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Poetry.

From the Christian Citizen.

Yield not to discouragement in thy efforts
to do good.

Though clouds and gloom may shroud thy way,
Some star may beam to-morrow,
Some cheering—some celestial ray,
To chase away thy sorrow;

Then yield thou not to dark despair,
Though trials thick surround thee,
Hope, like an angel's hovers near,
To shed her beams around thee.

For disappointments often may
But urge thee forth to duty,
Of the best rough road that heavenly ray,
Discovers gains of bounty;

Then walk thy path where duty leads,
Be not afraid to do thy duty,
Where truth, and injured rights, pleads,
Flead not thyself a stranger.

'Tis not beneath a cloudless sky,
Where oft the heaviest dewdrops fall,
Where no dark darts are whirling by,
When brightly beams the precious sun;
But oft where perfect bliss is given,
Beneath our feet, with patient care,
The hidden heaven may be best,
And heard in efforts the trusting prayer.

The following lines addressed to Lady Byron, were
considered by Sir Walter Scott as the best production
of Lord Byron's pen:

There is a mystic thread of life,
So dearly treasured with mine alone,
That destiny's relentless knife
At once might sever both our lives;

There is a form on which both eyes
Have often gazed with fond delight—
By day that form thy joy supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a voice which tones my spirit
Such trills of rapture through my breast,
I would not hear, a seraph choir,
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a face whose blue-black hair
Affection's talon upon the cheek,
But a smile of an angel's face,
To charm more here, than words can speak.

There is a lip which never hath pressed,
And some hath ever pressed before,
It avowed to me sweetly blest,
And mine—mine only pressed it more.

There is a bosom—all my own—
Which pillowed off this aching head,
A mouth which smiles on me alone,
An eye, whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts whose movements thrill
In union closely every day,
That pulsate to a pulse, responsive throbs,
They both must live, or cease to beat.

There are two souls, whose calm flow,
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—their part is all; no
They cannot part—their souls are one.

Forgiveness—
How heartily falls
From human lips the blessed word forgive!
Forgiveness—in the attitude of God,
The sound that echoes heaven—news brings
Of earth to Eden's fabled bliss, and wings
Hope's holy angels o'er the thorns of life—
Thrice happy he whose heart hath been so schooled,
In the meek lesson of humility,
That he can give it utterance, it imparts
Celestial grandeur to the human soul!
And woe's meekest angel!

Truth—Truth has thus been described by
a writer who lived upwards of two hundred
years ago:
"Truth is the glory of time, and the daughter
of eternity; she is the life of religion, the
light of life, the grace of wit, and the crown
of wisdom; she is the brightness of honor, the
treasure of reason and the joy of earth; she
is the angel's worship, the saint's bliss, and
martyr's crown; she hath a pure eye, a plain
hand, a piercing wit, and a perfect heart. Her
tongue never trips, her heart never faints, her
hand never fails, and her faith never fears.
She is honored in love, and traced in constan-
cy; in patience admired, and in charity be-
loved."

A fine coat frequently covers intolerable igno-
rance, but never conceals it.

None are so fond of secrets as those who so
do not mean to keep them; which persons cov-
er as secrets as a spendthrift covers money—for
circulation.

A heart dead to the claims of man, cannot
be alive to the claims of God; and Christiani-
ty cannot flourish where humanity withers!

Miscellaneous.

FRAY CRISTOBAL.

A Narrative of the Revolutionary War in
Texas.

BY PERRY S. JOHN.

Before the war which for many years filled
with destruction and rapine the whole of Tex-
as, colonization was extending its beneficial
influence into the very heart of the country.
The *Anglo-Saxon race* were carrying the arts of
peace and civilization into the wilds; and in
every district where wood, water, and fertile
land tempted the adventurer, arose farms and
cultivated fields. The savages, even the wild
and warlike Comanches, were easily concili-
ated, and the whole land was dotted—at vast
distances one from the other it was—by
small homesteads. That happy and noble
fruit has been shared, none can doubt,
had not the trumpet of war, shaking the fabric
of society, and replaced the back settlements
in the condition of a wild and unproductive
waste.

Andrew Pollock, a Kentuckian land owner
of no inconsiderable wealth, had been one of
the earliest colonists, who determined at the
instance of Moses Austin, the original settler
to make his home. Of peculiar tastes,
however, which led him to love the solitude
and sublimity of the woods, and the mighty
forest, where none but the painted Indian is
seen, he dwelt. Pollock with his family,
passed the outermost borders of civilization,
and erected his tent some miles beyond San
Antonio de Beax, within the district where
the Arabs of the American desert, the Coman-
ches, hunted and fought. His habitation
presented, after two years of care had been
devoted to it, a most pleasing sight. Andrew
Pollock had selected his abiding-place from
the mouth of a valley, where a stream burst from
its point in position between jagged heights,
to the north and east, spread a vast plain,
dotted with its lush timber, while a thick
grove in the vicinity of the dwelling showed
that the wary Kentuckian was as much alive
to the importance of his proximity to wood as
to water. The dwelling and its appurtenances
had been erected with care and taste, be-
tokening that room had been provided for
a large family, while a stockade proved that
danger was yet to be feared in that secluded
spot. Numerous fields of corn, wheat, and
other vegetable productions, were carefully
sown in, while large herds of cattle ranged
at will over the plain, recalled at even the
sound of the gunsmith's voice and bell.

Early on the first Sabbath morning in
May 1835, the whole family and the laborers
were congregated on a kind of lawn in front
of the dwelling at breakfast. The family was
composed of the father, mother, two sons and
a daughter, Helen Pollock, a charming girl,
who added to the unsophisticated beauty of
childhood, the refinement of an excellent educa-
tion. A dozen farm laborers and their wives
with half as many black slaves, completed
the party, if we add a solitary Indian, who
stood leaning against an upright post a little
way from the table. Fray Cristobal was an
anomaly in his tribe. About two-and-twenty,
tall, and handsome, with features utterly
distinct from his companions, though pale
and tanned, he had the appearance of a young
man, commanded a band of daring warriors,
who carried their arms into the very heart of
Mexico. His followers, about sixty in num-
ber, it was notorious, were better accoutred
and better provided in every way than their
fellows, while different from the usual Indian
practices, they yielded implicit obedience to
their chief. Between Pollock and Fray Cris-
tobal, the latter called himself a Spanish, had
suffered ever since the father's settlement,
which was invaluable to the white men, who
in the constant presence of his Comanche
friend at his farm, found his best protection
against injury.

"Tell me, Fray Cristobal," said Andrew
Pollock, on the present occasion you must be
mistaken. A Mexican army in full march on
Texas, and a regiment of dragoons about to
pass this way, are impossible."
"Fray Cristobal has seen them. War has
broken out between the Mexicans here and
the Anglo-Americans, and my friend will feel the blow if
he is not wise, I replied the other calmly, but
firmly in pure English, or rather American,
as our tongue is called in these regions.
"You appear very positive," said the colo-
nist, "and I must gain credit for your words.
But what would you have me do? If the Mexi-
can are in such force as this, surely to defend
this home would be of little use unless in-
stantly we were to be brought down."
"My warriors are few on the war path, and
Fray Cristobal is alone. Blatant would be
an easy to defend; but he will hide the girl
and his flock," exclaimed he, his eye
glancing with a look of mingled bitterness
and admiration at Helen.

"Fly, and leave my home to the destroyer!"

"Or stay and be destroyed with your home,"
said the Comanche chief.
"Father," interposed Helen, rising and mov-
ing nearer to him, "better let home and the
wealth of this world perish alone than you
die with it. If there is danger, follow Cris-
tobal's advice, and fly."
"It is too late," said the Indian in a tone
of deep judgment; "look up the valley; the
sambros of the Mexicans are rising on the edge
of the cliff!"

"It was too true; the peace of that quiet
spot was to be invaded, and by the ruthless
and pitiless Mexicans, with orders to treat
all Americans as rebels, and put them to death
on the spot. Before the strength of Texas
was discovered such was the terrible policy,
of the late President Santa Anna. A loud
shout from the Mexican cavalry proclaimed
their delight at their arrival at a habitation
and in a few moments the house was sur-
rounded, and all its inhabitants made prison-
ers, with the exception of Fray Cristobal,
who had instantly sought the cover of the
woods. The wild appearance of the central
troop was little calculated to reassure the
captives. With guns low crowned hats,
gauntletted hands, and uniforms of green
clothes covered with tinsel, and the scarce sil-
k, or fancy blanket, they at the first glance
looked picturesque enough; but black and
unwashed faces, eyes in which gleamed no
fire of mind or intellect, the knowledge of
their gross ignorance, through their huge mus-
taches, blunderbusses, and every variety of
firearms, filled the thoughts with visions of
banditti, to whom his guile and conduct the
Mexican soldiers unfortunately approximate
too much.

Andrew Pollock, with his whole family and
dependants, were now led before the com-
manding officer, a young man in a faded uni-
form, with the addition of a yellow cloak
and a high steeple crowned hat. This was
Colonel Don Jose de Sarmiento, who, eyeing
his prisoners with little favor—except the fair
haired and now pallid Helen—inquired who
they were, and what they did within the
confines of the Mexican territory? Andrew
Pollock, who understood Spanish, replied
concent his identity, that he was from an
American citizen, and by adoption, a member
of the new republic of Texas. Colonel Don
Jose scarcely permitted him to finish his
speech, ere he cried, "A rebel! *Muerto a
todas las Tropas!*" I shall rest here a
day or so; to-morrow morning, at daybreak,
lead these rebels—comprehending a sweep of
his arm, all the white men—Die. You, Pie-
tro, go back to General Wall, and bring his
word for their execution to me. Fray Cris-
tobal and his sons, with all the white men
were now hurried into one of their outbuilds
round which a strong guard was placed,
while Helen and the rest of the women were
placed in safe custody within one of the huts
of the laborers, also guarded.

Col. Jose, after giving the inexplicable or-
der, as it appeared to his men, to spare all
property as much as possible, and to touch
nothing but what was absolutely necessary for
their subsistence, went on the lawn with his
officers to eat the unstated breakfast,
which had been provided for his rightful own-
ers. For some time the Colonel was silent,
apparently musing within himself. At length
he spoke in a low tone to the next in com-
mand. "It appeared that struck by the com-
fort, peace and tranquillity of that retired
hamlet, the soldier called much against his
will from the pleasure of Mexico city, had
been conceived a desire, very natural in a com-
mander of Fray Cristobal's property to his
own gain, and as of course, in his views of
things, Mexico must triumph, of settling
there and making it his home. "It will make
a lovely cochoero," said he, gazing with ad-
miration at all the evidences of Anglo Saxon
taste and industry displayed around; "and
with that little fair beauty for its mistress, it
would be a perfect paradise. Colonel Jose
was notoriously a man of impulses, but he
determined instantly to transform a
lieutenant colonel, the inferior officer made
no complaint, but with a meaningful smile said,
"You can leave your fate at once: make her
hand the price of her father's life, I doubt not.
Padre Voravilla will see you on the spot.
The old fellow will doubtless be too happy to
give his daughter's hand and his possessions
to save his rebel life." Colonel Jose, approv-
ing of his subordinate's advice, Helen and her
father were sent to the inferior officer's
place in the room of the house, where the
Mexican commander unobtrusively installed himself
in the arm chair that up to that day only the patri-
arch of the spot ever sat in. The colonel's
air was self-satisfied and confident. He knew
the law principle in vogue in Mexico, and
that few would therefore dispute his conduct,
and hence he threatened to be harshly
proprietor of giving Pollock and all his pos-
sessions liberty in exchange for his posses-
sions and his daughter.

Pollock was petrified; while Helen, who

understood Spanish, looked at her captor in
disgust. "Infamous spoiler!" said the
stern Kentuckian, "my life is in your hands—
take it by no means, nor shall I give it
to you. My daughter's life is in your hands—
take it by no means, nor shall I give it to
you. My life you will take, but yet a few
days, and my countrymen will be here, and
your race back beyond the Great River."
The colonel was astounded, and at once or-
dered his prisoners back to confinement. Sen-
timents of this character were so new to him
that it required some leisure ere he fully
comprehended their force. He then reiterated
his commands for the execution, and strok-
ed his mustache with a self-satisfied air, and
lay down to an early sleep.

Helen, meanwhile, who sat at her prison
window gazing out upon the scene before her
with vacant eye, dwelt with agony upon the
position of her family. Her thoughts were of
a mixed character. Horror at the proposition
of the Mexican partizan was mingled with
the reflection that her sacrifice might save many
whom she loved. This again was doubtful,
as the free gift of the property appeared the
great object aimed at by Don Jose. Then
came upon her other thoughts of one who
had laid his life on her altars, and who when
she had rejected with disdain beneficence
of his color—Fray Cristobal. He had offered
to quit his tribe, his roving life, all for her,
and, and settle down a colonist upon the
banks of Texas. Her manner, her shrinking
repugnance at binding herself to one with
Indian blood in his veins had been sufficient
answer for the warrior. He had spoken no
more, but his altered mind indicated de-
eply wounded feelings. Fray Cristobal, who
knew the man, and who was now alone, Fray
Cristobal had perished life, all for her and her
family. She felt with bitter regret that on his
devotion she now had no claim.

The day passed; the Mexican soldiers ate,
drank, slept, and amused themselves, a few
keeping watch. Night came, and then senti-
nels were posted at every weak point; in fact
a chain of soldiers surrounded the house. In-
gress and egress appeared equally impossible.
Hours passed; at least men were brought to
the prisoners, with an intimation that at day-
break the heavy guard would be struck off.
For greater safety, lights were denied them,
though the guards omitted to deprive the cap-
tives of their pipes and tobacco pouches in
which flint and steel were always kept. For
about two hours after sunset, no sound was
heard save the measured tramp of the moun-
tained sentinels without the stockade, and of
the foot within. Helen sat alone at the window
of her hut, which overlooked the lawn. To
the right was the outhouse containing the
male prisoners, to the left, the stream. On
this new fall the rays of the dim moon, just
rising from a bank of clouds; and on this
Helen gazed, under the influence of the only
feeling which preserved her from utter de-
spair. It waited an hour of midnight and
yet there was no sign given. Ten minutes
more passed, when a dark mass rising slowly
from the water gave hope and made poor
Helen's heart beat wildly. A figure was
seen to crawl upon the bank of the stream,
near a woodpile, into a musket shot was
fired by an observing sentinel. A heavy
plunge was heard in the water, and when
the alarmed sentinels reached the spot a
dark mass was seen floating down the river,
already at a distance. Satisfied that the
Indian intruder had been slain, or mortally
wounded, the soldiers after reporting as such
returned to their posts.

Helen, who had seen the Indian, after
throwing a log into the river, glist behind the
woodpile, now saw him with intense anxiety,
crawl along the line of buildings. He
reached the spot where she stood, and was
about to pass, when a low whispered "Cris-
tobal!" arrested him. "Miss Pollock," said he
in the same tone, "in one sentence tell me all
you know." Helen in a few hurried words ex-
plained all.
"Oh, Cristobal do that; save my father, my
mother, my brothers all, and my dear
eternal gratitude shall be yours." "Gratitude
but a cold word to me," said Cristobal, who
with her dropped all semblances of Indian
manner. "The generous, dear, Cristobal,"
whispered Helen, blushing even in the
darkness. "I have been cruel, unkind, but
your devotion to my friends will make me
forget all." "Even my Indian blood?"
"Cristobal, with a sad melancholy in his
voice which went to the girl's heart. "All but
your noble risk of life and his life's joys to save
my friends." "And you, Miss Pollock?"
"Cristobal," said the agitated girl hurriedly,
"dear Cristobal, such a fearful scene as this makes
me five years in an hour." "Call me then Helen,"
said a father and mother's fond hope
"Cristobal, with a sad melancholy in his
voice which went to the girl's heart. "All but
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me five years in an hour." "Call me then Helen,"
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ness in the excitement of the moment. "From
gratitude only!" said Cristobal, gloomily. "I
will never marry a man I do not love and re-
spect." "And you will be pleased?" "I will
love you more than I do now." "I will
love you more than I do now; but think what
most of the numerous incidents; think what it
would cost you to say, and doubt not that my
love will be no far wing." "There was a
tenderness in Helen's tone which carried irresist-
ible conviction, and pressing her hand to his
lips—the young man glided away towards the
shed to which the men were confined.

A brief conversational now ensued,
which having lasted about ten minutes, the
Comanche chief returned, and bidding Helen
to be of good cheer, again sought the river,
and plunged thereon, disappeared. The agi-
tated girl now noticed that a great bustle was
taking place in the shed containing the male
prisoners, as if the whole party were busily
engaged in moving all it contained. Sounds
of breaking up barrels were plainly heard,
and then the low and cautious striking of a
light. Helen's heart beat violently; she felt
confident that some plan arranged between
Cristobal and her father was about to be
carried into effect, and sitting in the
shed on the side which communicated to the
outbuildings and granaries, while handfuls
of burning sticks were cast from narrow
loops, which were then intended to supply
light and air to the erection. The alarm was
given; the sentinels rushed to stay the flames,
and punish the audacious captives, when the
door flew open, and a volley of musketry was
poured upon the astonished Mexicans. The
prisoners had been placed in the arsenal of
the whole habitation, and now, with the roar
of musketry and the crackling of the flames,
came the fearful Comanche war-whoop from
the plains upon the bewildered and affrighted
Mexicans. To defend the house was impos-
sible, as the fire would soon wrap it in one
mass of flames; but for this a successful re-
sistance might have been made. As it was,
without attempting to recapture the armed
Anglo-Saxons, who poured a galling fire up-
on them, the Mexican cavalry mounted, and
collecting in one dense column, came toward
the valley, followed by the Comanche
hordes, who urged, entertained a most
wholesale and salutary fear.

Efforts were now made to extinguish the
flames, which had been the main instrument
in dislodging the Mexicans, who, but for this,
would have held good the house against the
Comanches. It was, however, in vain, and
all that could be done was to remove the
weapons and every kind of valuables from their
proximity to the conflagration. This party
soon affected, the fire burnt in the house be-
hind all saved and placed upon the ground
stead. At dawn of day nothing remained of
the late comfortable and happy home of the
stern Kentuckian but smoldering rubbish and
blackened stumps. Still, more than he had
before had been saved in shape of household
goods and cattle, while not one precious life
had been lost.

No time was, however, to be lost, as the
whole Mexican force would assemble, to the
south of the valley. The wagons were loaded with
provisions, the oxen harnessed, and the cattle
driven into herds. In an hour every prepara-
tion was made, the word was given, and escorted
by the Comanches, Andrew Pollock turned
his back upon his late home, to seek one less
subject to the jarrings of an invading army—
like most of his neighbors, the patriarch of
the wilderness had resolved to send his wife
and daughter, with the other women, to the
sea-coast, and joining General Sumner's
troops, to battle for his country. For several
days, the Comanche accompanied the cavada-
de, and then, according to Indian custom,
disappeared without the ceremony of an
adieu. The leader, however, remained, who
in the presence of her whole family, de-
clared the engagement between him and Hel-
en. "The day is done," she said in anger, and
turning to his daughter, said, "I will not
leave you, my Comanche partner; his fil-
thar, marry an Indian!" "Who saved my father
from death and me from worse?" replied
Helen firmly. "Not an Indian," exclaimed
Cristobal, at this instant extending a parch-
ment to Andrew; "but Henry Norton of Ken-
tucky, captain in the service of the republic
of Texas." The young man then explained
that his father, after having remained with
him until he had secured a beautiful Indian girl;
that he was sojourning in the enjoyment of
that parent's property, galled by the concealed sneers
of some of his acquaintances, and the feeling that
his Indian blood was in his veins, he had adopted
his mother's baptismal name, and fled to her
relatives, where, in duty of gallantry, and by
spending his income among them, he had
raised the troops we have above alluded to.
Until he saw the Indian, a had determined
never to dwell with the Comanches; her basit-
y had, however, won him back to civilization.
"We need enter into no further particulars—
The lovers were united; Henry, Andrew, and
the sons, all distinguished themselves in the

