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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### SPEED THE SONG.—No. 2.

Up, up, from the valley  
Of discord, ascending,  
The anthem of Order  
With Nature inspiring:  
"Evergreen to repel it,  
It were vain to forget,  
For Attention's the law  
That must govern us yet."  
Speed—speed the song.

In Harmony's temple  
The anthem to ring;  
The choir of the blue vault  
The chorus is singing:  
Chime, chime, your glad voices,  
It were vain to forget,  
For Attention's the law  
That must govern us yet."  
Speed—speed the song!

Arouse! then, ye sleepers!  
Why thus slumber away  
The gray tints of the morn,  
The bright beams of day?  
The echo is sounding,  
It were vain to forget,  
For Attention's the law  
That must govern us yet."  
Speed—speed the song.

Lowell, MARY.

## MISCELLANY.

From the Columbian Magazine.

### HILDA SILFVERLING. A FANTASY.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

"Thou hast not youth nor age,  
But art as it were, an after-clone's sleep,  
Dreaming on both."—Monsieur de Metour.

Hilda Gyllenbof was the daughter of a poor Swedish clergyman. Her mother died before she had counted five summers. The good father did his best to supply the loss of maternal tenderness; nor were kind neighbors wanting, with friendly words, and many a small gift for the pretty little one. But at the age of thirteen, Hilda lost her father also, just as she was receiving rapidly from his affectionate teachings as much culture as his own education and means afforded. The unfortunate girl had no other resource than to go to distant relatives, who were poor, and could not well conceal that the destitute orphan was a burden. At the end of a year, Hilda, in sadness and weariness of spirit, went to Stockholm, to avail herself of an opportunity to earn her living by her needle and some light services about the house. She was then in the first blush of maidenhood, with a clear innocent look, and exceedingly fair complexion. Her beauty soon attracted the attention of Magnus Hansteen, mate of a Danish vessel then lying at the wharves of Stockholm. He could not be otherwise than fascinated with her budding loveliness; and alone as she was in the world, she was naturally prone to listen to the first words of warm affection she had heard since her father's death. What followed is the old story, which will continue to be told as long as there are human passions and human laws. To-day the young man justice, though selfish, he was not deliberately unkind; for he did not mean to be treacherous to the friendless young creature who trusted him. He sailed from Sweden with the honest intention to return and make her his wife; but he was lost in a storm at sea, and the earth saw him no more.

Hilda never heard the sad tidings; but, for another cause, her heart was soon oppressed with shame and sorrow. If she had had a mother's boom or which to lean her aching head, and confess all her faults and all her grief, much misery might have been saved. But there was none to whom she dared to

speaking of her anxiety and shame. Her extreme melancholy attracted the attention of a poor old woman, to whom she sometimes carried clothes for washing. The good Virka, after manifesting her sympathy in various ways, at last ventured to ask outright why one so young was so very sad. The poor child threw herself on the fondly bosom, and confessed all her wretchedness. After that, they had frequent confidential conversations; and the kind-hearted peasant did her utmost to console and cheer the desolate orphan. She said she must soon return to her native village, in the Norwegian Valley of Westfoldalen; and as she was alone in the world, and wanted something to love, she would gladly take the babe, and adopt it for her own. Poor Hilda, thankful for any chance to keep her disgrace a secret, gratefully accepted the offer. When the babe was ten days old, she allowed the good Virka to carry it away; though not without bitter tears, and the oft repeated promise that her little one might be reclaimed, whenever Magnus returned and fulfilled his promise of marriage. But though these arrangements were managed with great caution, the young mother did not escape suspicion. It chanced, very unfortunately, that soon after Virka's departure, an infant was found in the water, strangled with a sash; very like one Hilda had been accustomed to wear. A train of circumstantial evidence seemed to connect the child with her, and she was arrested. For some time, she contented herself with assertions of innocence, and obstinately refused to tell anything more. But at last, having the fear of death before her eyes, she acknowledged that she had given birth to a daughter, which had been carried away by Virka Gjetter, to her native place, in the parish of Tind in the Valley of Westfoldalen. Inquiries were accordingly made in Norway, but the answer obtained was that Virka had not been heard of in her native valley, for many years. Through weary months, Hilda lingered in prison, waiting in vain for favorable testimony; and at last, on strong circumstantial evidence, she was condemned to die.

It chanced that she was at that time a very learned chemist in Stockholm; a man whose thoughts were all gas, and his hours marked only by combinations and explosions. He had discovered a process of artificial cold, by which he could suspend animation in living creatures, and restore it at any prescribed time. He had in one apartment of his laboratory a bear that had been in a torpid state five years a while two years, and so on. This of course excited a good deal of attention in the scientific world. A metaphysician suggested how extremely interesting it would be to put a human being asleep thus, and watch the reunion of soul and body, after the lapse of a hundred years. The chemist was half wild with the magnificence of the idea; and he forthwith petitioned that Hilda, instead of being beheaded, might be delivered to him, to be frozen for a century. He urged that her extreme youth demanded pity; that his mode of execution would be a very gentle one, and, being so strictly private, would be far less painful to the poor young creature than exposure to the public gaze. His request, being seconded by several men of science, was granted by the government; for no one suggested a doubt of its divine right to freeze human hearts, instead of chopping off human heads, or choking human lungs. This change in the mode of death was much lauded as an act of clemency; and poor Hilda tried to be as grateful as she was told she ought to be. On the day of execution, the chaplain came to pray with her, but found himself rather embarrassed in using the customary form. He could not well allude to her going in a few hours to meet her final judge; for the chemist said she would come back in a hundred years, and where her soul would be meantime was more than theology could teach.

The subject of this curious experiment was conveyed in a close carriage from the prison to the laboratory. A shudder ran through soul and body, as she entered the apartment assigned her. It was built entirely of stone, and rendered intensely cold by an artificial process. The light was dim and spectral, being admitted from above through a small circle of blue glass. Around the sides of the room, were tiers of massive stone shelves, on which reposed various ob-

jects in a torpid state. A huge bear lay on his back, with paws crossed on his breast, as devoutly as some pious knight of the fourteenth century. There was in fact no unusual, noticeable resemblance in the proceedings by which both these characters gained their worldly possessions; they were equally based on the maxim that "might makes right." It is true, the Christian obtained a better name, inasmuch as he paid a title of his gettings to the holy church, which the bear never had the grace to do. But then it must be remembered that the bear had no soul to save, and the Christian might would have been very unlikely to pay fees to the ferryman, if he likewise had nothing to send over.

The two public functionaries, who had attended the prisoner, to make sure that justice was not defaulted of its due, soon begged leave to retire, complaining of the uncharitably cold. The pale face of the maiden became still paler, as she saw them depart. She seized the arm of the old chemist, and said, imploringly, "You will not go away, too, and leave me with these dreadful creatures?" He replied, not without some touch of compassion in his tones, "You will be sound asleep, my dear, and will not know whether I am here or not. Drink this; it will soon make you drowsy."

"But what if that great bear should wake up?" asked she, trembling. "Never fear. He cannot wake up," was the brief reply. "And what if I should wake up all alone here?"

"Don't disturb yourself," said he, "I tell you that you will not wake up. Come, my dear, drink quick; for I am getting chilly myself."

The poor girl cast another despairing glance round the tomb-like apartment, and did as she was requested. "And now," said the chemist, "let us shake hands, and say farewell, for you will never see me again." "Why, wont you come to wake me up?" rejoined the prisoner, not reflecting on all the peculiar circumstances of her condition. "My great-grandson may," replied he, with a smile. "Adieu, my dear. It is a great deal pleasanter than being beheaded. You will fall asleep as easily as a babe in his cradle." She gazed in his face, with a bewildered drowsy look, and big tears rolled down her cheeks. "Just step up here, my poor child," said he; and he offered her his hand. "Oh, don't lay me, so near the crocodile!" she exclaimed. "If he should wake up?" "You wouldn't know it, if he did," rejoined the patient chemist; "but never mind. Step up to this other shelf, if you like it better." He handed her up very politely, gathered her garments about her feet, crossed her arms below her breast, and told her to be perfectly still. He then covered his face with a mask, let some gasses escape from an apparatus in the centre of the room, and immediately went out, locking the door after him. The next day the public functionaries looked in, and expressed themselves well satisfied to find the maiden lying as rigid and motionless as the bear, the wolf, and the snake. On the edge of the shelf where she lay was pasted an inscription: "Put to sleep for infanticide, Feb. 10, 1740, by order of the king. To be awakened Feb. 10, 1840."

The earth whirled round on its axis, carrying with it the Alps and the Andes, the bear, the crocodile, and the maiden. Summer and winter came and went; America took place among the nations; Bonaparte played out his great game, with kingdoms for pawns; and still the Swedish damsel slept on her stone shelf with the bear and the crocodile. When ninety-five years had passed, the bear, having fulfilled his prescribed century, was waked according to agreement. The curious flock of round him to see him eat, and hear whether he could grow as well as other bears. Not liking such close observation, he broke his chain one night, and made off for the hills. How he seemed to his comrades, and what mistakes he made in his recollections, there were never any means of ascertaining. But bears, being more strictly conservative than men, happily escape the influence of French revolutions, German philosophy, and reforms of all sorts; therefore Brain doubtless found less change in his fellow citizens, than an old knight or viking might have done, had he chanced to sleep so long.

At last, came the maiden's turn to be resuscitated. The populace had forgotten her and her story long ago; but a select scientific few were present at the ceremony, by special invitation. The old chemist and his children all slept the sleep that knows no waking. But carefully written orders had been transmitted from generation to generation; and the duty faithfully devolved on a great grandson, himself a chemist of no mean reputation. Life returned very slowly; at first by almost imperceptible degrees, then by a visible shivering through the nerves. When the eyes opened, it was as if by the movement of pulleys, and there was something painfully strange in their marble gaze. But the lamp within the inner shrine lighted up, and gradually shone through them, giving assurance of the presence of a soul. As consciousness returned, she looked in the faces round her, as if seeking for some one for her first dim recollection was of the old chemist. For several days there was a general sluggishness of soul and body; an overpowering inertia, which made all exertion difficult, and prevented memory from rushing back to too tumultuous a tide. For some time, she was very quiet and patient; but the numbers who came to look at her, their perpetual questions how things seemed to her, and what was the state of her appetite and her memory, made her restless and irritable. Still worse was it when she went into the street. Her numerous visitors pointed her out to others, who ran to doors and windows to stare at her, and this soon attracted the attention of boys and lads. To escape such annoyances she one day walked into a little shop, bearing the name of a woman she had formerly known. It was now kept by her grand-daughter, an aged woman, who was evidently as afraid of Hilda, as if she had been a witch or a ghost. This state of things became perfectly unendurable. After a few weeks, the form being made her escape from the city, at dawn of day, and with money which had been given her by charitable people, she obtained a passage to her native village, under the new name of Hilda Silfverling. But to stand in the bloom of sixteen, among well-remembered hills and streams, and not recognize a single human face, or know a single human voice, this was the most mournful of all; far worse than loneliness in a foreign land sadder than sunshine on a ruined city. And all these suffocating emotions must be crowded back on her own heart; for if she revealed them to any one, she would assuredly be considered insane or bewitched. As the thought became familiar to her that even the little children she had known were all dead long ago, her eyes assumed an interminably perplexed and mournful expression, which gave them an appearance of supernatural depth. It was with a look of an inexpressible longing to go seized with an inexpressible longing to her, and where no one had ever heard looked upon—among scenes she had never looked upon. Her thoughts often reverted fondly to old Virka Gjetter, and the babe for whose sake she had suffered so much; and her heart yearned for Norway. But then she was chilled by the remembrance that even if her child had lived to the usual age of mortals, she must have been long since dead; and if she had left descendants, what would they know of her? Overwhelmed by the complete desolation of her lot on earth, she wept bitterly. But she was never utterly hopeless; for in the midst of her anguish, something prophetic seemed to beckon her through the clouds, and called her into Norway.

In Stockholm, there was a white-haired old clergyman, who had been peculiarly kind, when he came to see her, after her centennial slumber. She resolved to go to him, to tell him how oppressively dreary was her restored existence, and how earnestly she desired to go under a new name to some secluded village in Norway, where none would be likely to learn her history, and where there would be nothing to remind her of the gloomy past. The good old man entered at once into her feelings, and approved her plan. He had been in that country himself, and had straid a few days at the house of a kind old man, named Hans Oberg. He furnished Hilda with means for the journey, and gave her an affectionate letter of introduction, in which he described her as a Swedish orphan who had suffered much, and would be glad to

earn her living in any honest way, that could be pointed out to her.

It was the middle of June when Hilda arrived at the house of Hans Oberg. He was a stout, clumsy, red-visaged old man, with wide mouth, and big nose, hooked like an eagle's beak; but there was a right friendly expression in his large eyes, and when he had read the letter, he greeted the young stranger with such cordiality, she felt at once that she had found a father. She must come in his boat, he said, and he would take her at once to his island-home, where his good woman would give her a hearty welcome. She always loved the friendly, and especially would she love the Swedish orphan, because her last and youngest daughter had died, the year before. On his way to the boat, the worthy man introduced her to several people, and when he told her story, old men and young maidens took her by the hand, and spoke as if they thought Heaven had sent them a daughter and a sister. The good Brenda received her with open arms, as her husband said she would. She was an old weather-beaten woman, but there was a whole heart full of sunshine in her honest eyes.

And this new home looked so pleasant under the light of the summer sky! The house was embowered in the shrubbery of a small island, in the midst of a fiord, the steep shores of which were thickly covered with pine, fir, and juniper, down to the water's edge. The fiord went twisting and turning about, from promontory to promontory, as if the Nereides dancing up from the sea, had sportively chased each other into some bold projection of rock, and now peeping out suddenly, with a broad sunny smile. Directly in front of the island, the fiord expanded into a broad bay, on the shores of which was a little primitive romantic-looking village. Here and there, a sloop was at anchor, and from Cape to Cape, and now peeping out suddenly, with a broad sunny smile. Directly in front of the island, the fiord expanded into a broad bay, on the shores of which was a little primitive romantic-looking village. 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THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

Every man should be guaranteed a permanent home on the earth, the choice of industrial pursuits, the power to bank at will, the hours of labor, an equivalent for what he produces, the best opportunities for education, and freedom in everything.

D. H. JAGUES EDITOR.

W. F. YOUNG, V. T. G. PIERCE, Regular Contributors.

LOWELL.

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 10, 1847.

SOUTHWESTERN PIONEERS.

Early Settlers. Their Social Condition.—An Interesting State of Society. Lynch Law.

The following extracts, for which we are indebted to the Harbinger, are from a little book entitled, "The Desperados of the Southwest." The writer in the Harbinger, who introduces these extracts, says of the work:

"The tide of our strong backwoods' life rushes through it like the dark Missouri spanned with rainbows after a thunder-storm, while flowers of passion and of warmest fancy charm into rapture the interest which the stern drama of blood would otherwise render agony."

We heartily sympathize with the broad, catholic spirit of the author's reflections on the social character of the early Western settlements, where Lynch law holds her courts, and of which such incidents as he describes are organic phenomena forbidding the approach of civilization—convulsions of the social body which, like those preceding the worst forms of fever, usher in that terrible crisis for our sick humanity."

Here are some extracts from the book.—We are sorry we cannot copy all that is quoted by the Harbinger, but our limits forbid.

"A few families, mostly poor laborers select a rich valley in the forest, far from the old settlements, as the site of their future residence. 'Till they drive their flocks, which are all their wealth, and haul their children in rude wagons. There erect their little huts, out of rough round logs; and then commences a battle with the toils of the wilderness. It requires the most arduous labors to clear away the forest; and turn them into fields for future harvest. And these labors have to be borne, under a total want, not alone of the luxuries of civilized life, but nearly always of the bare necessities of subsistence also, save what the river and forest themselves supply—fish for the hook of the backwoods-boy, and game to the hunter's rifle. Often, in these wild, new settlements, have I stayed all night, in my travels with families who had been for weeks together without bread. Often, after the toils of the day over, the father must spend half the night in fire-hunting, to procure venison for the mouths of his children; the ensuing day again to be passed in severe labor."

"When a new settlement has been once begun, it gradually, and often rapidly increases, by fresh families of emigrants. At last the wealthy begin to move in. The first valley broken up becomes a kind of nucleus around which other settlements are formed, farther and farther out in the valleys; while more remote still some hardy hunter pitches his camp in yet deeper solitudes."

"At this stage of progress no society can be more interesting. There are comparatively few people, and therefore they are all friends. As yet there is no law, and no need of law, for the fierce war of competition has not yet commenced—that competition which has reduced the world to one great battlefield of opposing interests, where friendship bleeds, and human sympathy is trampled under foot, and the love of man to man dies out; and even holy virtue, with the many, becomes a hollow sound, as of an echo from forgotten sepulchres. Then labor gives health. Luxury has not yet imported into effeminate towns her cohort of old diseases, and there is therefore no dear doctor, with sleepy syrups, and pills that poison while they cure. There are then few debts, and they are all debts of honor; and therefore need no coercion to secure a payment, that is prompted as much by an honest pride as by a sense of imperative duty. There are then no quarrels; because there are no lawyers, whose very life depends on the discord that breeds litigation. There are no splendid churches, with mellow-toned organ, and choir of dulcet voices, and golden-mouthed priest, with his manuscript of melodious words! But many a log cabin is a temple of humble prayer, where the simple itinerant preacher draws, with cords of the heart, the rustic worshippers around him, and utters mild sentences of mystic fervor, that melt, like music of heaven, on the soul. Then, if you be a traveller, a stranger, every man you meet is a brother, and every house you enter seems your own. The hunter receives you with pure, though unpolished hospitality; presses you to stay all night, and should you stay a week, or month, the tender of remuneration would be the greatest insult you could offer him. His children crowd around your knees with child gladness, the face of the good wife beams with smiles, as if you were an angel visitant dropped out of the skies. One who has so often experienced their kindness may be pardoned for thus allu-

ding, in terms of so much enthusiasm, to the virtues of a simple-hearted people—virtues I have the sense to admire, if not the moral power to imitate.

"Sion refugees from justice, of other states, fly to those peaceful woods for an asylum. They were once poor and happy. They have dug up wealth for themselves and their children, out of the earth, God Almighty's free bank, that asks no security on her issues but labor, and knows no panic, and never stops payment. Now the pioneers are comparatively rich, and State sovereignty is extended over them; a judge is provided, and lawyers, and a sheriff goes round to assess and collect the taxes. But as yet they have no jail and court-house; and the county seat is perhaps a hundred miles distant. A different class of people now begin to settle among them—the aforesaid refugees, whiskered gamblers; land speculators; and thieves in general. Small groceries spring up, thick as mushrooms in April. And now their camp meetings, that once came round, every year, so peacefully, and bringing so many happy greetings of the hand and heart, are disturbed and broken up by the fierce revelry of drunken riot, and the mad warfare of bow-knives. Scarcely a night passes without a horse being stolen. It is useless to pursue him in the morning. At the rising of the sun the rogue is off forty miles in the wilderness."

The writer then proceeds to show how nearly impossible it is to get justice by any legal process—that the people are finally compelled to take the law into their own hands. Then come all the horrors of lynching. We give one more extract.

"The company of lynchers once formed, they proceed to the execution of summary justice. It is easy to conceive what sad work they must make of it, rendered furious, as they have been, by multitudinous wrongs. And accordingly, they whip, bang, torture, burn, flay alive, and however they may begin, end at last by being like a band of savages. What else could be expected of such men, however honest, however merciful, stung to now placed as judges in their own case, and in a position beyond responsibility. By and by, the more cunning rogues take shelter under their protection, and bawl out the loudest for justice. Then the fruit of ruin is ripe. Men accuse their enemies of the most appalling crimes, in order to glut feelings of private revenge. A hypocritical zeal for honesty becomes the cloak for rapine and murder. Vengeance supplants law, and brute force and fury trample down all show of order. Government ceases, and every infernal passion stalks about at will, to prey upon the bosom of society. No lion of the Lybian desert was ever half so pitiless as the mob, in a period of excitement. The rage of one man is fearfully revivifying to the eyes of a calm spectator; but it is no more to be compared to the fury of several thousand, than a dim spark is to be likened to the glare of a burning city. But the force is never wholly on one side only."

The lynchers, of "regulators," as they are often called, soon find that their foes organize also; arm themselves, and prepare for systematic resistance, under the denomination of "moderators." Then commences a guerrilla warfare, as dark and deadly in its hate as the old English contest between the Red and White Roses. It is a war of utter extermination."

The picture so graphically stretched above, is a horrible one, truly, but it is not unnatural. The state of things depicted is, as the writer justly observes, the necessary result of a new and singular train of causes, and not the product of any peculiar savage or cruel propensity.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

BOOK OF HEALTH FOR THE MILLION. By La Roy Sunderland. Boston: White & Potter, 1847.

This is an excellent little book, and should find a place in every family. It contains, among other valuable things, chapters on Drugging, Bathing, Water-Cure, Diet, Clothing, Exercise, Sleep, Air, Causes of Ill Health, &c.—and costs only twenty-five cents. The chapters on Diet, Bathing, Air and Exercise are particularly valuable. Too little care is given to the subject of the Water-Cure to render that Chapter of much practical utility.

Mr. Sunderland advocates an exclusively vegetable diet, and denounces the various fashionable modes of suicides; such as dosing and drugging, drinking tea and coffee, sleeping in badly ventilated rooms, excessive toilet late hours, &c. Any person who will read this work and practice according to its directions cannot fail to be benefited. For sale at the Voice office.

POVERTY: Its Moral Causes and Legal Cure. By L. Spooner. Boston: B. Marsh, 1846.

This work has been sometime before the public, and has received considerable notice and criticism, both favorable and unfavorable. We dissent entirely from the conclusions of the writer, and think that notwithstanding the acknowledged legal tradition and logical power of the writer, he has signally failed in the book before us, to establish the point which is his aim to establish. The causes of Poverty lie too deep to be reached by any modification of our judicial codes. The work is for

sale by Bela Marsh, No. 25 Cornhill, Boston. THE NEW ENGLAND OFFERING. Edited by Harriet Farley.

"The first number of a monthly of 48 pages, with the above name, is on our table. It is beautifully printed, and is altogether prepossessing in its external appearance. It is made up of articles written by females who are or have been employed in the mills, and as a literary work, does credit to our 'Factory Girls.' We are particularly pleased with the 'Uncommitted Sin,' by the Editor, and 'Prose Poems' by Lucy Larcom.

The work has one prominent defect, or what seems such to us, though in the eyes of many it may be a merit. Its pages show up proofs that the swift and animating life-currents of the Present Age flow through the veins of those who have given their contributions to its columns. It breathes none of the Hopes, the Aspirations, the high Purposes, which should actuate the young women of our country at the present time. We do not ask or expect that every publication that is issued shall be devoted to some special Reform, or even to Reform in general, but we do ask and expect that every thing that claims to be living Literature, shall breathe the spirit of the age which gives it birth. The Literature of our time should bear the same relation to the Industrial and Social Revolution now in progress in the world, that the Literature of seventy-six bore to the Revolution that gave Political Liberty to our Fatherland.

With a kind greeting to the Editor and her fair Contributors, and a hope that future numbers of the New England Offering will breathe a truer life-tone and higher aspirations, we will close our somewhat extended notice.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, for September, is on our table. It contains some very readable matter, and some that we don't choose to read. It is embellished with two fine engravings.

SCIENTIFIC MECHANIC. We have received the first number of a paper with the above name. It is edited by Rufus Porter, formerly of the Scientific American. Probably no man in the country is better qualified to conduct a paper of the kind.

PROTECTIVE UNION NO. I.

Among the many systems of the present day which call loudly for reform, is that of exchanges. It is one thing in that vast chain of evils by which workmen and women are surrounded which needs to be cut out or welded in a different form ere they will receive an equivalent in return for what they pay out.—The honest man, after laboring year in and year out and paying his or her necessary expenses, seldom or never finds a dollar left to lay up for a "rainy day," cheated first in the labor market and then by the exchange; between the two he or she stands a pretty good chance of getting fleeced.

I shall endeavour to show (in this article as well as those that will follow) the benefit to be derived from the "Workingmen's Protective Union," not only to the producers of goods, but to the non-producers or exchangers themselves for it was not to injure the latter class that the "Union" was instituted, but to benefit the whole.

It is an old saying that a "penny saved is as good as a penny earned," and this is emphatically a money saving thereby a money making concern. I shall not at this time attempt to explain the principles of the institution which fully carried out but deal in matter of fact such as the Union in its present crude and imperfect state is, and that you feel not take my word alone I will give you the figures taken such articles as are most commonly used by our housekeepers; giving the prices at which they can be obtained at the "Protective Union" store, also the prices at the Grocers with the percentage saved, the goods being of the same quality: Messes 24 1-2 cts. per gal, at Grocers 33 cts. saving 30 per cent; Sugar Home do. 42 cts. at Grocers 60 per lb saving 38 per cent; Young Hyson Tea 34 cts. per lb at Grocers 45 and 50 saving 23 and 30 per cent; Old Hyson 50 cts. at Grocers 75 and 100 saving 50 to 75 per cent; Brown Havana Sugar 74 1/2 per lb. at Grocers 9 and 10 saving 25 and 28 per cent; Crush'd Sugar 10 cts. at Grocers 14 saving 40 per cent; Cream Tartar 20 at Grocers 25 saving 20 per cent; Salt Fish 3-5 at Grocers 5 saving 33 per cent; Corn, Bleached W. Oil 45 cts. at Grocers 65 cts. saving 45 per cent; Sperm Oil 80 at Grocers 100 saving 20 per cent; Box Raisins 7 cts. at Grocers 12 saving 70 per cent; Ground Coffee 8 1-2 at Grocers 12 1-2 saving 43 per cent; Old Java 10 cts. at Grocers 14 and 15 saving 40 and 50 per cent; Starch 6-8 at Grocers 12 saving 78 per cent; No. 1 Soap 5-14 cts. at Grocers 8 saving 58 per cent; Vinegar 13 per gal. at Grocers 16 saving 34 per cent; Salt 7 per Bag at Grocers 35 saving 48 per cent; On Pepper and Spices there is still a great saving; thus while at our store you can buy Ground black pepper for 8 1-2 cts. per lb. at Grocers you pay 24 cts. a difference of 1,86 per cent; Allspice 14 cts. at Grocers 36 saving of 154 per cent; Cinnamon 18 1-4 cts. at Grocers 36 saving 90 per cent; Nutmegs 8 cts per oz. at Grocers 11 saving 37 1-2 per cent. Such readers is the difference in the prices between the two places, not in the above only but in nearly all the thousand and one articles to be found behind the counters of our Grocers. The above catalogue was found to

agree with the prices of more than one store, if the charges on their customers books are correct; the writer of this had occasion to visit one of the writers this week and found out by actual observation the prices of a number of articles, which do not tell so well for the present system of trade, even as the above list. I will mention one fact although a working man do not know whether to sell Bankers by the yard or dozen? they are not altogether green. A daughter of Erin came in and called for two lbs. of sugar; the attendant on complying with her request took it out of the "wrong box." "I want the eight cent sugar!" said she, he went to another barrel and scooped up something which if it was sugar showed evidently that dirt abounded much more than sweets, it looked very much like the sugar that settles in the bottom of a molasses hogshead; perhaps he does not treat all his customers in this way her poverty probably was the reason why she was obliged to pay 40 or 50 per cent, more than the articles were really worth, who wonders that God's poor are likely to retain their poverty so long as this accursed system prevails.

But to return to my subject. It will be seen that about one third can be saved by joining the "Protective Union." Let us reckon this up.

A man with a wife and two or three children cannot (under the present system) feed and clothe them for less than \$300 per year, (setting aside the rent in this case) and as there is as much saving to be made in all his expenses as there is in Groceries, we will take one third of two hundred dollars which is \$66,66 quite a pretty little sum for a poor man, put it upon interest adding the \$66,66 each year and at the end of five years it will have \$375,76 at the end of ten years it will amount to \$878,63; who wonders that our exchangers "fare sumptuously every day," it is enough to buy a farm, and if during this time the soil should be made free (as I hope and trust it will) he will have enough to stock it and money left, who will say the "Protective Union" is not the poor man's friend? I intended to have touched upon several other things in connection with this subject, but this article is already too long and will defer it until next week.

MELANCHOLY NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.—We learn from a southern paper, the Mobile Herald, that two noted "Humbugs" are no more! We refer to "Fourism" and the "vote-yourself-a-farm-party" the intelligence of this terrible calamity must fill like a thunderbolt upon the friends of these cherished "Humbugs," in these regions as they were entirely ignorant that such an untimely fate had overtaken their favorites. Truly the dispensations of Providence are sometimes very mysterious.

☞ We shall send this number of the Voice to some who are not subscribers. Will such, if they like the paper, circulate it and obtain, if possible, a few subscribers? We shall be happy to resume our pleasant intercourse with the many true and sympathizing friends who aided us by their patronage and by their words of friendly encouragement, while conducting another paper. May we not hope that we are still kindly remembered?

☞ We tender our hearty thanks to our friend Robinson, of Boston, for his good wishes and kind words of encouragement, as well as his communication, and the promise of further contributions for our columns. A letter from his pen each week, will be gratefully received by us and by our readers.

☞ A "Native American" Dattelman, was lion in the cars on the Athol and Buffalo Railroad, a short time since, while the cars were running at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour. The exact place of his birth may be a matter of dispute with posterity.

☞ Our last week's paper was a transitional number which will account, in part at least, for its chaotic appearance. Several rather mortifying errors occurred; but since it is too late to correct them we will say no more about the matter, but try to make our typography more correct in the future.

☞ Books to be "Noticed" in the Voice may be left at Bela Marsh's Bookstore, No. 25 Cornhill, directed to the "Voice of Industry," or at No. 76 Central St. Lowell.

☞ A SUBSCRIBER must give his name, and also the facts on which his statements are founded, if he wishes to publish his article.

☞ The N. H. Patriot, a few weeks since, in noticing the election of George Thompson to the Parliament of England, took occasion to copy, approvingly, the resolutions of a short law meeting held at Concord, N. H., during the visit of that gentleman to this country, some twelve years since!

☞ Several Editorial articles are deferred to make room for our Correspondents.

☞ Remember the adjourned meeting of the Labor Reform Association next Monday evening.

GOOD.—The following was not received in time for the "poets corner" on the outside, therefore we place it here. We hope the writer will "get up early," and give us "more of the same sort." By the way, we do not much admire our friend's taste, in the choice of a signature, though we know some newspaper writers, who might very appropriately sign themselves "Blank."

"GET UP EARLY."

A PARODY, BY BLANK.  
Get up early! Bills are rising,  
Get up early! You're in ailing,  
Get up early! Steam is hissing,  
Water gains a head,  
Get up early! Eat the red Ban,  
First lights up the skies;  
Get up early! Will dead end one,  
Ope your heavy eyes.  
Get up early! Oat's quarter?  
Miss, count your time, &  
Get up early! Each pale daughter,  
Hark! the "hare bell," chime,  
Get up early! 'Tis 'no flowers,  
Be thou upon your soil;  
Get up early! Will you powers  
Win your master's God?  
Get up early! 'Tis before ye,  
Lies the long day's toil;  
Get up early! 'Tis set o'er ye,  
Agents keep the toll,  
Get up early! If a fly, my  
Be your task to write;  
Get up early! And if it meet  
Put it for your light.

Correspondence of the Voice.

Boston, Sept. 4, 1847.

DEAR JAGUES.—Although personally unacquainted with you, you are not unknown, by reputation, to me and many other readers of the Voice of Industry, and we bid you "God speed" in your new "ship Editorial," hoping that you may be enabled to steer clear of all dangers in your course, having prosperous gales, favorable currents and a plenty of oil, in case you see "breakers" ahead, "Dears" on either side or "Sharks" in your wake.

Amongst us, mechanics, we have long felt the necessity of having an "Independent paper," devoted without fear or favor to the cause of the people, and although the Voice has "done well" in the past, we still hope to see its circulation increased, its influence extended, its importance acknowledged, and its value appreciated by all classes in our land, and especially by those who are the mainstay and support of our country.

We are the mainstay and support of our country, will be considered in future communications, providing you think it worth your while to publish this to begin with.

I will only say now, that I have thought of sending you a short weekly "yarn," thinking it might be possible for me to write something that might not be altogether useless—at any rate, if no other good were produced, it might give my own ignorance, and even that might benefit somebody.

I wish, however, to cherish friendly intercourse with all people, having correspondent sympathies, to maintain impartial justice towards all belligerents, to prefer in all cases amicable discussion and reasonable accommodation of differences in opinion, to condemnation and reprobation, to just to invade the rights of others, too proud to surrender my own, too liberal to indulge unworthy prejudices myself, and too elevated not to look down upon them in others, to hold the union of the producing classes as the basis of their peace, prosperity and happiness.

Respectfully, yours &c., G. O. ROBINSON.

An article from our Manchester Correspondent is crowded out, as are several others which were prepared for this number.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Freedom of thought and of expression, and individual responsibility for both.

REFORMERS.

I have wasted much paper and ink, and expended much money in the cause of, what is called Reformation. I have associated with many zealous reformers, and have too often found, that those who made the most noise, and complained loudest of abuses, when they got on the other side of the fence became very quiet, and acquiesced very philosophically in the present order of things, being discouraged, possibly, and hopeless,—indeed much reason might be found for such desertion. I am not absolutely in the same desponding condition, although I am approaching it. I was born on the sunny side of the fence, and cannot therefore be expected to be so zealous in the reform of abuses which are beneficial to me. I am notwithstanding resolved to continue occasionally to give my opinion on the prospect of human progress as long as some little hope remains. You will excuse me Mr. Editor, if I take the liberty to scold in my own family, where, if any where, I should be allowed to take that liberty.

The mechanics, farmers and small traders constitute the vast majority of this people, and have consequently in a republican government the controlling power in their own hands. It is said in your last paper, that this is an age of combination for special purposes. Put, it was, I think, said that combinations should be met by combinations. Now if it be true "There's a good time coming,"



