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Poetry.

The Heart of the Outcast.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I am young, alas! so young
And the world had been my foe;
And by hardship, wrong and sin,
Hath my bleeding heart been stung!
There was none, Oh God! to teach me
What was wrong and what was right
I have sinned before thy sight;
Let my cry of anguish reach thee,
Piercing through the glooms of night,
God of love!

Man is cruel, and doth smother
Tender mercy in his breast,
Lays fresh burdens on the oppressed,
Pities not an erring brother,
Pities not the sorrow throes
Of the soul despairing driven,
Nor doth he care in maddest drive—
No one but the sinner knows
What it means to be forgiven
God of love!

Therefore will I put my trust
In thy mercy, and I leave
To that judge which can forgive;
To that judgment which is just
Which can pity all my weakness;
Which has seen the life-long strife
Of passions fierce that the knife
Known the desolating bleakness
Of my desert path through life,
God of love!

I must perish in my youth,
And had I been better taught,
And did virtue as it ought
And had gray-haired wisdom ruly,
I should not have fallen so low!
—'Tis the power of circumstance,
'Tis the wretch's dire mischance,
To be born to sin and woe!
Pity thou my agonies,
God of love!

Miscellaneous.

From the (London) People's Journal.

HOW ROBERT COTTERELL TURNED OUT BETTER THAN WAS EXPECTED.

BY MARY HOWITT.

After a long illness old Cotterell, the carrier, died. His widow had been an excellent helpmate to him all his days, and for the last several years the business had entirely developed upon her. She was a strong-built, clear-headed woman, and at all troubled with feminine weaknesses; she had the gift and bearing of a man, and if her heart was tender she took care not to show it.

She lived in a small country town in Staffordshire, in the centre of which, pastoral district, and was known far and near not so much as "the carrier" as "the butter-buyer," from the circumstance of purchasing large quantities of butter which she took every week to Birmingham.

Nobody thought for a moment that Molly Cotterell would be any the worse off by the death of her husband; but she did think, as they had thought for long, that it was a shame and a scandal that Robert, the son, a fine stout young fellow of two-and-twenty, had never seen his wild oats yet, and was not trustworthy enough to be sent with the cart even during the last week of his father's life. No; his mother would not trust him, and many a bitter word passed between them in consequence.

The very week in which her husband was buried, old Molly Cotterell mounted just as usual into her longed cart before day-break, on her long winter-day's journey to Birmingham. She wore her many-colored cap, her beaver hat, and her black cloth gaiters, the only signs of mourning being a new widow's cap and a crisp handkerchief, sufficient, however, to announce to all her acquaintances in the towns and villages through which she passed that the old man was no more. Everybody had a word of condolence for her, but no one ventured to say for a face which they immediately said behind her back, namely, that it was a sin and shame that her fat stout son did not turn over a new leaf. Not a word of this kind did they let fall, because from old experience, they knew that Molly Cotterell permitted nobody but herself to censure her son, and to-day it was plain enough to be seen that she was in no humour to be provoked.

"Poor old body!" said they as she drove on, "who would have thought that she should have taken the old man's death so to heart."
But it was not that which troubled her most now. She sat in her cart among her butter-

baskets and inferior loading, on that dreary winter's day with a sore and heavy heart, and that entirely on account of her son.

She had heard for some time that her son was "keeping company" with Hannah Mottram, the straw-bonnet-maker. Hannah was no favourite of her's; she was a pretty girl, to be sure, but she was penniless, and was not the mother thought, good enough for Robert's wife. She knew that he was a will young fellow, and as yet had given nothing but trouble to his parents, but then at their death he would inherit some little property, and, according to her notions, he must look out for a girl with money. Robert, in this respect, seemed reasonable enough; he told his mother that what she said was true, and that he might pick and choose just where he liked, and that therefore he should pick an apple from the topmost bough, but as to marrying Hannah Mottram, he should never think of it.

The very night, however, before we have seen old Molly on her way to Birmingham, she had discovered that her son had taken a villain's advantage of the bonnet-maker's love and now, to his utter astonishment, she insisted upon it that he should marry her. Robert laughed at the idea of such a thing; laughed at his mother for thinking of it; but that, if possible, only made her the more resolute. It was no use his vowing that he did not love her; he was no use to make her his wife, for in his mother's eyes, that only increased the enormity of the injustice he had done her. She had always, she said, stood up for women against the tyranny and cruelty of men, and she would do it now in the case of her own son, and unless he would marry the girl he had deceived, she never would forgive him. This led to the most violent quarrel that ever had taken place between them, and the mother making no attempt at sleep that night, set off without again seeing her son on her journey to Birmingham.

It was this subject that occupied her mind so deeply that day. She sat with an inverted, troubled, and determined look just within the awning of her cart, something like an angry mastiff within his kennel, and when, on her return, she arrived at her own door, she was in no better humour. Her offended dignity did not permit her to make inquiry after Robert, although he was no where to be seen, and it was with no little surprise that, on going up to the old looking-glass, in the frame of which were stuck all such letters and papers as came in her absence, to find a letter addressed to her in her son's hand-writing.

The letter contained merely these words:—"Dear Mother, I will not marry Hannah Mottram. I shall go to sea, and so these are the last words you will hear from me."
"Your loving son,
"ROBERT COTTERELL."

She read the letter twice, but she could make no more of it. He was gone; and gone, too, in a spirit of defiance, and knowing how wild and resolute he was, she had no expectation of any change in his determination. This was a turn in the tide of affairs which she did not expect, and at first it was a severe blow. What she endured, however, she kept all to herself; she told her neighbors that her son was gone, and some of them said that she was an unfeeling, hard-hearted woman, who had driven her son, perhaps to destruction. Poor woman, they did her wrong, however, who accused her of want of affection to her son.

The very next day, she went up to Hannah Mottram's; she had never condescended to enter the poor girl's room before, and Hannah was terrified at an occurrence which, as she thought, befell her no good.

"Hannah," said the stern butter-buyer, "you have been the cause of Robert's going to sea." The poor girl was ready to leap at these words, but the mother, regardless of her distressed countenance, proceeded:—"He is gone to sea, and, we, likely enough, shall never see him again. You have both of you done very wrong; but I know what is right, and that shall be done. You must come and live with me."

Hannah dropped the bonnet she held in her hand, for this was spoken in a pitiless voice, and she forebode sorrow and suffering.

"I never liked you," continued the mother, "never! I told you this plainly; I did all in my power to turn Robert's fancy from you; but he has deceived and wronged you, and from this time you shall live with me. I know that I am severe and stern, but there is good in me for all that. After the child is born, you shall be my servant—perhaps more. I will try to be a mother to you; you must be a dutiful daughter to me, and try to win my love."

Hannah cried as if her heart would break; but the old woman, who did not indulge in tears herself, took no notice of them in other words. She said her say, and so departed.

Hannah went to live with her, and was every thing that a dutiful daughter could be, and the old woman really came to love her like a mother. But Hannah had loved too truly to bear Robert's desertion with indifference; a blight and sadness dimmed her youth, and she faded and drooped with a sickness of the heart for which there was no medicine. In two years' time she died, and the old woman seemed then really bereaved. The strongest affection existed between them, and their deep love for Robert, who had used them both so unkindly, was an additional bond of union, whilst the child, a strong handsome boy, the very image of his father, was the pride of both their hearts. The only time for twenty years, through winter and summer, that Molly Cotterell sent a substitute with her butter-cart was when Hannah lay in her last and rather tedious illness. She tended her day by day; she sat up with her at night, and would allow no one else the privilege of waiting upon her. The neighbors were all astonished to see so much gentleness and patient affection in her nature; they had not thought her capable of it; but Hannah's meekness, and unvarying faithful devotion, had touched the inmost strings of the woman's heart, and had found there a response.

When she was dead, things fell into their usual course, and Mrs. Cotterell seemed to attend as zealously as ever to her business, but she was essentially an altered woman. The love that had flowed into her heart towards Hannah had softened every hard feeling towards her son. She had long since forgiven him; she prayed for him every night—prayed that his heart, like hers, might be melted; that he might return to her like the prodigal of the Gospel, for she was ready with open arms to receive him.

Robert, as he had said, had gone to sea. He was full of resentment and obstinacy, and vowed never to return to his home, where he regarded both his mother and poor Hannah as his enemies. His life was a hard one; he went to the East and to the West, and came back to England again and again, but though each time sick of a sea-life, he was in no humor to go home. He had visions in his own mind of getting great riches, how he knew not, but of returning to his native place a rich man, and of avenging himself, he had not quite made up his mind in what way, by his wealth and greatness. Again he went to sea—the voyage was disastrous; the ship was wrecked, and then he fell sick, and as he lay in a foreign hospital among strangers, whose language he could not speak, his very heart seemed to be dead within him. Things assumed a very different aspect then to what they had done before; he thought of Hannah, he thought of his mother, and he would have given what little share of life was said to remain for him, might he but have kissed the very hem of her garments. He cursed himself, and his pride and obstinacy; and made a vow to God, that if his life were spared, he would return to those against whom he had sinned, and atone for his first sin.

Robert remembered the former wishes of his obstinate heart, that he might return home rich to mortify those whom he had wronged by the sight of his greatness, and what mad notions of folly and wickedness did it seem to him now, when ragged and poor as the prodigal son of old, he viewed his native town. He waited till nightfall, that he might enter the town without fear of recognition. It was Wednesday evening, the scene occurring in the house, where was a small window, the shutter of which was not regularly closed at dusk. He found it open, as he expected; the kitchen was all a-light with its cheerful fire and candle butter-baskets waiting to be re-filled, and boxes and parcels, stood about just as it used to be; all was familiar to him; nothing seemed changed. His mother sat at tea, at the little round table as of old, and with her the servant-girl; there was a child, too, sitting upon a tall chair beside the old woman, and she was laughing, and the child was laughing; she gave it tea from her own cup, and pulled its curling locks when his head was turned, and seemed as merry as could be.

"Ah," sighed Robert, "she has forgotten me—I am not wanted, and that is some neighbor's child she has taken a fancy to. She cares nothing about me!"

The thought seemed more than he could bear, and he turned away and wept. It seemed to him that he could not live without his mother's love and forgiveness. But he had seen enough for that night; and not venturing to re-visit any one in the town, he walked on to a village a few miles on the road by which he knew his mother would go the next morning, on her way to Birmingham.

At about five o'clock next morning the butter-woman's cart was on its way, and Robert was on his way too. He saw it coming slowly up the hill, with the lantern hung in front,

and he heard his mother's voice encouraging the horse as she walked up the hill as usual. He walked on slowly; and now she had almost overtaken him; his heart beat wildly; she had now come up with him; and they walked together step for step.

"It bids fair to be a fine day, my friend," said she, in the cheerful voice in which she addressed fellow-travellers.

"Mother!" exclaimed Robert, "you don't know me! How should you? I am Robert, your son, your hard-hearted son, who deserted you! I am he—can you forgive me?"

"Robert!" exclaimed she, at once recognizing his voice, and forgetting the horse and cart, "how came you here? Oh, Lord! my son! my own dear son!"

She caught him in her arms, and they both wept.

It was well that the cart, which was proceeding onward, recalled the good woman to herself. She shouted to the horse to stop, and the horse, glad enough to rest with his heavy load up the steep, long hill, stopped readily; she ran forward, scolded the wheel, and then snatching down the lantern, held it to her son's face.

Yes, it was he, but so changed!

They mounted into the cart, sat side by side, and had enough to talk about.

When on Saturday night the butter-buyer's cart drove into the little town again, it was noticed that a young man sat by her side. It must be somebody that she had picked up on the road; but that was odd, for it was old Molly's way never to take a living passenger; it had been her way for years; however, there was now a young man with her, and a good-looking, well-dressed, young man, too. Nobody imagined it to be her son.

How his rags had been changed into a good broad-cloth suit never was known; nobody, indeed, but he and his mother knew that he had come in bags; people now saw nothing but a dress that bespoke comfortable means. Next morning, which was Sunday, Robert and his mother, and the little child, sat together; the little child on Robert's knee. The servant-girl was sent to church, and old Molly herself undertook to look after the oven, in which was cooking a dinner meant to honor the occasion. Right glad was the servant-girl to go to church, and to spread abroad the news of Robert Cotterell's return. Before evening all the town was talking of how his mother had met him in Birmingham; how he had brought a deal of money back with him; and how he was come, intending to have married poor Hannah Mottram; and that when he heard she was dead, he grief his heart, and fell into such a passion of rage as never was witnessed before. This was what rumor made of it; but the servant-girl had only said that Robert was come back looking very grave and sober; that his mother and he were the best friends in the world; and that the little child was told to call him father, which it very soon did, as was natural, because he seemed so fond of it.

If any one inquires how, after this, Robert went on, we can only say, that some five years later, instead of his mother, might be seen driving the butter-cart. There was a smart, modernized air about the green cart, and the horse and harness were much handsomer than they had been formerly. Robert also was greatly improved; he looked so good-humored and happy, and he was the steadiest carrier that came into the old town of Birmingham. In fine weather too, now and then, might be seen a fine stout lad of about eight, with a rosy, merry face, and a pair of remarkably sturdy legs, perched in the front of the cart by Robert's side, flourishing the whip, and making lusty orders to the horse. This was Hannah's child. Robert was very proud of him, and the only thing that troubled him was, that it was then too late, excepting through the child, to make her any amends.

From the New York Tribune.

Association Dismissed—No. 1.

To the Editor of the Courier and Enquirer.

I open the proposed discussion by the statement of a few rudimentary propositions, intended to show that Justice to the Poor and Wretched demands of the more fortunate classes a radical Social Reform. Let it be termed a summary setting forth

OF RIGHTS AND OBLIGATIONS.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

The earth, the air, the waters, the sunshine, with their natural products, were divinely intended and appointed for the use and sustenance of man (Gen. I. 26, 28)—not for a part only, but for the whole Human Family.

Civilized Society, as it exists in our day, has divested the larger portion of mankind of the unimpeded, unappropriated enjoyment of those natural rights. That larger portion may be perishing with cold, yet have no legally recognized right to a stick of heating fuel in the most unrequited manner; or may

be famishing, yet have no legal right to pluck and eat the bitterest acorn in the depths of the remotest wilderness. The defeasance or confiscation of man's natural right to use any portion of the earth's surface not actually in use by another, is an important fact, to be kept in view in every consideration of the duty of the affluent and comfortable to the poor and unfortunate.

It is not essential in this place to determine that the divestment of the larger number of any recognized right to the Soil and its Products, save by the purchased permission of others, was or was not politic and necessary, all who reflect must certainly admit that many of the grants of land, by hundreds of square miles, to this or that favorite of the power which assumed to make them, were made thoughtlessly or recklessly, and would not have been so large, or so unaccompanied with stipulations in behalf of the future occupants and cultivators, if a reasonable foresight and a decent regard for the general good had been cherished and evinced by the granting power. Suffice it here, however, that the granting of the Soil—the State of New York, for example—by the supreme authority, representing the whole to a minor portion of the whole is a 'fixed fact.' By a law of nature every person born in the State of New York had (unless forfeited by crime) a perfect right to be here, and to his equal share of the Soil, the Woods, the Water, and all the natural products thereof. By the laws of society all but the possessors of title deeds exist here only by the purchased permission of the land-owning class, and were intruders and trespassers on the soil of their nativity without that permission. By law, the lawless have no inherent right to stand on a single square foot of the State of New York, except in the high ways.

The only solid ground on which this surrender of the original property of the whole to a minor portion can be justified is that of Pura Quis—the good—of a part for the whole. The poor of a past generation, through their rulers, claimed and exercised the right of divesting not themselves merely, but the majority of all future generations, of their original and inherent right to possess and cultivate any unimproved portion of the Soil of our State for their own sustenance and benefit. To render this assumption of power valid to the fearful extent to which it was exercised, it is essential that it be demonstrated that the good of the whole was promoted by such exercise.

Is this rationally demonstrated now? Can the widow, whose children pine and shiver in some bleak, miserable garret, on the fifteen or twenty cents, which is all she can earn by unremitted toil, be made to realize that she and her babies are benefited by or in consequence of the granting to a part an exclusive right to use the earth and enjoy its fruits? Can the poor man, who, day after day, pines the streets of a city in search of any employment at any price, (as he realizes it on his parting here) be made to see that his thousands—natives of his State who never willfully violated law—laws which are to-day far worse off, than they would have been if nature's rule of allowing no man to appropriate to himself any more of the earth than he can cultivate and improve, had been recognized and respected by society? These questions admit of but one answer. And one inevitable consequence of the prevailing system is, that as Population increases and Arts are perfected, the income of the wealthy owner of land increases while the recompense of the hired or leasehold cultivator is steadily diminishing. The labor of Great Britain is twice as effective now as it was a century ago, but the laborer is worse paid, fed and lodged than he then was, while the incomes of the landlord class have been enormously increased. The same fundamental causes exist here, and tend to the same results. They have been modified thus far, by the existence within or near this State, of large tracts of unimproved land, which the owners were anxious to improve or dispose of on almost any terms. These are growing scarcer and more remote; they form no part of the system we are considering, but something which exists in opposition to it, which modifies it, but is absolutely sure to be ultimately absorbed and conquered by it. The notorious fact that they do not serve to mitigate the exactions to which the landless mass, even in our long and densely settled towns and cities are subject, serves to show that the condition of the great mass must inevitably be far worse than at present, when the natural consumption of land, as land is reached, and all the soil of the Union has become the property of a minor part of the people of the Union.

The past cannot be recalled. What has been rightfully (however mistakenly) done by the authorized agents of the State or nation can only be retracted upon urgent public

