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The Factory Girls' Last Day.

Spoke five months back, there was a girl of a poor class called in to work. It was a piece of good fortune for me, and I was obliged to relieve the father (the owner) of my office (that of assistant overseer of the mill) in consequence of the bad health of the child. It was to work back to its work again and only day by day to see with tears to his eyes. I said: "What is the matter, father?" He said: "My little girl is dead."

It was on a winter morning. The weather wet and mild. There had been little snow. The father looked the child. He said: "My little girl is dead."

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Profession Not Principle.

From "The Sabbath-maker."

"Profession not principle." I learned this phrase ago, and have since it verified hundreds of times. Who has not? Neither is profession religion. How often, too, have I proved this. The best men I ever knew were those who made few professions. The internals with them were pure as well as the externals.

I take no pleasure in making the exposure which follows, but where truth may do good, it is my duty to do so. It is always painful to perceive a dereliction from profession in those who make a show of religion. Christianity has suffered more from the irregularities of its pretended friends, than the assaults of its open enemies. There are those, says the Lord, who have taken upon themselves no yoke, who are purer in heart and more upright in action than many, very many who profess to follow the altar. This is a sad truth.

A few days from my residence, where a boy, fifteen years of age, was a member of the Church, and a school-teacher. Regularly every morning and evening he assembled his family for worship, and in the private meetings of the Church members he prayed loudest and longest of any. I often observed him during the Services of the Church on the Sabbath, and was forced to remark the air of piety and devotion which he exhibited. At first I was led to believe him a good man, but a little introduction into the society of his friends, and his character as I grew older, convinced me that he made religion a means of securing worldly emolument and honor, rather than heavenly riches and divine favors. It was only necessary to ask his apprentices his character to understand something of his claims to religion. A really good man is rarely, if ever, the subject of abuse by those under him, but they spare not the pretender to virtues which he does not possess.

Mr. T. was one of those who profess to consider heavenly riches as infinitely more valuable than earthly wealth, but who, by all their actions, illustrate the truth of the remark with which we started, that "profession is not principle." He was not content with working his apprentices hard, and keeping them poorly clad and poorly fed, but he gained his penny whenever he could, no matter who lost the penny or to whom it most belonged. I will give an example of his dealing in this latter respect.

A colored dry-goods had brought him a load of leather from a house far down town. The leather was unvalued, the following dialogue took place:

"Well, old fellow, and the dry-goods was old—at least sixty's what's pay?"

"Three fives, sir."

"Here's a levy. I never pay but a levy a load. You can't take in me."

"Indeed, massa, can't take less than three fives. That's the regular charge, and I always get it."

bread, and that would go a good way." If your wife had that's reason why you should be an extortioner. If you are in want, beg, but don't cheat."

The poor Negro said no more, but took the little piece of money and went off. I witnessed this scene too. How my young hot blood did boil!

On that same evening I heard him, at a public prayer meeting, in the Church, address the good and holy Lord, with vain repetitions, make a long prayer, as if he were to be heard for his much speaking, instead of for his pure heart and upright purpose. How can such men read the Word of the Lord, and then hope to be received hereafter into the Heaven, where love to the neighbor is pure and perfect?

Mr. T. had five apprentices. Each one of these he had taken from the Alms-House, because, as he said, parents and friends were always so troublesome to a master. They were a colonial apostasy, and if they were to be believed, a half-starved set. Their clothes were poor and dirty, and they were ashamed to appear at Church on the Sabbath day, so he went into debt company. At meals they were allowed in many articles, such as butter, lard, &c. at breakfast and supper times, and in bread at dinner time. A single slice of bread was all each received during the week. Potatoes were very good. The boys were loud in their complaints out of doors, but dared not say much within.

It was a large family as that of Mr. T. There was a good deal of sewing to do, and of activity the work was taken from a sempstress who had sewed for the family some time, had given to a poor widow woman with several small children. Ostensibly this was charity. Really, it was to save a few pennies. How could this be? Some one will ask. Let me sketch a little scene: promising that this poor woman's husband was just dead, and she left helpless and friendless, with no apparent means of support. Besides she was in very feeble health. By accident Mr. T. had heard of her distressed situation, and at the suggestion of the individual named her case to him, told his wife that he thought it would be charity to give her some sewing.

"I think it would, indeed," says Mrs. T. "Our sewing costs is a great deal," responds the careful housewife, and in this thing we may benefit ourselves as well as do a deed of charity. No matter if this poor woman is rather an indigent sewer in comparison to Mrs. R. and therefore her work will not of course be worth so much. And she will, no doubt, think one-half the price Miss R. gets a good one."

"No doubt," chimed in the frugal partner. "Mrs. T. is sent for. After she is seated the following conversation takes place:

"Can you do plain sewing?"

"Yes, ma'am, as well as most persons."

"What is your price for five shirts?"

"I haven't say any price yet, but I will work as low as you want."

"But you know that to get work you will have to do it a little lower than ordinary. People don't like to change."

"Well, ma'am, I am in want, and I will work at almost any price for my children."

"I suppose you will make five shirts for a year?"

"Yes, ma'am?"

"And called dresses for the same?"

"Yes, ma'am?"

guish of bereavement, to despair. But a mother cannot long sit in idleness when her dear laborer are about her. She could think dear for getting a living for them but for her gentle, and as she was a neat sewer, she hoped to get work, and earn food and scanty clothing at least. But she could get no work. No person knew her who wanted sewing done. She applied to several, and was still without the means of earning a dollar when her last one was spent. Just at this sad moment, the fact of her destitution becoming more known, Mrs. T. sent for her.

As she carried home her work, she thought that there was a way of escape at least from starvation. But little more her yearning heart could promise her. Boys shirts at twelve and a half cents were her first pieces of work. Two of these, by close application, she managed to get done in a day. Had they been made perfectly plain, she could have finished them earlier, and had time to give many necessary attentions to her children—but the last words of Mrs. T.—had said: "Do not let that chance. You can stitch the collars and wristbands of your boys' shirts, you can afford it, I suppose—they'll let you when that is done." The simple and touching—Yes, ma'am! but in a sadder tone than usual, was the only response.

Next morning she was up early, though her head ached badly, and she was faint and weak, from having sat so steadily through the whole of the preceding day. Her children were all taken up, washed and dressed; her rooms cleaned, a quantity of wash and milk prepared for the little ones, and a cup of tea for herself. Her own stomach refused the food of which her children partook with keen appetite, and she could only swallow a few mouthfuls of dry, stale bread.

It was near ten o'clock when she got fairly down to work, her head aching so intensely as to almost to blind her. Somehow or other she could not get on fast, and it was long past the usual dinner hour before she had finished the first garment. The children were impatient for their meal, and she had to make great haste in preparing it, as well for their meal, and she had to make great haste in preparing it, as well for their satisfaction as to gain time.

"Mother, we're getting most tired of mush and milk," said one of the little ones. "You don't have all the good things now you used to. No pies, nor puddings, nor meat."

"Never mind, dear, we'll have some nice corn cakes for supper."

"You'll have supper soon, won't you mother?" said another little one, coaxingly, her thoughts busy with the nice corn-cakes.

"And shan't we have molasses on them?" said another, pushing away her bowl of mush and milk.

"No, dear, not to-night, but to-morrow we'll have some."

"Why not to-night, mother? I want some to-night."

"You have no money to get it with to-night, but to-morrow she will have some, said the mother soothingly.

"O, well, have molasses to-morrow for our cakes," cried out a little girl who could just speak plainly, clapping her hands in great glee.

After dinner Mrs. T. worked hard, and in much painful pain, to finish the other shirt, in which the first stitch was taken at nine o'clock at night.

Soon after breakfast the next day she took the four shirts home to Mrs. T.—her thoughts mostly occupied with the comfortable food she was to buy for her children with the half-dollar she had earned. For it was a sad truth that she had laid out her last cent.

After examining every seam, every hem, and every line of stitching, Mrs. T.—expressed approbation of the work and handed the poor widow a couple of fine shirts to make for Mr. T.—and a calico dress for herself. She did not offer to pay her for the work she had done. After lingering a few moments, Mrs. T. ventured to hint that she would like to have a part of what she had earned.

"Oh, dear! I never pay a seamstress until she fills up with five dollars. It is so troublesome to keep account of small sums. When you have made five dollars I will pay you."

while before she would; and that until she was paid, she could not get them anything better than what they had. She said: "The little things all seem to be getting and what a murmur have; and the mother again laid down to her work. A card would give in her eye as she looked up from the bright needle glancing in her fingers, and noticed the saddest, and disappointment pictured in their young faces. From this state of gloomy feeling she was roused by a knock at the door, and a pleasant looking lady, somewhat gaily dressed, came in with a small bundle in her hand.

She introduced herself by saying that she had just spun some very nicely-made shirts at Mrs. T.—and that she was so well pleased with the work that she had inquired for the maker. 'And now having found you,' she said, 'I want you to make and fit this calico dress for me, if you do such work.'

'I shall be glad to do it for you,' said she, encouraged by the kind and feeling manner of the lady.

"And what will you charge?"

"Mrs. T. hesitated a moment, and then said: 'I will give you a quarter of a dollar.'

"There was a bright spot for a moment on the cheek of the lady.

"Then I will give you three," said she, with warmth.

Mrs. T. burst into tears; she could not help it.

"Are you in need?" inquired the strange lady, hesitatingly, but with an air of kindness she could not be mistaken.

"For a moment the widow paused, but the sight of her children conquered the rising emotion. Then again all was still.

"I will pay you for this dress beforehand, then; and as I want it done very nice, I will pay you a dollar for making it. Can I have it by day after to-morrow?"

"Certainly, ma'am, to-morrow evening, if you want it."

The dollar was paid down, and the angel of mercy departed. More than one hour was made that morning.

Now let us pay a visit to Mrs. T.—

After the widow had departed, a lady acquaintance dropped in, who made no profession of religion, and who was somewhat fond of dress. Among other subjects of conversation, the neatness of the work on the calico shirts was talked over, and the lady learned the residence of the seamstress, and also that she was a very poor place.

After her departure, Mrs. T. was made that morning, when the following dialogue took place:

"Well, wife, how did Mrs. T.— do her work?"

"Very well, indeed; but what do we think? she wanted one to pay her for the price of making four shirts."

"It is possible! That's just the way these poor people always do. They spend a quarter as fast as it is earned, and so never get anything about. You did not give it to her?"

"No, indeed! I did not. She had it amounted to five dollars and then it would do her some good."

"And what did she say to that?"

"Oh, nothing, only she pretended to look very melancholy, as though she were in a starving condition. But I understood all these things."

By reading the bread of carelessness, by grinding the poor, and by over-working his apprentices, Mr. T.— gradually became the owner of property. Of course he was a hard landlord. He owned two or three stores which were very new and then changing tenants for few could stand his grinding injustice. One of the stores had been vacant for some time, when a young man, just going into business, and who knew nothing of his char-

...Yours
...THE HUCKSTER-WOMAN

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From the Spirit of Liberty.
TEN HOURS—THE BALL ROLLING.
MR. EDITOR.—You will confer a favor on the operatives by publishing the following letter. I feel confident that a paper which has a heart to feel for the woe of southern slaves, cannot but feel deeply interested in every thing which affects the oppressed whites of the north. The \$100 is in hands, to be disposed of according to the design of the donors. Please call the attention of the city papers to the letter, and let us see whether they will befriend the persons who make all our wealth. I wish the friends of Philadelphia to understand that the Spirit of Liberty is a warm friend to the operatives. It could not be a friend to the slave without being a friend of the oppressed white man.

Yours truly,
G. SMITH.
PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 1845.
MY DEAR SIR.—Enclosed is a draft for \$100, money raised by the workman in Baldwin & Whitney's factory, to aid in the universal establishment of the ten hour system throughout the country. Will you be so good as to publish a little notice of this receipt in one of your Philadelphia papers, and send a couple copies of the paper to one of John Welsh, Manchester, care of Baldwin & Whitney, Philadelphia, and the other to Charles Parry, care of Baldwin & Whitney, Philadelphia. We desire the papers to show the contributors, as we are in a measure responsible to them, and publishing it might perhaps do a little good in Pittsburgh. Whether so or not, the paper will answer the purpose of a receipt. Our Committee and the workmen generally were much pleased with your letter; a meeting was held on the 15th inst. and much satisfaction was expressed in hearing of it. The recommendation of the next 4th of July, as the propitious day for demanding the ten hours, is universally approved. The day is peculiarly appropriate, and if the demand is only made untidily and by the masses, it cannot be resisted. Is your Pittsburgh Committee organized as yet? Will you please send us their names. Our Committee consists of John Welsh, chairman, A. G. Benner, Geo. Earle, Wm. C. Smith, Wm. King, and Geo. H. Class, Paris. We met this evening, and among other business, resolved, that we suggest to the Pittsburgh Committee the propriety of sending a deputation to Lowell, Manayuk, and other manufacturing places, to secure concert of action for the effort on the 4th of July next. They also resolved, that we suggest the name of Rev. Edward Smith to our brethren in Lowell, and to be considered for the duties of such an appointment. We have concluded to call a meeting for all the factories and workmen of this city and county on next Monday or Tuesday evening. This we intend to endeavor to prevail on them to take active measures in their own factories for promoting the cause. The general mass meeting we have not yet called; Dr. Elder promises to address it when convened. We look upon you in Pittsburgh, as in a measure the leading paper here, and we trust you will have an active interest in Pittsburgh Committee. What would be the effect of a strong appeal, at the present moment, from the factory girls of Pittsburgh to the operatives and employers through the United States? It would at least call attention to the subject. You speak of a paper; no doubt it would do great good, but in the infant state of this movement will we not be compelled to use the public press, if we have to use it at all, in the most judicious manner? You request that the number of readers of such smaller expense. The prior have but little to give besides their sympathies, and most newspapers devoted to their interest solely, have been lamentable failures. The press here, I think, will favor the ten hours movement, and also on the East. I regret very much to hear that the press of Pittsburgh is against you because it deems the movement unwarrantably for good or for evil. It may so have. If you should see any of the Philadelphia penny papers you may see something of the sort hereafter.

Yours truly,
GEO. W. EARLE.
Cor. Sec. of Coll.
Rev. Edward Smith.

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But the City Hucksters, who lay at second hand and have to deal most with the poorer class of customers, do not fancy so well as their neighbors do the way of the "cheap" and laborers' wives, with whom every cent is as precious as so much, heart's blood, and who must best do every thing they lay to the lowest possible point. Of course, lead to a species of fraud on the part of the seller, and had articles mixed with the wholesome, false measures and weights, lies without number, mutual deception, hypocrisy and cheating are too often the consequence. The simple class of the working world, created as their accommodations, swart, falsehood and dishonesty, and feeds poor laborers and their family unwell, witted and poisonous vegetables, stale eggs and tainted poultry.

This latter class of Huckster-women do not make more than three, four and five dollars a week on the average. They are a majority of their fish, and they live in most wretched style—more wretched than perhaps would be absolutely necessary if they had their own home, and ought to aspire to modesty, comfort and respectability.—To this state of things there are of course exceptions; but the general features of the case are truly sketchy.

We have not been able to estimate very accurately the number of women engaged in huckstering. There are thirteen markets in New-York, and probably as many hundred hawk-women altogether.—Tribune.

A CONSERVATIVE.—We lost a subscriber this week, for having re-published Brisbane's treatise on the Liberty Bell in his paper. "The Question of Social Reform." We do not leave to say that to discontinue our paper is not the way to convince us of error; and when a man admits that there is a necessity for social reform, at the same time that he attempts to punish us for pointing out existing evils, we can only wonder that he can be so blindly unjust. "The gentleman" would not (who is a pretty good fellow, in the main), think that true Christianity is the remedy for our social evils, but it is dangerous to enquire into them. This sounds strangely to our plain common sense. We admit that Christianity is the proper cure for all human ills, but why should it be wrong to point them out, and endeavor to discover what true Christianity is, so that the Christianity we applied to, should be the true? I pretend that the so-called Christian practice

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North and South—A Contrast.

The following from a correspondent of the Richmond Whig of a Springfield, Mass., Oct. 26th, may very well be a...

Table with 2 columns: State, and 2 columns of statistics. Includes items like Hardware and Cutlery, Cotton Goods, etc.

Excess of agricultural products in favor of the North, as heretofore stated. To wit: North and West export...

Excess of manufactures in favor of the South. To wit: South exports...

The most of the manufactured articles enumerated in this table, where the amount in favor of the North and West is the greatest...

Capital Punishment.

We insert the following extracts from a private letter without comment. It is itself a commentary upon public executions, that rite of barbarous ages...

My dear Sir: I cannot work or read this morning. I will tell you what a strange sight I am looking at from our windows...

What a blood-thirsty set in a Christian country! Yesterday afternoon, people were going on to the gallows...

The latest English news, brought by the Catalonian steamer, that the potato crop in Ireland is fast rotting...

There are seven million negroes, from ten to fifteen years of age, who were taken from the West Indian coast...

My dear Sir: I cannot work or read this morning. I will tell you what a strange sight I am looking at from our windows...

MONOPOLY.

Mr. Editor:—There is a certain class in our midst which I can distinguish by no better term than 'human blood-suckers'...

A day set apart for the solemn occasion that we might offer up our annual acknowledgments for the past blessings which we have received from the hand of Providence...

What a blood-thirsty set in a Christian country! Yesterday afternoon, people were going on to the gallows...

Justice Better Than Charity. Twenty-five thousand persons, recently petitioned the French Chamber of Deputies...

UNION OR FIGHT AND SURRENDER. The idea of forming a superior race of men has entered into schemes of policy...

GOON. One of our young lads, recently returned from Europe, has allowed the fair to grow over all parts of his face...

CHANCE FOR BACHELORS. There are 31,686 unmarried ladies, waiting proposals, in the city of New York.

When the merciferous which you request a friend to make is greater than the benefit you obtain thereby, your demand is unaccountable.

Review.

They will apply to other regions than Great Britain. In a country where the population is so vast...

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Dr. S. O. Richardson.

Dr. S. O. Richardson's Balsam of Peppermint. Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, Pain in the Stomach, Shortness of Breath.

All Affections of the Throat and Lungs. Amovad, each using a Treatise on Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, Pain in the Stomach, Shortness of Breath.

HEALING COLIC BALSAM. In far sale at the Doctor's Office, 15, 16 & 17 N. Y. STREET, BOSTON.

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