

reform

1846.10.26

### THERE IS HOPE FOR ALL.

Hewer in the sullen mine,  
Far from day's joy-teeming shine, -  
Through uncouthest toil be thine,  
That, with axe and saw and plane,  
Ships constructs to sail the main -  
Building church or shaping wain,  
There is hope for thee.

Thou of colder heart than head,  
Finding whatso'er be said -  
Nothing better worth than bread;  
Mark what independent thought -  
Oft despised and set at nought -  
Toiling through all time, hath wrought; -  
There is hope for thee.

Thou who, in the season's track,  
Furrows driv'st on Earth's broad back -  
Reaping sheaf or piling stack;  
Who vibrat'st the weary loom,  
In a damp and dingy room,  
By lamp's unhealthy fume -  
There is hope for thee.

Bard who scannest Nature's looks,  
Forests, hills, and running brooks,  
Writing them in glorious books;  
And who find'st in accents wrong,  
From the universal tongue  
Noble strains as e'er were sung -  
There is hope for thee.

Thou who does the needle ply  
Days and nights all hopelessly,  
Sewing ever wearily;  
Thou who tend'st the cotton reels  
Whirling like a thing that feels -  
See'st thou not a soul in wheels?  
There is hope for thee.

Who dost preach and who dost pray -  
Mindful of a coming day,  
Catching of an upward ray -  
Though much still may seem of doom,  
Vexed, groping in the gloom -  
Buds of Time are yet to bloom;  
There is hope for thee.

Thou who guid'st the steam urged car  
On its level path afar -  
Heading mind's aggressive war;  
Thou who dost the furnace tend,  
Make the stubborn iron bend  
Mould it to a potent friend -  
There is hope for thee.

Ruled or Ruler - free or thrall,  
Wise or simple - great or small,  
Who dost rise and who dost fall -  
Hope is thought's free majesty,  
Freedom's noblest entity,  
Efforts highest energy -  
Hope is Destiny!

1846.02.06

**Industrial Reform Lyceum.**  
A Course of Lectures, consisting of six,  
upon the subject of LABOR, will be held at the  
City Hall commencing two weeks from next  
Wednesday evening. Some of the best Lec-  
turers in the country have been engaged, whose  
names we shall announce hereafter.  
Tickets, 25 cents for the course to be had  
at the Book Stores.

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1846.01.30

**SOCIAL GATHERING**

The Ladies belonging to the "Female Labor Reform Association" of this city are making preparations for a grand and useful "Gathering," on the eve of the 13<sup>th</sup> of next month, (St. Valentines eve) at the City Hall, which bids fair to excel, in rational pleasure, anything of the kind, recently enjoyed by our citizens. Eminent and distinguished speakers, will be in attendance from abroad to interest and instruct - a band of music, together with singing, will be there to gratify the lovers of harmony, and a rich treat of fruits and other eatables, will not be wanting; making in all a "feast of fat things," for the sum of 25 cents only; the proceeds of which will be appropriated to the cause of Labor Reform. Friends from Boston, Lynn, Woburn, Fitchburg, Worcester, Waltham, Andover, Newton and Manchester N.H. and all the adjoining towns, together with all others, are invited to be with us, and aid the cause.

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[date]

**The World is Beautiful - Why will Man Defile It?**

Oh why will man, weak man, defile,  
This beauteous world of ours?  
The star-bespangled canopy,  
And earth o'erspread with flowers?

The warbling songsters of the grove,  
And herds on thousand hills,  
The lovely fields of waving grain,  
And gentle murmuring rills,

The gorgeous mountain's towering height -  
The noble flowing river, -  
And mighty ocean's foaming dash,  
Proclaim their glorious Giver.

Each stately oak and forest pine,  
Proclaims His power and skill;  
And every rock, and hill, and dale,  
His infinite good will.

Then man, will man, defile  
This beauteous world of ours,  
And mar the image of his God,  
And crush his noblest powers?

MARY

1847.03.05

*For the Voice of Industry*

**STANZAS**

By Mary

The night is dispersing,  
Auspicious the day,  
In brightness of morning,  
The mist melts away;

Her mellow light scatters  
The darkness of old,  
And shadows an era  
By sages foretold,

When the lion and the lamb  
Together shall lie,  
And the children of men  
Shall lay their enmity by.

Would'st hasten the dawning,  
And bask in the day? -  
Be true to thy calling,  
Verge not from thy way.

Deal justly, speak kindly,  
Remember the poor,  
And turn not a brother  
In need from thy door.

Fear not the aggressor,  
Be truthful and bold,  
And sell not thy birthright.  
For honors or gold.

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1846.01.30

“Workingmen’s Protective Union.” - All friendly to the organization of an Association for mutual aid and benefit, and the promulgation of the principles of equal rights and brotherly love, are requested to meet at No. 76 Central St. (upstairs) this Friday evening.

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1847.10.15

ASSOCIATIONISTS OF LOWELL are requested to take notice that meetings will be held every Sunday evening, at No. 76 Central St. until further notice. A correspondence has been opened with affiliated Unions, and individual Associationists, in various parts of the country, and some very interesting letters will be read at these meetings. All persons interested in Social progress, whither believers in Association or not are cordially invited to be present. Liberty will be given to any who are so disposed, to ask questions or to urge objections. - “Prove all things; hold fast that which is GOOD.”

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1847.12.24

**CALL FOR AN INDUSTRIAL CONGRESS.**

By Duganne.

Not as earths *despots* meet,  
With sceptred hands, and jeweled brows, and hearts  
Cold as the northern sleet,  
Dragging men's lives and souls to war's red marts,  
That slaves may kiss their feet

Not as earths sluggish priests,  
With scarlet robes, and lying scrolls, and creeds,  
Dogmas, and poms, and feasts, -  
Planting God's garden, with unholy weeds;  
Degrading men to beasts.

Come ye, as *Champions*,  
Of the great CAUSE OF MANKIND, which hath claimed  
Earth's holiest, purest ones;  
Come ye, to preach the Truth, which oft hath shamed  
Kings on their crimson thrones!

Stand ye, as stood old Paul,  
High on the hill of Athens, - 'till the fanes  
Of idol wealthy shall fall,  
Labor is earth's Iconoclast, and chains  
And crowns no more shall thrall!

Oh, might my hearts best blood  
Give to my glorious land her place on earth -  
First in the stifle of Good, -  
Were it an ocean it should be poured forth  
For man's great Brotherhood!

*For the Voice of Industry*

### **FREEDOM'S WORTH**

The flower that lifts its beauteous head  
Within the forest shade,  
If taken from its native bed,  
Is quickly doomed to fade.

The bird that warbles forth its lay  
So sweetly in our ear;  
If banished from the grove away,  
with songs no more would cheer.

*So man, of noblest powers possessed,*  
If forced in chains to life;  
Find on earth no peaceful rest,  
Laments his destiny.

Since nature made him to be free,  
Yet subjects to her laws,  
If robbed of manly dignity,  
By some mysterious cause.

*Who, to his wounded breast can give,  
The healing balm, and bid him live?*

Lowell, April 1846

A.

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1847.08.14

A large and spirited meeting of the laborers of Lawrence was held on the Common in that town, some two weeks ago, for the purpose of taking some method of shortening the hours of labor, and otherwise improving their condition. If corporations had souls, some benefit might be hoped to arise from such meetings, but little tyrants like great ones know nothing of the article.

- *Essex Transcript*

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1847.07.30

**HOW IT IS DONE.** The hotel-keepers of this city lately held a meeting, and agreed to raise the price of board 25 cents a day. If the producing classes could manage matters in this fashion, they might soon have every thing their own way. Why don't they do it?

- *Boston Investigator*

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1847.11.05

From the *National Era*, the Anti-slavery organ at Washington.  
The writer of this is a western whig of the progressive stamp.

### A HYMN OF THE DAY THAT IS DAWNING

By William D. Gallagher

If the promise of the present  
Be not a hollow cheat,  
if true-hearted men and women  
Prove faithful and discreet,  
If none alter who are hoping  
And contending for the Right,  
Then a day is surely coming,  
As a day-beam from the night -

When the landless shall have foothold  
In fee upon the soil  
And for his wife and little ones  
Bend to his willing toil

When the wanderer, no longer  
In sorrow forced to roam,  
Shall see around him spring and bloom  
The blessed things of Home

When the poor and widowed mother  
Shall fit recompense obtain  
For her days and nights of toiling,  
From the sordid man of gain

When the brawny limbs of Labor  
And the hard and horny hand,  
For their strivings, for their doings  
Meet honor shall command.

When suffering hearts, that struggle  
In silence, and endure,  
Shall receive unsought, the earnest  
Ministrations of the pure

When the master with his bondman  
For a price shall divide the soil,  
And the slave, at last enfranchised,  
Shall go singing to his toll.

When the bloody trade of the soldier  
Shall lose its olden charm,  
And the sickle-hand be honored more  
Than the sword and the red right arm

When tolerance and truthfulness  
Shall not be under ban,  
And the fiercest foe and deadliest  
Man knows, shall not be Man.

Be firm, and be united,  
Ye who war against the wrong!  
Though neglected, through deserted,  
In your purpose still be strong!  
To the faith and hope that move ye  
In the things ye dare and do  
Though the world rise up against ye,  
Be resolute - be true!

1845.10.15

### THE GOLDEN AGE.

The Golden Age is not behind,  
But in the forward, future mind;  
Ever onward lies a road,  
Better than has yet been trod.

Sword shall rust in scabbards ere  
Golden Age be truly here;  
Neither twisted hemp, nor knife,  
Shall be aimed at human life.

No man shall his dogma vaunt;  
None shall be intolerant;  
None shall scorn me for my faith;  
None shall test with Shibboleth.

I may be papistical -  
I may be heretical -  
I may own what creed I list -  
Be Methodist or pantheist.

Though I worship every saint,  
Not a man shall urge complaint;  
No man shall my peace assail,  
Though I doubt his miracle.

Patience, - we are journeying on;  
Golden Age will come anon; -  
Evils, that disgrace to-day,  
One by one will drop away.