

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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"Hearken to me, I also will show mine opinion."

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POETRY.

For the Voice of Industry.
AN ACROSTIC.

Voice to voice the echo hearest,

O'er mountain, plain, and plain;

The gentle tones a joy speak;

Gaily of freedom's reign—

E'en now the day is dawning—

O'precession song of honest toil,

F'rosons song shall be your song;

To notes of life, how gladness

N'ever more be born along;

E'nd pain let them even—

U'st let the wretched be;

S'cific discord send away;

T'rust in God, He'll a'ction free;

R'aise thus brothers—now, to-day;

Y'are Miss, then why delay?

Twice Isabel essayed to speak, but no words came from those white lips. She put her hand up as if to loosen something from her throat, but it was a keen emotion that seemed strangling her, not the light chain of gold that hung loosely from that slender neck. As the quivering hand fell again, Park Oram grasped it convulsively in his and repeated the question.

"Isabel George," answered him then, "It is true, I love you no longer!"

As she uttered the falsehood; Isabel felt her head reel, and the heart within her bosom trembled like a wounded bird.

The vice-like grasp that had impeded her finger gave way; another word was spoken, and the miserable girl stood gasping for breath and clutching wildly to the pash, that he might not see her fall to the earth. She knew how wretched she was. She watched him as he limped up the garden path. She saw him turn at corner of the rude old dwelling that seemed home to her no longer, when the sound of a gate, clashing with a harsh noise, jaxed on her ear, and she sank slowly to the ground, sprawling upward, and trying to regain her hold on the tree, till her face fell forward cold and white upon the wet grass.

There was a shadow, that of a young girl moving toward her before the gable window of that old dwelling, and the thirty honeysuckles, that wave and twisted itself on the porch and around the projecting eaves twinkled in its dew that brightened up for yards around as the sash was flung open and a lamp held fort into the still bright.

That was beautiful face which looked forth through the dusky blossoms and wet leaves of the old vine—beautiful but anxious—and there was something lurking in those light blue eyes, and expression about the soft red mouth which would have struck a beholder unpleasantly; thought he might not have known the exact cause of his sensations.

Still, as she bent forward through that painted window, with the sleeve of her white dress falling back from a snowy and rounded arm which took the strong sunlight like a limb of marble—with that comb'd hair ground and her soft alabaster ringlets catching the golden rays—an artist would have forgotten that slightly unpleasing expression, which, after all, might not have been observed by me searching only for personal loveliness.

After a moment the lamp was taken in. A muslin curtain crossed like a snow wreath over the window; the chamber door opened and the light glowed now through one window and again through another, as it was carried down stairs through a door and out into the vine-laden porch.

"I am sure I heard the gate close half an hour ago," murmured Elsie Ward, placing the luminous wooden seat near the balcony of the front of the building, and footsteps crossing up from the garden; his footsteps, I could not mistake them. Why, where can he be gone? Where is she? together! Good heavens they have not, explained she, would not tell him. It is impossible! they cannot have gone away together!

Elsie Ward started hurriedly to fro and portico, as she uttered these broken exclamations. Then, springing down to the rugged stepping stone which led into the garden, she turned her face eagerly, first on one side and then on another, as if searching for some one amid the fast damp shrubbery now but dimly lighted by the waning moon. No sound disturbed the sweet repose of the garden.

Nothing but the leaves shining in the dew, patches of sunlight and dense shadows blending together, met the eye of that anxious girl.

She hurried back into the porch, and seized the lamp which flared in the wind, but still was powerful enough to reveal the startled expression of the young creature, who in shadowing it with one hand, threw the whole weight of the blaze on her workings, and now pale features.

She hurried down the principle walk, passing hurriedly amid the shrubbery on either side and regarding the dew which rainedoyer her muslin dress as she brushed by the flowing branches.

"They went this way, I am certain of it," she murmured, while her soft eyes kindled with keen excitement beneath the concentric folds of the lamp. "Somewhere hereabouts she must be dead or alive." "Yes, yes," she faltered, and a gleam of exultation shot over her features ("now! think of it, he walked so fast—he almost ran"), she could not have been thinking of her while dress?"

She sprang forward, her hand fell from before the lamp, its light flamed over the cluster of right-leafed berries, with which the trees, there were covered, an instant and was extinguished.

"Let us understand each other," he said. "You wish to break the engagement that has existed between us two years."

"Yes," said Isabel, and how her voice sank almost to a whisper; yes.

"And you love me no longer?"

There was a moment of silence.

trembling hand beneath the forehead, and it went to another room. In about an hour she came forth again, pale as death, but mournful as death.

"Isabel, speak—you are ill?" said Elsie calmly. Elsie was at her toilet, turning the rings of her auburn hair around her fingers.

Again Elsie spoke, and her voice was still rendered almost harsh with contending feelings.

"Tell me what has happened," she said. Is Isabel gone?" I thought you had more pride, Isabel George."

"Pride—what has pride to do with affection?" murmured Isabel, sitting up fully, and making an effort to sweep back the damp hair that had fallen over her face. "I am not proud, for I must always love him—always."

Again Elsie spoke, and her voice was still rendered almost harsh with contending feelings.

"I hope you are better this morning, dear Isabel," she said, with a graceful bend of the neck, which was a little paler than usual.

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Isabel approached, and, resting her hand on the toilet, lifted her eyes to the lovely face of her rival. She too, was beautiful, and both reflected in the mirror—Isabel with her pallid face, and those dim shadows giving her eyes an intensely mournful expression, her garments damp with night dew, and her rich golden hair gathered in disheveled waves back from her temples—and Elsie, with bloom on her cheek and lip coqueting gracefully with her ringlets. It was a painful contrast; painful it was to know that the pure of heart, the creature of deep, passionate and lofty feeling should become yielding to that other being who had just intellect enough for success.

"Perhaps I have," replied Isabel, with a wan smile; "oh, yes, perhaps I have, but do not mind what I am saying—of course, you know, there must be a little feeling in such matters, but it is all over now."

"It is, all over them," said Elsie, in a voice with a look where joy spoke forth in spite of herself.

"Yes, yes," replied Isabel, almost wildly; "come, let us go to the house," and with a desperate effort, the poor girl arose to her feet and staggered out from beneath those trees that witnessed the outbreaking of her heart.

Elsie Ward followed her victim, and, winding an arm around her waist, supported her up the walk. Twice she attempted to speak, but the words died on her lips.

"You did not tell him?" she said at last.

"No, I told him nothing, was the quick reply.

"Nor even hinted you were conscious of his love for me?"

"Why ask these questions? You had my promise," said Isabel, still more impatiently than before.

"Yes, yes, I know, but did he not demand some explanation?"

"I do not know. You had my promise, I have kept it, how I can scarce tell, but my conscience is clear—good night!" and, weaving her fingers convulsively together, Isabel began to pace up and down the portico.

"Will you not come with me and try to sleep some?" You were awake all last night and the night before that. Come, I shall be very unhappy if you take this to heart so deeply."

"You unhappy?" repeated poor Isabel, shaking her head with a mournful smile.

"Have you not told me that he loves you?"

Elsie had opened the door, and was busy reclining her long lanky one which stood upon a table in the passage.

"Yes, he," she said, approaching Isabel once again, by whom that unhappy girl turned her face to the light, her destroyer drew back and hesitated; there was something so heart-striking, so utterly hopeless, in the expression of those beautiful features, that she could not on.

"Take the light away," said Isabel, passing her hand feebly across her eyes. "Go to your room, I scarcely know—I will follow you."

"Well," said Elsie, "perhaps you will be better after a few minutes' solitude. Good-night—good-night."

With these words Elsie turned away and went up stairs. She entered the pretty sleeping bower, which, three weeks before, her friend and school companion had decorated for her accommodation. She set her lamp on the snow-white toilet, took a little ruby pin from the full of muslin that had gathered over her bosom, and thrust it slowly into the heart of a silken rose-and-gold which glistened on the cushion reflected in the glass. The bed was a little unsteady but strong, of cedar wood, and was deeply into that sound check all the while she prepared herself for rest. "She will take it hard at first, but these things do not last," she murmured, while her head sank to the frilled pillow. But the quick footstep of Isabel George, as she paced the portico, and for a little time they disturbed the repose that was stealing over the eyelids of her guest. She lifted her head and listened a moment, then hastening down again her little hand crept itself softly between the pillow and her cheek, and murmuring "all is fair in love," she sunk to sleep.

All that night Isabel walked back and forth in the portico of her dwelling, and when the morning dawned, when the old vine overhead began to twinkle and shake off its perfume in the beautiful light, she went up stairs and entered the room of her guest. She was sound asleep, and smiling like a child in its dreams.

"How happy she is!" murmured poor Isabel, and closing the door softly after her, she

course I am glad to stay here always; it would have been a sad thing to move away from the old place."

So the old lady soon learned to forget that such an event as her granddaughter's engagement had ever existed; and though Isabel grew pale and thin, and a look of habitual suffering hung forever on that beautiful forehead the eyes of the old lady were getting dim with age, and she never saw that anything was amiss with her darling.

"What is this, granddaughter?" asked Mrs. George, taking off her gold spectacles and laying her hand on the morning paper, which had just reached them from the city. "Did you know that Park Oran thought of marrying that little Ware girl that visited here last summer? See here! they were married at the Ascension Church last Tuesday—why it is but two months since they were both in this house, and he preparing to go."

"Let me see the paper, grandmother," said Isabel, rising from her chair and taking the sheet. "How white she was—how her deep blue eyes glittered—those fingers clasped the paper firmly; but it rattled in her grasp, for she trembled not in the blind alone, but through her whole frame. It was well that the old lady had taken off her glasses and that her hearing was not over keen, for it would have broken her kind heart had she known the truth."

"Poor Isabel! like a wounded hart left to suffer in its lair for the approach of the hunters again; with the arrow in her side she must yet bound on, and on that people need not guess how deep her hurt had been. Men talk of self-control, of courage and firmness of suffering and fortitude! Great indeed there was more firmness, more terrible self-command in the heart of Isabel George when she gathered up her strength and went to that sumptuous dwelling to greet the bride of her own husband; for, in the sight of God, Henry, he was her husband! a promise was registered there which no after power could annul there was more of that courage which carried the martyr to the stake than man ever dreamt of."

But she did—not smiling, and with a falsehood of seeming joy in her face, but she flushed the color of her heart and entered the dwelling which should have been hers with a degree of calm dignity which those who have learned to suffer alone can attain."

Oram was very wealthy, and his country seat one of the most magnificent on the Hudson; for miles the river might be seen from the front entrance, winding majestically onward through the embrace of its broken and picturesque banks; a beautiful town lay hemmed in the hills on the opposite shore, and the highly ornamented grounds which lay opposite the house sloped gently to the water in a thousand flowery undulations; down in a hollow, some half a mile distant, stood the old stone cottage of Mrs. George, half submerged in verdure and forming one of the most picturesque objects in the surrounding scenery.

Carriges were at the door, for their bride was at home to callers that morning, and Isabel entered a drawing-room where a dozen guests were already paying their congratulations to Elsie Oram. She was indeed pale, but the light which filled the room was richly mingled by the windows of stained glass through which it fell, and all were busy with themselves to observe how handsomely dressed.

Gracefully and with a soft pressure of the hand, Elsie Oram received the being who had crushed her manners had become more independently refined, and there was a softness in her tones which does not always spring from a pure or deep feeling—still she was beautiful, the tinted light fell over the azure couch on which she sat, her splendid tresses and the morning robe of India muslin which formed her simple attire, with a kind of puritan shadow which sometimes gives tone to a picture.

Oram was moving among his guests excited and apparently very happy. But, when he saw Isabel, the laughings on his lips and a sudden change swept over his features. He approached her, however, and, while she spoke to his bride, seemed listening keenly, though his eyes were dimly visible to his falsehood—as many torches to light up the dark planks of his soul. It was this thought which caused the little smile which sprung to the lips of Isabel George.

The next morning, Elsie Ware returned to New York, and Isabel remained at that shady old country place alone, with her widowed grandmother, and when that mother questioned her about her son's sudden departure for the city, she answered quietly that their engagement was broken off, and it would be soon time probably before Park returned to the magnificent home which was almost ready for her reception as a bride. When the nervous old lady seemed disposed to question her beloved, Isabel begged her to desist. "Do not blame me, my dear grandmother," she would say. "It was I that broke the engagement—You are not anxious to part with me. Only think how hard it would have been to leave the dear old place. You never would have been contented in those granite walls and among so many new-fashioned fancies. Only think how you would have missed the old holly-suckle and the linniting birds that swarmed about it in the summer time. Such things do you grow in a year?"

"Very true," the good old lady would reply, leaning back in her great easy-chair. "Very true, my dear, and if you did not live here, I

and the bitter sorrows humbled her spirit to the dust."

She never went to that house again—the first was too dreadful. Elsie had kept her card, and sent constantly to inquire after the health of her former friends but of Oran poor Isabel heard nothing. She knew that he

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at home and very gay; for sometimes she would see his carriage sweeping round the hill before which his dwelling stood, from his window; but at least winter came on—the melancholy pair went down to the sick for that season and the poor girl was left alone with her broken heart—broken and yet not broken. The spring came again, with violet and wild thorn blossoms, and their sweet breath brought comfort to the weary spirit of Isabel. She was still feeble, and could not rest at night—so, in the evening, when all was hushed and quiet, she loved to go forth into the wilderness of a garden. It was soothing to hear the greater swaying onward with a perpetual motion to the sea, and the wild flowers gave out their breath most lavishly when the dew was in their leaves. But, above all, she had been there; he had told her of his love in that old garden; and in the bright time it seemed as if the bond which had registered that love in Heaven was perfect as it had ever been. It was a weakness in the sweet Isabel; but the female heart is helpless in its affections, and sometimes even its faults are beautiful.

One night, it was in the pleasant May time the sun was full of flowers and the thickets all in blossom. Isabel was very restless that evening, and she went forth first into the portico, where the old juncos were putting forth their leaves, and then down into the garden—through the shrubbery till she reached the clump of ash trees close by the river. The gable window of her little sleeping room could be seen from that spot—she had been sitting by the openash a long time, and left a lamp burning on the toilet when she stole forth to ponder in the garden—alone like a star through the masses of foliage that crept around the gable, and lighted up the lonesome but luxuriant scene.

A man stood beneath the ash trees, with folded arms, gazing upon the light. He would have fled when Isabel gazed beneath the boughs; but she had seen him, and, with a faint cry, turned to retrieve her steps—for she knew it was Oram, though his person was in darkness—but surprised, terror and joy clasped her limbs, and she had not power to move; though he had taken her hand and was speaking to her in that old familiar voice:

"There is no reason why you should be terrified," he said. "I have just come up from the city, and knowing that you have been ill, I have returned that I should be here. You have returned my love, but these are times when memory of the past is strong within me and will not be resisted."

"Are you also unhappy?" said Isabel, in low voice. "I thought that to love and be loved was the greatest—the one thing without which the heart pines to death!"

Oram shook his head. "Oh, Isabel!" he exclaimed, with sudden passion, "why did you cast me from you? Why fling me out upon the world to crush my sorrows as I might in the whirl of society? Why teach me how precious the love of noble heart may be, and then in one moment deprive that which had become my life? What, had I done that you could thus pounce upon such joys as mine to the wind?"

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"What have you done?" repeated Isabel. "Did you not love another—did you not wish to break the bonds that had given you joy?"

"No, Isabel, I did not love another! Girl—girl!" they were words rolled my heart like threads of gold. "Thank God, I can never suffer as I suffered that night when you told me that you were changed. Oh, Isabel, how I did love you!"

"And you did not love Elsie Ware, then?" said Isabel, almost wildly.

"No, not then!" replied Oram, firmly; "never."

"Yet you married her!"

"I was alone—sent forth to seek happiness where I might. I was anxious; but I wished to avenge myself on your pride, I wished—in short, I was, I wished, and resolute to fling off the happiness which was torturing me—I was thrown into my society; to me she was always gentle, kind, and full of sympathy for my sufferings—I saw that she was attached to me, and married her."

"But do you love her?" How wild, how full of anxious and thrilling doubt was the face of Isabel George as she asked this question!

"Do not ask me," said Oram, with a slight smile, "am I not here?"

"God forgive me this joy!" exclaimed Isabel, and covering her face with both hands she burst into a passion of tears.

"Isabel—Isabel what does this mean?"

"Do not tempt me—do not urge me now! I am not myself—I am very weak—no, I can say nothing, she is your wife, God help me, God help us both!" And with these wild words the poor girl dashed toward the house, as if fleeing from an enemy; and so she was, poor thing, for the temptations of one's own creation are the worst of enemies. Two years went by, and Isabel George stood once more beneath the roof of her former lover. Oh! it was a gloomy contrast to the wedding vision. (Gloomy, but not so painful to the poor girl who fed those sumptuous feasts like a troubled spirit. No gracefu-

compliments or caresses greeting met her ear then. A mournful twilight slept over everywhere on which his dwelling stood, from his window; but at least winter came on—the melancholy pair went down to the sick for that season and the poor girl was left alone with her broken heart—broken and yet not broken. The spring came again, with violet and wild thorn blossoms, and their sweet breath brought comfort to the weary spirit of Isabel. She was still feeble, and could not rest at night—so, in the evening, when all was hushed and quiet, she loved to go forth into the wilderness of a garden. It was soothing to hear the greater swaying onward with a perpetual motion to the sea, and the wild flowers gave out their breath most lavishly when the dew was in their leaves. But, above all, she had been there; he had told her of his love in that old garden; and in the bright time it seemed as if the bond which had registered that love in Heaven was perfect as it had ever been. It was a weakness in the sweet Isabel; but the female heart is helpless in its affections, and sometimes even its faults are beautiful.

Slowly and with a troubled step Isabel mounted the stairs. Her heart beat heavily, and her limbs shook; but her face though white was very calm. Every step brought her nearer the death-chamber; still her face was calm, as I said; for years of stern self-control had given to that feeble being a strength which nerves the spirit for heaven. "Is she not gone?" murmured the sick man, turning his head feebly on the pillow. "Is she not come?"

He turned his eyes languidly to the place where his wife had been standing, and in her stead was Isabel George, pale and breathless, gazing upon him; a smile—one of those beautiful, mournful smiles that sometimes light the faces of the dying; broke over her lips; and now a change over her; she was but a woman, and her heart broke loose in tears.

"Isabel, my poor Isabel, we have both suffered," murmured the dying man.

"I have shown him only with her tears."

"And now?" he added, with more strength than seemed possible in one so completely exhausted with disease, "now, when I am dying, you will not refuse to tell me that which I have pleased to learn, so often in vain—Why was it, and who was the person that induced you to cast me from you?"

"A quick, gasping sob broke from one of the muffled windows, where Elsie had withdrawn at the approach of her friend; she sprang forward with an impetuosity that sent the damask curtains flying into the room, and flooded her figure with sudden light. There she stood between the window and the bed, in her loose and neglected morning dress, with her trembling hands clasped before her, looking pleadingly at Isabel—eager and suppliant, like a criminal before his judge; and there stood Isabel with that cold, hard, in her, bending gently that she might hear the words of the dying. She turned her eyes on the agitated figure opposite, and an expression almost of pity came to her eyes. The window dropt again, but hardly settled in its place, enveloping the cringing figure of Elsie once more in comparative gloom, when the dying man repeated his question.

"Not her!" said Isabel, in a sweet low voice. "Not her; a little time, and we shall meet again where all secrets are made known."

"It is but a short time I can wait," murmured the dying man; "and how do not leave me, Isabel; do not leave me!" and with a convulsive grasp he retained the hand which Isabel was gently striving to draw from him, for she had tottered around the bed, and the noble girl would have surrendered her life, by the dying man to his guilty but suffering wife. Elsie saw the eager clutch with which her husband held the fingers of her rival, and sunk to her knees with the hot, sobbing abode.

"Eh, Elsie, hush!" muttered the dying man; "do not weep; you have been kind and gentle; we shall all meet again where truth has its reward."

The wretched woman writhed upon her knees, and sobbed more bitterly than ever. Isabel bit her head, and, while tears dropped slowly from her eyes, prayed for the departing soul. It was a touching picture of truth in its dignity and falsehood suffering the first touch of remorse. And now Isabel saw the gray shadows of death stealing slowly around the eyes still turned upon her; up, it crept over the broad forehead which her lips had pressed so often. The breath was snatched upon her lips; the tears no longer filled her eyes; and a smile dawned softly on her face as she lay the life ebbing away. At last, when his fingers released their grasp, she bent down and kissed that lifeless forehead again and again around her bosom the dead, and unstrung strange, fond looks, like a wife whose husband had just returned to her after a long and perilous voyage.

This wild burst of feeling availed Elsie from her crouching position by the bed; she arose, and would have forced her way to the corpus, but with one arm around the dead, she lifted her face from the bosom where it had rested, and put the wife gently back with her hands.

"I'm now, now, now, Elsie Ware; he is mine, mine, mine. The law gave him to you living; but laws do not reach; him here—in death he is mine, mine, forever and ever!"

Elsie still struggled to approach the pillow where that pale head was resting.

"Would you keep the wife from her husband?" she exclaimed, and, with a groan, gave forward with the impetuosity of a still unspent spirit.

"This is your husband no longer," replied Isabel, lifting the pale forehead tenderly to her bosom, and turning her pale face full upon that of his companion; yet speaking in a general tone. "There was a vow in heaven before me made one to you—a holy vow, which God alone will recognize! I respected you earnestly right while he lived; now—Elsie

Ware, I reclaim my own. My place is close by the dead; my honored being shall come between my heart, and his, now that it has ceased to beat."

Still Elsie pressed forward. Isabel lifted the marble head from her bosom, and laid it softly on the pillow.

"Elsie Ware," she said, in a low solemn voice, "I will oppose you to no end; but when you approach the dead, remember this: that by this time he is acquainted with the falsehood which placed you in his bosom!"

Elsie shrunk back and fell croaking to her knees again; the dead was free to her approach, but she dared not touch her false lips to the forehead that had been followed upon her heart so often in life. While the sound of her convulsive weeping filled the room, Isabel sat softly over the belated clay, again with her shivering fingers she put back the sharp curl from the marble forehead, bent her cheek to it and muttered tender words, as mother do over their sleeping infants. A blessed calm lay upon her heart—a sweet, tranquil grief from which all bitterness was swept away—and thus it was in the presence of the dead that Truth and Falsehood were revealed.

Selton has Boston been visited with such a Phalanx of talent, moral courage, and true greatness, as convened that city on an anniversary week? The elements are truly in motion which are destined to work out a greater moral, physical and mental revolution than the world ever conceived of.

The strong band of Abolitionists—in both name and deed—of N. England, are making visible incroaches upon the foul and hideous curse of black slavery; and showing up its apologists and supporters in their true light, before which they are shrinking back, clasping the "darling child" with a demon's love—calling upon the shades of past, and the political, social and ecclesiastical dogmas of the present for protection.

Our Temperance reformers are on the alert, in showing the causes of dissipation; rescuing the fallen victims and slaves of Alcohol—and bringing joy and hope to the drunkards once dedicated home.

The Workingmen have put on the whole armor, and entered the field of action—combating the powers of wealth, as well as black slavery—slavery of avarice, want, half paid and oppressive toll; which is fast making us a nation of scabs, and transmitting to posterity a beggar's inheritance.

That inhuman rule of barbarism—the Gallows, is fast crumbling away before the reforming light of true Christianity, which begins to heat in upon the understanding of our people.

Our Fourier friends also, are fast progressing and perfecting their system of social and natural arrangement which will insure a lasting blessing to mankind.

God speed these noble reforms which are working out the salvation of our race—bring the "friend of life" and opening the fountain of health to the thirsty, panting, huked-out souls of men.

They are all acting together in harmony, and will usher in a day of peaceful industry, and happiness to our degenerate world—a day when the gallows shall be exchanged for the platform of christian intelligence, and the halter for the golden chain of pure friendship when oppression shall flee away, and the prison house be turned into the abode of liberty and contentment. What true Christian and philanthropist can refuse to co-operate with us?

We cannot but feel gratified and encouraged, as our exchanges continue to come in at the degree of approbation manifested by our brethren of the press, in behalf of our humble enterprise, through the efforts of the Workingmen of Fitchburg.

We have now upon our list of exchanges some of the most valuable and talented publications of the country.

The N. Y. Tribune is before us, a beautiful semi-monthly. This is unexpected to us, and though we do not fellowship the party of which it professes to be the origin, yet we value the liberality and manliness which ever characterized its course.

As we listened to the sound and logical remarks of its talented editor, two weeks ago, in Marbury's Chapel, before the Convention for the abolition of the gallows—we saw in him frank and open countenances that dispelled which is not regardless of seemingly small things, or unmindful of weak voices, and something was inspired us to "exchange."

The Olive Branch, Portland Transcript, Western Literary Messenger, and many others will accept Workingmen's thanks for their kind regards.

Brothers, let us go on and act worthy the confidence thus reposed in us.

Wm. C. Goldsmith, tried at the Supreme Judicial Court, now in session at Lowell, for the murder of Geo. W. Hildreth, was sentenced to three days solitary confinement, and seven years in the State Prison. *And yet there is no need of improvement in this wretched state of society!*

A DANCER.—Our citizens are getting up a sparkling apparatus for laying the dust in our streets. This looks rather anti-baptist.

We hope soon to have a sparkling of God's truth to lay some of the dust of error that daily fills the eyes of this people.

"In Jn Operative.—Last evening a female about 45 years of age came into our office to purchase a paper. She informed us that she had been an operative in the Lowell mills, nineteen years, and that her health had been good all the time. She said, "my health is better now than it was when I first began to work in the mill." She had during the time saved about \$2000, which she had safely invested, we think, in the purchase of a farm; and beside her and given, her parents, who were poor \$1100. She had been married and had one son, who was now absent, her name was Mrs. Clark. She has worked several years in the Lowell mills, and is now about to commence work on the Massachusetts. Her industry, economy and contentment deserve the highest eulogies.

*Local Courts.—The editor of the Lowell Courier has found a female factory operator who, by taking a slave, and denying herself the common comforts of life, for nineteen years, has paid off money enough to buy a farm, and set her continuall to work in the mill. We have heard of prisoners who had been so long deprived of the blessings of light and liberty that they preferred to continue confined the remainder of their days.—*Bell.**

Editor.—And this said Editor is the tool used by the Lowell Corporation to the Mass. State Legislature to uphold and foster those rotten institutions of black slavery; and showing up these apologetics and supports in their true light, before which they are shrinking back, clasping the "darling child" with a demon's love—calling upon the shades of past, and the political, social and ecclesiastical dogmas of the present for protection.

Our Temperance reformers are on the alert, in showing the causes of dissipation; rescuing the fallen victims and slaves of Alcohol—and bringing joy and hope to the drunkards once dedicated home.

The Workingmen have put on the whole armor, and entered the field of action—combating the powers of wealth, as well as black slavery—slavery of avarice, want, half paid and oppressive toll; which is fast making us a nation of scabs, and transmitting to posterity a beggar's inheritance.

*Such a man is willing to sacrifice the best interests of our people by defending and perpetuating a heartless system of manufacture, that is filling up the coffers of a few merchants and speculators, and is reducing the working people of this country to the same deplorable condition as those of Old England. Has he got brothers and sisters? If so, why don't he encourage them to go into these money-making and health-preserving hospitals, and spend "nineteen" or twenty of the best years of their lives—*save \$2000 and improve their health!**

*The Voice of Industry is the appropriate title of a new paper, published by an Association of Working Men (W. F. Young, editor,) at Fitchburg, Mass. The professed object of the paper is like that of half a dozen others that have risen and fallen within the past year, to redress the wrongs of the tailors. For the sake of humanity let it not, by tampering merely with trivial effects, disappoint the expectations, and discourage the energies, of those whom it aims to relieve. The Evils of Evil has been discovered, and whenever pretends to step forth as a people's champion, should be restricted to grasping mainly with that sink, or swim.—*Young America.**

"Let our Voice be hushed, and our courage leave to our mouth, should we find in any just cause,

FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NEW ENGLAND WORKMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The first meeting of the N. E. Workingmen's Association was convened at Boston, on Wednesday the 25th ult. In consequence of the discontinuance of the N. E. Mechanic, a few weeks since, which was the organ of the Association, sufficient notice of the meeting and of the Convocation had not been given to all the County Associations eligible to send delegates. Consequently there was not so full an attendance as we could have wished. But still there was a fair representation of the laboring classes, and a spirit of energy and advancement was plainly visible.

The President, Mr. Hykenan, opening his seat, made an eloquent and energetic appeal to the members encouraging them to a more faithful discharge of their duties as workingmen. Considerable time was consumed in transacting business, incident to the Convocation.

A Committee of one from each association represented was then appointed to nominate a list of officers for the ensuing year, and to report such business as they might think proper. J. L. Lewis, Lydia S. Bayley, Sarah S. Bayley, and J. B. Leavitt, Lowly, Ruby C. Hatch, and John Hull, River, Charles A. Diana, Wm. D. Leavitt, A. Brishaw, N. York; Wm. D. Leavitt, Wm. J. Pender, S. Boston; Henry Sives, North Cheverell; and Edward Tuckett, w. Boston, Committee.

Some discussion was had as to the propriety of admitting persons to take a part in the business of the convention who are not members. The following rule was finally adopted:

"All those interested in the elevation of the Producing Classes, and Industrial Reform, and the extirpation of Slavery and Servitude in all their forms are invited to participate in the deliberations of the Convention."

