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### THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY,

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See Prospectus on the last page.

### POETRY.

To feel the beautiful, to say the true—  
To look with loving Hope for what is coming—

These are  
A poet's duties; he who doth them not,  
Is none. *Calder Campbell.*

### TO THE BELOVED

I am close beside thee, dearest—  
Dumbly meekly thy white arms throug;

'Tis my heart's heart thou hast, dearest,  
Dearest leaning with thine own—

Yet all I feel is dimming,  
Thy bright soul with shadowy fears—

And thy bright eyes now are swimming,  
Brimming with thy glowing tears.

Will me dear one why thou moanest—  
'Tis that thou dost my love for thee?

Canst thou doubt that my love returneth?  
Canst thou doubt that my love returneth?

Ernest trusting love for me?  
Ernest trusting love for me?

'Tis the dream of poets missing  
That our angel souls we teach;

For our lives we are transferring  
Loving each one to us in each.

In the well depth of our feeling—  
In the home of endless truth—

Who have hushed our lips revealing,  
Singing its eternal youth.

Twine thine arms my love around me—  
Lay thy bosom close to mine!

I think God that thou hast bound me,  
Bound me in this love as thou art!

DOUGLASS.

### MISCELLANY.

From the Habington.

#### BALLAD VALE.

Messrs. Editors:—Those signs of the

times which have a direct bearing on the

principles we advocate, and illustrate their justice,

practicality of application and general soundness

are particularly valuable as indispensable

proofs that our idea of *Industry* is not a

mere Utopian fancy, but a reality becoming

every day more evident and tangible;—that it

has a broad and natural foundation in the pre-

sent order of society however bad it may ap-

pear,—that Civilization is elaborating in its

own way, slowly but surely, though uncer-

tainly, the elements of a new order, and is

struggling with its load of sin and misery,

without compass and without guide, on a

rough and treacherous road, towards the same

goal to which Social Science points the way

through a straight, flowery and well-lighted

path.

Knowing by my own experience how much

every movement and tendency of things tends

towards the true state of society strengthening

the faith of Associations, sustains their courage

and stimulates them to new efforts and

sacrifices in the good cause, I feel, if my duty,

and a most pleasant one it is, to record, my

impressions of Ballard Vale and the interest-

ing scene I witnessed there.

This place, long known in the mercantile

world by the superiority of its fabrics, has,

through the practical skill and judicious man-

agement of its proprietors, without the ups

and downs of trade and of tariffs, realized for

them large fortunes, which of course seek in-

vestment in new branches of useful industry.

Last spring, was laid the foundation of an ex-

tensive machine shop and factory, which is

now already in operation under the able su-

perintendance of that practical and scientific

mechanic, I. S. HILL, formerly of Salem.

With the advantages and facilities which

abundant capital intelligently applied can pro-

duce, the results of the enterprise cannot fail

to prove highly satisfactory.

Mr. JOHN BALLARD, Jr., the principal

owner and master spirit of the place, is what

in Associative language would be called a

Natural Chief, and any one acquainted with

the comprehensiveness of the term will readily understand the multiplicity of functions, knowledge, adaptations, mental qualifications, and moral virtues a man must possess to occupy such a position. "Nature," (says the author of the *New Industrial World*) "produces mainly soldiers and few chiefs."

The latter are the exception, and to them it evidently belongs to fulfil the highest mission of this age, the ORGANIZATION OF LABOR.

The elegant illustration of the Gentleman I had thus particularly described, is surrounded with delightful gardens, orchards and ornamental grounds, which with the greenhouse are under the special care of our friend Kilsenrath. All these vegetable beauties, which in most places are shut out of view by high walls, and reserved for the exclusive enjoyment of a favored few, are here accessible to any decent visitor, and all times to the female operatives; flowers and fruit are freely given, and can be had for the asking; but this generosity is no protection in a world a re-

bour. The subversive adage that "stealer thief tastes sweeter" is yet so firmly rooted in this land of steady habits, and even within sound of the theological bell of Andover, that occasionally some pet par or peach tree exhibits in the morning a most heartily account of empty branches.

The farm also gives evident signs of superior management, and reminds you of the perfect agriculture of Old England, with this difference, that the men who do the work are well paid and well fed.

I understand that several of the factory overseers have an interest in the profits, that this policy will be pursued more extensively and so far as consistent with the successful prosecution of the work. Mr. Marland wishes every man, woman and child he employs to have an interest in his establishments; but to associate a mass of operatives is not the work of a day but of years. First of all they must understand what Association is and wish for it. Were they offered to exchange fixed wages for a minimum and a certain share of net profits, a majority of them would not appreciate the boon and would refuse it. The whole truth must be told. There are yet on the place a few of those unfortunate victims of the manufacturing system of England, men so far below par and behind the age as to call the law of Massachusetts which requires children employed in manufacturing to attend school three months in the year, a tyrannical violation of their rights. Contrivances of this description are past redemption and doomed to die in their sleep. Meritless they and their dependents are most formidable obstacles and stumbling blocks in the way of progress.

The disposition to elevate the operatives is no new thing here; in order to improve their condition, land has been sold and money lent to them on long credit to construct cottages, so that they might enjoy the comforts, secure this happy influence of a home. But these humane arrangements, which have made of Ballard Vale a well-regulated manufacturing village, are to be carried farther, and keep pace with the rapid increase of population.

Comfortable boarding-houses on a large scale are in process of construction; a hall for public meetings and lectures, a reading-room and library, also a church are, in contemplation, and will be done the first thing, all at the expense of the companies, so that the denunciations of reformers about capitalists piling heats of burthen of the workers, and keeping them in ignorance, though perhaps true of Lowell or Manchester, will not apply here at all, and for good reasons. The stockholders of Ballard Vale are few in number, live on the premises, direct the work themselves, and being personally acquainted with every operative they employ, cannot help noticing and rewarding in some way the skill, faithfulness and moral worth of individuals. The owners of the Lowell factories, on the contrary, are many, scattered all over the country, and continually changing; most of them probably have never seen the inside of a cotton mill, and do not dream of the amount of talent and life-consuming toil by which their dividends are made so fat. The management is entrusted to agents and overseers, who being responsible only to a stock-holding corporation, become in turn petty tyrants and tools of oppression.

In order to elevate the operatives of the

large machine shop and the introduction of an important branch of industry, a hall was given by the proprietors, at which all the inhabitants of the village were invited and many friends from the neighboring cities. Over twelve hundred persons assembled in the second story of the new building, forming a hall two hundred feet long, tastefully decorated, and lighted; the music was capital. On the third story was spread a table occupying the whole length and loaded with an abundance of the choicest fruit and substantial, enough to satisfy any number of Grahamites and cannibals. Lemonade as plenty as if the Sea had already undergone the transformation prophesied by the great Fourier. As could be expected, the company was a most varied mixture, and therein consisted the principal novelty and beauty of the festival. All classes were represented, from the milkmaid down to the humblest hod carrier, meeting on this occasion as equals on the broad platform of usefulness. The dance was opened by Mr. and Mrs. Marland, and kept up with spirit until twelve o'clock. The best social feeling pervaded this assemblage of employers and employees, rich and poor, learned and ignorant. I wish that all the wisest men of the country who talk about the impossibility of improving the working classes had been there to witness the correct, and I may say refined department of most of these sons and daughters of labor, when unfeeling and useless wranglings often designate as *factory bugs*.

On seeing the general air of decency and happiness especially exhibited by the female operatives I could not help remarking how very powerful and elastic is human nature; nothing it seems, can depress it so low out that it will rebound and assert its original dignity. Most of those assembled work twelve or thirteen hours per day week after week at a monotonous employment, and still they have courage to sing, to laugh, to dress prettily, to dance and well too. Where and when they have learned this and many other things, nobody knows. What may we not therefore hope to see when the sacredness of labor, of attractions, of passions, shall be understood and recognized by those who now regulate the industrial arrangements of the world; when means shall be provided to develop from the cradle the native faculties of every child; when education shall be universal, integral and unitary; when woman, raised to her social position, shall no longer debase out her life at the wash tub, round a cooking stove, her mind absorbed by a multiplicity of petty domestic cares; or waste her youth, health and beauty in tending looms and spinning frames for a more precarious living; when every human being shall like the beaver, follow his destiny, doing only the kind of work for which all wise creator has expressly fitted him? Then what severity, what riches, security, and exhaustless means of enjoyment for all!

This festival might be viewed as a faint fore-shadowing of those of the harmonious period, for there was the number and variety of materials to form a complete Phalanx; capital in abundance, mind to direct, skill of every description, and none and sinew in any quantity. It was a good modulation in the tone of friendship. Why then, it will be asked, cannot men harmonize to-morrow, the day after and forever as well as the night of a ball? The answer is easy: Friendship, which was the key note at the ball, is one only of the twelve passions which compose the human soul, and the only one to which the present order allows any considerable harmonious development. The eleven others also imperiously demand satisfaction, and seeking it in a social effort not yet adapted to their free action produce discord and all the frightful evils that afflict the world; the Social organization or Association alone can satisfy and equilibrate all these passions and harmonize them in the field, in the shop, and in all the relations of life just as well as friendship harmonize at the festival. Civilization has given birth to arts and sciences, it can sow and wealth, assemble large numbers of men and women, keep them at work, collect the materials, build vast establishments, but can go no farther. The combined order alone can crystallize all these elements into an harmonious unity, greatly increase their power of production and make them sources of happiness for

the individual and for the mass. To conclude, this place is in every point of view most promising, and no where have I seen so little friction. To agitate the subject of labor reform there would I think do more harm than good, for it might by creating discontent and irritation among the workers hinder the proprietors from carrying out their benevolent purposes and plans of improvement. These gentlemen are the best judges of what is practicable or premature.

I will keep you informed of the growth of this precious exotic from the land of promise; every bud shall be noticed as it blooms; and may the noble souls who have planted it live to taste of its fruit and enjoy the glorious reward of their humanity in "the good time coming."

Ballard Vale, Sept. 25, 1847.

### A DAY IN GREECE.

Each day is unvarying in its occupations and amusements; for each day the gorgeous sunrise bursts into life with the same sublime pageant at its birth, and we must never fail to wake while still the soft night hovers on piling wings over the weary world it has lulled to slumber, that we may go out and look from some favorable point on a spectacle so beautiful.

We must watch the first faint glow stealing over the far-distant shadowy isle of Egina, that seems to heave upon the bosom of the waters as though quivering with rapture-legend the smile of the morning; and see in breathless admiration how the pure light of new-born day, gliding from wave to wave, carries its bright presence over that blue shimmering ocean, and onward comes, sweeping the plains with its golden robes till even the waving of the dark olive groves in the breeze looks like the rising and falling of a silver sea.

And then, advancing still, the infant rays illuminate that old Acropolis, so distant, though nothing on the unbroken plain can hide it from our view; and straightway the noble Parthenon starts into life, each glittering column defined against the clear blue sky, as though with a magic touch the sunbeams had but just created it! A few minutes more, and the great mountain which overshadows us itself is clothed in sunlight, and not only the darkness is a thing that was and is not, but we can scarce believe that ever it shall be again!

This unrivalled sight must be seen every day; and every day the indispensable siesta must legally these hours when the world seems to hang breathless in the burning air, subdued into utter lifelessness by the tremendous noon-day sun, at the very hour when it is wont to be most busy and bustling; and when at last the day is waning, and the sun has drawn down that terrible sun to its breast, alluring it with the semblance in its depths of a heaven still fairer than the fair reality, joyfully welcoming the darkness in which there is no gloom—what better can we do than mount our horses and ride to a certain height on the trackless mountain, where first we meet the cool breath of the night as it comes sighing for the departed day?

Nor can we vary the long vigil on the terrace, or the roof of the house, during those weary hours of unpeopled repose, when we sit watching the mighty constellations, those hieroglyphics of the skies, as they unroll one by one their glittering scrolls, or track the flight of the wandering stars, the bright voyagers from heaven, as they traverse the spheres of their mysterious errands.

It is thus that the days flit by in the summer homes of Greece. There is so little variation that we should scarcely mark the flight of time, but for the ever-working nature that replaces the wild scarlet anemones with the pomgranate blossoms which seems to inherit their bloom, and these again with the starlike myrtle flowers and light gleander.

A DISCREET NARRATOR.—"Mother wants to know if you won't please to lend her your preserving kettle, because as how she wants to preserve?"

"We would with pleasure, boy; but the truth is, the last time we loaned it to your mother she preserved it so effectually that we have never seen it since."

"Well, you needn't be sorry about your old kettle. Guess it was full of holes when we borrowed it, and mother wouldn't trouble you again, only we see'd you bringing home a new one."

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.  
To marry or not to marry! that is the question.  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The warts and moles of a lovely bachelor,  
Or to declare against these vexing evil,  
And by marrying, and then? My love—no wed  
No more—and, by this act, to say we wed  
The heart-ache and the thousand other ills  
The lover is heir to—is a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To love—to wed,  
To wed, perchance, a shrew! As there's the way  
For in our married state what was may come  
When we've renounced our single dearest  
Must give us pause. This is the thing  
That makes calumny of married life.  
For who would bear the sneers and jests of girls,  
The beam's contempt, 'old woman's company,  
The legacy of sleepless nights and sighing days,  
That he who weds a wife is doomed to suffer?  
When he so quickly might delirious grin  
By a bare wedding. Who would witness be  
And pine and murmur in a single life,  
But the dread of something after marriage,  
That unadvised country folk whose burning  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather lose those things we have,  
Than to others we know not of.  
Thus scolding wife, and words of woe,  
And thus our painful lot of making matches,  
Is damped all, except by the fear of yokes;  
And may a few-peck'd husband's pains do warn us  
To shun the fatal step which ruined him,  
And thus we go unmarried. *IN Y. Spring.*

DEVISAS AND THE POSTMASTER.—"Hillo! Mister Postmaster, and is there a letter here for Dennis O'Flanagan?" inquired the identical Dennis himself, as he rode up to the floor of a certain Post-office in Ohio.

"I believe there is," replied the Postmaster, stepping back and producing the letter at the door.

"And will ye be so kind as to read it for me, seein' I had the misfortune to be educated to read niver a bit in the world," humbly asked Dennis.

"To be sure, sir," said the accommodating Postmaster. He opened the epistle and read, with a good deal of difficulty, three very interesting pages concerning Dennis' folks affairs, in old Ireland—the same Dennis, with both legs turned on the same side of the saddle, listening all the while with becoming meekness and gratitude.

"Much obliged to yer honor, for troubling yourself and consumin' yer valuable time with the like of me and mine; how much might be the postage on my letter?"

"Fifty cents, sir."

"A very reasonable price for such a comfortin' letter, but as I could niver think of axin' your worship to credit the like of me, ye may just keep the letter for the pay."

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XI.—This king appears to have been outwitted by an astrologer who had foretold that a lady whom he loved would die in eight days, which took place.

The unlucky prophet was ordered before the king, and on a sign to be thrown out of the window. "You who pretend to be such a wise man," said the king, "knowing so well the fate others, tell me this moment what will be your own, and how long you have to live."

Whether the fellow guessed his fate, or had been threatened by the messengers, he replied, without testifying any fear, "I shall die just three days before your Majesty." The king upon this, was not in the smallest hurry to enter the prophet out of the window, but, on the contrary, took particular care to let him want for nothing and to make him live as long as possible.

ANECDOTE OF TAYLOR.—Taylor, the occultist, dining with the barristers upon the Oxford circuit; having related many wonderful things which he had done, was asked by Barrister, a little out of humor with his self-conceit, "Pray, chevalier, as you have told us a good many things which you have done, and can do, will you be so good as to tell us something which you cannot do?" "Nothing," replied Taylor, "I cannot pay my share of the dinner bill, and that, sir, is what you do to."

Plato says truly—"We graduate to God, attached to him who is the average beauty, by the loving and rational instinct of our nature. But just as the bodies placed on the surface of our earth do only gravitate towards the sun all together, and as the attraction of the earth, in so to say, only the centre of their mutual attraction; so we gravitate spiritually to God, by the intervention of humanity."

# 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.

D. H. JAKUES, EDITOR.

W. F. YOUNG, W. T. G. PEIRCE, Regular Contributors.

LOWELL.

FRIDAY MORNING, OCT. 29, 1847.

## TEN HOUR CONTROVERSY.

The *Dorset Enquirer*, commenting on an article in the *New York Tribune*, on the Ten Hour Law says: "The *Tribune*, if we recollect the tenor of its article, does not entertain a very high opinion of the law itself: it pronounced it, we think, a 'poor affair'—but it is disposed to censure those manufacturing establishments which choose to pay no other attention to it than to make such contracts (2) with those in their employ as the necessities of the case and their mutual interests and convenience dictate."

In reply to this the *Tribune* holds the following language:

"We have not condemned the making of contracts for working a greater number of hours per day than ten, where each party is left freely to contract, as the law evidently contemplates. But if, as is represented, the laborers have the contracts presented for their signature, under peril of ejection from employment if they see fit to refuse, while a secret agreement among the employers of the entire State, and with others out of the State, binds each not to employ any who refuse to sign a contract to work as many hours per day as the employers see fit to exact, then it seems clear that the law is evaded and subverted; and it appears to us that such conduct deserves stern reprobation, whether from those who believe the objects of the law salutary as we do, or who dislike them, as the *Enquirer* would seem to do."

In reply to the assertion that manufacturing establishments in one State must run as long as those in another, or they cannot run at all without loss to stockholders, the *Tribune* says:

"No, my friend! your *must* is very positive, but it is confuted by mountains of experience. Robert Owen ran a whole village of cotton-mills for some twenty years, working only ten hours per day, while his neighbors and competitors all around ran from twelve to sixteen yet he made money as fast as any of them—made all he wished. The same experiment has been tried a thousand times in a thousand ways, and with a uniform result. Great Britain is now trying it by a law imperatively forbidding more than eleven hours' work in a day in factories during the present year, or more than ten hours after this year. Does anybody believe her manufacturers will be ruined under this law by American, German, and French rivalry? We are confident that nearly as much work would be accomplished in ten hours as in twelve or thirteen, while a great saving would be effected in lights, fuel, &c. You can't get more work out of a man than there is in him; and if ten hours' active, faithful labor per day is enough, the protracting the hours of toil to twelve to thirteen will effect no good purpose. It is just like giving workmen liquor in order to extract work from them; for a few days it may seem to answer; but after that the liquor only serves to extort as much work as was formerly done without it, and hardly that. "Enough is as good as a feast;" to obtain more for a series of years is morally impossible. And beside, does not the *Enquirer* see that its argument proves, if anything, that, whenever the employers of Massachusetts, Rhode Island or any other State shall see fit to exact from their hands eighteen hours' labor per day, it will be absolutely necessary for those of New Hampshire to follow their example?"

## PROTECTIVE UNION—NO. VIII.

Having examined the present false system of trade and its cure, I beg leave to introduce two subjects intimately connected with the well-being of the working classes and therefore should be taken into consideration by the members of the 'Protective Union.' I mean the present mode of renting Dwellings, Shops, &c., and the manner in which our laborers and mechanics do business.

Rents we all know are extravagantly high in our cities and large towns, and the poor man is obliged to take up with an uncommodiously small amount of room for an uncommodiously large amount of money. Queer creatures are these landlords—regular cast iron fellows, with "india rubber consciences." They are as voracious as sharks, have capacious maws, holding any amount of the "here, no matter if be the first earnings of the orphan, or the last of the widow; they cannot find it in their hearts (I think I mean) to refuse it. Now I regard it as better to get rid of these characters, which can be done in two ways. The first and best is to join the National Reformers, "Vote yourself a farm," and use your individual and united efforts to stop the sale of public lands, unless to actual settlers. The next is to form Joint Stock Companies, purchase tracts of land from fifty to one hundred acres, divide them into lots so that each can

have a share, not to speculate, but to "live upon." In this way you can get a comfortable cottage with a fine garden, attached to a few miles out of town, cheaper than you can buy a seven by nine 'building spot' in the city.

In conversation, a few days since with a friend whose honesty, intelligence and long experience in building is a sufficient guarantee of his knowledge of this business I asked, "How much less can the lumber be bought for a hundred houses than for a single one?" He answered, "About ten per cent." "What was the difference in the work of a hundred than of one?" "About ten per cent." I then asked if it would be cheaper to have a large number of dwellings under one roof, he answered, "of course it would a great deal cheaper," saying in the whole about thirty per cent.

How much better it would be for rent payers to have comfortable houses of their own than to be dooped up in the stifled, unhealthy, inconveient dwellings which are most common in our cities. But it may be argued that it is not possible for the laboring classes to rise so far from their work, it would be rather a hard case if obliged to walk, but then railroads are so plenty it would be an easy matter to have a settlement of this kind located near one, and the fare would be a mere trifle compared to the enormous amounts paid for rents. I know it looks chimerical to some of my honest hard-fisted brother workmen who have been toiling hard year in and year out and can hardly make "buckle and strap meet." And I know too that it is much easier talking and writing than doing, but still it can be done. Perhaps not in one or two years but with frugality and the saving by dropping the present tiger system of trade, a few years will accomplish it. I understand that a very pretty cottage can be built for less than six hundred dollars, even as high as lumber is now, and by merely taking enough to build a single one. By buying a large amount of lumber and having them built upon "joint stock principles" most any poor man at the end of five years can have a house of his own over his head.

Let us contrast the above with the present mode of building houses for the poor. Mr. Jones a journeyman Blacksmith has by working hard and faring hard ten years, laid by six or eight hundred dollars, and has a desire to have "a bit" of his own. Upon learning that Mr. Snooks a speculator hastens to, and informs him that he has a piece of land which is "just the thing," there is to be such and such improvements made, perhaps a court house one side, a poor house the other, a jail in front and State prison in the rear, and a "smart chance" for a grave yard in the distance. Well upon the whole, Jones thinks it a bargain and they "strike up a trade." Snooks takes all of Jones' money for the land and agrees to build him a house on it and take a mortgage of house and land for security. When it is finished Jones moves into it and imagines it his own, he keeps at work busy as ever, hoping by honest industry to get clear of debt, by and by sickness or some other unforeseen misfortune overtakes him or his family, and the poor fellow cannot meet his payments, he goes to Snooks and tells him that circumstances over which he had no control prevents him from meeting his demands and asks for "further time." Snooks is inexorable. He tells him of his wife and babes how they must suffer if he takes his ALL from him. But Snooks, Shylock like demands his 'pound of flesh.' 'Alas! there is no higher earthly power near to stay his hand by fixing a penalty on a 'single drop of blood.' He is turned 'out of house and home,' no chance for redress if true. This is not an idle dream, but it is a true picture of thousands of our honest and industrious workmen. Let every workingman join or help form a joint stock company, and in a few short years their fondest hopes (if they be not too much) will be realized.

I shall be under the necessity of postponing the subject of joint ownership in business on account of the length of this article until next week.

Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy, six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt do no manner of work, thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, &c.

## TO THE PRINCIPAL OVERSEERS OF THE MIDDLESEX CORPORATION.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS: Permit an humble individual, through the medium of the press, to say a few words to you upon a very important subject, and while I do so, while I step from the sphere of retirement to appear before the gaze of the public, I wish to tread in the steps of him who was "Meek and lowly in heart." You are aware that the above command was given from Sinai under very imposing circumstances, especially for the Jews; but it was no more binding upon the Israelites, than its observance is incumbent upon us, for "cursed is every one that con- tineth not to do them." This is language ap- plicable to all, but I am speaking to those who are overseers over some of Christ's flock, and who the apostle says should be "ex- ous and devotedness to the cause of him they profess to love but how can you be such an-

less your feet walk according to the "law and the testimony," how can you exhort us to consistency of character, (we who compose your classes) while you are notoriously dis- crating the Sabbath. This is no heinous, no atrocious crime, but the works revoltingly con- trary to your avowed doctrine, and under that of a Son, while you were ostensibly worshipping in the "Great Congregation." You afford a license and a precedent for others to do the same; you sanction such conduct by your inpropriety. Is it in order to be rich with worldly riches, rest assured, that God will not prosper the work of your hands, "riches make to themselves wings and fly away." "Money ill gotten, is soon spent," and 'what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Besides all this, the Divine Being will punish you in this world, "that he knoweth his masters will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes." "He will by no means clear the guilty." I say nothing of the Agent, "for where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." "But you, if you have put on Christ, ye ought also to walk with him in newness of life." However, you are pur- suing a course, which will inevitably bring down the curse of God upon the city; here, a volume might be written to show how the Deity has, in divers manners; scourged na- tions, expressly for their disregard of his Sab- bath. Therefore, it is a duty you owe to the city, to those by whom you are surrounded, to the church, and to God, to renounce at once this nefarious practice, and remember, that in keeping God's commands there is a great reward. But if you persist in driving your machines on the Lord's day, your course is a short one. Demons will rejoice, while angels will weep over the oboloury of your hearts; the church will lament your loss and the Infidelity you the sceptic will laugh and the Infidelity will say ha, ha—so would we have it. May the great head of the Church keep you and preserve you by his Grace, and make you more like himself, and his name shall be glorified. MIDDLESEX.

Lovell, Oct. 25th, 1847.  
Correspondence of the Voice.  
BOSTON, Oct. 16, 1847.  
MR. EDITOR:—A week ago to-day I left the "City of Spindles" for Portland in com- pany with one who was formerly an Associate in factory life, but who is now the Editor of a work just issued, called the *New Eng- land Offering*. I need not speak of the merits of the work as you have done justice in this respect, but perhaps a mention in my letter might be the means of extending it further, as the notice of that glass from which it emanates, as your paper has so large a circulation among those in the mills. It is my great pleasure to see any effort made to elevate that class to which it is my lot to belong. The time is not, probably, far distant when we shall have more time for mental improvement. Observation and years of experience in the mills has taught me that knowledge cannot progress among us, as a class, until there is a Reform.

But to return, we took a stage rout from Lovell to Boston and that we might have a better view of Autumn beauties chose an out- side seat a part of the way. The morning side seat was beautiful, the air fresh and balmy, and in fact everything around seemed so favorable to inspire my friend, the Poetress, with "Autumn Musings," and I will leave it to her. She will probably tell her readers about the "Dead-leaf scent, the poetic streaks and golden Autumn rays."

We embarked in the Steamer John Marshall on Saturday evening at 5 o'clock, P. M., found all things calculated for the comfort of passengers especially the sick ones who seemed to appreciate the attendance of waiting- maids in the Cabin. In short, we had a very pleasant trip and arrived safe on Sabbath morning. You may have learned that on her next trip from Boston, the John Marshall en- countered a severe storm. The Boat and crew were probably saved by the judicious management of Capt. Stur- devant and Capt. Stanwood. They made every effort to put the Boat into "Wood Island" but could not. They then tried for the "Cape Lights," but this was "no go" as there was such a tremendous sea. Once more they tried for Wood Island but were com- pelled to thro out several thousand rolls of freight which saved Boat and passengers.

Almost four years since I visited Portland, and it seems but a few changes have been made. Memory carried me back to the pleasant time when in that City such success attended me in business. It was pleasant to meet and be recognized by so many old friends. I gave to each a copy of your paper, they wondered I did not come there with my paper, and one gentleman would give me two week's board and warrant me one hundred subscribers. I had the pleasure of leasing some money to the Pleasute Boat. Friend Hacker took like a good man, possessing great benevolence and working hard among the poor and the despised. He is independent in speech through his paper and aims to do good. They tell me in P. "he tells a great deal of Truth." Take the Pleasute Boat if you want to get plain Truth, and if you pfer go to Portland be sure and see friend Hacker. I hope all will follow his advice to me, "Be good and M. E.

P. S. In my last letter Chair Factory should have been Chain Factory.

The following should have appeared last week.

## INTERESTING.

Non-Subscriber. I want to borrow your "Voice"—I understand there is an article in it about "back-aiders," or something of that sort, and I am anxious to read it, for I am ac- quainted with not a few of that kind of peo- ple. Will you lend me yours?  
Subscriber. I have but just received mine—but you may have it, I suppose you have not yet got yours?

N. S. Why, yes—that is—my ex- penses are very great, and I have paid so much out for the different reforms that I—I don't feel able to take any paper. I am a de- voted Labor-Reformer, and feel a very great interest in the various reforms which are now agitated in behalf of the poor, laboring mil- lions—I think it is the sacred duty of us all to spread information among this class, of their wrongs and of their rights. I think this is all important; and I am willing to do all I can to it end.

S. But my friend! how are you going to spread this information among the people?

N. S. O, by means of Newspapers—lectures, tracts, &c., but especially Newspapers. These last I think indispensable. No Reform can advance one step without these. Verily, I believe the great interest I have in the success of the "Protective Unions," the "Ten Hour System," and their kindred reforms I would divide down to almost nothing if I could not see and read that smart advocate of them—the *Voice of Industry*.

S. And yet you do not take it. It seems to me that the interest you have in these reforms is not very deep if it was it would cer- tainly have reached to your pockets ere now and therefrom extracted a dollar to help sup- port this paper you deem so essential to your character as a reformer. It appears to me if you really felt an interest—a true interest—you would do something besides declare with the lips your astonishing interest. Verily you honor these Reforms with your lips while your heart (that is, your purse) is far from them. My opinion is that you are a most consummate hypocrite—and that all your pro- fessions are mere cant. You love the strong whistle of the engine—you love to hear the strong, proud tramp of the iron horse—you love the easy cushion of the car—but your "expenses are so great" you don't like to con- struct the Railroad. You are like the world renowned cat that loved fish but didn't like to wet her paw for it. O you are a dear child of Heaven! How you do love to read News- papers and books but how you don't love to pay for them. 'Tis a wonder that some angel from the blissful spheres does not each morn- ing drop a paper upon your door-step, so dear you are—so much beloved as you must be by such beings. Yes, you may have my *Voice* on this condition: that you will read with care this line—"One more sinking from the con- test" and "go thou and do likewise." M.

Keep it before the people that the Post Of- fice law must be entirely remodelled. We want a cheap postage and we will be satisfied with nothing less. The following article on the subject is from the *Ind. Democrat*.

CHEAP POSTAGE.—Congress will have im- portant work to do at the next session. But we trust that at the post office law will not be allowed to remain as it now is, but be gen- erally remodelled and adapted to the wants of the people. Let the subject be thorough- ly agitated through the press, and let the people speak to Congress through public meet- ings and petitions, and we shall get the reform carried. The present law is so mon- strously absurd that it finds no apologists. It is a disgrace to an intelligent people. One would think it was framed with the express design to promote popular ignorance. The people will demand, we think, that the post- age on newspapers and periodicals shall be greatly reduced. One fourth the present rates would be satisfactory. Nipeeche a year on weekly papers sent from the office of publica- tion, and in like proportion for dailies, semi- weeklies, &c. One cent each for occasional papers, instead of the present exorbitant rate of five cents. Two or three cents postage for letters all distances within the Union. It should not be objected to this reduction that the department will not support itself under it. What if it does not? We can afford to waste thirty or forty millions yearly on our more than useless army and navy, and it will be very shallow and short sighted economy to refuse to extend the means of intelligence and virtue to the whole people, because it will cost a million or two. But there can be no doubt that the post office department will sus- tain itself, after a year or two, under the pro- posed reduction. Let us take hold of this matter, then, all hands, without distinction of party, and see if we cannot get from the next Congress, what the people of Great Britain have for several years enjoyed, a well ar- ranged and popular system of cheap postage.

LOWELL HEALTH INSURANCE COMPANY. In another column will be found an advertise- ment of the above named Company. Fur- ther information concerning it will be given to any who may be interested, by the Secre- tary, at the Office, No. 76 Central street.

Club Houses. The following excellent remarks are from the *Essex Banner*, published at Haverhill, Mass. Let us take hold of this work in earnest, neighbor, and the time when the principles of associated action and co-operation will be applied to all "social and domestic purposes," will not long be delayed.

Club Houses. For the accom- modation of the rich, began to be estab- lished in London some ten years ago. They have been so successful in diminishing the price and improving the pleasures of living that they have been imitated for the benefit of Mechanics. Houses have been erected for the lodging of the poor, where they are provided with good homes at much cheaper rates than formerly. Lands have been purchased on which the poor are supplied with profitable agricultural and mechanical labor. These small beginnings promised to be extended in various ways. If the interest on the capital stock could be added to the principal every alternate year, they would in time amount to enough to provide occupation for thousands.

Washeries have been successful in London, where better washing of all sorts of articles is done at the lowest prices. A steam engine from its spare and wasted heat, can do the washing and cooking of an hundred families. The water that turns the wheels of machine- ry can in many cases be employed in washing and other labors. Reeking the washing of a family to cost in labor, upon an average, fifty cents per week, than the washing of such a village as Haverhill of 100 families, will amount to ten thousand dollars per annum. One half of this sum might be saved by forming one or more washing companies. The economies of association would be as great and even greater, in washing, trading, &c., as they are in railroads and manufactures. Individuals cannot make their own railroads and are compelled to associate. The same principle might and ought to be applied to various social and domestic purposes."

IRELAND AS SHE IS, AND SHOULD BE. This is the title of an Alumni Address, de- livered at the Philadelphia Central High School, July 22d, 1847, by A. M. Harrison. As the production of a young man of sixteen it is remarkable. It contains some exceed- ingly fine passages. There is a redundancy about the style which a maturer taste will correct. Like much of the best literature of the day, the Address before us contains a prophecy of the coming Kingdom of Heaven.

We quote the following paragraph: "When the moment arrives that *Christianity*, reduced to a science, becomes a practical fact, and each one is responsible to himself, to humanity, and to his God for his own deeds, when conscience is the impartial judge and there is no government;—when the world is one great wide of corporate in- terests, and every man holds a rightful share,—when all labor in co-operation and the hu- man race is an immense family bound in the irrevocable ties of association and love,—when profits are distributed in perfect equity, and no opulent capitalist can make his mil- lions reeling in his luxurious velvet, while within the shadow of his mansion the starving wretch burrows in his filthy den!—when a system of mutual guarantees, honors pro- portion to usefulness, integral education, and unity of interests shall replace the present iniquitous policy,—then, and only then, will arrive the exulting day of Irish em- franchisement, then will *TRUTH* emanate that land—and with it—the *habitable globe!*"

BILLARD VALE. We copy from the *Harbinger* an interesting account of the social condition of the above named little village. We are happy to record any manifestations on the part of Capitalists and employers to recognize the rights of the working classes, and their duties to them. We cannot agree with the writer in the *Harbinger*, that nothing should be said to the operatives of Labor Reform, lest they become discontented with their condition. If their condition is not the very best that, under the circumstances, is possible they ought not to contented with it as is. We should be glad through the *Voice* to preach Labor Reform to every person in Billard Vale. Further light we trust will not harm them. If Mr. Magdon is honestly desirous of giving to those in his employ their rights, and of instituting true relations between Capital and Labor, we wish him God speed. The Workers ask justice, and not mercy.

LIBRARY ALMANAC FOR 1848. Querculous and indefatigable friend H. L. C. Newton, who has the work for sale, has placed on our table the *Library Almanac* for 1848. Besides the usual Astronomical calculations, and other matter essential to an almanac, the work con- tains a large amount of statistical, and other information, which is of value to every one. Among other things it contains a list of the members of the thirtieth Congress, as far as ascertained at the time of its compilation.

We have made arrangements through which we hope to make the *Voice* a better paper than it ever has been. The Working men's paper should be the best in the country. Give us a helping hand, brothers, and we will make it so. Particulars of the new arrange- ment next week, in the mean time send in the names.



POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE.

Still be the Freedom-lover, the Man and Freedom,
Bully but Titan words the Bard most speaks.

SONNET.
BY THE POET DEBATOR.
Tomorrow I shall meet a laborer
To whom I owe some money for work done;

THE YOUNG POET'S HYMN.
BY FREDERICK ELLIOTT.
To live in vain to live in pain!
To toil in hopeless sadness!

RECORDS OF SOCIAL PROGRESS.
We had a long and interesting conversation,
This week, with two mechanics, weavers, from
Strirlingshire, Scotland, on the condition

CO-OPERATIVE LEAGUES.
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This week, with two mechanics, weavers, from
Strirlingshire, Scotland, on the condition

THE LAND LEAGUE is the most powerful.
That has 18,000 members. Their capital is
very large. There was paid in, in the last

THE LIBERAL PATRONS bestowed upon this
NEW HILL BUILDING THE BUSINESS,
Printed at the Regular Establishment, was intended to

THE ORIGINAL CHILDREN'S AND
BOYS' CLOTHING STORE,
We established first, and was made a prominent
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THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.
AN ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL FOR ALL CLASSES.
EDITED
BY JOHN SANDERS.

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HINTS ABOUT BED ROOMS.
Their small size and their lowness render
them very insalubrious; and the cases is
remains by close windows, and the curtains

LAND MONOPOLY-DISPOTISM.
All men have an inalienable right to life and
liberty. No one can live without breathing,
eating and drinking.

QUESTIONS FOR WORKINGMEN.
It is well known Dr. Franklin calculated, that if every
individual would labor at some useful employ-
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American Phenological Journal.
PROSPECTUS OF VOLUME IX, FOR 1847.
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