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TERMS.

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POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE.

For the Voice of Industry.

LINES

Suggested by reading a Sermon pronounced by the Death of Edward Eastman. Text, 2d Samuel, 11: 26.

Shall the sword devour forever? Shall it cease to fury never? Nor to its sheath return? Must earth forever bear the stain of brothers' blood, by brothers slain? And sisters, brothers none?

Whom will our race the present learn To render good for ill, to turn, And thus their foes, their foes? When know our highest happiness Flow from ability to bless, Not from our power to harm?

War, when at distance viewed, we know Does not to all our horrors show, But let it touch our land, Let it from sea to sea take, Let it our home a Babylon make, Then we shall take a stand.

Over his grave, what do I say? His grave is made far, far away From friends and kindred dear, No mother kneels beside his bed, No sister weeps his drooping head, No tender wife is there.

On the cold ground, perchance he lies, Unheeded and forgot he lies, Unseen by mortal eyes. But if in this most solemn hour He flies to God, his Savior's power, We must be left to sigh.

To pardon and speak peace to him Before his eyes in death grow dim, And his feet down in rest, O glorious hope, pardoned by God, Washed from the guilt of shedding blood, Thy blood in the Savior shed.

Link by link the chains are growing That shall circle every land. Brother hoarse, I would I might— Meeting with you, glad to meet, Not for rapine, not for bloodshed, Not for violence and wrong, Faint not, fair not; be ye steadfast, Never weary, never lag.

Brother hoarse, ye are lonely— Battered in a righteous cause; There's no spot upon your banners; Yours are not "shoddy wars," Legions for war, and legions for commerce, Arms and though all time have been, But a league to make men brothers, Not for before the world hath seen.

Brother hoarse, I earnestly beset— Laborers among ye stand, And their work is not by tempest, Going forth in every land. What say they? "Release the bondman— Let the fettered one go free! Rest the weary— lift the fallow— Feed the hungry!" so say ye.

Brother hoarse, I earnestly beset— Soft on us do ye make— Soft on hard, or white on sale, We do the stretched hand will take, And in every human creature, Alights, filled though he be, We can save a hand—a brother, Love and pity, so say ye.

Brother hoarse, I earnestly beset— Each for each, and all for all, Let us strive, and let us labor, Scorning nothing, however small, That shall do us any good feeling, That shall lift our sorrow cease, So, by individual will, I say, We may do the world to peace.

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have done. The extreme gentleness of her manners, the half reluctant, half confiding way she had of speaking of herself, made me think her weak and timid. Until I knew her better. She was never gay, but always cheerful; and never did I see her polished brow ruffled by a frown. She was the only child of fond and wealthy parents, residing in Mobile, and the fame of Madame B's school had induced them to leave her in New York for a year, in order that she might finish her education.

Six months passed away, and Evelyn and myself were still inseparable. We unfolded to each other every secret of our hearts; and I often smile now to think with how much importance we treated a thousand trifling things. We would sit hours together by the window in our little room, laying plans for the future—that future so short and sad to my sweet friend. Beloved Evelyn, dear companion, this was a sad lot, born to all that could make life joyous, yet doomed to so cruel a fate.

In one of our confidence, not long after her arrival, she spoke to me of one very dear to her—a cousin, a passed midshipman in the navy. He had spent several months with her family, and had sailed on a short cruise to Brazil only a few days before she left home; but ere they parted, he had won her consent to an engagement, which was to be kept secret from all until her return from school. "He will be home just about that time," said she in conclusion; "he will then tell father all, and we shall be so happy!"

Oh! how often does her image come before me, as she stood and blushing told me of her joyful hopes. What a blessed thing it is that we know not the trials, the mysterious future may have in store for us! We can at least be happy in anticipation; and if our bright dreams are dissipated by a dark and mournful reality, memory can still lessen the gloom of many a lonely hour by recalling those pleasant visions.

Six months, as I have said, passed away, each day only endearing Evelyn Graham more to my heart. About this time she received letters from home, announcing the death of Mrs. Graham's only sister, Mrs. Dutton; and, also, that the latter's eldest child, a daughter, one year older than Evelyn had been adopted by her aunt. Mrs. Graham wrote in the most flattering manner concerning Sarah Dutton; and from the letters the young girl herself wrote Evelyn, I was led to entertain a high opinion of her mind and heart. Evelyn had often visited her aunt, and therefore knew her cousin well. She often spoke too in the warmest manner of Sarah's beauty and amiability.

In the meantime, Arthur Noel, Eva's lover, remained at sea; but the time was drawing near when he would return. The months rolled swiftly by; and as the period approached for her leaving school, Evelyn became more impatient each day. She was expecting her father to come on for her, when a letter arrived, telling her that it was impossible for him to leave his business, and that she would be obliged to remain at school for a few weeks longer, until some good opportunity offered for her to reach home.

Eva was very much distressed at this. She felt sure that Arthur would reach Mobile before her, and she had promised to meet him there. But she was forced to submit, and after some little persuasion, consented to accompany me to my father's summer residence of the North River. She was charmed with the scenery of the Hudson, and arrived in much better spirits than I expected. "Lily Grove" was the fanciful name my dear mother had bestowed upon our dear, beautiful home. The day after our arrival, Evelyn received a letter, which had been forwarded to her from school, where it was directed. It was from Arthur Noel, the first she had ever received from him. How brightly her eyes beamed as she read it! Fourteen months of separation had failed to erase her image from his heart. He was at Pensacola, and thinking she would soon be on her return home, designed meeting her in Mobile.

"O, Ellen," she exclaimed, when she had finished reading the precious missive. "I never felt before how truly, how devotedly I am his." Poor Evelyn! she loved with a woman's first, deep passionate love—a love that either makes or mars her happiness—a love

that rule neglect may chill, but naught but death destroy.

The next week brought my dear Eva another tender letter. Arthur had reached Mobile, and though much disappointed at not meeting her there, felt obliged, he said, to another his desire to fly to New York for her as so sudden a move, before he had visited his own family, would cause "very unpleasant remarks." Evelyn was chagrined at this and so was I. We had both yet to learn how little of the world's opinion a man is willing to sacrifice for the sake of the one he pretends to love. My friend said little upon the subject, however; but I saw that she anxiously awaited the coming of the following week, when she felt sure of hearing again from her lover. The week came, but brought disappointment—there was no letter. Three weeks more of great anxiety were passed, and still Evelyn heard nothing from home. She was beginning to be seriously alarmed, when one morning, at the beginning of the fourth week, I flew to her room with a letter that the servant had just brought from the village post office. She grasped it eagerly—the subscription was Arthur's. She broke the seal, but, as if a sudden presentiment of evil had come over her, she laid it down, and sinking into a chair, burst into tears. "Ellen," said she, "you must read it first—I have not courage; I feel as if it contained bad news." I laughed at her, but she insisted upon my reading it first. I took it up, opened it, and silently read as follows:

Mobile, May 20, 18—
DEAR EVA:—You will be surprised upon receiving this, to find that I am still in your city instead of being with my own family in New Orleans. But you will, I fear, be pained to learn the object that detains me. Oh, Eva! would to God we had never met, or rather, would that I had died, ere I strove to win your fond, pure heart to myself. But, Eva, I know you well; beneath a gentleness, which angels might covet, you bear a proud, firm spirit; and I know further, that you would rather learn the truth now, painful as it may be, than sometime hence, when it would be too late to repair the evil. I came here, my Eva, with a heart full of love and joy at the prospect of seeing you again. I was disappointed, most sincerely so, at not meeting you. But another filled your place in the family circle—our orphan cousin, Sarah. I will not say aught in her praise for you have seen and loved her; but—must I confess it—day after day found me lingering at her side, listening to the music of a voice that I have never heard equalled; and, ere long, I learned to know how sadly I had mistaken my feelings toward you, Evelyn. Condemn me, curse me, if you will—I love, madly love, Sarah—Oh, Evelyn! what words to write to you my own, noble hearted cousin; but you may, perhaps, thank me for my candor. As yet, I have not committed myself to Sarah—all rests with you. To you I owe all my duty and my hand; say but the word, dear Eva, and it is yours forever. I do not ask you to release me from my engagement; but, having told you all, and most anxiously expect your answer. My heart is breaking dear Eva; at the thought of the pain this may cause you; but with your own brave spirit, cast from you the image of one who is unworthy of you; one who has so traitorously repaid your love.

ARTHUR NOEL.
The letter had evidently been penned in a state of great agitation. I thought it the best thing I had ever read, but at the moment, indignation mastered every other feeling. I continued silent for some moments after I had finished reading it—for I was too much distressed to speak. I did not know how to break the matter to my friend. I knew she had been waiting my news for some seconds, and my feelings must have revealed them, standing so long silent, she said, "Tell me what that letter contains, to move you, this." Her voice trembled as she spoke, but seeing me still silent, she sprung toward me, and grasping my hand, exclaimed, "have mercy on me, Ellen. Tell me what it is; I can bear all, anything, so that Arthur is well!"

"He is well, Evelyn," said I, "it would be better for you, poor girl, if he were dead." "Oh! say not that," she again exclaimed, "you would have me think him false, but that

cannot be. Arthur loves me oh, God! say that he loves still!" She sunk at my feet as she said this, and burying her face in my dress, sobbed violently. "Evelyn," I cried, endeavoring at the same time to raise her, "Evelyn, you have a hard trial before you, but one which I know your woman's pride will enable you to bear with fortitude. I will leave you; read that letter yourself; and when I come again in an hour, let me find that my friend had been true to herself!" I gently disengaged my dress from her clasp, placed the letter in her hand, kissed her cheek, and left the room.

I retired to my own room, and there I wept for my friend, as I had never wept for myself. I trembled for the consequences that might ensue. I knew how deeply Arthur was beloved; and I could not but feel that even Eva's firm spirit would not bear the blow with fortitude. In an hour I knocked at the door, and called her by name. "Do not come in yet," she said, but in a voice so hoarse and hollow, that I could scarcely believe it hers. "Do not come in yet, I am not what you wish to see me."

Once again that morning I attempted to see her, but she still refused to admit me; and it was not until eight o'clock in the evening that my maid came and told me that Evelyn would see me. Never, never shall I forget the look with which she received me. Her color was more brilliant than I had ever seen it, but her eyes were dull and fixed, and a ghastly smile played round her mouth, as she bade me enter; but the expression of her forehead, if I may use such a term, shocked me more than all else. It seemed to have grown old—twenty years in advance of the rest of her face. It was wrinkled, and literally old, with the agony of thought she endured. "Ellen," said she, in the same hollow tone with which she had addressed me at the door. "Ellen, I have sent for you, to ask you where is now all my boasted firmness; where my pride, my dignity? Ah, Ellen! I was never true before. You think my calm—despair makes me so. I did not arrive at despair even without a hard struggle; and now my heart, full freighted as it was with the fondest hopes girl ever cherished, lies crushed and lying beneath the waves of that gloom which will henceforth be my portion in life." She ceased, and for a moment stood silent; then suddenly looking up, she said in a calmer voice, "I am very silly to talk in this way to you. Do not weep, dear Ellen; you see I can bear my sorrow without weeping. Read my answer, and tell me how you like it." Mechanically I took the paper she handed me. "Through my tears I read the following concise letter:

Miss Graham presents her compliments to Mr. Noel, and is extremely happy that she has it in her power to gratify him. Mr. Noel might have spared himself any anxiety on the occasion, as, had he known Miss Graham better, he would have felt sure that she would never have laid a serious claim to a midshipman's promise, made to a thoughtless school girl. He will, therefore accept Miss Graham's congratulations on the prospect of fidelity before him; and believe that no better wishes will follow him and his bride to the altar than will be offered by her."

And this was the letter. Not one word of the breaking heart; not a word of the anguish that had so wrung her gentle spirit that day. Ah, Evelyn! I did not mistake you, noble girl. I have since entertained a different opinion of that letter. It was sent, and for a day or two Evelyn was as cheerful, apparently, as usual; but I saw the effect with which she concealed her grief, and anxiously watched her. Gradually, however, her calmness left her, and she would sometimes give way to bursts of grief, fearful to behold. This continued until she received letters from home, urging her return, as Sarah and Arthur were soon to be married. There was no scorn on her lips as she read Sarah's account of her approaching nuptials; but the words were perused again and again, and she seemed to drink in every syllable as if it were her last draught of happiness.

I must now hasten to close my sad tale.—A friend of Mr. Graham called on us a few

MISCELLANEOUS.

EVELYN GRAHAM, A TALE OF TRUTH.

By ELLEN MARSHALL.

It was the beginning of my third year at a boarding school, that—being at the time a poor boarder—I was called down one day into the drawing room, to be introduced to a new scholar, who had just arrived. Upon entering, I perceived a young girl of apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age, seated upon an ottoman, and weeping bitterly.—She did not raise her head until Madame B., calling me by name, introduced the stranger to me, as Miss Graham. The poor girl whose parents I found had just left her, merely removed her handkerchief from her face, and bowed slightly, without looking at me.

"Ellen," said Madame B. to me, "Miss Graham will share your room; perhaps she would like to be shown to it now."

I approached, and taking the young girl's unresisting hand, whispered a few words of encouragement, and led her up stairs to my little sanctum where, after having assisted her in removing her hat and shawl, I left her, judging by my own experience that she would prefer being alone for a short time. About two hours after, as I was walking in the garden, I heard a soft sweet voice call me by name. I turned, and saw my new room mate, who, approaching, extended her hand, and said, in a trembling tone, "You must have thought me very rude, when you were so kind to me; but, indeed, I never was so unhappy before. I feel better now, and have come to ask pardon, and hope to be taken into favor."

It was impossible to resist her sad, winning look, and, with my usual profuseness, I threw my arms round her, and pressed her to my bosom. From that moment we were sworn friends. Evelyn was just sixteen, and never did a sweeter face, or a warmer heart, animate a lovely form. Her features were not regularly beautiful, but the expression of almost angelic purity which pervaded her countenance, when in repose, made her more beautiful than the most regular regularity of feature could

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days after Evelyn had received the letters urging her return, and informed her that he was about starting for Mobile, and would be pleased to act as her escort home. To my surprise, she engaged herself by saying she still hoped her father would come on, and she would prefer waiting for him. When the gentleman left, she said to me, "Ellen, I do not wish to go until all is over, I can then meet them calmly, but now it would be impossible."

Sarah was married without her, for Arthur had his own reasons for urging the matter. It will be remembered that no one but myself knew of Eva's unfortunate attachment, and therefore there was no restraint in the letters she afterwards received, giving a description of the wedding, and the happiness of the newly married pair. Alas! could one of them have seen the change that had come over Evelyn, happiness must have fled. A few weeks of misery had made sad havoc among the roses of her cheeks. She was now pale and drooping, her step had lost its lightness, and she seldom smiled.

As soon as the news of the marriage reached her, she made preparations for her return, and an opportunity offering soon afterwards, she left her, promising to write as soon as she reached home. I remember looking after her as she walked down the lawn, and wondering if I should ever see her again. Little did I then think how and where I should see her, I never received the promised letter from her, but one from her mother informed me of what I am about to relate. Arthur Noel had expected to leave for New Orleans a few days after his marriage; but an unexpected summons to attend as witness on a court martial, then in progress in Mobile, detained him, and he and his wife were still at Mrs. Graham's when Eva arrived. She had not been expected until the next day. The family were all assembled in the drawing room, when the door was thrown open, and the old negro porter exultingly announced, "Miss Evelyn." All spring forward, except Arthur, and all stood spell-bound. Evelyn advanced hastily into the room, but as soon as her eye fell upon him, her early, her only-loved—a shriek, so wild, so shrill, burst from her lips, that none present ever forgot it. With one bound she was at his side, and looking into his face with an expression of woe impossible to describe, she faltered out his name, and sunk senseless on the floor, for Arthur had no power to move. It was no time now for Mrs. Graham and Sarah to inquire into the meaning of this. Arthur was aroused to lend his aid in placing the prostrate girl on a sofa. A physician was sent for, but she lay insensible for many hours; and when she did awake, it was only to make those who loved her so fondly more wretched. Reason, which for weeks had been tottering on her throne, had fled forever—and Evelyn Grahame, the lovely, the idolized daughter, was a raving maniac!

It was in the spring of —, two years after the events related above, that, with a party of friends, I visited the city of —. The morning after my arrival, the servant brought me up a card, and said a gentleman was waiting in the drawing room to see me. I read the name it was ARTHUR NOEL, U. S. A. NAVY. I started, and almost fainted. That name! how vividly it recalled the past. Eva, my never forgotten friend stood again before me in all her pride of beauty, and then—! I shuddered, and dared not enter my reflection. A hope, however, soon rose in my breast that Arthur might bring me cheering news; and with a lighter heart I descended the stairs. I had never seen Mr. Noel; Evelyn had often described him to me; and I expected to see a very handsome man. What was my astonishment, therefore, when I entered the room, to behold a tall, pale, haggard looking man, with a countenance so sad, that I almost trembled as I looked at him.

"Miss M—, I presume," said he, bowed, and requested me to be seated.

"I arrived here this morning," continued he, "from Norfolk, and seeing your name upon the register, have taken the liberty to call and ask a great favor of you." He paused, and seemed to be endeavoring to suppress some violent emotion. He then resumed, in a faltering tone, "You were Evelyn Grahame's dear friend."

"Oh, yes!" I exclaimed, "what of Evelyn—how is she—where is she?"

His voice was stern, as he replied, "Where she is, I will show you, if you will go with me. I must go—but I cannot go alone."

I rang the bell, sent my maid and shawl, and we went out together. I could not help shuddering, as I saw that my companion led the way to the Lunatic Asylum. As we went along, I ventured to ask after his wife.

"She is dead," and he, as she died in giving birth to a little girl, whom I have named Evelyn. Oh! Miss M—, if Eva could only be restored! It is the harrowing thought of my conduct toward her, that has made me what I am—a gloomy, morose man. I am thankful, and feel unworthy to look my little daughter in the face. But the physician who attended dear Eva, has given me a hope that the sight of me might induce a reaction, which would give a favorable termination to her malady. Your presence at the same time may assist this!"

"And that great!" I recently ejaculated,

and at that moment we entered the court-yard of the Asylum. The matron met us at the door, and Arthur, having given her a note from me, she immediately led us to Eva's apartment.

"She is asleep now," said the good woman, "but you can go in, and wait until she awakes; she is perfectly gentle, and will give you no trouble."

We entered the small, but very neat room, and approached the bed, whereon lay all that my heart would burst as I looked upon her. She lay upon her side, one arm supporting her head. Her breathing was soft and gentle as an infant's. Her beautiful hair had long been cut away, and the exquisitely shaped head was fully exposed, and the exquisitely shaped face, she looked forty years old; and the contraction of the muscles about the mouth, peculiar to lunatics, gave her face so stern an expression, that I could scarcely believe she was the gentle Evelyn of happier days. Her tears flowed fast, while Arthur stood and gazed intently upon her, his arms folded, and a look of settled misery on his face. We had stood at her side about ten minutes, when she suddenly started up—"Mother—Arthur?" she cried.

"I am here, Eva, my own!" exclaimed Arthur, throwing his arm around her. Her face instantly flushed up, her eyes kindled; she looked eagerly forward, and gazed upon him; it was but for a second—her head fell back, and she fainted.

Assistance was immediately called, and she soon opened her eyes, looking around then closed them again. But that look was enough. We saw that reason had again assumed its empire. The wildness of the eye was gone, and the mouth looked natural. Involuntarily Arthur and myself fell upon our knees. My heart was full of thankfulness, and I prayed; but he, burying his face in his hands, sobbed aloud. The noise roused Evelyn. She again opened her eyes, passed her hand across her brow, and then raising herself with an effort, said faintly, "Where am I—where have I been? Arthur! and you, too, Ellen! what does this mean; quick, some water! Oh, God, I am dying!"

Arthur sprang to his feet, and let her head drop upon his arm. She took his hand in hers, then (motioning me nearer, grasped mine also; and for some moments did not move. She then looked in my face, and whispered, "I remember all, now; but Arthur—dear Arthur! do not blame you. I hope you are happy—I soon will be. I feel that I am dying. Surely, Sarah would not forgive me the happiness I feel in breathing my last in your arms!"

"Oh, Evelyn!" cried Arthur, while his sobs almost choked his utterance, "you must not, you shall not die. You must live to forgive me, and let me make some reparation for the wrong I have done you. Speak to me, Eva! tell me that you will live."

The poor girl made an effort to speak, but it was in vain—one grasp of the hand—short sigh—and the pure spirit of Evelyn Grahame had fled to a brighter sphere.

Arthur Noel still lives, a poor, broken hearted victim of remorse.

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR:
The RIGHTS OF MAN to himself, to a permanent home on the earth, to the choice of industrial pursuits, to State and self-reliance, to the right of full, to an equivalent for his labors, to the best opportunities for education, and to freedom in every thing.

LOWELL:
FRIDAY MORNING, AUG. 20, 1847.

INDUSTRIAL REFORM PLEDGE.

"We, who believe in the sacredness, desecration of returning to man his Natural Righted Land, do solemnly affirm, that we will not vote for any man for the Presidency or Congress who will not pledge himself in writing to use all the influence of his station, if elected, to prevent all further traffic in the Public Lands of the State and of the United States, and to require them to be laid out in farms and lots for the free and exclusive use of actual settlers; for any man for the Governor, who will not pledge himself to a limitation of the quantity of land to be obtained by any individual hereafter in his State, to the exemption of the Homestead from any future debt or mortgage, and to a limitation of the hours of daily labor on public works or to establishments chartered by law."

REPEAL OF THE NEW POST OFFICE LAW.

"The Publication Office of this paper has been removed to No. 76 Central street—its former place of publication. Persons wishing to transact business with the paper will be invited to call."

PHYSICAL REFORM—NO. 1.

The importance of the subject before us, renders an apology for its introduction here, entirely unnecessary. While we see so much sickness and suffering, resulting from ignorance of diet and principles, which all are capable of knowing and understanding, we feel that we are verily guilty if we do not lift up our Voice! and give the people, as far as our humble abilities and attainments will permit, the knowledge they require.

The fact that we have bodies as well as minds—a physical as well as a mental organization, seems to be almost entirely lost sight of, both in our systems of education and in our books and periodicals designed for popular perusal. We teach every thing else, we write about every thing else; but of our own physical frames, and the laws in accordance with which, as organized bodies, they subsist, we are content to remain entirely ignorant. The fearful effects of this ignorance are seen everywhere around us. Disease and premature death are spreading like misery and mourning through the length and breadth of the land. More than one third of all who are born, die before the age of five years, and about one half before the age of twenty. How is it with those who survive? How, if they are free from disease of some kind—Even those who deem themselves most healthy are often swept off, in the prime of life, by violent disorder. To millions of our race existence seems to be a curse rather than a blessing.

Our public teachers of religion and morality, with a few honorable exceptions, are entirely silent on the subject of physical Reform. They labor exclusively for the salvation of the soul, vainly imagining that the soul may be saved while the body is damned—that the spirit may be purified and made holy while the dwelling place of that spirit—its sanctuary, is defiled with filth and impurity. But the fact that they are silent on the subject is not the worst view of the matter. Their example, in many instances, is calculated to encourage those who look up to them as guides, in their present course of transgression. We see clergymen, for instance, zealous advocates of temperance too, who are proverbial gluttons, and who, while declaiming loudly against the use of alcoholic drinks, as a beverage, indulge themselves in the daily use of tea, coffee, rich, stimulating and highly seasoned food, in no very moderate quantities. Reason with such men on the impropriety and sinfulness of their course, and they will, in reply, use the very arguments which the lover of strong drink has so often used in reply to them. Perhaps they are consistent, but they seem not so to us.

In our next number we will speak briefly of some of the evils which result from the ignorance and prejudice which prevail in regard to the laws of life and health. We feel our incompetency to do the subject anything like justice, but trust that the hints thrown out may serve to awaken an interest in the subject, and induce our readers to examine for themselves. We may possibly, in the course of these articles, advance sentiments which are unpopular and heretical; but we shall advance none which we do not believe to be true. All we ask of our readers is a fair and candid perusal of what we may write.

CAN ANY GOOD COME OUT OF NAZARETH?

—Yes; and what is stranger still, good may come out of this *Boston Daily Times*, as the following extracts will show. Surely the "good time coming" is at hand.

"NO COMPENSATION" CLERKS.

"LAD WANTED. An active, intelligent lad is wanted, in a Commission House on the Wharf. He must be willing to devote his whole time to business, and must furnish the best references. No compensation given the first year."

"We cut the above advertisement from a city paper, and we think it furnishes the text for more than a passing remark. A practice has attained in Boston (and we allude to our own city especially, because it is not customary in other commercial towns) to advertise for and contract with active, intelligent lads, who can furnish satisfactory references, and who possess all the elementary requisites for the formation of thorough and useful mercantile men—whose abilities are tasked to their utmost, and whose services are enlisted for the exclusive benefit of employers, who get 'no compensation' for the first year." Instances are numerous too, where the remuneration is but nominal, even, until the clerk attains his majority.

The merchant, the importer, the jobber, the shipper—receives into his employ a young man 15 years of age, whose parents have expended their utmost means in providing for their son's education, in such a manner as to render him qualified to commence a business, life and at the threshold of the counting-house he is told that though his penmanship is unexceptionable, though his general knowledge of figures and accounts are acceptable, and his character for integrity unquestionable—yet he will receive no pay for his services. The parents—perhaps the widowed mother—tells on the boy attends his avocations daily, and a little time only elapses before the lad makes new associations, new friends, and his new pursuits bring him in contact with respectable 'respectable'—and the hard-working parent attracts another point to replenish the son's clerk-master—and a false pride is soon incorporated in his disposition, which must be laid. But he has no resources beyond the slender means of his parents, and his respectability must be sustained. The consequence is a resort to pilfering from his employer, which, in hundreds of instances, leads to his permanent downfall! The picture is not strained, and employers who have practiced upon this 'no compensation' plan, know well the truth of this position.

We contend that the principle is wrong.

Wrong to employer—because, nine times in ten, he is decidedly the loser by the plan; wrong to the employed—because the laborer is always worthy of his hire, and because this very scheme drives them to the commission of petty robberies, or greater crimes, from the effects of which they can never recover; wrong to the parents of a child who have labored hard for years to bring him into society, who look forward fondly for his future success in life, and who, instead of being able to submit to further outlay for his daily expenses, need the pecuniary value of his services towards his or their own support; wrong to society, for the encouragement it presents to petty crime, wrong in the beginning, wrong in the system, wrong in the end.

Our firm conviction is that every one is worthy of some pittance for his daily labor, and we conceive that none can better earn their livelihood than the very operative who is so often known as the 'no compensation' clerk. Vastly better for the good of employer and employee, as well as for society at large, will it be when this foolish, unfair and unreasonable scheme for manufacturing criminals is abolished from among us."

We fear the *Times* man does not realize the full significance of the phrase the laborer is worthy of his hire. To us it seems to mean something more than that he shall receive enough to prevent him from being driven to crime, by actual want. What laborer now asks, nay, demands, is an equivalent for what it produces.

HOW SOCIETY MAKES CRIMINALS.

Society has not yet learned that it is cheaper to prevent crime than to punish it, yet the fact seems hardly to be noted. The prison, the school-house, and the church stand side by side in all our Christian communities. There are thousands, nay, millions in this land of Christian Republicanism, to whom the doors of the school-house and the church are as effectually closed as if they were barred and bolted, and guarded by an armed police; but the prison is open to them. Is it a matter of wonder that they enter it?

Read the following paragraph from the pen of Charles Spear, the Philanthropist and Prisoner's Friend, and ask yourself if the picture is not true to nature.

"How dreadful is the thought that children should suffer so much from the neglect of society! Just look at a group. See them, on a summer day, in the blessed sunshine, and warm air. Misery itself will sing. You hear the merry laugh and the hearty shout. You see them gazing over the open ground, here a leg out and there an arm. All indicates that God made children to be happy, and that even misery will forget itself. You converse with one of these boys. His face is red, swollen, and ulcerated with the pills. His clothes are thread-bare. Look beneath his shaggy bush of hair. You see a face sharp with want, yet beaming with intelligence. He has learned the arts. He can lie, beg, and steal. He must beg, or steal, or starve. He goes as regularly to his work each morning as the merchant to his calling. He, with his associates, are turned out, like sheep to the hills, or cattle to the field. A certain supply must be brought home, or a brutal beating awaits them. Who wonders at the rapid growth of crime? Such children cannot pay for an education, nor avail themselves of a gratis one, if offered. There is no asylum to receive them, no schoolmaster to instruct them. Let us no longer denounce the Ripuot and the Chinese for the barbarous practice of exposing infants."

PROTECTIVE UNIONS.

We copy the following from the last quarterly Circular of the Supreme Division, W. M. F. U.:

"I regret, that the *Voice of Industry*, published in Lowell, and *Young America*, published in New York, be considered as organs of the Working Men's Protective Union, and that the Secretary be instructed to inform the Editors of said papers of this vote, and request them to send a copy of their paper to the Corresponding Secretary of each Division; and that the Delegates to the Supreme Division be a Committee in their respective Divisions to advocate the circulation of the aforesaid papers."

We appreciate the kindness of our friends, and brothers of the Supreme Division in designating the *Voice* as one of the organs of the Working Men's Protective Union, and shall be happy to do all in our power to advance the interests of an institution of such vital importance to the laboring classes. We consider the movement one of vast utility, not only as an end, in itself, but also as a means to a still higher end, in a complete system of guarantees, which, shall, protect all our interests. We contemplate writing at some length on the subject, at our earliest leisure. In the mean time we invite our friends of the various Divisions to make the *Voice* a medium through which to communicate with each other, and with the public. The importance of such a medium, for the interchange of thoughts, and of such facts as experience and observation have placed at the command of different persons, cannot be overrated.

Will Friend Russell, of Lawrence, send our true friend of the *Advertiser* the wishes inserted. The former one got mislaid and lost, which will account for its non-appearance.

To our 'private' correspondent, 'Senex' we must say, that we cannot see the subject on which he (or she perhaps) writes in the same light. We know quite well, that the business structure of society is sadly out of joint. That fraud, deception and charlatanism exist throughout all its ramifications; but we fail to discover in the matter to which 'Senex' alludes, so aggravated an exception as repression in life, and who, instead of being convicted, and no pecuniary inducement whatever shall detract us from the path of duty, when once made clear. But 'Senex' should recollect, that the most true evidence of sincerity when publishers receive advice from an anonymous source, in particular is the payment of postage; for this is requisite to 'raise the newspaper Press to its legitimate station, and enable it to 'frown down all attempts, with indignation, which are made for the purpose of lowering the standard of family Purity.'

MORRIS HERSEY, Rev. Horace Bushnell, D. D., of Hartford, Conn., has published—or rather the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, afflicted at the time, with an unaccountable blindness, published for him—a little book, which has thrown all Mrs. Partington into a terrible state of excitement. The fatal heresy of the work seems to be that if children are truly educated they will grow up ready-made Christians! That is heresy, indeed! What will be the fate of the doctrine of total depravity, if such sentiments prevail? Where are the Greek, and the Catechism? Mrs. Partington says the work must be suppressed.

The *Courier* thinks our Correspondent 'M. M. A.' is a great dunce. Well, perhaps he is. The fact that he has been a constant reader of the *Courier*, for the last two years, is sufficient to account for any amount of foolishness he may now manifest.

GENERAL NEWS.

LATEST FROM MEXICO—GEN. SCOTT STILL AT PUEBLA. The arrival of the steamer *Fashion* at New Orleans from Vera Cruz, settles the question of the reported capture of the city of Mexico. There was no truth in the story. The General-in-chief was at Puebla on the 30th of July. We copy the news as it comes to New York purely by telegraph from Richmond, Va.—*Courier*.

The steamer *Fashion* has arrived at New Orleans from Vera Cruz. She left the latter port on the 20th inst. Gen. Scott was at Puebla on the 30th of July, when there was strong probability of an immediate advance on the Capital.

Gen. Valencia arrived at the Capital on Monday, with 4000 troops. Gen. Peirce arrived at Perote, after an action with the guerrillas near the National Bridge.

Lieut. Simpson, of Indiana, and the Surgeon of the Pennsylvania Regiment, are dead.—The Colonel of the British Legion, arrived at Vera Cruz from the West, with correspondence from the Capital of the 29th, and from Puebla of the 30th.

Mr. Kuhlthall represents the chances of success in an unfavorable light.

He says Scott will march immediately on the arrival of Peirce—certainly on the first week of August, and it is more than probable that the hardest fighting will be at the City of Mexico.

The Mexicans were prepared to meet him, having all their fortifications completed, and twenty-five thousand men.

The English Legation has been secretly exerting every influence to keep the Americans out of the Capital.

Other letters to the *Platinean* represent the advance of Peirce in a more favorable light, and being the resistance to our advance will be almost nominal.

Congress had referred to Mr. Buchanan's letter back to the Executive, and thrown on him the responsibilities of the war. The peace party at the Capital was strong and increasing. They have no faith in their Generals.

The *Sun of Indiana* says that when the guerrillas attacked Peirce, 600 Americans approached under their fire until within 100 yards of the Mexicans, when our forces opened a deadly fire, forcing them to an immediate retreat.

While the Mexicans were retreating, the American Cavalry rushed upon them, killing about one hundred.

The position of the Mexicans was one of the strongest in the country, but the Americans passed the Bridge after a short engagement, and arrived at Perote in safety. General Scott dispatched Gen. Smith's brigade from Puebla to meet them at Perote.

Elliott Burritt, Esq., declines the nomination for Vice President of the Liberty Party.

That is news. We were not aware that he was nominated for Vice President of the Liberty Party.

SUCCESS IN THIS CITY.—The Superintendent of Burials reports fifty six deaths for the week ending Aug. 14th. Thirty-one of these were from dysentery and other bowel complaints. Unripe fruit undoubtedly has something to do with this great mortality, but we do not think it the only cause.

A French surgeon says that a galvanic current from Clark's magneto-electro apparatus, will render a person as insensible to pain as the Amussou leetion.

