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Poetry.

An Indian at the Burial-place of his Fathers.

BY WILLIAM C. BERANT.

It is the spot I came to seek—
My fathers' ancient burial-place,
Ere from these valleys, drained and weak,
Withdrew our walled race.
It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.
For here the upland hawk soars out
A ridge toward the river side;
I know the slazy hills about—
The meadows, smooth and wide;
The plains, that, toward the South are sky,
Fenced East and West by mountains, lie
A white man gazing on the scene,
Would say, I know not where,
And praise the harvest, fresh and green,
Between the hills so clear;
I like it not—I would the pain
Lay in its tall old grove again.
The sheep are on the slopes around,
The cattle in the meadows feed,
The laborers turn the moulding ground,
Or drop the yellow seed,
And plowing steels in heaping, say,
What the bright harvest of the way,
Methinks it were a wiser sight
To see these valleys in woods arrayed,
Their mountains in their light,
Their tracks in grassy dunes,
And herds of deer, the bounding stag,
O'er hills and prairie, stretch below.
And to mark the feet of all,
The forest here, toward to roam,
Quivered and pinnacled and tall,
And seemed with glorious scars,
Walk forth, amid his reign to cease,
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.
The tank, in which the dead were laid,
Was sacred when the world was young;
Hyperarthee, Indian maid,
Brought wreaths of Louis and flowers,
All the gray chief and gifted seer,
Who worshipped the God of his fathers,
But now the wheat is green and bright,
On the plain that the warrior's breast,
And scattered in the furrows, lie
The weapons of his rest,
And those, in the base soil, are thrown
Of his large arm, the mauling bone,
All little thought the strong and brave,
Who bore their fierce chiefs forth—
Or the young wife, who weeping gave
Her fringes to the earth,
That the pale race, who waste as now,
Among their bones should guide the plow.
They waste as now—like April snow—
In the warm sun, we shrink away,
And fast they follow, to the earth,
Towards the setting day,
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.
But I behold a fearful sight,
To which the white man's eyes are blind,
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
And leave the ground behind,
Save rain o'er the lone sward,
And the white stones where the dead,
Before these fields were sown and plowed,
Fall to the brim our rivers flowed;
The melody of waters filled
And torrents dashed and rhytms played,
And fountains spouted in the shade,
Those grateful sounds are heard no more,
The springs are dried in the sun,
The rivulets, by the blackened shores,
With leaping current run,
The realm our tribes are evoked of get,
May be a barren desert yet.

Miscellaneous.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

THE BROTHERS: OR IN THE FASHION ABOVE THE FASHION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CONQUEST AND SELF-
CONQUEST.

Some men are born to greatness—some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Henry Manning belonged to the second of those three classes. The son of a mercantile adventurer who won and lost a fortune by speculation, he found himself at the age of sixteen years called on to choose between the life of a western farmer, with its vigorous action stirring incidents and rough usage, and the life of a clerk in one of the most noted establishments in Broadway, the great source and centre of fashion to New York. Mr. Morgan, the brother of Mrs. Manning, who had been recalled from

the distant west by the death of her husband, and the embarrassments into which that event had plunged her, had obtained the offer of the last situation for one of his two nephews, and would take the other to his private home. "I do not ask you to go with me, Matilda," he said to his sister, "because our life is yet too wild and rough to suit a delicate woman, and as you have been in the midst of luxurious accommodations. The difficulty and privations of life in the west, fall most heavily on women, while she has little of that sustaining power which man's more adventurous spirit find in overcoming and coping with danger. But let me have one of your boys and by the time he has arrived at manhood, he will be able I doubt not, to offer you in his home all the comforts, if not all the elegancies of your present home."

Mrs. Manning consented, and now the question was, which of her sons should remain with her, and which should accompany Mr. Morgan. To Henry Manning, older by two years than his brother George, the choice of situations was submitted. He went with his uncle to the Broadway establishment—heard the duties which would be demanded from him, the salary which would be given, saw the grace with the elegants behind the counter displayed the silks and satins and velvets to the elegants before the counter, and the decision which they promulgated, the degrees of fashion—and with that just sense of his own powers which is the accompaniment of true genius, he decided at once that there lay his vocation. George, who had with difficulty kept quiet while his brother was forming his decision, as soon as it was announced sprang forward with a will that would have gained a western forest better than a New York drawing-room, threw the Hessian that he was reading across the table, clasped first his mother and then his uncle in his arms, and exclaimed, "I am the boy for the west. I will help you fell the forest and build cities, there. Why should we not build cities as well as Romulus and Remus?"

"I will supply your cities with all their dress-suits, and velvets, and charge them nothing," George said Henry Manning, with that air of superiority with which the worldly-wise often looks on the sallies of the enthusiasts.

"You make my head ache, my son," complained Mrs. Manning, shrinking from his boisterous gratulation, but Mr. Morgan returned his hearty embrace, as he gazed into his bold, bright face, with an eye bright as his own, and filled with his burst of enthusiasm, "you are the very boy for the west, George. It is out of such brave stuff that pioneers and city builders are always made."

Henry Manning soon bowed himself into the favor of the ladies who formed the principal customers of his employer. By his careful and really correct habits, and his elegant taste in the selection and arrangement of goods, he had made a favorite with his employers themselves. They needed an agent for the selection of goods abroad, and they sent him. He purchased cloths for them in England, and silks in France, and came home with the reputation of a travelled man. Having persuaded his mother to advance capital for him in selling out the bank stock in which Mr. Morgan had funded her little fortune, at twenty-five years of age he entered business for himself, as a French importer. Leaving a partner to attend the sales at home, he went abroad for the selection of goods and the furtherance of his small reputation. He returned in two years with a fashionable figure, a most recherche style of dress, and a stock of the most approved cut, and whiskers of faultless curl—a finished gentleman in his own conceit. With such antecedents, the prestige which he derived from his report of travels and long residence abroad, and the six or seven of one who had made the conventional arrangements of society, his style, lit quickly rose to the summit of his vocation, to the point which it had been his life's ambition to attain. He became the empire of taste, and his word was received as the fiat of fashion. He continued to reside with his mother and paid great attention to her style of dress, and the arrangement of her household, for it was important that his mother should appear properly. Poor Mrs. Manning, she sometimes thought that proud title dearly purchased by listening to his daily criticisms on appearance, language and manners, which had appeared stylish enough in their day.

George Manning had visited his mother but once since he had left her, with all the bright imaginings and boundless confidence of fourteen, and then Henry was in Europe. It was during the last winter after his return and when the brothers had been separated for near twelve years, that Mrs. Manning informed him she had received a letter from George announcing his intention to be in

New York in December, and to remain with them, most if not all the winter. Henry Manning was evidently annoyed at the announcement. "I wish," he said, "that George had chosen to make his visit in the summer, when most of the people to whom I should hesitate to introduce him would be absent. I should be sorry to hurt his feelings, but really, to introduce a western farmer into polished societies—" Harry Manning shuddered and was silent. "And then to choose the winter of all winters, for his visit, and to come in December, just at the very time that I heard yesterday Miss Harcourt was coming from Washington to spend a few weeks with her friend, Mrs. Duffield."

"And what has Miss Harcourt's visit with Mrs. Duffield to do with George's visit with us?" asked Mrs. Manning.

"A great deal—at least, it has a great deal to do with my regret that he should come just now. I told you how I became acquainted with Emma Harcourt in Europe, and what a splendid creature she is. Even in Paris, she bore the palm for wit and beauty, and fashion too—that is in English and American society. But I did not tell you that she received me with such distinguished favor, and evinced so much pretty consciousness at my attentions, that, left not her father, having been chosen one of the electors of Paris and Vice President, hurried from Paris in order to be in this country in time for his vote. I should probably have been induced to marry her. Her father is in Congress this year, and you see, she is no sooner learns that I am here, than she comes to spend part of the winter with a friend in New York."

Henry rose at this, walked to a glass surveyed his elegant figure, and continuing to cast occasional glances at it as he walked backwards and forwards through the room, resumed his conversation or rather his own communication.

"All this is very encouraging, doubtless, but Emma Harcourt is so perfectly elegant, so thoroughly refined, and I dread the effect upon her of my entire association,—by the bye, mother, if I obtain her permission, to introduce you to her you will not wonder that I am not in visiting here; a brown hat is my aversion—it is positively vulgar, but to return to George, how can I introduce him, with his rough, boisterous, western manner, to this courtly hostess, the very thing which I love and Henry Manning shivered, "and yet how can I avoid it, if it should be engaged?"

With December came the beautiful Emma Harcourt, and Mrs. Duffield's house was thronged with her admirers. Hers was the form and movement of the Huntress Queen, rather than one trained in the halls of fashion. There was a pygmy freedom in her air, her step, her glance, which, had she been less beautiful, less talented, less fortunate in social positions, or in wealth, would have placed her under the ban of fashion, but as it was she commanded fashion, and even Henry Manning, the very slave of conventionalism had no criticism for her. He had been among the first to call on her, and the flush that flattered across her cheeks, the smile that played upon her lips, as he was announced, might have even flattered one of less vanity.

The very next day, before Henry had time to improve those symptoms in his favor on returning home, at five o'clock, to his dinner he found a stranger in the parlor with his mother. The gentleman rose on his entrance, and he had scarcely time to glance at the tall, manly form, the lofty air, the commanding brow, ere he found himself clasped in his arms with the exclamation, "Dear Henry! how rejoiced I am to see you again."

In George Manning, the physical and intellectual man had been developed in rare harmony. He was taller and larger in every way than his brother Henry, and his self-reliance, which the latter had laboriously attained from the mastery of all conventional rules, was by virtue of a courageous soul, which held itself above all rules but those prescribed by its own sense of the right. There was a singular contrast, yet more striking by some points of resemblance, between the pupil of society and the child of the forest—between the Parisian elegance of Henry and the proud free grace of George. His were the step and bearing which we have seen in an Indian chief, but thought had left its impress on his brow, and there was in his countenance that indelible air of refinement which marks a polished mind. In a very few minutes Henry became reconciled to his brother's arrival, and satisfied with him in all respects but one, his dress. This was of the finest cloth, but made into large loose trousers, and a species of hunting shirt, trimmed with fur, belted round the waist and descending down to the knee, instead of light pantalons, closely fitting the body cut prescribed by fashion. The little party looked long over the table—it was seven o'clock when they arose from it.

"Dear mother," said George, Manning, I am sorry to leave you this evening, but I will make you rich amidst this-morrow, by introducing you to the friend I am going to visit, if you will permit me. Henry, it is so long since I was in New-York, that I need some direction in finding my way—must I turn up or down Broadway for? No.—I am going from this street."

"Number 17," exclaimed Henry in surprise, "you must be mistaken, that is Mrs. Duffield's."

With some curiosity to know what friend George could have so completely the entire of the fashionable Mrs. Duffield's house, as to make an appointment there, he proposed to go with him and show him the way. There was a momentary hesitation in George's manner before he replied, "As very well I will be obliged to you."

"But—excuse me, George—you surely are not going in that dress, this is not of Mrs. Duffield's reception evenings, and early as it is, you will find company there."

George laughed as he replied, "They must take me as I am, Henry. We do not receive our fashions from Paris at the west."

Henry almost repeated his offer to accompany his brother, but it was too late to withdraw, for George, unconscious of this feeling had taken his cloak and cap and was waiting for his escort. As they approached Mrs. Duffield's house, George who had hitherto led the conversation, became silent, or answered: his brother only in monosyllables, and then not always to the purpose. As they entered the hall, the hats and cloaks displayed there, showed that as Henry supposed, they were not the earliest visitors. George paused for a moment, and then said, "You must go in without me, Henry—show me to a room where there is no company," he continued, turning to a servant, "and take this card to Mrs. Duffield, be sure to give this to Mrs. Duffield, herself."

The servant bowed low to the commanding stranger, and Henry, almost mechanically obeyed his direction, muttering to himself, "Free and easy upon my honor." He had scarcely entered the reception room and made his bow to Mrs. Duffield, when the servant presented his brother's card. He watched her closely and saw a smile playing on her lips as her eyes rested upon it. She glanced anxiously at Miss Harcourt, and crossing the room to a group in which she stood, a crowd her aside. After a few whispered words, Mrs. Duffield placed the card in Miss Harcourt's hand. A sudden flash of joy irradiated every feature of her beautiful face, and Henry Manning saw that, but for Miss Duffield's restraining hand, she would have rushed from the room. Recalled thus to a recollection of others, she looked around her, and her eyes met his. In an instant her face was covered with blushes, and she drew back with embarrassed consciousness; almost immediately however, she raised her head, and with a proud, bright expression, and though she did not look at Henry Manning, he felt she was conscious of his observation, as she passed with a composed yet pious step from the room.

Henry Manning was awakened from a dream. It was not a very pleasant awakening. But as his vanity, rather than his heart was touched, he was able to conceal his chagrin, and appear as interesting and agreeable as usual. He now expected with impatience the denouement of the comedy. An hour passed away and Mrs. Duffield's eye began to consult the marble time-piece on her mantle. The elague for another half hour rang out, and she left the room in a few moments leaving on the arm of George Manning.

"Who is that?—What noble looking man is that?" were questions Henry Manning heard from many—a very few only the exclamation, "how oddly he is dressed!" Before the evening was over, Henry began to feel that he was well pleased on his own behalf, that George, if not in the fashion, was yet more the fashion than he.

Following the proud happy glance of his brother's eye, a specter of an hour later, Henry saw Miss Harcourt entering the room in the opposite direction from that in which she had lately come. If this was a ruse on her part to veil the connection between their movements, it was a connection between them who had soon to be before, but now had to observe the self-consciousness of her beauty, and those who saw

Altogether thinking apparitions start
Till her eyes rested on her, could scarcely doubt his intention over her.

The next morning George Manning bro't Miss Harcourt to visit his mother, and Mrs. Manning rose greatly in her son's estimation when he saw the affectionate deference evinced to her by the proud beauty.

"How strange my mother must have seemed to you sometimes," said Miss Harcourt to

Henry one day. "I was engaged to George long before I met you in Europe, and though I never had courage to mention him to you, I wondered a little that you never spoke of me. I never doubted for a moment that you were acquainted with my engagement."

"I do not even yet understand where and how you and George met?"

"I went to his home—my father was Governor of the Territory—State now—in which, your uncle lives—our homes were very near each other's, and so we met almost daily while I was still a child. We have had all sorts of adventures together, for George was a great favorite with my father, and I was permitted to go with him anywhere. He saved my life twice—once at the imminent peril of his own, when with the willfulness of a spoiled child, I would ride a horse which he told me I could not manage. Oh! you know not half his boldness," and tears moistened the bright eyes of the happy girl.

Henry Manning was touched, through all his conventionalisms; yet the moment after he said, "George is a fine fellow certainly, but I wish you could persuade him to dress a little more like other people."

"I would not if I could," exclaimed Emma Harcourt, while the blood rushed to her cheeks; "fashions and all such conventional regulations are made for those who have no innate perception of the right, the noble, the beautiful—not for such as he—he is above fashion."

What Emma would not ask, she did not fail to recognize as another proof of correct judgment, when George Manning laid aside his western costume and assumed one less remarkable.

Henry Manning had received a new idea, that there are those who are above the fashion. Allied to this was another thought, which in the found entrance to his mind, that it would be at least as profitable to devote our energies to the acquisition of true nobility of soul, pure high thought, and refined taste, as to the study of those conventionalisms which are but their outer garment, and in at best only conceal for a short time their absence.

SMITH'S CAT.—When I was a drunkard, (Mr. Smith said) not only was my wife and myself half starved, but my old cat was also reduced to a perfect skeleton. And not only that but she grew wicked and became an out and out old thief. Cause why? Why because she could get enough to eat at home, so she went prowling and stealing among the neighbors. Every once-in-awhile, I'd hear the neighbors cry out, "cuss that Smith's cat, she's stole my fish; and cuss that Smith's cat, she's stole my meat; and cuss that Smith's cat, she's drank up all my milk." But why didn't she stay at home and eat nice and live on them) says you. Reason enough, say I for our nice couldn't get crumbs of meat and bread like a sober man's nice eat, so they had to live on the recollection of what they used to eat before their master was a drunkard, and at last they got so thin and scraggy, that fifty of them wouldn't give the old cat a breakfast.

But when I reformed things took a different turn. Smith's table had plenty of fish and plenty of mutton's fat, and Smith's wife had plenty of crumbs and grew nicely, and Smith's cat had plenty of nice, and didn't have to steal the neighbor's meat and fish any more. No sir, my nice were fat and plump and my old cat was spry and active, and it didn't take fifty mice to make a meal nuther. No-sir-ee. The old cat would just catch two mice, and these two were as much as she could eat at one meal; and when she had eaten them, she'd lie down and go to sleep, and after a good night's rest, she'd wake up in the morning with the pleasant satisfaction of knowing that the mice, fat, plump mice were not all gone, but that there were a few more left of the same sort."

THE WIFE AT HOME.—That woman deserves not a husband's generous love, who will neglect him with smiles as he returns from the labors of the day; who will not tug to chain him in his home by the sweet enchainment of a cheerful heart. There is not one in ten thousand who is so neglecting as to withstand such an influence, and break away from such a home.

The friends of Belgium rarely exceed five acres, and yet, in the excellence of their culture they support a whole family comfortably.

Persons, especially the ladies, who in consequence of inactive or sedentary habits, the too frequent use of close coverings, and an over-refined and luxurious regimen, are afflicted with the distressing disorder termed Nervousness, will find their complaint effectually cured by six weeks' residence in a work-house.—Punch.

