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THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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D. H. JARVIS, PUBLISHERS. JOHN ORVIS.

MISS MERITABLE EASTMAN, GENERAL AGENT. TERMS.

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See Prospectus on the last page.

POETRY.

To feel the beautiful, to say the true— To look with loyal hope for what is coming—

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

"LET THERE BE LIGHT"

BY EZEKIEL ELLIOTT, OF SHEFFIELD, ENG. God said, Let there be light! Girt darkness felt his might,

And he said, Let there be light! Then startled seas, and mountains cold, Slope forth all bright in blue and gold,

And cried, "This day! This day! Hail, holy Light!" exclaimed The thunderous clouds that flamed

O'er daisies white; And lo! the Rose, in crimson dress, Leaned sweetly o'er the Lily's breast,

And blushing, murmured "Light!" Then was the sky-hark born; Then rose the emerald corn;

Then forth the snowy hills, at noon, And then in silent night the moon

Poured forth her passive rays; And heaven's bright stars in glad

LED trees and flowers all glad In glory, bloom. And shall the imperial sons of God

Be senseless as the untrodden sod, And darker than the tomb?

Not by the mind of man, By the sparrow's brain,

By God, our Sire! Our souls have holy light within, And every form of grief and sin

Shall cease and feel his fire. By earth and hell and heaven!

The throng of sinners rises; MIND, MIND arise!

In light, and hope, and truth and power! Earth's dearest sight from this hour,

The night of Mind, is gone!

MUSIC.

MUSIC is the measure of the planets' motion, Heart-beat and rhythm of the glorious whole;

Force-like the streams roll, and the choral organ Leaves in obedience of its high control.

The ark through all ages the uniform vibration, Stealing from God, and felt from man;

God gives the key-note, Love to all creation; Join, O my soul, and let all souls be one!

Habinger.

MISCELLANY.

From the Literary World. THE OBSEQUIES OF SHELLEY.

A Life of Shelley, by Thomas Medwin, has just been issued in London, from which is extracted the following version of a melancholy and oft-described scene:

"At Spezia the people of the place told me where the bodies of my friends had been cast on shore; they had been thrown on the beach, not together, but several miles apart, and the English boys five miles from that of Shelley. The following verses, written in his eighteenth year, recurred to me, which seem entirely out of place where they stand, and as poets sometimes have been inspired by a sort of second-sight, were prophetic that the ocean would be his grave:

"To-morrow comes! Cloud upon cloud with dark and deepening mass, Bell o'er the blackened waters; the deep roar Of distant thunder mutters awfully;

Tempest outside his picture o'er the gloom; This already the boiling surges; the pitiless foam; With all his wings and lightning tracks his prey; The torn deep yawns—the vessel finds a grave

Beneath its jagged jaws."

"I arrived at Pisa, some hours later than I could have wished, for Lord Byron and Leigh Hunt and Trelawney, had been engaged since the morning in burying Shelley's remains—

The history of this funeral pyre has been so

much misrepresented, that I shall premise it with a few observations. Fourteen days elapsed between the loss of the schooner and the finding of the bodies of my friends, and neither of them were in a state to be removed to consecrated ground. But an obstacle of such removal under any circumstances, was, that by the quarantine laws, their friends were not permitted to have possession of their relics. The laws with respect to every thing cast on land by the sea, being that it must be burned, in order to prevent the possibility of any remnant bringing the plague into Italy.

"A consultation took place between Byron, Hunt, and Trelawney, on this subject. It had not only been the oft-repeated wish of Shelley to be buried at Rome, and there rejoin his favorite child William, who lay there, but he had left it a sacred charge to Lord Byron, whom he had appointed as executor to his will, to fulfil this office of friendship for him. Even had the state of Shelley's corpse admitted of being transported to Rome, they were assured by the authorities that no representation of theirs would have altered the law; and were it not for the kind and unfeeling exertions of Mr. Dawkins, Charge d'Affaires at Florence, permission would not have been gained for Mrs. Shelley to receive the ashes, after they had been consumed. I say, I arrived at Pisa the late. True to his engagement, Byron and his friends had gone that day to perform the singular and pious duty of watching his funeral pyre, in order that the ashes might be sent to the English cemetery at Rome. They came to a spot marked by an old withered pine-tree, and near it, on the heath, stood a solitary ruined hut, covered with thatch. The place was well chosen for a poet's grave. Some few weeks before, I had ridden with Shelley and Byron to the very spot, which I have since visited in ad pilgrimage. Before them lay a wide expanse of the blue Mediterranean, with the Islands of Elba and Goporna visible in front; Lord Byron's yacht, the Bolivar, riding at anchor at some distance in the offing. On the other side appeared an almost limitless and wild-ness, and uninhabited, only broken here and there by stunted shrubs, twisted by the sea breeze, and stunted by the barrenness and drought of the ground in which they strove to grow. At equal distance, along the coast, rose high square towers, for the double purpose of protecting the coast from smugglers, and enforcing the quarantine regulations.—This view was completed by a range of the far off Italian Alps, that from their many folded and alpine character, as well as from their marble summit, gave them the appearance of glittering snow; to finish the picture, and as a fore-ground, was placed a remarkable

group. Lord Byron with some soldiers of the coast guard, stood about the burning pyre, and Leigh Hunt, whose feelings and nerves could not carry him through the scene of horror, lying back in the carriages the four post-horses panting with the heat of the noonday sun, and the fierceness of the fire. The solemnity of the whole ceremony was the more felt by the shrieks of a solitary curlew, which, perhaps attracted by the corpse, wheeled in narrow circles round the pile, so narrow that it might have been struck with the hand.—The bird was so fearless, that it could not have been driven away. I am indebted to one of the party present, for the interesting particulars of this scene, but must add to it Leigh Hunt's account. He says—"The weather was beautifully fine. The Mediterranean, now soft and liquid, kissed the shore, as if to make peace with it. The yellow sand and the blue sky entirely contrasted with one another, marble mountains touched the air with coolness, and the flame of the fire bore towards Heaven its vigorous amplitude, waving and quivering with the brightness of inconceivable beauty. It seemed as if it contained the glassy essence of volatility. One might have expected a sun-bright countenance to look out of it, coming more before it departed, to thank the friends who had done their duty."

"I have understood that Leigh Hunt was most offended at the account above given respecting the carriage, but why, I am at a loss to guess. To what purpose should he have stood for some hours by the side of the scorching furnace, when there were so many others

of stronger nerves, and of better health, present? This extreme sensitiveness on his part is much out of place, for neither my informant nor myself had the slightest intention of throwing on him a taunt; or taxing him with the slightest dereliction of duty. His regard for Shelley is not to be questioned. The very excess of feeling that he displayed, might, in default of other proofs, have best testified it. "But Byron was unable long to withstand the sight, or perhaps heat, and by way of distraction, swam off to his yacht. "Writing to Mr. Moore, he says:—"The other day, at Via Reggio,"—he does not specify the day of the burning,—"I thought proper to swim off to my schooner, the Bolivar, in the offing, and thence to shore again, about three miles or better, in all. As it was at mid-day, under a broiling sun, the consequence has been a feverish attack;" and then he adds, in another paragraph of the same letter, though not connecting the burning with the swimming—"We have been burning the bodies of Shelley and Williams. You have had no idea what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pyre has on a desert shore, and the sea before,—the singular appearance the salt and frankincense give to the flames."

"Much objection has been started to these accessories to the funeral pyre, which have been condemned as heaving the character of a heathen rite; but without them it would not only have been dangerous to have assisted at the ceremony, but from the state of the body it would have been intolerable. "On the evening I saw Lord Byron. He was in a high state of fever, from the excitement of the day, combined with exposure for some hours to the sun, in swimming and floating."

HUMMING BIRDS IN BRAZIL.—Whenever a creeping vine opens its fragrant clusters, or wherever a tree-flower blooms, may these little things be seen. In the garden brine in the woods, over the water, every where they are darting about, of all sizes, from that might be easily mistaken for a different kind of bird, to the tiny Hermit, *Tyrusgaster*, whose body is not half the size of the bees, buzzing about the same sweets. The blossoms of the ingatree, as before remarked, bring them in great numbers about the rosinhas of the city, and the collector may shoot as fast as he can load the day long. Sometimes they are seen chasing each other in sport with a rapidity of flight and intricacy of path the eye is puzzled to follow. Again, circling round and round, they rise high in mid air, then dart off like light to some distant attraction. Perched upon a limb, they smooth their plumes, and seem to delight in their dazzling hues, then starting off leisurely, they skim along, stopping capriciously to kiss the coquetting flowers. Often they meet in mid air and furiously fight, crests, and the feathers upon their throats all erected and blazing, and altogether pictures of the most violent rage. Several times we have seen them battling with large black bees, who frequent the same flowers, and may be supposed often to interfere provokingly. Like lightning our little heroes would come down, but the coat of shining mail would ward their furious strokes. Again and again would they renew the attack, until the apathetic bee, once routed, had put forth powers that drove the invader from the field. A boy in the city several times brought us humming birds alive in a glass cage. He had brought them down while, standing motionless in the air, they filled the flowers, by balls of clay blown from a hollow tube.—*Edward's Voyage up the River Amazon.*

THE PRARIE VIOLETS.—A broad river swept in grandeur to the ocean. It was, on one side by gigantic bluffs, which, like strong pillars, seemed to support the arch of the sky. From the other side a green prairie started away, wide and dazzling, toward the distant sunrise. A traveller came to the bank of the river. He beheld the majestic scenery, and listened to the solemn flow of the waters, and was oppressed with wonder and awe. But looking down, he saw at his feet a cluster of delicate blue flowers, trembling and drooping with dew amid the grass of the prairie. They were violets. And when he saw them he smiled; for just such lovely blossoms grew in the secluded dells of his home. And the sight of them made every thing look more beautiful; nor was he longer lonely in the mighty solitude.

"The traveller went on his way, and no eye glanced over the landscape, save that of the reposing deer, or the homeward flying bird.—The shades of twilight veiled the river, the rocks, and the prairie. Then the fragrance of the violets, rising on the cool air, pervaded all around, and at last mingled with the clouds. "Ever lovely are the meek blossoms of humility; but never lovelier than when they spring up in the hearts of the great and gifted. The bold sublimity of genius overpowers the gazer; but when he sees blended with it the mild and unobtrusive virtues, he is softened to love; and, imparting to greatness its chief glory, the odor of humble goodness ascends above it, and is accepted as sweet incense by the Majesty of Heaven.—*New England Offering.*

MOSAIC GLASS FOR FLOORING.—Mr. P. Hewins of Hartford, Conn., has discovered a composition for making glass as suitable for marble floors, and also for making it of every variety of color. He makes plates of all sizes and shapes, and of any thickness. Mr. H. claims for this discovery the following advantages:

1st. The glass can be pressed into every possible shape, and every block will be the same exact size.

2d. The glass can be made of every variety of color.

3d. The glass will not stain by the use of the most powerful acids.

4th. The colors in this kind of glass will not diminish in beauty so long as the materials last.

5th. The flooring is much stronger and will resist a much heavier blow than the best of marble; an artist in making a floor, having every variety of shape, with the utmost exactness in form and all the colors, has it in his power to make figures or patterns as his taste may dictate. The material would make a beautiful hall floor to private dwellings, for church aisles and chancels.

This article has been examined by distinguished gentlemen, engaged in the manufacture of glass, and they express but one opinion in regard to it.—*Scientific American.*

A HINT TO LADIES.—The Philadelphia Pennsylvania publishes, from the pen of a lady, the following remarks on dress:

"Speaking of beauty, I wish people would dress pleasantly, benevolently. I saw a lovely girl to-day looking unlovely and unlovable, because her muslin dress was stiffly starched, to keep clean the longer. My husband rises in vain to persuade me into the barbarous custom. To my mind, a woman should always look as soft to the touch as a flower, and as pure. All her garments should be made of the finest and softest material possible, material that will easily dispose into folds, falling gracefully around her; and not by being liable to ruffle it every moment, compel her to stiff attitudes and starched demeanor, denying her all luxury of lounge and loll; why, my very words would grow prim and precise, were I to wear a dress which depended on four or potato for its propriety."

CHILD-LIKE.—I am glad the world is full of children. To me, earth, with all its other charms, were a gloomy waste without them. I love to feel as a child. There is no solace in affliction so sweet as the sympathy of children; there is no music so enchanting as their unaffected joyous laugh. I am never so happy, and the gentle spirit of humanity never breathes so freshly and cheerily into my heart, as when I am surrounded by a company of affectionate merry children.

It is a popular delusion to believe that an editor is a public bellows, bound to puff every thing and every body that wants to use him.

THE LEE SHORE. BY THOMAS HOOD. Street and Haill and Thimder! And ye Winds that rave, Till the sands thereunder Tinge the sullen wave— Winds, that like a Demon, Howl with horrid noise Round the toiling Seaman; In his toiling boat— From his humble dwelling, On the shingly shore, Where the billows swelling, Keep such hollow roar— From that weeping Woman, Seeking with her cries Succor superhuman From the frowning skies— From the urethm pining For his father's knee— From the ladies shaming, Drive him out to sea!

Let broad leagues dis sever Him from your fond foam; Oh! God! to think Man ever Comes too near his Home!

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—The New Orleans Pheasant says that a few days since a gentleman from that city saw in the streets a lovely little girl of tender years standing on the banquet bathed in tears. The good man approached her, and taking her by the hand inquired the cause of her anguish. The dear little creature continued to sob bitterly, until at length she exclaimed: "My father and mother have been taken to Heaven, and I am left an orphan." There were three or more persons by at this time, and the feebly eloquent words of the engaging little one brought tears from every eye. The worthy gentleman who first addressed her said a few kind words with a view of relieving her, and then said: "I will be to you a kind father, and my wife (and no man has a better one) will greet you with a mother's smiles." He then took her by the hand and carried her to his residence. This is an achievement, on the field of mercy, of which any good man should be proud.

A NAMELESS ANGEL.—For upwards of a year past, says the *New York Express*, a stranger lady has been in the habit of making a periodical visit to the Tombs, (City Prison), and Alms-house in this city, for the purpose of hunting up and providing employment for the more unfortunate of the women of these institutions. The Commissioner informs us that she has accomplished much good, and it is a singular fact that he has never yet been able to ascertain her name. She is a middle-aged lady, and evidently of a good family.—We caught a glimpse of her countenance this morning, and were deeply impressed with its Christian-like loveliness.

A CURIOUS FLOWER.—A singular phenomenon, says a French paper, has shown itself in a green-house at Lyons. At the time when all the growers of camellias, roses, dahlias, &c., are puzzling themselves to get the blue color, the only shade which nature has refused to these kind of plants, chabaz has thrown a shade of azure blue upon the petals of flowers produced by one single branch of a camellia root of the species *amburica rubra*. This plant belongs to M. Dagegne. The interior petal of the flowers are of a delicate red, the superior are white, and both are united with blue. The flower thus unites three additional colors.

THE AFFECTIONS.—How beautiful are these words of Longfellow: "On one the objects of our affections depart from us. But our affections, remain, and like vines stretch forth their broken wounded tendrils for support. This bleeding heart needs a balm to heal it; and there is none but the love of the kind—none but the affection of the human heart."

THE NEW CURE.—Chicago Telegraph states that the gigantic plan of the Company, who have the control of the "new city" enterprise at Hadley Falls, contemplate water power for 55 large cotton mills, 68 of 800 feet, 6 stories high. No name has been pitched upon for the city. Hampden and Holyoke have been suggested.

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. JACQUES, EDITORS. JOHN ORVIS.

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

LOWELL. FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 5, 1847.

OUR PAPER.

We have this week to announce to our readers an accession of strength to our paper, and to the cause of Labor Reform, in the person of an additional Editor. One who has for years felt a profound interest in the principles of progressive Democracy...

PROTECTIVE UNIONS.

We again call the attention of our readers to the articles in our paper upon Protective Union Stories. They are exciting a great interest, not only among our immediate readers, but they are copied into several of the leading papers in this country...

We look upon the Protective Unions as scarcely second to any movement before the workmen. They are the germ of a complete regeneration of trade, of so relating it to industry as that it shall become its hand-maid, instead of being its ruthless spoiler as now.

and villages of New England during this coming winter. Their success has been amply proved, and the whole system of trade could be made to crystallize into this form right speedily; were the needed information disseminated. Our work to the workmen is, labor patiently, hopefully and in a spirit of conciliation with all, who in any way seek the good of humanity, and our triumph will be not only sure, but early.

PROTECTIVE UNION—NO. IX.

As the present system of "wages labor" is anything but free, save in the name, and as its operation is growing more burdensome to the operative each succeeding year, a remedy should be sought, found and applied by those most interested. The workmen must "first put their own shoulders to the wheel, and try to get the cart out of the mire."

I think that there is an antidote for each and every evil now afloat in society. For instance, witness the effect of the "Protective Union" on trade, it acts like a blister—very draining. The elongated visages of some of our growers tell the story.

But let us examine the present system of labor and compare it with that done on "joint stock" principles. I will give facts which trispartite not a thousand miles from "Spindledom" as they were given me. In a certain establishment there are employed some fifteen men, some of whom are paid by the day, others by the "piece."

Some of them are well paid for their work, others not so well. At the end of the year their employers settled up and "squared accounts." After paying all their help, and allowing themselves two dollars per day for their own time, they (two only) had between four and five thousand dollars clear profits. Another man (an employer) makes his profits on one machine, and does not lift a finger to work it.

Now the way (in my opinion) to remedy this great evil is to form a partnership the employed only to be the employers. Let us take the case where the fifteen men were at work for the two to reap the benefit of their labor. Suppose these men to own the stock, tools and machinery with which they are at work, as they can do, they all being able to raise from one to five hundred dollars each.

the employers. Thousands commence business with not a "copper" in their pockets "rush" it along, and in a short time fall! Who are the losers? Those who sold them stock and tools? They are sometimes, but they are most generally wary of such customers and look out and secure themselves. Is it the "Boss"? No, for he had nothing to lose, and he gets ostentatious, and the credit of being more "smart money."

I hear that a plan is "on foot" to start an establishment on "joint stock" principles; God grant that it may succeed and it will if they will only put confidence in one another; for that is one great fault in the workingmen, each is afraid of the other. Capitalists have faith in one another, why should not we? Then do away with these jealous bickerings, work with a will untried and all will be well.

Washington, Oct. 26, 1847.

The cave of Somnus is not more quiet than the city of Washington at the present time. The inhabitants seem to be in a lethargy which will require the excitement consequent upon the assembling of the thirtieth Congress to remove. Almost the only signs of life are confined to Pennsylvania Avenue which, in pleasant weather, is the resort of the fair demellees of the city, for about two hours preceding sunset, when the clerks in the several departments, released from their daily toils, assemble in squads upon the porticos of the hotels and gaze upon the specimens of female beauty which pass in review before them.

The huge lantern intended to illuminate the summit of the Capital towers aloft from the grounds of that huge pile, but no light has as yet been reflected from it: it is the opinion of many scientific men that the experiment will be a total failure.

The eastern wing of the Smithsonian Institute is rapidly approaching completion; the roof is now being put on, and we shall soon be enabled to form some idea of the appearance of the building when completed. The shameful manner in which the builder has thus far filled his contract meets with universal condemnation. A more slovenly specimen of mason work than the interior of the building presents I have nowhere seen.

The cause of Temperance progresses but slowly, and judging from the increased number of elegant "Cafes," Restaurants, and Saloons, as the grog-shops of the city are fashionably termed, the coming winter promises to be a great one for the vendors of ardent spirits.

The friends of temperance are indefatigable in their exertions to stay the progress of this alarming evil, and were it confined to the citizens of the place the result of their labors would be plainly manifest. The greater portion of the vice that exists in Washington is imported from every section of the country; and I believe I am correct in saying, that if the haunts of dissipation which everywhere abound relied for patronage upon the local population, nine out of ten would be closed from want of support.

I am happy to learn there is a faint hope that the flag of our Union will no longer wave over a great national grog-shop. The bar-room beneath the Senate chamber has been cleaned out and converted into a committee room, and if the temperance men of the next Congress are faithful to their duty John Fay will be compelled to pack up his demijohns, decanters and toddy-sticks and vacate the "refreshment room" under the House of Representatives. The Capitol has been too long disgraced by the existence of these haunts of pollution, and public opinion calls loudly for their removal.

The city and district has been unusually sickly for several months. "Chills and fevers" seem to be the universal malady, I am not a little surprised that so much suffering should be endured from this cause, when it might be avoided by the free use of cold water. I am sorry to say that on this subject almost an universal apathy seems to prevail, and it

will be long, I fear, before the virtues of this universal panacea will be thoroughly tested. An enterprising New Englander, Mr. Moses Copp, has recently opened an elegant suite of bath-rooms on the first floor of the theatre building in Louisiana Avenue, and has displayed a degree of taste and liberality which I have nowhere seen a similar establishment which excels it, and I doubt if there are many in the country that can equal it. In the second story of the same building Mr. Copp has opened a magnificent bowling saloon with six alleys, which he has also fitted up in a style of elegance rarely displayed in establishments of this kind. I am glad to witness the absence, from this saloon, of all those objectionable features which too often render places of the kind haunts of dissipation and the resort of loafers. Every thing approaching gambling is strictly prohibited, and the whole business of the place conducted with so great propriety that a puritanic clergyman might spend an hour in bowling without any fear of bringing a stain upon "the cloth."

The ladies of the city are making extensive preparations for a tea party in behalf of the persecuted Mormons who are now encamped in the woods of Iowa. It will come off on Thursday evening. The 2d Assistant P. M. General held a brilliant soiree last night at his residence on Capitol Hill. A bright galaxy of beauty from various sections of the Union rendered the affair one of unusual brilliancy. The bells of the evening was a sweet "flower of the prairies" who seemed to move in the light of her own beauty.

My DEAR JACQUES: Old winter is among us with his army of occupation, and summer, mild, gentle, beautiful and generous summer, must give way, as this haughty old "Anglo-Saxon" ruffian, swells and blusters, and roars over the broad domain where so late he held sole sway. The stern vernal tears from her, the beautiful dress of green and gold, plucks the crown of fruits and flowers from her grasp, and confident in his might, prepares the shroud of snow drift and ice fields for her interment.

Washington, Oct. 27, 1847.

Hitherto she has had only to contend with the skirmishes of the enemy, and though she would momentarily appear worsted, yet so potent was her sweet smile that her foes had not the heart to fight, and returned again to the storm king. But now the old tyrant has aroused himself—no sympathy has he—he has thrown in a northwester for a vanguard, and soon will put his icy seal on every thing of summer.

And what will summer do? Trusts in Providence and keeps her powder dry—she preserves her seeds until the proper time of germinating, and let her adversity continue ever so long, still is she trustful, always are her "lamps trimmed" ready for the "good time coming." And so should we, friend Jacques—although our souls, like the seed in the earth, are concealed and imprisoned by the frozen surface of society, let us stoutly and cheerfully baffle the storms and frochings of the winter of our hearts, trusting that in the Providence of God there is to be a spring time of warmth, of life, of progress, and when the seeds of truth shall quicken and grow in health and strength, until every nation of the earth shall sit beneath its branches.

"Like the seed within Earths bosom, Sleeps a future yet of light— Rise, shall see his hopes to blossom— Man shall sit beneath his bough." Then no one above another, Shall prockle his noble birth; But each one shall share his mother— Share his glorious mother Earth!"

THE WATER-CURE. We are happy to call the attention of our readers to the Lowell Water-Cure Establishment. The advertisement of it in another column hardly needs to be pointed out. We are sure every one will see and read it.

We believe the Establishment to be every way worthy of the patronage of all who have occasion to avail themselves of the water treatment. The facilities for Winter treatment at the Lowell Water-Cure Establishment are not exceeded by any in the country. We commend it to our friends far and near.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. E. B. of N. Mass., thank you for the interest you take in the Voice; and for the practical demonstration you have given of it. We trust the papers are received.

A. A. of W. Ct., we lament with you the apathy of the Working Men. We have much to say to accomplish, but perseverance will do wonders. Our faith in the "better future," is not shaken.

C. H. B. of Washington D. C., we thank you for your letter, and shall be happy as will our readers, to receive others.

S. W. of C. Mass., your communication is received and shall appear.

We are indebted to "Oberon," "C. Y. D.," "Mary," and others for acceptable articles.

The Society of Free Inquirers will meet in the usual place next Sunday night for debate. Subject for debate. Is there any evidence to prove the Bible to be a Divine Revelation?

LIBERTY TICKET.

For Governor, SAMUEL E. SEWALL, of Malden. For Lt. Governor, JOHN M. BREVSTER, of Pittsfield. For Senators, OTIS PETER, of Newton, DAVID GODDARD, of Marlboro', JAMES T. WOODBURY, of Acton, GEORGE WELCH, of Ashby, JOHN S. FLETCHER, of Andover, CHARLES FORBES, of Somerville. For Representatives, Herbert Bailey, of William T. G. Pierce, Anson Hull, of Jonathan Weeks, John S. Fitch, of Abraham K. Hood, Cyrus Latham, of Joseph Bradshaw, Joshua M. Hadley.

The Friends of Labor Reform will notice the names of several zealous advocates of their movement, on the above ticket. Those are the men. Give them your votes.

LECTURES.—The Editors of this paper will hold themselves in readiness to lecture on Labor Reform, Protective Unions and other Guarantee and Co-operative Movements, wherever their services may be desired.—They will expect the friends, wherever they may lecture to pay their expenses, and fair Workmen's wages for their time, and nothing more. Workmen cannot object to this. Shall not then an effort be made to have lectures in all the large towns and villages in New England, during the coming Winter. Letters for either of the Editors, on this subject, may be directed to the Voice Office.

EAST BOSTON—PROTECTIVE UNION. A meeting preliminary to the organization of a Division of the Protective Union, was held in East Boston last week. A communication on the subject which had been furnished for publication, is unfortunately lost, or misplaced, and we cannot find it. We understand that the meeting was addressed by Mr. Kaulbeck, Mr. Trask and others and that a Division will soon be formed under favorable auspices. That is right. Working Men of East Boston, see to it that the non-producing exchanger gets no longer rich through your poverty. If our friends in East Boston will send us further particulars, concerning the movement there, we shall be happy to publish them.

THE LOWELL UNION OF ASSOCIATIONS, will meet at John McCoby's Rooms, Wentworth's Building, Merrimack st., (instead of 76 Central st.) every Sunday evening till further notice. Several interesting letters from other Unions will be read next Sunday evening. Let every member be present. All interested in Social Reform are invited.

FRANK.—"Proof" of our outside was read, during our absence, by a person not fully initiated into the mysteries of the "black art," and we notice several errors. We will call attention to only one. In the poem on Music, on the first page, the sixth line should read as follows:

Starting from God, and fall from sun to sun.

WE shall send copies of this number of the Voice to many individuals who are not subscribers. We respectfully solicit the patronage of such persons. Those who do not wish to subscribe will please return the names sent them, with their names and residence written upon them. Direct to the Voice of Industry, Lowell, Mass. Married, in Gill, Mass., Oct. 21st by Rev. Mr. Miller, of Lowell, with Miss Maryetta Ohio, to Miss Francis S. Richards of Gill. Miss Richards left the "City of Spindles," some seven weeks since by the way, and has been an efficient teacher in that section. Sisters of New England, "Go ye and do likewise." The cake is received, and is of a superior quality; according to request have "passed it round."

Several articles are necessarily deferred till next week, to make room for the proceedings of the National Reform Convention.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Freedom of thought and of expression, and individual responsibility for both.

A NATIONAL REFORM CONVENTION.

Was held in Boston on Saturday, the 30th ult., agreeable to previous notice, for the purpose of nominating such candidates for the offices of Gov. and Lieut. Gov. of the State, as were believed favorable to, and would use their power and influence for, the promulgation and establishment of the measures and principles set forth in the following Resolutions, adopted by the Convention; after which in the nomination of Samuel E. Sewall, of Roxbury, for Governor, and of Anson Walker, of North Brookfield, for Lieut. Governor was unanimously and enthusiastically confirmed.

This nomination was made on the statements that Mr. Sewall had expressed his approval of these measures as right, and that he should use his influence in their favor whether in office or out, and that Mr. Walker had expressed himself in favor of many if not of all of them. But this as it may it is believed they are men of "conscience" and sound Democratic principles, essential qualities, though rarely found in political aspirants or nominees for office, especially in those at present before the People of this State as candidates for these respective offices; and their past known characters and efforts in be-

