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MISCELLANEOUS.
 From the (London) People's Journal.
THE TEMPTED AND THE TEMPTED.
 A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

TERMS.
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BY CAMILLA TOLMIN.
 [Concluded.]
CHAPTER II.
 Winter had given place to Spring; but through the frost no longer bleached the pavement, or crisped all moisture, and though the sun seemed struggling to warm the atmosphere, there was a cold wind which would have rendered warm garments very acceptable, and which blew through the thin shawl of a young girl, as she stood at the corner of a street, talking to a friend a few years older than herself. The latter appeared more a favorite of fortune than poor Mary, for she was the shivering girl.

POETRY.

From the Athenaeum.
THERE IS HOPE FOR ALL.
 How'er in the sulken mine,
 Far from day's joy-teeming shine,
 Though unceasing toil be thine,
 That with axe and pick and mine,
 Slips consecrated to the main,
 Building churches or shaping wain,
 There is hope for thee.
 Thion who, in the season's track,
 Furrows debate on Earth's broad back—
 Reaping sheaf or sowing sward,
 Who vibrate't the weary beam,
 In a damp and dingy room,
 By a sickly unhealthy fume,
 There is hope for thee.
 Thion who dost the needle ply
 Days and nights all hopelessly,
 Sewing ever wearily;
 Thion who tend't the cotton reels
 Whirling like a thing that feels,
 See't that thou not a soul in wheels!
 There is hope for thee.
 Thion who guid't the steam urged car
 On its level path afar—
 Heading mind's aggressive war,
 Thion who dost the furnace tend,
 Make the stubborn iron bend
 Mould it to a potent friend,
 There is hope for thee.
 Thion of colder heart than head,
 Finding whatso'er be said—
 Nothing better worth than bread;
 Mark what independent thought—
 O'er despatched and set at naught—
 Telling through all time, hath wrought;
 There is hope for thee.
 Bard who scanst Nature's looks,
 Forests, hills, and running brooks,
 Writing lines in glorious books,
 And who find't in accents wrong
 From the universal tongue,
 Nobilitatis as e'er were sung—
 There is hope for thee.
 Who dost preach and who dost pray—
 Mindful of a equating day,
 Carching of an upward ray,
 Though much still may seem of doom,
 Vexed, groping in the gloom—
 Buds of Time are yet to bloom;
 There is hope for thee.
 Railed or Raler—free of thiall,
 Wise or simple—great or small,
 Who dost rise and who dost fall,
 Hope is thought's free majesty,
 Freedom's noblest epilly,
 Effort's highest energy,
 Hope is Destiny!

LIVE NOT TO THYSELF ALONE.
 Not to thyself alone,
 Oh man, forget not thou, earth's honored priest;
 Its tongue; its soul, its life, its pulses, its heart;
 In earth's great church to sustain its part.
 Chiefest of guests at man's mingling feast,
 Play not at the signard, spurs thy native dead,
 'And self disow;
 Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,
 Not to thyself alone.

A RAINED HIT.—An invalid once sent for a physician, and after detaining him for some time, with a description of his pains, aches, etc., he thus summed up:
 'Now, doctor, you have humbugged me long enough with your good for nothing pills and worthless syrups, they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you to strike the cause of my ailments if it is in your power to reach it.'
 'It shall be done,' said the doctor, at the same time lifting his cane and demolishing a dealer of gin that stood on the side-board,

and hand-bush, and all appurtenances, were what every thing belonging to a baker's shop should be, exquisitely clean and neat; and that the mistress herself, in her snowy cap, and light-colored cotton dress, was a pattern of neatness.
 'I could take a housemaid's place, ma'am,' replied Mary, 'or a servant of all-work in a small family.'
 'Lo! I wonder if you would suit us?' said Mrs. Allen, the baker's wife; 'we've got off our servant in a great huff last night, and I have no one to do a stroke for me, except the nurse-girl, and she has enough to do with three children to mind. Could you come directly to-day? I mean?'
 'Yes, ma'am, to-day, if you like.'
 Then followed the ordinary questions, and of course, among them—"Where did you live last?"
 'With Mrs. Smith, ma'am, No. 20—street.'
 'Alas, alas, poor Mary!
 And can you have a good character?'
 'I am sure I can, ma'am. I only left because Captain Smith was obliged to go with his ship, and Mrs. Smith did not want two servants any longer.'
 'Well, wait here in the shop a bit, while I go and speak to my husband, James.'
 James, she continued, calling from some stairs which led to the bake-house, 'I want you.' And up there came a portly-looking man, with shirt-sleeves tucked up, and his arms covered below the elbows with flour and dough. The Allens were a happy couple, well to do in the world, and in good humor with it and themselves. An attentive listener might have heard something about 'tidy-looking girl; think she's just do; but here it's Friday; I am sure I never can get out for her character either to-day or to-morrow.'
 'That's a pity,' said the husband.
 'If we could but be sure of her honesty, I wouldn't mind taking her, and then going for her character next week. What do you say, James?'
 'My dear, how can we be sure?'
 'She wouldn't be so stupid as to say she could have a good character if she were not honest,' replied the wife, whose mind seemed veering very much towards trying her.
 'That's true,' exclaimed the baker, as if a new light were let in on the subject.
 'Come and see her,' said the wife.
 There were two or three customers waiting in the shop, but during Mrs. Allen's short absence, her second child, a little girl of about three years old had 'quade friends' with Mary, and was clinging to her hand, and looking up in her face, as if she was an old acquaintance. It may be that this was the father which pleased the parents, and turned the scale.

This was a dreadful moment to Mary. She felt as if her quickly-beating heart sent the blood to the crown of her head; and that the next instant it receded, and left her ready to faint; while all the events of her troubled career rushed in strange distinctness before her, even to the history she had learned of the baker's former servant having been discharged for telling a falsehood. But then he had said—'we would have forgiven her if she had not persisted in it!'
 By an uncontrollable impulse, as Mrs. Allen was leaving her parlour, Mary seized the skirt of her dress, and throwing herself on her knees before her, exclaimed, amid a passionate torrent of tears—"It is your goodness that has saved me! Oh, hear me, hear me!" And then, in broken phrases, she poured out the story of her trials and temptations.
 'Sad was it to see the altered looks of her benefactors, and to hear the cold and mournful tone in which Mrs. Allen said—"So you have deceived me after all; you would have cheated me with a false character?" and the good and naturally kind-hearted woman sank on her chair, overcome with the surprise.
 "We cannot help you," said the baker sternly.
 "Mercy—mercy!" exclaimed the poor girl, and, weak from recent scanty fare, for she had been too wretched to eat during even the few days that abundance had been before her, she fainted outright. When she came to herself she was stretched on a sofa with a nurse and mistress both leaning over her. There was pity on their faces, and tears galled down Mrs. Allen's cheeks. In loosening her dress, in their endeavors to restore her, they had come upon a packet of pawnbroker's duplicates, the dates of which, and the nature of the articles pledged, was a touching confirmation of her story. From the 'cornelian brooch,' so easily dispensed with, to the necessary cloak, and a prayer-book, the mournful chain was complete.
 "We will not turn you away," said the baker, "just yet; we will try you a little longer."
 "Your goodness has saved me!" was all the stricken girl could utter.
 "But," continued he, "my wife will go immediately to your real mistress, and hear her version of the story. Certainly your confession is voluntary, and I do not believe you are hardened in deception."
 Mrs. Allen set off, and the distance being considerable, she was gone upwards of two hours. What an eternity they seemed to the poor servant!

"Why I think, James, that a great many people who call themselves ladies are no ladies at all. Would you believe it, this Mrs. Dixon has found the piece of lace she accused the girl of stealing—found it slipped behind the dreyer, or something of the sort; and except for her own regret at sending away a good servant, I don't think she feels her wickedness a bit. Poor girl, I cannot help pitying her. It was very wrong to attempt to cheat us with a false character, but it's my belief we none of us know what we do, and if we were sorely tempted. And besides, you see she was not equal to carrying out the deception."
 "Let us keep her," was the baker's emphatic rejoinder.
 "Why, I don't know that we can't," said Mrs. Allen. "Mrs. Dixon says she'll take her back; if she likes to go, for the lady has had three house-maids since she left, and you know it is a much grander place than ours. At any rate, she promises to give her an excellent character."
 "Did you tell this Mrs. Dixon about the intended false character?"
 "No, I didn't; for I soon found how inattentive were, and I felt I should have been wickeder to do the girl a further mischief."
 "Quite right, my love," said the baker.
 Mary was called in, and the facts related. With tearful joy, and amid thanksgivings to Heaven, she implored that her benefactors would allow her to stay with them, rejecting, with something like scorn, the idea of a "grandeur" place. Faithfully has she now served them for years; and promoted to the dignity of showwoman, she is looked upon

as a tried friend than anything else. But even in the sunshine of happiness she never forgets that it is the "goodness," as she calls it, of the baker and his wife which have saved her.
 How often would a generous trust save the sorely tempted!

From the New York Tribune.
ASSOCIATION DISCUSSED—NO. 7.
 To the Editor of the Courier & Enquirer.
 Since progress is essential to a discussion of the matter in controversy within the limits proposed, I will leave the subject of Man's Natural Rights where it now stands. I think I can well afford to do so. If there be one reader of both sides who believes your unsupported assertion that I assert the "perfect right" of all men at any time born upon any territory to "equal shares of the Soil," in full view of what I have asserted and labored to demonstrate, I will waste no more words on that reader. Or, if there be one who cannot discriminate between the assertion of an original right inhering in all men to a portion of the God-created elements with their spontaneous productions and the assertion of a similar right to the products of other men's labor or care, I despair of making an impression on that one. I write only for such as are capable of perceiving a palpable distinction and candid enough to admit it when perceived. If there be any disposed to insist that Man cannot have a natural right to such portion of the God-created elements as may be necessary to his subsistence (of which Society may rightfully divest him only by guaranteeing him a just equivalent) because, according to their logic, you cannot admit this without proving a natural right to something more they are welcome to spin such web of logical subtleties as long and as strong as they please. I only protest against having my limbs fettered by it.
 That Paine and Burke were eminent champions of opposite theories of Government and Human Rights half a century ago, I will prove if you desire it, but I suppose I need not. That Burke's essays on this subject were truly answers to Paine's Rights of Man, I think I shall have no difficulty in showing, even though he never named the work or the author. And that the substance of your argument in this connection may be found in Burke's writings, I will endeavor to show if you request it. That my fundamental positions are identical in substance, with those of 'The Rights of Man'—that the 'affinities' of my political principles are with those of Thomas Paine as against those of Edmund Burke, is most true. That yours are the opposite is clear enough. And now, if you can induce any to repudiate the principles of the Declaration of Independence because Thomas Jefferson was an unbeliever, you will of course have no difficulty in disposing of 'The Rights of Man' in the same way. The essential identity of the two cases needs no illustration. The American People have hitherto been able to discriminate between the Political truth inculcated by Paine and Jefferson and theological error into which a misalliance (especially throughout Europe) of ritual Christianity with Aristocracy and Tyranny impelled them. I have confidence that they will continue to make that discrimination.
 —And now to the practical working of Association.
 Your decided objection to 'extending and perpetuating the [Manorial] system of Land Tenures,' is a cheering symptom. I shall bear it in mind upon the great question of shield for ever, yet unsold Public Lands from the possibility of being so perverted. But when you proceed to argue that Land will absorb one-fourth of the products of an Association because Capital may do so, you betray a sad want of acquaintance with the matter. The Capital of a masters Association would probably be Half a Million Dollars, of which the first cost of the Land would be, if U. S. land say \$3,000 or one sixtieth. Thus, instead of Land Land (far better than the Manors, and in the same condition they were when they were leased to the Tenants) receiving one-fourth of the products, or one-twentieth, its proportion would be one two hundred and fortieth, until the not distant day when the Government

