

V.C.N., "A Morning Walk," Operatives Magazine, No. 3 (June 1841)

I had wandered forth ere yet the sun had commenced his course in the heavens, and directed my steps to the banks of the Merrimack that so carelessly was rolling its tranquil waters to mingle with the great deep ... and resumed my walk to gaze upon the glories and beauties of the waters, the woods, the fields, and the sweet, blue heavens that with tinselled clouds and gorgeous drapery, enclosed the scene: and while beholding all that was around me, and calling before the mind, as far as memory and imagination would enable me, the event of the past and future, I was led to think upon the Creator of them all ... I sat musing thus till roused by the peeling tones of the bell which told me that I was wanted, when I arose and walked into the city where, as usual, all was noise and bustle, but my mind had enjoyed a calmness and serenity not easily effaced, and I felt that I was much profited by my morning walk.

Mary, "Factory Thoughts," Voice of Industry (12 June 1846)

I stand and gaze from my prison walls,/On yonder flowing river;/The thought will rise, Oh, why
did it spring/From the hand of its Almighty Giver? ... Do they flow to add to the miser's gold?/Or
to cheer and bless our race?//Gently its sparkling waters roll,/With grandeur, pride and grace,/To
seek their mighty ocean bed--/Their final resting place.//Emblem of Purity and Truth!/Made from
thy aim to turn--/To sap the lifeblood from young veins,/And fill the funeral Urn