and philanthropic heart to action? Will they not awaken to their rights, on witnessing misery and degradation, and doubly seeing friends hastening to a premature grave, deprived of all true happiness? I rejoice and thank God for the efforts which have been made, and the good which has been accomplished, and trust that the aristocrat and unenlightened, who have so long opposed us, will soon be led to see the numerous existing evils of society.

Sisters, you who labor from twelve to fourteen hours per day in the unhealthy heated factory—who suffer oppression, will you not arouse to action, and strive more ambitiously to reorganize society? Do not be discouraged at any obstacle which may be placed to frustrate your plans, but take courage; and let your motto be Onward! Onward! until you see all ready and willing to join in the great and mighty work of National Reform; and may the fruits of your labor be rewarded by the hand of Omnipotent power.

Your friend, E. S.  
Manchester, Oct. 13, 1846.

News about Town and Country.

ACCIDENT.—A severe accident occurred this morning at P. O. Richmond's lathing mill, in this city. A man named Sullivan was caught in a band and carried several times over the main shaft. His knee was very badly fractured and his arm torn so badly that amputation had to be performed. The operation was performed by Dr. J. W. Graves, assisted by Dr. Huntington. The man is apparently doing well, though the amount of injury internally is not known.—(Courier.)

We attended the Pic-Nic, given by Mr. A. R. Trowbridge's class on Tuesday Evening. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, there was a goodly number present. All seemed determined to have a good time; and if smiling faces, good music, and a plenty of the good things of this earth to satisfy the inner man, was any indication of their success, we think they did not fall short of their intentions, but all had a good time.

A WORKINGMAN'S OPINION OF THE TARIFF.—"Follow citizens, the Tariff benefits you and me—who we work for a living, more than the capitalists."—(Homer Bartlett's speech at the Whig caucus, Saturday night.)

Our subscribers at Manchester N. H., who have taken their papers at D. P. Perkins' Book-store, will hereafter find them at the Post Office.

NEW YORK ELECTION.—Has resulted in the choice of Young (Whig) by about 8,000 ma-

jority. All branches of the Legislature are Whig.  
Young's election was secured by the co-operation of the Anti Reformers.

"Mike Walsh in Office."  
We learn from New York papers that Mike Walsh is elected to the House of Assembly. We also learn from the same source that on the 27th of election much excitement prevailed in the city from a rumor that Mike had been poisoned by some of his enemies.

The following is all that we are able to give in relation to the matter, at this time.

REMOVED DEATH OF MICHAEL WALSH.—There is a rumor about at 12 o'clock that Michael Walsh is dead, and that his death was caused by poison.

P. S.—Since writing the above we learn that the following notice is posted on the "Subterranean Bulletin":  
"Mike Walsh is not dead. His enemies need not crow."—(Eve. Tribune.)

DANGEROUSLY ILL.—We are sorry to learn that Mike Walsh is very sick. We have heard nothing mentioned as the cause, but no particulars.—(Eve. Mirror.)  
MIKE IS MUCH BETTER.—Quiet and caution is now all that is required to put him entirely out of danger. We would say to his friends, do not go to his house. We will give every information at the office in regard to his situation, but do not go to his dwelling, for you do not go good, and his physicians say he must have quiet to restore him. In the time the whole cause of his sickness will come out, and some startling facts made known of a deterioration to kill him physically, which it was found that he could not be killed politically. To his friends in and out of the city we say, we believe Mike is out of danger. —(Subterranean—Second Edition.)

Mr. Timothy Pearson continues at his old stand in Wentworth's Building, where he will be happy to wait on all such as will give him a call. We would advise those who wish a dangerous cure of themselves to call and examine the specimens at his rooms before having them taken elsewhere. They do say he can get a better "tetotal" likeness than any other man. Walk up ladies and gentlemen, if you want correct pictures of your phizzes.

A LITTLE TOO EARLY. A gentleman of Albany recently married a woman, reputed to be poor, who turned out to be poor, and some seven hundred dollars in debt, which debt he had to liquidate. She assured him, however, that the debt was contracted for dry goods, which she had bought to captivate him.

A SINGULAR LEGACY. An individual has bequeathed to the Presbyterian church in Hagerstown, Penn., an annual sum of \$800, on the express condition that they will sing only the Psalms of David. Any infraction of which annuls the pension.

AFFECTATIONS AT THE OPERA. A Boston paper shrewdly remarks, that "it is astonishing that people who are so far-sighted as to amass fortunes by selling beef and crockery should be so near-sighted as to require 'opera glasses.'"

The late gates at the South have done immense damage. Key West is very nearly destroyed, and the losses on the sugar and coffee plantations in Cuba, will amount it is thought to some millions.

Galligan's Messenger relates an amusing case of an old woman for whom an expert manufacturer inserted a glass eye in lieu of one she had lost. He had to summon her before the Judge de Paix, when her plea was that the eye was good for nothing, as she could not see with it.

In England the great topic of interest and remark, is the present state of Ireland, which is the scene of famine riots, not produced so much by absolute want, as by a disposition on the part of the murlu to take advantage of the prevailing distress for the furtherance of their own nefarious objects. Riots and loss of life are the constant results.

Ireland is not the only portion of the Queen's realms invaded by famine. In the Highlands of Scotland immense destitution exists, and there, as in Ireland, the poor have been reduced to the sad extremity of existing without the potato.

The Montpensier marriage is consummated. The great object of Louis Philippe's ambition is gratified—a French prince stands on the footsteps of the Spanish throne.

The fears of impending famine, and the state of the grain markets, not only in England but in the neighboring countries, have produced a feeling in favor of throwing open the ports to the admission, duty free, of every description of provision.

Free Trade principles are making more rapid progress than ever, in Europe. A French writer says:

Whatever may be the opinions of your American readers with respect to free-trade, it is certain that they have reason to pray for its adoption in this country; for it is believed that the abolition of the duty on the importation of American cotton, which at present produces between 12,000,000 and 13,000,000 francs, would cause a vast increase in the consumption.

The price of corn is higher in Belgium than in either France or England.

A Free-trade Association, has been lately established here.

Mr. Bancroft and Lady have arrived in London.

Miss Catharine Wilson is an authorized Agent for the Voice of Industry. All money received and receipted by her will be acknowledged.

Miss Hannah C. Tarlton, is agent for the Voice at Milford N. H.

Mr. Hoak French is appointed Agent for the Voice in Lowell and vicinity, and is authorized to receipt for monies received.

NOTICES.

THE WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock P. M.  
W. J. KAUFER, Secy.

The Workingmen's Protective Union, Division No. 4, (Cotton) holds its meetings on Tuesday and Friday evenings, on Pearl, opposite High Street.  
RICHARD A. FLEMING, Secy.

WORKINGMEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 9, holds its meetings on Monday evenings, at No. 8, Bowdoin Hall, Boston.

HERBARD and Wife, AND HOLT, have this notice to give, that all debts owing to them by account from and after the 2d of EDWARD HOLT.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.  
L. DODD is adding a prime assortment of Books and Stationery to his stock of Books and Stationery, and will sell as low as the best at No. 4 Central Building, Nashville, Oct. 2, 1846.

G. E. CHEEVER WATCHDOG AND BELLWELLER. A splendid assortment of fine Jewelry and Fancy Goods very cheap at 112 Merrimack Street—Watches, chains, and all articles of Gold and Silver, repaired in the best manner and warranted. Next the Telegraph office, Lowell, Oct. 2, 1846.

PRIVATE LESSONS.  
THE subscriber has taken a room (No. 7, second floor) at the Bank Building, where he will give instruction in the following: Book-keeping, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Rhetoric, Composition, and other subjects, and also in the French and Italian Languages. Tuition given on Writing, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Rhetoric, Composition, Philology, and various other studies. Call on 2 to 5 P. M. G. H. JACQUES.

N. B. JACQUES & Co. Co's Evening School, is now open at Anti-Slavery Hall, 36 Central Street, (between North and Post Office.) Instructions given in Writing, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Rhetoric, Composition, Philology, and various other studies. Call on 2 to 5 P. M. G. H. JACQUES.

NEWS FROM THE ARMY. We have not received; but we have received this morning, from NEW YORK and 100,000.

15 Cases of New, Rich and Fashionable FEMALE GOODS.

to which we invite the attention of the public, the above complete and unique selections of NEW SILK, SHAWLS, CLOAKING, DRESS GOODS, DRESSINGS, &c. &c.

The following items will convey a slight idea of the many advantages accruing to purchasers at this establishment:  
40 yds. Col'd Alpaca 26 1/2 per yd, worth 62; 50 yds. BIRK Alpaca, Pure Silk Warp, 45c., worth 70; 2 cases Very Rich Calicoes English, 1/2 worth 20; 1 case very excellent styles, 4c., worth 6 1/4; 1 case very excellent French, 5c., worth 8 1/2; 1 case very fine English, 6c., worth 12; 25 1/2 yds. Cashmere, 1/2 worth 12; 1 case Lining Cambrics, best quality 8c., worth 10. Thousands of other Goods equally desirable and equally advantageous.

On opening our splendid Establishment, we claimed the first position in the city. The position has been awarded us by the indisputable verdict of public opinion. We have already been commended by the press of the City for our elegant and well-arranged premises, and our excellent and encouraged by the unqualified approval of popular favor, all our energies will be concentrated to the attainment of the object which we have in view.

"THE GREAT CORNER STORE" has attained, as emphatically, "The Mart for the Million."

One of the first companies attending the Boston Auction, and our system of business is so perfectly organized, as to enable us to submit to our fair patrons, all the goods to be sold, in the most judicious manner, and leave them in the receipt of the proceeds.

THE GREAT CORNER STORE, Corner of Merrimack and N. B. Streets.

PEABODY, HARRIS & DUDLEY, Proprietors, 201.

REMOVAL.

DR. S. F. GLADWIN would inform his patients, and all other persons who may be in want of the services of a Dentist, that he has removed his office to his residence, No. 36, Merrimack street, near door west of D. Fry's confectionery, where he will be happy to attend all who may have occasion for his professional aid, at all hours of the day and evening.

The length of Dr. Gladwin's residence in Lowell, and the long and successful experience he has had in the practice of his profession, are so well known, that it is unnecessary for him to resort to the common practice of puffing. He would therefore, merely state that he is prepared to perform all operations upon the Teeth in the latest and most approved manner. All materials which are used are warranted to be of the best quality, and the work is guaranteed to last as long as the Teeth. He will insert single teeth, or any required number, either on plate or in the gold plate.

Dr. Gladwin has a set of teeth—either with or without artificial gums—which he will warrant to be retained as long as the natural teeth.

ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE ALONE, without either clasps or springs, and to answer all purposes of Mastication.

Any respectable person, who may require it, will be allowed sufficient time to test the quality of the work, and the accuracy of the fit, before payment will be required.

Dr. Gladwin is permitted to receive such as may desire information in regard to this application as a Dentist, to the following persons, who have worn whole sets of Teeth inserted by him, and nearly all retained by atmospheric pressure alone, from four to seven years.

Mr. G. M. Wood, Mrs. C. E. Jones, Mr. J. Pratt, Mr. G. Robinson, Mr. J. H. Gardner, Mr. C. Adams, Mr. J. H. Adams, Mr. C. Clark, Mr. H. H. Waters, Mrs. T. M. Wood, Mr. S. W. Baker, Mr. T. Sanborn, Mr. J. H. Robinson, Mr. C. F. Leighton.

Prices for work will be as low as the prices of any regular Dentist in this city or Boston.

Lowell, Aug. 21, 1846.

