

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

ORGAN OF THE NEW ENGLAND WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

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PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

EDITOR:

POETRY:

Poetry of the Right Stamp,
Give me for man whom harmless soul
Opposes to his foes,
And bids through tyrant thunders roll,
The sons of freedom rise;
Who laughs at all the crowded storms
State's sorcery walks around;
At power in all its varying forms,
At idle empty vanity.

Give me the soul whose fearless zeal,
Diffusing heaven-light,
Instructs a people how to feel,
And how to gain their rights;
Who nobly scorned vain applause,
Or lesser's fraudful cause,
Purely enlisted for freedom's cause;
The dear cause of man.

Hail ye friends united here,
In virtue's sacred field!

May you like virtuous self, keep clear
Of passions and spies.

May you by Bartle's song inspired,
See nations rights renewed;

Nor longer unavenged be called,

The virtuous multitude.

The following lines are from the pen of Dr. Snowball, of Boston. They speak the spirit of Liberty.

We will speak out—we will hear!

Through all earth's systems crack;

We will not bat a single word,

Nor take a letter-word.

We speak the Truth—and what care we

For hissing and for scorn?

When some faint gleamings we can see
Of Freedom's coming morn.

Let laws fear; let cords slack,

Let traitors run away;

Whatever we have dared,
That dare we show.

Whatever we deem the proof of Wrong,

Tie-honored though it be,

We break—not fear the heavens fall,

Because the earth is free.

The only claim we dare not break;

Is our own plighted word,

To plead for our brother's sake,

And perish or be heard!

Miscellanea.

THE ALGERINES.

Captain Drew was as brave and chivalrous and at the same time kind, generous and warm-hearted an officer as I ever knew. The following interesting narrative is from his papers.

"The differences with France had scarcely been adjusted, when the outrages inflicted on our commerce by the Barbary powers induced our government to send a squadron up the Mediterranean in order to prevent such injuries by negotiation, or if necessary, by force of arms. We had gone into the neutral ports to provision, and as it was a gay capital, our days were spent in a continued round of dissipation. One evening, however, I was persuaded to attend a ball at the Ambassador's and the first object that met my sight on entering the room, was a being so dazzlingly beautiful as instantly to chain my attention. I was lost in admiration, and hearing that she was an American, sought and obtained an introduction. I had seen many beauties before, and always escaped fascination; but then there was a charm about Beatrice Vermon, I found it in vain to resist. From the first moment we met, her eyes began to fall on me, and every hour I spent with her only increased the spell—

Beautiful as a cloudless night; with a voice like the music of a summer wind; a mind, whose every thought was pure as heaven; and a smile sweeter than the first flush of sunlight after the storm, she soon obtained a power over me which was inexplicable to myself and such as no one had ever possessed before. She was not like the rest of her sex; her mind seemed of a purer and sweeter nature; and yet she had a brilliancy in her conversational moments which enthralled all. But it was not her classic beauty and soft, melting blue eyes, it was rather her faultless shape, nor rich animal tresses clambering in gold. It was the gentle sweetness of her manner, and the sure grace of a pure, and innocent young heart, that never entered her presence without an awfully falling upon me, checking my usual ardor, and almost chaining me in silence. The words I would have uttered died on my tongue; my breath came quick and gasping; and I trembled before the being I adored. I could no longer conceal

from myself I loved Beatrice; loved her with a ardor, a warm and generous heart; and avoiding ourselves of our good fortune, we loved her in all the holiness of a first name up hand over hand, pouring in a broad passion. I believed that early affection, reawakening as it did, my purer better nature, was the instrument of my salvation. I resolved from that moment, to be no longer as I had been."

From the day I saw Beatrice, therefore, I was an altered being. In her presence I seemed to breathe a holier atmosphere, and when away, that innocent smile attended me like a guardian angel. We met daily, and at first was I astonished when I mounted high deck as bounding officer, to see in advance of the pirates, rapidly raised, officiate as interpreter to the gallant captain of the ship in which Beatrice had sailed. The truth flashed like lightning upon me. Good God! and was she in the hands of lawless pirates, I shuddered at the thought; a sickness came over me instantly, I recollect, would have fallen, and staggered against the mast. I rapidly interrogated the captain, learned to my horror that Beatrice and her family were in their other vessel, and turning my eyes in that direction, found that in our eagerness to overtake the felucca, we had totally neglected the captured ship, so that, taking advantage of our carelessness, she had edged to windward and was already at a hopeless distance. Years have passed away since then; but the memories of that moment are still fresh in my memory. A despair bordering on madness took possession of me; giving a vigor and energy to my faculties that I had never felt before. I saw all depended upon haste, and aware that the felucca was already sinking, hurriedly hurried our prisoners out of her stern into my boat, pulled wildly back to the frigate, dashed up to the commodore, and without pausing to breathe, informed him of what I had heard, concluding by invoking him in the name of God, to rescue our countrymen. But the gray-haired veteran declared no incertitude. Smoothing the trumpet in his hand, he thundered out, before my apprehension had been finished,

"All hands make fast—sink or swim!" Pour it in, my lads, we have her now—take her fore and aft; shoot down the Commodore, on the instant springing on a gun to reconnoiter the chase. Our levee fellows need no incentive. From the stern to the bow along the whole deck, the fiery torrent burst forth, making the old hull shiver to her keelson; and when the thick smoke had curled away we saw the ill-fated chase with nothing standing but a fragment of her forecastle, rolling a wreck upon the waters. Yet her obstinate captors, though their enmity had been shot away, hoisted another on a temporary staff, defying us to the last! We were, however, confident of success, and it was impossible for them to escape. Our only concern was that they would take vengeance on our captives, and in the recklessness of desperation, immolate themselves rather than surrender. Such deeds they had been known to do, and should remunerably test the chaps should they do up?" No sooner, however, had we gained a convenient distance from the frigate, than the Commodore ordered the frigate to hove to, and turning to the crowd of officers on the quarter deck, exclaimed, "Now, gentlemen, the time has come for your work. Much as I wish, if possible, to rescue our fellow countrymen, a proper regard to the lives of my crew will not sustain a nearer approach of this frigate." But he continued, noticing the disappointment on every countenance—"God forbid! I should deserve a fellow creature in distress. We must rescue the prisoners, but it must be done with our bows and by volunteers. They who are willing to peril, their lives shall have God's reward, and all the aid an old man can give them. I need not tell you, gentlemen, it is a service of life-or-death—you attack pirates, desperate from defeat and ferocious as tigers. They may delay for you to board them, in order to fire their magazine. Think well of it—and now for volunteers."

"What does she make?" "Twelve knots, sir." "A point four, quarter master?" "Ay, ay, sir!"

"We are nearing her now, I think?" "Rapidly, sir."

"Then keep her to it—and now, gentlemen, make up your minds for war work. Away up here where that hangs long on the horizon, is the coast of Africa; and I know enough of these rascals to predict, that unless we overtake them before they reach it, they will fly in their boats, carry off their prizes, and plunge our fellow countrymen into a lingering slavery."

As he spoke, turning immediately away, he took the solitary station on the weather quarter.

The prediction of the aged Commodore doubtless infused our impatience. Not a man on board, but in the progress of the chase because wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement; and before the pursuit had been continued an hour, officers, landsmen, and weather stained volunteers vied with each other in the intensity of their feelings. It was still uncertain whether we should overtakes the chase before she reached the coast; for though our velocity was almost incredible it but little exceeded that of our opponent.—She was headed, already dangerously near the land, but we could hope to board her, and before we could hope to board her, would be ashore. What were my feelings during these moments of suspense? Words cannot describe, nor imagination picture them. Hope and fear alternately rapidly in my bosom—a thousand terrible surprises followed each other in rapid succession. Now I trembled lest our approach should inflame the captors into desperation, and she, I loved

so dearly, become the victim of their rage, and like a slaughtered as I saw how slowly we gained on her, and in all human probability it would be in vain to hope for a rescue.

These conflicting emotions, increasing my bosom with anguish, presented a hopeless prospect upon either hand. But we were now approaching within range of shot, and at once a brisk and well aimed fire was opened on the chase. My own feelings seemed to have taken possession of the crew; and not a shot but was sent with the precision of a rifle-ball. They turned to release their comrades from a bondage worse than death.

They knew, besides, that all depended upon dislodging the fox and their efforts consequently displayed a skill that astonished me indefinitely more and more. As they grew warm to their work, the balls told with unerring certainty, splintering a spar, or perforating a sail at a single discharge. Still, however, nothing of consequence had been shot away; but after some fifteen minutes firing, a wild haze rang through the frigate as the main-topmast of the chase went cracking over the side, with it the royal sky sail, and a web of hamper, that clinging to the after-rigging, dragged a wreck beside her, and brought her at once sharp around with her stern at right angles with our broadside.

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Correspondence of the Manchester Democrat.
NASHUA, Sept. 29, 1846.

Six Sisters—**Star**—Sisters at the equinox are expected—and I have not been disappointed at having one during the session of the New England Workmen's Convention? at this place. The movement seems to have spread up the very depths of Corporation life—and we have had a perfect tornado from the factory influence. They sent to the Convention their friends—to discuss the question of Labor Reform, thinking poor tools doubtless, that the mere say so of Corporation people, was to weigh down argument and facts—but these "show we apply swim false," found out the difference, before the discussion closed between principle based upon humanity and supported by fact and argument—and that principle that is based upon money, and cares not how it is obtained—whether by the horrors of piracy, the pangs of slavery or the oppressive exactions made upon the strength of a free laboring people. The Convention was organized by the choice of David Bryant Esq. of Boston as President. The day sessions were taken up by the reports of Committees and by a general discussion of the various reform topics, and were of much interest. In the evening session Mr. Campbell of Boston, spoke at some length upon the present condition of the working classes; to a large and attentive audience. He was followed by Mr. Allen, who called for the report from the Labor Reform Association of Manchester which was read by Miss Eastman. Mr. Allen then offered a series of resolutions upon the Factory system, and the concentration of wealth—which he supported by fact and argument, with his usual energy. This speech of Mr. Allen, broke up the very depth of factory wrath, and the storm commenced; during its rage, many things were said, which they will ever blush to be credited with, on the books of the laboring classes. Mr. Moulton of Nashua was the first man to rise and rattle his corporation chains with all the self-satisfied pleasure of a boy shaking a poisoned gaw-gaw. He arose, he said to defend the laborer from wholesale slander and abuse heaped upon them by the gentleman from Lowell (Mr. Allen). He commenced by flattering in high hopes, doubtless, to cover oppression by an appeal to vanity; and went into somewhat of an extended eulogium upon the intelligence, and beauty to be found in all factory villages. This was received for what it was worth among the operatives; a prolonged titter going around the hall, at once rebuking the speaker for having the brass to attribute to the factory system—those qualities obtained from the pure breezes and intelligent heads abiding our hills in the country. But this tittering passed and a gloomy look right and laugh of incredulity, when he talked of "the healthful influence of factories upon the body and mind of operatives." He flatly denied the position that factory life was injurious to the health of the operatives. "Go with me," said Mr. Moulton, "to the factory gate, see the ray checks and blooming countenances of the operatives as they pass into the mills, and then ask yourselves if this system which creates all this health and life, is not the system for the people of this country to follow?" Certainly! They do follow it. A young lady of my acquaintance has left her shop to go into a mill and she does not complain of the length of the day and I said she, "have worked thirty years some 13 hours a day, and I will put my health and constitution against any man's here." The gentleman ended by an appeal to the ladies present—if what he had spoken was not the sober truth. It is needless to say that the appeal was answered by such indications of scorn and contempt as would have abashed any man possessing an ordinary share of impudence. This did not prevent him however from saying as he resumed his seat, "I know that the girls are perfectly contented with their present condition!!" Mr. Palmer at Lowell took less ease in reply and administered such a castigation to the gentleman from Nashua as we have seldom heard. "What?" said Mr. P. "does the gentleman's argument amount to? He says that he has worked thirty years some thirteen hours per day; and yet sees his health—look upon his robust form. Is there any argument here?" When he can show us that he would have been stronger & healthier and would have lived a body just as long—he'd be worked that ten hours a day—then the argument would be in his favor, for his extra three hours would have been so much gain to the production of the country. But now he does not know but the ten hour system would have made him twice as strong as healthy, and made his life twice as long. He has most assuredly out-lived his generation, to rise in this intelligence, and boldly assert that the factory system conduces to health and that the factory operatives are contented with their condition! Such a man, under the ten hour system must have out-lived time! He says the girls are contented with their situation, with their hours of labor, that he is perfectly contented. Grant it, and what does this make in favor of the system. I once knew a man that would drink thirty, and even forty glasses of new rum a day, and lay in the gutter at night! He was perfectly contented, and happy! Now if this immoderate drinking was beneficial to the man, because he was contented and happy, then the Factory, labor beneficial,

when people are satisfied with it. But those rock circuits and bloody countenances that the gentleman sees that obtained at the factory gate, how is it he does not see them in the factory village or among the green fields and the breezes of the country? My word for it; that those results were produced in the country; that human health was obtained among journeyman homes—was it not? (yes, yes, yes, from all parts of the hall) I thought so long hours of labor are the most slugs that go to water the bloom of those roses? The Factory system is the darker worm that will try upon those blooming countenances so pathetically alighted to by the gentleman! Say I not true? I appeal to the audience. (Yes, yes, yes, yes.) I wish I could give Mr. Palmer's reply in full, but I cannot. He was applauded throughout and his appeals to the operatives for their assent or dissent were met with hearty approval; indicated—shown in his indirect terms—but expressed by hearty applause.

Gov. Hunt followed in remarks approving much of the system, and lauding Mr. Agent Gill's as an example of industry and morality; but did not make it appear that every operative was to become as bold and hearty, or even an agent, like Mr. Gill; even if they did trample a wheel-barrow. There was much other speaking, but my grooved space forbids synopses of it; even if rest assured, it has done its work. Such excitement was never before in our village. The factors ridiculed the Convention, say it was a foolish affair and that. But ridicule will not meet argument or fact, and these absurd in the Convention. The Telegraph has a laborious attempt at ridicule upon the Convention, but the same paper has the following paragraph.

Tells-Off.—We were posted on Wednesday evening to see a turn-out procession headed by a large number of ladies. The object was to secure a reduction in the hours of labor. With the question of the hours of labor, we have nothing to say here, and now. This is a matter for every one to settle for himself. For ourselves, we adopted it a long time ago, so far as our own help is concerned and we leave the subject for others to act for themselves, expressing a doubt however, whether a desire for gain, even among the employed, will ever suffer the regulation to become to a great extent general. To be sure, the ladies to whom we have referred, have done so; they have chosen their own way of accomplishing what to them is desirable, and we cannot help suggesting to them in our opinion there is a better way of accomplishing it a way, which, while it is quite uncertain, is most desirable, because than parading the streets in the night time, but we are astonished that there is no disavowing about taste.

Again we quote from the Telegraph:

No Lighting up!—The New Machine Shop hands paraded the streets on Monday evening of last week, with a bind of music, and bearing a transparency inscribed, "New Machine Shop No Lighting up!" We understand some trouble has occurred at the old shop, where the employees were employed, in respect to the hours of labor. On the whole, the Labor Reform Convention has stirred up the working men wonderfully.—*Nashua Citizen.*

Again we quote from the Telegraph:

No Lighting up!—The New Machine Shop hands paraded the streets on Monday evening of last week, with a bind of music, and bearing a transparency inscribed, "New Machine Shop—no lighting up," the cause of this demonstration was the determination of the operatives not to light up this winter. The wages have been reduced accordingly.

From these announcements, it is apparent that the convention has produced the most signal results. It is only necessary to discuss the question of Labor Reform, to have the people become alive to their rights, and the indifference of them. The Corporation people, here, are disgruntled at the course these things have taken. They were in hopes to stifle all the effect of the Convention, by ridiculing its proceedings; but in this they have most strongly failed, as in no section of New England has the Labor Reform movement obtained a more permanent footing. The people are perfectly contented with their present condition!!! Mr. Palmer at Lowell took less ease in reply and administered such a castigation to the gentleman from Nashua as we have seldom heard. "What?" said Mr. P. "does the gentleman's argument amount to? He says that he has worked thirty years some thirteen hours per day; and yet sees his health—look upon his robust form. Is there any argument here?" When he can show us that he would have been stronger & healthier and would have lived a body just as long—he'd be worked that ten hours a day—then the argument would be in his favor, for his extra three hours would have been so much gain to the production of the country. But now he does not know but the ten hour system would have made him twice as strong as healthy, and made his life twice as long. He has most assuredly out-lived his generation, to rise in this intelligence, and boldly assert that the factory system conduces to health and that the factory operatives are contented with their condition!

Yours,

R.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—Let the business of every one alone, and attend to yourself. Don't say what you don't want to hear, every hour to advantage, and study even to make hours useful; think twice before you speak, and shillling; remember you will have another to make for it. But contention in looking after your business, and so your business will not be neglected in looking after recreation; low, sell fair, and take care of the profits; look over your books regularly, and if you find an error trace it; should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in trade, retrace—work harder, but never by the track; confront difficulties with unfliching persistence; and they will disappear at last; though you should even fall in the struggle, you will be honored, but shrink from the task, and you will be despised.

Young Roberts, the brother of Governor Roberts of Liberia, came from the Colony of Pittsfield, Mass., in order to secure a medical education that he might make himself useful in the Colony. This faculty of medical received him, but one of the students a Southerner, derusted, and the young man was most against the desire of the faculty, rejected.

Help one another.

The Great Western arrived at New York on Wed-

nesday but brought not a jet of news of any interest.

The new Pope is said to have declared his determina-

tion to be governed and guided by the principles insti-

tuted in the New Testament.

Men of noble dispositions think themselves happy when others share with them in their happiness.

An editor at table being asked if he would take some pudding, replied, "Please to a crowd of other names we are unable to make room for it."

Editor to a friend, "I am

The Ten Hour System.

The laboring portion of our community have been under, no small degree of excitement for several days past. The immediate cause was the holding in town, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, of a convention of the New England Labor Reformers. We were not present at their day sitting, but those who were, represent their proceedings as anything but harmonious. Indeed, where there are many ultraists, men who have given their minds to the consideration of a single idea for a great length of time, agreement in details must be out of the question.

The members of the Association began their evening proceedings (held for the proselyting purposes) by loud denunciations of agents and overseers—calling them all the hard names our language affords. This course, not calculated to benefit a cause, depending for conviction upon argument and reason, came very near resulting in a general row. The harsh language used and unchastened spirit manifested, stirred up some of our citizens to a rebuke, and it was effectively given. On Saturday evening, however, the course was much changed. The Court Room was crowded with citizens, and the speakers discussed much that had been said on previous evenings, in relation to agents and overseers' being thieves, robbers, pirates, murderers—deserving the gibbet, &c. So long as the speakers confined themselves to pictures of the evils resulting from excessive labor—to portraits of factory slaves—to a display of the results of violations of well known physical and physiological laws—all was peace, and they made no small head-way against the prejudices before created, and evidently advanced their cause. No one spoke except what was said, because it could not be well gainsaid. This is the true and only tangible gain for reformers—to stick to facts not too much overstrained.

On the evening named, no person rising to controvert what had been spoken, the speakers congratulated themselves on the conversion of all present to the ten hour system! Men are forced to acknowledge the positive evils in a system without being satisfied that these evils can be well remedied. We presuppose many present felt the force of this. On Monday evening, the workingmen employed in the Mechanics and Manufacturers' Steam Shop, turned out in procession, headed by a band of music. This jubilee was on account of a decision among the employers not to light up this winter. They bore illuminated banners, with this inscription, "New Machine Shop No Lighting up!" We understand some trouble has occurred at the old shop, where the employees were employed, in respect to the hours of labor. On the whole, the Labor Reform Convention has stirred up the working men wonderfully.—*Nashua Citizen.*

Again we quote from the Telegraph:

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