

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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

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LOWELL. FRIDAY MORNING, OCT. 1, 1847.

HOURS OF LABOR—ONCE MORE.

Did we deem it necessary we could give a large number of facts, in addition to those given in the article quoted last week from Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, in proof that a reduction in the hours of labor will not necessarily reduce the profits of the employer, but will give only one more and leave that part of the subject.

"Robert Owen ran the great cotton manufacturing establishment, of New Lanark Scotland, (of which he was proprietor and chief director) for some twenty years before he left it but ten hours per day, in immediate competition with similar establishments which worked twelve and thirteen hours per day, and his was as profitable as any of them, realizing an immense fortune for its proprietors while an running."

We intended to notice several other obstacles, which are supposed to hinder the progress of the Reform in the Hours of Labor, but since we have already devoted so much space to the subject we will defer the further consideration of it till some future time.

The Ten Hour Law of New Hampshire has been proved, as we anticipated, entirely insufficient to meet the demands of the case. Large numbers of the Operatives in the Factories refused to sign a special contract and were discharged. Some Mills, or parts of Mills were stopped; but they will soon fill up with fresh hands, and everything will go on as before.

But we do not admit that nothing has been gained. Far from it. A great principle has been acknowledged. The Representatives of the people of New Hampshire have decided that it is wrong to place human beings on a level with machinery, to be worked as long as may suit the interests of avaricious employers. The public mind has also been awakened to the importance of the subject, and much truth has been elicited by the discussions, which have been the consequence. One evidence of progress is found in the tone of the public press. A few years ago hardly a newspaper in the land spoke of the Ten Hour movement except in ridicule. Now we count the zealous advocates of the measure, among the conductors of the press, by hundreds. We have heretofore given many articles from papers in various sections of the Union, on the subject of Industrial Reform. We shall give others, as we can find room for them.

We will close by copying the following from the New York Tribune. We commend in a special manner to our Whig friends, as the Tribune is, we believe, pretty good authority with them.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—TEN HOUR LAW.

The Legislature of New Hampshire, as our readers are aware, has seen fit to enact, that from and after the 15th inst. ten hours' labor shall constitute a legal day's work, in the absence of an express agreement between the parties varying the terms. That we believe such a law eminently politic, beneficent and necessary, while others hold a contrary opinion, is also well known. We do not say that precisely ten hours should constitute a day's work under all circumstances; we think it probable that eleven hours for the four months from May to August inclusive, counterbalanced by nine only for November and the three succeeding months would be more satisfactory and advantageous for persons engaged in Agricultural employments in this latitude. This and the question of the precise number of hours are matters of detail; the vital principle contended for being the rightfulness and urgent expediency of a regulation and limitation of the Hours of Labor. That the usual day's work in many vocations, especially in the great manufactures, is generally too long, and that the exaction of twelve or thirteen hours' constant devotion to toil the year round is prejudicial to health and vigor, and often perilous to life, has, we believe, been abundantly established. Why, then, should such exactions be persisted in?

We are told, indeed, that working men can take care of themselves, and that legislation does not afford the proper remedy for the evils complained of. To this we answer if the laborers have really their free choice to work ten hours only or the twelve or thirteen usually required, there is nothing farther to be said if they choose badly. As to legislation, the friends of Labor Reform cheerfully admit that if the change they seek can be effected without the aid of law, they would prefer to have it so. But suppose the fact to be that the employers of labor in certain vocations say, "We choose to have our works kept in motion twelve to thirteen hours per day by the same hand, believing our interest will thereby be promoted. If the men who now work for us will not do our bidding in this re-

spect we will discharge them and hire others instead; and there are so many in want of employment that we shall have no difficulty in obtaining as many as we want, even though we see fit to exact fourteen hours' work per day—what is to be done? Shall private cupidly be permitted to overrule the dictates of public health, the claims of intellectual culture, and of social relaxation and enjoyment—to undermine the constitutions of the Laboring Class and visit disease and deformity on generations yet unborn? Can a respectable medical authority be cited who affirms the healthfulness, as to children and young women especially, of twelve to thirteen hours' constant and monotonous labor per day?

What benefit can result from such labor to compensate for its evils? The New Hampshire law is a poor affair in itself, but the ends it contemplates are good. We shall see how it is dealt with. We understand that, in anticipation of its taking effect, papers have been circulated through many of the mills and machine-shops soliciting the signatures of the workmen to a contract to labor as many hours as the employers think proper, or something to that effect. So far there is nothing objectionable. If a man chooses to agree to give as many dimes to the dollar, as many quarts to the bushel, or as many hours to the day as another man chooses to exact of him, we may think him a serf or a niny, but we have no right to interfere with his bargain. But if, as we have heard—we hope untruly—some of the employers or their agents are beating up for signatures with the avowal that all who do not give in shall be discharged, that puts a different face on the matter entirely. Should any such policy be pursued, it will indicate a necessity for a more stringent law, and ensure the passage of such a law.

PROTECTIVE UNION—NO. IV. As we have examined one branch of exchange and have seen the expense attending it, suppose we take a cursory glance at some others, for it must be remembered that the "Protective Union," when fully carried out, enters into not one only, but all branches of trade. A radical change is necessary. Let us then dig at the root, for in this way only can the evil be eradicated. Accustomed as we are to view them as individuals, in their isolated capacity—worshipping the "golden eagle, the silver dollar, and the copper cent"—each striving with all others in an honorable competition, we do not realize what a host are fattening on the bones and sinews of the industrial classes. Could the working men and women see the wealth amassed by those who never performed a day's useful labor in their lives; could they but see the army of useless exchangers arrayed before them in one solid phalanx, I think there would be but one mind pervading the working community, and that they all would see the necessity of a combination (on their part) to do their own exchanging.

But let us make a computation of the cost of some other branches of trade, beginning with the Dry Goods and Hosiery class. There are about forty stores of this class in Lowell. Their expenses, including rents, clerks, lighting, fuel, incidental expenses, (for they like to have things in pretty good shape), and their profits, added in cannot be less than \$80,000. Of variety and confectionary stores there are, I think something more than 125, some of which however are small, I will call them 100 the cost of sustaining which at a fair computation is about \$115,000. Think of this ye who are blessed with a "sweeter tooth." A pretty sum to spend for peppermints, sugar plums, rattles and wax babies! Then we have Hat, Shoe, Clothing, Book, Hardware, Provision, Furniture and Auctioneers, with a number of other kinds, amounting to about 125 these are pretty expensive, and require a great deal of cash to keep them in operation—we will say \$240,000, add to these the cost of Grocers and you have the enormous sum of \$570,000; were the "huge jaws" to save this, it would take but a few years to accumulate capital sufficient to buy every corporation in this city. But these are not all; we have quite a surplus of Druggists on hand. They would be missed no doubt, if three fourths of them were to leave, but I think the city would be none the less healthy. And last though not least, "for their name is legion," come the "Rum-sellers" a blighting curse to all around;—living upon the hard earnings of their besotted victims. The clinking of the "almighty dollar" drowns the cry of little ones fainting for bread, and the wail of the widow is not heard amid the uproar of bacchanals in their midnight orgies. Oh, who would be a rum-seller? Still the money expended on this class of exchangers is immense—their profits are enormous, and would swell the list thousands of dollars.

I have not enumerated in the above list those who have any visible means of support. The Shoe maker, the Hatter, the Tailor, the Miller and Mantua makers, &c., &c.; each can show some specimen of their craft. The articles exposed for sale by them exhibit signs of their industry and skill. Not so with the mere exchanger. He has wares for sale, but they were wrought by other hands than his. Are they silks, woollens, sugar, rice, iron, or steel; each can tell a tale of want and privation, and of industry ill requited. While the careless salesman tells his stereotyped

story of "We cannot afford them for anything less." "We cost you so much." "We sell them to you at a wholesale sacrifice," forgetting (if he ever knew) that while his tongue runs on so glibly the only sacrifice there is about it being made over again by those who wrought the delicate fabrics, toil on a plantation, or else in the bowels of the earth or over a smelting furnace.

Let us see how this system works with goods of our own domestic manufacture.—Hats, for instance. There are no less than twenty places (probably more) in Lowell where they are kept for sale, and but three where they are manufactured, at most of these stores they keep other goods, shoes, gloves, cravats, &c., still these goods pass through their hands, not a wite the better for it, the prices enhanced, and for what, pray? To support a set of men who are either too lazy or proud to perform any manual labor. They do not wish to be considered as common hatters or shoemakers. There is quite a difference between Mr. Stiggins the shoemaker and Mr. Stiggins who keeps the great shoe store. In truth there is. Give me the honesty of Crispin he'll 'your' or 'boss,' for all these delicate whispermers of prettiness to the ladies,—but it does cost a 'heap' of money to support these uncommon men.

Let us look again, Mr. A., the exchanger, buys of Mr. B., the manufacturer, one dozen hats for forty-eight dollars, Mr. A. takes them over to his store, Mr. C. calls in fifteen minutes afterwards and buys one of these hats and pays five dollars for it, or at the rate of sixty dollars per dozen. Is the hat worth one dollar more by being moved across the street into the store of a man who knows no more about making it than a Hittentot? No, yet I have seen this done repeatedly.

Again Mr. C. cannot purchase a single hat of Mr. B. the Manufacturer any cheaper than he can of Mr. A. the exchanger. Why so? Because he would lose the custom of Mr. A. and the proprietors of other hat stores. Thus these go-betweeners are an obstacle in the way of both the consumer and the domestic manufacturer. In this is seen the necessity of bringing the different branches of home industry into the "Union" as far as possible, to overturn the present rotten institution of exchange, and it will be done if the working men are only true to themselves. P.

We are happy to call the attention of our readers, whom we consider pledged to a candid examination of the principles of every Reform, to the subject of the Water-cure, and to the Lowell Water-cure House, by publishing the following communication, which has just been handed to us, with the promise of "a few more of the same sort."

LOWELL WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT.

MR. EDITOR: For the benefit of such of your readers as are now sick or ever expect to be—I wish to say a word or two about the Cold Water Cure, and especially of the Cold Water Establishment in Drauz, (only a few moments walk from this city) recently opened and now in successful operation.

Probably all of your readers know something about the Water Cure—they know doubtless that it is not effected by the application of blisters or smug doses of calomel, under its various names, but how it is effected they may not know, though they have the books before them. There is generally a wrong impression in regard to the temperature of the water used—it is thought to be always cold, and, to weak, nervous and despondent patients the idea is terribly chilling.

But let me inform such that they will hardly know what cold water is until they shall prefer it to any other. The temperature of the water will, in all or nearly all cases be adapted to the vital strength of the patient—all are not required to use water of the same temperature. Warm water, even, is used, when cold water will not do as well or better. In a word it is designed to make the different baths as pleasant and agreeable to the patient as is consistent with the most rapid recovery. But perhaps nothing is so much dreaded as the wet sheet. This, this is the great scourge of the "Cure." Only say wet sheet to many and they will begin to chatter and shiver as though they had met with a furious attack from the cold Northwest. To be sure, when the cold sheet first touches you the sensations are rather lively, just enough to make it exceedingly pleasant, after you get comfortably warm, which will not be more than three or four minutes. But after you do get warm, if you do not have a delicious fore-taste of the celestial joy which is in store for Earth's miserable millions, "sit me down"—something very absurd.

Never have I seen so near the "upper skirt" as when snugly packed up in a wet sheet—scarcely it is the ne plus ultra of earthly pleasures. And then the bath which follows the "wet sheet" he it a plunge, a drench, "hot bath," "flow bath," or "sponge," no matter, they are each "first best" to the one who is enjoying them—they leave you so much invigorated—so much stronger that you can hardly make yourself believe you are not well—or that you ever were sick. And after a bath—especially the morning bath—how welcome is the fresh out-door—and the cool, sharp breeze that come frisking about. In five, there is nothing but pleasure, pleasure all day long, and when 't'night lets fall her sable

curtain' you dream yourself in paradise playing with the water nymphs—and when the morning comes again—the early morning—the alarm bell wakes you from your sweet dream—to a yet sweeter reality—which of ever glorious "wet sheet."

I thought when I began this article I would say something about the Cold Water House in Drauz—but will wait till next week when you may expect to hear again from Your Friend, H. DRO.

Correspondence of the Voice. W. Conn., Sept. 1847.

FRIEND JAQUES: In forwarding the names of two subscribers to the Voice, permit me to remark that the seeming apathy manifested by the working men in general, concerning such views as are articulated to elevate and ennoble them, exhibits itself most in the meagre support given to such papers as yours—a support inadequate to give them the strong vital energy they should possess. Oh, fellow-workmen; when will you awake from your slumbers, and know your rights—your high privileges? How long shall the false influences of civilization keep you bound in a state of mental lethargy—so far as your best and dearest interests are concerned?

Subscribers to the Voice, will you not, each and all, try to arouse at least one piece, by getting your most hopeful friend to subscribe for the Voice or some other Reform paper? Should we all try to do our best, I am sure we should be casting our bread on the waters, that it might return many days hence. Come, brother subscribers, let each of us resolve to do that we will add one more subscriber to the list of the Voice within a month, and it is done. Who can tell the good that might come from such an effort? Then

"Be patient, O, be patient, put your against the earth, Listen there how noiselessly the germ of the seed has birth; How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way, Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands up in the day."

Yours, &c., in the hope of "the good time coming." A.

Our warm-hearted and earnest friend has our thanks for the words and the deeds through which he has manifested his interest in the "good cause." But he asks not, and needs not our thanks. He has his reward. He has only recognized the bond of union which makes the real interests of each, the interest of all.—But these words of sympathy and encouragement—and we almost daily receive them—inspire us with higher hopes and a firmer faith, and make us strong "to labor and to wait." By and by we shall reap if we faint not. In the mean time, we are content to "live on faith" and—Graham crackers! The food of John the Baptist, who is called in the Book the "Voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord," was locusts and wild honey. When the Christ came, he came eating and drinking;" so when he shall come again, and manifest himself in a true Society, we shall reap the fruits of our labor, and abundance shall crown the board of every son and daughter of Earth.

A MUSICAL DIET.

We cut the following from the Yankee Blade. Who is prepared to say that "novel ideas" broached by the writer in the Harbinger are not correct? Why should they not be,

"For the world was built in order, And the atoms march in tune. Blime the pipe, and Time the warden, Cannot forget his sin, the moon."

A writer in the Harbinger on Vegetable Diet has broached some novel ideas on the subject of harmonious dietetics. The idea of dining dietetically, or chronometrically, is certainly a very pleasing one, and we should think that a harmonic course of eating would be very favorable to digestion. The Harbinger writer says:—

"We might distribute the various aliments in a series of octaves. As the contiguous notes mark discord in music, so do the contiguous elements in the scale of savors, or of organic adaptations indicated by the savors. Corn-bread and Wheat bread are like Do, Re; they make together a very inharmonious break; digest with difficulty, and are apt to cause flatulence. Either of these, however, or other farinaceous substance combined with an oil as butter or cream, and as sweet as honey, syrup, the fig or the grape, form a harmonic, delicious and wholesome group. Apples and pears, or other contiguous species of fruits eaten together; make similar discords, while they accord with bread and nuts. In our pie and puddings we have empirically discovered many harmonic groups."

GERRIT SMITH ON SECTARIANISM. This is a pamphlet of 88 pages. It takes high ground against the exclusiveness and illiberality of the Sects and in favor of the Unity of the Church. Its doctrine is that the Church, in its broadest sense, embraces all Christians, and that the local Church of a given community is composed of all the Christians of that community, irrespective of names and creeds, whether enrolled on Church books or not.

BOSTON SUBSCRIBERS who are indebted for the Voice can pay Mr. Bell March No. 25 Cornhill. He is authorized to receive money and give receipts.

PARABLES.

Translated from the German of Lessing. THE FOX AND THE RAVEN. The fox saw that the raven plundered the altars of the gods, and parboiled the sacrifices. Upon this he thought within himself: I should like well to know whether the raven has part in the offerings, because he is a prophetic bird; or whether men deem him a prophetic bird because he is impudent enough to share the offerings of the gods.

THE RAVEN AND THE FOX. Name to me one animal so skillful that I cannot imitate him, said the fox, boasting, to the fox. The fox replied: and name thou to me, one so insignificant that it would occur to him to imitate thee.

THE RAVEN. The raven observed that the eagle brooded thirty days over his eggs. That is the reason, without doubt, said he, that the young of the eagle become so strong and all-seeing. God! that will I do also. Since that time the raven has always brooded thirty days over his eggs; but has never yet hatched anything but miserable ravens.

THE GREEK SLAVE—A WORD TO THE LADIES.—The Editor of the Spirit of the Nineteenth Century, in an article on the Greek Slave, whippers the following good advice in the ears of his fair readers. We repeat the whispered words to our fair readers.

"Think! think! you in the habit of light being? If yes—then go to once and gaze upon the faultless symmetry of the "Greek Slave," and improve your understanding and your taste. Go, and learn what constitutes the mystery of female beauty. Gaze upon that matchless being, which never knew the torture of "braces," stays! and other horrid implements of female disfigurement. Go and gaze upon a divine development of womanly beauty!—And having done this, for all future time, keep your beautiful waists uncramped, unfettered, unconfined. Let nature's life blood flow freely and undisturbed through all her channels. Thus shall the pale cheek glow again with freshness—thus shall health sparkle lustrely again from those too early dimmed and sunken eyes."

TO CORRESPONDENTS. A. A. of W. Ct. If twenty or thirty Subscribers can be obtained in your place, I presume the arrangement you speak of can be made. I will mention your offer to M. E.

H. S. S. of B. N. Y. We will do as you desire. You will see by our terms that we send five copies for \$3.00.

J. C. of B. Pa. Your communication shall appear next week.

A. F. of W. Mass. We will publish the "Constitution for a free State" in our next number. If written we forbear to make any remarks on the subject.

Our Correspondents must be patient. Our paper is small and we must again request all who write for it, to make their articles as brief as the nature of the case will admit.—Give us the privilege of writing all the long, full articles.

LOVE.

A lady poetess, writing about her love, says: "He drew

With one long kiss, my whole soul through My lips, as sunlight drieth dew."

"I have also been going the rounds of the papers, copied in some cases with a vulgarity which we do not choose to reprint. It is from the pen of Alfred Tennyson, and not from that of any lady poetess." He repeats, as speaking, one to whom love is something more than a school-girl's dream—is an intense and all-absorbing passion. The following is the stanza from which the lines above quoted are taken.

Last night when I was one who spoke his name, My soul was blood that went and came A legend and his study of flame. Were shivered in my marrow frame. O Love, O love, O love he drew With one long kiss my whole soul thro' My lips, as sunlight drieth dew."

ESSEX TRANSCRIPT. This paper, which is published at Amesbury, Mass., has passed into the hands of D. F. Morrill, as Editor and Publisher. We wish our friend and brother, in the cause of man's Social Redemption, abundant success in his new vocation. We commend the Transcript to the friends of human Freedom and Progress. Mr. Morrill is a true friend of the "millions" and will plead the cause of Humanity with that earnestness which comes from a thorough conviction. The terms of the Transcript are \$1.50 per annum.

A PRETTY CHALLENGE. The editor of the Philadelphia Galaxy received the following lines, from some fair one.

Ferns! A giddy, tripping girl, For once to fill your poet's corner; She begs not how the lines may start, Of text or meaning, nor how they She begs in print her lines to see, Oblige her, (sure you can't refuse it.) And if you find her out, your fate Shall be to—KISS HER—if you choose it. KATE.

THE AMERICAN PNEUMOLOGICAL JOURNAL, for October is received. It contains an article on Association, about which we may have something to say in a future number.

