

# VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

\$1.00 Per Annum, In Advance.

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

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## THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,

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W. F. YOUNG, Editor.

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### Poetry.

*Light for All*—by J. GOSICK.

You cannot pay with Money.

The million sons of Toil—

The sailors on the ocean,

The peasant of the soil,

The laborer in the mines,

In the heart of the coal,

Your money pays the hand—

But it cannot pay the soul.

You gaze on the cathedral,

Whose towers meet the sky;

Remember the foundations;

That in earth and darkness lie;

For were not those foundations,

So darkly resting there,

Your shadows could never see up

So proudly to the air.

The way to light must be crowded;

That the place may be bright,

If the ploughman doth plough,

Then the poet could write;

Then he could not fail to hollow

That path to fame for him;

And lastly his share of honor,

As of a fine great plan.

See, light darts down from Heaven,

And enter where the soul abides,

With all souls people,

And light up one bright day,

And let the mind's fire smoulder,

Be spread; let earth as fire,

And fill the souls of men,

As the water fill the sea.

The man who rises the sun,

Never falls in earthly mind;

The ploughman fails the road,

Not in a spirit blind;

The mind can shed a light,

On each weary labor done,

As lowliest things are bright

In the radius of the sun.

The tailor, ay, the cobbler,

May lift their loads as men;

Better far than Alexander,

Could be wake to life again;

And think of all his bloodshed,

(And all for nothing too!)

And ask himself—What made I

As useful as a sloe?

What cheeris the musing student,

The poet, the divine?

The thought that for his followers

A brighter day will shine,

Let every human labor

Enjoy the vision bright—

Let thought that comes from Heaven

Be spread like Heaven's own light!

Ye men who hold the pen,

Rise like a hand inspired,

And, pooh, let your lyrics

With love for man be fired;

Till earth becomes a temple,

And every human heart

Shall join in its great service,

Each happy in his part!

## SELECTED TALES

From the Columbian Magazine.

### THE IRISH HEART.

A True Story.

BY MRS. L. MARIA CHILD.

It was a pleasant sight to look on James and Nora in their early childhood; their cheeks were so rosy, their hair so sunny, and their clear blue eyes so mild and innocent. They were the youngest of a cabin full of children, and though they did now and then get cast off the elder ones, with the nasty words, "Get out of the way, you scamp!" they were the pets and playmates of them all. Their love for each other was extreme; and though James, early in boyhood, evinced the Irish predilection for giving knugs, he was never known to raise his hand against his little sister. When she could first toddle about it was his delight to gather the May gowans that grew about the well; and put them in Nora's curly hair; and then he would sit before her with his little hands resting on his knees, contemplating her with the greatest satisfaction. When they were older, they might be seen weeding the potato patches; (1) side by side, or hand in hand, gathering berries among the hawthorn bushes. The greatest difference between them seemed to be, that James was all fun and frolic, while Nora was ever serious and earnest.

When the young maiden was walking the bows, her soft low voice might usually be heard, warbling some of the mournful melodies of Ireland; but plaintive tones were rarely heard from James. He came home from daily labor whistling like a blackbird,

mocking the gods, or singing, at the top of his clear ringing voice, the merry jingle of St. Patrick's Day in the Morning, or the facetious air of Pauline D' Rafferty. At dancing, too, he excelled all the lads of the neighborhood; He could dance Irish jigs, three part reel, four part reel, or rolly powly, to the tune of The Dusty Miller, or The Bakes of Bally-shammy, with such a quick ear for the music, that all the ladies declared they could 'see the time upon his feet.' He was a comely lad, too, and at the wedding and Christmas carols none of the basic dances looked more genteel than he, with his bold-colored eyes, his knot of ribbons at each knee, and his caudron (2) set jauntily on one side of his head. Being good-natured and truthful, he was a great favorite at wakes and dances, and festivities of all sorts; and he might have been in danger of becoming dissipated, had it not been for the happy consciousness of belonging to an honest industrious family, and being the pride and darling of Nora's heart.

Notwithstanding the natural gravity of his disposition, he had the spirit of enterprise, and a love of earning money. This tendency led him early to think of emigrating to America, the Eldorado of Irish immigration. (Nora resisted the first suggestion with many tears.) James drew two pictures of a farm of his own in the new country, and cows and horses and a pleasant junting caur. Nora was ever by his side; for with the very first guesswork that crossed his hand, she would send for her. (The affectionate sister, accustomed to sympathize with all his plans, soon began to help him to build his castle in America, and poor old mother, then a widow, was greatly distressed.) Poor Nora buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud. The old mother rocked violently to and fro, with her apron at her eye; and the father, though he tried hard to conceal his emotion, could not restrain the big tears from rolling down his weather-beaten face. "Oh, we is the day," said he, "that we'll be out in a year and a half, any how." I have not seen James since I come to America; but I heerd tell of what I have wrik. The blessed Mother of Heaven keep your hearts from sinking down with this heavy sorrow. Your friend and rubbor." MIKE MURPHY.

Deep indeed was the grief in that poor and lonely family, when these sad tidings were read. Poor Nora buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud. The old mother rocked

violently to and fro, with her apron at her eye; and the father, though he tried hard to

conceal his emotion, could not restrain the big

tears from rolling down his weather-beaten

face. "Oh, we is the day," said he, "that we'll be out in a year and a half, any how."

Such a decent lad, and belonging to a family that never did a dishonest action. And sure all hearts were upon him, and we all so proud out of him."

"Fathers," said the weeping Nora, "I know

the heart of him better nor any of you does,

and I know he never had intuition to do any

thing that would bring to the beth the moth-

er that bore him, and the sister that slept in

his arms, when we were both weeny things.

I'll go to Ameriky, and find out all about it,

and write you word."

"You go to Ameriky!" exclaimed her mother.

"Sure you're crazed with the big grief

that's tippen you, colen,machree, (3) or you'd

ever ripper them words."

"And wouldn't he follow me to the ends of

the earth if the black troub's was on me?" repled

Nora, with passionate earnestness.

"There was always kindness in him for all

human creatures but he layed me better not

all the world. Never knew a bad word

again him, but nobody knew the heart of him as I did. Proud was I of him, and lonesome

in my heart without him. And is it will

live mine alone wid th' troub's!" Troth, not

if there was ten oceans awween us.

This vehemence subsided after awhile and they talked more calmly of how they should hide their disgrace from the neighborhood.—

Thet their hearts were sad they could not conceal.

Day after day their frugal meals were removed almost untasted, and every one stayed about silently as after a funeral. The very cows came slowly and disconsolately as if they heard grief in the voice of their young mistress, when she called them to be milked. And the good old mother no longer attended at her spinning-wheel the song she had sung over the cradle of her darling boy. Nora at first presisted in her plan of crossing the Atlantic; but her father forbade it, and she said not a word.

Her heart grew more and more impatient.

She spoke less and less of James,

but she sighed heavily at her work, and her eyes were often red with weeping. At last she resolved to unknown any one, she rose stealthily at midnight, tied up a small bundle of clothing, placed a little bag of money in her bosom, paused and gazed lovingly on her sleeping parents, hastily brushed away the gathering tears, and stepped out into the moonlight.

She stood for a few moments and gazed on the potato patch, where she and James had worked together many a day, on the bed of which the May gowens grew, and on the clear white cabin, where the old ones slept. She passed into the little shed that served as a stable for the animals, and threw her arms about the pony's neck, and kissed the cow, that knew her voice as well as her own mother did. She came forth weeping, and gazed on the headstone, as she would gaze on the face of a dying friend.

The clustering memmories were too much for her loving heart. Dropping on her knees, in agony of sorrow; "If it is to

be, and heid wid any where. He was always

a decent lad, a true son, a good boy,

and a good husband, and a good father,

and a good man, and a good man."

James, month after month, poor Nora

watched with feverish anxiety to catch sight

of her father when he returned from the post office; for he promised if he found a letter to

him, he would high above his head, as soon as he came to the top of the hill, fronting the house.

At no letter came; and at last Nora

gave up hope, and wrote to him again and again,

begging him to let her know when he would

return. At length he did, and she sent him a

long letter, telling him all about her trouble,

and asking him to come and see her.

He replied, "I am sorry for you, but I

cannot come, as I have a

lot to do at home."

He was a good boy, and a good son,

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# VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

above all others, deserved to be called the lit-  
erature of the children of the nation.

1. Postage, 2 Cen. 8 Dollars, 4 Sweet darling,  
Sweet Virgin, 6 Let me be thy heart, 7 Tales of my  
heart, 8 Light of my heart—9 Dear.

The Newboys.

“He! the Sun, Herald, Tribune, and True  
Sun—two for a cent; Express; Mirror, and  
Gazette—a cent apiece. Morning papers, two  
for a cent—Evening papers, a cent a piece.  
Extra Packet only one cent—Got the hor-  
rible murder and great fight.”

Such were the cries, (the former uttered in a very plaintive tone,) kept up by two newsboys in front of our office late one night this week. “By No. 1, it will be observed, was offering his wares for half price, or less, and considerable less than they cost him.” Boy No. 2 was endeavoring to get off what would otherwise be dead stock.

“Dogs any body even think of the condition of these newsboys, dependent on an uncertain trade for a living, at a time when they ought to be at school, or learning some trade or occupation by which they might earn a living through life? The business is of only a few years standing, and I have asked some of the older boys what they mean to do? They don’t know.”

I asked a couple of the younger ones if they would not like to be on Farm? They shook their heads. Why not? “They use you too bad,” was the reply. “They had probably heard of cases where orphans from the House of Refuge had been sold out and mistreated; a fate by no means uncommon to the children of the poor.”

These newsboys have established a monopoly among themselves. A boy who undertakes to sell papers without their permission, is persecuted in various ways, and his papers stolen or destroyed.

How does this boy acquire the knowledge and character necessary to exercise the rights of citizenship? And how are they to get a living when they grow up? If society do not attend to these small matters, a day of retribution of which life flourishes, engine rows, church bunglings may afford a sharp forecast, will surely come—*Y. American*

From the Herald of Freedom.

W. B. R.

The rumor is that poor Mexico is about declaring war with this great slave-holding Uncle Sam of ours. The probability is the U. S. have given her cause, as nations count causes; Mexico is weak, and would not probably go to war for no cause, or slight. It is pretty cowardly in the United States to quarrel with a feeble party like Mexico. It may, however, involve parties strong enough to make it honorable and glorious. It may involve England and France and all Christendom. For this part of the earth they name after Christ—the Prince of Peace, is most given to fight, of any on Earth. They have been without a war on the Christian territory now for several years. The God of battles has lacked intense a number of years. He must have some. And the Governments of Europe, (dreadful of Him,) cannot safely forego wars much longer.

Their people get too intelligent for good subjects, in too long a peace. They become recalcitrant taxpayers, and forgetful of authority. War is the remedy.

The hand of Government grows strong and its arm muscular with the exercise of battle. Its necessity becomes apparent, and manifested. Large arms show the need of subordination and command.

Mexico is feeble. It may but however, that England, or France, or both may commence a war of conquest. The North American Indians would be annoyed if they should chance to sit here. The Slave may grow restless, if he hears the sound of the drum, and is told it is because Mexico abolished slavery, that it beats.

That his master is having war in defense of a new slave-market. If it should involve England—the black West Indians are awfully near Alabama and the Carolinas. Ten thousand able troops from there might light down quite unawares, in some creek among the weeds. And they should bring a gun apiece, for 50,000 stout fellows from the plantations—and put them in their hands, it would be hard making them give them up. In this hot weather, they would make dreadful work through the South. Yellow fever would make our Northern youth short-lived there, if sent to quench the insurgents.

But I cannot speak of it. If the Government have provoked poor Mexico to war, why the must be reduced. Love of country will unite the greater parties. And as Mexico is Catholic, the clergy will all unite in prayer against her.

And instead of re-taking Texas she will lose herself. The striped, snakeskin flag will be carried and planted on the semi-barbarous shores of her Capital. We shall have a lot of new States asking for admission.

That is, if Mexico has to fight the war alone, and England and France, and West Indies—and Indians and yellow fever, and ague, don’t any of them come to her aid? The tree of Freedom is widening.

The Cuban has a perfect right to the biggest kind of a Castle, if he chooses to build one, and government should protect his possession; but the poor, must have a right to as much ground for his Cottage, as the size for his castle, and to the same protection. Teach this short lesson to your children, poor man, and it will be more valuable than diamonds to them.—*Y. American*

## LINES FROM THE POEMS OF PRINCE.

The following lines from the poems of John Crocheted Prince, the poor “sheep-woof,” will be admired for their indomitable beauty, and the deep fervent spirit of sympathy for the sorrows of the race, the lively joyful hope and the earnest faithful trust in the goodness of the Creator, which they show to have dwelt in the breast of the poet, and struggled for existence. The history of Prince is highly interesting. Parkes Godwin, Esq., has presented him to the American public for the first time, in a way to do justice to the genius of the poet and the character of the man, by giving through the pages of the Present a sketch of his life, and selections from his writings, both in poetry, and prose. In future numbers of the Phalanx we will avail ourselves of Mr. G. J. laborers, and make our readers acquainted with this fine poet.—*Phalanx*.

Did God set his bunch of light in the skies?

Then Man should look up to the sun is he? Yes?

Did God make the earth so abundant and fair?

Then Man should knock down a grove of despair?

Did God fill the world with harmonious life?

Then Man should go forth with destruction and strife?

Did God create for dom’n mornin’ and wave?

Then Man should exist a tyrant and slave?

Away with such foolish—so joyless a creed,

For that soul that believes it is darkened indeed

Practical Operatids.

Theory is of much importance, but without practice, it is very little avail. Now the Workingmen of New England, have before them a great problem—they have studied, examined, investigated and theorized; yet they have solved it—that God never created a slave; that all men by nature, are heirs to freedom—freedom of body and mind; consequently entitled to the natural enjoyment and voluntary disposal of the products of their physical and mental labor. Society does not recognize this great and vital truth, or refuses to practically acknowledge it; hence we have slavery, oppression, want and misery. Labor is despoiled of its dignity and the laborer robbed, degraded and made a beggar. To reform this disastrous and unnatural state of things, and make practical the cardinal principles of “equal rights,” justice and mutual interests; and introduce a new state of society, in which Labor shall be respected and rewarded, and the laborer enabled and made happy, requires not a minute of energy, moral courage and self-sacrifice; and he who steps out to reform the present system of labor cannot expect to glide smoothly along in the sunshine of popularity, praised and applauded by the falsely honest, praised and applauded by the falsely honest, and inveterates to encounter. The first and most important measure towards a permanent and successful reform in our present system of labor is

AN INTELLIGENT AND COMPREHENSIVE ORGANIZATION

among the producing classes. Let Associations be formed in every town, city and village throughout New England; and shan’t the man or woman who would refuse to join, lest their popularity should be impeached, and they receive the very vulgar opprobrium of “Jobbers” or friends and associates of the “working people”—Shocking! Such people are unworthy the name of men and women and should receive the just contempt of every honest and high minded. It is of the utmost importance that the working classes unite together—not to rob, plunder or wrong any man or class of men; but to assert their self-evident and acknowledged rights, and peacefully remove the oppressive burdens which unjust laws, superstition, ambition and ignorance have brought upon them. Workingmen’s meetings should be held in all parts of the country, and all questions touching the welfare of the laboring population and the elevation of mankind, openly, freely and plainly discussed. Let not the love of false praise, flattery and pretended sympathy deter any from giving their influence and cheerful support to the cause of human rights. Many there are, who would gladly destroy and overthrow the cause, in which we are engaged by their hollow headed demagogues and hypocritical connexions upon the virtue, intelligence and exalted condition of the American operatives and working classes—heed them not; our word for it, they are political aspirants, social aristocrats, mercenary tyrants, or those who are willing to do their bidding and be their slaves for the “strength that fails from their master’s table.” Our voice labors fall in the bosom of such wretches in sheep’s clothing—let them not inveigle you into the delusive idea, that all is well, while they are fleecing the product of your honest toil and faithful industry, upon which they live in vicious excess! We say to the workingmen of New England, come up to the rescue! Justice says, humanity says, come, your own best good and the well-being of posterity demands your immediate attention. Let us unite into one strong, active and united band of brothers—friends to virtue, goodness and the violated rights of mankind every where and under all circumstances; and uncompromising enemies to oppression of every form and in every climate. The working classes of New England demand a reform and their voices will not cease until it is accomplished. There are several well mannered and concered measures, which require their united and heroic action. The working men of New England demand

A REDUCTION IN THE EXPENSES OF OUR NATIONAL GOVERNMENT,

to a just and relative proportion with the usual wages of the common laborer. They demand

IN OUR MANUFACTORIES;

and the right to mutual contract, between the employer and the employed, which the present system of manufacturing virtually abrogates. They demand

A PROTECTIVE LIEN LAW

that shall guard the rights of many of our hard working mechanics, against the fraudulent practices of unprincipled “Jobbers.”

They demand

THE ABOLITION OF THE “ORDER SYSTEM”

which is swindling the laboring out of their

## VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The abolition of slaves and oppression; the prevalence of industry, virtue and intelligence.

Pittsburgh, Thursday, September 11, 1845.

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which is swindling the laboring out of their

scanty wages, to fill the coffers of speculation and mercantile exchanges, and many other measures are now ripe for honest, intelligent and united action. Hence we urge the working-men and women, to organize without delay; that our theories may practically tell upon the physical, mental and moral condition of our race.

For the Voice of Industry.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The abolition of slaves and oppression; the prevalence of industry, virtue and intelligence.

Noble object! The fields are white already, with which it is conducted. It is a subject in which I am deeply interested—it has been my study for many years, and it should interest every man; yet how few there are in our ranks, that would bring its devoted subjects to a sense of their own worthiness.

“The industrious are indeed the supporters of that abominable evil, which, if practiced, renders its practitioners dependent upon their neighbor. Yes, the idle man lives upon the hard earnings of the poor laborer.

If the laborer would not work, the idle master or master would not starve. And hence to shun the poor laborer from an unrighteous tax, grievous to be borne, it was wisely decreed in the scriptures of old—“If a man will not work, neither shall he eat.”

The laborer, though guilty of violating this heavenly impulse to activity and usefulness, by feeding the idle, still is not equally guilty with his opulent pensioner or temporal lord, who has broken both the commands to obtain his bread by the sweat of his brow, and to abstain from eating when he abstains from working.

Laborers, it is for you to say whether idle men shall continue to dwell in your midst. They only have a right to be idle who can afford it. The sick and the lame, the maimed, halt and the blind—these are objects of charity. The healthy, robust and able, continually idle, it is sinful to feed. Then lift higher and swell louder your ‘Voice’ till the idle trembles and idleness dies.

NO. II.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The abolition of Women.

“Voice,” you can be a good one. God labors for this—the abolition of want.” He opens his hand and satisfies the desires (wants) of every living thing.—Not the artificial wants, but such as he originates. He makes provision for the natural wants of all his children—not directly, now, as in the days gone by when he withdrew the windows of heaven and the wilderness became a table of manna; but through the instrumentality of his faithful labor. Thus God provides a plenty,—albeit, the aristocracy claims the honor of dividing. Hence went reigns around—ragged the laborer, and breadless and naked his family.

The aristocracy divides!! No wonder there is com.

Laborers, your employers must have their “disorder” it is fully of talk of equality to the proud and the haughty, temporal lords, But away with such lords—these are bread enough and to spare,—why do ye perish with hunger?

It is for the “wanting to day whether want shall abound. Then lift higher and swell louder your ‘Voice,’ till the pampered haughty are brought to a level with thee.

“To improve the condition of the least favored and foolish is an honor—before appeared in the public papers. Now look at the facts. There are employed in the Lowell factories, (incorporated mills,) 4,329 girls—

Perhaps we may say, in all the manufactures in Lowell, there are 7,000 females. Seven thousand multiplied by twelve hundred and fifty gives \$8,750,000; or within about two millions of the whole incorporated capital of Lowell! This, then, must be the gross amount on deposit by the factory girls of Lowell. On the 30th of April last, a statement of the Treasurer of the Lowell Savings Institution was published in most of the papers of the city—

By this statement it appears that there are 4079 depositors, and that the whole amount deposited is \$674,624.92; or the sum of \$8,05,317.12 less than the amount above reported to be on deposit by the factory girls.

Lowell. Now should it be forgotten entirely that of the money deposited in the Lowell Savings Banks, perhaps one half is deposited by male operatives in the mills, and mechanics, laborers, &c., out of the miles.

We respect the Lowell factory girl. They are generally females of exemplary character. Few of them are natives of our city. They come from distant towns, and from neighboring states.

They have brought with them the virtues, the economies and the industrious habits of the country farm house. In their present employment we sincerely sympathize with them. Their task is a hard one, and they need no false sympathy—no quondam friendship. By such they are injured and debased.

It is the tendency of such articles as we have quoted above to do this. None but a person interested in procuring a surplus of help—which must inevitably break down the wages of labor—could have been instrumental of putting it forth in its present form.

Now is this the only article of the same character that has been published respecting the wages of factory labor. In one instance a story got into the papers of a woman, who had laid up in a given time, about three thousand dollars by factory labor. The story was in more instances than one. In the first place the female had not laid by more than half the amount stated, and about half of this sum it was strongly suspected, was obtained by a speculator, who had been intimate with her.

In the second place, the woman, who had laid by three thousand dollars, was struck dead, the hair being entirely stripped off her head.

The escape of the family was wonderful.

The author of the following extract will pardon us for bringing it before the public without special permission. The tone and sentiments are so correct, that we take liberty, feeling that it might stimulate other sympathizing minds to do likewise.

Manchester, Sept. 6, 1845.

MR. EDITOR.—I am a working-man, and as such, am willing to do all I can, for the support of such paper, as advocate the working-men’s rights.

I have seen several numbers of your paper, and like its content and the spirit with which it is conducted. It is a subject in which I am deeply interested—it has been my study for many years, and it should interest every man; yet how few there are in our ranks, that would bring its devoted subjects to a sense of their own worthiness.

“The industrious are indeed the supporters of that abominable evil, which, if practiced, renders its practitioners dependent upon their neighbor. Yes, the idle man lives upon the hard earnings of the poor laborer.

If the laborer would not work, the idle master or master would not starve. And hence to shun the poor laborer from an unrighteous tax, grievous to be borne, it was wisely decreed in the scriptures of old—“If a man will not work, neither shall he eat.”

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Laborers, it is for you to say whether idle men shall continue to dwell in your midst. They only have a right to be idle who can afford it. The sick and the lame, the maimed, halt and the blind—these are objects of charity. The healthy, robust and able, continually idle, it is sinful to feed. Then lift higher and swell louder your ‘Voice’ till the idle trembles and idleness dies.

Fifteen years have I labored for a corporation, and with rigid economy can little more than live; as my health from constant toil and confinement is consequently poor.

Cannib Congress\* be called in, to act on the subject of the hours of labor? I think the next Congress will be friendly, and if petitions were carried in something might be done. For myself I look to *Associated* industry, as the only alternative for the crying evils of the day, yet a reduction of the hours of labor, would do much towards lessening our burden.

\*We have but little hopes of Congress doing anything to abolish white slaves at the North, so long as her capitol is stained with the blood of suffering negroes.

We find the following paragraph going round the papers:

“FACTORY GIRLS’ SAVINGS.—It is stated that the amount of money deposited by female operatives in the Lowell Savings Bank, is equal to *twelve hundred and fifty dollars* for every factory girl in the place. Some of them have saved two thousand dollars each of the interest of which would yield a handsome sum per year.

A more barefaced and foolish lie—an emanation from a knave or a fool—never before appeared in the public papers. Now look at the facts. There are employed in the Lowell factories, (incorporated mills,) 4,329 girls—

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The escape of the family was wonderful.

THAT OTHER FACTORY GIRL.

One of the best most perfect work of God. Ladies and the productions of silkworms, mil-

lins and dressing mats.

INDUSTRY.

HOUSE STREETS.—A large two story dwell-

ing house of Isaac Ridder, Esq., in Bedford

was struck recently by lightning. The fluid

passed down the chimney and rent it completely

from top to bottom, destroying the greater

portion of the east end of the building. A

man, his wife and child, who were sitting near the fire-place, were uninjured, although a car-

rying the woman, feet, was struck dead, the hair being entirely stripped off from her.

The escape of the family was wonderful.



