VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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

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POETRY.

Written for the Voice of Industry.

TO THE WORKINGMEN.

BY D. WILKINS.

Bring out your standard Workingmen,
And give its folds free air;
Now raise it to the loftiest peak,
And boldly nail it there.

Now lift on high each toil-worn hand—
Invoke each holy flame;
And swear you'll never cease to strive
Till man his rights obtains.

Give work to every son of want,
He hope no more defer'd,
And let the VOICE OF INDUSTRY
On every hilt top herd.

Be this our motto evermore
While Ocean rolls a wave,
That glorious Being we adore
Never made nor own'd a slave.

PEACE

BY ...

...are gay!
...earth dearer now than in earlier day?
...the kind hand withdrawn that rebuked our sorrow,
Or the fir'st laughing sunshine around us no more?
No earth is still smiling, and nature is clad
In all her old beauty—then why art thou sad?

True, some friends, grown faithless, seem cold and estranged,
But others are left us whose love is unchanged;
Whose heart through all seasons of mood and of ill,
Like the ivy around us clings faithfully still!
Let us cherish them deep in our hearts, and be glad,
For oh! with such blessings, how can we be sad!

You say we are poor—ah! I have not forgot
That to struggle with fortune is oft times our lot;
But think you that we are less happy than they
Who drag on 'mid splendor their weary time day?
Oh no! then what need have our hearts to be sad!

Why fear for the future? for nine years or more
We have managed to keep the gaunt wolf from our door;
And why, in the days yet to come, should our state,
Though humble be marked by a gloomier fate?
Let us give God our thanks for the past and be glad,
How much more need have others, that we to be sad.

I know there are seasons when, strive as we will,
Presentiment whispers for every ill;
There are dark boding visions of trouble and pain,
That lurk for the heart till they madden the brain!
We, we to that bosom! it cannot be glad—
O God, shield us well from such cause to be sad!

Let us humbly hope on; and if dark be the way,
Remember that night is e'er followed by day;
Though tempests and whirlwinds rage thro' the skies,
They will pass, and the sunbeams again meet our eyes;
Let our hearts and our brows, then, in sunshine be glad,
For God wails us not to be gloomy and sad!

THE MORAL WARFARE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

When Freedom, on her natal day,
Within her wa...-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptised her infant brow in blood;
And, thro' the storm which round her swept,
Their constant wand ... watching kept.

Then where quiet flocks repose
The roar of baleful battle rose;
And brethren of a common tongue
To mortal strife as tigers sprung,
And every gift on Freedom's shrine
Was iron for brass, and blood for wine!

Our fa... their graves have gone;
Their ch... have—their triumph won;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in the place of place—
A MORAL WARFARE with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be! In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given,
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven!

SELECTED TALES.

From the Ladies Wreath.

MEADOW FARM:
OR A TALE OF ASSOCIATION.

The following tale might well be considered a fiction, were it not a fact. Yet it is only a story of simple rural life: of rest and labor, of struggle and success. It shows what the cultivator of the soil is capable of being; how large are his sources of happiness; what influences are waiting to be gracious to every man who will approach his mother Nature, and have faith in her never-failing bounty, for she gives not bread alone to the hungry body, but she supplies food for the wants of the mind, and inspires with new life the slumbering soul. In short, we here tell what man can do alone, and what he can accomplish collectively. He would win back the idle, the profligate, the restless, the faithless, and the "poor rich man," from their couches, their revels, their wanderings up and down in the earth, their suppitions and inquietude, to a life, where a bed of straw prepares a sweeter slumber, than down, and a dinner of herbs is better than a stalled ox. The Mantuan bard, years ago, sung these words: "O, too fortunate farmers, did you but know your own good!" Was he not a prophet? Are not these days proving that no nation can, with impunity, neglect the wholesome law of nature, that man should "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow?" Are there not signs which show that many among the intelligent and highly educated classes of society, feel that we have too long neglected the *common*; that by insensible degrees we have been departing from the natural laws of our being, the only paths to a really spiritual and intellectual life? "Call thou not that common," now say many a one, "which gives health of mind and body; which makes the thoughts pure, the body chaste; which inspires fresh thoughts of GOD and the universe; which is at war with effeminacy, luxury, and sloth. O the hopes and joys of the farmer!—How sweet his sleep! how religious his life! He trusts in Providence. He plants seed and waits for the harvest. He watches the showers as they fall, and feels the sun as it shines, and he reasons of their objects and purposes, and is grateful. He trusts too in himself, he rejoices in the strength of his sinewy arms and his expanded chest, and feels that he is indeed a MAN.

Professional business carried the writer some winters ago into the heart of the State of Vermont. One who has spent his life on the sea-coast, is surprised to find so much that is beautiful and grand in a winter scene among the hills. This Green Mountain region is an object of interest at all seasons, but at no period of the year are the hills more imposing than when covered with the snow, which falls early in the winter, to remain until a late day in the spring. And then it is too, that the comfort, the hospitality, and open-faced honesty of its intelligent and republican inhabitants strike one most forcibly. This stormy snowy time among its prosperous and healthy people, where poverty is rare and want almost unknown, is a very different affair from a winter in our cities, where one is constantly reminded of human suffering by the starving, shivering street-beggar, till he wishes it might be always summer for the sake of the poor. As the traveling carriage of city luxury winds along the shady roads of its valleys—running often by the margin of small rivers and streams, which gave a refreshing coolness to the air of summer, and music to the ear, filled as they are with rapids and water-falls, with little green islands dividing them into two streams above, it would seem to unite them more closely afterward, as they rush together again below, with a swift embrace, as lovers whom some accident has separated for a season—as his carriage rolls along in such delightful scenery, the owner, if he think at all of winter in such scenes, does so with an inward chill, and resolves that such wild places shall never see his face in December. But if necessity or business should chance to carry him thither in the time of snow and drifts, we venture to assert that he will be well repaid for the peril of his journey. If the aforesaid traveller cares for any body and any thing disconnected with himself, he will be made happy by seeing so much comfort and hilarity where he looked only for gloom and apathy.—He will find all the people well clad, with good warm houses over their heads, with huge piles of wood "handy" at the door, and with countenances that seem ready to respond to the lines of Goldsmith

"DEARTH that shed to which the soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as the child, whom scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to its mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the tempest's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more."

If the snow has been unusually deep, that is over six feet on a level, he will see the farmers out with their oxen and their inverted sleds, breaking the path, first to the school-house, then to the meeting-house, the stage generally being able to work its own way, drawn by horses of the Morgan breed. His heart will be warmed within him, in spite of the cold weather, to find such abundance, cheerfulness, and health on every side; and the deeper he goes into the matter the more will he find to love and admire in the State which has no sea-coast, no jail-rooms, no canals, and no aristocracy.

It was during a journey into such a region that the facts which make the foundation of the following tale became known to the writer.—We had got as far as Landsgrove, on the east side of the Green Mountains, and there a storm came on in the night, which gave us serious doubts whether we should ever get out of it.—The small inn at which we put up was completely covered with snow. Our host met us with a smiling countenance in the morning, as if nothing unusual had happened; the women of the house went about as cheerfully to their accustomed occupations; and from the every-day air about us, we soon began to have some hope that we were not actually buried alive.—The appearance of the table at breakfast furnished another argument that the people who lived there evidently expected a new supply of provisions [illegible] here?" thought I. "Well, if they [illegible] can certainly get out."

Accompanying us in the stage was a reserved gentleman from South Carolina, who was on his way to Montpelier, on affairs of State. He had spoken no word during our previous day's journey together; but now his fears fairly conquered his haughtiness; and coming to me with a woful countenance, he said: "This is a melancholy day, good Sir, if I may take the liberty of addressing you with out an introduction."

"It is indeed, Sir," said I, now without alarm myself, for I had seen the landlord and the preparations for breakfast, and had constructed my argument *a priori*, and I was willing to punish the stranger a little; adding: "I hope you have no family to mourn your loss, should we perish before aid can reach us. Now if my fellow-traveller had been humble enough to esteem the host fit company for him; had he been polite enough to pay his respects to the landlady, instead of shutting himself up in the little parlor, he would have escaped much pain.

"Alas! Sir, I have a wife and six children; and my mission to the north is a secret, even to my family, who suppose me staying at one of my plantations. How shall we communicate our sad fate to our friends?"

"I think, Sir, we had better make our wills, state the circumstances, and leave them in the bar-room, where some one is sure to arrive as soon as a thaw shall come on."

The man certainly had courage; he took my words calmly, and looked for a bell-rope to summon the host for writing materials; but he found no bell-cord to pull. He hesitated a moment, evidently considering whether it consisted with his dignity, under such peculiar circumstances, to go himself and obtain what he wanted, when the landlord called us to breakfast.

That man and women could eat in the very jaws of death seemed to surprise the reserved gentleman, and he whispered to me as he sat at table mechanically, (not a word being spoken at meal times in New England, so intent are the Yankees upon the eatables,) mistaking the silence and sobriety of the meal for the stupor of despair:

"I suppose they are used to it."

"What?" said I.

"To be buried alive."

"Undoubtedly; and of being dug out; allow me to help you to a piece of this broiled venison; it is excellent."

As I spoke a broad face was thrust within the door of the room where we all sat at breakfast together, landlord, landlady, maids, driver, ostler, and passengers, and from a capacious mouth came these words:

"You don't call this a pretty tall nor'-wester, Colonel?"

"What! is that you, General?" said the host.

"I guess it is no other; the lads are coming from the village, and we will soon have you clear. The Meadow Farmers will be along soon; for they are never behind-hobody whether it shine or storm."

"Well, General, just help yourself to a drink, and I'll be out soon."

The countenance of the stranger brightened; he no longer needed urging to partake of his share of the food before us; and soon after we all assembled in the bar-room to learn the story of our sudden deliverance.

As we were leaving the table, we heard near the house the sound of many voices of men crying to cattle, through their clenched teeth, as if by the muscular contraction of their jaws they hoped to infuse new vigor into the [illegible] of the beasts. The words were [illegible] magic; and we had [illegible] room before it w[illegible] farmers, all dressed nearly alike, in blue frocks and white bell-crowned hats. They were shaking the snow from their persons, and wiping the presperation from their foreheads; and the hearty laugh and ready jest showed that they enjoyed this battle with the elements.

While the Colonel was mixing toddy for the General, for he belonged to the old school of moderate drinkers, a new set of path-breakers arrived in sight, in an opposite direction to those we were talking with. "Here come the Meadow Farmers! Three cheers for the Meadow Farmers!" And with these words the young men rushed out to welcome their fellow laborers with their voices and a hearty cheering it was. And on they came, six fine looking young men as I ever saw, with a team of four yokes of beautiful cattle, of the Derby breed. The leader of this new party attracted attention. Indeed, there was something about them all which commanded respect; not that their dress denoted any difference from the general class of Vermont farmers; but perhaps their cordial reception biassed us in their favor, and we were expecting something remarkable in the Meadow Farmers. Certainly we were not disappointed.

[illegible] more was said. dent that both the General and the Colonel, and the whole tribe of Green Mountain boys, stood somewhat in awe of the Meadow Farmers, and seemed to defer most of all to Mr. Gilbert, who was the director of the labor in which they were engaged. Mr. Gilbert when he learned that travellers were detained in the inn by the violence of the storm, did us the honor to seek us out, and, in language that would do credit to a court, expressed his condolence at our ill luck. We fell easily into conversation with this remarkable man. He was anxious to hear news from the city; asked questions unusual for a tiller of the earth; and in twenty minutes convinced us that besides being a farmer he was both a scholar and a gentleman. Imagine our surprise, when, at taking his leave, our new acquaintance put his hand under his frock, in the manner in which countrymen feel for their purse, and took out a card-case and presented his card.—It matters little to the reader how we made a farther acquaintance with Mr. Gilbert and his fellow-workers; how we domiciled at Meadow Farm for a month, and became deeply interested in the history of these brother men. It is enough to state that we did so, and thus came in possession of the facts of our story.

38.1.4

CHAPTER FIRST.

"THERE is a Providence that watches over the life of each one of us; and could we see what we are doing by our example, by our life and our opinions, or plainly as we see the work we do with our hands, perhaps it would be matter of astonishment to us, and might satisfy our craving for more to do with the world."

The village of Westminister stands on a patch of table-land, about forty feet above the level, just large enough for a pretty inland village, in one of the south-eastern counties of Vermont. The Connecticut river runs not more than a hundred rods to the east of its old-fashioned meeting-house. As you approach the place from the north, on the New Hampshire side, the town looks like a fort, an artificial embankment of earth, so regular is the shape of the level on which it stands.—This place was once the capital of the State, the frontier of civilization in its progress to the north. One can hardly believe it, as he passes through its gloomy street, dined with antiquated and uncomfortable looking houses, which have been repaired to death; with here and there a modern abode whose quaint contrivances show disease in the minds of the builders. The fact is, the place is thoroughly dead. The land is there, Connecticut meadow land, and that is all. Its tavern-stand looks like a haunted house, haunted by the ghosts of decayed rum-drinkers; its old fashioned store is unoccupied by customers, and the present incumbent stays there from habit, not profit: his staples are snuff, tobacco and pipes, anti-slavery pamphlets, and temperance tales.—The place is reformed, and now the abode of quiet: but it was once the centre of noise, dissipation, and frolic in that part of the country. It seems to be paying penance for its sins, and all the people there look prematurely old.—There is no young man in the place, and if one were to see a maiden there, he would take her for an angel on a mission of mercy to some suffering soul.

But it was not so once. A flourishing trade in horses and cattle made its streets lively; the sound of the drum and the fife was heard instead of the cackling of geese now vocal in its desolations; lawyers, judges, and jurors once strutted in its street, (it has but one long street,) and recruiting officers then had a station [illegible] However, there the place. The [illegible] and frowned away all competitors. Mr. Daniel Gilbert kept that store, in which was a rare assortment of dry goods and groceries. He kept every thing.—He "baited" horses; sold drink by the gallon or the glass; tallow candles and wax-lights; broadcloth and home-made. Beside this, he was post-master, town clerk, and justice of the peace; a member of the council, and lent money at exorbitant interest. No wonder he amassed a fortune!

Such things never will be again along the valley of the Connecticut as have been. A man cannot now-a-days pile up money and impoverish the farmers about him, for they have learned the secret of the mischief, and when they go to trade at the village store they keep sober. The old fashion was after this manner: when the good farmer and his wife and daughters came to purchase, for politeness' sake they were offered cordials, toddy, and other intoxicating stuffs, which made them feel very rich, and they fell an easy prey to these vultures, who urged them to buy on credit until finally their farms were mortgaged and they were ruined. We do not say that there was a preconcerted wickedness of this sort; but, by temptation, the parties fell into [illegible] ... one blinded by avarice, the other thodox church, and a constant attendant at religious meetings, he was "able" in prayer and wore a long cue. Such a man was above suspicion. He could do what he pleased. It used to be said that none but respectable men wore cues. Rogues had an instinctive horror of such appendages, they offered to an adversary so good a point of seizure, in case they wished to run away. Daniel Gilbert had many sons and daughters; the latter were sent to expensive boarding-schools, and the sons were prepared for college. But one, a weakly, delicate boy, was kept at home, and assisted his father in the store. No one ever expected that Rufus would live to be a man. The doctors pronounced his complaints incurable, gave him up, and thus saved his life; for from the time that he ceased to take their medicines and was left to himself, he began to grow stout and strong. His only difficulty was an extremely delicate organization of body and mind.—He could not endure the cramming process of the iron age of school-masters, and was sensitively alive to a lobjects of suffering about him. He began to wilt at school, and was taken home to recover his strength.

Rufus was often left in the store, and many are the instances, when from his own purse he made the child of the poor drunkard glad with new shoes and stockings, as they came to the store to buy rum for their parents. And as he grew older, often would no remonstrate with his father against selling the liquid poison to the half-starved children; yes, often has the little bare-footed girl who came to that store gone home with a basket of meat and bread and comfortably clad, by the interest the young boy made with his mother in behalf of humanity. Upon these occasions, when he spoke to his father, Daniel would answer: "Pooh, pooh, child! what do you know about trade? Somebody will sell the stuff to them, and I may as well have the profit as the man in the tavern."

"But father, the children of these people are starving at home. Little Nancy Grey told me she had eaten no meat for a month; nothing but potatoes and butter-milk, that mother sends to them."

"Well, Grey is a brute, and deserves hanging."

"Who makes him a brute, father?" said the timid boy, while tears filled his eyes as he pictured little Nancy wading through the snow in her bare feet.

"Who?" said the father, regarding his son sternly, and working himself into a passion: "not I, nor you; the man is clean gone, ever since we turned him out of the church for drunkenness. He is a drunkard by nature; it it can't be helped. I may as well have the profits as any body else."

If Daniel satisfied his conscience, he did not satisfy the mind of his son by his reasons. As this conversation was taking place, there entered the store a little ragged boy with a basket of eggs. This boy's parents had not got so far as Grey down the hill. He had on shoes, pretty well worn, too, and a hat with a part of a brim. He had a chubby, bright look that defied cold and wet.

"My ma wants some snuff and a pint of rum; three candles, six crackers, and two pipes; and here's twenty-four fresh eggs," said the little fellow, with confidence; "for we're going to have company, father says he'll take up the balance for bitters."

"Well done, my fine fellow! you speak like a man. Rufus, wait upon the boy," said Daniel; and he stepped to his desk to credit twenty-four eggs to Bill Blake, and charge the items the boy wanted. The next morning Bill Blake had drunk up the eight cents due him, and went home drunk to breakfast.

(CONTINUED ON THE FOURTH PAGE.)

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

ON THE EXISTING EVILS IN SOCIETY.

Published by request.

Mr. President, and Fellow Workingmen:—In rising, to address you this evening, I feel an unusual degree of embarrassment, growing out of the contemplation of the importance and magnitude of the principles upon which this Association is founded, and for which we have seen fit to come together. The objects of the Association, at this time to consider—*The rights of mankind.* Surely my friends, the theme is nothing less than that which has drawn us against our place. And knowing well my own frailty,—the danger of striking upon chords, whose vibrations shall grate harshly upon the wrinkled sacred ear of a jealous community, and knowing as well the disorientation prevalent; to prevent and misrepresent any opinion or sentiment, which may seem to conflict with the supposed interest and customs of the day—I feel the situation in which the present occasion has placed me to be truly one of delicacy and responsibility; and were it not for a deep rooted regard, for our country and the human race—were I not from a conviction of duty to the eternal and immutable laws of truth and justice implanted in the breast of humanity, obviously set forth in revelation, and glowing with constant and heavenly splendor from even the faintest works of creation—I fain should shrink from the task. But I confide in the manifest of sympathizing friend, and willing hearts, many of whom are present this evening to inspire me with words yet ever ready to clothe the persecuted mariner in the immediate tide of popular error—to rescue other from its fatal current.

hopes are freshening, and peace is advancing to our ranks are illuminated and good men—men of

and true. Such—such of practical knowledge—such

great design of Creation through productive activity—exemplified throughout every part of the creative universe, and those only who have a disposition, but are denied by natural inability, as deafness, or accidental misfortune, are members of the "Workingmens party" from the very nature of things. All such must belong to it, and none others can.

From the position assumed in these preliminary remarks it will be admitted, that the present state of society and the world are to a great degree hostile to the principles of the "Workingmens party," and consequently to the objects of the Association. It will be my object this evening to sustain this position; and with a disposition to rectify the misrepresentations of class of people of whose acts or opinions I may speak, but as an honest searcher after light and truth, I shall speak of things as they exist; by which we may come to just conclusions, the better to enable us to exonerate ourselves from the unhappy condition in which circumstances and pernicious customs have placed us.

Fellow Citizens I do not mean to a great degree is the presence of education and external influences—mould of which he lives, the country in which he is the condition of society in which he may be placed.

The African is not a European, or the European an American. Born and educated in their respective countries, they acquire different views, and consequently their acts are different. But in those three individuals from distinct and opposite races is the same original germ of humanity, and were they born in one country, educated alike, and surrounded with like influences—similar characters would be the result. Thus it is with communities. Education is the great framer of men's characters, and public opinion the governor of the acts.

A few years ago the distiller and rum seller, from a hogshead down this class were considered

[illegible] and unquestionably upon those individuals, who not engaged in certain pursuits, the operation of which I consider injurious to their morals, and detrimental to society, while they are elevated and ennobled for by public sentiment, the direction in which it is [illegible]

When you see children ashamed of their fellows, scorning and despising those who attend their same school with them, because they are sons and daughters of the poor, especially if they are ill-clad. Where do you think the blame belongs? Is it the spontaneous natural result of [illegible] things? don't you think of the school—the [illegible] exists—the influences and community [illegible] in for imparting the apparent popular [illegible] to the sources to which they [illegible] do the world, as made up of individuals [illegible] for them. And those who possess the [illegible] have had the best privileges for [illegible] and observation, and they are set up as [illegible] of the public well—legislators, teachers, and [illegible] preachers, are the most culpable, for they institute standards of action, decide questions of vitality, and are the moulders of public opinion, which is transmitted through the various grades and ramifications of society down to posterity.

In contemplating the present state and organization of society, and the evils it fosters in opposition to the Workingmen's cause, and the welfare of mankind, three propositions suggest themselves to my mind, which I shall consider in brief manner separately,—

First—The spirit of the present style of society, how it becomes perpetuated. Second—Friendship how it becomes insincere. Third—Religion becomes hypocritical.

The lowest grades of labor, has become disreputable, is quite apparent; evidence of it meets our every [illegible] Our young farmers sons of the soil are leaving the farm house which sheltered their infancy, and the fields on which they roamed in their childhood, for the thickly [illegible] city or manufacturing towns, thickening up the already [illegible] ranks of professional signatories—overcrowding our [illegible] and mechanic shops; begging [illegible] and [illegible] for [illegible] to [illegible] Why is this? Is the foul and sickly atmosphere of the [illegible] filled with its turmoil confusion and strife more agreeable to nature than the country and the farm, with their hills and dales, where long life and health are borne [illegible] on the breezes, and gush forth from the rills? Is the [illegible] of the law, familiarity with the crimes, vices, wrongs, and blackenings of men, more desirable than the peace ordered harmony of an agricultural life? Is the constant public mortification of the character of God—the [illegible] of the sacred Sabbath, and its [illegible] with all its [illegible] [illegible] more [illegible] and conservative, [illegible] to be ordered by the natural good will and mutual assistance of nature, or [illegible] the study of the scriptures and the contemplation of the character of the Supreme influences of the moral atmosphere of the country, where every thing around speaks forth his wisdom and goodness, where all nature is glowing in living accents of harmony, [illegible] and goodwill to man?

Are the [illegible] the pillories, or is [illegible] with [illegible] the [illegible] and afflictions of mankind, [illegible] to be [illegible] the boundaries of health and happiness? Is the confined and stifled air of the factory and workshop a servant-like to the yard-stick [illegible] and [illegible] more congenial to the natural habits of young men, than to be freemen of the soil?

Our mechanics becoming discouraged by constant [illegible] from the agricultural community, and other [illegible] are leaving their shops and trades—in acquiring [illegible] devoted four or five years—and are seeking other employments less useful to society, or embark in the [illegible] of speculation "in hopes to better their condition."

Our cities run with such large [illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

of life liberty and the pursuit of happiness," which has gradually been robbed from us by partial selfish legislation—legal monopolization and false and pernicious customs. Let us look about us and see if the same causes do not exist, and the same elements in our very midst, which has proved the destruction of every free and enlightened people since the world was. Is not the same secret fawning, devouring monster, wiley, drawing his fatal folds around us as a nation which has crushed the freedom, prosperity and existence of other republics whose sad fate, history long ago recorded—and who are his first victims? The industrious workingman and woman, who live by their honest industry—their liberty, virtue, intelligence and humble treasures are his dearest objects. We have borne long and patiently our burdens, and long have been promised they should be lightened—but every year finds them more grievous. They will not be lightened so long as we supinely submit and foster the very system from which they emenate; they increase with our age and grow with our growth as the legitimate results of our false social organization, and political abuses.

Again we say, let us, reason together and see if some way cannot be devised to throw off the shackles that bind us—which unless put asunder will descend with increased weight and oppression to posterity. Let us consult together in manly friendship, cherishing no indulgent jealousies or cynical animosities towards those who stand in a hostile position to our true interests—treating those who are wronging us as a class, as men, and demanding the same treatment from them. Ours is a warfare with systems rather than individuals, and those who live upon the hard earnings, sweat and blood of those who "toil and spin," who walk the streets, or roll along in their coach—push-proud, haughty, scorning the poor laborer who has created the wealth which thus puffs them up—are truly deserving our sympathy and charity for the narrowness and selfish influence which has thus benumbed them, and dried up the better sensibilities of their natures.

Brother Workingmen—the cause is ours, and the responsibility is with us; if we will be but diligently, and with union according to the light and knowledge within us, a brighter day will be ushered in to earth's down trodden sons and daughters—the children of industry—then ever lighted our horizon.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Voice will ever be open to all harmonious tributaries; that it may sound throughout the length and breadth of the land. There are many workingmen and women, who can wield the pen with as much perfection as the instruments of their respective vocations—who can sew or weave an intellectual fabric that may well vie with their best efforts over the loom, awl or needle. To all such we extend a hearty welcome as co-workers in our field of industry—together with all others who feel an interest in the cause with which we are identified whether they agree with us on all points or not, our columns will be open and our charity not wanting.

OURSELF.

It is not without a lively sense of our youth and inexperience that we occupy the position assigned us by the publishers of the "Voice of Industry," but notwithstanding our years are comparatively few, we have been a long time familiar with the many seductive evils which distress the workingclass—destroy their earthly happiness and render man poor in virtue, rife in disappointments and attributes to the swearing effects of "ill gotten gain"—the gross absurdities and inconsistances of modern christianity, and the fearful ravages and virtual slavery of political demagogues all of which so essentially effect the working classes, have long been to us themes of serious consideration and reflection,—but we have put our hands to the plough and shall not look back, and nevertion on our part will be lacking, so long as we retain our present position, to make our sheet what it professes to be, *the true friend of Industry.*

Workingmen of Fitchburg—to you we look for especial aid, counsel and influence.—Thanks be to Heaven, that through the vicissitudes of time, a few of earths noblemen have planted themselves here whose principles and love of truth and justice are as firm as the hills which surround them—men whose souls soar above the sordid trash of society, and look upon man as he really is whether decorated with all the trappings of *fashionable* life or toiling in the gutters of our streets. To you, kind friends we owe the existence of the Voice of Industry, and our untiring efforts shall be to make it worthy your self sacrifices and generous sentiments.

☞ We have made an arrangement with J. C. Stowell & Co. late publishers of "The Operative" at Lowell, by which they have transferred to us their list of subscribers for that city, and Andover, Mass. together, with a number of names from several other towns, to all of whom we send the first number of the "VOICE OF INDUSTRY," with the request that all who do not wish to take our paper on such terms, return it immediately. We however, as our sheet is every way equal in size and mechanical execution to "The Operative," and devoted to the same noble cause of human rights that the latter has been, hope that these arrangements will prove satisfactory to all whom we send, and that they will not only kindly encourage us by their subscription, but also by their influence in circulating our Voice among their brother workingmen and friends.

PHRENOLOGY.

Mr. L. N. Fowler from New York who is extensively known as a scientific Phrenologist, is stopping a short time with us for professional purposes—rooms at Jaquith & Comee's Hotel.

We hope some of our citizens who think they are thoroughly acquainted with themselves—their true characters and interests—but are subject to human frailties, and occasionally liable to mistakes, will call on Mr. Fowler—their *craniums* may develope some strong traits; none are to old to learn and improve, and none to young to begin. We were much interested with Mr. Fowler's Lecture Monday evening of last week. His premises were well laid down, broad and comprehensive. That Phrenology is the most useful science which claims our attention, because it is the study of MAN physically, mentally and morally—enables us to "know ourselves," which is preeministe to true unadulterated happiness; this knowledge will be useful in proportion to the good application are make of it, and accordingly deleterious as it is perverted. Did man know the true laws which govern a mental and physical organization, and obey them, we should not witness such a compound of misery and unsatisfying, craniciest happiness as we now behold. Men would not make drudges of themselves, and slaves of their fellows, and compelling others to work from early morn, till long after the shades of night appear, for a little of the resting dust of earth; and then like the beasts, lie down to rise again to the same continued round of physical servitude, while they shamefully neglect the cultivation of their higher, more enobling powers and sacred duties as moral, social and religious beings.

☞

The following truly noble and heart inspiring sentiments are from that fearless champion of that freedom which knows a reality and uncompromising friend to the Workingmans rights, MIKE WALSH, while incarcerated in the N. York prison for an alledged libel against a mercenary villian who had long infested his coffers by plundering the poor of that city, which from the best of evidence appears to be for the criminal offence *of telling the truth.* These lines strongly breathe their deep regard for the poor laborer which characterized his speech while with us a few weeks since.

"On visiting him to-day," says a friend, "I observed the following lines written in pencil on the walls of his prison, as an apostrophe to a poor dejected looking creature which he had skillfully sketched beside them, representing a poor laborer in search of employment.

Ages! degraded sons of toil,
Decreeing you're fatally best the knee
To tyrants, demons who claim the soil,
Which they have not created free:
Unheeding no ourselves but rest
Dark was what we cannot be!

A Under destiny, alas!
Has ours been through the course of time,
Whose despised, derided class
In every age in every clime!
Of drudges and wealthy knaves,
We're still the willing, impudent SLAVES!

The wretch who thinks tyrants wield
To crush and enslave us,—we create:
The hand we feed on food and field,
Give clothes to the MIXTYPED great,
But don't would reign this favored few,
Were not we their inheritance.

☞ Mr. Cull, [illegible] will pass the last week at the Hospital.—*Nelson.*

We know where where *Mr. Pell, family,* and pass the last season.

WHAT THOSE WORKINGMEN PUBLISHING A PAPER.

—Yes friends as strange as it may seem, *Those ignorant Workingmen* have come to the singular conclusion, to do something of their own thinking, reading, and talking. We have lived long upon the dear bought knowledge of those who measure out their knowledge according to our gold, and as this is getting rather scarce we think duty demands that we should stir up our ideas and see what bright things we have stowed up musting away, which may be of some little value to ourselves and a portion of the community. Will you allow it?

A considerable complaint has reached our ears of late against a system of wrong practices by the conductors of the Boston and Fitchburg Railroad, in neglecting to pay punctually their help—poor men and women who toil with the spade, and over the wash-tub and through the long days and get no other remuneration than the scanty pittance allowed them for the labor, are in justice entitled to it when their straightened circumstances call instead of waiting long after the usual pay day. Men who superintend Railroads, which others build and speculate hundreds of thousands, for which they are paid through the news papers, ought not to ask funds to pay their hard working employed—and the inference is unavoidable that they are receiving quite a handsome interest on the money that belongs to their help.

The concert by Messrs Heath and Franklin, Thursday evening, of last week, was well attended considering the inclemency of the weather. Nothing that we could say would increase Mr. Heaths reputation as a singer.—Mr. Franklin's voice though new to us, is one of the sweetest bass voices to which we ever listened.

TEMPERANCE.

This noble and humane cause which has done so much of late for the elevation, and restoration of the fallen children of earth, we regret to say, is fast being sacrificed upon the glutted alter of the mamon of the age—is fast turning into the great stream of seductive polution which is poisoning every christian reform of the day, and impregnating every stream of pure philanthropy with the sickening waters of selfishness, party strife and avarice.

While spending an evening at Lowell a few weeks since, we went to hear that celebrated champion of temperance, J. B. Gough, who was lecturing in that city; and to our surprise, in the very portals of the sanctuary professedly dedicated to God and humanity stood the "*golden calf*," in the shape of "12 1-2 cents admittance." What consistency! A virtual prohibition put upon the poor inebriate, from hearing the sad experience of his brothers degradation, and his glorious return to the path of sobriety and happiness. The eloquent appeals, warning reproofs and cheering invitations of J. B. Gough, to the poor victims of dissipation all sacrificed for the paltry sum of "12 1-2 cents." The principles of temperance with its numerous blessings, virtue, health and happiness—"The bread of life" offered for sale at "12 1-2 cents" to him who has spent the last farthing for rum." Whose family is hungry for bread, and destitute of clothes to protect their emaciated bodies.—And this merely to cancel a debt that is or may be incurred by temperance societies, composed of the wealth, influence and aristocracy of Lowell, Boston, or New York—those men perhaps who filled their coffers by selling out the "deadly poison," and now ask the victims of their unfeeling avarice to buy back the privileges, health, and happiness of which they have robbed them. Shame on such conduct,—such temperance and philanthropy too, will be but a bye-word and hissing sound.

☞

We are indeed a peculiar people, a republican nation of the largest liberty. We go in for rotation in office as one of the essentials to the dispensing of justice. our judges rotate to the criminals box, and our convicts to the bench, while wreathes of indictments encircle their brows.—read:—

THINGS SEEN LAST WEEK.—In one of our civil courts we saw a judge gravely refuse to swear a jury in a cause ready for trial, or to permit the case to progress until the plaintiff's counsel had raised six shillings to pay the fees of court with. The lawyer had not as much change, and his client was in a similar unhappy predicament; but having scraped up some loose silver by passing the hat round among their witnesses, the fees were paid and the cause proceeded. The same day we noticed an individual sitting in that court as a juror, whose physiognomy was some how or other familiar, and after puzzling ourself for some time, we recollected having seen the same man last term on trial himself at the tombs, before the court of sessions, on an indictment for receiving stolen goods. He was not only tried but found guilty, and the public prosecutor said there were three *other* indictments *hanging up against the same person.* Yet there sat the man with a conviction hanging over his head, and three *other* charges unrisen, *coolly acting as a judge himself in another tribunal.* We certainly are a great people!

One day last week we saw a magistrate on circuit, and the next day we saw the same magistrate sitting on the bench to administer justice; and in a subsequent part of the same day we saw him chuck by jowl in company with his accusers, who were cronies of his, however, by the way—all going on as jollification at the expense of the public. These certainly are funny things done in this country, but we suppose it must be all right, for we are eternally vigilant in the cause of liberty and the extension of the area of freedom, so cannot be far wrong in our administration of justice, although it does seem funny to those not brought up in the same enlightened principles as characterize our political system.—*Sunday Mercury.*

☞

"The spirited Ladies of the Lowell "Female Labor Reform Association" have procured a splendid and appropriate banner to present to the New England Workingmen's Association, which convenes at Boston the present week.

May they act worthy such a noble demonstration of regard from the "daughters of our mothers."

☞

We hope that no one who receives our paper will fail to read the "Meadow Farm." It differs widely from the literary trash of the day which tends to degrade rather than to elevate the character.

☞

We shall lay before our readers next week, a plan of our Association and the advantages to be derived by co-operating with us.

☞

We would say to all, friendly to our pecuniary prosperity, who are in want of *Job Printing*, that our office contains a rare selection of type and materials for such purposes, and is not destitute of "*practical printers.*"

☞

The present position of the United States with Mexico, also with England, looks rather squally. Wonder which will exercise the most good sense, wisdom and true courage and refuse to fight?

REV. MR. PETTIBONE preached his farewell sermon to the people with whom he has been connected, last Sabbath afternoon. It was well worthy this ever faithful friend to the spiritual and temporal interests of mankind.

Mr. Pettibone is one of those men (rare to be found among modern clergy,) who labor for the building up of Christ's kingdom on earth rather than Church bounds and creeds—whose Christian sympathies and benevolence expand beyond the contracted limits of "our sect and society," embraces all mankind without distinction of color or circumstances—for this philanthropic stand, he receives any thing but the smiles and favors of the nominal church or the world. In his departure from us, our community has lost one of its most valuable members.

DISTRESSING AND CALAMITOUS FIRES, are daily occuring in all parts of the country, and vast amounts of property being in a few hours reduced to ashes, men of wealth made beggars and the poor reduced to a state of almost wretched starvation—and sinking as the present miserable system of isolated capital—the present state of extreme luxury and affluence, and miserable want and poverty, exist side by side—such results will inevitably follow; wrong jealousy, and penury, will seek some source of gratification, even in the incendiaries torch.

CHRIST CHURCH. The Episcopalians of Plymouth have organized a parish under the above title, and an attempt is now being made to erect a church in that place.—*Boston Notion.*

We hope it will prosper, and not only wear the title but the character of its glorious namesake.

THE ACT of General Amnesty, which came before the General Assembly of R. I. for the liberation of Dorr, and his associates, has been defeated. Vote in the Senate, was 14 for liberation, and 18 against. In the House, 28 in favor, and 39 against.

THE amount of property destroyed by the late fire in Boston, is estimated at from $600,000, to $800,000.

HOUSEHOLD LOVE.—There is something inexpressible touching in the story of Ishmael, the youth who was sent into the wilderness of life with his bow and his arrow, his hand against every man, and every mans hand against him. Even in our crowded, busy and social world, on how many is this doom pronounced? What love makes allowance like household love? What take an interest in small sorrows and small successes like household love? God forgive those (and I would not even say forgive were not Divine mercy illimatable) who turn the household alter to a place of strife! domestic dissension is the sacrilege of the heart.

RICHES. The greatest pleasure of life, love; the greatest treasure, contentment; the greatest possession, health; the greatest ease is sleep and the best medicine a true friend.

GIVE US CREDIT.—We have spoken about it once or twice, before, and now we speak about it again: about one half of our paragraphs are credited to the Boston Post, the other half to the N. O. Picayune—and the *rest to us. It is the smallest kind of potatoes to steal our wit.*—*Sunday Mercury.*

☞ Wonder how much self is stolen when you take your newspaper?

Tuesday, 20th Ins.

OUR EARLY COMPANIONS.—How few of the companions of our early youth do we find accompanying us in the after days of life's journey. Of those who seemed so linked with our first joys and sorrows as to have become almost a part of our own existence, some rise above and some sink below the course we are pursuing, and if seen are scarcely noticed.—Others try the desperate adventure to distant climates, and, bankrupts in hopes or ill health are never heard of. With some, folly dops the work of time; and a few, perhaps, are recognised among those who signalize themselves in the feverish strife of politics, or are commemorated as having fallen in some brilliant achievment. We diverge like lines drawn from the same point, pursuing similar directions, but seldom re-uniting. Our permanent connections are generally formed in a period, yet the heart still feels something wanting, and as we look round for him in vain, the happiness of our first affections is magnified by being seen through the purer atmosphere which the morning of careless innocence has cast around them. This may be common-place, but our feelings are so real, it is only in their intenseness, or direction that we differ.

Intolerance.—Being irreligious for the sake of religion, and hateing our fellow creatures, out of a pretended love of their Creator.

"Of all associations," says Cicero, "none is more noble, more stable, than that which is formed by good men when they are united by the bond of friendship and a congeniality of disposition."

Good thoughts like good company, will never stay where they are not civilly entertained while bad thoughts like ill mannered guests, press for admission, or like night robbers, lurk secretly about, waiting for an unguarded moment to get in and destroy.

A daily evening paper is to be published at the office of the Lowell Journal and is to commence with it, on and after the 1st of July next. Terms five dollars per annum.

"Dearly loves a shining mark," as the nightingale said when she picked up the glow-worm

Charles Ashworth and George W. Chase, are authorized Agents for the "Voice of Industry." Perhons sending their subscriptions through the above are assured that they will receive their papers regularly.

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

AT a meeting of the Workingmen's Association Sunday evening, May 24th, P. C. Pettibone and W. F. Young, were chosen delegates to represent them in the New England Workingmen's Association which convenes at Boston the present week.

MARRIAGES.

In Alstead, N. H., 14th inst., by Rev. Darwin Adams, O. L. HUNTLEY, M. D., of this town, to Miss HARRIET M. KINGSBURY, of A.

In Townsend, May 20, by Rev Luther Sheldon, Mr. Horace L. Emery, of Worcester, to Miss Frances M. Wood, of Townsend.

DEATHS.

May 20th Daniel C., son of Daniel and Sarah Wilkins, aged 1 year and 4 months.

May 18th Mr. Amos Lawrence aged 72.

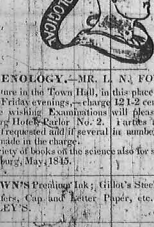
In Worcester, Mrs Martha W., wife of Mr. Rawson Richards, aged 51.

In New Ipswich, Mr. Isaac Sanderson, aged 51.

In Lowell, James Garsian, aged 10 years.

In Holden, May 7, of long fever, Edward Baxter, son of Samuel and Sarah Bliss, formerly of Royalston, aged 17.

BOOK, Card, and Fancy Printing, Shop bills, Labels, Hand bills and all kinds of bills, except LIVE bills, neatly printed at this Office, and on the most reasonable terms.



PHRENOLOGY.—MR. L. N. FOWLER, will Lecture in the Town Hall, in this place, on Wednesday and Friday evenings,—charge 12 1-2 cents.

Those wishing Examinations will please call at the Fitchburg Hotel's Parlor No. 2. Ladies and Families visited if requested and if several in number a reduction will be made in their charges.

A variety of books of the science also for sale.

Fitchburg, May, 1845. 1tif

BROWN'S Preparing Ink; Gillot's Steel Pen Holders, Wafers, Cap and Letter Paper, etc., for sale at SHEPLEY'S. 3tif

REMOVAL.—DR. ADAMS, SURGEON DENTIST, has taken rooms at No. 12, Snow's Brick Block, where he will be happy to wait upon all those who are in need of his services. He would also tender his sincere thanks to those who have so kindly conferred upon him their favors, hoping he shall merit a continuation of the same.

Teeth examined gratis, at the sign of the Golden Tooth.

☞ All operations warranted to be equal to any ever performed in this vicinity.

Fitchburg, April 29th. 3m

BRONCHIAL COMFIT, a celebrated remedy for coughs, colds, influenza, &c. For sale at SHEPLEY'S. 3tif

NEW BOOKS.—S. & C. SHEPLEY, have just received from New York, Trade Sale and other sorts, a large assortment of School, Standard and Miscellaneous Books, which will be sold as low as at any other Book Store in Worcester County.

Fitchburg, May, 1845. 3tif

SCHOOL RECORDS.—S. & C. SHEPLEY, of Fitchburg, have published and offer for sale a School Record for the use of teachers. Provisions are made in this record for entering the names of each scholar, and the presence, absence, and tardiness for each half day.—Also, the character of his recitations and deportment.

Fitchburg, May 1845. 1tif

BOOK STORE AND BINDERY.—E. F. BAILEY, would give notice to the inhabitants of Fitchburg and vicinity, that he has taken the Store formerly occupied by H. A. Crocker, and now offers for sale a general assortment of School and Miscellaneous Books, and Stationery. Blank Books manufactured to order, and kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Old Books, Periodicals and Pamphlets, bought in every variety of style, and at short notice.

Paper ruled to any pattern.

Fitchburg, May, 1845. 3tif

COLBURN & WALLACE, Wholesale dealers in Flour, Grain Meal, WEST INDIA GOODS, Teas, Oils, Lamp, Nail, &c., &c., at the STONE FACTORY STORE near the R. R. Depot.

Fitchburg, May 29, 1845. 3m

NOTICE. The copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the firm of HAYWARD & BROOKS, is this day by mutual consent dissolved.

All Notes and Accounts due the late firm, will be collected by HORACE HAYWARD, to all of whom the business will be attended by said HORACE HAYWARD, at the Old stand No. 5, Old Cattle Row.

HORACE HAYWARD,
SILAS P. BROOKS.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE. The subscribers have formed a Copartnership under the firm of HAYWARD & BACON, and have taken the store recently occupied by the late firm of HAYWARD & BROOKS, where they intend to keep a large assortment of fashionable BOOTS & SHOES, of every description which will be sold low for cash—wholesale and retail. No. 5 Merchants Row.

HORACE HAYWARD,
HANSELL B. BACON.

30 KEGS of superior Boston LARD, for sale by COLBURN & WALLACE.

Fitchburg, May 27, 1845. 3tif