

# VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

VOL. I.

W. F. YOUNG, Editor.

VOICE OF INDUSTRY,  
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,  
AT NO. 76, CENTRAL ST., LOWELL, MASS.  
BY THE  
N. E. WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

W. F. YOUNG,  
SARAH G. BAGLEY,  
JOHN HATCH,  
COMMITTEE.

TERMS—\$1.00 IN ADVANCE;  
ALL COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE DIRECTED (POST PAID) TO THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

## Poetry.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

### SONG OF PEACE.

WAKE, ye sons of peace!

Let nations but the sword;

The march of blood and pain of war;

We will not have again!

Let fruitfulness crown our fields,

And flowers our valleys fair;

And on our mountain steep the songs

Of happy mountain streams be there!

Oernishards still rejoice;

And bid the timbrel sound;

God's dream or more shall break the

With drama paradise round.

No tears for lovers slain;

From lovely eyes shall fall;

But music and thankness shall come

In lalydays joys to all!

Tear the hand of blood;

Hath ruled without control;

Nor widow's tears, nor orphan's sighs

Could touch his iron soul;

But lo! the mighty's fallen—

And from his holy brow

The cleft robes that circled there—

Whose life is but tropic now!

Look to the countless graves, 4

Where sleep the thousands slain!

The morning songs go more call forth

The string bands a-gain;

The dirge, the dirge in sheet;

Cries with falling feet—

The gray leaves wave o'er their heads

And quiet they rest below,

Sound but the hush of peace,

And raise thy joyful strain;

But was' rough note lie in thee to be heard

To swell the gloom again

All its trapings—all—

Vain prop of base years;

To placeholders grained the sword,

To prinkers brook the pointed swords,

To prinkers brook the pointed swords,

Great men to bony man;

Come in the bonds of peace;

Then strife and war with all their train

Of darkning' was split;

Come with that spirit free!

That art and science give,

Come with the moral truth for mind;

Stick it, and it shall live! 1

### HIGH AND FOOR.

At think the gay, jocund crowd,  
When pleasure, power, and silliness surround;

They who thee that please hours in giddy mind,  
And shun, often cruelest woe;

A little think how many feel, this very  
moment, death!

At all the vanitory of pain,

How many pine in want and dungeon gloom,

From the common air, and common use

Of their own's; how many drink thee keep

Of others'—how many eat thee bread

Of others'—how many die by whate'le whate'

How many shrink back the scowl but a

Of cheerless poverty?—Thought found man

Of these.

The conscious heart of charity would warn,

And her wide with benevolence dilate;

The social ear rise, the social sigh;

And into clear perception, general bliss;

Reining still, the social passion work;

Thompson's Strains.—Winter.

### RIGHT OF THOUGHT.

Yet let thy ponderous body, 'tis a base

Abandon'd of reason to resign

Our right of thought—our last and only place

Of refuge, at least, to be made

For us to stand in, and to make

As much as we can, to stand, stand,

# VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

## FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

As in Woman, so is the Race.

### Special Notice.

The Committee of Arrangements for the "SOCIAL GATHERING" of the Female Labor Reform Association, are requested to meet at the Reading Room, No. 78, Central Street, on Saturday Evening Jan. 31st, at half past six o'clock.

Per Order.

### NOTICE.

The Female Labor Reform Association, will meet every Tuesday Evening at 8 o'clock, at their Reading Room, 78 Central Street to transact all business pertaining to the Association, and to consider by what to promote the common interests of all the working Classes. Also to discuss all subjects which shall come before the meeting. Every Female who realizes the great necessity of Reform and improvement in the condition of the worthy, toiling classes, and who would wish to place woman in that elevated station intellectually and morally which a beautiful Creare designed her to occupy in the scale of being, is cordially invited to attend and give her influence on the side of virtue and suffering humanity.—*HULDAH J. STONE, Secy.*  
Lowell, January 9, 1846.

### Down the Dark Tide of Time.

BY H. W. BULLOCK.

Down the dark tide of time, with  
Uncaring, bathe another year,  
Its record borne of joy and woes,  
Hope, exultation, fears—  
With constant force through shade and sun,  
And swelling the stream dash'd onward,  
And flung its shattered wave at last  
Into the ocean of the past.

Pass on, relentless years!—is time—  
Near'st the golden age of Time—  
When man, no more an abject thing,  
Stands from the sleep of ages spring.  
With新生 life, and proudly flings  
Aside his boudoir and his crime,  
And rising in his might, he  
What God designed—pure and free.

### Our Cause.

Many things have transpired of late to give new courage and hope to every heart. The good effects of establishing a paper devoted entirely to the cause of human rights, is already being realized and appreciated by a large portion of community. That one item of the business transactions of the last convention in Lowell will, we confidently believe, be productive of great and lasting good to the cause of Labor Reform. An independent press, one from which truth edict and irresistible, shall ever shine forth—truth which shall cause the moneyed tyrants to desist from their accrued work of grinding the face of the poor, and keeping back Ananias like, a part of the real hire—truth which shall raise up the bowed down, and shew every working man and woman, their true position in society—their abject state of slavery to capital and capitalists under existing circumstances—Truth which shall not only portray the great and alarming evils of society, but present an effectual remedy. Let the "Voice" of truth be hailed at the fire-side, in the workshop, as in the public mart, by every son and daughter of New England. Let it go forth, bearing precious seed, which shall take deep root in the mental soil, and bring forth fruit abundantly! We do sincerely hope that every individual, within whose breast glows the spark even, of philanthropy will lend their aid; both pecuniarily and mentally in extending and supporting this messenger of good to the toiling millions of our country. It is to the general diffusion of knowledge alone, that we look for success, and triumph over the present evils and abuse, which now flood our nation with crimes, misery, and painful oppression. Public opinion must and will be changed. Man must be made to feel that he is not an isolated being, placed here merely to gratify his own selfish desires, regardless of the wants or rights of his fellow man, but that all are indeed and in truth, of one great family bound together by the strong ties of human sympathy and love.

We have unbounded confidence in the power and omnipotence of correct principles diffused into the minds of men—those principles which are founded on scriptural justice and impartial goodness! The National Reform movement we believe to be based on this sure foundation, and we pray God to strengthen and greatly increase its numbers of active and efficient friends—until our country shall be free indeed! Every man who earns his daily bread honestly, and who is sufficiently enlightened on this subject, will if he has any humanity or love of country, give his whole influence on the side of this great National Reform! The signs of the times are truly encouraging. Men, and women, who are beginning to realize the great truth which has been so oft sounded in their ears, "All men are created free and equal," not free to starve, or work for a mere pittance, but free to work, reasonable hours and receive a reward proportionate with the real production of the labor performed. They are beginning to see that they are as perfect slaves to a false master of society, as are the poor black and white negroes of the South, to the wretched and capricious of their inhuman masters. "True we are not exposed to public sale or liable to be beaten without mercy; but we are liable to be treated like as many idiotic females not knowing their right hand from their left, if purchased we

concede to make ourselves really useful, by assisting to prepare the common nutriment of life in some plots minister's family! Awake then, knave fellow mortals, and spurn from your midst these gross and anti-republican pincers! They are a blot on the name—a disgrace to humanity!

There seems to be a general waking up on the subject of Labor Reform throughout the country. Only get the working classes wide awake, so that they are no longer dreaming of Edorado's and Elysian fields, and they will quickly command, and it shall become. Then shall man recognize his brother man beneath the most toady garb, and virtuous deeds be the only badge of honor. —H. J. S.

To my Friends in No. 4, Weaving Room of Massachusetts Corporation:

The beautiful token of your esteem, which I have just received, has excited feelings of gratification, which I cannot well express.—The relation in which an overgrown stands, with regard to the girls in a room, is often made an unpleasant one, by the system of manufacturing which is pursued in Lowell. The necessity which holds him under of producing work, of the quality and in the quantity his employers desire of him, compels him (even when he has a disposition to do otherwise) frequently to be apparently harsh and unmindful of the rights of those employed under him; and if I have succeeded in showing you that it was my aim to do as I would be done by, as far as the circumstances of my situation would permit, I have great reason to rejoice. If I have even been unnecessarily unaccommodating or unmindful of the courtesy which is due to females in my situation, impute it to the imperfection of human nature—the hasty impulse of the moment and not to the real feelings of my heart. Whatever may loom in life, or whatever rewards may await me, be assured that nothing can ever occur, will be a source of greater pride and satisfaction than the expression of your regard, which I have received to-day. I wish this note may be seen by all my friends in the room, and that each will accept for himself, my most sincere thanks; and as it may not be convenient, that I should visit each one personally to bid her a good bye, allow me to take this opportunity of doing so, and to wish you health and happiness, and that all your intercourse with others, may be as productive of pleasure to you as our conversation has been to me.

Respectfully, C. W. BLANCHARD.

The above communication was received by those to whom it was addressed, in reply to a note written by them asking him to accept a Silver Basket as a token of their regard, for his kindness and gentlemanly treatment to them, under all circumstances. It is difficult for an overseer to comply with the requisitions of his employer, and not be "harsh and unkind" of the rights of those employed under him? Yes, think Heaven, there are overseers, whose deliberate *infinitely* better than the system of labor in which they are employed, and worse is it that it is so. We know of men who sit in the capacity of overseers, who have all the kindness of disposition that can be found in any department in society. Such men do make great premiums, for the premiums are the kindly tokens of oppression to the employe.

But there are another class of overseers, who are just what the factory system makes a man whose whole life is measured by the length of his purse. Such have to reason to expect a discharge on account of their indulgence to those in their charge, while it is not unfrequent for a man to be turned out of employ for caring more for the interests of the girls, than that of the company. Reader! will you read the above communication again, and then ask what reform is necessary in the present factory system? If you ever make the enquiry again, you will be met with the answer, that we want a system of Labor, that does not compel a man to violate the principles of Christianity—that does not make a man a whose heart is held, a despot contrary to his will. We are right glad, that Mr. Blanchard, under all the unfortunate circumstances, has stood firm and has been able to command himself to the respect of the operatives in his charge, and as he has left the room where he has formerly labored, that the flowers he has strewn about the sorry path of the operatives may send back their odor to please and cheer him through life, and when his time comes to die, that he may have the pleasing satisfaction of having done something to make bright the joyous existence of those with whom his life has been cast. —S. G. B.

Lowell, Jan. 1846.

THE WORLD.

Alas world how slow,  
How claiming is thy view,  
Thy pleasure many and each pleasure new.

Thy world experienced what is this to do?  
How few for pleasure, and those few how old!

CHAS. E. TALE'S.

Sister, art thou greening the following as a way to make cause sweetly well. Infuse three gills of salt in four quarts of boiling water, and pour the salin in white hot, and leave it till cold. And in this way the colors are rendered permanent and will not fade by subsequent washing. This is the result of experience.

It may with safety be said that the more school houses there are, the less prisons there will be needed.

## VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

What we Labor for.—The abolition of idleness and oppression; the prevalence of industry and intelligence.

LOWELL, JANUARY 30, 1846.

At Subscribers and recollect, that when the above paper is mentioned, they should inform us POST PAID and pay all arrears.

A few words to the Clergymen of Lowell.

**Friends:** Our only apology for addressing you at this time, is your position as public men. We believe the vast influence you exert over the minds of the people, must tell with momentous consequences upon their future character and condition. This influence, let me either, for their elevation and happiness, or degradation and misery. You can occupy no neutral position between this day and the morrow—the present and the future. Your teachings cannot have a conservative effect, as the history of the past clearly evinces. How important then, that you are imbued with just sense of your responsibilities, and your real duties to your fellow men, which in all cases, harmonize with the true principles of Christianity. From the above reflections, we call your particular attention at this time, to the great moral revolution which is agitating almost the entire civilized world, upon the Natural Rights of Man; known as you do, that "pure and undefiled" religion cannot flourish where these rights are disregarded and the mass oppressed and impoverished.

It is a error fraught with most fatal results to humanity, that the spiritual and temporal interests of men are isolated—that extreme wealth and luxury, and extreme poverty and dependence, can co-exist with true Christianity, as promulgated by Christ and his followers, through the New Testament. Merchants, no worse God and Mammon at the same time; and those who had no where to lay their head;—besides who will have the same sense of gaining a livelihood, as those who depend upon physical labor, and the supreme happiness, that you have forfeited the ill gotten gold of the oppressor, by doing your duty to your God and your fellow-men.

John C. Cluer and the Lowell Courier, again.

The last Saturday's Courier devoted all its editorial space, ability and blackguard, in trying to destroy the character of Mr. Cluer.

Schouler brings forward as testimony, a series of letters as vague and unseemly as their char-

acter appear groundless; and from evidence in

our possession, the individuals whose names are appended thereto, are a gang of wolves

who have put on the Temperance garb, that

they may, the more effectually serve their

master, by destroying the character of a val-

ueable friend to the moral, social and

physical welfare of the race, and from whose

investigation they still burn with revenge.

Where is the man, who like Mr. Cluer, has

been an active part in English Chari-

sham, who has been a firm and consistent advocate

of Temperance—an uncompromising foe to

Chattel Slavery—an enemy to factory and

all other oppression, and a friend to universal

humanity; but what sayings as hard may be brought against him by the rowdy aristoc-

racy and sham reformers of the Old Country

and their despicable apologists in this;

and yet he is guiltless of them all. As a New

York friend has truly remarked, contrast the

case of Mr. Cluer with that of Mr. Goode.

The former was never known to break his

pledge, or live for days not weeks, in drunk-

and licentious debauchery, and yet this

christian, virtuous Courier is crying out to

the utmost of his ability against Cluer,

whose party is, throw over Mr. Goode,

more—there are, and have been men in this

country, of the worst character alleged a-

gainst Mr. Cluer, with whom he is in full fel-

lowship; and against an exposition of what

inquiries his chaotic columns have ever left

closed, and why—because they belong to

the party"—the respectable portion of com-

munity" and cater to all our self interest

while this Courier is nothing but a poor Skid-

zeader, who speaks out regardless of conse-

quences in all their forms. The fact simply is,

Schouler is *most*, *right*, *mad*; as every line in

his article plainly shows, and he is determined to put Cluer down, and with him the Labor

Reform movement, for which he enters an

inveterate enmity, as his past conduct clearly

proves.

With regard to Mr. Gough, we wish to be

understood, as casting no reflection

upon his present standing, as it remains yet to

be proved to us, that he fell voluntarily, and

we merely introduce his case to illustrate the

consistency of this claim against Cluer.

Schouler talks very profoundly about the

Laws. Now it is easy for the coward to bark

when there is no fear of danger, and he may thank

his stars, that some men are governed by prin-

ciple and enlightened reason, instead of law and

brute force, for were it otherwise, the edit-

or of the Courier and his corporation sup-

porters, would be released of a portion of their

ill gotten gain.

But John C. Cluer, as bad as Schouler

would make him, wants none of the wages of

sin—he abhors oppression, and as poor as he

is, detests its blood stained gold. As to our

Courier "Gangs" we would simply say, that we are the organ of all men, and no

one in particular. We are not circumscribed

within the nut shell of a creed. Any man or

woman, however poor, humble or despised

can be heard through our Voice, nor will such

rotten politicians as the editor of the Courier

who has not character enough to be elected to

such aggrandizement of a few capitalists, contrary to the declared and acknowledged principles of the gospel of truth and love, of which you profess to be the ordained preachers.

How can you remain silent while these things are so?—Duty to your fellow-men, and the religion you profess, demands, you should speak out upon these subjects. You never can make men genuine christians, through theoretical speculation—by arraying one class against another, in sectarian controversies; you never will regenerate mankind by administering mere palliatives, while the great train of injury remains unmolested, pouring out its poisonous deluge upon society. Your

next duty, as advocates of the doctrines of Christ and labor, or the restoration of the Natural Rights of Man, for just in proportion as these are practically acknowledged, will men become friends, brothers, and christians. Hence you are bound to "break the yoke of the bondmen and let the oppressed go free." When the people are denied the air and light of Heaven, which is essential to their physical and consequently spiritual progress, by being confined from twelve to fourteen hours in dusty, ill-ventilated factories, and when the Soil, the products of their Labor, and other essentials of human life and happiness are robbed from them; it is your duty to "cry aloud and spare not," and unless you do, what kind of an account of your ministry can you render to Him, who has commanded us to "love our neighbor as ourselves?" Suppose you lose your ten, twelve, or fifteen hundred dollars salary; you will then be as well off as thousands around you, and better than your Master, "who had no where to lay his head";—besides you will have the same sense of gaining a livelihood, as those who depend upon physical labor, and the supreme happiness, that you have forfeited by doing your duty to your God and your fellow-men.

But to the point of Mr. Cluer's character. While in this city, I never have known, or even heard of his having acted, if not very unbecoming the character of an honest man; he was unfortunately in not procuring employment, and consequently he had to be dependent on his friends, who, when he addressed the Temperance gathering on Sunday, took up collections for him. But even this, the *quid* determined to make away from him, as they had him arrested, and bound over to keep the peace for one year, so as to stop him from speaking, and thereby withdraw from him this means of support, and this was done by men, who if you would believe them, their only motive was to advance the cause of Temperance; whereas, their true motive was themselves, who were completely ignorant of superior knowledge and power as a public speaker, add to this, that the most of our Temperance speakers, were either openly in the field with the Tory doctrine of Native or strongly inclined with these Anti-American principles.

The fact was, Mr. Cluer was too noble, and too liberal, in his sentiments, for such men.

From all I have seen and heard of John C.

Cluer, he is far too manly, liberal, and indepen-

dent, to be the easw-paw of any such designing and scheming, narrow minded scat-

tered men as Schouler.

Think not from these remarks, that I am the enemy of the Temperance movement far from it. I consider, that till the working men become temperate, all other reforms will not render their situation comfortable. If I spend his money on Rum, his mind is ob-

scur'd—his manhood degraded, and no man on earth can elevate his condition. But I see or think I see, that too many of the leaders of the Temperance movement, are men of this one idea,—men I am sorry to say, who fear not the masses to be elevated, rather than that they are at present; or at least, not farther than their present condition leads them; but I trust, and confidently hope that a higher and nobler destiny awaits the *children of the earth*—the working masses. Oh! that they would awake from their lethargy—open their eyes, and look around them, and see how they are hoodwinked and humbugged by the schemers, who beat their wives, silur them to their destruction, by their honeyed darts, while their only object is to advance their own interests, and accomplish their own purposes.

Is not it disgraceful, to the working men of our country, that those who produce, at that

cause, are not allowed the right to speak and

speculate—*do the nothing*, who notwithstanding

the masses, rule them too.

Gentlemen, you must excuse my lengthy

scrawl. If the Lowell Courier could be had

I will willingly write you, if you think it impor-

tant. Yours, in the great cause of man's im-

provement—mental and physical.

ROBERT WATKINSON.

The Legislature from the Whig city of Lowell, and all his general satellites, injure the char-

acter or standing of our sheet, or the righteous cause in which we are engaged:

Not the least evidence has been brought against Mr. Cluer's character since his arrival in this country, in substantiation of which we introduce the following, written by a respectable shoe dealer of New York, in reply to some inquiries by ten or twelve workmen of Lowell:

N.Y., Jan. 25th, 1846.

MESSRS. LUND AND OTHERS.—Gentlemen—

—I received your letter yesterday, but am sorry to say, that the "Lowell Courier" containing the attacks on John C. Cluer, has come to hand, consequently I cannot speak of them; but as you wish me to reply as soon as possible, I conclude not, to wait for the paper, at once to tell you all I know of Mr. Cluer.

The first time I heard of Mr. Cluer, was in Croton Hall, at a meeting of the National Reformation Society, when he stated that he had been in Lowell, for two or three weeks in that country. After he had finished his remarks, I came out of the room with him, and stood and conversed with him some time in the street. I recollect in the course of his speech, he had remarked about the aristocracy of Great Britain, and stated to him that he would find in this country, an aristocracy as well as in Europe. He had to do with this time, he did not altogether believe it, but I suppose by this time, he had good cause to believe, and I suppose like this Satanic Majesty, treacherous before him. If he does not trouble, as he has had cause, for ever since his appearance as a public speaker, they, the cowards aristocracy of our country, have pursued and malign him with every scurrilous epithet, and as scur

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