

# VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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W. F. YOUNG, Editor.

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## POETRY.

### HUNGER AND COLD.

BY J. R. LOVELL.

Sisters two, all prairie to you,

With your faces ploughed blue;

To the poor boy's feet true;

Front of old :

You can speak the keenest words;

Ye are sure of being heard;

From the point ye're never stiered,

Hunger and Cold!

Let the sternest tempests,

Palish'd and cold still lies;

When they met your bloodshot eyes,

Grim and bold;

Poetry set at naught,

In their trips ye'll be caught,

Ye're too honest to be bought,

Hunger and Cold!

Bob and bar the palces door;

While the noise of mice is poor,

Babes' breath grows more and more

Uncounted;

Ye had never yet, I guess,

Any praise for falsehood;

Ye can yell sans court dress;

Hunger and Cold!

When the toller heart ye'chatch,

Conscience is not valued much,

He reck's not a bloody smut;

On his gold;

Ye are welcome, my brother," said the Unrelenting.

The person to whom this kind salute was addressed was an athletic Indian, apparently of middle age, and habited in the same attire of his species. He had the war-tuft on his forehead, under which flashed a pair of brilliant eyes. His companion was friendly and brief:

"The chief's tent is lonesome—his people are away?" continued the stranger, after a pause, casting a glance of inquiry around.

"My brother says true; it is lonesome," the other answered. "Twelve seasons ago, the Unrelenting saw five children in the shadow of his wigwam, and their mother was dear to him. He was strong, like a cord of many fibres. Then the breath of Manitou snuffed the fibres one by one, asunder. He looked with a pleasant eye on my sons and daughters, and wished them for himself. Behold all that is left to brighten my heart!"

The Unrelenting turned as he spoke, and pointed to an object just inside the opening of the tent.

A moment or two before, the figure of a boy had glided noiselessly in, and taken his station back of the chief. Hardly twelve years seemed the age of the new-comer. He was a noble child. His limbs, never distorted with the rigours of civilized life, were graceful as the ash, and symmetrical as the bounding stag.

"It was the last and lovesiest of the chieftain's sons—the soft-lipped, nimble Wind-Foot."

With the youth's assistance, the preparations for their frugal meal were soon completed.

After finishing this, as the stranger appeared to be weary, a heap of skins were arranged for him in one corner of the lodge, and he laid himself down to sleep.

It was a lovely summer evening. The

moon shone, the stars twinkled, and the thousand voices of a forest night sounded in every direction.

The chief and his son reclined at the opening of the tent, enjoying the cool breeze which blew freshly upon them, and flapped the piece of deer-skin he served. For their door, sometimes flinging it down so as to darken the apartment, then raising it suddenly up again as if to let in the bright moonbeams.

Wind-Foot spoke of his hunt that day—

He had not with no success, and in a boy's impudent spirit, wondered why it was that others always should hit the mark, and failure reserved for him alone.

The chief heard him with a sad smile, as he remembered his own youthful traits; he soothed the child with gentle words, telling him that brave warriors sometimes went whole days with the same previous fortune.

"Many years since," said the chief, "when my cheeks were soft, and my arms felt

numbness of but few winters, I myself valiantly traversed our hunting grounds, as you have done today."

The Dark Influence was

around me, and not a single shaft would do my bidding!"

"And my father brought home nothing to the lodge?" asked the boy.

"The Unrelenting came back without any game," the other answered; "but he brought what was dearest to him and his people, than the deer deer or the swiftest bird—meat—he brought the scalp of an accursed Kans."

From the Western Literary Messenger.

M. U. S. I. N. G. S.

The future—oh who does not feel,

Ofttimes, a longing wish to know

What will approaching years reveal;

As down time's rapid stream they flow.

And shall the hopes that, like a star,

Shed a glad light upon life's wave,

Lead me to Fame's triumphal gate?

Or must I, a nameless grave?

But cease thy sighing, restless soul!

Such hopes are but a meteor's light,

Oh, strive to reach a nobler goal,

And seek a lotus crown to wear.

The goal is heaven—the crown is life.

Eternal life—enduring bliss!

And sure it is a nobler state,

To sum for such a prize as this.

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

FITCHBURG MASS., THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1845.

### SELECTED TALES.

From the American Review.  
THE DEATH OF WIND-FOOT.

BY WALTER WHITMAN.

Three hundred years ago—so heard I the tale, not long since, from the mouth of one educated like a white man, but born of the race of whom Logan and Tecumseh sprang—three hundred years ago, there lived on lands now forming an eastern county of the most powerful of the American states, a petty Indian tribe governed by a brave and wise chieftain. This chieftain was called by a name which in our language signifies Unrelenting. His deeds of courage and subtlety made him renowned through no small portion of the northern continent. There were only two dwellers in his lodge—himself and his youthful son; for twenty moons had full and wasted since his wife, following four of her offspring, was placed in the burial ground.

As the Unrelenting sat alone one evening in his rude hut, one of his people came to inform him that a traveller from a distant tribe had entered the village, and desired food and repose. Since a petrel was never slighted by the red men; and the messenger was sent back with an invitation for the stranger to abide in the lodge of the chief himself.

At that simple race, no duties were considered more honorable than arranging the household comforts of a guest; those duties were now performed by the host's own hand; his son having not returned from the hunt on which he had started with a few young companions at early dawn. In a little while, the way-farer was led into the dwelling by him who had given the first notice of his arrival.

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The voice of the chief was deep and sharp within. "But he of the fiery eye, bade me, shall the father of Wind-Foot ask about him, say to the chief these words: 'Unless your son sees you drink, his blood loses more than half its sweetness!'"

The Unrelenting started as if a scorpion had stung him. His lip trembled, and his hand involuntarily moved to the handle of his tomahawk. Did his ears perform their office truly?

"Those sounds were not new to him. Like a floating mist, the gloom of past years rolled away in his memory, and he recollects that the words the woman spoke were the very ones he himself had uttered to the Kans child whose father he slew long ago, in the forest! And this stranger? Ah, how he remembered the dark looks of his guest—and carrying his mind back again, recited the features of the Kans' son, their tortured counterpart. And the chief felt to concur in what terrible purpose Wind-Foot was in the heart of this man. He called forth, gathered together a few of his warriors, and started swiftly to seek his child.

About the same hour that the Unrelenting returned from his journey, Wind-Foot, several miles from home, was just coming up to his companion, who had gone a few rods ahead of him, and was at that moment seated on the body of a fallen tree, a mighty giant of the forest that some whirlwind had tumbled to the earth. The child had roamed about with his new acquaintance through one path and another with the heedlessness of his age; and now while the latter sat in perfect silence for several minutes, Wind-Foot lay sported near him. It was a solemn spot; in every direction around were towering pines of the wilderness, growing and decaying in solitude. At length the stronger spoke:

"Wind-foot?"

The child who was but a few yards off approached at the call. As he came near, he stopped in alarm; his companion's eyes were that dreadful bright glitter again—and while they looked at each other, terrible forebodings arose in the boy's soul.

"Young chieftain," said the stranger, "you must die!"

"The bray is in play," was the response.

"Wind-Foot is a little boy."

"Scriptors are small at first," replied the savage, "but in a few months they have fangs and a deadly poison. Hearken, branch from an evil root!—I am a Kans!—The youth your parent-spawn in the forest has now become a man. Warriors point to him and say 'His father's scalps adorn the ledge of the Unrelenting, but the wigwam of the Kans is bare!'—Wind-Foot! it must be no longer!"

The boy's heart beat quickly—but beat true to the stern courage of his ancestors.

"I am son of a chieftain," he answered, "my checks cannot be wet with tears."

The Kans looked at him a few seconds with admiration, which soon gave way to malignant scowl. Then producing from an inner part of his dress a with of some tough bark, he stepped to Wind-Foot, and began binding his hands. It was useless to attempt resistance, for besides the disparity of their ages, and at his waist a hatchet, and a rude spear resembling a pointed stick, he pointed to Wind-Foot the direction he must take, gave a significant touch at his girdle, and followed close on behind.

When the Unrelenting and his people started to seek for the child and that fearless stranger, they were lucky enough to find the trail which the absent ones had made. None except Indian eye could have tracked them by so slight and devious a guide. But the chieftain's sight was sharp with paternal love; they followed on—winding, and on again—at length coming to the fallen tree. The train was now less irregular, and they traversed it with greater rapidity. Its direction seemed toward the shores of a long narrow lake which lay adjacent to their territory. onward went they, and as the sun sank in the west, they saw his last glint gleams reflected from the waters of the lake. The grounds here were almost clear of trees; and as they came out, the Unrelenting and his warriors swept the woods with their keen eyes.

"Was it so indeed?" There, on the grass not twenty rods from the shore, were the persons they sought—and fastened near by was a canoe. They saw his bond; they saw, that if the Kans should once get him in the boat, and deposit in his house a whole cargo of tams and oranges, The Dr. had not ordered the fruit, and he forthwith proceeded to stop the process of delivery. The man affirmed that all was right; but when the Dr. persisted that there must be a mistake, the maid asked him if he remembered having purchased such a couple at such a time. The question renewed the good Dr.'s recollection, and he at once knew that the honest tar himself stood before him. "It is all right," said the sailor; "I told you if my wife proved good for any thing, I would not forget you." She has proved as good a ship as ever put out on sea of matrimony. You may as well make out in the cargo, and save your thanks for the sailor's wife."

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NUMBER 5.

to do. He seized Wind-Foot by the shoulder, and ran toward the boat, holding the boy's person as a shield from any weapons the pursuers might attempt to launch after him. He possessed still the advantage. It was a fearful race; and the Unrelenting felt his heart grow sick; and the Indian, dragging his child approached nearer to the water's edge.

"Turn, whelp of a Kans!" the chief cried. "Turn, thou whose coward arm warrest against children! Turn, if thou dardest and meet the eye of a full-grown brave!"

A loud taunting laugh was borne back from his flying enemy to the ears of the furious father. The savage did not look round, but twisted his left arm, and pointed with his finger to Wind-Foot's throat. At that moment he was within twice his length of the canoe. The boy heard his father's voice, and gathered his energies, faint and bruised as he was for a last struggle. Vain his efforts! for a moment only he loosened himself from the grip of his foes, and bounded upon the ground. That moment, however, was a fatal one to the Kans.

With the speed of lightning the chief was at his shoulder—the cord twanged sharply—and a poisoned-tipped arrow sped through the air. Faithful to his mission, it hit the Indian's side, just as he was stooping to lift Wind-Foot in the boat. He gave a wild shriek; his blood spouted from the wound, and he staggered down upon the sand. His strength, however, was not yet gone.—Hate and measured revenge—the stronger that were held captive—raged within him, and shot through his eyes, glassy as they were beginning to be with death-damps. Twisting his body like a bruised snake, he worked himself close up to the bandaged Wind-Foot.

He felt to his waistband, and drew forth the weapon of stone. He laughed a laugh of horrid triumph—he shouted aloud—he raised the weapon in the air—just as the death rattle sounded in his throat, the instrument (the shuddering eyes of the child) saw it, and shot their darts with a fatal tremor through him, and the next minute Wind-Foot was dead.

**THE SAILOR AND HIS BRIDE.**—The Boston Transcript tells a good story in which a venerable and lamented pastor of a Baptist church and an honest Jack Tar and his wife were the principle actors. The sailor with his chosen partner went to the house of Dr.—to be married, and were accordingly "made one" with all the solemnity proper to the occasion. At the conclusion of the service, Jack told the Dr. that he understood that seventy-five cents was the lawful fee, but that he hadn't a brass cent to bless himself with, he should defer payment to a more convenient opportunity, adding a promise that he would honestly pay the minister, with one proviso—that if this wife proved to be a good woman and a true helmsman, he should reward him generously for the services, but if she turned out to be "good for nothing," the minister would not hear from him again. Dr.—was so much pleased with the straightforward manner of the tar that he drank his health, and that of his bride in a glass of wine, and saw them depart with a friendly blessing. Time passed away, and the Dr. had almost forgotten the circumstance of the wedding, when one day a cart was seen to stop before his door, and a man began to unload and deposit in his house a whole cargo of tams and oranges. The Dr. had not ordered the fruit, and he forthwith proceeded to stop the process of delivery. The man affirmed that all was right; but when the Dr. persisted that there must be a mistake, the maid asked him if he remembered having purchased such a couple at such a time. The question renewed the good Dr.'s recollection, and he at once knew that the honest tar himself stood before him. "It is all right," said the sailor; "I told you if my wife proved good for any thing, I would not forget you."

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In order to live mankind—except but little from themselves—in order to view their faults with out bitterness; and to most account ourselves to pardon them, and perceive that indulgence is a justice which frail humanity has a right to demand from wisdom.

"The sun went down, and the breeze of the Kans' ear, he jumped to his feet with that wonderful self-possestion which distinguishes his species, determined at once what was safest and surest for him

to do. He seized Wind-Foot by the shoulder, and ran toward the boat, holding the boy's person as a shield from any weapons the pursuers might attempt to launch after him. He possessed still the advantage. It was a fearful race; and the Unrelenting felt his heart grow sick; and the Indian, dragging his child approached nearer to the water's edge.

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## ASKING LEAVE TO TOIL.

HONORED SIR.—Hope that you will be pleased to publish the address of a poor man who wants to keep his wife and children; I take up my pen to write.—And, honored sir, I hope I will forgive me, if I say I feel a little happy that I am able to put a few words to paper—it being a sort of comfort to a man, however poor he may be.

My boldness, honored sir, is this: It is under your favor and consideration, to ask of your kindness, to let me have an acre or land, or if I am too bold, in asking a whole acre, half or quarter of the same. I know that it may be thought high and daring in me, to ask for such a favor, seeing that your estates are let out in large farms. It is perhaps, a presumption, and—as I've been told—a sort of flying in the face of property, for a man who isn't rich enough to farm a thousand acres; who hasn't money enough for cattle and bone-dags, and all that—to think of having a little slice of land, just to grow a few things on, for himself and children, had only being for them who can have a lot of it, of none. Nevertheless, sir, I hope for your kindness. I've been all along used to go to church, and thought I might be forgiven for it, I have not been two months, seeing that my slothes are all in such rags that, as one of the church wardens told me, they were quite a disgrace to the respectable congregation. Well, sir, used to go to church, but I never heard there whether the Garden of Eden was twenty thousand acres or not—perhaps the gentlemen who set their faces against small stonements, know it to have been a large farm indeed, and so think they have religion on their side, when they refuse a poor man a little patch for his own spade. I know that it was made a part of the punishment of sin—a part of the curse of heaven—that man should eat his bread in the sweat of his face. That, however wicked he may have been, he should not by his own account be suffered to eat his bread at all, does seem to me—and my heart is so full, I can't help trying it very like a curse coming from the other place. I suppose, too, they who eat their bread from the sweat of other people, have never smelt at all. I hope, however, sir, you will forgive these words; but my pen runs away with me like.

When I first honored, sir, for this bit of land, I mean, of course, to pay the very highest price you can get for it. I know that land let out in little bits is always made to fetch more than when let by the fum. This, of course, the poor must expect. It is so in all things. My wife gives her bit of soap and candle, (when she can buy it,) more for my bit of bacon, than if we could buy such things by the pound, like respectable people. And it isn't to be expected that sagacious landlender, even though he may be a duke of bwo, will do otherwise than the keeper of a chandler's shop. No, sir, though my neigbor says that "I'm a bold fellow, and have strange nonsense run in my head, I don't expect that."

If people weren't so foolish as to think otherwise, there would never have been such a noise about a gentleman who said, "if he let a lug of land for fivepence when he could get eighteenpence, he shud be giving away threepence, in the tenant?"! The gentleman only said what was true, the gentleman only said what nearly all the world do with one another every day of their lives. I was reading in a London newspaper that, was late me a day or two ago, where all sorts of things were advertised to be sold one under the other: coats and waistcoats, and trousers for almost no money at al. Well, the people who buy 'em say it's no business of theirs how the things are mad; that's not their concern; all they want, as a duty to themselves and family, is to get a cheap paup'rt; as it were to wrap themselves comfortably up in a bargain and then go with their prayor-books to church to show it. If we could ever think that the time would come when folks wouldn't bargain with bills, as though because they'd money to buy, they'd eat their fellow-creatures up—if it isn't, indeed, bold in me to say fellow-creatures—if we could ever hope for such a time, why, sir, then this world would be much nearer heaven than, perhaps, poor men have right to expect. And yet, sir, much has puzzled me now and then. When the parson has told us that we're all made of earth, I have, I own it, now and then, looked into a few p'w or two, add, if it's a'nt, I hope I may be pardoned for it—and I have sometimes doubted it. To be sure, soil is soil; but the better sort of folk may be the rich and loamy, and the poor, the cold stiff clay, only fit for draining.

Still, sir, folks say that things are brightening up for the poor. There are a good many signs of it. Only last autumn, I'm told, three real lords played at cricket somewhere with some shop keepers. A man in our village—who's reckoned to know something—has said it isn't unlikely that in less than twenty years a quire may now and then join in quirts, or four-choir with day-lablers. If ever this should come to pass, it must lead to good things.

The engine, after much laboring, will look at the men's houses, and talk with their wives and little ones about their food, and their clothes, and such like—giving them a kind word and a helping hand when they want it. This, of course, will come off the master's; otherwise, for my part, I can't see very great good in it. Politicians, a set

thing, and sometimes warns a poor man's heart, by saying he can tell it; but politeness itself won't put a 'tato on the plate when there isn't one. Folks can't eat quots and footfalls.

And now, sir, I hope you'll be so good as to let me have this bit of land. It will, I fear made quite a mif of me. Yes, sir, I mean that word and no other. As it is, sir, I don't know how it can be—but somehow at times I don't feel a man at all. I seem, as it is, to be in the world; as if I was a sort of a toad or slug upon the soil; an interloper on the land, having no right even to make a foot-mark in it. The sun doesn't seem to shine for me—not the wheat to shoot—not the hedge-flowers to blow. I feel sometimes that if poverty in this world was made the mark of Cain, and was upon me; with this hard difference, too, that any man might smile at me.

And then, sir, the temptations that by and run about one! I mean the game, sir. Many a time, when I've heard the pheasant crow, it has somehow sounded—though not a bit like it—one of my children crying for food, and then for a minute my brain has been in a blaze, and I've done anything. When things are at the worst, and starvation is for days in my cupboard, the devil—or something like him—has sent the hales running about me, as though on purpose to be knocked down with a stick. It's a hard matter, sir, to keep one's hands of a dinner running at one's feet —dinner that it's hard to think belongs to my body in particular.

And therefore, honored sir, I do hope for a bit of land. If it's no bigger, one may say, than a lark's turf, like the lark I know I can whisk it up and be happy. And so, honored sir, asking your pardon for my boldness, as a poor man, in thinking of such a thing,

I remain yours humbly to command,  
A. B. WOOD.

## The Landlord's Answer

MR. WOOD.—Had you known anything of the true principles of political economy, you would never have written such a letter to me, a land owner. Know, that it is much better for you that you should not have even a quarter of an acre—that it is for the social good of all, that you should remain as you are.

THEOPHILUS CANAAN, Bart.

## A HARD CASE.

An incident occurred not long since in one of the respectable quiet streets of our city, which at any time would have been considered dreadful, but which in these tempestuous days is indeed most passing strange. A young man whose father dying a few years since, left him a fortune of \$30,000, was seen to drive up to the residence of his family in a cab, so beastly intoxicated, so awful in appearance, as to strike every one with abhorrence! He was without hat or coat, and the rest of his scanty clothing was torn to pieces and covered with dirt, while from the frightful gashes on his head, the blood streaming down over his face a spectacle of terror! Such a spectacle!—Such an object to present itself to the Sabbath day at the house of a mother! And this is a wine-drinker, one who we doubt not was always been a strenuous advocate for an occasional glass?—that occasional glass which is the source and origin of all the damning evils that blotted drunkenness accumulated upon its head. This young gentleman, not yet twenty-three years of age, thus attired in his tattered and bloody habiliments, pitched from the cab to the pavement, and then staggered up to such a pitch, that they can no longer contain themselves, and consequently break out in disrespectful language, as (the officers term it,) for which they are brutally flogged, while the officer, who is the means of it all, is allowed to go unpunished. Now, are such laws, and such treatment right? Is it doing as we would be done by? Are they justified in the sight of heaven? I know that every individual who has the feelings of a man, will say that they are not. Go on board of those boats of hell when the boatman's call summons all hands to witness punishment, and there see your fellow-men brought the gangway, stripped to the bare back, his feet held to the dock by four thirty-two pound shot; his arms extended, and lashed to the bulkhead, and there, almost at the base of Bunker Hill Monument; with his locks floating in the breeze, and freedom's ensign waving o'er his head, he is flogged with the cat of nine tails, by the strong muscular arm of the boatswain's mate, until the blood flows freely from his lacerated back.

Such a system should be treated with scorn and disgust, by every friend of humanity. And I for one, will, glibly hail the time, by joy when that rotten institution, as well as the army, and every other institution that tends to pervert and crush mankind, not only in this country, but throughout the world, shall cease to exist.

MR. ENRICO.—Below I have penned a few remarks in relation to the Navy, which if you deem worthy, I hope you will insert in the "Voice."

THE U. S. NAVY.

Next to the slave system, I think I may safely say, and that too, without exaggerating the minutest point of view, that there is no institution of the U. S. Government so unparalleled in sin and wickedness as its Navy; called the right arm of its defense. And I think there is no institution attended with as much expense, and as little benefit; and as much injury to the morals, and the pecuniary interest of the country at large, as its navy. Millions of dollars are annually drained from the pockets of the poor laborers, and are expended in supporting one of the foulest and blackest institutions of cruelty and wickedness that ever cursed the American nation.

I say the hard-earned wages of northern industry are squandered away Congress, in supporting a lawless, unprincipled pro-slavery aristocracy, of wealthy and influential parents who have been educated from their cradles to believe that man is to be classed with brutes, if he is not possessed of a fortune sufficient to support him without labor. I mention these officers, who are allowed by Congress to take the law into their own hands, and use it at their own discretion. Yet, some will say that the navy is indispensable in supporting and defending the liberty of our Country. I think that they would say that it is indispensable in perpetuating the tyranny that so much predominates over liberty, it would sound a little more consistent.

Must twelve thousand seamen be kept in slavery in order to support the Government; if so, then let it fall. If it is based on such weak principles, as to require such a tyrannical institution as the navy to keep it from falling, then the sooner it falls the better. It was only winter before last, that a bill came before Congress, praying that the liquor ration and corporal punishment might be abolished, and it was voted down to a great majority. Now, I ask, what justice is there in this? placing a temptation before them, and then whipping them like brutes for yielding to it? I do not scruple to say, that two thirds of the punishments that are inflicted on our seamen by the officers, if traced back, would come on the officers themselves; for their haughty contemptible treatment towards the sailors. They will irritate them until animal passions become excited, and heated up to such a pitch, that they can no longer contain themselves, and consequently break out in disrespectful language, as (the officers term it,) for which they are brutally flogged, while the officer, who is the means of it all, is allowed to go unpunished. Now, are such laws, and such treatment right? Is it doing as we would be done by? Are they justified in the sight of heaven?

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For the Voice of Industry.

## BEWARE OF IMPOSITION.

MR. ENRICO.—It is indeed truly astonishing to look around, and see the imposition that is practiced in the almost immeasurable upon the people of this country, and indeed of every country. It seems as though every man was studying to find the most ways to deceive, and impose upon his fellow man. Go where you will, you will find deception has been there before you. Among the blood-thirsty Caufalys of the Fugge Islands—the wild Indians of the forest—and even among the (so called) free and enlightened people of our own country; we find that deception and imposition are now and then continually practiced.

But probably none are more noted for the variety and ingenuity of their tricks than the New England Yankies.

Possessed by Wooden Nutmegs, Vegetable Pills, Hard Coal Indigo, and a great variety of Yankee impositions, we would particularly notice (as practiced by a certain class of persons calling themselves agents.) These persons procure samples of different papers and Magazines, as the case may be, and go about the country, pretending to be agents for the work they show. Many have written articles signed (fictitiously) by the proprietors of the periodicals they carry. These they show, and many, believing them to be honest, subscribe their names, pay the money in advance, and the fact is that they are either agent, money or paper.

This kind of imposition has for the last few years, been extensively carried on in the New England States. The consequence is, people have learned to make out at the men's houses, and talk with their wives and little ones about their food, and their clothes, and such like—giving them a kind word and a helping hand when they want it. This, of course, will come off the master's; otherwise, for my part, I can't see very great good in it. Politicians, a set

look upon every one so equipped as imposters, and of late, it has become so common, that people who have been so imposed upon, have sometimes almost enraged; and real agents are not treated with decency. The blisse of course cannot be laid to the people; it is the mean pretenders, who should be made to suffer to the full extent of the law for swindling people out of their hard earnings.

This is probably as much of an injury to the publisher as to the people; for oftentimes the people think the fault is with the publishers, for not advertising, and cautioning them against these imposters. As it is, that nearly all publications have too many agents; and let us give to our advice, we would say, let every paper or periodical have few, and continually advertise their agents; for certain it is, that if something is not done to prevent this imposition, many a well conducted, and valuable print will suffer for want of patronage. We have visited several places within a few weeks, which have been swindled out of from ten to forty dollars each, by these miserable pretenders.

We have also known several worthy, honest, young men who have taken agencies for publications, travelled a short time and given it up; because, people who otherwise would not subscribe, for fear of imposition. To add to the rest, several new publications have started, sent out their agents, enjoyed a short life and died; and those who paid in advance, were of course sufferers. Several among the rest, calling themselves the friends of the laborer, and the working men's advocate have started; many a hard laboring man has paid his dollar, perhaps received a few papers, and perhaps not; and probably the next he lies flat, that it has run down. Thus has the confidence of the people been destroyed; suspicion, and oftentimes disgust takes its place. But as I have already trespassed to much upon your paper, I close, by hoping that the "Voice" if no other will be so conducted as to gain, and continue the confidence, esteem, and patronage of all true workmen, and lovers of truth.

G. W. C.

## VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

What We Labor for.—The abolition of idleness and oppression; the prevalence of industry, virtue and intelligence.

TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1845.

TO THE WORKING PEOPLE AND THEIR FRIENDS OF NEW-ENGLAND.—We ask your attention for the last time, at present, to the pecuniary concerns of our paper, hoping that our call will not fall upon indifferent ears, or be read with neglect and forgetfulness.

As we stated in our introductory address, our object in bringing into existence and continuing the "Voice of Industry," never was prompted by any desire of personal aggrandizement, or self-enrichment; but a sincere regard for the best possible good of the class whose true interests it advocates, and a hearty wish to promote the great principles of universal love, charity, good-will, just, equal and productive industry among mankind. As we approximate towards such a state of society, will our country and world be blest, our race enjoy the happiness their natures crave, and the fruits of our labor yield rational pleasure and a Christian satisfaction? To bring about so desirable a state of things, we must use means—means adapted to the object we wish to accomplish—and what is more potent and effectual in all great warfares, than to exert a

wise and judicious knowledge of the principles of universal love, charity, good-will, just, equal and productive industry among mankind.

As we proceed in our efforts to establish a republic of plunder and at the present rate, our nation will soon be a republican paradise, and our people fit subjects for heavenly rest; but if otherwise, let us stop and consider our condition and future destiny. To the workmen who have thus far stood by us (among whom are some genuine souls,) we tender our heartfelt thanks, hoping they will continue firm and stout-hearted in the great battle for equal and just rights, and if consistent with their circumstances, give us further aid and support. And to all our patrons, without distinction of party, condition, sex, or color, we render the same knowledge for their favors, and a continuation of the same, trusting their influence will be exerted in circulating their paper (the "Voice") throughout the New-England States, that it may prove an able champion of the workingmen's rights; unsuited by the fear of proscription and independence of the powers that would gladly see its destruction.

← We would inform the editor of the "Sentinel," who is not altogether culpable for the bad use he has made of his own edit., that we shall so far depart from his *mild* example, as to refuse being drawn into a long political controversy, both unprofitable and undesirable.

Our time and paper are too valuable to be wasted in answering articles so devoid of sense and wit as we have graced the editorial corner of that paper for the last two weeks. In noticing the "Legalisation" article from the "Sentinel," we made no attack whatever, farther than principle demanded. We simply exposed the error he was cramming down the people's throat in "Legalisation" style, and palming it off for genuine temperance. In return for this we were assailed with a charge of fourth rate blackguardism, which should shame any man, especially one who claims for himself so much *bravery*.

With regard to the "first and second paragraphs" we advise the "Sentinel" to take one more look at the lexicon, and if he reads understandingly, he will discover that great misfortune ends.

We advise the "Sentinel" has no regard for his high standing, and the feelings of his friends, he never will be caught again in such a half-baked trial, so humiliatin' as to result. Should the "Sentinel," or any of his assistants wish to discuss the merits of "Legalisation" openly and frankly, as it becomes men worthy the name, our columns are ready and we have some facts relative to the

# VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

traffic in Fitchburg, that might prove quite interesting to the editor and his friends which we should deem proper to adduce in such an article.

In your paper this week, will be found a series of resolutions from the Workingmen's Association at South Boston, which breathes a pure degree of moral courage and unswerving regard for the great reform in which they are engaged. While spending an evening with them a short time since, we were much gratified to find such an unusual amount of deep interest, well grounded principle and philosophical reasoning. South Boston has many strong minds and feeling hearts; let other Associations try to imitate their commendable zeal.

The following spirited call for a workingmen's meeting in N. York City, will be read with interest.

## MECHANICS, LABORERS, AND USEFUL PERSONS.

These things are facts. In the city of N. York are 65,000 paupers, that is one-seventh of the entire population; in the State one in 31 is a pauper, and ratios, in city and country, are increasing year by year. The compensation for labor is steadily sinking; until thousands are now reduced to the starvation point. Labor and laborers—it is useless to deny it—arise in this Republican country even, subject to subtle, indirect slavery, rarely acknowledged, but everywhere felt. And in the west the white laborer of the north is in a worse state than slave of the south, for while the condition of the slave remains pretty much the same from year to year, that of the supposed free man is growing constantly worse. There under heaven may help for this? Who dares to doubt it?

Therefore we, a committee appointed at the General Meeting of the Trades and Useful Classes, held at National Hall on the evening of the 6th of June, do invite all persons of whatever description, but especially all working men, to assemble at Clinton Hall, head of Chatham square, on Wednesday evening next July 16, at half past seven o'clock, when and where we propose to reprobate to them the result of our labors.

In R. Davis, carpenter; G. H. Evans, printer; A. E. Boway, teacher; Wm. Wilson, saddler; John Gould, cigar maker; T. A. Devry, editor; Henry Beery, shoemaker; Ransom Smith, clockmaker; J. D. Pearson, cabinet maker; J. Spencer, tailor; John Commerford, chair maker; Robert Beatty, bookbinder; Albert G. Rudolph, cooper; Dr. Newberry, physician; Jess Ferguson, blacksmith; Samuel James, granite cutter; James Stewart, locksmith; John Cam, silversmith; John Sherlock, iron rail maker; Charles Holden, piano forte maker; Henry Hughes, bricklayer; George Oaks, painter; John R. Smith, scene painter; James Maxwell, machinist.

Remember, rents are going up, and wages are going down; we believe we have discovered the cause and the cure. Come.

**ANOTHER CAUSALITY.**—A man by the name of James Vinal, a master stone-mason upon the Town House, fell from the upper staging of the same on Monday last, a distance of some 30 or 40 feet, upon the curb stones below, fracturing his skull and otherwise severely injuring him. He was engaged in setting the caps upon the House windows, and one of the large stone caps that was being hoisted to its place by the derrick, fell upon the staging upon which Vinal was standing, superintending the operation, precipitating him amid the falling plank and brick upon the stones below.—*Manchester Democrat.*

A severe thunder storm visited Lowell yesterday afternoon, and continued for sometime over an hour. A young man by the name of Parker, in the employment of Samuel Lawrence, about his residence on Belvidere hill, was instantly killed while at work in a field. Two others were at work with him, and were both knocked down, but not injured. A house was struck on Lewis street, and another on Allen street, which latter was very badly shattered, and a young girl in it so severely stunned as to render her recovery yet doubtful.—*Boston Bee.*

Among the many roasts at the Nashua celebration, we find the following which display an eminent degree of Post Office courage, and gun-powder patriotism.

By C. P. Donforth, Esq.—The British Lion—Should he ever invade, we'll tear the laws which we have made.

The noble Eagle—every yankee's pride. Would pick out his eyes and tear off his hide. Oh, don't!

By Capt. D. M. Fiske.—Old Rogers, the editor of the Herald of the Devil at Concord, and those who adhere to his measures and support his principles.—May they be compelled like Nebuchadnezzar to eat grass till their hearts are changed and all men enjoy republican liberty.

We should think by the above, that the Captains profits imagination might have concocted the following:

**Confusion to the Tories.**—May their hearts melt and run into cucumbers, and the devil bite at the bitter end—so help me God.

The following from the pen of Miss S. G. Bagley, and published in the Lowell Offering, which appeared in the Courier, reflecting somewhat upon Miss Bagley's remarks at Woburn on the fourth. We had the pleasure of listening to Miss Bagley's remarks at Woburn, and can testify that she spoke in kind and courteous terms of the present editors—brought no charge whatever against the Offering, farther than it was controlled by corporation influences—stated that she had written articles for the Offering, which were rejected because they spoke of Factory girls wrong—but by whom rejected she did not inform us—nor was it some of her predecessors as it was the general character of the Offering that she wished to illustrate.

We hold the literary merits of the Offering in high esteem—it reflects much honor upon its talents, conductors—but still we were pleased to hear this exposition in relation to its true character and standing. It is, and always has been under the fostering care of the Lowell Corporations, as a literary repository for the mental gems of those operatives who have ability, time and inclination to write—and the tendency of it ever has been to vanish over the evils, wrongs, and privations of a factory life. This is undeniable, and we wish to have the Offering stand upon its own bottom, instead of going out as the united voice of the Lowell Operatives, while it wears the Corporation's lock and their apologists hold the keys.

In looking over the Courier of Wednesday last we found our name in connection with the Lowell Offering saying that we had never presented an article that had been refused since Miss Farley had been its Editor. Well, as we did not say that we had we do not see any chance for controversy. But we did (and will hold ourselves responsible) that we have written articles for the Offering that have been rejected because they would make the Offering "controversial" and would change its "original design," which was that of being "among the spindles."

If any one will take the trouble to look at No. 2, specimen copy, that was published previous to the commencement of Vol. 1, they will find that controversy has not always been studiously avoided, and that the defense made was against O. A. Brownson and not corporation rules, which would change the *propriety* of "controversy" very materially. We preferred no charge against Miss Farley, but spoke respectfully of her, and should not have spoken of her or the Offering, had not Mr. Mollen, of Boston, made an attack upon the operatives of our city, and as an argument in favor of our excellent rules, stated that we had the Offering under our control, and had never made one word of complaint through its columns.

We were called upon to state the original design of the Offering, and gave it in the same language in which it was expressed in a note by the editor in the No. referred to.

We stated that it had never been an organ through which the abuses of oppressive rules or unreasonable hours might be complained of; but that both cannot be denied by the editor—and stranger still it has been admitted by the editor of the Courier. We stated that the number of subscribers to the Offering among the operatives, was very limited; we were authorized to make such an assertion in conversation with Miss Farley a few months ago; and we would not charge her with telling an untruth either directly or indirectly, least she should be deemed *unlady-like*.

We asked the question what kind of an organ of defense would the operatives find with Mr. Schouler for a proprietor and publisher? We repeat this question, and if any one should look for an article in the publisher's columns, they would find something like the following:

"Lowell is the Garden of Eden (except the serpent) the gates thereof are gold. The tree of knowledge of good is there, but the evil is avoided through the judicious management of the superintendents. Females may work nineteen years without fear of injuring their health, or impairing their intellectual and moral powers. They may accumulate large fortunes, marry and educate children, build houses, and far farms, and all the while be operatives." Thus would the Offering under such a control, and those who are as stupid as Mr. Mollen made himself, *believe it*.—We have not written this article to evince that there is "mind among the spindles," but to show that the minds here are not *all spindles*.

SARAH G. BAGLEY.

**Henry Bill for Morning.**—In the superior court of New York city, Susan Parker has obtained a verdict for \$5000 against William Engeman, executor of the late Charles Walker, who died at Concord, N. H., and gave a note for him to that plaintiff in his aunt, who died in his last illness.

Water is the cheapest, purest, healthiest, and in those who habitually use it, the most agreeable of all beverages.

By the two great fires at Quebec two thirds of the city is destroyed, 30,000 persons are without a home.

**South Boston, July 12, 1845.**

MR. EDITOR.—The Laborers' Union Association established in this City, wishing to have their principles more generally understood, by the Laborers of our country, adopted the following resolutions, with a view of presenting them at the Mass Meeting at Woburn on the 4th, providing other resolutions should be presented at that time.

As none were presented at that meeting it was voted at a subsequent meeting of this Association, that those resolutions be published in the "Voice of Industry," and that the Corresponding Secy., be authorized to transmit the same to the publishers of that paper for that purpose.

1st. Resolved, That no day can be more appropriate than that of the Anniversary of our "National Independence," for the industrial class to meet together and review the past without prejudice or passion; that no unworthy motives of "Patriotism," should deter us from a free interchange of thought and opinion upon all matters relating to us as men and citizens.

2d. Resolved, That the rights of the industrial classes are not sufficiently understood to enable society to appreciate the advantages to be enjoyed by all its members, from a practical application of those principles clearly set forth in the declaration of the rights of Man."

3d. Resolved, That in view of the above resolution, we deem it inexpedient, at present, to enter into any permanent political organization.

4th. Resolved, That the various communities now in practical operation in various parts of the world, meet our entire approbation, so far as we understand them, inasmuch as we all have the same end in view, viz: the "rights of Man."

5th. Resolved, That that as practical Laborers who have not the means or inclination to withdraw from Society, we deem it incumbent upon us to use all the means in our power, to erminate existing evils from the present state of Society.

6th. Resolved, That the best means in the judgment of this Association, is the formation of Societies, and a liberal support of talented and public teachers, who have faith in man's capability of self-government, and a concentrated support to some public Journal which will have the moral courage to speak out freely and fearlessly in the cause of suffering humanity.

7th. Resolved, That we, the members of the Laborers' Union Association, most cheerfully recommend the "Voice of Industry," published at Fitchburg, by an Association of Workingmen, to the support of the Laborers throughout our country, as being best calculated to discharge its duty, and candidly their wrongs, and to defend more manfully and successfully, the rights of all men.

S. H. ALLEN, Chairman of Comm.

Geo. Robinson, Cor. Sec. L. U. A.

**LOOK AT THE TWO PICTURES.**

The first is from the Boston Morning Post: look at it and shout "long live a protective tariff," which thus enables princely nabobs to swell there overgrown coffee at the expense of the laboring poor.

**COTTON FACTORIES.**—The Merrimac Manufacturing Company has just declared a semi-annual dividend of 10 per cent, and its profits for the last six months having been 13 per cent. A surplus fund is accumulated in spite of its large dividends and large salaries to its officers, which is sufficient to build a very large addition to its productive power.

Some years since it made a dividend of one third its capital at one dash, and now puts out cash funds to a use that will earn sum 25 or 30 per cent, return annually.

The Boot Mills Company is found to stand so well, that 25 per cent advance is freely offered for it and for Sohail, &c. It is asked. Indeed the new copper mines of Lake Superior can hardly make money so fast as the Lowell factories are doing!"

Then look at this—and exult at the prospect that opens before you, if you can.

**PACTRATION TO HOME INDUSTRY.**—The Lowell Patriot says: "We are informed that the wages of many of the operatives employed in one of the largest woolen corporations in this city have been greatly reduced within a short time past." Hands who have had \$1 per day now get 75 cents, and generally the reduction is in that ratio."

Twenty-five cents reduction! What blessed effect of protection! The hard laboring community will soon fully understand that fat dividends to stockholders afford no surety of either civil or military power.

"This is a progressive system. As agriculture in New England decays, and the 'population' become more dependent upon factory wages, these earnings will be reduced until there professions will indeed be the result of pauper labor!"

James M. Stone, having received an appointment from Ex. Gov. Morton in the Custom House, has left the editorial charge of the "State Sentinel" and "Reformer" to R. B. Hancock who we are pleased to see, has taken as broad and liberal grounds as his predecessor.

**Reward of Merit.**—"Sam," said one little brother to another, "Sam, does your schoolmaster ever give you any reward of merit?" "I suppose he does," was the rejoinder, "he gives me a licking regular every day, and says I merit two."

Mr. George W. Clarke, a young man of experience and ability, ("and a workman as well as ourselves") is our only travelling agent. We repeat implicit confidence in Mr. Chase, and hope our friends and the public generally will reward his labors by immediately subscribing for the "Voice," assuring them that they will receive their papers regularly. Will the working people sustain their own paper?

**TRENDON.**—A sleeping chamber at the Worcester House was entered on Monday night, and a gold watch and about \$ 9 in money stolen therefrom.

The door was locked upon the inside, and the key was turned by means of a instrument made for the purpose. The marks of the instrument were found upon the key, as well as those of three other rooms. "We understand a person is suspected who took lodgings there the night before, and requested to be called in season for the Steam Boat train in the morning; but when called for, he was already gone."—*State Sentinel.*

**A RATIONAL CLERGYMAN.**—Among the toasts at the Roxbury temperance celebration we notice the following.

By the Rev. Mr. Saenger of Dover.—If what they say of the Clergy is true, they deserve it—if not true, it won't hurt them.

We call the attention of the "Sentinel" to the following definition.

**SUEMIE.**—Too stupid to express one's ideas in intelligible language.

It becomes our unwelcome duty to announce the sudden and unanticipated demise of the Hon. DANIEL WALDO, of this town, on Tuesday night last. He was found dead in his bed on Wednesday morning, and his position when discovered, indicated that he must have been somewhat conscious of his situation, and endeavored to rise and make it known. He was left two sisters, who have been his constant companion through life to mourn his loss. A long vacancy is also created in the circle in which he moved, and his loss will be greatly felt by many of our benevolent institutions, to whom he was a constant and generous contributor.—*Sent. and Reformer.*

**POSTAGE CHARGE.**—The Secretary of the Treasury has ordered two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of times and half times to be coined at the Philadelphia mint, to meet the exigencies of the new Post Office law. *State Sentinel.*

A Correspondent of the Daily Times says: "A most melancholy suicide occurred on Concord Mass., on the 7th inst. Miss Martin Hunt, daughter of Daniel Hunt, was found drowned in the Concord river. She was Mistress of the 'Derby School' and had been thus occupied some two or three years. She was about 20 years of age. She had gone home as it was supposed, to attend to her ordinary duties, but not returning as usual at night suspicions were aroused, search was made, and she was found in the river about 12 o'clock last evening. She was a very accomplished, and amiable young lady, and her mind had become somewhat overtasked by intense study which is assigned as the unhappy cause of the event." She was highly esteemed by all who knew her.

The Essex Company has decided to fix the location of their new city on the Methuen side of the Merrimack.

The Legislature of New Hampshire adjourned on Thursday the 28 instant, to meet again the last Wednesday of May, 1836.

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**EXPENSES OF MONARCHY.**—The half-pay of the civil and military establishment of Great Britain is \$24,000,000 annually. The royal family receive while pay for what illnesses amounting to \$7,000,000.

He that will consecrate himself to christian principle and moral right, against expediency and selfishness, must set aside all idea of obtaining a good name among worldly and selfish men, and expect to be shorn of what reputation he may have already gained.

**LITERAL REQUEST.**—We learn that the Hon. Daniel Waldo, of Worcester, who died suddenly last week, left by his will to the Lea N. Aspinwall, the magnificent bequest of \$40,000, and to the Massachusetts General Hospital \$10,000.

**FORTUNE ESCAPE.**—A Louisville paper states that while the Artillery Companies at Louisville were firing at a target, while they loaded for a ball that was fired by the Louisville Artillery, The Georgetown Company, was setting fire on account of the smoke, fired their piece. The ball struck within three feet of him, and covered him with dust from head to foot. The distance was three fourths of a mile.

**NOTICE.**

**THE LABORERS' UNION ASSOCIATION.** At South Boston, held regular meetings every Tuesday Evening at the "Black Hall" on art street, near the South foot bridge; on who interested in the welfare of labor in such places, are cordially invited to attend.

The Library is open every Saturday Evening for the delivery of books.

Subscriptions to the Library \$2.00 a year, for Gentlemen, one dollar, for Ladies. A refundable \$100 is attached to the Association for relief of sick and disabled members.

## MARRIAGES.

At Exeter, July 1, James Burrie, to Miss Anna Nasab, both of Manchester.

In Amherst, Dr. D. D. Pratt, to Mrs. Mary Dow, both of Nashua.

In Amherst, Stephen C. Longell, to Miss Louisa B. Avery.

## DEATHS.

In this town, July 12th 1845 Mrs. Elizabeth Ward, wife of Mr. Lorenzo Allen, formerly of Brattleboro Vt., aged 23.

Mrs. A. has during her long and distressing illness manifested a Christian resignation. She has been affectionately regarded by her friends, and has been a comfort to her husband. Her remains were carried to Brattleboro, and interred last Sabbath.

In this town, June 25th, Loraine, daughter of Eliza Hart, aged 16 years.

Jay St. Edward B., son of Benjamin D. Leverett, aged 3 years.

## PURIFY THE BLOOD.

**MOFFAT'S VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS AND PHOENIX BITTERS.**

The high and ordered celebrity which these great Medicines have acquired for their invincible efficacy in all diseases, and the usual practice of selling only unnecessary, and injurious Medicines, will render it necessary to withhold the sale of them.

They are known by their effects, and the great value of them.

**DR. WILSON'S CURE FOR GOUT, GIDNESS, CRAYER, DRACHES, & COLD.**

GOUT, GIDNESS, CRAYER, DRACHES, & COLD, EDWARD REED IN NEW YORK CITY, 144 BROADWAY, AND LAURENCE LOSS OF APPALACHIA.

**DR. COOPER'S COMPLAINTS, LEROY, LOOMIS, MERCURIAL DISEASES, & C.**

Mercurial Disease, and Leroys, Loomis, & Cooper's Complaints, with a new edition of the Leroys, will be sold by the Dr. Medicines.

**DR. HUMPHREY'S SICKLIMIN, RUELLINIS, SCHOLIPS, OR HENGE'S EVELL,** in weight and quality equal to the Head, Security, and Strength.

**WORMS,** of all kinds, are effectively expelled by these Medicines. Patients will do well to administer them when ever they feel a desire to move.

**THE LIFE PILLS AND PHOENIX BITTERS.**

**PURIFY THE BLOOD.**

An English physician writes the Life Pills and Phoenix Bitters beyond the reach of danger in the estimation of one patient.

The genuine form of these medicines is prepared by a man named "Meddy's Good Samaritan," containing the directions &c. for their use. They are sold in boxes, and may be had by any druggist who practices in this city.

They are made of the best and rarest roots, with white wine, and are said to be the best in the world. They are sold by the apothecaries in boxes, and are said to be the best in the world.

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