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POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE.

For the Voice of Industry. LINES Suggested by reading a Norman's opinion on the death of Edward Eastman. Thee, 21st August, 11th 26. Shall the sword beath forever? Shall it cease its fiery sever?

Look by link the chain is growing That shall circle every land. Brother leaguers' counsel strong— Alms for your galian strong— Not for fame, not for hoodlum's Not for violence and wrong—

have done. The extreme gentleness of her manners, the half reticent, half confiding way she had of speaking of herself, made me think her weak and timid, until I knew her better.

Six months passed away, and Evelyn and myself were still inseparable. We loved to each other every secret of our hearts; and I often smile now to think with how much importance we treated a thousand trifling things.

In one of our confidences, not long after her arrival, she spoke to me of one very dear to her—a cousin, a passed midshipman in the navy. He had spent several months with her family, and had sailed on a short cruise to Brazil only a few days before she left home;

Oh! how often does her image come before me, as she stood and blushing told me of her joyful hopes. What a blessed thing it is that we know not the trials, the mysterious future may have in store for us!

Six months, as I have said, passed away, each day only endearing Evelyn Graham more to my heart. About this time she received letters from home, announcing the death of Mrs. Grahame's only sister, Mrs. Durton;

MISCELLANEOUS.

EVELYN GRAHAME, A TALE OF TRUTH.

It was the beginning of my third year at a boarding school, that—being at the time a parlor flycatcher—I was called down one day into the drawing room, to be introduced to a new scholar, who had just arrived. Upon entering, I perceived a young girl of apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age, seated upon an ottoman, and weeping bitterly.

"Ellen," said Madame B—to me, "Miss Grahame will share your room; perhaps she would like to be shown to it now."

I approached, and taking the young girl's unresisting hand, whispered a few words of encouragement, and led her up stairs to my little apartment, where, after having assisted her in removing her hat and shawl, I left her, judging by my own experience that she would prefer being alone for a short time.

"Evelyn was just sixteen; and never did a sweeter face for a warmer heart, animate a lovely form. Her features were not regularly beautiful, but the expression of almost angelic purity which pervaded her countenance, when in repose, made her more beautiful than the most attained regularity of feature could

that rite neglect may chill, but naught but death destroy.

The next week brought my dear Eva another tender letter. Arthur had reached Mobile, and though much disappointed at not meeting her there, felt obliged, he said, to another his desire to fly to New York for her as so sudden a move, before he had visited his own family, would cause a very unpleasant remark."

Three weeks more—there was no letter. Three weeks more—great anxiety were passed, and still Evelyn heard nothing from home. She was beginning to be seriously alarmed, when one morning, at the beginning of the fourth week, I flew to her room with a letter that the servant had just brought from the village post office.

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In the meantime, Arthur Noel, Eva's lover, remained at sea; but the time was drawing near when he would return. The months rolled swiftly by; and as the period approached for her leaving school, Evelyn became more impatient each day. She was expecting her father to come on for her, when a letter arrived, telling her that it was impossible for him to leave his business, and that she would be obliged to remain at school for a few weeks longer, until some good opportunity offered for her to reach home.

Eva was very much distressed at this. She felt sure that Arthur would reach Mobile before her, and she had promised to meet him there. But she was forced to submit; and after some little persuasion, consented to accompany me to my father's summer residence with the scenery of the Hudson, and arrived in much better spirits than I expected at Lily Grove."

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The latter had evidently been pained in a state of great agitation. I thought the wilder- ness thing I had ever read, but at the moment, indignation nustered every other feeling. I continued silent for some moments after I had finished reading it—for I was too much distressed to speak. I did not know how to break the matter to my friend. I knew she had been watching my face for some seconds, and my feelings must have revealed themselves very strongly; for when she saw me standing so long silent, she said, "Tell me what that letter contains, to move you this."

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cannot be. Arthur loves me oh, God! say that he loves still.

She sunk at my feet as she said this, and burying her face in my dress, sobbed violently. "Evelyn," I cried, endeavoring at the same time to raise her, "Evelyn, you have a hard trial before you, but one which I know your woman's pride will enable you to bear with fortitude. I will leave you, read that letter yourself, and when I come again in an hour, let me find that my friend had been true to herself."

I retired to my own room, and there I wept for my friend, as I had never wept for myself. I trembled for the consequences that might ensue. I knew how deeply Arthur was beloved; and I could not but fear that even Eva's firm spirit would not bear the blow with fortitude.

Never, ever shall I forget the look with which she received me. Her color was more brilliant than I had ever seen it, but her eyes were dull and fixed, and a ghastly smile played round her mouth, as she bade me enter; but the expression of her forehead, if I may use such a term, shocked me more than all else. It seemed to have grown old—twenty years in advance of the rest of her face. It was wrinkled, and literally old, with the agony of thought she endured.

"Ellen," said she, in the same hollow tone with which she had addressed me at the door. "Ellen, I have sent for you, to ask you where is now all my boasted firmness; where my pride, my dignity? Ah, Ellen! I was never tried before. You think me calm—despair makes me so. I did not arrive at despair even without a hard struggle; and now my heart, flung freighted as it was with the fondest hopes I ever cherished, lies crushed and lying beneath the waves of that gloom which will henceforth be my portion in life."

Miss Grahame presents her compliments to Mr. Noel, and is extremely happy that she has it in her power to gratify him. Mr. Noel might have spared himself any anxiety on the occasion, as, had he known Miss Grahame better, he would have felt sure that she would never have laid a serious claim to a misanthropic promise, made to a thoughtless school girl. He will, therefore accept Miss Grahame's congratulations on the prospect of felicity before him; and believe that no better wishes will follow him and his bride to the altar than will be offered by her.

This continued until she received letters from home, urging her return, as Sarah and Arthur were soon to be married. There was no more of her approaching nuptials; but the words were passed again and again, and she seemed to drink in every syllable as if it were her last draught of happiness. I must now hasten to close my sad tale. A friend of Mr. Grahame called on me as a few

COMMUNICATIONS.

This department of the "Voice" is intended to contain the thoughts and sentiments of the people...

MA. EDITOR:—There was an article published in the Vox Populi of July 23d under the head of "Is it right?"...

He was sufficiently correct in stating the object of the association. It undoubtedly is, that the members may bring home, to their families, such articles as they need to support the physical demands of life...

Mr. Editor:—I have fault with the association because a dollar will not purchase more than one of our "factory socks, or more land."

MA. EDITOR:—I have a short time since, while sitting in my place of business, I was very agreeably surprised by the introduction of the Agent of the Voice of Industry...

The necessity of a reform in the system of labor is self-evident; and that a co-operation of the laborers of the country is essential to its perfection.

But the Laborer has much to do and more to endure. Wealth is opposed to labor, and it is not only the more powerful, I fear not the more virtuous...

MA. EDITOR:—All mankind require food and clothing to sustain nature, and from clothing must be either obtained by honest industry, application to business, or by dishonest means.

The Mechanic and Farmer are the true pillars of our country. Among the former may be classed some of the noblest of earth's honored sons.

Improved plan of association, if one dealer gets the patronage of the association, he may do four times the business one would upon the isolated plan...

What has made Lowell what it is? Who has exerted the towering dome—the glittering cupola? Who is it that makes the mighty engines like volcanoes burst?

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Mr. Editor, it is true that things should be called by their proper names; that every tub should stand on its own bottom...

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In our republican form of government, the people are the fountain of Law, but so forgetful are the watchmen and operators of their rights...

Custom made men believe in ghosts and witches, and "habit becomes a second nature." Once it was thought wrong to brow beat on Saturday...

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The Mechanic and Farmer are the true pillars of our country. Among the former may be classed some of the noblest of earth's honored sons.

We had not been at our post, many minutes when the great bells of the Factory rang to chime, and we could see shoals of girls passing downwards at the stair windows...

An editor of a country paper thus affecting bids farewell to his readers. "The Sheriff is waiting for us in the next room, so we have no opportunity to be pathetic."

WE ARE TRAVELLER.—There were 31 deaths that week from bowel complaints. A fruit dealer who was remonstrated with for selling unripe and hard fruit, replied, "am I more known to sell than they fools to buy."

FOURTEEN more deaths by this disorder have occurred since last week's report.—Boston Traveller.

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KENNEBEC & BENOISCOIT, Vt. Boston & Maine Railroad.

MERRILL & HERWOOD, PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS.

WAGER BARTER'S night-riding Clothing Store, with a general assortment of goods...

QUINCY HOUSE, BY E. J. WHEELOCK, NEW SIX STORY BUILDING, BRATTLE STREET.

Daguerotype Miniature Rooms! 82 CENTRAL STREET, (Corner of Hard Street, Lowell).

