

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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S. PLETCHER, PUBLISHER. J. M. HATCH, EDITOR. TERMS—\$1.00 In Advance. All Communications should be directed (post paid) to the Voice of Industry.

Poetry.

The following beautiful production of Longfellow, we consider one of the gems of the English language. It cannot, we think, be read by a person of sentiment without pure and sublime emotions and strongly depicted, with vivid power, the conflict and ardent aspiration in his progress on the dangerous and dizzy heights of love, leaving behind him all the honors and riches of the world, and intent only on the object of his pursuit, far and away beyond before him. Whoever has heard those delightful vocalists, the Hutchinsons, sing in their inimitable manner, this most delightful poem, cannot but pronounce it.

Excelsior!

The shades of night were falling fast, As through an Alpine village passed A youth, who bore a snow-white lance, A banner with its strange device— Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye lone, Flashed like a falcon from his seat, And like a silver chain rang. The accents of that unknown tongue— Excelsior!

In happy hours he saw the light Of household fires gleam warm and bright, Above the spectral glaces shone, And from his lip escaped a groan— Excelsior!

"Try not the pass! The old man said, "But knowest thou the mountain's side? The roaring torrent is deep and wild! And back that clion voice replied— Excelsior!"

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest Thy wearied limb upon this ledge! A tear was in his bright blue eye, But still he answered with a sigh— Excelsior!"

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch! Beware the avalanche's fall! The snows are passing, but good night, A voice replied for up the ledge— Excelsior!"

At break of day, as upwardward The pine marks of St. Bernard Uttered the oft-repeated prayer, A voice cried through the startled air— Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful bond, Half buried in the snow was found, Still grasping in his hand of ice That banner with the strange device— Excelsior!

There, in the twilight, cold and gray, Lifeless, but beautiful he lay, And from the sky, "Excelsior, Excelsior!" A voice fell, like a falling star, &c. Excelsior!

Golden Haids.

HOOP OF DEATH.—It will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death, to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow, than to have ruled an empire—to have conquered millions or enslaved the world.

We cannot get the precise moment when friendship is formed. As in filling a vessel drop by drop, there is at least a drop which makes it run over, so a series of kindnesses, there is at least one which makes the heart run over.

The woman of sensibility, who preserves serenity and good temper, amidst the insults of a faithless and brutal husband, wants nothing of an angel but immortality.

Nothing is such an obstacle to the production of excellence, as the power of producing what is pretty good with ease and rapidity.

As easily expect coats from a mushroom bed, as great and durable products from small and hasty efforts.

Who whose first emotion on the view of an excellent production, is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to show.

The hardest trial of the heart is, whether it can bear a failure without triumph.

Accidents.

THE BRIDE'S RESCUE.

A Tale of the Pawnee Picts, BY FRÉDÉRIC B. ST. JOHN.

On the banks of the Great River, separating Texas from the United States, is situated, some considerable distance above the Washita, a village of the Shawnee Picts. A more picturesque and striking scene was, perhaps, never presented upon that wilderness of unlimited prairie. The wigwams were situated on a narrow plain, its dimensions being circumscribed by the high mountains of rock that rose in the rear. In shape they slightly differed from the ordinary Indian lodge, having at the summit of the usual dome room, a chimney giving them such the appearance of fine-tines. They were, moreover, fashioned of prairie grass, thatched over long poles, and their openings approached from the river by a small bridge of well-cut logs, connected by the trunks of trees, fields fenced as carefully as by any more civilized appearances. Behind the wigwams, which were scattered profusely over the plain, rose the rugged hills, already alluded to, naked barren and gloomy, even in their somewhat imposed grandeur. The Pawnee Picts are a powerful and numerous tribe, possessing many arts and habits, which raise them high above their immediate neighbors. Agriculture is by far the most important of these, they carry to so high a state as to possess vast fields of maize, pumpkins, beans, and squashes.

About twelve years ago this great tribe was ruled by Watahshah, and under his guidance the Tribes gathered for so they call themselves—became the most dreaded of nearly every race bordering on the Red River, their power being much enhanced by an alliance with the Kiowas and Wichos, as well as with the great and warlike race of the Comanches. Shysoroka was the chief second in command as great in the battle field as was his superior in the council hall. The two braves were, as is not always the case between rival great men, bosom friends; and having from boyhood entered into a friendship of the most intimate kind, they were, from childhood, together, Slodea, or Wild Sage, had been the intended wife of the Swift Cloud, the former being the daughter of Shysoroka, the latter son of Watahshah. In, in general, the rule when such designs are entertained by two elderly persons with a view to their own mutual satisfaction, that the young people should take a corresponding dislike one to the other. So it is almost ever the case with the writers of which, requiring their positions to be overcome, find this a very useful element. We, however, who are reading a well-learned of the prairie, have not the satisfaction of having so useful a circumstance to extend our simple story. On the contrary, from their young lovers, the intended husband and wife learned to love each other, and strange to say, in contradiction to received Indian customs joined together in the dance, the ball play, and the race. Wild Sage looked upon the Swift Cloud as her husband, and fondly devotedly gave up to him the full richness of a woman's love.

At length the lovers, same of ages, when, according to an Indian received custom, it was fitting for them to marry, and the preparations were made for the eventful occasion. Wild Sage had become a pretty woman, both in form and feature, and though very dark, had a pleasing smile, an agreeable expression, and a soft, melodious voice. Clad in the plain costume, but her black hair floating over her bare shoulders, she would have been admired even among the fair maidens of Europe. The Swift Cloud was a handsome warrior, though, as usual with his race, of somewhat heavy figure. It was, however, now the season when the buffaloes were expected to appear, and their arrival being heralded in the tribe. Their store of meat was exhausted. In view of the young men, headed by the Swift Cloud, scoured the whole country round, not one of the much wished for animals was to be seen.

A scout was stationed on the very summit of the Mountain of Rocks to herald the glad tidings, and his keen eye wandered from hour to hour over the vast plains. One morning, soon after dawn, he gave the welcome signal the importance of which can only be understood, when we reflect that the buffalo is the Indian's chief and only source of food, and that the additional circumstances of being so wild and uncertain in their movements. Hastily the young men prepared—mounting their horses, stringing their bows, filling their quivers, and casting off every unnecessary garment. Their bright spears received new polish, took from being run into the ground, and then they went the young warriors, with Swift Cloud at their head, flying over the

bluffs, crossing the stream, and darting across the gracefully evolving prairie.

Gladdness and rejoicing now reigned in the Pawnee Pict village; for famine had been, and now abundance lay upon the plain within their reach. Dancing and feasting on what yet remained, testified their delight, in which old and young, men and women equally joined. Wild Sage had watched her lover with an anxious eye, leave the village, and wishing to be the first to herald his return, had climbed to the summit of a pile of straws stacked at the entrance of the camp. For hours nothing caught her eye, but at length a wild shriek burst from her agonized lip stayed the course of rejoicing, and all arose. A single mounted warrior had just passed the edge of the bluff bank, on the opposite side of the river, flying for his life; and then another and another came hastening on, urging their steeds to the utmost, and goading their mercilessly their downcast flags, their wounds, their gains the village, their wounds, their consternation, and the absence of some dozen of their company, told the tale of their disaster. Their hereditary foes, the Sioux, had assumed the disguise of buffaloes, grazing on a distant plain, which when reached by the hunters, they found deserted.

From a neighboring ravine, however, came riding, on fresh and unbleached horses, a band of more than a hundred Sioux. "Pikea un-awares, the Pawnee Picts fought for a moment but being completely surprised, soon fled, leaving some dozen dead and wounded on the field. Among these was the Swift Cloud.

Dire was the consternation of the tribe; women and children screamed, and ran to hide themselves; the grim and excited warriors congregated together, and soon issued on the plain a very cloud of cavalry, still leaving enough to defend the village. Deep and silent was the grief of Wild Sage. A few days before her marriage; and her husband was either dead, or a prisoner amid the lodges of the Sioux, reserved for torture and torment, which were worse to think of even than the sure evidence of his death. But Wild Sage yet gave not way to over-whelming sorrow. There was still hope, and she clung to this darling feeling with a tenacity which gave her an animation which she would have been utter despondency. Towards evening the warriors returned, bearing with them two prisoners, and an aged, the other was a young warrior, who had been taken in a vain attempt to save his son, who was wounded. Wild Sage rushed to meet the returning group, and her whole being asked the question that was bursting from her lips, and yet she spoke it not. Her father gazed tenderly on her for a moment, and then the stern feelings of a warrior assumed the mastery.

A council was summoned before which the prisoners were carried to learn the fate which awaited them. Before, however, any decision had been pronounced, emboldened by love, Wild Sage stepped forward, and addressing her father, asked for the Swift Cloud. Neither he nor the young warriors present had learned anything of his fate. Wild Sage fell back amid a murmur of commiseration even from that stern assembly of warriors; as she did so, her eye lighted on the countenance of the younger Sioux prisoner, whose lurid smile of derision. Wild Sage sprang toward him, and exclaimed, "O my son, where is the bravest of the brave, the Swift Cloud of the Pawnee Picts?" "Swift Cloud is a squaw, his lance was a reed; he fell not, he is a prisoner with my people. But would my sister save him?" "At the expense of my life, thou loyest Sioux." "Give me freedom, and it shall be done." "And the Sioux warrior could?" "Wild Sage, no sound of disparagement being heard, continued her colloquy: "And if the Pawnee warriors give a horse and bow to thee, what proof have they that thou art not a skulking wolf?" "An aged hemlock dwells with them; its life will answer for the truth of your saying." "And does the Sioux wolf ask nothing but his own life to render back that of the Swift Cloud?" asked the girl, with something of a tremor in her tones. "You have the cunning of a fox; what do he seek more than life for life?" "The fox of the Sioux will mate with the Wild Sage of the Pawnees." A murmur of fury at this audacious proposition ran through the assembly, but instantly subsided. The Wild Sage, her bosom heaving and her eye flashing fire, continued: "Will the Fox be content with his own life and that of the aged Hemlock?" "I have said," replied the Sioux, falling back and folding his arms.

"Brothers," said the Wild Sage, turning toward her people, "the Swift Cloud is gone! The Manitou has veiled his face from him, and he has fallen into the pit of the hunter. He is not a chief, but he is the son of a great chief; his life is dear to his tribe; his arrow stands on the summit of the leaping rock; the rock of mountains; his foot has been there, all can see it. A girl speaks, and she speaks strong, and speaks fast. What a girl's life to a warrior's? Swift Cloud is the lord of the Wild Sage; she will save him! Wild Sage, these words, the excited girl released into silence, when after a moment's pause, her father spoke. "Will a Pawnee girl mate with the Fox of the Sioux?" "I have said," replied Wild Sage, "the life of a girl is nothing to a warrior." A solemn silence ensued, when the chief of the tribe, the father of Swift Cloud rose. "Daughter," said he, "a Pawnee girl is dear to her tribe, but she has spoken and her voice has sounded sweet. The Sioux dog is hers, to live or die." Wild Sage said no more, but beckoned the released victim to follow her, and left the council chamber. In an hour the girl and her Sioux companion left the camp. They had agreed that on the Fox obtaining the liberty of the Swift Cloud, the young Pawnee girl was to give herself freely to be the wife of the Sioux whose father was also then to be released. His father, no further conversation took place between them until, on the evening of the fourth day, they came within sight of the Sioux village, which lay on the plain at their feet. The warrior then proudly dashed forward, and entered the circle of wigwams amid the plaudits and rejoicings of his companions, who little expected to see him return alive, much less with so fair a prisoner. After receiving many friendly congratulations, the Fox turned toward his own lodge, and there placed the silent maiden under the charge of his favorite wife. This done, he stalked from the wigwam.

The Sioux young man and fair, and knowing at once the fate of the Pawnee prisoner, viewed her with interest and sympathy, and womanly tenderness, however, she endeavored to sooth her sadness, and to learn its cause. But on this subject, Wild Sage was silent, simply expressing her dislike to a union with the Fox, her heart being given to another. It is very doubtful, if the latter proviso had been mentioned as a reason for disliking an union with the Fox; but that the Sioux would have felt hurt at any woman not being proud to become the spouse of so great a warrior; it is very doubtful, if increased her desire to console one who was so willing to undergo long the husband returned, a good understanding had been established between these two young and attractive girls. It was late ere the Fox entered the wigwam, and the Wild Sage at once questioned him. "Swift Cloud lives, but at break of day my people will see how a Pawnee warrior can weep." Disregarding the sneer at her tribe, she exclaimed, "Does a Fox betray his word, or will his cunning win the young wife of his tribe free?" "I have said," continued the Sioux, "the fair rose of the Pawnees will follow, and see that the word of the Fox is as sure as his arrow."

Wild Sage, an anxious fire gleaming in her eye, rose and followed the warrior out to the silent camp. All was still; the turbulent spirit of Dahcotah were hushed to rest; the water-dogs slumbered near the fires, taught to disregard all sounds save those emanating from without, or from persons entering the confines of the wigwam. With beating heart and with throbs which were of a mingled and anxious character, the Wild Sage followed her guide. She was about to save the life of her affianced by a sacrifice to which death had been preferred; but the heart of the Pawnee Pict maiden knew no hesitation, it flitted but in doubt of herself, but from fear that their attempt would fail. As though they approached the wigwam which contained the prisoner. Within sight of this, the Fox concealed the girl where she could see without being seen. This done, the ruthless Dahcotah approached and stealthed his dagger, quick as lightning, in the bosoms of his countrymen. The Wild Sage could scarce believe her eyes, and a low exclamation of horror and surprise burst from her lips. A group of anguish at this side made her start. A young Sioux girl was by her, sent by the wife of the Fox to watch her husband's movements. Before, however, a word could pass Swift Cloud came forth, and after a few words of gratitude to his prisoner, hurried from the camp eager to join his bride. Little did the joyful and courageous warrior think, as he caught and heeded one of the horses of his enemies, and galloped furiously over the plain, that every step took him further and further from his beloved.

The Fox and Wild Sage, the latter silent and wrapt in deep thought, turned toward the former's wigwam, not however before the ruthless Dahcotah had intimated his intention of wedding his prize on the morrow at early dawn. The girl replied not, but her caper without a word, while the Sioux girl had disappeared ere the Fox was aware of her presence. But little rest did she have that night. Toward morning,

however, slumber overcame her for an instant, and then she was rudely woken by yelling and noise from all the tribes. The morning she awoke and bidding her fellow him, the Fox hurried to the centre of the village, whether the bodies of the murdered Sioux youths had been borne. To the horror of Wild Sage, and the unfeigned surprise of the Fox, the Swift Cloud was in the midst, tied to a stake, with some dozen furious hags dancing around him the frightful dance of death, while he stood without moving a muscle, a slight smile of contempt curling upon his lips. Order being at length restored, the chiefs assembled in a half circle, and sat down with their faces toward the prisoner. Then rose the principal warrior of the tribe, and addressing his people in terrible terms, recapitulated the circumstances as they seemed clearly presented to them, and asked if any punishment could be too great for him who had thus treacherously slain two of the most promising warriors of the tribe—his own son. Silently and solemnly all, including the Fox, who pronounced Wild Sage to be guilty, gave their verdict, which was death, after usual torments, to the Pawnee warrior, who equally stern with his foes, spoke not a word. An explanation would have argued fear of death, and Indian stoicism forbade its being given.

At this moment a young Dahcotah girl burst through the throng. It was the sister of one of the youths, the daughter of the great chief of the tribe. Approaching the bodies, she uncovered the face of her dead brother, and then turned to the Pawnee. She roared and uttered one who had so bravely injured her, would have been an Indian custom honored by all around. But the girl did nothing of the kind. Suddenly starting back amid the girls, she seized Wild Sage by the hand and drew her, ere she could say a word, beside her lover. Even he could not restrain one glance of surprise.

The Sioux girl, however, now spoke, and said—"My brother is gone to the happy hunting-ground of his people. It is good, but not by a Pawnee Pict. My brother was too brave to great a warrior to be killed by a bound fox. Not a snake, a crawling snake, a black-foot dog, who has painted his face, and called himself a Dahcotah, slew my brother!" "Deep silence reigned, and in a few words the Sioux girl related all that we have already given. Admiration at the devotion of Wild Sage was soon the predominant feeling, until the girl in wailing and bitter accents described the murder of his people by the Fox. She then added, that she having witnessed him without deed, and the escape of Swift Cloud, had she awakened several young men, who pursued and overtook the flying prisoner. This she had done that nothing might be wanting to prove her tale, and that her tribe might show their admiration of the heroism even of a Pawnee girl.

The Fox was seized. His bloody knife was another witness against him, and the chief of his tribes rose. "My daughter wears the form of a girl, but her heart is that of a warrior; she is brave as all. The Dahcotahs are great braves; they can see good even in an enemy. The child of the Pawnees has come to the camp of her enemies; she trusted a cowardly snake, but she shall find that she is among them. The child of the Pawnees came empty handed; she shall go back full. All is before her, let her choose." Wild Sage thanked her for her graceful and earnest tones, and claimed all of once her admiring and grateful lover. He himself addressed the Dahcotahs, and advised that the tribes should henceforth hunt together and war no more. His proffer was accepted, and an escort forthwith departed to take him and his rejoicing bride back to their astonished people. Great were the festivities that ensued and in a week further, the Pawnee met to celebrate, by dance and other ceremonies, the marriage of Wild Sage and Swift Cloud. The Fox was not present, having been thrust with ignominy from the tribe, his wife alone following and comforting him in his wretched adversity.

Perished. Each pushing—that's the right doctrine. We once knew a man who followed it up to a charm. From middle life to old age, he daily pushed about and made a comfortable living. Poor fellow! he had a sad misfortune he had lost his right arm and was made stone blind. But he set not down to weep; his spirits did not betray him. He was poor—what could he do to support himself and family? With whom he went if he had any friends, with whom he went if he had no friends. He was patient in the handicraft line. His partner pulled the cart, while he, blind and with one arm, pushed behind. For years and years, we used to see the old gentleman pushing the handcart along the streets—up hill and through the mud—week in and week out—through snow and bleak weather.

He who is absurdly encouraged, leads a life from the third and best-headed cartoon.

Reform Reading Room—A Suggestion.

We wish to say a few words to our brethren and sisters of the Reform Movements in this city, on a subject which has occupied our thoughts considerably for the last few weeks. One of our most pressing wants is a public room, or hall, to be made a place of resort for the friends of Progress. We need a gathering place where, if we feel disposed to do so, we can come together for social communion, reading and amusement—a place that shall be a kind of headquarters, and where friends from abroad can call and find some one to give them any preliminary information they may desire with respect to the various reform movements in the city. Such a room should have a central location and should be open day and evening. It might and should be made a Reading Room, furnished with all the best periodicals and other publications of the day, especially those devoted to Reform, and open to all the friends of Progress and of Humanity. A library might ultimately, if not immediately, be connected with such a room. The expense might be paid in a way that would make it a burden on no one, and we are sure, we think, that nothing that we can do, at the present time, will better promote the cause of Reform than the plan proposed, or a similar one. If ignorance is the cause of the evils under which society is groaning, and knowledge the remedy, we certainly ought to strive to diffuse knowledge as widely as possible. As a plan to pay the expenses of the Reading Room, we would merely suggest, that those who wished to avail themselves of its privileges, and others, interested in the cause, might be asked to contribute ten cents each a month, for a year. A hundred individuals paying ten cents a month would pay \$120 per year, which would go far towards paying the whole expense of the room, which would also be used for Sunday Meeting, Social Reunions &c. Nearly all the papers and periodicals that we should need might be procured without expense. Publishers, friendly to the cause would send them to us gratis. The exchange of our paper, we might, of many of them, be appointed to that purpose, and individuals might contribute books and papers occasionally.

To meet the expense of the Sunday Meetings, a contribution of one or two cents each week from each individual attending them would be amply sufficient. We have thrown out these thoughts merely as suggestions. Think of the subject and speak and act as your convictions may dictate. M. J. J.

To the "Circle" for Mutual Improvement. By an appointment made by the Union Association, the duty of an introductory address to this "Circle for mutual improvement" devolves upon me. I sincerely regret that I had not selected some other member, who had more aptly qualified to do so. I can hardly be expected that I can give you any new thoughts, after having urged this subject so often upon your attention. You will therefore pardon the repetition which is quite unavoidable, under the existing circumstances. The duty we owe to each other, and above all, to ourselves, makes such a circumspection necessary. Can we be satisfied with our present state, or make no progress in writing? Can we do away with a worshipping day, and not find a new thought upon which the mind may rest for a brief space? I am aware of all the obstacles to be encountered, and the difficulties to be met. I know them, as most of you know them, by painful experience. I feel disposed to speak kindly and charitably to you, and yet I cannot but urge you to the strict self-cultivation. And whatever sacrifice may cost, let it be cheerfully done. Do not say "I have no time," as so many are of the habit; but let your frequent communications testify to the circle, that your resolves are omnipotent, and will not be defeated by any circumstances, however unfavorable.

The advantages to us, as social beings, and as those who are engaged in whatever light the subject of Social Reform and Improvement may be viewed by others, to there is but one method—that is, social intercourse, and an interchange of thought. There is no stronger evidence to my mind, of the progress of any cause, than the free expression of thought upon the subjects embraced by its advocates. One of the objects of this Circle is, to give an opportunity for free expression of our views, and we trust no one will lose so good a chance to utter his or her thoughts freely. As there is a great variety of tastes and opinions, let there be as great a variety of subjects, presented. We are in danger of infidelity or fanaticism, by free discussion; and he who would shut up a free soul, within the narrow limits of a creed, in these days of Progress and Reform, has yet to learn, that the mind of man is greater than all parchment, and will not be driven into dark caverns by any theology save that written by the Great Architect, on the blue arch of heaven. The duty of self-instruction to us all, I would urge to this duty. Those who have time and means to devote to their studies, might neglect to meet us here; but we, who are more limited in our means, and have no other opportunities for cultivation, are so very

limited, can find no possible excuse for neglecting this duty, which we owe to ourselves and to this circle.

Let no one say they cannot contribute for want of ability. They are in just as much reason as ought to be given for writing. We might assign such a reason for refusing to learn to write, or learn any other science. In writing as in every thing, "practice makes perfect," and those who refuse such discipline are untrue to themselves and may never expect to be better qualified, than they now are, to interest or instruct us. Do not, I beseech you, promptly, and be deterred from writing, by the thought of answering or edifying those who are present, and we shall make our meetings not only pleasant but profitable; and shall be enabled to send out an influence which shall be felt and approved, by all within the range of our example. S. O. B.

The Industrial Congress.

The first meeting of this body convenes at Boston next Wednesday. We earnestly desire a good attendance from the various New England Associations. Lowell has chosen the following delegates:—**Female Labor Reform Association.**—Mary Emerson, Sarah G. Bagley, M. A. K. Farlow, H. J. Stone.

Industrial Reform Association.—G. W. Hatch, W. F. Young, J. S. Fletcher, E. C. Darlin, N. F. Lund, W. T. G. Pierce, Joel Hatch, John Simpson.

We copy the following constitution to give our readers an abstract idea of the object and aims of the Industrial body, and how many of them will be present.

CONSTITUTION. To establish Equality, Liberty, and Brotherhood among men of every Race; to provide that the Rights of Men, Alms and Invalids shall be more perfectly understood and guaranteed; to Redeem the Industrial Classes from the condition of inferiority which has been brought upon them by the wrongs of the past; to unite in one the Friends of Humanity to the most noble Intelligence, Virtue, and Happiness; to form a Convention, representing the various useful and important occupations of the people of these United States the following Constitution, as the basis of a New Moral Government.

ART. I. The style of this instrument shall be the Constitution of the Industrial Congress.

ART. II. This Congress shall be constituted upon the following principles:—The members shall be elected annually by bodies or associations of men or women who subscribe to these principles, to wit: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights; among which are the Rights of Life and Liberty; to the use of such a portion of the Earth and the other elements as shall be necessary to the support of their families, of substance and comforts to Education and Internal Protection from Society.

Associations of five or more persons will consist of 50, male or female, above the age of 18 years, for such association being entitled to one vote, and one representative for every additional fifty of its members; provided always, that no association shall be entitled to any representation whatever in this Congress unless all its members shall have subscribed to all the principles under the first head of this article.

ART. III. The Congress shall assemble on the first Wednesday of June of each year. Their first assembling shall be in the City of Boston, and their second in the City of New York, their 3d in the City of Philadelphia; and their 4th in the City of Cincinnati; after which it may be held in any other city, or place, where they next meet. Every session shall continue for seven days or more.

ART. IV. The Laws of this Congress, being intended to be read and reported to the collective intelligence of the great producing and other useful classes of the country, will be addressed to the understanding, having of every moral force may dwell in their truth and wisdom, and none other.

P. P. H. of East Bradford, is informed that his paper has been mailed regularly, but has been directed to Fremont, instead of Philadelphia P.

NEWS ABOUT TOWN. There seems to be a great stir among the papers of this city, respecting a pig with six legs; as though it was a great curiosity; but they have a full grown hog on the Massachusetts, with only two, and squinted at that.

The news Motors were seen last Friday evening, a little pig with six legs in the Southward direction—two of them were large. They were very brilliant in appearance, and in falling, left a long trail, following them. They all fell in the space of about one minute.

There was a man who passed our office, a few days since, who, report says, is so tall that he cannot reach his own head to comb it, without using a ladder.

FORWARD MARCH. The Phalanx Company of this city, have quarters to go to Mexico. They take up volunteers at "Fort Independence" for the present.

SECVLATION.—57 girls from Maine, arrived in Lowell, on the Lawrence counting-room, on day last.

A grocer's horse struck a lady as she was crossing the street, one of her last week, knocked her down, and injured her so much, that she has since died.

PATRIOTIC.—A flag was extended from the Advertiser office, one day this week, with the significant inscription:—"American Arms Triumphant!" ("Two Battles Fought!") The flag was splendidly illuminated in the evening.

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

What We Labor For. The abolition of slavery, and the prevalence of industry, virtue and intelligence.

LOWELL, MAY 20, 1846.

How the Corporations Procure Help.

In commencing this series of articles, I am aware of the difficulties to be encountered. I shall confine myself to the facts which are of so common occurrence, that it will be impossible to find any one to gainsay what shall be given to the public. It is a notorious fact that the Corporations help, have been in the habit of sending out agents to procure help, ever since 1836. In that year James Cook, then superintendent on the Middlesex Corporation, went to England to procure help and brought back quite a number. It is a mistake to suppose that they had and have had the story of the deception used to procure their services, from those upon whom it was practiced. There have been agents out in the country, for several years past, a part of the time; and of this we do not complain, but why do they talk of the voluntary choice of the operatives, and send abroad false impressions about hiring help? Do they not send out men of questionable veracity? Have not there been very serious difficulties from the promise of a large compensation, when they knew it would not be realized? One case that occurred about a year since, can illustrate:—An agent went out and hired all that would count one, without respect to age or condition. He hired one who was not fifteen years of age, and could not be employed by the Company, without a violation of the Statute providing for the education of children. There was no objection to his going, on account of age, until after she arrived in the city. The agent who hired her informed her then, that she must live at the counting-room, that she was sixteen years old, or she could not work; and she could not go back home, of course the girl gave her age to all the circumstances. She had been promised \$1.00 per week and board, and went to work. It was a few weeks, payment, and when she received her pay, she had but ten cents left, after paying her board; or two cents per week. She had a friend in the city, who interfered in her behalf and compelled the company who employed her, to send her back to her friends, or pay the fine imposed by the laws of Massachusetts, for hiring a child under fifteen years, without a certificate of having attended school three months in the year. That the company is responsible for such violation of truth is quite evident, from the fact that the man is kept out, most of the time, and if they did not pay for his board, they would not assuredly would not employ him. This is not a solitary instance, there are scores of them; and we might write not only a column of a paper, but a volume of such frauds.

The agents who hire the girls, often find it necessary to pay their expenses. A case of this kind came under our observation a few days since. Our informant was in company with the girl in question, and gave the facts in the following manner:—She had a friend in an adjacent town, and they had a friend in the city, who started in company with the girl who had been in Lowell before, and the agent went in another direction, after giving them the "needful" for their journey. He told them he had arranged to give them a ticket from a given place to their journey, through to Lowell. They had no friends there, and he had no money to pay for their fare, and he had no money to pay for their board, or for their drinking, except a little cake furnished by their friends. They had not means to buy lodging, and were furnished with it, by the benevolence of some passengers who would not let them sleep on a bed.

Who has the money? are not the men who send out such agents, responsible for the truth and honesty of the agents? The numbers of all the persons alluded to, are in our possession, and will be given if requested.

Who does not seek to be hired? When time and years have chilled us, when we can no longer afford to send our souls abroad, for whom our only superiority of life and sensibility spare the materials out of which we build a name for our idol, then do we seek, we ask, we thirst for that warmth of frank, sensible tenderness which rests in us the warm affections and feelings long buried perhaps, but not dead. Then the excess of love is welcomed, not repelled; it is gracious to us as the sun and dew to the scarred and riven trunk, with its few green leaves. Such is life, and such its claims to the affections of others. We repeat, who does not seek to be hired?

We acknowledge the receipt of the June No. of Godey's Magazine, which is sent priviledged in the History world. Its contents tend to the improvement of our race, and its tenderness which rests in us the warm affections and feelings long buried perhaps, but not dead. Then the excess of love is welcomed, not repelled; it is gracious to us as the sun and dew to the scarred and riven trunk, with its few green leaves. Such is life, and such its claims to the affections of others. We repeat, who does not seek to be hired?

Will the "Chronotype" inform us, where Lowell, it is for sale.

Faith at something and keep pushing. You have eyes and arms, and yet lament your misfortune. Away with such imbecillity and push ahead. Never spend a moment in crying over spilled milk. If you do you may as well speak to the sexton to dig your grave.

Speak Kindly—it Costs Nothing.

Speak kindly, speak kindly; O what will it cost; To speak a kind word; To smile upon thy neighbor; To give a glad assurance; And point to his bright day; That leads from sin's night; To the beams of life's day; Remember, remember; That thou too, may'st stray; And turn from the brightness Of life's light away; When friends will avoid thee; And cease to greet thee; Then remember, remember; The wrong to befall thee; O hard is the lot Of the guilty to bear; A friend to be a business; Their hearts have no share; They ever speak kindly; Without gain or strife; And unto the dying The Word of Life.

The Wreath of Honor; Thy footsteps will bless; Thy path will be made; Thy pillow serene; Each word kindly spoken; The lost to renew; Will refresh thy own soul; Like the morn's early dew.

For the Voice of Industry.

Stanzas; 'Mid the trees of cedar; The distill'd my shew; With fruits from the ocean; And gold from the mine; But with the immortal; They claim no part; They will not affect; They touch not the heart; But breathe on the spirit; And kindness and truth; Are kindled ever; In age as in youth; And when the illusion Of beauty and fame; Have passed like a vision; Thus flourish the same.

How to MAKE A HAPPY HOME.

It is not the imposing majesty of a sumptuous mansion nor the obsequious attention of servants, nor even of children, that makes a home of home, and keeps alive the sacred blessedness of married life. No, but in the selfless exertions of those holy charities, that nourish the sorrow and smooth the asperities of our nature. Those little evidences of affection, those spontaneous expressions of affection and tenderness, those unpremeditated smiles and tears at each other's joy or sorrow, that affectionate officiousness which volunteers more readily as business becomes more difficult—these are the things that give to home its purest and most powerful attractions; where these abound, the mind reposes in all the confidence of conscientiousness and in the satisfaction of ample enjoyment. Mutual respect and attention between man and wife are essential to render them respectable in the eyes of their domestic and children; and also to maintain that healthy flow of soul, that cheerful and buoyant of spirit so necessary in bearing the ills apt performing the duties of life. As kindness and respectful treatment are due to all persons, so they are especially due to ourselves as wife and husband—for we cannot love those whom we do not respect, nor can they love us in return. Let it then be the principle of established authority like the Medes and Persians that change not, to give each that affectionate attention which is mutually due between equals. Let every thing be studiously avoided that goes to lessen either party in their own estimation or in that of others; and let it never be forgotten that a woman's worth grows gold with bright rays of concord with clouds, that most sacred spot on earth, which you call Home.

A man in Framingham the other day, while waiting for the cars to start, misad from the pocket an early morning paper he had purchased a short time previous in Boston. After looking diligently on the ground for some time, he informed a way standing by his loss, whereupon the sharp man to look country friend, "Sir your paper has gone to New York."

"Gone to New York?" exclaimed our friend. "Yes! gone to New York. I saw you when you swung the tail of your coat against the Magnetic Telegraph pole, and the paper did follow for his heels, and slipped. We came away—[Ex. Paper.]"

The Mayor of Baltimore has received a note signed Mary, enclosing \$10, to help furnish supplies for volunteers! Mary is a true patriot, and we hope she will be rewarded by the hand of some brave general.

A man seldom offers to despise the world unless the world is regardless of him.

