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POETRY. [By the request of a friend, whose taste we deem it to mean only, we reproduce the following lines from No. 1, Vol. I of this paper.]

TO THE WORKINGMEN. BY D. WILKINS. Bring forth your standard, Workingmen, And give it folds five air; Now raise it up the highest peak, And boldly sail it there.

Now lift no high crest, no low-down hand; Invalued each body, Fame; And swear you'll never cease to strive Till man his rights obtain.

THE EARLY CALLED. It was morning, and the factory bell Had sent forth its early call, And man a weary one was there, Within the dull factory wall.

And amidst the clashing noise and din Of the ever-heating loom; Still a fair young girl with throbbing brow, Working her way to the loom.

And there she sat, in a certain room, With the steady eye on her work; And the smile in her cheeks as she heard 'Well remembered' voice of speech.

And there she sat, in a certain room, With the steady eye on her work; And the smile in her cheeks as she heard 'Well remembered' voice of speech.

Then let me look on the stars once more; Miss this beauty every last; O shall I not gaze their glories o'er When the power of death are past?

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FIRST CHILD.—A TALE OF IRISH FAME.

BY ELIZABETH W. TRACY.

Two days had passed, and still no food had reached their lips. It was now evening, and although the sun had set, the heat of the summer day remained in all its oppressive force.

Mary O'Sullivan sat in breathless silence, listening to the uneasy and unrefreshing slumbers of her helpless family, and gazing on the wasted face of her favorite child.

Mary, ah, why should I not die, if these hands can get you food? she exclaimed. Have been driven to this, not through my own fault, but from the heartless cruelty and oppression of those who can, and will not save us.

heart; but I was spurred from the oppressor's door, and told to be gone, and work for my food. Even then I could have forgiven the hard hearts that worked our ruin; I could have blessed them on their beds of down, and prayed that the chills of poverty might never reach them; but now the cup of sorrow is filled, and I will not stoop to tremble die, before I have made another effort to save them.

He arose hastily, and trembling from exhaustion, quitted the cabin. His eldest son, a boy of fifteen, rushed after him, and, overtaking him a few steps from the door, besought him to return.

"My poor boy," said the agonized father, "you cannot change my purpose; return home, and let the way; for if crime must stain this hand, it must be in the darkness of night, when no human eye can see the blush of shame on your father's cheek."

"But the eye of God," said the boy, mildly, "you cannot hide that." "O, Shave, say no more," was the reply, "God will forgive me for he knows the sore trials I have to endure."

The boy still entreated, but in vain; his lips begged that he might be permitted to accompany his father; but Brian would not hear of this. He could not bear to be the means of leading his own child into the path of guilt and shame; and, O! how the strong heart of the unhappy father throbbled with agony, as he thought of the time, not far distant, when his children, long-accused him, and with their infant voices, joined in the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation."

Shawn stood for some moments, listening to the sound of his father's footsteps, as he hastened on his lonely way. His mind was strangely confused by all he had heard and witnessed, and he could not bring himself to believe in the possibility of his father's committing a crime; that father, who had secured, to his young imagination, the very emblem of all that was good and holy.

"Where is father?" demanded a low sweet voice. "O, mother, there is something wrong; placing her hand upon her wasted breast." "Hush, hush, hush!" whispered her weeping mother; "you will soon be free from pain, soon."

"Mary, Nora!—*acshla agus aothore machree!*" he cried, wildly. "I have brought you food. But father, of penitence, what is this?" touching the lifeless hand of his child. "Is she dead? O, my darling, and are you gone forever gone from the heart that loved you? But your sorrows are over; and perhaps it is better," he continued, mildly, "for better that

no forbidden food has stained those spotless lips. I would not have that departed spirit proclaim her father's sin among the angels of heaven. No, *acair!* your eyes cannot now unbraided him; and your ears are deaf to the voices that mourn over your early death."

The elder children, aroused from their stupor by the sight of food, hastened to spread the scanty fare, consisting of a few cold potatoes; they would not touch the miserable food, until they had prevailed of their father and mother to share it with them.

Brian O'Sullivan, lifting his eyes to heaven, fervently returned thanks to God for his mercies, and besought a blessing on their scanty meal; he had, for a moment, forgotten the means by which that food was procured, but when the remembrance of his guilt crossed his mind, he was paralyzed with horror, that he should presume to lift his hand to heaven, who had broken the commandment of God.

The blood rushed to his temples, and, covering his face with his hands, he hid his face in tears. Deep sobs were only heard; and bitterly did they reproach themselves for having given way to one word of complaint and thus raising their father's sighs of grief. His feelings becoming more composed, he strove to speak some comfort to his children, and with faltering voice desired them to eat.

"Father," said the eldest boy, "we cannot touch that, we would sooner die; we do not blame you, father, *macneen*; it was not done for your own sake, though the hunger was sore on you, but for the sake of your starving children."

"Now I thank God with an unobscured glory," said Brian. "I can thank him for his mercy in keeping you untouched by guilt, among so many trials and temptations, and may he pardon me for my many sins."

The child of the door was raised. "It is the *raggarth*," exclaimed Brian, hastening to meet his beloved pastor. Joy illumined the countenances of all, on beholding their only friend, into whose faithful bosom were poured their sorrows, and, although poor himself, he lost no time in supplying their wants; but the young heart was still forever; no human aid could make it thro' again.

The charitable and anxious priest hastened to restore the stolen food to its owner, and to obtain from him forgiveness of the crime, without exposing the criminal, and thus O'Sullivan was saved from the consequences of that guilt into which want and starvation had plunged him.

This is no exaggerated picture of the sufferings of the virtuous of the Irish peasantry. Surely a brave, moral, and religious people

will no longer be permitted, in the midst of plenty, to endure such sufferings. We might have turned a gall darker, and yet not have dealt in exaggeration; we might have designated the victim to a lunatic asylum, and left him to rot there, without a shadow of hope. We might have followed his wretched family through lonely wanderings, and seen them spurred from the door of plenty by pained menials. Surely, such a state of things cannot last forever!

Surely, the peace and comfort, nay, the very lives of the community, are not to be sacrificed for the sake of the children of prosperity! It is timely that the great ones of our land would consider the cause of the people. Fearful is the calamity impending over them, unless active steps are taken to avert the threatened ruin, yet sure that the virtue of our poor countrymen will fill a sacrifice—the virtue that no trials could hitherto overcome.

MORAL COURAGE IN EVERY DAY LIFE.

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket. Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so. Have the courage to speak to a friend in a 'society' coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to own you are poor, and thus disarm poverty of its sharpest sting. Have the courage to make a will and a just one.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money. Have the courage to 'cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced that he lacks principle. A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited. Have the courage to wear your clothes until you can pay for new ones.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.—Men, like hawks, have at each end a black leaf—childhood and old age. Esteem is the mother of love; but the child is often older than the mother. Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is the sun, and the two are not very far apart. The gifts that circumstances make as our character, we are apt to regard as its native fruit. He who dreads giving light to the people, is like a man who builds a house without windows for fear of lightning. Our sorrows are like *thunder* clouds, which seem black in the distance; but grow lighter as they approach. A coarse-looking fellow went up to an old gentleman, and holding out his hand, remarked with a smile: "My dear sir, I cannot call you by a name, but I am sure we have been together somewhere." "We may have," said the old gentleman; "for I have been in some very bad company in my days."

A writer in the Knickerbocker Magazine, Stuart Perry, derives several pages to prove that the Pacific Ocean is the source of the Gulf Stream. He thinks that the Pacific rushes under ground, through the isthmus of Panama, (the Pacific being 16 feet higher than the Atlantic,) by means of the flues of exhausted volcanoes. The new steambottom intended to run between New York and Fall River, lately made an experimental trip, and went at the rate of 20 miles per hour.

