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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO "Dixie's Land," O, think of me when blushing Morn, With kisses wakes the sleeping flowers, And wild birds break, with a gush of song, The dreamy silence of the bowers. O, think of me when Evening comes, And kindly veils the glare of day— Dismissing Labor from its task, And calling Childhood from its play. And think of me when dark-robed Night, Eight scatters from her jeweled vest; I'll gaze with thee on that "hone star," Which crowns the mountains of the West. Unless some Letho'er me to sleep, Light of my life, I'll think of thee, And well I know, true-hearted one, I know that thou wilt think of me.

MISCELLANY.

From the Columbian Magazine. HILDA SILVERLING. A FANTASY. BY L. MARIA CHILD. (Concluded.)

The acquaintance thus begun, was not likely to languish on the part of such an admirer of beauty as was Alerik Thord. The more he saw of Hilda, during the long evenings of the following winter, the more he was charmed with her natural refinement of look, voice, and manner. There was, as we have said, a peculiarity in her beauty, which gave it a higher character than mere rustic loveliness. A deep, mystic, plaintive expression in her eyes a sort of graceful bewilderment in her countenance, and at times in the carriage of her head, and the motions of her body; as if her spirit had lost its way, and was listening intently. No wonder he was charmed by her spiritual beauty, her simple untutored modesty. No wonder she was delighted with his frank strong exterior, his cordial expressing manner, his expressive eyes, now tender and earnest, and now sparkling with merriment, and his "smile most musical," because all was so in harmony with the inward feeling, whether of sadness, fun, or tenderness. Then his moods were so bewilderingly various. Now powerful as the organ, now gentle as the flute, now naive as the oboe. Brenda said everything he did seemed to be alive. He carved a wolf's head on her old man's cane, and she was always afraid it would bite her. Brenda, in her simplicity, perhaps gave as good a description of genius as could be given, when she said everything he did seemed to be alive. Hilda thought it certainly was so with Alerik's music. Sometimes all went natively with it, as if fairies danced on the grass, and ugly gnomes came and made faces at them, and shrieked, and clutched at their garments; the fairies peeped them off with flowers, and then all died away in the moonlight. Sometimes, when he played on flute or violin, the sounds came mournfully as the midnight wind through ruined towers; and they stirred up such sorrowful memories of the past, that Hilda pressed her hand upon her swelling heart, and said, "Oh not such strains as that, Alerik!" But when his soul overflowed with love and happiness, then how the music gushed and heaped!

"The lark could never get out his notes for joy. He shook his song together, as we heard. His happy, home, the ground." The old fair was a great favorite with Alerik; but for his musical capabilities, but because it was entwined with the earliest recollections of his childhood. "Until I heard thee play upon it," said he, "I had repeated having given it to the good Brenda. It has been in our family for several generations,

and my heart used to play upon it when I was in my cradle. They tell me my grand-mother was a founding. She was brought to my great-grandfather's house by an old peasant woman, on her way to the valley of West-Gordalen. She died there, leaving the lute and the fair in my great-grandfather's keeping. They could never find out to whom the lute belonged; but she grew up very beautiful, and my grand-father married her." "What was the old woman's name?" asked Hilda; and her voice was so deep and suppressed, that it made Alerik start. "Varika Gjetter, they have always told me," he replied. "But my dearest one, what is the matter?" "I don't know," she said, "but I feel as if I had never found out to whom the lute belonged; but she grew up very beautiful, and my grand-father married her." "What was the old woman's name?" asked Hilda; and her voice was so deep and suppressed, that it made Alerik start. "Varika Gjetter, they have always told me," he replied. "But my dearest one, what is the matter?" "I don't know," she said, "but I feel as if I had never found out to whom the lute belonged; but she grew up very beautiful, and my grand-father married her."

The next day, when Hilda saw Alerik coming to claim the fulfillment of her promise, it seemed almost like her death-warrant. "He will not love me any more," thought she, "he will never again look at me so tenderly, and then what can I but die?" With much embarrassment, and many delays, she at last began her strange story. He listened to the first part very attentively, and with a gathering frown; but as she went on, the muscles of his face relaxed into a smile; and when she ended by saying, with most melancholy seriousness, "So thou seest, dear Alerik, we cannot be married, because it is very likely that I am thy great-grandmother," he burst into innumerable peals of laughter. When his mirth had somewhat subsided, he replied, "Likely as not thou art my great-grandmother, dear Hilda, and just as likely I was thy grand-father in the first place. A great German scholar teaches that our souls keep coming back again and again into new bodies. An old Greek philosopher is said to have come back for the fourth time, under the frame of Pythagoras. If these things are so, how the deuce is a man ever to tell whether he marries his grandmother, or not?"

"But, dearest Alerik, I am not jesting," rejoined she. "What I have told thee is really true. They did put me to sleep for a hundred years." "Oh yes," answered he, laughing. "I remember reading about it in the Swedish papers; and I thought it a capital joke. I will tell thee how it is with thee, my precious one. The elves sometimes seize people, to carry them down into their subterranean caves; but if the mortals run away from them, they, out of spite, forever fill their heads with gloomy insane notions. A man in Donheim ran away from them, and they made him believe he was an executioner's apprentice. He was called up in a corner all the time, for fear somebody would break his nose off."

"Nay, now thou art joking, Alerik; but really—" "No, I tell thee as thou hast told me, it was no joke at all," he replied. "The man told me he was a coffee-pot." "But be serious, Alerik," said she, "and tell me dost thou not believe that some learned men can put people to sleep for a hundred years?" "I don't doubt some of my college professors could," rejoined he, "provided their tongues could hold out so long." "But, Alerik, dost thou not think it possible that people may be alive, and yet not alive?" "Of course I do," he replied; "the greater part of the people are in that condition." "Oh, Alerik, what a tense thou art! I mean it is not possible that there are people now living, or staying somewhere, who were moving about on his earth years ago?" "Nothing more likely," answered he, "for

instance, who knows what people there may be under the ice-cess of Foulgefand? They say the cocks are heard crowing down there, to this day. How a fowl of any feather got there is a curious question; and what kind of atmosphere he had to crow in, is another puzzle. Perhaps they are poor ghosts, without sense of shame, crowing over the recollection of sins committed in the human body. The ancient Egyptians thought the soul was obliged to live three thousand years, in a succession of different animals, before it could attain to the regions of the blest. I am pretty sure I have already been a lion and a nightingale. What I shall be next, the Egyptians know as well as I do. One of thy scribbles made of stone images, half woman half lioness. Doubtless his mother had been a lioness, and had transmitted to him some dim recollection of it. But I am glad, dearest, they sent thee back in the form of a lovely maiden; for if thou hadst come as a wolf, I might have shot thee; and I shouldn't like to shoot my great-grandmother. Or if thou hadst come as a red-herring, Father Oberg might have eaten thee in his soup; and then I should have had no Hilda Silverling."

Hilda smiled, as she said, half reproachfully, "I see well that thou dost not believe one word I say." "Oh yes, I do, dearest," rejoined he, very seriously, "I have no doubt the fairies carried thee off some summer's night, and made thee verily believe thou hadst slept for a hundred years. They do the strangest things. Sometimes they change babies in the cradle; leave the imp and carry off the human to the metal mines, where he hears only clink, clink!—Then the fairies bring him back, and put him in some other cradle. When he grows up, how he does hurry skurry after the silver! He is obliged to work all his life up the devil's drove him. The poor miser never knows what is the matter with him; but it is all because the gnomes brought him up in the mines, and he could never get the clink out of his head. A more potent kind of Enchantment carries a huro to the caves, full of wild dreary sounds; and when it is brought back to upper earth, ghosts of sweet voices keep haunting him in some corner of his brain, to something which he hears, but which no body else is the wiser for. I know that is true, for I was brought up in those caves myself."

Hilda remained silent for a few minutes, as he sat looking in her face with calm gravity. "Thou wilt do nothing but make fun of me," at last she said, "do with I could persuade thee to be serious. What I told thee was no fairy story. It really happened. Remember it as distinctly as I do our sail round the islands yesterday. I aseen to see that great bear now with his paws, folded up, on the shelf opposite to me." "He must have been a great bear to have sat there," replied Alerik, with eyes full of roguery. "If had been in his skin, may I be so full the druggs and gasses in the world would have kept me there, with my paws folded on my breast. Seeing a slight blush pass over her cheek, he added, mysteriously, "After all, I ought to thank that ally, whoever he was, for turning thee into a stone image; for otherwise thou wouldst have been in the world a hundred years too long for me, and so I should have lost my life's best-friendship."

Feeling her tears on his hand, he again started off into a vein of merriment. "Thy case was not so very peculiar," said he. "There was a Greek lady, named Niope, who was changed to stone. The Greek gods changed women into trees, and fountains, and many other things. A man couldn't chop a walking-stick in those days, without danger of cutting of some lady's finger. The tree might be his great-grandmother, and she of course would take it very unkindly of him." "All these things are like the stories about Odin and Frigg," rejoined Hilda. "They are not true, like the Christian religion. When I met thee a true story, why dost thou always tell me with fables and fictions?" "But tell me, dear Hilda," said he, "what the Christian religion has to do with penning up young maidens with bears and crocodiles! In its marriage ceremonies, I grant that it sometimes does things not very unlike that, only omitting the important part of freezing the maiden's heart. But since thou hast men-

tioned the Christian religion, I may as well give thee a bit of consolation from that quarter. I have read in my mother's big Bible, that a man must not marry his grandmother; but I do not remember that it said a single word against his marrying his great-grandmother." Hilda laughed, in spite of herself. "But after a pause, she looked at him earnestly, and said, "Dost thou indeed think there would be no harm in marrying, under these circumstances, if I were really thy great-grandmother? Is it thy earnest? Do be serious for once, dear Alerik!" "Certainly there would be no harm," answered he. "Physicians have agreed that the body changes entirely once in seven years. What must be because the soul outgrows its clothes; which proves that the soul changes every seven years, also. Therefore, in the course of one hundred years, thou must have had fourteen complete changes of soul and body; and it is as plain as daylight that if thou wert thy great-grandmother when thou fell asleep, thou couldst not have been my great-grandmother when they waked thee up."

"Ah, Alerik," she replied, "it is as the good Brenda says, there is no use in talking with thee. One might as well try to twist a string that is not fastened at either end." He looked up merrily in her face. The wind was playing with her ringlets, and freshened the color on her cheeks. "I only wish I had a mirror to hold before thee," said he; "thou couldst see how very like thou art to a great-grandmother." "Laugh at the as thou wilt," answered she; "but I assure thee I have strange thoughts about myself sometimes. Dost thou know," added she, almost in a whisper, "I am not always quite certain that I have not died, and am now in heaven?" "A ringing shout of laughter burst from the light-hearted lover.—"Oh, I like that! I like that!" exclaimed he. "That is good! That a Swede coming to Norway does not know certainly whether she is in heaven or not." "Do be serious, Alerik," said she, imploringly. "Don't carry thy jests too far." "Serious? I am serious. If Norway is not heaven, one sees plainly enough that it must have been the scaling place, where the old giants got up to heaven; for they have left their ladders standing. Where also thou findst clusters of mountains running up perpendicularly thousands of feet right into the sky? If thou wast to see some of them, thou couldst tell whether Norway is a good climbing place into heaven."

"Ah, dearest Alerik, thou hast taught me that already," she replied, with a glance full of affection; "so a truce with thy joking.—Truly one never knows how to take thee.—Thy talk sets everything in the world, and above it, and below it, dancing together in the strangest fashions." "Because they all do dance together," rejoined the perverse man. "Oh, be done! be done, Alerik!" she said, putting her hand playfully over his mouth; "Thou wilt tie my poor brain all up into knots." He seized her hand and kissed it, then busied himself with braiding the wild spring flowers into a garland for her fair hair. As she gazed on him earnestly, her eyes beaming with love and happiness, he drew her to his breast, and exclaimed fervently, "Oh, thou art beautiful as an angel; and here or elsewhere, with thee by my side, it seemeth heaven."

They spoke no more for a long time. The birds now and then serenaded the silent lovers with little twittering gushes of song. The setting sun as he went away over the hills, threw diamonds on the bay, and a rainbow ribbon across the distant waterfall. Their hearts were in harmony with the peaceful beauty of Nature. As he kissed her drowsy eyes, she murmured, "Oh, it was well worth a hundred years with bears and crocodiles, to fall asleep thus on thy heart."

The next autumn, a year and a half after Hilda's arrival in Norway, was another procession of boats, with banners, music and garlands. The little church was again decorated with evergreens; but no clarion players stood at the door to annoy good Father Oberg. The worthy man had in fact taken the hint, (though somewhat in the cross) and had good

naturally ceased to disturb modern ears with his clamorous vociferation of the hymns. He and his kind-hearted Brenda were happy beyond measure at Hilda's good fortune. But when she told her husband anything he did not choose to believe, they could never rightly make out what he meant by looking at her so silly, and saying, "Pooh! Pooh! tell that to my great-grandmother!"

BE ACTIVE. Be active—be active— Find something to do, In tugging a cleat-awl, Or tugging a shoe. Don't stop at the barriers— To try out the day. Be active—be active— And work while you may. 'Tis foolish to fret, Or lag in the street, Or walk as if chain-stead— Were fast to your feet. Be active—be active— And do what you can— 'Tis industry only That maketh the man. 'Tis industry makes you Remember—the wise— From sloth and from stupor Awake and arise. You'll live and be happy, And never complain Of the beer, or the damps, Or a dull heavy brain.

To-day—is to-day a mendicant, and the Past, only, full of wealth? Whence, then, has this rich father beggarly a son? A true man, doing truly by his offspring, shall not have a false child, or a wise man, doing wisely, a foolish one. This age is not mendicant, but waits another age to value its riches. We honor the dead, not the living; and times, like the planets, are radiant but in the distance.—Nonpariel.

True Translation.—The passage in Cicero's second oration against Cataline, has "Abit, excessit, evasit, erupit," has been thus happily rendered—"He's gone, he's cleared out, he's cut stick, he's aquated."

An old hard shelled minister observed in a sermon that "No one got religion in a great bustle!" Think of that ladies!

An old lady at the South End, being told that death was better than Gathars, went and filled her bed-ticks with saw-dust.

It is a sad thing when men have neither wit enough to speak well, nor sense enough to hold their tongues, this is the foundation of all impertinence.

Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius.

The oldest Inhabitant.—The Pinyone has found out who that much talked of individual, the oldest inhabitant is:

"An elderly chap, speaking of his great knowledge of the Western country the other day, said that he had known the Mississippi river ever since it was a small creek." He's the man!

A German writer observes, that in England, there is such a scarcity of thieves that they are obliged to offer a reward for their recovery.

We hear, says an exchange, of a petition in circulation urging that no widow shall be allowed to marry until all the single ladies are disposed of.

Graves are but the prints of the footsteps of the angel of eternity.

The original Indian name of Manhattan, the present site of the city of New York, was spelled *Manschattanah*, a swelling name, meaning the place where they all got drunk!

Mr. Thomas the inventor of the "Wind Wagon," has returned to Independence, Mo., from a trip of twelve days sail on the prairies, and says his ship works well.

A small party of Germans, who have resided for several years in St. Louis, have left for Northern Wisconsin, to found there a colony on the Socialist principle of common property and interests.

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. J. J. EDITOR.

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

LOWELL

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 24, 1847.

HOURS OF LABOR.

In our last we spoke of some of the obstacles which lie in the way of a Reform in the Hours of Labor. We had reference in that article exclusively to obstacles placed there by the Laborers themselves. We propose now to speak of another class of obstacles.

It is said that any attempt to shorten the Hours of Labor, made by any individuals, Companies, or States would be ruinous, in a pecuniary point of view, inasmuch as they would not, under those circumstances, be able to compete successfully with other individuals, Companies, and States around them, where the old, or long hour system should be continued—that manufacturing Companies in New Hampshire for instance, running their mills only ten hours per day, could not live in competition with Companies in Massachusetts, running their mills twelve or thirteen hours. This is supposed to be an insurmountable obstacle. We think that facts will show that it is only an imaginary one, and in proof of this we will here introduce the article which we referred last week, from Chambers Edinburgh Journal. We hope its length will not prevent our readers from giving it a careful perusal.

STORYS HOURS.

For sometime past the subject of early shop-shuttings, and the general diminution of the hours of labor, has much engaged the attention of the well-meaning and intelligent, and the arguments in favor of such a system are alike urgent and obvious. Without at all entering upon the general merits of the question, we think there is one argument which, if not overlooked, has at least not met with that consideration which its importance deserves. It is all very well to talk of humanity and leisure for moral and intellectual improvement to men prepared to feel the force of such positions; but we need scarcely remark that views of this kind are either simply unknown to many masters, or regarded by them, from whatever cause, as visionary and extravagant. It is for this reason that we now propose to argue for short hours upon a purely economical ground. We design to show that any extension of work beyond a man's ordinary physical powers is attended with loss to his employer, and that any reduction within proper limits is followed by a corresponding gain. We mean, in other words, to establish, from facts before us, that men worked considerably within the limits of their power perform a greater amount of labor, and execute it more satisfactorily; that they are more intelligent, more apt to comprehend, more active, more inclined to be obliged, that those who are worn out and fogged by long and incessant toil.

It is evident, if a man be overworked to-day, that to-morrow he will be less able for his average labor, and that if a system of overworking be persisted in, the period will be hastened when he shall be totally unfit for that species of labor, or be laid aside by long and incessant toil. The same reasoning holds true in reference to time. If ten hours a day be the average at which a man can work cheerfully and well, then twelve hours will render him dull and fatigued, and though he may continue at the work, he will not do one whit more, or, if he should do so one day, it will be at the expense of the labor of the next. This is viewing man as a mere animated machine, whose powers and sinews are capable of exerting a limited amount of force, and to which we can apply the mechanical axiom, "that greater power cannot be gained out at the expense of time, and time cannot be saved but at the expense of power." But this reasoning will not altogether apply to an intelligent being; and, in estimating the amount and duration of human force, we must take into account the inseparable attributes of Mind.—There is scarcely any species of labor—certainly none of the mechanical or mercantile— that requires care, vigilance, ingenuity, reasoning; and these are qualities so intimately depending upon a sound and vigorous bodily system, that it were folly to look for them from an over-taxed mind worn-out man.—Reasoning in the abstract, though it may be very valuable that any master must be a gain, or, both in the amount of labor and manner of execution, by exacting from the workman his energy rather than above the average time during which their attention and activity can be maintained. Among the many practical illustrations of this doctrine, few could be more directly applicable than the following, which recently came under our notice:—In Fifehire, where the hours of the plowman are average variations—namely, during daylight in Winter, and from 5 to 6, with a breakfast and mid-day interval, at other seasons—the men, as a class, are active, energetic

and well skilled in their various duties.—In activity, we will back them against any similar class in the Island, and the trial of skill which came off between twenty of them and a like number from Lothians (a prominent Agricultural district), places them foremost on the list, at least as plowmen. In Strathern and the Carse of Gowrie, on the other hand, where the hours of labor are notoriously long, the farm-laborer seems to be quite the antithesis of his brother in Fife. A farmer in the latter county, a few years ago, engaged two of the best Carse hands at the highest wages, and placed them at the general labor of the farm along with seven native plowmen. In a few weeks the differences between the imports and natives became painfully apparent; for, with every disposition to oblige, they neither performed so much labor, nor executed it so well, nor with so much alacrity, as the latter. "I've had enough of your Carse men," said the farmer to one day, and his reason was, as nearly as possible, in the following words:—"They have got a wretched system of long hours in the North; they work the very spirit out of their men, and so it is that these have not half the *medium* (smartness) of our Fife lads.—They've neither the same skill nor activity, and, when a push comes, I would make my foreman work round a couple of them "But you'll find them very willing and obliging!" "O yes, they are patiens in that respect, and are certainly not so independent in their way as our own blades; but they want the energy and aptitude, and really don't give their work the same finish. For one order that I have to give to my own men, I have to give two to them. They'd hang as long as I like at the plow-tail, but I want *through-put*, and so I command them to my own men and reasonable hours." Now, these are not the preachings of any of your sentimental men, but the plain words of a hard-driving, money-making, Scotch farmer, who saw from this comparing his men on short hours, and of never exacting from them more than they could do cheerfully and well.

The same argument applies to every species of labor, and with double force to those employments which require intelligence and care. As soon as the body begins to tire, the spirit droops, the attention flags, and if positive carelessness does not supervene, there follows at all events a dulness and lethargy which are any thing but favorable either to amount of work or to manner of execution.—Now can there be any remedy for this but rest and repose. It is true you may apply artificial stimulants, but these, too, will shortly fail; and their use only renders the bodily system of their victim the less capable of being reinvigorated. These remarks apply in a special manner to in-door labor, where the long hours abuse is more frequently seen, notwithstanding that a restrained position of body, want of fresh air and ventilation, should be potent argument for a course quite the reverse. Nor do we argue upon mere theory; for in this case, as in the other, we have fortunately a most convincing illustration at hand. It is that of a large spinning-mill, situated beside a country village for the sake of water-power, and in which the hours of labor are from 6 in the morning till 7 at night, deducting an hour for breakfast and another for dinner, thus reducing the hours of actual work to eleven—a space still long, but considerably shorter than that required in any of the neighboring factories. In addition to this reduction the wheel is stopped at 5 o'clock on Wednesdays and at 8 on the Saturdays; three half days a year are allowed for Fairs, two days for Church Fasts, two for New Year's Day and Handseil Monday, and one for the Anniversary of the Mill's erection—an event seemingly of great local importance. (Now, however small this may seem to some, it is in reality an amount of freedom and relaxation not enjoyed, so far as we are aware, in any similar establishment. And what, according to the owner, has been the result? Not a single spindle of yarn less, a great reduction of disease, better executed work, fewer accidents of damage to the machinery, a more orderly and more obliging set of work-people, beside the satisfaction that he is contributing in some degree to the happiness of his fellow creatures.) It may seem contradictory at first sight, that a reduction of hours in such an establishment should not be followed by a diminution of produce; a little reflection, however, will clear away the dubieties. The last two years' wages book shows the mere result of absence from ill health; the lessening of damages has caused fewer stoppages, and even a greater degree of speed can be obtained, inasmuch as the attention of the workers is never relaxed by long and tedious confinement. The stoppage on Wednesdays permits the women to attend a little to their domestic concerns, while it allows the mill to be cleaned and the machinery to be overhauled; the advantages of the Saturday afternoons are too obvious to be adverted to.

The length of the above compels us to defer, until another occasion, a further consideration of the subject. We have more to say at hand.

We have received "Gerrit Smith on Secularism" with a request to notice it. We will endeavor to read it next week, when we will tell our readers what we think of it.

PROTECTIVE UNION.—NO. III.

The question is naturally asked, "why charge such a large profit?" and why resort to such shameful practices? "Surely they can get a living by trading—honestly." True, but so people want to get rich on the run, and to do this they pay their enormous expenses, our traders probably think it really necessary to make the work-people pay well for what they purchase.

Suppose we examine the "outgoes" of these establishments by figures. There are probably not less than sixty grocers in this city, (big and little), the rent of whose stores will average \$150 per year, which will amount in all to \$9000. Two clerks in a store whose pay, at one dollar per day each, will amount to \$37,500. The cost of lighting, at one dollar twenty-five cents per foot, will amount to \$3,900. The fuel used will probably amount to about \$20 each in a season, amounting in all to \$1,200. Most of them (say fifty) keep a horse and wagon, the cost of keeping will not be less than two dollars twenty-five cents per week; which will amount to \$8,900. Wear of horse, wagon and harness is not less than \$30 per year, which will be \$1,500. Now let us sum it all up, and we have \$68,900, and quite a number of incidental expenses not reckoned in; and I likewise learn that they make calculations on having their paying customers "foot the bills" of the non paying ones. If this is the case I do not think that \$75,000 will pay the bills. A smart man that, reads, and smarter still when we come to add to this the pay of "bosses" which is any where from \$500 to \$3000 per year, all it \$1000, which on adding to the other amounts to \$135,000; this is merely a rough estimate, every one can see for himself the expense attending these stores.

When I see men retiring from this business after being in it fifteen or twenty years with a fortune of from 30 to 40 thousand dollars, I think the business in which they have been engaged is somewhat different from that of our laborers and artisans, most of whom are obliged to struggle hard for a mere physical existence, with none of those privileges enjoyed by the "upper classes" so called, and often not having the necessities of life; much less its luxuries. Is this right? If not, why is it so? Are these laborers and artisans not diligent, honest, faithful? Are their hearts not as warm as those whose hands are softer? In fact are they not men? Yes, but those who at the end of each day or week can show some specimen of their hand-work are not considered so respectable as the merchant, or clerk in the counting room or store, and his pay is small in proportion as his work may be useful, laborious or repugnant, and being wronged in the first place by his employer he is considered fair game to be plucked by the exchanger. But the grocers are not the only ones of this class who are living on the working classes, and as we intend to do away with all exchangers, (on the present false system,) as soon as practicable, it may be well to count the cost of others in a future number.

UNCLE SAM'S FARM. Uncle Sam has a large farm. He has lots of children, some say 30,000,000. Some are well off, having houses and farms, and much of energy and skill to obtain more, if they should lose them. They do not want, nor do they need, any of the old gentleman's assistance, more than protection and security for the peaceful possession of what they acquired, against the thieving propensities of the indolent and vicious. Now there are others of his children who really are poor, and have nothing. These need the old man's assistance, and ought to have it. It is cruel and wicked for him to abandon them. He ought not to allow them to be herded up in cities, where there are vastly more hands to work than labor to be done—where by an unhealthy competition, they reduce the wages of those having employment below the eating figures. He ought, by right and justice to the rich and poor—yes, to all classes, to devise ways and to mature plans to get them into the country—to do a little something going in the world. We don't mean that he should give them outright, but a small loan by way of encouragement.—This is what we would do for our children, had we the means, if we could not do better by them. Where is there a man, woman, or child, that cast object to this? The old man injures no one by so doing. The land is his own. He'll injure no one. If those of his children have as much as will satisfy their wants, they certainly cannot be injured by that system which will secure the other members of the family, with a small patch for their own cultivation.—Ohio Organ.

THE DAY-DAWN is the poetical name of a newly published at Auburn, New York, and edited by T. N. Caulkins, M. D. It advocates National Reform, and other Progressive Movements, with much spirit and talent. The editor seems to have caught some glimpses of the glory of the "Good time coming."

THE DAILY CHRONOTYPE. If any of our friends want a first rate daily paper the Chronotype is just the thing. We think it the best daily published in this great country, including Mexico, in South America, which Col. Wright has doubtless, ere this, caused to be annexed.

Correspondence of the Voice.

BRO. J. J. J.—It has been said, by a very learned and sagacious Judge, out west, that "things of a doubtful nature are rather uncertain."

That such is the fact, I think I can testify; for when I undertook, last week, to trouble you with a few crude ideas in regard to what I had thought of doing for the Voice, and those who are the "Main-stay and support of our Country," I thought I could see the whole length of the track—and nothing in the way—to prevent an immediate discussion of that subject, but that, it seems, was rather uncertain for I find myself thrown off the track, (Locomotive and tender clear off) and nobody under the sun to be blamed for it, but Spooner! Yes, Spooner "and no body else,"—is to be held accountable for the damage if any has been done. If, however, no one is found either killed or wounded, we shall be unable to get him indicted at this time, and therefore must wait for the next offence.

But what has Spooner been guilty of? Why he has written a book on the "Unconstitutionality of Slavery,"—and a better work has not been printed by any live man, since the art of printing was invented by Laurens Jambon in the year 1480 when he practised the art with separate, wooden types. In this work our Friend Spooner proves beyond the possibility of successful contradiction that Slavery has no legal foot hold in the Constitution of the United States. This is the work that have fallen in with, and which, as before intimated, has thrown me "off the track." It is a work that should be in the hands of every citizen of this country.

For myself, I could never believe that the framers of our Federal Constitution would have formed an instrument perpetuating the system of Slavery. And I ask the question in all sincerity, is there a man in our land who believes that George Washington, ("The first in war, the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of his countrymen,") who had spent nearly his whole life in defence of "American Liberty," and who was chairman of the convention that framed the Constitution, I say does any body believe that such a man would have given his sanction to such a system?

Now, I would ask, where are Webster, Calhoun, Benton, Clay, Van Buren, and the sage of Quincy? Where are they all? Are they all fast asleep? and will they continue to sleep on until they shall sleep that sleep that knows no waking, and not raise their voices against this infernal system? If the system of slavery is right, come out boldly and manfully and defend it. If it is wrong, come out and denounce it. Let us have no children's play about it. Let the advocate of slavery come out, he shall have "open field and fair play." Let the Slave Holders send their Missionaries into New England and convince the people that slavery is right if they can by fair argument. Let Mr. Calhoun come, let Mr. Benton come, let ex-President Lamar, who contends that "the only true relation between the employer and employed, is that of Master and Slave." I say let them all come, and they shall be allowed free access into all our cities and towns, halls and lecture rooms, and even into "the Old Cradle of Liberty, and there they shall be protected in the free expression of their opinions; we will not drive them out of the State, nor suffer them to be injured in any manner.

One or two more quotations, Bro. J. J. J., and I have done for this time; perhaps I have trespassed too long already upon your patience.

Is the soil of South Carolina containing as it does the ashes of Laurens—the Rutledge—the Pinckneys—the Sumpters—the Marions, to be forever under the curse of Slavery?

Is the State of Virginia that has given birth to Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Clay, and Patrick Henry to be forever cursed, and borne down by this, most accursed of all systems? In the language of Henry I would say forbid it Almighty God forbid it Heaven.

Respectfully yours, &c., G. C. ROBINSON.

READ THIS. We copy the following from the back of a one dollar bill on the Exchange Bank, Boston. It tells the whole terrible story in a few words. Any comments of ours would only weaken its effect.

THE "VOICE". We publish the following late notices of the Voice, to show our readers that the paper is as an any in the country, do not hesitate to "make honorable mention" of an humble advocate of Industrial and Social Reform, (which is what the Voice professes to be,) and to commend it to the patronage of the People. This is one of the "Signs of the Times," and betokens Progress. A few years since, few notices, not coupled with some sneering remark, in regard to the unpopular doctrine it advocates.

We thank our Brethren of the Editorial Fraternity, for their kind wishes, and words of commendation, of which we are personally the subject. We hope never, by any misconduct of ours, to forfeit their respect and good will. We will try to deserve a continuance of both.

The Voice of Industry. This spiritual and faithful advocate of the rights of Labor, the organ of the "New England Labor Reform League," published every Friday morning at Lowell, has just passed into new editorial hands. Mr. D. H. J. J., who has been for some time past an active contributor, the author of the "Letters from Boston," from this time forward assumes the entire editorial management of it. We heartily welcome him to the post. He is the first man to keep up the character which the "Voice" has always sustained, of advocating the cause of Labor boldly, firmly, frankly and yet discreetly, without exaggerations, without appeals to popular prejudice, with a catholic regard to the rights and interests of all parties.

Mr. J. J. J. is an Associationist, one whose convictions are thorough on this subject, and who labors warmly and wisely to convince others. The "Voice" has always been friendly to our movement; we may now anticipate important aid from it.

Mr. J. in his editorial "Salutatory" thus states his views: "We shall try to give you an Independent paper, devoted without fear or favor to the cause of the People, to the amelioration of the Masses, the elevation of Labor and the final emancipation of all Classes of Society from the false and antagonistic relations, which they now sustain in almost all departments of life. In addition to this we shall try to give an interesting Miscellany of Tales, Poetry, Science, History, Biography, Anecdotes, News &c. &c. in a word to make the Voice an interesting as well as useful paper."—Harbinger.

The Voice of Industry, Lowell, has passed into the hands of D. H. J. J., whereby it will lose nothing of its efficacy in the cause of Human Progress and the Social Elevation of the Suffering Millions. Mr. J. not only feels deeply the evils which now bear down the great mass of the Poor, but he sees clearly the means of overcoming them, and will urge their adoption in a spirit of love and charity to all. He says: "We shall try to give an Independent paper, devoted without fear or favor to the cause of the People, to the amelioration of the Masses, the elevation of Labor, and the final emancipation of all Classes of Society from the false and antagonistic relations, which they now sustain in almost all departments of life."

The "Voice" is issued weekly at \$1 25 per annum or five copies for \$5, and we think the advocates of Labor Reform in this vicinity will serve the cause and gratify themselves by taking it.—New York Tribune.

The "Voice of Industry," recently passed into the hands of our old friend, D. H. J. J., who possesses the ability to make a good paper. We give him a professional welcome and hope to enjoy the reading of his ideas upon labor reform and other kindred matters for many years to come. The "Voice" is about the size of the Messenger—is published at Lowell weekly, and deserves the support of the workmen, whose interests it especially advocates. Address "D. H. J. J."—Manchester Messenger.

The Lowell Voice of Industry has passed into the hands of D. H. J. J. The new editor's salutatory remarks sound like the voice of a true man. May it never be hushed for the want of a true echo. Brother workies, let us make literature, at last, good for something. We can think and work too, and as thinking has hitherto gathered all the fruit of working, by and by, if we continue to think, we shall get the fruit of our own work.—Chronotype.

The Voice of Industry is now edited and published by Mr. D. H. J. J., a gentleman of talent who is zealously and honestly laboring to promote the interests of the working classes.

The influence of the Voice may be such as to elevate and improve the condition of those to whose well being it is devoted, and that Mr. J. J. J. will receive that support which he merits, we sincerely hope.—Lowell Gazette.

The Voice of Industry is hereafter to be published and edited by Mr. D. H. J. J., Mr. Young and Miss Eastman, retiring from the concern. Mr. J. J. J. is a man of talent, who we believe is honestly striving to serve the interests of the laboring classes, though he does not, in our opinion, always go the right way to work to effect his object. Personally we wish him much success.—Lowell Courier.

POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE.

From the People's Journal. HEROISMS. With his rusty sword and shield...

of for himself, disposed of it so rapidly, that I had to enter on the coming year, the owner of less than fifty thousand acres...

Respectfully yours, GERARD SMITH.

WISCONSIN PHALANX.

DOMAIN OF THE WISCONSIN PHALANX, CERESCO, Aug. 21, 1847.

We have now completed our harvest for the third time in practical Associate life. We have raised this season, as near as can be estimated in the stack, 100 bushels of wheat...

Condition of the Russian Serfs.—The serfs, who constitute the bulk of the agricultural population of Russia, are bought and sold with the land which they cultivate...

A New Advocate of Association.—We cut the following from a letter to the Chronicle from the New York Correspondent.

Mechanics' Mutual Protection.—This is the title assumed by bodies of practical mechanics who have organized themselves, in several towns and cities in Ohio...

Wages of Labor.—It is curious to look at the difference in the rewards of labor. A sempstress in our large cities, earns two or three shillings for a day's hard labor...

Slavery Abolished.—The King of Denmark has issued a decree abolishing slavery in his dominions, to take effect on the 23rd July, 1859, without compensation to the owners...

Some of the American prisoners in Mexico report having been treated with great kindness and attention by the Mexican People...

A full colored African lady, has lately made her debut, and has become very popular, at one of the principal theatres in Paris.

One of the most important female qualities is sweetness of temper. Heaven will not give to Women legislation and persuasion in order to be sure that it did not make them weak in order to be impetuous...

If you do not have any company call upon you, and feel lonesome, just run in debt to visitors, and you will have a plenty of visitors.

POETRY is the beauty of ideas—distinct from the beauty of things.

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