

# VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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## SELECTED TALES.

From the Columbia Magazine.

THE BANK NOTE.

FANNY FORESTER.

A pink bargee with tucks—or a flounce—  
no! I like tucks better—let me think how many! Half a dozen little ones look fixed up—one deep one, doubling the whole skirt, is  
very suitable for mamma, but it would be  
rather too heavy, too dignified for me—then  
of moderate size—O they are so common!  
Not matter! But I will have the dress, at  
any rate, and it shall be pink—just the palest  
and most delicate in the world—but pink  
shall be because of my dark eyes and hair and  
for complexion!

So soliloquized poor Rosa Warner, a good  
natured, thoughtless miss of some thirteen  
summers, whose only troublous reflection was  
revered by the distance of bright sixteen;  
when her mother had promised she should  
be allowed to abolish short dresses, and gather  
up her Jetty curls into a comb. And this  
would indeed be quite an ending to the life of the  
litle lady, for she had no such pretensions to  
beauty; and was, moreover, the only child of  
a wealthy father and a very fashionable moth-  
er! Oh! what visions she had of belle-dom to  
come!

"Yes, I will have the pink bargee," repeat-  
ed Miss Rosa; and taking another peep at  
the mirror, to see that her dress would fully bear  
the scrutiny of her mother's critical eye, she  
turned gaily down stairs, reached the landing  
with a light bound, and then, smoothing her  
features and her hair at the same time, placed  
her hand more demurely on the knob of the  
breakfast-room door. Her mother was there  
when her, and Rosa heard her say as she entered—  
"I have no occasion for employing a  
tailor."

These words were addressed to a girl, thin  
and who stood just inside the door, with head  
bent down, and the fingers of her injured  
hand trembling on the back of a chair before  
her:

"Perhaps you returned the girl, half-hesitating—  
perhaps you employ need work less  
than I?"

"I doubt it," returned Mrs. Warner; "a  
seamstress always needs work; and those  
whom I have tried, and know to be deserving,  
I esteem it my duty to give them preference."—  
This was enough to be done; and no one who can use the needle skillfully need long  
go a begging for work!"

A sensation of choking seemed strung tight  
in the throat of the girl, and her fingers now  
clutched convulsively at the chair.

"I hope you may succeed in obtaining em-  
ployment," observed Mrs. Warner, consol-  
ing—but really?

"If you would try me lady!" sobbed the  
girl. "We are very poor—God knows it; and  
she stammered, "and my poor  
mother!"

Mrs. Warner did not hear the last words,  
for Rosa, notwithstanding her habitual fears of  
her mother, had glided up to her, and whined  
that Mary Jones could not come for a  
week at least; and Alice Weaver passed  
so recently in a fortnight?" This information  
induced Mrs. Warner to look again at  
the girl who stood trembling before her.

"Your name I think you gave as Ellen  
Vaughn?"

"Yes, ma'am?"

"And you live on—street?"

"We live there now."

"Can you make dresses?"

"Not well—I should not like to try."

"What can you do?"

"Almost every kind of needle-work—fancy  
plains."

"Embroidery?" asked Mrs. Warner, with  
an indrawn smile.

"Yes, ma'am?"

"And can you do nothing with dresses?"

"Not nice ones."

"Could you put together a morning gown  
if it was fitted?"

"Oh yes!"

"And make school-dresses for my daughter?"

"I have done it for others."

"For whom have you worked?"

"For no one in New York, lady."

We left her quiet time here, and immediately every

a country village a few weeks ago, thinking

she should do better here; but it was all a mistake. There is a great deal of work in the city, I say, but there are so many hands to do it. 'Oh I am very sorry we came!' sighed Ellen Vaughn, shaking her head slowly.

"It's a common mistake," observed Mrs. Warner; "people seldom let well alone."

The girl opened her lips as if to reply, but was checked by a "second thought." Mrs. Warner seemed considering the subject a moment, and finally she decided, "I will entreat you to-day, at least, Rosa, show Miss Vaughn the back sitting-room, and give her the skirt of your muslin dress—I will see her before I go."

Rosa obeyed, and the girl turning back and hesitating for a moment, as though there had been something more she would have asked if she'd dared, slowly followed.

Mrs. Warner, as we have before said, was a very fashionable lady, yet she possessed more real feeling, more heart, and soul, if one could only find the way to it, than would serve a whole clique of the ordinary stamp of fashionables. But there was one marked peculiarity about Mrs. Warner's feeling—it was not only capricious, but it could not be led. She was quick and ardent of tact to her own impulses, but where others felt the most deeply, she manifested it strange obtuseness; and when she had reason to believe that people thought she might be affected, she was cold and calm as a winter moonlight. Yet but few persons could have had the hardihood to say that Mrs. Warner was whimsical. She was so evidently governed even in her executives by high and moral principle; there was so much that was noble and generous in her nature; and her personal presence was so imposing, that between her pride and her finer qualities, she was generally too much feared and loyed to be considered a proper object for the discussion of a gossip. Mrs. Warner owned her entire amount of peculiarities to a strong will that had never been checked, and a full consciousness of her own powers both natural and social, slightly modified by conventionalism, and rendered perfect by occasional visitations of worldly wisdom.

A more impulsive creature than she was in childhood never existed; but, on juggling with the world it had been her misfortune to meet with inspiration other than gratitude; it was thus that she had learned a kind of suspicion which frequently made her unhappy, and it was not unusual for her to say and do things, words of the most frank-headedness, which her family should have been, but unadvisable; and another Rosa, nor the two cousins dwelling under the roof with her, thought it by no means a minor trait to encounter her frown. And, if truth must be told, it was no pleasant thought to Mr. Warner that he had incurred his lady's displeasure. To be sure she was no virgin; she never raised her voice high, nor did she ever murmur or chide him. These are the results of weakness. But there was something in the fiery flash of that big black eye—in the curl of the short upper lip—in the deliberate straightening up of the fine Grecian figure—and the biting sarcasm of the single sentence (she never deigned to utter more) dropping with such bitterness from lips that could spike steel sweetly, which any man would gladly avoid.

Rosa Warner accompanied the seamstress to the room designated, without speaking a word; for her gravity felt rebuked in the presence of sorrow, and the easy, merry-hearted girl grew timid and thoughtful. She took with every gentle hand the girl's bonnet and adjusted the easiest chair, and brought an ottoman for her feet; and then she adjusted the shutters with unusual care, and looked about to see that the room was pleasant as well as comfortable, before she brought the work directed by her mother.

"You will find the sewing very light, Miss Vaughn," she said, kindly on presenting a work; "and you need make no haste; it will be a good many days before I need the dress." And, without waiting a reply, she slipped out of the room, and made her way down to the breakfast-table.

"Poor girl!" thought Rosa Warner, as she went; "she must be unhappy. Her eyes look as though she had cried a week—I never could bear tears—they make a simpleton of me—Dear Lord! how I should hate to be a sewing girl—particularly for a woman—her eyes would scare me out of doing everything wrong. What fine eyes mamma has, thought I. I hope she will be like them—they are always so dark, though they are not blue. That is what I think. Cousin Will called her a complete Zephina—That I should tell Will know what I do! I despise her. There is no use at all in studying history at school—one never knows anything about it."

Rosa had proceeded so far in her soliloquy, when the thought of the pink bargee entered

her quiet time here, and immediately every

other thought left it. She even forgot to say

good-morning to her father and cousins—a neglect of proper etiquette for which she was duly reproved.

Mrs. Warner was not in a very good humor this mornin'; a state of feeling to which the information that had induced her to engage the seamstress contributed not a little; for it annoyed her exceedingly to find that Mary Jones and Alice Weaver had presumed to exhibit so much independence. What right had Mary Jones to engage work of other people until quite sure, that Mrs. Warner did not want her, when she owned the ability to obtain employment at all, to the lady's influence? And what right had Alice Weaver to be married just as she had learned to support herself handsomely? She would, with out doubt, tie herself to some miserable fellow who could not take care of himself; and, then, would come the old story of a suffering family. It was vexatious that people whom Mrs. Warner had obliged would not submit themselves entirely to her guidance—consent to become automata in her hands, and find their happiness in the pinpoints which she decided ought to make them happy! It was this perverse ness, which now and then exhibits itself in spite of the general similes enjoyed by Mrs. Warner, that had this evening vexed and annoyed her; and a great share of this vexation was likely to fall on the head of the new seamstress, for the reason that the old ones had, in the lady's view of the subject, exhibited a strange lack of gratitude. In short, Mrs. Warner had dommed a fit of worldly wisdom, and poor Ellen Vaughn would, in all probability, suffer from it.

Full of the pink bargee, as soon as breath was over her Rosa had a long and confidential communication with her father; and, though he rallied her a little on her extravagance, and played off for the sake of listening to her pretty arguments, he at last put the money into her hand, and referred her to her mother. This was much the most delicate part of the negotiation; for though Rosa was seldom denied a gratification of this character, and felt now pretty confident as to the result, yet she stood too much in awe of her mother to feel much pleasure in asking a favor. Notwithstanding,

In the morning Ellen Vaughn again made her appearance, but older and sadder even than on day previous, and this day Rosa lingered pitifully around her, longing to know the cause of her sadness; but restrained, in part by timidity, in part by delicacy.

"If she would only tell perhaps I could do something for her," thought the sympathizing child, but to ask her to tell required more courage than good natured little Rosa Warner could muster.

"That girl will worry my life away!" exclaimed Mrs. Warner, in positive ill humor after Ellen Vaughn had completed her second day. "Her whining and tearing are too much to bear!"

Rosa and her two cousins dropped book and pen and looked up impatiently.

"She insists on having her pay every evening, and her stammering and whining are really provoking."

"Would it not be inconvenient to pay her every evening, mamma?" Rosa ventured to inquire.

"Inconvenient! why it would be a positive injury to her. She would spend the money

to have been looking at a book or adjusting her hair at the mirror. There were other things in that part of the room besides her mother's easel.

"So removed Rosa, mommily drawing back into the shadow of her opened door beyond, though her trembling limbs could scarce support her weight, and the beatings of her heart sounded to her frightened ear like the heavy strokes of a muffled bell. She had scolded gained the concession when the sitting-room door was pushed open cautiously; the when face of the seamstress was red with shame, and her disturbed eye wandered up and down the hall with a quick scared glance, as though she was afraid that the chairs and tables would find mouths to witness against her. One white, shaking hand held the bosom of her dress, as though determined to defend her terrible secret, and the other was pressed against her haggard forehead, two or three successive shivers passed over her whole frame. She trembled and quaked from side to side, as she turned along the hall, starting at every sound, and passing with a scared look to gaze at each shadow that lay across her way, until she reached the door. Then, casting one hasty glance around her, she slipped through the opening, and closed it with nervous quickness. Rosa noted all this; and if she has been guilty one, she could not have trembled more, or turned paler. Lightly she glibbed forth from her place of concealment, and hurried to her mother's easel.

The half-written letter was there, and the pen with the ink scarcely dried upon it, but the ink bottle had disappeared. What a faint, horrid-feeling crept to the heart of Rosa Warner! Not that she never had a thief before, but she had never been in the immediate vicinity of one, never seen it committed. Should she go to her mother now, and have the girl arrested in the public street with that pale face and shaking hand to evidence against her? Immediately rose before her the agonized look of poor Ellen Vaughn, and then she thought of her dragon, away to prison, while perhaps the said mother who was two little sisters of whom she had never been aware.

"True, it was right that she should be exposed, but she could not do it.

She should never sleep again, if she allowed her hand to grip the vital stalk of misery.

An older self herself must hold the balance, however the other usually took her lead, a bright thought somehow found its way into the usually sunshiny head of the little lady. She

would not think these thoughts.

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

FITCHBURG MASS., THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1845.

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of cool enigma that she could not finish.  
"How you sisters, Miss Vaughn?"

"Two little girls—the eldest only seven."

"Are you afraid to leave your mother with them?"

"N—o—o it is not so pleasant for her—"

"But it's better for her, and for you too—"

Here you have a pleasant room, and nothing to distract you; but if you were there, you would require but one of her own irresistible smiles to induce the cook to stop, her with a basket of good things every evening. Full

of these thoughts, so rational as scarcely to

feel at home in that careless little head, Miss Rosa cast aside the words that she had been

deserting, and tripped away to the back

sitting-room. Her step was light as airy,"

and, though she had hummed the fragment of

a tune at first starting, it ceased as soon as

she left the parlor, and she reached the back

sitting-room without having attended the at-

tention of its occupant. The door was ajar,

and Rosa passed, like the unpracticed little

girl that she was, to consider what she should

say. She did not intend to be a spy upon the

seamstress, but it was perfectly natural that

she should turn her eyes toward the crevice

in the door; and as so did as she fell upon

the similitude of a person who seemed to be

standing by her mother's easel. The indi-

vidual herself (for it was the shadow of a woman) was invisible; but Rosa, that thought at once

of the seamstress, and at the same time she

recalled seeing her mother with an aback-note

between her fingers while writing a letter, an

hour previous. She had noted, too, even then

a strange look in the face of Ellen Vaughn,

that showed she also saw it, and had observed

her turn away her head after a single glance,

and press her palms heavily on her eyelids,

with an exhibition of feeling which she could

not in wise interpret. Then Mrs. Warner was

called suddenly away; and Ellen Vaughn

turned her back upon the easel and applied

herself to her needle as though she had no

thought disconnected from the unfinished gar-  
ment in her hand. All these recollections

were crowding upon the mind of the little

girl with a bewildered power. She attempted

to move, but her feet seemed fastened to

the floor; to turn her head, but her eyes would

fix themselves on that shadow. Rosa would

not have believed, an hour before, that any

thing short of imminent danger to herself

could frighten her so.

But now the moving

of the shadow set her heart fluttering in her

throat, and when Ellen Vaughn immediately

stepped across her line of vision, and dis-  
appeared on the other side, she could scarcely

suppress a scream. Should she tell her moth-

er? But what had she to tell? She had seen

in shadow, and it was Ellen Vaughn's ph-

eright which had been looking at a book or adjust-

ing her hair at the mirror. There were other

things in that part of the room besides her

mother's easel.

So removed Rosa, mommily drawing

back into the shadow of her opened door,

and she sat upright in the public street with that pale face and shaking hand to evi-

dence against her. Immediately rose before

her the agonized look of poor Ellen Vaughn,

and then she thought of her dragon, away to

prison, while perhaps the said mother who

was two little sisters of whom she had never

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e, however the other usually took her lead, a

bright thought somehow found its way into the

usually sunshiny head of the little lady. She

would not think these thoughts.

"Rosa had passed another day, and Rosa had

yet made no advance toward gaining the con-

fidence of the seamstress. About the hour

however the other usually took her lead, a

bright thought somehow found its way into the

usually sunshiny head of the little lady. She

would not think these thoughts.

For no one in New York, lady.

We left her quiet time here, and immediately every

# VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

## VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

What We Labor for—The abilities of useless work and opposition; the prevalence of industry, virtue and intelligence.

THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1845.

### WHAT DO YOU WISH TO ACCOMPLISH?

From the commencement of the Workingman's movement in this town, the above question has almost daily greeted our ears.

We doubt not there are many people honestly ignorant of the true merits of our cause—it's aim and object; who look upon it as akin to the numerous factional and selfish schemes which are continually springing up—full of pretension

regarding the "dear people"—overflowing with professional patriotism, philanthropy and love of truth and justice—the sole object of which is to raise some party to political supremacy to promote sectarian bigotry or to gratify disaffected aspiration of personal ambition.

Of this class of inquirers, we would not speak uncharitably, and far be it from us to deal out to them unmeasured censure.

"There is some foundation for their suspicion; but when they see our cause, as it really is, they will be won over by it."

"No doctor will refuse you now any day you can get bread for the children too."

"Five dollars, Nelly!" and the boy's face brightened up with joy.

"Go as soon as you can, John! the children will go hungry, and mother worse; worse God will forgive me," she murmured.

But, Nelly, Mrs. Warner, has not given you all this for three days work, has she?"

"No master, now—no master—don't ask me anything about it—I might tell a lie!"

"No, but you don't want to tell the truth. I see how it is—Mrs. Warner has given

you that for being good and faithful, and you don't love to boast of your goodness;—but like you, Nelly."

"Go! go!" gasped the poor girl, and as the brother sprang from her side and bounded

fully along the pavement, she turned her back upon him, and, with the whip of poverty, and her hands in utter abandonment, ran away.

Bosie Warner hopped to step forward and comfort her, but she was neither the time nor place; and she sprang back, awestricken, until the girl, brushing away her tears, and trying to call up a look of cheerfulness, began to mount the stairs.

"I am the child for the first time reduced to her own situation, draw her veil more closely about her face, and, without giving one look to the gloomy silks around her, on the sun-lighted sky above, turned back and fled to frightened home however."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

**THE FORTIETH THAT WAS HUNG.**

The sheriff took off his watch, and said:

"If you have any thing to say, speak now, for we have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said—"I have

had only one little brother—he had

beautiful blue eyes, and fix'd hair; and I

loved him, but the day I got drunk, he

was lost in the world, and, I never saw him again."

"I am the child for the first time reduced to her own situation, draw her veil

more closely about her face, and, without giving one look to the gloomy silks around her, on the sun-lighted sky above, turned back and fled to frightened home however."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

**THE FORTY-FIRST THAT WAS HUNG.**

The sheriff took off his watch, and said:

"If you have any thing to say, speak now,

for we have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said—"I have

had only one little brother—he had

beautiful blue eyes, and fix'd hair; and I

loved him, but the day I got drunk, he

was lost in the world, and, I never saw him again."

"I am the child for the first time reduced to her own situation, draw her veil

more closely about her face, and, without giving one look to the gloomy silks around her, on the sun-lighted sky above, turned back and fled to frightened home however."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

**THE FORTY-SECOND THAT WAS HUNG.**

The sheriff took off his watch, and said:

"If you have any thing to say, speak now,

for we have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said—"I have

had only one little brother—he had

beautiful blue eyes, and fix'd hair; and I

loved him, but the day I got drunk, he

was lost in the world, and, I never saw him again."

"I am the child for the first time reduced to her own situation, draw her veil

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CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

**THE FORTY-THIRD THAT WAS HUNG.**

The sheriff took off his watch, and said:

"If you have any thing to say, speak now,

for we have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said—"I have

had only one little brother—he had

beautiful blue eyes, and fix'd hair; and I

loved him, but the day I got drunk, he

was lost in the world, and, I never saw him again."

"I am the child for the first time reduced to her own situation, draw her veil

more closely about her face, and, without giving one look to the gloomy silks around her, on the sun-lighted sky above, turned back and fled to frightened home however."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

**THE FORTY-FOURTH THAT WAS HUNG.**

The sheriff took off his watch, and said:

"If you have any thing to say, speak now,

for we have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said—"I have

had only one little brother—he had

beautiful blue eyes, and fix'd hair; and I

loved him, but the day I got drunk, he

was lost in the world, and, I never saw him again."

"I am the child for the first time reduced to her own situation, draw her veil

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CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

**THE FORTY-FIFTH THAT WAS HUNG.**

The sheriff took off his watch, and said:

"If you have any thing to say, speak now,

for we have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said—"I have

had only one little brother—he had

beautiful blue eyes, and fix'd hair; and I

loved him, but the day I got drunk, he

was lost in the world, and, I never saw him again."

"I am the child for the first time reduced to her own situation, draw her veil

more closely about her face, and, without giving one look to the gloomy silks around her, on the sun-lighted sky above, turned back and fled to frightened home however."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

**THE FORTY-SIXTH THAT WAS HUNG.**

The sheriff took off his watch, and said:

"If you have any thing to say, speak now,

for we have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said—"I have

had only one little brother—he had

beautiful blue eyes, and fix'd hair; and I

loved him, but the day I got drunk, he

was lost in the world, and, I never saw him again."

"I am the child for the first time reduced to her own situation, draw her veil

more closely about her face, and, without giving one look to the gloomy silks around her, on the sun-lighted sky above, turned back and fled to frightened home however."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

**THE FORTY-SEVENTH THAT WAS HUNG.**

The sheriff took off his watch, and said:

"If you have any thing to say, speak now,

for we have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said—"I have

had only one little brother—he had

beautiful blue eyes, and fix'd hair; and I

loved him, but the day I got drunk, he

was lost in the world, and, I never saw him again."

"I am the child for the first time reduced to her own situation, draw her veil

more closely about her face, and, without giving one look to the gloomy silks around her, on the sun-lighted sky above, turned back and fled to frightened home however."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

**THE FORTY-EIGHTH THAT WAS HUNG.**

The sheriff took off his watch, and said:

"If you have any thing to say, speak now,

for we have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said—"I have

had only one little brother—he had

beautiful blue eyes, and fix'd hair; and I

loved him, but the day I got drunk, he

was lost in the world, and, I never saw him again."

"I am the child for the first time reduced to her own situation, draw her veil

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CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

**THE FORTY-NINTH THAT WAS HUNG.**

The sheriff took off his watch, and said:

"If you have any thing to say, speak now,

for we have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said—"I have

had only one little brother—he had

beautiful blue eyes, and fix'd hair; and I

loved him, but the day I got drunk, he

was lost in the world, and, I never saw him again."

"I am the child for the first time reduced to her own situation, draw her veil

more closely about her face, and, without giving one look to the gloomy silks around her, on the sun-lighted sky above, turned back and fled to frightened home however."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

**THE FIFTIETH THAT WAS HUNG.**

The sheriff took off his watch, and said:

"If you have any thing to say, speak now,

for we have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said—"I have

had only one little brother—he had

beautiful blue eyes, and fix'd hair; and I

loved him, but the day I got drunk, he

was lost in the world, and, I never saw him again."

"I am the child for the first time reduced to her own situation, draw her veil

more closely about her face, and, without giving one look to the gloomy silks around her, on the sun-lighted sky above, turned back and fled to frightened home however."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

**THE FIFTY-FIRST THAT WAS HUNG.**

The sheriff took off his watch, and said:

"If you have any thing to say, speak now,

for we have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said—"I have

had only one little brother—he had

beautiful blue eyes, and fix'd hair; and I

loved him, but the day I got drunk, he

was lost in the world, and, I never saw him again."

"I am the child for the first time reduced to her own situation, draw her veil

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CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

**THE FIFTY-TWO THAT WAS HUNG.**

The sheriff took off his watch, and said:

"If you have any thing to say, speak now,

for we have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said—"I have

had only one little brother—he had

beautiful blue eyes, and fix'd hair; and I

loved him, but the day I got drunk, he

was lost in the world, and, I never saw him again."

"I am the child for the first time reduced to her own situation, draw her veil

more closely about her face, and, without giving one look to the gloomy silks around her, on the sun-lighted sky above, turned back and fled to frightened home however."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

**THE FIFTY-THREE THAT WAS HUNG.**

The sheriff took off his watch, and said:

"If you have any thing to say, speak now,

for we have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said—"I have

had only one little brother—he had

beautiful blue eyes, and fix'd hair; and I

loved him, but the day I got drunk, he

was lost in the world, and, I never saw him again."

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CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

**THE FIFTY-FOURTH THAT WAS HUNG.**

The sheriff took off his watch, and said:

"If you have any thing to say, speak now,

for we have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said—"I have

had only one little brother—he had

beautiful blue eyes, and fix'd hair; and I

loved him, but the day I got drunk, he

was lost in the world, and, I never saw him again."

"I am the child for the first time reduced to her own situation, draw her veil

more closely about her face, and, without giving one look to the gloomy silks around her, on the sun-lighted sky above, turned back and fled to frightened home however."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

**THE FIFTY-FIVE THAT WAS HUNG.**

The sheriff took off his watch, and said:

"If you have any thing to say, speak now,

for we have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said—"I have

had only one little brother—he had

beautiful blue eyes, and fix'd hair; and I

loved him, but the day I got drunk, he

was lost in the world, and, I never saw him again."

"I am the child for the first time reduced to her own situation, draw her veil

more closely about her face, and, without giving one look to the gloomy silks around her, on the sun-lighted sky above, turned back and fled to frightened home however."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

**THE FIFTY-SIXTH THAT WAS HUNG.**

The sheriff took off his watch, and said:

"If you have any thing to say, speak now,

for we have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said—"I have

had only one little brother—he had

beautiful blue eyes, and fix'd hair; and I

loved him, but the day I got drunk, he

was lost in the world, and, I never saw him again."

"I am the child for the first time reduced to her own situation, draw her veil

more closely about her face, and, without giving one look to the gloomy silks around her, on the sun-lighted sky above, turned back and fled to frightened home however."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

**THE FIFTY-SEVEN THAT WAS HUNG.**

The sheriff took off his watch, and said:

"If you have any thing to say, speak now,

for we have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said—"I have

had only one little brother—he had

beautiful blue eyes, and fix'd hair; and I

loved him, but the day I got drunk, he

was lost in the world, and, I never saw him again."

"I am the child for the first time reduced to her own situation, draw her veil

more closely about her face, and, without giving one look to the gloomy silks around her, on the sun-lighted sky above, turned back and fled to frightened home however."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

**THE FIFTY-EIGHT THAT WAS HUNG.**

The sheriff took off his watch, and said:

"If you have any thing to say, speak now,

for we have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said—"I have

had only one little brother—he had

beautiful blue eyes, and fix'd hair; and I

loved him, but the day I got drunk, he

was lost in the world, and, I never saw him again."

"I am the child for the first time reduced to her own situation, draw her veil

more closely about her face, and, without giving one look to the gloomy silks around her, on the sun-lighted sky above, turned back and fled to frightened home however."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

**THE FIFTY-NINE THAT WAS HUNG.**

The sheriff took off his watch, and said:

# VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

## OF DEATH OF GEN. JACKSON.

The term of his eventful life closed on Sunday evening June 8th, at six o'clock. On Sunday morning the report reached Nashville, that he had expired, owing to his having fainted away in the attempt to remove him from his chafing heat bed.

He, however, recovered, for a few hours. A short time before his death, he took an affectionate leave of his friends and domestics, retaining to the last his sense and intellect unclouded. He expired with the utmost calmness, expressing the highest confidence in a happy immortality through a Redeemer.

General Houston landed at Nashville, at half past six, on Sunday evening, and was set off to the Hospital, but was met by the physician who informed him that the General was no more.

We received this intelligence from Col. C. Edelidge, who accompanied Gen. Houston from Texas, and who is now on his way to Washington City.

The simple announcement of this melancholy, though long expected event, will excite the deepest emotions in the hearts of the American people. The memory of Jackson belongs to his country. His history will contain the record of his valuable services—his sterling patriotism and nation's gratitude will be his monument.—*Louisville, Dem.*

**A Serious Disappointment.**—In consequence of some informality in sentencing McCauley, who was to have been hung on the 31st ult., at Keokuk, Iowa Territory, all further proceedings have been stayed, and the case is to be taken to the Supreme Court on a writ of error. We learn, says the Hawk-Eye, that the thousands assembled to witness the execution, and it is rumored that many were enraged at the style of justice that burned the Judge in effigy.

It is a great shame and injustice to an expecting crowd to advertise that a man is to be hung at a given day, and then disappoint the people. He should have been hung in the neighborhood and offered their services to settle disputes. They answered, "We have no need of you. As neighbors, we receive you in the most friendly spirit; but for us, your occupation has ceased to exist." "What will you do, ifrascan burn your barns, and steal your harvest?" "We will return good for evil. We believe this is the highest truth, and therefore the best expedient."

When the rascals heard this, they considered it a marvelous good joke; and said and did many provoking things, which to them seemed witty. Barns were taken down in the night and cows let into the corn fields. The Christians repaid the daubers as well as they could, put the cows in the barn, and at twelve drove them gently home, saying, Neighbor, your cows have been in my field.

They had fed well during the day, but I would not keep them all night lest the children should suffer for their milk."

If this was fun, they who planned the joke found no heart to laugh at it. By degrees a visible change came over these troublesome neighbors. They ceased to cut off horses' tails, and break the legs of poultry. Indeed a boy would say to a younger brother, Don't throw that stone, Bill! when I killed the chicken last week, did they send it to another, because they thought chickendroth would be good for poor Mary? I should think you would be ashamed to throw stones their chickens! Thus was evil overcome with good, till one was found to do them well indeed.

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, writing from New York, gives the following interesting information, which he says he derived by conversation with persons just returned, after a long residence at Sierra Leone and Sphenz.

"Near the mission established by the American Board at the Gaboon, a people have been discovered far superior to any upon the coast, whose language is represented as one of the most perfect and harmonious in the world; who have among them a tradition that some two centuries ago a stranger came to their country and instructed them in civilization and their duties, who are acquainted with the facts and truths of the holy Scriptures, and who are remarkably prepared for the reception of further knowledge. They are the present remnant from the interior towards the coast and our missionaries cherish the hope that through their agency civilization and Christianity may be widely diffused."

**THE BEAUTIES OF RACING.**—The N. Y. Spirit of the Times, in speaking of Peytonia, says—Barney informed us the 4th mile of the 2d heat he was fearful the race was lost. He had been spurring his mare so incessantly that her laterized sides became callous and he changed his seat to gain new flesh! He could not have won the race by an inch more than he did!"

**DEATH FROM CATCHLESSNESS WITH A SCYTHE.**—On Wednesday afternoon last, a young lad in West Roxbury by the name of Arnold, while playing with another boy, was cut down by the careless use of a scythe, in the hands of his playmate. The wound was severe, cutting one of his legs, and literally severing it through the bone. He died in a few minutes, and lost a great deal of blood.

**NEW YORK REWARD.**—We see it that a youth named John Howes, at the risk of his life, saved the Court House in Zanesville, Ohio, from being destroyed by fire. For his daring service, the Commissioners of that county presented him with the enormous sum of five dollars, and a silver medal valued at the same price.

**New London.**—Recently, a sailor named Woodbury Allen, of Manchester N. H., afflicted with the eye disease, leaped down the long flight of stairs at his boating house, and the injury received caused instant death; he was about one month aged 36 years.

**FALL RIVER RAIL ROAD.**—The train on this road came through to Boston for the first time on the 9th inst. The cars are said to be of the most elegant construction, and as gay as any in the country. The Boston Transcript says—Passenger leaving Boston at 4 o'clock, P. M. by this road can reach Newport in season to eat strawberries and cream there the same evening.

**AN ISOLATED LOOK.**—The Lowell Journal says that Mr. Albridge, Superintendent of the Lowell Lock Company, has lately made a padlock, which, although efforts have been made to the last fortnight by a number of persons, yet they have not been able to dislodge or open it.

population of the world; more than sufficient to ensure high comfort and elevation of mind, and feeling for all.

You have all the materials to effect these results in inimitable masses, and surplus power to obtain and apply them.

There is nothing in your position defined but the knowledge how peacefully and beneficially for all to apply the means to accomplish these glorious results.

How important is it then that, this knowledge should be attained in the shortest time in order that the incalculable evils which necessarily arise from ignorance, poverty, division and misery should be made to terminate, but how can this change be effectually effected?

It is now ascertained that public opinion governs the world.

This change then may be effected by speedily creating a new public opinion in its favor. But how is this new public opinion to be created?

The answer is obvious.

All great improvements commuted with a few, and these, be judicious measures, interest measures, interest more and more, until a sufficient number unite to accomplish the object.

There is an admirable spirit abroad anxiously looking out for the right commencement of this change, and bold truths announced in the pure spirit of charity will now accomplish the object.

Let then the proper measures to create this public opinion be now adopted, and let all good men of every class, sect, party and state unite for this Godlike purpose.

To this end let a Convention be called, of delegates from every State and territory in the Union, to consider what practical measures can be immediately carried into execution to apply the enormous means to secure prosperity for all the people of these States, that they may become an example to the world of what sound judgment, in peace, with order and with the least injury and the most benefit to every one, from the highest to the lowest, may be done.

But what is every one's business is no one's in particular, and is too often neglected by all. I therefore, feeling a deep interest in the immediate improvement of our race, recommend such a Convention to be called the "World's Convention," to consider what measures of a practical character can be adopted to ensure the immediate benefit of every class, without violence, contest or competition and especially what can be done to well educate and employ the uneducated and unenlightened, to fit them for the superior state of society, to create which, for all the means are now so superabundant, not only in these States, but wherever men are to live or it may be called "The World's Convention" to emancipate the human race from ignorance, poverty, division, sin and misery.

The chief industry of my life has been, so far, to prepare all classes, from the highest to the lowest, for this great change in the condition of humanity in this world; and thus, in the best manner to prepare in for all future changes; whatever they may be, after we shall have lost all in our power to ensure knowledge, goodness and happiness and happiness in our present mode of existence."

I have but to put into activity the means to accomplish this change for my suffering fellow-men, and to see in progress that necessary measures to effect this object I leave your country on the first of June for Europe, intending to return here about the middle of September.

Being of no class, or sect, or party in any country, but a sincere friend to all, and being desirous to abolish all party distinctions, I recommend that the "World's Convention," previously mentioned, be held in the city of New York, commencing on the first day of October next, and to continue until the great and good work of establishing equal and just rights among men, and insuring the progressive improvement and happiness of all, shall be well understood.

It will be found on full investigation, that there is but one interest common to all of the human race; and that, this only one should be the best taught from birth, the best employed through life, and that the inferior circumstances of man's creation should be replaced from and around by those only of a superior and permanent character, whether animal or divine, as far as we are, so will man become.

These measures have no individual interest or object in view; it is, therefore, naturally requested for the good of humanity that the press will advocate the call and object of this Convention, and prepare the minds of the public for the great and glorious results which may, by these measures, be speedily obtained for all of every class in every country.

**ROBERT OWEN.**—New York, 24th May, 1845.

**A DEATH.**—Mr. Thomas Reynolds of Dorchester, N. H., who has been on a visit to his daughter, who lives on the Massachusetts Avenue, was found dead on the sidewalk early on Friday morning. He had retired to bed the evening before, at the usual hour, but had arisen in the night, probably, in his sleep, and had fallen out of his window in one of the upper rooms, in which he slept. The deceased was sixty-five years of age, and came this morning on the 6th inst.—*Lowell Journal.*

## CHRISTIAN COLONY.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

The highest gifts my soul has received, during its long pilgrimage, have often been bestowed by those who were poor, both in money and intellectual cultivation. Among these donors, I particularly remember a hard-working uneducated mechanic, from Indiana or Illinois. He told me he was one of thirty or forty New Englanders, who, twelve years before, had gone out to settle in the western wilderness. They were neighbors, and had been drawn to unite together in emigration from a general unity of opinion on various subjects. For some years previous, they had been in the habit of meeting occasionally at each other's houses, to talk over their duties to God and men, in all simplicity of heart. Their library was the gospel, their priesthood the inward light. They were anti-slavery societies; but their taught and recently willing to learn, they had no need of such agency to discover that it was wicked to slave. The efforts of peace societies had reached the secluded band only in broken echoes, and non-resistance societies had no existence. But always food for hungry, shelter for him when cold, and always treat him as a brother." "Would not this process attract such characters?" "Would not such characters would either reform or remain with us; We should not speak an angry word, or refuse to minister to their necessities, but we should invariably regard them with the deepest sadness, as we would regard, but beloved son. "This is harder for the human soul to bear, than whips or prisons. They could not stand it. Can we not see that it would not. It would other melt them, or drive them away. In nine cases out of ten, I believe it would melt them."

I felt rebuked for my want of faith, and consequent shallowness of insight. That hardened laborer brought greater riches to my soul than an Eastern merchant laden with pearls. Again I repeat, *money is not wealth,*

**CHARCOAL ROAD.**—The people of Michigan for want of stone, are making roads of charcoal, and it is said, they succeed admirably. The process is thus described in the Cleveland Herald:

"Timber from six to eight inches through is cut 24 feet long and piled up lengthwise in the centre of the road about 5 feet high, being 9 feet wide at the bottom and two at the top, and then covered with straw and earth in the manner of coal pits. The earth required to cover the pile being taken from either side, leaves two good sized ditches, and the timber although not split, is easily charred, and when charred the earth is removed to the side of the ditch, the coal raised down to a width of 15 feet, leaving it two feet thick at the centre and one at the sides, and the road is completed."

If this was fun, they who planned the joke found no heart to laugh at it. By degrees a visible change came over these troublesome neighbors. They ceased to cut off horses' tails, and break the legs of poultry. Indeed a boy would say to a younger brother, Don't throw that stone, Bill! when I killed the chicken last week, did they send it to another, because they thought chickendroth would be good for poor Mary? I should think you would be ashamed to throw stones their chickens!

Thus was evil overcome with good, till one was found to do them well indeed.

**THE DRESDEN'S CHIEF.**—I believe in the power of super-human; the Maker of misery and want; and intoxicating drinks his lawful begotten children; conceived by depraved men, and born of the soil or the fermenting vat, satisfied to exist under license and tax; who bring drunkards to degradation, suffering and death.

Day after day he continues his work; and ascending into the brain—produces crime, stupor, or imbecility. He sits on the right hand of the Landowner, from whence he collects a regular assembly of School and Miscellaneous Books, and keeps them in constant use, and kept constantly on hand and for sale.

**SCHOOL RECORD.**—S. & G. SCHLEY, have published a new school record for the use of teachers. Provisions are made in this regard for entering the same of each scholar and the presence, absence, or tardiness of each child for each half-day.

**FIREBURNING.**—The Dresden's Chief—believe in the power of super-human; the Maker of misery and want; and intoxicating drinks his lawful begotten children; conceived by depraved men, and born of the soil or the fermenting vat, satisfied to exist under license and tax; who bring drunkards to degradation, suffering and death.

I believe in all strong drink; the name of all evil; the combination of drunkards; the society of the profane; the resemblance of injuries, the destruction of the body in this life, and entire neglect of the life to come. Amen.

**AN ISOLATED LOOK.**—The Lowell Journal says that Mr. Albridge, Superintendent of the Lowell Lock Company, has lately made a padlock, which, although efforts have been made to the last fortnight by a number of persons, yet they have not been able to dislodge or open it.

lands! These men have been working hard on them for ten years. During all that time they never did harm to man or brute. They are always ready to give good for evil. They are a blessing to any neighborhood. It would be a sin and shame to bid a man's lands, when he goes to the government price."

The sale canons; the cultivators of the soil offered 125, intending to bid higher if necessary. But among all that crowd of selfish, reckless speculators, not one bid over them!

Without an opposing voice, the fair acres returned to them! I do not know a more remarkable instance of evil overcome by good. The wiser political economy lies folded up in the maxims of Christ.

With delighted reverence I listened to this unlettered backwoodsman, as he explained his philosophy of universal love. "What would you do," said I, "if an old thieving vagabond came among you resolved to stay, but determined not to work?" "We would give him food when hungry, shelter when cold, and always treat him as a brother."

"Would not this process attract such characters?" "Would not such characters would either reform or remain with us; We should not speak an angry word, or refuse to minister to their necessities, but we should invariably regard them with the deepest sadness, as we would regard, but beloved son. "This is harder for the human soul to bear, than whips or prisons. They could not stand it. Can we not see that it would not. It would other melt them, or drive them away. In nine cases out of ten, I believe it would melt them."

I felt rebuked for my want of faith, and consequent shallowness of insight. That hardened laborer brought greater riches to my soul than an Eastern merchant laden with pearls. Again I repeat, *money is not wealth,*

**BODY FOUND.**—The workmen employed in grading a second track of the Nashua & Lowell Road, about three-quarters of a mile below this village, on the banks of the Merrimack excavated a human skull on Wednesday. It was found in a sitting posture, and was in a good state of preservation. The teeth were perfect and sound. It is no doubt the body of an Indian. It was only about two feet below the surface of the earth.—*N. Telegraph.*

**FOUND DROWNS.**—The body of Mr. Joseph Durrell, formerly of Lee, N. H., was found on Sunday afternoon last in Chichester River over the Menden bridge. It apparently laid in the water not more than thirty-six hours, and marks of violence were upon his head. Mr. D. was a carpenter, and had lately worked at Chichester. The verdict of the coroner's jury was indefinite, as to the cause of his death. His purse contained no money.

**PIPE IN WILTON, N. H.**—The cabin manufacture, belonging to Capt. Wm. Sheldon, with a large amount of stock, was entirely burnt down on Tuesday night last. The fire caught in the dry house. Insured \$600.

We should think those wooden workers at Westminster, Gardner and some other towns not far off, had something besides wooden heads or leather hearts, by the way they put their names to Mr. Clift's subscription list for the Voice. Call in gentleman, when down at Fitchburg, we sometimes have a few minutes that we could spend very pleasantly with you.

**MR. ELIJAH H. ANDERSON.**—A duly authorized agent for this paper: Mr. Anderson will visit Worcester and vicinity. Will not the Mechanics and Laborers in that section grown his efforts by giving us a large list of names?

**WORKMEN OF FITCHBURG.**—*For the Mass Meeting at Woburn, Will fifty or one hundred go? Let us attend to it immediately.*

**OUR SCRIBBLERS** whose papers are left at the Post Office, and have no boxes, will find them at the place where the town papers are usually kept.

**CHARLES ALDRICH and George W. Childs,** are authorized agents for the "Voice of Industry." Persons sending their subscriptions direct, should enclose a stamp, so that we will receive their paper regularly.

**Mr. Chase will visit, so soon as possible, the towns in this vicinity, and give all in early opportunity to subscribe, thereby securing the first numbers.**

**MARRIAGES.**—In the Chestnut street Church, Niles, June 8th, by Rev. J. D. Moore, G. D. Dury, & Coates to Miss Anna E. Lovell, 12th inst., by Rev. A. Blanchard, Mr. Thomas Nichols to, Mrs. Caroline A. Breed.

**EATLERS.**—In Nashua, June 15, Miss Maria Mortal of Peterborough, N. H., aged 27.

In Hopkinton, June 13, Mr. Jacobus Flinders, aged 29.

In Waterbury, 11th inst., Mrs. Lucy, wife of Mr. Marshall S. Fowle, 48.

**WORKING FOR A LIVING.**—The following excellent article in the *Editor*, edited by factory girls of Lowell, breathes the right spirit. "Whence originated the idea that it was derogatory to a lady's dignity, or blot upon female character, to labor? And who was the first to say smirking, 'Oh, she works for a living.' Surely, such ideas and expressions ought not to grow in republican soil! The time has been, when ladies of the first rank were accustomed to buy themselves in domestic employment. Homer tells us of princesses who used to draw water from the springs, and wash with their own hands the fine tents of the limns of their respective families. The famous Lucretia used to spin, in the midst of her attendants; and the wife of Ulysses, after the siege of Troy, employed herself in weaving until her husband returned from Ithaca."

**THE DRESDEN'S CHIEF.**—I believe in the power of super-human; the Maker of misery and want; and intoxicating drinks his lawful begotten children; conceived by depraved men, and born of the soil or the fermenting vat, satisfied to exist under license and tax; who bring drunkards to degradation, suffering and death.

Day after day he continues his work; and ascending into the brain—produces crime, stupor, or imbecility. He sits on the right hand of the Landowner, from whence he collects a regular assembly of School and Miscellaneous Books, and keeps them in constant use, and kept constantly on hand and for sale.

**BOOK STORE.**—C. & G. SCHLEY, have published a new school record for the use of teachers. Provisions are made in this regard for entering the same of each scholar and the presence, absence, or tardiness for each half-day.

**FITCHBURG.**—May 1845.

**BOOK STORE & LIBRARY.**—In Fitchburg, there is a large number of School and Miscellaneous Books, which will be sold as low as at any other book store.

**SCOTT'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.**—Fitchburg, May 1845.

**BOOK STORE & LIBRARY.**—In Fitchburg, there is a large number of School and Miscellaneous Books, which will be sold as low as at any other book store.

**HORACE HAYWARD.**—At the Old study No. 4, Market street, H. Hayward, Esq., bookseller.

**SILAS P. BROOKS.**—At the Old study No. 4, Market street, H. Hayward, Esq., bookseller.

**COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.**—The partners have formed a Copartnership under the firm of H. WARD & CO., and undertaken the responsibility of publishing the *Ward & Wallace's BANCER-PAACAN*.

**30 KEYS FOR SUPERIOR TEA LEAF LARD.**—Fitchburg, May 1845.

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## POETRY.

## MISCELLANY.

## THE FACTORY SYSTEM.

"Is the Cotton Factory only out?" said a fat old man, hearing the other to sing a young and delicate girl. "We voluntarily stopped and looked at the person of whom the question had been asked. "She was indeed a sad sight! Only eighteen winters had passed over her head, and yet she was old—old in suffering—old in wretchedness. Her eye was sunk deep in her head, her face was pale and thin, and consumption seemed to have marked her for a victim."

"Yes, the cotton factory's only out," was her sorrowful reply to the little questioner.

Stepping up to the child of sorrow and want, we inquired how many hours she worked each day, and the wages she received from her employer. "A big tent stood a moment in her blue eye as she replied:

"I go to work before daylight in the morning, and never leave it till it is dark and don't make enough to support mother and baby."

[Gentle reader! give you an unvarnished statement of facts: We have been informed

that such instances are by no means uncommon. Can nothing be done to prevent their occurrence? Philanthropists here are a wide field for your noble exertions: Men of wealth open wide your coffers and do your part towards relieving suffering humanity. Devotees of Fashion! pause for a single moment, disregard your senseless pleasures, think of wants and necessities of surrounding thousands, and if possible, "make glad with joy" the widow and the fatherless. Christian follower of Him who can see so difference between the rich and the poor, and without a place whereon to lay his head, as you offer up thanks for past mercies forgot not the poor and needy, and remember that though on earth they may be despised and trampled upon by the rich and powerful, yet in heaven—wealth will be no commendation over poverty no disgrace. Death produces equality and after it the wealthy as the poor are only "heirs" of sum six feet of soil—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*—]

What the *Chronicle* seems to consider a good,

the *Chronicle* consider a great but inevitable evil. Yet there is a simple and certain remedy. Limit that quantity of land to each, so that it may be accessible to all, and then the laborer can make fair terms with the capitalist.

If there were no remedy for the present system, we ought in mercy to pray that the world might come to an end as soon as possible.

Since the above was the composition's hands the following article has come to notice. Of itself it tells the melancholy tale:

The annual statistics of several Factories show the following facts:—

1844	1845
Capital \$10,500,000	\$11,000,000
No. of Spinners 192,376	204,000
No. of Females 7,430	7,000
Wages per week \$3.00	\$1.75
Yards per week 1,495,450	1,500,000
Dividends 4-1-2	12-1-4

It is stated in a Paris journal, that the Society of the Jesuits is, at the present moment, more flourishing than at any former period, and that their number throughout Europe, and especially in France, has increased within the last year to an extraordinary extent. From a census taken in March, last, there were upwards of a thousand more Jesuits in France than at the corresponding period of the preceding year. Eugene Sue's writings have exceedingly exasperated this class of the people.—

that the wages of the girls in the Factory districts were from three to six dollars a week, and that, too, when Paper Money was less expanded than now in proportion to the population, (and this expansion of Paper Money, or charitable agreement of the poor to make the rich richer by paying them interest on what they owe, must always be kept in mind when speaking of the prices of wages.) Now, poor man's daughters, being more plenty in consequence of the natural increase of the landless population; are enticed or necessitated to go to the factories, and toil there twelve or fourteen hours a day for \$1.75 a week; and the daughters of those girls would, inevitably, under the operation of the present system, be compelled to labor for two-thirds of that amount. But this monstrous system must be changed. The "Operatives" will claim the right to go back to the green earth; the right will be conceded, and then the capitalists and laborers, each standing on his own soil, can make a much more amicable and far more equitable arrangement than this subsists between them at present. All short of this is mere palliative.

A curious pencil was shown us yesterday, says the Philadelphia *Spirit of the Times*. Move one side, and it becomes a pen; move another and it is a pencil; another and it is a tooth-pick. One end opens and exhibits a place of deposits for leads; then the instrument unsewed at the centre, displays a balance for weighing letters, from one eight of an ounce up to two ounces, with the price of postage by the new law marked on the margin. Truly this is a combination of utilities, and all for fifty cents.

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## PURIFY THE BLOOD.

## MOFFAT'S

## VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS

## AND PHENIX BITTERS.

The high rate of mortality which these preparations have acquired for their remarkable efficacy in all the diseases which they profess to cure, has rendered the name of Moffat & Son, well known throughout the country. They are known by their fruits, their good works truly done, and they dare not by the name of

the author to occupy it at least, partially, in this volume.

3d. A preparation devoted to woman. To improve

her, is to benefit the human race, whilst her deterioration is. Female education—nearly every thing

pertaining to her—is now effected her as fast as the blind flight of time will allow. Long enough has her voice been silent with the world, and she has

been silent with it, until now, and she can speak

now. Too much attention has been bestowed

upon the physical, and the mechanical, sciences

of life, rather than upon the spiritual, and

the moral, and the divine.

Her Phenix and Physiology will reveal, in

the day when they will also disclose her true sphere, and her consequent duties. To this end, however, one

can be no profit of good to man—will a portion of this volume be dedicated. Nor will, in truth, its first

relative value as mother, be neglected.

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