

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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

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Country.

Light for All—BY 2. GOSTICK.

Who consisteth with Money
The million sons of Toil—
The sailors on the ocean,
The peasant on the soil,
The laborer in the quarry,
The heifer of the cow,
Who never pays the tax,
That cannot pay the soul.

Who goes on the cathedral,
Who sings sweet the sky,
Remember the foundations
That in earth and darkness lie;
For were not those foundations
So darkly buried there,
Who could there raise up
So proudly to be there.

The world that man will crowd
That they may be light,
If the pharaohs had not wronged,
Then that soil could not bring
That they believe will be hollowed
That pharaohs have not wronged,
Who could there raise up
So proudly to be there.

See, light that dwells from Heaven,
And enter where it dwells,
The eyes of all thy people,
Are cheered with one bright ray,
And the many hearts are true,
Be glad for each and every,
And fill the souls of men,
As the water fill the sea.

The man who turns the soil,
Need not have an earthly mind,
The digger 'neath the coal,
Need not be in spirit blind,
The husband who sows the seed,
O'er each worthy labor done,
As lowliest things are bright
In the radiance of the sun.

The tailor, say the soldier,
May fill their heads as men,
For the Alexander,
Could be wiser to his foe,
And think of all his bloodshed,
(And all for nothing too),
And ask himself—'What shall I
As useful as a slave?'

Who chatters the silver string,
The poet, the divine, the statesman,
The thought that fits his followers,
A brighter day will shine,
Let every human laborer
Enjoy the vision bright—
Let thought that comes from Heaven,
Be spread like heaven's own light.

Ye men who hold the pen,
Be like a hand to the poor,
And, poor, let your friends
With hope for man be free,
Till earth become a temple,
And every human,
Shall speak one great voice,
Each happy in his fate.

mocking the cuckoo, or slinging, at the top of his clear ringing voice, the merry jingle of St. Patrick's Day in the morning, or the facetious air of Baileys Dr. J. At dancing, too, he excelled at all kinds of the neighborhood. He could dance Irish jigs, three part, four part, part, or rowly rowly, to the tune of The Dusky Miller, or The Rakes of Bally-shanny, with such a quick ear for the music, that not all the lasses declared they could "see the tune upon his feet." He was a comely lad, too, and at the wedding and Christmas carols none of the bachelors looked more genteel than he, with his buff-colored vest, his coat of ribbons of such size, and his *casheen* (2) set jauntily on one side of his head. Being good-natured and cheerful, he was a great favorite with the ladies, and his great facility of voice, and his ready wit, and his great facility of being dispirited, 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 gaiety of his disposition, he had the spirit of enterprise, and a love of learning. This tendency led him early to think of emigrating to America, the Eldorado of Irish immigration. (Nora resisted the first suggestion with many tears. But James drew fine pictures of a farm of his own in the new country, and in a few days he was on his way; for with the very first guineas that crossed his hand, he would send for her. The affectionate sister, accustomed to sympathize with all his plans, soon began to help him to build his castles in America, and every penny that she could earn at her spinning-wheel was laid away for passage money. But when the time actually arrived for him to go to Dublin, it was a day of sorrow. All the dear sisters, with their little ones, and their neighbors from far and near, came to bid him farewell, and give their parting blessing. The dear Mother was busy to the last, storing away some little comfort in his sea-box. Nora, with the big tears in her eyes, repeated for the thirtieth time, "and Jimmy, *macneven* (3) if you grow grand there in the new country, you'll not be after forgetting me, you'll send for your own Nora soon."

"Or not you?" exclaimed James, while he pressed her warmly to his bosom: "When the blessed sun shines to rise over the green in my heart without him. And is it I, will I have him alone with his troubles! Troth, not if there was ten oceans a-swim."

This vehemence subsided after awhile and they talked more calmly of how they should hide their disgrace from the neighborhood. That their hearts were sad they could not conceal. Day after day their frugal meals were removed almost unnoted, and every one stepped on the ground with the air of a beggar. At last eyes were often red with weeping. At last she resolved to depart unknown to any one. She took a bundle of clothing, plied a little bag of money in her bosom, passed and grazed lovingly to her sleeping partners, hastily brushed away the gathering tears, and stepped out into the moonlight. She stood for a few moments and gazed on old familiar hills and fields, and the potato patch, where she and James had worked together many a day, on the way to the site of which the day she was born, and on the clear site of the mill, where the dear Nora had been born. She passed into the little shed that served as a stable for the animals, and threw her arms about the donkey's neck, and kissed the dog, that knew her voice as well as her own mother did. She came forth weeping and gazed on the hedge, as if she would gaze on the face of a dying friend.

The clustering mountains were the much for her loving heart. Dropping a tear, she prayed, in an agony of sorrow, "if it be a sin to go away from the old father and mother, and to go to a strange land, to see them again, till the judgment day, then ah! Father in heaven, will forgive me; for thou see'st I can not leave him alone wid his great trouble!"

Then crossing herself, and looking toward the beloved house of her childhood, she said in a stifled voice, "The Mother of Glory be with you, and bless and keep you all the way you go, and may you be happy in the new world." She then crossed herself, and when her favorite cow called for her milking pail in the first blush of the morning she was already far on her way to Dublin.

and so it happened that Nora received no answer to her anxious inquiry, for more than a year and a half after they were written. At last, there came a crumpled square of soiled paper, containing these words:

"DEAR FRIENDS—Black and heavy is my heart for the news I have to tell you. James is in prison, concerning a bit of paper, that he passed for money. Some of the nabors will be lettin down the tears, when they hear of the same. I don't know the rights of the case; but I will never believe was James to disgrace an honest family. Perhaps some other man's sin is upon him. It may be some other man's sin to know that his time will be out in a year and a half, any how. I have not seen James since I come to Ameriky; but I'll write you of what I have writ. The blessed Mother of Heaven keep your hearts from sinking down with this heavy sorrow. Your friend and nabor, *MIKE MURPHY*."

Deep indeed was the grief in that poor and honest 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 eyes; and the father, though he tried to conceal his emotion, coughed down his weather-beaten tears from rolling down his weather-beaten face. "Ogh, will it go in my eyes," said he, "that ever let me go to any such a decent bad, and belonging to a family that never did a dishonest action. And sure all hearts were upon him, and we all so proud of our him."

"Father," said the weeping Nora, "I know the heart of him better now any of you does, and I know he never had intention to do any thing that would bring to the blush the mother that bore him; and the sister that sleep in his arms, when we were both young things, and I'll give you my word."

"You go to Ameriky!" exclaimed her mother. "Sure you're crazed with the big grief that's upon you, *colen macree*, [6] or you'd never speak these words."

"And wouldn't he follow me to the ends of the earth if the black trouble was on me?" replied Nora, with passionate earnestness. "There was always kindness in him from all I can remember, but he loved me better now any of you do, and I know he never had intention to do any thing that would bring to the blush the mother that bore him, and the sister that sleep in his arms, when we were both young things, and I'll give you my word."

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And had James been criminal in the eyes of the law he had been; but his sister was

right, when she said he had no intention to do a wicked thing. Not long after his arrival in America, he was one day walking along the street, in a respectable suit of Sunday clothes, when a stranger came up and entered into conversation with him. After asking some indifferent questions, he inquired what his coat cost.

"Sixteen dollars," was the answer. "I'll give you twenty for it," said the stranger; "if you'll give away in a hurry, and I'll have no time to get one made." James was unsuspecting as a child. He thought this was an excellent opportunity to make four dollars to send to his darling sister; so he readily agreed to the bargain.

"I want a watch, too," said the stranger; "but perhaps you would not be willing to sell yours for ten dollars?" James frankly confessed that it was two dollars more than he gave for it, and very willingly consented to transfer. Some weeks after, when he attempted to pass the money the stranger had given him, he found, to his dismay, that it was counterfeit. After brooding over his disappointment for some time, he went to a clockmaker at which latter educated men than himself have sometimes arrived. He thought to himself—"It is hard for a poor man to lose so much by no fault of his own. Since it was put off upon me, I will just put it off upon somebody else. Maybe it will keep going the rounds, or somebody will lose it that can better afford it than I can."

It certainly was a wrong conclusion; but it was a bewilderment of the reasoning powers in the mind of an ignorant man, and did not involve wickedness of intention. He passed the money, and was soon after arrested for forgery. He told his story plainly, but, as he admitted that he knew the money was counterfeit when he passed it, the legal construction of his crime was forgery in the second degree. He had passed three bills, and had the penalty of the law been enforced with its utmost rigor, he might have been sentenced to the State Prison for fifteen years; but appearances were so much in his favor, that the court sentenced him but for five years.

Five years taken away from the young life of a laboring man, spent in silent toil, in shame and sorrow for a lighted reputation, was indeed a heavy penalty for confused notions of right and wrong, concerning bits of paper, stamped with a nominal value. But law, in its wisest and kindest administration, cannot always make nice distinctions between thoughtless errors and willful crimes.

It is probable James never felt the degree of compunction, that it is supposed every convict ought to feel; for the idea was ever with him that if he had signed any passing government, he did not mean to sin against God. That he had disgraced himself, he knew full well and felt most keenly. The thoughts of what Nora and his good old mother would suffer, if they could see him driven to hard labor with thieves and murderers, tore his soul with anguish. He could not bring his mind to write to them, or send them any tidings of his fate. He thought it wiser that they should suppose him dead, than know of his disgrace.

Thus the weary months passed silently away. The laugh of his eye and the beam of his story were gone. Day by day he grew more disconsolate and stupid. He had been in prison about four years, when one of the keepers told him that a young woman had come to visit him, and he had received permission to see her. He followed silently, wondering who it could be and a moment after he was locked in his sister's arms. They looked mournfully in each other's faces, then fell on each other's necks and wept again.

"And so you knew me, *macneven*?" said Nora, at last, trying to smile through her tears.

"Know you?" he replied, folding her more closely to his breast. "*A cushla macree*, (7) and wouldn't I know your shadow on the wall in the darkest cellar they could put me in?—But who came will you, *macneven*?" "Troth, and it was all I come. I run away in the night. I hope it wasn't wrong to lay the good father and mother when they had spoken any coming. I wouldn't like to do any thing displeasing to God, but Jimmy, *macree*, my heart was breaking widin' widout you; and I couldn't leave you alone wid your great trouble. Sure if I long ago I would have been your wife, if you had just know of your misfortune."

The next afternoon, with these assurances of his sister's affection. "When he was calmer, he told her circumstantially how the great trouble had come upon him. "God be praised for the words you spoke," replied Nora. "I'll take a load off of your heart, when you hear of the same. Let me hear what you know of your brother, my who would know that letter, nor me, who am steep in the same cradle? A blessing be wid me, *macneven*. The music in my heart

to hear the sound of your voice again. And proud will I be of you, and I wish to be when all eyes, young and old, brighten on you in warm old Ireland."

"But Nora, *deestha*! the disgrace is on me," said the young man, looking down. "They will say I am a convict."

"Sorra a fig I care for what they say," replied the warm hearted girl. "Don't I know the heart that is in you? Didn't I say there was no sin in your intention, though you was shut up in this bad place? And if there had been—if the black murder had been wid you, is it Nora would be after leaving you alone wid your sin and shame? Troth, I would weary the saints in heaven wid prayers, till they made you a better man, for the sake of your sister's love. But there was no sin in your heart, and proud I am of you, a *cushla macree*; (8) and bad luck to the rogue that brought you into all this trouble."

The keeper reminded them that the time allowed for their interview was nearly spent.

"You will come again?" said James, impudently. "You will come to me again, *macneven*?"

"I had to beg hard to see you once," replied Nora. "They said it was again the rules. But when I told them how I come alone across the big ocean to be wid you in your trouble, because I knew the heart that was in you, they said I might come in. It is a heavy sorrow that we cannot speak together. 'But will be a comfort, *macneven*, to be where I can look on these stone walls. The kind man here they call the chaplain says I may see you and his family, and sure not to say a word but what will do you good. (9) The same moon shines here that used to shine on us when they let you get a glimpse of her bright face, you can think any Nora is looking up at it, as she used to do when she was your own weeny darlin', wid the shamrock and gowan in her hair. I will work bad lay my money for you; and when you come out of this bad place it's Nora will stand by you; and proud will I be out of you, a *cushla macree*."

The young man smiled as he had not smiled for years. He kissed his sister tenderly, as he answered; "Ah, Nora, *macneven*, in yourself that was always too good to me—God's blessing be wid you, *cushla macree*. If I will hard with me, but I will make some return for such goodness."

"And sure its no goodness at all," replied Nora. "Is it yourself would be after leaving me alone, and in the great trouble? Hut, tut, Jimmy, avise, sure its nothing at all—Any body would do it. You're as decent and clever a lad as ever you was. Sing that to your heart, *macneven*. It's Nora will stand by you, all the world over."

With a smile that she meant should be a brave one, with eyes streaming with tears, who was no longer for the great, she embraced her with vehement tenderness, and with a deep sigh, returned to his silent labor. But the weight was taken off his heart, and his step was lighter; for

"Hiss," sunshine flung on his prison wall,
And love looked in upon his solitude."

Nora remained with the kind-hearted chaplain, ever watching the gloomy walls of Sing Sing. When her brother's term expired, she was at the prison door to welcome him, and lead him forth into the blessed sunshine and the free air. She told him, in the first hour, of many a willful prisoner, received them into his house, cheered and strengthened their hearts by kind words, and justicious counsel and sent them to the office of the Prison Association, No. 13 Pine street, New York. As James brought certificates of good conduct while in prison, the Association lent him a dollar to be paid for if he should ever be able to do so, and recommended him to a worthy mechanic out of prison. What James had been accustomed to do, he did with great industry and expertise; but he could not do all the mechanic required, and was therefore kindly and honorably dismissed.

He had been discharged, he might have gone off with the tools; but he came to the office of the Association, to ask whether they were willing he should keep them till he could obtain work elsewhere, and earn enough to pay for them. They professed, consented very cordially, and told him to remember that, so long as he behaved well, they would always be friends in need. "His sister was with him like his friends in need. His sister was with him like his friends in need, and there next expressions of gratitude were daily afflicting."

They are doing well, and doubtless will do well. May the blessing of our Father be with them, who would know that letter, nor me, who am steep in the same cradle? A blessing be wid me, *macneven*. The music in my heart

SELECTED TALES.

THE IRISH HEART.

A True Story.

By MRS. L. MARIA CHILDS.

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 bow, and then they came out from the older ones, with the best ways, "Get out of the way, you spalpeens! 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 knocks, he was the first to raise his hand against his little sister. When she could first toddle about it was his delight to sit on the ground, and crawl on his hands and knees, and put them in Nora's curly hair, and then he would sit down, with his little hands resting on his knees, contemplating her with the greatest satisfaction. When they were older, they might be seen weeding the potatoes (1) side by side, or hand in hand satinger berries among the hawthorn bushes. The greatest difference between them seemed to be that James was all fun and frolic, while Nora was a serious and contented.

When the young man was milking the cows, and his voice might be heard, whistling some of the mournful melodies of Ireland. But plaintive tones were rarely heard from him. He came home from daily labor whistling like a black-bird,

